



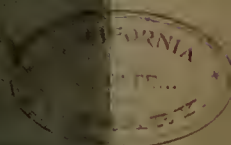
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THE HELMET, KING'S RIVER CANYON. FROM THE PAINTING BY C. D. ROBINSON.



W. L. B. & CO. CALIF.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

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A PROPOS the recent effort to bring the Republican National Convention to San Francisco it is suggested that such movements give some individuals an opportunity to purchase a little cheap notoriety and lay it up as a claim upon the gratitude of the party. There are few men who have ever been delegates that do not publish the fact when ever they walk out among their fellows. After all, delegations and conventions are but the showy autumn leaves upon the tree of politics to be blown away by the first gust of a windy campaign.

THE Examiner pretends to be astounded because a rich young man prefers horse racing to politics as a side occupation. Why not? Let a rich young man go into politics, and besides being obliged to keep company that he would turn away from in a poolroom, he will have the press giving its energies to libeling him. And the Examiner would not consent to be left in the race. With rich old men it is different. They are forgiven a fondness for Senatorial togas as readily as young women are a weakness for sealskins. And nobody is very curious about the means either take to get them.

THERE is a wretched and unfortunate creature creeping along our streets selling lead pencils. Both legs are gone from the knees down and he presents a pitiable appearance. He has travelled here from the East, so the daily papers say. San Francisco seems to be the jumping off place for the maimed, the halt and the blind. It's a shame to have such objects of misery on the public pavements. The city is in duty bound to place persons of such misfortune in the Alms House at once. Several years ago, we had a visit from six cripples on wheels; they had found their way wretchedly, and probably departed in as unhappy a condition.

THE brethren who wear the cowl are holy, of course, but still they are human. And being human it is not to be expected of them that they will not need to pray for grace to restrain a tendency to exult, even as if they were of the worldly, over the peculiar afflictions that have been visited upon their enemies. Here is Price, the publisher of the A. P. A. Magazine, arrested for disseminating obscene literature, and the Rev. Dr. Brown, mighty in discourse at A. P. A. meetings, accused by a conscienceless old woman of having surrendered to the charms of a young one. The Lord, for the moment, seems to be against the A. P. A.

STRANGE that it does not occur to Dr. Dille that he was tided in upon a New York City wave of reform; that he tops that wave on account of his lack of weight rather than his ability to swim. He is of the drift wood, and not a big log either. He would do for firewood, but there is not the possibility of a plank in the whole timber of him, knots included. Recently he told an intelligent audience about a man using a wart on his neck for a collar button! The doctor of whatever he gives medicine to was not even talking upon the subject of economy. He is neither eloquent, learned, nor a man of excellent taste. When such a one becomes an apparent leader, of what stuff must his following be? And yet this same plaything of circumstances over which, of course, he has no control, will probably never realize what a great man he was not.

THE brethren of the pulpit have been interviewed as to their views on evolution. The consensus of clerical opinion is that they hope the theory of development is not correct, in which case it is contrary to Scripture. But if correct, and not to be disputed, then a true interpretation of Scripture will show that the inspired writers anticipated Darwin, and that evolution is in entire harmony with Scripture. Faith overcometh all things.

DID President Harrison really agree to turn over the federal patronage of New York, and did he actually make a bargain with Senator Platt to that effect?—that is what the Nation, in New York, asks. Mr. Shermau has made a direct charge that the Indiana Candidate for a second nomination put a certain contract in Steve Elkin's pocket. The Boston Herald, one of the most powerful journals in the country, has made an angry demand, upon Mr. Harrison to say why!

IT seems evident to all the rational citizens of California that Governor Budd was "level-headed" when he made the reorganization in the State Militia, in consolidating the nine regiments scattered about the State into five. All sorts of influence was brought to bear by influential citizens to swerve the Governor from his determination. But, as Hoke Smith would say: "He seen his duty and he done it!" In short, Mr. Budd has backbone, and deserves great credit. It relieved some too hundred officers of their former rank, and "hence the tears." But there is no disputing that while these gentlemen were mustered out, it was a wise and politic undertaking on the part of the Governor to simplify our National Guard and render it soldierlike and efficient.

THE guardian angel of San Francisco's Alms House has been, for the past twelve years, the matron, Mrs. Weaver, wife of the present Superintendent. This lady has made a thorough study of human nature as it comes under her constant inspection. While all are treated with careful impartiality, there are inmates who have been used to luxuries in their youthful prosperity, of which the cruelty of old age and misfortune has now deprived them. These persons have received from the matron that same delicate consideration which has marked her hearty and cheery devotion to any and every one else. In consequence, she is adored by all there. Now, a question of politics has arisen in the Board of Supervisors, and an intimation has been "declared" to dismiss Superintendent and Mrs. Weaver. This would be a sad disgrace to the City and County.

IT seems to be a difficult matter for boards of health and other such bodies to keep within the bounds of their powers. In undertaking to stop the sale of skim-milk in this city, the health authorities have certainly exceeded their jurisdiction. It is clearly not a lawful exercise of the police power to attempt the suppression of traffic in a wholesome article of food, merely because it may be palmed off upon the unsuspecting as something richer or better. It would be entirely proper, however, to require all skimmed milk to be sold as such, and to this end to provide reasonable regulations against imposition on the public. In using all proper means to prevent adulteration or fraudulent substitution, the Board of Health will have the support of the public. But there is a reasonable limit to its functions and powers. When the Board steps beyond that limit, it arbitrarily interferes with legitimate business, and becomes a meddling nuisance.

A CLERGYMAN IN TRIBULATION.

THE sympathy and confidence of this town are due to Dr. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church. There was a young woman staying at his house as a guest, and an old woman accused the Doctor of being in love with this damsel within his gates, and the damsel with him. The old woman demanded hush money—not for herself, but for a mysterious third person who has not been found, a Mrs. Harris, so to say—and the Doctor was weak enough to give her \$500 on account. He was, however, sufficiently endowed with the wisdom of the serpent to take his accuser's receipt, and after consulting with his deacons, to call in the police. As a consequence Mrs. Mary A. Davidson, who got the \$500, is in jail.

Had Dr. Brown been a man of the world he never would have given up that money, but rung for a policeman immediately, innocent or guilty. But a clergyman is peculiarly placed. Notwithstanding the assertion of the Rev. Sydney Smith, that there are three sexes—men, women, and parsons—preachers are male, and they occupy a unique position. In modern times chastity is demanded of them. For one of them to lose his reputation for that is as disastrous to him as if he were a woman. One of the conditions on which his salary is paid him is that he shall be chaste. If a Protestant he is given a wife, if a Catholic he goes without one, but in either case he is expected to walk before the world a model of virtuous conduct. A man in common, secular life would not like, of course, to be accused of the offense imputed to the Rev. Dr. Brown, but if of ordinary courage he would let the public think what it liked, reassure his wife, send the girl home to her parents, and leave the rest to the courts. But his pluck in such circumstances would be as nothing compared with that displayed by the Rev. Dr. Brown. It is no great exaggeration to say that it is a matter of life and death to him. To have a Christian character to maintain is no light burden.

As for Mrs. Davidson, she is in jail, and in all likelihood will go to the penitentiary, unless Dr. Brown should choose to take counsel of his Master and be merciful beyond the mercy of those of this world. There is not one chance in a hundred that her story is true. But while there is that one chance justice requires that everything should be done to enable the old woman to make a defense. She is poor and friendless, and appearances are all against her. Make a violent effort of the imagination, defy probability, and suppose she is telling the truth. Then fancy her case. She has the public against her, the press against her, and the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Brown's church has rallied around him with that enthusiastic loyalty characteristic of congregations. She seems to know the peril of her plight, for she expects to go to San Quentin. There are generous souls in the world. It may be that one of them, with a purse, will rise up and, without passing judgment on Dr. Brown, resolve that this old woman shall be given every opportunity to substantiate her statements if she can, that popular clamor shall not deprive her of her legal right to be considered innocent until her guilt has been proved. The old woman is entitled to a fair show, and she can't have it unless a good Samaritan with money appears.

Dr. Brown has done well to appeal to the police; that is greatly in his favor. But he will do better if he shall express Miss Overman to her parents and give a clearer explanation of why he allowed himself to be blackmailed out of \$500 on a foul and false charge.

There will be no war between the United States and England over the Venezuela boundary. Every man of sense who consults his judgment, rather than his passions, believes that. The people of the two nations are civilized, not savages, and they will not fight, therefore, for the mere sake of fighting. War between two such countries, devoted as they are to the arts of peace, is too horrible to be contemplated by any one who knows what war is, who values human life and human happiness, and cherishes the smallest regard for the world's welfare.

The quarrel which has sprung up will, in the end, be beneficial in a good many ways. For one thing, it will cure English statesmen of a pernicious inclination to deal with the United States from the British newspaper

point of view. Lord Salisbury is to blame for President Cleveland's hot and belligerent message. It is the misfortune of Lord Salisbury once to have been a journalist, a writer of articles for the Saturday Review, which is as flippant as it is bright and bitter. When his lordship gets his pen in his hand his old newspaper habit returns, and he is more eager to make a point or turn a sarcasm than he is to round an innocuous diplomatic phrase. His response to Secretary Olney, which brought forth the President's vehement message, was worse than ill-considered. It was insulting. Had Secretary of State Olney been a rural contemporary and Lord Salisbury been seated in the editorial chair of the Saturday Review, rebuking and instructing him, he could not have been more offensive in tone—more condescending in his manner of giving the American Secretary of State elementary instruction as to the meaning and scope of the American Monroe Doctrine. It was indefensible in a Prime Minister of England, if quite allowable in an editorial writer for a sneering London weekly, catering to its clientele.

When the fever of resentment on both sides of the water dies down, Lord Salisbury's share in the unhappy business will be given more attention. It may or may not be England's present desire that the United States shall arbitrate her boundary dispute with Venezuela, but it certainly is not the desire of England's people that her monarch for the time being—her Prime Minister—should be a man of Lord Salisbury's caliber—a man who, for the sake of saying smart things, affronts a first-class power and brings war very near.

There is too much common sense in both England and America to permit the concerns of an insignificant South American republic to embroil them in an armed conflict. Lord Salisbury may think it beneath the dignity of a Saturday Reviewer to arbitrate anything, but the British people may be trusted to have a truer perception of what constitutes dignity. They do not want anything which does not of right belong to them, and we think they have confidence in the fairness of the government of the United States—confidence enough to be sure that this government would not take away an inch of territory belonging to Great Britain or give to Venezuela an inch to which she has no title in justice. There is in England, we are persuaded, no deep-seated sentiment against arbitration of this question, whatever Lord Salisbury's proud spirit may lead him to declare. That gentleman's next note to our Government, we venture to prophesy, will be graver and more respectful in tone than was his impudent Saturday Review editorial to Secretary Olney on the Monroe Doctrine. Should it be otherwise—should the Saturday Reviewer's instincts overcome the prudence of the Prime Minister—the English people and the English Parliament will have something to say. Let the alternative be presented of a war with the United States or a change of ministry, and there will be a change of ministry. Lord Salisbury will be a statesman out of a job.

It is to be remembered that the people of England know nothing about the Monroe Doctrine. They are not aware of how much it means to us, and how earnest we are when it is called in question. When they come to understand the situation, as they surely will, a British roar will go up—a roar against war and for arbitration. Lord Salisbury's feelings will cut no figure whatever.

The beauties of the labor-union was recently shown when the manager of the Baldwin found fault with the way the cooking was done. The *chef* got mad and left. His five assistants dropped their aprons and followed suit. They had to. They expected to see the guests leave the hotel and the manager go into bankruptcy. Instead of that he hired another *chef* and five more assistants and now nobody finds fault with the cooking. The *chef* had been getting \$200 a month for several years, and now owns houses and lands, but, for a wonder, the Baldwin is not included. The assistants are poor and out of work. Some day a gleam of common sense will enter the brains of laborers, and then all will not allow themselves to be dragged down by the stupidity, or quarrel, or misfortune of one man. When there are no more poor, nor unfortunate, nor unemployed, the strikers may be on top, but never till then.

**Protection
for the
Preachers.**

A Society for the Protection of Preachers appears to be in order. Seeing that black-mailers and other designing persons are constantly laying snares and setting traps for the guileless and unsuspecting clergymen, it behooves the more experienced male and female members of church congregations to organize for the circumvention of these agents of the devil. The crafts and subtleties of unscrupulous women, particularly widows, are especially to be guarded against, and the society should see to it that the advice of the elder Weller to his son is inscribed upon the walls of every minister's study. But no trust is to be placed in precepts; of themselves alone they are insufficient to baffle the arts of the corrupt. Yet rules and regulations are needed for the conduct of priests and deacons in order that they may be hedged about on every side with safeguards. Particularly must pastoral calls be subjected to the most rigid discipline. Pastoral visitation is one of the readiest means of ensnaring the artless divine. The preacher should never be allowed to go unattended upon errands of consolation to the homes of spiritual sisters whose physical well-being may be reported as more or less impaired. It is not sufficient that the apostle shall be pure; he must be shielded from contact with evil; from the net of the adventuress and the pitfall of the blackmailer. To err is human, and society is prone to suspicion. Since the introduction of "steering committees" for the safety of legislators exposed to temptation from lobbyists, many Western statesmen have been preserved to their constituents in all the bloom of innocence and unsullied patriotism. Without such guardianship these law-makers might have fallen by the wayside, and become wholly lost in political sin. If these things be just and seemly for statesmen, how much greater is the need of protection for the pastors. There is more joy in hell and the newspaper offices over a scandal affecting a prominent preacher than rejoicing on earth for the salvation of a thousand souls. The multitude of the ungodly and the profane openly chuckle when the foul shafts of slander are sent flying against the reputation of some one of the Lord's anointed. The way to confound the plotters of iniquity, to heap confusion upon the slanderers, is to so order the goings and the comings of the ministers and stewards that an alibi may always be established, to break down any specific charge of wrong-doing. Let the Society for the Protection of Preachers so contrive its good offices that no clergyman shall ever be alone and helpless, lest some emissary of Satan take him unawares. Let every minister be required to keep a diary in which from day to day and from hour to hour his walks and talks shall be set down, and let it always appear that he was attended by some member of the S. F. T. P. O. P. So shall the wicked be confounded, and the pencil of the interviewer be brought to naught.

**The Winter Season
in
San Francisco.**

Few of the multitude of Eastern people who are accustomed to spend the winter months in Southern California have a correct idea of the mildness of the winter season in San Francisco. If the facts were better known, this city would enjoy no small share of the benefits of the tourist travel that is now confined almost exclusively to the southern part of the State. When Eastern people read of the frosts that have of late threatened with serious injury the orange crop of the southern counties; of bitter winds sweeping down from icy mountains upon the citrus groves; of temperatures as low as four or six degrees below the freezing point at such places as San Bernardino and Riverside, they would be surprised to learn that as far north as San Francisco there had been no freezing cold; that the most delicate flowers have been blooming in our open-air gardens throughout November and December. At this time pansies, roses, violets, heliotrope, geraniums and many other flowers may be seen blooming out of doors in this city. And the bright weather of the holiday season here has certainly not been surpassed in any part of Southern California. Yet our hotels are almost bare of Eastern patrons, and travel sets steadily, as usual, from the East towards Los Angeles. Some organized efforts should be directed, in behalf of this city, towards the wide-

spread advertising in the East of the many advantages and attractions that San Francisco and the surrounding country possess for the winter tourist. Certainly, no town or city in the southern part of the State can compare for a moment with San Francisco in resources for amusement and recreation. Los Angeles is, in fact, dull and tame, contrasted with this metropolis of the Coast. Nor can any spot in all Southern California vie with this in the magnificence and beauty of its natural surroundings. From this point, too, a great number of short excursions may be had to places of interest, such as Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Napa, Santa Rosa, Sausalito, San Rafael, and a host of others that might be named. For those who enjoy hunting or fishing there is abundance of sport to be found within a day's journey. For riding or driving, coaching, or bicycle excursions, many hundreds of miles of excellent roads are accessible from San Francisco, while in the southern counties good roads are almost unknown. There is, perhaps, a little more sunshine south of the Tehachapi than ordinarily falls to our lot here during the winter months, but in this city there is certainly less frost than is commonly experienced either at Los Angeles or Riverside. In short, the winter climate of San Francisco is a thing to be proud of, and its merits should be heralded far and wide. This is not a matter of boasting, but of business. A large volume of winter tourist travel to this city would mean the expenditure here of hundreds of thousands of dollars, in our hotels, restaurants, and other establishments, all of which would add to the general prosperity.

**The Position
of
the Ministry.**

In spite of the fact that the pulpits of our larger churches are occupied by men of the best education and, presumably, moral tendencies, the Church is, as it always has been, the last to join any movement leading towards a betterment of existing social conditions.

This fact either proves that an ecclesiastical education is not always conducive to mental evolution, or that the shepherds of the Lord's sheep fear for their own welfare under any other than the present regime.

The early Church doubtless did much towards the elevating of the people from the condition of dirt and damnation; but now that its various branches have become firmly established, it has settled down to a smug existence, and the average pulpit fighter is content to be a mere shell—echoing the confused murmurs of the Middle Ages.

This attitude has made it painfully apparent to the most casual observer that the ministerial stomach is no more than human. One sometimes hears the complaint made by leading preachers that so few men ever enter the fold, and the cause to which they attribute this is that the present age is too restless or too busy to be much interested in religion.

This is not so. The preachers themselves are to blame for not keeping up with the times. Men and women who read their papers are not inclined to sit for hours in a badly ventilated church listening to a discourse apparently addressed to the spirits of our grandfathers. The watchword to-day in religion, as well as in everything else, is Progress; and it is advisable for our ministers, if they wish to regain the confidence of the people, to awake from their heavy sleep and preach, not the past, but the world as it exists to-day. Such theological pugilists as Father Yorke and the Rev. Ross may for a time amuse the onlookers, but that is all. Such discourses are addressed to the "gods," and the "gods" are not supposed to know much.

To summarily dispose of the whole question, the position of the ministry is remarkably like that of the monkey on a rotten bough, with a deep stream at the far end and an audience of other monkeys above. To attract their attention it is necessary for the wretched thing to caper; and the possibility of the branch breaking, and a consequent fatal immersion, affords matter for grim humor to all save the one most concerned.

**Improvement
of the
Waterways.**

The River Improvement Convention, which is to meet here on the 15th inst., will be composed of Supervisors from counties in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, and of other prominent citizens of those counties, uniting with representatives of the Chamber of Commerce and

the Merchant's Association of this city. The Convention will choose an executive committee, whose duty it will be to promote desired legislation at Washington. The primary object of the movement finding expression in the coming gathering is the improvement of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. This is a matter of importance, and, with the proper effort, a favorable influence on legislation may be had. It must be confessed that California has not, in the past, secured a due share of the Government appropriation for the benefit of rivers and harbors. Of late years, Oregon has enjoyed a great advantage over us in this respect. One reason that has hindered California in this regard is lack of harmony among her representatives at Washington, and another impediment is the jealousy existing between rival localities. The latter cause has, for many years, delayed the construction of a deep-water harbor for the Los Angeles district. San Pedro, Redondo, and Santa Monica are rival localities, and the people of Los Angeles have divided their support among these ambitious places. Had there been unity of sentiment on the subject, Los Angeles would, ere this, have been provided with a safe harbor for deep-water vessels.

But what more directly concerns San Francisco is the improvement of her own harbor by the removal of a number of dangerous rocks, and also the deepening and clearing of the navigable rivers tributary to our system of bays. It is not generally known that it is the work of years, under the present rules governing the action of Congress, to obtain an appropriation for any river or harbor. First there must be adopted a provision for a preliminary survey and report by Government engineers. This is embodied in the general river and harbor bill. And as but one such bill is passed by each Congress, two years or more must elapse before an appropriation can be had for the proposed improvement. Meanwhile, the fate of the appropriation must depend upon the favor of the engineers. In the event of an unfavorable report, no appropriation can be had. At one period the appropriations for unheeded of creeks and sloughs constituted a national scandal, and the river and harbor bill was a matter of log-rolling, pure and simple. Now the appropriations are divided upon a meritorious system, as Government engineers are rarely found wanting in judgment or integrity. But, assuming that all the projects approved by the engineers are worthy of Government aid, the advantages of "push and pull" are still exhibited in the amounts recommended by the Committee on Commerce for the various waterways. It is in this regard that the executive committee to be appointed by the coming convention may do good work. A comprehensive plan of river and harbor improvements for California should be mapped out, with the assistance of Government engineers inclined to give their aid. Then this plan should be diligently urged, through the press and at Washington, until the desired action shall have been secured.

In its deliberations it is to be hoped that the convention will not be bothered by cranks, and that it will not allow itself to be used for the promotion of schemes of purely local benefit. The town of Redding, for example, is ambitious to become a river port. It is situated above a succession of rapids on the Sacramento river, and Major Heuer, the Government engineer having charge of the Sacramento, reported some time ago that the improvement of the river between Red Bluff and Redding would be a waste of public money. It would certainly appear that a Government appropriation would be much more wisely expended in improving the main channels, naturally navigable, than in the attempt to bring a small and remote town within reach of river steamers. This, however, is a question to be decided on its merits. The convention may be expected to be on its guard in relation to giving endorsement to doubtful projects, and to work harmoniously for the promotion of the main purpose in view.

An Able Argument The argument recently delivered by
by D. M. Delmas before Judge Buck, of
D. M. Delmas. the Superior Court of San Mateo
County, in relation to the Lux estate,
was one of the ablest efforts of that distinguished lawyer.
It has excited much admiring comment among attorneys,

and it would be difficult to find anything more comprehensive and incisive in the way of a legal analysis of evidence. It was eloquent from beginning to end, and yet wholly practical and business-like in dealing with a succession of business propositions. Even dry matters of account, in the hands of this gifted advocate, become full of interest, and columns of figures seem animate with life. Severe as this brilliant forensic effort was in its arraignment of the opposing parties, it was throughout marked by the perfection of courtesy. Even to the objects of the eminent counsel's attack this studious urbanity was displayed. While blows were given with telling force they were at all times delivered in the manner of one who would rather compliment than denounce. To the opposing counsel, especially, Mr. Delmas was more than polite. He handsomely complimented the argument of Mr. McInerney, to which his own vigorous effort was a strong reply, and certainly the elder barrister lost nothing by thus praising the ability of his adversary. In this regard Mr. Delmas sets to the bar of this city and of the State an example worthy of imitation. Occupying the first place as an advocate, he can afford to be generous, and assuredly he is more than kind to his legal brethren. This characteristic amiability is the more remarkable from its dwelling in a legal mind of the most penetrating and logical cast. So completely master of himself is this accomplished jurist that he serenely smiles even when applying the lash of his merciless satire to the objects of his attack. His late argument illustrated the fact that the greatest strength of intellect is never more strikingly displayed than when, under the strain of an important contest at the bar, an eloquent pleader is master of himself as well as of his cause, using a copious vocabulary and rare powers of invective with a moderation and a tact that constantly hint of abundant forces in reserve. Contrast this style of argumentation with that of some of the blustering blatherskites of the San Francisco bar, and what a gulf appears between them! The younger generation of advocates, who have the sagacity to take Mr. Delmas as a model of forensic grace and skill, will at least win credit for good taste, though few of them may aspire to reach the enviable position he has gained.

War Some of the peculiarities of the Jingo are that he
Talk. thinks he is the only patriotic American alive; that he always carries a chip on his shoulder; that he is always ready to have his country go to war to retrieve a fancied disgrace, and to let other people do the fighting for him and his beloved country. He is found chiefly among politicians who have not yet learned the alphabet of statesmanship, and among that class of the people who have neither houses nor lauds, nor bank accounts, nor much merchandise, nor bullion, nor gold, nor silver coin laid up for future needs. But behind these inordinately effulgent beings is the great body of thinking and responsible people, who do not follow the Jingo method of going off at half-cock, and who have a way of developing a sober second thought which, after all, is the only basis of rational and prudent conduct. Men of means and responsibility, people of observation and thought, who soon saw what war meant to America and all mankind were aghast at the flippant ease with which they were ready to involve the country into any kind of disaster. Though at first we heard of nothing but an apparent unanimity of feeling and will, yet there has now come a deep undertone of dissatisfaction and horror at the possibility of a war with England. It is not that there is wanting any broad and deep patriotism, nor any lack of sensitiveness upon any point of honor. There is a feeling of suspicion that the President might have formed his message in language a little more moderate, and a desire to be sure that the Monroe doctrine is necessarily threatened with violation, and a decent hope and belief that the matter of artitrotion might longer have been left open to argument, with the possibility that further discussion might eventuate in persuading England to accord with our suggestion. There is no wish on the part of anybody but Jingos to have war. There is no wish on the part of England to hasten it. The question is plainly not one of such gigantic importance that it may not yet be settled in a decent and peaceable manner, and no man hang his head for shame.



Comstock Mining Shares. The holiday season is not the time to look for much activity in the market for Comstock mining shares. While business has been dull lately, prices have, however, been well-sustained, and, at the close, a hardening tendency is noted for the middle shares, especially Occidental. Dealers should not overlook the Brunswick lode as a factor in the business from this time forth. The properties there which have been incorporated with older companies at the North End, may open up some day, and send shares booming when least expected. All that is needed to help the Comstock out is a head to manipulate the stocks as of old, and the ease of money, which is the chief and main auxiliary. Without the latter it is useless to expect much from brain power alone, which is all well enough to conceive, while helpless to execute unaided by the paltry pelf for which everybody is striving. The American Flat scheme seems to be dying a natural death. If one has to wait until the Sutro Tunnel paupers can revive it, the present generation will never reap any results from the enterprise. It would be worth somebody's while to advance the merits of this mining proposition a little.

Gold Mines Are now In Demand. For the first time in a very long time the new year opens up with a very bright prospect for mining in California. It is doubtful whether, since the days of the "rush" in 1849, the outlook has been more favorable than it is just now. And the best of it is there is no sentiment about the present movement, nor is there a feverish excitement about it upon which to predicate a "boom" or the undue inflation resulting from an era of reckless speculation which invariably reflects eventually such injury upon the community at large. The growing demand is now based upon the march of progressive improvement which, having developed other industries to a point from which at present there is no possible expansion, now returns to one field unlimited in its extent and possibilities, and which practically has never been more than scratched upon the surface. An idea suggested in some quarter that the probability of war with Great Britain would serve to check gold mining, is nothing more than an idea. If some of these alarmists could only protract their nervous, over-wrought existence in a sphere of vain imaginations, until the two great nations of the earth clash on the bloody field of battle, they would be as old as Methuselah. There was no necessity for the recent display of jingoism in high quarters at Washington, which led to the loss, within a few short days, of no less than \$500,000,000 by people on both sides of the Atlantic. The mutual and combined interests of both countries are too heavy to permit either to cater to the whims of a set of politicians who talk for talk's sake. Why, even the Queen herself, although it may not be generally known, owns some of the finest and most profitable income paying property in New York, on Broadway from the Battery up to Canal street, showing as good a sense of business as a host of her subjects who are up to their ears in American investments. There is not much likelihood of these people bombarding their own property at the risk of millions for the sake of a miserable coyote hole in South America. There need be no distrust felt on this score in regard to any possible bearing on the mining interests.

Protection for Investors. The trend of public opinion in this city is evidenced by the activity recently developed among the mining men, and the means which are being taken to control the business so as to protect themselves and the public against the schemes of sharpers. The San Francisco Stock Exchange has not only voted to list all reputable gold mines free, but have gone even further, and forwarded circulars to the leading mine owners, asking for co-operation. The Gold Mining Exchange, another corporation, has also been organized, with a charter membership consisting of a number of the best known and most influential mining men in the State. This Exchange announces that, while not dealing exclus-

ively, as its old established neighbor on Pine street, in stocks of the several companies, that it will labor in bringing the mine-owner and the capitalist together, for the purpose of engaging the necessary means to develop promising prospects. This will involve the employment of a corps of experts, whose business it will be to report on properties which, if approved, will be given a certificate to that effect, stamped with the seal of the Exchange. This will do away with the middle man, who, in the past, has lived upon plundering the public, by means of lying statements and misrepresentation. There should be no lack of money for investments in mining when the monied people are protected and ensured of a safe management of their property. Capital is over-plentiful in this city, and the amounts lying idle would, in the aggregate, figure up an enormous sum. To open up a channel where it can be employed to advantage, with a chance for a grand return upon the investment, is a work which cannot fail to meet with approbation in all quarters.

New York Stock Market. There has been less interest manifested in stocks during the past week. For several days the market has been left almost entirely in the hands of room traders. London bought back a considerable amount of the stock they recklessly sold less than a fortnight ago at quite an advance. Speculators sold out quite an amount of the long stock accumulated during the recent panic early in the week, but came back into the market as buyers again at a slight decline. Some of the better stocks are about back to their former prices and firmly held. Others have made rapid advances and are hard to secure in large amounts at current prices. Prices during the week have advanced 1½ to 3½ per cent. Earnings are entirely satisfactory, and promise to continue so. In the Industrial list there has been generally a steady market. Sugar has led the list in strength. Tobacco, Leather and Gas have ruled higher. The high rate of interest on loans has restricted speculation, and will probably be the factor in the market for some time to come.

An Old-time Fire Company. The eighty-sixth annual financial statement of the Hartford Fire Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been issued. The statement shows that this sturdy old pioneer of the fire insurance business has been renewing its youth as the years roll on, a credit to the institutions of this country, among which it ranks as a giant. With a gross annual income of \$7,060,163, it now holds as a surplus to policy holders the magnificent sum of \$4,150,893. During the year ended on January 1, 1896, the Hartford increased its assets \$583,477.47, added \$164,349.75 to its re-insurance reserve, and \$400,546 to its net surplus. The total assets are now set down at \$9,229,213.09, with a reserve for re-insurance of \$4,404,238, a reserve for all unsettled claims of \$674,081.08, and a net surplus over everything, including capital stock, of \$2,900,893. The managers of the Pacific department of this substantial company, with head offices in this city, are Henry K. Belden, chief, and Whitney Palache, assistant.

Business Picking Up. The bank clearings for the year show a healthy gain over 1894 amounting to \$692,079,240, as against \$658,526,806 for the preceding year. This is satisfactory, and promises well for 1896. A large amount of money went into circulation during the past two days. In addition to the semi-annual interest of the savings banks and the payments on City, County, and State bonds, a large number of outside bonds and securities have just disbursed dividends. Among the local corporations may be mentioned the Capital Gas Company, of Sacramento, \$1, and the Stockton Gas Light and Heat Company, 30 cents.

Annual Treasure Receipts. The receipts of treasure at this port per Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express during the twelve months ending December 31st, 1895, were as follows: From the interior, \$21,725,878; from the north coast, \$747,495; total, \$22,473,373. The descriptions and amounts were as follows: Coin, \$16,218,580; silver bullion, \$2,601,987; gold bullion, \$3,652,806. The inland shipments from San Francisco were \$28,062,362, and the shipments overland were \$500 in silver bullion, \$35,138 in gold bullion, and \$17,117,785 in coin.

ADDISON EUGENE SHAW.

THE Native Sons have good reason to be proud of their compatriot, Addison Eugene Shaw, the rising young attorney. For so young a man Mr. Shaw has made



Addison Eugene Shaw.

a record which has been envied by old and noted members at the Bar. Born near Sacramento, not thirty years ago, he was graduated from the State University in 1891, and entered the well-known law office of Fox and Kellogg. In just a year he was able to pass a brilliant examination with admission to the Bar. Entering into partnership with Mr. F. R. King, he entered upon down-right hard work. In one of his first cases he made a record. It was that of Winterburn against the Directors of the People's Home Savings Bank, when he showed up so thoroughly the terrible frauds and wholesale conspiracy which had been systematically practiced against the depositors. His next exploit was the case of Baker against Bricknell, which is now before the Supreme Court of the United States. It involves a title to property in San Francisco involving half a million of dollars, and involves many claims of less magnitude. Mr. Shaw has recently entered into business for himself, for the firm of King & Shaw was dissolved by mutual consent last week. Henceforth Mr. Shaw will conduct his business in his own name, attending personally to his client's affairs with that scrupulous regard for their interests which hitherto won him no slight renown.

HARRY PIPER.

ALL the property-owners in San Francisco know genial Harry Piper, the chief assistant in the County Clerk's office. A native son, born in San Francisco thirty-two years ago, and educated in our public schools, he is a thorough Californian, as well as a perfect San Franciscan, in sentiment. A young man of the most rigid principles in regard to duty, the four years which he served in the Sheriff's office, under Charles Laumeister, made him a record to be envied; and it is not at all a matter of wonder that he should be asked to the present important position of civic trust which he now holds. During his career in the Sheriff's office he introduced many valuable reforms in the management of the county's affairs, which were greatly appreciated by Mr. Laumeister. So now, the administration of his office as Chief Deputy County Clerk, has had a highly beneficial effect in simplifying the office routine. A practical, level-headed business man, he has municipal affairs at his fingers' ends.



Harry Piper.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket. Sold only in boxes.

The gala days of Christmastide have been spent by the gourmets at the Maison Riche, Grant avenue and Geary street, where every delicacy the world affords is found.

The Japanese Art Goods and fine cloisonné ware at Geo. T. Marsh & Co.'s, under the Palace Hotel, surpass all else in that line.

Fifty-sixth Half-Yearly Report

Of the German Savings and Loan Society.

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SWORN STATEMENT.

Of the condition and value of the Assets and Liabilities of the GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, a corporation doing business at 526 California street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and where said assets are situated, on December 31, 1895.

ASSETS.

1	\$2,377,000 00	Miscellaneous First Mortgage Railroad Bonds of Eastern States and State of California, and United States 4 per cent registered bonds, the actual value of which is	\$2,503,540 00
	1,036,250 00	Miscellaneous Cable and Street Railway, Water, Light, and other Corporation first mortgage bonds, the actual value of which is	2,060,000 00
		All of said bonds are kept in the vaults of the Corporation	
	1,050,000 00	United States 4 per cent registered and miscellaneous railroad first mortgage bonds, the actual value of which is	1,145,000 00
		These bonds are kept in a box in the vaults of and reuted from the New York Stock Exchange Safe Deposit Company in New York City	
	\$5,363,250 00		\$5,714,570 00
		Standing on the books of the Corporation at	5,447,537 68
2		Promissory notes secured by first mortgages on real estate, within this State, the States of Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and the Territory of Utah. The actual value of said promissory notes is	24,140,040 03
3		Miscellaneous railroad, cable and street railway and other corporation bonds and stock certificates pledged to the society for the amount of	872,000 00
		All said notes, bonds and certificates are held and kept by said corporation in its own vaults.	
4		Bank building and lot, the actual value of which is	180,000 00
5		Other real estate situated in the States of California and Oregon, the actual value of which is	252,521 77
6		Furniture in the bank office of said corporation	1,000 00
7		Cash in United States coin and currency, the actual value of which is	1,735,804 25
		Total	\$32,628,903 74

LIABILITIES.

1	To depositors: Said Corporation owes deposits amounting to, and the actual value of which is	\$30,727,586 50
2	To stockholders: The amount of capital stock actually paid up, the value of which is	1,000,000 00
	The condition of said liability to stockholders is that no part of the amount can be paid to them or in any way be withdrawn, except in payment of losses during the existence of the corporation, nor until all depositors shall have been paid in full the amount of their deposits and accrued dividends.	
3	To depositors and stockholders:	
	(a) The amount of the reserve fund, the actual value of which is	715,000 00
	Including the amount of matured but uncollected interest on loans and securities	
	(b) The amount of the contingent fund, the actual value of which is	56,279 54
	The condition of said funds is, that the same have been created for the purpose of additional security to depositors against losses.	
4	State, City and County taxes assessed by the Government, but not yet payable	130,037 61
	Total	\$32,628,903 74

B. A. BECKER,
President of the German Savings and Loan Society.
GEO. TOURNY,
Secretary of the German Savings and Loan Society.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

B. A. BECKER and GEORGE TOURNY, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said B. A. BECKER is President and that said GEORGE TOURNY is Secretary of THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

B. A. BECKER,
GEO. TOURNY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1895.
[Seal] GEO. T. KNOX,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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PAW TEMPLE'S NEW YEAR'S BATH

By Henry D. Bigelow

"That big can's going to be mince pie for maw," said Temple, gratefully; "Mis' Fred Liebig, she had that all fixed up for maw. You like mince pie? Well, you jes' see our New Years feed when maw takes hold. Have a pull on the other bottle? No? Say, I wasn't sinkin' that from you, boys; I only forgot about it."

And presently he was down the trail, confident of his poor, old, tired horse's footsteps.

ONCE upon a time, some dozen years ago, I spent a most extraordinary New Years in Sonoma County, just on the edge of Mendocino's boundary—up toward Crane's Peak. It was very clear and frosty weather, just following a storm that had wrecked two of the biggest redwoods near our cabin, and compelled Billy Ham and myself to go out looking for ninety and nine sheep which had gone astray. Poor things! We were bad managers, and lots of tiny lambs which should have been babies later on were lying dead on the frosty hill-side. We were very blue over the prospect ourselves, and went back to the cabin to warm up on hot coffee.

There we found old man Temple, an ancient Missouri resident—our nearest neighbor, and six miles away—drinking with both hands around the coffee pot; gulping and gasping at every swallow. Temple was six feet one, sixty years old, with a paunch upon him that would have put Sancho Panza to the blush. I believe his constitution might always have been described as anemic.

"Whar you b'en?" was his genial salutation, as he replaced the coffee pot on the glowing embers of the chimney fire—(we had no stove). "I come in here cold, an' I jes thought I'd warm up some." Then he carefully stroked his only adornment—a straggly chin whisker; that's all one could call it.

His eyes were as bleary as those of his gaunt, steaming broncho tied to the moss covered rail of the corral. Smoke arose from the nostrils of the unfortunate animal as it tried to drag itself and the fence into the warmth of the rising sun.

"Have some!" exclaimed Temple, offering a black bottle.

There was only a half inch in the bottom—but we knew better than to put our tongues to it, for it was old man Temple's habit to drink pure alcohol, in accordance with the "excess of excess" which has been the curse of many a rancher in the hills.

"Say, I b'en down to Fiske's Mills, along with old man McAppin, an' I sort of lost him, round by old Hauser's bridge. Have a drink."

It was for us an amusing situation. But we urged him to pour the "wee drap" in his bottle down his own gullet, on top of the coffee. He did so, and never winced.

"To-morrow's New Years," he observed, as Billy and I began to shake up the fire, and cook our breakfast.

"Yes," I replied, "and I hope you'll have a good time."

"Well, I bet!" he answered, "an' I want you boys to come over to the ranch an' enjoy things. Maw's going to get up more'n we can eat, if we eat all day. She's going to have cracklins, an' corn-pones, an' fried chicken!"

Now this was very alluring, for old "Maw" Temple could cook in the sanctified Southern style, and almost to perfection.

"We got some young deer meat, too," added Temple casually.

This decided it at once. We gave the old fellow a breakfast, his horse a bite from our meagre store of barley, and promised to be at his New Years dinner next afternoon. Then we solemnly and courteously aided him to mount his jaded steed and steered him toward the Walhalla trail. As he departed, his saddle-bag—a rough potato sack—dropped off into a bunch of wild rose bush next the hogpen, and a full bottle of more alcohol fell out of its mouth, also, a big, fat can.

We hastened to replace his stores, tying them safely by the saddle leathers.

We—that is, my partner Billy Ham and myself—abandoned our high mountain fastness, about noon, New Years Day, and left sheep, cows, pigs, and horses with the warm sunshine. In a crow's flight it would be a quick jump to Temple's ranch. In fact, one could shout across the canyon when he was out on the range, and after awhile hear his shrill, falsetto answer.

Taking a precipitous trail, we stumbled down the rocky descent, among the redwoods, across the creek, and upward through the brush till we reached the slippery, wet grass of last year on the western hillside. A "gullied" wood road was next in order, and after that one could turn and look toward the splendid blue wall of the Pacific Ocean, which rose up many miles away to welcome the New Year and to worship the sun.

"Mr. Temple, Esquire" (as he used to straggle his signature) was possessed of a rambling domicile, which had stretched from a log cabin, during his long occupancy, into a respectable habitation, for those regions. The main part was ten logs high, and all sorts of additions had been made by the aid of shakes and rough boards.

The two acre orchard was grunting with hogs, hard at work on the remnants of the winter apples.

Two ragged, pretty children came down to the gate, just below the house. They were twins, and were grandchildren of the Temples. When their immediate parentage had ever disappeared, no one seemed to know in this lonely district, but for the past seven years "old man Temple" and his wife had housed, fed, and half-clothed the little daughters of his wayward child and her deceiver.

"I think they's somewhar's in Arizona," he would say; "but you kain't tell gen'elly. Loretta, she was good; but that nigger singer came along when she was down to school in Santa Rosa, an' first we know they sent me au' maw the twins."

The twins were white-headed little seven-year old rascals. Their thin calico gowns were sufficient in the noon-day—for now the sun was warm; but their bare feet seemed painfully sensitive. Both were out of breath.

"Say!" they cried, both at a time, "Nelly au' Minty's run off with the well, an' grau'paw—he's awful mad! Gran'maw's got him to bed quick!"

This would be an enigma to the uninitiated; but "Nellie" and "Minty" were two razor-backed mules which formed a portion of Temple's personal estate. How they could have run away with the family well was a problem so extraordinary that we patted the excited little girls on the head, and gave them a lot of picture papers for a Christmas present—all we could do!—and then strode up the path to the lengthy cabin.

There was poor old Mrs. Temple—a tiny, silver-locked creature, with a wizened face. "Wizened" is no word for it! Every county on the map of Texas was expressed in the tangled wrinkles of her sixty years.

"Happy New Year!" exclaimed Billy and I in unison, as we swung the merry twins on to the steps.

Mrs. Temple wrung her hands in grief.

"Paw's mos' gone crazy!" she wailed.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, he come home 'bout sun up, an' he fed that Betty mare a shift of mince pie meat Mis' Liebig sent up from round Timber Cove. We don't get no pies this time. Then he went and spoiled all the well, an' he says 'I'm blamed!'"

Here was another "well" mystery. First the mules, and now ol' "grandmaw" Temple!

"They clean ran off with it, honey," she moaned, wiping her faded, tattered eyes, which were pink and avascular with capillaries and age.

"With what?" Billy Ham exclaimed.

"Oh, the hell thing, it's all clean gone to hell, an' the mules is gone, an' the well, and Richard Henry Temple is a damaged man, but he ain't frozen to death by that well, but he's jes gettin' warmed up, an' he's mad like fury! Them mules jumped off with the bucket an' all the well, an' I couldn't do nothin' else but save him out, an' now he says I'm blamed!"

"Richard Henry Temple, he come home this mornin'," continued the poor "grandmaw," weeping, "an' he says he was hot. I was mad, coz' he'd been down to the coast. He says 'I'm thirsty, an' I'm gom' to have water this time."

"I thought it warn't good, considerin' his breath, an' he went out looking for that cussed ol' well. He got mad when the rope wouldn't work, and that's when it happened!"

Now, it may be parenthetically explained that the Temple Ranch was so situated that, owing to the rocky nature of the country, the proprietor had been compelled to dig a forty-foot well just behind his rough and tumble kitchen. Contrary to precedent in such cases, his windlass supported but a single bucket, which had once been a small pickle keg. To bring up this bucket full of icy water, one would have to turn a most unwieldy crank, half wood, the handle iron.

"Paw," says I," continued Mrs. Temple, "'ain't you better go rest? The twins'll see you 'juss' like you air now. You don't want nothin' more for drink.'"

"I'm parched," he says, "an' I'm goin' for cold water," an' then off th' damn ol' fool goes to th' well rail, an' was mad 'coz the bucket was all empty. He was tryin' to pull on the rope, so's to send it down. First thing I see—Paw goes with it! Forty foot down, in four foot of ice water!"

"Is he dead?" we both cried with alarm, for, with all the old man's faults we loved his New Years dinner still.

"Paw?—he's all right; it's the well-gear! He's makin' terrible trouble!" You ain't got no sense, child! Why, paw went down that thar well, an' he stood in all that water, four feet deep, an' he hollers up to me, 'maw, wind up the rope!'"

[Another break in the narrative. Mrs. Temple had been worn out by the desperation which a rancher's wife too often reaches.]

"I jes' tried an' tried to wind up that ol' crank, an' the twins they had a hold of me. We was afraid he'd get froze besides drowned. We got him half up twice, and then that thar old crank went back on us' and the kids. It just sent Fan one way an' Kit the next. I held ou, an' went last, an' paw he yells up when he drops splash back again in that thar' well: 'Maw, maw! What in hell you doin' to me! Ain't I be'u a kind paw, an' ain't I he'n indulgent gran'paw!'"

"Why, say!" continued the tearful old lady, "I'd let him drop twenty feet!"—down in that thar water again! Jus' think! Why, I was crazy!

"Paw!" I called down after the splash stopped—"paw, I'll get you up! Just you wait!—an' I went off to the corral, an' I got "Nellie" an' "Minty," our two mules. Say! they cost money!—an' I harnessed them up, an' I put an ol' ox-chain on top of the well-gear an' then I started off pulling on their bits. When we got to th' fence I whacked hard, right on top of them, an', if you could have seen that "Nellie" mule an' that "Minty" mule start across through the fences an' across th' field, you'd think they was racing. But the well rope went along, an' Richard Henry Temple he come up so quick he never was able to pick himself out of the ol' bucket till it got to the fence."

"Gran'paw!" says I, when I was easin' him off th' field to get home, 'gran'paw, you're most dead!' "Why, he was all of a shaky shivering!"

"Then them ol' mules they kep' on going, au' gran'paw he seen the well works and the ox-chain after 'em down the gulch."

"Susan Temple!" says he, 'you are a damn old fool!'"

"But," says I, 'you'd have froze to death!'"

"You broke th' well!" he says; 'an' first you tried to

drown me, an' then you dumped me in th' hog trough, an' we married forty years!"

"You broke th' well," says he, an' them mules has gone off with it to Jericho and two hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Then gran'paw, he had a chill, an' I kep' tryin' to still him. He's back inside, in bed, I'm gettin' him warmed up."

"Warned up!" exclaimed Billy Ham, "'Is your Kettle on the fire? It is! Give me a cop and some sugar. Ah! here we are steaming hot!"

"And with that he entered the bedroom gingerly. Touching ol' Temple on the brow, he said gently:

"Here, gran'paw, this is only hot gin, and it will do you good."

The patient rose as if from a trance, and gulped the scalding water down as if it were his favorite alcohol.

"The best old gin I ever struck," he observed as he smacked his lips. "Come, let's go find the mules."

The mules were only just across the field, in the brush. The well rope and its gearing were too obstinate, and had tangled them up till they couldn't kick. Meanwhile, "Gran'maw" Temple prepared her "corn ponies" and her "fried chicken," so that we had New Year's dinner all the same.

Yet all the while the ungrateful old Temple would murmur sullenly:

"You busted the well au' you most lost the mules!"


As for Kit and Fan, the poor little twins, we told them stories of "Cinderella" and "Red Riding Hood" till their curly heads nodded; then we climbed down toward home.

There is no place better known or more popular than the Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street. It stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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THE YEAR AT THE THEATRES

BY ASHTON P. STEVENS.

CAN it be that the change of a number in the figures that mark the year plays any vital part in the destiny of man? Yet it is at this annual adding of one that one's retrospection of the preceding twelve months is keenest, one's contrition deepest, while at the same time the roses of optimism never bloom fairer than in the biting air of the new January. As I write the epitaph of the year theatrical 1895 my brutal candor is assuaged only by a natural revulsion for adding to the damnation of the dead, and the gleeful and hilarious, although entirely unfounded, hopefulness that each year I find in contemplation of the quick. So far as the drama is concerned—or what part of it dribbled its way into San Francisco during the twelve months of the late lamented's existence—I am glad that the embalmers art is not mine. A noiseless interment, or the consuming scorch of the crematory, is better fitted to the final rites of this eventless step toward a new century. Looking backward at a year of lusterless stars, threadbare plays and the worse than usual procession of mediocrity relieved at long intervals by some stray flash of originality in play making, or an actor awakened to the meaning of his art, does not add to the beatification of that process of mental indigestion known as memory. To my thinking, a man's mind is but an imperfect thing until it can be adjusted to forget all happenings unworthy of a niche in our mental store-houses.

The Baldwin Theatre opened the season of 1895 with the Tavery Opera Company. My strongest recollection of this organization is of a trio in which the contralto panted in fiery Italian, the tenor wheezed the ghost of a once great voice in French and the barytone expectorated in German. They were only three, but never since the fall of Babylon has such soul-stirring polyglot been voiced.

Ward and James followed the Tavery Company in a brave revival of the legitimate. Mr. James, I remember, had to act with one eye; nevertheless it was a wholesome feast of the ever palatable, characterized by the excellent mountings, and stage direction that are conspicuous wherever the hand of Warde is guiding. They went to the California later and played *Ranunculus*. Whatever be the merits or de-merits of *Ranunculus*, no play of modern times has evoked such thunder in its fall. It is echoing yet.

A *Gaiety Girl* came, and although its fun was vague, the music was the cleverest of its class that has been heard here.

Marie Burroughs' endeavor at Juliet was the next event of interest. This was before Mrs. Pat Campbell's end of the century version had taught London what a high-bred, discreet little maiden Juliet really was, or perhaps Miss Burroughs would not have gasped so violently, nor loved so hard.

Dropping a tear for pretty little Dorothy Morton and *The Facing Master*, I skip a series of blank weeks and recall the formal opening of the Columbia Theatre by the Frawley Company. A modest little band of players they, and arriving propitiously when the principal opposition houses had closed their doors, soon won a favorite place in the public's esteem. To be sure Mr. Frawley's habitual casting of himself in the leading roles grew wearisome; however, the plays were well chosen and comparatively unhackneyed, and the company for the most part painstaking and efficient.

The Baldwin re-opened with the Lyceum Theatre Company in *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, a problem comedy admirably acted, but not refreshing. *The Amazons* was

real comedy; light even to evanescence, and clean and dainty in every one of its fanciful lines. The night most luminous in my recollection of the year is that on which the curtain rose on *An Ideal Husband*. Wilde's amazing dexterity with words, his drastic epigrams, each a cameo of purest English, and his superb construction, where every line and incident fell with the nicety of crystallization left an impression that will not soon be effaced.

A Company headed by Rose Coghlan, Henry E. Dixey and Maurice Barrymore succeeded the Frawley Company at the Columbia in August. *Twelfth Night* was the opening piece, and for the lack of adequate stage direction, it was a wretched performance despite the good people in the cast. *A Woman of No Importance*, given later by the same players, introduced another inimitable society drama by Wilde and afforded some skillful acting for Miss Coghlan and Mr. Barrymore.

John Drew and Maud Adams came to the Baldwin at about this time, presenting a new play by Henry Arthur Jones, *The Bubble Shop*. Mr. Drew's surprising ability for a serious part and the dramatic strength of the second act compelled an interest in a play, which, taken as a whole, is not up to Jones' standard. Besides the repertory of his preceding season, Drew honored us with the premiere of Carleton's now defunct *That Imprudent Young Couple*; a play, I believe, killed by the countless lines in pitiable attempt at epigram that a character named Goltry ground out with a dismal deliberation that delayed the final curtain until 11:30. It is becoming a habit among the gentlemen of the dramatic columns of the Eastern press to single out John Drew as the most harrowing example of the degenerating actor; a custom attributable more to his ill fortune in choosing a new play than any decline in his artistic work. John Drew, in his own cheery sphere, is peerless, and in Maud Adams he has a companion player that it would be impossible to replace.

Preceded by an inflated newspaper reputation, Pauline Hall paid her long promised visit to San Francisco, bringing with her that most stupid of musical comedies, *Dorcas*, in which she evidenced no singing ability and not much more skill as an actress.

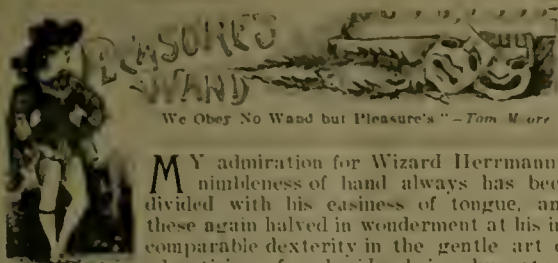
Trilby stands out in bold relief as the popular success of the season. Potter's play was powerful, and the startling possibilities of the character Svengali—this slimy, snake-like man whose transcendent genius shone above all his repulsive villainy—were developed with masterly art by Wilton Lackaye.

The Bostonians enjoyed a luxurious season of five weeks at the Columbia, giving us, besides that immortal composite *Robin Hood*, two new operas; one of which (*A War Time Wedding*) made a distinctive success.

Unlike Pauline Hall's, De Wolf Hopper's visit showed a justification for the highest praises that have been sung of him. *Wang* and *Dr. Syntax* were in themselves nothing remarkable, but Hopper's unusual methods and the paradox of a singing comedian with a voice gave him instantaneous recognition.

Helena, a sterling play of Sardou's, new to us, but by no means an infant, was the feature of Robert Downing's recent engagement at the California. 1892 at the Baldwin and rollicking, rotund May Irwin in *The Widow Jones* at the California practically closes our year of the play.

In addition to the productions enumerated, we have seen three of the 365 works annually penned by the indefatigable Mr. Hoyt, two score of grand, comic and spectacular operas at the Tivoli, 1800 homicides at the Grand, all sorts and conditions of plays at the Alcazar and I don't know how many exhilarating specialties at the Orpheum. But for even, unmolested infecundity San Francisco's dramatic year 1895 takes the palm.



We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's - Tom Moore

MY admiration for Wizard Herrmann's nimbleness of hand always has been divided with his easiness of tongue, and these again halved in wonderment at his incomparable dexterity in the gentle art of advertising, for, besides being by nature gifted with a most thrilling likeness of what we imagine is the physical aspect of the great father of black art. His Satanic Serenity, M. Herrmann is one of the greatest showmen of our times. None know better than he how to imbue their personality in the public mind, and few relaxations are healthier or more amusing than an evening with this mystifying gentleman. Herrmann's return week at the Baldwin is the first strain that San Francisco can remember on his popularity. His bullet-catching feat is a marvelous deception, and, up to the present writing, has defied satisfactory explanation, but the balance of the performance, given a few weeks previous at the California, is too fresh in the memory of theatre-goers to have warranted so early a repetition. Madame Herrmann's dances, which, like good pictures, seem to improve on acquaintance, and the bullet trick have been the bright spots in this week's entertainment.

Louis James, always a favorite here, comes to the California Monday evening, supported by an excellent company. Besides *Virginus*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, in each of which roles he has enviable fame, Mr. James will give us *Marmion*, an adaptation of Scott's poem, and his interpretation of *Hamlet*, said to be a radical and interesting portrayal of the Dane. The first week's repertory is: Monday, Tuesday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee, *Virginus*; Wednesday and Thursday, *Hamlet*; Friday and Saturday, *Macbeth*.

Monday evening at the Tivoli will be presented a second edition of the successful mythological burlesque, *Leion*, in which new songs, dances and specialties will be introduced. Little Gertie Carlisle and little Pearl Landers will each have a taking specialty, while Hartman, Leary, Rafael, Pache, and Misses Millard, Carle, Baker and Stockmeyer will introduce new songs, duets and trios. The sale of seats is so large that it looks as if *Leion* will have one of the greatest runs ever known at this house.

The Runaway Wife adds another to the long list of successes at the Grand. Next week Tom Craven's famous comedy drama, *The Fugitive*, will be given. The play teems with exciting incidents, relieved by timely touches of comedy, and offers admirable roles for the Messrs. Brinker, Bulter, Swain and Lothian, and the Misses Hall and Thropp.

The Orpheum continues to maintain its reputation as one of America's greatest music halls. Manager Walter's indefatigable search for the cream of specialties makes of every performance a unique vandyville event. The holiday season has turned hundreds away from the doors.

The members of the Frawley Company will, no doubt, be given a rousing New Year's greeting on Monday evening, when De Mille's powerful drama, *The Lost Paradise*, is to be presented by that popular organization. The Frawley company, besides the cleverness of its players, made patent by last season's successful engagement, comes equipped with some excellent new plays, which are to be mounted in a lavish manner.

Leonard Grover's perennial farce, *Our Boarding House*, has been attesting its ever-mirthfulness at the Alcazar, this week, to a good business. Monday night will see the first presentation of a successful French farce-comedy, *My Precious Baby*, in which the entire strength of the company will be demonstrated, augmented by two important new engagements, that of Miss Nina Gleason and Miss Camille Cleveland.

Marie Wainwright and a strong company, headed by Nathaniel Harting, open at the Baldwin Monday night, in *The Daughters of Eve*, a new society drama by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus. The play has been well received in the East, and will run throughout the opening week. During the week following Miss Wainwright will give *The Love Chase*, *An Unequal Match*, *As You Like It*, and *Camille*.

The Tuesday and Friday mornings for ladies, at the Lurline Baths, continue to be extremely popular. Large parties of ladies go regularly on these mornings to enjoy the exclusive swim afforded them. They being centrally located, and having the tank refilled each day with the pure ocean salt water, make them the favored baths of San Francisco. The emptying of the tank every night at 10:30 o'clock is free to public view.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Next week, Monday, January 6th. Every evening, including Sunday, Matinee Saturday. Engagement limited to two weeks. The distinguished actress,

MARIE WAINWRIGHT,

Supported by a well-balanced and efficient company, presenting for the first week the celebrated success, "DAUGHTERS OF EVE," by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus. A great play, superbly acted. The dramatic treat of the New Year. Second Week: "The Love Chase," "An Unequal Match," "As You Like It," "Camille."

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Return of the favorites, THE POPULAR FRAWLEY COMPANY. The most perfect dramatic organization in America. Coming back in better form and stronger than ever. Commencing Monday evening, January 6th, presenting Henry C. De Mille's powerful drama, "THE LOST PARADISE." Entire new scenery and costumes. Reserved Seats: 15c., 25c., 50c., and 75c.

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors

Next week, Monday, January 6th. Every evening including Sunday. Matinee Saturday. America's representative tragedian,

MR. LOUIS JAMES,

and his excellent company, including Miss Alma Kruger, Miss Florence Everett, Mr. William Harris, Mr. Guy Lindsay, Mr. Harry Langdon, and others, in magnificent scenic productions. Monday, Tuesday, and Sunday nights, and Saturday matinee, VIRGINIUS. Wednesday and Thursday nights, HAMLET. Friday and Saturday nights, MACBETH. 2d week: "Marmion," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello."

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KREILING. Proprietor and Manager

Every evening. The second edition of the brilliant spectacular burlesque,

IXION; or THE MAN OF THE WHEEL

New songs. New dances. New socialisms. New specialties. The most perfect production ever seen in this city. A la-la la la la of a success.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor; Last performances of "The Runaway Wife." MONDAY EVENING, January 6th—Grand scenic production of Tom Craven's famous comedy drama,

THE FUGITIVE.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

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NEW YEAR'S BILL.

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Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Grover's Alcazar. The Palais Royal of America.

Last nights of the success of the season, "Our Boarding House." Monday, January 6th, the successful French comedy.

MY PRECIOUS BABY.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Matinee Prices—10c., 15c., and 25c.

LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 918 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.



THE YEAR IN SOCIETY.

AT the close of a year it is a good thing that a look backwards be taken to ascertain what has been accomplished in the months that have taken their flight into the chambers of the past. It may prove interesting, therefore, to take a retrospective glance over what has confessedly been the gayest year that society in San Francisco has known in a decade; but the entertainments of the swim have been so many and so varied in character it would be quite impossible in the limits of this article to enumerate them all, so the chief events of each month will merely be touched upon, commencing with the holiday week of 1894. That it was a brilliant one will readily be admitted, including as it did the *début* hall of Miss Alice Hager at Armory Hall; the cotillion of the Friday Night Club; the assembly at Golden Gate Hall, and the New Year Eve dance of the Monday Night Club at Lunt's Hall. Society betook itself in large numbers to Del Monte for the New Year festivities, and during the first week in January the Terpsichoreans gave their first dance at Miss West's school, Ed. Greenway leading the cotillion. Theatre parties were quite a fad during the month, especially to hear Scheel's orchestra at the Auditorium, and were as a rule followed by suppers. Mesdames Martin and Donahue took the lead among the elaborate dinner givers of society, and the tea hostesses included Miss Clarice Sheldon, Misses Helen Woolworth, Ella Morgan, and Clem. Kip; Mesdames Van Ness, H. M. A. Miller, Horace Hill, J. F. Swift, Thomas Breeze, McKenna, Henry Van Wyck, J. L. Rathbone, and Jos. Crockett; at the latter Miss Ella Hobart's engagement to Winthrop Lester being announced.

Among the ball givers were Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Bachman, and Cutler Paige gave a cotillion preceded by a theatre party and followed by supper. Several hops took place at the Presidio, the disappointment of the month being the postponement of the reception on board the flagship Philadelphia, that vessel being unexpectedly ordered to Honolulu.

February's chief event was the hall given by Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy in the Maple Hall of the Palace on the evening of the 8th, and a pleasing novelty was the charade party got up by Miss Minnie Houghton, another one on the same lines being given by Mrs. Joe Tobin the following week, and Mrs. De Young inaugurated her pretty theatre with private theatricals. The Vaudeville Club had a meeting at Mrs. Henry Scott's on the evening of the 20th, at which the "German supper" was the chief feature. The Cotillion Club, the Friday Night Club, and the Entre Nous Club gave their usual dances, and the Monday evening Club gave a *Mardi Gras* assembly. Teas were in great form during February, as many as three and four being given on some days by both maids and matrons. Some of the ladies also gave luncheon parties at the University Club, and Miss Emma Butler gave one to the buds at the Hotel Richelieu. The pink and white wedding of Miss Clarice Sheldon and Cutler Paige was solemnized at St. Luke's Church on the 14th (St. Valentine's day). Miss Mary Bourne and James Tucker were wedded at the Bourne residence on Broadway; and Miss Josephine Welsh and Dr. Stanley Stillman at St. Mary's Cathedral on Shrove Tuesday, afternoon and evening, while the wedding engagements announced included those of Miss Alice Simpkins and Robert Coleman, Miss Alice Hager and Alfred Tubbs. The production, on the 18th, of *Runnymede* at the California Theatre, was the motif for numerous theatre

parties as well as to see the "Gaiety girls" at the Baldwin.

Lent being upon the carpet during the month of March, society did not indulge in anything very pronounced. Theatre parties, card parties, recitation and musical gatherings were plentiful, however. Miss Daisy Van Ness gave the first bicycle party of the season, followed by supper at the University Club, and Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave another. Among the dinner givers were Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Louis Auzeais, Mesdames Martin and Donahue, and teas were given by Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. Ashton, and at the Hopkins' Art Institute. The largest gathering of the month was the "Trilhy" party at the San Francisco Ver-ein Club, which was a novelty; and Mrs. David Bixler's *mi-careme* dinner and musicale; the Dutch tea of the Channing Auxiliary was a pleasant affair, closing the month charmingly.

The first sensation of April was the polo tournament at Burlingame between the club members and the army officers from Walla Walla, resulting in the victory of the club, and entertaining was extensively done in honor of the visiting strangers from the north and the south. The weddings of the month were those of Miss Lillian Miles and Lieutenant Kilbourne on Easter Monday, the 15th. Miss Alice Decker and Elliott McAllister, at Grace Church on the 16th; Miss Elsie Knox and Ed. Jennings on the 17th; Miss Eva Carolan and W. E. Timlow at St. Luke's Church on the 23d; Miss Alice Simpkins and Robert Coleman at Trinity on the 24th; Miss Francis Wordnell and Fred Lemon at A. L. Bacroff's residence on the 29th. The last dance of the Assembly Club took place at Golden Gate Hall on the 25th; the Entre Nous closed their season with a dance on the 26th, and Mrs. Louis Auzeais' private theatrical party at the Palace Hotel, when *Love on Crutches* was performed, was the final event of the month on the 30th. The engagements of Miss Agnes Howard and Duncan Hayne; Miss Leua Lux and George McBride; Miss Mary Randol and Dr. Ed. Bunnell were announced.

The novelty of May was the open-air wedding celebration of Mrs. Elizabeth Ryer and Charles F. Joy at San Mateo on the 11th. Charity affairs included the steeple chase ridden by gentlemen in aid of the Little Jim Fund; an amateur theatrical performance at the California, when the *Artist's Dream* was produced for the benefit of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society; the performance of the *Yellow Curtain* by the Auzeais amateurs; and the *Romeo and Juliet* burlesque by the Oakland amateurs at the Baldwin in aid of the Children's Hospital. The last hop at the Presidio took place on the 7th, and of the dancing club on the 10th. The engagement of Miss Alice McCutcheon and Ed. Schmiedell was announced at the first Simpson-Coleman reception, and of Miss May Holbrook and Sam Knight at an elaborate dinner given by Mrs. Holbrook for that purpose.

Society, which had already begun to leave town during the latter half of May, departed in large numbers early in June—Castle Crags, San Rafael and Del Monte were the resorts most sought, and at Burlingame there was a constant round of dinners, luncheons, polo, golf, tennis, coaching, excursions, picnics, etc. As a consequence life in the city became very dull. Weddings were the chief dissipation, and of these the most notable ceremonies were Miss Alice Tripler and Lieutenant Burtch at St. Luke's church on the 5th; Miss Alice Scott and James Brown at Grace Church on the 12th; Miss Alice Ziska and C. M. Jennings, a home wedding, on the 22d. The engagement of the month was Miss Mary Breeze and Lieutenant Benson, U. S. A.

Theatre parties were the rule in July. Donald DeV. Graham gave a studio tea, and the marriage of Miss Belle McPherson to Lieutenant McCracken was solemnized on the 24th.

The chief event in August was the Venetian spectacle at Belvedere on the 3d. Miss Nellie Jolliffe's marriage to Rudolph Spreckels on the 5th came as a sort of a surprise.

Country Club entertained Mrs. R. L. Stevenson at a reception in her honor. Mrs. Bliss gave a barn party at Redwood. Miss Agnes Howard and Duncan Hayne were married at San Mateo on the 10th, and the military encampment at Del Monte made that charming watering place very gay. The last week of August was devoted to Del Monte, where polo, the races, and the "shoot" were the attractions.

Society commenced to flock back to the city in September, and weddings were the first items of interest on the programme. Miss Ermentine Poole and Louis H. Long were wedded at the Burns' residence on the 4th; Ella Wheaton and the Rev. W. A. Brewer at St. Luke's on the 11th; Florence Weihe and B. W. Stone at St. Luke's on the 12th; the marriage of Miss Ella Hobart and Winthrop Lester was celebrated in grand style at the Hobart residence on the evening of the 10th. A great event of the month was the reception on board the flagship Philadelphia on the 18th, which was a handsome affair. Dinners and luncheons were again in order, and two dances were given, one by Mrs. L. L. Baker, and a cotillion by Miss Theresa Morgan, which Ed. Greenway led with the young hostess.

October promised earlier in the season to be a month of weddings, but a number of them did not take place until later in the year. The chief events in that line were the ceremonies which united Miss Florence Herrick and Mark Requa in Oakland, on the 2d; Miss Mamie Holbrook and Sam Knight at Dr. McKenzie's Church on the evening of the 8th; Miss Alice McCutcheon and Ed. Schmiedell at Grace Church at noon on the 16th, and the red wedding of Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Major Darling, at the lady's residence, on the 22d. Theatre parties, especially for *Trilby*, were the fad the earlier part of the month. Miss Cora Smedburg opened the tea season on the 1st, a number of others following soon after, and Miss Emma Butler gave the first luncheon party; the other events of the month included Lieutenant Potter's tug party, matronized by Mrs. Blunt of the Presidio; the first dance of the Saturday Night Club at Lunt's Hall on the 12th; the Woman's Exchange ball at Pioneer Hall on the 31st, and the Halloween party at Fort Mason; Shafter Howard's engagement to Miss Mollie Hunter, of Newport, R. I., was announced, as well as of Miss Bessie Younger and Burns McDonald.

The month of November was opened by the Entre Nous Club, which gave a dance at Maple Hall on the 1st. Teas, dinners, theatre parties, chate parties, etc., kept society busy while not occupied with the larger affairs, which included the wedding of Miss Julia Connor and Robert Bennett at Trinity Church on the 6th; the travesty on the "Babes in the Wood" at the San Francisco Verein Club on the 16th; the Friday Fortnightly and Monday Evening Club's dances; the Crocker cotillion on the 19th; the charity concerts at the Pavilion on the 19th and 20th; Miss Romie Wallace's debut ball at Armory Hall on the 21st; the Dickinson *bal poudré* at the Occidental on the 26th; the Polyclinic *fête*, and the Breeze-Benson nuptials at Grace Church on the 27th; the charity foot-ball game on the 28th, and the first dance of the Friday Night Cotillion Club at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 29th. The surprise of the month was the marriage of Miss Marie Baird and young Barry Baldwin. Miss Ella Goad's engagement to Osgood Hooker was announced.

The second annual Horse Show occupied the swim almost to the exclusion of everything else the first week in December, opening at the Pavilion on the 2d. Other events were theatre parties, the dance of the Entre Nous Club, Fred Magee's tug party, teas without end, Miss Alice Masten making her debut at one given by her sisters, and Miss Alice Boggs at one at her mother's house; the charity bazar, and several hops at the Presidio, the Sorosis Club reception in their new rooms on the 9th; Miss Hobart's dancing party and the Friday Fortnightly Club meeting on the 13th; the dance of the Monday Night Club on the 16th, Charley Baldwin's hunt ball at the Palace on the 17th, the Christmas cotillion of the Friday Night Club on the 20th. While December has not been so full of festivity as was November, there was enough going on to keep society well occupied. Dinners, of course, have been a feature of the holiday week, and the year 1895 may well be said to have been one of the pleasantest and gayest society has had for a long period of time.



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most welcome BIRTHDAY GIFT
to husband, brother or —
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WINTER CRUISES

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE ORIENT.

The Hamburg-American Line's

TWIN-SCREW EXPRESS S. S. FUERST BISMARCK, will leave New York January 28, 1896, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Nice, Tunis, Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, New York, duration about ten weeks. Also.

WINTER CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES and the Spanish Main. The Hamburg-American Line's **TWIN-SCREW EXPRESS S. S. COLUMBIA** will leave New York January 25, 1896, for Port au Prince (Hayti), Mayaguez (Porto Rico), St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadalupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra (for Caracas, Venezuela), and Puerto Cabello, Kingston (Jamaica), Havana, New York, duration about four and a half weeks. This is the first time a Transatlantic liner (about four times as large as an ordinary W. I. Liner) with all its comforts is offered on this route.

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THE sprite of the New Year sat on his throne,
The hall from roof to portals
Was filled with gifts to be bestowed
On various favored mortals.

So many, and so rich were they,
The good sprite felt uneasy
About his choice. "I'll do my best,
Dear friends," he said, "to please ye."

He called on his attendant imps,
And said: "Proceed to gift on
This mingled mass to find a sift
To hand to Talbot Clifton.

"What have you got? Some cobbler's wax?
"To cease this hiddle-faddle?"
"Yes, Sire, 'tis just what Talbot needs
"To keep him on his saddle."

"Not bad," the sprite approving said,
"You've done well, for a starter;
"What next? What is that ribbon thing?"
"The Order of the Garter.

"'Tis for Jack Parrott's leg; 't will fit
"Alone his golfing stockings,
"A loyal Britisher's best prize—"
"Well, what is that you're rocking?"

"A cradle, Sire, the girls say
"Hobart so long has tarried
"To take a wife, this gift may lure
"That young man to get married."

"Bring forth that doll—the Prince of Wales,
"A robe and crown installed in,
"And ship him, 'this side up with care,'
"To his friend, Charley Baldwin."

"Those two stuffed clubs—for whom are they?
"Their odor is not pleasant."
"They are for Polk and Wilson, Sire,
"A welcome New Year's present."

"Eight cloven feet, eight forked tails,
"Eight crimson-tinted visors,
"Eight patent sacks with patent casks,
"These send the Supervisors."

"Be careful with that dynamite,"
He cries, as one imp seizes
The deadly pack—" 'Tis Sistro's gift
To blow his casts to pieces.

"Apollo, and the posing nymphs,
"Those fake and vile creations,
"This useful agent will destroy
"Our Mayor's abominations.

"Those massive plates of solid steel,
"Shaped like a big square platter,
"Ship off to rich men to write wills,
"The lawyers cannot shatter.

"This tangled thing, it is a clue
"We'll warrant not defective,
"See that 'tis placed within the hands
"Of Lees, and the detectives.

"Behold this pit, all fenced around
"With froth and airy bubble,
"We'll pass it to our warring friends,
"Pere York and Pastor Hubbell."

This giddy, gaudy skipping Jack,
So frisky, frotsky, frousky
We'll send with our best compliments
To Princey Poniatowski.

This cold deck's for the Union Club,
And don't omit the Joker,
The man who gets this patent pack
Will never lose at poker.

That all kind fellows, good and true,
May see the times grow better,
Receive our compliments to you
With this New Year's NEWS LETTER.

There is a new game of billiards played in town just now at the clubs. It is a combination of English billiards and pool. But George Nagle and Warren Payne, of Bohemian Club fame, have been attempting it. One is put under a certain handicap first—say 200 or 300 points to make. Then you must make a certain score before you can begin to count. It's one of the most demoralizing and perplexing diversions for the new comer that one could find if he were looking for it.

However, Mr. Payne met a delightful friend in the Occidental Hotel last week, who introduced to him a fellow Spanish-American. This latter plays the trombone in our best theatres and concerts; but he is a small creature, with a peppery disposition. In fact, he struts like a bantam. Payne mistook him for an Italian Count, and presently began to forget the musician was only "Professor." Half an hour afterwards the "Count" was introduced to distinguished company, and was dining sumptuously in the warm club dining room. He was as puzzled as "Christopher Sly" over the *contresens*, but Mr. Payne and Mr. Nagle, they say, would listen to no explanation. They were sure they had known him forever. He had diamonds in his shirt-front and wore a huge emerald ring.

Would he learn the new game of billiards?

Why, certainly—for always the politeness sake!—after such a beautiful dinner!

Whereupon several other players were found and the game began. At first the "Count" was very stupid, so that they lowered his handicap out of charity. But all of a sudden the little musician began to play in earnest. The balls flew round the table, into pockets, and counting extraordinary scores. There was money on the game, and the tiny Professor, finishing his string with a rush, exclaimed triumphantly:

"Ah, gentlemen, I am so glad to be your guest. Thees game I shall always so mooch have love! Shall we have the revenge?"

But nobody wanted revenge, because Warry Payne, who is not bad at the cue, had been filled with despair. As for Nagle, he had fainted. Both had believed they were entertaining an "angel unawares."

* * *

With the happy New Year comes the swearing off,

One shuts off his whisky, one eschews cigars,

One will only tittle when he has a cough,

One will never, never traffic at the bars;

One forswears the races, one avoids the club,

One will each month pass o'er his money to his wife,

One protests his bibulous companions he must snub,

All make resolutions to lead a better life.

But ere the month is over the toper has a jag,

The man with gloomy features will tell his wife he's broke,

And the man who shunned tobacco will neither halt or lag

On his rush to the cigar shop to buy his daily smoke.

* * *

[In Rotterdam I saw a My pole—a fair white pole, around which many did dance. Its top was shining, and could be discerned far away. All would whirl about it as though mad with joy; but the long, gaudy strings which were attached to it seemed to me to make a very foolish, unprofitable game.—Excerpt from Sir W. Temple's letter to Lord Arlington.]

Once upon a time there was a fairy prince—also he was a magician. He lived by the sea, and he maintained an orchestra of enchanted seals to gladden his heart. They sang to him, and barked for him, and he talked back to them in their own language.

He was filled with pride over his possessions, which were great, and was always glad to give everything he had away. Only there was a misfortune attached to his gifts. For instance, once he presented a beautiful white cat to his friend, President Harrison. It staid with the nation's Executive one week, and then crept back. Another time, he bought a rubber doll on a corner for a street waif, but, when he tossed it to the child, it bounded back into his pocket, which he considered a lucky omen. So magical was his touch that a red-hot stove has been known not to burn his fingers as he carried it. Sometimes he would invite the Pharisees to his banquets, and often the Scribes. Whenever he wanted to give anything away he would ask the Scribes to visit him while he did it.

A scribe on a daily newspaper would go to his city editor and whisper mysteriously:

"The Prince is going to give the entire city to San Francisco!"

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do, he's sent for me to go to breakfast with him and hear all about it!"

"Go by all means! It's a capital story."

Whereupon the scribe would visit the Princely Magician, and be as early to the breakfast as he could. But he would also find all the other scribes of the Press Club there before him, to his amazement and delight.

After which they would be ushered in, the entire company, to the dining hall, and before the august presence of the Prince himself. Zinfandel would flow like soup, and soup would flow like water.

Then, when the merriment was at its height, the Prince would rise from his throne, and, holding high a goblet of red wine, would say:

"My friends, I am about to present our beautiful city of San Francisco to the City and County of San Francisco. I have that intention. Of course you will never mention this, because my hospitality is so sacred. Also, my friends, I shall give away all my poor seals, together with my stuffed whale. I am a patriot, you see. Besides, I mean to build that grand library at the Park, where I shall put my original copy of the Koran, my original copy of the Zenda Vesta, and my original autograph copy of all Shakespeare's works. They are all genuine, gentlemen, and they have expensive bindings on them. But I don't want you to talk about that! Promise me you won't! But now, to do all this, I am going to part with that which I dearly love, next week—those four hundred lots in the Richmond district; and I am even forced to sell them at auction, in order to provide the ready money for my library building! Ah, gentlemen, I don't wonder that you weep with me at my sorrow. I appreciate it with sadness and joy. But do not mention this auction of my dearest lots. It would affect my grief!"

Then, after the banquet, the Prince would confide to each scribe, privately, that he had been attracted to him greatly; that he had heard of his genius and talents; and that those qualities were necessary in the chief librarian of a great library. Also the Prince would at once take the scribe's exact address for future reference. "I always have so much liked your style," he would remark, parenthetically; "only I 'ox' you, don't mention this to no von."

At which the scribe would swear by the seals and the Richmond district, and all that was holy, that he would never disclose the Prince's intention to hint at his future librarianship. Then he would give way to the next scribe, who would hang upon the same honeyed hope.

Then did the scribes return homeward filled with joy. Once in the City Editor's room, the dialogue would be somewhat as follows:

CITY EDITOR—"What did the old guy want?"

SCRIBE (*ferently*)—"Waut? Why, man, he's in trouble! He's got to sell all his Richmond lots next week, so he can build the new Park Library. It's going to cost a quarter of a million dollars, and I have the photographed copy of the plans. As soon as the sale is finished the library will begin. He's put the library into a trust deed that he's going to protect from monopoly and corporatious till after he's dead."

CITY EDITOR—"Give it two columns—but, say, let the advertising solicitor look at it first. I went through that old song and dance years ago—but then you're young!"

The scribe collapses, and mourns over the skeptical and brutal minded City Editor.

* * *

A slap the doughty Willis got,
Deftly placed, and strong and hot
Upon his cheek it fell.
And ever since that bloodless blow
A clang has echoed to and fro—
The clang of a brazen hell.

* * *

This afternoon, at the Bay District track, the race for the great Pommery Sec cup will be held. It will be a drawing card undoubtedly.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

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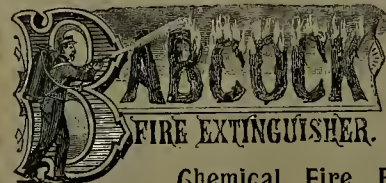
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Our Eligibles

AS the New Year opens new hopes spring in the breast, new aspirations, new resolves. Life's threads, which with some of us have become so tangled, will surely be unravelled in the New Year. "Fortune favors the brave," we are told, so with brave hearts we gaze hopefully to the future. Possibly no class of people are more prone to this than our fond parents of society, and to aid their vision of the opening year we append a list of our eligibles as naturally the object of most interest to those of them who have daughters, for as time rolls on there are many sweet blossoms remaining unplucked from the parental stem.

First on the list, unquestionably, in point of millions, stands young Walter Hobart, who is in possession of the wealth left him by his father. Mr. Hobart has youth, good looks, and a nice disposition in addition to his money, but, unfortunately for the pretty buds—so far at least as can be judged—up to the present his attentions have been more devoted to horses than young ladies. However, if dame gossip speaks truly, the new year will see a change.

James D. Phelan, also a millionaire in his own right, is a much older man than Hobart, and therefore more experienced in the wiles of the *beau sexe*. Of stout build and medium height, Mr. Phelan is an attractive figure and scrupulously neat in attire. Of cultivated taste, a patron of the Fine Arts, and an agreeable conversationalist, a man of irreproachable character and habits, he would indeed be a prize for any woman.

Richard, familiarly styled "Dick" Tobin, while not so rich as either of the above gentlemen, is yet a *parti* worth capturing by the buds on fortune bent. He is one of the heirs to the large estate left by his father, and spends it right royally, they say.

Walter L. Dean is another son of a wealthy sire, but his father being very much alive, his fortune, to any extent, is in the prospective stage. Walter Dean, however, possesses other attractions of good looks and good breeding which make him very popular in society, and the income allowed him by his father would more than satisfy the wants of the average aspirant for its sharing, but like Jim Phelan, he seems very difficult to capture, though many nets have been woven for that purpose.

Charles A. Baldwin, only son of the late wealthy member of the mercantile house of C. Adolph Low & Co., is a young man held in much favor as a marriageable possibility by mammas and daughters alike. Not only is Charley rich, but his good looks none can dispute, his almond shaped eyes doing a vast amount of destruction when he chooses to use them.

Ed Donahoe, the youngest son of the late pioneer banker, is a tall, broad shouldered young fellow of fine manly appearance, but, the girls say, very hard to get at, as since the death of his father he has devoted himself assiduously to his mother's society. So the girl who "goes in" for young Ed's conquest must do it through the maternal.

George Newhall is another young man of muscular build, and the only bachelor left in a family of brothers. The girls say the records made by his married brothers is a great thing in George's favor, and soft eyes glance very sweetly in his direction at all the functions of society.

Dr. Harry Tevis, eldest son of our leading capitalist, and, like George Newhall, the only one left of the Tevis boys for the selection of our matrimonially inclined young ladies, is one of the most eligible of the list of beaux so ranked. Dr. Tevis is a handsome young fellow of large build, blonde hair and moustache, and blue eyes. He is devoted to music and very artistic in temperament, being skilled in the decor-

ative line. Various are the reasons assigned in the swim for the difficulty of Dr. Tevis's capture. One says he is a general admirer; another that he prefers married women to flirt with, and yet another that he has left his heart in New York. She who gets him will be a fortunate woman.

W. B. Page, the last of the Page brothers left single, will no doubt make as exemplary a Benedict as they each and all do, it being a saying among their friends that no matter how gay they are as bachelors, matrimony steadies them like a rock. Will Page is the possessor of a fortune also, his twenty-fifth birthday having seen the distribution of the large estate left by his father, the late Dr. Page, of Valparaiso.

Robbie Eyre, another remaining sprig from a full branch, is now in a position to marry any reasonably minded young woman, having been left a legacy by a lately deceased friend which will make a desirable addition to the allowance given him by his father.

"The Boardman boys," as the girls style them, are all eligible for matrimony. Tall, slender, gentlemanly young men all of them, and two especially gifted with the genial nature so marked a feature of their father. They are four in number, so the girls can take their choice, though Mr. Chauncey Boardman seems the chief favorite.

Joe Grant must be included in a list of our eligible men, although, being a widower, he is not among the younger beaux. Mr. Grant is the only child of his father, Adam Grant, the well-known dry goods importer. He is what the world calls "well fixed" financially, and no doubt his previous experience in matrimony will render him doubly to be desired as a husband by our belles.

J. W. Byrne, like Callingham, his brother, is a man any woman might be proud to captivate. Tall, fine looking, and thoroughly a man of the world, he (again like his brother) will be a fish requiring skillful angling to land.

Allan St. John Bowie is also of this type, a young man of much refinement of taste, good breeding, and the *je ne sais quoi* which belongs to good birth. Handsome and wealthy, no wonder the women all rave over him, but he, too, seems difficult of capture.

Harry Babcock, the youngest son of a California pioneer, has inherited a goodly share of his father's wealth, and is, moreover, a very agreeable beau. His tastes incline to polo and golf, in the latter of which he is an enthusiast, so the girl to capture this swain must be interested in out-door sports.

The Martin boys, Peter and Andrew, are fortunate in being sons of a very rich mother, consequently they receive a large share of smiles and attention from the girls.

Harry Simpkins is a great favorite; rich, jolly, and generous, good-looking and young, he can take his pick from our garden of girls.

Harry Holbrook is also one of fortune's favorites. The son of a rich father, popular in society, and sure to make a delightful head of a house when he establishes one.

A most highly "eligible" is Col. Fred Crocker, who, although a widower with several children, is so charming and so rich any woman would gladly consent to tread life's pathway as his companion.

Claude Terry Hamilton is a decided eligible, for although not a man of millions, he is more than "well off," and is also a very attractive man personally. The girls have been anxious to win his favor for many a day.

For those of our belles who would like to be "an old man's darling" rather than a young man's slave, there are several elderly beaux to choose from. Tom Maddeu, George Marye, and Winfield Jones have ornamented society since our own grandmothers' days, but they are such dyed in the wool old bachelors they are almost to be regarded as hopeless, although eligible.

As a matter of course, there are many of our popular beaux who do not appear in this list because their claim to the title of being an eligible *parti* cannot be said to be sufficiently established to place them there.

Edwin Corrier

"Hear the Crier." "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

IT does look as though, fond as we are of licking the boots of the aristocracy of the old world, we will soon have to give it up as a regular profession, for they are turning out to be such an uncommonly common set of people. At least that is our luck in this city. Every time one of them heaves in sight, we get on our store clothes and lubricate our tongues, and begin licking their boots, and thanking God they do not feel too good to come among us for a short time. But somehow, we are mightily out of luck or something, for the more we get to know them the more they seem to be very like the commonest sort of our own people. If we are wrong we hope our contemporaries will take up their defense and point out a few instances where-in they are half as good as any good sort of American.

WE are averse to misjudging a whole section of the English people, and that, too, the one which considers itself about the very best; but if we pass any judgment at all upon the English aristocracy from what we see here, and it should turn out that our judgment couldn't be appealed from, it's going to be mighty bad for all the future visitors of that titled gang. They are so nervous and fearful that they will not be taken for aristocrats, that they generally act in such a way that they are in no way likely to be mistaken for gentlemen. The last feat recorded, entitling either to public notice, is that one of them kicked his whilom secretary out of a public bath house into a public street. That may have proved he was a noble lord, but it did not tend to prove that he was a gentleman. We probably have an altogether wrong idea of what a lord ought to be. We are fast learning what the specimens of European aristocracy are, and if these are fair samples of the goods, we incline to the opinion that we don't care to invest in titles or the titled nobility at any price. And we are likely to remain of the opinion that there's nothing much better made of the human kind than an American gentleman—as little as he resembles an English lord, and—perhaps because he does so little resemble him.

JUST now they are not faring much better with the English aristocracy in New York than we are here. The Earl of Dunraven, some time ago, by a communication in reference to the yacht race made prominent some personal characteristics, which are in this country held to be the exclusive characteristics of blackguards. He has recently crossed the Atlantic, unfortified with evidence to sustain his bluster against the fairness of the defeat of his yacht, and thereby displayed the temerity and indiscretion of an ass. In the interval between the meetings of the committee of gentlemen appointed to hear and determine the whole matter, and before the whole evidence of the respondents was in, seeing that he was overwhelmingly beaten, he escaped with his counsel and soon put the rolling ocean between him and America. We shall be mistaken if, by any estimable silence, he leaves us a chance to think him a gentleman in any sense, and if he does not, by some utterance in which he will display the characteristics aforesaid, soon put himself out of the category of persons worthy of consideration in any polite society.

THERE is not now, and never will be, anything like being completely "swell." If we are not of the swell set we are nowhere, for verily there is only the swell set, and the rest are simply not to be mentioned. Some of us think that we are decidedly provincial here, and have a good deal to learn before we can hold a candle to those who know how to do the correct thing. But of course we shall be told that we are simply weak and uninformed. For there is a small crowd of us, who have been East and across the ocean blue, and have taken it all in through the pores, and consequently know it all. Of course, we are now alluding to our high society, the dudes *par excellence*, the fellows who are in it for all they are worth. For instance, the Horse Show, you know, and how we did it. But, by Jove, there has unfortunately been "a chiel among us takin' notes," and faith, he has "prented it." If we

believe what he says, we are really not in it at all, that is, most of us are not. Why, he has dared to say that Hobart's harness was "flashy," because he had "half swage horse shoe buckles instead of square wire buckles." Then his "medallion monogram over the hips on the breeching was not in good taste." This of itself is enough to make the whole swell set hang their heads, for if Hobart doesn't know how to dress a horse, in heaven's name, who does? But, thank that same heaven, his coachmen wore hats "well shaped, with not too much bell," and that was antidote to the bitter hane. Parrott was altogether wrong, too, and "one of the worst mistakes" he made "was in leaving off breeching and using a kicking-strap." Great Heavens! mind you, that was just one of the *worst* mistakes. But all this seems so sad that we have to defer writing of the rest till another paragraph.

THERE was enough fault found with the rest of our great Horse Show to make our whole Dudedom sick through and through. Why, Hobart's horses were seen in public with "elbow bits instead of the Buxton!" Can Hobart and his horses hold up their heads after that? Then, while "his coach was up to park form," he lost his standing by having "an extra brake on behind to be worked by his servant." Simple soul, not to know that a good "whip can readily call upon his servants to put on the skid provided for the purpose in the event of the brake not holding." It is so foolish to avoid breaking your neck and that of your wife or sweetheart, unless you do it in the correct way!

MR. E. Duplessis Beylard received a little gratuitous advertising of his qualities as a whip at the Horse Show when Mr. Samuel Walter Taylor got down to work on his article about that famous society event. Mr. Exquisite Duplessis Beylard did not drive his own team because he didn't own one, and, if it depends upon his capacity to make money enough to buy one he probably never will. But he hasn't lived as a petted darling in the arms of luxury furnished by other people all these years, without escaping any special humiliation in driving other people's horses at a show. Mr. Exquis—etc., etc., Beylard on this occasion helped Mr. Hobart win a third prize by driving "Mr. Hobart's team of browns." It must have been the "browns" that took the prize by reason of their own special virtues, for Mr. Taylor intimates that Mr. Exquis—etc., etc., Beylard had on exhibition so many of his own faults that Hobart got only the third prize. For, says Mr. Taylor, who knows it all, his "driver made all the mistakes of the first prize winner," "none of the drivers were in proper costume," including, of course, Mr. Beylard, and then, "he was additionally at fault in being without bearing reins." If Mr. Beylard don't go and bide his head after that it is because it is so swollen that he can't find a bole big enough to hide it in. And yet Mr. Exquis—etc., etc., Beylard thinks himself rather a fine whip. And he was so happy driving Hobart's browns in society that it is an infernal shame to hurt his vanity or intimate that possibly he doesn't know it all.

IT would have been very simple in us to suggest that when Charley Baldwin was driving the B'lingum club coach there was any defect in his attire, because, why is he Charley Baldwin at all, if a newspaper critic on the Pacific coast can give him points. And yet, the New York critic of that famous horse show, that has now gone into history with all its virtues and vanities, has dared to say that he "committed the unpardonable *faux pas* (and put it in French, too) of appearing on the box in full evening dress." Why, didn't this gentleman manage a Huut Ball a little while ago, and wasn't it the correct thing for his chief parasites to appear in scarlet coats? And wasn't it quite English, you know, so far as it went? And the mere matter of forgetting about the knee breeches didn't make it much, if any, less awfully swell. But this little matter of *faux pas* in costume has got into a New York journal, and must now be known across the water. There seems to be here cause for offense, but of course we can't offer any advice about how to settle it. And yet if Mr. Baldwin can get acquainted with Mr. Willis Polk, he can probably learn how to obtain the satisfaction due to a gentleman, and possibly be able to borrow his three plumbers as a body-guard.



SPORTS IN 1895

By W. W. Naughton.

A RETROSPECT of the sport happenings of the year that has passed away gives rise to the suspicion that the people of San Francisco comprise a fickle community. There may be those who will consider this opinion as something in the nature of a mild libel on the dwellers by the Golden Gate, and to them I would say: "What has become of trotting and baseball—the two branches of the many in the domain of pastime which are wholly and solely American, both in origin and development?"

There is no gainsaying the fact that they have, for the time being at any rate, been shouldered into a condition bordering on innocuous desuetude by newer and more exciting forms of sport, for the thoroughbred has ousted the trotter from public favor, and the chrysanthemum-locked footballer has usurped the place of the dabbler in base hits and home runs.

It may be that the good people of this city are only following the dictates of fashion in matters sporting, just as they do in dress and in the style of their indoor entertainments, and that trotting and baseball will come in vogue again just as surely as will square-toed shoes and square dances, but the records of '95 plainly indicate that the time of reaction is not yet.

There is, undoubtedly, something more inspiring and more blood quickening in the sight and sound of a squadron of thoroughbreds sweeping along than in gazing at a handful of horses driven to harness at a uniform and monotonous gait. So, too, while slides to base and three-haggers are eminently exciting in their way, they seem to lose their power to enthuse when stacked up against the spine-jarring tackle, the mad rush around the end, and the Douybrook-like spectacle of a score of squirming footballers all tangled up like worms in a bait box.

These comparisons are drawn mainly to support the suggestion that it will be pretty hard to oust the running-track and the gridiron field from the affections of the multitude. The forms of sport which obtain thereon have the genuine tahasco relish of excitement to them, and the public palate is more likely to yearn for a still more pungent condiment than to content itself with the moderately-seasoned home-made dishes of the old days.

There is yet another Richmond in the field in the matter of sporting novelties, and that is 'cycling. It has proven more contagious than the grippe, and its effects on old-established lines of sport are very marked. It has absorbed the flower of the local athletic clubs, and to its baneful influence, as much as to the lack of public patronage and encouragement, may be traced the fact that the beautiful little Olympic Park, on the road to the beach, is as neglected and forlorn-looking as Goldsmith's deserted village, and the further fact that the outdoor men of the Olympic, Acme, and Reliance have discarded their spiked shoes for pedaling pumps, and are more wrapped up in flying starts and Class B qualifications than they are in improving existing records on the cinder path.

Wheeling has also drawn into its maelstrom those who were wont to grace the grand stands and bleachers at field days and baseball games, and a trip out through the Park roadways on any fine Sunday in the season, which has just closed, would suggest that an athletic tourney scheduled for that particular day would, in all likelihood, go short of patronage. Why? Because everybody seemed to be a wheel.

The pastime of cycling increased over two fold during '95. New clubs, ranging in membership from 10 to 150, were formed all over San Francisco, and many fine club

houses sprung into existence. The Olympics, Acmes, and the Reliance have paid particular attention to the sport, and the local men have done their share of establishing world's records. Foster's half-mile at Napa (48 secs.) was the best performance of the year, and his mile (1.46 3-5) will stand a lot of hammering. McFarland, too, has constituted himself a mark for the wheelmen of the world, by trundling off two-thirds of a mile in 1.25 1-5 at San Jose.

While field days have been phenomenally scarce in and around San Francisco, and events seem to denote that the amateur runners, jumpers, and shot-putters have diverted their surplus energies to football and wheeling operations, the triumphant tour of the University of California athletes through the East plainly indicates that there is no lack of high-class amateur talent at this end. The Berkeley boys who sported the blue and gold across the Rockies during the summer, met and defeated Princeton, tied the University of Pennsylvania, rated fourth in the American championship, defeated Union College, the University of Illinois, and the Denver Athletic Club, won the western championship at Chicago, and were beaten in individual contest by the cracks of the Chicago Club alone. This, in my opinion, is a record that California may well be proud of.

In summing up the sports of the year it may be said that thoroughbred horse-racing, football, and cycling have advanced wonderfully in public favor, while trotting, baseball, and field athletics have retrograded. The Olympic Club has succeeded in keeping alive a flicker of interest in amateur baseball by maintaining a crackjack, all-conquering team, but professional baseball is moribund, to all intents and purposes.

There has been a slight lull in rowing—also owing, mainly, to the development of a capable junior crew by the Olympic Club—and yachting showed greater signs of activity than it did in 1894.

Trap-shooting at live birds, while not losing any of its immediate votaries, has got to be a pastime from which the general public seems to keep aloof, while the disc cracking industry has come into prominence with a bound, the saucer smashers now outnumbering the pigeon-maimers ten to one. Tennis has been, if anything, quieter than in preceding years, cricket has not broken through its British environments to any palpable extent, and golf and polo are still as exclusively fashionable as are pink teas and Friday Night Cotillions.

TO AMBROSE BIERCE.

When you praised Robertson you did not know
You praised a greater than yourself, and so
Now you take back the words of praise you gave,
Since they made not your chosen friend, your slave!
LEE FAIRCHILD.

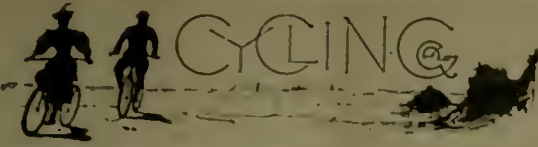
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FOR some time past many ladies have had their crest or monogram painted upon their bicycle, as they would upon their brougham, but a development of the idea has taken place which is hardly in good taste. It consists of having the owner's name, and very often address, painted upon the frame of the machine. Certainly it enables the rider to identify her bicycle, but most riders require no assistance in picking out their machine from a dozen others, as the "personality" of every bicycle is quite distinct. No one would have a name and address painted on the door of a carriage, unless he wished to evade the vehicle tax.

The splendid evel trophy which the California Associated Cycling Clubs have, been presented with by



Bicycle Cup.

Baker & Hamilton, is a graceful solid silver cup, over a yard high. It cost five hundred dollars, at the least, and is the most sumptuous prize ever offered. The Club winning it three years in succession owns it forever. Thursday an exhibition tour of the Coast will begin when this famous cup will be exhibited, and every Bicycle Club this side of the Rockies shall see it.

NEARLY every army has now a bicycle corps. In Germany six men of every regiment are mounted on wheels to act as scouts.

December is the prime time for oysters, and no one is equal to Moraghan, of the California Market, when the freshest native or imported are concerned.

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RELIABLE OPTICIAN

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A Book of the Week.* In our last issue we pointed out that Richard Henry Stoddard, in the N. Y. Mail and Express, says that "The Letters of Matthew Arnold are disappointing because they tell so much of the home life of the great writer and so little of interest to the general public. Mr. Stoddard is one of the ablest American critics, but we fail to see his reasons for this statement. True, Matthew Arnold's Letters contain much that has little interest outside the family circle, but then look at his criticisms of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Froude, Browning, Ruskin, Disraeli, Palmerston, Wordsworth, and many other great ones in literature, and, in face of all this, we question the accuracy of Mr. Stoddard's conclusions. On the contrary, we believe that there have not been many published letters of great litterateurs, except those of Grey, Cowper, Lord Byron and Keats, that have so much interest for the general reader as those of Matthew Arnold, and while there is much that can be passed over without loss, there is also much that is valuable to the student and the bookworm."

We now find that our position on this question has been challenged in certain places, and we are, therefore, obliged to explain our views. We cheerfully admit Mr. Stoddard's superiority as a critic, but we deny his infallibility. We believe we quoted him correctly, at least we hope so, and we think we can prove that the letters of Matthew Arnold are crowded with expressions of opinions on other great people, which cannot but have a living interest to the literary world at large. Look, for instance, at what he says about Napoleon. Here it is:

"I have also been reading Las Casas, and his (Napoleon's) energy and precision in arranging details never struck me so much as now."

True, the Napoleonic memoirs published lately do not sustain this estimate Las Casas placed on Napoleon's accuracy in detail, yet is not the opinion of Matthew Arnold on this subject of interest to us all?

Again, see what he says about Ernest Renan: "I thought I would tell you of a Frenchman whom I saw in Paris the other day, Ernest Renan, between whose line of endeavor and my own I imagine there is considerable resemblance, that you might have a look at some of his books if you liked. The difference is, perhaps, that he tends to inculcate *morality*, in a high sense of the word, upon the French nation as what they most want, while I tend to inculcate intelligence, also in a high sense, upon the English nation, as what they most want; but with respect both to morality and intelligence, I think we are singularly at one in our ideas, and also with respect to the progress and the established religion of the day."

Or take his estimate of Tennyson and Browning, which is as follows: "I have less poetic sentiment than Tennyson and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have, perhaps, more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs."

This may be considered daring, but it was too daring for Arnold, was in some respects more striking as a poet, than either Browning or Tennyson, and his "Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse" contains elements of loftiness which we fail to find surpassed in either of his two great rivals. But look again at his long criticism on Tennyson's "Idylls of the Kings," in which he says that Tennyson, "with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power; and no modern poet can make very much of his business unless he is pre-eminently strong in this."

Who can tell us that even these few quotations do not compensate for the mass of uninteresting matter which the letters contain. But let us read on, and hear him tell us that he could "never like Ruskin" and that he regarded Swinburne as a "pseudo-Shelley," while he says of Burke: "What makes Burke stand so splendidly among politicians is that he treats politics with his thought and imagination,

and, therefore, whether one agrees with him or not, he always interests you, stimulates you, and does you good."

And of politicians, what can be more interesting than his views of Pitt, Walpole, and Peel, as writing of Lord Palmerston he says: "I do not deny his personal qualities, but, as to calling him a great minister like Pitt, Walpole, or Peel, and talking of his death as a great national calamity, why, taking his career from 1830, when his importance really begins, to the present time, he found his country the first power in the world's estimation, and he leaves it the third; of this no person with eyes to see, or ears to hear, and opportunities for using them, can doubt." We may not agree with Matthew Arnold in all this, but who will say that the letters that contain such opinions are not of living interest to the student and the litterateur? Why, his opinion of Wordsworth alone is worth the trouble of reading his letters, for he says: "He can show a body of work superior to what any other English poet, except Shakespeare and Milton, can show, and his body of work is more interesting than Milton's, though not so great."

* * * Wordsworth's body of work, to keep to that phrase, is superior to the body of work of any continental poet of the last hundred years, except Goethe; superior to that of Schiller, Heine, Musset, Victor Hugo."

And then Burns he says: "Burns is a beast, with splendid gleams, and the medium in which he lived, Scotch peasants, Scotch Presbyterianism, and Scotch drink, is repulsive." Of course, to a refined intellect, such as Arnold possessed, it was to be expected that Burns could not be acceptable, but the world has been more charitable to the Scotch poet than Arnold, and it is better that it should be so. But we must stop, and yet we could quote much more if we had the space at our disposal, to prove that the position we have taken on Matthew Arnold's Letters and Mr. Stoddard's criticism, is justified by facts, and we express the hope that we have, in this brief review, sustained that position to the letter. Nor must it be forgotten that if Matthew Arnold was, in his letters, severe on the Americans as a people, he was also severe on the English, and, in view of his unquestioned honesty, we can overlook many of his unkind remarks. But, take those letters all in all, they appear to us to be full of interest, and this opinion, we believe, is shared by the majority of people who have read them.

* "The Letters of Matthew Arnold."

Seventy years ago it was generally believed that what is now the State of Wisconsin was destined to be forever an Indian reserve. This project was proposed by Morse, who was then the best of American geographers, and it was supported by Calhoun, who was then Secretary of War. Wisconsin was then considered so far off that Morse told the Indians that they would never be disturbed, because the white man would not dream of going so far into the wilderness. Until 1832, it was believed that the territory was too far north for successful agriculture, and now that State numbers nearly 2,000,000 souls. All this, and much more, we are told in detail in "Unnamed Wisconsin," a book that cannot be of great interest to the residents of Wisconsin. It is a pity, however, that a book so full of research should also be full of errors. There are printers' errors, proof-readers' errors, and errors about the explorers and missionaries of old. But the book is so good that we can overlook its mistakes, even when they blur the pages with information that is not accurate.

"In the Redwoods," by Fannie De C. Miller, is neatly printed and well illustrated. It is a poem of some twenty verses, and it is, we presume, the author's first appearance in type. If so, we hope she will try again.

Who is George Hartou that has written a poem called "In Unknown Seas"? Whoever he is he should seriously ponder on the instability of the Muse. Here, for instance, is how he describes California:

"Vine land and pine land afar by the West,
Wine land and shine land, by all blessings blest;
Benign land, divine land, that God loveth best!"

Just think of describing California as "shine land," as if this State were made up of colonies of foreign boot-blacks. Crude, defective, and mediocre is our verdict of this poem, and we venture to believe that we shall not be alone in our views.

An interesting discussion is now going on in the columns of *The Nation* as to the educational standard of the French peasant, before and after the revolution. The discussion arose out of something Mr. Stanley Weyman said in "The Red Cockade" about the ignorance of the French peasant of 1789, a statement *The Nation* denies. Mr. Weyman contends that the French peasant of pre-revolutionary days was more illiterate than the French peasant of 1800 or after, and we all know that Mr. Weyman is an authority on this subject. But if the author of "The Red Cockade" knows a good deal about pre-revolutionary France, so does the Abbé Maggiolo, and, of the two, we would accept the testimony of the ecclesiastic before that of the novelist, because the churchman has given proof that there were fewer schools in France immediately after the revolution than there were before it, and this is something the novelist omits. We have no space at our disposal to go into details, but anyone who is interested in the subject can get further information in the *Revue de la Révolution*, vol. 4, p. 117.

And so here comes "The Marvelous Adventures of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.," again. How they bring us back to our boyhood days, the days when Baron Munchausen, Ferdinand Mundy Pinto, and Robinson Crusoe held sway, and when the mind was aflame with the wonderful and the strange. Of course, the good Knight has always been doubted, and his travels have, more or less, been regarded as a myth, but, whether true or false, it is certain that his book is a classic, and, with the exception of the Bible, no book has been more extensively translated. But Maundeville occupies the same relation to English literature that Chaucer does to its poetry, and they were, too, contemporaries.

Mr. Stead, the editor of the Review of Reviews, has determined to issue a number of the best works of the best authors in a condensed form. He will not "boil down" the books, but he will give the best chapters and the most famous scenes of each book. He is to do this because he is convinced that an ignorant public will not read a book at length, and so he will produce the best works of the best authors in a somewhat similar form to his Review of Reviews. Some time ago, when Miss Braddon attempted to "abridge" the works of Scott, there was a great hubbub, and the literary world will wonder if Mr. Stead can be more successful than she promised to be.

"Love and Laughter," a collection of posthumous verse by the late Mr. James G. Burnett, is not without poems of merit. Here and there we find evidence of some force and poetic conception, but to say that Mr. Burnett belonged to the same class of poets as Hood and Præd, as some critics claim, is, to our mind, to say far too much. Hood and Præd were finished artists, while Mr. Burnett was a mere amateur, and he is no more to be classed with Hood or Præd than starlight is to be compared with sunlight. That Mr. Burnett may have had the material for good work we have no right to question, but he was nothing but a fairly good versifier to the end of his life.

"The significance of the gradations of curvature or angularity through which outlines are made to describe shapes cannot be fully understood except in connection with the next way in which they have been said to be made representative—namely, regularity. This is a result primarily of like effects produced by measurements, just as in poetry and music it is a result of like effects produced by measures. All outlines surround both spaces and shapes. These like effects may be produced by resemblances either in one or in the other."

"The Golden Rock" is a story of adventure and exploration in South Africa. Its episodes are improbable and amazing, and there is a lack of coherency about the book that makes it of little value and of small interest. In fact, the book is amateurish, weak, and full of expletives. "Thank God" and "Thank Heaven" are too liberally interpolated in the dialogue, and, besides, we fail to see what connection there is between a torpedo-catcher and South African exploration, and the story does not answer the query.

Now, gentle reader, do you blame us for throwing away the book in despair.

As a seeker after knowledge we last week took up a book called "Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, as Representative Arts," and, after reading about one-third of it, we threw it down in despair. It was too much for our limited comprehension, and we could not understand it. We had a headache from the heroic effort we made to unravel some of the sentences, and, unless we stopped, we feared our Library Table would go off on a spirit dance of its own. But, for fear of being charged with a lack of perspicacity, may we ask some of our readers to "riddle me, riddle me" the following extract from this book:

Books are to disappear; men of letters are not to be called writers, but narrators; the taste for literary style is to die out, libraries are to be transformed into phonographics, in all newspaper offices there will be speaking halls, where the editors will record in a clear voice the news received by telephonic despatch, and the phonograph will enter into the daily life of the people, and will form part of the stock of every public place, hotel, restaurant, and so on. So says a French scientist.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is a Scotch poet and novelist of somewhat melodramatic tendencies. He is uneven in excellence—an able delineator of character, but his descriptive passages are often overwrought and wordy. His book "Lady Kilpatrick" is, however, to be admired for the temerity it shows in placing "virtue triumphant, vice vanquished" before us, and the book comes as a restful change after a surfeit of emotional literature.

"Early Knowledge of Electricity" is a book that is likely to find interesting readers throughout the world. The author, Mr. Park Benjamin, Ph. D., L. L. B., has given us a book that is full of information, much of which, although old, is put before the world in a new and a highly interesting form. The book is of interest to the layman as well as to the scientist, and it cannot fail to command attention.

One of the finest stocks of imported goods to be found in the city is now kept at J. M. Litchfield's, the merchant and fashionable military tailor. He is fully prepared to furnish customers with the finest quality of goods and the most perfect fitting clothing. He is always prepared with the latest styles in garments, and his long experience and promptness in business has made him popular among customers. His place of business is at 12 Post street, where he is always prepared to take orders.

Both comfort and health may be secured by the wise selection of underwear, and the splendid stock carried by John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, affords every opportunity for a wise choice.

Winchester

Repeating Shot Guns

Winchester

Repeating Rifles

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Single Shot Rifles

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Ammunition for all rifles
and revolvers

Sold by all dealers.





[T seems rather a pity, for the sake of the uniformity of things, that in these days of Anglo-mania a more extended knowledge of the standing of titled Britishers does not obtain among the writers for the daily press of our city. Apparently these scribblers find it impossible to place the grades of English aristocracy. They insist upon "my lord"-ing Talbot Clifton, and the latest exhibition of ignorance is the bestowal of nobility upon a Scotch "Sir," who, as a baronet, is not entitled to be so ranked. How amused these foreign tourists must be at getting brevet rank, so to speak, in our republican land.

* * *

Harry Dimond presided over the "low jinks" at the Bohemian Club Saturday night. The jinks were an immense success, but the only skeleton at the feast was the fact that so few members did anything to amuse, and so many invited guests did the entertaining. The high jinks are dull enough very often, but the low jinks never; and this one was no exception to the rule; songs, mummery, and mirth chased the small hours away. But the climax came when that *prens chevalier*, Louis Parrott, in a moment of exuberance called for three hundred cigars. They were brought to him by the waiter, and forthwith Mr. Parrott proceeded to mount the stage.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, hugging his pile of cigar-boxes; "Gentlemen, I am not going to sing a song, but I will give you an imitation of Dounybrook Fair." And straightway he proceeded to scatter the cigars broadcast into the amazed audience.

If ever a scramble took place, it was at that memorable moment. The members jumped frantically for the spoils, and struggled fiercely for the scattering missiles. It was a scene of wild confusion. Coats, collars, watch-chains, cuffs, vests, and eye-glasses were torn apart in the fray which ensued.

Meanwhile Parrott took his cab homeward, and every body else looked wrecked and dazed—perhaps a little foolish.

They say that about a thousand dollars worth of garments were destroyed for those three hundred cigars.

* * *

The passers by on one of our fashionable avenues have been somewhat mystified by the sounds proceeding from a spacious mansion thereon. Frequently of an afternoon, sometimes of a morning, a sound of violent scuffling could be heard coming from an upper storeroom, intermingled with cries of pain or derision, and now and then a heavy fall. Comment was general in the neighborhood, and at length a committee of two old ladies essayed to probe the mystery by a call of enquiry at the residence, where investigation proved the young ladies of the family and several of their girl friends were trying to outdo the collegiate style in a game of football!!!

* * *

The remark is frequently heard made by visitors to San Francisco, "One sees so many pretty girls in the streets and at the theatres, but where do they abide?" If they were at the recent elegant ball given by Mrs. Roth, wife of a leading Hebrew citizen, they would see that the greatest number of pretty girls in our city are in Jewish circles.

* * *

On dit society will have a charming matrimonial engagement to chatter over early in the new year. The prospective match, says rumor, is between the nephew of one of our oldest society beaux and the granddaughter of a late grain king, and was arranged during the visit to the rural home of a popular young matron recently.

* * *

The girls are gushing over what they call the "ideal" match, which the devotion of young Hobart to a pretty belle of the season bids fair to be. Wealth and beauty united to youth on both sides certainly go far to justify the "gush."

Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?" But our society did not think of this when getting a shock, a few mornings ago, by reading in a morning paper the big head lines, "Mrs. Fred Sharon Divorced." The pros and cons of the probability and possibility of such an event occupied the swagger set more than the display of their Christmas gifts until it was ascertained the party alluded to was the wife of a cousin of our own "Fred Sharon," and bearing the same name.

DISCONTENT.—N. O. TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

TWO boats rocked on the river
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
One was in love with the harbor,
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes looks ever
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown, shaded shore;
One sighs that it may enter
The harbor never more.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wail,
One dreams amid the lilies
Of a far-off snowy sail.

A goblet of Keystone Monogram Whiskey is said to have saved the President's life, when he caught his violent chill in the recent duck hunt in Maryland.—Washington Post.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

G. Marey &
Liger-Belair,

Nuits (Cote d'Or.)

Red & White BURGUNDIES

Clos de Vougeot
Chambertin
Beaune
Pommard
Chablis (white), and
Chablis " 1878

In Cases, Quarts,
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ANNUAL MEETING

Bullion Mining Company.

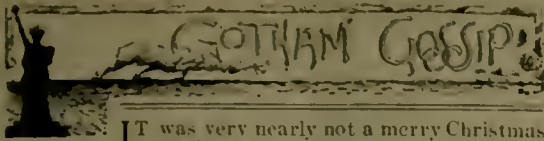
The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bullion Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 20, No. 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal., on

THURSDAY, THE 9TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, January 7th, at 12 o'clock M.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin Telephone, South 4-2-0



It was very nearly not a merry Christmas at all this year, with all the bloody-thirsty rumors filling the air and Wall street in a frenzy of panic. Three very wild days we had, several of the big brokers failing under the strain, and since, for three or four days, we are as mild as a young May moon; conservative—tolerant, reasonable, and deprecating the possibility of warfare in the most Christian manner. But the talk did a lot of damage while it lasted. It stirred up a great deal of latent energy and patriotism, also, and the towns of Hoboken and Hackensack, which correspond in playful allusion to Milpitas and Petaluma, girded on their armor to the extent of enlisting recruits in new born militia companies, which may never develop out of their swaddling clothes into fully organized creations.

Every one who has been able to keep war and stocks out of his conversation talks Guilbert, the divine, the ineffable, unspeakable Yvette. New York is quite mad over her.

Howard Gould gave a dinner last night at the Holland House to Miss Katherine Clemmons and her sister, Mrs. Overacker, of Pleasanton, Alameda. Miss Clemmons was very dazzling in a white satin gown, with American Beauty roses. James Brett Stokes has been very evident upon the avenue of late. He is doing New York this year under the wing of Creighton Webb, he of bappy memory in San Francisco.

Mrs. Dominique Verdenal is entertaining for the holidays her daughters, Mrs. Lee Grey and Mrs. Forsythe, of Fresno, California. Baron von Schlippenbach, the Russian Consul at Chicago, who was once well-known in California, is in town at the Clarendon. Miss Evelyn Aronson, who has been visiting New York for several months, is leaving for home this week. Miss Rose Sperling, of your city, was married here last night to A. H. Levy, and will go to California on a wedding tour. Harry Gillig and Frank Unger leave to-day for California, after a very jolly Christmas in New York. Doctor and Mrs. M. Hanford White, who spent a summer in San Francisco and Santa Barbara, have decided to go to the latter place this spring, and intend building a villa on the beautiful piece of property that Dr. White purchased during his visit. I am sure that very wide regret will be felt, by the many friends he left in California, at the news of the death of George Meinecke, which occurred at his father's home in Maribo, Denmark, on the sixth of December, after a long and most painful illness. He was very popular in San Francisco society with both men and women, and was a man of character and heart. W. R. Haxton was in town for a few days last week. He returns very soon, I am told, to England. Mrs. C. Fair, Mrs. Wilshire, and Mr. and Mrs. De Young are in Paris. A very curious robbery has just been discovered here. Mrs. Irving, the widow of Professor Irving, of Yale, and mother of the two beautiful young actresses—Isabel Irving, of the Lyceum Company, and Evangeline Irving, of the Stuart Robson Company—bired several months ago a box in the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company, and placed in it fifteen thousand dollars worth of bonds, the chief source of her income. She made, a few days ago, her first visit to the office since October, and, to her consternation and horror, found that all the bonds had been abstracted. Search has, thus far, proved fruitless, and there seems little chance of finding the thief who, no doubt, had a duplicate key to the box made, and was thus able, without question, to gain access to it. The poor lady is prostrated with grief.

It is currently reported that the good-looking and popular young actor,



"Ned" Ratcliffe, has found matrimony not *concealer de rose*, a view said to be shared by his handsome wife, and that a separation is imminent. Mrs. Ratcliffe is a daughter of "Pete" de Lacey, of pool-room renown.

December 27th, 1895.

PASSE PARTOUT.

AN Oriental room in a pretty bouse is a delightful luxury, and one that is not always easily managed. But, occasionally, the ambitious boushold picks up a Persian or Turkish relic from time to time, and gradually acquires a semblance of the real thing. But now the most magnificent opportunity is offered that ever happened in this part of the world. Colonel Will E. Fisher, the auctioneer, at 16 Post street, has on hand a large consignment from the Orient of Rugs, Mats, Saddle-bags, Carpets, Prayer Rugs, Draperies, Temple Hangings, Palace Embroideries, Divan Cushions—in short, all the accoutrements for an Arabian Nights' apartment, if one wants to make it. The sale goes on every day at two o'clock. Many of the articles are very ancient, well worth inspection. They have just been taken from the Customs House, and are warranted.

DURING all the war talk of the past fortnight, it should not be forgotten that a certain modest gentleman here in San Francisco, Mr. Edward A. Rix, P. E., has been the recipient of many congratulations from both army and naval officers; for the successful operation of the huge pneumatic dynamite gun, which would so well defend our port in an emergency, is managed entirely by the splendid Rix Air Compressor plant, constructed from his own designs.

borrowing from health.



If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists: 50c. and \$1.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.—BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

KISS me good-night! the day is done,
Across life's bill the sun has set;
All! all! have left me; only one
Remains to love me—or forget?
We started seaward, to love's land,
Heart-glad with flowers, sun, and light—
Lost in the darkness, now we stand.
Kiss me good-night.

Kiss me good-night! our lovely year
Is folded up and put away;
The mists are round us, and a tear
Is all the pray'r I have to pray.
Why do I weep? I only know
Life's awful mystery aright.
You pause! and I have loved you so!
Kiss me good-night!

Kiss me good-night! no more be said.
For us what can to-morrow bring?
A cry of pain for what is dead?
Another New Year's song to sing?
Time's shadows close around us fast,
Our lamp of love is still alight;
O, that we might re-live the past!
Kiss me good-night!

SEA AND SKY.—N. Y. WORLD.

Long ago, when the world was new,
The sapphire sky and the ocean blue
Wedded one summer day;
And the sky still bends as the years go by,
And the ocean leaps to the bending sky,
For constant lovers are they.

But when a mist arises between,
The ocean grown with jealousy green,
His doubts to the listener tells,
He storms and frets, he rages and roars;
In furious wrath he beats his shores,
While his turbulent bosom swells.

The sky, though dark with a moment's frown,
Will tenderly from its height look down
With a radiant smile divine.
The green to blue with its magic skill
'Twill change, and the stormy ocean still,
And the soul of love will smile.

Pause, thou, my heart, and the lesson read,
When the darkness falls and with jealous speed,
The mists of doubt arise—
Fret not! 'twill pass, and thou wilt know
That the sun still shines with a fervent glow
In love's unchanging skies.

HER PROTEST.—C. G. O. IN THE LONDON SPECTATOR.

Because you see me light and gay
Playing with that man and with this,
You turn from me and coldly say,
"How frivolous she is!"

Because you hear my laugh ring out
Careless, amid the ballroom's glare;
You think that all I care about
In life is only there.

Because, to your disdainful look,
I answer with as cold a gaze,
You sneer: "My lady ill can brook
That one no homage pays."

Because you note my blush and smile,
When others bow before my throne,
You do not know that all the while
Your mastery I own.

You will not guess—I cannot tell—
That though their praises flatter me,
And though my kingdom please me well,
I'd leave it willingly.

To reign as queen beside your hearth,
To call my own your love, your life,
Would give up all I prize on earth,
To be your wife.

The Colonial,

Pine and Jones Sts.

The leading and finest Family Hotel in San Francisco.
The cuisine is the pride of the hostess.
Elegantly furnished and sunny apartments, single or en
suite, with or without bath
To see the interior in its beauty and with all its accom-
modations means to locate permanently.

SPECIAL RATES

to permanent guests. Billiard Room, Elevator.
Convenient to all cars.

MRS. S. B. JOHNSON.,

Southeast corner of Pine and Jones streets

THE California Hotel

Is the only MODERN FIRE-PROOF Hotel in San Francisco.

Its rich and brilliant furnishings and finish
will please the eye,

its Table will tickle the taste,

and its Charges protect the pocket book

of every Guest. Convenient to business centers.
Close to all car lines. Every room sunny.

R. H. Warfield, Proprietor.

Brooklyn Hotel

Conducted on both the

European and
American plan

BUSY STREET, bet. Sansome and Montgomery, S. F.

This favorite hotel is under the management of
CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.

Board and room: Per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2; per week, \$7 to \$12; per month, \$27.50 to \$40; single room, 50 cents to \$1.

Free coach to and from the Hotel.

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The Hotel "Par Excellence"

of the National Capital. First-class in
all appointments. O. G. STAPLES,
President; G. DEWITT, Treas.

American plan, \$3 per day and upward.

Ebbitt House,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. C. BURCH, Manager.

POPULAR PRICES—Regular rates, \$4 per day up. Fifty rooms on the sixth floor with steam heat and electric light, reduced to \$2.50 and \$3 per day. Fifty rooms on other floors reduced from \$1 to \$3.50 per day. Parlors and alcove parlors at equally low rates. Special rates for the Army and Navy Officers and the Clergy.

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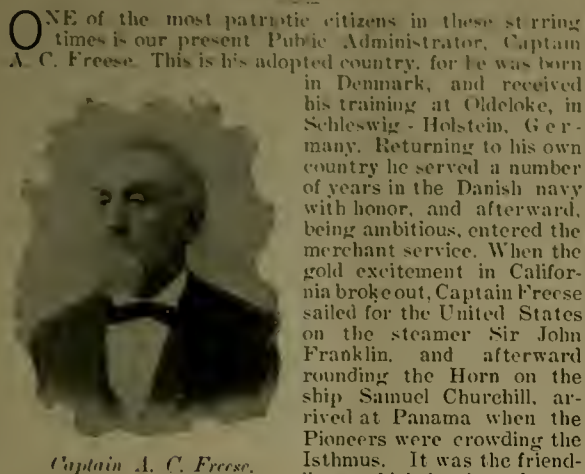
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PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR A. C. FREESE.



Captain A. C. Freese.

ONE of the most patriotic citizens in these stirring times is our present Public Administrator, Captain A. C. Freese. This is his adopted country, for he was born in Denmark, and received his training at Oldeloke, in Schleswig-Holstein, Germany. Returning to his own country he served a number of years in the Danish navy with honor, and afterward, being ambitious, entered the merchant service. When the gold excitement in California broke out, Captain Freese sailed for the United States on the steamer Sir John Franklin, and afterward rounding the Horn on the ship Samuel Churchill, arrived at Panama when the Pioneers were crowding the Isthmus. It was the friendliness which he showed to so many of our old San Franciscans during his sojourn in Panama which endeared Captain Freese to their memory.

During the Civil War Captain Freese's conduct was patriotic. It was he who unloaded the ship Aquilla, at Hathaway's wharf. Precious freight was on board—the ironsides of our Monitor. The plates were safely and quickly transferred by him to the Mare Island Navy Yard. To-day Captain Freese says he would fight for the United States at an hour's notice if they would accept him.

In the contracting business, later on, Captain Freese conducted the splendid enterprise of the Oakland Creek jetties, where over sixty thousand tons of solid rock were used. Then again he put up forty thousand tons of sand for the Crystal Spring Reservoir.

As Public Administrator, however, Captain Freese has best shown his skill and honesty in dealing with our civil testaments—notably his sagacity and discrimination in the Blythe case.

COLONEL WILLIAM MACDONALD.

OF all the veteran insurance men, one is pre-eminent in this city—Colonel William Macdonald of the London and Lancashire Companies. Almost from boyhood he was drilled in underwriting, and, presently, he found himself in partnership with the British Consul at this port—now Sir William Lane Booker.

The Assurance Syndicate, which they represented, was the largest in the world. It included the Imperial, London, Northern, and Queen Insurance Companies. With about \$40,000,000 cash assets to represent, Colonel Macdonald was enterprising, but, at the same time, so conservative that he was induced, after three years of astonishing success, to accept the agency of the Lion Insurance Co., Sir William L. having then departed for New York. Nothing succeeds like success, and it is not surprising that presently the agency for the Pacific Coast of the London and Lancashire Insurance Company was offered to Colonel Macdonald. The terms were so flattering that they were acceptable, and the headquarters of the London and Lancashire are now with Colonel Macdonald at 315 Montgomery street. Besides this, Colonel William Macdonald is at the head of our First Regiment in the National Guard, recently re-organized. It was such a victory for his friends that they have united in testifying their appreciation for his constant devotion to the interests of our State militia.



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Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

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Surplus to Policy Holders, \$607,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,889,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

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THE old year hid us farewell with smiles that were very beautiful, albeit rather frosty, and the new year dawned amid more smiles a bit warmer in quality. Let us hope it may be a harbinger of what is in store for us during the next twelve months. The holiday season has been a most pleasant one, and the prospects are excellent for a continuance of gay doings for several weeks to come. Christmas tree parties were very numerous this year, and not only that, but they were noted for their great brilliancy, the old folks as well as the youngsters participating in the frolics. Among the number were those at Frank Sullivan's, Ned Hopkins', J. D. Staples', and at the Bella Vista, and in each instance there were games and dancing and supper amid the pleasures of the evening. On Thursday evening Mrs. Thomas Jennings gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Addie Jennings, which was a delightful affair.

The closing events of Christmas week were the holiday cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club, which was led by Mr. Greenway, at Lunt's Hall; the Entre Nous Club dance in Maple Hall, where Mr. Lewald led the cotillion, with the assistance of Miss Lottie Musto, on Friday evening; and the dance of the Deux Temps Club, in Oakland, on Saturday evening, which several from this side of the bay attended.

The old year went out in a round of gay doings. The Monday Evening Club gave a dance at Golden Gate Hall on Monday night, and the same night Mrs. Roos gave a very large reception at her home on Post street, at which dancing was indulged in until far on towards morning and an elaborate supper served at midnight.

On Tuesday Miss Minnie Stubbs was the hostess of a large and elegant luncheon in honor of Miss Blackmore; the chosen hue for the table adornments, flowers, etc., was pink, and there were thirty-two young lady guests present.

Among the evening pleasures was a progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Catherwood-Darling in the Major's quarters at the Presidio, and Mrs. William Willis gave a large dinner party at her California street mansion.

Diversified in character and wide spread in locality were the festivities which marked the close of the old and the opening of the new year. Society in numbers betook themselves to Del Monte for the holiday festivities, which included dancing, driving, bathing, games, music, feasting, and a good time generally. Burlingame was in great form. The place itself was full to overflowing, and the house parties in the vicinity were almost as many as the habitations thereabouts.

At Mare Island the denizens of the Navy Yard gave a dance in the sail loft, which was attended by a number from town, while the city itself did not lack for parties to see the last of a year which had been one of such uninterrupted pleasure and merry-making. Large halls were given by the San Francisco Verein and the Concordia Clubs, and private gatherings were very numerous.

New Year's Day this year was quite reminiscent of the "calls" of former years, only that in this instance visitors were not restricted to the sterner sex as of yore. Mrs. Breeze gave a very large tea, at which a levy of the prettiest maidens of the swim assisted in doing the honors. The ladies of the Century Club kept open house at their rooms on Sutter street; Miss Beatrice Sachs gave a tea in the afternoon, which was followed by a dance in the evening; and among other diners was one given by Mrs. Hort at the Richelieu to the different members of her family.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grove A. Chittenden to Carl A. Windels. The wedding will take place in the near future.

Odd Fellows' Hall was the locale of the annual dance of the Terpsichorean Club on Thursday evening, which always takes place during the first week of the new year. Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and Miss Ada were "at home" last evening at their residence on Jackson street, and the second cotillion of the Friday Night Club came off at Odd Fellows' Hall; the Friday Night Club of Alameda also had their monthly dance last evening. To-night will take place the annual dinner dance at the Richelieu, to which Mrs. Levy requests that her guests ask their friends, and the result is a very delightful affair. The one which will take place to-night promises to eclipse its predecessors in size and elegance.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett is about to inaugurate a new idea in this part of the world for the entertainment of her friends. The first of these "recitals upon social life" will be held to-day at Mrs. Jewett's Bush street residence, when Miss Lillian O'Connell will, in costume, give a dramatic recitation entitled "Puritan Pictures." There will be two more—on the 18th, when the subject is to be "Through Colonial Doorways," and on the 25th, when "Maids and Matrons of the Revolution" will be the theme.

The Dannenbaum-Fletcher nuptials will take place on Monday evening next, and those of Miss Gertrude Naphthaly and Lionel Feigenbaum on Tuesday of the following week. The Walter-Mertiff marriage is set for the 21st, and will be celebrated upon a scale of great magnificence. The wedding of Miss Elsie Meyer and Abe Stern will take place in New York City next week, and their honeymoon trip is to be taken in this direction, as San Francisco is to be their future home. The wedding of Miss Kate Jarhoe and James Bull will also be among the January ceremonials, Mr. Bull having arrived from the East early in the week.

Theatre parties during the last two weeks have been noted not only for their number, but for their size, some of them taking up a large space in the auditorium. Among the givers were Dr. Tevis, Miss Marie Zane, Walter Hobart, Mrs. Ehrmann, Mrs. Schwabacher, Mrs. William Haas, Mrs. Collier, and Mrs. Hager.

Among recent dinner hostesses have been Miss Geuevive Goad, whose guest of honor was Miss Hyde, of New York; Miss Mary Kip, Mrs. Sachs, on Van Ness avenue, Mrs. Winsor Brown, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, and Miss Rose Hooper, whose dinner was followed by a charming dance.

The Sphinx, of December 7th, a Cairo society journal says: Messrs. Albert G. Wieland, John F. Siebe, and Alexandre Lubin, round-the-world travelers from the States, have left the Continental, and started on their private dahabayah, "Marie Louise" for Luxor and Assouan.

Next Saturday night, January 11th, occurs the annual election of officers at the Union League Club. More than any one else General Dimond has been pressed for the Presidency, for many reasons, but especially because he has kept out of the Burns-Spreckels fight. So the members have agreed for the most part that, being on neutral ground, as it were, General Dimond, as the disinterested party, will bring peace and harmony into the League and make a first-class leader.

The Century Club's New Year's reception was a delightful affair at the club's rooms, 1215 Sutter street. There was a delicious eggnog, which was thoroughly appreciated; also an exhibition of artistic "Posters," which is now the latest "fad." Ludwig presided over the refreshments with his usual success, and what with the pretty decorations, and the ladies all in full dress, together with soft music from the orchestra, all went merry as a wedding.

Mrs. Rounsfield Wildman held an old-time New Year's reception at her home, 1515 Washington street, Wednesday. It was very popular with society, and the carriages came and went all day long. Of course there was a sumptuous repast which never failed.

The pretty holiday lunch of the Sketch Club was a novelty. The girls all dressed as peasants of various nationalities and brought Christmas presents, each and every one, which were finally heaped into a big sack and distributed "hit-and-miss."

Mrs. Louis H. Long, née Ermentrude Poole, has returned to her home in Los Angeles, to remain until April.

THOMAS RIORDAN.

ONE of the wittiest, quickest attorneys in legal circles is Thomas D. Riordan. His practice is confined to the higher courts, and his knowledge of international jurisprudence is so extensive that he frequently has been called into the councils of the most eminent statesmen. "As the secret of success is to succeed," said Thos. D. Riordan, the other day, "I will acknowledge that in the defense of Howell I enjoyed many difficult quarters of an hour!" Riordan is always witty, and his triumph in the acquittal of his client was really enjoyed more by his friends than by himself—just because he was



Thomas D. Riordan

so tired out over the constant and patient efforts which he had made in behalf of the man for whom he made so brave a defense. Mr. Riordan's association with such eminent counsellors as W. H. Choate and Wm. Evarts in national litigation won him sufficient congratulations to turn a young man's head. But the United States Courts here have given Attorney Riordan so many verdicts because of his ability to "charm a bird off a tree," that his success is always his success.

W. S. WOOD.

A GREAT winning lawyer is a rare personage, because to be really successful at all he has to be thorough. Mining laws are more complicated than any others, by reason of the technicalities involved. More especially so is this the fact on the Pacific Coast, and no one has done more to disentangle the great legal problems in the battles between giant rival corporations than W. S. Wood, of the law firm of Lloyd & Wood. Mr. Wood was born in Illinois, and came to California with his father in 1852, as a lad, taking up the practice of law. Mr. Wood was admitted to the Sacramento bar in 1863, and shortly after left for Nevada. For fourteen years he made a magnificent record as one of the leading mining attorneys in that State. Being associated at various eras with such powerful talent as that of Thomas Sutherland, C. J. Hillyer, B. C. Whitman, and Judge R. S. Mesick, there is no small wonder a man of young Wood's genius and ambition should succeed brilliantly, receiving the appointment of United States District Attorney for the State of Nevada. But he discovered in the year 1877 that there was a far wider field in California than that which he enjoyed in Virginia City, and consequently he resigned office in 1877 and came to San Francisco a short while after and opened his office. He entered into partnership with Reuben Lloyd, the well-known probate lawyer, and to-day the two gentlemen enjoy almost the largest practice on the Coast.

LAST Saturday inaugurated the season at Del Monte, and New Years Eve witnessed a grand banquet with a ball afterwards. The weather has been superb this winter, as usual, and one would think that early summer had arrived. Monterey is so sheltered from icy blasts of the North and East, that the proximity to the warm Japan Current which happens to cross the mouth of Monterey Bay, just at the right place, renders Del Monte the most ideal resort of the world. The Riviera in winter has its "mistral" from the frozen Alps to chill its visitors to their marrow-bones. But in our beautiful California sea-side resort there is always warmth, and coaching parties and out-of-door luncheons have been in order all the week. There is a delightful orchestra of picked musicians for the Saturday evening dancing, and Colouel Arnold, the manager, takes care to see that every guest has the most careful attention. The splendid Bathing Pavillion has been thrown open, too, and is as popular as ever.

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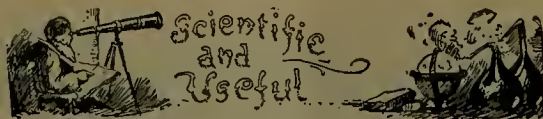
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CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF VIPER'S BLOOD.—Messrs. Phisalix and Bertrand, who have been studying the properties of viper's blood for some time, and who have discovered, as already reported in these columns, that it contains the same poisonous substance as the venom of the same reptile, gave an account of additional investigations before the Paris Academy of Sciences on November 18th. They had supposed that the viper, which resists inoculations of its own venom, did so because it was accustomed to this poison. But they now find in the blood, besides the poisonous substance, another substance that neutralizes the effect of the former. These two substances are destroyed by heat at different temperatures. The toxic substance disappears if the blood be kept at a temperature of 588 C. during a quarter of an hour, while the anti-toxic substance remains. If the blood thus heated be injected into a guinea-pig, not only does the animal not die, but it can endure an inoculation of fresh viper's blood.—Translated and Condensed for The Literary Digest.

FRUIT AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.—Science advises the use of fruit as an aid to digestion of other foods; such, for example, as apple-sauce, little sweetened, or, still better, sour apples baked; or for more developed digestive action the raw apple or other fruit. The mandate of science is that fruits should be used as an aid to digestion much more than they are now. The fruits supply acids which particularly assist the acids of the stomach. On the same ground, lemon-juice to help weak digestion. A great many persons who get up with bad feelings in the morning would find themselves cured if they regularly ate an apple with a slice of bread or other plain food a little while before bed-time.

THE PEANUT AS A FAT PRODUCER.—According to The Journal of Hygiene, consumptives have been recently treated by feeding them with peanuts, with very favorable results. The physician who used the treatment reports: "The peanut was long known as an excellent fat-producer and much more agreeable than rancid shark oil that oftentimes is sold for cod-liver oil. While not all can digest peanuts, a great many even with feeble digestion eat them without discomfort. It beats the Koch lymph and is the most satisfactory treatment I have ever tried for these diseases."

HEALTHFULNESS OF CRYING.—The disposition of the typical young lady to have "a good cry" seems to have been found physiologically proper. Medical authorities assert that crying is the best exercise for young children. One hospital superintendent says that a healthy baby should cry three or four times a day at least, and from ten to fifteen minutes at the time.

AN ELECTRIC PLOW.—A consular report from Leipzig gives interesting particulars of the use of an electric plow, not only in farming on a large scale but in small husbandry, and at the cost of \$1.29 per acre against \$2.74, the cost of doing the work with oxen. As compared with the expense of working the steam plow, the working expenses of the electric plow amount to less than one-half.

AN ECHO ORGAN.—Westminster Abbey has been supplied with an echo organ placed at a distance from the main organ, but so connected with it electrically as to make it as sensitive in responding to touch of the keys as is the main instrument.

The "Argonaut" is one of the most popular brands of Kentucky Bourbon Whiskeys, and one of the purest and best found in this market. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, where they are now located, are the agents for this excellent whiskey on the Pacific Coast, and are also the authorized agents for the celebrated J. F. Cutter Bourbon. The trade will make no mistake in buying the Argonaut brand.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

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This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

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Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

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Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

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Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

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IGN. STEINHART } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



THE difficulties of the English language are well illustrated in a story recently told of three French boys who were doing Shakespeare into English from their French versions. When they came to the line from *Hamlet*, "To be or not to be," the three translations came out as follows: "To was or not to am," "To were or is to not," "To should or not to will."—Ex.

An old man and his wife were last month sailing on a steamship between Blackpool and the Isle of Man. As the sea was rather rough and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing, she said to her husband: "Oh, John, this ship is going down!" "Well, never mind," said her husband, "it isn't ours."—Tid-Bits.

"You will fall in love," they said. In affright
I fled from each chasm to peaks above.
And when I attained the Heavenmost height
I found they were wrong—I had climbed to love!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

"I'm afraid that man who aspires to your hand is too weak kneed to make you a good husband," said her father. "Oh, papa, he's not that! He's held me on them for hours at a time!"—Yonkers Statesman.

BUILDER—Aren't you afraid of having your tools stolen when you leave them around so carelessly? CARPENTER—Don't you worry. All those things will be found in your bill.—Philadelphia Record.

MAUD—They say that sealskins are going out. MARIE—Of course they are. What good are they in the house?—New York World.

"SEAN, just look here! I can write my name in the dust on the top of this table." "Lor', mum, so you can! Now, I never had no edgercation myself."—Punch.

"I don't think this portrait of my wife you have just finished is very much like her." "Sir, I am a painter and not a photographer."—Humoristische Blatter.

SUE—Are you a bull or a bear on the Stock Exchange? HE (growling)—A bull. SHE (sweetly)—Then I wish you'd be a bear there instead of at home.—Fun.

WILLIE—Will Santa Claus bring his card with him, papa? PAPA—His card? Why, my boy, he'll bring a pack.—Yonkers Statesman.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—MR. SIMPS—Well, Tommy, what did you get in your stocking this morning? TOMMY—My foot.—World's Comic.

He gave up whiskey and tobacco,
Vowed from vice to be exempt,
And he kept his resolutions,

For he died in the attempt.—Truth.

MRS. JOHNSON—Your husband has great ability. MRS. STIMSON (who has discovered her husband)—Yes. Irritability.—Truth.

SHE—Why does a woman take a man's name when she marries him? HE—Why does she take everything else he's got?—Truth.

THE Russians, it is said, are foud of eating candles. The Chinese, on the other hand, go in for a Feast of Lanterns.—Judy.

THE Powers are still singing "Oh, Promise Me" to the Sultan.—Washington Post.

"WHEN is a joke not a joke?" "Usually."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Grand Canyon Line!—To the East.

The "Santa Fe Route" Popular Overland Excursions to Chicago and Eastern cities will leave every Wednesday. Manager in charge. Through Palace and Upholstered Tourist Sleepers are run to Chicago every day. This is the only Line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. Send for illustrated book giving full particulars. C. H. Speers, A. G. P. A., 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNEY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHILLAN, President, (S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phillan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Woll, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSONE & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentino.....President Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier, 1311 Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier.
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentino, Benj. P. Choney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Cray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON, President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. F. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—Drexel, Morgan & Co., Boston—Downer & Co. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co., Chicago—Atlas National Bank, St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank, Kansas City—First National Bank, London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 536 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 685,000
Deposits, June 29, 1895.....\$30,472,837 66. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Schumann, A. C. Heinkeken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Igu. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord Jerome Lincoln H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Haldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1869.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President

ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.



DEAR EDITH:—The review of a year of fashion finds us nearly where we were. Why and how Queen Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe should have set such alluring fashions in the last century is natural, but the curious repetition of the present era is a social phenomenon.

Sleeves continue to be just as large as they were last year, and yet the capes, with their high collars, are thoroughly "Marie de Medici." Verily, women and their arts are a kaleidoscope! Also, they are full of anachronisms in their fashions. But then what do they care so long as they are attractive. I dare swear the ugliest styles ever introduced in the world's history were a beautiful surprise in the men's eyes. For it's all nonsense to say that women dress for women. They dress simply for men, and they know it.

But never have we had such an era of mad expense—brocades, figured velvets, rich fur trimmings, and, last of all, we've come to costly old lace.

Even the simplest New Year's gifts are not an exception to the rule. For instance, I saw a *bonbonniere* affair that was intended for a bride. It was a lace hammock, swung between two slender silver poles on a silver stand; the hammock was very dainty, and filled with the rarest of *bonbons*. It must have cost a cold fifty dollars. Then there was sent to a young woman at Stanford University an elaborate "mortar-board," trimmed with old lace! Fancy the sacrilege. It also was filled with sweets.

But lace has become so much a part of our being nowadays that it enters into every part of our domestic autonomy. Silk is used in petticoats, but no longer as underwear. The beautiful blonde on the "Hill" who recently brought back a dozen-dozen of black silk nightgowns, will weep to find that she should wear cambrie, nainsook, or dainty linen.

Nowadays a very pretty night gown is cut square in the neck in front, with deep sailor collar, striped with rows of insertion falling over the shoulders and ending on each side in a point at the waist. Lace drapery and ribbons of pink or green complete the picture. A straight full piece in front covers the bust, and is drawn in with ribbons. A row of lace frilled on trims the collar and extends below the points in front, half way down the skirt, which has a deep hem on the bottom, and two rows of lace insertion let in just above.

Another creation involves dainty nainsook with a round yoke, shirred slightly, the edge trimmed with a deep ruffle of nainsook and Valenciennes lace. A "watteau" in the back is gathered in, and falls from the edge of the yoke under the ruffle. Passing beneath it is a ribbon which binds the waist. The sleeves are very full and long, and the flowing cuffs are of lace.

Corset covers are another extravagance. They are built on an elaborate plan. Here is one—the latest. It is fitted to the figure in front by a succession of tucks reaching from the waist to the bust, from whence the fulness is drawn in around the shoulders. Two or three rows of insertion are let in, a narrow lace edges the top. For a bride, there must be loads of lace.

Tucked and lace-trimmed flounces laid over each other, and falling like cascades, are the latest idea. Usually they are made of fine nainsook and *point de Paris* lace. Also they are costly.

To calculate the expense of the female form divine, when fully clad to her heart's desire, this New Year's is a problem for the most anxious husband. Simplicity has been thrown to the winds, and the country had better hurry up and issue new bonds before all its money gives out.

BELINDA.

The beautiful suites at the Pleasanton, which have been refurnished entirely, are rapidly being taken by our best society people. Colonel Brennan promises a merry winter.

MME. MARCHAND'S CREME DE LA CREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



Endorsed by
W. T. Wenzell, M.D., Ph.G.
Ph. M.
Wm. M. Searly, Ph. C.
C. F. Jones, Ph. C.
C. A. Clinton, M.D., ex-member Board of Health.
G. W. Gerlach, Ph.G., M.D.
W. M. Logan, Ph.G., M.D.
Dr. Lichau,
Dr. Murphy, and others.

MME. MARCHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist,
Rooms 30 to 41. 121 Post St. Taher's entrance. Telephone 1349.
Send for booklet.

A Well Dressed Woman

Should have

Fashionable Modes, Well Fitting,
Perfect in Workmanship and
Elegant Finish.

I furnish these requisites.

Mrs. A. J. Bradley, Modiste,
313 Geary St., San Francisco.

R. LIDDLE Co. Sportsmen's Goods

110 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

Fine
Goods
Cheap.

"In the
Field of
Sports."

Write for catalogue.

New hook free



For the best value in
Go to
HATS or CAPS

G. Herrmann & Co.

The Hatters,
328 Kearny St.,
Near Pine. (Entire Building)
The ONLY Retail Hatters
having their own factory.

Gray Bros.,

Concrete Artificial
Stone Work.

316 Montgomery Street, S. F.
No. 305 New High St., Los Angeles.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.

Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,

OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest corner Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay
Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

A Sovereign Remedy—DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE.

One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c.
George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
A perfect fit guaranteed.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.

Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 837 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

338 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)
Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

CARCASSONNE.—BY JOHN R. THOMPSON

[FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.]

I'M growing old, I'm sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know—
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountain blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And to return, as many more!

Ah! had the vintage plentiful grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store,
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls,
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned, one day, close by Limsux,
A peasant, double bent with age,
"Rise up, my friend," said I, "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne,
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

THE Braverman case has interested a number of men who possess a small sum of money to lend. Isaac Kohn says that the pioneer jewelry merchant is not an insolvent debtor;—the suit involves fifty thousand dollars. Kohn says he lent this to Louis Braverman in various sums and at various times. For it he took the alleged mortgages on water front property. Now Mr. Kohn is out on the warpath to recover the earth if he can get it;—also he would like to have uncle Daniel Meyer involved—according to his complaint. And this, because Meyer happens to have a niece who got married once upon a time.

THE California missions have become the subject of romance, and the world is gradually beginning to realize that while our State has supplied the whole world with some billions of dollars in solid gold coin, it also possesses a grand story in itself—of the old Spanish days. The architecture was modest but beautiful, and now that it has been reproduced in a portfolio by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, whose agent, Mr. Dorety, 1230 Eight avenue, East Oakland, has introduced it here, doubtless many will frame the beautiful pictures—just to see them every day.

No visitor ever fails to visit the wonderful Japanese goods and cloisonné ware at Geo. T. Marsh & Co.'s, under the Palace Hotel.

A lamp with wrong chimney is like a man with another man's hat on—what is he good for?

Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, will send you the "Index to Chimneys."

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on Tuesday, the Tenth (10th) day of December, 1895, an assessment (No. 109) of Fifteen Cents (15c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th DAY OF JANUARY, 1896, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 7th day of February, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 35, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Challenge Consolidated Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of December, 1895, an assessment, No. 20, of 5 cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor Mills Building, northeast corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th DAY OF JANUARY, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before will be sold on Wednesday, the 12th day of February, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 35, third floor, Mills Building, northeast corner Montgomery and Bush streets, S. F., Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 21
Amount per Share.....	15 cents
Levied.....	December 17, 1895
Delinquent in Office.....	January 20, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	February 10, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1896.

CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.
Office—101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty-two hundredths (4 32-100) per cent on term deposits and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the second of January, 1896.

Office—532 California street, cor. Webb LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-fifth (4 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1896.

Office—33 Post street, San Francisco, Cal. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31st, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five one hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1896.

Office—526 California street. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1895. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1895, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1896.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	8:45 P
7:00 A	Bonilla, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Keding, via Davis.....	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.....	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	*7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.....	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	*12:00 A
*10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*12:45 P
*11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Alameda, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
*11:45 P	Huachuca Express, San Jose and Way Stations.....	*12:30 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Alameda Wednesdays only.....)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal way stations.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
*11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*17:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; *1:00, *2:30, *3:00, *4:00, *5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; *12:00, *1:00, *2:00, *3:00, *4:00, *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
‡Sundays only. †Tuesdays and Saturdays.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

We always have time enough, if we will but use it aright.—Goethe.

A tyrant never tasteth of true friendship, nor of perfect liberty.—Diogenes.

There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.—Southern.

Theologies are well in their place, but repentance and love must come before all other experiences.—Beecher.

Of all our infirmities, vanity is the dearest to us; a man will starve his other vices to keep that alive.—Franklin.

The saddest failures in life are those that come from not putting forth the power and will to succeed.—E. P. Whipple.

When suffering has broken up the soil, and made the furrows soft, then can be implanted the hardy virtues which outbrave the storm.—Puncheon.

Few things are more important to a community than the health of its women. If strong is the frame of the mother, says a proverb, the son will give laws to the people.—T. W. Higginson.

No man can, for any considerable time, wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which is the true one.—Hawthorne.

Whatever can lead an intelligent being to the exercise or habit of mental enjoyment contributes more to his happiness than the highest sensual or mere bodily pleasures. The one feeds the soul, while the other, for the most part, only exhausts the frame, and too often injures the immortal part.—Anon.

In the schools of the wrestling master, when a boy falls he is bidden to get up again, and to go on wrestling day by day till he has acquired strength; and we must do the same, and not after one failure suffer ourselves to be swept along as by a torrent. You need but will, and it is done; but if you relax your efforts you will be ruined; for ruin and recovery are both from within.—Epictetus.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through line to New York, via Panama, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailing at noon from company's wharf, First and Brannan streets.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. "Colon," January 8, 1896.
S. S. "City of Sydney," January 18, 1896.
S. S. "San Blas," January 28, 1896.
S. S. "San Juan," February 8, 1896.

JAPAN AND CHINA LINE FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

SAILINGS AT 3 P. M.

S. S. "Peru," January 18, 1896.
S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Feb. 6, 1896.
S. S. "City of Peking," via Honolulu, February 25, 1896.
S. S. "Chia," March 14, 1896.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight or passage apply at the Company's office, No. 425 Market street.

ALEXANDER CENTER,

General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 3 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with steamers for SHANGHAI.

AFRIDI (Cargo only).....Thursday, January 9, 1896
COPTIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896
GAELIC.....Saturday, February 15, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

R. BUSWELL,

Bookbinder, Paper-Ruler, Printer and Blank Book Manufacturer.
516 COMMERCIAL ST., S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Novato.	10:40 A M.	8:50 A M.
3:30 P M.	9:30 A M.	Petaluma.	6:05 P M.	10:30 A M.
5:10 P M.	5:00 P M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Fulton.	10:30 A M.	10:30 A M.
3:30 P M.	8:00 A M.	Windso.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Healdsburg.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
3:30 P M.	8:00 A M.	Geyersville.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Cloverdale.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Pleta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
3:30 P M.	8:00 A M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P M.	6:15 P M.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A M.	8:50 A M.
5:10 P M.	5:00 P M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M.	6:15 P M.
7:40 A M.	8:00 A M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A M.	10:30 A M.
3:30 P M.	5:00 P M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P M.	6:15 P M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.

Stages connect at Pleta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usai, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. ALAMEDA, Jan. 9th, 1896, at 2 P. M.

For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 10 A. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties Feb. 6th and 15th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street. For freight apply to 327 Market street.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

Number 2.

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OLD Mrs. Davidson is entitled to the thanks of this community for one thing. She has given us a rest from Durrant.

SOME good ideas were brought out at the session of the California State Teachers' Association in Oakland the other day. One of the instructors declared her conviction that children are sent to school at too early an age, and that too little attention is paid to their health. Another teacher called attention to the general neglect of sanitary regulations in the public schools, and formulated a series of rules as to light, ventilation and other matters of prime importance. It is refreshing to find that a growing sentiment exists as to the folly of cultivating the minds of children at the expense of their bodies.

INVENTOR Edison is confident that in the event of war with England, electricity would come into play as an important element for the defense of our coast cities. He says that many new sorts of torpedoes could be electrically managed and discharged under water, so as to sink whole fleets of war-ships that might venture into or near our ports. In fact, if Mr. Edison is to be believed, the navy that would dare to attack any of our great seaboard cities would be in danger of annihilation—after the electrical defenses were completed. But there's the rub: the ships might not wait until the electrical preparations had been finished. But if there's any merit in the great inventor's ideas, let the Government put them into operation at once.

WE may not all be rich, but as a people we are sometimes exasperatingly lucky. The extract of malt and hops, the risen lord of the English breweries, who has chosen our city as an arena to prove that he has a deal more money than brains, is reported as intending a visit to the cannibal islands. Let him not hesitate to go. The cannibals are said to be eaters of men, and it is possible they may mistake him for a man, if they shut their eyes and swallow him before they discover that he is only a flunkey. Gag him, that he may not speak, and disguise him as a decent brewer's son, and commend him prayerfully to the tender mercies of the man-eaters, scarcely nearer the original chimpanzee than himself. So may the Lord continue to him his only wise thought.

WE don't know whether the Rev. C. O. Brown has been guilty of a sin of the flesh, or not. So far as his fitness as a minister of God is concerned, it doesn't make much difference. If innocent, he has shown himself to be such an infinitely silly ass that no man, nor even woman, would tolerate him longer in the place to which a rather dull people have elevated him. If any man can show such incorrigible ignorance of the way to walk through this dark world, he could never attain the knowledge to guide the feet of innocence to the road that leads to God's country. The way thither is full of the obstructions of ignorance and sin, through the slough of despond, and up the hill of difficulty. And Brown—he seems utterly unable to find the way for himself, and he certainly cannot guide us, old sinners as we are, nor you, sweet maids, who wear the white robes of purity, with eyes upturned.

THE defeat of the old management of the Academy of Sciences, in the election of officers this week, infuses new blood and will tend greatly to enlarge the usefulness of the institution. It had long been a close corporation for Dr. Harkness and his satellites, but the public will henceforth take more interest in the Academy and its work. This institution should be conducted in a way to add something to the reputation of the city, but heretofore it has been rather more of a laughing stock than respected for its scientific achievements. With its magnificent endowment, the Academy should be conducted in a way to win distinction for the institution in the world of science.

BROTHER Bovard of Alameda, who had an alarming fit over the punch-bowl which the ladies that entertained Kate Field presented to the Press Club, has fallen down in another. The provocation to epilepsy this time are the orgies which his clairvoyant eye sees going on in the clubs of quiet and virtuous Alameda. It seems that the members of these monstrous associations, composed of reputable citizens, take a drink and play a game of cards when they feel like it. Even they invite ladies to witness their "high jinks" occasionally, and at these festivals the wive-cup actually is visible. When Brother Bovard has recovered, it would be an act of friendly reciprocity were the clubs of Alameda to request him to preach a sermon giving his views on the case of Brother Brown of San Francisco.

THIS is getting to be such a boisterously noisy world that one cannot peaceably retire into his own thoughts and indulge to his full extent in the sweetness of his native piety. The din of the drum and trumpet of the Salvation Army recalls us to the existence of sinners possibly worse than ourselves. Then comes a Presidential message sending out its flashes of American Monroe doctrine lightning, when there comes a crash of English thunder so quick thereon, that we are certain it must have struck somewhere. We have scarcely recovered our repose when Dr. Jameson and his filibuster crew begin to march on the Transvaal Republic, the Emperor of Germany pricks his ears, and asks Chamberlain what's up, and by the time the latter has solemnly declared that the British Government is not in it, President Krueger wires that the Republic is safe, William replies that he is glad, the whole English people are immediately mad, and there does seem as if there was going to be the very devil to pay.

THE clever forgery by which A. H. Holmes lightened the banking capital of this city to the extent of \$20,000, by means of a raised check, has taught the bankers a lesson that they are not likely to soon forget. The moral of the affair is that reliance on mechanical devices to prevent forgery is altogether unsafe, since the work of these contrivances may be as cleverly imitated as handwriting itself. In fact, in this remarkable instance, the perforation of the paper, relied upon as a safeguard, was made the chief means of perpetrating a bold and brilliant fraud. But if any of these mechanical devices have merit, that which corrugates the whole length of the line on which the amount of the check is written is probably the most difficult to overcome. No matter, however, what sort of paper or instrument may be employed, there remains the necessity of great caution in the cashing of checks or drafts for large amounts, when presented by persons not thoroughly well-known or fully identified as trustworthy and responsible.

DR. BROWN AND HIS CHURCH.

THE attorneys of the Rev. Dr. Brown, in taking the stand that it is not he who is on trial for immorality, but Mrs. Davidson for blackmail, are unquestionably legally in the right, so far as the preliminary examination in the Police Court goes. And they may, with equal professional propriety, take the same stand when Mrs. Davidson is brought to trial in the Superior Court. By following this technical course Dr. Brown's attorneys will probably land Mrs. Davidson in San Quentin, but where will Dr. Brown be left? Where is he now? He set out to clear his character by causing the arrest of Mrs. Davidson. Then he insisted, through his attorneys, that as to the matter of her guilt or innocence of the charge of blackmail, "it makes no difference if Dr. Brown had improper relations with every woman in his congregation!"

Suppose Dr. Brown to be what his congregation thought him, a pure man terrified by a bad woman into paying hush-money rather than be the subject of a lying scandal, would he not at the first opportunity endeavor to prove his innocence? It was taken for granted that that was what Dr. Brown had Mrs. Davidson seized by the police for—that not the punishment of an obscure old woman, but his own vindication was his object. But immediately upon Mrs. Davidson's arrest things began to happen—the revelations as to the character of Miss Mattie Overman; the shelter of that person in Dr. Brown's own house; the retort of Mrs. Stockton to the affidavit of a disappeared lawyer that she had made indelicate advances to Dr. Brown; the statements by Mrs. Thurston and the Allens; the letters of Miss Overman to her friend, Mrs. Tunnell, disclosing her guilty relations with her pastor. Dr. Brown, when he arrested Mrs. Davidson, evidently was not prepared for this rain of accusations, of confirmation. In dragging Mrs. Davidson from her berth he awoke the whole sleeping-car. His retreat behind his attorneys and the intrenchments of technical law is understood.

There is speculation as to whether Dr. Brown will resign his pastorate or not. We do not think the First Congregational Church will permit him to resign. Our reason for so thinking is the assumption that the First Congregational Church is composed of decent people. If half of what is alleged against Dr. Brown be true, he is a lying, lecherous, hypocritical villain, whom to turn loose without branding would be a crime. We believe the church, which has been humiliated and disgraced, will see to it that he gets a fair trial before a court of its own, where the technicalities of secular tribunals will not be recognized, and that if found guilty he will be cast out with the mark of infamy upon him, so that it will be next to impossible for him to go anywhere else in the world and get a pulpit. Other clergymen have been guilty of conduct like that of Dr. Brown's, and yet have gone, under assumed names, to remote towns and villages and resumed their trade of preaching the gospel and their diversion of breaking the commandments. But Dr. Brown, if expelled by the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, will hardly be able to do this. His prominence as pastor of one of this city's leading churches, has given a national publicity to the scandal of which he is the degraded central figure. His portrait has been printed in every important newspaper of the United States. His face is in the rogues' gallery.

Churches always show loyalty to accused pastors, and are slow to believe ill of them. This loyalty often goes extraordinary lengths and provokes the jeers of the worldly, but the sentiment which evokes the loyalty is unselfish and admirable, and deserves the respect of every good man and woman. But when a pastor in whom a church has trusted drags himself and it with him into the mire, in the sight of the world, that church becomes stern and righteously resentful. It deals with him as an enemy of religion—the worst enemy. The people of the First Congregational Church are not, we should say, of the intellectual grade who will trust blindly in spite of damning evidence. They once before had an experience which teaches them that a man may preach well and seem to be earnest in his work, and yet in his private life be an abandoned scoundrel. Hence we believe the Rev. Dr. Brown will not be allowed to resign and slink off into the void, but that he

will be tried by his church and compelled to bear the consequences of his acts, if they have been of the kind imputed to him by so many witnesses.

The Leaven of a New Idea.

THE NEWS LETTER is pleased to note that its suggestions as to the need of a Society for the Protection of Preachers are already bearing fruit. It is announced that a number of Oakland clergymen have taken steps to protect themselves from temptation and the wiles of blackmailers. The Rev. Marshall Law, according to the public prints, will henceforth receive no woman parishioner in the study at his church, unless she be accompanied by a male relative as a guarantee of strictly honorable intentions, and as a safeguard against scandal. The Rev. S. S. Palmer goes still farther in preventive measures, for he has closed his study in the church, and will from this time greet lady visitors at his home only, where Mrs. Palmer will be within call, and may at all times keep a watchful eye on suspects. From the observance of these precautions, it is but a step to the inception of the organization recommended and suggested by this journal. Ministers are but men, and the growing aggressiveness of what was once known as the weaker sex may well be regarded by the clergy with solicitude and alarm. Matrimony, it was at one time fondly believed, furnished a safeguard not only for clerical virtue but also against the tongue of scandal. But it now appears that even uxorious watchfulness and restraint is not always sufficient, either to keep ministerial footsteps within the safe and narrow path or to exclude meretricious attractions from their gaze. It is too much to expect that the wives of pastors shall be constantly on guard, and such extreme degree of conjugal care and espionage might awaken restlessness and a roving spirit in the most tranquil ministerial bosom. Hence arises the need of that organized care and guardianship; that sort of spiritual protectorate and moral suzerainty which has been advocated in these columns for the benefit of preachers. Whether the New Woman or the Old Woman is best fitted to grapple with this problem may be a question. It is not a thing to be treated lightly, but a real need of the hour. The clergy, as a body, must not be permitted or forced to retire entirely from intercourse with their fellow women, merely because the voice of scandal has been raised in the land. It may be that a plurality of wives for preachers, by multiplying the safeguards and the watchfulness, would be effective in one way, but there are insurmountable prejudices against a resort to this expedient. It appears to be well settled that clergymen must marry and must be monogamous, no matter how strongly a polyandrous inclination may be manifested among the weaker sisters of the flock, or among the tribe of New Women with advanced ideas and retrograde morals.

The Funding Bill in Congress.

ALMOST every material interest in this State is bound up, directly or indirectly, with the existence and successful operation of the great transcontinental railroad terminating in this city. To tie it up with foreclosure proceedings, or any other form of litigation, would be to paralyze every industry in the State. It is not thinkable that any wise or even thoughtful business men, not actuated by spiteful or malicious motives, can desire any suspension of, or serious interference with, the business of that road. It therefore goes without saying that no sane or fair-minded man can approve the extreme courses urged by Mayor Sutro and his committee of fifty. According to them the railroad, which is the helper and handmaid of almost every successful enterprise known to our coast, is to be ruthlessly treated as a public enemy, and brought to a condition of suspended animation. Whilst foreclosure procedures are had and new owners found ready and able to operate the road as it is now being operated, the iron horse must needs be tied up in the round house. For a time, at least—for litigation cannot be ended in an hour—traffic must be impeded, if not altogether suspended, and doubt and uncertainty attend every enterprise. And all this for what? Because the railroad is about to owe the Government a debt which it cannot for the moment pay. No railroad in this country or any other

ever has earned and paid off its capital value within the short space of a quarter of a century. It would not inure to the progress and development of the country if so much were exacted. If fares and freights that only yield enough to pay interest on capital are complained of as being high, what would be said if they were raised so as to yield the principal as well as interest? The burden simply could not be borne, and that being so, the country under such a system would have been obliged to wait many long years for its railroads, and its development would probably have been put back a hundred years or more. The time to pay off principal is when the country, by the aid of the railroad, has sufficiently filled up to render the payment possible. Posterity, that will likely have even more use for the railroads than we have, may well share the cost of their having been provided. This generation is, in all conscience, doing enough. It is paying the cost of the Civil War and a vast sum in pensions. Moreover, it is paying interest on six billions (\$6,000,000,000) of bonded indebtedness, incurred in giving the United States as many miles of railroad as are to be found in all the rest of the world put together. Without that expenditure this country could not be what it is to-day. Indeed, its unity could not have been preserved if its different parts had not been brought together in the manner they have. Who will say that that vast railroad indebtedness should be paid off at this time? The idea is absurd because of its impracticability. No one would care to seriously argue such a proposition. Yet it is on all fours with the proposal to require the Central Pacific to pay off the cost of its construction before it has had time to earn the money. What it is reasonable to require it to do might with equal justice be demanded by the creditors of all other roads. Why should the builders of the Central Pacific be treated with exceptional harshness? And why should the Pacific coast, which has benefited most by the railroad, be disinclined to grant an extension of time when nearly all the rest of the country acquiesces in its being granted? Besides, what better can be done? It is said that the Government can take the road and operate it. Who except a few cranks on this side of the continent believes that? How, when, and where has this Government, with its uncertain civil service, spoils system, and change of administrations, shown a capacity to handle such multifarious business interests as are involved in the management of this great railroad? Before so new and serious a departure as Government ownership is taken, the endorsement of the whole country should be obtained. Is it not safer and better, under proper conditions, to grant an extension of time?

The Wolves and the Shepherds. San Francisco is not the only hunting ground of blackmailers who aim at ministerial victims. A flagrant case has just come to light in New York, where the

Rev. Aris Lichtenstein was the object of attack. The reverend gentleman is a Jew by birth, but some years ago became a convert to Christianity, and has since filled the pulpit of the Mariners' Temple, in New York. Not long ago he was decoyed to Philadelphia by a message to the effect that his sister was there seriously ill; but upon his arrival in the Quaker City he learned that she was in her usual good health. Later in the day a demand was made upon him for \$5,000 by a young man unknown to him, who declared that the preacher would be put to a great deal of trouble if he did not comply. Subsequently a young woman appeared, who told Mr. Lichtenstein that he was the father of her child. This was news to the reverend gentleman, who had left a wife and children at his home in New York. He was at a loss what to do, but temporized with the blackmailers, and returned to New York, where he communicated with the police. Acting upon their advice, when an agent of the blackmailers next appeared, the preacher made an appointment, and some hours later he paid to three men a number of bank notes whose numbers had been noted by the police. Then officers who had been in concealment pounced upon the blackmailers, and they were lodged in jail. The reverend gentleman thinks that there were fully ten persons concerned in the plot against him. The moral of this occurrence is that persons called upon by blackmailers would do well to put themselves in communication

with the police before paying any money or setting any sort of trap for the schemers. The affair also shows that a cautious man, who has no secrets to conceal, need not fear attacks of this character. But the innocent and the guilty should alike beware of setting secret traps for blackmailers, lest the result be to catch their own feet. The time to call in the police is before, and not after, the payment of hush money.

Labor Its Own Oppressor.

Eugene Debs is not the first agitator who has been transformed into a philosopher by a term of imprisonment. He who threw the whole country into commotion by leading the great railroad strike of 1894 now announces that he has had enough of strikes, and advises the workmen to go into politics for the relief of grievances. "I will," he says, "never hereafter accept any position in a labor organization; I will under no circumstances, be allied with any trades union. I expect to work for all labor, and urge the necessity of workmen seeking their emancipation by the ballot." To this end Debs will publish a paper. Just how the workmen are to emancipate themselves he frankly confesses that he does not know, but he leans strongly to the belief that it will be through socialism.

Though Debs has turned philosopher, it has not yet broken upon him even dimly why it is that the workmen, who could be omnipotent at the polls because of their numbers, are so feeble there. The reason is that the workmen mistake their position utterly in the United States. They have fallen under the illusion that they are oppressed by others, when, as a matter of fact, they are their own oppressors. If they would free themselves from the notion that they are victims of a designing minority, and realize that they are equal citizens of the republic, who have the power to correct unjust social conditions, they would be on the right road. But they prefer to consider themselves as a class apart, with special rights, including that of levying domestic war for the increase of their wages; and, so long as that continues to be the case, they will remain hostile in interest to every other class of citizens, who, in self-defense, will band against them.

It is want of brains that keeps the workman down. He is too vain to admit this, and call in to his help men of better intellect than himself. Until he ceases to be suspicious of sympathizers who do not possess the supreme virtue of working with their hands for a living, he will stay where he is—at the bottom of the heap. Intelligence will continue to rule whether the workman likes it or not, and intelligence knows that the worst thing which could happen for labor, and everybody else, would be to let labor, in its present stage of mental development, get on top. A class of men who admit that they do not know how to use the ballot for their own betterment thereby confess that they are unfit to be trusted with political power. To make friends with intelligence, not to be at surly and threatening enmity with it, that is the true and only path open to labor. Its "emancipation" lies with itself. We commend this thought to Mr. Debs for consideration in the paper he is to publish for the enlightenment of the world.

Letting Down the Legal Bars.

It is reported that all of the class of sixty-four law students, who recently underwent "examination" at the hands of the Supreme Court Commissioners, were admitted to practice. If this be correct, it appears that the change authorized by the last Legislature, by which the Justices have turned over the periodical "examination" to the Commissioners, is not of a character to raise the standard of legal acquirements. The practical working of the new method seems to be to let down the bars to all-comers. It is scarcely conceivable that in a class of sixty-four applicants, all could be found qualified for the practice of law. Of late years the number of lawyers has so greatly multiplied in this city, through the medium of the law colleges, that the wonder is how such a multitude contrive to eke out a living. Perhaps the increase is not actually so large as might appear from the results of the periodical examinations, as it is probable that a large proportion of those licensed to wrangle at the bar ultimately take up blacksmithing or some other useful handicraft, or engage in commercial business. At all

events it is safe to say that the majority of attorneys in San Francisco, capable or otherwise, earn no such income as the fancy of youthful aspirants to forensic honors paints in glowing colors. The abundant pecuniary success of a score or two of prominent lawyers is by no means the real standard of professional income. But whenever the newspaper print a story of large fees paid in some important case, involving great pecuniary interests, the ambition of a hundred young men is fired with the desire to likewise win fame and fortune at the bar. At the present time, it is no doubt safe to say that the best advice to those about to study law is that proverbially offered by Punch to those about to marry—"Don't." If fitness and a creditable desire to master the intricacies of the law were allowed to regulate the supply of attorneys and counsellors, the profession would never be overcrowded, and it would be to a great extent relieved from the too-common bad practices which have of late years steadily lowered its standing in this community. The growth of the commercial spirit in this calling, once justly honored as of the noblest to which the intellect of man could devote itself, is as conspicuous as it is deplorable. Not the best lawyer, but the most crafty business man, is he who wins, as a rule, the greatest pecuniary rewards in law practice. What San Francisco needs, and the whole State, for that matter, is not more lawyers or other professional men, but more manufacturers and producers; more men who create business and furnish employment for labor, and fewer of the classes who strive to win a more or less precarious support by their wits.

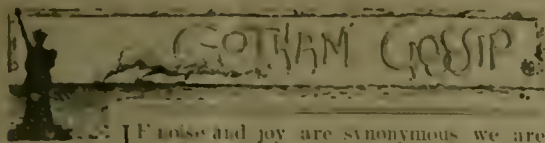
Will He Never Cease From Troubling? It was hoped when the new School Board was elected, more than a year ago, that ex-President Hyde had ceased to vex the School Department with his arbitrary and dictatorial meddling. But he is one of those men who seem never to know when to retire gracefully from a public station. He had made himself so generally and so cordially detested by the teachers and their friends that his re-election would have been an impossibility, under any circumstances, and a less thick-skinned man would have been content to leave the schools to the direction and control of the new administration of the department. But Mr. Hyde's invincible desire to rule had to be gratified in some way. So, as Superintendent Babcock has explained, he wined and dined the late Grand Jury, and so cajoled them into the adoption of certain recommendations relative to the conduct of School Board matters. In these recommendations the hand of their author is unmistakably revealed. It seems not to have occurred to Mr. Hyde that the province of the Grand Jury is not to lay down rules for the guidance of the School Board. The Grand Jury might with equal propriety undertake to tell the Board of Supervisors how to transact their business, or formulate a system of rules for the Mayor in the affairs of his office. As Superintendent Babcock and Director Hawley have shown, the present School Board compares very favorably in respect to economy and efficiency with the board bossed by Mr. Hyde. In fact, the Superintendent, who is in a position to judge, declares that the present is a much superior body to that which revolved about ex-President Hyde. The charge of the Grand Jury, that the present board has raised the salaries of substitute teachers, is certainly not of a very grave character, in view of the general sentiment that the teachers should be well paid, but it is altogether lacking in fact. The new Board has merely restored some salaries that the Hyde-bound Board had unjustly and unreasonably cut down. The present Board has by resolution called upon the new Grand Jury for a hearing in relation to the criticisms which the last Grand Jury was deceived into adopting, and, while the subject seems to be outside the proper limit of the investigations of this inquisitorial body, it is no more than fair, in view of the circumstances, that the request be granted and the whole matter fully explained.

Keen Interest in Foreign Affairs. Not for many years have foreign affairs excited so large a degree of attention in America as at the present time. The Nicaragua question, the dispute about the Alaskan boundary, and the grave difficulty that has

arisen over the Venezuelan matter are of themselves sufficient to occupy no small share of the thoughts of our people. But these are, for the time being, at least, cast in the background by the progress of the Cuban rebellion and the serious prospect of war between European powers because of the disturbances in the Transvaal. The prophets of peace, who, a few years ago, seemed to have things all their own way, now stand aghast at the fierce spirit that has blazed out between England and Germany. It is clear that a very little thing would suffice to provoke war between these two great powers—two of the most Christian nations, alike distinguished for progress in the arts and sciences, in philosophy and literature. After all civilization is but a thin veneer, spread over the inherent savagery and ferocity of human nature. The brutal instincts of humanity crop out more conspicuously and with less restraint in the intercourse and the quarrels of nations than in the private dealings of individuals. The ruling class of Englishmen, as individuals, would not be guilty of the crimes against liberty which have disgraced the Government of Great Britain from the earliest times down to the present day. Her claims in Africa, and especially her assumption of a so-called protectorate over the Boers, are not founded upon any natural right, but merely upon military achievement. It is true that the Transvaal republic acknowledged, by treaty, the assertion of British authority, but it is justly claimed that the armed invasion by Dr. Jameson and his following of filibusters has abrogated all treaty rights.

Naturally, the people of this country sympathize with the Cubans in their struggle for independence, and with the Boers in their manful and stalwart determination to resist British encroachment. What the English have attempted in the Transvaal they would do to-morrow in Venezuela, were it not for the certainty that the United States would come to the rescue of the republic whose soil would thus be invaded. While in Europe there is no international doctrine corresponding to that formulated by President Monroe, there is a keen international jealousy which likewise serves to protect the weak from invasion or attack. Thus Germany is quick to resent the inexcusable invasion of the Boers' territory by an armed force of Englishmen. The German Emperor evidently believes, despite official disavowals from the British authorities, that some secret understanding prompted Jameson's march toward Johannesburg. The situation looks threatening, and perhaps England has not much reason to hope that Germany will allow her to gracefully retire from an awkward dilemma. When England's pride is thoroughly aroused, there is small room to doubt that she will prefer fight to national humiliation, no matter what the cost. But many a serious diplomatic complication in Europe has been relieved ere this without bloodshed, and it is not unlikely that this whole trouble in the Transvaal will blow over without warfare between the great nations concerned.

Polygamy in Utah State. It is remarked in some quarters that the nation has taken Utah at her word in admitting her as a State on her promise that polygamy shall never again be permitted within her borders. The Examiner declares that while the constitution of the new State prohibits plural marriages, the people of Utah may by amendment strike out this provision at any time. But it is to be remembered that the prohibition of polygamy, irrevocably, was required by the Act of Congress in accordance with which Utah was admitted to the Union, and is also one of the conditions of admission expressed in the proclamation of President Cleveland declaring Utah to be a State. While no such question has, perhaps, ever before arisen in this country, it seems highly probable that the Supreme Court of the United States would hold the prohibition of polygamy to be an element of the contract or covenant into which the people of Utah have entered, and that any amendment to the State constitution, removing this prohibition, would be null and void. It is not to be supposed that a Territory may obtain admission to the Union upon certain express terms, and subsequently, at pleasure, avoid the conditions of the compact.



Peace and joy are synonymous, we are really very happy indeed on this New Year's day, for the racket is denfening and has been ever since ten o'clock last night, when the tin horn peddlers, selling those ear-splitting constructions at a profit of four cents on each, began laying the foundations of their fortunes. The street in front of old Trinity was blocked by an immense throng, many people having come in from out of town to listen to the New Year's chimes, but, alas! it was little they heard of the chimes, so deafening was the blare of the tin trumpets, and I fancy the bell ringer is the only person who can conscientiously say that he heard the lovely music. Old Trinity was very beautiful and picturesque in the clean, cold moonlight, and even the tombstones were lighted up cheerfully in the old churchyard where the earliest colonists of Manhattan have slumbered so long. It was curious to notice last night how all the crowd gazed up at the belfry tower, as if they could hear the music with their eyes. The chimes rang "Evening Bells," a selection from "Oberon," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," which the multitude supplemented with a vocal chorus, "Happy New Year to all," and half a dozen other selections. Up in Grace Church tower the chimes were also rung, and there the music was of a less secular character than at Trinity. At St. Andrew's, in Harlem, there were more chimes and more people, and a spirit of gayety pervaded the city.

"Punch bowls," as New Year's eve parties are now called, were very much a feature last night, and as for the theatres you simply could not get inside the doors. To-day an old custom is being revived at the City Hall, where the Mayor and the City Fathers will receive from noon until four o'clock. Several artists have announced their intention of spending an old-time New Year's and keeping "open house," and one of our Californian dames, Mrs. Harry Gillig, is doing the same thing quite informally to-day. It is a pity that such a pretty custom should ever have fallen into disuse, although it was surely impossible to continue it once it became so sadly abused.

The Music Hall managers had a nervous shock early in the week when the order was sent out from police headquarters that no more intoxicating drinks should be served in places of amusement. This was a hard hit at Koster & Bial's, the Olympia, the Imperial, Miner's Bowery Theatre and that mild place of amusement, the Eden Musée. A test case was made at once, and a mighty sigh of relief rose to the clouds when the judicial decision was sent forth that the law forbidding such sales was a dead letter. I suppose the next thing to be organized here will be the formation of a County Council, such as exists in London, to enforce what an individual I know insists on calling the "exercise law."

I have several times lately run across Jack Klein—"Klein of Samoa," who is now a valued member of the Herald staff. He is as full of energy and brain as ever, and apparently devoted to his work. Charles F. Brandenstein and L. Levy, of San Francisco, have been guests at the Windsor this week, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne, of Los Angeles, are at the Holland. Mrs. Sime, who has been at the Empire ever since her return from New London, intends starting for California within a few weeks on a visit to her sons.

The sensation of the day is the Burden diamond robbery. Mrs. Burden is a leader in New York society, and is a beautiful and brilliant woman. Mrs. Burden is a cousin of Henry Burden McDowell, whose mother was a Miss Burden. The family fortunes

are derived from the great Burden Iron Works at Troy. The diamonds stolen represent a value of about sixty thousand dollars, and after almost a week of investigation the police are still in the dark as to the thief or thieves. At present suspicion points to some servant, but it is cruel to designate before one can assert. Robberies are very frequent all over the city, and it is said that the departure of Inspector Byrnes has given courage to many sneak thieves who "lay low" during his régime.

Oliver H. P. Noyes has just arrived in New York, and has abandoned his idea of a European trip for this year. Mr. and Mrs. Kesick, of Yokohama, both well known in San Francisco, are at the Windsor with their children, maid, governess, and the baby's ayah, who is a source of intense interest and excitement all along the Avenue whenever she takes her baby for an airing.

A disastrous fire occurred last night in Westchester, when the di Zerega homestead, with all its valuable paintings and tapestries, was destroyed, five paintings worth five thousand dollars each being consumed. The di Zeregas are an old and honored family here, some of whose members have visited California. One of them, Lady Frankland, was, I think, in California on her marriage journey. PASSE-PARTOUT.

New York, January 1, 1896.

HOW AN ORIOLE MURDERED HER FAMILY.

It has been claimed by observers that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them they will bring them a poisoned weed to eat that death may end their captivity. About a week ago, at the Holstein ranch, says the Carson Appeal, the children captured a nest of three young orioles, and they were immediately caged and hung in a tree. The mother was soon about, calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for some days without seeming to pay much attention to persons about. But on Sunday came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relative to birds. She brought them a sprig of green on Sunday morning and disappeared. In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspur, a weed that will kill full grown cattle. The little creatures lay dead in the cage and slightly foaming at the mouth, victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than live in captivity.

"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No; we didn't like to do that, but we all resigned except Borely, and then we all got together and formed a new club?"—Harper's Bazar.

germ=life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on.

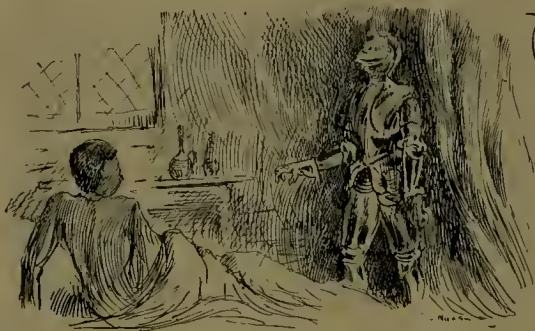
Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

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What Became of the Ghost.

W. L. Alden.
Yule Tide

SIMMONS was an excessive and unnecessary American. That was the unanimous verdict which his fellow artists passed upon him when he made his first appearance in Paris.

"Probably you don't believe in ghosts," said Simmons. But if you'd known as many ghosts as I've known, you'd understand that ghosts are as common as cats, and pretty near as intelligent.

"Two years ago I was painting in Venice, which I consider the meanest town on this side of the Atlantic, and I can't say worse than that. It's ruinous and dirty, and inconvenient, and you can't get anything fit to eat in the whole place. It has the biggest ghost population of any city in the world, though the general public doesn't know it. You see, the cemetery is mighty uncomfortable, there being at least a foot of water in every grave, and the consequence is that most of the people that are buried in Venice prefer to become ghosts and wander around the town, where they can manage to keep dry. I was wanting to paint a picture on the Northern Lagoon, and one day when I was looking for a good place to set up my easel, I saw a house standing just on the edge of the water, that looked as if it had been shut up since the time of Julius Caesar. I saw that if I had a room in that house I could paint my picture without any interruption, and so I made inquiries about it. Well, I found somebody who professed to be the agent of the owner of the house, and I rented a room for three francs a month.

"I soon found that the house was a regular ghost barrack. They didn't show themselves, but they made a lot of noise. There wasn't any lock to my room, and the first night I slept in it the ghosts opened the door, and let in a current of air that gave me a cold; so I put a cheap lock on the door, which kept out the ghosts, though any ordinary burglar could have opened it with a nail. Sometimes the ghosts would come into my room while I was at work; but beyond making the furniture creak, and occasionally knocking something off the table—for they are a careless lot—they didn't disturb me in the daytime. But at night there seemed to be whole gangs of them going up and down stairs, and holding political meetings and women's rights conventions in the next room. Every now and then I used to get up and go out on the landing and ask them to remember that they were keeping an inoffensive foreigner awake.

"One day I went to the bank to draw some money that was coming to me from America, and to cash a draft for a picture that I had sold to an English tourist. Altogether it made a good bit of money, and the banker paid it to me in gold, because I never trust any of this foreign paper money. It filled a small bag, and as it was too heavy for me to carry in my pocket, I carried it in my hand, though the banker warned me that I was putting temptation in the way of the poor, and trifling with the feelings of the criminal classes. I had my dinner at a restaurant, and afterwards spent most of the evening at a *café* in the Piazza, where I used to go to read the papers. About nine o'clock I heard thunder, and, not having any umbrella, started in a hurry for my room.

"The storm came up more slowly than I had expected, but soon after I had gone to bed it arrived, and gave a first-class exhibition of what Venice can do in the line of thunderstorms when she gives her whole mind to it. It rained as if the water had been emptied out of a thousand

washtubs; the lightning was so sharp that it half blinded me, and the thunder shook the whole house from top to bottom. As for the wind, it howled worse than a London milkman; and as there was too much noise for sleeping, I just lay in bed and amused myself watching the lightning. All at once I saw something that I don't mind admitting gave me a start. I told you that King Arthur, as I used to call my suit of armour, always stood in a corner of the room. Well, I happened to be looking in that direction, when a flash of lightning showed me that King Arthur had moved about two feet away from the corner, and was standing perfectly still in his new position. I didn't mind ordinary ghosts; but when it came to a suit of armour waltzing around a room by itself, I didn't like the look of it. I lay there in the dark, trying to persuade myself that I had been mistaken in thinking that I had seen the armour standing in the corner when I went to bed, and saying to myself that the woman who took care of the room must have moved it. I knew all the time that this wasn't true; but when a man is fool enough to be frightened at a ghost, he is always fool enough to believe any moderate lie. But by-and-by there came another flash, and I saw that the figure had moved a couple of feet farther along the wall, and had one hand stretched out, as if it was feeling its way in the darkness. Now I knew what was the matter. Some ghost had got into that suit of armour, and was walking around in it.

"Probably the ghost that was inside of the armour found it difficult to walk in such a heavy suit of clothes. At any rate, he moved about as slow as a district messenger boy; and if you know anything about district messenger boys in London, you know how slow that is. The next flash showed that the figure had left the wall along which it had been sliding, and was coming straight towards the bed. It was only about fifteen feet from me, and my heart began to beat at the rate of about a hundred and fifty to the minute.

"However, my fright didn't last many minutes. I reflected that a weak ghost in a heavy suit of armour would be about as useless for fighting purposes as a professional pugilist who is in the habit of writing to the newspapers. I made up my mind that I would wait till the figure was close to my bed, and that I would then jump on it and upset it on the floor, the chances being that I would have plenty of time to find the matches before the figure could get on its legs again. I gathered myself together for a spring, and waited till—according to my calculation—King Arthur was within striking distance. Then I threw back the bedclothes, and made a jump for my visitor. I struck him good and square, and we both came down with as much rattle and clatter and bang as if we had been a dozen lengths of stove pipe.

"I stood for a moment wondering what I had better do with my visitor, just to teach him a useful lesson, when I happened to think of a stick of solder that I had bought one day when I wanted to mend several cracks in the breastplate of King Arthur. I lit my spirit lamp, heated my soldering-iron, and laying King Arthur in a handy position on his back, began to solder the different pieces of his armour together. I soldered his front and back plates till nothing less than a cold chisel could have unbuttoned them; I soldered his helmet tight to his shoulders, and I soldered his leg-pieces from the hip down to the foot. I worked over the job for a full hour, and when I had got through I had made him pretty near watertight.

"Now, my ghostly friend," I said, "this will teach you not to come into a gentleman's bedroom and take liberties with his curiosities. You've put yourself into that suit of armour without leave, and you'll stay in it till I'm ready to let you out, which won't be for some time. I'll just tie your legs to the bedpost, so that you can't shuffle away before morning, and then I'll make up some of the sleep

that you've deprived me of with your foolish and indecent games."

"Well, I tied the figure's legs to the bedpost, and then I blew out the candle and went to bed again. When I woke up in the morning it was broad daylight, and the storm was over. I looked over the side of the bed to see how King Arthur was getting on, and I never was more surprised in my life than I was to find that he had gone. I jumped up and looked under the bed, that being the only place of concealment in the room, but my friend wasn't there. The door was locked as usual, and the key was under my pillow. It was clear that King Arthur must have gone out by way of the window, and then I noticed that one of the front windows that looked out on the lagoon was partly open. I went and looked out of it, but there was no figure in armour in sight. The tide was unusually high—higher, in fact, than I had ever seen it before. Not a soul was stirring at that early hour, and after wondering what could possibly have become of my suit of armour and its wearer, I went back to bed for another nap."

Simmons paused for a moment, and we all thought that he had finished his story. I was just about to ask him what his explanation of the walking suit of armour was, when he resumed.

"Do any of you fellows read Italian?"

We all assured him that we did not.

"Then," said he, taking a newspaper cutting from his pocket-book, "I'll translate a little paragraph that appeared in the *Adriatico*—the Venetian paper—ten days or so after my experience with King Arthur. Listen to this:—'Yesterday morning two fishermen, Carlo Farbis and Antonio Seamozi, made a discovery of the most horrible in the Canal of Burano. Seeing something shining under the water at low tide, they arrived to bring it to the surface. It was a complete suit of armour of the fifteenth century. In addition to being fastened in the usual way, the armour was soldered together, and when the fishermen had prized the visor of the helmet open, they were filled with horror to find that the corpse of a man, in an advanced state of decomposition, was enclosed in the armour. Evidently one treats of an atrocious murder, and the police are soon to make an important arrest.'"

We all agreed that Simmons's adventure was a remarkable one, and nobody ventured to express any doubts as to its literal truth. Simmons was hardly the sort of man with whom to discuss a question of veracity. But after Simmons had gone home, and left us still at the dinner-table, the man who had been sitting next to him picked up from the floor the newspaper cutting which Simmons had translated. It had been cut from *Galignani's Messenger*, and not from an Italian paper; and instead of referring to a gruesome discovery by Venetian fishermen, it simply contained the hours of the departure of trains from Paris to London.

THE COST OF TUNNELS.

IN comparing the four great tunnels of the world there is seen to be a very remarkable decrease in time and cost of the successive works. The Hoosac tunnel, the oldest of the four, cost \$379 a foot; the Mont Cenis, the next in date, cost \$356 a foot; the St. Gothard cost \$229 a foot; and the Arlberg, the latest in date, cost only 154 dol. a foot. This rapid decrease in cost, within comparatively few years, is a marked indication of the great progress in mechanical methods and improvement in rock-excavating tools. A still more striking result exists in the case of a tunnel through the Cascade, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This, unlike those named, which were excavated in old settled countries, the terminal easy of access, was in a peculiarly difficult location, so much so that it took six months to convey the machinery to the spot. Rivers had to be turned aside, bridges built, and material transported over improvised roads through nearly one hundred miles of forest, mud, and snow-fields, yet the tunnel, which is 16½ feet wide, 22 feet high, and 8,950 feet long, was bored through the mountains in twenty-two months, at the rate of 413 feet a month, and a cost of the completed tunnel of only \$118 a foot.—Information.

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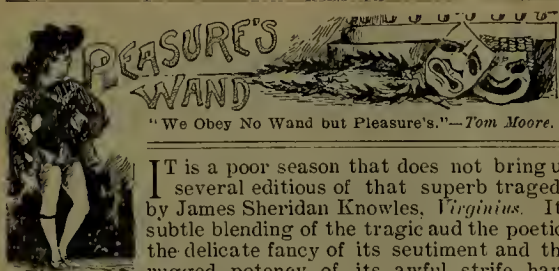
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"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

IT is a poor season that does not bring us several editions of that superb tragedy by James Sheridan Knowles, *Virginius*. Its subtle blending of the tragic and the poetic, the delicate fancy of its sentiment and the rugged potency of its awful strife have long ago given it a place among the classics. Louis James, one of the most versatile of American tragedians, chose this old favorite for the opening of his engagement at the California. The performance, while not developing any special distinction for the supporting company, was interesting and even, and staged with taste and discretion. Mr. James' portrayal of *Virginius* was strong and conscientious. He invested *Virginius* with all the devoted tenderness that the Roman felt for his motherless girl, displaying a deeply human emotion and caressing gentleness that have not been so marked in his former work. As *Virginius*, the avenger, the fierce breadth of passion, the boundless virility of the actor were put in splendid play. Over all was the guidance of an acutely keen intellect. Miss Alina Kruger impersonated *Virginia* in a shy, girlish manner, brimful of youth, and not without a sweet charm in the face of rather an over-conscious presence. *Ililius* was a bit too musical to impress one with his sincerity; Mr. Lindsley's elocution is too saccharine to be manly, no matter how ardently he loves. William Harris, as *Appius Claudius*, and Harry Langdon, as *Deutatus*, were moderately good.

On Wednesday evening Mr. James gave *Hamlet*. It is with pardonable trepidation that one sits as an auditor to new lips in this most profound and complex character in the English drama, and more particularly was it so when Mr. James' press Mercury had announced the presentation as one radical and startling—the happy ambiguity of which expression was not fully appreciated until the final curtain had precluded the possibility of any seriously disenchanting innovations. Mr. James' *Hamlet* is admirable for its ingenuous perspicuity: a *Hamlet* intelligibly and methodically mad, not madly equivocal. After the ghost's visitation, from the first reply to Horatio's eager questioning, Mr. James clearly defines his *Hamlet*; the mistrustful glances at *Marcellus* that accompany the meaningless words are ostensibly the inspiration of his derangement. As a whole the *Hamlet* of Louis James is an earnest, able performance. In the present dearth of geniuses it is from such talented and studious players as he that we must receive the immortal tragedies. In the fury of the last act, in the wild burst of grief at *Ophelia's* grave and in the closing of the second act, Mr. James gives us a living, breathing *Hamlet*, a *Hamlet* even reconciled with our fondest memories of the part. In the soliloquy and in the scene with the queen, that indefinable something, that magnetism, dominative genius, or whatever be it that compels a hearing from the very soul, is not to be found. It is beyond the limit of Mr. James' temperament. He does his best; and it is the best that we have seen since Edwin Booth.

Miss Kruger's *Ophelia* was most prominent in the support. Girlish and immature, yet a long remove from crude, Miss Kruger played her part with surprising nicety of perception. Mr. Lindsley's version of *Laertes* was intensely operative. The remainder of the cast was satisfactorily but uneventfully filled.

Marie Wainwright, an established star, an agreeable exponent of many standard and classic characters—in fact, a woman who has fed upon the best that the drama affords—presented at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, *The Daughters of Eve*, a four-act society play by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus. In spite of the presumable authenticity of its authorship, and the suggestion of merit that Miss Wainwright's adoption of the piece would signify, I am inclined to believe that *The Daughters of Eve* was snatched warm and bleeding from the columns of the

Fireside Companion, and that the Lancaster-Magnus brand is but a touch of local color. (Mr. Magnus, if I correctly remember, once acted in a managerial capacity for Miss Wainwright). Old students of the Fireside Companion—and they were many before Mr. Bok and his "Heart to Heart Talks to Young Men About Pajamas" swooped down on literary America—will perceive in Rhoda Dentry, the self-same young woman who, through scores of prurient intrigues and cases of bubbling wine, set their febrile pulses fluttering so intoxicatingly in the days gone by. Rhoda was bad, always. Sometimes the man with the tall hat and the cigarette made her so by that vague process known as leading astray; at others she seemed, like Topsy, to have "just growed" that way. But she was a deuce of a girl at all events, redolent of sensuous perfumes, always smartly gowned and bestocked in the gauziest of silks. And she invariably fell heels-over-head in love with the hero—a love unreciprocated, and finally dispatched by prussic acid or entombed in a nunnery.

Our Rhoda of the present week is no innovation. She meets Robert Hawthorne, the hero, at a ball in the upper tenderloin, whither he has been wafted by a most weird and uncanny jag, and, after her escort has felled Robert by a well-delivered and resounding right-hander, she has him carried to her apartments where she nurses him back into condition, and then, that she may longer retain the man she loves, chloroforms him—a form of oblivion that makes Robert the envy of the audience. Rhoda has a twin sister, Grace by name—a good, beautiful, sad-eyed girl, and the beloved of Robert. She quarrels with Robert, and sends him out again into the wild, sinful world he had forsworn for her sake. The final scene is Rhoda's apartments. Robert has, in a measure, recovered from the knock-out, the jag, and the chloroform. Rhoda is stricken with a violent change of heart; she implores forgiveness for the wrong she has done Robert and her sister, and takes her broken heart and her battered reputation off to the convent, which, fortunately coincident with her resolution, is within a stone's throw of her rooms. Just in time her exit, for ere another minute the good sister Grace enters and takes her wandering boy back to her heart. The calcium gleams; the stained glass windows of the convent are luminous in the background. The organ throbs faintly in the distance the pæon of a saved soul, and the curtain descends on two foud hearts united. Shades of Laura Jean Libbey, it is harrowing!

The Daughters of Eve is another sociological study induced by long confinement in fourth-rate boarding houses. The serious lines are a blend of verbosity and paresis, the comedy would wring a heart of marble. "He's a good policeman—always on the beat," followed up by a stage-full of delirious laughter. That is a gem specimen of the wit that sparkles in the ball-room scene. The one glowing spot in the entire play is the slogging feat in this same act—but what a pity its possibilities are limited to two characters.

Miss Wainwright plays Grace and Rhoda, and, despite the girls being twins and counterparts of one another, contrives to give a definite identity to each role. Her essay in a modern society drama is unfortunate only in the choice of the play. Nathaniel Hartwig burlesques the drunken business, and maims several opportunities by over-posing and over-acting. His mental anguish takes the most grotesque methods of physical demonstration. Barton Hill makes the most of a dignified and ungrateful part. If the authors intended Mrs. Dobbs to be a howling idiot and a towzled frump, and they evidently did, Miss Russell's version is quite successful.

Society drama at the Baldwin, tragedy at the California, comedy, variety, and music at the other houses, it was timely for the Frawley Company to open their season at the Columbia with a strong, sensational play. *The Lost Paradise* combines sensationalism with brains in such a dexterous way as to make a drama that will appeal to the thoughtful theatre-goer as well as to the masses. It handles the labor question in a forcible and inoffensive manner, and, like *The Ensign*, displays the ability of the Frawley players for melodramatic, as well as comedy work. Mr. Frawley's tour has done him a world of good, if one may judge from the life and action he put into the

young superintendent. Maelyn Arbuckle, always a painstaking, reliable actor, made a strong character of Andrew Knowlton, the owner of the iron works. Ralph Standish was the conventional villain in the hands of Eugene Moore, and Bob Appleton was made delightfully jovial by George Leslie. Miss Jennie Kennark, returned to the Frawley fold, played Margaret, the mill owner's daughter, with taste and feeling. Miss Archer and Miss Bates set aside their smart gowns for the once, and played Nell and Cinders, girls from the works. Miss Archer's Nell, pale, pitiable, and feeble, was excellently sustained; Cinders was a revelation in modern toughness. In fact, Phosa McAllister, Hope Ross, H. D. Blakemore, Charles King, and all the members of this popular organization were there, conscientious as ever in their work, and seemingly glad to be in their home theatre again.

* * *

My Precious Baby, at the Alcazar, proves to be a refreshingly brisk piece of French comedy, worked into clever English lines, and well produced by Mr. Grover's company. Leonard Grover, Jr., plays the boy who, up to his twenty-first year, has been chained to his mommer's apron string. These slender chains give way at last, and the youngster well makes up for the time lost. Young Grover infuses great mirth and devilry into the lad, and makes of him an excellent comedy character, vivacious and gingery, and productive of no end of amusement for the audience. The company gives its accustomed strong support.

* * *

A vigorous old piece of melo-drama is *The Fugitive*, and a splendid presentation has it enjoyed this week at the Grand. Like hundreds of other pieces of the same character, its theme is rewarded virtue and punished crime, and Mr. Morosco's actors, with their wonted skill in this line of work, have brought out all the fire and excitement that are in the play. Next week Sedly Brown's comedy-drama, *A Long Lane*, will be produced with the entire strength of the company.

* * *

At the Baldwin, Monday night, Marie Wainwright will begin her final week with Sheridan Knowles' famous old comedy, *The Love Chase*. Her impersonation of Constance in this piece was received with much favor in New York. *The Love Chase* holds the boards until Friday night, when *Camille* will be presented and repeated at the Saturday matinee. Tom Taylor's comedy, *An Unequal Match* will be given on Saturday and Sunday nights.

* * *

Next week the Frawley Company will present at the Columbia their great success of last season, *The Senator*. Mr. Arbuckle's Senator Rivers, Mr. Frawley's Lieutenant Schuyler, Mr. Blakemore's Ling Cling, and Miss Bates' Mrs. Hillary are too famous here to need more than an announcement of their repetition.

* * *

Louis James' second and last week at the California will see that favorite actor in four different characters. Monday and Thursday, Percy Sage's dramatization of Scott's *Marmion*; Tuesday, *Othello*; Wednesday and Sunday, *Macbeth*; Friday and Saturday matinee, *Romeo and Juliet*, and Saturday night, *Hamlet*.

* * *

It is not generally known that Mr. Adolph Bauer, the musical director of the Tivoli, is a very talented pianist. Mr. Bauer was for four years solo pianist with Wilhelmj, Sarsarte, and Camillo Urso. He will give two Chopin recitals on Sundays, January 19th and 26th, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

* * *

A host of new attractions, besides several of the old favorites, have been on the Orpheum's bill for this week. Miss Huth's negro dialect songs have caught the town. She is one of the cleverest women that have ever appeared at the Orpheum—and that is saying a great deal.

* * *

IXION continues to crowd the Tivoli seven nights a week. The new edition introduces many clever songs, dances, and other specialties, and bids fair to keep the holiday attraction going for several weeks to come.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Olem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers

Commencing Monday, January 13th Every evening, including Sunday The superb FRAWLEY COMPANY in

THE SENATOR.

The perfection of all great American plays. An American comedy illustrating social, diplomatic, and political life in Washington, D. C. New and magnificent scenery. Elegant costumes. Seats, 15c., 25c., 50c., and 75c.
Week, January 24th: THE ENSIGN

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co. (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Commencing Monday, Jan 13th Second and last week of

MARIE WAINWRIGHT,

and her own company. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, *THE LOVE CHASE*. Friday night and Saturday matinee, *CAMILLE*. Saturday and Sunday nights, *AN UNEQUAL MATCH*.
Next attraction: The only grand opera this season, *THE TAV-ARY OPERA CO*

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co. (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Next week, Monday, January 13th. Second and last week of America's representative tragedian.

MR. LOUIS JAMES,

Monday and Thursday, first time here "Marmion;" Tuesday, by request, "Othello;" Wednesday, "Macbeth;" Friday evening and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Mr. James as Mercutio; Saturday night, "Hamlet;" Sunday (last performance), "Macbeth." Monday, Jan 30th, "In Old Kentucky."

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

Last performances of "The Fugitive."
MONDAY EVENING, January 13th—Sedley Brown's great comedy drama,

A LONG LANE.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and Manager

Every evening. The gorgeous mythological spectacle. The second edition of

IXION; or THE MAN OF THE WHEEL

Grand ballet; great cast; superb costumes; beautiful scenery; clever specialties; artistic marches. The wondrous transformation, "Sea shells." Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th, Souvenir Night. 25th performance of "IXION."
In preparation: "The Gentle Savage"

Popular Prices 25c and 50c

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Every evening, until further notice,

MY PRECIOUS BABY.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Matinee Prices—10c., 15c., and 25c.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Tremendous success of our new people. Another great bill.

6 NEW PEOPLE.

Mason & Healy, Deltorelli Brothers, Duoro & Bush, Caron & Herbert, Manhattan Comedy Four, and a magnificent company. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

PODESTA & BALDOGGHI.

FLORISTS and DECORATORS.

BAY VIEW NURSERY, 242 Sutter St.,

Between Kearny and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

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Dave Samson,

Fine Mercantile Lunch.

Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner, and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

PROGRESS

RESTAURANT.

327 and 329 Bush St.

Weak Men and Women

Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 913 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.



THANK heaven, the City Hall is going to be finished, not just yet, but some time later. Just now it is the dome that wants a few more nails, and the contractors have turned expanders, and have asked to have their contract expanded. So, two to one of the City Hall Commission, ninety days have been added on account of hard times. Let us be patient. Broderick, the Auditor, heard the cry of the distressed habel builders, and approved. The Mayor played the part of a Christian for the nonce, and said: Amen, so be it. Creswell insisted upon the pound of flesh, but was outvoted. So the City Hall is doomed to be domed some day.

When the dome on the City Hall is finished there is to be placed upon its apex a statue of Liberty. There is some doubt as to who will lift it to its place, the contractors who haven't finished the dome declaring that they draw a line at putting it up, it not being a part of the dome, and the statue builder declaring his work done when the statue is finished and laid within reach of the derrick. Representing Liberty herself, the City Government itself, or anybody who really loves Liberty and his native land will be at liberty to finish the job.

As a statue of Liberty on the City Hall, when it shall get there, that new statue will mean more liberty than any other statue of the kind in the world. It will be symbolic of the free and easy way in which we do things here and hereabouts. It will suggest not only liberty, but it will hint of the liberties we take with the very spirit of Liberty. It will tell not only of political freedom, but also of all the kinds of freedom there are in the matter-of-fact world, and also in the world of the imagination. It will lift its hand over the municipal government, and suggest the liberties its officers take with the municipal treasury. It will seem to preside over the courts of law, where the estates of the dead are distributed with a liberty unsuspected by the late lamented, and where matrimonial cages are opened to let loose the birds who find that liberty the sweetest which is earliest hought. It will seem to utter benedictions on the churches of the land, in which the people are free to worship God, and the ministers are free to worship the devil. But this is a rather unhappy theme, as the prospect opens, and so we shall take the liberty to forbear writing farther of the thing which everybody knows is the dearest thing on earth, but is every where treated as the cheapest, and is so shamefully abused that the very spirit of Liberty seems like a very devil, and makes most decent people wish in their hearts that Liberty herself were dead, and past resurrection.

The "tall man" and the "short man" into the firm took
One day, as a co-partner, the glib-tongued "Eastern crook,"
And since that hour, when citizens are stopped upon the road,
The "tall man" and the "short man" are said to be abroad;
And when a hank cashier is robbed the robber wore the look
The victimized at once declared of that bad "Eastern crook,"
But odd, it seems, in all the course of crimes, unvaried round
The "short man," nor the "tall man," nor "Eastern crook," are
found.

So then, perforce, we must assume those merry knaves can grow
From tall to short, from crooked to straight, and the detectives throw
Off all pursuit, yet 'tis but fair to give the rogues their due,
Although they ever dodge arrest, they always "leave a clue."

Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, who so unfortunately is deaf and dumb, is at the same time serenely happy. His appreciation of his own success and plastic genius are exalted by his expected nuptials in Oakland. But the other night he dined with Willis Polk and John Stanton in the California Hotel. Stanton told a lot of funny stories and amused the waiters vastly. They—to the number of three—for it was late—congregated about the table to hear the "Café noir fairy-tales."

Of course Douglas Tilden could neither speak nor hear. But all the same he smiled and beamed and hasked, in the

presence of so much attention. At last he wrote on a card to Stanton:

"How in the world, did these men find out who I am!"

All of which reminds one of dear old Oliver Goldsmith at Sir Joshua Reynolds' dinner, when Garrick turned to him and said severely:

"Dr. Goldsmith, I saw you at the docks to-day, witnessing the arrival of a lot of painted ladies from Flanders; and, sir, I was astonished to hear you murmur to yourself: 'Why does all this crowd gape at these gaudy Jezabels, when the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is among them!'"

Goldsmith blushed till his cheeks were scarlet, and answered: "Why Garrick, I know I was thinking that all the time; but I wasn't aware that I said it aloud!"

However, Tilden can be frequently amusing, unconsciously as ever of course. The world at large is well aware that a bas-relief, or a *basso-relievo* or whatever they call it in art, is a sculpture which stands slightly forth from the plane on which it is formed.

When Mr. Tilden recently made his celebrated kick about the quarters assigned to the Bas-Relief students in the Hopkins' Institute he observed that "the worst of it is, the men have not room to move about. They are expected to do *bas-reliefs* without moving around, which every modeler knows is impossible."

Pray does Mr. Tilden make his own bas-reliefs round or square, that he has no room to circumvent them! or does he call his statues bas-reliefs?

[After a little while, during which he (Dr. Brown) expressed himself in a very emphatic way, he said: "This evening I shall lecture, and trust you will appear at the meeting." The subject was "A Pale Horse."—Extract from Mrs. Davidson's testimony.]

The things which happened yesterday,

Oft come to pass again,

The rain succeeds the sunshine,

And the sunshine follows rain:

And so 'tis not surprising

But just the same old course,

Doc Brown left Mattie, rufy haired,

To preach on the "White Horse."

George T. Knox, the notary, whose ability as a raconteur is no less admirable than his wisdom as a notary, was husily engaged after New Year's Day taking "swear off" affidavits. Among those who forswore allegiance to the inspiring cup was the "short-bit capitalist," a prominent citizen who has earned this sobriquet from his custom of always paying, in a Montgomery street saloon, for his solitary drink with a short bit. He took the usual oath, and when the document was handed to him for examination, said:

"But, Colonel Knox, you have omitted an important clause."

"What is that?" inquired the notary, slightly nettled at this imputation on his accuracy.

"On my own account, sir," rejoined the wealthy hihulant, "I swear off on my own account. But I have said nothing about drinking on the account of others."

The all-important addition was made, and the capitalist departed with his "swear off," to look for a victim.

That wild snorter of the Alameda prairies, Dr. Bovard, is again blowing through his fiery nostrils wrathful gusts at all cluhs, as being conducive to knocking the pins from under Christianity.

Bovine Bovard's loud hellowings would fill a rotten tub,

The cluh to suit this orator should be a loaded cluh,

A cluh well charged with common sense on his gray matter falling,

The wholesome lesson might impart to cease his silly bawling.

The constitution of our mental and moral being is such that in order to preserve a vital equipoise we have to cherish in our community not only eloquent and somewhat moral ministers, but also statesmen whose record can be read by any one with half an eye, with that kind of pride that satisfies one's whole moral appetite. Now, there's that great and good man, late the Congressman from the Stockton district to the Congress of the United States, more recently Governor of the State. He has always been

great. When he was born, the scales indicated fourteen pounds, of which about seven pounds were cheek, and the rest cerebral gray matter in which thoughts are spontaneously generated. When the Examiner was collecting the dying words of the statesmen of California on the subject of the Funding Bill, the Governor, with his fingers in the armholes of his vest, and half of his eye bent upon the record of his past greatness, read aloud to the enquirer the few eloquent words in which, when he was a mere babe in the science of statesmanship, he pioneered the way to the Government ownership of the trunk line between here and yonder. If the Governor hadn't been a great man from the start, he would have been obliged to formulate an answer to the inquiry instantaneously. As it was, *ipse dixit*—he had said it. He was then a statesman in the Bud. He is now a Budd in statesmanship—the Gubernatorial chair—and loves to read aloud the record of his precocity. Later will he not be a Buddd in the Senate; then, maybe, swell into a Budddd in the Presidential chair? We imagine that will be considerably later. Such examples of early greatness are rare, but California runs to large developments, and we have to have them.

* * *

The lion may a twist endure of his prehensile tail,
May growl at Venezuela, and scout the Clan-na-Gael,
To Russia smiling say, "Dear Bear, old Turkey is no loss for us,
"Be good, we'll give you elbow room, perhaps, upon the Bosphorus;"
But when young German Billy cries, "come here and see the fly on
"The tawny and much battered hide of this voracious lion,"
The beast doth howl, the war foam flies from out his clashing jaws,
He bellows "Billy, take it back or else you'll feel my claws."

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch told a funny tale at the Bohemian Club the other night about a friend of his who is a prominent street contractor. This individual, it seems, was holding forth at great length on the problem of Great Britain's woes.

"The Napolyon av' Yurup is, Queen Victoria!" said the Contractor to his admiring friends; "She's filled full av' liquor and ambition. It ain't the English what wants to war, they all av' thim know they're scared. But Queen Victoria she wants to be ould Queen Elizabeth all over agin. She's deep—that ould woman!—and she want's to be queen av' all creation!"

Poor, tired old Queen Victoria!—Ambitious at her age!—That's all one may say.

* * *

Cupid and Hymen for some weeks have scowled at one another. The men of law who tie the knot had caused them so much bother; Groezinger collared all the fees for splicing happy couples, and squeezed them till the eagle screamed between his hawny knuckles;

Now Kerrigan is at the hat, and at cut rates will tie men
To those they love, so Cupid drinks again with merry Hymen.

A NEW shoe is a problem. Most people dread the ordcal of "breaking them in." But when one can go to P. F. McNulty's, 139 Post street, and secure shoes that one may wear with perfect ease and entire comfort from the first moment they are placed on the feet it is serene enjoyment. In fact, corns are unknown to them. But at the same time they are thoroughly fashionable. The most "swagger" set in town goes to no one else except McNulty, and the fashionable clubmen are universally his patrons.

THE Regeneration of Remorse.—Every time a man be-thinks himself that he is not walking in the light, that he has been forgetting himself and must repent, that he has been asleep and must awake, that he has been letting his garments trail and must gird up the loins of his mind—every time this takes place there is a resurrection in the world.—George MacDonald.

The remainder of the entire stock and beautiful fixtures of Colonel A. Andrews' Splendid Diamond Palace is now up for a final auction sale. There have been some magnificent bargains realized there this week during the sales—which by the way, continue from half-past ten in the morning till late in the afternoon. Colonel Andrews has been noted for years as the best judge of precious stones on this continent, and some of the finest gems in his collection are still to be had.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.



A PIPE OF
YALE
MIXTURE
after a long run on the wheel is most refreshing. The blend is delightful.
A 2 OZ TRIAL PACKAGE
POSTPAID FOR 25 CTS.
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CLEARANCE SALE of FINE SHOES

At 25c. and 50c. on the dollar.

Nolan Bros.
Shoe Co.

812-814 Market Street,

Phelan Building.

Head Golds,

Catarrh, dry mucous membranes, soon yield to the treatment of the famous DR. MCKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE.

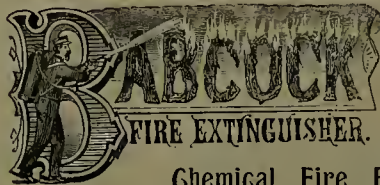
BE CONVINCED FREE.

To show that Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure gives instant relief and continues to drive away the cold or catarrh, 7 free trials per week will be allowed you if you call at the

Baldwin Pharmacy,

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Call for free treatment of Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure.



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Rubber Goods of every Description.

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.,

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager.
577 and 579 Market St., San Francisco.



AMONG the many resolutions sure to be made in the opening of the New Year, it is said, the following old sayings will fit admirably several of our society beaux. One gallant soldier is quoted as advising a certain pretty bud not to be so fickle and uncertain, reminding her that "a rolling stone will never gather Moss." Another, a young man of millions, is pondering over the axiom, "it is well to be off with the old love before one is on with the new." Another is: they say, considering the idea of having an ode written to the old missionary hymn tune to be sung by the guests at his next supper: "To Greenway's ice-cream function we've come a happy band." Yet another is said to be determined on making his best girl Winn, mothers-in-law to the contrary notwithstanding. An old soldier is credited with saying it is considered fine to be an old man's Darling, but it isn't in it with being an old woman's.

* * *

It is funny to listen to a bevy of girls commenting upon the different steps and styles of dancing of the men who are their partners at cotillions. This is about what they say: Wilcox has a loose sort of roll; Maus glides beautifully; Davis is sentimental in his way of holding his partner; Southard Hoffman prances; Addy Mizner is jerky; Summerall is too lovely for anything; Morton Gibbons keeps perfect time; Ed, Greenway is so fat he has to bold your waist at arm's length; Al. Bowie's step is slow and graceful; Tom Van Ness has a hop, skip and jump style; Willis Polk is slouchy; Winston holds a girl splendidly, he's so tall; Joyes, on the contrary, is sort of afraid to "brace up" his right arm to a stiff tension; Tara McGrew dances all over his partner's toes.

* * *

A rumor is afloat in the swagger exclusive B'lingham set that it is meditated by the powers that be in that favored spot to have a society circus. Now, what special form this species of amusement is going to be is what is provoking curiosity in the swim. Society is known to indulge in many a pastime which can appropriately be called a "circus," yet no ring nor clown is appended. Again, a ring and clown in society often produce a decided circus in themselves. The gossip of the hour is that a *bona fide* old time circus is what is meant in this case, however; and Hobart, Baldwin, Clifton, Tobin, in fact, all the sports of that select settlement are to take part. On dit, Jack Casserley will do an act on stilts, and Carey Friedlander a feat never yet equaled.

* * *

The result of such *esclandres* as the Brown-Davidson affair is nowhere more apparent than in the attitude observed by our men—particularly the old ones—toward the naughty fair sex. No more doth the fascinating typewriter cast her wiles with success. A cold wave now takes the place of the affectionate, fatherly interest of yore of her employer, and the confidential stenographer is now relegated to an outer office. It is amusing to note the difference of the late afternoon car passengers. The men are all busy with their papers now, and do not cast even a glance in the direction of the ogling feminine who sits near

* * *

There is some talk of an army and navy ball to be given before Lent. The army does more than its share of entertaining, and the women should show their appreciation of it by taking a little extra trouble in going out to the Presidio hops, even though the night be dark and chilly. A big ball in which the navy unites is sure to draw a large crowd, and already the buds are planning fresh gowns for the occasion.

* * *

If Dame Rumor speaks by the card, one of the sweetest as well as fairest belles has been captured by a young society beau. At any rate the probabilities are so discussed, and it has made a breeze in society's drawing-rooms, of late.

Talbot Clifton is said to be in a state of huge disgust over the report that a charming bud of the season has got "the whip hand" of the leader in horsey doings at B'lingham. The Britisher is reported as bewailing the fact because he fears the check-rein may become a feature of the harness in future.

* * *

A pretty girl who lives in a quaint corner house, is said to be likely to share the Joyes of an army life in the near future.

GREETING.

To all my friends and acquaintances New Year's greeting.

At the same time I take this opportunity to extend to the music loving public as well as to the representative press of San Francisco, my sincerest thanks for all the many marks of appreciation and encouragement shown me during my recent stay in their midst.

Fritz Scheel,
Kapellmeister.

New York, Dec. 27, 1895.

THE death of Robert George, of Sausalito, will be greatly deplored in Marin County. His prominent business and social position and the invaluable services which he performed in behalf of the beautiful little town in which he resided render his loss a public calamity there. For fifteen years he had been the secretary of the Sausalito Land and Ferry Company, and, in that capacity, he was largely instrumental in the splendid improvements which have marked its rapid progress. Mr. George was born in Baltimore seventy years ago, and leaves a wife and five children.

During the recent war-talk in London, it seems that the Music Halls have revived the famous old "Champagne Charley" song, with its patriotic touch and its celebrated Moet & Chandon refrain.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

The New Creamerie.

YOUNG & WEISEMAN'S POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT STILL GAINING A DESERVED REPUTATION.

The New Creamerie, at 725 Market street, has since its founding been a place of resort for the most particular of San Francisco's epicures. A first-class service, aided by an extremely low scale of prices, has been influential in establishing the reputation of this famous house, but these have been well hacked up by the many original ideas advanced and by the high quality of the food furnished, and, in spite of its competitors' jealousy, the Creamerie continues to hold a foremost place among San Francisco's restaurants. All the butter, eggs, milk, cream, and vegetables used on its tables are all produced at the ranch of the proprietors, which guarantees their purity and freshness. Special attention is given to the bread and pastry used, everything in this line being baked on the premises and under the eye of the proprietors, while the coffee is a special feature which alone would serve to make the place popular. Delightful string music is one of the features.

A Sunday "Table d'Hôte" dinner, the price of which is only 50 cents and which will outclass any dinner served in the city, is a new addition to the attractions of the New Creamerie.



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ROYAL BATAVIA GIN,

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White Bottles.

Beware of refilled bottles.

Without Exception the Finest Gin

Imported, and Especially Adapted for

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CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

314 Sacramento St., S. F.

HENRY L. DODGE.

THE appreciation of the Board of Education for the admirable administration of Henry L. Dodge, in re-electing him to the office of President of that body, proved the



Henry L. Dodge.

confidence which this branch of our municipal government have in his integrity and sagacity.

Mr. Scott's nominating speech expressed the situation when he said: "I think that, without regard to politics, under the present government, the members of this Board have been treated very fairly. The rulings have always been just, and, remembering the old adage that it is poor policy

to swap horses in the middle of the stream, I therefore nominate Mr. Dodge for this Board for another year."

The result was entirely favorable to Mr. Dodge, of course, although he was himself a warm adherent for the election of Mr. C. A. Murdock. Mr. Dodge has held distinguished official positions during his long career on the Pacific Coast, but he is doing magnificent service nowadays.

AN ILL WIND.

CURSE the luck!"

The milkman gave a vicious tug at the pump handle and jumped into his wagon. Giving vent to his spite by whipping his horse unmercifully, he sped down the road, leaving the air blue behind him.

For years he had left home every morning before day-break with his cans half filled with milk. These he stocked up with water from the old pump and then proceeded to serve his customers. For the first time in his career as a purveyor of pure milk from his own dairy, the pump had failed him. Somebody had broken the handle.

It was too late to return home, and he hadn't the nerve to borrow any water from his neighbors, hardened though he was.

In the midst of his reflections, he was accosted by a stranger, who ordered him to stop, at the same time displaying a State Dairy Inspector's badge. With a much better grace than the official had expected, the milkman pulled up his horse and uncovered the cans for inspection. The result was a complete surprise to the man with the badge. He was utterly dumbfounded. For the first time in his life all the milk he tested was absolutely pure.

The news spread far and wide. Soon the milkman had not a single rival left in the place. The monopoly made him rich, and everywhere he went he was proudly pointed out as the one honest milkman.

—JAMES J. O'CONNELL, in Truth.

The Pommery Sec Stakes.

In the race last Saturday at the Bay District track, for the Pommery Sec stakes, the time was 1:39¼, beating the former Coast record, which was 1:40. This remarkable time suggests a parallel. The noble horse which sped over the track, and won honor, knew not that the prize raced for bore a name which is held in high honor by all the aristocratic epicures in the Old World and this. The man who drinks Pommery wins sound health, a clear mind, a wholesome and even temper, and a broad and sunny view of humanity. If he is going the pace, Pommery Sec restores his health, invigorates his palate, and comes to him an angel of recuperation, enveloped in a garment of sparkling wine. The course of life, like the course the horse speeds over, gains additional value when the stakes are of such wide import.

No visitor ever fails to visit the wonderful Japanese goods and cloisonné ware at Geo. T. Marsh & Co.'s, under the Palace Hotel.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

UNION TRUST COMPANY

Of San Francisco,

January 2, 1896.

ASSETS.

Bank Premises	\$ 601,074 51
United States and other Bonds	308,795 00
Loans on Real Estate	362,228 73
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	910,000 00
Money on Hand	91,428 51
Due from Banks and Bankers	306,473 90
Furniture and Fixtures	9,508 17
Other Assets	50,080 77
	<u>\$2,675,190 49</u>

LIABILITIES.

Capital Paid in Coin	750,000 00
Reserve Fund	10,000 00
Profit and Loss and Contingent Fund	51,484 91
Due Depositors	1,862,613 47
Other Liabilities	1,082 11
	<u>\$2,675,190 49</u>

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Reasons:

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Mountain Spring Water.
Years in the Wood.
Improved bottling.

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No Harmful Acidity.
No False Ferments.
No Cloud of Sediment.

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No. 205 New High St., Los Angeles.



Major McLaughlin's Recent Retirement.

The scurvy treatment Major Frank McLaughlin received from a portion of the press of this city on the eve of his retirement from the active management of the mines on the Feather river, near Oroville, was just about what might be expected in a quarter where the worst construction is put on everything, no matter whether it be right or wrong. In the desire to say a few little mean and nasty things, the fact was overlooked entirely that McLaughlin has been the means of bringing some millions of money into the State. A very large proportion of this money was paid out for labor, putting bread into the mouths of families which would otherwise have experienced the pangs of poverty during the hard times which have borne so heavily on the working classes for some years past. No mention was of course made of this or many other benefits which the State has derived one way and another from the inauguration of an enterprise which has no equal in modern times from an engineering standpoint. It is this same mean and carping disposition which has done so much to hurt the State abroad. No matter how promising an enterprise may be, nor how faithfully it is conducted, the small-souled individual who is always with us, is sure to find some basis for an underhand attack. This reputation has hurt California abroad more than might be believed, especially in cases where men less favorably situated than Major McLaughlin are unable to defend themselves. The English investors in the Feather River mines have nothing but the kindest feelings toward the man who, ever watchful of their interests, has devoted years of his life to the work on their property. During the entire seven years which Major McLaughlin has devoted to the management of this stupendous enterprise not a dollar has been paid to him as salary. He simply stood on a level with other shareholders in the division of any profits which have accrued, but, in addition, gave up his time, and supplied the brains and energy to execute a work of such magnitude and character. Without McLaughlin, the snow-fed torrents of the turbulent Feather would still be dashing in heavy volume over the massive boulders which mark its course through mountain gorges, instead of flowing peacefully under control as it does now; elevated many feet above its ancient bed, and, without a McLaughlin, the object of this herculean task will never be attained. It is pleasant to be in a position to authoritatively assure the malignants, so grievously exercised over Major McLaughlin's relations with his recent associates in the Golden Gate and Golden Feather Companies, of Loudon, that they continue as friendly as of old, mingled with a sincere regret that his decision is unalterable in regard to retirement from the position of general manager, in which, from first to last, he has earned the most flattering encomiums from shareholders both large and small.

The San Francisco Stock Exchange. On Monday next the annual election of the San Francisco Stock Exchange will take place, and in view of the important changes inaugurated, involving the listing of a new class of mines, it is one of the most important which has ever taken place. For the executive position of President Mr. Joseph Marks and Mr. Gurnett have been nominated. In Mr. Marks the nominating committee has made a most happy choice. He is in every respect a true representative of the typical broker, brainy and energetic, with a reputation which has never yet been questioned. He is just the man required now to put the Board where it belongs among the leading institutions of this city. Confining his business strictly to the commission branch, his sympathies would naturally be with the meow on the floor, while experience has taught him the line of duty, but for the development of the business and the general prosperity of the Exchange. Active and popular with all who are brought in contact with him, he is in every sense a representative man, who will reflect credit upon the Board no matter in what position he may be placed. The members cannot too highly appreciate a man of his char-

acter, and in honoring him they are honoring themselves. There is little doubt that Mr. Marks will be elected and his entry into office will signalize a new and brighter era for the Exchange, which includes many worthy and honorable men among its membership. The San Francisco Stock Exchange is worthy of more recognition than it receives just now from the public of this city, but the election of such men as Marks, a man above suspicion, will go a great way in building up confidence among outside investors. While the companies, be they on the Comstock or off it, listed on the Board can expect fair play under the Marks regime, we will venture to say that they will be kept under better control and in a truer line of conduct than they ever have been when other men have been in power, whose only claim on the office was an untoward display of an inimical feeling to the so-called "insiders." The other offices will be filled by the present able and courteous incumbents, many of whom have done faithful yeoman's service in the Board.

California Gold Mines Are Booming. The citizen that is not interested in a gold mine now is not in it, and the chances are that he will come a cropper later on in trying to head the procession

of coming millionaires with a blind jump. The small people have now got hold of the line, and prospects are in demand. The big fish can have their going concerns for all the public cares at this end of the world. A story is now going the rounds of a young fellow working in a Market street pharmacy for a pittance, who got a relative to grub stake him on a prospecting tour. After hard work he managed to strike it up in Nevada County, and has now a little ledge opened up from which he is taking out \$1500 a month. The shortage of water in the mountains is being felt in this city now, although, perhaps, it may not be yet perceptible to some people who have forgotten that there is such a thing as a mine in California. At least one and one-half millions of dollars in gold has been tied up in the mountains by the failure of the water supply, which would have, otherwise, come into town. A falling off of gold shipments to this extent must, necessarily, make itself felt in commercial circles.

The Alaska Mill To Start Up. In the Alaska mine the Grizzly tunnel has been run in 165 feet, and good ore has been found for a considerable distance back from the face. Of the forty stamps already in place, twenty have been repaired and are ready to drop next week when milling will begin. The improvements which have been already made to this plant are of such a substantial nature that the mill is even better than it was when first erected. Mr. Randolph Payne arrived in town a few days ago, but will return to the property as soon as possible. We have nothing to say, but to reiterate that this mine, under proper management, will turn out to be one of the best purchases ever made by the English investor on this Coast.

Comstock Mining Shares. No new feature developed in the mining market on Pine street during the week. The news from the mines continues favorable, but the speculative voice is unresponsive. Possibly after the gold mines make their appearance in the Board there will be an incentive to get in and do some rustling. As it is, the public can hardly be blamed for not standing in. There are no chances to make a turn at a profit worth taking a risk upon, and this is at the bottom of the dull times on the street.

United States Gold Yield. From figures received the director of the mint estimates the total gold output of the United States at about \$47,000,000. During the past year California produced \$15,600,000 in gold and 154,700 ounces of silver. Nevada produced \$1,700,000 in gold, and 622,000 ounces of silver. California's gold production is larger than that of any other State, Colorado coming next with \$15,000,000 worth.

Mining Schools. The proposition to devote twenty-five per cent. of all money paid to the United States by each of the States for mineral lands for the maintenance of schools of mines in each of said States, will be hailed with satisfaction by the mining community at large. The passage of the bill by Congress will be the death-knell of impostors now masquerading as mining experts.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil's air, with you."

IF the 'Town Crier' should get on his horse and ride furiously to every corner, and call out the names of those who should be earliest held up to public execration, this man W. H. V. Raymond, who ignorantly and unblushingly degrades the title of Professor, would hear the syllables of his name. As an employé of the State Government, it has been his duty to revise the State school books. He has considered his chief duty to be the drawing of his monthly stipend of \$250. Instead of revising the old grammar, he has virtually confessed his inability to understand what the word "revise" means, and a like inability to devise a grammar. He has, accordingly, employed a couple of girls, who know more grammar in a minute than he ever knew, to write a spick and span new grammar at \$150 per month each. He has explained to the Governor that he was, meanwhile, spending his time in the more arduous task of using his scissors and pasting scraps together for a new reader. We commend this highly honest educator to the attention of the people, that he may be taught a lesson in each of those studies, grammar and reading. Let him learn the difference between the present and the past tense, as expressed in the sentence: Professor Raymond *was* in the employ of the State, instead of *is* in that employ. That will teach him also how easy it is, by a new method, to read a knave out of office. As to the girls, whose grammar is said to be such as will beget a mental chaos in the minds of all pupils, they may be well satisfied that they have easily accomplished the dread result that all the grammarians from away back have succeeded in doing.

THE town of Truckee, which up to date has been more noted for its vigilance organization, known as "The '601," than for efforts of an æsthetic nature, has this season distinguished itself by the construction of a so-called "ice palace." The people of Truckee have at their command all the frigidity required to make the enterprise a success, and by a free use of water and hose have contrived to completely cover a circular wooden rink with a glittering coating of ice, outside and in. Then there is a toboggan slide, as an additional attraction, and all the residents of the sunny valleys and of the towns and cities by the sea have been invited to take a trip to the lumber town high up in the Sierra and experience a little of what is called "old-fashioned fun." Much of this hilarity is of the marrow-freezing and tooth-chattering order, but for those who enjoy a temperature of zero or thereabouts there is much in this festival at Truckee to repay a journey over the Summit in Midwinter. Before the close of the ice carnival, the historic "601" may find occasion for a manifestation of its old-time skill with the tar bucket, and this consideration adds a "special inducement" to the "occasion."

NOW since Ingersoll has withstood the concerted onslaught of prayer, what do the pious conspirators infer? That their appeal was too quietly made and, therefore, was not heard, or that high Heaven was busy caring for the unambitious and the humble? It strikes us, as would a sledge-bammer, that the Christian Endeavorers should not try heaven so much after the manner of the rain-makers, nor suppose that prayer is like a swarm of bees to be "settled" by the noise of a beaten tin pan. It is possible that Ingersoll is not as important in the eyes of God as he is in the gaze of Christians whose eyes are dazzled by the false flash of his rhetoric. If orthodoxy be true, it may be that the Lord is willing to let Ingersoll go for the retributive benefit of the lost; or, being most merciful, He may let him go below to cheer the melancholy set.

THAT the British lion has a tail is known to every American patriot, and on this side of the world it has come to be believed that the tail was made to be twisted. But it seems not. When other than a cousinly hand gave it a turn in Berlin last week, the show of teeth and the roar of the venerable beast astonished our jingoes. There is blood in the old lion, and fight, too, as Emperor William is evidently realizing.

SAN FRANCISCO is never likely to be forgotten if the world wants something particularly vile and nasty to talk about. Nation may clash against nation, and all the international heavens be smotheringly dark with war clouds, but we invariably take some such occasion to let the world know we are up to some deeds of such monstrous wickedness that we cannot hear the roar of other people for the very din we are making ourselves. We are positively a mighty bad lot, and when the ministers put on an especially sanctimonious look and ask each other to join in prayer, they can't help laughing. It is certain that if things go on much longer, we shall have to stop attending prayer meetings, and instead of putting our nickels into the contribution box, shall have to divert them to the new slot machines, which will be soon made to toss out a card on which the name of the next long shot will be expressed in ciphers known only by ourselves.

SPEAKING of Dr. Brown, the spiritual adviser of the Reverend Sam Mayer's congregation, the Presbyterian vice-gent of the Lord for the gathering in of souls into Christ's everlasting kingdom, it looks as though, in the repentant language of that great and good man, Henry Ward Beecher, in whose steps the Rev. Brown has plainly been trying to walk,—it looks as if he, the said Brown, had been, to his own soul's extreme delight, indulging in the sugared, paroxysmal kiss, about five fingers deep.

OF course we do not know the way in which the Reverend Dr. Brown's mind and emotions operate, but if he isn't on what Brother Beecher described as the ragged edge of despair, we know little of the ragged edges of anything. But, if things keep going on as they have been, without any let-up in the evolution of religious nastiness, we shall have to join the other brethren in delivering the decree of the decent people, that Dr. Brown do now from his pulpit step down and out, and cease everlastingly henceforth calling other people sinners, or trying to coax them up to the stool of repentance.

IF Dr. Brown has about his church, or his home, or he knows where there is any over-large sized stool of repentance of the true blue kind, he had better take a pre-emptory on it, for he will need it to sit on, and stand on, and sleep on, to continually cry therefrom that his sin has found him out, that he is a mighty bad minister of the Lord, that there isn't blood enough in any Lamb to wash out his sins, and that it will require a whole fold of full grown sheep to do it well.

IT surprises no one that the Spanish Government should exercise in Cuba a strict censorship over press dispatches, but that a free government like that of England should do the same thing in South Africa has stunned the journalistic mind so completely that it has not the strength left wherewith to utter a complaint. It is only speechlessly astonished. The men who are attending to England's interests have plainly come to the conclusion, which has been reached by many others, that government by newspapers should not be absolute. It does very well in times of peace, but, when war threatens, and statesmen and soldiers retire the newspapers and take their place, men of sense approve.

THE Rev. Dr. Cook of Boston has returned from abroad impaired in body. He was a much over-estimated man. Imprudent of speech, yet he was inclined to speak boldly on matters which would have engaged the sober thought of a philosopher. In his egotism he was typically American. In Seattle he referred in a public speech to local matters of a very delicate nature. In Hawaii he did likewise, and was asked by the United States Minister, who was present, to modify his remarks. The consequent humiliation doubtless preyed upon him mentally to his bodily hurt.

THE tumult over the Venezuelan difficulty has done much to down the cant about "ties of blood" between this country and England; the "brotherhood" of the two great English-speaking nations, and other bosh of the same sort. So, it is to be hoped, the present local stir in church circles will go far to expose the hypocrisy of a large number of pious humbugs, male and female, who trade upon their professions of religion and their connection with the churches.



A Book "Marie Corelli" is fond of dealing with the supernatural in some of her stories. She has written some books in which the mystical largely prevail. Her characters are, as a rule, strong, clear, and well-drawn, and, among the most ardent of her admirers, she can claim Her Britannic Majesty. Her real name is Marian Mackay, and it may be truly said that she is one of the most popular English authors of the day. But by "popular" it must not be understood that we mean a discrimination of what is best, for the writings of "Marie Corelli" are, usually, too hectic for our tastes. Her characters may be well-drawn, but they are not real characters. They are not the men and women one meets in every day life, simply because to draw such characters well requires genius, and that is something "Marie Corelli" does not possess. To our mind her writings are too stagey and her characters, no matter how well drawn, always remind us that they are aiming after effect. When we read her books we very often think that there is more sound than sense between their covers. They might have pleased us during our school days, but we have left those days behind us some decades. Now, in our mature life, we look on her writings as too ornate and unhealthy. We always look on her style as very like that of Ouida's. It is turgid and turbid, but it is not immoral. Although tainted with idiotic theosophical nonsense, yet, like Ouida in her best days, the writings of "Marie Corelli" are full of exuberant vocabulary and pyrotechnic imaginings. And, it appears to us that her last book, "The Sorrows of Satan," is very much in line with her previous books—good in its moral tone, bumptious in its dialogue; brilliant in some of its parts, but wanting in that touch of nature which causes our inner self to feel that the thing is not real, and that it is a mere chimera and a sham. True, in her present volume she is very severe upon the prurient literature of the day; she assails Mr. Swinburne, and does not spare the adjectives in her assaults; she attacks the shams which discredit what some people profess to be Christianity, and she does not avoid censuring the so-called moral loftiness of Her Majesty's Court. Although, like Ouida, her thirst for sensation is great, yet she is the opposite of Ouida in her moral perception, for "Marie Corelli" becomes exuberant in the completeness with which she denounces vice, but, withal that, her book, "The Sorrows of Satan," is delightfully diabolical in its sensationalism and in its startling situations. It gives the reader one "thrill" to every few pages, and that ought to be enough for any ordinary sensation seeker. First of all, we have Satan, who goes to London disguised as a handsome, unknown, but very wealthy, prince, while he assumes the name of Lucio Ramanas. Of course he becomes popular, and society makes him one of its idols. Then a certain titled lady appears upon the scene, and she promptly falls in love with Satan. The morality of this lady is somewhat tainted. She has been reading Swinburne's poems, and Lady Sibyl, for that is her name, has surrendered herself to Swinburne's teachings. She sees Satan, loves and is conquered, and in a fit of spasmodic passion she flings her arms around Lucio and tells of her love. This is a piece of stage play, a "thrill," a "burning incident" which gives the reader some idea of how "Marie Corelli" makes situations. But what must we think of Lucio, who, marvelous to say, pushes the fair Lady Sibyl from him, calling her hard names as he does so. This is another incident, another "thrill," for it apparently makes quite a good Satan out of Lucio. Who ever thought of making the devil a moralist before, except for a purpose? But "Marie Corelli" is nothing if not new and the inventor of "startling situations," and so she makes a Satan to answer her purpose. And then follows another "thrill," for the frail Lady Sibyl determines to commit suicide. She cannot survive her love. She had beard her adored one call her "a fair fiend," and what love-struck maid could calmly suffer her "heart strings" to be thus "torn out" and desire to live? But she will not leave the world with-

out leaving behind her "a statement," and this "statement" furnishes the reader with many more "thrills," in fact, it is quite a battery of "thrills," and it introduces all sorts of things, Swinburne's poetry, the scientific heresies of the day, and many other things, all of which are sensational and full of flush, dramatic situations, and pyrotechnics. All of this is very like "Marie Corelli." But even as Lady Sibyl suffers "the tortures of the damned," from the effect of the poison, yet she writes on. Her fortitude is heroic. Page after page vanishes under the inspiration of her pen as she "writhes" in her death agonies. Here are more, many more, splendid "thrills." But at last the light comes, for she finds out who Lucio is! She has loved the devil, and there is the moral of the story. And as she makes the discovery she writes:

"Serve me, dear hand, once more ere I depart. * * * My tortured spirit must seize and compel you to write down this unnamable, that earthly eyes may read, and earthly souls take timely warning! * * * I know at last whom I have loved!—whom I have chosen, whom I have worshipped! * * * I know who claims my worship and drags me into yonder rolling world of flame."

This passage gives a fair idea of the general tenor of the book, which is full of "situations" and is constantly aiming after effect. No doubt the characters are strong, but they are stagey, luminous, and more like jacks-in-the-box than real men and women. We do not want our moral teachers to give us our lessons through literary fireworks or to "thrill" us into good behavior by dramatic situations as unnatural as they are unreal. We care little for the load of adjectives that are flung at us from behind the covers of sensational literature, and while we admit "Marie Corelli's" gifts as a powerful descriptive writer, yet it is the "power" of a thunder storm that alarms the unlettered and the savage, but has little effect on the cultured and the refined. This may be considered disrespectful to Her Britannic Majesty, but such is our view of one of her, alleged, favorite authors.

* "The Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed has given us a very old plot in her book, "Mrs. Tregaskiss." We can see nothing new in a cultured English girl marrying an Australian sheep raiser with whom she has nothing in common, nor is there anything novel in finding that, as her life at "the station" is dull and her husband unsympathetic, she is tempted to desert him for a stranger more congenial to her social aspirations. That story has been told ten thousand times, and we grow weary of the repetition, even under the gifted fingers of a brilliant writer.

Dean Hole's "Little Tour" is a book of impressions of the United States. They embrace an extended tour over this country, and we wonder that Dean Hole did not give his book some other name than "Little Four." On the whole the Dean was favorably impressed with America, but, before he warned young English gentlemen coming to this country to ranch, would it not have been well to tell his readers of the many Englishmen who have made good homes in California by the very ranching he warns his people against.

"Old World Japan" or "Legends of the Land of the Gods" is not an accurate title for a book on Japan. That country is no more the "Land of the Gods" than any other country with a mythology of its own. Nor do the so-called "legends" deserve their name, for there is little, if any, legendary lore about them. They tell us nothing about the mythology of "Old World Japan," and, while the book is not without merit, yet the title is misleading.

Col. Dodge in his History of Gustavus Adolphus says that the great captains who must be models for whomsoever would succeed in the profession of arms were Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, and Frederick. All great captains, but we should say the Great Six Captains were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon.

There were seven hundred books issued from the American press last year. This does not include reprints, juvenile books, or the great mass of cheap trash, which were placed on the market, but it only refers to such books as may be expected to command respectful attention.

Some of the literary papers are discussing the difference between Dickens and Thackeray as readers, and one of them in particular is showing a want of knowledge of the subject. As for Dickens, his readings were a great success. The author of the "Christmas Carol" had every possible quality which could be needed to make a great public reader. He had a magnificent voice, a strikingly handsome face, with eyes that lighted like stars. Some people did not like the way he read Sam Weller, but that was the extent of the criticism on Dickens. But it was different with Thackeray. He, too, was a splendid reader, but Thackeray did not read from his own novels as Dickens did. If he had, he would in all probability have failed. Dickens was alive, and you could almost fancy the figures he spoke for, were on the stage by his side, but Thackeray read as a cultured gentleman to a cultured audience, and with all his brilliancy he never stirred his hearers as Dickens did—never.

The Chinese department of the British Museum Library contains a single work which occupies no fewer than 5,020 volumes. It is an encyclopedia of the literature of China, covering a period of twenty-eight centuries—from 1000 years B. C. to A. D. 1700. It is written in the Chinese language, from copper type cast by Jesuit missionaries, by order of the Emperor Kang-he, and it took a commission of learned Chinese forty years to complete the work.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

WHY comes he not? The hour is late,
He ne'er forgot before;
I sit in silence and wait
His step outside my door.
I thought for once I would surprise
That truant love of mine;
But all untouched the supper lies,
Unop'd the sparkling wine.
The violets I bought for him
Are wilting in despair;
My blushing rose—his foolish whim—
Is burning in my hair.
Men are so strange; they seldom think
Of things as women do;
They love as they may eat or drink,
Forgetting all when through.
We women venture much, it seems,
On what is merely chance;
And many find the blade that gleams
Behind a lover's glance.
Can he be false? I still can feel
His kiss. I hear the vow
He made that night when he did steal
The love he turns from now.
Some say there is a God above,
And some that it is Fate;
But hush, his step—his knock! "O Love,
'Twas wrong to come so late!"

San Francisco.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Protects Users of "Royal."

The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trademark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well-known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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IN GLAD WEATHER.—CHARLES B. GOING, IN SCRIBNER'S.

I DO not know what skies there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
A little, when we turned to go;
I think I saw the grasses sway
As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!
I think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
Across the fields; we were alone,
We went together, you and I;
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!
I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road;
I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

LITTLE BOPEEP—LITTLE BOY BLUE.—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

It happened one morning that Little Bopeep
While watching her frolicsome, mischievous sheep
Out in the meadow, fell fast asleep.

By her wind-blown tresses and rose-leaf pout,
And her dimpling smile, you'd have guessed, no doubt,
'Twas love, love, love, she was dreaming about.

As she lay there asleep came Little Boy Blue,
Right over the stile where the daisies grew;
Entranced by the picture he stopped in the dew.

So wily bewitching that beautiful morn,
Was Little Bopeep that he dropped his horn
And thought no more of the cows in the corn.

Our sorrows are many, our pleasures are few;
O moment propitious! What could a man do?
He kissed the wee lassie, that Little Boy Blue!

At the smack the woolies stood all in a row,
And whispered each other, "We're clearly de trop;
Such conduct is perfectly shocking—let's go!"

SONG.—WILLIAM WATSON, IN LONDON SPECTATOR.

O like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head!
But O, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed,
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So prond, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread,
And O, her queenly golden head!
But O, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

THE DIFFERENCE.—G. S.

Silly fool, 'tis in vain you pursue,
She heeds not the words that you say!
Can't you see, as you fruitlessly woo,
That her thoughts are with one who's away?
That tho' far all her love he commands
Of which you can have not the least part?
You are near, you can touch her dear hands;
He is nearer—he touches her heart.



Out of sorts

—no wonder. Think of the condition of those women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way.

They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and hearts—out of their wits, too. Why not use **Pearline**? That's what every woman who values health and strength is coming to. And coming to it faster than ever. Every day, **Pearline's** fame grows and its patrons increase in number. 481

Millions NOW USE Pearline

WINTER CRUISES

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE ORIENT.

The Hamburg-American Line's

TWIN-SCREW EXPRESS S. S. FUERST BISMARCK, will leave New York January 28, 1896, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Nice, Tunis, Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Genoa. New York, duration about ten weeks. Also,

WINTER CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES

and the Spanish Main. The Hamburg-American Line's **TWIN-SCREW EXPRESS S. S. COLUMBIA** will leave New York January 25, 1896, for Port au Prince (Hayti), Mayaguez (Porto Rico), St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadalupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra (for Caracas, Venezuela), and Puerto Cabello, Kingston (Jamaica), Havana, New York, duration about four and a half weeks. This is the first time a Transatlantic liner (about four times as large as an ordinary W. I. Liner) with all its comforts is offered on this route.

NEW ROUTE TO LONDON AND PARIS.

Twin-Screw Express Steamer Service—NEW YORK to PLYMOUTH (London), CHERBOURG (Paris) and HAMBURG. For further particulars apply to HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE, 37 Broadway, New York.

A. W. MYER, 401 California St., cor. Sansome, San Francisco.

The New California Insect Extremator. Clears out Moths, Fleas, Ants, Roaches, Bed-Bugs, Mites on birds, chickens, etc. Contains NO POISON.

Never Falls. **Eucalyptus Powder** Never Falls.

Made from the concentrated extract of the blue gum leaves. Creates no disagreeable odor. Each package equal in power to one-half pound of ordinary insect powder or tar balls. Price, ten cents per package, \$1 per doz. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Energetic persons wanted to act as State or county agents. Big inducements offered reliable parties. Address all orders and communications to the sole manufacturers,

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTION CO.,

328 Seventh St., San Francisco, Cal.

UP-TO-DATE



Tailoring

At Moderate Prices.

J. H. HAWES,

Mezzanine B, Crocker Building. (Up one half flight fronting on Post St.)

Brandt & Co.

FINE TAILORING

139 Montgomery St.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States, J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Flor
de



CIGAR.

The latest and the best brand out.



SHE—I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigarette in my presence. **HE**—Then I'll throw it away. **SHE**—Oh, I didn't mean that—Life.

AN OLD gentleman who had dismounted from his horse, walked into a wayside inn and left the animal in charge of a barely clad urchin. But on returning he found another boy holding his horse. He scanned the little destitute through his eyeglasses and exclaimed: "Well, but you're not the boy I left my horse with!" "No, sir," said the boy; "I jist spekkulated, and bought 'im of t' other boy for a ha'penny." The boy received a "threepenny" for his straightforwardness.—**Tid-Bits.**

SHE never knew he drank
Beer, brandy, wine or rum;
SHE knew he'd be a man
And not a drunken bum.
SHE knew he did not drink
And told the reason why—
SHE noticed every morning,
He was so awful dry.

—Peck's Sun.

HIS WIFE—Algernon! Run for the doctor, quick! Baby's just suffering awful with the colic! **THE ARTIST**—Er—wait a minute till I sketch him. That is the very attitude I have been trying to get for my next magazine poster.—**Indianapolis Journal.**

"I HAD a long argument with D'ghy this morning," said the controversial man, "and I convinced him." "So he told me." "Ha! he acknowledged it to you, did he?" "Yes. He said that he'd rather be convinced than talked to death, any day."—**Fun.**

PAT—Hello, Mike, oi hear yez have a noo joh? **MIKE**—Shure I have, Pat. **PAT**—And how are they all up yure way? **MIKE**—Everybody's sick. **PAT**—Aye, aye! That's too bad, man! **MIKE**—Oh, no; I'm working at Bellevue!—**Harper's Bazar.**

JUDGE—What's the charge? **POLICEMAN**—Drunk, your honor. **JUDGE** (to prisoner)—What's your name? **PRISONER**—John Gunn. **JUDGE**—Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, hut you musn't get loaded again.—**Texas Siftings.**

Men raise their sons in idleness,
Although their means be scanty.
But frequently you find a man
Who's had to raise his aunty.

—New York Recorder.

JUDGE—What extenuating circumstances can you give? **COUNTERFEITER**—Please, your honor, I made the money to pay for my lodgings. **JUDGE**—Very good; it will pay for your board and lodgings for the next five years.—**Tit-Bits.**

MAY—They tell me your engagement with Charlie Gumpheigh is broken. How did it happen? **CARRIE**—It is no great mystery. The fact is, he was too fresh to keep; that's all.—**Boston Transcript.**

HE—There's a superstition about this conservatory. They say no man ever took a girl in here that he didn't kiss her before he left. **SHE** (demurely)—I've never had any reason to doubt it.—**Truth.**

MUGGINS—Wigwag is in very heavy mourning for his wife, isn't he? **BUGGINS**—Yes; he carries it to extremes. I met him on the street to-day, and he even gave me a black look.

HE—What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings? **SHE**—I should think, love, that you were a lyre.—**Town and County Journal.**

"MAMMA, didn't the preacher say that the natives of Gonalooloo were no clothes?" "Yes, darling." "Then why did papa put a button in the bag?"—**Punch.**

DOOLAN—Fitzgerald says he's disconded from some of the greatest houses in Ireland. **MULCAHY**—Musha! So he did many's the toime—on a ladder.—**Puck.**

BARON—Show me the most startling thing you have. **TAILOR**—Certainly. Mr. Baron, you shall see your bill in a moment.—**Fligende Blatter.**

Wrong chimney, bad lamp
—no matter what lamp you
have. You want the "Index
to Chimneys"—free.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co,
Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of
"pearl glass" and pearl top."

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one hundredths (3 61-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1896.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.
Office—101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter. San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31st, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five one hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1896.
Office—526 California street. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 31, 1895. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1895, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1896.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Cafe Royal, Fourth and Market streets, S. F. Oysters and lunches served in private rooms. Entrance on Pioneer Court. Home made tamales.

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

MEDICAL

A Sovereign Remedy—**DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE.**
One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c.
George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.
Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest corner Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay
Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
A perfect fit guaranteed.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawallan Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

336 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)
Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

400 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.



DEAR EDITH:—As I said last week, extravagance grows apace. It takes an artist nowadays to design a gown, and a full purse to pay for it. A ball-dress for instance—filmy gauzes, figured with colors which would be the envy of Watteau or Fragoniucré; exquisite chiffons in rainbow tints; dainty Louis Quinze taffetas;—it all involves artistic genius to make the combination.

The mandolin sleeve, with the fullness drooping below the elbow, and the full bishop sleeve gathered into a colonial cuff, are the two most popular styles. Although the sleeve is beginning to cling to the arm more and more, the fullness receding to the top, fitted to the figure in small flat pleats.

Skirts are as full as ever. The panel front of a different material with overlapping sides has become the swagger style. The front is made of a straight width, folded over to form a wide box-pleat. As a rule the skirt is fitted closely to the hips.

The hats and bonnets this season are as gorgeous as ever. What with splendid velvet bats crowded with fluffy plumes and flashing buckles or iridescent beads and gaudy bows, life in the *beau monde* is expensive.

Persian ribbon in its strange, Oriental tints are used at very extreme width. Then there are capots of wrought gold-net with mercury wings of lustrous metallic shimmer.

And, by the way, speaking of underwear, we have at last a perfect corset. It's called the "R. & G.," and you can get it in over a hundred different patterns. It lasts till "doomsday," but the chief reason why I like it so much is that it adapts itself at once to each particular curve of the figure, and does not cost any more than the others.

The New Berthas are very artistic, and as usual flowers are still very popular. One which is composed of graceful sprays of Locust-blossoms—yellow—goes well with black tulle. Light grecu leaves add to the charming effect.

Then there are the lace Berthas which are studded with imitation gems that are brilliant in either black or white lace.

Poplin in gay plaid tartans is growing in favor more and more every day, and they make an effective combination.

Velvet, of course, still serves for capes and coats, as well as gowns. The tasteful Louis Quinze coats are very attractive when made of the striped material.

Petticoats are another luxury nowadays, and black taffeta or satin is the rule, but for receptions and evening wear, all sorts of colors in taffeta and China silk or brocades are in vogue.

Eight or ten little ruffles, cut in leaf points, and overlapping each other, are pretty, and they are managed so as to alternate with pleatings of white or black lace—verily a gown in itself.

To be really swell, one must have a skirt to match the silk-lining of every costume in her wardrobe, so as not to make the difference noticeable.

The flaring Marie de Medici and the officers' collars with flat bands figure quite prominently, and often they are combined. The high inside collar is fastened tightly about the throat, the Marie de Medici collar being made of lace or velvet and carefully wired out to make a graceful frame for a beautiful face.

BELINDA.

THE sudden and sad death of Charles K. Shattuck, the junior member of the firm of E. J. Shattuck & Co., last month, has not interrupted the business of this well known house, over which the deceased partner presided so successfully for fifteen years. Mr. E. J. Shattuck, his brother, has just returned from the East, and is renewing his old friendships with San Francisco's business men. His extensive commercial affairs in New York are in excellent shape, and the energy which he has exerted heretofore in the management of his affairs will not be relaxed.



Ask
To
See
Them.

Guarantee a perfect fit and graceful appearance to any variety of figure, and are comfortable and durable.

Made in short, long, extra long and extremely long waists; four, five, and six-hook clasps.

We take pleasure in recommending W. B., for the fit and wear of which we hold ourselves responsible. We cheerfully and promptly furnish a new pair in all cases of dissatisfaction from any cause.

W.B. Corsets

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MME. MARCHAND'S GREME DE LA GREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



Endorsed by
W. T. Wenzell, M.D., Pb.G.
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C. F. Jones, Pb.C.
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Dr. Lichau,
Dr. Murphy, and others.

MME. MARCHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist.
Rooms 30 to 41. 121 Post St. Taber's entrance. Telephone 1349.
Send for booklet.

A
Well
Dressed
Woman

Should have

Fashionable Modes, Well Fitting,
Perfect in Workmanship and
Elegant Finish.

I furnish these requisites.

Mrs. A. J. Bradley, Modiste.

313 Geary St., San Francisco.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

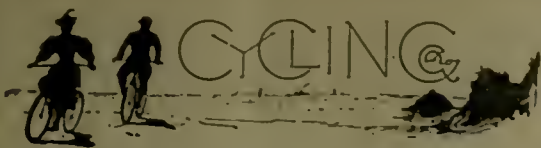
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.



For the best value in
HATS or CAPS
Go to

G. Herrmann & Co.

The Hatters, 328 Kearny St.,
Near Pine. (Entire Building)
The ONLY Retail Hatters
having their own factory.



If bicycling is an excellent preventive of disease and a promoter of good health, it is of no less value as a remedy for certain pathological conditions, says Dr. Henry J. Garrigue, in the January Forum. By its effect on respiration and digestion, bicycling becomes a potent remedy for anemia, that condition of the blood which consists in a diminution of the red blood-corpuscles, and shows itself in pallor of the skin and the mucous membranes. Numerous nervous troubles are relieved or cured by this exercise: such as neurasthenia, or nervous prostration,—a condition usually due to overwork or worry, and in which the normal strength is lost, and the slightest exertion causes fatigue and physical and mental exhaustion. The same holds good in regard to headache, insomnia, and neuralgia. Among the nervous affections benefited by bicycle-riding may also be included that troublesome disease, asthma, a cramp-like contraction of the muscles of the bronchial tubes, which causes a painful sensation of choking. In the beginning of phthisis, where parts of the lung tissue become condensed and less pervious, moderate bicycle-riding is helpful. Many diseases of the intestinal canal—such as dyspepsia, constipation, and hemorrhoids—yield to the effects of wheeling. A case has recently come to the writer's knowledge in which the stiffness remaining after a fracture of the leg was successfully treated by riding a bicycle.

But if bicycling is a valuable resource in certain diseased conditions, there are numerous others in which it is harmful or should only be indulged in very cautiously. Most acute diseases demand rest, and bid the cyclist abstain from his favorite pursuit; and many chronic diseases are made worse by riding. Since wheeling considerably increases the rate of the respiratory movements it would be folly for a person with advanced pulmonary consumption to attempt to ride. The heart being whipped unmercifully to work in driving the machine, wheeling should be strictly forbidden in serious diseases of this organ; and persons affected with minor cardiac troubles ought at least never to race or otherwise expose the heart to a fatigue which it is not prepared to stand.

Last winter the New York Legislature enacted a law for the benefit of Niagara County, providing for an annual tax of 50 cents on every bicycle, the money to be used for the building of cinder paths and improving the roads generally for wheelmen. Under this law the board of supervisors appoints two commissioners, who must be wheelmen and serve without pay, to supervise the construction of the bicycle roads. Such action as this shows to what an extent the use of the bicycle may be expected to affect even legislation in this country, and the best of the whole thing is that whatever influence the bicycle has exerted in the past and may be expected to exist in the future in a public way can only be in the line of what is good and useful.

CYCLING SIGNALS.—French wheelmen have adopted a code of signals by whistle. The whistle is much used in France in preference to the bell. Following are a few of the signals used:

Ordinary alarm, three short notes: — — —.

Halt, one long-drawn note: —————.

Come ahead or follow me, to long notes: —————.

"Where are you?" or "We are here," three half-long notes: — — — — —.

Turn to the right, one long drawn note, one short: — — —.

Turn to the left, one long drawn note, two short: — — —.

Lookout! there is danger ahead, ten sharp notes in quick succession: — — — — —.

Call for help, three short and one long note, several times in succession: — — — — —.

One of the most singular and unique instances of a rapid and prosperous rise in our commercial history on



CLARENCE MARTLING.
A Prominent Oakland Clubman.

this coast, is to be remarked in the career of C. E. Martling, manager of the Pacific Coast branch of the Syracuse Bicycle Company. Two years ago he opened business in Oakland at 107 San Pablo Ave., and had an immediate and extensive patronage, in fact, so much so that recently he has taken up the spacious quarters at 224 Sutter street, which are tinted to suit the beautiful crimson shade of the Syracuse Bicycle. Mr. Martling is a member of many clubs on this coast, among others of the Bay City, the

Reliance, and Lakeside Tennis, besides being an active factor in the Alameda County Good Roads Association.

The winter bicycle season is in full swing, and all over the State bicycle clubs, with captains, lieutenants, and sub-officers are being organized. In fact, we should have a splendid bicycle corps for our militia in case of war. J. M. Litchfield, the tailor, at 12 Post street, has supplied the soldier-like shoulder-straps which all the corps have adopted here.

"It is particularly hard that the price of camphor should be forced up so high this year, of all others, when there are so many pairs of bloomers to be preserved."

There is no occasion for the citizens of San Francisco to go to the beach for a salt water bath when they can be accommodated with such excellent provisions as are made at the Lurline Baths, situated at the corner of Bush and Larkin streets. These baths are open summer and winter, and are furnished with hot and cold water for tub bathing or a swim. They furnish health, comfort, and amusement. Open at six o'clock A. M. for early bathers. Fresh salt water pumped every evening at 10:30.

"BARNES"
THE WHITE FLYER

IS

THE

MOUNT

FOR

96

THE WHITE RIMMED HUMMER IS THE COMER

HOOVER & CO.

Retail Store—No. 1640 Market Street.

Cyclery—Cor. Page and Stanyan Streets.

Wholesale Dep't—16-18 Drumm Street, S. F.

COAST AGENTS FOR

BARNES
BICYCLES

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.

THINGS TO THINK OF.

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age.

Rice forms the chief food of about a third of the human race.

A needle will float if carefully placed upon the surface of a basin of water.

The weight of blood in the adult human body averages from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds.

The statement has been made, and seems incredible, that all the gold in the world would fit in a room twenty-four feet each way.

Gold is yellow only by reflected light. If a leaf of gold, as ordinarily used by gilders, be placed between two pieces of glass, and held up to the light, it will be seen to transmit a brilliant green light.

If a delicate piece of lace be placed between an iron plate and a disk of gunpowder, and the latter be exploded the lace will be utterly destroyed, but its impression will be clearly stamped on the iron.

There are no less than twenty-eight bones in one hand and wrist, and about as many in a foot and an ankle. The bones of the hand and feet are equal in number to one-half of all the bones in the human body.

An ordinary spider thread is capable of bearing a weight of three grains, while a steel thread of the same thickness would support less than two.

The greatest inland sea is the Caspian, which is seven hundred miles long by two hundred and seventy in width.

An Oriental method of detecting crime is to take several persons suspected of the offense and require them to chew dry wheat. The nervous fears of the guilty man seal up his salivary glands, and he chokes in attempting to reduce the grain to pulp.

The starfish fastens itself to the body it wishes to feed on, turns its stomach inside out, and enwraps its prey with this useful organ.

One of the best remedies for a burn is Carron oil, a mixture of equal parts of linseed or olive oil with lime water. Another admirable remedy is bicarbonate of soda—that is, cooking soda—a small box of which should always be kept at hand for immediate use.

Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still. If he does this the whole squadron will pass over him without doing him injury.

The most valuable fur in the world is that from the belly of the Russian silver fox. The color is black, with here and there a tip of silver. The fur is used exclusively for linings, and though exceedingly warm, is so light that the material for a whole coat or cloak only weighs but a few ounces. The black fur of the silver fox is also valuable, but is used for trimmings and outside wear.—*Colliers Weekly*.

THE MIDGET OF PLANT LIFE.

THE midget of the whole tree family is the Greenland birch. It is a perfect tree in every sense of that term, and lives its allotted number of years (from seventy-five to one hundred and thirty), says St. Louis Republic, just as other species of the great birch family do, although its height, under the most favorable conditions, seldom exceed ten inches. Whole bluffs of the east and southeast coast of Greenland are covered with "thickets" of this diminutive species of woody plant, and in many places, where the soil is uncommonly poor and frozen from eight to ten months a year, a "forest" of these trees will flourish for half a century without growing to a height exceeding four inches.

Kentucky is famous for its Bourbon whiskies, and its brands are numerous. Among those that have stood the test of time and use is the celebrated J. F. Cutter. The best judges have declared it to be the most excellent in the market. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the agents for this celebrated brand, for which they have established a large trade. They are also agents for the Argonaut brand of Kentucky Bourbon.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY. MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Well, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$6,250,000

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N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. [Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooley, Cashier
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THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

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Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

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AGENTS: New York—Drexler, Morgan & Co. Boston—Downer & Co. Philadelphia—Drexler & Co. Chicago—Atlas National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexler, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 50. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,300,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

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HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1895.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

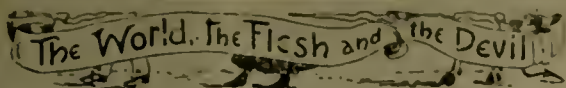
OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS. AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.



A DUEL with sabres has not been regarded without a disfavor. It is true one took place between two Hungarian gentlemen, but it is thought the dueling laws have been set by France, and it is not the thing to break them. A duel with sabres is impossible between Frenchmen; it is thought barbaric; the rapier is consequently the only *arme blanche* that can be used. A Frenchman is authorized to refuse a duel with any other weapon than the rapier or pistol. It is true the sabre is used for dueling in Spain and in some parts of Italy, also in Austria, Germany, and Russia: thus the majority seems to be in its favor.

—Queens often find themselves in a dilemma when they have to receive repugnant persons. Queen Margherita of Italy is a devout Catholic, and holds very strict views on marriage. When Crispi came to power his first wife was still alive, as was also the first husband of his second wife. At first the Queen stoutly refused to admit Donna Lina to court, and a tremendous storm ensued. Her Majesty, however, had to give way, and her words on the occasion were: "All right! tell Signor Crispi I will receive his wife; but I will receive only *one* of them, and I insist it must always be the same one."

—Speaker Reed is a chauged mau. He is no longer the snapping, snarling, sarcastic person that he used to be. Whether this revolution in his manner has been caused by the increase of the fatty matter of his physical structure, or by the cutting off of his mustache, or by policy dictated by his Presidential aspirations, is a question. We concede that it is to the interest of the House that Reed should play the part of an amiable man; but we don't believe that it is going to help him in his candidacy.—Richmond Dispatch.

—Lucy Cleveland, in a letter to the New York Recorder, reveals the fact that Amélie Rives wrote "According to St. John" for the purpose of defraying expenses due a French surgical scientist for remedying deformity of features in the face of a gifted but poor lady friend of hers. The surgeon's bill was \$6000, and that amount was paid Miss Rives for her story by The Cosmopolitan.

—In several of the mountain cantons of Switzerland a bride receives a most prosaic and curious wedding gift, a Gruyere cheese. It is made by the bride's girl friends, and is of great size. In the new house it is put under a glass case and never eaten. Every important family event is recorded on the rind, so that it serves as a family Bible.

—The crusaders against rice-throwing at weddings, who have the sedate support of the Lancet, now have the law upon their side. A London magistrate has decided that to throw rice at a newly-married man for luck amounts to an assault.

—It has been decided by an Ohio court that wives are legally responsible for the support of their husbands when the husbands cannot furnish the support. Of course the new woman will agree to this.

—The Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome has issued a decree forbidding bishops approving the constitution and by-laws of any society that has not some religious or moral purpose in view.

His FATHER—Charles, it's time you were fitting for college. CHARLES—I was going to speak to you about that matter, pa. I think about four new suits would just about fix me all right for a starter, or, say, three at least. There's nothing like being thoroughly fitted, pa, is there?—Roxbury Gazette.

The Grand Canyon Line!—To the East.

The "Santa Fe Route" Popular Overland Excursions to Chicago and Eastern cities will leave every Wednesday. Manager in charge. Through Palace and Upholstered Tourist Sleepers are run to Chicago every day. This is the only Line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. Send for illustrated book giving full particulars. C. H. Speers, A. G. P. A., 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,181,910
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—Loudon Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA AND JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, June 30, 1895.....\$24,303,873
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,613,277

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Weaver, Charles Pace, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, J. G. Eastland; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$800,000

HEAD OFFICE.....59 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CALIFORNIA TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.

Paid-up Capital, \$250,000. Cash Reserve Fund, \$25,000.

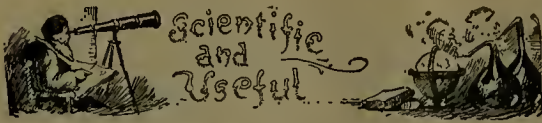
L. J. ELLERT, Manager.
This company loans money on real estate and transacts a general trust business. It also makes and continues abstracts of title and issues guarantee policies which protect the holder against loss.
OFFICE—Mills Building, San Francisco.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers.
F. N. LILIENTHAL }



STAINING WOOD BLACK.—A process that is much employed for the above purpose consists in painting the wood consecutively with copper sulphate solution (1 per cent) and alcoholic aniline acetate (equal parts of alcohol and acetate.) A very durable black—and the nearest approach to real ebony—is readily obtained by moistening the surface of the wood with dilute sulphuric acid (1:20) and subsequently applying heat. A temperature of 60 deg. —90 deg. C., suffices in a very few minutes to produce the desired result. An excellent black was obtained in this way on beech, bass, and boxwood; while a second treatment with acid was necessary in the case of cherry, walnut, and birch. With oak and ash the results were not so good; and apple, and different varieties of pine, were still less amenable to the process, pine especially being unevenly stained. In order to afterward remove the acid from the wood, it might be well to thoroughly wash the latter with dilute soda solution, followed by clean water. It is unlikely that this method can be applied to any but small articles, because of the risk of possible fractures during the necessary heating of the wood.—*Badische Gewerbezeitung.*

How to "SALT" ALMONDS.—To prepare salted almonds, blanch them by pouring boiling water over them and rubbing the brown skin off with a rough cloth. When they are blanched and quite dry measure them, and over each cupful of nuts pour a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Let them stand for an hour, and then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly. Spread them out on a flat tin pan, and put them in a not too hot oven until they have become a delicate brown.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

IMPORTED CEMENTS.—"Why do we import cements instead of making all we use?" The answer is simple as rolling off a log. The average price abroad—say in Belgium—is only \$1 39 per barrel. We can't make it for the price. True, good cements are made in this country for even less than that, but they are mostly plain hydraulic (lime) cements, and not to be compared with "Portland."—*American Homes.*

ORE AND SHIPBUILDING MATERIAL.—Cleveland dispatches report that the navigation on the lakes, just closed, has broken all records both in the movement of ore and ship-building material. The consumption of steel thus far this year has exceeded all calculations. It is estimated that the quantity of ore being consumed this year is almost double what it was a year ago.

OILS.—New linseed oil is unfit for painting; it should be at least six months old, and is better if kept for several years. By storing the oil in tanks the water and mucilage are precipitated as a paste called "foots." Oil is bleached on a large scale by placing it in shallow troughs lined with lead and covered with glass. The lead aids in the decoloration.

LIQUID GLUE.—According to German authority, a new and excellent liquid glue is made by dissolving gelatin in a solution of chloral hydrate in water. Ordinary glue may replace the gelatin for ordinary use. This cement is said to dry quickly, to have great adhesiveness, and to remain unchanged indefinitely.

GASOLINE ENGINES.—Not only has the gasoline engine proved superior to electrical appliances on motor carriages, but it is now claimed that street cars propelled in much the same way will come to supersede in time the present electric cars, experts saying that such cars can be run at a cost of one cent a horse power per mile.

The finest line of custom-made furnishing goods for gentlemen such as shirts, collars, cuffs, neckties and underwear, can be found at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street. He also keeps the latest styles of ladies' shirts.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO.....2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets, \$5,783,243

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$3,206,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$697,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,880,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

Assets, \$5,493,831

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,083,321

Pacific Department, 407-409 Montgomery street.

BROWN, CRAIG & CO., Managers.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY.

OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up \$1,000,000
Assets..... 3,192,001 60
Surplus to Policy Holders..... 1,506,469 41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000.

Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F.

George E. Hall,

Agent and importer of

FOREIGN WINES.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, 222 Sansome St.

THE SUMMONS CAME TOO LATE.

A REFRESHMENT room at Earl's Court. Enter Mrs. and Miss Ormerod. As they pass one of the tables, a young man starts violently, half rises, and takes off his hat. Mrs. Ormerod eyes him with an impertinent stare, and Miss Ormerod looks fixedly at the wall beyond him. The young man hastily resumes his seat. When they have found seats at a safe distance and ordered refreshment, the ladies give vent to their indignation.

"Well, Laura, of all the impudent—"

"Mr. Marston never was noted for his modesty, mother."

"I should think not; but London is the place to bring him to his senses. He'll soon find his level here."

"I wonder what he is doing? He seems well dressed."

"Counter-jumping or shop-lifting, I should imagine. That's all he's fit for."

"He could waltz divinely."

"Then he had one redeeming virtue. Perhaps he teaches dancing."

As the band outside ceases playing, sundry people saunter in.

"Why, there's Sir William! I do hope he'll see us."

"Why doesn't the man look this way?"

"If he isn't talking to Mr. Marston! How flattered that young man must feel!"

"Perhaps he is ordering a new coat."

"Or, more likely, complaining about the old one."

"I hope he is arranging for some dancing lessons. He waltzes horribly."

"You could forgive that if he were only good-looking."

"At any rate, he is very good-natured."

"Or he wouldn't be talking to young Marston."

"At last he sees us!"

The ladies bow gracefully. Sir William walks across to them.

"Now, whoever would have thought of meeting you here?"

"How badly expressed, Sir William! An 'unexpected pleasure' would have sounded so much better."

"I sit corrected. I see, I see; are they good?"

"Very bad; but we are pretending it's summer."

"By the way, Laura and I are quite dying to know what you have in common with Mr. Marston."

"A very great deal, Mrs. Ormerod."

"Coats, and—waistcoats?"

"Dancing?"

"Really, I ought to have had an ice, for without one I see no connection. You know Marston, then?"

"He was a clerk in father's office. We did know him, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear. Sir William will understand the degree of intimacy that indicates."

"Mr. Marston is a friend of mine."

"How extremely condescending of you to put it that way. Mr. Marston would be flattered if he heard you."

"I fail to see why."

"Look at your different positions in life. You are a man of title."

"And Marston is a man of genius—a somewhat scarcer article."

"Why, what has he done?"

"Have you not read 'Waiting'?"

"Of course. Some one sent me a copy. I never found out who. But that was by 'Godfrey Newcome.'"

"Quite so—Marston's pseudonym. Then I know you have seen his play, for I was in your box at the Lyceum—on Tuesday, wasn't it?"

"Did Mr. Marston write *My Lady Disdainful*?"

"Indeed he did, Miss Ormerod. I am surprised you did not know it."

Miss Ormerod appears lost in thought. Then she sees Marston rising to go; she turns quickly to Sir William.

"Do me a favor. Tell Mr. Marston I wish to renew our old friendship."

"Delighted."

He walks after Marston.

"Marstou, au old frieud wishes to speak to you—Miss Ormerod."

"Does she?" A pause. "You remember what I told

you about that girl in the country who said she would give her answer when I was famous?"

"Yes."

"I told her she would have to send for me then, as I would never ask again. You have just brought her summons."

"The dennee I have!"

"She has only just learnt that I am—or a success?"

"Not a whisper of it till I told her."

"I thought so. She cut me dead a quarter of an hour ago. It's too late now, old man. Tell her what you like, only don't hurt her unnecessarily."

"All right, sonny, I understand."

Rejoining the ladies—

"Mr. Marston wishes me to say he would have been delighted to have had your message a quarter of an hour earlier, but, as it is—"

"Well, Sir William, as it is?"

"As it is, Marston and I are returning to town together. Good afternoon, ladies."—The Sketch.

NOT TRUSTING THE LAWYER.—A Durham miner, aged 73, visited a Newcastle lawyer (a bachelor) for the purpose of making his will. The old man's property consisted of two small cottages, which had cost him £150, and a little furniture. The lawyer having asked his client how he wished to dispose of his property, the latter replied: "Ma old woman hes to hev all se long as she's my widow. Efter that ma bairns gets all." "What age is your old woman?" asked the lawyer. "Seventy-two," replied the miner. "And how long have you and your wife been married?" asked the lawyer. "Over fifty years," replied the miner. Thereupon the lawyer suggested to his client that he should give the wife the interest during her life, whether she continued a widow or otherwise. "Hinney, aa winnot; aa'll hev ma aan way," said the miner. "But surely," replied the lawyer, "you don't expect your old woman, 72 years old, would marry again?" The miner, looking the lawyer full in the face, answered with much solemnity: "Wey, hinney, thor's nae knaaing what young cheps like yourself will de for money."—Current Literature.

This is the prime time for oysters, and no one is equal to Moraghan, of the California Market, when the freshest native or imported are concerned.

FOR IRRITATION OF THE THROAT caused by Cold or use of the voice "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are exceedingly beneficial.

ANNUAL MEETING

Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 15, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1896, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Monday, January 13th, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. L. PARKER, Secretary. OFFICE—Room 15, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Oceanic Steamship Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oceanic Steamship Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, THE 21ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1896, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, Jan. 10, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary. Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Pajaro Valley Railroad Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pajaro Valley Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1896, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Thursday, January 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary. Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

San Francisco Gas Light Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the San Francisco Gas Light Company will be held at the office of the company, at 12 o'clock M. on TUESDAY, January 21, 1896. WM. G. BARRETT, Secretary. San Francisco, January 7, 1896.

Tenison Deane, M. D. Tel., East-33. Residence 1003 Sutter. Office, City of Paris Building No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.



THE pace of November was almost too rapid for our small society to keep up, and there has been a gradual slackening down ever since the middle of last month. It was said that once the New Year holiday had passed, the season would be one mad whirl until its close, but so far the prediction has scarcely been realized. There were three first appearances at as many houses on Monday night for society to take choice from for its theatre parties, and they were all well patronized, while many of the suppers that followed were jolly affairs. There was a pleasant "at home" at the rooms of the Sketch Club on Tuesday, the usual monthly reception day of the members.

Last evening the Friday Fortnightly had their usual dance at Lunt's Hall; Miss Grace Sabin gave a very charming party at her home on California street, and the long anticipated, several times postponed, reception at the George Pope's became an accomplished fact; and just here it may be said that Mrs. Dan Murphy's friends are delighted to hear of her convalescence after her recent serious illness in New York.

Among to-day's attractions will be Ed Townsend's readings from his popular novel of "Chimmie Fadden," in conjunction with a musical programme in the Auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association building, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary. Mr. Andrew Bogart will give a song recital at Golden Gate Hall, and the first of Mrs. Jewett's "recitals" takes place at that lady's residence on Bush street.

The cotillion of the Friday Night Club last week was led, as usual, by Mr. Greenway, with Miss Romietta Wallace as his partner, and while no new figures were introduced, those danced were pretty and greatly admired by the on-lookers. The attendance was larger than anticipated, the ladies' gowns handsome, and the supper excellent. The interest regarding the next meeting of the club, which will be the Leap Year cotillion on Friday evening of next week, is very great. Miss Sallie Maynard will have the assistance of Miss Emily Hager, who is quite a veteran in like affairs; it will be a *bal pondre*, and great things are expected at the hands of the young lady leaders.

The crowning joy of the holiday week was the dinner dance at the Richelieu on Saturday evening. Mrs. Levy always requests her guests to invite one or more of their friends to dine with them during the New Year week, but on this occasion they were not limited to number, the result being a delicious dinner, a lively dance, and a charming little supper. Another pleasant affair of last Saturday was the young ladies' luncheon at Mrs. D. N. Neustadter's on Van Ness avenue, which was followed by a matinee party at the Baldwin.

Engagement entertainments have been largely in evidence for some time past, and among the couples so complimented by their friends were Miss Rose Walter and Abe Monteiff. Miss Gertrude Naphthaly and Lionel Feigenbaum, Miss Belle Grant and Edward Pond, the culminating event to the latter couple being the very handsome dinner given last week by the mother of the groom-elect, Mrs. E. B. Pond. There were thirty guests at table, combining the married and the single, and the affair is spoken of as having been most enjoyable.

Mrs. I. N. Walter's dinner to her niece was also a grand affair, at which twenty-five guests assembled around the elaborately spread board. Miss Rose Neustadter is another who has been largely entertained by her friends prior to her departure Eastward and to Europe.

Among recent diners one of the most elaborate was given by Dr. and Mrs. R. A. McLean last week, to which sixteen were invited to meet the guests of honor, Governor and Mrs. Budd. Mrs. W. I. Kip was a hostess who presided over a very large dinner party on Wednesday of this week.

Miss Jennie Catherwood has been the pioneer in the Sunday tea line this winter, vocal music being quite a feature of her recent entertainment. Miss Daisy Vau Ness's tea was also a pleasant one, and the same may be said of those over which Miss McNutt and Miss Genevieve Goad presided.

The event of the week in Jewish circles was the wedding of Miss Adele Dannenbaum and Daniel Fletcher; but the ceremony which is expected to eclipse all previous like gatherings will take place at the Concordia Club rooms on Tuesday evening of next week, when Miss Gertrude Naphthaly and Lionel Feigenbaum will be the bride and groom. The Jarboe-Bull nuptials have been finally set to come off on the second of February, and the young couple are to spend several months in California ere going East to reside, which is pleasant news for Miss Kate's friends, among whom she is so great a favorite.

An exceedingly pretty wedding was that of Miss Adele Dannenbaum and David Fletcher, which took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, on Octavia and Bush streets. The house was elaborately decorated, the display of flowers being unusual for this season of the year, but the chief effect was produced in the large parlor, where white and green were the hues, and the bower wherein the young couple stood during the marriage ceremony was an exquisite creation of ferns and orange blossoms, tiny wedding bells depending from the front; the Reverend Dr. Voorsanger was the officiating clergyman, who made the happy couple "one flesh." The bride's costume was of heavy white satin, artistically draped on the corsage with point lace and bunches of orange blossoms; the long flowing veil was also caught with a spray of the bridal blossoms, while the bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Hulda Dannenbaum, sister of the bride, was gowned in white chiffon and lace over white silk, the corsage square filled in with rare lace. Mrs. Dannenbaum's gown was of corded silk of a ruby hue, with long train covered with duchesse lace, and she wore superb diamonds. Henry Schussler was the groom's best man. After the congratulations to the bride and groom, the guests repaired to the dining-room, where an elegant supper was served by Ludwig amid Christmas holly berries and palms. The festivities were kept up until a late hour, with dancing, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher will, upon their return from their honeymoon trip, reside for a time at 1630 Octavia street, where they will receive their friends.

Among the gatherings of next week will be the reception at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, on Thursday evening. It will be under the auspices of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, and a very excellent musical programme has been arranged by Mr. Sabin, the organist of that church.

Though it would be generally supposed that the winter, and especially such a frosty one as we have enjoyed of late, is hardly the time for a pleasant coaching party, the recent one given by Jas. D. Phelan proved delightful. The party of eight started from San Jose, their destination the Lick Observatory, and, that it was most enjoyable, it is only necessary to hear it dilated upon by any of the aforesaid eight to be quite convinced of the fact.

The University Club has been the locale of several very pretty luncheon parties of late. Among those of note were the party arranged by Mrs. Willie Ashe to meet her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harold Sewell, nee Ashe, and the elaborate one given by the Misses Williams to a number of the season's buds. Several more will take place at the Club next week; one of them will be the largest of the season so far.

Society is delighted to welcome to its fold Mr. and Miss Warburton, who promise to be decided acquisitions. Mr. Warburton is the recently appointed British Consul-General at this port, and his daughter, Miss Warburton, is spoken of as a very charming young lady.

The Entre Nous Cotillion Club will give a "Fancy Dress Leap Year German" on Friday evening, January 31st, at the Palace Hotel. It promises to be one of the most successful and brilliant assemblies of the winter season.

The Musical Courier. (New York Weekly) October 9, '95, contained nearly a three-column interview with the organist, William C. Carl, upon his return East from a Western tour, wherein Mr. Carl takes occasion to remark thusly about our fellow townsman, musical Marcus Henry: "My manager, Mr. Marcus M. Henry, of San Francisco, of course looked after all this, and here I would like to say a word in behalf of his indefatigable labors in my behalf, which were always crowned with success. He was simply untiring in his energies, and always so discreet and intelligent in his plans that I felt absolutely safe and prosperous in his hands from the outset. He certainly worked for my interests well, and I feel that I owe him a great deal."

Miss Lillian O'Connell, daughter of Captain J. J. O'Connell, U. S. A., is an accomplished reader and elocutionist. Miss O'Connell will give this evening, at Mrs. Jewett's house, an illustration of early Colonial life, with descriptive matter in poetry and prose. This bright young lady has made this subject a special study, and her treatment of this interesting topic has been highly commended in the East.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane F. Masten, daughter of N. K. Masten, to Edwin C. Ewell, now with the H. S. Crocker Company. The wedding will take place shortly after Lent.

Chris Jorgensen gave a very delightful musicale at his studio, 325 Montgomery street, on Wednesday evening.

STOPPING A GREAT SHIP.

THE motion of a steamship on the Atlantic when the sea is calm is so smooth and steady that the passenger hardly realizes the tremendous momentum of the vessel under his feet. A collision even after the engines have been slowed down gives a startling revelation of the energy of motion. The energy can also be accurately calculated with the aid of mathematical formulas, and the time and distance within which the motion can be totally arrested and the ship be brought to a stand may be ascertained in a similar manner. This calculation has recently been made for several well known ships. To stop the Etruria whose "displacement" is 9,680 tons, horse power 14,321 and speed 20.18 knots an hour, 2 min. and 47 sec. are required, and during the process of stopping the ship will forge ahead 2,464 ft., which is only 176 ft. less than half a mile. The United States cruiser Columbia with a displacement of 7,350 tons, 17,991 horse power and a speed of 22.8 knots, can be stopped in 2 min. and 15 sec., and within a space of 2,147 ft. The little flyer, Cushing, also of the United States navy, whose displacement is only 105 tons, and horse power, 1,754, while its speed is 22.48 knots, can be stopped within a distance of 301 ft. in 18.4 sec. In each case the vessel is supposed to be going at full speed and the stoppage is produced by reversing the action of the propelling machinery.—Youth's Companion.

ALREADY the splendid Carnival at Truckee, in the heart of the great Sierra Nevada mountains, with its mammoth ice palace, toboggan sliding, skating, sleigh riding, and all the lovely pastimes incident to winter, has aroused the utmost excitement throughout the Coast. A big excursion has been organized every night this last week from Reno or the other neighboring towns, and now especial rates have been made by the railroad, enabling San Franciscans to see the gigantic Palace, with its glistening and iridescent tints, at a minimum expense. This Saturday (to-night) a train will leave for Truckee, returning in time to bring its passengers home early next Monday morning. The palace itself is fairy-like in splendor, but it's the tobogganing that catches the visitors' hearts.

The luxury and domestic comfort which Colonel Brennan is furnishing at the Pleasanton Hotel this winter has made him a sort of household saint.

HENRY IRVING said that Bignon's famous restaurant had not afforded him the luxuries of the Maison Riche, corner Geary street and Grant avenue, during his sojourn in San Francisco.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

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FRENCH TERMS USED IN DRESS.

THE French words employed to designate certain parts of dress have become so common as to be almost anglicized. Many persons, however, are doubtful as to their exact meaning, and for their enlightenment a translation of some of them is appended below:

Ombre—Applied to textiles, means a shaded effect.
Chiné—Mixed-color effects, as if run together by dampness, the figures having no defined outlines.
Pompadour—Used to designate the flowered silks in light colors, in vogue during the reign of Louis XV.
Broché—Brocaded. *Faillé*—Corded silk.
Matchassé—Raised figures, as if quilted.
Taffeta—Silk with a plain glossy surface.
Gros-grain—Silk with a well-defined cord.
Rps—Corded silk or wool. *Velours*—Velvet.
Satin merveilleux—Twilled satin. *Pelerine*—Cape.
Passementerie—Fancy dress trimmings of silk, or silk combined with beads or embroidery in metal.
Panache—An upright ornament of plumes.
Parure—Used to designate a set of jewelry.
Gilet—Waistcoat. *Pliée*—Side-pleating.
Revers—Lappels like those of a man's coat.
Plastron—That portion of a waist which laps over and conceals the fastening.
Ruche—A very full pleating of any material.
Jupe—Skirt. *Rouleau*—Pipings of silk or velvet.
Damassé—Damasked or figured material. *Dentelle*—Lace.
Ecrû—A yellowish white, the color of raw silk.
Coquille—Shell ruching. *Picnu*—Cape.
Choux—Literally, cabbage; applied to large rosettes.
Ondulé—Fluted or wave like effects. *Col*—Collar.
Berthe—A fall of lace; silk, or any material which is frilled about the shoulders.
Chapeau—Hat, bonnet. *Jaquette*—Jacket.
Point d'esprit—Dotted lace. *Saut-de-lit*—A negligé gown.
Manteau—Cloak. *Figaro*—A short fancy jacket.
Pompon—A fluffy ball of silk, wool, or feathers.
Balayouse—Literally, sweeper; the silk or lace ruffle placed on the inside of skirt.
Doubleure—Lining. *Ceinture*—Belt. *Chic*—Stylish.
Frou-frou—The rustling noise made by silk.
Coiffure—The head-dress. *Manchettes*—Cuffs.
Toque—A close turban-like hat. *Soutache*—Braid.
Capote—A small bonnet. *Gants*—Gloves.
Monsquetaire cuffs—Deep flaring cuffs, like those of French musketeers.
Chiffon—Literally, a rag; a soft gauzy material.
Monseleine de soie—Silk muslin. *Ombrelle*—Parasol.
Fin de Siècle—Up to date. —The Chaperon.

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Queen Victoria and Mrs. Grover Cleveland heard it—and bought it. You can come and hear it—we invite every lover of music and harmony. It costs no more than a piano—yet its possibilities are even greater. It is a Grand Parlor Orchestra, partly automatic, but with volume, speed, and expression under the control of the player. It is the one and only instrument for those who have music in their souls, though not in their fingers. Come and hear it, no matter whether you can afford to buy it or not.

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Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Yone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.....	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
3:00 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.....	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	12:45 P
11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*3:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	7:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	7:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8)

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
 *6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 4:00 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

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WISE AND OTHERWISE.

There is nothing so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.—Bulwer.

No persons are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit they are wrong.—Rochefoucauld.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.—George Eliot.

The slanderer inflicts wrong by calumniating the absent; and he who gives credit to the calumny before he knows its truth is equally guilty.—Herodotus.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.—Colton.

A man is one whose body has been trained to be the ready servant of his mind; whose passions are trained to be the servants of his will; who enjoys the beautiful, loves truth, hates wrong, loves to do good, and respects others as himself.—Anon.

Laughter is a most healthful exertion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles.—Hufeland.

To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds, here and there, who trust and whom we trust, some who know us and whom we know, some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. This makes our life really life.—James Freeman Clarke.

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S. S. "City of Sydney," January 21, 1896.

S. S. "San Blas," January 28, 1896.

S. S. "San Juan," February 8, 1896.

S. S. "Acapulco," February 18, 1896.

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S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Feb. 6, 1896.

S. S. "City of Peking," via Honolulu, February 25, 1896.

S. S. "China," March 14, 1896.

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AFRIDI (Cargo only), Thursday, January 9, 1896

COPTIC (via Honolulu), Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896

GAELIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, February 15, 1896

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:20 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
.....	Fulton,
7:40 A. M.	Windsor,	10:30 A. M.
.....	Headsturg,
.....	8:00 A. M.	Geyersville,	7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Cloverdale,	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
.....	land, Ukiah,
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville,	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.

Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usl, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Williamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896.

Number 3.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-607-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

FATHER Yorke can write. Also he can get mad. The A. P. A. has awakened a very lively passenger.

IT is a fortunate thing for the peace of mankind that it is Engineer Jack Hammond who has been taken into custody by the Boers and not General Dick Hammond. Thank God, that warrior is still with us, and South Africa is a land many weeks distant.

THE spectacle of the Rev. C. O. Brown in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Sunday last is one that will not soon be forgotten. And it is one from which that church will long suffer. Common decency is not to be affronted with impunity even by a body of Christian men and women.

IF England could come to a dicker with President Kruger and exchange her new poet laureate for Dr. Jameson—the prisoner to be dealt with as the Boers see fit—the world would be gratified and Lord Salisbury relieved from an embarrassment that doubtless causes him to turn in his bed, and Tennyson, possibly, to turn in his grave.

HEAVEN help the poor millionaires who own our daily newspapers if this theological controversy continues much longer. No man who is not at once a millionaire and a journalist can fully enter into the blood-sweating agony of one who has to steer between the Catholics on the right hand and the A. P. A. on the left. The slightest slip of the rudder may mean the loss of some nickels.

RABBI Voorsanger has raised his eloquent voice in protest against the neglect of the bome for the boarding house. It is a good topic for press and pulpit to enlarge upon. There is too strong a tendency in these times for married people to live in hotels and lodging houses, to the decay of domesticity. It is not from the boarding houses and the hotels, but from the bomes of the nation, that the virtues of the coming generation are to arise.

TWO classes of citizens are usually prepared for war—the editor of a daily paper and the ambitious soldier. The one wants news, the other fame. Not every editor, it is true, really thirsts for gore save in an indirect way. A genuine war scare ordinarily serves his purpose. But the average officer in the navy wants war. It is the opportunity of his life. He has spent his life in part with the hope of distinguishing himself. Yet the rank and file who fly much and rank little do not, upon reflection, want war; yet they must bear the brunt of battle.

IT is now apparent that with reasonably good management the Venezuela dispute will be brought to a satisfactory settlement. The English people have no disposition to go to war with the United States over the Monroe Doctrine, and the American people assuredly prefer peace to hostilities. When the whole truth as to the Venezuelan frontier has been made known—when the exact rights of the republic and Great Britain have been ascertained—England will be content to accept the situation. The tone of her press and the utterances of her public men insure this. The American Jingo is growing sad at the prospect, but as the possibility of war fades away sensible men feel relief.

SUITS against preachers, for defamation of character, are becoming numerous. Ministers need such reminders, occasionally, that they have taken out no license to slander. Nothing exceeds the sensitiveness of the average parson when his own reputation is touched, but the same man may be notorious for wanton assaults from the pulpit upon the good name of persons who may have the misfortune to fall under his displeasure.

IT is just as well that Charles S. Young is not superintendent of the public schools of San Francisco. Mr. Young is a speculator, a politician, of moderate success, having been once or twice defeated, and a boomer. His faculties are such as fit him for the overthrow of Hawaii or the annexation of Lower California. He once sold Port Angeles wild-cat lots to Washington, D. C., inhabitants—property so wild that it makes its present owners feel very tame. If he did not go down with Estee last fall he certainly has now. Were his ability to realize half equal to his faculty to plan, he were now Governor of some several States.

J. D. L. McGAUGHEY, arrested for forgery, ought to be penned up awhile for the good of himself, as he is no good. He is bad from beginning, which he ought never to have had, to end, of which there seems to be none to him. He stole money in Seattle, and, playing the baby act, wept himself out of the scrape, drowning his sorrow in the self-same tears. He killed Plouf with impunity because Plouf had no friends and was generally known as a fakir, who swore him a lady-killer and a great dealer in family skeletons. But McGaughey will not be cleared by any eloquence this time. His record is so shadowy that doubtless he will yet find himself permanently in the shade.

WHEN they inducted Mr. Bushnell into the chair of Governor of Ohio the other day, he started a new political plan. From a heart overflowing with gratitude to Napoleon McKinley for his nomination and election, he closed his inaugural address with the hope that the people of the whole country would be able to enjoy the benediction of his services at the head of the Government. The Governor needn't get ill from anxiety lest the people will not be able to know to whom to pay the President's salary. Bill McKinley made quite trouble enough for the country with his McKinley Bill, and the people will think once or twice before accepting Governor Bushnell's nomination of a man whose work in Congress they overwhelmingly repudiated as soon as they got a chance. If any new reason has, since then, arisen for making McKinley President, the news of it has not yet reached this Coast.

THE master vice of the age has been discovered, dragged from its hiding place and exposed to a scandalized and trembling world. Brother Bovard, the Headless Horseman of Reform, is the discoverer, and the vice is playing for drink tickets in the social clubs of Alameda. When an Alamedan has put half a dozen drink tickets into his pocket to steal away his brains, and reels home thus loaded to his shrieking wife and wailing children, the spectacle is said to be enough to move to shudders any beholder. Yet there are compensations. The drink ticket makes business for Alameda. That is to say, since Brother Bovard raised his voice against this fearful sapper of virtue and domestic happiness, parties are made up in San Francisco to go over and hear him preach and have a look at him. And the San Franciscan increases the town's revenue by buying drinks at the saloons.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

THE Dutch Boers of South Africa are doubtless a worthy people, and it is natural enough that the world in general should view with a sorrowful indignation their hardships at the hands of the English. They are pitied very much as the world pities the Indians, who have perished under the feet of advancing American civilization. The Boer is not a savage, of course, but he is a hold-over from the past, an agricultural Silurian. That he should have forced upon him the choice of accepting the conditions of modern life or disappearing is hard, but it is inevitable. He has no more chance otherwise of surviving than the Spaniards and native Californians had out here when the discovery of gold brought a race of men who were their superiors in energy. Indeed, the parallel between the state of things in California in 1849 and that now existing in South Africa is very close. Cecil Rhodes may not be a man who approves himself to the minds of the righteous, but no one has denied him the possession of brains. He pictures the situation thus: "Within the Transvaal there are 70,000 new-comers and an old population of 14,000. With the development of the gold industry to a fuller extent the new-comers will number 500,000 in five years, and eventually they will increase to 1,000,000, and probably more. From time to time the position will be upset by the attempts of the new population to claim common civil rights, which eventually they certainly must get." That is simply good sense. Substitute a northern State of Mexico for the Transvaal. Suppose that in Sonora the Americans owned more than half the soil and nine-tenths of the wealth—as is the case with the new-comers in the Transvaal—and how long would Sonora remain a Mexican State if the Americans were refused the ballot and compelled to pay five-sixths of the taxes? Does any American think that Sonora would not produce a Houston, as Texas did, and as South Africa has produced a Jameson?

Americans are getting off altogether wrong about this African business. Of course it was reprehensible for Jameson to raid the Boers, but then it was as natural as fate. And the truth has to be confessed that it is by the perpetration of such wrongs that civilization makes its progress. They tell for right, for better things, in the end, precisely as the grabbing of lands from the Indians on this continent has done. If the Boers are to be upheld, then the Transvaal will be a reservation of backwardness. Somebody has to give way when such a strain comes, and it will have to be the Boers. They cannot expect to stand out permanently against the forces which are beating up against their conservatism. The most that is asked of them is that they shall cease to be dogs in the manger, and accommodate themselves to the new life that has come to surround them, as it came to surround the equally pious, industrious, and slow-going Mormons of Utah. Americans above all others, Cecil Rhodes points out, are insistent upon civil rights for themselves. In the Transvaal, he adds, all the mine managers are Americans.

The Boers are fine fighters, President Kruger is a heroic figure, and it is sad, unquestionably, that a bustling, eager, greedy, improving and elevating civilization should in its march have reached the calm and plodding and unambitious settlers. But that is simply their luck. They must either join the procession or go under. None would be readier to make them understand that than Americans, if the Boers happened to stand in the way of American enterprise.

John Bull at His Best. Three weeks ago the average American was conscious of a ferocious desire to dismember the British Empire and obliterate England from the map. To-day the average American is conscious of a warming of the heart toward Albion and a desire to express sympathy and admiration for her. He is ready to fight over the Monroe Doctrine, and he does not approve of Dr. Jameson's raid, but it does his soul good to see how instant and hot was England's response to the insult and challenge of the German Emperor.

When that insult was offered and all Europe yelled its exultant approval, Englishmen were for the moment still. Then they rose, and their Government showed how well it is prepared for war, and how ready to meet the country's enemies on land or sea, occasion demanding. The

German bluff has been called, the young Emperor, the clanking of whose scabbard intoxicates him, humiliated and made ridiculous before mankind, and England holds her head up, defiant and triumphant.

Americans better than any other people can understand just how Englishmen feel just now, for, after all, Americans are but modified Englishmen, notwithstanding the *olla-podrida* of races that inhabit the republic. It does not need that one should approve of the cause of her quarrel in order to respect the resolution and pluck with which England turned on a hostile world. The nation's back was against the wall and her sword flashed out. The English met the crisis as a brave man would, prepared to fight and fall in his tracks rather than parley.

So it is because England has shown again how masculine her people are, how prompt to stand to their guns when danger threatens, that Americans feel now a new sense of kinship with them, and a pleasure in their victory over a situation which for some days looked very black. The Englishman has his faults that irritate the American, but he is a fighter. Brother Jonathan shakes hands with John Bull in congratulation. That little matter as to Venezuela can wait. The present business is to acknowledge that the old manly British spirit is as fresh and healthy as ever it was.

The City Disgraced.

If the outside world judges San Francisco by her newspapers, the city is being sorely damaged at present. A theological controversy is raging in print of a sort that might reasonably be looked for, once in a way, in some backward Canadian town or Irish village. One not acquainted with the real state of the public mind here would think, on seeing not merely the columns but the whole pages which are given to the output of the inflamed disputants, that San Francisco is divided into two hostile religious camps, ready to fall to with shillalahs at any moment. As a matter of fact, neither the intelligent few nor the bulk of the many care anything about the pious shindy. It does not even amuse the average San Franciscan, for the debaters are too long-winded to be listened to with any special attention. The actual combatants are a fiery priest and a few wooden-beaded parsons. Each side has its partisans, of course, but altogether they number but an insignificant fraction of the population. Neither the ordinary Catholic nor the ordinary Protestant, nor the ordinary man who is without religious belief, is stirred. He has his living to make, and in his leisure something better to do than to wade through oceans of clerical bile. The fear, or rather the wish, expressed by the belligerents that rioting may presently ensue is grotesque. Half a dozen policemen could handle all the men in San Francisco who want to fight in testimony of the ardor of their love of God and hatred of one another.

If the dull bigots of the A. P. A. and the incensed Father Yorke are to blame for the stupid and utterly discreditable controversy, what shall we say of the newspapers which have furnished them a battle-field and made San Francisco ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of the country? The motive of these newspapers is to the last degree shameful. Under pretense of "giving the news," they published every insult that the A. P. A. orators at their meetings flung at the Catholics. They did this unwillingly, but feared to offend the A. P. A. by not doing it. Then when Father Yorke drew his pen and came back at his church's maligners, the editors were afraid to refuse him space lest the Catholics should be affronted. The A. P. A. is an organization of unknown size, and to disoblige it might mean a loss of subscribers; the Catholic church is a powerful body, and to disoblige it might be to forfeit nickels. So these catchpenny papers have been carried along by their cowardice and love of money until their pages reek with everything that excited sectarians can write in one another's dispraise, and the city is made to seem on the verge of a St. Patrick's Day insurrection. A notion of San Francisco's intellectual calibre is given to the stranger that must mortify every civilized person within its limits.

Three things are made clear by this most un-Christian Christian exchange of stink-pots. One is that the A. P. A. of San Francisco, with its imported Canadian zealots like the Rev. Ross, has become a nuisance of magnitude which

needs sitting on quite as hard as did the Irish Catholic in politics who gave it an excuse for coming into existence. Another is that Archbishop Riordan would consult the dignity and welfare of his church by restraining the hot tempered among his priests. The third is that we are cursed with newspapers which prove themselves to be as devoid of concern for the city's good fame as they are conscienceless and incapable in their management.

The intelligence and character of San Francisco can be trusted, we think, to deal justly in due time with all the parties to this equally scandalous and surprising outbreak of fanaticism. When election day comes any head marked A. P. A. or Catholic that shows itself and asks for votes on account of its brand, will be hit, and hit hard. As for the newspapers which have trucked to the medieval survivals engaged in the godly battle, they have other subscribers than the followers of Preacher Ross and Father Yorke. These should show their detestation of such vile journalism by taking only the newspapers which have held aloof from the fray. Were five per cent. of the modern men of common sense in this community to adopt that course we should have an end of such controversies in the press, which is as craven as it is thrifty. Every citizen has an interest, and a vital one, in protecting the town's reputation. San Francisco is a sane and exceptionally liberal city, where a man's religious belief counts neither for nor against him, and it is not to be borne that a few preachers, priests, and newspapers should spread abroad the misconception that theological fights form one of our principal occupations.

Police Detectives. Perhaps the greatest bumbags in this city —if there can be any greater than the ministers—are the police detectives. You

are robbed. You rush off to the detectives and tell them about it. At the same time you tell them the names and addresses of the robbers, and where they generally deposit their swag. The gentlemanly detectives put on their kid gloves, light their cigars, take their canes, doff their silk hats and go to the persons named and the places designated, and if you were correct in the information you gave them, they recover the stuff. You are notified of the recovery, and after forgetting to demand the whole of your loss, you thank the detectives, thank God for the protection of an intelligent police detective force, and retire to your home. The newspapers the next day, by that mysterious clairvoyance by which they see and know everything, spread wide the knowledge of the skill, acuteness, penetration, sagacity, shrewdness, and so forth, and so forth, of the police, and make you half ashamed that you did not leave them all the plunder as a reward for such wonderful talents. But if you do not know the robbers and the other appertinent details, you do not tell them to the detectives, they do not recover the goods, and the newspaper columns are as empty as the brain of the detectives. But we are perhaps not altogether just,—that is, not just to Truth. Sometimes, with all the clue in the world needful to do their work, with even a part of the plunder recovered from the place the robbers had hidden it, the certainty that the thieves would come back to get it, they blunder and make such a botch of it that they wear out Patience herself with their immeasurable stupidity, and with a dense ignorance and lack of common wit, let the thieves escape with the rest of their boodle. When the history of the great detectives of San Francisco is written hereafter, there will be no mention made of the Ingleside robbery and how the robbers were caught. And yet the great Lees will pose still as a successful detective, and will go to his grave clothed in the happy conceit that he has wit enough to go in when it rains, though no one else ever detected it in him.

A Mirror Of The Public Mind. The sensational character of the journalism of the day is well illustrated by the manner in which our great dailies have dropped a number of the subjects that

for a time filled their pages with so-called news. But a few months ago Durrant was good for a page or two each day, and sometimes more. Then came the scandal over the arrest of a lecherous old man and his associates. That was made the basis of an attempt to agitate the public mind, and a call was printed to the "Mothers of San

Francisco" to assemble in the Police Court, in order that the grasp of the law might be tightened on the alleged offenders. Recently the First Congregational Church scandal bobbed up, and the press has already surfeited the public with the unsavory details. And so it goes. Such is the love of sensation and scandal mongering in our newspapers, that when one finds a subject of serious and permanent interest taken up industriously by them, he may be assured that it is a dull time for what is called "news." Of course the city editors and the managing editors have to live up to the conditions which the publishing interest has imposed. The newspaper is no longer to be regarded as an advocate of principles, but is simply a money-making enterprise, doing more or less good incidentally, but never hesitating from mere considerations of public morality or propriety from inflicting an infinite amount of mischief. The more sensational and the more scandalous the intelligence that may reach the office of one of our dailies the more certain is its publication. This sort of highly-seasoned gossip the appetite of the public calls for, and the publishers are scarcely to be blamed for giving the people what the people seem to want. The newspaper criterion of taste and expediency is circulation. If any given piece of "news" helps to "sell the paper," that is all the journalistic conductors wish to know. The more salacious the details, the greater the avidity manifested by the public to get at the "news." The "editor-in-chief," who was formerly the great man of journalism, is nowadays a myth. Few persons of intelligence care a rap for the opinions expressed in the so-called editorial columns of the daily papers, well knowing that every utterance of those columns is controlled by the proprietary notion of what will best suit the public, or the particular class, political or otherwise, to whose prejudices or interests it is the policy of the journal to cater. Such is our modern journalism, marvelous in its enterprise and almost photographic in the fidelity and the celerity in which it holds the mirror up to nature. In it the public may see the reflection of their own faults and follies. This is, in truth, a scandal-loving age, and it must be said, in justice to the press, that deplorably vicious and meretricious as it is, it yet is at times a powerful agent for reform; always a terrible police power more feared than the arm of the law; a zealous and influential friend of every worthy charity, and the most potent of all restraints upon rascality in office and every form of organized deceit and fraud.

The Greenback and the Gold Reserve. The weak spot in our national finances is the possibility that at some distant day the free coinage of silver may be allowed by law, or that silver may be

offered in payment of the United States bonds outstanding. Were it not for this haunting fear of the financial world, there would be no utilization of greenbacks to draw gold from the Treasury, and no difficulty would exist regarding the maintenance of a gold reserve. While this irrepressible silver spectre will not down at the bidding of any administration or school of finance, there yet remains another source of alarm in the reissue of greenbacks. It is high time for the Government of the United States to go out of the banking business, which has brought upon the country a multitude of disasters. It was supposed by the founders of the Government that the constitution prohibited, by implication, all issues of paper money. But the civil war made a resort to paper a military necessity, and what a great national emergency created a sense of expediency has since suffered to exist. Unquestionably, President Cleveland has given good advice regarding the greenback: the days of its usefulness have long passed, and it should be permanently retired. National banks, which are in reality strictly private enterprises, doing business under restraints and safeguards imposed by Congress, may be depended upon to supply all the paper money needed for the convenience of trade and commerce. And with such amendments in the banking laws as have from time to time been suggested, the circulation of the national bank notes would be sufficiently elastic to conform itself to the varying wants of business, in accordance with the changes of the seasons, the movement of crops, and the tendency towards prosperity in trade or other-

wise. In short, national bank notes may be made to constitute a safe and adequate paper currency, while leaving ample room for the enlarged circulation of coin, either gold or silver, as the inclinations or convenience of the public might dictate. Certainly the business men of the nation are thoroughly disgusted with the present condition of the national finances, and the continued resort to issues of bonds to replenish the reserve of gold. It is practically like pouring water into a sieve. And while the administration seems to be forced into a continuance of this artifice, which is admitted to be nothing more than a temporary relief, the manner in which the sale of bonds has been managed has naturally excited much adverse criticism. Congress ought to settle the entire difficulty by some wholesome and radical legislation, but with silver men in control of the Senate any permanent relief seems well-nigh hopeless at this time. The best that can be done just now is to call attention to the vicious and unpatriotic course of the free-silver Senators, who have taken advantage of a time of popular unrest and national exigency to attempt to force their preposterous propositions upon an unwilling people. The free coinage agitation has subsided everywhere but in the silver States and Territories and the Senate of the United States, where the champions of the depreciated metal are strongly entrenched.

A Common Excuse for Wife Murder. Charles L. Hill, who murdered his wife in Oakland the other day, declares that he was moved to do the deed by "family troubles," and that

just before he shot her she had told him something that "no man would listen to quietly." But he refuses to go into particulars, saying that he "will not drag her name down." If Hill thinks that he can win public sympathy by thus insinuating a cause that he declines to openly charge, he is greatly mistaken. An open accusation of infidelity against his wife would be far more manly, as well as more credible, than this devious sort of impeachment. But whether he had provocation or not, his slaying of his wife was in any case a brutal and inexcusable murder. Public opinion should frown upon such crimes of violence, no matter on what pretext they may be committed. Infidelity is no excuse for murder, although at times the circumstances may be of such a character as to mitigate the offense. Sensible people must be aware that the toleration of wife-murder on the ground of adultery is to afford to the perpetrators of that crime of violence a ready excuse for the act. A jealous fool of a husband may first slay and then invent a story of his wife's shame and confession. The death of the best witness against him makes such falsehood easy, and little liable to detection, and with this foundation to build upon susceptible juries are easily "worked" by artful attorneys. It must be conceded, on sober examination, that the too-common extenuation of wife-murder on the plea of infidelity, is not in accordance with sound reasoning or a healthful sentiment. No doubt some men are spurred to the commission of a crime, which otherwise they would recoil from with horror, by the idea that the public expect and approve of vengeance in some form in cases where the domestic "happiness" has been destroyed. There is, it appears, some remnant of this barbarous sentiment in communities otherwise regarded as advanced and civilized. The evil and the folly of this notion is best exhibited by the manner in which it is made the excuse or justification of such atrocious acts as that of which Charles L. Hill is guilty. In this country the laws afford a plain and sufficiently speedy remedy to any husband who finds his confidence betrayed. And when once the door is opened to any other than the lawful remedy, the innocent are quite as apt to suffer as the guilty.

The Button-Pressers Of The Present Day. Perhaps at no time in the history of the world have the fortunes of nations been more subject to the arbitrary will of individuals than at the present day. In the days of Alexander or of the Cæsars the arbitrament of war or peace was scarcely more a subject of individual caprice or personal ambition than it is now in the time of the Emperor William of Germany, of Prime Minister Salisbury of England and

President Cleveland of the United States. We saw, not long ago, how the President of this republic, circumscribed as it is with all the forms of a written constitution, by the mere stroke of his pen almost precipitated the two greatest nations of Christendom into a war whose far-reaching consequences no man could foresee. And but the other day the irritable and ambitious Emperor of Germany impulsively flashed to a remote African dependency of Great Britain a message that roused all Europe as though it were a trumpet call to arms. A score of men could be named, any one of whom has it at all times in his power to destroy the peace of Europe, or plunge the entire civilized world into the horrors of war. We have been wont to boast in this country of the restraints provided by our constitution—and the wisdom of its framers, in reserving to Congress the sole power to declare war, has often been commended. But in a twinkling that delusion has been banished. It is now perceived that with a strong popular sentiment at his back, the President of the United States has only to say the word for war, and Congress becomes the echo of his decree; the mere instrument of his will. Not more absolute, in reality, is the power of the Czar of Russia to let loose the dogs of war than is that of the President of the United States. The chief difference is that the President must feel assured that the people are with him, while the Czar is at least nominally free from restraint. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is highly improbable that the Czar would ever venture upon a war in violation of any strong sentiment of the Russian people. After all that may be said, it can scarcely seem strange that nations which are constantly drilling and preparing for war will some day be at one another's throats. Some ambitious or headstrong individual seizes a propitious moment to press the button of national pride or hatred, and instantly the flame of war bursts forth.

True Meaning of Blackmail. Blackmail is a word popularly used as a term of reproach. It was formerly a purely Highland extortion—a tribute levied by freebooters for the protection of property. It was, in olden times, a tax paid to robbers for security. In modern times, it is a bribe tendered by sinners to garrulous people whose mouths can be bound only with bits of gold, to secure a good name to which the owner is not entitled. It is rarely or never paid by people who have nothing to fear. When the extortion is believed to be too great, the victim squeals and cries out "blackmail," and pretends to be virtuous, and puts on airs of innocence, and hopes to cow the scoundrel who has been making the levy. This generally succeeds in frightening the other party into silence and self-banishment. Sometimes it does not. We all know a case in which it did not. That was because the blackmailer was just the same kind of a hypocrite as the blackmailee. She had a short-lived reputation, but no character, to lose. She went for spoil, and didn't intend to be bluffed. She was playing a big game. If she does not win, she knows the other fellow will lose, and that for her will be a victory. She will be five hundred dollars ahead, and they will both go to hell together, both quoting scripture, both uttering prayers, both sanctimoniously and piously showing the whites of their eyes. If, after this exhibition of what goes on in the lives of ministers and Sunday school teachers, the religion of Christ isn't cheapened and degraded and the worship of the devil held less censurable, we'll never prophecy any more.

The leaders of the Cuban rebels have shown good generalship so far, in their plans of campaign against the Spanish forces. It must have been a great temptation to the revolutionists, at times, to engage in regular battle with the troops of Spain. But, beyond question, the wiser policy is to harass and annoy the regulars, rather than to meet them squarely in the open field, where the latter would have every advantage. General Gomez and his fellow-leaders are exhibiting a sagacity that promises ultimate success, if their present plans be maintained. The yellow fever, as they truly say, is a worse enemy to the soldiers of Spain than the bullets or machetes of the insurrectionists.

BRIGHT WOMEN OF THE SWIM.

THERE is an element in our social life in San Francisco which cannot be surpassed by the oldest cities of our country, and that is the intellectual attainments of some of our women. It would be impossible in this space to do full justice to all the bright women who have and yet do adorn our society, but to enumerate a few will readily prove the assertion made above. We are not alluding to the strictly "clever" woman, the new woman, or the pedantic woman, but to the brilliant minds and cultivated mental gifts of the woman who is equally a society woman.

Mrs. John F. Swift, the President of the Century Club, is eminently one of this kind. Of commanding presence, combining great beauty with dignity of manner, a progressive thinker and most agreeable conversationalist, she shines alike as hostess in her beautiful home or in presiding over the councils of the Century Club.

Another beautiful woman equally gifted is Mrs. Henry Gibbons, wife of one of our leading physicians. Mrs. Gibbons is a bright feature of the Century Club (of which she has been President). She is ever foremost in all that pertains to the advancement and education of her sex, and her efforts in behalf of the Mercantile Library are noteworthy. Yet withal she is most womanly and refined, nothing of the "strong-minded female" being apparent in her sparkling conversation.

Miss Mary Lake, principal of the girls' school bearing her name, is a clever woman of much originality of thought, her mode of expressing the same being reminiscent of her father, the late Judge Delos Lake. She comes of a bright family, her sister Annie Lake having essayed the rôle of novelist before she married the author of "Chimmie Fadden," E. W. Townsend.

Mrs. Buckingham, nee Eldridge, a member of the Century Club, is of a more severe cast than any of the above mentioned women. She is more of the Boston style. Mrs. Buckingham is much given to charitable and church work also.

Mrs. Horace Davis, wife of the well known merchant, is a recognized light in the Century Club, a woman far above the average in quickness of perception, literary knowledge and inheriting from her father—the late Starr King—the same bappy faculty of expression in conveying that knowledge to others.

Mrs. Horace Ewing is well known as a bright woman, of much executive ability, whose advice is always eagerly sought and followed by her associates in club or society work for the advancement of women.

Miss Laura McKinstry is a young woman of exceptional mental powers, her bright mind and sarcastic wit having gained her the reputation of being the brightest young lady in society. Miss Laura has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and at a glance seems to perceive the shams of the day. Tall and slender, with brown hair and eyes, she is an attractive as well as clever feature of our social world.

Miss West, of the West Seminary for young ladies, is a woman of strong character and much culture.

One of society's handsomest girls is Miss Kate Jarboe, who is also one of the cleverest. Our community will soon lose this bright young woman, however, as marriage with an Eastern journalist will rob us of her charming presence. Miss Jarboe has turned her attention to literary work during the last two years, and bids fair to achieve success therein.

Mrs. Frank Pixley is another lady who combines social distinction with great executive ability in club life and eburch or charitable work.

Mrs. Dr. Burgess is a lady of bright intellectual powers and conversational charm, possessing a mind enriched by extended foreign travel and contact with the prominent people of other countries, as well as her own. She is also an earnest worker in church and charitable undertakings.

Mrs. David Bixler in a large degree unites the society hostess with the bright intellectual attainments entitling her to the name of a clever woman. She is much interested in art, and always ready to patronize either music or painting, her home on Pine street being a temple of both.

Miss Anna Head, the fiancée of Lieutenant Jephson, of South African fame, is a young lady whose mental gifts have been still further enhanced by culture and foreign

travel. She is of a strong literary bent, and remarkably well informed in the literature of the day, making her a most charming conversationalist as well as attractive member of society.

The brilliant achievements in social and artistic life of Mrs. M. H. DeYoung give her front rank among our bright women. Her mental capacity is abnormal, her mind being quick and retentive; her personal charm is so great it may be termed magnetic. Mrs. De Young is a supporter of art in all its branches, while no worthy charitable work appeals to her in vain.

Of course, this is but a tithe of the bright women of our city, but as examples of brilliant social and literary culture combined they certainly take leading positions.

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AT THE CROSS.

"YOU will go with me to-morrow?"

"Yes, to the end of the world!"

She regarded him with dark eyes full of sombre fire. "Why should I not go with you?" she asked, in tones full of plaintive misery. "Have I not loved you all my life long? Why should I continue to live with a brute simply because a mortal man has spoken mortal words above our joined hands?"

He clasped her to his breast and covered her face with burning kisses.

"My love, my life, my own!" he murmured, with tremulous incoherence; and then kneeling down at her feet, he buried his rapturous face in the folds of her redolent garments.

Her robes, the room, the luxurious chair that contained the marvelous beauty of her form were all of a daffodil hue and it seemed to him that he was floating heavenward in the golden glory of dawn.

It was she who broke the mellow silence.

"I shall take the child," she said, in a tone denoting former discussion.

"It is his child, too," he answered bitterly.

"Yes, but he is not her mother."

"But will it be well for her to—" he checked himself.

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud.

"Even at this hour," she moaned, "you can think how it will be for her in the future."

He tried to comfort her with assurances and caresses, but she tore herself from his arms, and, rising to her full, proud height, she stepped to the door of her boudoir and parting the soft draperies, entered therein.

An ormolu clock ticked softly in the semi-darkness and the room had a fragrance as palpitant as a gentle shower of violets.

She approached the little bed that contained this flower life. She drew aside the muslin curtains and looked upon her child who lay with upturned face and white arms outstretched.

She stood, white, transfixed, with eyes sad and steadfast as Fate's.

He had followed her and when her gaze rested upon him he grew cold and still as one in the presence of death.

She broke the stillness in a voice as clear and solemn as vesper bells.

"See!" she said, pointing to the sleeping child; "her form has made the shape of the cross in her sleep, but it shall be my crucifixion, not hers. I will not go with you to-morrow."

He kissed her cold hands and departed like one stricken dumb.

She knelt down by the window and looked out at the stars.

To her eyes, the heavens were filled with a great radiance, and in its midst she saw Christ on Calvary, not thorn crowned and speat with anguish, but radiant, sublime, as he cried in a voice of holy triumph, "Suffer little children to come unto me."—MAUDE ANDREWS in *The Bohemian*.

ONE of the saddest telegrams for her host of friends was the message conveying the news of the death of Mrs. Theresa Josephine Corlette, in Milan, Italy, December 17th last, from congestion of the brain. Mrs. Corlette arrived in this city from New Zealand in 1875, and shortly after was engaged as special correspondent for the *Chronicle*. Her work on the *Post* also won her success, but she was best known for her fashion department in the *News Letter* under the signature of "Silver Pen." In 1890 the lady took her daughter Ethel to Paris for a first-class musical education, and later on to Italy, where she passed away. She leaves five children to mourn her loss. Miss Ethel Corlette has had the body cremated in Milan, and will return with the sacred ashes.

For many years, during which time it has been tested by the trade, the J. F. Cutter brand of Kentucky Bourhon is pronounced one of the purest and best brands of whiskey that has ever been produced. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street are the Pacific Coast agents for this whiskey, and also for the celebrated Argonaut brand of Kentucky Bourhon, which has become popular with the trade.

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WINTER CRUISES

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE ORIENT.

The Hamburg-American Line's

TWIN-SCREW EXPRESS S. S. FUERST BISMARCK, will leave New York January 28, 1896, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Nice, Tunis, Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, New York, duration about ten weeks. Also,

WINTER CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES and the Spanish Main. The Hamburg-American Line's TWIN-SCREW EXPRESS S. S. COLUMBIA will leave New York January 25, 1896, for Port au Prince (Hayti), Mayaguez (Porto Rico), St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra (for Caracas, Venezuela), and Puerto Cabello, Kingston (Jamaica), Havana, New York, duration about four and a half weeks. This is the first time a Transatlantic liner (about four times as large as an ordinary W. I. Liner) with all its comforts is offered on this route.

NEW ROUTE TO LONDON AND PARIS. Twin-Screw Express Steamer Service—NEW YORK to PLYMOUTH (London). CHERBOURG (Paris) and HAMBURG. For further particulars apply to HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE, 37 Broadway, New York.

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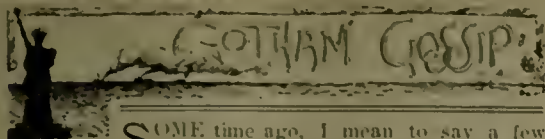
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Made from the concentrated extract of the blue gum leaves. Creates no disagreeable odor. Each package equal in power to one-half pound of ordinary insect powder or tar balls. Price, ten cents per package, \$1 per doz. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Energetic persons wanted to act as State or county agents. Big inducements offered reliable parties. Address all orders and communications to the sole manufacturers,

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTION CO.,

338 Seventh St., San Francisco, Cal.



SOME time ago, I mean to say a few weeks ago, I went to see George Edwards (I think it is George Edwards, if not, I beg his pardon) company in *The Shop Girl*. There is a very clever little woman called Connie Ediss who does ample justice to Harry Dam's libretto, and who sings a song peculiarly appealing just now. Some Californians who were with me looked startled when the song began, and although I am still in the dark as to the cause of their mirth, their unseemly mirth, I must admit I found the song most amusing. But there is something back of it, and I frankly state I would like to know what it is. The song goes:

"Left on the doorstep at half past nine;

Oh, Moses! it was cold.

Left in a basket tied with twine;

Oh, Jerusalem! it was chilly."

But the "Oh, Moses, it was cold" is a refrain one cannot help echoing, for we are in the middle of a bizzard, and the present weather has broken the January record for twenty-five years. It is in fact so freezing that the paper I write on is like ice under my hand, and I am shivering although not two feet away from an open fire. I am quite convinced that it is freezing, not roasting, which is the fate of condemned sinners. I have wondered why any one who can escape lingers in New York, but people do stay nevertheless.

Dr. Younger and Aleck Daly have been at the Hoffman for a short time. Mrs. Younger sailed for Europe last Saturday. Miss Elizabeth Strong is one of the Californians who is making a distinct name for herself in artistic circles here. She has a charming studio in the Rembrandt, where her Saturday afternoon teas are events in the world of artists. The "Rembrandt" is next door to the Carnegie studio building, where Theodore Wores has his studio, and is the artistic home of Childe Hassam, Frederic Remington, Sargent, Rossiter, and a score of well-known artists.

I am amused at the New York position of a certain well-known San Francisco family. Their Californian supremacy is absolutely ignored, and they are known simply as "the people who were over in Japan," "the St. Louis Hicks," or "the people who had a stunning daughter at Mrs. Reed's." I must say it is discouraging to a Californian to find Californian leadership so indifferent to Eastern minds. But if they recognized any Californian leader they should surely recognize Mrs. Hager, who is the most generous and kindly hostess, and who, whatever may be said to the contrary, I personally have never known as anything but sincere, loyal, and entirely above worldly considerations in the choice of friends.

Mr. de Gierville, the talented war correspondent of the Herald, is in New York, and is making himself popular with stories of his experiences in the country of the little people. Some of them are familiar, but are made original by his clever method.

The Journal is becoming a paper to be remarked, but any one interested in California will pray that Mr. Hearst may take a higher standard. He, as an individual, has proven so dignified, so capable, so balanced, that one cannot but recognize his great ability. It is a pity if he means to establish here, as he did in San Francisco, a merely money-making sheet. He is too clever. Bennett is a fine model and understands the medium between sensationalism and respectability. Mrs. Hearst, who is rarely referred to in the papers, unless her beauty and her diamonds share the notice, has just given five thousand dollars to the Children's Hospital in Washington as part of a bequest of her late husband,

who designated an important sum to this use. Such a notice of Mrs. Hearst seems more familiar to us of the West, who are used to thinking of her as not only beautiful and decorative, but as generous, charitable, tender and sympathetic.

Mrs. Ogden Mills has just returned from abroad, and is, as usual, entertaining lavishly.

I wrote you of the unhappiness in the Ratcliffe ménage. The two met before the Judge for the trial of their divorce case, wept, went out and lunched together, and "made up." The astonishment of the Judge was only equalled by his delight at seeing "married folks agree," which is rare in his court.

New York, Jan. 9, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

THE BEST COMPANY.

ONE of the substantial institutions of the United States is the ancient and honorable insurance company, the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Richard A. McCurdy, President. No insurance corporation has a better character for honor and justice than the Mutual Life. While by its wise and conservative business management its investments have yielded an immense profit to the policy-holders, it has made it a constant policy to be the first company to settle a risk, frequently even when there was a question in dispute. Mr. A. B. Forbes, the agent for the Pacific coast, has done all in his power to maintain the company's good name and fame in California and upon the Pacific Coast, and the Mutual Life Insurance Company now occupies the same leading position on this continent it has so long occupied throughout the other parts of the United States. The company has its own splendid building and offices at 222 Sansome street, corner of California street, where all information will be given to those requiring safe and solid life insurance protection.

THE greatest auction sale of centrally located real estate in San Francisco that has occurred for a long time will take place next Thursday, Jan. 25th, when Baldwin & Hammond, the well-known real estate firm, will dispose at public sale of the splendid property of the Pacific Improvement Company, involving Residence and business lots, with the excessively low terms of one-fourth cash and the balance in one, two and three years, with interest at seven per cent. per annum on deferred payments. The property includes seventy splendid lots at the gore of Valencia and Market, beside others in Jessie and Stevenson, Valencia and Castro streets. Out by the park 5 lovely villa lots at Stanyan and Waller streets will be disposed of.

HE—I think there are microbes in kisses. SHE—Have you tried one of mine?—Truth.

can't see it all

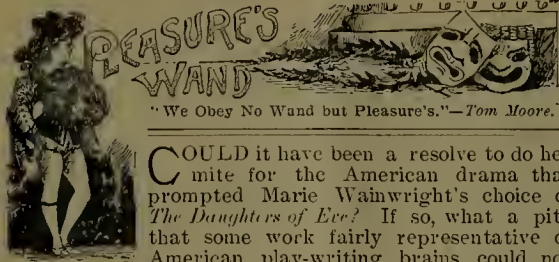
Cod-liver oil is something more than a fat. Its peculiar action depends on a number of substances, among which might be mentioned iodine and phosphorus. There can be no substitute for cod-liver oil, because there is no other oil known which has in natural combination with it such a large number of valuable medicinal agents.

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of Cod-liver Oil, with the hypophosphites contains the whole oil, with its natural properties, and in a thoroughly emulsified or digested condition. The hypophosphites increase the appetite and impart strength to the nervous system. This combination has marked curative properties in a number of diseases of the skin and scalp, to which scrofulous persons are peculiarly liable. Such diseases as chronic eczema, ringworm, and other skin affections, are often quickly cured by the constitutional effects following the use of Scott's Emulsion.

50 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

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COULD it have been a resolve to do her mite for the American drama that prompted Marie Wainwright's choice of *The Daughters of Eve*? If so, what a pity that some work fairly representative of American play-writing brains could not have had the benefit of her patriotism. That it is a safer and more interesting investment by far to witness Miss Wainwright in the plays of an author securely dead and famous—both of which boons are, strange to chronicle, withheld from the Lancaster-Magnus combination—was evidenced Monday evening at the Baldwin, when Sheridan Knowles' rare old comedy, *The Love Chase*, was given a delightful presentation. The atmosphere of symmetry and grace, the spirit of a bygone politeness and picturesque deportment hovers about every word and action of this quaint comedy treasure. The happy termination of the amusing complications, where the wand of some good fairy seems to lend its aid to the good, old-fashioned finale, is as refreshing as a breath of country air in the spring-time. Mr. Maguus, he of *The Daughters of Eve*, has written an epilogue which Miss Wainwright addresses in a winningly confidential way to the audience and players. It is a pretty idea and neatly done, but not half so effective as the *bonne bouche* that closed our childhood's tales: "And they lived happily ever afterwards."

Marie Wainwright makes a sparkling Constance. The silvery quality of her cheery voice and the charm of a vivacious, mettlesome presence give a ring of sincerity to her comedy parts that is not always in the same true sympathy with severer roles. Her Constance is an adorable and womanly woman; imperious, tender; blithesome, reflective; wistfully affectionate and ardently jealous—a felicitous combination of all the sweet contradictions component of woman's loveliness. She gowns Constance in a series of wondrous creations which tender young things call "dreams" "poems" and "symphonies"; gowns beautiful and startling, if baser man may meekly sing their excellence. The entire performance is full of color and gentle merriment. Barton Hill's easy elegance of manner makes an ideal Foullove. There is a rhythmic breadth of gesture inseparable from Mr. Hill that makes him invaluable for these parts in which the old school of acting stands unexcelled. Wildrake was a great improvement on Mr. Hartwig's acting of last week; there being some excuse for strutting and posing. Miss Russell's Widow Green was out of drawing; it was more the Katisha of modern comic opera than the simpering widow of *The Love Chase*.

* * *

Mr. James's Macbeth is an absorbingly melodramatic one. It could not be otherwise and live up to the accepted traditions of what is a true rendering of the gory Thane. Sir Henry recently presented his imaginative, tensely-strung, gold-armored feud to New York, but the noble army of Shakespearian students and the gentlemen of the press would have none of his sinister, villain-born creation. They clamored for the big, bloody, brutish Macbeth of tradition—the wife-ridden Macbeth who might have died a worthy man but for the devilish ingenuity of his crimson haired spouse; but who, once the spark of ambition had flared into murderous flames, was the great butchering, shuddering monster that stands the gory peer of tragedy and the apex of melodrama. Mr. James's Macbeth seeks no esoteric meaning in the lines that precede his crimes; he enters the stage a man of fairly wholesome parts; he dies fierce but distracted, and glad to leave behind the intolerable burden of bleak, soul-shivering remorse. Nature has fashioned Louis James well for the part both in voice and person. He rants because a Macbeth must rant to be within the borders of probability; but he rants discreetly—delicately, I should say, could such a dainty word be applied to a proceeding so violent. Miss Kruger's Lady Macbeth was bravely played and reflects favorably on the

versatility of such a young actress. Of course it had not the force and savage intensity vital to a thorough conception of this great tragic role, but it made an excellent foil for the star and displayed a generous promise for the maturer Miss Kruger that a few years time will give us. Macduff was over-done at every point by Mr. Lindsay. His final scene was ruined by an over-acted violence that approached hysteria.

* * *

The only performance of *Othello* during Mr. James's engagement at the California was given Tuesday night to a fine audience. Mr. James makes a splendid Moor; physique, intellectual appreciation and deep, sonorous voice have achieved a distinction for his *Othello* greater than that of any living American actor. With the scenic environment such as the brains and capital of an Irving could supply and an adequate supporting company, Mr. James could reap a fortune from performances of *Othello* and *Hamlet* alone. He is not an actor great enough to compel universal recognition in the modest surroundings of his present equipment, but with his unmistakable tragic powers augmented by the support of first-class fellow players and the wondrous adjuncts possible to the stage of to-day, he would sooner find the place that is his right in the dramatic annals of the end of the nineteenth century. Louis James is an agreeable and highly intelligent exponent of several of Shakespeare's great characters. His initial season as an unattached star displays none of the showman's art in stage effects nor in the handling of the ensemble; his company, with the exception of Miss Kruger, is not a good one; but despite these drawbacks Mr. James has played San Francisco two weeks of the legitimate and increased a hundred fold the good favor in which he is held here.

* * *

The Senator, with the possible exception of Sydney Grundy's *Arabian Nights*, displays the Frawley players to the best advantage of any play in their repertory. It is an intensely interesting comedy, and, breathing as it does, the spirit of restless activity and indomitable energy of the American people and mirroring with such fidelity the eventfulness of diplomatic and political life in Washington, it is full of interest and meaning for American audiences—whose opportunities are rare for witnessing good plays written by their countrymen. It is not many months since *The Senator* was reviewed in these columns, and little that is new can be said for the excellence of the play and its production. Miss Lansing Rowan's Mrs. Armstrong introduced another agreeable actress into Mr. Frawley's ranks. Miss Kennark played Mabel Denman, and though not giving her the matchless dignity and gentle womanhood that made Katherine Grey's Mabel so sweetly gracious in the earlier production, she acts the part in a clean, intelligent manner. Frawley is peerless in his character of the wooden lieutenant; Blakemore's Ling Ching is the same droll, gentlemanly Celestial. Blanche Bates never did a prettier piece of acting than Mrs. Hillary, and Maclyn Arbuckle's Senator Rivers has become a part of local theatrical history.

* * *

Sedley Brown's pastoral drama, *A Long Lane*, while not so full of heroism and adventure as most of the plays staged at the Grand, has excellently displayed the aptitude of Mr. Morosco's players for work requiring quiet depth. Next week, for the first time in San Francisco, James Haskin's sensational melodrama, *The Man Without a Country*, will be produced. A further event will be the first appearance on this stage of Woody Van Dyck, the child star.

* * *

Gilmore and Leland, a jovial team of Irish comedians, and William Roberts, another clever specialty artist, are among the new faces at the Orpheum this week. Most of the old favorites of last week have been retained, so the programme is one of much interest for lovers of the variety, and has drawn a big business throughout the week.

* * *

The dashing John Philip Sousa and his great band will give several concerts next month at the Mechanics' Pavilion under the direction of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.

Andrew Bogart's matinee song recital at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday was the only recent event of consequence in music circles. Mr. Bogart sang two Schuman songs, Handel's "Where'er You Walk," and Jago's "Creed from *Orléans*." As a singer of ballads and songs requiring no great dramatic strength, Mr. Bogart stands pre-eminent in San Francisco, his method is faultless, and his voice has been definitely placed and cultured to an almost liquid purity. He sang the Creed with splendid vehemence and no little idea of its dramatic force; nevertheless, his sphere, undoubtedly, is in a lighter and more romantic vein. A novelty, a duet from Humperdinck's *Haus und Garten*, was rendered by Mrs. Herte-Mark and Miss Berglund. It does not show any special adaptability for a concert reading, but is brightly frolicsome, and amusing.

A concert for the benefit of the choir fund of Grace Church will be given at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on Wednesday evening. Besides the choir, the Plymouth Quartette, Miss Mabel Love, and Mrs. Maud Chappelle-Henley will participate. A realization of the excellent work done here in the past by this choir, and the fact that the concert is to aid its maintenance as a permanent organization, should attract a large audience.

The Frawley Company will present *The Ensign* at the Columbia commencing with Tuesday evening next. The play is a strong, patriotic melodrama, full of exciting situations, and as the American flag plays a prominent part in its story, will doubtless have an enthusiastic reception, coming now at a time when the public pulse is running high over rumors of war. It was excellently produced last season by these favorite players.

The Alcazar will next week see a presentation of Leonard Grover's sensational melodrama, *The Wolves of New York*. It will be realistically staged in every particular; the scenes of the oil works, the burning tank, and the hoisting machinery, making most impressive adjuncts. The cast is nearly the same as that at Stockwell's last year, where the piece enjoyed a run of four weeks.

In *Old Kentucky*, one of the successes of this decade, and the play which introduced the famous Pickaninny Band, the race of five thoroughbreds on the Lexington track, and many other novelties, comes next week to the California. It is distinctly an American play, and pictures Kentucky life with the true blue grass flavor. Miss Laura Burt, the original Madge, comes with the company.

Otto Bendix will give a piano recital at Beethoven Hall on Wednesday evening. Mr. Bendix added materially to a slack season of music by his former recitals, displaying remarkable powers as an interpreter of the greatest of piano literature, and his initial recital of this season will doubtless be largely attended.

Next week will be the fifth and last of *Ixion* at the Tivoli. A new batch of songs and specialties will garnish the production. *The Gentle Savage*, a new American opera, said to be of excellent plot and melody, will follow.

Marie Wainwright closes her engagement at the Baldwin Sunday night. The theatre will remain closed for two weeks, when the Tavery Opera Company commences a season of grand opera.

The people of San Francisco may not realize that the Olympic Salt Water Company expended \$400,000 to secure pure ocean water to supply the Lurline Baths. After being pumped into this great bathing establishment it is heated and furnished so that either a tub bath or a swim may be enjoyed in the heart of the city. Tickets for the plunge bath may be had in blocks of 50 tickets, at the rate of 5 for \$1. Single tickets for either tub or plunge will remain unchanged, viz.: Single tickets, 30 cents, or four for \$1.

The ideal flowers of California bloom all the year round for the most part; but Leopold & Co., on Post street, near the corner of Kearny, observe the seasons in their beautiful nursery, and the result is that our most beautiful violets and roses adorn the debutante "rosebuds" who dance in our winter cotillions.

California Theatre.

AL HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Beginning Monday, January 20th, Jacob Little's elaborate production of an original and romantic comedy drama featuring a perfect blend of detail and picturesque, and previous presentation of the drama in this country.

IN OLD KENTUCKY.

Greatest success of the present decade. Most elaborate production of an American play witnessed in many years. The original band of pickaninies, 300 strong. A genuine horse race, participated in by six Kentucky thoroughbreds.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers

Commencing Tuesday, January 21st. Every evening, including Sunday. The superb FRAWLEY COMPANY in the name of all great productions, the glorious naval drama.

THE ENSIGN.

Four stupendous scenes—Double deck scene of U. S. Frigate "San Jacinto." View of the harbor of Havana, Cuba, by moonlight. President's room in the White House. Spar deck of a U. S. man-of-war. January 21th—MEN AND WOMEN.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor

Last performances of "A Long Lane."

MONDAY EVENING, January 20th—James Haskins' sensational story:

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING,
Proprietor and Manager

Every evening. Third edition of the beautiful spectacle,

IXION; or THE MAN OF THE WHEEL

New songs; new dances; new specialties; new localisms. In preparation: *THE GENTLE SAVAGE*, a new American opera.

Popular Prices 35c and 50c

Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.

Wednesday evening, January 23d, at 8 o'clock

GRAND CONCERT.

Grace Church Choir, assisted by Miss Mabel Love, Soprano, Mrs. Maud Chappelle-Henley, Contralto, Plymouth Quartette, Wm. H. Holt, Conductor. Proceeds for the Choir Fund.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America

To-night, January 18th, and every evening next week, Leonard Grover's melodrama.

THE WOLVES OF NEW YORK.

Saturday matinee: Dolls for everybody.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Matinee Prices—10c., 15c., and 25c.

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San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To-night and during the week. Remarkably new attractions. A uniformly

SUPERB BILL.

Gilmore & Leonard, Mssrs. Wm. Roberts, Manhattan Comedy Four, and our all-star company.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

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FLORISTS and DECORATORS.

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Dave Samson,

Fine Mercantile Lunch.

Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner, and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

PROGRESS

RESTAURANT.

327 and 329 Bush St.

LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY. 913 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.

Tenison Deane, M. D. Tel., East-33. Residence 1003 Sutter. Office, City of Paris Building No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.



THE Reverend Mr. Brown, whose name is most irreverently tossed about in the mouths of the ugody, jeered at by wicked men, and flippantly familiar to the lips of dissolute women, has graduated from the tribunal of the examining police magistrate with the degree of N. G. Before he was quite through that interesting ordeal, he omitted, for one occasion only, his usual Sunday task of calling the people of his religious congregation together, and telling them to be good—to do as he said, not as he did. Then he skipped back to his pulpit again, as if nothing had happened. But the deacons are also a lot of self-satisfied folk, who are sometimes nearly as good as the minister, and who have to be reckoned with. One or two of them therefore, as we understand, suggested to him that he had forgotten something. The pious Mrs. Cooper, who never lets the world forget her religiousness, spoke right out about him in terms of sisterly reproach—aye, even worse than that, perchance. Then the deacons quickened his memory. He had forgotten that, in the course of a little private controversy he had lately had with a female graduate from one of the penitentiaries of the East, there had been some considerable public scandal, and he had gotten his Sunday shirt bosom a good deal smutched, and it needed to go through the laundry. So now he has been before the Bay Association of Congregational ministers, and told them he didn't think the spots on his bosom amounted to much, but would submit to examination. Now, then, comes the Ecclesiastical Court, and the investigation, and the calling of witnesses, and the laundry business is to be gone over again. Will these religious people wash their dirty linen in public, or will they do it in whispers? Whatever happens to the Reverend Mr. Brown, he can't come out of it with any worse name than he has now. If the whitewash brush is liberally used, he may come back with his name as white as snow, whereas it is now as dark as his original christening made it.

Sir Northrope Cowles, recently decorated by the Sultan, has been much aggrieved by the strictures upon his royal master, anent the Armenian massacre. Sir Northrope declares that, had the news of those atrocities been wired in time to the Bohemian Club, his chief and worthy colleague, Sir George Hall, the Turkish Consul, would not so long have delayed his departure to Constantinople to see about it, and have the killing peremptorily checked. Abdul Hamid has written confidently to Mr. Cowles, as follows:

My Dear Northrope: Our mutual friend Hall has arrived, and is installed in one of our spare palaces overlooking the Bosphorus, where he has hot and cold water every morning, with all the modern conveniences. I will send you by the next mail a photograph of George in turban and burnous. I can tell you he looks stunning. The odalisques are quite taken with Sir George, and that little chanson of his, "Papa Sachina," has been translated into Arabic for the benefit of the ladies of my harem. George, I am glad to inform you, is very discreet, and, indeed, it will be to his advantage to continue so, for if he tried to be too affectionate to any of my Circassians, I would bowstring him without a moment's hesitation. I am sorry Joe Redding got no further than New York. Give my regards to Sir Michael de Young, Sir Henry Heyman, Sir William H. Barnes, and any other knights and noblemen you may remember. Tell the Bohemian boys that those stories about my people slaughtering those vile Armenians are all a flam. By the way, Hall is studying the Koran diligently. Drop a hint to Doc Stebbins that I'd like to have him and Rabbi Voorsanger over here for an hour—I wouldn't do nothing to them! oh no. They'd make a hole in the Bosphorus in short order, you hear me! Allah, Bish Mallah.

ABDUL HAMID.

This remarkable document Sir Northrope will have framed, and it will be placed among the archives of the Bohemian Club.

A cloud, no bigger than a mau's hand, has grown up within the portals of the big house on California street, where Pacific Coast art has her permanent residence. The sculptors, who sculpt in clay, are at daggers drawn

with the painters. The Michael Angeloes in embryo declare that they do not want to be confined to the basement, but long for the sun and air of the upper apartments. The painters and the Directors protest that they will not endure the trail of mud the sculptors leave behind them on the stairways, and that they must sculpt in the basement, or not at all. Again, some of the conservative Directors believe that there is not the necessary discipline among the classes. Pupils should be taught to understand that they are not admitted to the society of the antiques to cut up and while away the hours in monkey shines. With those grievances lifting their heads like thistles in a fertile field, there is little doubt but there will be a thorough scouring out in the Art Association pretty shortly, and a new and more exacting regime established.

Joe King, the Supervisor, to Parson Bovard says:
 "Ye shepherds seem unconscious of the errors of your ways;
 "Ye rail at social gatherings, and horribly perplex
 "Young men and modest maidens with cautions about sex,
 "Yet all this time the newspapers are filled with shocking cases,
 "Where parsons make the sisters good by kisses and embraces;
 "Before ye preach that dance and call are dangerous to souls,
 "And apt to furnish fancy roasts for Satan's sulphurous coals,
 "With morality's big bosom sweep out the muddy church,
 "And see your own white robe is clean, ere others you besmirch."
 In this sound piece of counsel to resolutions wed,
 It looks if Mr. King had hit the nail square on the head.

There was an amusing episode in one of the Market street cafés the other night—quite a prominent one, too. Two peripatetic colored gentlemen—"black as the ace of spades"—with banjo and guitar, wandered into the establishment, and asked if they might play a "chew'n" "jes" for a glass of dat yar beer." The good-natured German proprietor was so much amused that he gave his consent, whereupon the pair sat down and played: "Do you love me, Liza Jane?" in seventeen different discords.

Just then Ashton Stevens, the well-known musical composer, happened along with a friend—on their way home. "Stop," said Mr. Stevens; "we'll have some fun."

Entering the place, they instructed the proprietor to send over two schooners to the "coons." Result—great joy—and a banjo string snapped in the middle of "Buffalo Gals Come Out To-night," which stopped the show.

"Here's a string," said Stevens, who is never unprovided. So drawing out his little pocket case, he proceeded to restring the old dorky's battered instrument.

Then, with his inimitable art, he played "Swanee River" for them.

They were wild with ecstasy and delight. So was the big crowd of visitors at the place. Mr. Stevens continued on for twenty minutes, till the audience was getting embarrassingly large. Then he calmly arose, and took up a collection in the banjo for the "two coons." It amounted to \$4.50.

They haven't been seen since.

The Clerk of the Weather, who dwells in the sky,
 Of late has found pastime amusing,
 In making the weather clerk on earth a guy,
 And all his predictions confusing;
 Until weary at last, he called out from his throne:
 "Say, Hammon, I'll give you a pouring,
 "I've had lots of fun, now I'll let you alone,"
 So Hammon's flags once more are soaring.

The members of the Bohemian Club held their quarterly meeting on Tuesday, and elected a nominating committee to make up the regular ticket for the next election in April. Mr. Horace Platt has no aspirations for a third term, and therefore, will not figure in the fight. Mr. Vanderlyn Stow and Dr. George Chismore are the two most prominent candidates before the club for the Presidency. Dr. Chismore is one of the most popular men in the club, and has found time from the demands of his profession to cultivate the Muses to a considerable extent. He writes good verse, and is so modest withal, that it is only upon special occasions he flings the saddle over Pegasus, and rides that noble steed bravely for the edification of Bohemia.

Saturday night last the contest of the Union League Club terminated in favor of Colonel George Stone for the Presidency. There were a number of candidates, but this gentleman's popularity, both in business and army circles, won the day. Colonel Stone has been a resident of California since 1868, and is a native of New York State. As



Colonel George Stone.

a boy just out of school he enlisted in the Union army at the first call for troops in 1861, and served in the Third, Fourteenth, and Eighteenth New York cavalry regiments, successively. His gallantry on the field won him quick promotion, and he was in active service for five years. At various times he served under Generals Canby, Banks, Hurlbut, and Merritt. In 1866 he was mustered out of the army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Although strongly recommended by officers high in rank for a transfer to the regular army, he decided not to make the application, and having an excellent training as a civil and topographical engineer, he accepted the position of engineer in the construction department of the Union Pacific Railway. When the road was completed, in 1868, Colonel Stone came to California, and was a contractor for some five years for the Southern Pacific Railway. He is now engaged in the construction of the San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara Railway. His mining interests in Nevada County and in Yuba are extremely extensive, involving huge interests in the May, Shamrock, Merrimac, Kentuck, Norambagua, besides others. As a public man, Colonel Stone is a staunch Republican, and has worked hard for his party. A member of the Union League Club since the first year of its re-organization, he has spared no effort in effecting its prosperity. It may be also of interest to know that he is Treasurer of the People's Home Savings Bank, now in liquidation. He was chosen to represent the bank by the stockholders.

The expected arrival of Duke Degli Abruzzi, the King of Italy's first cousin, next week will be a sort of event in bicycle circles. He is an enthusiastic bicyclist, and carries his wheel with him on his tour around the world. It was his stepmother, Princess Letitia, who was sent by King Humbert to close confinement for riding through the principal streets in Florence clad in rather tight bloomers. He visits San Francisco on the big Italian cruiser, Christoforo Colombo. Query—Is he after one of our wealthy native daughters? He is very rich himself, however, so far as Italian fortunes are concerned, that he will have to come high.

A lot was sold on Mission street the other day, which was a part of the estate of Paddy Burns, a wealthy blacksmith, whose name has now become a portion of ancient history. Paddy's luck was of the most novel kind. He was working in his forge one evening, when a couple of young men dashed furiously in. One flung a sack in a coal heap, and the other plunged a similar package in a barrel of water. Both then fled through the rear entrance, and immediately four policemen, all breathless and revolvers in hand, entered.

"We are after a couple of fellows that have just robbed Sather & Co.'s bank," shouted an officer. "Did they come in here?"

"That they did," replied Paddy promptly, "and then went out that way," pointing in a direction opposite to that taken by the robbers. The police flashed after them, and the sagacious blacksmith picked up the sacks, which held some twenty thousand dollars. He never heard of the thieves again, kept his own counsel, and judiciously invested this strangely acquired capital. And Paddy Burns' luck became a byword in after days, when the rich old blacksmith got into the habit of relating the incident with unctious.

"Billy," said Victoria, taking off her slipper,
"Come and lie across my knee" (Vic is quite a whipper);
"Grandma," cried that naughty boy, "I'm a Hohenzollern,
You'd not see a swell like me snivelling and hollering!"
But Her Majesty, despite cousins, nieces, aunties,
Has made up her mind to spank Billy's little panties.

Harry Gillig and Frank Unger are again on the Pacific Coast, and will pass a few of the winter months in this frostless clime. Their arrival here will be the cause of much rejoicing in Bohemia.

Once Julius Haste desired to taste
The sweets of office without measure.
Then Deacon squealed, his fate was sealed,
And Haste may now repent at leisure.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

No visitor ever fails to visit the wonderful Japanese goods and cloisonné ware at Geo. T. Marsh & Co.'s, under the Palace Hotel.

Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING.

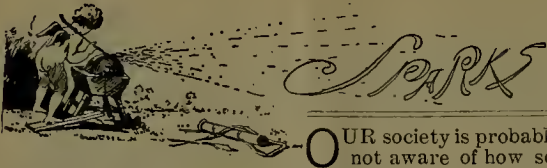
George B. Merrill

Has removed his
Law offices to

California Safe Deposit Building,

328 Montgomery St., S. F.

Rooms 316 and 317, Third Floor,



OUR society is probably not aware of how severely it has suffered by the recent Brown scandal, but one of the most interesting entertainments ever offered for its delectation has been nipped in the bud, so to speak, by the killing frost of fear. It is said a well-known old bachelor of our most conservative circles was to have given a baby show at his esthetic home for the benefit of a fashionable church choir, and everything was progressing most favorably towards a successful issue when the notoriety of the aforesaid suit created a panic in the old beau's mind. Visions of babies being literally as well as figuratively "left at his door," claims of ownership, etc., being involved, all loomed before him to such an alarming extent the result has been the abandonment of the unique baby show, and society must fain be content with the more prosaic and commonplace concert at a public hall instead.

* * *

Although anxious parents of a worldly turn of mind may not altogether like their girls' admiration for wearers of bright buttons, yet it has its palliation in the fact that the officers have driven the Brownies to the wall. These youngsters, who in the earlier part of the season swarmed around tea tables and suffered the petting of the women, now find themselves relegated to amuse the very young girls who are in the budding stage. This is eminently as it should be. The sight of a veteran belle of many seasons and a smooth-faced boy in a flirtation game engaged being a nauseous one to most people.

* * *

Our young men have a cause of complaint against Frank Newlands, in that he has chosen Washington City as the locale for the debut of his daughters, the co-heiresses of their grandfather Sharon's estate. But evidently the astute champion of silver is aware of the lack of "distinction" to be had in exchange for wealth in the city of their birth, and that factor in the world's esteem holds high place with the Congressman from Nevada.

* * *

It is a noteworthy fact that the entire group of lovely buds of the season are unanimous in expressions of delight over the possible union of a wealthy young man and a beautiful young girl—noteworthy in that not a lisp of malice has been uttered, not a whisper of envy or jealousy been heard. Surely the young couple must be more than ordinarily popular to provoke so amiable a condition of things.

* * *

Of all the untiring members of our society none can surpass Mrs. Henry Scott, who seems ever on the alert to provide pleasure for her friends as well as for herself. Not only does she gather them around her hospitable board in town, but the spacious B'lingham cottage has become renowned for its large and jolly "house parties" weekly given by this popular matron.

* * *

There has been much pouting among the buds that the *Philadelphia* should have been ordered away, and so soon before their Leap Year cotillion, too, the presence of the navy chaps at the Presidio hop last week proving such a delightful addition to the button beaux of the Post. But no words can express the gratification of the wearers of black coats thereof.

* * *

The pupils in the rival fashionable schools in our midst are much excited over a football contest which is to take place between the teams of the Lake and West Seminaries. Even the holidays have not abated the furore of daily practice, say the girls, each side being confident of victory.

* * *

The *trainante* tones of voice and velvety glances of Miss Elma Graves seem to be doing a fair amount of execution among the male portion of the recently organized "riding class."

The girls say Phil Tompkins is pressing Ad. Mizner hard in daring speech and action, calling him "a regular case." His brother Min has more of the milk of human kindness, they declare; but that is not astonishing, they add, when one remembers his occupation.

* * *

"Who would have dreamed that Jennie would marry a Shoemaker!" was heard at a bud dinner last week.

MEMORY.—CHAS. FENNO HOFFMAN.

Hope, cheated too often when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing,
And memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that passion has made,

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

Just think! only two months ago the young Kaiser William was drinking old Saratoga whiskey at the Kiel Canal opening with the Prince of Wales and an American Admiral, and now all three countries are at loggerheads!

The Latest Fall and Winter Goods
have arrived.

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THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

A LOT of people were present at an auction sale of Japanese goods recently.

"How much am I bid for this exquisite vase?" asked the auctioneer, holding it above his head.

"Five dollars," responded an elderly lady, sitting in one of the front seats.

"That's a shame," cried the man with the hammer. "This vase, as a work of art, is worth four times that sum. Why, look at it. Will an intelligent audience allow such a sacrifice?"

"Six dollars," came in the same woman's voice.

Well, well, well! Can't you see that this is a treasure, and you stand here and allow it to be given away for such a paltry sum?"

"Eight dollars," Again it was the same bidder speaking.

"Eight dollars! The very idea!" ejaculated the auctioneer. "I never saw the like. Come, what is the meaning of this? One of the Mikado's especial designs slighted in such a manner! It is a reflection on our taste."

"Nine dollars," said the solitary bidder.

"It is too costly, too precious, and too rare in pattern. Wake up, or I'll put it back in the box."

"Ten dollars," the woman said.

"Well, it doesn't seem as if I can get any more, so here it goes. Ten dollars—once, twice, three times! Sold to the lady there at that shameful figure."

The lady stepped up, paid for and received her parcel, and departed, apparently without noticing the smiles of the audience.—Ohio State Journal.

—The employment of kerosene oil as a local application to wounds and ulcers is reported by the New York Medical Journal. "Ulcers, especially indolent and atonic ulcers, were smeared with commercial kerosene, either pure or diluted (from 35 to 50 per cent.) with alcohol, by means of a small camel's hair brush or with a piece of gauze soaked in the solution. The appearance and character of the ulcers soon changed for the better, the discharge gradually diminished, and in from two to four weeks the rapidly granulating surface formed a scar without any contraction in the surrounding parts." The advantage claimed for kerosene are rapidity of action, economy, and freedom from poisonous effects.

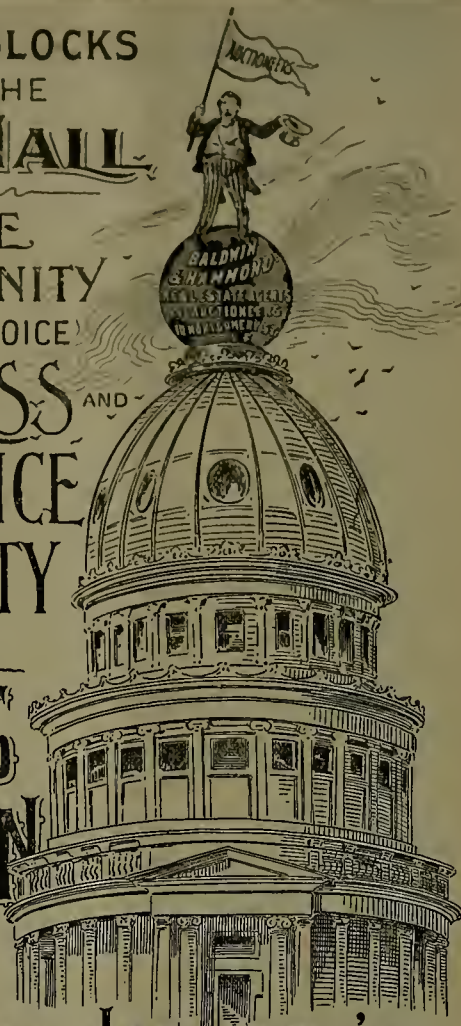
—An English detective went down to Aldershot to search the ranks of a militia regiment for a criminal who was "wanted." Up and down went the investigator, till at length he stopped opposite the left-hand man of the rear rank, and looked hard at him.

"Come," said the colonel, his dignity and esprit de corps not a little offended, "this can't be the man you want surely. He's the best man I've got in the regiment. You don't mean to say you know him?"

"No," replied the detective, after a pause, "I don't—he's the only man in your regiment I don't know, and I was wondering where he came from."—Ex.

—BOBBY—Popper, what do they have to have a man to pray for Congress for? MR. FERRY—They don't. He takes a look at Congress, and then prays for the country.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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PROPERTY**
AT
**PUBLIC
AUCTION**



THURSDAY, JAN. 23RD '96.

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**BALDWIN & HAMMOND
AUCTIONEERS.**



Comstock Mining Shares. Business was very dull on Pine street during the week just past, and prices have gradually been seeking a lower level. It is just a continued case of dry rot and a lack of the men financially able to carry out a programme once it has been outlined. The mines are in excellent condition for an operation, but they might as well be in Jamaica for all the influence they can exert in making a market, unless there is some one behind the game able to pull the wires intelligently without getting tangled up in them himself. There has been lots of talk for months past about the "magnets" not being ready, and all that, but it should be a good "ready" when it comes along. The whole fact of the matter is that something will have to be done by somebody to resurrect matters, and somebody means in reality nobody. The brokers are individually helpless to work out the salvation of all, and individually they are anything but a unit, a condition of affairs which the last election has not served to ameliorate or improve. Had Marks been elected matters would have looked much brighter than they do just now. Affairs are nearing a crisis in the Pine street institutions, and a man of his strong calibre would have done much to have turned the tide to victory. But it is no use talking about it now. The coming year will tell, after the battle with rival concerns has been waged to an issue, amid internal strife and jealousies. The Occidental mine is said to be looking well in an upraise above the 650-level, although the stock has not shown it at all times. Justice and Alta were assessed 10 cents during the week, and Union Con. 20 cents.

The Local Financial Outlook. Brokers in local stocks and bonds report a very fair demand for dividend paying securities of unquestioned merit. Although money is plentiful, there is little dabbling in outside enterprises. Nevertheless the majority of people manage somehow to keep posted upon what is going on in the speculative markets, ready for a plunge should any of their neighbors take the initiative with any degree of success. The facts about the Bouru clean-up having leaked out, it has once more become apparent that all the vitality has not yet been sapped out of the community, and that some of the old spirit and vim is still in existence—only latent. It is safe to make the prediction that some day not very far distant, speculation will again be rife in this city, with innumerable opportunities for money making. On Wednesday last the following dividends were payable: Bank of California, \$3 for the quarter; Pacific Surety Company, 2 per cent. for the quarter; California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, \$1.50 for the quarter; Nevada Bank, \$1.50 for the half-year; Wells, Fargo & Co., \$3 for the half-year. Also, the following monthly dividends: Edison Light and Power, 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.; Oakland Gas, 25 c.; San Francisco Gas, 35 c.; Pacific Telephone, 30 c.; Sunset Telephone, 20 c. The California Lumber Company has levied an assessment of \$10 per share.

The Western Output of Precious Metals John J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo & Co., has issued his customary annual statement of the bullion product of the Coast for 1895, as follows: California, \$14,447,912; Nevada, \$2,581,913; Oregon, \$1,852,430; Washington, \$552,467; Alaska, \$1,469,420; Idaho, \$7,426,898; Montana, \$37,832,500; Utah, \$9,222,052; Colorado, \$28,545,659; New Mexico, \$2,499,586; Arizona, \$7,352,776; Dakota, \$3,688,785; Texas, 387,340; Wyoming, \$37,250; British Columbia, \$267,654. Total, \$118,164,642. The amount is made up as follows: Gold, 41.19 per cent., \$48,667,383; silver, 29.85, \$35,274,777; copper, 22.89, \$27,052,115; lead, 6.7, \$7,170,367. Silver is valued in the statement at 65 cents, copper 11 cents, and lead 3.23 cents. The production is the largest since 1891. The gold output for California was \$10,940,491, in dust and bullion by express, and \$3,063,617 in bullion and dust by other conveyances, making in all \$14,004,105. The total product for 1894, according to same authority; was \$105,113,489.

A New Richmond In The Field Charles McDermott, whose name and reputation is not altogether unfamiliar to old-time mining men in California, is about to descend on London with the old Taylor mine or the Idlewild. He got the Marble Heart on the same proposition a few weeks ago in Chicago, and this is the reason that London has been selected as a dumping ground. It is said that for many years expatriated McDermott has the audacity to ask \$650,000 for these mines, which would be a dear bargain at a tenth of the amount, but modesty is not one of the gentleman's failings. The enterprise is one which should be left severely alone, if for no other reason than the fact that McDermott is the promoter. He has been in the business before, much to the sorrow of many people of standing in this city, but not in any case did he get off with the plunder scot free. English investors had better go slow in dealing with this scheme, and avoid it entirely if they wish to be safe.

American Mines for American Owners. The New York Financial News says of our domestic gold mines: "First class gold mines need not go begging in any part of the world. Americans as yet do not seem to be up to the high prices asked by English promoters, consequently but few of our best are offered here, finding a ready market and being gradually absorbed by foreign capital, which is ever on the alert in California, Colorado, and all of our Western mining States. The live Yankee, however, is rapidly preparing to work and keep his gold mines, having found out that this is the 'gold era,' and that no other business pays so well when properly carried on. We have a dozen South Africas, and can afford to keep them." And the biggest South Africa of the lot is right at home here in California, and within the boundaries of her neighbors on the south and east. We want the Monroe Doctrine applied in the case of our mines as much as anything else.

Hammond's Latest Experience. The arrest of Mr. John Hays Hammond, the distinguished California engineer, by the Boers, among whom he has the misfortune to sojourn at present, gave rise to much anxiety among his relatives and friends in this city at first, until the full particulars came to hand by cable. It was thought at first that matters were much more serious, judging from the exaggerated stories which have crept out of the Rand into the outer world. The safety of Mr. Hammond from aught save a temporary annoyance is now fully assured, which is a subject for general congratulation. The other gentlemen from California who have likewise suffered for the same cause, will meet with the heartiest sympathy in their trouble.

New York Stock Market. The market during the week has shown little improvement. Prices, however, have been well maintained, and holders seem less disposed to part with their stocks. Prices in comparison with one week ago show only slight changes. The Grangers are from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher. L. & N., Lake Shore, D. & R. G. have all advanced $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Mauihatten lost 2 per cent. The reorganization plan has been accepted on Reading, and the first assessment of \$5 per share is now due. Western Union is still selling below 85 on fears of the B. & O. stock coming out at any time. Industrials have improved. Sugar has advanced 4 per cent. The destruction of plantations in Cuba has strengthened the market. Leather is also stronger.

The Rawhide Electric Plant. Captain W. A. Nevills, who has been confined to his room at the Palace with illness for some days past, has been able to leave for his home at Sonora. The new electric plant at the Rawhide Mine will be all ready to start up by March 1st, which will make the company independent of water supply for the future. The mine is opening up better than ever, and an immense amount of ore is now exposed, ready for extraction when the reduction plant is ready.

From Arizona to West Australia. The Harquahala Gold Mining Company has had such success with their purchase in Arizona that they are now working might and main to even up on a property which has recently been purchased at Kalgoorlie in Western Australia. Mr. R. M. Raymond is just about arriving at Kalgoorlie, having been sent for in Arizona last month.

Down Lawer

"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
 "One that will play the devil, sir, with you"

WE take a great deal of pleasure in making a permanent record of the little amenities which adorn the social life of this our Queen City of the Pacific Slope. Mrs. Carrie Duncan, whose name until recently has probably never ornamented the scrolls of scandal or of fame, has leapt into celebrity at a single bound. This is the way it happened, and it was quite unexpected, too. As with all the ladies of our Four Hundred, who like to do this sort of thing, the hour for administering to the appetite that reminds us of the dinner bell had arrived, and the appetite with it, but her lord—he came not. No well regulated lady of our City of the Golden Gate is going without her dinner because her lord lingers. She thereupon glided to our local Delmonico's, and began to save herself from starvation. Good digestion waited on her appetite, and she was rather enjoying the luxuries of Messrs. Gutzeit & Mal-fanti's cuisine, when the door opened and there entered her inconstant husband with one of her sex to her unknown. The newly-arrived couple seated themselves at another and not distant table. Their dinner began and progressed. Wife and husband saw each other; they glanced, then glared. He forgot the demeanor which would have been most becoming, and smirked, winked, and made contortions to his wife. Female loveliness is at times very lovely, but there is a limit to female patience. Madame Duncan, provoked to wrath, gave that single bound just alluded to, picked up a half-filled bottle of claret and smashed it over the head of her erring lord, with remarks that enquired of his daring to comport himself thus and so. This little inadvertent movement of the lady made a great deal of trouble, for it resulted in breaking up the interesting tête-à-tête of her husband and his second-best girl, and induced a baptism of ruby over her husband's face that was not all wine. Then, dreaming of criminal charges, of murder, and of sudden death, she ran to give herself up to the police, who would not receive her approaches. Mr. Duncan made no charge, but saved his ammunition for the divorce court. It does seem as though the rights of married people had got to be more clearly defined, so that such disagreeable infelicities may not happen to disturb the peaceful current of the stream of matrimony. In the millenium, which we hope will hurry along and not keep us waiting, we are sure that people may be happy, even though married, and the only improvement we really expect is that people will find they can be so happy, even though unmarried, that nothing can tempt them to seek a greater felicity.

WHAT'S the matter with the new Valley road, that was going to be built like lightning for the good of the people and the especial glory of Mr. Demosthenes Preston, its sagacious attorney? Merely this and nothing more: The people of Fresno happened not to be so everlastingly stuck after the new road, as everybody here was made to believe everybody was, and so refused to act upon the application of the railroad company for permission to construct the road across the town. Then Attorney Preston thought he would teach them a little law. The company applied at once to the Supreme Court for a writ of mandate compelling the trustees of the town to act, and waited to get the writ and swoop down on Fresno, and get the permission and build the road right away. Then the Supreme Court gave a little chirp, and the great Preston and all the little legal assistants found that the chirp meant that the writ was denied. That was all there was of it. But it was enough. It wasn't as deep as a well, nor as wide as a barn door, but 'twas enough, and the learned attorney had learned that he couldn't boss an executive and legislative body that has a discretion to exercise—and went home. It will probably never be said that much learning hath made lawyer Preston mad, though his lack of it may make some of his clients so. And now the new railroad company will have to follow the directions of the statute, which it would better have done before, and then, mayhap, may in time build its road through the town of Fresno.

OAKLAND is not going to permit San Francisco to surpass it in attractions for strangers. Its only Populist journal may die, but the editors of the other papers will not go to sleep if they keep a true record of all the foolish and criminal things that happen there. We do considerable murdering on this side of the bay, but their magistrates are not less busy. Mr. Hill asked his wife out for a walk over there a few days ago, and, finding there was a difference of opinion existing between them on certain domestic matters, he drew his little gun, and wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously, then and there buried several bullets in and about her head, neck and body. Then he followed the advice he had doubtless given himself some time beforehand, and, after giving himself up, as there wasn't any particular way of escape, he declined to be interviewed. Fortunately he was able to obtain the services of a lawyer, who was not just at that time engaged in anything more criminal himself, and in time appeared in court, and in answer to the charge of murder, said he was not guilty. His astute lawyer has fallen in with his own theory of the case, and gives out that just the moment before he began shooting his wife, he became insane, mad as a March hare. If that was so, of course he was not guilty of murder, and, though the sound of the shooting awoke him to the complete recovery of his senses, yet no properly endowed jury will think of convicting him. Since his lucky plea of insanity came to the great minds of himself and his lawyer, he has begun to show unmistakable signs of mania. He is melancholy, silent, forgetful of the past, and will soon, or all symptoms are valueless, begin frothing at the mouth. This, at intervals, will occur until his acquittal. We shall now wait patiently to see how long it will take common sense to ride supreme in the Oakland courts, and declare the sanity of the jury by a verdict which shall hang Mr. Hill as high as Haman.

THE people of this city have been regaled with a precious lot of scandalous entertainment within the past month. If wickedness, and scandal, its dearest parasite, are the offspring of the Devil, one may curiously ask if any other can tell of what gender the Devil really is. Is the Devil only the father of lies, or is she the mother of envy, backbiting, deceit, adulteries, fornications, thievery, blackmail, and every other kind of wickedness? We incline to the opinion, from our experience and the knowledge widespread by means of that agent of the Devil, the daily press, that the Devil does exist; that said person is neither male alone, nor female alone, nor bi-sexual. We think it is multitudinous, and ubiquitous, and omnipresent, and spiritually exists not at any particular place, nor in, nor with any particular person, but becometh a part, and a large part, of every individual who loves evil and eschews decency. These wise reflections come to us voluntarily as we involuntarily turn our thoughts to the saintly, gray-haired lady who is now living without charge at the public institution on Broadway, known as the jail. As the Devil is sometimes called a gentleman, so we shall be justified in saying that, in this case at least, the Devil is very much of a lady. Doth she not quote scripture for her purpose? Doth she not wear the white robes of purity without, and is she not within, as are all hypocrites—a whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Her name has been made so infamously well-known of late that only the blind, who read not the dailies, do not know it. An allusion is as good as a naming, as a wink to a blind horse is as good as a nod.

THE so-called gentleman, who still lingers with us under the title of a lord, by a faculty with which he is over liberally endowed, manages to do something so superlatively stupid at least once in seven days, that he keeps his dullness everlastingly in remembrance. He has been to Stockton and returned by steamer, and displays an unusually swelled head. He explains that it came from the berth, in which he lay, meeting his skull, through an inadvertence of his own in attempting to discover why he was rudely shocked by the boat's meeting an impediment which failed to give way. There is no doubt a way to explain the fact that one has a swelled head. It comes in various ways. Sometimes it comes by accident, sometimes by birth. In the case of this ignoble lord there is no doubt he has come by it naturally, and that it has been his from his birth.



A Book
of the
Week.*

The literary merits or demerits of George Meredith have, for many years, been an open question. Some critics have contended that he is one of the greatest of English novelists, while others have pronounced him the poorest, and the public has labeled him as the hardest to understand. That he can be powerful and passionate we know, but that he can be obscure and artificial we know also. His verbiage may be, apparently, senseless, but if one has patience, and a good deal of it, this apparently senseless verbiage may be read with profit. His books are often full of original investigations of the human character, but one requires the patience of Job to find them out. His most artistic story is, we believe, "Diana of the Crossways," and his "Tale of Chloe," and other short stories, are good because their brevity serves as a restraint upon his style. But whatever doubt may have, heretofore, existed about his place in English letters, he has, we believe, dispelled it by his last book, just published in New York, and called "The Amazing Marriage." In plain words, then, this book convinces us that George Meredith cannot write good common sense English at all. He may be imaginative and his characters may possess firmness and solidity, while we may wonder at the sparkle of his aphorisms and the dazzling profusion of his tropes, yet his English is faulty and his imagination too redundant and unrestrained. He will not be clear, and, while we do not object to a little obscurity, and rather enjoy the necessity of finding out what the author is after, yet George Meredith twists and turns, and doubles into a score of metaphysical relations which are, too often, inconsistent or forced. And yet, if we take away all this redundancy of figurative imagery we lose the rich poetic flavor which permeates his books, and it is in this fact that the peculiarity of his writings lie. Now can any of our readers tell us what on earth the author is driving at when, in one sentence in "The Amazing Marriage," he says:

"A notation of the eries in air at a time of surgent public excitement, can hardly yield us music; and the wording of them, by aid of compounds and transplants, metaphors and similes, only just within the range of the arrows of Phœbus's bow (that is, the furthest flight known) would, while it might intimate the latest poetry, expose venture-some writers to the wrath of a people commendably believing their language a perfected instrument, when they prefer the request for a plateful, and commissioning their literary polico to brain audacious experimenters who enlarge or wing it beyond the downright aim of the mark."

Now we again ask: What in the name of common sense English does the man mean? We have read this sentence over and over again, and although we are bold enough to say that we have some knowledge of our language, yet we confess on our knees, and with forehead to the pavement, that we are so profoundly unlighted that we do not understand the exact meaning of the sentence we have quoted. To us it is a bewildering concatenation. We are aware that some well-known critics think language of this kind should not be objected to because it is obscure, but, according to our humble judgment, this is too much of a good thing, and we deny that it is English at all. The admirers of George Meredith may tell us that this "obscurity" is one of his chief charms, if they will, but we would rather have some of the plain English we are accustomed to in Addison, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Kipling, or the thousand and one inferior authors who are never even named as among the first great novelists of the day. The language we have quoted is careless, unritical, and incongruous. Or what sort of conception is one to get from a combination of metaphors such as this:

"As a consequence, the truisms flooded him, and he lost his guard against our native prosiness. Must we be prosy, if we are profound, unequivocally sincere? Do but listen to the stuff we are mauling! Spouting extracts from poetry, if we could but hit upon the right, would serve for a

relief and a lift when we are in this ditch of the serious vein. Gower Wordseer would have any number handy to spout."

Is this English? Is it common sense? Is it worthy of a man who is, according to some people, "the greatest of English novelists"? What critic or reader who values his reputation for knowing "B from a bull's foot," will tell us that George Meredith, in the sentences we have quoted, has not sacrificed sense for vain conceit; and this fact stares us in the face here and there, from the commencement to the close of "The Amazing Marriage." They stamp the book with a fatal blemish. Tell us of his wealth of description in the book, and we will say: yes, we admit it; point out the strong passages and striking episodes and we will applaud; remind us of the flesh and blood men and women he places before us so that we fancy we know them, and we will tell you that we admit it all, but in face of all this we can say that no adequate motive directs the conduct of the principal characters, and that the book crumbles to pieces when it is examined in detail. The association of ideas are wholly fortuitous and external, and when, for instance, he says:

"She ceases. According to the terms of the treaty the venerable lady's time has expired. An extinguisher descends on her, giving her the likeness of one under condemnation of the Most Holy Inquisition, in the ranks of an *auto da fe*; and singularly resembling that victim at the first sharp bite of the flames she will be when she hears the version of her story."

Are not the similes here too far fetched, and do not their meaning become so obscure that they are lost in mist, leaving the reader still wondering what on earth the author means? That Mr. Meredith is felicitous now and again, we do not deny. He does not indeed give us that wealth of epigram which made "The Egotist" so popular, but yet we find many brilliant things in "The Amazing Marriage." But the wonder is that with all his brilliancy such a great writer, and in spite of all his faults he is a great writer, should give us a conceit of style such as this:

"There was Madge and the donkey basket-trap ahead on the road to the house, bearing proof of the veiled had been; signification of a might-have-been. Why not a possible might-be? Still the might-be, the might-be."

And so it goes on, so it begins, and so it ends, brilliant in part, but, on the whole, disappointing, and all because George Meredith insists in writing so that we must read him through a fog. To this, we object because we want our books written in plain English, and this is something George Meredith does not give us.

* "An Amazing Marriage," by George Meredith.

It has often been said that Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Essex. Mr. Lawrence Hutton has revived this story, and he gives a general review of the many similar rumors that were at one time afloat about the "Virgin Queen." In Ireland, we know, it is said to this day that the family of Mapother, in the county of Roscommon, is descended from Queen Elizabeth, and other stories are to the effect that the Earl of Ormond and the Earl of Leicester knew more about Elizabeth's love affairs than ordinary men should. But, on the other hand, Lingard discredits all those rumors, and Mr. Hutton uses them, we see, to throw ridicule on the pretense that Bacon was the Queen's son or that he wrote Shakespeare.

It is a pleasure to see the rising tide of Scott's popularity, and the reprinting of Miss Austin and Maria Edgeworth works. Let us hope that this renewed activity in sound literature will push the guinea dreadfuls of the Caines, Allens, and Hardys out of the field. The books published by those morbid and meretricious writers are no more to be compared with this revival of classic works than "green goods" are to be compared with sound money.

Scribners have published so many thrashy books lately among some good ones that we welcome Professor Nathaniel Thaler, of Harvard, on "Domesticated Animals, Their Relation to Man, and to his Advancement in Civilization." But the author might have saved us that very old quotation, "The mule has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity."



THE JOURNEY.—BESSIE CHANDLER.

It is many a year since in sunny weather
We started, nor cared if the way were long;
There were Youth, Health, Love, and myself; together
We sang, and our voices were clear and strong.

What joy we had in the beautiful weather!
How flowery the way that our path lay through!
How we laughed in the gladness we shared together!
How green were the fields, and the sky how blue!

If the sky grew gray, in the rainy weather,
Why, a dull gray sky could do us no harm;
Or if chill winds blew, we were still together,
Close, close together, and so kept warm.

But, alas, one day (it was autumn weather)
Yonth stopped, and his face was wan and white.
"We can journey no more," he cried, "together;"
But he smiled and waved till we past from sight.

Health faltered next (ah, bad was the weather!)
"I will join you," he said, "in a little while;"
So Love and I walked onward together,
With backward glances for many a mile.

We have gone on since in all kinds of weather,
We have waited for Health at each stopping-place,
And we sought in vain, though we sought together,
For Youth, who left us with wan white face.

But I have not missed them, nor minded the weather,
Nor cared if I failed in every quest,
For Love and I made the journey together;
Love never left me; what mattered the rest?

LIFE'S CONTRASTS.—TEMPLE BAR.

Perfume of roses and warbling of birds,
Sweetest of sweet June days,
Kindliest glances and tenderest words,
Sbadiest woodland ways;
Murmuring brooklets and whispering trees,
Drowsiest song of the soft humming bees;
Hope, love, trust, peace.

And besides—
I and he, he and I.

Wintry winds rustling the fallen, dead leaves,
Sullen and lowering the sky.
Creeping mists hiding sad earth as she grieves,
Mourning for days gone by;
Cataracts foaming 'neath bare, leafless trees,
Chilly blasts sweeping o'er lone, barren leas;
Heartache, doubts, tears,
And besides—
I alone, only I.

LOVE'S WISDOM.—ALFRED AUSTIN.

Now on the summit of Love's topmost peak
Kiss we and part; no further can we go:
And better death than we from high to low
Should dwindle or decline from strong to weak.
We have found all, there is no more to seek;
All have we proved, no more is there to know;
And time could only tutor us to eke
Out rapture's warmth with custom's afterglow.
We cannot keep at such a height as this
For even straining souls like ours inhale
But once in life so rarefied a bliss,
What if we lingered till love's breath should fail!
Heaven of my earth! one more celestial kiss,
Then down by separate pathways to the vale.

FOR HESPER JOYCE LE GALLIENNE.—JOHN DAVIDSON.

What boat is this comes o'er the sea
From islands of Eternity?
A little boat, a cradle boat,
The signals of the mast denote;
And in the boat, a little life:
Happy husband, happy wife!

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OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

Wells, Fargo & Company,

Express and Banking.

San Francisco, December 31, 1895.

DEAR SIR: The following is our Annual Report of Precious Metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River (including British Columbia) during 1895, which shows in the aggregate: Gold, \$48,667,383; Silver, \$35,274,777; Copper, \$27,052,115; Lead, \$7,170,367. Total gross result, \$118,164,642. The "commercial" value at which the several metals named herein have been estimated, is: Silver, 65 cts. per oz.; Copper, 11 cts. per lb.; and lead, \$3.23 per cwt.

Allowance must always be made for probable variations from reported figures, by reason of constantly increasing facilities for transporting bullion, ores and base metals from the mines outside of the express and the difficulty of getting entirely reliable data from private sources. Estimates obtained in this way are liable to be exaggerated and are, to a considerable degree, guess work; but with some modifications on this account, made herein, the general results reached, while only approximately correct, may be accepted as the closest approximation possible under the circumstances.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Gold Dust and Dullion by Express.	Gold Dust and Bullion by Other Conveyances.	Silver Bullion by Express.	Ores and Base Bullion by Freight	TOTAL.
California.....	\$10,940,491	\$3,063,617	\$ 157,229	\$ 286,575	\$14,447,912
Nevada.....	1,239,735	319,581	662,647	359,950	2,581,913
Oregon.....	1,599,785	150,000	102,644	1,852,430
Washington.....	314,817	35,000	202,650	552,467
Alaska.....	1,454,420	15,000	1,469,420
Idaho.....	2,521,000	2,723,646	2,182,252	7,426,898
Montana.....	4,500,000	9,425,000	23,907,500	37,832,500
Utah.....	647,405	704,785	1,116,767	6,753,095	9,222,052
Colorado.....	13,385,291	12,888,401	2,270,987	28,545,659
New Mexico.....	256,665	1,321,300	293,881	627,740	2,499,586
Arizona.....	1,206,503	1,230,069	160,019	4,756,185	7,352,776
Dakota.....	3,475,785	175,000	38,000	3,688,785
Texas.....	380,300	7,040	387,340
Wyoming.....	32,500	4,750	37,250
British Columbia.....	267,654	267,654
Total.....	\$40,388,611	\$8,278,772	\$28,292,935	\$41,204,324	\$118,164,642

The gross yield for 1895, shown above, segregated, is approximately as follows:

Gold.....	41,100,000	\$48,667,383
Silver.....	29,100,000	35,274,777
Copper.....	22,100,000	27,052,115
Lead.....	6,100,000	7,170,367
Total.....		\$118,164,642

ANNUAL PRODUCTS OF LEAD, COPPER, SILVER AND GOLD IN THE STATES AND TERRITORIES WEST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, 1870-1895.

YEAR.	Production as per W. F. & Co's Statements, including amounts from British Columbia and West Coast of Mexico.	Product after deducting amounts from British Columbia and West Coast of Mexico.	The Net Products of the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, exclusive of British Columbia and West Coast of Mexico, divided, are as follows:			
			LEAD.	COPPER.	SILVER.	GOLD.
1870.....	\$ 54,000,000	\$ 52,150,000	\$ 1,080,000	\$17,320,000	\$33,750,000
1871.....	58,284,000	55,784,000	2,100,000	19,286,000	34,398,000
1872.....	62,236,959	60,351,824	2,250,000	19,924,429	38,177,395
1873.....	72,258,693	70,139,860	3,450,000	27,483,302	39,206,558
1874.....	74,401,045	71,965,610	3,800,000	29,699,122	38,466,488
1875.....	80,889,057	76,703,433	5,100,000	31,635,239	39,968,194
1876.....	90,875,173	87,219,859	5,040,000	39,292,924	42,886,935
1877.....	98,421,754	95,811,582	5,085,250	45,846,109	44,880,223
1878.....	81,154,622	78,276,167	3,452,000	37,248,137	37,576,030
1879.....	75,349,501	72,688,888	4,185,769	37,032,857	31,470,262
1880.....	80,167,936	77,232,512	5,742,390	\$ 898,000	38,033,955	32,559,067
1881.....	84,504,417	81,198,474	6,361,902	1,195,000	42,987,613	30,653,959
1882.....	92,411,835	89,207,549	8,008,155	4,955,037	48,133,039	29,011,318
1883.....	90,313,612	84,639,212	8,163,550	5,683,921	42,975,101	27,816,640
1884.....	84,975,954	81,633,835	6,834,091	6,086,252	43,529,925	25,183,567
1885.....	90,181,260	87,311,382	8,562,991	7,838,036	44,516,599	26,393,756
1886.....	103,011,761	100,160,222	9,185,192	9,276,755	52,136,851	29,591,424
1887.....	104,645,959	103,327,770	9,631,073	10,362,746	59,833,884	32,500,067
1888.....	114,341,592	112,665,569	11,266,630	18,261,490	53,152,747	29,987,702
1889.....	127,677,836	126,723,384	14,593,323	14,793,763	64,808,637	32,527,661
1890.....	127,166,410	126,804,855	11,509,571	20,569,092	62,930,831	31,795,361
1891.....	118,237,441	117,946,565	12,385,780	13,261,663	60,614,004	31,685,118
1892.....	111,531,700	111,259,508	11,433,947	19,370,516	50,607,601	29,847,444
1893.....	104,081,591	103,827,623	7,756,040	23,631,339	38,491,521	33,948,723
1894.....	105,113,489	104,844,112	8,223,513	22,276,294	28,721,014	45,623,291
1895.....	118,164,642	117,896,988	7,170,367	27,052,115	35,274,777	48,399,729

The exports of Silver during the past year to Japan, China, the Straits, etc., have been as follows: From London, \$31,023,480; from San Francisco, \$12,933,307. Total, \$43,956,787, as against \$60,022,858 last year. Pounds Sterling estimated at \$4.84.

United States of Mexico.

STATEMENT OF THE PRODUCT OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, REVISED AND CORRECTED FROM 1877 TO 1895.
VALUES UPON MINTAGE BASIS.

YEARS.	GOLD.	SILVER.	TOTAL
1877-1878.....	\$ 747,000	\$24,837,000	\$25,584,000
1878-1879.....	881,000	25,125,000	26,006,000
1879-1880.....	942,000	26,500,000	27,442,000
1880-1881.....	1,013,000	29,234,000	30,247,000
1881-1882.....	937,000	29,329,000	30,266,000
1882-1883.....	956,000	29,569,000	30,525,000
1883-1884.....	1,055,000	31,695,000	32,750,000
1884-1885.....	914,000	33,226,000	34,140,000
1885-1886.....	1,026,000	34,112,000	35,138,000
1886-1887.....	1,047,000	34,600,000	35,647,000
1887-1888.....	1,031,000	34,912,000	35,943,000
1888-1889.....	1,040,000	40,706,000	41,746,000
1889-1890.....	1,100,000	41,500,000	42,600,000
1890-1891.....	1,150,000	43,000,000	44,150,000
1891-1892.....	1,275,000	45,750,000	47,025,000
1892-1893.....	1,400,000	48,500,000	49,900,000
1893-1894.....	1,425,000	47,250,000	48,675,000
1894-1895.....	4,750,000	54,225,000	58,975,000
Total.....	\$22,689,000	\$654,370,000	\$677,059,000

EXHIBIT OF COINAGE OF GOLD, SILVER AND COPPER, IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, FROM THE 1ST OF JULY, 1873, TO THE 30th OF JUNE, 1895.

YEARS.	GOLD DOLLARS.	SILVER DOLLARS.	COPPER DOLLARS.
1873-1874.....	\$866,743	\$18,846,067	\$15,966
1874-1875.....	862,619	19,386,958	21,712
1875-1876.....	809,401	19,454,054	30,654
1876-1877.....	695,750	21,415,128	9,035
1877-1878.....	691,998	22,084,203	41,364
1878-1879.....	658,206	22,162,987	16,300
1879-1880.....	521,826	24,018,528	14,035
1880-1881.....	492,068	24,617,395	42,258
1881-1882.....	452,590	25,146,260	11,972
1882-1883.....	407,600	24,083,921	
1883-1884.....	328,698	25,377,379	
1884-1885.....	423,250	25,840,728	
1885-1886.....	425,000	25,850,000	
1886-1887.....	410,000	25,600,000	
1887-1888.....	340,320	26,711,000	
1888-1889.....	305,100	25,274,500	
1889-1890.....	243,298	24,328,326	
1890-1891.....	308,000	24,238,000	
1891-1892.....	291,940	25,527,000	
1892-1893.....	361,672	27,169,876	
1893-1894.....	553,978	30,185,611	
1894-1895.....	545,237	27,628,981	
Total.....	\$10,995,294	\$534,946,902	\$203,296

SUMMARY.—Totals: Gold, \$10,995,294; Silver, \$534,946,902; Copper, \$203,296. Grand Total, \$546,145,492.

EXHIBIT OF THE COINAGE OF MEXICO FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MINTS IN 1537 TO THE END OF THE FISCAL YEAR OF 1895.

COLONIAL EPOCH.	GOLD.	SILVER.	COPPER.	TOTAL.
Unmilled coin from 1537 to 1731.....	\$ 8,497,950	\$752,067,456	\$200,000	\$760,765,406
Pillar Coin 1732 to 1771.....	19,889,014	441,629,211	461,518,225
Bust Coin 1772 to 1821.....	40,391,447	888,563,989	342,893	929,298,329
INDEPENDENCE.	\$68,778,411	\$2,082,260,656	\$542,893	\$2,151,581,960
Iturbide's Imperial Bust, from 1822 to 1823.....	\$ 557,392	\$ 18,575,569	\$ 19,132,961
Republic Eagle—1824 to 30th June, 1873.....	45,040,628	740,246,485	\$5,235,177	790,522,290
REPUBLIC.	\$45,598,020	\$758,822,054	\$5,235,177	\$809,655,251
Eagle coin, from 1st July, 1873, to 30th of June, 1895..	\$10,955,294	\$534,946,902	\$203,296	\$546,145,492

SUMMARY.

Colonial Epoch—from 1537 to 1821, \$2,151,581,960; Independence—from 1822 to 1873, \$809,655,251; Republic—from 1873 to 1895, \$546,145,492. Total, \$3,507,382,703.

It will be observed that in Current Product—both Gold and Silver—Mexico shows a continued increase.

J. M. Valentine
President.



DEAR EDITH:—The prophetic words of Sarah Bernhardt in New York—when she came back on her very last farewell, and for the "veriest last time!"—concerning the coming fashions after Lent must have awakened a certain heart-ache in the bosoms of many families.

Last Sunday, I believe it was, that she landed in Gotham, but at once she proceeded to cast consternation into the hearts of some thirty million—or, say forty—American women, with the statement that there is about to be a revolution in gowns—and that, right away!

In her naïve fashion the great actress declares that no more will the Marie Antoinette fashions prevail, but that the Empire and Josephine its Imperial Queen would set the style—just as if she were living now.

There is a lovely vision of Marie Antoinette in the famous painting by Delacroix when she descended the stern, cruel steps of the Conciergerie. This, with its fantastic, diaphanous, filmy lace *fissure*—whether one calls it a *Berthe*—or anything else—has won the world.

Once upon a time Sarah Bernhardt said she could start the fashions for the world. Probably she does. But, dear me! how she hates the wide bell-shaped skirt and the "fluffy" sleeve! She pronounces its era past.

Already I hear from our Parisian friends signals of the coming "Disturbance," Madame Bernhardt, who with Rejane and others—say Yvette Guilbert among them—have managed the fashions, styles, in hats, bonnets and clothes and foot-gear for some time,—will endeavor to induce a Napoleonic Era. It seems that even now the reign of white gowns which was the very insistence of the last *fin de siècle* is being restored in Europe.

As a sign, the introduction of the dainty old-fashioned "pattens"—or dainty slippers, with cross straps for the ball-room,—certainly marks an inclination to advance toward the era of the Empire.

But Madame Bernhardt declares that women have no originality about dress nowadays, and she thinks men have exaggerated themselves into a perfect stupidity of Puritanism. Perhaps the lady would like to watch President Cleveland walk down Massachusetts avenue arrayed in silk and scarlet, with a swaggering sword at his side!—as in old times.

Nevertheless the fashions of the day hardly apply to California. There is too much fur "flying." We have not as bad a climate as we think—and it is not half as bad as things they whisper about New York.

But, yet, we will wear furs, and when we can't have Russian sable—which costs about a hundred dollars an inch, we wear "genteel" substitutes,—how we hate that word "genteel!"

The Chiuchilla fur has suddenly become the style after the sable, and it's much cheaper in this country than it is in Paris, by the way. It is used very effectively on cloth and woolen gowns, and one of the prettiest costumes of recent date that I have seen is of green cloth, with two skirts—the upper one cut into points about the bottom, which are edged by the fur. The bodice has a surplice front and is trimmed by a band of Oriental embroidery—a dream in green and gold. The band edges the surplice front, crossing over the bust to the left side. From thence it encircles the waist, forming the belt.

By the way, you must carry a rabbit's foot in polite society, just now. Mrs. Cleveaud does, and so do most of the Senator's wives—just for pure good luck—or "Glück," as the Germans would say.

Mrs. Cleveland carries hers in her purse; and Mrs. Leland Stanford may not be forgotten in the matter, when one remembers that the beautiful antique, tiny image of St. Joseph and the Holy Infant which never leaves her pocket is the emblem of prosperity and good luck, according to the old Italian tradition.

BELINDA.

The Japanese Art Goods and fine cloisonné ware at Geo. T. Marsh & Co.'s, under the Palace Hotel, surpass all else in that line.



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To
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Them.

Guarantee a perfect fit and graceful appearance to any variety of figure, and are comfortable and durable.

Made in short, long, extra long and extremely long waists; four, five, and six-hook clasps.

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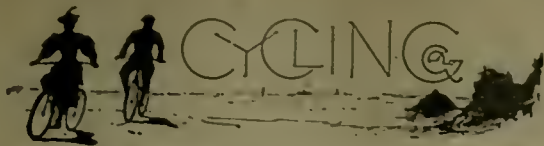
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having their own factory.



BICYCLE PROVERBS.—One of the clever people has been at pains to invent a variety of proverbs for the benefit of bicycle riders. Here are a few of them

Stolen bikes run fast.

Well tired—least tired.

A stone goes before a fall.

Bike while the craze is hot.

Bikers must not be musers.

A ring in time saves crime.

Too many bicycles spoil a walk.

Spare the pump and spoil the tyre.

Tired horses never grow weary.

It is no use sighing over spilt cycles.

Where there's a way there's a wheel.

Between two wheels you come to woe.

A seat unsound soon finds the ground.

A novice and her bike are soon parted.

Mount in haste and the dust you'll taste.

The lady cyclist has many spokes to her wheel.

The world's a cycle, and all society merely cyclists.

Look at others before you put on rational costume.

Never run over a magistrate; the pleasure is not worth the cost.

One man can set a beginner on a bicycle, but ten can't keep her there.

She that rideth uprightly rideth surely, but she that perverteth her way shall fall.

—Mail and Express.

WHEELMEN as a rule are inventive, as is shown by the fact that the chairman of the Western Passenger Association has been called upon for a ruling as to whether a bicycle in a trunk is subject to the special carrying charge which went into effect December 1st. He has decided it is not, though the charge will be made on wheels in crates or boxes. The next thing on the market will be trunks for bicycles and baby carriages. As weight is the basis of transportation rates for baggage, the question of size will cut no figure.

THE Queen of Italy has been taking a thorough course of instruction in bicycle riding, and rides to perfection, so say all who have had the pleasure of seeing her perform in her private park. As yet she has not appeared on the road, but has set the fashion to Italian ladies, and they are plentifully seen in public.

A MECHANICAL HORROR.—Machinery, a monthly journal published at Johannesburg, South Africa, gives an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India. Near the dial of an ordinary-looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs, and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When two o'clock, two skeletons get up, and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then fall to pieces, as before.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, has so securely established itself as the place which furnishes the best confections, suppers, etc., at the shortest notice, that it would be idle to speak of competition in connection with this establishment. Whenever any event requiring skillful and polite service and the highest products of the chef's and baker's arts, the Original Swain's Bakery is invariably the choice.

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116 Battery street.



A VARIETY show had reached Boggo, and the local sky-pilot had let the school-room on condition that strict propriety was observed in the performance. "I assure you, sir," said the manager, "our entertainment is of the most refined and elevating character." "Mind," quoth the parson, "I'll be there myself, and at the slightest suggestion of anything wrong my man shall turn out the lights." The performance ran smoothly awhile until Tambo enquired, "Bones, can you tell me what is the most attractive thing in woman?" Before Bones could refer to her beautiful trust in man, her love for her children, etc., the voice of the shepherd was heard in the hall, crying, "If there's an answer to that question, out go the lights!"—Exchange.

"Now, who is that?" asked the dignified hen;
 "That chicken in white and gray?"
 She's very well dressed but from whence did she come?
 And her family, who are they?"
 "She never can move in our set, my dear,"
 Said the old hen's friend to her, later;
 "I've just found out—you'll be shocked to hear—
 She was hatched in an incubator."
 —Harper's Round Table.

A LIQUOR case was on trial, and one of the officers who had made the raid testified that a number of bottles were found on the premises. "What was in the bottles?" asked the judge of the witness. "Liquor, your honor." "What kind of liquor?" "I don't know, sir." "Didn't you taste it or smell of it?" "Both, your honor." "What! Do you mean to say that you are not a judge of liquor?" "No, sir; I'm not a judge; I'm only a policeman." The witness was excused from answering any further questions.—Green Bag.

I HAVE before me a letter from a Persian friend, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small text book and a dictionary, without any other instructor, and he adds: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come to the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."—Methodist Herald.

"I CAN see no reason," said the S. P. C. A. boarder, "why it should be thought advisable to dock a horse's tail." "Probably," suggested the Cheerful Idiot, "they are docked for being behind."—Indianapolis Journal.

"DOCTOR, I want a tooth pulled. I'm a great coward when it comes to enduring pain, and yet I'm afraid of both laughing gas and chloroform." "You might be happy with either."—Chicago Tribune.

The scales arranged upon the fish
 Like shingles, roughly speaking,
 Are thus put on by nature to
 Prevent the fish from leaking.—Am. Homes.

GREEN—I wonder who first started the word hello when talking through the telephone. TELLER—It must have been some one who saw how easily the syllables could be reversed.—New York World.

MRS. DOOSTOP—Bridget, where are the nuts for dessert? Did you crack them? BRIDGET—Shure an' Oi didn't, mum. I couldn't get me teet' t'roo 'em.—Globe Democrat.

BACHELOR—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. MARRIED MAN—Yes; he has to.—Town and Country Journal.

"THAT young doctor makes an immense number of calls on Mrs. Oglesby. Is she very sick?" "No; she is very pretty."—Truth.

PA—What's baby crying for, Dolly? DOLLY—Just cos I showed her how to eat her cake.—Pick-Me-Up.

The furnishing goods sold by John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, are worn by the best-dressed men in the city, because the goods are the best in the market and the variety is complete.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,580 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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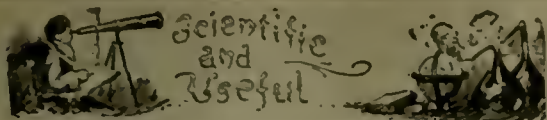
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THE TELEPHONE ON SHIPBOARD.—"Lately the first experiments with a telephonic connection between a war ship and the shore were made in Kiel, on the guard-ship Heinedal, and resulted very favorably," says Der Stein der Weisen (Vienna). "In future, accordingly, it will be possible for all the ships that lie near a buoy in Kiel harbor to be connected by telephone, not only with the telephone system of the city, but also with the other ships in harbor. The central office of the ship telephone system is in the torpedo depot. From a small temporary wooden building run wires through the water to the same buoy, so that the connection is thus made without trouble. If a vessel leaves its buoy, it disconnects the wire from the ship's telephone, and if it approaches one it makes connection. The communication of the ship with the different port authorities and with purveyors of provisions, hitherto fraught with so great inconvenience and delay, has by this innovation been greatly facilitated, and it is also of noteworthy use for signaling purposes."—Translated for The Literary Digest.

THE TINTS OF PEARL.—We have been taught to believe that the beautiful iridescence of pearls and mother-of-pearl is caused by striations or fine grooves on the surface of the naere, just as the iris of a dove's neck is due to the striations of the plumage; but according to Mr. C. E. Beuham, although a little of the color is produced in this way, most of it is caused by interference of the rays of light by reflection from the outer and inner surfaces of the thin layers of naere forming the substance of the pearl. The colors of a pearl have therefore a similar origin to those of a soap bubble, or the iridescence of ancient glass which has been scaled by time.

RANGE OF VISION ON WATER.—A man whose eyes are exactly 6 feet from the ground, standing on the beach so that the water just touches his feet, could see a ship at a distance of a little over two and three-quarter miles, and beyond this she would disappear. For each foot above the surface of the water you can see a little over one nautical mile, for each mile you can see eighty-three and a half nautical miles. People who go long voyages on ships are always surprised at the small number of other vessels they meet. But the simple explanation of this fact is the really very limited range of vision one has from a ship's deck.

EFFECT OF TELEPHONE UPON HEARING.—"A peculiar effect of the use of the telephone," said a telephone company official the other day, "is the increased acuteness of the left ear. The sensitiveness of the left ear is abnormally developed by frequent telephone practice, and the right ear, not generally used, shows a marked deterioration in the ability to discern sound. Put the transmitter to your right ear, and then you will realize how much the sense of hearing has been sharpened in the other organ."—Philadelphia Record.

THE LATEST IN MENU CARDS.—New menu cards come in the form of fruits and vegetables, such as apples, pears, potatoes, cucumbers and lemons. They are colored like the natural fruits, and the menu is written on the other side. The cards are fastened to a piece of satin ribbon, on which is printed the name of the guest.—Philadelphia Record.

OUR Life in the Present.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. —Jeremy Taylor.

The Grand Canyon Line!—To the East.

The "Santa Fe Route" Popular Overland Excursions to Chicago and Eastern cities will leave every Wednesday. Manager in charge. Through Palace and Upholstered Tourist Sleepers are run to Chicago every day. This is the only line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. Send for illustrated book giving full particulars. C. H. Speers, A. G. P. A., 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,159,129 70

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AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. Paris—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

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CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

Geo. W. KILN.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

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THE aged Theodore Tilton, who was one of the most earnest American patriots when he lived in this country, recently, has written a long letter to Elizabeth Lady Stanton on the occasion of her eightieth birthday. While it refers chiefly to Woman's Rights, there is one very noble paragraph which runs as follows:

"Writing as I do from Europe, and as a student of the slow politics and of the sluggish progress of the Old World, I more than ever hate the feudal system, and I more than ever scorn the hereditary principle of monarchic government. Nevertheless, just across 'the Silver Streak'—and distant hardly a half-day's journey from where I live—there is a lady now nearly of your own age, who for the last fifty or more years—(a period coincident with your own public career)—has furnished, in corroboration of your own political philosophy, a continuous example of woman's fitness for the loftiest of political responsibilities. I refer to the venerated occupant of the British throne; who, I make bold to say, has surpassed any and every king, emperor, prince and masculine ruler of our time in the unbroken success of a reign which, as a woman, she has rendered phenomenal by her never-failing good sense, by her unerring judgment and by her exemplary life.

"I will venture a prediction. All Europe is now an armed camp. Five nations may find themselves in a whirl and fury of war in thirty days. When are we to see a universal disarmament? It will be when our military madness shall be cowed down by woman's voice; when our murderous politics shall be softened by woman's spirit; and when our international law shall be leavened by woman's wit."

From so stern a *sans-culotte* as Tilton, this is a remarkable acknowledgment.

—In estimating the efficiency of the United States navy considerable allowance has to be made for the fact that a very large number of men in the American war-ships are Englishmen, and it is not credible that all of them would fight against their own countrymen; indeed, although serving under another flag, the majority would, we have no hesitation in saying, be too patriotic to serve against their own country, and would find a means of leaving the service, says Court Journal. The crews of American war-ships are a hybrid lot. For instance, the Chicago's complement is made up of Englishmen, Danes, Swedes, Dutchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Russians, and negroes, native-born Americans, numbering, perhaps, one-fourth of the ship's crew.

—A Madagascan correspondent of a Paris paper gives the latest particulars of the invasion of that hapless island by French soldiers, and sums up by bestowing the glory of the war entirely upon McInite; it was the bombs filled with that explosive which committed the havoc that caused the Queen to hoist a white flag. The first bomb that fell at five minutes past three in the courtyard of the Palace, we are told, killed twenty-six Hovas; the second bomb which fell in the court at ten minutes past three killed eighteen Hovas; the bomb that fell at a quarter past three killed forty soldiers and wounded a hundred; at nineteen minutes past three the Queen, fearing the result of the extra minute, hoisted the signal which proclaimed her defeat.

—The Gaulois tells its readers of an English custom observed on Christmas eve, which reads really a little bit like news. All the young girls assemble round a large punch bowl, the liquid is then set fire to, and in that flamboyant condition is ladled out into small and exceedingly thin glasses, rivalling the renowned Venetian glass. It is all the better if a girl's glass breaks in her hand, as she is thus certain to get married before the end of the next year.

Achilles in his tent contrary,
Sulks, while the Trojans gain the
day:

Yet see how matters quickly vary,
He comes, the Greeks win in the fray.

What frees the hero from vexation,
Brings all the Greeks of woe sur-
cease?

To chariot wheels an application,
Of the C. & S. famed Axle Grease.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

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INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets, \$5,783,243

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$3,306,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$597,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,869,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

Assets, \$5,493,831

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,083,321

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FIRE INSURANCE.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,192,001 69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,300 41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA 'CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000. Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

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No. 316 California st, S. F.

George E. Hall,

Agent and Importer of

FOREIGN WINES.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, 222 Sansome St.

SONNET.

WHAT'S Edison's best skill against the foe
Compared with Biere's black and blatant ink?
Why, with a squirt he can a navy sink,
Or drown an army in its prattling flow.

His pen is mightier than his sword we know,
And yet, sometimes, we are disposed to think
That his pen pellets are but balls of stink,
Such as the Chinese at each other throw.

And when they break—let Britishers beware,
No smokeless powder sends them on their way,
But winged with wheezings of asthmatic breath,
Foetid and thick, they fill the atmosphere
With rank bewildering vapors that dismay,
And stretch the foe in suffocating death. L. A. R.

WOOD PRESERVING IN SWITZERLAND.—A simple, effective, and cheap way of preserving wood from decay is practised in Switzerland in the preparation of posts for the telegraph service. A square tank, having a capacity of some 200 gallons, is supported at a height of 20 feet or 25 feet above the ground by means of a light skeleton tower built of wood. A pipe drops from the bottom of the tank to within 30 inches of the ground, where it is connected with a cluster of flexible branches, each ending with a cap having an orifice in the centre. Each cap is clamped on to the larger end of a pole in such a manner that no liquid can escape from the pipe except by passing into the wood. The poles are arranged parallel with one another, sloping downwards, and troughs run under both ends to catch drippings. When all is ready, a solution of sulphate of copper, which has been prepared in the tank, is allowed to descend the pipe. The pressure produced by the fall is sufficient to drive the solution, gradually, of course, right through the poles from end to end. When the operation is ended, and the posts dried, the whole of the fibre of the wood remains permeated with the preserving chemical.—Work.

LIVELY IN IMAGINATION.—Bridget O'Hoolihan, an elderly Irish cook, had been induced to go to a quiet little suburban town to live in a wealthy gentleman's family. Two weeks after her arrival she declared her intention of returning to the city. "Why do you leave us, Bridget?" asked her mistress, in a grieved tone; "we pay you the very highest wages." "Ye do, ma'am, an' yer a perfect leddy. Oi'm not lavin' troo anny fault av de fam'ly, but this place is such a dead old place, wid no chance to do anything lovelly in it, that, hegorry, oi have to mek up a pack o' lies iv'ry time oi go to confession, or oi'd have nothing to confess!"—Current Literature.

CHARLEY'S DAY OFF.—General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, now dead, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the Civil War he felt his coat-tails pulled. Turning about, he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment. "Why are you not in your place fighting?" the general demanded, angrily. "Why, I just wanted to tell you that, if you don't mind, I reckon I will take my day off to-day!"—Current Literature.

PADEREWSKI'S CHERRIES.—A lady visiting Paderewski's villa in Paris recently, noticed a cherry-stone on the mantelpiece. She took possession of it, and had it set in pearls and diamonds as a relic of the master. A few weeks later Paderewski met this lady, who, in the course of conversation, showed him the cherry-stone with its elegant setting. "But, madam," said Paderewski, stroking his locks, "I never eat cherries. The one you found on the mantelpiece must have been left by my servant!"—Current Literature.

COLONEL Sutherland was in Chicago during the week on his way West to this city.

"For me," said Theophile Gautier, "the new found oyster is more wealthy than the pearl in its shell!" Moraghan, in the California Market, believes him, and supplies them.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

You may as well know
what chimney to get for your
burner or lamp.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co,
Pittsburgh, Pa, for the "Index
to Chimneys."

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough
glass.

ANNUAL MEETING. Oceanic Steamship Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oceanic Steamship Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, the 21st DAY OF JANUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, Jan. 10, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING Pajaro Valley Railroad Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pajaro Valley Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 30th DAY OF JANUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Thursday, January 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING Pacific Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company will be held at the office of the company, room 14, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1896,

at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. W. HANSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 14, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING. San Francisco Gas Light Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the San Francisco Gas Light Company will be held at the office of the company, at 12 o'clock M. on

TUESDAY, January 31, 1896

WM. G. BARRETT, Secretary.

San Francisco, January 7, 1896.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32/100) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one hundredths (3 60/100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1896. CYRUS W. GARMANY, Cashier.

Office—101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31st, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one hundredths (4 26/100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five one hundredths (3 55/100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1896

Office—526 California street.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1895. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1895, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1896.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$5; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

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ADOLPH SUTRO

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The latest and the best brand out.



THERE was a good bit of grumbling engaged in last week that the earlier portion of it should have been so comparatively barren of events, and so much crowded into Friday. To be sure, Mrs. Foute's card party was composed mainly of elderly ladies belonging to her husband's congregation, and, therefore, hardly counted with the buds; but there were two luncheons, the teas of Mrs. George Pope and Miss Eleanor Woods, the McMonagle dinner party, Mrs. Sam Knight's second "at home," the cotillion at Miss Grace Sabin's, the Friday Fortnightly gathering, and the dinner dance given by the officers of the "Adams," at Mare Island, which was attended by several from the city.

Miss Cora Smedburg's tea last week was one of the pleasantest of the month. Miss Frances Curry's bud luncheon the same day was in honor of Miss Virginia Belknap, of Nevada, who was also chief guest at the Sabin cotillion, which was one of the prettiest of the present season. The national figures, of which there were five, representing America, France, Germany, Ireland, and Spain, were novel, and the favors were appropriate to the countries. Miss Sabin and George Gardiuer were the leaders, and acquitted themselves remarkably well; supper was served at *à la carte* tables at midnight, after which there was general dancing till a late hour.

One of Oakland's belles, Miss Jessie Glasscock, was the leading feature at the dance of the Friday Fortnightlies last week, as she assisted Mr. Allan Wright in his first attempt as cotillion leader, and the figures they introduced were among the prettiest danced this season.

The "Chimmie Fadden" reading at the Christian Association Hall, on Saturday afternoon, was well attended. Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck gave a tea to welcome Miss Averill on her return from abroad, and in the evening the dance of the Saturday Night Club brought the week to a pleasant conclusion. On Sunday Mrs. Bixler gave her monthly Sunday musicale. The selections were purely classical in character—Miss Sophie Newlands, the vocalist of the occasion, Mrs. C. Carr and Messrs. Beel and Heine the instrumentalists.

The wedding on Tuesday evening of Miss Gertrude Naphthaly and L. B. Feigenbaum at the Concordia Club was one of the most beautifully arranged bridal that has ever taken place in this city. The spacious rooms of the Club—used thus for the first time for such an event—afforded an opportunity which the decorators were not slow to take advantage of, and the result was a charming effect which won murmurs of admiration from all. Light, that powerful factor in a brilliant scene, was introduced by means of tiny incandescent lamps strung along ropes of smilax and hung from chandelier to chandelier, their varied hues looking like illuminated flowers. It was the bridal bower, however, which won the chief expressions of delight; it was formed of blue and white gauze in folds draped towards the centre, from which hung the marriage bell composed of camellias, hyacinths, and white rose buds; the tongue of the bell had a colored lamp hidden amid the flowers. The front of the bower was ornamented by a broad white ribbon tied in a true-lovers knot, and from each end at the sides hung a smaller bell. The filling in of a background of ferns and smilax at the back and sides was charming in contrast with the snowy white, a large star at the back being surrounded by electric lamps. Altogether the scene was one never surpassed in our society. The guests were received upon arrival by Mr. Naphthaly and Maurice Schmidt, and seated in semi-circles awaited the coming of the bridal cortege; promptly on time the Rev. Rabbi Voorsanger appeared and with the groom and his best man, Julius Feigenbaum, took positions under the canopy of the bower. When the strains of the Lohengrin chorus announced the coming of the bridal

party, first appeared Maurice Schmidt's little daughter Aimée, looking like a veritable fairy in white silk. From her waist was a broad band of white ribbon, the ends of which were held by a little girl in pink, Miss Ernie Clayburg, and Master Robbie Roos. Then followed the ushers, J. M. and Samuel Naphthaly, George Roos, and Morris Lowenstein, two and two, and then the bridesmaids, the Misses May Schlessinger, Rose Goslinsky, Hilda Brown, Mabel Gerst, Edith Schmidt, and Elsie Cook, and the Maid of Honor, Miss Dorothy Hermann. Last of all appeared the fair bride, and every eye was upon her as she walked slowly forward leaning upon the arm of her father, and joined the group in the bower. The ushers took positions on the side behind the bridesmaids, the children in front; the whole effect was a delightful one. After the ceremony was completed by Rabbi Voorsanger, congratulations were in order, after which there was dancing until midnight, when a magnificent supper was served by Ludwig in the banquet hall of the Club, which had been elaborately decorated with flowers and electric lights, the special feature being an immense monogram, F. and N. in golden iridescent lamps resting against a background of green foliage. Dancing was resumed after supper and kept up until daylight. The toilettes of the ladies were elegant in the extreme, and the display of jewels dazzling. The bride's gown was of heavy white satin with a long train over which the tulle veil hung in fleecy folds; rare old family lace was used in draping the low necked bodice. She wore a girdle of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of the same mingled with lilies of the valley. The maid of honor wore white silk trimmed with lace; the pretty bridesmaids were all gowned in pink silk and carried bouquets of La France roses. Mrs. Naphthaly, mother of the bride, wore a robe of pearl colored brocade satin trimmed with point lace and a profusion of diamonds; Mrs. Morris Schmidt, Mrs. Anspacher, and the Mesdames J. and B. Feigenbaum were especially noticeable for their exquisite gowns. Mrs. Schmidt's sapphires were also very beautiful. Owing to the serious illness of the groom's father his mother was also absent from the marriage festivities of their son. The newly wedded couple will reside with the Naphthals at their home on Post street.

To-day the Hecht residence will be the scene of a dual silver wedding celebration, the participants being Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and Mr. and Mrs. Louis P. Wiell, both couples having been married in Baltimore on the same day twenty-five years ago. The Walter-Merteif nuptials will be one of the events of Tuesday next, taking place at the home of the bride on Van Ness avenue. The dance given at the Simon residence on Saturday evening was made the occasion for the announcement of Miss Stella Greenbaum's engagement to Alfred Simon; and among other recently made known engagements are those of Miss Jennie Cheeseman and W. H. Schumacher; Miss Carrie Heller and I. Fleishman; Miss Henrietta Sullivan and S. L. Harris.

The wedding of Miss Sophie Kaufman and Frank Bowers was a home ceremony on Monday last at the Kaufman residence, on Mason street, only relatives and intimate friends being present.

Luncheons have taken a leading place this week, Mrs. Theodore Payne appearing first on the programme, her party on Monday being composed of married ladies only. Mrs. Robert Fry's luncheon on Tuesday was in compliment to Miss Belle Graut, the bride-elect of young Pond, and her company were an equal number of maids and matrons to the number of two score. Miss Lottie Wood's luncheon on Wednesday had Miss Mattie Whittier, who has recently returned from Europe, as a guest of honor.

The event of the week was the Leap Year *bal pondre* of the Friday Night Cotillion Club last night; the Leap Year cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club will not take place until the 7th of February, the last meeting before Lent.

Mr. E. A. Wiltze, who, in London, has been taking such a prominent part in efforts for the safety of Johu Hays Hammond in South Africa, was a well known figure in San Francisco society a couple of seasons ago, as he was quite a popular beau with the girls during his frequent visits to the city from Auburn, where he was in charge of mining property.

Last Saturday afternoon a fashionable coterie responded to the cards issued by Mrs. J. H. Jewett, announcing the appearance at her house of Miss Lillian O'Connell in a monologue. This clever and very pretty young woman made her debut less than two years ago under the auspices of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, at their entertainment at the Waldorf Hotel, given upon the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. Her remarks upon Colonial Days were graphic and often piquant, her interpretation of illustrative poems, bits of finished dramatic art. Mrs. Jewett gave her protégé the advantage of an excellent and picturesque stage-setting, complete in every detail. The entertainment concluded with musical selections by Miss Adler, Mr. Solomons, and Miss Pratt, and was voted a great success. The next recital takes place January 18th at 2 p. m., and illustrates Colonial life in New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.

It is rather singular that with the well known fondness that so many of our residents possess for copying everything English, that Twelfth Night parties have this year been an almost unknown quantity. It was of a surety thought that Burlingame, at least, would have done something to honor that date. There were one or two gatherings in the city; among them the one held at the residence of Mr. Robert Bruce on Jackson street, when, after the King and Queen had been chosen in the persons of Lawrence Van Winkle and Miss F. Currey, games appropriate to the night were the chief feature, followed by supper and dancing, and a most delightful affair it proved to be.

Much to the regret of their friends on shore, the sailing of the flagship Philadelphia carried away the officers of that ship, who are among the most popular who have ever been on this station; and though they will doubtless return, it may not be just yet awhile, and at present they were much wanted in our social circles. There were several very pleasant breakfasts given on board prior to their departure, and the return of the Philadelphia will be looked forward to with pleasure whenever that may be.

Large dinners have been the rule this month, and they are apparently not deemed worthy the name unless there are from twenty-five to thirty guests thereat. Recent dinner hostesses include Mrs. William Haas, Mrs. Chauncey Winston, Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. McKenna, and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, whose dinner was in celebration of the wedding of Miss Elsie Meyer and Ahe Stern, which took place in New York the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newlands are again occupying their residence in Washington City, where their daughter, Miss Edith, is one of the buds of the present season in that gay capital. Mrs. Henry Scott, who is such an energetic and indefatigable traveler, meditates leaving us again in the near future. This time her destination will be Europe, whence she departs for a visit in about six weeks from now.

The Grand Ball of the Hellenic Society last Saturday night at Union Square Hall was a splendid success. But the prettiest feature was the patriotic speech delivered by the belle of the Greek Colony, Miss Anathasiadou, in honor of Greece and the United States.

Mrs. Charles Matthews gave a delightful Theatre party at the Baldwin last Monday night to a number of visiting Eastern friends. Afterwards there was a delicious supper.

A grand vaudeville and athletic entertainment for the benefit of the Olympic Club will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, January 20th. Local talent and members of the club will take part.

The genial composer and Prince of Bohemia, W. S. Barton, author of so many famous songs, has just arrived from New York, and will visit us for two months.

Mr. J. H. Jahns and Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., of the firm of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., left on Friday for the East and Europe.

Miss Gwendolin Oberton, of Los Angeles, is the guest of Mrs. Colonel Kimball at her residence on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen intends to leave the end of this month for the East.

SENATOR Tracy L. Ford, the well known attorney, has withdrawn from the firm of Cross, Ford, Abbott & Kelly, and has taken offices at rooms 154 and 157, on the 8th floor of the Crocker Building. To day he leaves for Washington to urge the passage of an important bill relating to the tributaries of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers. He will be absent about two months.

THE well-known firm of George Marcus & Co., at 232 California street, having retired from the agency of the Transatlantic Insurance Co., of Hamburg, at the end of the recent year, had a Christmas present of the city agency of the Commercial Union Assurance Co., of London, with its capital of over twelve millions and its splendid prestige.

The latest recruit in journalistic circles is Mr. Bert Spring, who has just been appointed sporting editor of the Report, although only fifteen years of age. He is a son of Mr. E. S. Spring, who has for years past been connected with the same paper.

"The President to 'sass' England." What a dignified remark for a Rabbi to make! He must surely have thought of his Vaterland's favorite delicacies (?), sassaages and lager beer.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

COOPER & Co., art stationers and heraldic engravers, 746 Market St. S.F.



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Bottled
Brown Stout
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India Pale
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Oden and East.....	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.....	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	1:45 P
10:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	17:46 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Oden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:30 P	Vallejo.....	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	12:45 P
11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Pacific Route, Santa Cruz and America.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:18 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	17:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 12:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

1Sundays only. †Tuesdays and Saturdays.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE APE AND THE THINKER.

OWEN WISTER in Moods.

Revolving deeply as he went
The controversy of Descent,
A Thinker chanced upon an Ape,
And after sundry meditations
Engendered by the creature's shape,
Exclaimed: "There's surely something in it!
This is no theory of the minute,
And you and I must be relations."

The monkey closed one weary lid,
And "Nay," he muttered, "God forbid!"
"What!" cried the man, "you with your tail
So humble in the social scale,
Say this? My friend, have you reflected
How good 'tis to be well connected?
Or else, if this world you despise,
And on the next one fix your eyes,
In such case, what are you to hope for?
For if the Scriptures are correct,
Life here is all you can expect.
Your good deeds will no angel hoarded,
You die forever unrewarded.
If Darwin's right, the soul I grope for
Is in some measure shared by you,
And thus we twain walk hand in hand
Joint tenants of the Promised Land."

"I firmly trust that is not true,"
Replied the melancholy beast;
"I've come to know this world at least,
And something also of your race;
And where among I have discerned
One human heart that sometimes burned
In pity for a brother's woe.
One man, confronted face to face
With troubles other than his own,
Who found the time to pause and spend
Some costly moments for a friend
Not deep, sad eyes devised for show,
Not easy sympathy, well told,
Not chilly gift or naked gold;
But moments he might ne'er regain,
Yet squandered them in cheerfulness
To heal some heart, to ease some moan;
For one, I say, to whom distress
Spoke and he turned, I have found ten
That marked the human cry of pain
And looked, but never looked again.
Cold selfishness comes not in Heaven;
Sinner are hot sins there forgiven.
Therefore," the Ape said, "on the whole
I hope we monkeys have no soul.
For, mark me, we could never live
Happy with your alternative:
You with your souls may win salvation,
But soulless Apes have no damnation."

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through line to New York, via Panama, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailing at noon from company's wharf, First and Brannan streets.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. "Panama," January 18, 1896.
S. S. "City of Sydney," January 21, 1896.
S. S. "San Blas," January 28, 1896.
S. S. "San Juan," February 8, 1896.

JAPAN AND CHINA LINE FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

SAILINGS AT 3 P. M.

S. S. "Peru," January 18, 1896.
S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Feb. 6, 1896.
S. S. "City of Peking," via Honolulu, February 25, 1896.
S. S. "China," March 14, 1896.

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ALEXANDER CENTER,

General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 3 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONKONG, connecting at Yokohama with steamers for SHANGHAI.

COPTIC (via Honolulu)... Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896
GAELIC... Saturday, February 15, 1896
DORIC... Thursday, March 5, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:25, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
8:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Fulton.	10:30 A. M.
.....	Windsor.
.....	Headshurg.
.....	8:00 A. M.	Geyersville.	7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Cloverdale.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.
Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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H. C. WHITING,

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Gen. Passenger Agent.

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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 12 P. M. Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Williamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

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Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 10 A. M.
For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. MARIPOSA,
Feb. 6th, 1896, at 2 P. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties Feb. 6th and 15th, 1896.
For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.
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From Suto Heights.

Pettus & Campbell, Builders.

Taber Photo



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1896.

Number 4.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-607-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

IN the circus line there is nothing on the road equal in pleasing moral interest to Dr. Brown and Mattie Overman in one ring under one tent. Air for the band: "There are Others."

IF actresses didn't wear tights, and there were no dime museum freaks, and no social scandals, it appalls to think what would become of those great engines of morality and civilization, the Sunday newspapers.

IF there is any nation not yet heard from that wants a fight with the United States let it speak up, and the muzzle of Congress will be turned upon it. We can blow the earth out of the water with compressed air.

GOVERNOR Budd cannot be accused of using stilted language in the discharge of his official functions. It is related that at a meeting of the State Board of Examiners, the other day, he explained how the Los Angeles Board of Trade had opposed his bill to create a new Board of Examiners. But, he declared, "I've got 'em in the door now, and I'll pinch 'em till they squeal." The Governor does not propose to allow any monkeying with his prerogative—not to say perquisites. It's a Jim Budd and don't-you-forget-it administration, and those who do not stand in are fired out.

THE anti-lynching bill that has passed the House of Representatives of South Carolina seems worthy of adoption by all the States where a tendency to lynch-law exists. This measure provides that the county in which a lynching occurs shall be liable to a penalty of \$2,000, to be recovered in a competent court by the legal representatives of the person lynched. This would be a just law, and its enforcement would go far to check an evil that disgraces many American States. When taxpayers find themselves liable in damages for every outrage of this character, lynch-law will soon become unpopular.

IF the gossips are to be believed, ex-President Harrison is not such an iceberg as he has been represented, and the White House narrowly escaped a scandal during his administration. But yet it is not to be supposed that the less glacial side of his nature was affected in other than a purely platonic way. All that was necessary to stir the depths of the General's consciousness was a feminine discovery of his greatness, coupled with a profound faith in his destiny as a foreordained "ruler" of the American people for a second term. He has a calm, serene confidence in his own intellectual eminence, and naturally confides in those who worship him.

THE announcement that, at the call of Mr. Hearst, our only Ambrose Bierce had departed for Washington, to direct national legislation on the Pacific railroads' debt, seems to have created no commotion in the great East. It is possible that President Huntington may have trembled in his shoes, but if so, no responsive quiver has been felt along the line of the Central Pacific in California. Only the Examiner appears to have taken the matter seriously. Now if brother Sutro would but pack his terrible grip, and likewise depart for the national capital, the elements of a grand opera bouffe combination at Washington would be almost complete.

THE average San Franciscan, each morning as he opens his newspaper and sees the serried columns of small type devoted to theological controversy, offers up humble thanks to God that, not being a Christian, he is under no obligation to read what the clergy are writing.

GOVERNOR Budd has cabled President Kruger begging him, presumably, not to hang Jack Hammond. The reply of the stern old Boer has not yet been received, and the worst fears are entertained. It ought to be possible to come to terms. Let the Governor offer to exchange General Diek for his brother, and California will uphold him. It is a dread alternative, but this people is willing to make sacrifices.

THE Rev. Father Yorke is a very clever controversialist, and tumbles his opponents over without trouble, but when the war of words shall have ended it is not likely that there will be more Catholics than when it began. In the meantime two facts obtrude themselves with distinctness. One is that San Francisco is made to seem to be in a mediæval condition intellectually, and the other is that Father Yorke, good man, is not one of the meek and lowly, but even as the worldly, being full of belligerence and damns. Wherefor Father Yorke is a stumbling block that should be blown up by his Bishop in the interest of peace and the progress of the faith.

THE appointment of Austin as poet laureate is quite a compliment to Lord Salisbury. A practical statesman is supposed to be unusually free from the poetic sentiment, for the possession of such sentiment would have prevented Salisbury from occupying the high position he does. His selection, therefore, of Mr. Austin, instead of shaking mankind's faith in his judgment, should strengthen the people's confidence in his ability as a statesman. Had he been given as much to poetry as to prose, William Watson, the laureate by virtue of merit, would have moved him to recite a bit of modern verse to the Sultan by mouth of England's cannon. True, from the muse's point of view it would be pleasanter to have a competent judge of poetry to select successors to Tennysons; for not every man who looks like a fool is a poet. Leaving the delicate task to statesmen, Shakespeare and the author of the "Mother Goose Rhymes" stand about an equal show for court favors.

IT is pleasant in these times, when religious exercises seem to lack participants, to know that the representatives of the great American people, in Congress assembled, are thoroughly in sympathy with prayer, and know how to comport themselves when their mouthpiece, the chaplain of the House, is addressing the Throne of Grace. It is the custom with over-ardent followers of the Lord to join loudly in prayerful amens to all properly expressed petitions. The other day the chaplain told the Lord about what the American people wished, and gave him information of what the rebels are doing in Cuba to overthrow the myrmidons of Spain, and closed his morning prayer with the hope that the Almighty would see things as the jingoes do, and help along the cause of republicanism versus monarchism. The House listened in breathless sympathy, and, as soon as they could get their work in, instead of uttering mild amens, multitudinously burst into a loud applause. This is a new fad in religious worship, but, as long as the Lord understands it, it is probably quite right.

PERILOUS BLUFFING.

A FEW words of calm good sense from Washington come like a whiff of cool air on a hot day. While so many members of Congress are vying with their neighbors in chewing gunpowder and exploding the bombs of warlike speech under the thrones of the effete despots of Europe, Senator Cullom gently remarks, in effect, that this nation is making a fool of itself. "The fact of the matter is," he says, "that we are not prepared for war with anybody, and the sooner Congress understands this and gets down to business the better. We cannot afford to provoke quarrels until we put ourselves in a position to defend ourselves if attacked." The indignation sure to be excited by language such as this from a Senator of the United States will be great. But it will be mild in comparison with the patriotic fury evoked by his further observation:

"We have imagined that no one was going to fight us, and that we were protected by our situation from the necessity of preparing for a conflict, but if a British flying squadron should suddenly make its appearance on our shores our attention would be called down to business."

Indeed it would. And if in addition to a British flying squadron the combined fleets of Europe should descend upon us, what should we do? That calamity is far from being an impossible one. We have entered upon a national policy that, if pursued, will inevitably result in a world wide coalition against us. If we shall stand by the position we have assumed—that the United States is the supreme dictator of the Western hemisphere, the other nations thereof being our wards—we shall in all probability soon be called on to make our claim good with the sword.

The protagonists of the new extension of the Monroe doctrine may be right or wrong, but in either case they will not be permitted to enforce the doctrine with words. They have radically altered our relations with the powers. Hitherto we have avoided quarrel with them, and grown great in population and wealth by practicing the arts and adhering to the maxims of peace. But now that we have determined to assert practical proprietorship to half the world the character of the republic must change. Only by force can we induce Europe to accept us in this imperial rôle. It will not do to trust to luck and the hope that our pretensions will not provoke armed protest.

The United States has long been the spoiled child in the family of nations. Without an army and only with the beginning of a navy, we have been dangerous merely in the possibilities inherent in the number of our people and our opulence. Moreover, we have not interfered with European policies, greed, and ambitions. We have been on one side, as it were, and as our occasional threats and constant vauntings have injuriously affected no foreign interests, a good-natured tolerance has been shown us—a tolerance which has had amusements and some contempt in it. Our unwarlike state, so truly described by Senator Cullom, has been our best protection, for a nation that is not ready to fight is not regarded as being in earnest when it talks fight. Yet we have got it into our modest heads that the world is afraid of us.

The world would have reason to be afraid were the United States to stop talking of its illimitable resources and go earnestly to work applying some of those resources to the construction of a mighty navy and the organization of a first-class army—if we should fortify our coasts and in all ways model ourselves upon the nations on the other side of the Atlantic which go armed to the teeth. And until we do that we shall not be justified in taking the tone sounded by the President's Venezuela message and echoed by Congress and the press.

We have, of course, the men and money wherewith to fight magnificently—if that money had only been applied and the men organized. But suppose England were tomorrow to become as bloodthirsty as Congress seems to be and should declare war, where would we be? And if other powers should join her in armed opposition to the new Monroe doctrine, what would be our plight? Those who live in sea coast cities have special reasons for doing some thinking on this head.

England is becoming exasperated. The London *Globe* tells the United States Senate that "the English people will not stand much more fooling from anybody," and

warns us that we may easily find ourselves "face to face with a situation that could be called appalling."

The sum of the matter is that if the United States means to fight it should drop oratory and get ready for fighting. Of bluffing we have already had more than enough for our safety and dignity.

A South African Eye-Opener. The indignation of the American press at the popularity of Dr. Jameson in

England is a proof of how easy it is to be virtuous when there is no temptation to be otherwise. What! Make a hero of a villain who raided the peaceable and unoffending Boers? The column rules of our newspapers trembled with just anger at such moral turpitude in the British. What Dr. Jameson deserved was a rope and a tree in the Transvaal. Any interference on the part of the English Government to save him from that, or whatever fate the Boers might see fit to inflict, would be infamous.

But it develops that there were some Americans in that far country who were involved in Jameson's enterprise, and that they have been thrown into prison. The Boer horn is in the side of our ox. So Oom Paul is bombarded with telegrams, and the English Government has been requested by our own to use its good offices in behalf of the infamous Jameson's American confederates.

Let us hope that President Kruger is as sensible and patient a man as he has been pictured, and that the courts of his republic are as just as their repute, for we Americans have been guilty of an enormous impertinence in our clamors regarding our imperiled countrymen. We have not inquired if they are guilty, we have not assumed that they will be fairly dealt with; we have simply rushed forward and asked for their rescue, as if they had fallen into the hands of savages and were necessarily blameless. What we have pleaded for, practically, is that Americans in the Transvaal shall not be held responsible for their acts or required to suffer the penalty of the law of the country if they have offended against it. What would we think of President Kruger if he should claim a like immunity for the citizens of his republic were any of them to come over here and commit crimes against the Government of the United States?

We have a right to demand that American citizens in the Transvaal, and everywhere else, shall equally with other men be treated justly under the laws there obtaining, but more than that we have no right to ask. American citizenship is not, as seems to be thought in some quarters, a license to a man to rove about the world doing as he pleases, regardless of foreign laws and customs. It is natural that we should be sympathetically concerned when men whom we know and respect get into trouble in distant lands—just as natural as that the English should admire Jameson for his lawless courage and audacity—but none the less we must place our common sense above our sympathetic emotions, and bring ourselves to understand that we are not warranted in requesting the nations of the globe to suspend the operation of their laws for the benefit of sojourning Americans. Those who have fallen afoot of Boer statutes are, with Dr. Jameson, entitled to a fair trial, and that is all.

Church Morals. One Dr. Brown does the churches more harm than many Ingersolls. It is unfortunate for the churches that when a Dr. Brown appears they make the worst possible use of him. Instead of being eager to bring him to full exposure and justice, they obey a mindless instinct of self-preservation, and seek to protect him, as if his cause were their own. Thus are the churches browned all over by the fire that should roast only the clerical delinquent.

The public has long ago made up its mind as to Dr. Brown on the evidence presented by the press, yet the authorities of his sect have got no further than to pray for his speedy restoration to health, and to consult him as to how he shall be tried. Meantime, Dr. Brown has Miss Mattie Overman beneath his roof, carefully guarded from reporters, and, doubtless, the good man spares some time from the preparation of his own judiciously tardy statement to the brethren in order to assist her in preparing hers.

The fact that the writer of the Tunnell letters is in Dr.

Brown's house, in Dr. Brown's charge, would be enough to satisfy the secular mind as to the sort of person Dr. Brown is. The inference is as plain as the police draw when they catch a man coming out of the window of a house not his own, and discover a full kit of burglar's tools in his possession. But the secular mind is not like the regenerated mind. Seemingly, it has not occurred to any of the ministers or deacons who are to be Dr. Brown's judges to infer anything from Miss Mattie's nearness to her beloved pastor, which to the worldly presents itself as a piece of effrontery so magnificent as to excite their awe and wonder. Among the brethren, indeed, there is evident a profound sympathy with their afflicted colleague. They pray for him as one who is going through the fiery furnace of persecution. The grace of God may give a peace that passeth all understanding, but it also frequently deprives the human mind of capacity for thinking. There is Brother Pond—the Rev. Pond—for example, who, though he is to sit in judgment, gives it out that he believes Brother Brown is all right because Brother Brown has asked for a trial. To the powerful intellect of Brother Pond it is clear that Brother Brown would not do that unless he were innocent.

In itself, the circumstance that a clergyman now and again is discovered to be a scoundrel would do religious no harm if the churches acted rationally. Obviously, theirs is the greatest interest in getting rid of him, and sending him forth placarded as a traitor. But because they halt and shuffle, and shield and excuse, they awaken the scorn and aversion of straight-thinking people who, though not of the household of faith, are decent and intelligent. It cannot be but that the First Congregational Church, and the other churches, through it, will be hurt by this Brown scandal, for the delay in action has made it seem that public opinion has forced reluctant proceedings. Thus will be confirmed the worldly impression that the partisanship of piety too often blinds the moral perceptions of God's people, and so renders them worse instead of better than folk who have not had the light of the Gospel shed abroad in their hearts, but who retain unimpaired their natural ability to discriminate between right and wrong. When a man of the kind that Dr. Brown has been proved to be is not avoided like a leper and cast forth by his congregation, how can modest women or honest men regard the church which he has defiled as a place clean enough for themselves and their children? And how can such men and women be persuaded that religion confers a higher moral standard, a superior sensitiveness of soul?

The churches of San Francisco are suffering, and will continue to suffer, vicarious atonement for the sins of Dr. Brown. And it will serve them right for not having crucified him the instant he was found out.

The Commission Has Begun Well. Americans are to be congratulated upon the manner in which the Venezuela Commission has proceeded with its duties. The letter of its President,

Justice Brewer, to Secretary Olney, suggesting the appointment of agents or attorneys by England and Venezuela, to represent the rival claims before the Commission, is admirable in the tact and courtesy it displays. It opens the way for a graceful acknowledgment by England of the invitation thus extended, and yet acquiescence in the request will not in any way bind either party to the dispute to recognize the correctness of the conclusions reached by the Commission. The moral effect of the inquiry, conducted in the manner proposed, must, however, be very great. Should England and Venezuela both be officially represented before the Commission and each side thus have full opportunity to be heard, the judgment of such a body will have great weight with the world at large. It will certainly be conclusive, so far as American opinion is concerned. Should it decide against the British claim, there appears to be no escape from the conclusion that our Government must be prepared to back up the findings, even though the result would inevitably be war with England. President Cleveland and Congress have gone too far in the matter to recede. An adverse decision, likewise, would put Great Britain in an exceedingly awkward position. While in no way bound to recognize the Commission, and in fact denying even the right of the United

States to intervene in the difficulty, England must either act in harmony with the verdict or incur war with the United States. The truth is that this Commission is charged with a tremendous responsibility, and its judgment may be attended with the most far-reaching consequences. Should Congress, in the meantime, define the Monroe doctrine on such lines as those presented in the resolution of Senator Davis, England must promptly back down or fight. The Davis resolution goes farther than any previous attempt to law down the Monroe doctrine on arbitrary lines. While reaffirming this national policy, as expressed by President Monroe in 1823, it adds to it an element of the greatest uncertainty. What was before in no way obscure would by the resolution of Senator Davis be left altogether indefinite. It does not specifically define the cases to which the Monroe doctrine would apply, but virtually makes any given act of a foreign power, with relation to territory on this hemisphere, subject to the approval of the United States. It would be a dangerous resolution to adopt, for, whatever may be thought of the inherent rights of this country in the premises, it is to be remembered that the nation should not commit itself to a declaration that it is not prepared at all times to enforce against any and all foreign powers. The "war spirit" at Washington just now is like new wine working in an old leathern bottle—it threatens a rupture disastrous to all concerned.

The Detective Conscience. It would be agreeable for the tax-payers to find out about when it was determined that a detective policeman is to be paid his salary simply for the honor he confers on the city by filling the office, and that he is not to do any work as a detective until he is bought to do it by a direct offer of money or the chance of getting a reward offered by the State. It was a pretty spectacle offered citizens when Lees went before the State Board of Examiners in Sacramento to not only keep those who furnished evidence to convict Kovalev, from getting the reward of \$1,000 offered by the State, but to claim it all for himself. Lees was simply a policeman hired to do his duty—that is, to go and find the scoundrel through information furnished by several others. These several others brought the information. He used it. The man was arrested, tried, and convicted by means of that information. Now Lees, in the language of the people, wants to "hog" it all, and leave the poor fellows, without whose aid the detective could have done nothing, to suck their thumbs on the outside, and admire the sagacity of the great detective in ferreting out the criminal and pocketing the spoils. To give Lees a cent of this would he simply to encourage a sluggard officer in doing nothing to earn his salary. It would, moreover, break the word of promise given by the State. It would make vain any future offers of reward, if the policeman who joins the pieces of information together is to take the gain from those who give the information. The fact that such a claim, is set up to prove that a detective's conscience is a thing unknown. To grant him the reward will stultify the State, corrupt the detective force, and paralyze the action of all outsiders whose services are alone of any value to the people. Instead of allowing Lees any of the reward, there should be a fair distribution of it among those whose services were efficient, and the next Legislature should pass a law forbidding, under penalty, the receipt by any policeman of any compensation for doing the duties of his office, other than the salary received from the Government that employs him.

A New Fuel And What It Suggests. The adoption of petroleum for fuel in the Pacific Rolling Mills is an important change in local manufacturing industries, and is likely to prove the first step in a general new departure. It is estimated that these works alone will consume about one hundred thousand barrels of oil yearly. The late developments in the production of petroleum in Southern California are thus bearing good fruit in this quarter. The high cost of fuel has hitherto been a serious drawback to manufacturing in San Francisco, but with an abundant supply of a cheap and highly concentrated fuel, such as petroleum, to draw upon, increased prosperity and activity in this field of enterprise

may now be expected. While Los Angeles is finding here a good market for oil, it is an example of the natural reciprocity of trade that this same fuel is being used at our rolling mills for the production of iron-work on two large contracts from the southern city, resulting from the construction of a fire-proof building and a street railway viaduct. The progress of Los Angeles has of late years furnished much employment to labor here, in similar ways, and the fact indicates that, directly and indirectly, this city is benefited by the growth of other communities in California. Their expansion naturally brings to us construction and other work which may be done here more economically than elsewhere, because of certain advantages and facilities flowing from San Francisco's location, large population and established manufactories, particularly those of iron and steel and others requiring large capital and costly machinery. Our merchants and manufacturers should be taking heart from these circumstances, and making a more diligent canvass of the tributary territory for advantageous connections. It is a false idea that the growth of Los Angeles, or of any other center of local trade in this State, is necessarily detrimental to this city. Whether loss or benefit results to San Francisco depends upon what our people may do with the opportunities afforded them. If they are content to fold their hands, rely on natural advantages, and wait for something to thrup up in the way of new trade and industry, they are certain to find themselves left far behind in the race of progress. In the competition for new business that is bringing Chicago and St. Louis more and more into direct rivalry with San Francisco for the trade of the Pacific Coast, our merchants and manufacturers are obliged to keep their eyes open, and to follow the brisk methods of their Eastern competitors, or else drop farther and farther behind. If a little of the petroleum of enterprise were ignited under all the easy chairs on Front, Battery and Sansome streets, the result might be a glow of healthful activity, a stir of new life, all along the line.

Department of the Bar. The dignity of the bench and the bar is a considerable part of the due administration of the law. In older communities it exists as something for citizens to take pride in.

In later ones there is often enough such a plentiful lack of it, that the observer may be a little in doubt whether he is in a court of justice, a primary ward meeting, or a circus. Mr. Charles Wesley Reid, who is permitted to be called a lawyer, may know how to address a popular gathering called to denounce the awful immorality of the pool-room, but, when he gets before a judge, his attitude is something for clowns to stare at, but not to imitate. His massive brain, doubtless, makes him a bit top-heavy, so he balances himself imperfectly till he can get a table to lean against, until, as his interrogatories to the witness exhaust his strength, he finally flops down upon the table, pulls one leg under him, and, from this improvised empuce, continues the practice of the law. It may be his Honor, Judge Hebbard, is indifferent to the deportment of the bar, but, if lawyers are allowed to pose thus in all the court rooms without censure, both judges and lawyers may forever cease to wonder if laymen lose a decent respect for the administrators of the law, and show by their attitudes that they can better the instruction.

Ships That Pass In a Decade. It is said that any one of England's first-class battle ships could send to the bottom in a few minutes a dozen of what were considered her best war vessels eleven years ago. This is because of the tremendous power of the big guns that have come into use, as well as the great improvements in armor. What was regarded as impregnable in 1886 is now easily pierced by rifled guns. But this remarkable advance, in the course of ten or a dozen years, naturally excites the inquiry as to what will be the value of the present war ships ten or twelve years from now. Is it not probable that they, too, will be considered obsolete, as are at this time the naval invincibles of an earlier date? The nation that undertakes to maintain the strongest navy is saddled with an enormous outlay, which must be steadily increased to keep pace with the rapidly

advancing cost of armor and armament. This is England's present position, but recent events have demonstrated that her naval policy is wise, however expensive and burdensome to the British taxpayer. Her superior naval strength fairly cowed the truculent young German Emperor, who, in the face of England's preparations for war, dared not maintain the defiant and insulting attitude he had assumed in the South African matter. Now he is making himself ridiculous by a demand for a big German navy, to be composed of wooden ships. Such vessels might gratify by their numbers and show of strength the egregious vanity of the young "war lord," but would of course be worthless for fighting purposes. In the present state of naval development, it seems clear that a few battle ships of the first class are of infinitely more value to any nation, for actual fighting purposes, than any number of inferior vessels, alike vulnerable and feeble in armament. The policy of the United States should be to waste no money on the construction of weak ships, in the foolish notion that there is safety in mere numbers. What we seem to most need is a big fleet of torpedo boats, and a liberal equipment of torpedoes for all our seaports. If the late excitement over Venezuela taught any lesson at all, it was that of proceeding at once for the thorough defence of our coasts and harbors. The present Congress should make an appropriation large enough to enable the War and Navy Departments to proceed immediately with the plans that have been adopted for the proper defence of our shores. The people do not desire a big navy for aggressive display in foreign waters, but they are practically united in support of a thorough provision for coast defence. The folly of relying on "reserve powers," our "unbounded resources," and other nonsense of the same character, is speedily dissipated when a prospect of war arises with some foreign power possessing a formidable navy.

Pull Together For The Needed Canal. Warner Miller, President of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, is quoted as saying that if Congress does not, at its present session, take decisive

action towards the building and control of the Nicaragua canal by the United States Government, the company will proceed to seek European capital for its construction. This may be regarded as in the nature of what is commonly called a bluff. Miller well knows that European capital cannot be had for the undertaking, under present conditions. If the canal is to be built at all, it must be done by our Government, or with its express consent or cooperation. The chief obstacle of late years has been the demand of the existing company for a certain share of ownership in the Government work, because of the concessions held by the corporation and on account of the outlay it made in Nicaragua some time ago. The time has come for Congress to deal energetically and earnestly with this subject. The canal is a great national want, and of enormous importance to the Pacific coast. There is nothing in which the people of California are or should be more interested, for it would mean to them a vastly greater demand for their products, with resulting benefits to all interests in the State. Through the new water-way direct shipments of fruits, vegetables and other products of the soil could be made by steamships to the Atlantic ports of the United States as well as to Europe. A multitude of new markets would be at once opened, and trade with foreign countries would quickly spring into enormous proportions. San Francisco, by means of the canal, would begin to realize her destiny as the chief port of the Pacific, and the future of the whole coast would appear brightened and secure. If our people could be aroused to a sense of the overwhelming importance of this canal, and to take the united and earnest action that the subject demands, it might be possible to urge Congress into effective legislation during the present session. But, as usual, the attention of our public is distracted by things of comparatively small concern. As a matter of fact, there has been more effort in California this winter to secure an appropriation for the opening of navigation between Red Bluff and Redding, on the upper Sacramento river, than to bring about the construction by the Government of the sorely needed canal from ocean to ocean.



ALL through the past week Sue had been oddly happy. Her little boy had not had a touch of that hateful croup for a long time, now; and Luke Galt, her husband, had got work at last. He had not drank a drop for three whole months, but the hard times, added to his knowy vice, had kept him from securing work. Everybody had seemed to remember that on three different occasions he had been discharged for drunkenness. In vain he declared that he would never again touch liquor; in vain his handsome, healthful face gave support to this avowal. "You're an excellent workman; we know about you," one superintendent has kindly said. "You ought to have been a foreman, by this time. But there's no trusting you, I hear. You'll keep straight as a string for two, three, four months, and then your demon will grip you again. Besides, we're discharging hands, just now, anyway. So good-morning, Luke Galt; good-morning."

Luke was proud, in his way, and it cost him a keen pang to beg for work in the name of his starving wife and child. But he did beg for it in these terms, and at length he got it, too. Eleven dollars a week seemed a god-send now. Last year he would have laughed in the face of any one who had offered it to him.

To-night was Saturday night, and by ten minutes past six o'clock Sue began to grow nervous. Always that horror was over her. Each tick of the big kitchen clock gave her a deeper stab. Willie, expecting his father, had been placed in his high-chair at the supper-table, near Luke's empty seat. He was a pale, flaxen-haired child, looking younger than his real age, which was barely five years. Sue worshipped him, and was always dreading the insidious croup, from which he had already suffered several fierce attacks, would one day snatch him from her jealous arms.

His seizures had always come like lightning. The first had stricken him when Luke and she were far more prosperous than now. A physician of great eminence had then given her a certain prescription, which she had ever since carefully guarded. "It will save him if anything does," the famous New York doctor had said; "but much will depend upon its being used very promptly."

Sue looked at the clock, and then sought solely to busy herself with the sliced meat frying on the stove. Soon she sturdily dished the meat, and set it on the table, trying hard not to let her eyes wander toward the clock again, but hearing, somehow, that it was quarter past six, in spite of her piteous effort.

She and Luke had only a bedroom and kitchen in this downtown tenement-house whither want had drifted them. She loathed the building and the street. Both were full of grimy Italians, with a sprinkling of Germans almost equally coarse. Luke's recent good fortune had thrilled her with a passionate hope that they might soon find themselves in cleaner and better quarters. He was to bring home his week's wages that night—ten blessed, helpful dollars. One dollar he had borrowed from a fellow-workman last Tuesday, and given it to his wife. Sue had not a cent of it left.

She went into the front bedroom, after putting the meat on the table and cutting a few pieces off the bread-loaf bought that afternoon with the very last of her money. All day the weather had been growing gustier and wilder. It had now roughened into a fierce January blizzard. The window-panes were so coated with frozen sleet that she could not see at all beyond them. The wind outside had

DRINK

EDGAR FAWCETT, IN
Once a Week.

begin to shudder and scream. If he had been at home she would not have minded the sound. Now it pierced her more dismally than those relentless clock-ticks.

On a sudden she heard another sound, that made her start and turn. She had not heeded Willie for the last few minutes. He was always a quiet child. He had wanted to be put in his high-chair, and she had let him have his way. He had seemed, while she dished the meat, to be playing harmlessly enough with the knife and fork before him, grasping the handle of each in either pale little hand and striking one against the other with listless slashes.

In a trice Sue darted back to where he sat. His head had fallen sidewise; his face had got a chalky tinge; from his throat came the muffled, stertorous rattle that she knew so well.

She caught him in her arms and flew back with him to the bedroom. She laid him on the bed, and then applied what immediate remedies she remembered. But these were not enough. The prescription! She hurried to a bureau drawer and found the bottle which had contained it when last made up. Not a drop was left! But the paper—she knew where to find that. With slight trouble she did find it.

The only apothecary for many streets away was Zundorf, a German, notoriously gruff and unkind. Wrapping a stout shawl over her head, Sue slipped downstairs, and out into the blinding whirls of snow. If any one passed her she did not know it, so low had she bent her shrouded head.

Zundorf was a small man, with a crown bald as an apple and a stubble of tawny beard. He looked sneeringly at Sue from behind a pair of indigo glasses that did not let you see what color his eyes were, though in reality they had little reddish circles, like a rat's.

No, he wouldn't make up any prescription without pay. This would cost a dollar, and he must see the dollar before he began on it. Dying child? Oh, yes. Too bad. But he had his living to make. It wasn't any good coaxing. He couldn't trade on promises; he'd been fooled so many times before that he'd shut down on all that kind of business now and forever.

Sue saw there was no use. She caught the prescription from off the counter, thrust it into the bosom of her dress, and sped back again to her rooms.

"Luke! You're home! Oh, Luke, I'm so glad! I was afraid—"

Then she drew back. He stood beside the bed where Willie lay. His right hand was raised, as if playfully, over the child. Her side-view of his face made her believe, at first, that only a loving smile lighted it. Then the ridges of rime on his coat, and a certain rearward totter that he gave, stung her with doubt. As he turned full upon her, she saw the leer, the sluggish flush, the bloodshot eyes—all was plain, then.

But she thought only of the child.

"Luke, tell me, tell me: Have you brought any money? Willie's sick; he awful sick. It's croup again." She shrilled more words into his face as he stood unsteadily swaying before her.

"Money, Sue?" he mumbled. Then, though incoherently, he spoke some words whose meaning she gathered. He had brought home the ten dollars, all but a dollar or so. Certain acquaintances had led him off. He had taken only three or four drinks, but she knew how he never could stand anything as could most other men, and how his long sober term had made it harder still.

She believed him; she knew he was telling her the truth. They had talked it all over so often, and she had scolded him and he had howled it meekly, for withal he loved her as dearly as she loved him, and he hated his vice with all the force of her own hatred.

He stretched out his arms to her, and though she had many times recoiled from his tenderness when this curse

was upon him, she let him gather her for an instant in his arms.

"Oh, Luke," she pleaded, "give me the money! Where is it. I want it for Willie—I . . ."

But he dropped inertly on his knees before her, and then fell at full length on the floor beside the bed.

She flung herself, the next instant, across the mattress, and felt Willie's forehead, face, shoulders, chest with eager hands. He was quieter. It might mean coming death, but still he was quieter. Suddenly a shiver passed through the little frame. It stiffened in her arms, then relaxed again. The boy's breathing had the sound of air pumped into tiny resistant pipes.

"A convulsion," flashed through her thoughts. "He may have had one before, while I was away." She snatched a kiss from the boy's clammy forehead; then she rose and bent above her prostrate husband.

"Luke! Luke!" she moaned. "Where is the money? I can get the prescription with it if you'll only give it to me. There's time yet! Luke! Luke!"

While speaking she searched his pockets. She knew them all so well! She had sewed rents and darned holes in every garment he wore. Pockets of waistcoat, pockets of trousers, pockets of inside coat, pockets of drenched and icy overcoat—she searched them all. Not a sign of money—not a bill, not a dime, not a cent!

"Luke! Luke!" she kept crying. "Wake up! Wake up, for God's sake! If I could only get the money you said you've brought!"

Thick, guttural, drunken snores kept answering her. Again and again she searched. Mixed with Luke's snores came that pathetic, half-strangled wheeze from the bed.

"I—I can't find it!" she gasped to herself, standing upright. "He's lied to me." . . . Then, even at this hour, a pang of self-reproach pierced her faithful breast.

"No, no, no! He never yet lied to me! He did bring it home—all but a dollar or so, just as he said."

Perhaps the sharp, whipping sound of the bitter sleet against the windows of the next room gave her a certain new idea. She ran to one of these windows and tried with both upward-straining hands to open it. At first she failed, so tight was the sash frozen to the sill. Then, with a great, new strain, she made an aperture large enough for her to stretch both hands through it and scoop from the outer ledge a quantity of glistening sleet. With this she hurried to Luke. She pressed it upon his face and temples; she held it to his brow until she grew frightened and brushed it away on the wretched rag of a carpet that scarcely covered the bed-room floor.

"Sue!"

He lifted himself on one elbow. He stared full at her in the fallow lamplight. His look was sane and unwavering now, though still bloodshot.

"Luke! Thank God, you're yourself again! I want the money—some money—*any* money! You said you'd brought some home. I want it for Willie. The druggist at the corner." . . . And so, in a pell-mell torrent the words were poured from her trembling lips.

Luke got up on his feet before she had finished. He reeled a little at first and put one hand to his ice-cold head.

"The—the money? I—I gave it to the boy, Sue. At least, I guess I did. It seems to me that I did. I came in, and you wasn't here. I—I looked down at the bed, and I seen him. I didn't know he was sick. Praps I was too drunk to sec it. I—I guess I'd made it all up into a kind of little wad, and I held it over him, thinkin' he'd catch it, as he does a cake, or a nut, or anything I bring him. I guess he did catch it, too. I thought you'd come, in a minute, and I'd tell you he had it there, in his little fist. . . . Sue! Sue! What's the matter? What are ye bendin' over him for, like that?"

She had gone round to the other side of the bed. In one tight-clinched hand Willie indeed clutched a "kind of tight little wad"—bills, with some silver coins enfolded by them. This was the money that might have saved him if it had come in time. But all the wealth of all the world could not save him now.

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A Book of
the
Week.*

As an academic lecturer Professor Seeley has been successful at Cambridge. His lectures are full of ideas; they are suggestive, and, if not very eloquent, yet they are clear and attractive. But, to our mind, their chief interest lies in the fact that they deal with so many modern problems, and they place practical issues before us in a manner that cannot fail to command attention. It would be impossible for us in this brief review to follow these lectures in detail, and, as we must select two or three statements to dwell on, we first challenge what Professor Seeley says about "Greater Britain," that vast empire which, with the motherland, is now attracting so much of the world's attention. Dealing with this subject, then, Professor Seeley says that "Greater Britain is only the considerable survivor of a family of great empires which arose out of the contact of the Western States of Europe with the new world, so suddenly laid open by Vasco de Gama and Columbus. What England did was done by Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland. There was once a 'Greater Spain,' a 'Greater Portugal,' a 'Greater France,' and a 'Greater Holland,' as well as a 'Greater Britain'; but, from various causes, these four empires perished, or have become insignificant." Now, let us see how the "Greater Britain" of to-day compares in population with the "Greater Empires" of other lands. It is true "Greater France" passed away when Canada ceased to be a French dependency, and that "Greater Holland" passed away at the close of the Napoleonic wars, but it must not be forgotten that France has still a colonial population of thirty-two millions, and that she "protects" fourteen millions more; that the Netherlands has a colonial population of thirty-two millions, including her great possession of Java, with its incalculable wealth; that Spain has still a colonial population of nine millions in America, Asia, and Africa, while "Greater Britain" has only twenty millions of colonial subjects on whom she can depend, for the 300,000,000 in India are not to be trusted for a day. In acres, it is true that "Greater Britain" surpasses all others in her colonial possessions, but that is owing to the vastness of Canada and Australia, the greater parts of which are uninhabitable wastes; but, in population, France and the Netherlands have larger colonial populations than England at the present hour. Why, then, should Professor Seeley say that "there was once a 'Greater France,' a 'Greater Holland,' a 'Greater Spain,' and a 'Greater Portugal,' as well as a 'Greater Britain,'" but, from various causes, these four empires either perished, or have become insignificant." It is true that the homogenous character of the colonial possessions of England give her some advantage, but this fact does not justify Professor Seeley in saying that the colonial empire of France has "passed away or become insignificant," when we know that the trade of France with her colonies amounted to 600,000,000 francs, according to the latest returns. Even Portugal, to which he refers, has still a colonial population of more than five millions, and this is one-fourth the population of England's colonial population, for it must not be forgotten that India is not a colony, is not treated as a colony, and cannot be trusted to sustain England in her hour of trial.

Then there is another question, in treating which Professor Seeley is mistaken, and that is where he refers to the rebellion of 1837 in Canada. Here he appears to think that the rebellion was confined to the French Canadians in the Province of Quebec, and that it was an affair of races. In this he is entirely wrong. Upper Canada, as it was then called, or Ontario, as it is called to-day, was in rebellion as well as Quebec, and the rebellion was not a question of races at all. This fact is well known to every student of Canadian history.

As for India, Professor Seeley admits that that country may be separated from the British Empire any day. The danger, he says, lies in the fact that the populations of India have no memories, and that the benefits conferred

by British rule in Hindostan are all forgotten by the natives. Perhaps so, because favors conferred are soon forgotten in all lands. That English rule over India has been beneficial to civilization is undoubtedly true, but Professor Seeley need not tell men who have been in India that the Sepoys have no memories, or that the blowing from the guns is not treasured in their hate. The only hope of keeping India is by pursuing the imperial policy of divide and conquer, and that England has done, and is doing, successfully, in every part of the world where such a policy is necessary for the preservation of her possessions. On the whole, while Professor Seeley has become successful as an academic lecturer, he is by no means faultless, and not always accurate.

*Professor Seeley, of Cambridge, His Lectures.

"Echoes of Battle," by Bushrod Washington James. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. A publisher's notice accompanies this book, and we are told that "This volume is one that will interest every American. It should find its way into every patriotic home in this country, whose first steps towards Independence, and last blows for Union, are so graphically referred to in its pages." The publishers must excuse us, but we differ with their estimate of the book in toto. The stories are old, threadbare, and are already known in every American household in the land, that is in every household worthy of the name of American, and, besides, there is nothing "graphic" about them, while "the beautiful language of the corresponding poems depicts with pathetic effectiveness some of the scenes," as the publishers say, exists only in the imagination of those who want a profit from the sale of the book. In plain words, the prose is weary, and the "poetry" rubbish, and after reading the book, we are forced to believe that it has been published at the author's expense, and any nincompoop can become an author on those conditions.

Gunton's Magazine commends itself to the class of people who do not believe in jingoism, and who think it possible to be well-bred and wealthy, and be good Americans at the same time. The tone of the magazine is as respectful to honest toil as any labor organ in the land, but it does not think it necessary to brand every man who acts the gentleman as "a snob," because he has learned the lesson that culture is not antagonistic to the manly virtues. We wish Gunton's Magazine success, and we want to see more like it.

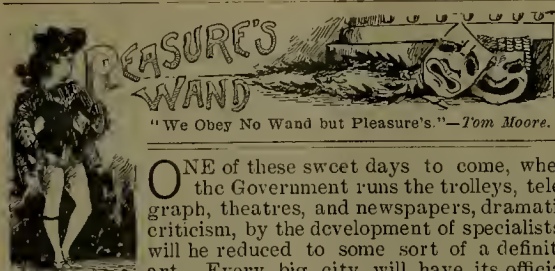
"Life at Shut-in Valley; and other Pacific Coast Tales," by Clara Spaulding Brown. This book is a collection of short stories, plainly written, but evincing a keen knowledge of human nature. There is no depth of plot and no strong character drawing, but there are "plain unvarnished tales" which are written with a freedom from aiming after effect, which is commendable. It is a book for boys and girls, rather than for mature men or women. But the reading is healthy and pure for any one.

"Other Worlds Than Ours" might as well have been named "An Old Story Retold." There is not a new idea in the book from the beginning to the end. We have been told all the book contains over and over again. Of course "matter is the common property of the Universe," but what was the use of writing a volume to tell us so, for every school-boy has been taught that lesson nowadays. The book is, however, very interesting, but—only to those who do not know the rudiments of popular astronomy.

The Appletons promise us a series of new stories about our West. They are to include "The Trapper," "The Explorer," "The Miner," "The Cowboy," "The Soldier," "The Railroad," etc. If they come up to the promises made for them in advance, they will be worth reading, but—we shall see.

"Trusts or Industrial Combinations in the United States" is the name of a remarkable book by a German, Ernest Von Halle. It looks to us, however, as if it were little more than a translation of Verein's great work on "Industrial Combinations in All Countries."

Browning's complete works, in a single volume, are now ready.



ONE of these sweet days to come, when the Government runs the trolleys, telegraph, theatres, and newspapers, dramatic criticism, by the development of specialists, will be reduced to some sort of a definite art. Every big city will have its official journal, among the staff of which will be a corps of men, each of whom has been appointed for the accuracy of his prophesies for certain things theatrical. There will be a reviewer of grand opera, another for comic opera, an analyst of farce-comedy, a thumper of problem plays, a scholarly guide to the tragic muse, an inspector of melodrama, and a scrutator of burlesques and ballets. The judgment and integrity of these gentlemen will be above impeachment, and a set of signals, such as are used by the weather bureau, may be floated from the dizzy heights of the official newspaper building for the guidance of the people. There will be the frost flag for such creations as *The Daughters of Eve*; an inflammatory, tobacco-tinted rag will chronicle the advent of a shapely ballet; a fog signal will announce the hopeless depths of mysticism and symbolism; the strength of operas may be gauged by wind signals, and so on, from the works of Wagner to De Koven, from Ihsen to Hoyt, may the populace be enlightened as to the character of the feasts that are before them. No longer will the hay, grain and cow editor be torn from his tranquil desk at night to "double" as the discussor of a study in sexual relaxations; nor will the dark-hrowed student of Shakespeare have to dilate on the chaste kicks and splits of Dolly Doemup of the variety.

Melodrama, for one thing, is treated with too much flippancy nowadays. If you doubt the simple trustfulness that underlies your world-caloused nature; if your heart would sink and swell at the perils that assail and the bravery that immortalizes the heroine and the hero; if your spine would telegraph shivery messages from base to apex at the villain's murderous glare; if your feet would pulsate to the wondrous rhythm and your eyes hulse at the grotesque grace of movement of the pickaninny dances; if you would sniff the aroma of blue grass and thoroughbreds, weep a little and laugh a great deal at an old-fashioned melodrama well told and acted, why, go to the California and see *In Old Kentucky*. You will find dynamite bombs, howie knives, revolvers, rifles, and a gulch a hundred feet deep—in fact, all the deadly paraphernalia of melodrama except the side trouser pockets, cigarettes, and mortgages. You may miss the latter, and feel like saying with May Irwin: "No mortgage! You po' thing, how lonesome you must be!" But a hundred feet of chasm will deepen a plot enough for the most exacting, and how long would a mortgage ride the homestead with a giant powder cartridge the size of a Frankfurter under it booming skyward?

In all seriousness, *In Old Kentucky* is a rattling good piece; in truth, one of the best of its kind that has ever visited us. Under the rapid whirl of incident and excitement there is a sure unity of construction, and though each sequence is caudily obvious, and accurate to one's ordinary anticipation of climax and finale, there is a novel unstrained effectiveness in the working out of the story and a really artistic attention to the details of local color. The race episode is better managed, by far, than that of *The Jilt*; and the antics, songs, dances, and band-playing of the pickaninnies are so free and natural as to suggest a holiday romp for the jolly little colored folk rather than a stage performance.

Laura Burt has made her Madge Brierly as distinct a creation as was Ada Lewis's tough girl. Her dialect is smooth and natural; she never poses, and the one little song she sings is done with consummate cleverness. Col. Saudusky Doolittle is a good specimen of Southern humor and chivalry as H. B. Bradley plays him, and Frank Lay-

son is straightforward and convincing in Ralph Stuart's hauds. Paul Scott's ultra-villainous Horace Holton is augmented by Svengali whiskers that seem to overshadow even his darkest crime. The company is a large one, and for the most part, happily chosen.

More by the popularity of the Frawley Company than through any particular merit in the play, has *The Ensign* drawn large houses nightly to the Columbia this week. Mr. Howarth's piece is a naval melodrama with a poorly developed plot, an abundance of vigorous action, and several good scenic effects. It ends with a hanging—the hanging of melodrama where the hero is rescued just as the noose is tightening about his neck, and the poor old mother and the despairing fiancée gather around the festivities in the most approved etiquette of stage executions. Mr. Frawley plays Ensign Baird—the part that so surprisingly distinguished him last season from the Mr. Frawley hibernating in a dress suit—with even added zeal and expedition. It is like the awakening of the lion. Mr. Arbuckle draws a strong piece of character as Cockson Dudley, and Mr. Leslie's midshipman is hoyish and natural. Wilson Enos, as President Lincoln, has a role admirable for its make-up and profound thoughtfulness. Miss Bates and Miss Ross do their usual clever renderings of the heroine and ingenue. The remainder of the long cast is well sustained.

The concert given by Otto Bendix on Wednesday evening at Beethoven Hall, was well attended, in the face of a sudden and unexpected storm. The Tschaiikowsky trio for piano, violin and cello was the opening number, played by Messrs. Bendix, Landsberger, and Von der Mehden in rather a scattering fashion. Mr. Bendix is a wonderful pianist, about the best we have in San Francisco to-day, but he has not the art of sinking his identity in the ensemble when playing chamber music. The trio smacked too much of soloism to portray any unity of interpretation. Mr. Landsberger played Nardini's souata, a scholarly old composition, with its beautifully pathetic *Larghetto*, and *Allegro* bristling with complex double stops. It was agreeably rendered, but did not have the fervid breadth and flights of temperament that distinguish Mr. Landsberger's work when he is at his best. Mr. Bendix was happiest in the Chopin numbers,—though Grieg's Holberg suite was exquisitely done—the B minor Scherzo and the nocturne in D flat were the events of the evening.

Though there are many new and interesting features on the Orpheum's programme of this week, Miss Rachel Walker, the "Creole Nightingale," is the stellar attraction. She sings such familiar old songs as "The Maid of Dundee" and "The Last Rose of Summer" in a clear, pure-toned soprano, so telling and sweet as to make the most enthusiastic devotee of the variety welcome the innovation of ballads sung with unostentatious art and good method. The sisters De Van do a hair-raising balancing act, and the De Witt sisters perform some clever musical specialties. It is a capital programme all through.

It has been a week of melodrama; cold chills and uplifted hair, alternating with peals of laughter, has been the order at the Alcazar, where *The Wolves of New York*, in all its horror and mirth, has had a glowing presentation. For next week Mr. Grover announces *A Canting Scoundrel*; or, *Wearing the Livery of Heaven to Serve the Devil*, a comedy of San Francisco life, said to forcibly echo recent clerical lapses from grace.

The Man Without a Country adds another link to the long chain of melodramatic successes at the Grand. On Monday night a comedy-drama by Chas. T. Vincent and Louis Aldrich, will present Mr. Morosco's players in a lighter vein, though there is enough exciting incident in the piece to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the blood-and-thunderous.

After tremendous successes at the St. Louis, Dallas, and Atlanta Expositions, John Philip Sousa and his peerless band have begun their grand tour to the Pacific Coast.

The Tavery Company's grand opera season commences at the Baldwin on Monday night, February 3rd. This organization presents a very strong repertoire. For the first week the arrangement is as follows: Monday, *Aida*; Tuesday, *Carman*; Wednesday matinee, *Bohemian Girl*; Wednesday night, *The Huguenots*; Thursday, *Meirom*; Friday, *Carallera Rustiana* and *I Pagliacci*; Saturday matinee, *Marta*; and Saturday night, *Lohengrin*. The company embraces among its artists this season Mme. Tavery, Mme. Lichter, Sophia Romani, Theo. Dorre, Nellie Franklyn, Bella Tomlins, A. L. Guille, Wm. Stephens, Payne Clarke, Max Eugene, H. S. Dudley, Wm. Schuster, A. Abramhoff, Joseph Witt, etc.

Next week will be the last of the Frawley Company's engagement at the Columbia, and De Mille and Belasco's pronounced success, *Men and Women*, is to be the farewell play. It is the story of a young bank cashier gone wrong, full of strong situations, and will necessitate twenty people for the cast. *Men and Women* is an intensely interesting play, and in the hands of the Frawley players should prove a great attraction.

The programme of Paderewski's opening recital at the California will be announced in a few days. The initial concert takes place on the evening of February 10th, followed by matinees on the 12th and 14th. Sherman, Clay & Co. open the sale of boxes and seats on Thursday, February 6th. Paderewski is, beyond a doubt, the greatest pianist of to-day, and his coming will cause a revival in music circles.

Irion dies hard in the public's esteem; its brilliant spectacles and specialties are to be continued for another week—positively the last—after which *The Gentle Savage*, a new American opera by the late E. J. Darling. The book was written by Estelle Clayton and Nym Crinkle, the well-known dramatic critic.

In Old Kentucky will commence the second and last week of a highly successful engagement at the California on Monday night. *Hendrick Hudson, Jr.*, an extravaganza said to be very picturesque and amusing, follows, presented by the Kimball Opera Comique Company, headed by Corinne, the famous dancer and singer.

The new series of Carr-Beel Saturday pop concerts will begin on the afternoon of February 8th, at Golden Gate Hall. This will make the fifth year of these invaluable music readings, that have done so much to educate San Francisco to an intelligent understanding of the beauties of chamber music. The programme for the first concert includes Mozart's exquisitely melodious quintette for clarinet and strings, Godard's trio for piano and strings, and the first performance here of Niel Gade's "Fantasie Stuke" for clarinet and piano.

The Young Ladies' Orchestra, an organization that has done noble work for the charities of San Francisco and Oakland, is in need of a fund to insure its permanence, so a concert will be given at Metropolitan Hall on the evening of February 7th to further that end.

Mr. Daniel Frohman is the first to use the phonograph to assist in the rehearsal of a play. He intends to produce Mr. H. A. Jones's new play, *Michael and his Lost Angel*, at New York, the same night that it is played for the first time at the Lyceum, and Mr. Jones has spoken the whole play into the phonograph. He is said to have used eight phonographic cylinders, which are now on their way to New York. When they reach America the manager will hear Mr. Jones's interpretation of his play, and this will be used as a guide at rehearsals.

"Freund's Musical Weekly" has changed its title to "The Musical Age." It will, as formerly, be conducted by Harry Freund, and the new title and dress will be accompanied by many happy changes and enlargements.

It is more difficult to secure genuine old Japanese vases and bronzes nowadays in Japan than it is to buy them from George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS. The irritation that induces coughing is immediately relieved by using "Brown's Bronchial Troches." A simple and safe remedy.

California Theatre.

AL HAYMAN & CO., (Incorporated) Proprietors

Monday, January 27th. Second and last week of Jacob Lili's elaborate production of an entirely original and romantic comedy drama. Exhibiting in perfection of detail and picturesque beauty any previous presentation of melodrama in this country.

IN OLD KENTUCKY.

Greatest success of the present decade. Most elaborate production of an American play witnessed in many years. The original band of pickaninies, 30 of 'em. A genuine horse race, participated in by six Kentucky thoroughbreds.

Sents: 10c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Commencing Monday, January 27th. Another sensation. For one week only. First production here by the FRAWLEY COMPANY, in De Mille & Belasco's masterpiece.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A magnificent production. Twenty-five people in the cast. Matinee Saturday only. Sents: 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor. Last performances of "The Man Without a Country."

MONDAY EVENING, January 27th—Vincent & Aldrich's great comedy drama.

THE EDITOR.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

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Complete and overwhelming triumph of THE WOLVES OF NEW YORK

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One week more of the brilliant Spectacular success.

IXION; or THE MAN OF THE WHEEL

Our Next Production: Monday, February 3d, a new American opera, THE GENTLE SAVAGE. Book by Estelle Clayton and Nym Crinkle. Music by E. J. Darling. Indian, Mexican, Cowboy scenes. The "9 Mining Camp Bandango."

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San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Overwhelming success of our brilliant new company.

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RACHEL WALKER, the Creole nightingale, the musical sensation of the city; SISTERS DE VAN, SISTERS DE WITT, etc. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

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THE NEW CLIFF HOUSE



FOR forty years the Cliff House has been as famous the world over as the Yosemite Valley or

Niagara Falls. Famous visitors at home and abroad have spent happy hours there watching the sea-lions and seals.

Several years ago the historic Cliff House of old California was accidentally consumed by fire, and the traditions associated about its ruins caused many a heart-pang among the old Californians. But Phoenix-like, a grander structure has arisen to console our city for the loss.

The entire conception has been that of a genius. The new Cliff House rears its head, surrounded by dazzling minarets hundreds of feet above the raging sea—a sea that is never at rest. With the advantage of the most magnificent ocean spectacle of rocks, reefs, mountains, and ragged cliffs that has ever been known, all the luxuries of modern art have been lavished upon its interior. From the two great kitchens, with their host of cooks, to the splendid banquet hall, the ornate ball room, with its dainty dressing rooms and pretty café. When the thousands of visitors begin to flock to the new Cliff House, they will have just at hand the noble Suto Baths, the like of which has never been known among either ancients or moderns for magnificence and ingenuity of mechanical engineering. The sea waves dash day and night over the rocks that form its stately bulwarks, and cast themselves into a small rock-bottomed lake which is used for a "settling pond." Thence the freshest and purest ocean water constantly flows into the vast swimming tanks within the huge building.

Added to this, the enterprise displayed by Mr. Suto in constructing an electric railway last year, which conveys passengers straight from Central avenue to the baths and Cliff House, serves to doubly enhance the public value of the three splendid resorts which he has provided to San Francisco and to the entire visiting world. The grand depot which will serve as the terminus of the railway is right at the entrance of the baths, and in itself is one of the picturesque effects of the entire spectacle. This magnificent and unparalleled Trilogy of edifices devoted to the public service—the baths, with their awe-inspiring vestibule; the magic grace of the Cliff House, and the fair, romantic park on the Heights—all these form the best evidence of Mr. Suto's real patriotism. Messrs. Wilkins and Pearson—for the latter gentleman had left Stockton to become Mr. Wilkins' associate—are fitting hosts of this castle by the sea.

The New Building.

The New Cliff House is a marvel of beauty, and architecturally is so adapted to the fierce, rocky eminence on which it stands, that imagination runs riot over its artistic radiance, its lofty sight and graceful structure, when viewed from the deck of a vessel approaching our Golden Gate. One of the best known men on the Pacific Coast is "Mine Host" Wilkins, and he is remembered from London and New York to Yokohama and Sydney by the best people in any of those cities for his careful and luxurious hospitality. His partner, Mr. Pearson, is a gentleman of wide experience. In refitting the new Cliff House all the best talent in San Francisco has been called to the front. A brief review of the various firms taking part in the mechanical and artistic achievements of this Palace by the Sea will be of interest:

Building a Palace. When a sculptor has designed a wonderful conception in plaster, he turns it over to the most skilled artificers in marble, in order that his ideal may be a complete realization of the original. And so in the erection of the beautiful new Cliff House, our latest California wonder, Messrs. Campbell & Pettus, the contractors and builders, at 40 New Montgomery street, had complete charge of the realization of the architect's original designs. To produce a building of such grace and ele-

gance, and yet at the same time secure its complete stability on the edge of a sheer, rugged cliff has been no slight task, and the thousand and one details involved in achieving such a perfect success have demanded the most unremitting attention. However, the result is a lasting tribute to the energy of Messrs. Campbell & Pettus, and doubly so to their mechanical knowledge.

Artistic Wood-Work. For nearly thirty years the Excelsior Milling Company, whose place of business is at 713-717 Bryant St., near Fifth—the firm consisting of Messrs. David Dodge and Edgar L. Dunshee, has been first in the field for not only general milling work but for the execution, artistic effects, and designs in public buildings, and in private residences. There is hardly a wealthy mansion in San Francisco or Oakland which does not bear the impress of the firm in the way of richly moulded wood-work and interior and exterior decorations in wood, such as one finds in picturesque Europe. Hundreds of examples of their work might be pointed out, but at the moment, none better than their success at the New Cliff House could be named. All the milling work, including the doors, sashes and mouldings were constructed by the Excelsior Milling Company, and remains in itself a tribute to their thorough, substantial, and honest attention to everything which they undertake.

Staunch Timbers. Undoubtedly the most important feature in the construction of the New Cliff House has been the splendid, sound, well seasoned timber which the well-known firm, the Taylor Lumber Company of West Berkeley, has furnished. It has given to the beautiful building on the rocky cliffs a solidity which will withstand the fiercest attacks of our winter storms. Their San Francisco office is in the Luning Building, at Market and Drumm streets.

Aiding the Vista. The diamond-like transparency of the best modern plate-glass, together with non-frangible qualities, is especially to be remarked in the beautiful windows which Messrs. F. N. Woods & Co. have supplied to the new Cliff House. They are so clear that one would think them of pure crystal. This firm has also fitted up the new Parrott Building and many leading houses here.

Artistic Designs in Hardware. One of the best-known firms in San Francisco is the large establishment of the Palace Hardware Company, No. 603 Market street. They have in its way the most varied and extensive stock west of the Mississippi. No better illustration of this can be had than the complete hardware outfit which they have just supplied to the new Cliff House. The builders' hardware used in the Parrott Building and other large edifices were also furnished by this firm.

Perfection of Plumbing. Modern sanitary plumbing has been reduced to an exact science, but, as in other crafts, one cannot always find the plumber who is master of his art. However, in G. C. Sweeney, of 114 1/2 Ellis street, the San Francisco public has recognized a genius. He is the successful conqueror of malaria. To appreciate his careful, artistic work, one should see the interior of the new Cliff House, to which he supplied all sanitary plumbing, gas-fitting, lavatories, etc.

Cold Storage Room. The "cold storage room" is becoming as much in favor in San Francisco as it is in New York, since the well-known firm of Baeder & Fincke introduced its manufacture in San Francisco. For bar, store, and office fittings this firm is celebrated, and also for their bowling alleys. This firm is at 508 Fifth street, near Bryant.

Luxurious Bar Fittings. The civilization so thoroughly manifested in our Eastern cities is rapidly repeating itself here, through the efforts of Schuster Brothers, of 306 Sutter street, in the matter of luxurious bar fittings. Everything that the most elaborate café in

New York possesses has been supplied to the Cliff House by this well-known firm—the counter-sunk work, the air pumps in the lower bar, the marble-work about the superb beer-pump, with its beautiful silver faucets—in short, the achievement is an artistic surprise.

For the Cordon Bleu. It is doubtful if in the world over one could find more thoroughly appointed kitchens than Messrs. John G. Iis & Co., of 814 Kearny street, have prepared for the Cliff House. In the matter of ranges and all the accoutrements which appertain to the most modern requirements, the Cliff House kitchens are unequalled on this coast. It is completely satisfactory to the *cordon bleu chef* who will preside over it.

Its Palatial Furnishings. The fairy-like interior of the new Cliff House has been produced by Messrs. J. Fredericks & Co., of 649 Market street. The rich carpets, the superb furniture, the rich curtains and *portiers*—indeed, all the magnificent upholstery which this firm has used in the decoration of this establishment have made it a palace.

The Lighting Elevator. The elevator at the new Cliff House was installed by W. L. Holman, of 230 Fremont street, and the Electrical Engineering Co., of 34-36 Main street; the former furnished the car, cables, and all the guiding apparatus, besides furnishing and building the cars for Sutro's Electric Railway, while the latter designed and built the winding machinery, and all the electrical controlling apparatus. The machine is of the worm-wheel type, the four car and two counter-weight cables being wound upon a spirally grooved drum. The motor is of the multi-polar type, wound to suit the 500 volt circuit from the Sutro Electric Railway line. All high speed bearings are self-oiling, and the worms run in an oil bath. Attention is thus reduced to a minimum, and any one can take care of the mechanical parts. The car is grill work of neat design, and is very light and strong. The cables are of special manufacture, strong, pliable, and durable. All the movements are easily and quickly indicated by means of a lever in the car, which is the approved plan for such service. The control is obtained by a small current carried to the car through a thoroughly insulated flexible cable, from which there is not the slightest danger of obtaining a shock. The controlling mechanism is placed in the basement with the driving machinery, and the indications carried to it by the small current. Its speed is 300 feet per minute. Safety appliances are provided at all points, and the machinery is instantly stopped in case the current is interrupted from any cause. In all it is an engineering triumph for the Electrical Engineering Company and W. L. Holman.

Stopping the Leaks. The pioneer advocate of the cash register system in California was John J. Wilkins of the new Cliff House. He was first to place a machine in his establishment years ago, when they were a complete novelty. With his proverbial sagacity he realized, as he says, that they "stopped all leaks—accidental or otherwise!" But as time goes by, there has been a wonderful improvement in the mechanism of these registers, and at last perfection has been reached in the National Cash Registers, of which Messrs. Pierce & Co., at Room 12, Chronicle Building, are agents. Messrs. Wilkins and Pearson have adopted them for their grand enterprise at the Cliff. This invention has revolutionized the entire system, both for simplicity, surety, and artistic elegance.

The Camera Obscura. Berlin, Paris, London, and other great European capitals possess that beautiful scientific phenomenon, the camera obscura, and now San Francisco is about to have hers. In the tower of the new Cliff House one will be able to view the splendid panorama of coast and shore through the medium of this ingenious apparatus. Mr. L. A. Berteling, the well-known scientific optician of 427 Kearny street, was the only man in the United States able to design and carry out its elaborate construction.

Sweet Music. In the luxurious suites of the New Cliff House may be found the favorite, rich toned Sohmer pianos—which have the "singing" tone Liszt used to speak of. A dozen of them were furnished by their popular representative on the Pacific Coast, Byron Mauzy, 308-314 Post street.

Pabst Beer Exclusively. The famous Pabst Milwaukee beer exclusively on draught and in bottles is sold at the Cliff House, which adds considerably to the attractions of this unique resort. The Pabst Brewing Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., is the largest establishment of



its klud in the world. The beer of this great concern has always gained the highest honors at all expositions. Only last year it succeeded in winning the first award against all competitors in Munich, Germany, the former greatest lager beer brewing city of the world. The Pabst Brewing Co. turns out over a million barrels of beer every year, which is three hundred thousand barrels more than the next largest brewery in the United States. This certainly attests the popularity of this beer. The Pabst

Brewing Co. stands to-day at the head of all the breweries, and this position has been achieved solely through merit. The high-spirited courage of the Pabst Brewing Co. in venturing upon one of the most ambitious schemes of the century deserves of the highest credit, and is a sufficient guarantee that the high standard of their beer will be maintained for all time to come. They were bound to have the best materials to produce the best beer, and they invested an enormous fortune to establish their world-wide reputation. The Royal Eagle Distilleries Co., the general agents of the Pabst Brewing Co., have done their share to establish a constantly increasing demand for this famous beer in the city and vicinity. This well-known concern imported during the last year as much Pabst Milwaukee beer in bulk into San Francisco as was imported from all the other Eastern breweries combined, and it is safe to say that in the hands of the Royal Eagle Distilleries Co. the demand for the famous Pabst beer will continually increase.

Choice Brands of Cigars. It was lucky for William Lewis & Co., of 24 and 26 California street, that they secured so much good Havana tobacco before the recent Rebellion. Nowadays, with a fine stock of the "Porto del Oro," the "Adolph Sutro," and the "Purity Club," on hand, they are confident of the public verdict that they have the finest stock on the coast. These popular brands will always be kept on hand at the new Cliff House.

The New Stables. A feature of the new Cliff House is the splendid and completely appointed stables and sheds, which have been built on the bluff to the north of the building and easy of access to it. The management takes great pride in this important innovation, and well they may. The floor of this stable is a very fine and excellent piece of work, laid in a manner new to this section, but common in the East. It is of Watson's asphalt mastic, and was done by the Pacific Refining and Roofing Company, of which Mr. W. J. Watson is manager. This company, whose office is at No. 153 Crocker Building, have extensive works at the Potrero, where they handle the entire coal tar product of the two gas companies here and that of many adjacent cities, and also refine asphalt, and make building and roofing papers and roofing materials. They also do gravel roofing, a recent piece of their work having been the great court in the center of the Parrott building, which work during its progress was inspected by many of the architects and builders of the city, and elicited very favorable comment.



THE craze of the period is certainly novelty. Hosts and hostesses are racking their imaginations for an original idea wherewith to entertain society. The peasant dance dinner-to-night at the Tobins' is one of those which has taken practical shape; apropos of which a girl at recent University Club lunch was heard to say: "It's pretty good of the Tobin-Jarboe crowd to adopt the peasant costume notion when everybody knows it was one of them who raised such a fuss over peasant dress for the leap year cotillion. However, people needn't mind short dresses at a dinner table, don't you know, the feet are not shown."

The publication of the coats of arms borne by our people of aristocratic tendencies in a Sunday paper is amusing, if not instructive. The fact that a clan bearing the name of one lady's maiden patronymic exists in Scotland and thereby entitles her to adopt their crest, is good. So, too, the dove flying forth being emblematic of the migratory strain in another family. Then we are told that no less than two armorial bearings ornament a swagger residence in the Western Addition, though people conversant with the ancestry of its owner declare the ducal coronet is a puzzle, unless a motto can be used that "everything can be got for money." No wonder one of our first families changed the d in the original name to b, for who would wish to pose as coming from Essex as a bad male bird?

The girls are in a state of the most pleasurable excitement over the coming domino and mask party at the Presidio, for as the men are to be simply in evening dress the pretty creatures will be enabled to *intrigue* them, as the French say, to any extent. The men may expect to have a perfect shower of rallery, all sorts of questions asked, and no doubt many confessions made under shelter of the mask; for ever since Juliet told Romeo of her love when the "mask of night" was on her face, that article has been found a handy thing to cover the confusion of such avowals. Lovely costumes are being discussed, and should the night be propitious a most enjoyable time is anticipated.

The recently announced matrimonial engagements of members of our best society will carry much consolation to those of our charming maidens of the swim who have been prominent figures therein for season after season without any of Cupid's darts having struck home for good and all. For it will be seen in each instance that the bride elect is one of that body herself; so the present sweet end of the season can go on rejoicing for many a winter yet; there are lots of good times ahead ere sober matrimony calls a halt.

If that knowing old party, Dame Rumor, speaks by the card our social world is likely to have a real sensation ere long in the culmination—by a divorce suit—of what has been for some time called "domestic unpleasantness" in the affairs of a couple each of whom is very popular in the swim. No names are given, because every one on the inside will know who is meant, and to outsiders the matter is of no moment.

They say the Brownies are in a state of exasperation this winter, and all because some of the erstwhile old club chaps have come out as dancers, and the girls prefer the oldsters every time.

"What a jolly good time Mrs. Millie Ashe-Sewell is having in her visit to her old home," is a remark heard on all sides.

The writer of the anonymous paragraph for "Sparks" evidently undervalues the department. However, we never return stamps, good cigars, or their equivalent.

There is a murmur going round that the next "novelty" dance will be given in a big house on the Avenue, and will be a "skirt dance." Those of the guests who are not adepts in this line must be contented to do the looking on act—like the dowagers at the cotillions—but the way the women are practicing the high kick would lead one to believe there will be a goodly number of dancers on the floor.

On dit, Al. Bowie and others are meditating an old bachelors' cotillion to be given either just before Lent or directly after Easter. Should the report be based on fact the affair is sure to be the climax of a most charming season.

The French conversation class is progressing so rapidly the Presidio chaps are now able to make use of the verb *amour* without committing themselves; while the girls have mastered *tenir*.

W. D. Page and Miss Sarah Collier's names are being coupled most energetically of late by society folks.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

There will be a curious famine in Johannesburg, South Africa, for a time. During the rush of Americans and English to the great gold fields there vast quantities of Old Saratoga Whiskey have been ordered by our countrymen. The shipments were immense. But in the present trouble, how will they get it?

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THE MAN ON THE DRY GOODS BOX

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, and, therefore, this story requires no preface. It was given to me a few days ago by a well-to-do widow in Solano County, and it will talk for itself. The lady referred to secured a promise as to secrecy regarding her name, the location of the events, and every thing which might lead to the bringing home of the story to her door. So, with these precautions taken, the tale is given in substance as she told it. She said:

I had just buried my husband. If you must know it, he shot himself out of unfounded jealousy at our home down the country. He left behind, after I had sold our furniture and belongings, and had paid the expenses of the funeral, a widow with a baby two and a half years old, and with just seven dollars in my pocket on my arrival in San Francisco. My trunk was at the depot, for I wanted to go up north to mother. But the fare was \$7.05, and the railroad clerk could not take a cent less. I don't know when I had eaten last, but baby could not have had anything for twenty-four hours, and commenced to cry. How I got there I cannot tell, but I must have walked up from Fourth and Townsend to Market, and thence, trying in my poor way to devise some plan, have gone round and round the block bounded by Ellis, Market, and Stockton, till my fevered brain was raging. How long I did this I cannot tell, but it must have been for two or three hours, poor hungry baby crying and moaning in my arms incessantly. Suddenly I heard a voice by my side and saw, through the film in my eyes, a gentleman well-dressed and of prepossessing appearance. "Madam," he said, as he lifted his hat, "you seem to be in trouble. If it is in my power will you let me assist you?"

In a torrent of hurried words, half-crazed with sorrow and hunger, I told him my story.

"Let us walk," he said, "as far as the restaurant opposite. Baby must be hungry, and you, too, surely need sustenance and rest. Come!"

He took baby from my arms, and I followed blindly, and as one in a dream.

We were soon seated and served with a luxurious breakfast, baby eating bread and milk until she fell asleep.

"Now," said he, "let us go down to the depot. You said you had seven dollars. Give them to me and I will supply the odd five cents, and put you on your way to your mother's home."

I never doubted him for a moment, and gave it to him, although he might have run away with my all. He called a hack, drove to the depot, and in a few minutes had me seated comfortably on the boat, with my ticket in my purse for home.

Just as the boat was within a minute of starting he asked permission to kiss the little one, and, as we started, he squeezed something into her tiny fist, and, bending over to me, said:

"Never forget the man on the dry-goods box." Then we started.

I was stunned a few minutes afterward, when baby held out her little red hand, and said: "Mamma, see what I dot!"

I took the paper from her hand, and it was a \$100 green-back.

What was the mystery? I puzzled over it for hours, and at last, in God's mercy, I understood everything.

* * * *

Some seven years before, in company with my brother, I was returning from the theatre to our rooms on Washington street. Coming along Kearny, we met a man and woman wearily plodding along the uneven sidewalk.

The man, seeing us, left the woman and said: "For the love of God, lady, give me half a dollar to get a bed and breakfast for my wife. She is starving."

I reached down to my pocket, when

my brother said angrily "Leave us alone, or I'll have you arrested." We quickened our pace until we reached home, although the sad tones of the man's voice still lingered in my ears.

"You mustn't take any notice of beggars, especially at night," said my brother, as he kissed me on retiring.

But my heart was troubled, and, after undressing, I stood at my window musing.

There was a large empty dry-goods box on the opposite corner, and I had hardly been three minutes at the window, full of painful thoughts, when I saw the man and woman creeping wearily along the sidewalk. When they came to the dry-goods box, he took off his coat, and laid it inside. Then he helped the woman to crawl into it, and, saying something I could not catch, mounted the top of it, and prepared to sit there all night.

A flood of tears broke up my reverie, and, hastily dressing myself, I stole down stairs and crossed the street.

"Here, my good man," I said, offering him a half-dollar. "Take this and get a bed for yourself and your wife."

"Thank you," he said gravely, "but we are all right for to-night. I will take your half-dollar, so that we can eat to-morrow. We can rest here. No one will molest us."

In a second I pressed another half dollar into his hand, saying: "Sleep and eat too." Then I left them.

I do not often pray for people except for myself and baby, but from that night baby and I have never failed to ask God to bless the man who sat on the dry-goods box that dark, chilly night, and who afterward sent us up to Trinity County. Bread cast on the waters? See how it came back to me."

D. W. C. N.

PHIL MAY, the English artist, knows more of drawing than of cricket, while Dr. W. G. Grace, the famous cricketer, knows more about the game than about anything else in the world. The latter is inclined to be critical, and when Mr. May published a picture pretending to show a cricket match he received the following telegram: "Why, oh, why does square leg wear wicket keeping gloves? W. G. Grace." At about mid-night Phil May came out into Fleet street and thought he would send an answer. So he went into the telegraph office and wrote it. The clerk, seeing the address, remarked that it was some miles from Bristol, and a special messenger would be required. "All right," said May, "send it off at once." And at about 2:30 on a bleak December morning the champion was awakened from his first sleep and dug from his bed to read the reply. "To keep his hands warm. Phil May."—Ex.

NEVER risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it," was the opinion of the French philosopher Bruyere.

because of a
run down con-
dition of the
system, and is
not affected by ordinary cough
medicines, will yield readily to

Scott's Emulsion

because it gives strength to the
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throw off the disease.

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No Cause for Undue Alarm. The anxiety experienced here over the situation in which Mr. John Hays Hammond has been placed by the collapse of the recent *émence* in the Transvaal, will, we hope, prove in the hereafter to have been unfounded. His connection with powerful London companies makes it their duty to protect him, and the British have never yet laid themselves open to the charge of having left a friend in distress. The Boer bogey has been greatly magnified over here by a class of individuals who always seize upon an opportunity of this kind to parade themselves before the public, and the more fuss they can kick up the greater the advertisement, which has the additional advantage of being cheap. From an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Hammond, we have no hesitation in expressing the belief that the charges of overt acts and conspiracy, in which the sensation-mongers have dealt so liberally of late, in connection with the young engineer's arrest, are simply baseless fabrications. As the manager-in-chief of the vast mining interests of the South African Company, Hammond had a duty to perform, irrespective of personal considerations, and true to his character, he fulfilled it. While the Volksraad may see fit to carry their primitive measures so far as to confiscate property belonging to anyone upon whom their suspicions may dwell as unfriendly, it is safe to say that they will not go so far in that direction beyond certain bounds. As for any intemperate measures being adopted, involving the lives of Mr. Hammond or his associates, the idea is too absurd. The Boers have too much common sense for any mad action of that kind. The incident may, however, serve to stir up our Government enough to take means of some forcible character to protect its citizens from outrage in foreign lands. On top of Monroism for domestic use, we want a new doctrine established for maintaining the dignity of the flag abroad.

Comstock Mining Shares. Judge Seawell has handed down a decision in regard to the voting of proxy stock by California companies, which will set at rest a lot of caviling which has been going on for some time on the subject. The point was raised in regard to the legality of the last Con. Cal.-Virginia, which was carried on, as usual, with all other Comstock companies, incorporated here, in conformity with the requirements of the statutes, covering the elections of corporations. A stockholder claimed that voting stock by proxy was illegal, although the law says it can be done. Judge Seawell, in his decision, which sustains the company's action in every particular, has decided this point finally, and the disturbers of the peace in stock circles will now have to dig up some new issue if they intend to stay in business. A few more decisions of the kind will help the market in more ways than one, and clear the financial horizon of a cloud which has been hanging over it for some time past. The market has been quiet during the week, with very satisfactory reports from the mines, and especially from Savage and Occidental.

A Profitable California Gold Mine. The Pioneer Mining Company is now putting in some powerful air compressors, preparatory to extending its operations in the lower workings of their property. The company cleared over \$6,000 last month, with its vast reserves of ore practically untouched. The stock is now quoted at between \$4 and \$5 per share in Boston, a comparatively low figure when the value of the mine is considered.

Back-Sand Phantasies. Very little is heard now of the black-sand operations on the ocean beach. Some little time ago a revival of the craze furnished an opportunity for the theoretical scribbler to work off considerable surplus steam, and columns of matter appeared from this source. As usual, however, the results were not in consonance with the theories.

California Miners To the Front. The Gold Mining Exchange of San Francisco held a meeting during the week to take some steps to aid John Hays Hammond and other Americans in jail at Pretoria, by urging the necessity for immediate action upon the President. The outcome was a call for a mass-meeting of citizens in the Chamber of Commerce to-day, when San Francisco will undoubtedly make a very forcible protest against any further delay in intervening some way or the other for the protection of citizens in South Africa. The prevailing opinion seems to be that when American citizens are illegally jailed abroad, it is about time to dispense with red-tape at home and get down to work without losing time in the mere diplomatic discussion of the case.

The Fireman's Fund Election. The annual election of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company took place during the week, and the following Board of Directors was re-elected to serve for the ensuing year: D. J. Staples, John O. Earl, John Barton, John H. Gardiner, John T. Wright, Thomas S. Chard, W. H. Brown, F. W. Lougee, J. C. Coleman, John Birmingham, and Wm. J. Dutton. A comparison of the condition of the company is given in the annual statement, shows the steady increase made in the company's business, from which two years are here noted as sufficient to illustrate its remarkable growth: In 1890 assets were \$2,431,717.79; reinsurance reserve, \$797,618.97, and net surplus, \$484,438.25. In 1896 the assets had increased to \$3,449,095.88; the reinsurance reserve had swelled to \$1,218,571.74, and the net surplus was \$987,205.09.

Stockholders Must Now Pay Up. The Supreme Court has at last decided that the stockholders in the Pacific Bank are liable individually for their respective portions of the debts and liabilities of the insolvent corporation. In about half the time they were thinking over the matter, the Glasgow Bank Directors were sentenced to penal servitude, and its stockholders had either paid up, or had been sold out by the Sheriff. The failure of that concern, too, was not nearly so disreputable as that of the Pacific. If the whole management of this bank had its just deserts, they would be in the State Prison for life, and without any exception, either, on the ground of ignorance of the rascalities being perpetrated by a set of sanctimonious hypocrites.

A Corner in Camphor. The ubiquitous, irrepressible, and never successful Colonel North, the "Nitrate King," is reaching out for a still further extension of power in the world of commerce. His latest enterprise, according to a correspondent, is the purchase of all the camphor in the universe. Enormous stores of this commodity are pouring in on him, and the wags of Europe have already dubbed him the "camphorated Colonel." He has an army of secretaries—a mine secretary, a railway secretary, and a nitrate secretary. The appointment of a camphorated secretary is now politely suggested.

The Magalia A Bonanza. The Magalia mine, formerly known as the Pushbacker, which was killed in this city by the petty jealousy which has ruined business in San Francisco, at the time Major McLaughlin brought it out at a great personal expense, is now said by the interior press to be without doubt the richest gravel mine in the State. The deposit is very rich, and now that the pay gravel has been reached, the owners will be repaid in a great measure for their expensive outlay in sinking a shaft in a short run. This was another case of casting pearls before swine.

THE Leadville, Col., Herald-Democrat, in its annual mining review, shows the value of this year's product of the Leadville mines to be \$13,318,774, an increase over 1894 of \$5,000,000. The net tons of ore smelted during 1895 amounted to 349,710, producing 100,499 ounces of gold, 13,530,348 ounces of silver, 62,471,670 pounds of lead, and 4,584,906 pounds of copper.

COLONEL William J. Sutherland, the prominent mining operator, is in town again after an absence of a few weeks on business connected with the large mining interests under his control in Nevada.

Edwin L. L. L.

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

IF there is any limit to the impertinence of interviewers, or any dose of private domestic scandal too nauseating for the editors of the daily press, they have not yet become known. Every mole-hill of news is magnified to a mountain of importance, and the telegraph is strained to tell the world of tidings that in all honor and decency should never be known outside the household in which it was born. That no household is too sacred for the babbling newspaper gossip to enter, no name or position held in too great veneration to disclose to an impertinent world its inmost secrets, has now become disgracefully true to the man who has occupied the first position in the nation. Self-respect and decency are unknown to the paudors to public curiosity, and the family linen of ex-President Harrison has now begun to be washed before the whole country, and before it is all pulled over and aired and displayed, it will be more soiled than ever, and it will be wonderful if there shall be left one piece that is not spotted and smutched beyond the power of time or prayer to make clean. No man was ever great to his valet, and the ex-President, before he leads his *fiancée* to the altar, will see himself as others see him, weak, sinful, deformed, beyond the power of any introspection or memory to recognize. He will be made to forget that he ever had anything to be grateful to the American people for. He will see what a moral monster he is believed to be. He will find his children have become his critics and his enemies, his constituents have become his inquisitors, his name known only to infamy. Like Lear he will seek for brotherhood in the tempest, and like Job he will curse the day on which he was born. Such is the benignant power of the daily press, and such the grateful respect of the American people.

THE friends of Mr. John Hays Hammond have shown a commendable energy in trying to come to the rescue of this prisoner caught in the act of rebellion against the Government of President Kruger. We don't know anything about what Hammond has done, nor what he has been charged with, nor whether he is wrong or right. And we do not know exactly what the punishment is likely to be. But we understand that, after the ordinary methods of Governments, when a person is found guilty of encompassing the life of a Prince, or a Governor, or President, or the Government itself, that there is something with boiling oil in it. It does seem as if something ought to be done about it, and that, if it be true that nothing of the kind has happened, then nothing more ought to happen. It seems, furthermore, as if we didn't know much about matters in the Transvaal anyway, but that, as we have just slapped England in the face to make her mend her manners, we now ought, as we believe has been done, to request the English Government to interpose and save any imprudent malefactor from the power of an avenging and outraged President. When the news comes of what has occurred, we are certain that the very best will have happened, or we shall be mistaken.

SINCE the great General Boum displayed his magnificent war-like propensities in laying out his plans for the campaign, as the Grand Commander of her bouffe operatic Majesty, the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, we have not had his equal, till the contemplated arrival of the successor of Campos on the Island of Cuha. There is now to be no more nonsense. The insurgents are now to be shot down, killed, annihilated—Bang, hang, bang. The pretended republic is to be blown to bits—Bang, hang. The power of the majesty of Spain is to be incarnated in the person of General Weyler, bang, hang, and then there will be peace. Down with Campos. Up with Weyler. Death to rebels—Bang, hang, bang.

AMID the din of scandal and hush of religious sympathizers, it is said that there has appeared an honest minister of the Gospel. Be it known, no notice would probably have been taken of his unusual virtue, but that he slopped over in his pulpit, displayed his ignorance of that

of which he was most wisely discoursing, and sat down. He had laid the blame for the existence of dives and other pools of filth upon the Board of Supervisors. There was his error. The "solid eight" of that notorious body are guilty of so much that it is surprising that any man could, by ill luck, happen to hit on any single sin of which they were not guilty. But it was just the luck of the Rev. Dr. Case. So here was a chance for Vice to put on airs of Virtue. It did, and said Dr. Case had lied. Then Dr. Case went down among the lawyers, and, for once, got enlightened a little, and saw that he was wrong, and then, with a degree of decency and manliness that is conspicuous by its manifold absence, he went up into his pulpit and said he had been wrong. As it is probably the only time in the world's history when the "solid eight" have been right and Dr. Case entirely wrong, it seems to be such an occasion as calls for the setting apart by the Governor of a day for thanksgiving and prayer, and offering the sacrifice of the American bird of freedom, the turkey, and we hope the Governor will bestir himself, and issue his proclamation to that effect.

SOME day, in the happy visitation of an avenging Providence, people who have learned the alphabet will rise up as one man in every city in the land and irredeemably destroy all the printing presses and the immaculate sheets not yet stained with the drivel that is daily stamped upon them and spread over the face of the earth. If the newspapers do not outdo themselves in private scandal, they nauseate mankind with the profundity of their idiocy in reference to the probable action of great governments. The diapered babes, who in their columns slobber prophecies to entertain a credulous world, have evinced the embryotic condition of their brains in elucidating the purposes of the Government of Queen Victoria. Its fleet of warships is to cross the Atlantic to overcome the United States and knock Venezuela into smithereens. The English Government is going to buy Cuba, probably take it in exchange for Gibraltar, and so on to the end of impossibilities. It is so customary for the English or any other Government to tell childish stories of childish purposes, that babes who read such stuff may find consolation and comfort in believing it. When the millennium comes there will be great guillotines, set up everywhere, for the immediate execution of the fools who print such vapidities, and the fools who spend their time in reading them.

IF there were any bigger fools in the community than the fellows who have been granted the opportunity to utter their idiocies from the pulpit, we should not mention them half so often. But their folly is born with them, and will disappear only with themselves. These so-called teachers of morals and religion, catching the tune set by the recent scandals connected with one of their own, have dared in public to doubt the propriety of permitting themselves to be left alone in the company of women. One of them, on the pretense of being above such insinuations, helps disseminate the implied affront by proclaiming that ladies will be admitted to his studio alone. The devil himself, who occasionally helps along the cause of morality by increasing immorality, will find no nastier food for his maw than this whole gang. The man who stands in a house of God, or within its precincts, and dares to hint a helief that women are not throughout the world, and for all time, of better instincts and higher morals than the sex which continually seeks them as its victims, has not yet learned the alphabet of decency and morality, and should be kicked from the place he contaminates, out of communion with mankind, and into the place of everlasting punishment and remorse and damnation.

THE prize-fighters are very eager to get at each other, now that it is probable that the law will prevent them the brutal pleasure. Even Choynski grows brave, and threatens to ford the swollen Jordan, yet conscious that there is a rope tied to him. And Corbett boasts him as if it were not possible for him to lose the belt by which he cinched the whole world. Why not turn these human tigers into a rough-and-tumble ring, and halloo: "hlood to the hloodiest!" Only make them fight minus spectators, just for the love of fighting. Yet, since the world is so big with the threat of war, a little bout with the knuckles ought not to be so shockingly had.



THERE is a tiny old southern "Colonel"—who was a Captain in the Mexican war—also a volunteer in the Seminole war, among other South Carolina gentlemen. He is very correct, very dapper, and remembers every duel that was fought in our first half century of this era. He is a friend of Major "Ned" Palmer—the celebrated gourmet who makes terrapin stews for Jimmy Coleman, Theodore Payne and Daniel O'Connell, and eats them all up). Saturday afternoon last as the Colonel was about to take his car for the ferry, Major Palmer happening by, the two entered an ancient and time honored retreat for the purpose of discussing the characters of the Governors of North and South Carolina.

As the two paragons of old-fashioned chivalry stood at the polished mahogany bar, a well-known local sailor-boarding-house "runner" at their side asked for a whiskey straight. The barkeeper arranged two hot toddies and one straight whiskey before the three personages.

Now the Colonel is very near-sighted, and, instead of taking his own drink, he reached forward and raised the straight whiskey of the burly water-front stranger toward his lips.

In an instant, a heavy paw clutched the fragile Colonel's shoulder and a harsh voice roared out:

"Leave that drink alone, you Old Fool! That's mine! Blank you!"

The debonair relic of a former and polished age, laid down the whiskey with a Chesterfieldian bow. Then adjusting his eye-glasses, said with the sweetest smile and in his deepest Southern dialect:

"Sir, you do me honor, sir; you are a gentleman of sense and discernment, sir, and I respect your judgment. I am an 'old fool,' sir. You are perfectly right, sir. Because I am so filled with regret, sir, at the terrible misfortune, sir, which first led your parents to meet each other, sir!"

Of course the bully who did not comprehend a word of this gaudiloquence, grumbled, gulped his liquor, and left.

"If he'd have said another wurr'd, Colonel," exclaimed Tom Cunningham, —the proide u v Ireland—(who had been standing close by) "I'd have smashed him from here to Banagher!"

Tom is a great admirer of the Colonel, and he certainly would have carried out his word.

* * *

Who will not see me wave my hand,
When on the curbstone's edge I stand,
Nor stop the car at my demand?

The gripman.

Who on my shiny, satin basque,
Will, smirking, put his greasy grasp,
And set for me a two hour task

cleansing the imprint of his big paw with benzine, and swearing about as much as any real lady is ever permitted to swear?

The conductor.

* * *

Colonel Dickey was real mad one day last week. The jolly veteran had not called the races right, couldn't guess a horse even for place; the cook was out of sorts, too, and everything seemed to go wrong. So, when a shabby-looking fellow, who had smuggled himself into one of the rear dining rooms, and then had ordered and eaten a three dollar meal, and washed it down with a quart of claret, told Colonel Dickey that he could not pay him, that usually urbane gentleman landed a kick between the beat's coat-tails—just where he thought it would do the most good.

The fellow made no attempt to resent the indignity, but simply remarked in a sad tone, "You will be sorry for this some day, Colonel," trudged off through the storm. And the Colonel was sorry, very sorry, and this is the way it came about:

On Tuesday afternoon a swell double team halted at the Colonel's door, and a young and fashionably dressed man flung the reins to a groom and jumped out with his friend. Colonel Dickey had a glimpse of them as they passed

through the bar room. "Treat those fellows well," he enjoined the bead waiter, "they are bloods, sure." And they were well treated. They ate sumptuously and quaffed Pommery Sec with the keen relish of epicures. As they finished the dessert and topped it off with some fine brandy, the Colonel entered. At once he recognized the tramp of a few days before, and felt that he had made a mistake in chastising him.

"Ah, Colonel," said the stranger, pleasantly, as he glanced over the bill, "here you are. I knew you would be sorry," and parting his coat tails, he asked mildly, "please kick again."

Dickey was too dumbfounded to accept the invitation, and before he recovered his senses the imperturbable beat was gone. But the bill, like its predecessor, still remains unpaid.

* * *

The deacious wait—are all prepared to deal with parson Brown.

And judge if he the cross shall bear, or wear the martyr's crown;

Mysterious Mattie Overman has modestly declared

She'd tell of all those walks and drives that she and Brown have shared;

The pious Mrs. Tunnel's tongue has burst its rigid fetters,

And that good dame will not deny those very curious letters;

But Parson Brown's sad liver has shown its strong dislike

To see its master under fire, and so has gone on strike,

Most worthy deacons, put an end to those vexatious ills,

And fill your laggard parson full of anti-bilious pills.

* * *

That part of the community which pats itself on the back and calls itself the musical world, is getting ready to be startled into wonder and gabbling applause. She has just returned from Europe, where she has gratuitously surprised the musical connoisseurs of the Old World by her unparalleled register. It begins down among the low notes of the contralto, and, in its upward flight, passes the limitations of the greatest singers of the past and present. From the lofty summit of E in altissimo, which is located on the Mt. St. Elias of the staff, she twitters and trills where there are no companions to rival her, and looks down on the ambitious reaches of Patti and Nilsson, even probably holding in contempt the wonderful Eiffel-tower note of the sky-rockety Sybil—early praised everywhere, till later nowhere named. But this unsurpassable She comes from the country of the unsurpassable, our own modest, but superior California. It is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, and it is all because of a wonderful neck, that her admirers declare to be as graceful as a swan's, and which in innocent and trustful confidence she unfolds to public gaze and never takes a reef in it. It is the nest of sweetest sounds. It is young and white and far reaching. It is full of promise and promissory notes, and we shall wait to get our share.

* * *

'Tis strange that the Eagle, with all his deft on,
Should ask, for Jack Hammond's protection, the lion;
Is St. George's white standard in those petty wars
More potent to shelter than our stars and bars?
Are we to assume that the Boer would not heed
Our appeal in behalf of our people in need?
That forsooth we must ask from one, he not our friend,
The safeguard the flag we dislike much may lend.
The fact is apparent mid blowing and thunder,
Those Washington statesmen are too prone to blunder.

* * *

Charles Josselyn, since the cares and responsibilities of his Alhambra Theatre, at Redwood City, squatted on his shoulders, has undergone a change which has given his friends some passing uneasiness. His usually frank American mode of expression has been abandoned for one, possibly more in harmony with the character of a theatrical manager, but which, it must be confessed, sounds rather odd when introduced into the ordinary affairs of life. Now, on Tuesday Mr. Josselyn when seated in his favorite nook in the Bohemian Club, was accosted by that grave philosopher and unnaturalscientist, George Nagle.

"Charley," said Mr. Nagle, the light of hospitality beaming in his mild blue eye, "have you been to luncheon yet?"

"Marry and come up, but naught of viands have passed

my lips to-day," rejoined the manager, "an' forsooth, it seemeth near the hour of noon."

Mr. Nagle looked slightly astonished, but continued:

"Suppose, then, we go in, Charley."

"Grammercy, good knave, but thou striketh mine humor," replied Mr. Josselyn. "I would fain sit with thee at the board, for, God's mercy, but mine entrails craveth sustenance most mightily. Little thou knowest, George, how we who deal with sock and buskin lay awake o' nights devising things to please ye public. Mark ye, lad, 'tis no light task, by my faith, to make merry for those burghers of Redwood. Gadzooks! but the knaves are critical. They come with their good dames, and buxom daughters, and because they pay a few silver pieces, deem, forsooth, that we must tickle them in the midriff all night for the same. Thou mindest that clever limner, Jack Stanton, he that deviseth the Moorish scene for our drop curtain. Why, I am a shotten herring, if those same burghers did not swear that Stanton had taken that same cunning conceit from a nook in Sullivan's alley, the Chinese quarter, you know. Hallo, here cometh that jocose leech, Chismore, an' by my faith, he looketh as grave as if he had just plastered a broken pate."

There was no smile, indeed, on Dr. Chismore's face as his hand wandered professionally to Manager Josselyn's pulse.

"Rest," he whispered to Mr. Nagle, "complete rest from the worry of theatrical management, is all that our poor friend needs."

Regild the royal scepter, and furbish up the throne,
The regal robes fetch from the wash, the king will have his own;
No matter how the Junta raves, the cackling of geese
That once saved Rome, will not restrain the lambkins from their
fleece;

Too long they've shivered in the cold, all pastureless and starved,
Quite crowded out while others grabbed political award,
But now they've massed together, and sworn by the Book,
King Christopher shall reign again, and wave his magic crook.

In a Pacific Avenue Drawing Room.

MR. VEALSON (with animation)—This afternoon, as I was coming along Market street, I met the Rev. Mr. —

MR. YEABBY (in a low tone)—Sh-sh-h-h. There are ladies present.

In the St. Anthony Sewing Circle.

MRS. SOULTON—Poor dear Dr. Brown, how he must suffer, innocent as he is.

MISS BOXES—Yes, and how good and noble it is of him to give Miss Overman a home and moral support under the circumstances.

MRS. SOULTON—Indeed it is. I'm sure the hussy made all the advances.

Oakland's poet parson, on Broadway's muddy street,
Two bloomer girls met one day, and smiled upon their feet;
Why, angry gossips, why deny this gifted son of song
A peep at ankles neat and trim, why call such glances wrong?
When nature has been lavish in graceful curve and line,
Who'd bar from contemplating them, this eloquent divine?
Only some acid virgins, whose face sweet milk would curl,
Would hid the Rev. Davis shun those winsome bloomer girls.
Or would infer his innocence this passing glance might hurt,
And lead him to emhalm in verse the bifurcated skirt.

Emile Sauret, the distinguished French violinist, arrived in New York the 11th inst. on the Etruria, for his first concert tour in this country since 1877. He is now head professor at the Royal academy in London, and has never held a more prominent place as a violinist than at the present time, although he has been nearly forgotten in America. His concert tour will include most of the leading cities of the country. Mr. Sauret does not, like Ysaye, come of musical stock. His grandfather was a general of artillery under Napoleon, and he does not number a single musician among his ancestors.

Sir Edwin Arnold is going to Japan again for curios. He is a great friend, by the way, of George T. Marsh & Co., who have such a splendid collection under the Palace Hotel.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

Yale Mixture
Smoking Tobacco



A delightful blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

CLEARANCE SALE of

FINE SHOES

At 25c. and 50c. on the dollar.

Nolan Bros.
Shoe Co.

812-814 Market Street,
Phelan Building.

The New California Insect Exterminator. Clears out Moths, Fleas, Ants, Roaches, Bed-Bugs, Mites on birds, chickens, etc. Contains NO POISON.

Never Fails. **Eucalyptus Powder** Never Fails.

Made from the concentrated extract of the blue gum leaves. Creates no disagreeable odor. Each package equal in power to one-half pound of ordinary insect powder or tar balls. Price, ten cents per package, \$1 per doz. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Energetic persons wanted to act as State or county agents. Big inducements offered reliable parties. Address all orders and communications to the sole manufacturers,

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTION CO.,

328 Seventh St., San Francisco, Cal.

R. LIDDLE Co. Fine Goods Cheap. "In the Field of Sports."

110 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Write for Catalogue.

New book free

Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING.

George B. Merrill

Has removed his Law offices to

California Safe Deposit Building,

832 Montgomery St., S. F.

Rooms 316 and 317, Third Floor,

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

OBITUARY.

THE death of Page Brown, the architect, is universally deplored by the entire community. This time, when Old Father Time has carried with him so bright, so buoyant, so hopeful a spirit as this young man, who came here eight years ago, and who put all his nervous, bonest, even passionate strength into the work which has produced the revolution of good taste and simplicity in San Francisco and California, it is indeed for us on the Pacific Coast a public calamity. Page Brown once said when he had numerous orders to fulfill: "How I wish I had remained in McKim, Meade & White's office, in New York, after I came back from Europe! I've got too much work to 'digest' here, and how I should like to have had two or three years to simply carry out one idea at a time!"

It was honest and pathetic, this, and he thoroughly meant it. His influence during his stay in California was a reflection of the great Richardson and White, but he lent a certain touch of original grace and genius to the masters whom he followed that was *sui generis*. Indeed, he seemed to grasp the meaning of our climate and of our hills and "steeps."

Since his accident three months ago at Burlingame, when he was thrown from a village-cart by the mad act of a vicious horse, he has been slowly dying, and his friends have realized that life was fading quickly away. Mr. Brown leaves a wife (the daughter of General Roger A. Pryor, of New York), and three children.

Signora Teresa Spivalo. There died in this city, January 17th, Signora Teresa Spivalo, the attorney. An Italian noblewoman, of the distinguished house of Balzano, which dates from the days of King Manfred, of Sicily, in 1230, and whose ancestors came into Tuscany with Frederick Second when he occupied Southern Italy, after Manfred's conquests, she possessed the dignity and grace which is ever *noblesse oblige*. Admired by so many of our citizens throughout the State during the early days, it is no wonder that, when this lady passed away at the age of eighty-four years, she should be mourned, not only by her beloved friends in San Francisco, but throughout the State. The wife of Captain G. Spivalo, she first visited California in 1840, and was the first Italian lady to come "round the Horn." Her memory was marvelous, and had a steel-like tenacity. Give her the cue, and she would readily recite any portion of Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, or Petrarch. The music of her words was indeed like the honey of Hyblis.

THE demand for California olive oil has been such since 1889 that the whole product has been sold almost as soon as offered. Last year's product was about 75,000 gallons. The United States has been importing annually 850,000 gallons of olive oil, with a great deal of cheap adulterated oil. There is thus an unlimited market for genuine native oil. Within ten years a new method of growing olive trees from small cuttings instead of from large limbs as formerly has reduced the expense of starting a tree from seven or eight dollars to ten or fifteen cents. It requires seven years to mature the young trees sufficiently to produce profitable crops. At ten years of age a tree bears from four to seven gallons of olives for each tree.—Self Culture.

THE finances of the Atlanta exposition appear to be in an uncertain condition, for it is said that all the buildings of the exposition company, including the woman's building, are mortgaged to secure a recent loan of \$100,000 made to supply the deficit in the revenue. A syndicate with S. M. Inman, the railroad magnate at its head, advanced this money, and took the mortgage as security, and one of the conditions of the latter is that 12 1-2 per cent of the gate receipts shall be paid on its account each day. There is a loud protest from the managers of the woman's building at this probability that they may lose all they have put into it and the buildings which they are anxious to preserve.

When the Roman orator Cicero failed to acquit a poet client who was exiled to Marseilles, he received a letter saying, "I am happy in exile! I never tasted such oysters!" But then that was before the time of Moraghan, whose famous depot is in the California Market.

A POPULAR APPOINTMENT.

HARDLY any appointment of the past few years has given more universal satisfaction in commercial circles than the appointment of Captain P. T. Brown, the new Dredger Superintendent.



Captain P. T. Brown.

In fact, this time the Harbor Commissioners pleased everybody. Of course for the past six years he has been constantly in the State employ, and in charge of Dredger No. 1, but his steadfast attention to the problem of improving our water front and his magnificent executive ability have repeatedly won the respect and admiration of the Commissioners—and yet, several times when it has been intimated that he might easily attain his present official position he quietly declined

to make any endeavor in the shape of what he termed "a fight" for the place. And now the office has sought the man successfully. Probably no one knows the needs of our bay better than Captain Brown. Long years of efficient service have given him a knowledge which few possess. A stern advocate of economy, he is painfully scrupulous in matters concerning public expenditure.

It is a comment upon his disinterestedness that he did not know even that the Board was considering him, until his appointment was announced.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

New Basil Consolidated Gravel Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Placer County, Cal.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No.), levied on the 9th day of November, 1895, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	NO. CERTIFICATE.	NO. SHARES.	AMOUNT.
L. Dornberger	19	750	\$37 50
C. Buxtorf	13	1050	52 50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 9th day of November, 1895, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, the 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

F. K. SIMON, Secretary.

Office: 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, Cal.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

336 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square) Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

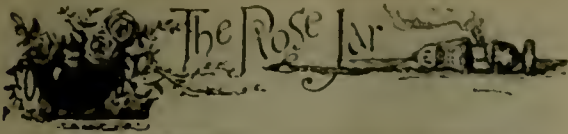
Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



MY PLAYMATES.—EUGENE FIELD.

THE wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool,
Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a ready pool;
It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill,
And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill;
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to know
Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived on Baker's Hill?
And what's become of Noble Pratt, whose father kept the mill?
And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia Snell,
And of Roxie Root, who tended school in Boston for a spell?
They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful play;
They do not answer to my call! My playmates, where are they?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe,
Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago?
I'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy Adams Brown,
And Hepsy Hall and Ella Cowles who spelled the whole school down!
And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow, and all
Who I am sure would answer could they only hear my call!

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again,
And talk about the time we used to wish that we were men!
And one, I shall not name her, could I see her gentle face
And hear her girlish treble in this distant, lonely place!
The flowers and hopes of springtime, they perished long ago.
And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those girls and boys
That but a little while ago made, oh! such pleasant noise?
O trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
Yon see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I am looking for my playmates; I wonder where they are!

WHEN I WAS A BOY.—EXCHANGE.

Up in the attic where I slept

When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled, curly head.
While moon-beams played at hide-and-seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—

When I was a boy, a little boy.

And O! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!

When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy, a little boy.

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep,

When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;
And those dreams should give me back again
A peace I have never known since then—

When I was a boy, a little boy!

EXPERIENCE.—ALICE MARLAND ROLLINS.

A child laid in the grave ere it had known

Earth held delight beyond its mother's kiss:—

A fair girl passing from a world like this

Unto God's vast eternity, alone:—

A brave man's soul in one brief instant thrown

To deepest agony from highest bliss:—

A woman stealing her young heart to miss

All joys in life, one dear one having flown:—

These have I seen; yet happier these, I said,

Than one who, by experience made strong,

Learning to live without the precious dead,

Survive despair, outlive remorse and wrong,

Can say when new grief comes, with unbowed head,

"Let me not mourn! I shall forget ere long!"



Dollars or Kicks

for women, according to whether they do, or don't do, their washing in a sensible way. If they use Pearline, it means good, hard dollars saved.



Pearline is economy.

All that ruinous rubbing that makes you buy linens and flannels twice as often as you need to, is spared, to say nothing of your time and labor. See the troubles that women have to endure with other ways of washing. There's that hard, wearing-out rub, rub, rub, or the danger of ruining things with acids if you try to make it easy. Washing with Pearline is absolutely safe. Beware of imitations. 418 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Brooklyn Hotel

Conducted on both the

European and American plan

BUSH STREET, bet. Sansome and Montgomery, S. F.

This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.

Board and room: Per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$3; per week, \$7 to \$12; per month, \$27.50 to \$40; single room, 50 cents to \$1.

Free coach to and from the Hotel.

RIGGS HOUSE,

Washington, D. C.

The Hotel "Par Excellence"

of the National Capital. First-class in all appointments. O. G. STAPLES, President; G. DEWITT, Treas.

American plan, \$3 per day and upward.

Ebbitt House,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. C. BURCH, Manager.

POPULAR PRICES.—Regular rates, \$4 per day up. Fifty rooms on the sixth floor with steam heat and electric light, reduced to \$2.50 and \$3 per day. Fifty rooms on other floors reduced from \$4 to \$3.50 per day. Parlors and alcove parlors at equally low rates. Special rates for the Army and Navy Officers and the Clergy.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1895. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1895, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1896. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32/100) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one hundredths (3 60/100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1896. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Office—101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter. San Francisco, Cal.

Flor
de

ADOLPH SUTRO.

GIGAR.

THE LATEST AND THE BEST BRAND OUT



DEAR EDITH.—With all the mad extravagance in dress this winter, there has begun a wild craze for jewels—especially diamonds. The other day it was announced that a large Anglo-French-American syndicate was trying to buy up all the loose diamonds in the world, but, undoubtedly, the rumor was founded on the present enormous demand for them at home and abroad. The tiny watches pinned to gay corsages fairly blaze with sparkling gems of all colors of the rainbow—chiefly diamonds, however—make a resplendent decoration. There is always a dazzling pin above, from which they dangle by links of gems. In short, they resemble the imperial decorations of Austria or Spain more than any thing else one can think of at first sight.

Rings are set with fifteen or twenty radiating and varying colors in stones, arranged in a square block. The Marquise ring has in some way lost its vogue, although if it is a relic of one's ancestral jewels, it is in perfectly good form.

It is a fad now, I am told in a New York letter, to follow a custom very swagger and appertaining to the *haute noblesse* of old Europe—to have a jeweled armorial ring. For instance, I saw one made in this city the other day to order by a prominent jewelry firm. It was to be an engagement ring, and was really, to my mind, an odd and fantastic conceit. The club man who ordered it for his fiancée is of an old Boston family with a mellow old English pedigree and a coat-of-arms with many quarterings. However, his own family escutcheon reads:

"On a Field Or, Three Lozenges, Azure."

All of which means that on a shield of gold shall be placed three blue gems—diamond shaped.

The clubman's ring was fashioned thuswise: The little shield was in the form of the graceful *Parise*, as it used to be called in the days of chivalry; which was a shield with an inward curve, wide at the top, and narrowing rapidly and gracefully to a sharp point at the bottom. This shield was constructed of plain gold, with a narrow raised rim. Grouped in heraldic form were three beautiful amethysts, the hue of the blue, cut diamond wise, only a narrow gold band with five stones of Beryl at intervals.

These rings are extremely popular in London just now, as I hear is the goldsmith's and silversmith's art, and it has quickly reached New York and Boston. Young women of fashion and wealth amuse themselves at their leisure moments by fashioning dainty trinkets in the precious metals for their friends. They procure a diminutive forge and carry on the art in miniature. Some of the work is very creditable, and, at times, highly and veritably artistic. Miss de Hoghton, daughter of Sir H. de Hoghton, whose father is second in precedence in the English baronetcy, actually set the fashion in London society, and gradually it drifted over to Boston.

But now of dress: The new striped *glacé* silks are making an immense hit. They come in red, black, brown and blue, and are very suitable for winter.

A pretty tailor-made cloth gown is of fancy knotted tweed, in reds or olive greens. The gored skirt is braided in a graceful design with black and gold braid. The jacket bodice, both in front and on the basque, is likewise trimmed, as well as the cuffs—*à la mousquetaire*. The vest is of red velvet. The yoke effect is secured by braiding, which reaches to the red velvet epaulettes with scalloped edges. All in all, it is a mighty *chic* gown. BELINDA.

ELECTRIC HEATING.—It is calculated that at the present time eleven times as much coal is required to generate electricity for heating a building as to produce steam for the same purpose. Under the most favorable auspices electric heating is twice as expensive as steam.

The expensive and elaborate work necessary for the erection of the building and procuring a supply of fresh sea water daily for the Lurline Baths has been highly appreciated by the citizens of San Francisco. Here they can be accommodated with hot and cold salt water at any time in the day and enjoy a tub bath or a swim without going to the beach. The baths are situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin streets, in the very heart of the city.



Ask
To
See
Them.

Guarantee a perfect fit and graceful appearance to any variety of figure, and are comfortable and durable.

Made in short, long, extra long and extremely long waists; four, five, and six-hook clasps.

We take pleasure in recommending W. B., for the fit and wear of which we hold ourselves responsible.

We cheerfully and promptly furnish a new pair in all cases of dissatisfaction from any cause.

W.B. Corsets

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MME. MARCHAND'S CREME DE LA CREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.

Endorsed by
W. T. Wenzell, M.D., Ph.G.
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Wm. M. Searby, Ph.C.
C. F. Jones, Ph.C.
C. A. Glatton, M.D., ex-member Board of Health
G. W. Gerlach, Ph.G., M.D.
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Dr. Lichau,
Murphy, and others.



MME. MARCHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist,
Rooms 30 to 41, 121 Post St. Taber's entrance. Telephone 1349.
Send for booklet.

A
Well
Dressed
Woman

Should have

Fashionable Modes, Well Fitting,
Perfect in Workmanship and
Elegant Finish.

I furnish these requisites.

Mrs. A. J. Bradley, Modiste,

313 Geary St., San Francisco.

BRUSHES

For barbers, hakers, hootblacks, bath-houses, liliard tables, brewers, hook-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

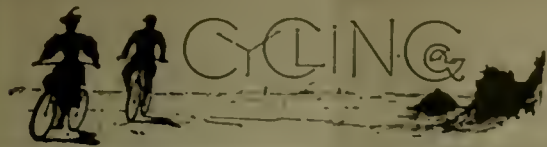


For the best value in
Go to
HATS or CAPS

G. Herrmann & Co.

The Hatters, 328 Kearny St.,
Near Pine. (Entire Building)

The ONLY Retail Hatters
having their own factory.



I OFTEN wonder if the average racing man ever thinks of the enormous drain on vitality and longevity that the modern trained method entails, says "An Idler" in that bright Cycling Journal, Cycling West. We hear of men getting themselves into condition in a month or less. In condition for what? For an almost criminal expenditure of nervous energy, physical and mental, for the violent and spasmodic over exertion of all the most important muscles and vital organs, for the suicidal exactions on functions which it is crime to stimulate and over excite. Life is measured by heart beats, and to accelerate their time is to encourage dissolution. A barrel is emptied just in chronological proportion as to whether the leaking drops drip slowly or fast. Physiologists fix the life period of professional athletes as being under forty years—commonly thirty-five or six. Is the evanescent glory of winning a \$10 race—or an ephemeral record even less valuable—worth the loss of two score years at the best end of life?

IDA Trafford Bell, in the Wheelwoman, says: "Human beings are like animals. Cage them and they become ugly but give them such freedom as nature intended, and the animal, which in a hot, artificial atmosphere will attempt your life, will, under natural conditions, be your friend and playfellow. So with woman. Burden and harass her with a thousand petty cares, keep her shut up day after day within the walls of her home, and you will soon begin to wonder why some women have such awful impossible dispositions, and feel sorry for the husband who prefers his club, and the children who prefer the streets to home. Such women are not fit to train children, and yet in this country they are the rule rather than the exception."

BICYCLING as a means of restful exercise now scarcely needs to be pointed out. As a woman said lately: "The beauty of the wheel's cure of insomnia, incipient nervous prostration, and the rest of the ills of the overworked is that it cures in spite of unfaith, want of skill or any handicap. You get on your wheel, and there is no getting away from it; it must absorb your attention; you cannot worry about the children, the house, the office, finances—any of your cares—you have got to think about your poise on the wheel and watch your surroundings, and in so doing you get out of yourself in spite of yourself. Every physician will tell you that this is all that is needed." And this is the secret of the whole thing.

A PARISIAN fashion writer says: "Except for park cycling the only fit material for costumes is woolen. This cyclist departure for women is opening a wide field to the knitter. Pyrenean wool is lighter than Shetland, and is greatly used in waistcoats and summer cycling jackets. The Pyrenean women give touches of fancy and brightness to these garments which remind one of the costumes of professional Spanish hull-fighters."

SCREWING and unscrewing nuts and bolts never benefits a machine. Loosen and alter them only when it is absolutely necessary for you to do so. See that both are at all times kept screwed up tightly. Failure to do this may result in injury to both the machine and yourself.

FIRST TRAVELER—While in Africa I faced two lions, a tiger and three elephants, in the same jungle, and I'm alive yet. SECOND TRAVELER—Huh! That's nothing. While in Texas I howed to a girl that three Mexicans were in love with.—New York Weekly.

The wise man of the world, who knows more things than he commonly talks about, is a genial, tolerant soul, who wants to enjoy the same freedom that he cheerfully extends to others. When he wants a drink he takes it like a gentleman, and being a connoisseur, he drinks only that which is good for him. For this reason he calls for Argonaut whiskey, and makes sure that he is getting the genuine article. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the agents for this popular and wholesome article.

IS THE MOUNT FOR '96

HOOKE & CO.
16-18 Drumm St.
RETAIL STORE:
1640 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUNO, Props.

Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS

Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.

MEDICAL.

A Sovereign Remedy—DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE.

One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c.

George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.

Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,

OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest corner Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

Dr. H. G. Young,

Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.

Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawallan Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.

Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan

The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.

#3 A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

COBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.



IN a family living not far from James street an amusing incident happened the other day. The family includes a little boy about ten years of age. During the conversation at the dinner table he used some bad language. His mother naturally reproved him severely for it. "Why, Shakespeare uses those words," exclaimed the lad. "Well, then, you musn't play with Shakespeare any more," was the prompt and cautious reply of the horrified mother.—Syracuse Post.

MRS. JOLLIBOY—My husband takes regular exercise at the club gymnasium now, and I judge from what he says that he is getting on finely. MRS. KINGSLEY—Has he become expert enough to do anything? MRS. JOLLIBOY—He tells me that he has learned how to crook his elbow, though I don't know what that means exactly.—Detroit Free Press.

THE teacher was asking questions—teachers are quite apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. The question was as follows: "Now, pupils, how many months have twenty-eight days?" "All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.—Utica Observer.

HERR BECKER—Marie, it strikes me you waste a lot of precious time with your poodle. FRAU BECKER—Poor creature! I often feel sorry for him. He has no club to go to of an evening and amuse himself four or five hours at a stretch.—Deutscher Soldatenhort.

HARGRAVES—You know that time I was so sick last summer? I just heard that the doctor gave me up once. FERRY—I heard that he gave you up twice. "Twice?" "Yes. The second time after he had been trying to collect his bill."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HUSBAND (shaving)—Confound the razor! WIFE—What's the matter now? You're dreadfully cross-tempered. HUSBAND—The razor is so infernally dull. WIFE—Dull? Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday, and it cut beautifully.—Chicago Record.

BOBBY—Popper, what does the paper mean by the women of the hour? MR. FERRY—I guess it means the woman who says she will be ready to start in 15 minutes. An hour is about as near as she comes to it usually.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MRS. HENRY PECK—Bah! I only married you because I pitied you when nobody else thought anything about you. MR. HENRY PECK—Ah, well, my dear, everybody pities me now.—Punch.

MRS. WAGGLES—Doesn't your husband suffer dreadfully with rheumatism? MRS. WIGGLES—Yes, but it's nothing to what the rest of us have to endure.—Sommerville Journal.

MISS GUSH—Oh, Captain, were you ever hoarded by a pirate? CAPTAIN STORMS—Yes. He charged me \$11 a day for a hall room on the fourth floor.—Cleveland World.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT—But we wish to keep a servant. LANDLORD OF FLAT—Oh, very well. I will have an alcove painted on the wall of the kitchen.—Detroit Tribune.

SHE—Have you seen that maunish Miss Strider in bloomers? HE—No. SHE—It's awful; she raises her hat now when she meets women in skirts!—Exchange.

"ER—I want some sort of a present for a young lady." "Sweetheart or sister?" "Er—why—she hasn't said which she will be yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AGATHA—Charley is tickled with his new mustache, isn't he? MARIE—Yes, but (with a sly blush) not half as much as I am.—New York World.

DOLLY DE MURE—Charlie Smoothe was trying to kiss me behind the screen. CLARA CAUSTIC—I wondered why you were so quiet.—Truth.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1863.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,181,910
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANMERE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$34,202,327
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANMERE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$800,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANMERE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

POKER DON'TS

HERE are a few poker don'ts which are apparently the result of long experience with the game.

Don't ask what's trumps when playing poker. The other players may think you are jesting and frown upon you by means of a chair.

Don't expect to win every time you make a bet. There are lots of people still living who disobeyed this rule, but most of them are in the poor house.

Don't deal yourself more cards than you deal the others. Besides being an extremely selfish habit, it also causes adverse criticism and oftentimes sudden death.

Don't put all the chips you have in the center of the table for a bluff and then try to pull them back suddenly if somebody "sees" you. People have been severely injured for doing this very thing.

Don't open a jackpot with a pair of treys. Some players who have done this thing in a thoughtless moment are alive and well, others are in the hospital, and not a few have left this vain world entirely.

Don't, when playing with strangers, ask permission to examine their inside pockets and look up their sleeves for a cold deck. Such a proceeding is very rude and ungentlemanly, and might cause some one to rise-up-Willie-Riley and smite you athwart the cheek.

Don't get angry when some one calls you and discovers that you have been talking eagerly with nothing in your hand save a flush that has the spring-half at one end. According to Hoyle, the rule in this case is to smile blandly, excuse yourself politely, retire into the hall and fall carelessly out of the second-story window.

Don't get excited and say unkind things when everybody passes out just when you have four aces. The proper caper under such circumstances is to slip the four aces up your sleeve and await a more favorable opportunity. If any of the other players should notice this action, however, apologize profusely and mention that you mistook your sleeve for the deck. They look very much alike, anyhow.

Don't forget to look carefully at your cards before betting everything you have on earth. It is very embarrassing to find that you have a gold brick straight after you have bet all your goods and chattels on its being strictly up to date. Cavendish says that when you make a break of this kind the rule is to bid the other players good night in a quiet, gentlemanly manner, and then go out and allow a policeman to kick you hurriedly around the block.—New York World.

PECULIARITIES OF LIGHTNING.

PERSONS struck by lightning have had small holes drilled in the skull, but otherwise they were not marked. Victims have been horribly burned, and even dismembered. A stroke of lightning has cut off a man's ear, or shaved his hair and beard clean, and not hurt him in any other way. The markings are often curious. Blue is the common color, but they have been red, green, and black, and occasionally the whole body turns black. Negroes who have been struck by lightning have had their skin bleached in spots to absolute whiteness. One negro struck by lightning found, after he had recovered consciousness, that he had one completely white arm, the rest of his body being as black as usual. Blindness, deafness, and either total or partial paralysis, are frequent consequences of lightning strokes. Sometimes the lightning selects a single object on a man's person, and assaults that without apparently touching the man himself. Coins have been melted until they stuck together in a man's pocket, whilst he suffered no ill consequences. Keys, watches and watch-chains, metal cartridges, and eyeglass frames have been more or less damaged, whilst the persons wearing them were almost uninjured. Clothing, too, has been almost demolished without injury to its wearer. Iron tacks have been pulled out of shoes, and rubber boots destroyed frequently. The brass eyelets were once torn out of a man's shoes, but he hardly felt the shock.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

31 POST STREET, BRIAN KEARNEY BUILDING
Guaranteed Capital, \$500,000 Paid Up Capital, \$200,000

OFFICERS
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JOHN A. HOOPER, Jr., Vice President
DIRECTORS—James D. Philan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooper, James Moffat, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant
Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

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N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$6,250,000

John A. Valentine, President; Homer S. King, Manager
H. Wadsworth, Cashier; F. L. Lipman, Assistant Cashier
BRANCHES.
N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John A. Valentine, Hon. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles E. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL \$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON, President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President
L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

DIRECTORS—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—Drexel, Morgan & Co. Boston—Downer & Co. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Atlas National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895, \$30,727,586 50. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. K. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Hermann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated, November 24, 1889.

ADOLPH C. WEBER, President
ERNST BRAND, Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS, PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

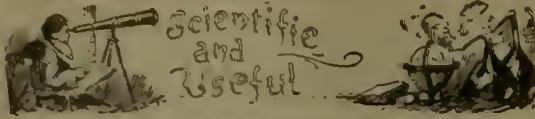
BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock, Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

MULLER
REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET, PHELAN BUILDING

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET, PHELAN BUILDING



THE SAND-BATH AS A CURATIVE AGENT.—"The Mohammedans, in their ablutions," says Cosmos, "replace water by sand when needful. Invalids have been completely or partially cured by sand heated to a temperature varying, according to the case, from 45 to 65 degrees C. The sand, containing air between its particles and being a bad conductor of heat, transmits it in a gentle and almost insensible manner. Perspiration is favored up to the point where a patient may lose two quarts of liquid in one sand-bath. Thanks to this evaporation, the invalid may support continued high temperature without the actual temperature of the body rising more than a few degrees, and this without fear of heart affections, if care be taken to put hot sand on the feet at the outset. The number of ailments that may be treated by this powerful curative agent is considerable. In the first place it is especially beneficial to chronic rheumatism and to gout. Neuralgia and sciatica are cured or benefited by local or general baths. The most various organic troubles of the nervous system, cardiac or digestive affections have been treated by this method, sometimes with remarkable success. The same is true of tuberculous affections of the bones and joints. — Translated for The Literary Digest.

LEMON JUICE A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—"For many years," says The Magazine of Pharmacy, "pure lemon-juice has been recommended as the best tonic for diphtheria and sore throat in general, and we have known a case in which the son of a medical man in one of the Paris hospitals cured himself of diphtheria by constantly sucking oranges or lemons, a small basketful of which were placed for this purpose at his bedside. We see that a Danish physician, Dr. Boeck, of Copenhagen, recommends, in the treatment of diphtheria, a ten-per-cent. solution of citric acid, to be given in spoonful doses every two hours."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLD.—A French journal describes a new and promising substitute for gold. It is produced by alloying ninety-four parts of copper with six of antimony, the copper being first melted and the antimony afterward added. To this a quantity of magnesium carbonate is added to increase its specific gravity. The alloy is capable of being drawn out, wrought, and soldered just as gold is, and is said to take and retain as fine a polish as gold. Its cost is a shilling a pound.

OBTAINING EARTHWORMS.—Every fisherman knows the value of earthworms as bait; they are also an excellent food for young birds, fishes, etc. According to La Nature, they can be got anywhere by simply wetting the ground with a solution of cupric sulphate (blue vitriol)—10 grammes to a quart of water—which will bring them out in surprising numbers, almost immediately. Soap suds have the same effect.

CIGAR STORE ON WHEELS.—A perambulating cigar store is the latest Berlin development of the world's new-born love of wheels. A magnificent glass case is mounted on a sort of quadriga which receives motive power from the limbs of the proprietor, who is seated just behind the case. At night the whole affair is brilliantly lighted by electricity. — Exchange.

PERFUME IN FLOWERS.—It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted and it may, it is said, be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

The Grand Canyon Line!—To the East.

The "Santa Fe Route" Popular Overland Excursions to Chicago and Eastern cities will leave every Wednesday. Manager in charge. Through Palace and Upholstered Tourist Sleepers are run to Chicago every day. This is the only line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. Send for illustrated book giving full particulars. C. H. Speers, A. G. P. A., 414 Market St., Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DUNHAM & IRDIE..... 43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMMONS, MACKINLEY & CO..... 29 South Castle St., Liverpool
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INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000

PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets, \$5,783,213

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,061,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$2,250,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$697,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, 608,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,889,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

Assets, \$5,493,831

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,083,321

Pacific Department, 407-409 Montgomery Street

BROWN, CRAIG & CO., Managers

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up..... \$1,000,000
Assets..... 3,192,610
Surplus to Policy Holders..... 1,506,406 41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

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AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1855

Capital \$2,500,000. Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 304 Sansome St., S. F.

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PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital..... \$5,700,000

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George E. Hall,

Agent and Importer of

FOREIGN WINES.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, 222 Sansome St.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

O, girl of Titian-tinted hair,
Of eyes like stars and shoulders rare,
Ee

vett Gee bear—

O, maid of gifts beyond compare,
O, sunbeam, di-sipating care,
Yee

vay Gwill bare—

O, songstress sad, demure and pert,
With whose nomenclature we flirt,
Wy

vett Gil bert—

We love you even when you sneer
At sentiments the world holds dear,
Yiv

vett Gib beer.

But, siren of the Titian hair,
You drive us frantic with despair:
Your name would make an angel swear—
Of which no doubt you are aware
And not a continental care—
Yvette

Guil bert.
—Dramatic News.

THERE are some curious anomalies in the present game law of California, and it is likely that the Supreme Court will some day be called upon to decide as to its constitutionality. The shooting of quail, ducks and geese is unlawful except between the 15th of October and the 15th of February, while it is unlawful to sell or expose for sale such game except between the 15th of November and the 15th of January. Thus for two months in which game may be lawfully shot it may not be lawfully sold. This would seem to the lay mind to involve an interference with the rights of property. What a man may lawfully possess, one would suppose, he may lawfully sell, unless it be something whose sale may be prohibited on moral grounds, such as opium or spirits. The law, as it stands, discriminates unfairly in favor of the sportsman against the mass of the people who cannot afford the luxury of gunning, and who must perforce either buy game or go without it.

THE world of letters knows that the moral tone of Mr. Austin's works has had more to do with his elevation to the Laureateship than his poetry. As a poet he is not to be compared with Swinburne, but the English people could not afford to have the author of "Poems and Ballads" in the Laureate's chair, even if he has repeated of his earlier errors. Mr. Austin is sixty years of age, and a Conservative, which, no doubt, also helped him to get his promotion.

TWO pages of a manuscript poem in the handwriting of Chatterbox were recently purchased for the Bristol Library for seventy pounds. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the manuscript, and the poem, "Kew Gardens," was first published in 1837.

CHARITABLE OLD GENTLEMAN—Why don't you work. Work makes life sweet. BEGGAR—Sorry, sir; I get tooth-ache if I take anything sweet.—Humoristische Blatter.

INTERESTED STRANGER—What is the trouble with the baby, sir? PAPA—Blest if I know, except that it doesn't seem to be his lungs.—Puck.

—Scars may be removed or made less conspicuous by a daily application of hot olive oil, rubbing the oil into the skin with the tips of the fingers.

—He that swells in prosperity will be sure to sink in adversity.—Coltoun.

THERE is a child like simplicity in the faith manifested by mass meetings, conventions, boards of trade, chambers of commerce and other bodies which solemnly adopt long-winded resolutions or "memorials," addressed to the Congress of the United States. The waste-basket is the natural destination of all such wearisome rubbish. A memorial or set of resolutions from such sources has no more effect upon legislation at Washington than upon the flow of the Gulf-stream. The River Improvement Convention, which closed its labors here last week, followed the farcical custom of addressing a long memorial to Congress, but it is certain that if California wants favor in the next river and harbor bill, it will take a hard week at Washington to win it.

—It has been claimed that tobacco is one of the prime causes of color blindness. In positions where it is necessary to distinguish colors its use should be avoided.

—The bottoms of iron ships are now being sheathed with copper, by galvanic deposition, in the same manner that knives, forks and spoons are silver plated.

—An ill wind that blows nobody good—the breath of scandal.

Few know what chimneys
to use on their lamps. Con-
sult the "Index to Chimneys,"
sent free.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co,
Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of
"pearl glass" and "pearl top."

The Colonial,

Pine and Jones Sts.

The leading and finest Family Hotel in San Francisco.
The cuisine is the pride of the hostess.
Elegantly furnished and sunny apartments, single or en
suite, with or without bath.
To see the interior in its beauty and with all its accom-
modations means to locate permanently.

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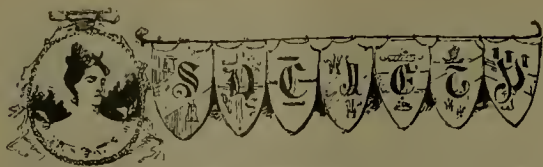
THE California Hotel

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its Table will tickle the taste,
and its Charges protect the pocket book

of every Guest. Convenient to business centers.
Close to all car lines. Every room sunny.

R. H. Warfield, Proprietor.



THIS week has been the liveliest since Christmas in society life, and the indications are that the ball will be kept rolling merrily from now on until Lent comes upon the scene. Theatre parties were more numerous on Monday night than for several weeks past; the Olympics had a crowded audience at the Columbia, and, the Baldwin being out of the line, the California was well patronized. The Monday Evening Club gave their monthly dance at Golden Gate Hall; several dinner parties preceded it, and the party was very successful. Tuesday evening's hop at the Presidio was, as usual, delightful. Wednesday was largely given over to dinners, and Mrs. Boardman gave a whist party; on Thursday evening there was a dance at the Hotel Oliver, and last night Ed. Greenway led the cotillion of the Friday Fortnightlies, at Lunt's Hall. Today, at Mrs. Jewett's, Miss O'Connell will give the third of her recitals, which will be entitled: "The Maids and Matrons of the Revolution," and the fancy dress dinner at Mrs. Paul Jarboe's will be the novelty of the week; tableaux and dancing will fill in the evening hours, to which quite a number of additional guests have been asked, Miss Kate Jarboe and her father, Mr. Bull, being the especial guests of the affair. The Partington studio has been much sought this week, and the display made by the Guild of Arts and Crafts pronounced to be interesting, instructive, and a remarkably fine one.

The young ladies had several causes for complaint regarding their Leap Year Cotillion last Friday night. The navy chaps were among the missing, and the night proved to be not alone the first wet one the club has had this winter for their re-unions, but absolutely the most inclement of the season so far. The storm had but slight effect upon the attendance, which was among the largest the club has ever had; the young ladies who officiated as leaders, Miss Sallie Maynard, in white, Miss Emily Hager, in pink, and Miss Sara Collier, in blue, were warmly complimented upon their success as such, and, though none of the figures were new, they were all pretty and well executed.

There were several gatherings on Saturday, and, in spite of the very threatening state of the weather, none of the hostesses had cause to complain. At Mrs. Jewett's the second of Miss Lillian O'Connell's recitals was given, her theme being, "Through Colonial Doorways," with musical selections by Miss Adler. The house warming reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mann, at their handsome new home on Washington street, was a charming affair. In the afternoon it took the form of a musicale tea, when a large number of their friends were present. In the evening music was again the feature of the entertainment, to which only a few of their more intimate friends were bidden, a delicious supper capping the climax of their enjoyment. The Misses Smith gave a tea also on Saturday last at the parental residence, on Webster and Broadway.

The wedding of Miss Rose Walter and Abe Miertief, the anticipation of which has been for weeks stirring our Jewish elite, took place on last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter, on Van Ness avenue, and was celebrated with unusual splendor. The Walter residence is one of the most spacious in the city, and on this occasion was thrown open to the guests, adorned with all the decorative skill for which Miss Mary Bates and her corps of assistants are noted. Flowers, bamboos and ribbons were used in profusion, the chief point of interest centering on the reception room, where the bridal bower was fashioned in the corner bay window, of bamboo poles, white flowers, satin ribbons and gauze, from the center of which hung, not the usual wedding bell, but an antique silver lamp, an heirloom in the

family for over two hundred years, a bright star shining from it with brilliant effect. The pink brocaded satin walls of this beautiful apartment served as a bright background for large wreaths of white pinks and satin ribbons. Between this room and the adjoining library Miss Bates' favorite fret-work was introduced in the doorway, composed of almond blossoms and pink ribbons, a darker shade of plum colored and white ribbons being used for the doorway into the hall. The library was a wealth of bloom, flowers in baskets, which were artistically arranged on the bookshelves; the music room was in white and gold, ribbon bow knots, and green garlands; on one side of the room a charming conceit was the hanging of the numberless congratulatory telegrams, received by the happy couple, on a silken cord, so that actually "all who ran could read." The hall was exceedingly effective in its trimming of dark green foliage and bunches of bright marigolds and red peppers tied with yellow ribbons. Amid all this fragrance flitted gaily dressed guests, making the scene brilliant in the extreme. At half-past eight o'clock the strains of the wedding march gave notice of the approach of the bridal party, and shortly after the cortege appeared, passed through the hall to the reception room, and took their places in the lovely bridal bower, where the Rev. Rabbi Voorsanger awaited them. The four ushers, Messrs. H. D. Walter, Albert Frank, I. W. Hellmau, Jr., and Isadore Fleishman, led the way; then came Mrs. Walter, the mother of the bride, and William Haas; the groom was next with his sister, Mrs. Baruch, and then appeared the pretty maid-of-honor, Miss Alice Greenebaum; last of all the fair bride, leaning upon her father's arm. Her rich brunette beauty never showed to greater advantage than in her beautiful bridal robe of ivory white satin, which fell in lustrous folds round her girlish figure, the corsage one mass of embroidery done in seed pearls, with point lace reverses; a tulle veil and bouquet of natural orange blossoms completed her costume. Miss Alice Greenebaum, the sole bridesmaid, wore a lovely gown of pure white silk and tulle; she carried white roses in her bouquet. The sister of the bride, Mrs. Moses Heller, wore a superb gown of yellow satin; Mrs. Walter's gown was of rich black velvet, with front of white satin embroidered in gold. She also wore magnificent diamonds. The groom's sister, Mrs. Baruch, wore a gown of rose brocade and point lace, a very stylish and effective costume. The marriage ceremony ended, congratulations were offered, and supper was served later. The decorations of the supper room were in green, ferns and smilax predominating; innumerable lamps added to the brilliancy of the scene. Dancing was resumed after the feast and kept up long after the bridal pair had departed. The presents were some of the most valuable and profuse ever bestowed upon a bride in our city.

During the first week in February St. Luke's Church will be the scene of two society weddings—that of Miss Isabella Grant and E. D. Pond will be an evening ceremony, taking place at 8:30 p. m. on Monday, the 3rd; while Miss Kate Jarboe's nuptials with J. Case Bull will be celebrated at noon on Thursday, the 6th.

Among the engagement announcements of the week are those of Miss Mattie Whittier and W. B. Weir, of New York; Miss Blanche Castle and Charles Farquharson; Miss Millie Greenebaum and Dr. Herbert W. Hatch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgia M. Wightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wightman, Jr., to Mr. Douglass B. Crane of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company.

The fancy dress ball which will be given at the Art Institute on California street on Mardi Gras is another charming event to look forward to, and if it proves half as pleasant as some of its predecessors under the same auspices, it will be a very delightful one indeed. The Deux Temps Club of Oakland are also meditating something upon the same lines, to take place ere the season closes. The Saturday Morning Orchestra are down on the cards for a concert at the Christian Association Auditorium on the evening of Monday, February 16th. Their efforts have always been in the cause of charity and it is understood that at the coming event they themselves will be the beneficiaries.

Recent dinners have been numerous and large. Mrs. Millie Ashe-Sewell the guest of honor at several of them. Mr. Jim Phelan playing the host to her at the Bohemian Club, and Mr. Ed. Sheldon at his own residence on Pierce street. Miss Goad and Mr. O. Hooker were chief guests at the dinner given by Mrs. Montford Wilson. Colonel Fred Crocker's dinner was in honor of Mr. J. Slott Fassett, who has apparently found it difficult to tear himself away from the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Sam Knight, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Von Schroeder, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Hager and Mrs. Tevis also appeared in the role of dinner hostesses. Mrs. H. Greenbaum and Mrs. I. N. Walter have also given elaborate dinners in honor of the recently engaged couple, Miss Stella Greenbaum and Alfred Simon, whose marriage will be an event of the near future.

At the second of the Colonial Recitals which Miss Lilian O'Connell is giving under Mrs. J. H. Jewett's auspices, a large audience, gazing "Through Colonial Doorways," saw the gorgeously gowned figure of Lady Stuyvesant, wife of the Governor of New Amsterdam, standing in an antique drawing-room. The subject of the recital, the gay life in New York under the Dutch, and afterward under the British rule, was amusingly treated, as was the aristocratic regime in Virginia under the great Proprietors. Miss O'Connell's best work, however, was in her rendering of Celia Thaxter's weird poem, "The Cruise of the 'Mystery,'" (a slave ship), which held the audience spell-bound by its tragic realism. A dainty ballad composed in the fifteenth century, and exquisitely sung by Miss Adler, added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

There are many pleasant affairs on the programme for next week, chief among them the domino party which Colouel and Mrs. George H. Burton intend giving in the hop room at the Presido on Wednesday evening. Domino parties are a great pleasure to the ladies, but it is a mooted point whether the men find them equally so, being, as they are, so completely at the mercy of the fair sex. This one will take the form of a cotillion, which will be led by Miss Minnie Burton. On Friday night the last dance of the Friday Night Cotillion Club will take place at Odd Fellows' Hall; it will be an assembly. At the Maple Hall of the Palace the Entre Nous Club will give their Leap Year Cotillion.

At the annual meeting of the Mizpah, held Monday afternoon, the following officers were chosen for the new year: Mrs. Harry Clarke, President; Mrs. W. O. Farnsworth, Vice President; Mrs. T. J. Schuyler, Recording Secretary; Miss M. L. Elliott, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. B. Day, Treasurer. The report of the Secretary showed that during the last year committees had made seventy-four visits to the needy, twenty-six families had been assisted, and 195 garments made for different charitable institutions. The Mizpah is the charitable club of the Western Addition, is doing a vast deal of good, and is in a flourishing condition.

The Entre Nous Cotillion will give a Fancy Dress Leap Year german on next Friday evening, at the Palace Hotel. Miss Nancy Place will act as leader, assisted by Mrs. Frank L. Platt and Misses Charlotte Gruenhagen and Mae B. Ludlow. It promises to be one of the most successful and brilliant gatherings of the season.

Mrs. McCutcheon's progressive encre party and the McBean theatre and supper party have been among recent pleasant affairs.

On Tuesday evening January 28th, Mrs. B. W. Paulsen will leave on the Sunset Limited train for New York.

HON. D. T. Cole has now been a member of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners for three years, and his vigilance and energy in office have proved a pleasant surprise to those who first were his rivals, and at the same time fulfilled the hopes completely of his host of friends. Mr. Cole is a stannish Republican in politics, and came to this State in pioneer days. A thorough business man, he is especially regarded by merchants and shippers for his hearty endeavor to improve the condition of our water front. As a prominent member of the well-known firm of Moore, Hunt & Co., he is an important figure in our business community.

KATE Field has straddled a horse in Hawaii which seems quite natural for Kate. She was thought to be pretty nice on both sides of every subject here. How big she must feel on a little island, but then she always felt that way quite independently of comparative environments. But the Hawaiian must not take for granted that the United States is merely a field full of such Kates. Our Kates are limited in many ways, and our Junes are much more blushing, though not much the younger. Kate is a squaller from stormville, and she will not sojourn long in realms of good weather. She is, in short, one of Uncle Sam's men who happened to be a woman. A knowledge of Kate Field and Joaquin Miller ought to decrease the annexation sentiment in the Islands. But, fortunately, President Dole is one of Uncle Sam's nephews, and knows, from immediate source of knowledge, that the relative drawbacks are not numerous, and that Kate and Joaquin are not representative people, and do not express a Congress of sentiment.

RUSSIA, whose calendar is twelve days behind ours, proposes to change the Gregorian calendar after the beginning of the new century. The authorities have not yet decided whether to jump over the thirteen days at once or to accomplish their object gradually by omitting the first twelve leap years of the century.

IT is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung-heap, or in a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money," said Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE CARE OF TOOTH-BRUSHES.—The care of tooth-brushes is not sufficiently observed. In our city houses, a writer properly remarks, they stand in their cups or hang on their racks above the set toilet-bowls day and night, absorbing any disease germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least about twice a week—in some antiseptic solution, strong salt and water or bicarbonate of sodium and water being two good and readily provided cleansers. Tooth washes and pastes should also be kept carefully covered.

—According to Galton, the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

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Electrophoise

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Bonita, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
*1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	*7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:40 P	Vallejo.....	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	12:45 P
11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, El Cerrito, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion San Jose and Way Stations.....	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Gundulup and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:00 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	7:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

‡Sundays only. †Tuesdays and Saturdays.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

‡Sundays and Thursdays.

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WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Refinement that carries us away from our fellowmen is not God's refinement.—Beecher.

No rock so hard but that a little wave may heat admission in a thousand years.—Tennyson.

"One soweth and another reapeth" is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—George Eliot.

I take it to be a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—Terence.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over he is superior.—Bacon.

Pride—that never failing vice of fools.—Pope.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.—Spectator.

Disagreeing in little things and agreeing in great ones is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society and friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men, breaks it.—Anon.

Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some one talent. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for all science is one.—Seneca.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson

George Morrow & Co.,

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. "San Blas," January 28, 1896.
S. S. "San Juan," February 8, 1896.
S. S. "Acapulco," February 18, 1896.
S. S. "San Jose," February 28, 1896.

JAPAN AND CHINA LINE FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

SAILINGS AT 3 P. M.

S. S. "Peru," January 18, 1896.
S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Feb. 6, 1896.
S. S. "City of Peking," via Honolulu, February 25, 1896.
S. S. "Chinn," March 14, 1896.

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Steamers leave wharf at FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 3 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with steamers for SHANGHAI.

COPTIC (via Honolulu)... Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896
GAELIC... Saturday, February 15, 1896
Doric... Thursday, March 5, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:40 A	8:00 A M	Novato.	10:40 A M	8:50 A M	
3:30 P M	3:30 A M	Petaluma.	6:05 P M	10:30 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:40 A	Fulton.	10:30 A M	
.....	Windsor.	
.....	Headshurg.	
.....	8:00 A M	Geyserville.	7:30 P M	
3:30 P M	Cloverdale.	6:15 P M	
7:40 A	8:00 A M	Pleta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:40 A	8:00 A M	Guerneville.	7:30 P M	10:30 A M	
3:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:40 A	8:00 A M	Sonoma.	10:40 A M	8:50 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	
7:40 A	8:00 A M	10:30 A M	
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	Sebastopol.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas. Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers. Stages connect at Pleta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 3 P. M. Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA,"

Saturday, Feb. 15, at 10 A. M.

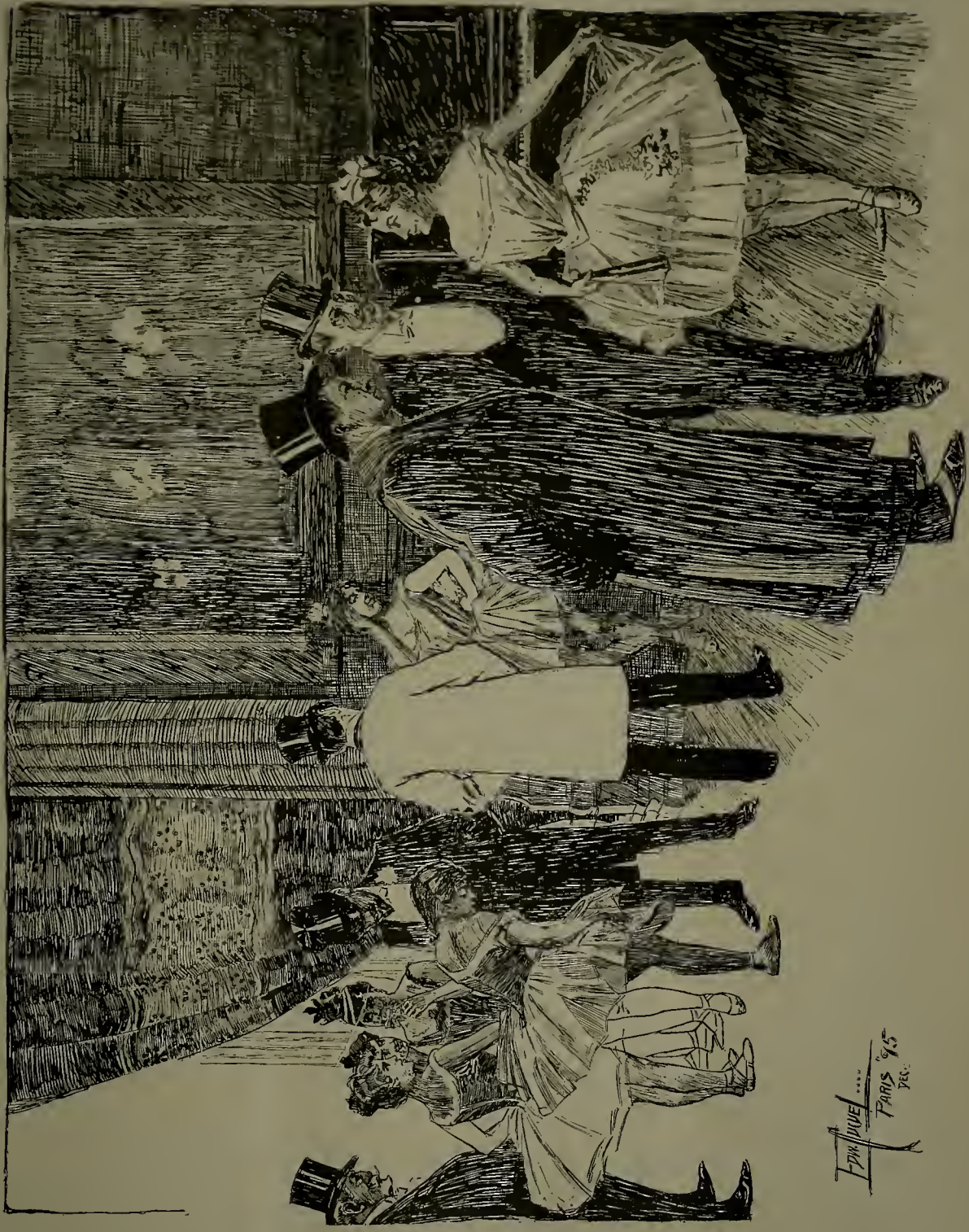
REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties Feb. 6th and 15th, 1896.

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For freight apply to 327 Market street.

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PARIS '95
PER.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FOYER DE DANSE, GRAND OPERA, PARIS.—From a Drawing by Edouard Cucuel, Paris.





SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

Number 5.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRANK MORRISON, 405-407-413 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

WANTED.—For the pulpit of a wealthy and fashionable Congregational Church, in San Francisco, a homely clergyman who will give bonds to behave himself. One who has no past scandals in his career preferred. Salary liberal.

WITH Colonel Burns hastening back from Mexico to take a hand on the Republican side, and General Buckley issuing commands to his wing of the Democracy, the immediate outlook for pure politics in San Francisco is good.

MRS. Carrie Chapman Catt (heaven send her a better name), is of the opinion that it is possible to build up a great national party, based on the one idea of the enfranchisement of women. No doubt; all things are possible with God. But has Mrs. Catt ever reflected that it is likewise possible to build up a great national party on the single idea of the disfranchisement of men? Why not blend the two ideas into one glorious whole? *Sic semper tyrannis!*

GERMANY'S war lord appears to have crawled into the hole made by the explosion caused by his despatch to President Kruger. Quiet is becoming to a young man who makes a bluff and gets called. And Congress is putting this country in the way of knowing just how Emperor William feels. One of our challenges may be accepted any day, and then we shall be in the fix of the bad man who has no gun.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Examiner, appears to be anxious to attract not only the attention of the public, but that of the police also. Its enterprise in exploiting the dives with pen and pencil, and its enthusiastic devotion in its Sunday issues to the Female Leg, surpass anything that has ever been seen in local journalism. It is easily the most indecent paper this side of New York, and has only to be prosecuted for obscenity in order to take undisputed metropolitan rank.

IT will not be easy to make the Californian friends of John Hays Hammond believe he is the sort of man the despatches picture. According to them he, with others, invited Dr. Jameson to invade the Transvaal, and stood ready to take arms when the raid was made, but instead of doing that hoisted the Boer flag when the fighting began. This would make Hammond out to be a double traitor and a coward. Nothing in his character, as it was revealed here, would warrant the belief that he could have been guilty of such baseness as is imputed to him.

EMPEROR William of Germany occasionally makes a sensible suggestion, in matters where his personal vanity is not concerned. He is credited with the remark that Cuba is lost to Spain, and that the Spanish Government's best course would be to sell the island to the United States while there remains any right worth buying. It is likely that Spain could make a profitable surrender to this country of all her claims upon Cuba, and that Cuba would be glad of the opportunity to be admitted to the Union, either as a territory or an independent State. Even if we did not acquire the island outright, something like a protectorate could be established, with satisfaction to all concerned.

JAPAN is giving orders for two battle-ships and four armored cruisers. Evidently she means to hold her own in the Pacific. She is anticipating trouble with Russia, and does not propose to be taken unprepared. The island empire is setting this country a good example.

THERE is something exceedingly ludicrous in Hall Caine's serious suggestion that Canada may yet embroil England in war with this country over the Canadian copyright question. That's just like an author. Every writer of books magnifies enormously the importance of his craft. As a matter of fact, if there is one thing that the people of this country are wholly indifferent about, it is the copyright question. Save authors and publishers, no one cares a rap about it.

PERRY Belmont has served notice on his brother that neither he nor his bride, Mrs. Vanderbilt that was, can play hereafter in any of Perry's yards, front or rear. Still, as Blenheim is open to the pair, the chances are they will have all the opportunities for dancing that they care for. That being so, exclusion from Perry's parlors, and other New York drawing-rooms, is robbed of its terrors. It is possible to live without being admitted to the festivals of New York society so long as one has the nobility of England to fall back on.

THE brethren of the First Congregational Church are persuaded that it is the wicked Mrs. Davidson and not good Dr. Brown who must be tried first. And should Mrs. Davidson be convicted of blackmail the verdict, doubtless, will be construed as the acquittal of the beloved pastor, who has the misfortune to be charged with adultery. It is the straight way in which churchly intelligence goes to the nub of things that excites the respect of the worldly mind, and draws sane souls to join the communion of the Saints. Besides, adultery, as the brethren perceive, may or may not be a serious offense. It depends on who commits it.

CANADA is heavily in debt, for a young country, and is cursed with a corrupt and extravagant government. The Conservative party has held office for many years, and knows how to play on the popular heart. The late war scare has led to estimates of over a million dollars for military purposes, to be expended in the Dominion during the year. It seems absurd for the Canadians to be arming against the United States, seeing that Canada is scarcely exposed to attack from any other source. But if it makes them feel better to carry guns and play soldier, that is no reason why they should not also play in our yard, if they want to, until war actually comes.

THE late storms brought out upon the streets a number of bloomer-clad damsels, who seemed to take a peculiar delight in the exhibition of their—well, their independence of conventionalities. Bloomers are, in fact, sensible garments for wet weather, which nobody can deny, and while themselves shapeless they serve admirably to set off shapeliness in the wearer. But they are very trying, and a masculine woman, with sharp angles where there should be curves, looks in this form of raiment a veritable scarecrow. Even worse, if possible, is the appearance of the fat woman in bloomers. However, as one swallow does not make a summer, neither does a single pair of bloomers on the street set the fashion. The day of bloomers, for street wear, has not yet come. For these and other mercies, Lord make us truly thankful.

WANTED: AN ALTERNATIVE FOR REFUNDING.

THE man who will not consider all the essential elements of a problem has not qualified himself to form, much less to express an opinion as to its solution. That is the position exactly of Mayor Sutro and his committee of fifty in regard to the proposal to refund the railroad's indebtedness to the Government. They will not—dare not—say what better plan they have to substitute for that which now holds the field. Upon any other conceivable scheme they would divide and split into fragments. A number of them, being cranks, favored the Government taking and operating the roads. Another section of them, being gifted with more worldly wisdom, saw at once that such a proposal would never do; that it was opposed to the whole frame work and genius of our Government; that it would not bear the test of examination and argument, and that it would not command the support of the representatives of a single State in the Union. Promptly, and somewhat excitedly, the knaves began to belabor the fools and beat them into submission. The Call and Examiner were "turued loose" to wrestle with and warn the Government-ownership-men. They were told that the opposition must content itself with opposing—simply that and nothing more. There must not be so much as a suggestion of an alternative plan. Why? Because the knavish portion of the committee knows full well that it is not possible to formulate any other scheme that will at once keep the roads in successful operation and protect the Government from ultimate loss. That position is here asserted boldly, and without fear of its meeting with anything like respectable contradiction. The undoubted fact is that the opposition has no alternative plan and that it cannot think of one that it dare venture to submit to public examination and discussion. It knows it cannot, and that is why it confines itself to the mere stolid act of opposing. It is also why the foolish side of the committee of fifty was so incontinently suppressed. In this great constructive country of ours thinking men will demand something more than mere destruction for destruction's sake. They will desire to conserve what they already have, and to enlarge its scope and usefulness if possible. If the committee of fifty can show how this can be done by some more promising plan than that which they are opposing, well and good, let them put that plan in evidence and give the people whom they are endeavoring to lead, or mislead, an opportunity of seeing what it is like. If they cannot do that, and until they do it, there remains no further occasion or excuse for their engaging the attention of honest, earnest minded men.

It is fitting as well as pleasurable to turn to that much larger and better class of people, who, without guile or malice in their hearts, are intent only upon doing that which may seem wisest and best for the present and future interests of the State. The paramount requirement of California is continuity in the railroad's operations and development. Whatever else happens that must be secured. To suspend or impede those operations by the lengthy litigation which foreclosure proceedings would involve, would be to paralyze every industry in the State. Supposing the litigation ended and the foreclosure complete, what then? Before the Government could take and operate the road, it would have to extinguish the prior lien upon it. That is to say, it would have to pay off the first mortgage bonds. In doing that it would be throwing good money after bad, for there is no doubt but that the whole line could be paralleled for less money than is involved in paying off the first bonds. Further, supposing the litigation ended, and this enormous additional liability incurred, what would the Government come into possession of? Simply a road-bed from Ogden to San Jose, without terminal facilities, or an entrance into this city. It would have no right to the side lines and feeders which bring to the main line the most profitable portion of its business. Clearly this loss would have to be made good somehow. How else could it be made good than by increased fares and freights? All that, be it remembered, in the name and interests of cheaper transportation! With national ownership California's interest in the road would be but insignificant. On a population ratio it would be less than one in fifty. Is it not folly to suppose that the larger interests of the East would yield to the misguided

sentiment of California that transportation should be afforded our favored section at less than cost price? To develop railroad business requires singular acuteness and eternal vigilance. Rivals have to be headed off and new country tapped. Does not every man with a head upon his shoulders know that our Government could undertake no such business with any hope of success, and that if it attempted it, the inevitable result would be a fiasco that would put the whole country to shame. With changes of administration frequent, with the spoils system rampant, and with no organized and trained civil service, the Government could not begin to make a success of operating a great trans-continental railroad. Whatever else may be said of the men who control the Central Pacific, it must be conceded that they are capable. It must be admitted also that they are exercising all possible economy. Indeed, the most recent complaint is that they are too parsimonious; which is certainly a singular objection to come from people who want transportation cheapened. Why should the management of the road be taken out of the hands of these capable men whose interests are bonded up with the State? Is it reasonable to expect that we should fare better in the hands of strangers with no interests in California? But Sutro and his men have a grievance and want revenge. They, and their like would ruin what they cannot rule. Every thoughtful man must see that their success would mean the demoralization of almost every industrial interest on this coast. Better, far better will it be to refund the debt, permit the railroad to go on developing the country, and leave to a new and more populous generation the burden of paying for the great road it will inherit.

Talking Through the National Hat. Beyond question the Congress of the United States is the bravest body of men on earth. It is always ready to talk at the drop of the hat—to talk so

ferociously that the atmosphere of our national capital has acquired in permanence a gunpowdery smell. Although Congress is elected to legislate for this country only, it scorns to spare itself labor and freely lays down the law for the whole world. Its latest exhibition of this over-time industry is its rebuke to the powers of Europe for not regarding their treaty stipulations with reference to the protection of life and property in Turkey. It is true that the United States is not a party to these treaties and that no American has been injured in Turkey, but all the same, Congress, in its capacity of Universal Regulator, has felt called upon to lecture the effete monarchies and tottering despotisms of the Old World on their duties.

There are no limits to the jurisdiction of Congress. Taking a day off from the customary pastime of twisting the British lion's tail—all being quiet at the moment in Ireland and Venezuela—it resolved itself on Monday last into a Christian assemblage, and went into consideration of the state of the faith in Armenia, the sufferings of its co-religionists there having afflicted its pious soul. The Turks have been slaughtering the Armenians. The assumption is all but universally made that the motive for the slaughter is religious, though for centuries the tolerant Moslems have allowed the Armenians freedom of worship. A clergyman of this city who spent ten years in Armenia as a missionary asserts that religion has nothing to do with the trouble, that the Armenians, a subject race, have grown dangerously independent in the matter of paying taxes, and that the Turks treat them as our Southern negroes are treated when they manifest a desire to get on top, politically and socially. This clergyman was not invited to participate in the recent San Francisco mass meeting which called on mankind to trample on the Turk for trampling on the Armenian. It was known that he had been in Armenia, and did not take the current view of things because of his superior knowledge. In this light we see that the Turk is suffering from misjudgment by reason of the religious prejudice of the Christian world.

But Congress has no time and no inclination to inquire. It costs no more courage to denounce Mahomedans than it does—or did before Utah became a State—to abuse the Mormons. In either case votes result and the favor of heaven is secured.

Given, however, that the received version is true—that the Turks are killing the Armenians in the name of the

Prophet, as Christians in their time have killed Malcomme in the name of Christ—and that the European powers are induced by motives of sordid policy to refrain from interference, what is Congress going to do? Suppose the powers tell Congress to mind its own business?

That contingency does not worry Congress. Having spoken in a warlike manner it retires to its tent. If the bluff goes, all right, if not—if warlike talk is returned—Congress has its recourse. It will ignore the rudeness, abstain from making appropriations for armament that might offend the adversary, and seek safe distraction in the discussion of the silver question.

There has been nothing like the recent globe-encircling sympathy of Congress since the time of the Assembly of Revolutionary France. The difference between the two bodies is that the Frenchmen, in their enthusiasm for liberty and the abstract rights of man, sent armies and navies to the aid of the oppressed in whose behalf they passed resolutions of the kind that our Congress is continually grinding out. We satisfy ourselves with words.

Pity for the unfortunate is a noble sentiment. A great nation that should be so unselfish as to make itself the friend and helper of the suffering everywhere would be a special Providence to this wicked world. That is what Congress appears to wish the United States to be. If it is to be really that kind of a good Samaritan among the powers it must be prepared to fight them. Resolutions such as those of Monday, as well as cartels like President Cleveland's Venezuela message, are worse than empty if they are not backed by the power to make them good in war. Otherwise they are foolish, and make the United States ridiculous. That we are not capable of making them good, and cannot be until hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent on our navy and coast defenses, everybody who is not a fool is aware. Even the average member of Congress knows it.

Dastardly Speech of

Senator Tillman.

In a political way, the most remarkable event of the week is Senator Tillman's grossly personal attack upon President Cleveland. Nothing more disgraceful has occurred at Washington in a long time. The South Carolina demagogue distinguished himself by calling the President a "bull-headed and self-idolatrous man," a "besotted tyrant," and, what is far worse, declared "millions of his countrymen suspect that a President can use his high office for private gain." The latter reference was to the sale of bonds, with the object of maintaining the gold reserve, and was accompanied by remarks of a like character, evidently meant to insinuate that the President had lent himself, from corrupt motives, to what Tillman calls the schemes of the "gold ring" in New York. Secretary Carlisle likewise came in for a share of Tillman's abuse. The great Kentuckian was referred to as a "Judas," a "renegade" and a moral coward. This sort of talk disgusts everybody of good sense and feeling. The course of the President, in financial as in other matters of a public nature, is at all times properly subject to criticism, aimed at the measures and not at the man. But to insinuate or suggest that he is dishonest, is a thing so vile and atrocious that the people must recoil from the calumny in disgust. Whatever may be Cleveland's faults, there cannot be the slightest reason to doubt his patriotism or his integrity. No man who ever filled the Presidential office could in this respect bear a more rigid scrutiny than Grover Cleveland. By attacks of this sort, fellows like Tillman do a vast amount of mischief, not by discrediting the persons whom they abuse, but by disgusting good men with public life. The tendency of such calumnies is to keep the best and most capable men from filling offices of high trust and responsibility, since it is notorious that however pure their motives and honorable their course of action, some blackguard will arise to impeach the one and blacken the other.

Tillman's glaring ignorance of finance is no less conspicuous than his vilely slanderous nature. His recklessly false assertions regarding the silver question are liable to do much mischief, among the class of minds akin to his own. He professed to believe in the existence of a "damnable scheme of robbery," which aims to destroy silver as a money metal; and so forth. He declared, after the fashion of Debs, that this country is fast drifting into

a government by injunction, in the interests of monopolies and corporations, and proceeded to denounce the Supreme Court of the United States as corrupt. As a natural conclusion to his long diatribe, the only Tillman prophesied that some day "the millions of men" now "tramping the high ways, begging bread," would march to Washington with rifles in their hands, "to regain the liberties stolen from them or which their representatives have sold." This is the precious fruit of Populism. It will not be the fault of such "leaders" as Tillman if all the forces of unrest, discontent and rebellion break out at some future time in open mutiny against law and order. But as yet, there is no danger of any "wading in gore"—except on paper.

Possibilities Of The New Photography.

When reports began to come from Europe a week or two ago, of the discovery of a method of photographing the interior of a living human body, the average reader was disposed to be exceedingly skeptical as to the truthfulness of the announcement. But it appears to be amply confirmed. Edison has explained the principle of this novel application of radiant energy, by means of which objects that we have been accustomed to call opaque are found to possess a certain translucency. These radiant heat rays, it appears, are produced by an electric current flowing through a vacuum tube, and are themselves invisible. Professor Roentgen, of Vienna, the inventor of the new photography, has succeeded in photographing a living man in such a manner as to show nothing but his skeleton, though it is related that the subject was fully clothed when he sat for the portrait of his bones. It is further reported that a German editor had his skull photographed by the new, mysterious agency, and was so horrified by the appearance of the negative that he broke the plate and would on no account consent to a duplication of the picture. It is not at all surprising that the editor should thus shrink from exposing a representation of his thinking apparatus to the public gaze. The picture may have been to the journalist the first hint that he had ever received of the poverty of his intellectual outfit. But the experiment suggests a host of interesting possibilities. This new photography may accomplish wonders. It may become the fashion to submit preachers, teachers, writers, doctors, lawyers, and professional men generally to the test of the Roentgen camera. The discovery may relegate the pseudo-science of phrenology to oblivion. For why should any credulous person pay a craniological professor to feel bumps, when for less money a photograph of the actual brain substance may be had, with all its convolutions and involutions? Euthusiasts say that doctors will use the Vienna discovery for the exploration of the hidden mysteries of the body, the location of bullets, the diagnosis of internal tumors and other morbid growths. Instead of taking a sharp knife and opening up the abdominal cavity, with a view to inspection of the inside thereof, surgeons will content themselves with a photograph showing more than the most venturesome laparotomy could disclose. There will be less cutting and carving, and more science in the methods of surgery. Of late years the doctors have been pluming themselves on the great advance of their art, as manifested by this bold practice of cutting the patient open to take a look at his interior. This exploratory incisive method was, in truth, an improvement on the old way of guessing, but will soon appear exceedingly crude if the Roentgen method of photography is what it is cracked up to be. And with the new process in full operation, everybody will be able to command, at small cost, a picture of his own skeleton, and so may ascertain how he will look some years after death.

Our Faith is Lukewarm.

For a time it was dreaded in some quarters lest the religious controversy to which some of our daily papers opened their columns for fear of offending the combatants should lead to deplorable public excitement and perhaps riot. But these apprehensive ones did not understand how deeply indifferent to spiritual things this godless city is. A graceless pleasure, to be sure, was evinced in witnessing a free fight in which the coat-tails of parsons and the gowns of priests were wildly mingled, but the sport fatigued when the novelty departed. And the withdrawal of popular interest has obviously affected the con-

tending theologians. Their fiery spirits have cooled, and they fight now with popguns instead of cannon. Exchanges of assurance of distinguished consideration have taken the place of insults which promised to revive the best traditions of the age of faith. A skeptical environment has reduced Father Yorke and Parson Wendte to the cruel necessity of debating like gentlemen. They know that the average reader of the newspapers is at best languidly interested in doctrine, and generally amused at those who pretend to take mediæval creeds seriously. A screed from Colonel Ingersoll would be read by a thousand Californians, not ten of whom could be induced to wade through the best effort of a Yorke or a Wendte, well as both these anachronistic defenders of the faith of the fathers write.

But it is not so everywhere. Thank heaven, true piety survives here and there to put to shame the coldness of the lax. When men and women really believe they act on their belief, and do not exhaust their earnestness in mere words. Contrast the living faith of Crawfordsville, Indiana, with the dead formalism of San Francisco. Mr. William Hays, of Crawfordsville, the telegraph relates, came home the other day and found in his parlor a piano which his wife and daughter had purchased with their savings. "He was enraged," we learn, "and began smashing the piano with an ax, declaring it to be an instrument of the devil." There could be no doubt of the genuineness of the belief of Mr. Hays. Neither, on the other hand, could his wife, who held contrary views as to the relations of music to religion, be accused of want of fidelity to her convictions, for, while the husband was engaged in his part of the controversy and wrecking the piano, Mrs. Hays maintained her faith by striking him with the poker, "fracturing his skull and knocking him insensible." We are informed, further, that the good man is not likely to have another opportunity of testifying his disapproval of pianos, for he is tolerably sure to die.

Contrast this exhibition of stout, practical piety with the lukewarmness of Father Yorke and Brother Wendte, whose faith would once have inspired either with the desire to burn the other at the stake. Now they salute like courteous knights and fall to fighting with nothing more deadly than pens. One Crawfordsville ax, one Crawfordsville poker, is more eloquent of real piety than all the pages of the Examiner and Call which the latitudinarian Wendte and the liberal Yorke have covered with their pale ink. The spirit is not with us. We are a dead community, for which the prayers of Crawfordsville are needed.

The Curves of Philanthropy. It is generally denied to the philanthropist to have his good works fully appreciated during his lifetime. There is Mayor Sutro, for example. His new electric railroad to Sutro's Cliff House has been opened, and a surface examination of its methods of operation would make it appear to the unthinking that it is a strictly business concern, devised to make money, just as if it were owned by a capitalist, instead of a philanthropist. But a closer investigation corrects this view. Coupons come in to mitigate the commercial character of the enterprise. If you ride out on Mr. Sutro's cars and buy a return ticket you are given—freely and without price—two coupons. One of these will admit you to Sutro Heights, hitherto open to the public but now supplied with gatekeepers, who levy ten cents a head on all who have ridden on other cars than those of Mr. Sutro. The second coupon is good for five cents at the door of the Sutro baths. Heretofore, the price to see the wonders thereof has been ten cents. Now it is fifteen to all who arrive on cars not belonging to Mr. Sutro. Thus it will be seen that, by the simple means of raising the rates to the patrons of his competitors, Mr. Sutro makes of the patrons of his own cars a favored class, and gets just as much money at the baths as before, and the receipts at the Heights in addition. These last are clear gain. Of course, if this gain went into Mr. Sutro's pocket to stay there it would look as if he had invented a smart scheme to increase his fortune, which would be all right in a plain business man, if puzzling in a philanthropist. But Mr. Sutro cares nothing for what goes into his pocket. He intends to give to the public, some time, whatever reaches it. He has said so himself, often.

Those who are interested in philanthropy cannot but

regret that Mr. Sutro has not extended the coupon system. It would be a boon to the people should every passenger on his cars be permitted to buy as many coupons as he pleases, the said coupons to pass as currency for every thing at Sutroville. Why not a Sutro coupon good for five cents on the price of a drink at Sutro's Cliff House bar? A Sutro coupon for half the price of admission to Sutro's Magic Swing? A Sutro coupon good for a bag of Sutro peanuts? A Sutro coupon good for a look through a Sutro glass at the Sutro sea lions or Sutro's seal rocks? And, finally, why not a coupon privileging the holder to gaze in at a window of the Sutro residence, at stated hours, and see Mr. Sutro engaged in signing deeds of gift of his property to the city of San Francisco? But this last coupon would be too cheap at five cents. Mr. Sutro would be warranted in making the price ten cents.

It may be thought that these suggestions are impertinent—that Mr. Sutro is entirely competent to attend to his own large and imposing business. But it has to be remembered that we are all parties in interest to Mr. Sutro's success. What he makes is to be ours. We have his word for that. Hence, it is the duty of a San Francisco journal to give Mr. Sutro its advice in the public interest. And it is also the manifest duty, in the public interest, of every citizen to ride on Mr. Sutro's Philanthropic Electric Railway, and purchase coupons for Sutro Heights, Sutro Baths, Sutro Magic Swing, Sutro Peanuts, Sutro Seals, and Sutro Drinks. Above all, dimes should be spared for the Ten-Cent Coupon entitling the possessor to behold the Philanthropist deeding away his property to the People. That is a sight which anybody ought to be willing to give a short bit to see.

Leap Year And Its Opportunities. Thackeray remarks, in "Vanity Fair," that "any woman, with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she chooses." This wise

observation is to be commended to the attention of those of the fair sex who are disposed to wed yet are waiting for suitors. In truth, if women knew their power, there would be no bachelors; at least, none worth marrying. This assumes that all women would marry if they could do so, and the assumption is not one of great violence. Of course, not every woman would embrace the matrimonial state, on general principles purely, but it is safe to say that those who would not prefer conjugality to single-blessedness, if allowed a reasonable range of choice in the selection of a husband, are in a very small minority. On this theory, then, and in view of the fact that this is leap year, it may tend to help the work of the Half Million Club if encouragement be given the diffident daughters of Eve to practice on the weakness of their fellow man. For marriages are not made in heaven, but are of the earth earthy. Yet not for this reason is the matrimonial state to be condemned. Rather the contrary, since the institution is in perfect harmony with nature, and springs from natural rather than spiritual impulses. This is the chief reason why the unsuspecting man is easily captured by the clever woman who understands human nature, and particularly the masculine branch of the subject. What Thackeray had in view, no doubt, was the fact that the sentiment of love, which is the ruling motive of marriage, on one side or the other, if not on both arises almost invariably as a result of propinquity. Given the right sort of material to work with, and it would be as easy for a cunning match-maker to bring about a love affair as for a pigeon-fancier to mate a pair of his birds. It is merely a matter of throwing young people together a great deal, and as much as possible to the exclusion of others; under favorable circumstances as to time and place. Nature does the rest. Beauty in the female is by no means essential. Sympathy is by far the better bait. Thousands of bachelors are aching to find some truly sympathetic soul, capable of appreciating their own sterling merits, most of which are hidden so far below the surface that no man could ever discover them. It is true that a great many men think they cannot afford to marry, but these succumb to the right sort of tackle, just as the shyest old trout may be at last brought to basket by the patient angler. The truly sympathetic woman always says she does not wonder that men are afraid to marry in these times—most women are "so extravagant!" But, as for herself, her

wants are very little, and she could be perfectly happy in a neat flat, or a very modest cottage, in the Western Addition, the Mission, or even in Oakland. And so forth. The talk about the superior advantages of boarding, as compared with housekeeping, comes later—some time after the wedding. The wise young woman never talks of the joys of the boarding house or the hotel, while spreading her matrimonial net. She believes in being a help-meet, and is full of the most wonderful plans regarding domestic life. When the summer comes, she will go forth to the seashore or the mountains, if she can afford it, and sometimes if she cannot, although there is excellent hunting in San Francisco the year round. The game at the summer resorts, however, is usually of a richer sort, though it is apt to be shy of capture. As an offset to this wariness, the opportunities of close pursuit are superior where men are merely seeking pleasure and recreation.

It must be confessed that one great difficulty that girls young or not so young, have to contend with, is the sordid desire of many men to marry a fortune. This is for poor girls a difficulty not to be despised, but it may be circumvented, for all that. And yet, in behalf of the many good young women whom nature has not greatly favored, it would be well could there be introduced in this country a peculiar custom of the Babylonians, as related by Herodotus. Once a year in every village there was what may be called an auction, of the maidens of marriageable age. The unmarried men formed a circle, enclosing the girls. First a herald offered the most beautiful of the maidens, and she was assigned to whomsoever would give for the choice the largest sum of money. Then the next in attractiveness would be disposed of, and so on until all the beauties had been sold. Then the most ill-favored would be offered to the man who would agree to wed her for the smallest bonus, and the herald would proceed with the others, in the order of their homeliness, until all had found husbands. The marriage portions of the plain girls were paid out of the premium fund obtained by the bidding for those most fair. It was further provided that if any of the couples thus mated should not, on further acquaintance, agree to the match, a release could be had by forfeit of the money paid or received. And fathers were not allowed to give their daughters in marriage; all had to be subject to the custom described. If our Half Million Club could set some such fashion as this on foot in San Francisco, the population would grow with a celerity that would gratify the most ambitious for her future. Unhappily, under present conditions, many of our eligible young men are so greedy as to seek not only beauty but wealth along with it. Every one of these selfish fellows should be trapped in the campaign of '96, by the methods above outlined, and he condemned to hard labor for life in support of a numerous family. In nine cases out of ten, they would be thus better off, in reality; that is to say, happier, than though they should succeed in marrying money and beauty to boot. This is the year for the girls who are neither rich nor beautiful to do missionary work among these misguided young men, and reclaim them from their selfish lives. Let the young women remember that if they don't marry it's their own fault.

The Alms House Charges. In the communication which the Superintendent of the City and County

Alms House has made to the Board of Health, concerning the charges of "inefficiency, neglect of duty, arbitrary action, financial mismanagement, and religious intolerance," Mr. P. L. Weaver has made a strong defense, and, by the simple and exact reasoning of figures, seems to have proved to those who made the recent charges to Governor Budd that his six years' administration of the Superintendency has been far more successful for the City and County tax-payers' pockets than that of his predecessors. The average daily cost per inmate during Superintendent Keating's administration, taking the six years from 1883 to 1889, was seventeen cents per day. Through a series of important reforms, Mr. Weaver has reduced the daily cost per inmate to seven and one-sixth cents per day. Yet his predecessor had twenty-five per cent. less inmates, on the average, to take care of. Archbishop Riordan's letter, attesting to the religious tolerances of Mr. Weaver's wife, the matron, is included in the document.

The Parity of Doctors. Just now there is considerable discussion in England over the charges of surgeons and medical men to their patients. In the controversy the London Lancet has as usual shown its good judgment. The question involved is the vague and uncertain laws which guide the medical men in their fees. With most there is one rule for the rich and one for the poor, the latter tempered with mercy. If a householder has apparently a good income, the doctor in this country, as well as in England, charges him according to appearances, without for a moment considering the real value of his services. In other words, he makes himself a sort of assessor of the income tax. But while he is speculating upon the income of his monied patient, he always seems to forget that in nine cases out of ten the drain upon the revenue of the property owner is far greater in proportion than that of his neighbor of humbler means. In short, medical men only do themselves an injury, both financially and professionally, in exaggerating for a moment the apparent plebeianity of his victim's—(pardon! patient's)—property. It is far the best policy to consider the actual value of one's medical skill, than to dally over the fatness of his bank book.

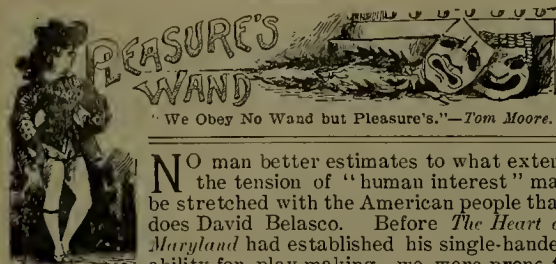
Misuse of a Latin Quotation. The court rooms in this city—all but one—are without staring mottoes to tell you that you will there get all you deserve. But the probate department is fixed differently. It has a Judge who is vainglorious of his presumed honesty, and as if there wasn't room for many honest or learned men in one room, he loves to snub lawyers and show his superiority to men inferior to him in no way, either in learning or honesty. He has lately decorated his canopy with a little original Latin. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*, which means: "Let justice be done though a burin fall." It is a travesty on the older maxim, showing the inflexibility of the law: *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*, which means: "Let justice be done though the heavens fall." When you appear before the Judge, and take a view of the law which he does not, you are apt to get justice as he interprets it, and in getting it you feel as if you had been struck on the head with a burin. Some have thought the Judge's Latin was as bad as his law is sometimes, or that possibly the old maxim was intended. But he deals not in simply old maxims. He deals out new ones, if he wants to, and if you fancy he is mistaken you err. That Judge never makes mistakes—he thinks.

The Armenian Question. A cry has gone up from all Christendom that the Sultan of Turkey be forced to

"sheathe his bloody sword and stay the frenzied rage of his fanatical soldiery and subjects." The most Christian nations of Europe weep for the massacred Armenians, but not one of them dare so much as lift a finger against the Sultan. They all despise and hate the unspeakable Turk, but the awful bogie of the "balance of power" stands in the way of action. As for this particular Christian nation, we might help the Armenians if we would, but the Monroe doctrine, you know, forbids us from meddling with European affairs. So the Christian world continues to look on, and the Sultan "sheathes his bloody sword" in a few more of the Armenians from day to day. There is one consolation for the pious Christian everywhere: the Christian Armenians are fast disappearing, and after they are all gone the bloodshed will cease.

Americans Abroad. An idea seems to prevail in this country that every American citizen who gets into

trouble abroad, and is put under arrest by the authorities, is entitled to immediate liberation on application of the Government of the United States. Nothing could be more absurd. A foreigner in any country is certainly not entitled to more consideration than a citizen of that country. If the foreigner transgresses the laws, he must take the consequences. The most that his Government can do for him is to see that he receives as fair a trial as the country in which he may be provides for its own citizens, under like circumstances. American citizens who go abroad should understand that their safety and freedom depends upon their good behavior, and that they cannot with impunity violate the laws of any land.



NO man better estimates to what extent the tension of "human interest" may be stretched with the American people than does David Belasco. Before *The Heart of Maryland* had established his single-handed ability for play-making, we were prone to attribute all semblance of literary flavor and nicety of expression to his co-laborer, and credit Belasco with the skillful adjustment of the crescendos, the impressive climaxes, the deft interventions of the curtain and the general application of that mystifying and indispensable art, stage technic. Belasco, alone, stood for nothing; but, when this cipher followed a unit, the ten-fold multiplication of strength and compactness was conceded. That this, in its way, was as unjust as the placid indifference many Americans have exhibited for Henry Irving's genius as an actor—while unrestricted praise has been lavished on his stage generalship, scenery, and effects—is now undoubted. It is a difficult thing to accurately determine to whom the honors are due in a play written in collaboration, but it is safe to wager that Belasco has contributed a generous half of every piece that bears his name. Like a great many people engaged in the gentle pastime of writing plays to be played by players and supported by the dollars of the amusement-loving public, Mr. Belasco is eccentric enough to turn his attention to works that attract the greatest number of these very vital dollar bearers; and, though adding nothing to the dramatic literature of our age that is destined to be embalmed, he sings a note that finds a thousand echoes in our contemporaneous life, points a moral in a wholesome, decent manner, keeps life in the theatres, and, let us hope, grows moderately rich—a reward as acceptable to the practical mind as garret starvation and a monument from posterity.

De Mille & Belasco's *Men and Women* is a good example of what constitutes the successful American drama of today. Its story is straight-forward, gradually and evenly developed, and, up to the end of the third act (the last act, necessary as it is, cannot but savor of an anti-climax), full of intense dramatic interest. The great scene of the play is in the third act, where the bank directors hold a midnight meeting in Mr. Cohen's house. There are a few tricks levelled at the gallery that, removed, would add much to the dignity and impressiveness of this otherwise wonderfully constructed act. The picture of the Savior in the Jew's house was a mere bid for a discussion that would be prolific of much gratuitous advertising. It accomplished its purpose. The adjacency of the handcuffs when the guilty cashier gives himself up to the law, and his fastening them upon his own wrists, is another theatric Belasco-incidence that detracts much from the artistic worth of the scene. But despite the over-sensationalism that crops out in places, the story is told in a way that holds the audience for three full hours—a length of time that would kill a play of doubtful merit.

The Frawley Company gives a most creditable performance of *Men and Women*. The stage settings are admirable, and the stage direction, particularly that of the third act, is beyond improvement. Mr. Arbuckle is not at his best in the role of the cashier. He is an earnest, conscientious actor, but he lacks the emotional quality in its most delicate appreciation that must permeate the part of this remorseful, conscience-tortured man. A strong reinforcement to the Frawley cast is George Osbourne's Israel Cohen, played with a convincing dignity and keen perception of the noble nature of the Jew, who would sacrifice his last possession to save the depositors of the bank. Mr. Osbourne makes the character vivid and life-like; he shows how, even in this wily age, the spirit of integrity and honor may be made beautiful and real. Mr. Frawley is amusing an amazing fund of agility, so much so that I am more than ever inclined to think that there

are two T. Daniels—one a living picture on castors, embowelled with a phonograph; the other an impassioned, wildly pulsating young gentleman, such as the assistant cashier of this week. Miss Bates should always be cast in some well-dressed, airy part. She has such a one as Mrs. Delafeld, and makes it delightfully humorous and charming. Miss Kennark's Agnes Rodman is not complete. There is an unaffected sympathy and a grace that are wanting, though the conception is good in many parts. Governor Rodman is the best character work that Mr. King has presented in a long time. Mr. Enos is excellent as the attorney of the bank, and Mr. Bosworth does quite a distinguishing bit of eccentric comedy as Mr. Pendleton. Mr. Leslie, of the staccato ha! ha! and perpetual motion, and Mr. Blakemore, whose sunny speech suggests banjos and mint juleps, are each in happy accord with the respective roles of Sam Delafeld and Colonel Kip. It is very reluctantly that San Francisco says *au revoir* to the Frawley Company.

The many people that have gone to the Alcazar this week to see *A Canting Scoundrel*, with its flaming sub-title of *Wearing the Livery of Heaven to Serve the Devil*, were perhaps happily disappointed to find the play nothing more deadly than Jerome K. Jerome's bright little comedy, *The Councillor's Wife*, now known in England as *The Prude's Progress*, with a few slight changes, such as making the councillor a parson and transposing the scene of action to San Francisco. It is no more sensational than is an exegesis by Mr. Bok, though every line that the canting scoundrel utters is attended with breathless interest by the audience in its effort to find some covert meaning of local significance in his speech. Francis Powers did well as the preacher, and Fanny Young was surprisingly breezy and efficient as his wife. It would be amusing to hear what Mr. Jerome and the Playgoers' Club have to say of this recent adaptation and re-naming of Jerome's many-titled comedy.

Rachel Walker, the Creole nightingale, is making a success at the Orpheum that bids fair to rival the Black Patti's triumph in New York. This week she sings the soprano aria from *La Traviata*, "Coming Through the Rye," and several ballads and songs from the operas. The Orpheum patrons have at once popularized her, and the song and dance gentlemen and the balancing ladies have been relegated to a second place in their esteem. De Bessell does his wonderful modeling in clay, Gilmour & Leonard do an act similar to Gilbert & Goldie's (though not half so clever), the One and a Half make fun enough for three, and a number of good specialties by new and old people fill out the programme.

Though *The Editor* develops no new melo-dramatic possibilities, but insists rather on rehashing a number of those shiny and time-worn, it has enjoyed a good presentation at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week and crowded the house nightly. Frank B. Hatch was full of life and action in the title role, and the usual good support was given him by the company. For next week, *Sins of the Night*, a sensational melodrama by Frank Harvey, is announced.

The long heralded Tavery Opera Company will appear at the Baldwin Theatre Monday night in *Aida*; Tuesday, *Carmen*; Wednesday matinee, *Bohemian Girl*; Wednesday night, *Hugenots*; Thursday, *Mignon*; Friday, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*; Saturday matinee, *Martha*; Saturday night, *Lohengrin*—surely a series of feasts in which every music lover may find several favorite operas. During the second week of its engagement the company presents *Procuress*, *Tannhauser*, *Faust*, and *Lucia*, besides several repetitions from the first week.

The Kimball Opera Company, with the "peerless Corinne" and sixty people, said to have special talents for singing, dancing, and merrymaking, will appear at the California on Monday night in the operatic extravaganza, *Hendrick Hudson, Jr.* The costumes and scenery are all new, as also are said to be the jokes and songs.

When the late School Director, Professor Rosewald, was suddenly stricken by death, he was in a few hours to deliver an illustrated lecture on "Descriptive Characteristic Music," for the benefit of the Students' Loan Fund at the State University. His idea is to be carried out under the auspices of the University faculty, Friday afternoon, Feb. 21st, in the Columbia Theatre, at 3:30 p. m., and by his friends, Messrs. Sidmud Beel, Jaulus, and Coffin, assisted by Miss Morey and Miss Weizel. The object is to establish a "Rosewald Memorial Fund" for the University.

Monday evening will see a new opera at the Tivoli. *The Gentle Savage*, composed by the late E. J. Darling. The book is written by Estelle Clayton and Nym Crinkle. The full strength of the Tivoli company, including little Gertie Carlisle, will be required for the presentation. New scenery, beautiful costumes, and elaborate accessories, also a Mexican ballet and typical Mexican orchestra, are promised. *Der Freischutz* is in preparation to follow.

The play for the coming week at the Alcazar is *The Arabian Nights*, Sydney Grundy's exquisite comedy. It was given here last season by the Frawley Company with great success, and should prove a good attraction in the hands of Mr. Grover and his players.

Next Saturday afternoon begins the new season of Carr-Beel concerts at Golden Gate Hall. Miss Marian Taylor, just returned from Paris, where she has studied with Marchesi, is to be the vocalist.

To the many people who could not secure seats for *Men and Women*, at the Columbia this week, it will be welcome news that the play is to be continued another week.

R. A. Lucchesi will give a musical recital of some of his recent compositions on Sunday, February 9th, at 3 o'clock, at Beethoven Hall.

"Hear, Ye Faithful, Hear," is the title of a hymn just published for soprano, with violin obligato, by J. H. Rosewald.

INTEGRITY SUCCEEDS.

ONE of the most available young men in the local and State Republican party for Congress, next election, is Louis Ernst Phillips, the brilliant young attorney. While



Louis Ernst Phillips.

not a politician,—for his law practice occupies many hours of his days and nights—Mr. Phillips finds time to honestly attend to his patriotic duties as a citizen. A native of New York State, and thirty-four years of age, he is in the prime of youthful manhood, and has made his record at the bar. He is a Mason, a Knight Templar, and a Noble of the Mystic Shrine—and has many friends. In a celebrated legal controversy here once, a powerful and wealthy opponent, a well-known capitalist, did his best to circumvent the young lawyer with offers of gold.

"I never betrayed man, woman or child!" exclaimed the indignant young attorney, with anger. "All the money your client has couldn't buy me!"

The large interests which Mr. Phillips controls in his profession as attorney and counsellor-at-law require the utmost judgment and integrity. He is descended from that famous stock of Massachusetts which begot his great relative, Wendell Phillips.

Lucullus used to send out pirates in the old Roman days to capture oysters. Moraghan, the celebrated oyster dealer in the California Market, takes care of these matters nowadays. Stalls 68-70.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.
Beginning Monday, February 31, for three weeks only, the famous MAHIE.

★ TAVARY X GRAND X OPERA X CO. X
REPERTOIRE, first week.

Monday, AIDA Thursday, MIGNON
Tuesday, CARMEN Friday, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA
Wednesday, HUSKERS and I PAGLIAIO
Saturday, LOHENGRIN
Wednesday matinee, HOHEMIAN GIRL. (At popular prices.)
Saturday matinee, MANHUA

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

A 1000 Requests, and by great popular demand the FRAWLEY COMPANY will remain one week longer. Now everybody can see

MEN AND WOMEN

The most perfect performance in twenty long years.
Every evening, including Sunday. Matinee on Saturday only.
Seats: 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors

Monday, February 31, one week only. Matinee Saturday.
THE KIMBALL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY of sixty people, and the peerless

CORINNE

in the operatic extravaganza,

HENDRICK HUDSON JR.

Tuesday, February 11th—Thomas Keene.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and Manager

To begin Monday evening, Feb. 3d. Every evening. The new American opera in three acts, entitled

THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

Music, mirth, dance. The Fan Dance. The Mexican Fandango. The 40 Mining Camp Melange. Splendid Cast. Correct Costumes, New Scenery. A typical Mexican Orchestra.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

Last performances of "The Editor."

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 3d—Frank Harvey's sensational melodrama,

SINS OF THE NIGHT.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palm Royal of America.

Easily the best comedy to-day on the American stage, "A CANTING SCOUNDREL." Theatre crowded with the fashion of San Francisco; delighted; smiles and tears mingled.
Monday, Feb. 3d, Sydney Grundy's exquisite comedy,

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Matinee Prices—10c., 15c., and 25c.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To-night and during the week. A brilliant,

AUGMENTED BILL.

MONS. DE BESSELL, HEELEY & MARBA, RACHEL WALKER, and a peerless vaudeville company.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Golden Gate Hall, 625 SUTTER STREET.

The 40th

CARR-BEEL SATURDAY POP.

Concert takes place February 8th, at 3:15 p. m.

MISS MARIAN TAYLOR, Vocalist.

Single subscriptions for 4 concerts, including reserved seats, \$3; are now to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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NOW that the sun has shone once more, it is really pleasant to look back upon the storm, and the amusing way in which it baffled the weather prognosticators. During one of the most violent gales, Forecaster McAdie was heard softly singing the following touching ballad:

I have learned a thing or two, believe
About this gloomy weather,
The clouds no longer me deceive,
Howe'er they bunch together;
I call the turn now with ease,
On valley, or mountain, or main,
So I never hoist up my little black flag,
Until it begins to rain.

When all is gloomy overhead,
And the air oppressively dense,
The mariners then look up to me
For the soundest weather sense;
For I'm full to the muzzle with equine lore,
And I don't tell half I know,
So I never hoist up my little red flag
Until it begins to blow.

The winds may howl and the showers fall
In the roughest way, you see,
And then 'tis whispered around by all,
"He's smart, that McAdie."
But though the mists may clear away,
Along the horizon's line,
Still I never send up my little white flag
Till the sun begins to shine.

A party of *bon vivants* were discussing in a snug corner of the Bohemian Club this week good things to eat, and things to let alone.

"I must say," declared President Horace Platt, "that *tripe à la mode de caen* is a favorite dish of mine."

"And of mine," chipped in Edgar Mizner. "I could eat it every day in the week, and never tire of it."

"Tis a French dish, ain't it?" inquired Osgood Hooker.

At this juncture Explorer Jere Lynch joined the group. "We were talking about *tripe à la mode de caen*, Jere," said Mr. Platt. "What do you think of it. What does it mean, anyhow?"

Mr. Lynch cleared his throat by the portentous cough ere he replied: "*Tripe à la mode de camp*," he announced, "is so called because it is easily cooked in camp, and many a time and oft have I revelled in it when reclining in my tent on the delta of the Nile."

There was an ominous pause for a moment.

"Perhaps you are right, Jere," said Mr. Foster, who has travelled much himself, "but I confess I was under the impression it took its name from the town of Caen, in France."

"A popular error, Charles," replied Mr. Lynch, gravely; "don't be fooled by it." A large blue fly lit on the case of the Egyptian mummy, as Mr. Lynch lazily lit a cigarette.

In all the churches did the prayers ascend,
"To Robert Ingersoll conversion send;
His stony heart with sharp contrition rend,
Lest he to depths below at last descend."
To which the doughty Robert makes reply:
"Tis just the same, my friends—both you and I
Work in the vineyard as the years go by,
What you affirm, I must fain deny,
But underneath it all the dollars gleam,
The zealot's goal, the stout agnostic's dream."
Belief or disbelief, in either case,
Holds only, sad, indeed, the second place.

The denizens of Mill Valley are confidently awaiting the arrival of Irish thrushes, Cork blackbirds, and English skylarks, which that eminent jurist, Judge Tom Fottrell, has promised them. Sausalito turns up her nose at the pretensions of her rival, and cackles, with a sneer of supreme indifference, "You can have your thrushes and skylarks; seagulls are good enough for us."

There has been fierce combat in the Italian colony again, and Signor Cevasco, the editor of the *Voce del Popolo*, won a victory over his contemporary, the rival journal. A solemn committee of the six most prominent Italians in the city handed him over the sum of one hundred dollars last Monday, as the result of a bet. The wager involved the accusation by the Italia that the *Voce del Popolo* did not have correct news from the Abyssian war—which is an all-absorbing theme in the Latin Quarter nowadays. But Cevasco has worked too long in company with the best New York and San Francisco journalists, and he had all along managed to have telegrams from New York and cables from Rome that were genuine—though they cost money. Wednesday he gave a dinner to American and Italian newspapermen. The one hundred dollars he turned over to the benevolent fund of the colony.

The Salvation lassies are not all good looking. There is one of whose face it would be gallant to say "that it would stop a clock."

Oh, grim-eyed daughter of salvation,
Were angels made at all like thee,
Then better far that situation
Where Satan's coals are furnished free.

Better, like Judas to remain,
Upon a fry-pan bound forever,
Than roam with thee Elysian plain
That overlooks the Stygian river.

Under the new *régime* the Union League Club has taken on a greater popularity than ever. Including as it does some of the foremost men among the Republicans in its membership list—such as ex-President Harrison and William McKinley—the four hundred leading gentlemen in the party in this State who give allegiance to the Union League are typical of the best social, political, and business portion of our city and State. The election of Colonel George Stone, on the first of the year, as President, served to renew the enthusiasm and unity of the organization.

Only a little pimple;
On the tip of my sweetheart's nose,
Only a cunning dimple
Red as the rose that blows;
Only a streak on her downy cheek
Blue as forget-me-not,
But, alas, I know that those signals show
My sweet-heart is fond of the "bot."

Aleck Badlam used to be a great sufferer from rheumatism and many years ago was persuaded to try one of the many springs famous for their mud baths. When he came back rejuvenated his friends congratulated him on his recovery and asked him how he liked the treatment. "Two hundred and forty dollars me boys," smiled the great Assessor, "but I'll never do it again." Mud baths? "Oh no! The next time I get rheumatism I'll manage to sit in a first class sewer in San Francisco for four hours a day. Wouldn't cost anything and the treatment exactly the same."

The Santa Cruz editors, fighting for the penny,
Clawed, and rough and tumbled like the felines of Kilkenny,
Of elbow grease and energy this was a sinful waste,
More is made to boil the pot with scissors and with paste.

Charles Rollo Peters occasionally runs up from his Monterey hacienda to pay his respects to the Bohemian owl. He is putting on canvas his impressions of that picturesque coast, and has adorned his studio with rare tapestries and odds and ends picked up in remote quarters in Europe. Over the open fireplace hangs a big iron pot, which Mr. Peters at restful intervals uses for experimenting in Spanish stews.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

The Maison Tortoni has been having a number of improvements made recently. The new decorations and marble floor are quite in keeping with the admirable cuisine.

THE STUFF THAT MAKES YOUNG MANHOOD.

REV. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for February gives some forcible epigrams. He says

I have watched a good many brooding hens, but I never saw one facilitate the hatching process by pecking the shell. The chick on the inside will get out if he is worth it.

More men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal stuff.

The less a young man talks about luck and untowardness of circumstances, and the coquettishness of popular favor, and the like, the better for him and for the world to which he owes himself. Every man will have all the power he earns, and the power that he has will tell, not because people like it or like him, but because it is power.

Personal pressure can no more be hooted down, or voted down, or argued out of existence than can the push of the wind or the pull of the moon. If you weigh a ton you will exert a ton's pressure.

There is probably such a thing as genius, although ninety-nine hundredths of it is doubtless the name which lazy people give to results which others have earned by hard work in those hours when the lazy people themselves were either sleeping or wishing they could gain it without toiling for it.

There is faculty enough in almost anybody to become genius if only all that faculty were lumped.

We are more likely to find a good destiny by going afoot than by riding.

The world cares very little for experts, and the course of events is only infinitesimally determined by them.

Sowing still antedates reaping, and the amount sowed determines pretty closely the size of the harvest.

Empty barns in October are the logical sequence of empty furrows in spring. The young man may as well understand that there are no gratuities in this life, and that success is never reached "across lots."

THE "PATE DE FOIE GRAS."

THE first experiment in *pâté de foie gras* was due to the inspiration of a cook in the service of Marshal de Contades, Governor of Alsace—the same general who lost the battle of Rossbach against Frederic II. of Prussia. This cook, whose name was Clauss, first conceived the high destiny of goose liver in the pastry business. His *pâtés* met with great success, and when, in 1790, the Marshal left Strasburg, Clauss hastened to marry the widow of a cake baker, and hung out his sign as a fabricant de *pâtés*. But very soon he found a competitor in the pastry line by the name of Doyen, who had the happy thought of adding Périgord truffles to his liver tarts. It was a stroke of genius which has never been improved upon since. After that this particular industry assumed immense proportions and made the fortunes of several noted families in that line. Strasburg exports annually more than 100,000 *pâtés* in tureens alone. The canning begins late in October and ends about April 1st. It is claimed that the most delicate livers come from geese that have never laid an egg.

THE brick composition which the Syrians and Egyptians used for their letters was largely composed of aluminum, so modern chemists have decided. In the British Museum may be found numbers of specimens of these light and portable messages of communication. Our modern pure aluminum is derived from a certain clay, and undoubtedly the lightness and durability of these bricks was due to that metal's presence.

One of the most famous men in the United States is Editor Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati Commercial. He is also said to be among the most abstemious, for he never drinks save three times a day—and then just a pony glass of his favorite Old Saratoga whiskey. Claret or wine does not agree with him.

It is more difficult to secure genuine old Japanese vases and bronzes nowadays in Japan than it is to buy them from George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel.

Monarch Smokeless Powder



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS
Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.
Lightest RECOIL and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,
430 California St., S. F.

ADOLPH NORDMAN.

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Manufacturers and
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OPTICAL GOODS

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All kinds of complicated lenses ground to order.
Glasses scientifically adjusted and defective sight properly corrected.
Oculists' prescriptions carefully attended to.

Head Golds,

Catarrh, dry mucous membranes, soon yield to the treatment of the famous DR. McKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE.

BE CONVINCED FREE.

To show that Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure gives instant relief and continues to drive away the cold or catarrh, 7 free trials per week will be allowed you if you call at the

Baldwin Pharmacy,

(Edwin W. Joy),
Market and Powell Sts.

Call for free treatment of Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure.

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Concrete Artificial
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No. 205 New High St., Los Angeles.



IT is to be hoped now that men have had a practical illustration of how deftly the society women can do the waiter girl in a beer garden they—the men—will give the preference to the upper circles every time when in quest of a glass of the foamy. Society owes a deep debt of gratitude to the effort in their behalf of the charming young matrons of Taylor street. Apropos of which evening, what a very lovely picture Miss Helen Boss made; her clear-cut, refined features and blonde hair being a delight in itself to gaze upon, even without the artistic pose and "setting." As a *chocolatier*, Miss Bertha Smith was especially "fetching," her slender, graceful figure showing to great advantage in the dress. Men, as a rule, look stiff and self-conscious in tableaux, and the girls-spoiled darling, "Addie," was no exception to the rule; his air of "wish it was over" was decidedly amusing.

* * *

One of the prettiest (and most recently made) young matrons of the swim got off rather a good one the other evening at the theatre—quite up to Miss Laura, it was. Seeing a pretty girl not far off with Messrs. Smith and Tompkins in her party, the young matron said to the man next her: "Look at Miss —; poor girl, she is in as bad a fix as John Hays Hammond." "How's that?" was the natural query. "Why, don't you see, she is surrounded by Bores."

* * *

The illness of Ed. Greenway was a capital chance for families whose social aspirations are higher than their claims, to get in their work by sending flowers, jellies, and dainties generally, to the sick-room. These people should remember there is no truer aphorism than that "eaten bread is soon forgotten," and the chances are they will be as coldly and calmly ignored in the matter of cards for the cotillion in the future as they have been in the past.

* * *

Of all the masks and dominoes at the Burton leap year dance this week none created more stir than the white nun-like one with the hood. She literally seemed to be here, there, and everywhere in an instant, and her familiarity with the officers' affairs was actually startling. Some one set the idea going that it was a former resident at the post—now a *divorcée*—who had slipped in.

* * *

Several funny incidents took place that evening. One young officer whose tender feelings for a pretty bud have not yet found expression in speech, took the opportunity of whispering to a domino strongly resembling the girl in question, that it was not strange that she was such a good player of "Jenkins," for she always knew whose hand had coin in it; and then the young man was utterly dismayed when the unmasking came to find he had made a decided mis-lick. Some of the girls found it very difficult to conceal their identity, even under a mask. Miss Grace Sabine's tall figure was spotted at once, and one of the soldier beaux had a good deal of fun at her expense, they say.

* * *

It was a perfect delight to the women to see the old time fashion of giving pretty favors in the cotillion revived by George Newhall at his german on Wednesday evening. But then the dear creatures should remember it is only wealthy young men who can afford to indulge in such trifles.

* * *

The latest parlor game popular in society is known as the "coffee pot." It is a guessing pastime, and the knack lies in guessing a word for which the coffee pot is used as a substitute. To endeavor to explain it on paper would turn one's hair gray.

* * *

Ned Towusend and his accomplished wife leave for the East on Monday, after a delightful visit to their old home. Ned protests that California is the only country worth living in. He is laying the keel of a new novel.

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A GLIMPSE OF THE FOYER DE DANSE, GRAND OPERA.

By HENRY BUELLOW, Illustrated by Edouard Cucuel Paris.

WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes said that if good Americans died they wanted to go to Paris, he was not so far from the fantastic mark at which all geniuses have shot at with their barbed or blunt arrows into the air. As Longfellow would tell, the poets find them once in a while in the "heart of a tree"—found by a friend.

But when Holmes was in Paris—so many years ago—it was not the Paris of to-day. Longfellow's "Outre Mer" is a romance that is like a bit of faded tapestry, so far as life is concerned—scented with orris and camphor.

However, the good healthy work in French art which first Millet developed and then flung open the gates for freedom in composition and color, did more for men like the great Boulanger, who adorned that marvelous structure of modern times, the Grand Opera House, in the Place de l'Opera, in Paris, than most people, notwithstanding the variance of their style.

The great sculptors added their splendid memorials to the famous composers of France.

A grand ball at the "opera" means everything to the Paris clubman; also to the English and American visitor, and they form a large proportion of the participants.

The swell club in Paris for Americans is the "Cercle Lincoln," of which young Mackay (who was thrown from his horse and killed) was a member, and they always turn out the United States colony in full force when the Grand Opera ball occurs.

But then—alas, they don't as a rule meet the lovely fair ones whom they have adored through *lorgnettes*! Nay! uay!

It must be remembered that a *dansuse* is not so very well paid in the grand ballet of the Opera House—but then she has been educated at the nation's expense in the *Conservatoire*, and perhaps before her graduation she has readily found the golden butter for her *pain maigre* sometimes, and often Valenciennes lace and diamonds or pearls.

Launched on that turbulent sea, the *ballo* of the Grand Opera House, in Paris, the young graduate is a mere *figurante*, but nevertheless she will be more sought after than the *cocotte*, who rides past the Parc Monceau of a morning.

They say that one girl out of ten in the Grand Opera ballet ever marries—and that then she weds a tailor, as Madame Judic did, "just to save expenses!"

Admission to the presence of the grand ballet in the Opera is magnificently difficult—behind the scenes or anywhere else. Artists, composers, authors, sculptors, and men of fame in newspaperdom may receive the grace which is courtesy and not scant. But beware! The *ballerina* of the Grand Opera never lets fools rush in where angels fear to tread—unless she finds out first that they may be "angels" in disguise!

The beautiful drawing of Mr. Cucuel represents vividly the *Foyer de Danse* of the opera. There are various sorts of *foyers* in the Parisian theatres. With Americans the word "*foyer*" means the *salle d'entrance*, or, rather, the space behind the auditorium where the ladies remove their wraps, and where, once and awhile, gentlemen linger between acts. But in Paris there is almost always a swell "green room," after a custom of tradition. I believe the girls in the ballet call theirs a *salle d'attente*, which means "half reception and half rendezvous."

One of the daintiest is at the Palais Royal, a play house which, to my mind, possesses the most exquisite interior decorations of any other theatre in the world. The grand foyer is adorned by the most famous painters of the days of Louis Quinze and Louis Seize. The actors' reception room is a dream of beauty.

Of course, the *Comédie Française* has the most famous "green room," and, undoubtedly, its public foyer far excels that of the Opera in the matter of historical association and—by all means—in the sculptor's art.

But for the gilded youth who has had a gilt-edged introduction, whether he be French, English, or American, the *Foyer de Danse* of the Opera will, as a rule, cost him all his millions of francs as well as a sad heart before he says good-bye to it.

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Properly managed, the new Gold Mining Exchange will be of unquestionable benefit to this community in the respect of stamping fraud upon the schemes of charlatans in the business. Every adventurer thinks that he or she has the privilege of posing as full-fledged experts when every other avenue of profit fails, and the lying prospectus built up to trap guileless people with money bespeaks the qualifications of the concoctor for a life cell in the State Penitentiary. Not a few of these miserable swindlers are floating about the city and State at present. Working men and women are being approached and solicited to subscribe for shares in mines where millions can be had simply for the trouble of picking them up. The sooner the Exchange gets to work the better, and in this branch of the business it will have a grand mission to perform. Before investing a dollar in any scheme, the investor approached by outside schemers, male or female, should then and there refer the proposition to the Exchange for information and guidance, and anything it refuses to endorse had better be dropped right away. People who have recently bought into private companies should at once put themselves in communication with the officers of the Exchange, and there is no doubt that they will only be too glad to pass upon matters of the kind in a general way for the protection of the public. From what we can learn, there are some schemers at work in the community who should be brought up with a round turu. The only way to track them is for investors to come forward, and any communication forwarded to this paper will be promptly dealt with in the way of throwing light upon the venture.

Comstock Mining Shares.

The market on Pine street has been exceedingly dull during the week, and that prices are firm is about all that can be said. There is only one man to-day on the street to whom any credit can be given for sustaining the flickering life of the Comstock. Had it not been for the single and comparatively unsustained efforts of Herman Zadig, the Comstock would long ago have dropped into obscurity. There is no use in attempting to deny this proposition in any quarter. Credit must be given where it is fairly due, and in this particular case Zadig is the man who has worked and labored day in and day out to bolster up the fading fortunes of the old lode. If his spirited action could only inspire others to come in and do likewise, what a change would take place in the situation. Instead of that, however, they are quite ready to follow in his lead, content with the dime or two which can be picked on each rally in a stock which he may engineer. Fortune has favored Zadig in his exertions. From time to time some opportune strike has helped him to pull victory from defeat, and in Occidental the latest timely occurrence of an ore body has worked wonders in restoring public confidence in the situation. This property is looking exceptionally well in the 650-level, and while the management are cautious in the reports they issue of the development as work progresses, they express the hope that the mine will yet repay the fidelity of the stockholders, who have stayed by it so pluckily for years past. If the South and North-end managers would only step into the breach and "assist," old times might be confidently expected on the street. Silver King was assessed 25 cents and Andes 15 cents during the week.

This is the way the Amador Republican heads up an editorial denunciatory of a recent incorporation, described as the Jackson Gold Mining and Milling Company, with a capital stock of \$750,000, of which twenty-five dollars has been paid. If what our esteemed contemporary says in regard to the intentions of the company is correct, and it must have good reasons for the assertion, the gentlemen who conceived the scheme should be awarded the banner for their unparalleled cheek. It is claimed that two mining locations made by them covering the claim of the subsequent incorporation, covers the entire business location of the main street of the town. "Within the

boundaries of these claims," says the Republican, "there is not a foot of vacant ground upon which the locators could claim the shadow of a right to post a notice, much less to search for mineral. Townsite deeds cover the whole territory. * * * Many of the lots have been sold over and over again. Innocent purchasers have intervened, in many cases paying fancy prices for their property. The total value of the property affected will run up into hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is true, one location, the Better Hope, existed anterior to the townsite patent, and there is little doubt, had the locator taken the necessary steps to protect his interests, his right to mine for the precious metal within the limits of his location, would not have been infringed upon by the town site. * * * The purpose is to sell stock to whoever is green enough to buy, and efforts to that end are reported to have already been made in Jackson. * * * This is the wildest kind of wild-catism. Nothing can be more prejudicial to the interests of a mining section than to have such rank schemes flaunted in the face of the public. In protection of the reputation of this community, and in defense of a rich field for legitimate mining operations, we protest against such ventures to work the pockets of the credulous." It is certain, however, that the locators, whoever they are, will lose nothing by their venture in the long run. If they are going to mine, it will take a long and expensive litigation to stop them, and it will be cheaper in the long run to buy off the corporation than to fight it through the courts. It would seem from this view that there is financial possibility in the scheme, mine or no mine. The outcome will be awaited with much interest by the mining element in the community, who might, at first thought, believe the whole matter to be a financial joke.

New York Stocks.

Since our last issue there has been a decided change in the tone of the New York stock market. Prices, however, have not been advanced rapidly, but there has been a steady improvement from day to day. The decline in sterling has checked the exports of gold, which has restored confidence to a large degree. Investors are again entering our market as buyers on a good scale, and all dividend paying stocks are in good demand. The Grangers show a good advance, as well as Reading and Jersey Central; in fact, the entire list shows a substantial improvement. Jersey Central has probably shown the best gain, the improvement during the week being $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Reading Central advanced $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and Manhattan $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Industrials have shown a very light improvement, except the more active. Sugar sold $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher. Gas, Tobacco, Distilleries, Leather, and Electric show strength, and prices have greatly improved. The outlook appears most encouraging, and unless some unforeseen accident occurs greater improvement will take place again next week.

A Heavy Mining Suit.

Professor Thomas Price has been lately engaged as expert in the mining suit at Grass Valley, in which Mr. Ford sues the North Star Company for a quarter million of dollars. Professor Price appears for Ford, and his testimony was, as usual, clear and concise on the points at issue. The case is a most difficult one from a mining, as well as a legal standpoint. A magnificent working model, showing the lower workings of the property, shows the former. The ledges throughout the vast territory covered by the North Star operations are all blind, while only a very small extent of the ground is under patent.

Mr. Hammond's Condition.

The veracity of the average press dispatches can now be correctly gauged by the reports from Africa regarding John Hays Hammond. One day he is safe and hearty; the next he is in a pitiable condition. In the meantime one half of the country has been able to make the fact known that they are on the most intimate terms with the distinguished mining engineer. If the truth were known, the majority of the uncalled for interference is from people who have never even had the honor of meeting the gentleman, let alone to possess a speaking acquaintance with him.

W. M. P. SHAW has just returned from attending the annual meeting of the Cortez Mines, Limited, in London.

Edwin Carter

"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you"

THE little town of Haywards has learned the difference between artificial electricity, and the real stuff, as generated in Nature's dynamo. In answer to the prayers of all the worshipping wheat-raisers of the State, the host of heaven, last Sunday afternoon, after the churches were emptied, ranged its legions of storm clouds, and began to get in some pretty fine work in the way of drenching the soil, already drunk from over-much imbibing. It was a holiday, and there didn't seem to be much else to do but to sprinkle the wheat fields. About that time old Lightning himself, who had been quiet for a good many months, awoke to the situation and the fun, and, observing a little structure made for the brewing of the electrical fluid, but unprotected by any of the ordinary safeguards from the aggressive stranger, made for its very heart with its usual thoughtless activity. It was like a giant trying to get into a cradle. It made for the dynamo and the coils and appurtenances, just as the electrician on duty had for a moment stepped into a side room. There was a flash—by no means a flash in a pan—a dash, a crash. When the electrician returned, all the lights in the town had gone out, the machinery was burst wide open, and darkness prevailed. The lightning, that was so fractious that Heaven couldn't keep it under control in its own storage battery, had played the dickens with everything it touched, decamped instantaneously to the deuce only knows where, and left everything in darkness. There's a moral in the thing if you are only smart enough to harness it and keep it for every day use. A part of it is that birds of a feather flock together, and that Lightning, the elder brother, takes kindly to young Electricity by natural affinity, and that if you hold a pipe under Niagara, it will get full immediately, and maybe burst. The people of Haywards, when they repair things, will probably add to their plant a few lightning arresters, and then the next frolic of that kind will doubtless be elsewhere.

THE fact really seems to be that the Truth is mighty, and will get there. A little while ago the Reverend V. Marshal Law got up on his hind legs and barked, because he wanted the Communion service administered in a little less democratic fashion. The Kanakas may eat poi out of the same dish, but that furnished no reason why Christians should drink to each other's everlasting salvation out of the same cup at the Communion. Microbes go to church like other people, and may thoughtlessly partake of the Lord's wine, and even take a bath therein, ready to be rescued by the next participant, and make a landing on his or her upper lip. The Reverend Law reasoned that he didn't care to have the microbe, that sent his wicked sister to hell, with unreasonable partiality and speed send him to heaven, even when he was drinking his wine for God's sake. So the Reverend Law fired away on that theme, but they outvoted him, and hinted that the Lord would look out for his own, and that individual cups were needless. It savored more of science than sentiment. But the truth is mighty, and so forth. The worshippers in the Ross-street Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, last Sunday were surprised by their deacons tendering them each a cup at communion. The verdict was universal approval, but with no audible mention of microbes. The ball has started. It is an even wager that the Reverend Law will now say: "I told you so," and will start in on a new campaign. The chances are, then, that before the Reverend Brown gets back into his pulpit again, or Mrs. Mary Abbott Davidson gets out of jail, every good Christian can drink to his soul's health in an individual cup, and that he will drink deep, and possibly a bumper every time. We congratulate the Reverend Law. It seems like a great triumph.

NO wonder the Supreme Court lectures our law-makers. How are they supposed to know whether a legislative act is constitutional when they have never read the Constitution? All the constitutions they know of are their own, and then they generally lose in Sacramento.

THERE is nothing on which the daily press so much prides itself as upon its influence upon the poor, ignorant and humanity that depends upon its teachings for intellectual and moral pabulum. It would be delightful to find a single member of that self-loving guild that has an iota of an idea of the responsibility to which it will be held at the day of judgment. Before we arrive at the stage when we have to be nauseated by its daily nutriment, most of us are taught that to be honest is to be honored, and that to cheat is to be a knave. An unfortunate few grow up without a single idea of morality, and they land in the jails and prisons. It is cowardly and contemptible to teach children to play tricks on a company, as if emity could justify knavery. No man of any sense of decency will accept from a newsboy a ticket that he does not pay for, for he knows he thereby cheats the carrier out of a fare. The newspaper that encourages such tricks is no better than a moral pest, for it benumbs the sense of honesty in the boy and the man alike. Whoever takes a transfer to give a newsboy is a party to the conspiracy, and the man who justifies it will steal your money the first opportunity he gets, on the plea that he believes you have charged too much for that which brought it to you. For Heaven's sake, let us exercise common honesty, and if you wish to fight a big company for any wrong it has done you, fight it like a man, and not like a petty thief.

THE Duke of Marlborough is, evidently, going to be always on hand to make great financial masterstrokes, else why he the descendent of the great Duke, who loved money marvelously. The new Duke's first coup was taking to wife Consuelo, the rich man's daughter, blind to her faults, but shrewdly alive to her virtues—that is, her millions—to get. With the income vouchsafed her by her rich dad, the Duke saw that it was possible to keep Blenheim on its legs, and keep himself and spouse at a decent distance from the poor-house. Now, the Duke has enjoyed his wife and her fortune long enough to be perfectly sure that if she should suddenly quit this sphere, around which the English drum beat is forever heard, and go to dwell among the angels, the income might cease, and he be left in a cold world without consolation or coin, which are much the same thing. His second coup has, accordingly, revealed itself in his consent to an application by Consuelo for a life insurance for \$3,000,000, payable to her surviving husband. The premium for this instrument will, of course, he paid out of the Vanderbilt coffers. This, we submit, is a financial masterstroke. It assures all the spoils of his victory, over himself, in descending from the impecunious condition of an English aristocrat to marry a gilded daughter of democracy. If Consuelo dies, she will still live in memory as long as American gold buys flowers for her grave, and sings her requiem.

IT seems perfectly proper for us to keep on the right side of society in our Queen City of the Far West, by letting it know that we have heard that Mr. Ward McAllister Greenway is under the care of the doctors, and faithful as he has long been to all possible accommodations here to the example of his namesake in New York, that he may yet, willy-nilly, still further follow his footsteps and retire permanently from earthly society, and take up his seat at the side of the great white throne, now presumably occupied by the aforesaid Ward. It is fair to presume that anybody who occupies a high seat down below, is not going to put up with a low seat up above, and that the heads of society here are not going to be the tails of society there. But perhaps we are going too far. We beg the learned doctors who are feeding the fires of life in Mr. Greenway to keep up the supply of fuel, and be quick about leading their ward speedily forth into the sunshine. So will society smile and drink his health in his own brand of champagne.

EDITOR Lee Fairchild of St. Helena is learning that one can hardly be a big man in a small town. Fairchild's wit, which is not unfrequently made keen by satire, is getting him into trouble with physicians, mayors, and what-not. He has probably already noted the difference between a town and a city, and that it is the safer to be where people are too numerous to know one another or to care who's who or who is n't.

"BEER will go up," says a contemporary. This must be a new kind of stuff.



A Book of the Week.*

There is no incident associated with the Civil War that is better known than the cruise of the Alabama. From the day that ship "escaped" from Laird's shipbuilding yard at Birkenhead to the day she was sent to the bottom outside Oerbourg, the Alabama occupied the attention of the world as much, perhaps, as any ship that ever sailed the ocean. No matter whether we regard her as a mere rover-of-the-seas or as a duly commissioned man-of-war from a properly established Government, the fact of her world-wide notoriety remains unchallenged, and the interest taken in her whereabouts was only second to the news of a decisive engagement. That she deserved that notoriety the book before us authoritatively proves, and it is for the readers to consider, apart from all political sentiments and viewed coldly as a matter of manliness and honor, whether Captain Semmes and the men under him should, on the authority of this book, go down to history as a lot of freebooting assassins, moderate privateers, or as honorable combatants fighting in a cause they had honestly espoused. And after thirty years of peace Americans can look at this question on its merits, without passion, and unmoved by sectional animosities. They can accept the efforts made by the South to create a fleet of commerce destroyers as a judicious policy on their part to help them in their efforts to raise the blockade by causing the withdrawal of some of our men-of-war from our coast line and sending them in pursuit of the Southern vessels. We must admit, too, that Captain Semmes was right in avoiding our men-of-war as much as possible, for his mission was to get as many of our ships as he could to pursue him, and he could do this best by playing the part of a Flying Dutchman, but giving shot, shell, and the torch for such of our merchantmen as she caught on the high seas. On those points Americans are, we believe, agreed, and they would be placed beyond discussion if this book, written by one of the officers of the ship, had not made an authoritative statement, on one point, that will re-open the question whether or not Captain Semmes was a cowardly butcher or gallant sailor. In fact, if we had not noticed that the book had been written by one of the officers of the ship we would not have read it at all. We would have put it away as superfluous, just as we would put away our A B C's or our numerals. There is nothing new in the book, not a line, but we have authority, and, as far as we remember, we cannot recall an authoritative statement on the Southern side of the most questionable event in the career of the Alabama via the sinking of the Hatteras, and it was to find out how Lieutenant Sinclair would account for that incident that we read the book at all. We wanted to get his side of the Hatteras affair, and this induced us to open the book, and here is what he says:

"It is dark, the enemy being indistinctly seen. * * * The enemy has now come up. She hails us: 'What ship is that?' 'This is Her Britannic Majesty's steamer Petrel' is the reply. * * * Our crew have lock-strings in hand, keeping the guns trained on her, and awaiting the command to fire. The two vessels are so near that conversation in ordinary tones can be easily heard from one to the other. For a time the Hatteras people seem to be consulting. Finally they hailed again. 'If you please, I'll send a boat on board of you,' to which our executive officer replied: 'Certainly, we shall be pleased to receive your boat.' When the boat was half way between the two vessels the signal was given, and the sky and water were lighted up by our broadside. About six broadsides were given by us. The enemy replied irregularly. Then she fired a lee gun, and we heard the quick, sharp hail to surrender, accompanied by the request that our boats be sent to her immediately, as she was sinking. The whole thing had passed so quickly that it seemed to us like a dream."

We have often heard that "everything is fair in love and war," but even in face of this dictum we can fancy the face

of many a chivalrous Southerner blush with shame at a confession such as this. The sinking of the Hatteras was not the result of strategy, but it was accomplished by low treachery unauthorized by any code of warfare known to the civilized world. It was not done in the spirit of the gallant South, nor do we believe such baseness ever received the sanction of the leaders of the rebellion. What-ever mistakes the South made, and they were many, we of the North to this day glory in the heroism and manliness with which the South defended its cause, and base treachery, such as marked this act of Captain Semmes, formed no part of the method of the South in its conduct of the war. The Hatteras was lured to destruction after the fashion of the pirate luring the merchantman, and that, too, in the dark, when the treachery was the least likely to be discovered. It is true the author of this book tells us that the Alabama—

"Was a fighting ship, and under no reasonable odds contemplated avoiding battle."

Yes, but how does he sustain his assertion? During the two years the Alabama was afloat she had only two encounters with our men-of-war, and she frequently, and we think wisely, avoided battle when the odds were reasonable on one side or the other. And of those two occasions the Hatteras incident was one, and that cannot be called a battle any more than a knock-down blow that is given, without warning, by a big man to a small boy can be called a prize-fight. And the other occasion was when the Alabama was sent to the bottom by the guns of the Kearsage, and here, indeed, Captain Semmes did something to atone for his cowardly attack on the Hatteras. We could forgive the Alabama for the fifty-seven American merchantmen she destroyed during her two years' cruise, particularly as England paid us \$6,750,000 for the damage done, but we find it much harder to forgive the baseness by which she threw the Hatteras off her guard, and this book, written by Lieutenant Sinclair, proves, to our mind, that Captain Semmes did not represent the true chivalry of the South at all. Otherwise the book has no literary merit; it is written in bad English, and the author impresses us as being a man of very limited education.

*"Two Years on the Alabama." By Arthur Sinclair, Lieutenant Confederate Navy. With portraits and illustrations.

"In the Hollow of the Hills," by Bret Harte, proves that that author is a natural story teller. Mr. Harte resembles Dickens in creating for himself the scenes in which his characters live, move, and have their being. The California of Mr. Harte is a land of melodramatic romance, a rogue's paradise, a fairyland of felons, and yet he makes it all so natural that we are half disposed to accept it as the California we know.

If the "Hill Caves of Yucatan" unlocked the mysteries of the Maya stone monuments, and gave the world the key to the history of the early races of Central America, as the discovery of the Rosetta stone unlocked the history of ancient Egypt, the archaeologist world would have rejoiced, but it does not do this, and yet it is a book of absorbing interest, and will be extensively read by scientists.

The London Speaker says that Mr. Grant Allen indulges in futile philosophy, and that his "British Barbarians" is "pretentious, dull, and ludicrously ineffective." The book is, the Speaker says, "an expression of the shallowest pretense of enlightenment." That Mr. Grant Allen deserves all this, and more, few well-balanced minds will deny.

"Matthew Furth," by Ida Lemon, is disappointing. She writes like a novice, and, where she should be funny she is not, and where she should be pathetic she is merely sentimental and maudlin. All this is unpardonable in view of the material she had on hand, the London of Dickens, with its great literary possibilities.

The danger of mob rule is graphically illustrated in "The Paris of Robespierre," when the servants threatened to denounce their employers as foes to the Republic if blackmail was not given to the men of the kitchen.

McClure's Magazine has about fifty portraits of Lincoln. In fact, it has secured all the portraits of that statesman known to exist.

During the year just ended the New York Free Circulating Library circulated 654,451 volumes, an increase of 18,318 over the circulation of the previous year.

OUR CLEVER MEN.

SAN FRANCISCO has so many clever men that it would be an endless task to even enumerate them, but from the mass some are more prominent than others, and it is of a few of these that this article more especially treats. In every branch of art, commerce, agriculture and the learned professions, San Francisco may boast of representative men—in some cases men who have grown with her growth, have seen the rise and fall, and rise again, brought about by fire and financial disaster, of many of her foremost citizens. The passing away of others from this list, such as Ralston, Sharon, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, those kings of finance whose rapid rise to wealth and power surely entitled them to be classed as "clever," and those philanthropists, George Gibbs, Charles Mayne, and Joseph Eastland. It is of the living, however, that we speak, and can unquestionably cite Lloyd Tevis as the very head and front representative of our clever men, who by his own unaided energy and talent, his daring methods, and above all his indomitable will, has risen to be a power among us. Whether as a financier, a promoter of some vast organization, a holder of securities, or chief of corporations, Mr. Tevis alike is a brilliant, brainy, successful man.

Another able financier is I. W. Hellman, of the Nevada Bank, who although compared with others a newcomer, has already made his influence felt in business circles. Yet another banker of note is P. N. Lilienthal, in that he has risen by his own merit to be the head of one of our great banking institutions, thereby evidencing cleverness of no small degree. Antoine Borel is of a different type than any of the above, being of a strictly conservative method and not a speculator; his great executive ability in managing the large interests of his firm prove him to be a man of much mental power.

Turning to the legal world—although, alas! many of our brightest minds are now gone from this sphere—there still remain a shining galaxy of brilliant men whose cleverness none can dispute, such as Reuben Lloyd, whose quiet and modest demeanor is a cloak for the clever mind within. D. M. Delmas, John Garber, Judge Boalt, and last, though by no means least, our own W. H. L. Barnes, whose mental capacity has never been doubted, and whose brilliant sallies when in repartee with the late Hall McAllister used to delight those who were in court. The paternal mantle has surely fallen upon the shoulders of our District Attorney, Will Barnes, Jr., who, although a young man as judged by the preceding, has already established his claim to being a very clever man. As a man of solid mental gifts, ex-Judge E. W. McKinstry merits place, his learning being recognized in his appointment to the State University. Horace Platt is clever, not only in his profession as a lawyer, but in a drawing-room as a ladies' man.

In the commercial world Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, is a prominent figure; his colossal fortune has been amassed by his own indefatigable industry, and the ability of his son, John D. Spreckels, in guarding those millions, proves him a worthy second to his father. Surely no better exemplar of a clever man exists among us than J. D. Phelan. Although his large fortune came to him by inheritance, his wise and philanthropic use of his millions has gained him hosts of admirers from, as Shakespeare says, all sorts of people, as not only is he clever in business methods, but as a lover and patron of art Mr. Phelan is at the head of our citizens, and socially he is equally popular. Irving Scott is a giant in mind and ability, though not in stature, his keen perception, quick grasp of a situation and energy of purpose making him unequaled in his own line.

In the medical world, beyond all compare Dr. R. Beverly Cole takes front rank for his exceptionally brilliant mind, enriched by contact with the brightest men of other countries as well as his own, extensive reading and deep research. In his profession Dr. Cole is considered an authority; he has gained honors in foreign colleges, and is regarded by savants as a man of the century. A man whose modesty equals his learning (and that is saying a good deal) is Dr. L. C. Lane, whose philanthropy has given San Francisco a medical college unrivaled on this continent. As an exponent of the other school of Hahnemann's founding, unquestionably Dr. John N. Eckel takes the lead. A man of broad views, great experience, constant research,

a profound thinker and skillful in diagnosis, Dr. Eckel is one of the cleverest of our clever men. Dr. Henry Gibbons Jr. has already won fame for himself in the footsteps of his gifted father. As a bright scholar and successful practitioner his skill is acknowledged by all, giving him front rank in his profession. In the treatment of nervous ailments Dr. Hirschfelder may be ranked as one of the clever men of the day. In surgery Dr. Paolo de Vecchi has decidedly made his mark. Dr. Barkan and Dr. Hopkins are notably clever in the line of optics, while as a dentist whose wonderful discoveries in his profession and equally wonderful success in practically applying them has made him famous, who can rival in cleverness Dr. W. J. Younger?

The church has so many bright exponents of the Faith once delivered to the saints—in all the different sects—it would be invidious to single out any one, although it is proper to say that Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal form of faith; Archbishop Riordan of the Romish; Rabbi Voorsanger of the Hebrew; Dr. McKenzie of the Presbyterian, and Horatio Stebbins of the Unitarian, are all representative men among us.

Of course these are by no means all our clever men; they are among the most notable as such, and are men of mark in our community.

"THERE are but very few persons who know how to walk upstairs properly," says a well-known physician, as reported in The Scientific American. "Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step, springing himself up to the next step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should, in walking or climbing stairs, seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking upstairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes upstairs with a springing step you may be sure is no philosopher, or, at least, his reasoning has not been directed to that subject."

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Evans' Ale

is the best,
the purest,
most wholesome,
most healthful

Drink to be found.

Full of Life,
Never flat.


Bright and Sparkling,
No Sediment.

Rich as Cream,
No false ferments.

Bottled at the brewery by
most improved methods.

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MISS BOLTE'S SCHOOL.

2207 SACRAMENTO ST. Board; English, French, German, piano; \$30 per month; a chance for excellence for ambitious and conscientious parents to give their children superior education at low figure; coach; kindergarten

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



NEW YORK is stark, staring mad on the bicycle question. Madison Square Garden, where erstwhile the noble horse was worshipped, is given over now to an exhibition of bicycles, bloomers and fanatics. Can you believe that over thirty thousand people crowded into the Garden the other night, and that last night disappointed crowds clamored for admission? You might make a tour of the bicycle agencies with quite as much edification and less cost. But the bloomer girl is what wins, no doubt. I say *what* advisedly, for a bloomer woman ceases to deserve the soulful pronouns when she dons unwomanly attire.

Have you heard in San Francisco of the legacy recently bestowed upon Mrs. Frank Daniels, formerly Bessie Sau-sou? A kind uncle in England has left her fifteen pounds a week for life. Is not that a windfall? Daniels' play is so successful at the Casino that his out of New York engagements were necessarily cancelled for many weeks. The Casino management has just made an innovation in the establishment of the Cabaret du Néant, an imitation of the celebrated Parisian resort of the same name. It is a gruesome place, hung with black and adorned with skulls and skeletons, and the convivially inclined dine from coffins held up by trestles. This is all supposed to be very *fin de siècle* and *decadent*, and the frequenters of the café are filled with the belief that they are truly defiers of fate and masters of death.

The divine Sarah is here portraying the passion of Izeyl, a Hindoo, and as India is about the only country spared hitherto in the romantic drama, the play is attracting great attention. Bernhardt has grown positively pretty, and there is no longer any occasion for jest on the point of her slenderness, for she is round and symmetrical.

New York surely offers everything just now, from grand opera to variety shows. There is every sort of attraction going on excepting a circus and an old-fashioned minstrel show. It is warm weather, too. The days are bright and sunny, and every one who would complain if it snowed complains now because it does not snow.

Your old California friend, Major Selover, has been very much under the weather, and was confined for a few days to his apartment in the Park Avenue Hotel. Mrs. Walter Crosby, who has been at the Brunswick, is just about leaving for Washington, where she will spend the rest of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Scott Moore will sail on the Campania on the first, and will go at once to London-derry, their future home.

The news of the death of Page Brown was a painful surprise here, where he had many warm friends and where his wife is widely known. Arthur Chalmers and Mrs. Chalmers, who were a part of the San Rafael colony for a few years, are now living in New York. Mr. Chalmers is studying medicine.

The death of good old Tom Maguire has probably been wired to you, but I do not know if the sad story has reached you that he died in absolute want. I am sure that there are hundreds of his old friends who would gladly have helped him had they known the truth, but unfortunately these melancholy histories are rarely known in time. His spare figure, with his kindly face, his white hair and mustache, and his immaculately neat attire, made him a noticeable person in Broadway, and I believe he will be missed.

Harry Widmer's widow, formerly Kate Mayhew, is to be benefited by a performance at Daly's, for which many prominent actors, actresses, and musicians have offered their aid.

Her husband's sudden and untimely death left her quite without resources, and as she is a very popular woman every one is glad to help her on.

Mrs. Willie Brown, as she must still be known, is at Asheville, North Carolina, accompanied by her daughter and her son. Miss Brown is to be married in June to Hugh Fleming, of Erie, Penn., who is young, handsome and rich. He is a Yale man, and was a classmate of Harry Hall, Miss Brown's cousin, at Yale. Mrs. Brown will return to her Madison Avenue home in May in time to make preparations for the wedding.

Mrs. George Crocker is making her presence felt gradually. She has a beautiful home in West Fifty-fourth street, where she is at home on Tuesdays, when many carriages roll up to her distinguished door. She looks simply stunning, and I cannot pay her a higher compliment than permitting myself to drop into slang. Slang, by the way, is very much the fashion since the production of Mr. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden," and even the daintiest lips now find nothing shocking in saying "Wot 't'ell." It is a veritable revel for the school-boy and girl. Mr. Townsend has much to answer for.

New York, January 23, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

There was an informal meeting of the Gold Mining Exchange on Wednesday last, at which Walter F. Turnbull presided. After reports of progress from the different departments, the following committees were appointed: Executive Committee—P. T. Dickenson (Chairman), W. R. Smedberg, C. L. Hovey, Louis Glass, J. H. Roberts; Finance Committee—E. C. Godfrey (Chairman), W. K. Flint, C. J. Shuster; Committee on Mines and Mining—John Daggett (Chairman), George R. Wells, J. R. Wilbur, H. D. Ranlett, and B. F. Lacy. The rooms of the Exchange are being fitted up elaborately, and it is expected that, by the middle of next month, everything will be ready to start up business in good shape.

STIRRED up by attorneys, old pensioners could not rest content, but put in pleas for increase. Thus impelled the pension figure shot up to \$106,493,890 in 1890, \$118,548,960 in 1891 and to \$158,155,342 in 1893. The maximum seemed thus to have been reached, for the pension outgo for the fiscal year ending with June, 1895, was but \$140,772,161.—February Scribner's.

AN import tax on silver and a tax on exported gold of twenty per cent. *ad valorem* might equalize matters and enable America to retain some of the precious metal that she produces. Such a law would be quite as feasible as some of the bills to which Congress has devoted so much deliberation.—Truth.

comes to stay

There is more than one food which will cause the body to increase in weight. A free supply of sugar will do this; so will the starchy foods; cream, and some other fats. But to become fleshy, and yet remain in poor health, is not what you want. Cod-liver oil increases the weight because it is a fat-producing food. But it does far more than this. It alters, or changes, the processes of nutrition, restoring the normal functions of the various organs and tissues.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites, is pure cod liver in a digested condition. So that when a person gains in weight from taking Scott's Emulsion, it is because of two things: First, the oil has acted as a fat-producing food; and, second, it has restored to the body a healthy condition. Such an improvement is permanent: *it comes to stay.*

50 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE LONG ARCTIC NIGHT.

CONSTANTIN Nossioff in his work "Le Tour du Monde," says: "During scientific researches in Nova Zembla I had the sensations and experiences of the long Arctic night. It began November 3d, and ended January 20th. September was pretty comfortable. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, my only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest. On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole twenty-four hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side. If anyone went out he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes. In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color it seems impossible to describe. To enjoy the spectacle I used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind. I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the Polar night. Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity. When there came a lull in the storm and men ventured out, to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil. Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun."

WOMEN IN THE WORKSHOP.

IN altogether too many of our commercial and industrial establishments, stores and factories, the men into whose hands is given the power to employ and control girls are not fit, from a moral standpoint, to herd swine. And yet thousands of our young women are allowed to go from their homes to work under the influence of these men and in the atmosphere vitiated by them, says Edward W. Bok in February Ladies' Home Journal. And why? Simply because it is considered more "respectable" to be employed in an office, store or factory, than to be engaged in domestic service. The very word "servant" has a taint about it that the majority of young women dislike, and from which they flee. But what else are they in business establishments than servants, pure and simple? There can be no difference but an imaginary one. That is all. Far less leniency is shown in our business houses to women employees than is shown, as a rule, in our homes to domestic help—infinity less. Mr. Bok further argues that if the mistress would seek to elevate domestic work, to treat servants with greater consideration, and to have the daughters of the family show some active interest and participation in household work, better, more intelligent and more reliable women would be attracted to the kitchens of our homes, and the destructive rush of young girls to work in stores, counting-houses and factories, would be largely checked, and a modern evil to a great extent curtailed.

The Grand Canyon Line!—To the East.

The "Santa Fe Route" Popular Overland Excursions to Chicago and Eastern cities will leave every Wednesday. Manager in charge. Through Palace and Upholstered Tourist Sleepers are run to Chicago every day. This is the only Line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. Send for illustrated book giving full particulars. C. H. Speers, A. G. P. A., 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Good merchants find out that it pays to sell Macbeth lamp-chimneys because they make friends.

But look out for the one that is made for your lamp.

Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

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DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

New Basil Consolidated Gravel Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Placer County, Cal.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No.), levied on the 9th day of November, 1895, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	NO. CERTIFICATE.	NO. SHARES.	AMOUNT.
L. Darnherger	19	750	\$37 50
C. Huxtorf	18	1000	\$2 50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 9th day of November, 1895, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, the 10th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

F. X. SIMON, Secretary.

Office: 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 16th day of January, 1896, an assessment, No. 66, of 25 cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor Mills Building, northeast corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

20th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday, the 12th day of March, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Room 35, third floor, Mills Building, northeast corner Montgomery and Bush streets, S. F., Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Holmes Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Holmes Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 300 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, the 11th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, February 8, at 12 o'clock M.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, 300 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 300 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist.

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Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

406½ Post St., San Francisco.

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ADOLPH SUTRO

GIGAR.

THE LATEST AND THE BEST BRAND OUT



DEAR EDITH:—The square-necked bodice is the fashion now and it is very popular with young women who are not quite certain of the softness and delicacy in one's shoulders which the décolleté round neck requires.

As for colors everything runs to greens, nowadays. For boudoirs green decorations a la Pompadour are the style, with soft green velvet carpets; emerald and bronze—in fact they run the entire gamut of green—serve for picture frames and bric-a-brac.

The Paris Figaro in remarking of the perfect figure of the beautiful Queen of Serbia, and of her exquisite and stately carriage of her head, attributes it to the fact that Her Majesty has never used a pillow, and that she was trained from girlhood to sleep upon a narrow, hard mattress. This is a fact it would seem among European monarchies. Queen Amelia, wife of Louis Philippe, had the same notions. The late Prince Consort of England underwent similar discipline. In a fashionable female seminary not far from New Haven, Conn., attended by a number of our California girls, I am told that the old fashioned "back-board" of our ancestresses is in full sway. In other words, a young gentlewoman attending this female place of learning is not permitted to acquire a willow stoop.

A sensible matron, the wife of a very wealthy merchant, living in California street, not so very far from the Art Gallery has, to my mind, a far wiser solution of the problem. Every morning, the pretty little daughters go through twenty minutes of Indian club swinging, and in the evening before dinner, they carry, perched on the crown of the head a moderate weight—just for ten minutes only. They have exquisite, graceful figures, and yet their mamma says that she believes in letting her daughters have luxurious beds and soft pillows, and that a comfortable sleep is as necessary to beauty as exercise.

Fans continue to be tiny. The very latest are of white gauze, shirred on each stick and showered with gold spangles. The little Josephine fans of kid or gauze have dainty medallions painted on them.

In gloves, the recent fashion has tended toward pure white, or very light shades for all occasions—an expensive custom for the ordinary purses. Gloves in delicate evening shades are fastened with buttons of Roman pearl. Rose-colored pearls are used on flesh and pale pink opera gloves. The tops of the long wrinkled ball-gloves are slashed at intervals and threaded with inch-wide ribbon exactly the same shade tied in a knot on the outside of the arm.

But for ordinary wear the brown English glove is considered to be in perfect taste. It comes in the finest Suede with heavy black points. For driving or coaching at Burlingame or Del Monte, a pair of soft Suede gloves lined with squirrel, which I saw the other day, must be admirable.

Velvet and fur is still the popular combination. Black Bear is especially in favor now and Blue Fox, Marten, and Thibet are all the vogue also. Theatre wraps of India shawls lined with white-angora are another fashionable vogary. Then there are many mixtures in furs, such as ermine with seal, or seal with chinchilla, chinchilla with sable, Thibet and Persian Lamb. Thibet capes on a yoke of Persian Lamb are, in fact, all the rage, and for evening wear, wraps are lined with white Thibet, ermine, or white or gray fox.

BELINDA.

The public has reason to be thankful for the access it has to fresh sea water bathing in the center of the resident population of the city. The Lurline baths, on the corner of Bush and Larkin streets, erected and furnished by the Olympic Salt Water Company, are the finest in the State. The accommodations are perfect for hot and cold salt water bathing in tubs or for those who prefer a swim. Baths open for early bathers at 6 o'clock A. M. Tickets—Plunge bath, in blocks of 50, at the rate of 5 for \$1. Single tickets, plunge or tub, 30 cents, or 4 for \$1.



Ask
To
See
Them.

Guarantee a perfect fit and graceful appearance to any variety of figure, and are comfortable and durable.

Made in short, long, extra long and extremely long waists; four, five, and six-hook clasps.

We take pleasure in recommending W. B., for the fit and wear of which we hold ourselves responsible. We cheerfully and promptly furnish a new pair in all cases of dissatisfaction from any cause.

W.B. Corsets

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MME. MARCHAND'S CREME DE LA CREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



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Well
Dressed
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Should have

Fashionable Modes, Well Fitting,

Perfect in Workmanship and

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I furnish these requisites.

Mrs. A. J. Bradley, Modiste,

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For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F.

Tel. 5610.

Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING

George B. Merrill

Has removed his
Law offices to

832 Montgomery St., S. F.

California Safe Deposit Building,
Rooms 316 and 317, Third Floor,



PROF. Snore is a heavy built man of slow movements, whose personal appearance is suggestive of a bear. He is also in charge of the astronomical department. Meeting student Anjerry, the Professor said: "Thomas, do you take any interest in the movements of the heavenly bodies?" "Yes, professor, I like to look at the stars once in awhile." "Well, if you want to observe the movements of the Great Bear, come to my room to-night. I'll be in."—Texas Siftings.

"**MARIA**," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?" "Jasper," said Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."—Illustrated Monthly.

"**BROWN** seems to be very excitable. I saw him chase his bat to-day down a crowded street." "Well, what of that?" "If he'd only been cool and waited somebody would have caught it, brushed it and brought it back to him."—Chicago Record.

THE HOSTESS—Oh, yes! Her people were as poor as church mice; but since her marriage to wealthy John Gormore she has it easy. **THE VISITOR**—Easy? I should say so! Why, she hasn't a single thing to do all day but sit and worry.—Puck.

MAGISTRATE—You must be subjected to a great many temptations, you are before me so often. **PRISONER**—Dat's de fac', boss. Dis here am de world of temptations and trials. But de trials hit me de hardest, boss.—Hartford Times.

"Colonel, what do you think of the theory that it is injurious to drink water while eating?" "I don't see, sah, why it should not be as injurious then as at any other time, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The man who was looking at a house for rental asked the pretty servant girl if she was to be let with the house. "No, sir!" she replied. "If you please, I'm to be let alone."—N. Y. Vanity.

"**DEAREST Emma**, will you be mine?" "Ob, this is so unexpected—you must give me time." "How long?" "Just a moment. Mamma is waiting in the next room."—Fliegende Blätter.

TMID OLD LADY (watching the agitated water)—Are there ever any persons lost in this river, boatman? **FERRYMAN**—Bless yer, no, ma'am; we allus finds 'em agin the next day.—Tit-Bits.

MR. PEGO LONG—A basket of patent medicine! What on earth you got 'em for? **MRS. DOSER'S BOY**—Mar's going to take 'em. She wants to git her pictur' in the papers.—Truth.

"**QUEEN Victoria** and Emperor William are relations, are they not?" asked Bloomfield. "Yes; strained relations," replied Bellefield.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

BRIGGS is hurrying home, having been notified of the arrival of twins. **NEWSBOY**—Extra "Sun," Mister? **BRIGGS** (bitterly)—Yes; just my luck.—Texas Siftings.

PATER—This is an awful big bill for Turkish baths. Why do you go there so often. **DAUGHTER**—Where else can a girl go who has nothing to wear?—Truth.

"I was so tipsy that when I met you and Jones together I couldn't tell you apart; that is, at first." "How did you at last?" "Jones offered me a cigar."—Truth.

FORWARD WATCH—Eight bells, and all's well. **SEASICK PASSENGER**—He wouldn't say so if he knew how bad I feel.—Tit-Bits.

BENNIE—What's a conversationalist? **JENNIE**—Oh, it's a man that doesn't have to stop talking when he hasn't got anything more to say.—Truth.

Sir Edwin Arnold is going to Japan again for curios. He is a great friend, by the way, of George T. Marsh & Co., who have such a splendid collection under the Palace Hotel.

IS THE MOUNT FOR '96

BARNES BICYCLES

HOOKE & CO.
15-18 Drumm St.
RETAIL STORE:
1640 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
 Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
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 Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
 Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUNO, Props.

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Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
 OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest corner Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

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Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
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 Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
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 \$3 A perfect fit guaranteed.

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Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
 116 Battery street.



INDIRECTION.—EXCHANGE.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle sugges-
tion is fairer;
Rare is the rose hurst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is
rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning ontmastered the
meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold
him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which issymbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gifts stand the
giving,
Back of the band that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights
where those shine,
Twin voices and shadow'd swim starward, and the essence of life is
divine.

IN CONCHA PASS.—JOHN N. HILLIARD IN INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL.

Wind of the west,
Wind of the western plains,
Wind of the gray-girt hills,
Wind of the winding trails—
Blow pure, blow soft, blow sweet
Across the land I love.

Soft is the wind of the west,
And cool, and drenched
In odors lily-sweet,
And soaked in wild perfume
That drips

From dew-drenched lips
Of roses as they sway,
To and fro,
In the soft embrace
Of the passionate
Wind of the west.

Wind of the west,
Wind of the wailing harps,
Of grass and grain,
Wind of odors subtly blent
Within the Occident.

Wind of the wanton plains,
Wind of the winged clouds,
Wind of the grassy sea
Blow pure, blow soft, blow sweet
Across the Concha Pass,
And kiss the wild blooms
On her grave.

A PARTING.—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free:
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speech less lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Assets, \$5,783,243

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$2,296,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$667,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,889,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

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OF LIVERPOOL.

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No. 316 California st., S. F

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave	From	Arrive
6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benic, A. Vineville, Ramsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
9:30 A	Peters and Milton	7:15 P
9:30 A	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	11:45 A
9:30 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	4:15 P
9:30 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:45 A
10:30 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles	1:45 P
12:30 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	2:45 P
1:30 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
1:30 P	Sacramento River steamers	9:40 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benic, Esposito, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
12:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	11:20 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East	12:45 P
11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, F. M. Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
9:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations	7:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
12:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, San Saba, Monterey, Pacific Grove	10:40 A
3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	7:45 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market Street (Slip 8).

7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

7:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
Sundays excepted. Saturdays only.
Sundays only. Tuesdays and Saturdays.
Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Reproof should not exhaust its powers on petty failings. Anon.

Weak men fight their friends, strong men fight their enemies. Anon.

The pleasure for which we dare not thank God cannot be innocent. Anon.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart. Flood.

Poverty is the test of civility and the touchstone of friendship. Hazlitt.

All a rhetorician's rules teach nothing but to name his tools.—Samuel Butler.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—G. Macdonald.

A life of pleasure makes even the strongest mind frivolous at last.—Bulwer.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.—Emerson.

It is hard for a hangy man ever to forgive one who has caught him in a fault.—Bryere.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—C. Simmons.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed opinion.—Cicero.

Sarcasm is the language of the devil; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it.—Carlyle.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Charles.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—George Eliot.

No man doth safely rule but he that bath learned gladly to obey.—Thomas A. Kempis.

They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.—Anon.

Get together a hundred or two men, however sensible they may be, and you are very likely to have a mob.—Johnson.

The contagion of crime is like that of the plague. Criminals collected together corrupt each other.—Napoleon.

To-morrow I will live, the fool does say; to-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.—Martial.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.—Watts.

Our own opinion of ourselves should be lower than that formed by others, for we have a better chance at our imperfections.—Thomas A. Kempis.

We should be careful to deserve a good reputation by doing well; and that care is once taken, not to be over anxious about the success.—Rochester.

Our real blessings often appear to us in the shape of pains, losses and disappointments; but let us have patience and we soon shall see them in their proper figure.—Addison.

R. BUSWELL,

Bookbinder, Paper Ruler, Printer and Blank Book Manufacturer.
516 COMMERCIAL ST., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 3 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with steamers for SHANGHAI.

COPTIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896
GAETIC.....Saturday, February 15, 1896
DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIDIPON FERRY—Foot of Market Street

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:50, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:00 A. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:20 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:35 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTIN.TION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Novato.	10:40 A M	8:50 A M
3:30 P M	3:50 P M	Petaluma.	6:05 P M	10:30 A M
5:10 P M	5:30 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M	Pieta, Hop- land, Ukiah.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Guerneville	7:30 P M	10:30 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M	Sonoma, Glon Ellen.	6:05 P M	8:50 A M
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Sebastopol.	10:40 A M	10:30 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M		6:05 P M	6:15 P M

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas. Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers. Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Utsal, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 0 A. M.; Jan. 15, 30.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Cuernavaca (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M. 31st of each month.

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For HONOLULU, APTA, AUCLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. MARIPOSA, Feb. 6th, 1896, at 2 P. M.

For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," Saturday, Feb. 15, at 10 A. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties Feb. 6th and 15th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.

For freight apply to 327 Market street.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts.





DANCING has come well to the front this week, commencing with Miss Church's little dance on Monday evening; then followed the Burton's leap year domino party in the hop room of the Presidio, and George Newhall's dinner and cotillion, both on Wednesday evening; the Leap Year dance of the Alameda Cotillion Club, on Thursday evening, and the fancy dress cotillion of the Entre Nous Club, at Maple Hall, last night. The postponement of the final dance of the Friday Night Cotillion Club, which was to have taken place last night, until the 17th of April, while a disappointment to some, is not looked upon as an unmixed evil. The week has been a tolerably gay one, and the members think they will enjoy their assembly after the six weeks of enforced quiet of Lent, much more than they would now, and, besides, it will be a pleasure to look forward to all that time.

Mr. Ed. Sheldon was the leader of the last Friday Fortnightly Club's cotillion, kindly coming to their assistance when the illness of Mr. Greenway prevented his keeping that engagement. The next meeting of the club will be their Leap Year dance, when Miss Alice Hobart will be the leader of the cotillion, on the evening of St. Valentine's Day, the 14th of February.

The old residence, 501 Harrison street, which has, in its day, had many very pleasant gatherings within its walls, was again, after a lapse of years, the scene of a charming festivity, when Mr. and Mrs. V. T. Lawrence gave an "at home" last Friday evening. Music, dancing, and a delicious supper were the entertainment provided by them for a large number of guests. Mrs. James Otis's tea on Saturday was another reminiscence of old times, for, although the residence is modern, and that portion of the city (Broadway) newer than the south end, there were many ladies present who belong to the older period of social life in San Francisco, and who are but seldom seen nowadays. The Beaver tea the same afternoon was a largely attended and pleasant affair, and so also was the third and final one of Miss O'Connell's recitals at Mrs. Jewett's, and the novel entertainment of Mesdames Tobin and Jarboe brought the week to a most charming conclusion.

The large salon of the residence on Taylor street was arranged as a beer hall, with innumerable small tables, at which the guests were seated, and, while enjoying their refreshments of beer, cheese, and pretzels, could also enjoy the pretty tableaux which were given upon a stage across the lower end of the room. The "pretty waiter girls" were all becomingly attired in peasant costume, and included the Misses Helen Smith, Jennie Blair, Minnie Houghton, Sallie Maynard, Jennie Catherwood, and Lizzie Carroll. The Misses Flora Dean, Marian Wells, Helen Wagner, and Gertrude Carroll were the flower girls; while Miss Laura Bates provided the smokers with cigars and cigarettes. There were fourteen living pictures shown, all of which met with hearty and well-merited applause, after which there was dancing.

The rival cotillions, as society folk called the Newhall and Burton dances, which came off on Wednesday evening, were each successful in the different lines. Both aimed at novelty (the fad of the hour). Newhall's was on the pattern of the present New York style, a dinner-dance, and Mr. George Newhall received able support from several friends, who gave diners at their respective homes before proceeding to the general *rendezvous*, the Newhall residence on Van Ness avenue, where the cotillion was danced, led by the host alone. The Monte Wilsons, Mayo Newhalls, Joe Crockett, and Mrs. Newhall, *mère*, were the dinner givers, and the guests numbered nearly all the young married people of the swim, with a few of the older girls, the beaux being of the "eligible" set. The cotillion was commenced immediately upon the assembling of the guests at the Newhall residence, and was distinguished by the intro-

duction of new figures and costly favors, both importations from Gotham for the affair, and at midnight a *recherché* supper was served in the large upper room which is a feature of the house. After supper the much feasted guests again gave themselves up to the pleasures of the dance, and it was long past midnight when adieus were said. Five figures were danced in the cotillion: Double Circles, Military Flags, the Snake, The Musical Chair, and The Surprise. The favors for each were statuettes, flags, helmets, bows and arrows, jeweled hearts, musical instruments of all kinds, including tiny pianos, work boxes, sewing machines, and pug dogs in bronze. The genial host was the recipient of hearty congratulations upon the brilliancy of his entertainment, and the general comment was that Greenway had better look to his laurels.

The Burton Leap Year cotillion partook largely of a military flavor, being held in the hop room of the Presidio, which was decorated with flags, crossed sabres, guns, etc., the music furnished by the regimental band, and the beaux nearly all the young officers, who are so popular with the girls. The young buds of the season were ensconced in domino and mask, and much hilarity was the result; many a wild guess being made as to who owned the bright eyes so provokingly peering from the mask. A great deal of taste was displayed in the arrangement of the flirtation corners, which were cozily furnished with lounges, soft cushions, etc. and the lights being all covered with red shades, gave a roseate hue to the scene, which was very becoming. A favorite spot, evidently, from the frequency of the visits paid there, was the brilliantly lighted tent where punch was dispensed. A delicious supper was served at 12 o'clock, after which the young people began the cotillion led by Lieutenant Coffin and Miss Burton. The figures were principally of a military character and the favors suggestive of the occasion, being dolls in dominos, army buttons, silver sabres, and bows and arrows, as surely many a shaft was sent forth and found a resting place at this most delightful affair. Little Miss Kathron Burton and Miss Pearl Sabine distributed the favors, and so happy were the guests it was nearing daylight when final good-nights were said.

A brilliant and successful affair of the past week was the Fancy Dress german given by the Entre Nous Cotillion last evening at the Palace Hotel. Three new and pretty figures of the german were danced: Flags of all Nations and Lanterns, Grecian Cross, and Parisian Star and Circle. The costumes worn were both handsome and elaborate. The following are names of participants and costumes: Miss E. Cudworth, German Peasant; Miss Netta Creighton, Spanish Dancing Girl; Miss Eleanor Croudeane, Night; Miss Anna Papp, Queen Elizabeth; Miss Mae Ludlow, Queen of Butterflies; Miss Maud Haas, Moorish Princess; Miss Emma Prosek, Winter; Miss Lotta Musto, Pierrette; Miss Ala Keenan, Spanish Princess; Miss A. Cousin, Morning Star; Miss Beatrice Hughes, Carmen; Miss Mae Folsom, Bo Peep; Miss Mabel McFadden, Marie Antoinette; Miss Lauretta Cook, Night. Mrs. George D. D. Graham, Fishermaiden; and Mr. Marshall Borel Woodworth, Lord Chancellor; Mr. Wallace Alexander, Louis XVI.; Robert Haight, Pasha; J. H. Wheeler, Matador; O. M. Howard, King Rex, Mardi Gras; J. O. Gautier, Romeo; Fred G. Gautier, Hamlet; Clarence Musto, Henry II.; Gaston Roussey, Matador; Edward J. Bigelow, Henry VIII.; Wm. G. Barr, Egyptian King; Sanford G. Lewald, Don Cesar de Bazan. Led by Sanford G. Lewald, those in the first set were: Mr. Henry Whitley, and Mrs. Geo. D. Graham; Mr. A. H. Neussdorffer and Miss A. Sbarboro; Mr. Fred G. Gautier and Miss Emma Prosek; Edward J. Bigelow and Miss E. Cudworth; Wm. F. Hooke and Miss Mae Folsom; Mr. J. O. Gautier and Miss Jessie Lyon; Wm. G. Barr and Miss Mae Ludlow; Clarence Musto and Miss A. Cousins; Geo. F. Heuer and Miss Beatrice Hughes; Sanford G. Lewald and Miss Gould.

In spite of the exceedingly wet weather that day, Beethoven Hall held a large assemblage on Monday afternoon at the annual meeting of the Philomath Club, where essays were read and songs were sung for their entertainment. In the evening there were numerous theatre parties at the California and the Columbia, followed by suppers. To-day Mrs. Antoine Borel will give a tea at her residence on Stockton street.

Rincon Hill has again this week been asserting itself as an entertainment quarter of the social world, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Spinney on Thursday evening giving an enjoyable musicale at their residence on Hawthorne street, Professors Hoffmeyer and Bettman having charge of the programme was an assurance of its excellence. The concert given at the Christian Association Auditorium on Wednesday evening was for the benefit of the Good Samaritan Mission, and was a success socially, musically, and financially. The first of the Carr-Beel Pops of the new season will be given at Golden Gate Hall on next Saturday afternoon.

San Francisco is not to receive a visit from the Oelrichs in the near future, as their friends had hoped, as they sail for Europe about the middle of March, anticipating an absence abroad of some duration. Mrs. Leland Stanford is coming, though, and will soon be here. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy, Colonel J. G. C. Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. Al. Bouvier have returned from their Eastern visits, glad to be here again. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mackay are in New York, having come to the United States with the remains of their late son. Mrs. W. J. Younger is in Paris. Dr. Younger is in Chicago, but is not expected to arrive here until late in February.

A most entertaining concert was the farewell testimonial tendered to Mr. C. T. Wendell, the tenor of the California Quartette, at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Tuesday evening. In addition to solos, duos, and quartettes by the members of the California Quartette, the ladies of the Treble Clef Quartette, John and Mme. Marquardt contributed to a bright and interesting programme. Mr. Wendell has a clear lyric tenor of good quality, which, though not cultivated to any great extent, he uses with admirable effect. Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine's singing of Mascagni's "Ave Maria" was an exceptionally enjoyable number.

Weddings are to be a leading feature in the social world next week—the Grant-Pond on Monday, the Goad-Hooker on Wednesday, and the Jarboe-Bull on Thursday. But there will be other festive affairs also, and first among them comes the dance at Lunt's Hall on Tuesday evening, when a Leap Year Cotillion will be given by a number of young ladies who, as the hostesses of the affair, will conduct it in regular leap year fashion.

A week from next Monday, February 10th, at noon, will occur the wedding of Miss Grove Crittenden and Mr. C. A. Windels, at Brighthurst, Ross Valley, the residence of Mrs. George E. Butler. The lady is descended from one of our oldest Kentucky families, and her grandfather was the celebrated lawyer, A. P. Crittenden. Mr. Windels has been connected with the house of Geo. C. Shreve & Co. for many years, and is universally popular. Right Rev. Bishop Nichols will conduct the ceremony.

Mrs. and Miss Meyerdom and Mrs. John Corning of San Francisco registered at the office of the Cairo Sphinx recently. Mrs. Corning, after spending a few weeks at Shepheard's, left on January 31st for the Upper Nile in order to compare the Egyptian sunshine with that of the Golden Gate.

The grand ball of the Cercle Français, which takes place this Saturday evening, will be an event in the French colony. As usual, this year the Union Square Hall will be the scene of its annual elaborate festivities. The beautiful club rooms will be thrown open for the guests.

Next week we are to have a visit from a seion of royalty in the person of Prince Luigi, who comes bither on the Italian frigate Colombo, and who will no doubt be fêted by his countrymen during his stay in San Francisco.

Recently announced engagements include those of Miss Georgie Wightman to Douglas B. Crane; Miss Edith Connor to Rudolph Ver Mehr.

Mr. H. E. Huntington has gone East to assist at the Huntington-Holladay nuptials next week.

Our losses include Miss Clara Huntington and Miss Joe Blackmore, who left for the East last week.

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THE friends of that celebrated bruiser, Mr. Corbett, must for a moment have been overwhelmed with confusion when they read that he had got into a real fight and lost his equilibrium in an encounter with an employé in a theatre. It goes to show that it is one thing to fight for glory and fun according to the book of arithmetic, with a crowd to cheer you on, and another to know how to practice the noble art of self-defense in case of a genuine attack. It also shows that Corbett is as far as possible from being a gentleman, or he would not have violated the rules of the theatre with his nasty cigarette smoking, and that he is only a contemptible bully. But why waste clean paper in an attempt to class a slogger? He has posed already too long as a gentleman, and, longing to prove that no brute is more brutal than he can be, he is waiting to defend himself against the victor of the approaching fight in Mexico. If Heaven is good to him it will prick his vanity, and, after his next encounter, will inscribe his name among the inglorious Have Beens.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable color entered a barber shop the other day for the purpose of getting it in the locality contiguous to the neck. He was a Spaniard, next to the sun. The barber mistook him for a negro, and refused to tackle him upon the ground that he handled scissors and not sheep-shears. The Spaniard immediately grew wild, if not a little woolly—to speak figuratively. Now the unshaved has brought a damage suit for \$25,000. If he will go to the barber for a shave now it is probable that he would learn something new about the dullness of that tool which often makes a rough man look smooth. This occurred in Southern California, where occurrences are quite frequent.

THE sweetest and most inoffensive path of life leads through the avenues of science and learning; and whoever can either remove any obstruction in this way, or open up any new prospect, ought, so far, to be esteemed a benefactor to mankind.—Hume.

THE Alameda girls who have sworn not to let young men kiss them before they, the young women, are married, would do well to extend the oath a little and prohibit young men from kissing them after their marriage.

MRS. Rudolph Herold Jr., met with a serious accident on Saturday last which will confine her to the house for several weeks.

There is no place better known or more popular than the Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street. It stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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HOW THE BRITISHERS BUY MINES.

LONDON "Society" tells the following story, which illustrates how the British brother buys mines:

According to Frank M'Laughlin, or Major M'Laughlin, as he is called at home, it is the easiest thing on earth to sell a mine in London for almost any price, providing you have anything to show an expert. The Major has been narrating to his friends in San Francisco the result of his trip to London, undertaken for the purpose of disposing of some mining property. "Of course, the first thing I had to do was to let capital know what I was there for. Then when enquiries commenced, I simply said, 'Gentlemen, I have mining property to sell. If you mean business and want to buy, send your expert out to examine the property and make a report on it; you will know then what you are buying.' A company was organized, an expert examined the property and reported favorably, and a meeting was held to discuss terms.

"Now, Major," said the spokesman, 'we have found that the property may be worth something. What is your price?' 'Two hundred and fifty thousand' I said. 'That is more than we expected to pay. We expected to pay about two hundred. There is not much difference between two hundred and two hundred and fifty. If you drop the fifty, we will take it.' I had expected to get about one hundred thousand dollars for the property; so with a show of reluctance, I agreed to accept the offer. When the papers were made out, I was surprised to learn that they were talking about *pounds*, and I about *dollars*; but I was careful not to let my surprise leak, and that way I got one million dollars for the mine." Under these conditions, is it remarkable that Barnato et al. have well lined their capacious pockets?

AN ODORLESS REGION.—In that country once known as the "Great American Desert," embracing a portion of Texas and Arizona, there are no odors. There luscious grapes and many other fruits grow, especially near the cross-timber country, but there is no perfume; wild flowers have no smell, and carcasses of dead animals, which in dry seasons are very plentiful, emit no odor. It was always supposed to be a treeless plain, upon which no plant could grow or breathing thing could live, but a large part of it is now successfully cultivated, and but for the rarity of the atmosphere, causing the peculiarity named, and the mirages, which are even more perfect than in the Desert of Sahara, no one would look upon it as a barren country now. Another singular feature common to the desert land is that objects at a great distance appear greatly magnified. A few scraggy mesquite bushes will look like a noble forest. Stakes driven into the ground will seem like telegraph poles.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE accusation of being intollerant which is charged by some American papers against the Germans because the latter refuse to give a place to the Heine memorial, causes amusement among the Teutons. The Volk, Berlin, says that nobody denies Heine's poetic talent; nor is there any animosity against him because he was a Jew; but he threw mud at his country and his people, and the French archives prove that he was secretly paid to do so. One may just as well offer the Greeks a statue in honor of Ephialtes, as the Germans a memorial of Heine.

IN Palestine one could pen a brick epistle, which in the space of a few inches contained as much information as can now be condensed into a sheet of notepaper. Such letters were neither heavy nor bulky, and could be carried in the turban or in the folds of the shirt bosom, just as easy as paper letters are now so carried, with the additional advantage that they were imperishable, as is witnessed by the fact that they are now being read three thousand five hundred years after they were written.

SAINT Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

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MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

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PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

I DO not know of a subject more difficult to treat than this, and I confess to great hesitation in approaching it at all, says Annie S. Swan in *The Woman at Home*. Platonic friendship—that is, a friendship pure and simple, into which no question of sex enters, or any possibility of marriage as its outcome—is believed to be possible by some, and even held to be one of the most satisfying of human relationships. This I could very well believe, only I have never met with a perfect instance of such friendship, though I have seen very many attempts at it. The nearest approach to it I have observed between men and women who have known each other all their days, whose families have been on terms of close intimacy for years, and who feel almost like brothers and sisters, though bound by no tie of blood. There is no doubt that the relations between the sexes have of late years undergone a considerable change, and this is largely owing to the greater freedom accorded to women, who now work side by side with their brothers in almost every field of labor. And out of this greater freedom of action and life has arisen a comradeship which is helpful and stimulating in many ways. But this is a kind of general principle, and when we come to closer quarters, that is, to an intimate friendship between a man or woman, married or unmarried, complications are very apt to arise.

Friendship implies a good deal. It is not a mere acquaintanceship, characterized by a casual interest in the affairs of another, but an intimate relationship, which concerns itself affectionately and constantly with the joys, anxieties, and sorrows of another. It also implies a good deal of personal intercourse at some period, though separation may necessitate that intercourse being continued through the medium of letters. It is exacting and apt to be jealous and exclusive in the ordinary human breast. I am speaking, of course, of the average type of man and woman, very faulty and very human, yet lovable withal. The few paragons who inhabit this earth must necessarily be judged from a different standpoint. Then we have nature to reckon with, and in all my experience and observation of men and things I have never seen a case of so-called Platonic friendship which did not come to some issue fatal to its continuance. I am not afraid to say boldly, though I very well know that I shall be arraigned for it by a host of opponents, that I think it well-nigh, if not utterly, impossible for an average man and woman, unmarried and otherwise unattached, to continue the intimacy involved in the word friendship for any length of time without a change coming over the spirit of their dream. Unfortunately it is too often the case that in only one awakens the desire for that nearer relationship which in the perfect marriage, still possible to the few, gives to friendship its crown. Once awakened, this desire obviously makes the friendship impossible of continuance; its very intimacy is a source of torture, its sympathy and union of taste a mockery. I am of course writing of Platonic friendship as seriously as I would of any other friendship. It has many counterfeits, and some fondly imagine that they are set apart from their fellows by a unique relationship which has nothing at all to distinguish it from ordinary acquaintanceship. I am far from saying that friendship between men and women does not and cannot exist. This would be absurd and untrue. In every walk of life such friendships are to be found; helpful, stimulating, and soul-comforting they are. But I do not hesitate to say that Platonic friendship, involving that close, dear, and constant intercourse which makes all true friendship so sweet and satisfying, is a relationship fraught with danger to the peace of mind of the men and women who essay it.

LOST wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time.—Mrs. Sigourney.

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THE INDIGNANT SPECTRE.

By STUART W. BOOTH.

NOT a word could it utter—not a particle of its intense indignation could it manifest. It was merely a spectre, if such is the proper name for that which hovers around after that which is material has turned to dust.

The fact that the spectre while in the flesh had been abnormally inspired with its own importance did not have a tendency to make it, now that it was no longer a thing, patient or philosophical. It was simply an indignant spectre, and like most of its kind was unable to proclaim its presence.

Six men sat in the private room of a lawyer's office. They were discussing the will of a dead millionaire. Each face expressed jubilation, and there was in each eye a look of mutual distrust, coupled with a suggestion of individual self-confidence. As one of them read the document it seemed to please them mightily.

The customary "In the name of God, Amen," only caused a slight, derisive laugh, but as the various clauses were read the interest increased. To the ordinary mortal the will would have appeared an ordinary one, but to that little coterie it appeared extraordinary. In fact, they thought it was a very clever piece of work. So it was, from a criminal point of view, and each had contributed in some degree to what they were pleased to call their success.

Of that six, four were heirs and two were lawyers and by substituting certain clauses for others, and by obtaining the signature of the millionaire to a duplicate copy, they had secured his thousands for themselves and to the legal exclusion of many others, whose rights, except for the will, would have been indisputable. When the reading was concluded they congratulated each other and sent the office boy for a couple of bottles of champagne.

"So the old fool got badly left," said the nephew.

"Um!" came from five pairs of closed lips.

And the spectre saw and heard it all. But though it could not speak, it was conscious of a desire to say something, and that something was this:

"This is the end for which I worked, for which I saved. These are the nephews, the 'dear good boys,' who were so solicitous of their uncle's welfare. I would to God—" But the spectral arm was powerless to express its wrath.

"Was it for this I turned a deaf ear to the voice of charity—aye, and the voice of conscience? Was it for this—" but the train of thought broke up at this point, and followed a dozen different trails. Wrecked homes, foreclosed mortgages, graves, orphans, passed in review and the spectre writhed. How he longed to kick over the champagne—bought with money that was once his—but a foot of air is harmless to injure anything so real as champagne.

"Not a tear have I seen since my departure—nothing but gloating over the fact that I was duped. If I could only—" but it couldn't.

"Here's to the old man's ashes," he heard, followed by the tinkling of glasses.

"May they rest in peace"—some more tinkling.

"While we spend his coin"—yet more tinkling.

All this the spectre heard. It had the same effect on it as had the old method of torturing by inserting a red-hot iron into the bowels through a horn tube, to avoid all evidence of the crime.

It tried to make itself heard, but the immaterial lips, though they tried hard to move, were dumb. For half an hour the indignant spectre attempted to impress upon the company the fact of its presence. Finally, crazed with anger and mortification of mind, or that which is akin to it in spectredom, and furious at the fact that, though conscious, it was simply nothing, the spectre wafted itself to another scene. If it didn't waft itself there, it got there somehow.

In a little room in one corner of a flat sat a middle-aged woman. She was industriously sewing, the while humming to herself some well-known ballad. Over the mantel was a picture of a comparatively young man that had been in

her possession nearly twenty years. She had not seen that face in life for a long time, but her whole existence had once been centered in its owner. After he had ceased to care for her and had thrown her, as a toy, aside, she withdrew from the world and nursed her grief and shame in obscurity. Treasured in her memory was another picture, that of a babe whose little face, though it saw not a whole year of life, bore a strong resemblance to the face over the mantel.

While engaged with her work the spectre realized that it was in the room watching her. Could it have been seen, it would have been noticed that the face of the spectre was that of the picture on the wall.

Suddenly the singing ceased. The work dropped from the seamstress's hands. She looked over the mantel and her eyes dimmed with tears. Not for many years had memory been so active or so cruel.

A scrap of newspaper lay on the floor. She picked it up and proceeded to wrap it around some dress goods. As she did so, her eye caught a familiar name among the death notices. She turned ashy pale. It was *his* name.

Going to the mantel she took down the picture, pressed it to her lips, and sitting down at the table, allowed her head to fall on her hands, while she bathed the portrait with her tears.

And of all this the spectre was conscious. Pity, sympathy and love were revived. The space of a score of years was bridged over. It longed to once more clasp the woman who had never ceased to love him, but—he was a spectre, and spectres cannot repair wrongs.

As it noted the anguish of that true heart, the spectre suffered the torments of hell; nay, more, it was in a hell the torments of which even the imagination of Dante or Milton failed to depict.

For the first time it realized the truth. How much more precious appeared that lonely woman, the emblem of fidelity, than all the lucre for love of which she had been discarded, fearing lest his so-called friends would chide him with a plebeian alliance.

Racked with remorse and grief, it longed to kneel before her and plead for that most comforting of all human solaces—forgiveness. But spectres have no power to kneel or plead, and this knowledge added to its torment. It could only realize and suffer but could not relieve itself or be relieved. But it was conscious of an agony that was gradually increasing. Oh, how it longed to groan!

The sobs of the poor woman came slower and slower. She raised her head. Her face wore a look of determination. She went to a cupboard and took out a small vial.

The spectre realized that she placed it by the side of the sewing-machine nearest the lounge. Then she stood facing that picture over the mantel and gazed at it for what seemed to the spectre an hour, but which was less than a minute. Opening a bureau drawer she lifted a little baby's cape. A tear fell on it, and after folding it neatly, she replaced it and knelt by the lounge.

The spectre was conscious of what she was about to do. A burning desire to snatch that vial from where she placed it, ere she rose, consumed the millionaire's shadow. Could it have done so remorse would not have been so bitter, but—spectres can't snatch.

Slowly, and with a peaceful expression on her flushed face, she arose from her knees. Taking the vial from off of the sewing-machine she glanced once more at the picture on the wall and lay down. She took a deep draught of the contents of the vial. A little later bottle and stopper fell from her hand. Her breathing became heavier and slower. After a few minutes a deep groan issued from her lips and the millionaire's victim was beyond the reach of faithlessness and torment.

At the same time the spectre's hell became tenfold more intense than it had ever been before.

The breadth and generosity of the people of California account largely for their readiness always to help those in distress. It is a significant fact that the generous, warm-blooded gentlemen who are accustomed to the use of the J. F. Cutter Whiskey are those who generally are foremost in kindly deeds and acts of public enterprise. Hence it may be observed that the better class of men-about-town are sure to call for J. F. Cutter whiskey, and that they are never content with the assurance that something else which is offered them is "equally as good" or "costing much more." They know the J. F. Cutter by long experience, and will be satisfied with nothing else.



monopoly privileges' of the company, is past finding out. The corporation is on the same basis respecting rights of way as is any other of its kind in the State, and has no roads which it does not use.

The real obstacle to the construction of more railroads in Northern and Central California is not any existing monopoly of privileges, but the rabid anti-railroad sentiment which the greater part of the daily press has been at constant pains to cultivate. There has never been such anti-railroad agitation in Southern California, and, as a result, that section of the State is gridironed with railways, new roads and fresh extensions are constantly being constructed, and the country has made astonishing progress. All this has been accomplished with precisely the same rates of freight and fare as are charged in the northern division of the State, though here there is no overland competitor of the Southern Pacific. The wide awake and enterprising people of Southern California, and particularly those who have made Los Angeles what it is to-day, are nearly all from the East, and largely from New England. They were familiar in their old homes with the railroad charges and the transportation service rendered in populous States, where railroad competition has for a generation or more been close and keen. But these people have never been found arrayed against either the Southern Pacific or the Santa Fé. On the contrary, they have at all times manifested a fair and liberal spirit in their relations with the carriers. They have, of course, profited by railway competition—not in the cutting of rates, for rates have been steadily maintained—but in the incidental advertising of the attractions of Southern California, resulting from the rivalry of the transportation companies for business. Neither of the two great corporations has suffered by the enterprise of the other, but together they have worked to build up and develop the country. And the same spirit of friendliness shown by the people to the overland roads has encouraged the construction of a considerable number of local roads, which have likewise aided in the general development and prosperity. Our San Francisco and Northern California anti-railroad howlers might have their eyes opened, if that be possible, by a visit to Southern California and a study of the marvelous growth and improvement there attained, largely if not chiefly through the efforts of railroad builders. It is self-evident that without railroads Southern California would be nothing. And it is equally clear that a narrow and hostile spirit, exhibited by the people of that section towards railroad builders, would have arrested in its incipency the development of the country, and of its towns and cities.

Professional Secrecy.

A Bill has lately been introduced in the Senate, the tenor of which is that in the courts of the District of Columbia no physician shall be allowed to disclose any information he may have, or learn, regarding his patient while attending him in a professional capacity. Provision is, however, made that the above shall not apply to evidence necessary in criminal cases where the disclosure may be in the interests of justice. This is only right and just. The relations between doctor and patient must be protected to the utmost in the interests of both health and morality. To establish any sort of confidential relations between the two parties it is necessary for the patient to feel that there will never be any abuse of the confidences he places in his medical advisor. Ever since the science of medicine arose from the stage of black magic it has been understood that the strictest secrecy should exist between the one who gives advice and him who asks it, and that no inquisitive persons should ever benefit by others' maladies. It is absolutely necessary for the patient to know that nothing concerning his individual ease will ever be divulged before he feels like seeking medical advice. The secrets that go to the doctor's ears should be as sacred as those that go to the ears of the lawyers and the priest. As the latter is supposed to learn the defects of the soul, so the doctor becomes acquainted with the failings of the body and he demands, before he can effect a cure, that one tells all one knows concerning the case and the causes that led up to it.

To do this necessitates oftentimes confidences which the

patient would sooner have unrevealed; and when there arises in his mind the possibility that his physician may mention his case and, unwittingly, his name, either to some brother doctor or to a disheartened patient, his unwillingness to speak out increases. The result is that the doctor does not get to hear the full particulars of the case and the patient either dies or is dismissed, as incurable. Many physicians will probably take umbrage at our words and say that they are unequalled for. But we reiterate that the sacred nature of professional confidences is much overlooked to-day. Members of the medical profession should be among the first to see that a change be brought about in these conditions. From the day on that a young man first enters a medical college he should be taught that in his work, more than in any other, silence is golden. Then, when he enters into practice for himself his patients will intuitively feel that confidence in him will not be misplaced. But for those gentlemen who take pleasure in revealing the secrets that come to their knowledge, we recommend that they be summarily dismissed from a profession which by their methods they bring into disrepute.

The Cheeriest Sign Yet.

There is a volume of gratifying meaning in the bids just made for United States bonds. That the amount required, namely \$100,000,000 in gold, should have been bid for five and a half times over, is the most exhilarating piece of news that has come over the wires since the beginning of the panic of '93. Those who can read it aright may well take heart of grace, and go on their way rejoicing that the country is itself again. The cheerful alacrity with which people in almost every State in the Union were prepared to promptly furnish the enormous sum total in gold of \$560,000,000, shows (1) that there is abundance of the yellow metal in the country, and (2) that there is every confidence in the Government and in its ability and honest intent to repay it in kind. Such an exhibition of confidence at home was the very thing most needed. It will promptly re-establish our credit abroad, cause all the gold that has left the country to come back again, induce new and vast investments in our industrial enterprises, and, in a marvelously brief period, will give us prosperity throughout all our borders. We say that there was need for just such an exhibition. It was called for to silence the croakers and prophets of evil omen. The fiddling whilst Rome, so to speak, was in danger, has been in the highest degree discreditable to Congress. If that body were in the pay of the country's enemies, it could hardly have done more to weaken the national credit than it has done. The financial sharps of Wall street have also been no small factors in the same behalf. The idea was industriously promulgated that the country was bent upon going to a silver basis, which meant fifty cents on the dollar in payment of all debts, public and private. To that there is now the best of all answers. The people are the answerers and their gold is the conclusive reply. They would not lend it unless they intended to see well to it that the Government repays it in kind. With a large amount of the Government's bonds held at home, honest repayment is assured. That means confidence all around, and restored prosperity. It is a happy consummation.

Ambassador Bayard's Resignation.

The report that Ambassador Bayard had sent his resignation to Washington, conditioned on the action of Congress regarding his recent tariff speech, may or may not be true. But there need be no surprise should he actually resign in case the House of Representatives passes the proposed resolution of censure. Under the circumstances, that would be a dignified and becoming thing to do. An ambassador insulted in such fashion, by the popular branch of his Government, would be amply justified in resigning. But it is to be hoped that a narrow partisanship will not carry the Republican majority of the House into so gross an outrage of good taste and propriety. It is true that Mr. Bayard's criticisms of the Republican tariff policy were exceedingly indiscreet. But, after all, he was expressing only his personal opinion on a matter of political economy. It was the truth of his strictures, rather than his indiscretion as a diplomat, that has provoked the ire of the Republicans.

The Ghost Of The Non-Partisan. The flat failure of the Non-Partisan organization in the last election seems not to have permanently discouraged such indomitable spirits as Stewart Menzies and Frank J. Sullivan, who propose to nominate a Non-Partisan ticket this year if they have to do it all by themselves. Thomas Magee, it appears, contracted a tired feeling when the returns came in the last time, and he flatly refuses to call another Non-Partisan convention. The handful of good people who compose this organization have an excellent purpose in view, which is the extrication of municipal government from party politics. But it does not appear that they are likely to accomplish their design by means of setting up an independent ticket. Public sentiment has not been educated to the point of supporting such a movement. The voters, or at least the majority of them, must be thoroughly convinced of the futility of hoping for good city government, under a partisan system of parcelling out the spoils, before the non-partisan idea can find successful expression in the election of a distinctly non-partisan ticket. In fact, at the last election what the so-called Non-Partisan organization in reality did was to set a bi-partisan ticket before the public. It selected candidates from the nominations made by the regular political organizations, and these it placed on its ticket. But the returns showed that the organization controlled very few votes. It looks as though the good citizens who lead this faithful band had begun at the wrong end of the reform they desire to accomplish. They would do better to maintain a permanent club or association, designed to advocate at all times the ideas of civil service reform and the complete separation of city government from politics. By dint of speeches and contributions to newspapers and other publications, the circulation of pamphlets, and in other ways, the non-partisan idea could be gradually made popular, and ultimately could be strong enough to cope with the force of political parties. Moreover, to be victorious in a campaign for votes, a non-partisan movement should not be engineered by a coterie or cabal, such as that which Magee and Menzies have headed, but should be thoroughly representative of the popular voice. No organization can be popular which is composed of a comparatively few individuals, selected by a number of gentlemen meeting in a private office. It must be open to all sympathizers, and must select its nominees from without the ranks of professional politicians.

Sensational Charge By a Federal Judge. Judge Parker's charge to the jury, in opening the proceedings of the United States Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, the other day, would have answered admirably for a sensational newspaper editorial. He declared that the number of murders in this country last year was greater than that of all the soldiers in the standing army of the United States at the outbreak of the civil war. He also said that in 1895 the proportion of murderers legally punished was as one to sixty, and one in forty was lynched. The Judge proceeded to score the Appellate courts for granting new trials and setting aside convictions, on purely technical grounds. No doubt there is more or less abuse of technicalities in the courts, and that the law's delays and niceties are often successfully invoked to defeat the ends of justice. But Judge Parker seems to have greatly overstated the causes for dissatisfaction. It would be interesting to learn on what authority the alleged statistics of crime are given, and what the compiler regarded as "murder." If there is any safer or better way to determine, other than by the verdict of a jury, whether or not a given case of homicide is murder, it has not yet been unfolded. Can any sensible person believe that the number of convicted murderers legally punished, by imprisonment or hanging, is in no greater proportion than as one to sixty? The statement is on its face absurd and ridiculous. There would be absolutely no security for life in the United States were the Judge's figures correct. Sensational statements of this sort commonly originated with the newspapers. And, if there is any arithmetical basis for them at all, every charge of murder is probably reckoned as an actual offense of the kind. In this sort of compilation, a conviction of manslaughter, where murder has been charged, is very likely to be set down as a failure of justice. It is to be re-

membered, too, that many homicides which are murder in the eye of the law are excused by juries reflecting public sentiment. Of such are the murders committed by wronged husbands, or by persons provoked beyond all endurance, or the deliberate killing of an adversary in a duel, or in the rough and ready "fair fight" of the frontier or the mining camps. Americans have much to be ashamed of, in the administration of justice as in the common corruption of politics, but the condition of things is by no means so bad as the pessimists would have the people believe. There are judges whose loose tongues discredit the judiciary quite as much as the occasional failures of justice in those high tribunals where trials of capital offenses against the laws are reviewed.

Newspapers, Preachers, and Criminals. Between the daily newspapers and the ministers, the next generation of criminals is likely to be of extraordinary numbers. The former print all the edifying details of crimes, leaving out no interesting event, until all the little future criminals conclude that if the criminal was bad, yet he was bold and heroic and smart, and that is some palliation, and takes away from the badness of the deed. Then the ministers get around the criminal and convert him to religion, so that, however bad he has been here, he is told that he is sure of getting into good company hereafter—if he repents, which of course he immediately proceeds to do. No more glaring case of the contemptible methods of both need be cited than that of Lloyd Montgomery, a boy who had murdered both his parents and a third person, who was tried and sentenced to the gallows, then had the usual religious experience, and whose expectations of what was going to happen to him, after he should be hung, was recently printed and expanded in the dailies for the world to read. He was sorry and he was going to heaven, and he was going to meet his mother and father. If there is any use in threatening hell to sinners, there is no use in letting people fancy that there is such an easy way of escaping the punishment. With the daily newspapers to make heroes of criminals, and the ministers to promise heaven to murderers, there is going to be very little use in having laws against committing crimes.

Gambling at the State Fair. The Rev. Dille has broken out against the sin of gambling. He expects at this late day and in this place to keep people from betting on horse races at the State Fair, which is held in Sacramento. He has begun his missionary work a little late. It is not election time. The State Fair is a sample of the moral status of the people of the State. It never was much more than a series of races. If you don't want people to bet on horses, Brother Dille, in the first place abolish the State Fair. That means sending gentlemen, and not gamblers and loafers, to the Legislature to make laws for the State. That means sending the whole moral character of the community to the laundry to get whiteued, and straightened out, and stiffened, and polished. You see, Brother Dille, that in undertaking the job you have probably bitten off more than you can chew. But don't faint. It's a big job and a good job, and maybe you'll get tired before you get through with it. The habit of gambling is "powerful strong," and, as a people, we've been a long time at it. But our prayers are with you.

Lord Dunraven. Dunraven has been to this country twice and has gone off in a huff twice. His friends are more discreet than he, for they rub him the right way, and smooth him down, and try to keep him within bounds, but he won't have it. He was beaten in the yacht race. He was beaten in his charges against the owners of the Defeuder. All the English newspapers speak kindly of the way he was treated, and even commend the New York Yacht Club as being generous to him, and say the result of the investigation was what was to be expected. And now comes the Westminster Gazette and says that it cannot be but that "he will set himself right by an ample and graceful apology." It is our belief that if he makes any apology, and even leaves out the "ample" and the "graceful," the New York club will be the most astonished yacht club in this wide, wide world. He'll never do it.

THE MARDI GRAS ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Mardi Gras Ball of the Art Association which takes place on the 18th of this month has had three illustrious predecessors. The first one was held in the old rooms of the Art Association in February 1888 and those who attended will never forget the brilliant decorations and the merry makings. The success of that led to the Grand Opera House entertainment the following year and a year later the one in Odd Fellows' Hall. In order to introduce novelty the Art Association in succeeding years produced Operas acted and sung by amateurs; first, *Gipsy Gipsy* and then *Bluff King Hal*. But again this year in their new home they return to the Mardi Gras *Bal Masqué*, which, on account of the lapse of time, has all the elements of novelty. The Hopkins house offers, in its beauty and the security of home, many advantages over the places in which the other entertainments were held and it promises to be a grand success. It will be recalled that the late Stephen Leach, as the Prince's Jester, read the following lines at the first carnival, which have been attributed to James D. Phelan. They set forth the spirit of the carnival and will bear reproduction now. It is whispered that a well known society and literary man and a member of the University Club, is preparing an address from the throne which will be read next Shrove Tuesday night:

Prince Carnival am I! And reign I will!
 All law I promulgate! All office fill!
 A motley: Still, by precedent I'm right—
 A fool in office is no uncommon sight!
 From tailors old, my line unbroken flows,
 Behold your prince—whose title's in his clothes!
 The safest test, "I know but what I see,"
 Our raiment therefore stamps our quality!
 Let lord and peasant in one concourse blend;
 Man is our jest, and merriment our end!

Here, as in other realms, near or far,
 The rule is—what you make yourselves you are!
 With us the wise don folly, cap and bell,
 Fools hesitate—they fit the part too well.
 O! Be ye wise! Make merry while ye may,
 For joys elective—sorrow has her day;
 The mask too soon, alas! is rudely torn away.

I yield to no one—no, unless it be
 The morning papers and society;
 Society! O, Personage August,
 (To whose decrees we bow, because we must.)
 Proclaim a holiday! Our pinions free
 That we may soar; too long thy minions we,
 Like lackeys, in thy tessellated hall,
 Conventionally chil'd, obeyed thy call.

At *bal masqué*, your feeble protest's heard;
 But, pardon me, equivocal's your word:
 Indeed, who does not understand is dull
 That "full dress" means the opposite of full!
 And rail at masquerade you coolly dare,
 Oblivious of the mask you daily wear.
 Condemn not then our mask and domino,
 They cover all thou let'st uncovered go.
 But prudery, you say, has prejudice—
 Against concealment? Is it more or less?
 Still, at your bidding, th' Venus here of Milo,
 Who'd drape not, shall incontinently go!
 Her view is wrong, your protégé's is best,
 "True art is nature to advantage dress'd."

Albeit shall go one by mistake who's here,
 He's not your set—Apollo Belvedere:
 Tho' recognized abroad, at home or far
 Our *haut ton* can't be too particular!
 Come join the revel, would'st thou be inane
 Or let "satiety" usurp thy name?
 Still talk propriety, but wear disguise,
 "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
 If thou would'st keep above the vulgar rout,
 Obey my mandate—"be thou not found out."

You falsely judge—not merit wins your meed,
 You bravely follow, but let other's lead;
 For art, for music, little do you care—
 Enough to know the Joneses will be there!
 For shame, Society! In silk and lace
 We bring you here, that you may hide your face.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

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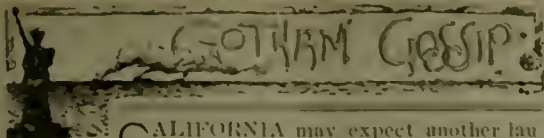
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CALIFORNIA may expect another laurel wreath shortly, and, although she has had enough to pull upon her, let her always feel glad of appreciation, which, being a generous thing, is rare in this all too selfish world. The sovereigns of American opera, Mr. Abbey and Mr. Grau, have made an appointment to hear in her repertory entire, Mrs. Alfred Abbey, of San Francisco, whom their *maître des répétitions* has already listened to from time to time by their instructions. Mrs. Abbey was a Miss Bielache, and belongs to one of the old Spanish families who have made the history of California. She came to New York several months ago, and has been ever since under the tuition of Mrs. Bella Thomas Nichols, having taken an apartment in "The Mystic," where Mrs. Nichols has her studio in order to be near her instructor. Mrs. Nichols is now, after working hard for the position, recognized as the head of the teachers of dramatic singing in New York. Mrs. Abbey is a beautiful woman of a commanding type, and is endowed with great histrionic talent, as well as with a marvelous voice.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, of Los Angeles, has been singing in concert in Carnegie Hall during the last week, supported by the Seidl orchestra and the ever fascinating Pol Plançon, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Miss Yaw startles the public by very ambitious flights to F in alt., and her middle voice suffers sadly for the sake of these ventures into the empyrean. Her vocalization is exquisite, however, and she has a pleasing personality. Frank Mayo's beautiful daughter, Eleanor, who, after a year of phenomenal success on the stage in comic opera, married, last April Colonel Elverson, of the Philadelphia Enquirer, is lying very ill at her home in Philadelphia, having been severely injured by a fall from a coach a few months ago. There have been several reports in the infallible dailies of her intention of returning to the stage, but they are utterly unfounded. I saw Mrs. Kittie Sonntag the other day, looking as sweet and fresh as possible and gowned, as usual, in absolutely correct taste. She has been devoting herself to painting for some time, but is now, thanks to the prayers of her friends, allowing herself a little relaxation. Colonel Richard Henry Savage has just brought out a new book, "A Cuban Sweetheart," written in collaboration with Mr. Gunther. His lawsuit with Tennyson Neely still drags on, and the end seems afar off. Mrs. Savage has given three receptions during the month. She is looking wonderfully well, and very much thinner than in the old days. Her daughter, Madame de Carrières, has a new

little daughter, who makes the fifth in a family of lovely children. J. C. Stubbs, of the Northern Pacific system, is in town at the Windsor, and Theodore Halliwell, of Fresno, is at the Grand Hotel. Mrs. George Hearst has run over from Washington for a few days, and is at the Waldorf. Hugo Toland arrived yesterday from San Francisco, and is stopping at the Hotel Imperial. He will open at the Garrick on Monday evening, as "Gordon Key," in *The Social Highwayman*, with the Holland brothers. We are having such superb weather here that we have forgotten that it is winter. The park is thronged daily, although I must say that very few smart traps are seen on the drives. In fact, the smart equipages grow yearly fewer and fewer in Central Park, for some unknown reason. It may be because so many of the actual rich linger at Tuxedo, and Westchester, and Hempstead until so late in the season, only running into town now and then for an opera or ball night. Country life is more than ever fashionable and chic, and many wealthy New Yorkers do

not open their town houses at all during the winter, or open them only for rental. For this do people from "outlying provinces" float into town, and try to identify themselves with Gotham life.

C. A. Burgess, the celebrated psychometric reader, who has made a great impression among the spiritualists here, is leaving for California within a few days.

Maxwell Scott Moore will start for California on a short visit next week. Henry Guy Carleton and his charming wife left for Nassau last week, to be absent for three months, with the view of finding absolute rest for the very clever dramatist.

PASSE PARTOUT.

New York, January 30th, 1896.

The Thieving Pocker Box. A new form of vice, doubly dangerous on account of its insidious and alluring nature, is gradually fastening itself upon the community, and already offers fresh temptations to the youth of the city to tread the royal road to ruin. We have reference to the nickel-in-the-slot machine, whereby the *habitués* of saloons and cigar stands are inveigled out of their small change for the benefit alone of the owner of the pernicious instrument. There is hardly a saloon in the city without one or more of these tempting hell boxes. In fact, they constitute a necessary part of modern bar furniture. In most cases they belong outright to the saloon keeper; sometimes he only participates in the profits by getting a percentage of the money taken in through their means. The machine is so made that the chances of winning are lessened to a minimum. The question naturally arises as to why the police do not interfere in this matter. Some time ago certain machines, by which the player might receive hard cash for his nickels, were prohibited and gradually disappeared; but the ones in use at present are just as bad, and are as depraving in their effects as were the others. All "sure thing" games are forbidden, and the men who run them, when caught, are severely punished. Why, then, should the promoters of this especial and rapidly growing vice be allowed to rake in their illegitimate earnings? They should be placed upon the prohibited list along with tan, faro, three card monte, and shell game outfits, and that suitable punishment be meted out to any one found with one in his possession.

THE suggestion of Adjutant-General Barrett that the one-hundred and fifteen thousand men constituting the National Guard be armed with weapons of approved and modern make is timely and right. The militia of all other nations can be called upon to coöperate with the regular army at short notice. At present ours would be more in need of protection than anything else.

going to school

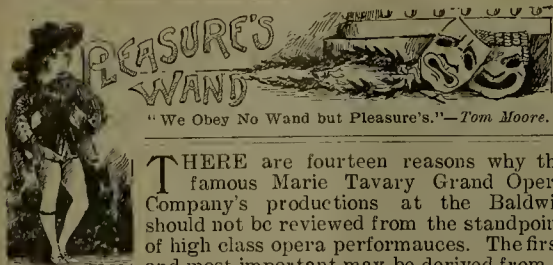
Do the children go to school? And are they joyous and happy? Is school-life a pleasure? And is progress being made? Or is the opposite true? Does the close of each day bring a headache? There is no appetite and sleep is imperfect. The color gradually leaves the cheeks and only a little effort is followed by exhaustion. To continue school means to come to the end of the year with broken health. What is the best thing to do? Take

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites. The cod-liver oil nourishes the body and makes red corpuscles for the blood. The hypophosphites are tonics to the nervous system, giving mental activity during the day and refreshing sleep at night. Don't let your child get thin and worry along. Give Scott's Emulsion; insist on a generous amount of out-door exercise; and the vigor of youth will return.

50 cts. and \$2 a bottle.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

THERE are fourteen reasons why the famous Marie Tavary Grand Opera Company's productions at the Baldwin should not be reviewed from the standpoint of high class opera performances. The first and most important may be derived from a multiplication of the Baldwin's seating capacity by the dollar and a half standard of prices now in operation; which result, even with eight crowded houses a week, would not pay half the salaries of a first-class grand opera organization. The remaining thirteen, as patent to the ear as the first is to the mathematical mind, are, that there are that many first-class artists lacking in the Tavary Company. Madame Tavary was once a wondrous fount of sweet sound (so our ancestors said); Guille, even within the scope of my young memory, wielded a phenomenal tenor; but to-day they are both eventlessly incidental to the procession mediocrity—the placid ghosts of a bygone greatness. Mme. Dorre is an intensely vehement actress; she has a strong, dramatic, mezzo-soprano, and though its tones are not over plastic, nor radiant with color, she sings and acts with such febrile impulse and force that one cannot but admire the one possessor of gingery action in the company, even if the enlivening source seems to be more muscular than temperamental. Sig. Abramhoff has an evenly proportioned basso, profound, rugged and well controlled, and more remarkable than all, he sings unerringly in key—a feat of eccentricity that cannot be too highly commended in the bass voice. And Max Eugene sings a warm, melodious barytone. But there are no stars that dazzle; no voices that wring a pent huzza! from unguarded lips nor make wives and maids hurl rich flowers from the boxes. They give us the operas earnestly, laboriously, and to the utmost of their skill; and loving the dear old immortal operas as we do, and getting them so unoften, we lay aside our provincial hypercriticism and extend a munificent, even if not a zealously applauding hand. Then, with a groan and a sigh, we think what might come to us from New York had we but the angel philanthropist to erect an opera house.

Scenic environment is as vital to a complete appreciation of *Aida* as it is to Wagner's great music dramas. The limitations of the Baldwin stage precluded any possibility of spectacular effect on a grand scale, even had the scenery and costumes been secured by the lavish hand of an Irving—of which, accessories, in justice to the modesty of the organization, it is timely to say that they were but subordinate considerations. There were enough soldiers to go round, but not enough to stand still, so a hunch of sturdy fellows made half a dozen pilgrimages in and out the wings under the leadership of a doughty looking Egyptian, to whom, after his third recurrence, a generous burst of applause was instigated by some irrepressible veteran of the old California Theatre days (when the custom was to hilariously salute the quaking super whose duty it was to light the footlights) and seconded and sustained with a degree of unanimity and flippant pertinacity that told plainer than did the multitude of strange faces that the usual starchy first nighters were not in their accustomed chairs.

Madame Tavary was not an ocular delight as *Aida*. Her robust legs and arms were suggestive of Jaeger flannels, and the reddish blonde wig over *Aida*'s dusky face brought to my mind the red-headed hero of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, whose ancestor had been more ardent than discreet. Her voice still retains a comfortable elasticity, but the limpid sweetness of youth has been outlined by vigorous lungs. Dorre's Amneris lacked repose, as it also lacked the rich cello tones that are inseparable from the role. Eugene's Ethiopian King and Abramhoff's High Priest were the two most acceptable renditions. Payue Clark sang Radames in a way that would have disgraced the Tivoli. Asthmatic intonation echoed from the nose, execratic enunciation, and the activity of a messenger boy made the part abso-

lutely farcical. The choruses were good, and the orchestra, with the exception of the brass on the stage in the second act, under a fair discipline.

Carmen, of all the operas, should not drag. Yet it did drag itself into deadly dullness at the Baldwin Tuesday night despite the compelling interest of its abnormally fleshy story, the absolute genius and originality of its sultry music, and the fierce, demoniacal energy that characterizes Dorre's impersonation of *Carmen*. Dorre gave us her burning cigarette girl long before Olga Nethersole undertook what Allen Dale terms the "Vesuvian episode." It is her strongest part, and though offensively theatric in several scenes, and devoid of the flashes of womanly tenderness that are necessary to complete the perspective, it is a comparatively clever piece of acting, and the only redeeming point in the entire performance. Dorre's voice adapts itself much better to *Carmen* than to Amneris, as the sympathetic quality which it lacks is not so essential as the ring and dramatic delivery that are her salient endowments. She sang the "Avanera" and the "Seguedilla" with admirable spirit, and made the death scene impressively tragic. Eugene was disappointing as the Toreador, particularly so after the good work he did in *Aida*. Payne's Don Jose duplicated his failure of Monday night.

Compared with the performances of *Aida* and *Carmen*, *Les Huguenots* given on Wednesday night displayed the Tavary Company in an astonishingly felicitous task. The first three acts were fairly done, but the last act surpassed anything that these singers have ever undertaken in San Francisco. Guille, for once, was in good voice at the propitious hour, and sang Raul Nangis with a tone and ardor that almost brought back his great days with Patti. Mme. Tavary sang with less effort and more effect, and helped bravely to make the famous closing scene vividly dramatic and artistic. Mme. Tomlins displayed a sympathetic contralto, with excellent middle tones, in the page's part. Mlle. Lichter gave an agreeable though not brilliant rendition of the Queen, and Eugene's barytone invested *de Nevers* with even, tuneful grace. Abramhoff, in his opening aria, was vague and uncertain on the deep notes, which seemed to be beneath the compass of his voice, but otherwise his Marsel was a potent factor in the general success of the opera. The choruses and orchestra were in good accord and balance.

Hendrick Hudson, Jr., defined with a generous breadth of ambiguity as a musical extravaganza, has the usual absence of plot and meaning that distinguishes the spectacular farce, the accustomed coterie of sinuous maidens and comic gentlemen, and the inevitable jokes and songs that go to make up the mirth and melody of these evanescent butterfly shows. Corinne is, of course, the central figure throughout, and now grown to the realization and maturity of womanhood, she no longer asks odds as a precocious child prodigy, but acts, sings, and dances with an indefatigable vim and animation that justifies her prominence in the cast. She wears enough jewels in one scene to pale the electric lights, and make the blazing shirt bosom of the box-office clerk appear a dreary desert by comparison. But rarer than all her precious stones and gorgeous costumes are the two exquisitely tapered legs, rapturously embraced by her silken tights. Corinne always had a wealth of legs, even when it was in bud, but now, in the full blossom of swelling contour, she would warm the heart of a bronze Schopenhauer. And there are others, too—about twenty pair, but they are monotonously stocky beside Corinne's.

The Gentle Savage, while crude in many parts, has enough good things in it to make a bright clever piece of American satire. Some of the lyrics are quite tuneful, and, though developing nothing startlingly original in the melodic line, they are gracefully treated and quite in the spirit of the piece. The Tivoli company gives a good performance of the comedy, Hartman being particularly happy in the character of Howling Swell.

The Gentle Savage has taken so well at the Tivoli that it will be continued another week.

That San Francisco always has a glad, hearty land for her old time minstrel favorites, has been bountifully manifested at the Orpheum this week, where Carroll Johnson is the star attraction. Besides Johnson's inimitable songs and dances, Billy Carter, the banjoist and comedian, and Rachel Walker, the Creole soprano, are happy features of a good specialty bill.

...

At the Alcazar, this week, the attraction has been Sydney Grundy's *The Arabian Nights*, a delicious comedy gem, followed by *Joe's Girls*, a howling farce of the most laughable character. Hereward Hoyt made an amusing Hummingtop, and May Noble did fairly well with the gutta percha girl. In fact, the casts of both pieces were in good hands.

...

The great and only Paderewski plays at the California on Monday night to what promises to be the most brilliant audience seen here in years. The remaining two recitals are to be given on Wednesday and Friday. Apropos of Paderewski, here is a clever bit of verse by Edward S. Creamer in the Sun:

When Paderewski plays, each separate hair
Of his fine head becomes a wondrous plant
Of power electrical, and this the fair,
Sweet portion of humanity doth much enchant.
And then the magic of his fingers fine,
When he strikes notes that fluctuate the soul,
When appetite lusts not for earthly wine,
But feasts on nectar in the player's control,
Nor can we doubt the story of a day,
Of two young women present, lovely-faced,
Who, being overcome as he did play,
Forgot themselves, and each the other embraced.
E'en men have yielded to his glorious powers,
And, 'neath the spell, have bought their wives rich flowers.

...

The usual meal of a sword swallower on exhibition at the London Aquarium consists of twenty-one inches of cavalry sabre, a bayonet weighted with two eighteen-pound dumbbells, and fourteen small swords. During digestion a watch can be heard ticking in this gentleman's corrugated inside. This hardly allows room for the proverbial pinch of salt, but it proves that the man's gullet compares in capacity favorably with that of any of our own citizens who feast off the promises of political aspirants.

Patti, the sweet-voiced, is still captivating the hearts of the gay Parisians. At an entertainment given by her in that city a week or so ago, all the tickets were easily disposed of, the *haut monde* taking the most expensive as soon as they were placed on the market. A "farewell" trip to this city is a possibility.

Thomas Keene, the tragedian, will commence his annual engagement at the California on Tuesday evening, presenting *Louis XI.*, in which he has achieved great success. Wednesday night, *Richard III.*; Thursday, *Richelieu*; Friday, *Hamlet*; Saturday matinee, *Othello*; Saturday night, *Louis XI.*, again, and Sunday, *Richard III.*

The following is the repertory of the Tavery Company for next week at the Baldwin: Monday, *Lucia* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*; Tuesday, *Mignon*; Wednesday matinee, *Martha*; Wednesday night, *Aida*; Thursday, *Carmen*; Friday, *Faust*; Saturday matinee, *Travatore*, and Saturday night, *Lohengrin*.

Sins of the Night, one of the multitude of melodramas written by Frank Harvey, has delighted the patrons of the Grand this week. On Monday Bartley Campbell's great American drama, *My Partner*, magnificently staged and appointed, will take the boards.

The Kimball Comic Opera Company, headed by Corinne, will be transposed to the Columbia next Monday, where, no doubt, it will duplicate the excellent business it has done at the California during this week.

The Alcazar will present Bartley Campbell's ever popular *The White Slave* next week, with the full strength of the company now playing there.

This afternoon's Carr-Beel concert offers a programme of exceptional interest to lovers of the best that there is in music.

Columbia Theatre

The Great Theatre of the Coast
Proprietors: Walter Campbell & Co., Inc.
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At the Columbia Theatre, Monday,
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Proprietors

Next Week, Monday, Feb. 10th. Second and last week but one

* TAVARY & GRAND X OPERA X CO. *

Under the direction of Charles H. Pratt.

REPERTOIRE, second week

Monday, *Lucia* and Thursday, *Carmen*
Tuesday, *Mignon* Friday, *Faust*
Wednesday night, *Aida* Saturday mat., *Travatore*
Wednesday matinee, popular prices. *Martha*
In preparation: "The Flying Dutchman," "The Jewess," "La
Traviata," "Rigoletto," "L'Africain," etc.

California Theatre

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 11th.

MR. THOMAS KEENE.

Supported by a strong company of legitimate players.

Tuesday, *Louis XI.* Friday, *Hamlet*
Wednesday, *Richard III.* Saturday matinee, *Othello*
Thursday, *Richelieu* Saturday night, *Louis XI.*
Sunday, *Richard III.*

Monday, Feb. 17. Second and last week of Thomas Keene.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

Last performances of "Sins of the Night."

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 10th—Bartley Campbell's master-
piece,

MY PARTNER.

The best American melodrama.
Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House.

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Proprietor and Manager

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THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

Bright, hilarious, merry. The Mexican typical orchestra. The
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Next opera: DER FREISCHUTZ.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

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The Palais Royal of America.

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Laugh enough for a month.

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THE WHITE SLAVE.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
Matinee Prices—10c., 15c. and 25c.

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men for the dramatic profession; appearances ar-
ranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAR-
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SAY, girls, what a nice time we are going to have, now that the pampered Paderewski—whose name none of you can pronounce properly—is going to bring his frizzled and high aspiring locks among us, and is going to scatter his brilliant flashes of musical light to dispel the overwhelming darkness in which are enveloped our ideas of fugue and counterpoint and harmony, of nocturne and sonata and concerto. Every new musician that appears is far and away superior to every one that ever was. Every new pianist, that looms above our far Western horizon, shines with more brilliant light and flashes with more dazzling coruscations than any astral pianist that was ever called a star in the musical firmament. So, hail and welcome, Paderewski! Know that before you touch a key of the piano, our San Francisco audiences have crowned you King of pianists. Where are Thalberg, and Liszt, and Jael, and Gottschalk, and Rubenstein, and d'Albert, now that you are here? Dead as door nails. Where would they be, if they were present, compared with you, O incomparable Paderewski, hair and all? Absolutely nowhere, utterly invisible behind the far-spreading, impenetrable, deep-tangled wild-wood of capillary forest, under which your genius scintillates. We pin our faith to you, lovely pianist, before whom all women weep, and whom all women adore. You come among us to play the piano for your bread and butter, at prices which will enable you to pack off loads of everything for sale at the bakery. Orpheus played and the stone walls that had ears took up the merry dance. You will touch the keys, and we who think music is more than meat and drink, will thrust upon you our hoarded dollars, and bless you for taking the bread and cake from our mouths. For, great heavens, who among us will dare to say she has not heard the divine Paderewski?

* * *

Just on the threshold of the heavenly portals
Saint Peter sat, and gazed below on mortals.
He saw Armenian massacred by Turk,
And murmured, "This, indeed, is bloody work."
He saw the Cuban and the Spaniard war,
Fitzsimmons scrap with doughty Peter Maher.
But naught of these did the good Saint excite,
Till San Francisco slowly wheeled in sight.
Then did Saint Peter raise his keys on high,
And his hoarse accents echoed through the sky,
"What," said a Cherubim, "do you intend
To drop those keys, my venerable friend?"
"Aye, that I do," the wrathful saint replied;
"Keep back, young fellow, I'll not be denied;
Those controversialists must give us peace,
With death alone their wranglings may cease."
Down came the massive hunch, and mercy sakes,
The doctrine-splitters flattened out like cakes.

* * *

When little Reinstein was first chosen to fill a vacancy in the Board of Regents of the University of California a couple of months or so ago, the heart of every alumnus throbbed three beats to the second faster than usual, for he was a little leaven of the Native Sons and was quite capable of leavening the whole lump. He loved his Alma Mater. He was one of its early offspring. He has watched the multitudinous yearly births of its new sons. He has seen its splendid progress. But he had also noticed that beautiful as it was within, it was outside scrawny and unlovely. What was he a regent for, if not to be a new broom? So he went over to Berkeley and told the boys that the grounds were unworthy, the walks unattractive, with plenty of room for a lawn it was all quite forlorn. Then he told them, with tears in his eyes, that the State was short of funds and couldn't make the rifle, but that the grounds needed the spade, and the hoe, and the rake. And when, in a sweet, seducing sort of way, he asked them if they wouldn't all take a hold and give a few days' manual labor and make things lovely, they drew in their breath and unanimously shouted "yes," so loud, that the seals at the Cliff House heard them, and flopped into the sea for

joy. But though this was a good many weeks ago, the boys haven't come to time yet, but they are going to. Some one last week asked the fair co-eds to do their share, and get up a bit of lunch for these new manual laborers, but the co-eds didn't see it, and declined to catch on. Beauty is its own excuse for being. The co-eds are things of beauty, and are mostly ready to go with the boys to get an ice-cream soda, but to get lunch for a lot of laborers? Not much.

* * *

With sun, and with flowers, and cessation of rain,
The bicycle girl has come forth again.
For weeks, while the mud lay unpleasantly over
The highways, she kept her good "hike" under cover;
And her bloomers, so natty, housed out of the shower.
But she's gleefully donned those trim panties once more.
Now she skims o'er the Park like a summer-wood swallow,
While her mash on his hike doth exultingly follow,
She will not decline at the roadside a lunch.
She will wet her red lips in the lacteal punch,
Charge over the crossings, slow people perplex,
Demonstrating the progress now made by her sex,
In fine she's a daisy, from bottle to curl,
The bloomer-clad, go-ahead, bicycle girl.

* * *

The effeminating influence of Leap Year is strongly perceptible in the discussion of the young he buds of the city, anent their costumes at the Mardi Gras ball. Pugilism, the fine arts, gourmandise, wines, literature, and the drama, are all swamped under the perplexing question: "What shall we wear?" Some have made their intentions public, but the majority of sweet young men are still wavering.

Willis Polk, of course, has elected to go as Michael Angelo, with a dash of Burne Jones thrown in on the trousers. Joullin had decided to appear as Apelles, but, as John Stanton had filed a caveat on that intention, generously consented to figure as Apollo, taking Joe Harrington along as his lyre. Senator Jere Lynch will don the light and airy costume of the Pharaohs, but has had some difficulty in persuading Horace Platt to fall in line as his mummy, while General Tom Clunie goes as Gaul, an ancient Gaul, of course, for the General is as modest a man as ever fingered sheep skin; Charles Josselyn's buxom charms will be shown to advantage as the Venus di Milo, and Mayor Sutro, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, will appear on the floor as "The Dancing Girl," by Canova, an exact reproduction of the plaster mince-pie dream on "The Heights." Mr. James Hamilton, the actors' friend, will flash upon the brilliant audience as a railway tie, and Andromache fastened to the rock is the character selected by Billy Brown, but there will be no rye in it. It will be a gorgeous and dazzling spectacle.

* * *

The arrival of Mr. Francis Lister, as news editor of the Examiner, has restored Mr. James Tufts to the night editorship, a post which formerly he fulfilled so ably. With a fine scent for news, Mr. Tufts has never lacked discrimination in any dilemma—for a night editor is the most harassed of all the staff.

* * *

In days of old, when faith was strong,
And God's ambassadors respected,
Through hours of trial the Lord was nigh,
And succored the suspected.

Now faith is weak and sinners bold;
God's preachers are dejected;
Poor Brown is in affliction deep,
Yet by the Lord neglected.

One angel pinions to his aid—
His dungeon door is knocked on;
If heavenly hosts ignore him quite,
Still true is Mrs. Stockton.

* * *

Judge Tom Fottrell, of Mill Valley, is an able jurist, whose whiskers, as well as his decisions, are red, very red indeed. In addition to attending to the scales of justice in the valley, this terror of criminals sells real estate to the city people who languish for suburban joys. When the Judge opened his new office he commanded a painter to inscribe his name in bold letters on the window, e'en while he sought the halls of justice to meet out punishment to a

Sausalito stranger, who had been discovered in the unpardonable offense of trampling on the grass.

When this audacious scoundrel was tried, found guilty, and loaded with fetters, the Judge returned to his emporium of corner lots. His Honor glanced at his window, and became speechless with rage.

"You infernal son of a paint pot!" he yelled. "I will send you up for twenty days for contempt of court!"

"What's the matter, Judge?" inquired the astonished painter. "Haven't I spelled your name right? I went by the card you gave me—I'll swear to that."

"Yes, you insulting idiot," foamed His Honor, "but don't you see you have painted the name red, red—as—as my whiskers, you treacherous bigamist."

The fortuitous arrival of the town constable alone saved the letter artist from the severest form of condign punishment at the hands of the enraged jurist.

The Reverend George Gibson to the parsons makes objection, Declares their grammar faulty, and sneers at their inflection, Openly insinuates they know not how to pray, Are not worth a farthing candle to light up the narrow way. No wonder, then the preachers rage at this critic cheeky, Whose accent unmistakably savors of "Auld Reekie," While some calm philosophers, all unruffled, smile, And wish him back in Scotia, blessing wise Argyle.

On Monday morning a quail shooting delegation from the Country Club drove up to Point Reyes station and skipped into the rear car of the down train. The hour was early, the air cold and biting, and the sportsmen found the warm atmosphere of the car both comfortable and somniferous. After an unusual delay the train pulled out. In about five minutes Bob Woodward, rubbing his eyes drowsily, remarked to Scott Wilsou:

"How smooth the road is! One would hardly think we were moving."

"Oh, go to sleep," lazily rejoined Mr. Wilson, who had shot many birds and was heavy with fatigue. Silence reigned for some moments, when a whistle was heard.

"A train is approaching on the same track," shouted Aleck Hamilton; "it must be a special; look out for a collision, boys!" The warning awoke the crowd, and all sprang to their feet. Mr. Hamilton was right. A train was approaching, and on the same track. But it was the down train to pick up the club men, the coupling of whose car had broken a few yards from the depot. Thus was the evenness and velvety condition of travel explained, and Mr. Woodward's eulogy on smooth roads made manifest.

Paddy Murphy wields the shovel on the iron road,
Paddy Connors, on the ladder, packs aloft the hod;
Paddy Fagan drives a dray, from the dawn till dark,
Paddy Hogan is a copper, watching in the park;
Paddy Miles a sailor is, on the raging main,
Paddy Gannon herds his sheep on the boundless plain,
But the king of all the Pats, who the ladies please,
Is Paddy Reuski, when his joints rattle o'er the keys.

It has been shown that the Roentgen method of photography, which has of late made so decided a stir, was first discovered by Professor Dolbear of Tufts College, who succeeded in photographing through wood an inch thick, by means of ether waves set in motion by sparks from a static electric machine. The discovery was announced, and the results published, nearly two years ago. It is astonishing that a thing of so much value was allowed to drop out of sight until the German professor recently took it up, or perhaps, rediscovered it on an independent line of investigation.

The world's consumption of champagne amounts to about 21,000,000 quart bottles per annum. England is the greatest buyer, purchasing principally Pommery Sec, and the United States come next.—Exchange.

The Maison Tortoni has been having a number of improvements made recently. The new decorations and marble floor are quite in keeping with the admirable cuisine.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

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THE LATEST AND THE BEST BRAND OUT.

THE WENBAN.

THE Wenban Building at last is in full commission, and already it is the most popular in the city. Architecturally it is one of the most graceful and certainly the most costly (in proportion) structure in the city. Situated at the commanding position of Sutter and Mason streets, it rears itself aloft with the majestic elegance of a Venetian *palazzo*, which it most resembles in style.

It is constructed of pressed brick and terra cotta, with the heaviest steel girders binding the walls and the floors. Earthquake-proof as well as fire-proof, doubly and trebly, the foundations of the Wenban have been laid in solid rock, and afterward with an overlayer of a heavy covering of concrete.

To render assurance doubly sure, Mr. Simeon Wenban, when he lavished his wealth upon the handsome building, left a lawn twenty feet wide about it, thus sequestering the place from all contiguity. A fire might approach, but it would have to fall short, even in heat, of the Wenban. There are so many private hotels and apartment houses in the city which are perfect fire-traps, untrustworthy for any of the elements, that the Wenban

accoutrements of the culinary world. The ranges are very elaborate, and the chef, who has a small army of assistants, is famous in his line.

Back of this, and at the side, is the cold storage room, where it is as "cold as Greenland." In this place meats, vegetables and fruits abound—though in different compartments, of course. There is a long court-yard behind, where one may reach Mason street by a solid stone and cement staircase. This court-yard is especially handsome on account of a splendid stone wall, which rises some thirty feet at the rear, with huge flying abutresses. Near the staircase one finds a large concrete room, in which is located the extensive beating machinery, by which the hotel is kept warm winter and summer; for although the magnificent situation of the Wenban gives it the advantage of every particle of sunlight during the day, still, there are always foggy days even in summer. There are two heaters—one a huge affair, with all sorts of the most modern improvements. Then there is a smaller auxiliary heater, not only for emergency's sake, but in order that the guests of the house may be assured of a good hot bath at any time during the twenty-four hours.

The elevator service is of the latest and most perfect invention. It is run by electricity, for which purpose a very large electric and hydraulic plant has been established, which assures speed, ease, and complete safety. At the superb rounding corner—at Mason and Sutter—on this same street-floor is a magnificent store, which is already



Mr. Simeon Wenban's Private Office.

occupies a unique position when other considerations are in question.

The grand vestibule is in itself so imposing, and yet withal possessing the simplicity of art, that it is worthy of Florence or Rome. The mosaic tiles at the entrance, after one passes the pilasters with their Hellenic *bassorilievo*, which were the especial design of a celebrated artist, are fitting stepping stones into the magnificence which is to come. The grand staircase, with its landings and its beautiful gallery, as it winds about the *patio*—which, by the way, is sheltered at the roof by a marvelous canopy of stained glass—might well compare with any rival.

The Wenban is five stories high, including the street floor, or "English basement," as they are calling it now in New York. It is in this latter that the daintily appointed dining-room is situated, and the guests may look out if they choose, over a pretty bit of lawn, and view the passers-by, just as if they were at Delmonico's, in New York. This dining room facing the east and south as it does, has the first and the last rays of sunlight. There is no lovelier a breakfast room in the country. It is fitted up with all the elegance of a New York café. The huge ornate sideboard, with its brilliant array of glass and silver, gives the room a more home-like appearance, however. Back of this is a large pantry, with its shelves, its large sinks, and its tables and dressers. Leading from this through a hallway, one comes to the great kitchen, which has all the



Dining Room.

the subject of competition among many merchants. Its immense curved French plate glasses were imported, but especial kilns had to be constructed here to bend them into the exact mold.

On the next two floors above are located the offices of many of our most prominent surgeons, dentists, and physicians—of both allopathic and homeopathic creeds.

These offices are furnished in the most luxurious fashion, and with every detail that the most fastidious taste could ask. One of the most beautifully appointed physicians' suites is that of Doctor Frederick G. Canney, who recently removed here from 924 Geary street. The entire set of his apartments range along Sutter street, and the perfect appointments of his beautiful reception room, with its rich and tasty decorations, are an indication of the beauty of his other apartments. Among other of our best known medicos are Doctor James M. Ward and Dr. Florence Ward, the prominent homeopaths. Dr. George H. Palmer, one of our foremost physicians and surgeons, also has a charming office here.

Mrs. Blitz's The most delightful portion of the Wenban, however, is Mrs. Blitz's domain. This lady has made herself so popular as a hostess in San Francisco, that when she removed to the Wenban from her former domicile, her guests all went with her. Mrs. Blitz's management of her *ménage* is thorough and

delightfully inconspicuous—that is the lady arranges her large household, from the kitchen to the top floors, so quietly and yet so firmly that things move like clockwork.

The apartments in her hotel are furnished with that quiet elegance and good taste which the hostess has ever displayed. There is a *salon* that Marie Antoinette and the ladies of the old French Court would have raved over. Then there is a superb billiard room and a beautifully appointed dining room for small parties. Indeed, so far as detail is concerned, nothing has been forgotten.

Among the most elaborate suites is that shown in the plate accompanying this issue.

These richly adorned rooms occupy the topmost south-east corner, and command not only a grand view of the Bay, and of the Alameda shore, but also an unsurpassed panorama of nearly all of the city, from the Park to the ferries and the farthest Potrero. They are decorated with rare bric-a-brac, costly porcelain and pottery from all over the world, exquisite marble busts—in short, what with its rich draperies, soft divans, and rare pictures, there is an ideal drawing room in this suite alone.

Attached to the suites are most spacious bath-rooms, with showers and everything one could ask for. The panels are in marble: the baths are of heavy porcelain and very large. Throughout the entire building there is a complete system of gas and electric lights, as well as telephone and messenger service. There is also a large, solid stone and steel vault, such as one finds in a bank, where guests may deposit their most precious valuables with security.

Mr. William P. Shaw, the manager of the Wenban, has



Parlor.

chosen for his offices large apartments on the first floor, Mason street side. Besides his duties as manager of this building, Mr. Shaw is executive for Mr. Wenban in his numerous enterprises. Mr. Shaw's long experience in the East has especially fitted him for his responsible position.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, MASS., the well known manufacturers of Breakfast Cocoa and other Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, have an extraordinary collection of medals and diplomas awarded at the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. The house has had uninterrupted prosperity for nearly a century and a quarter, and is now not only the oldest but the largest establishment of the kind on this continent. The high degree of perfection which the Company has attained in its manufactured products is the result of long experience combined with an intelligent use of the new forces which are constantly being introduced to increase the power and improve the quality of production, and cheapen the cost to the consumer.

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Company's preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels, and wrappers on their goods consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at Dorchester, Mass.

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Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner,
and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

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PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



Comstock Mining Shares.

It seems like kicking a fallen man, criticising the San Francisco Stock Exchange in its present condition. Its glory is faded and only the most radical reforms can restore it to anything like its former position in the financial world. As a factor in the prosperity of the city, the Exchange must not be under-rated. As a matter of fact, the dull condition of business complained of for some years past, have been due to the decline of speculation in the Board to a point where it is almost obliterated entirely. The declaration of intentions by the incoming Executive, while known to the few who may have stumbled across its rather obscure enunciation, outlines a strong policy which was rather feebly exemplified at the start by a sharp cut in the salaries of officials, who have not been the most liberally paid in the world, in comparison with people in their position in other institutions of the kind. This is rather expressive of a weakness in a quarter where the public looks for strength, and for this reason the action does not merit commendation. But something should be done, and the men to do it are, in the main, members who are too wealthy to deem it worth their while to bother with the affairs on Pine street. They rest perfectly content to let the Board of Directors run matters to suit themselves, whereas their hands are tied to a great extent. All they can do is to bend beneath the crumbling ruins and await the final collapse, which is inevitable unless assistance is speedily obtained. Members financially unable to do business on the outside should be put in a position where they can sell their seats, without having to wear out their existence pending the advent of a purchaser for the building. A fund should be provided for this purpose, and the seats when purchased could be resold to stronger men, in a position to build up the business and revive public interest. As it is, there is no incentive to trade the way matters are running at present. Outside of Occidental, very little interest is taken in the lode, although the mines along the Comstock are in many cases looking exceptionally well. As for the Occidental mine, it looks more like a bonanza every day, and the shareholders are in a most happy frame of mind over the prospects. Hale & Norcross sent down an amount of bullion from the last clean-up, which will leave a margin of \$18,000 in the treasury after paying all expenses for the past month. Bulwer was assessed during the week five cents per share.

The New Gold Exchange.

The Gold Mining Exchange of San Francisco is getting into pretty good shape for work, and it is expected that the rooms will be thrown open for business on the 20th inst., with appropriate ceremonies. The new by-laws of the Exchange provide for the listing of mines on the payment of a fee of \$20, preparatory to an investigation of the property by experts employed by the Exchange, the expenses, which are placed at a moderate figure, being paid by the owner. It is, then, the intention to provide capital to develop the mines, if arrangements can be made with the owner, the work to be carried on under supervision of the Exchange. The strongest point, however, with the Exchange will be its power to denounce frauds and protect the reputation of the State abroad from the numerous frauds who, from time to time, have been masquerading about as promoters. A black list should be one of the first ornaments set up in the Exchange, for the reference of investors.

Mining Down South.

The mining men of California have devoted their chief attention to the development of the mineral deposits in the northern counties of the State, overlooking the probabilities in this line in the southern districts. The land of the olive and myrtle, orange tree and horn-toads seems to have been relegated to these efforts of nature entirely, and mining has been carried on at desultory intervals and by poor people as a rule. Now, however, a change is rapidly taking place in this direction, and pro-

specting has revealed the fact that not only does mineral exist, but that it is superlatively rich. A drawback is hinted at in the way of water, but this will undoubtedly be overcome, as all other difficulties are when gold is in question. Some very good news has come up lately from the country in the vicinity of the Colorado river, from a territory covering many miles along both banks of this great waterway. From all appearances, if statements can be relied upon, California may yet be able to boast of a Cripple Creek of its own before the end of the year, now running its so far beneficent course.

Millions at Command.

There will be less talk abroad from this out about any weakness in the financial condition of the United States. The subscription to the loan of \$100,000,000 when the lists were thrown open to the people was an eye-opener to some people on the other side of the Atlantic, who have grown old in the belief that they control all the money in the world. The syndicate racket had been worked so long that the impression prevailed very generally among the European powers that America could be crippled financially at any moment by simply tightening the strings upon the money bags in some of their Capitals. The sudden display of wealth by five thousand out of the seventy millions of people in the States suggests immense reserve power, if it ever did become necessary to develop the full financial strength of the nation. It is possible that no one was more surprised than the nation itself. Divided up in so many different communities, scattered broadcast over an immense continent, they probably never before were brought to a full realization of the power which it could wield as a unit.

Prosperous Banking Institutions.

The latest reports from the Bank Commission in reference to the savings banks of San Francisco, shows total deposits of \$106,215,356. This shows an increase for the year of \$2,114,358. The deposits in the banks of the interior of the State for the same time were \$25,297,467, a net gain for the calendar year of over \$2,000,000, the most of which is credited to the last half of the year. This makes the total deposits in all the savings banks of the State on January 1, 1896, \$133,485,527, against \$125,518,778, an increase for the year of \$7,966,751. This gain has been made in spite of the net loss of two banks during the year. The net loss in deposits by the withdrawal of three banks against an addition of only one new one, is \$646,692. This sum may be properly added to the net gain, as above given, to show the actual increase in these credits during the year.

The Rich App Mine.

Another Tuolumne County Mine which will soon attract the attention of the mining world is the App, a property lying adjacent to the celebrated Rawhide. Although yet in its infancy, the App is an everlasting surprise to its owner, owing to the peculiarly rich character of quartz contained in the ledge. The gold invariably is found in a crystallized form as rare as it is beautiful. This condition of the ledge matter is more marked on the 400-level, which is now being worked, and some of the samples of the ore which have found their way to this city have already caused considerable talk. The general opinion seems to be that the phenomenal luck which has heretofore allured the mining operations of Captain W. A. Nevills, who owns the App ground, and that he has got it again, and even bigger than his bonanza find in the Rawhide.

Working Another Combine.

The Insurance men are willing to try it again, and anything in the form of a compact will go down with most of them. The smaller companies have had a very rough road to hoe for some months past, and their managers will undoubtedly waive many a technicality and proviso, in order to again confine the business within the limit of their range. It is they who will have to make concessions now, as they are and have been for some time past the under dog in the heap. The companies alone will, however, benefit by a temporary arrangement, as it is not likely that the public will be treated with any more consideration than was shown the Underwriters when the wind tore through their scanty wool.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
 "One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

DR. BROWN has now decided
 To get down;
 Many weeks he's been derided
 In the town.
 He was painted pretty black,
 And the press has slayed his back;
 Now he works another tack—
 Leaves

his
 church.

How the man will make a living
 Who can tell?
 Still we shout in loud thanksgiving:
 "It is well!"
 And we know Old Nick will lend
 Helping hands till times may mend,
 And won't leave his saintly friend
 In
 the
 lurch!

WHEN you get a hundred million dollars laid snugly away, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal, you get to thinking that no pullet from any ordinary hen coop is quite good enough for the little cock, your well-beloved son. So when Cornelius, of the gens Vanderbilt, noticed that his offspring, C. Jr., took kindly to Miss Grace Wilson, whose father, having three daughters, had only about six lovely millions, he was glad that Grace was in Europe. But soon Grace returned. Cornelius Jr., crowed like a gay young rooster, and went over to see her. Then old V. sent young V. to Europe, and Grace left for Europe later. Now C. Jr. and Miss Grace ride in the Bois de Boulogne together, the old gentleman scowls, and the query comes to young Cornelius whether he can stand being cut out of his share of \$100,000,000 for the sake of the Wilson maid, and whether or not he can live on his own \$20,000 a year, with the income from Grace's little two millions. Also, query: Are the Vanderbilt dollars any better than any other?

IN Germany the opponents of the Government gravely assert that Judge Brauzwetter, who recently died in an insane asylum, was crazy while on the bench, and that the other judges of the Supreme Court knew it. It is with equal gravity asserted that "it would be difficult to prove that the other judges knew of his mental derangement." We know how it is here. A short time ago the lawyers said one of our judges was crazy, but the other judges didn't seem to notice it. He was just like the rest. And the people didn't notice it from his written decisions, for they were no more crazy than the decisions of the other judges. Ask the lawyers, and you will get no better information, for half of them—the half that is beaten—denounce the whole bench in good set terms. But then the lawyers—which of them are altogether sane? When lawyers differ, what judge out of Bedlam will not, by one or the other, be called mad?

THEY have found out over in the Bethany Congregational Church what pool rooms are, but we have not learned what speedless nag they lost their money on. They are so irate that they don't want the City and County to make anything out of the betting proclivities of the people, in or out of that congregation, by selling them licenses. So they passed a resolution to that effect after prayer and before the sermon last Sunday. It is not wise to let the devil have all the money. People will bet, and why not gather some of the coin into the municipal treasury?

THE eye of envy need not longer rest on the distant view of Mt. Tamalpais. There is going to be a railroad to its apex, and everybody can ride up and view the distant city, and slide down again, if they want to. It is going to be built by the California Construction Company, whatever that is. We venture to guess there's money in it, and believe that, ere many months, our own hard-earned nickels will go to swell the coffers of the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railroad Company, God bless 'em.

TALK about salaries, and getting money in an easy way out of the City and County Treasury. Nobody can beat the Justices of the peace at that pleasant entertainment, unless it may be the City Hall janitors and the fellows who "divy" with them. Their superb and gracious Honors, the Justices, languidly take their seats at somewhere within a quarter of an hour after ten o'clock, get tired by noon, and retire for lunch until two, except in case they put everything over at noon till the next day, and then they speedily disappear for the day. Yet the promptitude with which they present themselves to give receipts for their salaries, is equalled only by the intense grief which Mrs. Cooper suffers in her sympathy with Dr. Brown.

BROTHER Wendte, of Oakland, is too amiable a man for success as a theological slogger. Father Yorke has knocked him all over the ring. The latter's right is a mauler, and his fighting with his left has excited the admiration of every expert. As for his footwork—when the adversary lets drive both hands, bursting the gloves and letting fall a shower of historical broken glass—it is simply beautiful. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in the domain of spiritual pugilism Father Yorke is at once the Sharkey and the Corbett of the coast. He punches with the force of the one and dodges with the deftness of the other. If the angels have been buying pools, those who backed him are surely swaggering around the New Jerusalem with gilded feathers.

MRS. Stockton's statement that she is as good as Dr. Brown makes her very modest, indeed. Just now no one has a very decided opinion as to just how good Dr. Brown is. Her statement is ingenious, as other of her statements have been. By inference she seems quite willing to stand or fall with the reverend gentleman; to tell the truth with him or to lie with him.

GEORGE A. Knight has appealed his suit by which his position as attorney for the Board of Health was given to Dennis Spencer. It is possible that the eloquent Knight counts himself one of his own clients whom he is anxious not to lose. And it is also possible that by the time Dennis gets through with George they will be willing to trade first names.

"THE Pope's infallible!" cries Yorke,
 "And God's decision renders."
 "You lie!" shout out the A. P. A.,
 The newer faith's defenlers.
 "Egad," the sinner sadly sighs,
 "Since holy men are sundered,
 How can it be that God at all
 From Sinai's summit thundered?"

THE Examiner, which is devoted to the spread of the pictorial gospel of the Female Leg, agrees with Dr. Brown's contention that he is "making a fight for all ministers." Supplied with two such champions, the ministers have not thought it necessary to do any fighting for themselves. They seem to be content to let it go at that.

AMBROSE Bierce brands George A. Knight and Reel B. Terry as "moral idiots." But cow-boys have been known to put their brands on other people's cattle. In the round-up Bierce may lay claim to a mad bull.

IT is stated that during the past year the divorces in Fresno outnumbered the marriages by forty. If this be true, the question arises whether there is anything wrong with the climate.

AFTER the sword contest row at Central Park last Sunday, it seems that the good old days of ancient Rome may return, after all. Verily, verily, what beasts these mortals be.

THIS outcry of the ministers against the gamblers is humorous in the extreme. The one stakes his all on this life, the other on the life to come. Where does the difference come in?

ADENVER priest lately preached a sermon on "Ingersoll." If this continues, the chances are that that gentleman will soon attain to a greater notoriety than did Christ.

SUPPOSE the politicians of Sacramento did vote the names of dead men, what then? There's not much life in elections up there, anyway.



A Book of the Week. * Mr. Percy Andrew's last book, just published, is remarkable in many ways. It is remarkable for its good English, its subtlety of plot, its characteristic dialogue, and,

above all, for introducing its readers to a gentlemanly ghost, the disemboweled hero of the story, who eats, drinks, and is merry among reputable, and disreputable, men. Indeed, the book is so remarkable that we are induced to depart from our usual custom, and give our readers an exceptionally long *exposé* of the plot in order that they may be the better able to understand the kind of book Mr. Percy Andrew places before the reading public of the English-speaking world. The three chief characters of this work are Mr. Stanhope, of Chester, Mr. Wetherington, of Liverpool, and Mr. Jamieson, of London. The two latter gentlemen are in business, and the former—well, the former is—"Mr. Stanhope, of Chester," a handsome young man, a delightful conversationalist, and a mystery. Mr. Wetherington has a daughter and a son, and Mr. Jamieson has a son only. But Mr. Wetherington does not succeed in the world, while Mr. Jamieson does, and yet these two men remain devoted to each other's interests, the successful one standing by his less prosperous friend through all phases of his adversity. Mr. Wetherington's son is convicted of theft, but that does not interfere with Mr. Jamieson's friendship for the father and his daughter, to whom, by the way, Mr. Jamieson's son has become devotedly attached. "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" is first introduced to the reader as the two friends, Jamieson and Wetherington, are traveling from London to Manchester. He is a charming personage, "with as pleasant and as frank a face" as a man ever saw. He is "about thirty," with "fair hair, regular features, good complexion, and soft, blue eyes. He wears a slight mustache and a neatly trimmed beard, and is dressed well." Now, "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" was an old friend of Wetherington's, and yet the latter cowed before him, although "Mr. Stanhope, of Chester" treated Mr. Wetherington with marked attention and flooded him with expressions of confidence and good will. Arrived at Manchester, the three travelers went to the same hotel, had supper, and, as supposed by Mr. Jamieson, retired to bed. Next morning, however, he found that his friend, Mr. Wetherington, had taken the night train back to Liverpool, and that "Mr. Stanhope of Chester"?—"Mr. Stanhope of Chester?", why, no such person, or no third person at all, had dined with the two friends the night before! At least, so the people of the hotel said, and, of course, Mr. Jamieson put them all down as very uellegant hotel men. And the next day Mr. Jamieson heard bad news from his friend, Mr. Wetherington, and so throughout the book, every time that the handsome and brilliant "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" appeared on the scene, some disaster soon after overtook Mr. Wetherington until, at last, he became a refuge from justice, and was found by his friend Jamieson in one of the lowest dens in London, starving to death. But here again "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" appears rushing out of the room occupied by Mr. Wetherington, just as a pistol shot is heard—and Mr. Jamieson, who went to rescue his friend, was arrested for murder and "Mr. Stanhope of Chester," why there were a dozen witnesses to prove that no one passed down the stairs from the time the noise of the pistol was heard until Mr. Jamieson was arrested in the deceased man's room, with a smoking pistol on the floor. Then Mr. Jamieson was tried for his life, and was only saved by the daughter of Mr. Wetherington, who was stopping in Mr. Jamieson's house, finding a letter from her father, written on the day Mr. Jamieson was arrested, and in which, after thanking Jamieson for all his kindness, he said he would kill himself. Well, the *dénouement* of the whole thing was that there was no "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" at all. He was the ghost of a former friend of Mr. Wetherington, whose wife had been seduced from her home by Wetherington's intrigues, and who, subsequently, killed himself and his wife in a London hotel twenty-five

years before his ghost appeared to Mr. Jamieson in Manchester, Liverpool, in the train, and in London. And then it appears that Mr. Wetherington's "daughter" was in reality the daughter of "Mr. Stanhope of Chester," whom Mr. Wetherington had adopted as some slight atonement for the wrong he had done his one-time friend. Such is the story, and the lesson in morality that Mr. Percy Andrew would teach is that if we do wrong the devil will pursue us in this world as well as in the next, and that, do what we will, "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" will be on hand to make our lives a torment if we "covet our neighbors' wives," aye, or their goods or their chattels. Well, yes, but if so, it is not done through the medium of a ghost. Whether the disemboweled "visit the pale glimpses of the moon" or not, we will not now discuss, but when Mr. Percy Andrew seriously tells us that his story is true, then we reply—Fiction; or at least we must demand more evidence before we can be expected to believe it. If he had told us that "Mr. Stanhope of Chester" merely represented the moral conscience which makes cowards of the guilty ones then the book before us would have carried with it a lesson worth remembering, but to solemnly tell us, as Mr. Andrew does, that the incidents related in this book are true is too much for our credulity, and so, in the absence of corroborative testimony, we put the book away as a phantasy or a dream. We are not unfamiliar with the arguments that can be brought forward in favor of believing in ghosts, and magic, and *esprits follets*, but notwithstanding all Calmet or Bush and their like have told us, yet we see no reason to accept this ridiculous story of Mr. Percy Andrew as true simply because he puts *ipse dixit* on the book, and says we should believe without doubting all he tells us. This is the blemish we find in "Mr. Stanhope of Chester."

*"Stanhope of Chester," by Percy Andrew. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

"What is Money?" is a book of the sledge hammer order. One of its mottoes is "Strike but hear," another "The truth shall make you free," another "Your silver cankered god's judgment on an infatuated people." These mottoes are typical of its letter press, which is full of adjectives and denunciations of the "gold bugs." The book is dedicated to as many people as a new church bell has spouses—for revenue. Such words as "infamy," "inextinguishable absurdity," "robbery," "jobbery," "hatred of oppression," and pages of denunciatory epithets are flung at all who disagree with the author, who poses as the opponent of "oppression in every form," and "the fearless and incessant advocate of the people's rights." Then the author tells us that "having no carrion-crow syndicate bonds, and not much of anything," he must needs appeal to the friends of "honest money" to help circulate the book. And so, with peculiar elegance, the author turns inside out his empty pockets and says: "Behold." Yes, it is often thus with the friends of silver.

Some time ago a contemporary published a statement to the effect that Colonel Dodge, in his History of Gustavus Adolphus, said that the great Captains who must be accepted as models for whomsoever would succeed in the profession of arms, were Hannibal, Alexander, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, and Frederick. Surprised at this statement, we commented on what our contemporary had said, and stated our belief that the six great military captains of the world were "Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon." We had not read Colonel Dodge's book at the time—a book, by the way, which we think admirable, and we now find that our contemporary was wrong, and that our guess at the six great military captains agreed with that of Colonel Dodge. A note from Colonel Dodge first drew our attention to our contemporary's mistake.

"A Jab at the Devil," by the Rev. Wallace R. Struble, is an argument for the creation of a Christian political party in this country. Such a party would be expected to direct the policy of the Government and "Decency" should be its watchword. Well, whatever we may think about the advisability of forming such a party, the author of "A Jab at the Devil" has succeeded in making out a good case. He is terse and clear, and the little pamphlet is well worth reading. The Rev. Wallace R. Struble is an Evangelist. The pamphlet was published at Colon, Mich.



ONE of the favorite forms of speech with the up-to-date bed is what she calls "making a break." This charming phrase was most delightfully illustrated by the maids and matrons who participated in the recent Newhall cotillion as they so gracefully dashed through the paper screens in their quest of a partner for the dance. One of the girls who was at the dinner given the same evening by a lady in the same neighborhood (but not one of the cotillion crowd) remarked when told what the figure was going to be, "Before I'd make a break for any man alive!" Rather good, from that source.

Californians are wont to wax wrothy when spoken of as people in the wild and woolly West. But with all our wealth, with all our beauty in nature and human nature, it must be admitted we are not entitled to be called *trained*, that essential so absolute in all society which is found in established centres. In Europe—and now in New York—girls are trained how to walk, how to sit down, how to cross a room, and how to enter and leave a carriage. It is not left to a sort of slap-dash, go-as-you-pleasedness to do any of these necessary actions in well-bred circles, but so perfectly are the girls trained, so gracefully do they perform them, it looks like the most unstudied grace. That this course of training would be an invaluable aid to some of our rich men's wives, who can doubt who has ever witnessed some of them entering a ballroom or descending from a carriage? The sling along gait, the "I'm Mrs. So and So" air, the defiant stride, is sadly in need of the polishing process. The wonder is that the several European trips have not produced that result.

The number of marriages which have been arranged or which have occurred here of late, and which have united young men and maidens in our best Jewish circles with those in our best Christian society is really worthy of remark. More and more the "doxies and orthodoxies" will be forgotten, and fierce, intolerant creeds will fade away, under such a beneficent, gracious order of affairs as the bridal wreath. Throughout the Southern States—especially in Georgia and South Carolina—it is said that for years the union between the aristocracy of the Jewish and Christian families has never been a domestic nor a social failure. In fact, Savannah's proudest society has encouraged it. While never courting a religious controversy of any sort, a fair-minded man-of-the-world might ask so liberal and so honest a clergyman as Rabbi Voorsanger whether he entirely disapproves of the ultimate millennium.

A gushing girl from the rural districts wants to know what has become of Wilcox and his bang that they both have been among the missing at social functions so frequently of late. Maus seems to be the coming man in popularity among the women. Like Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, they all cry for him, but, alas, for the girls, the wily Captain is said to prefer the blandishments of the young matron to the *ingénue* every time.

It is a long time since San Francisco has been treated to a visit from real right down royalty, and the Poniatowski and Von Schroeder element sunk below the horizon as the effulgence of the Italian King's nephew burst upon our social sphere. The women are all agog, and 'tis safe to say that even Paderewski will not be so much worshipped as the handsome young sailor prince during his stay among us.

It is a noticeable fact that the pretty faces of last year's debutantes are beginning to wear an anxious expression as the present season rolls rapidly on, and will so soon be past and gone. However, the experience of a third year "out" will prove to these girls that it is not always the most devoted beau who becomes a benedict.

One of the whispers of the swim goes that the heroine of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel is drawn, in many of its salient points, from a sister of her late husband, George Atherton. There is nothing like having a numerous and available family connection to furnish ground work for a writer, as the old axiom of truth being stranger than fiction makes a rich field to draw from.

"Society will have one subject at least for meditation during Lent," said a Franklin street dowager the other day, "and that is wondering what the surprises will be which are promised as the chief attraction of the Darling cotillion on Easter Monday night at the Presidio hop-room."

A snap shot taken in a society gathering of the period might lead one to suppose that our girls were inclined to the vulgar attitude known as arms akimbo. But the fashion of big sleeves is responsible for this prevailing style.

On dit, among the pretty trifles sent the suffering society boss during his recent illness, was a dainty *mouchoir* "bedewed with tears," from the girls of a fashionable girls' school. Who would not be the rotund Ed?

The Burton leap year dance is the only one given this winter which can lay claim to having kept the guests together until five o'clock in the morning, which proves conclusively what an enjoyable affair it was.

The large family connection who assisted Mrs. Alvord at her tea last week was a feature of the affair. It is not every hostess who has so ample a following.

In contrast to the unpopularity which Lord Dunraven acquired in this country, it is curious to note how many friends the young Duke of Marlborough is making all over the States, even though he is carrying off one of our greatest heiresses. At a reception during his recent Kentucky trip, they cheered when he drank off a tumbler of Old Saratoga Whiskey, and toasted that State and its lovely women.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

California State Exposition

Applications for exhibition space, or for concessions of any kind, in the CALIFORNIA STATE EXPOSITION, to be held in the

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N. Y., MAY, 1896,

should be filed at the Executive Office, New York, on or before March 1st.

Application blanks, diagrams, and descriptive pamphlets can be secured at the office of this paper.

Address all communications to

WALTER H. WICKES, Manager,
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

Strozyński's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellere style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

Perrier-Jouët & Co



EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St

"KAIRON GNOTHI."

The Secret in Making Money is in this Old Greek Proverb.—
It Means "Know Your Opportunity."—Some of the Men
Who Made Millions by Knowing How.—Very Valuable
Information.

WHEN Commodore Vanderbilt was asked how he made his great fortune of \$90,000,000, he replied: "It was an easy matter to become rich; just watch for the opportunity, and then take advantage of it," said he. "I commenced with only a few hundred dollars." But there are many people who cannot recognize the opportunity to make money. They may have a little sum to invest but are not in a position to know what is going on.

It is a well-known fact that Commodore Vanderbilt made most of his fortune by buying stocks at a low price, and holding on until they had an immense rise. He had the peculiar gift of knowing just when to buy and when to sell. Other men have made great fortunes in stocks of one kind or another, among them being John W. Mackay, the Rockefellers, and Jay Gould. They all started with small sums.

Among the stocks that have been sensational in their development is the Bell Telephone stock, rising from a very low price to over 200. This stock has paid large dividends and made the original investors rich.

Ten Millions a Year.

The Western Union Telegraph Company started business with \$500,000 of capital stock. Its present capital stock is \$100,000,000, and pay \$5,000,000 a year net profits to the stockholders.

There are many other high-priced stocks that cost original buyers a very low price, and now pay large dividends on many millions of capital stock.

The Edison Electric is another notable example of wonderful development and profit. A broker who bought twenty shares of the original stock at 45, costing \$900, sold half of it a year later, getting \$30,000 for 10 shares.

The Pullman Palace Car Company's gross earnings have grown until they are over \$10,000,000 a year and the stock has gone up from a low price to 180.

There are many chances for making investments, but there are none like the Railway and Dock Construction stock and many prominent men in banking, railroad and financial circles say this stock, which can be bought now at \$10 per share, is sure to sell at 50 before long, and eventually have an immense rise like the Bell Telephone, the Edison Electric and Pullman Palace Car stocks.

The par value is \$100 per share and the stock is full paid and non-assessable. The stockholders have no individual liability whatever.

Mr. Edward A. Willson, the well-known Vanderbilt stockbroker, says: "In our twenty years experience we have never handled a stock of such intrinsic merit or one which will pay such big profits. This stock gives the small investor an equal chance with the capitalist, as the small investor generally has to buy at par and be content with a dividend of 6 or 7 per cent. a year. Any one can invest in Railway and Dock Construction stock now at \$10 per share (the par value is \$100) and they can buy from one share upwards at the same price a capitalist buys a thousand shares. The stock is certain to have an immense rise when investors and speculators become aware of its great value as the earnings will pay four and a half per cent. on the par value of the shares, which equals 45 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at the low price of \$10 per share.

Surely this is an opportunity which is met with but once in a life-time.

There will be lively times in this stock when it is listed on the Stock Exchange. We deal in numerous bonds that pay from 4 to 5 per cent. a year. We are so confident of the profits that will accompany investment in this stock that we have not the slightest hesitation advising our clients to sell their bonds and invest in Railway and Dock stock while they can buy it at 10. The company is in solid financial condition, has no indebtedness of any kind, and there are no bonds or mortgages ahead of the stock.

The company owns all the rights, titles, interests in, and

the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell indestructible piles under U. S. patents. The best engineering talent of the world has heretofore been unable to produce a pile that is absolutely indestructible. Many costly experiments have been tried to make wooden piles impervious against decay and the ravages of marine worms, but the wooden piles only last from six months to a few years, requiring continual replacement at great expense.

Certainty of Profit.

There is an enormous demand for indestructible piles in the construction of piers, jetties, docks, bulkheads, breakwaters, foundations for bridge piers, etc.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are, perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. 3000 miles are now being graded or are under contract; the great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s patent pile in solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Many negotiations now pending will create an immense demand for the stock and cause it to sell at a very high figure.

Prominent bankers say: "The public ought to buy this stock now before the price goes up, for, by securing some of the stock now at 10, they can share in the great profits of development and will more than quadruple their capital very soon as the above are only a few of the many sources of earnings that will cause Railway and Dock Construction stock to rise to a high price.

The very moderate estimate of earnings pays 45 per cent. dividend on stock costing only \$10 per share without counting in any profits on contracts with the U. S. Government or New York City. When any of these contracts are closed the stock will sell above \$100 a share very quickly.

There will be spent by the City of New York in reconstructing a small part of the city water front about \$3,000,000 per year for many years to come. In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, Ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

Old Style—New Style.

In place of the old wooden docks covered by temporary sheds which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

New York City's revenue will be greatly enlarged by this vast increase of taxable property on these new piers.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance to the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$4,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston; they are simply loose rock dumped in the water, forming a pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet at the top above the water. Each jetty is about 4½ miles long. The Railway and Dock Construction Co. build indestructible jetties of same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

In addition to all these immense profits the plans of the R. & D. C. Co. call for an expenditure of about \$10,000,000 to deepen the channel at Sandy Hook. The U. S. Government can well afford to spend this sum to benefit the vast commercial interests of the port of New York.

Even Bear Speculators Buy.

Not only the bulls but even the very best judges of values, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, are buying this particular stock now—they are aware of its solid intrinsic merit and magnificent future and confidently predict that this one deal alone will put R. & D. C. stock up to \$250 a share—and other large contracts will follow.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction must come into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

Powerful influences that will push this project in Congress will cause an active, booming speculation in the stock, an influential lobby and important railway, banking and political interests are in line for this purpose.

Investors can buy the stock at \$10 per share, in lots to suit, from the financial agents of the Company, Messrs. Geo. W. Dunn & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall Street, New York. Non-residents can remit to them for the shares by check, draft, money order, registered letter, or by express, or have the stock certificate sent by express C. O. D.

The price will be advanced shortly.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and very profitable. Among them are George W. Dunn, Esq., President of the company, head of the banking house of Geo. W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 25 years as a careful, level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, ex-Senator, the famous Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; the eminent lawyer R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., Counsel of the company, 322 Broadway, New York; Eugene Harvey Esq., banker, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanbrough, Esq., capitalist, West Hurley, N. Y.; Geo. D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, New York; W. A. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Co., Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Willson, Esq., broker, New York; Geo. B. Shellhorn, Esq., Receiver Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co., Richmond, Va.; W. M. Shipp, Esq., cashier of Deposit Bank, Midway, Ky.; Jacob Deyo, cashier Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; C. E. Harwood, Esq., cashier Rockville National Bank, Rockville, Conn., and other prominent gentlemen.

The Railway and Dock Construction Company has an absolute monopoly and its earnings will increase with the steady growth of commerce and of railroads.

The secret of making money is in the old Greek proverb "KAIRON GNOTHI" (KNOW YOUR OPPORTUNITY).—The New York Mercury.

A GOOD THING.

A PROJECT is on foot to provide for a prolonged and gigantic exposition of California's products in the great amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden in New York. This is a move in the right direction and one which it behooves every Californian to help along to the best of his ability. California is known to be an El Dorado of golden possibilities to every Easterner; in fact it is possible that many of them know the vast resources of this State better than we do ourselves. But, unless they have the leisure to travel here and see things for themselves, they have absolutely no opportunity of forming any idea as to the real wealth showered so munificently upon our State from the ice bound regions of the north to the sunny and glorious south. Then, again, many Easterners who start West, either to invest money in the many splendid opportunities here offered them, or to seek a genial climate such as California alone possesses, stop by the wayside in less favored States, little knowing the greater inducements we offer for enterprise and the returns that are so profitable and so assured. These defects will be remedied by an exposition such as the Board of Managers contemplates. Minerals, fruits, grain, timber, will be presented amid beautiful surroundings and in such a way as to attract the attention of the most casual beholder. Models of our universities and of other leading institutions as well as of many world-renowned gold and quicksilver mines will be on exhibit. In fact the Exposition will be a place where intending settlers or investors can get a thorough knowledge of what our capabilities are, and see how vastly superior California is to any other place in the world for investments of every description. And when the Exposition shall be closed it would be a good idea for arrangements to be made whereby certain of the exhibits can be kept on view continually, as they are by our State Board of Agriculture on Market Street.

Monarch Smokeless Powder

The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.
Lightest RECOIL, and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,
430 California St., S. F.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

New Basil Consolidated Gravel Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Placer County, Cal.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No.), levied on the 9th day of November, 1895, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	NO. CERTIFICATE.	NO. SHARES.	AMOUNT.
L. Dornherger	19	750	\$37 50
C. Buxtorf	13	1050	52 50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 9th day of November, 1895, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

F. X. SIMON, Secretary.

Office: 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Andes Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia City, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of January, 1896, an assessment (No. 42), of Fifteen cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

6TH DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

Will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Saturday, the 28th day of March, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 110
Amount per Share.....	25 cents
Levied.....	February 3, 1896
Delinquent in office.....	March 7, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock.....	March 27, 1896

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office—Room 15, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Holmes Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Holmes Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, February 8, at 12 o'clock M.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.



DEAR EDITH:—The Marie Antoinette rage, as was predicted, is likely to depart with the winter. But those who contemplated a resort to days of Josephine and the Empire will be disappointed. The tendency is now all towards the de Medici and the Henri Quatre eras. Gowns of the latter period, with ruff and padded hips are the fashion in Paris and New York. I saw one of brown *boucle* Capucine; the bodice of brown velvet, with a satiu front of the same shade, consisting of a box-pleat in the centre, edged with a ruffle of browu gauze and two pleats on either side, also finished with a gauze ruffle. Four painted buttons framed in brilliants are placed at intervals in box-pleat, which hangs down the centre like a blouse and falls over the belt of ribbon. Underneath this belt begins at the hips a pleated six-inch strip of the velvet. About the throat is a ruching of brown gauze.

Yes, there is no doubt that dresses are beginning to widen at the hips decidedly. A rose silk gown recently displayed a plain skirt flaring very much. The bodice was of pink satiu. A tight belt, studded with imitation gems in front, on either side of which are two stiff loops of ribbon standing straight out. A ribbon collar at the neck has stiff loops to match.

Already women are beginning, as I have said, to speak more of spring and summer than of the present, so far as dress materials are concerned. The pretty checked English silks will be quite the rage this summer. So will the Scotch tartan plaids. The checks are in large cross-bars instead of the small solid blocks of one color alternating with white. The plaids are very lovely this year and combine greens, whites and blacks, or delicate violet, rose and green.

Grenadines are coming greatly into favor now that the season has begun for Honolulu trips on this side of the continent, or for Florida and Bermudan visits from the Eastern society contingent. Grenadines have always been exceedingly popular, and they are apt to have a longer reign than ever before, this time, on account of the exquisite new styles. They range in texture from the gauzy and diaphanous silk muslin to the large canvass woven squares. The designs are in pretty green leaves, or else a dark ground with rosy blossoms. Otherwise stripes are much in vogue. In many cases the stripes are of Moire or of velvet and very narrow, while others are wide, alternating with vines of Eglantine. On the most fragile grenadines the satin pink and black stripes are the mode.

By the way, a correspondent writes that ladies do not put their names and addresses on tiny silver plates on the bicycles in Europe or in the East. It seems that far too often impudent intruders and a curious public have sought to identify and recognize the fair owners through this means. Instead, they have a crest or monogram, printed upon the frame, and find it just as easy to recognize their own machines.

It was foretold last December that shirt waists would probably go out of fashion this year speedily. Now comes the news that they will be more the style than ever, and that manufacturers are preparing millions of shipments. The newest idea in the shirt waist is very fine Batiste, patterned exactly like India and Cashmere shawls. Another favorite will be the embroidered grass cloth or dainty white mulle.

BELINDA.

The "Argonaut" is one of the most popular brands of Kentucky Bourbon Whiskeys, and one of the purest and best found in this market. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, where they are now located, are the agents for this excellent whiskey on the Pacific Coast, and are also the authorized agents for the celebrated J. F. Cutler Bourbon. The trade will make no mistake in buying the Argonaut brand.

It is more difficult to secure genuine old Japanese vases and bronzes nowadays in Japan than it is to buy them from George T. Marsb & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel.



All the Clothes,

all at once, makes too much of a wash, perhaps. Use Pearline, and it's easy to do a few at a time. Lots of women do this. They take the napkins, towels, handkerchiefs, hosiery, etc., each day as they are cast aside. Soak them in Pearline and water, boil them a few minutes, rinse out—and there they are, perfectly clean. No bother, no rubbing. When the regular wash-day comes, there isn't much left to do. Why isn't this just as well as to keep everything and wash in one day?

Beware of imitations.

419

JAMES PYLE, New York.

The New California Insect Exterminator. Clears out Moths, Fleas, Ants, Roaches, Bed-Bugs, Mites on birds, chickens, etc. Contains NO POISON.

Never Fails. **Eucalyptus Powder** Never Fails.

Made from the concentrated extract of the blue gum leaves. Creates no disagreeable odor. Each package equal in power to one-half pound of ordinary insect powder or tar balls. Price, ten cents per package, \$1 per doz. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Energetic persons wanted to act as State or county agents. Big inducements offered reliable parties. Address all orders and communications to the sole manufacturers,

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTION CO.,

328 Seventh St., San Francisco, Cal.

MME. MARGHAND'S CREME DE LA CREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



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MME. MARGHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist,
Rooms 30 to 41. 121 Post St. Tuber's entrance. Telephone 1349.
Send for booklet.

R. LIDDLE Co. Fine Goods Cheap. "In the Field of Sports."
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Write for Catalogue. New book free

BRUSHES For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING

George B. Merrill

Has removed his Law offices to

California Safe Deposit Building,
Rooms 316 and 317, Third Floor,

382 Montgomery St., S. F.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.



Experienced Citizen—Look here, I want to make a complaint against your confounded cable cars. Yesterday I got caught in a blockade and had to sit and wait for nearly an hour. **SUPERINTENDENT**—That's just like you fellows, never satisfied. Why, another man just came in and complained that the cars went so fast he couldn't get on.—Life.

Wife. Wreakhard (the landlady)—How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals. **Mrs. Oldboarder**—He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an empty stomach.—Life.

Wife—You saw Mrs. Browner last evening? **HUSBAND**—Yes; but not to speak to. **WIFE**—What a story! They tell me you were sitting with her for more than two hours. **HUSBAND**—True; but it was she who did the talking.—Boston Transcript.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Taddells to a tramp, whom he found suspiciously near his henhouse. "Lookin' for work," was the wanderer's reply. "You mean looking for trouble, don't you?" "Well, isn't work trouble?"—Judge.

"It's a good deal of work to keep this tail of mine from getting twisted," said the British lion. "You don't go about it in the right way," replied the Russian bear. "You ought to quit lashing it and wag it once in a while."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Parkwest—Did the fish man call to-day, Nora. **NORA NEWCOOK**—Yis'm. **MRS. PARKWEST**—Had be frogs' legs? **NORAH NEWCOOK**—Sure, how could Oi tell, m'm? He had on pants an' a long ulster.—New York Herald.

SMALL BROTHER—Marie, does your admirer stutter? **MARIE**—No, of course not. What made you think of such a thing? **SMALL BROTHER**—Then why does he write, "My dear, dear Marie?"—Fleigende Blatter.

Friend—It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things about you. **POLITICAL CANDIDATE**—Yes; but supposing they don't say anything at all?—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Wabash—Mrs. Finckly seems very bappy to-night. **MRS. LAKEY**—Yes. She has just secured her first divorce and is cackling over it like a pullet over her first egg.—Truth.

Clara—Mr. Softerly paid me a great compliment yesterday. He said I grew more beautiful every day. **MAUDE**—Well, practice makes perfect, you know.—Life.

She—Yes, they are engaged. I know she refused him twice, but the third time he proposed she accepted him. **HER HUSBAND**—Serves him right.—Brooklyn Life.

"Order in the court!" shouted the Judge. "Tbis is the worst disgrace this court has suffered since I was elected to the judgeship."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—Do you think it would be unmaidenly for a girl to propose to a man? **HE**—Certainly not; if she is rich enough for two.—New York Sun.

Bertie—Did you ever notice how Algie's face lights up when he talks? **MABEL**—Yes; he's lantern-jawed, you know.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Blykins has his own way in his home." "Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."—Washington Star.

"Johanna, don't forget to dust the bric-a-brac." "No, ma'am; where do you keep the dust?"—Detroit Free Press.

Sir Edwin Arnold is going to Japan again for cnrios. He is a great friend, by the way, of George T. Marsh & Co., who have such a splendid collection under the Palace Hotel.

Lucullus used to send out pirates in the old Roman days to capture oysters. Moraghan, the celebrated oyster dealer in the California Market, takes care of these matters nowadays. Stalls 68-70.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS

Berger's Restaurant, A. Adler, 116 King St. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Berger, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House, 35 S. Jackson & 100 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. Hill, Prop.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantin, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUVE BROS.
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. H. Blanco & H. Burns.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1811 Polk street.
Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawallan Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neubaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay
Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

CLEARANCE SALE of FINE SHOES

At 25c. and 50c. on the dollar.

Nolan Bros.
Shoe Co.

812-814 Market Street,

Phelan Building.

ON WHEELS.

C. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & GO., 107 Front St.

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9
Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week, \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.



A LAWYER'S ADVICE ON THE BIBLE.—Among the "Open Letters" in The Century for January is one on "Advice to a Young Lawyer," in which the writer gives the substance of several old letters recently found in a package in a Washington garret, written by such men as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. These letters were addressed to a young man who had requested the views of the statesmen named as to the best course of study to pursue preparatory to entering the legal profession. One letter written by Senator B. W. Leigh, a famous Virginia lawyer, is specially interesting. After mentioning several works of history, politics, and law, Senator Leigh says: "I advise every man to read the Bible. I speak of it here as a book which it behooves a lawyer to make himself thoroughly acquainted with. It is the code of ethics of every Christian country on the globe, and tends, above all other books, to elucidate the spirit of law throughout the Christian world. It is, in fact, a part of the practical law of every Christian nation, whether recognized as such or not."

—Justice Stephen J. Field, the oldest member of the supreme court, is expected to retire from the bench at the conclusion of the present session of the court, says a Washington dispatch to the Boston Herald. He has said to Senator White of California and other intimate friends that he intends to let President Cleveland select his successor, and that he proposes to make the vacancy by retiring this spring. He has gone further, and has said to them that he would like to see his friend, Judge Erskine M. Ross of Los Angeles, Cal., appointed his successor, and that if consulted by President Cleveland, as he might expect to be, he would strongly advise the appointment of Judge Ross.

—Among New York clubmen, who are of an epicurean disposition, a new fashion, and one somewhat difficult to follow, has sprung up; it is that of having each week a number of ready-prepared dishes sent direct from Paris and timed to arrive at New York on Sunday, which day is set aside apparently for the imported dinner. Two epicures, however, last week, not content with a few dishes, ordered an entire dinner to be brought across the sea. Everything—soup, fish, meat, sauces, dessert, wines, even the mustard, was despatched from Paris a week before the intended date of the dinner. The menu left nothing to be desired, but it is doubtful if a Paris dinner, after crossing the Atlantic, can be worth eating.

—The commission of the Paris exhibition of 1900 has decided that the exhibition shall be confined exclusively to the left bank of the river, with the exception of the Trocadéro, which is to be included, says Court Journal. The commission also decided that the Champs-Élysées should not be touched, and that the Palais de l'Industrie should be maintained. This will be practically the same site as was used for the exhibition of 1889.

—The Duke of Marlborough is having the lake at Blenheim cleaned out, a very large number of men being employed. The cost is estimated at about £19,000 (\$95,000), say the London Court Journal, and it is expected that the work will take a long time to complete, the lake being a very large sheet of water. For some years past the greater part of the magnificent ornamental water at Blenheim has been choked with weeds.

—"I have learned from observation that three things surely happen to a man who works steadily, without relaxation. In the first place he becomes nervous, irritable and hard to get along with. In the second place the grade of his work falls off and he is liable to err in his judgment. In the third place he dies suddenly. It is an uncontrovertible law of nature."—Chauncey M. Depew.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs, Hoarseness or Irritation of the Throat caused by cold.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1882.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,181,910
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANMONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA AND JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)...3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, AND INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draws Direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000

Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.

This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANMONE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$800,000

HEAD OFFICE.....55 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

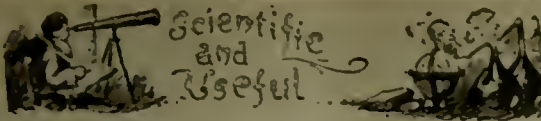
N. E. COR. PINE AND SANMONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



"CUM GRANO SALIS."—A brief telegram from Ogden a few days ago confirmed by later dispatches from Union Pacific sources, states that there had been a salt storm during which for two hours salt fell and gathered on the wires and insulators between Ogden and Echo, says Railway Review. It is supposed that the salt was gathered up from the great lake and that the moisture evaporated, leaving the crystals. The Union Pacific started an engine out from Ogden with a hose attachment to wash the salt off, as it seriously interfered with the working of the wires. The engine moved along slowly, with the water turned on the wires. The scheme was entirely satisfactory and cleaning the wires was completed in a short time. This is the first time in the history of the Union Pacific, or of railroading, for that matter, that there has been such a phenomenon.

EFFECT OF HIGH PRESSURES ON WOOD.—Soft wood becomes stronger than hard wood under pressure. The case of a block of Oregon pine, taken from the middle of an upright which formed a part of the timber support in the Comstock mines for twelve years, gives an example of the effect of heavy pressure on wood fibre. It is so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife, and one of its sides is polished from the squeezing it has undergone. Yellow pine from the lower lever of the Comstock has been so compressed by the enormous weight that its density exceeds that of lignum vitae.

CHARACTER IN THE HAIR.—Dark brown locks are always loyal; women with rich, dark-red hair are amiable and sweet; women with pale blonde hair of the colorless, ashy kind are impulsive and loving; black hair denotes a high-strung, tempestuous nature, full of sentiment; women with fine light red hair can do anything well that they attempt, but are inclined to be nervous and sensitive; women with fine brown hair, with a tinge of gold in it, usually have fits of despondency, but cheerfulness predominates in such a temperament.

SALOL TABLETS.—The Pharmaceutical Journal states that in England a patient, under medical advice, had for some time been taking tablets of salol, when intestinal obstruction was set up and an operation became necessary. "On opening the body the intestine was found packed with the salol tablets unaltered. This was probably due to the pressure used in forming the tablets. The more finely comminuted and loosely packed an insoluble or difficultly soluble remedy, the easier it is absorbed by the system, and consequently substances like salol should never be given in tablet form."

UNDERGROUND WIRE.—St. Louis has notified the electric lighting and street car companies to get their wires underground by January 1st, 1900, under penalty of having all left above ground after that date cut down by the city. A pretty general movement of this sort will soon be under way.

—The tower at the Budapest exposition next year is to be 1625 feet high, or 650 feet higher than the Eiffel of Paris. This excelsior business will probably stop some time.

—It is said that foods stored in an atmosphere of carbonic-acid gas are preserved indefinitely, the freshness and flavor being retained better than by the use of ice.

The Grand Canyon Line!—To the East.

The "Santa Fe Route" Popular Overland Excursions to Chicago and Eastern cities will leave every Wednesday. Manager in charge. Through Palace and Upholstered Tourist Sleepers are run to Chicago every day. This is the only Line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. Send for illustrated book giving full particulars. C. H. Speers, A. G. P. A., 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

When you want anything fine in the line of underwear, collars cuffs, neckties and shirts, go to John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street. He keeps none but the best. He also keeps a variety of ladies' shirts.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 FORT STREET, BRIAN KERRAN, MERCHANTS' INSTITUTE BUILDING
Guaranteed Capital, \$100,000. Paid Up Capital, \$30,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHILAN, President [S. G. MURPHY, Vice President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Philan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANBOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$6,250,000

John J. Valentine..... President [Homer S. King..... Manager
H. Wadsworth..... Cashier [E. L. Lipman..... Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. [Sault Lake City, J. E. Dooley, Cashier.
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL..... \$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco

JAMES K. WILSON President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—Drexel, Morgan & Co. Boston—Downer & Co. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Atlas National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 536 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund..... \$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,..... \$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,300,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heincken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord Jerome Lincoln H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Bahcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated..... November 24, 1889.

ADOLPH C. WEBER..... President
ERNST BRAND..... Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS..... PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

MULLER
REMOVABLE
MORTARIAN

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET, PHELAN BUILDING



THE OTHER ONE.—THE BOOKMAN.

SWEET little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none,
Since in the laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe, and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand, so cold and still,
Shut from the light of stars and sun.
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better, perhaps, for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But, oh! the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one.

A NIGHT'S REBELLION.—LEONORA BECK, IN TRAVELLER'S RECORD.

Strong in my heart old memories awake,
To-night!
Live on my lips dead kisses burn;
Hot to my eyes wept tears return;
Forgotten throbs my pulses shake,
To-night.

Love is avenged—my buried love—
To-night.
The weakling Present slips away;
The giant Past alone has sway,—
Potential as the gods above,—
To-night.

And let him reign! I'll hold my soul,
To-night,
In glad fief to this mighty Past;
My false allegiance off I cast,
Deny the Present's petty toll,
To-night.

Take royally, great Past, my king,
To-night!
To-morrow's sun may thee unthrone;
But eyes, lips, heart—all that I own
Of treasure—I before thee fling
To-night.

FORGETFULNESS.—R. A. THORPE.

I ask one boon of heaven. I have indeed,
And I will tell it thankfully, filled high,
Nor ruffled, as I drank it, with a sigh,
The cup of joy; to love has been my need,
And to beloved—and oftimes could I read
In other's hearts with mine a sympathy:
But joy and love beam on us but to die
And foster memory, most bitter weed.
And this has been my bane, to fling behind
One look into the west, where day dwells yet,
Then turn me shivering to the cold night wind
And dream of joys and loves that long have set:
'Tis for this sleepless viper of the mind
I ask one boon of heaven—to forget.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. - - - - - San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets, \$5,783,243

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$2,206,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$697,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,889,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

Assets, \$5,493,831

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,083,321

Pacific Department, 407-409 Montgomery street,

BROWN, CRAIG & CO., Managers.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1702.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,400.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1835

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653.65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

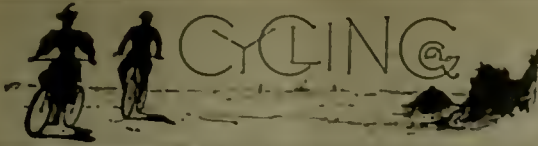
413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F.



A WRITER in the New York Herald says in relation to the bicycle and health: "It is becoming customary nowadays to prescribe cycling for many of the ailments in the treatment of which outdoor exercise is an important factor, and the results in the large majority of cases justify all the good that is expected. The danger that must always be guarded against is overindulgence. The very fascination of bicycle riding is often a strong objection to it as a curative agent on account of the danger of overexertion, and there are many who should be the most careful, who become so delighted and invigorated with the exercise that they overdo it. All exercise, and particularly cycling, should be indulged in moderation, and the use of the wheel increased very slowly. It should be remembered that new sets of muscles are developed, and the heart given increased action. The heart grows stronger and accommodates itself gradually to its greater work, and too much strain should not be put on it at once. Cycling cultivates the good habit of deep breathing, increases the chest expansion and strengthens the muscles of the back. In fact, there is no exercise that brings into play so nicely and so gently the many different parts of the body without giving violent work to any particular group of muscles. No harm can result, and the greatest benefit will be derived if the beginner will beware of overindulgence and persist in the pleasures and security of moderation.

The bicycle has done innumerable good things for everyone; rich and poor, proud and humble, of both sexes alike are getting the beneficial results of the glorious sport, and though perhaps one of the least noticed reforms that has taken place on account of the bicycle, yet one of the greatest is this very thing—the doing away with corsets and tight lacing. This means for women that, though the waist may be larger, the lungs will be fuller, and the whole system will be improved and given an opportunity to glory in the fountain of health. Corsets, in retarding the full power of the lungs, naturally prevent them from performing the duties required, and thus breed consumption, disease and death. The new benefits to be derived from cycling are appearing every day, and every woman in the land would possess a machine did she but know of this one great benefit.

The following table will show the number of revolutions of a bicycle in covering a mile when geared to certain points:

Gear.	Revs.	Gear.	Revs.
53.....	380	78.....	258
55.....	366	80.....	251
58.....	347	84.....	239
63.....	320	88.....	228
65.....	310	99.....	224
68.....	296	92.....	219
70.....	298	96.....	210
72.....	280	98.....	205
76.....	265	100.....	201

CYCLING VERSUS MORPHINE.—"In Chicago—that city of hurrying men and restless women," says The British Medical Journal, "there were, so a popular preacher said not long ago, no fewer than 35,000 persons who habitually took hypodermic injections of morphine to save themselves from the pains and terrors of neuralgia, insomnia, nervousness, etc. Cycling has become the rage in Chicago as elsewhere, and the morphine-takers have discovered that a long spin in the fresh air on a cycle induces sweet sleep better than their favorite drug. The result is said to be that the number of those in Chicago who take hypodermic injections of morphine is diminishing. Exercise and fresh air are known to all doctors to be the cure for half the ills flesh—and especially nervous, overwrought city-bred flesh—is heir to."

THE firm of Lewis Caben & Son has been dissolved. Mr. S. Levy has withdrawn and I. W. Caben will continue under the same firm name at the old stand, 418 Sacramento street, where he has been since 1871.

PADEREWSKI'S "SINGING TONE."

THE supreme achievement in Paderewski's technique is its demonstration that the "singing tone" and perfect control of every variety of tone-color are possible in all circumstances, no matter how difficult the passage. This is said to be the explanation of the wonderful witchery of sound which he produces. "The Pianist" says: "There was a time when it was considered sufficient to play a rapid-running passage or involved phrases smoothly, accurately, and without pondering. But that has not satisfied Mr. Paderewski. He has held the theory that the singing tone must be preserved at all hazards, and his study has been to perfect his digital facility to that end. His control of the striking force of his fingers is masterful. His employment of the different positions of fingers, wrists, and forearms is always correct, and its results are perfect. Pianists know that some teachers advocate the elevation of the back of the hand, and others its depression. Mr. Paderewski uses either position, according to the tone he desires to produce; and his pedaling is simply beyond description. He seems to do almost as much playing with his feet as with his hands; and it is all for the sake of tone-color, for it is the combination of expert pedaling with the variety of touch that colors the tones.

"But even the singing tone would become monotonous were there no rhythm in the playing. Rhythm in piano playing resolves itself into correct timing and accentuation. Every note must have its proper duration or the rhythm is disturbed. Every tone must be sounded with the correct dynamic relationship to those which precede it and those which follow it, or the rhythm disappears. Further than that, the contours of the melodies are spoiled. The phrasing is disarranged, and the musical outline of the composition is distorted. Rhythm is, of course, primarily a matter of artistic judgment, but it is conveyed to the hearer by the blows of the fingers, and is the mechanical result of absolutely just distribution of force. It is, therefore, dependent on the same technical accomplishments as tone-color. Mr. Paderewski's rhythm is flawless. He never offends the most judicious listener either in quality or dynamics, but on the contrary accentuates in such a manner that the phrasing of a composition comes out in the clearest possible light."

A FAST RUNNER.—Deerfoot, the famous Indian long distance runner, died on the Cattaraugus reservation near Buffalo, Saturday. His proper name was Louis Bennett. He was born in 1826. In 1861 he went to England, where he defeated the English champion runners and was received by the prince of Wales, who presented him with a purse and a souvenir. Subsequently he took part in races in New York and Chicago, defeating all comers. Deerfoot's greatest record was made in London, where he ran 10 miles in 52 minutes.

—Max O'Rell was asked, at a dinner in London recently, which he considered to be the most popular book of poems in all "English-speaking" literature—British or American. "Mother Goose's Melodies!" replied the Frenchman. I find that her annual sale of her poems is double that of Shakespeare, Tennyson or Longfellow.

IT is worthy of mention that the Lord only calls his chosen shepherds to fill lucrative and important positions. The Damians of the church are not in it with the Dilles.

The best lamp-chimney word in the world is "Macbeth," whether English or French or Flemish or Dutch.

But get the shape that is made for your lamp, "pearl top" or "pearl glass." Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa



WHILE there has been enough going on to keep our fashionables tolerably busy, the month of February has not, thus far, been such a mad whirl of gaiety as it was thought the immediate ante-Lenten season would be. The month opened with Mrs. Antoine Borel's violet tea on Saturday last, which proved to be one of the pleasantest given this season. The charming old house, which in the past has been the scene of some of the most brilliant entertainments San Francisco has ever known, was again thrown open to the Four Hundred, artistically decorated with flowers and foliage, and redolent of the sweet blossoms from which it took its title, and filled with guests during the late afternoon hours. Mrs. Borel was assisted by her daughters in receiving her friends, and in attendance was a bevy of young maids and matrons, who saw to the creature comfort of the guests most efficiently. Mrs. William Alvord gave a tea at her residence on Broadway the same day, which attracted a large attendance.

Last week ended delightfully with the teas above mentioned. Mrs. Willis's theatre party, followed by supper, and the ball given by the Cercle Français at the club rooms, on Post street, which were beautifully adorned with foliage and bunting, and filled with elegantly attired ladies and their escorts. An elaborate supper was served at midnight, after which dancing was again in order until a late hour. One of the most attractive belles of the ball was Miss Mildred Nathan, in her strikingly beautiful cloud of pink and lace.

Miss Jennie Catherwood was the first hostess of this week, giving one of her high teas on Sunday, at which music was one of the features of the occasion.

The Grant-Pond wedding was the principal event of Monday evening; Mrs. Jewett's tea on Tuesday was a pleasant affair, which can also be said of the hop at the Presidio on Tuesday evening; the Goad-Hooker wedding was the leading feature on Wednesday; Baroness von Schroeder's luncheon and Mrs. Emmanuel Heller's dinner were both on an elaborate scale, and in the evening the young people's Leap Year cotillion at Lunt's Hall was much enjoyed. On Thursday the Jarboe-Bull nuptials were celebrated at noon, and in the evening the Concordia Club gave the second of their series of entertainments for the present season. Last night there was a dance at the Van Ness Seminary. Society elected that theatre parties should not be largely in evidence on Monday evening, but will, it is anticipated, make amends in that direction to-night. Still there were several given at the different theatres, and during the week there have been a number every night.

St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness avenue, looked at its best on Monday evening, when Miss Isabel Grant and Ed. Pond were married. The decorations of green garlands, palms, and yellow daffodils made an effective contrast, while the brilliant lights and crowd of gaily dressed guests added to the scene. As the guests were assembling Mr. Sabine, the organist of the church, entertained them with some excellent musical selections; but when he struck the opening notes of the wedding march, every one's attention turned to the door, from whence appeared the bridal party. First came the ushers, Messrs. Chas. Graut, Henry Wilson, Phil Thornton, Charles Farquharson, Alpheus Clement, and Sam Pond. Then appeared Miss Fanny Grant as maid-of-honor, closely followed by the petite bride, leaning upon her father's arm. As they advanced slowly up the centre aisle the groom and his best man, Albion White, emerged from the vestry room, and stood awaiting the cortege. Arrived at the chancel, the Reverend Alfred Brewer, of San Mateo, assisted by the Reverend W. H. Moreland, rector of St. Luke's, quickly tied the nuptial knot, and the procession re-formed, passed

out, and were driven to the residence of the bride's parents on Lyon street, where a limited number of friends, in addition to the bridal party, were bidden to the wedding supper. The bridal robe was of white satin, trimmed with lace which had been used by her mother and grandmother, a long tulle veil hung to the edge of the train, and was confined to the hair by a diamond bee, the groom's gift. Miss Fanny Grant wore a gown of daffodil colored satin, draped with chiffon; the bride carried an ivory-bound prayer book in lieu of flowers, the maid-of-honor a bouquet of bright daffodils. The presents, which were numerous and handsome, were displayed in an upper room; they comprised cases of silverware, china, glassware, and endless bric-a-brac. Mr. and Mrs. Pond left on Tuesday for a honeymoon trip to the South.

The wedding of Miss Ella Goad and Osgood Hooker on Wednesday last was a delightful affair. It took place at the residence of the bride's father, W. F. Goad, on Washington street, and was witnessed by a large assemblage of friends of both bride and groom. The spacious house with its broad hall and large drawing-rooms had been decked with a profusion of flowers of every hue, no one color predominating and no set arrangement observed, but the effect of this studied carelessness was extremely pleasing. A sort of *prie-dieu* of soft silken cushions was placed in front of the large mirror in the north parlor and here the ceremony was performed. The hour set for the wedding was five o'clock, and by that time the guests were assembled and waiting for the bridal party to appear. Behind the cushioned erection stood the Reverend D. Fonte of Grace Church, and at the front the expectant bridegroom, attended by his brother, Robert Hooker, of Spokane. Soon the notes of the wedding march broke the stillness of expectancy as Dr. Harry Tevis, a life-long friend of Miss Goad, played the familiar strains, a straggled orchestra accompanying him. Then Robert Eyre, Milton Latham, Max McNutt, Nick Kittle, and Ernest Folger stepped to the base of the broad stairway and stretching white satin ribbons formed a passage across the hall for the bride and her party to pass through on their way to the drawing-room. Her pretty sisters, the Misses Aileen and Genevieve, led the way, and then the sweet bride came escorted by her father, her countenance radiant with happiness. A murmur of admiration greeted her appearance. The snowy folds of her white satin bridal gown with its elaborate lace garniture was covered from head to foot by a flowing tulle veil caught with sprays of orange blossoms, and the bouquet was lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were robed in white satin, covered with chiffon, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and each wore short tulle veils from the back of the head; their bouquets were roses. It did not take long to make this happy young couple "one flesh," and then congratulations hearty and sincere were showered upon them by their friends. The wedding cake having been cut, toasting and feasting followed, and finally adieus were said with all good wishes to the happy pair. The locale of the honeymoon is known only to the bride and groom, and their absence from town will not be of long duration. The presents were numerous and beautiful.

St. Luke's Church was a second time this week the scene of a society wedding, that of Miss Kate Jarboe and J. Case Bull, which took place at noon on Wednesday. The decorations of the sacred edifice were confined to the chancel, and, while simple, were in excellent taste, a mass of foliage artistically arranged, the sole touches of color, coming from two huge bouquets of red roses placed upon the altar. The organist gave a pretty selection of airs upon the organ while the guests were being seated by the ushers, Messrs. Ed. Sheldon, Ad. Mizner, Richard Harrison, Sam Boardman, Frank Owen, and Professor Richardson, of Berkeley, who were all got up in the regulation dress for morning weddings. Gray trousers, and gloves, and Pruce Albert coats, with a red rose bud as boutonniere. Promptly at the noon hour white satin bands were stretched down either side of the centre aisle, and the bridal cortege entered. First advanced the vested choir of the church, chanting the Lohengrin chorus, then the six ushers, followed by Miss Kate Clement as maid-of-honor, and finally the handsome bride with her brother, Paul

Jarboe At the church steps the groom and his best man, C. P. Henry, awaited their coming, and the nuptial knot was tied by the Reverend W. H. Moreland. The bride looked regal in her wedding robe of white moire, which was richly trimmed with lace, a long tulle veil completely enveloping her stately figure. Miss Clement wore a gown of peach colored Dresden silk trimmed with chiffon, and a beauty hat with many plumes. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the Jarboe residence on Taylor street, to which only a few intimate friends were bidden, and Santa Cruz is where the honeymoon is being passed.

The latest engagements are those of Miss Jennie Schwabacker to Charles M. Rosenbaum, Miss Dorothy Baruth to James Proctor Whitney.

The date for the Huntington-Holladay wedding, which will be solemnized in New York, is set for Tuesday, the 25th inst.

The recently wedded bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Stern, *nee* Elsie Mayer, are among late arrivals from the East, and since their coming have been the recipients of numerous hospitalities on the part of their many friends in San Francisco. They are domiciled at the Palace Hotel for the present. The Misses Bee and Ethel Hooper are the guests of Mrs. Catherwood-Darling, at the Presidio. Mrs. W. H. Morrow's new address is 2005 Steiner street, where she will be "at home" on Fridays. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks are back in San Francisco after a lengthy visit East. Mr. and Mrs. Minthorne Tompkins and their daughters have returned to their home in Ross Valley after a visit of several weeks to the city.

The Tallant "cobweb" luncheon, the Vou Schroeder dinner, Miss McBean's luncheon, the Sorosis reception to Ed. Townsend, Mrs. Frank Sullivan's luncheon in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Henrietta Sullivan, the Boardman dinner, and Miss Mills' card party were among the affairs of last week not heretofore noticed. In the way of dances on the tapis, the Monday Night Club and the Friday Fort-nights each give a dance on their respective evenings next week. Miss Ella Hobart will be the leading spirit of the latter, which will be a Leap Year cotillion. Next and last on the list comes the Mardi Gras ball, at the Art Institute, for which society's buds and blossoms are busily preparing costumes, though many of the fair ones intend to simply don domino and mask.

There has been given no more charming or unique entertainment in San Francisco than that which Mr. I. W. Taber gave at his great studio last Saturday night. It was a Japanese fête, and, after the season of the year in Japan just now, when the cherry tree begins to bloom, they called it a Cherry Tree Party—or, to be exact, "Sakura No Kirai." All this was superintended by the Japanese artist, Mr. Z. Yamabe, who furnished all the beautiful decorations and the lovely favors which were afterward distributed to the guests. There was present a real Japanese orchestra of trained musicians. The ball which followed was led by Mr. Taber himself and his lovely little daughter, Miss Louise. The guests, who were more than a hundred strong, were all *en japonais et japonnais*. Lanterns that Pierre Loti would envy were strung and interlaced over ceiling, wall, and door. It was a translation to old Tokio.

The Gentlemen's Wednesday Evening Club gave a most charming reception, February 5th, in their Alameda home, to the ladies of the Shakespearian Club, which is composed of nearly forty of the most clever and fascinating young women across the bay. The Wednesday Evening Club did this entirely out of revenge, because the ladies of the Shakespearian had made them their guests before, and that not long ago. There are nearly sixty members in the Wednesday Club, and they were lavish in their expenditure. The supper which interrupted the dancing was a perfect feast, but, nevertheless, they danced till daylight afterward.

San Francisco is to have an opportunity of judging of the merits of the 7-20-8 company of amateurs who so recently gave such a successful performance in the city of the oaks, as it is to be repeated for the benefit of the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables, and the Columbia Theatre selected as the locale.

The Prince Louis of Savoy will be the guest of Prince and Princess Poniatowski during his sojourn here—that is, for most of the time. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker will give a beautiful entertainment next week, which will include Burlingame and the Country Club. Prince Poniatowski has an Italian title, and is an old friend of Prince Louis, so that festivity will reign supreme.

Mrs. Darling's announcement of her intended dance on Easter Monday night at the Presidio gives assurance that the *april* Lenten season will at least open brilliantly, though from other good things that are whispered about the indications are that, while it lasts, it will be lively. There will be several weddings included in the number of projected festivities, the Masten-Ewell ceremony coming first, as it is named for Easter week.

Captain and Mrs. W. A. Nevills arrived in town during the week from their Sonoma residence, and occupy their old apartments at the Palace.

A NORWEGIAN explorer, with an obsolete and unpronounceable name, is desirous of reaching the South Pole. The world at large has been anxiously awaiting the opening up of its northern brother for the last century and a half, and it is dishonorable in the extreme when one of these adventurous gentlemen advocates a change in the style of discoveries. Give us the North Pole or give us nothing. In the meanwhile, however, the grins of the two Poles are audible even in San Francisco.

HAVE a time and place for everything, and do everything in its time and place, and you will not only accomplish more, but have far more leisure than those who are always hurrying, as if vainly attempting to overtake time that had been lost.—Tryon Edwards.

THE character of sarcasm is dangerous; although this quality makes those laugh whom it does not wound, it, nevertheless, never procures esteem.—Oxenstiern.

NONE are so seldom found alone, or are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.—Colton.

It will be of great interest to the public to learn that the Lurline Baths are making an elaborate improvement to their institution in the shape of a genuine Russian bath, which will also include the "Needle" shower bath. This luxury will be available to all the bathers at a very slight advance in price. The fact that the Lurline tank is renewed by water fresh from the sea every night, is one of its chiefest charms.

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says you

must

"handle

with care,

and don't

shake the

bottle."

Why

That's
not the
way with

Evans'

for you can

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upside down

and

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Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	8:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.....	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	†7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
†7:00 P	Vallejo.....	†7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	†12:00 A
†10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	†12:45 P
††1:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, and Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:30 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
†1:45 P	Hunters' Excursion San Jose and Way Stations.....	†7:30 P

COAST DIVISION (Tbird and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
8:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	8:35 A
†1:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	†7:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

‡Sundays and Thursdays.

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MY LADY.

I smile my sweetest, when by chance
I find myself beneath her glance.

I speak in chosen voice and phrase,
And lose no time to speak her praise.

If service I can render her
I'll not delay, not yet demur.

I hang upon her lightest word,
As if 'twere wisdom newly heard.

Her gowns I note in compliment,
And flatter to her heart's content.

With pretty speech my head is stored—
I'm owing her for two week's board.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE NOSE.

In all ages the nose has been regarded as strongly indicative of character.

A nose of proper proportions should be one-third the length of the face.

Small nostrils are said by physiologists to indicate small and weak lungs.

Pimples on the nose are frequently caused by indigestion.

Pugilists say that a blow on the nose is attended with more pain than one on any other part of the body.

The nostrils of all birds are located on the back of the bill, and in most birds are so protected by hairs or feathers as to be almost invisible.

A large nose in a weak face is indicative of unintelligence and stupidity. Idiots have such noses.

A sharp nose pointing forward is the characteristic of impudence and curiosity.

A red nose may be due to a choleric temper, a bad liver, or bad liquor. In any case it is an unfortunate sign.

Cats can smell even during sleep. When a piece of meat is placed immediately in front of a sleeping cat's nose the nostrils begin to work as the scent is received, and an instant later the cat will wake up.

The actual quantity of matter necessary to affect the olfactory nerves is very small. A grain of musk in a room will give forth odor for weeks, and yet not be sensibly diminished in size.

Lobsters can smell as well as animals that live upon the land. A piece of decayed meat suspended in the water in a locality where lobsters are abundant, will soon be completely surrounded by a greedy, fighting crowd.

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GAELIC.....Saturday, February 15, 1896
DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELIC (via Honolulu). Saturday, March 21, 1896

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WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 8:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 8:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Sebastuen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	8:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	Fulton,	
.....	Windor,	10:30 A. M.	
.....	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg,	
3:30 P. M.	Geyserville,	7:30 P. M.	
.....	Cloverdale,	6:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hup-	7:30 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	
.....	land, Ukiah.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	8:05 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	8:05 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Seotin, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and "P" way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.
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SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS-LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

Number 7.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT,
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The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court,
 (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may
 be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

SEASICKNESS, like love, to be cured must be endured.

TWO men will attempt to row across the Atlantic.
 They will find the walking easier.

PADEREWSKI has dodged the Sheriff for two days.
 He probably fears for that hair of his.

ROBERT Collyer said that a man's best friends are his
 ten fingers. The prison officials will tell you otherwise.

THE milkmen are getting on to Inspector Dockery.
 They propose inoculating their cows with fresh water
 in early youth.

DR. NANSEN is reported to have reached the North
 Pole. He is now homeward bound, and leaves the Pole
 as he found it.

EDISON states he is ready to attempt to photograph
 the brain. The difficulty, it appears, has hitherto
 been in finding one.

MRS. John Martin has expressed her desire to go on
 the stage. She should form a combination with Jim
 Corbett. Both are fighters from away back.

THREE companies of Arizona troops have been ordered
 to keep watch for invading prize-fighters. It would
 be a good scheme for us to lend them our dynamite gun.

THERE is a lady undertaker at Marcellus, Mich. This
 is quite appropriate. As woman is ever present at
 the cradle, she should also accompany us to the grave.

THE nickel-in-the-slot machine is an innocent-looking
 inducement to crime. It is gambling, pure and simple,
 and must be prohibited along with the other "sure thing"
 games.

THE British military authorities recommend the organ-
 izing of numerous battalions to be composed only of
 the younger sons of the nobility. It is not a bad method of
 disposing of them.

A MEMBER of the Montana Legislature claims to have
 seen a man covered with a shaggy coat of long hair,
 roaming about near the Quillayute mountains. Probably
 he was a pianist in disguise.

THE director of the Kew Gardens, England, has en-
 gaged two ladies as gardeners on condition that they
 wear trousers. Probably there is some association in his
 mind between pants and plants.

OWING to the ever increasing rush of work, it is proba-
 ble that during the coming century the Almighty will
 be petitioned to retard the earth's movement, so as to make
 the day of forty-eight hours duration.

THE German Emperor will soon earn for himself the
 nickname of "Windy Will." His speeches are cer-
 tainly fiery, but his actions remain to be seen. In the mean-
 while it is good to remember that the dry cock crows loud-
 est.

THE King of the Belgians is being severely censured for
 writing for the English press under a *nom de plume*.
 We see no reason why Royalty should be debarred from
 earning an honest penny, and it is refreshing to know that
 at least one king can write.

NOW that the Native Sons have their new hall built
 and dedicated, the lads will be prouder than ever.
 Only a Native Son can know what it means to be one.
 Words never can express it. Outsiders can only just look
 on and admire, and be still.

A LONDON philanthropist proposes that the poor have
 their clothes washed for them by the municipal-
 ity. We always understood that the poor were more in
 need of garments than of soap and water to wash them
 with. We live to learn, however.

IT is time to make a vigorous protest against the growing
 tendency of certain daily papers to force upon us the
 disgusting details and pictures of the darker side of life.
 The combined efforts of the women some time ago, in behalf
 of cleanliness, miscarried. The reputable merchants of the
 city can do better if they feel so inclined. The home must
 be protected at any cost.

THE fight against the pool rooms must be kept going.
 They are not only a public nuisance, but a danger to
 the community and a disgrace to the city. The present
 laws against them should be enforced without wasting time
 to gain other legislation. The poolsters should be contin-
 ually harassed by the police until, out of sheer weariness
 and disgust, they see fit to close up.

IT is time to protest against the indecent exhibition of
 women's garments in the windows of stores along our
 principal streets. Some days ago, Newman & Levinson had
 a lay figure in their window, attired in a skin-tight suit of
 nether garment, the effect of which was coarse in the ex-
 treme. Such goods are for the inspection of women only,
 and should be handled inside. The ladies of the city should
 take some action in this matter.

IT is a well known fact that the brethren of the cloth
 consider the stage an earthly annex to the infernal
 regions. The clergymen in England, however, seem to
 take a different view of the matter. Wilson Barrett states
 that his nightly audience always contains a dozen vicars
 and curates, and even a Bishop or two. Well, they proba-
 bly consider it better to go to the devil like a gentleman
 than like an ordinary, everyday minister.

THOSE dear sisters who rejoice at the opportunity to
 walk forward at prayer-meeting and lay flowers on the
 desk before Dr. Brown, their beloved pastor, are doubtless
 conscious of a strong emotion. They fancy that the inward
 warmth which they experience is from God and that it is the
 soul which is inflamed. Possibly, but it depends a good deal
 on the age and personal appearance of a lady what construc-
 tion the calm observer is at liberty to place on her floral
 tributes. It would be well when a shepherd falls into sin
 were the churches to ask the sisters to stay at home and
 leave discussion of his case to the brethren. It does not
 make for modesty, or chastity either, when women are
 allowed to participate in the debate, the subject being the
 pastor's virtue. Moreover, the sisters cannot be expected
 to be impartial judges, for, in the nature of things, women
 find it impossible to think very hardly of a man who has
 gone astray in that manner. After all, it is a tribute to
 the power of the sex.

BROTHER CASE AND BROTHER BROWN.

BROTHER Case, pastor of the Howard street Methodist Church, is a flabby man. He has a truly Christian mind, if the Christian mind as it has been exhibiting itself in this town of late is typical. On Sunday night last Brother Case arose in the pulpit of which he is the electric light and pleaded for a suspension of judgment in the case of Brother Brown. The grounds for the plea were two: That a man should be presumed to be innocent until he has been proved guilty, and that the editors of newspapers are no great shakes themselves when it comes to morals.

That maxim of the lawyers plays the mischief with the common sense of the laity in times of stress, for they wholly misapprehend its meaning and scope. A man charged with crime is presumed to be innocent only in the court-room and for the purposes of trial. There must be a starting-point, and it is but just to place the burden of proof on the accuser. The presumption of innocence is merely a fiction of the law, adopted in trials for the sake of utility. When a Grand Jury indicts the accused his guilt and not his innocence is presumed; when he is arrested it is on the presumption of his guilt; so also is he deemed guilty when he is locked up or bailed out. In the court of public opinion the legal fiction of innocence is not accepted because the rules of procedure and the laws of evidence are different. In a court of law a man may refuse to take the stand in his own behalf and the Judge will instruct the jury that it must not draw from his silence inferences injurious to the theory of innocence. But as the orders of judges do not control the human mind beyond the court-house, men of sense put their own construction on the muteness of the accused.

If, as Brother Case insists, we should all consider Brother Brown innocent of adultery until a church council has returned its verdict against him, why should we not also suspend our judgment in the case of Mrs. Davidson? The law will presume her to be innocent when she is brought into court, but in the meantime it keeps her in jail as if she were guilty. Yet the case against her, strong as it is, is not as strong as that against Dr. Brown. Had he been innocent, would he have submitted to blackmail? And that he meant to submit there can be no question. He permitted Mrs. Davidson to teach in Sunday school and spoke of her with pious approval after she had bled him. It was only when he knew the old woman had been talking about his amours, and when he saw that exposure through her was inevitable, that he took the aggressive in self-defense and caused her arrest. What brother or sister in the Lord feels that it is a duty to suspend judgment as to Mrs. Davidson? Not Brother Brown, certainly. At prayer meeting and elsewhere he pitches into her without reserve. And those letters of Miss Mattie Overman; what are we to think of them? They give us in black and white the plain accusation of adultery, and Brother Brown has not attempted to explain them. He says his lawyers forbid him to defend himself against the evidence of these letters, but he is garrulous enough in explanation of other things to which he can give a favorable complexion—as, for instance, his triumphant acquittal of charges of immorality by a church council in Rochester, Mich., some years ago. Is his sequestration of the Overman female in his house—the chief witness against him—an act that fits in with the presumption of innocence? Does his attack on Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, through his wife, give us an example of Christian charity? Is he not in all ways fighting like a cornered scoundrel?

The public and the newspapers have a perfect right to examine the evidence for and against Dr. Brown and make up their minds as to its worth. Whether the editors are moral men or the reverse does not affect that right. The Christian clergy propose a standard of conduct for themselves and others, to which they should be held. When one of them departs from it, it is no defense, as even Brother Case should be aware, to plead that those who condemn him are not themselves above suspicion. Should a temperance advocate enter a saloon and drink whiskey, the drinking men who might see him do it would have a right to expose and despise him, though he did only what they had been doing. His offense would be hypocrisy, which is much worse than tipping. Brother Case, had he a mind capa-

ble of thinking, would thank the editors for their service in insisting that preachers shall be held to their standard. As it is, we learn from Brother Case that we should not expect holy men to be holy, and are required to turn away so that we may not see when they are minded to indulge the appetites of the flesh.

Let us hope that Brother Case is better than his preaching. If he isn't, such of his congregation as believe the Commandments were meant to be obeyed, will do well to keep an eye on him. He is altogether too charitable to sin as it is represented by Dr. Brown, who is as hardy in his impudence as he was tasteless in his selection of partners when he went forth to imitate David and Solomon, and those other ancient men after God's own heart for whom Brother Case expresses a gentle and touching sympathy.

Despotism's The encroachments of the courts upon the
Dire Work. liberties of the people alarm every thoughtful friend of popular government.

Naturally the press is in the line of judicial fire, for the press is the worst hated foe of tyrants on or off the Bench. The latest advance of despotism has been witnessed in Chicago, where the wealthy publisher of a daily newspaper has been found guilty by a Federal jury, and by a Federal judge sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$2000. And for what? Merely for publishing as advertisements indecent "personals"—announcements by young women of their places of residence, and that sort of thing.

Two years and \$2000! Good heavens, if the example of this Chicago court is to be imitated throughout the country, the jails will be swarming with the martyrs of modern journalism. Every up-to-date paper does what the Chicago Dispatch felt free to do, yet Proprietor Joseph R. Dunlap, instead of taking his usual summer trip abroad to join Proprietor Pulitzer, Proprietor Hearst, and other of his brethren on the Riviera, will put in the warm months at making shoes in Joliet.

A depressing change will now occur in our most widely circulated dailies, for it is not to be expected that the Pulitzers and Hearsts, devoted as they are to the grand work of giving the worst elements of the public what their tastes call for, will risk the State Prison by sending their journals through the mails. We may still for a season have city editions containing massage and manicule ads., and stories of fights and scandals in brothels and dives, embellished with pictures of the dishevelled but beautiful ladies assisting at these functions—we of the town may still for a time have papers that, by scouring the stupid limitations of decency, coin money for their owners, but the unhappy inhabitants of the interior will be compelled to put up with sheets as vapid as deference to propriety and the postal laws can make them. Yet even city readers have reason to apprehend that the era of journalistic dullness will soon envelop them also. For since the Federal grand juries have been aroused by the touch of tyranny a way has been pointed out to the grand juries of counties. Oppression is contagious, and we shall not be surprised to see some of the most eminent newspaper publishers here and elsewhere indicted by mere State authority and sent to jail by State juries and judges for exercising the time-honored privilege of being obscene, or even for instructing the young in house-breaking, burglary, foot-paddery and the like by means of illustrated articles, furnishing to the novice full directions as to how these exciting and heroic industries may be entered upon and pursued.

The outlook is indeed discouraging. The thirty thousand ladies who three years ago petitioned the proprietors of the dailies of San Francisco to publish papers that could be admitted to the home will, perhaps, be stimulated to rude, aggressive and revengeful action. No attention whatever having been paid to their polite and humble petition, what easier than for some emissary of despotism to urge them to visit the grand-jury rooms rather than the newspaper offices? Faced always by the threat of San Quentin's yawning portals, gloom must settle upon the yet debonaire soul of daily journalism, and presently we shall have newspapers which it may actually be possible to read aloud. The truth must be fronted. Slowly it may be, but none the less surely, the daily newspaper will have to be decent. Liberty is perishing, for enterprise will be no match for the police.

Murder Will Out. At last it is apparent why "my two journals, both daily," as Mr. Hearst calls them—have been pouring out money like water in an attempt to defeat the refunding of the railroad's indebtedness to the Government. It has been obvious all along that there was something more at the back of that opposition than met the eye. Nothing in the usual course of newspaper business would justify such extravagant expenditures as we have witnessed both here and in New York City. A local organ was good in its way, but a metropolitan one was better, a fact which accounts for the milk in that cocoanut. The price of a newspaper or two would be a mere bagatelle to Vanderbilt, Gould & Co. if, thereby, the control could be obtained of a great transcontinental railroad. There are millions in such a deal. The signs that there is a money power in the background are too palpable to leave any man in doubt who has a head upon his shoulders. We now know where Sutro's money was coming from. It is also becoming clear how it came about that such prearranged and concerted action was sprung all along the line. The suddenness of the Kentucky move is accounted for. There can be no manner of doubt of the conspiracy that has been organized. Indeed, it is openly confessed, in the simplicity of his mind, by one who, we think, will not be thanked for telling secrets out of school. To no less an authority than Congressman Maguire are the people of California indebted for the open avowal as to who the men are that are behind this fight. In an interview with a Washington correspondent last Monday he said:

"It begins to look now as though the Vanderbilt and Gould interests have deserted the refunding scheme. They were potent factors in its support heretofore. It now seems that the Vanderbilts, at least, are looking for a chance to buy the Union and Central Pacific roads at foreclosure sale, and thus secure a through line from New York to San Francisco. If this be so, the funding bill will be beaten, the mortgages foreclosed, and the road either held by the Government or sold to representatives of the Chicago and Northwestern system.

Judge Maguire is too guileless and outspoken a man to be admitted to the inner circles of the conspiracy, but he is on the spot and plainly sees what is going on. He is not mistaken. From the moment that Thurston was elected United States Senator from Nebraska by a combination of the Vanderbilt-Gould interests, and announced his policy to be a foreclosure of the mortgages and sale of the property, it became clear that there was a powerful conspiracy on foot to crowd out the California owners of the Central Pacific.

That renders it pertinent to inquire whether either the National Government or people of this State will benefit by the crowding out process. It will not mean, and is not intended to mean, the payment of the Government's debt. It means a sale by auction, and that, of course, means the payment of a sum about equal to that for which the road could now be constructed. Nobody cares to pay more for a thing than he could duplicate it for. It is conceded all round that the Central and Union Pacific could now be paralleled for about the amount of the first mortgage bonds. That being so, we know pretty nearly their maximum value to outside bidders. No purchaser of to-day would figure on paying the cost price in 1865 of rails, locomotives, labor, etc. The cost of production at this date would necessarily prevail. As, therefore, only the sum total of the first mortgage could possibly be realized, where would the Government come in with its lien, which, as everybody knows, is only second mortgage bonds? It follows, as a matter of course, that the Government would be out and injured to the amount of nearly its entire claim. It is true that it is being said the Government could bid in the property if it did not approve of the price offered. Yes, it could, if it first agreed to pay off the first mortgage bonds. It would then find itself saddled with a vastly increased debt and a railroad it could not operate with credit to itself or with advantage to the public.

Than all this, the proposition to refund the debt for a period say of fifty years, is so much the better as to require no further argument or demonstration. In the one case the Government would lose all, or nearly all, its claim, whilst in the other it would ultimately receive dollar for dollar. All that the Government is asked to do in that case is to loan that which it has already advanced and for which it is responsible, namely its credit. The Examiner, forced by the Maguire revelation, to ad-

mit the reality practically of the Vanderbilt Gould combination is driven to say that it prefers the change in the personnel. No doubt. The Examiner is a New York institution with its headquarters in that city. It has cast its lot with the young millionaires of the Empire city and no doubt finds it to its interests to help pull their chestnuts out of the fire. But the men of California do not feel that way. They prefer the Stanfords and Crockers, whose interests are identical with their own. They know what these great families have done and are doing for the State. They know that whatever money those families make out of the railroad will be invested here. If the late Senator Stanford made a fortune out of his dealings with the Government, that fortune has been splendidly devised for the benefit of the people of this coast. In like manner, the Crockers have given us Park improvements, Old People's Homes, and other public utilities, and, moreover, their money is so invested that whatever benefits California benefits them. What have the Vanderbilts or the Goulds ever done for the Pacific Coast? "The people be d—d" was the saying of one of them, and an abiding principle with both. What interest would either have in California, save that of earning the highest possible dividends to be spent elsewhere? The present managers are with us and of us, and are to be got at and talked to if complaints have to be made. California can be trusted to stand by her own.

The Governor in Court. A slight shock seems to have been given the public's sensibilities because the Governor of the State and Mr. Delmas had a

tilt the other day in a Modesto court-room, where His Excellency was told that he did not know what it was to be professional. Harder things than that have been said of Mr. Budd, but as he was not Governor of California when they were uttered, the public was not interested. Of course, if the Governor goes into court as a practicing attorney his official position, being left at the door, will not save him from the treatment which lawyers are in the habit of accorded one another. Mr. Delmas, who is the mirror of stately courtesy, would be the last man to offer disrespect to the Chief Executive, as such, but he is not overcome with awe in the presence of Mr. Budd, attorney-at-law. He feels as free to express his opinion of him as of any other learned brother.

Governor Budd is an innovator. He is the first lawyer elected to the headship of this State who has not abandoned his profession while occupying the office. The others have held that it would be undignified to do otherwise. They have also entertained the belief that it would be discreditable to take advantage of the prominence and power of their official place to secure cases and fees. The assumption that the State pays them for their whole time has been accepted by them.

This assumption Governor Budd rejects. He considers himself justified in adding to his income, when opportunity offers, by laboring as a lawyer. We see him in court at Modesto, serving his clients and quarreling with Mr. Delmas just as he was wont to do before the people made him Chief Magistrate. It is also known that since his election he has been engaged as counsel in the Fair will case, at a fee of \$100,000, an amount more than equal to the Governor's salary for sixteen years. The question whether he would have been so employed had he not been seated in the elevated chair of the Governor, brings out the whole point at issue. It is one of propriety merely when civil cases are involved; in criminal cases the point would be different. As the Governor has the power of pardon, it is obvious that should he choose to take criminal practice he could monopolize it. An attorney able to promise clients immunity from the rope and penitentiary would, naturally, have no competitors. Mr. Budd, as Governor, would hardly, by refusing a pardon, put Mr. Budd, the lawyer, in the position of having defended a guilty man, in the thinkable contingency of his client being convicted.

President Cleveland is a lawyer. Should he walk from the White House to the Supreme Court and appear as an attorney there, the public would deem his conduct scandalous. Yet it would be precisely parallel to that of the Governor of California.

The illustration suffices. Governor Budd should control his appetite for fees until his official term has expired.

The Debate On the Queen's Speech. That the Venezuelan question is not likely to create any further ill-feeling between this country and England is clearly indicated by the debate in Parliament over the Queen's speech. It should be well understood that the address from the throne at the opening of Parliament is an outline of the policy and the principal measures which the party in power proposes to support. The Ministry, and not the Sovereign personally, is responsible for this deliverance. The debate upon the speech, much more than the document itself, brought out a strong showing of friendliness towards the United States. And, setting sentiment aside, it appears to be the policy of both the great parties in England to recognize the Monroe doctrine. In fact, the speech of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, a Liberal leader, supports the doctrine in the most unequivocal terms. He defined it as being nothing more than a limitation to the American continents of the principle which in Europe is recognized as essential to the preservation of the balance of power. Hence the only practical question remaining between the two Governments is whether the doctrine has been invaded in the case of Venezuela. This is a question of fact, rather than of policy, as it turns upon the matter of boundary. It is refreshing to find that Balfour, in replying for the Ministry to the criticisms contained in Harcourt's speech, took pains to disclaim any intention or desire, on the part of the Tory Government, to object to the Monroe doctrine. He even recognized it as of British origin, and declared he could see no reason why it should be criticised. He insisted that there had never been the slightest intention on the part of the Government to violate the substance or essence of the Monroe Doctrine, and he said that the Government had promised to give to the American Venezuelan Commission all the information it could furnish. Lord Salisbury followed in much the same vein, and concluded his reference to the Venezuelan question with the remark that the Government is "rightly relying on the question of arbitration." These outlines of the speech-making in Parliament indicate that Great Britain is gracefully backing down on the Venezuelan matter. There is a striking contrast between the present reliance of Salisbury on arbitration and his former refusal to consent to that method of adjusting the dispute, on the suggestion of the United States. The vigorous assertion of the Monroe Doctrine in President Cleveland's message, followed by the apprehensions of trouble in the Transvaal and with Germany, have evidently done much to open the eyes of English statesmen to a perception of the merits of arbitration. The moral force of the conclusions reached by the American Commission will be so great that it should have, in effect, all the results that would follow the award of an International Board of Arbitration. It is quite certain that, so far as the Government of this country is concerned, the findings of the Commission will be conclusive as to the question of boundary. Should England attempt to occupy and hold more territory than the Commission finds to be her due, there will be fresh cause of offense to the United States.

The Growth of The Drug Habit. The prevalence of the medicine habit in San Francisco is indicated by the large number of drug stores, and the extent to which various nostrums are advertised in the newspapers. But this city is probably not peculiar in its inordinate consumption of medicines. Dosing is national in its manifestations, and may almost be called an American vice. There should be less of it in California, and particularly in San Francisco, than in any other State in the Union, population considered, but it is doubtful if the salubrity of our climate tends materially to limit the trade of the apothecaries. Most of our people live generously; a large proportion of them fail to take sufficient exercise out of doors, and the great majority of those who suffer the natural consequences of over-eating and insufficient oxygenation resort to "liver pills," laxatives, cathartics, purgatives, tonics, sedatives, nerve-foods, quinine, iron, or other remedies, according to the fancy of the victim. Jones' pill, Brown's compound, or Robinson's bitters, each has its own devotees; whatever is best advertised being commonly the most in demand. Of late years the consumption of tonics and so-called nerve-foods has assumed enormous proportions; to such an extent, in fact, is it carried that

many grocers now keep in stock one or more of the most popular compounds of this class. A multitude of nervous people, suffering from overwork, anxiety, too close attention to business, or from dissipation of some sort, take to phosphates or hypophosphites, to bromides, caffeine and other sedatives; or some of their compounds. Nervous impairment is, indeed, too common, but any capable physician would tell the neurotic subject that no chemical product is equal in value, for the nutrition of the nervous system, to such simple foods as roast beef, fresh butter, or cracked wheat and cream. A doctor in San Francisco, who is deservedly eminent for his skill in the treatment of nervous diseases, is authority for the statement that corn bread, well soaked with good butter, is a better nerve food than can be found on the shelves of any drug store. But such is the fascination that drugs and nostrums have for the average man or woman that the most learned and most experienced of physicians and pathologists may lecture in vain on the folly of the popular resort to medicine, to the neglect of proper habits of living and reasonable restriction of the diet to simple and wholesome foods. Some months ago, in this city, a victim of the drug habit was put upon a milk diet, with an entire absence of medicine, and the results were astonishing to himself as well as to his friends. His insomnia and other nervous troubles disappeared, and he gained twenty pounds in weight. The case illustrates the superiority of hygiene over mere medication, though it is not to be denied that much may be sometimes accomplished by the skilled administration of drugs, in connection with other remedial measures.

Chronic Kickers. It is a sign of the times that the papers generally are not attacking the corporations with their usual vigor and steadfastness of purpose. This has probably been brought about by an understanding of the fact that attacking corporations, merely because they are such, is no way to build up the State nor to further the interests of its inhabitants. The Spring Valley Water Company has been peculiarly free from these attacks lately, presumably owing to the publication of a statement showing that their gains during the last year were not such as to excite the envy of the proprietors of the daily journals. In the last financial statement of the Company, read and vouched for by Charles Webb Howard, the following figures appear:

From Water Rents of Private Consumers.....	\$ 1,548,834 77
" " " of City and County	137,235 73
" Waste Fines and Other Sources.....	21,163 65
	\$ 1,707,234 15
The Expenditures were as follows:	
For Operating Expenses.....	\$ 376,825 72
" Taxes.....	102,154 84
" Interest.....	533,738 14
Dividends Paid	711,000 00
	\$ 1,723,718 70

These figures, then, show a difference of over \$16,000 between the receipts and the expenditures, the difference being on the side of the losses. Yet, in spite of this, dividends have been paid to holders of stock, proving cautious and responsible management, and the water rate has been steadily and considerably lowered.

Taking these facts into consideration, and bearing in mind the standing of the men at the head of the institution, it seems only just that the general baiting of the company by every irresponsible journal in the State should cease. A country cannot be built up by attacking solid concerns and the people whose interests are one with those of the general public. The very people who make such great outcry are probably doing little themselves to bring about an amelioration of the conditions they so bitterly denounce.

The New Post Office. There is a gang of fellows who are still scolding because the United States Government doesn't carry out the nefarious scheme of building a new Postoffice at least a mile distant from and convenient locality. It is bad enough where it is now, but the longer the Secretary of the Treasury keeps the gang from realizing its plans, and the people are not compelled to submit to the inconvenience of being swindled, the better chance there will be for common honesty to hold up its head.

Elements of Our Foreign Trade. The remarkable success of the late offer of Government bonds should not blind the people of this country to the continuance of the evils resulting from the bad condition of our monetary system. While it is gratifying to find such popular confidence in the stability of the Government's credit, and of its intention and ability to redeem its obligations in gold, the fact should not be lost sight of that under the existing conditions gold will continue to drain out of the country. It has been shown that the trade balance against the United States, in transactions with foreign countries, amounts to something like \$250,000,000 or \$300,000,000 a year. This has to be made up either in the sale of American securities abroad or by exportation of gold. And so long as any doubt or uncertainty remains with respect to the preservation of a parity between our gold and silver money, there will be a disposition on the part of banks and brokers to hoard gold. Consequently, what is required for export will be withdrawn from the United States Treasury, through the conversion of greenbacks or Treasury notes into coin. Were this country permanently relieved of the silver question, gold would go more freely into circulation, and the sale of American securities would serve to adjust international balances, with but little need for the exportation of specie. Another prime remedial agent would be an extension of the free trade policy, so as to increase our exports. The protectionist notion that free trade would mean a great increase in imports, with a corresponding decline of exports, is a pure delusion, conclusively disproved by the experience of England after her adoption of the free trade policy. In reality, what hampers our manufacturers and producers more than any thing else, in their competition for foreign trade, is the burden imposed on them by our protective tariff. This is particularly true with relation to raw materials. Another truth, essential for our people to learn, is that there can be little expansion of our foreign trade without a corresponding increase of imports. Trade is an exchange of commodities. We cannot sell to any great extent where we do not buy, save in respect to those products of our soil which are needed for the consumption of countries less favored in an agricultural way. In the exportation of cereals, however, we must remember that we are impoverishing our own soil, to the detriment of future prosperity. If our California wheat growers, for example, were obliged to restore to the soil each year, in fertilizers, an equivalent for the elements permanently withdrawn in the annual crop of wheat, they would find themselves out of pocket as a result of their industry. Sooner or later these impoverishing drafts on the soil must be made good. For these reasons we should not felicitate ourselves upon our large exports of breadstuffs, but should aim to diminish them, and to substitute for them, in foreign trade, horticultural products and manufactured articles of various sorts, such as may be here produced to better advantage than in those countries with which we aim to deal.

Arm Chair Warriors. It would be a good thing for those patriotic gentlemen who sit snugly ensconced in their arm chairs and make vehement clamor for war, to forward their brains to some surgeon of repute for inoculation with some small amount of gray matter. This having been satisfactorily accomplished there will be some possibility of their viewing the present defenses of this nation as they really are and of reconsidering their late jingo utterances.

To conduct a war to a successful finish three things are absolutely necessary; money, ships, and well equipped men. Great Britain, against whom these same long distance fighters direct their deadly verbiage, is well supplied with all three. The man who will aver that we are in the same condition is either a knave or an ass so befuddled with patriotic sentiment as to be unfit for communion with his clearer sighted fellows. Money we undoubtedly have, and were it possible for us to huy up at the last minute first rate war-ships and hire Hessians to do our bidding, we might be in a position to defy any invader. But the days of hired soldiers are no more and it is presumable that the enemy would seek to supplant us in the matter of available ironclads. We must therefore rely upon our own resources,

and these are not such as to cause the heart of a well balanced individual to beat with animated and self satisfied admiration. Commodore Sicard states that with the exception of a few cruisers, and some battleships in course of construction, we have no available navy whatever, and he recommends as an imperious necessity the construction of more ironclads. Incidentally he remarks that from five to six years will be necessary for the building of each one of these boats. What may happen in the meanwhile is obvious. The outlook therefore is certainly dubious from that standpoint. Our standing army, though presumably effective, is exceedingly small and the militia, as at present organized and equipped, might prove more troublesome than effective in the field. When our navy is equal, if not superior, to any two combined navies of Europe; when our regular army is placed on a proper war footing and our militia is robbed of its gaudy plumage and equipped with modern arms and is properly officered, then—and not till then—shall we be in a position to talk about war. In the meanwhile it is mere braggadocio.

New Mexico To the Front. The ministers of New Mexico can apparently pride themselves upon belonging to the better class of the people of that State. They awoke, not too quickly, to the expectant disgraceful onset into their country of the self-styled champions of the prize ring, and the legion of characterless scoundrels who follow closely at their heels. The gentlemen aforesaid happily concluded that it would be no special glory to them to have it said that theirs was the only community in the United States where the laws of decency were without support in the statute books and in the character of its citizens. It is to their everlasting credit that a gap in the statutes of the United States, making slogging a crime, was speedily and effectively filled. So many members of that highly extolled profession have so recently made themselves infamously prominent by reason of their weaknesses and sins, that such an exhibition of practical morality will serve to raise the level of the whole brotherhood. If a few members of the Ministerial Union, who have done such good work in New Mexico, will put their bundles on their sticks, and walk into our State, the chances are that some of the vain and feeble incumbents of our pulpits may be induced to step down and out, and allow a draught of pure morality to pass through the churches, and clear the atmosphere.

The English Laureate. Before Alfred Austin was appointed Poet Laureate, it is very doubtful if he knew that he was a great poet. By the appointment he gained many readers, and, doubtless, much current gold. Then the few who knew of William Watson's verses on Wordsworth's grave and his elegy on Tennyson, told every body else. So Watson became eminent without the risk of criticism that Austin endures and suffers from, and Austin has become the more eminent by his inferiority to Watson. Austin must write, and, being hopelessly weak, continuously reveals his own lack of strength. Watson, with a happy leisure, a healthy aspiration, and greater ability, as continuously writes, and as continuously, by comparison, makes Austin's inferiority immortal. Though the latter he Poet Laureate, the Fates bring to his master in song the laurel wreaths his genius weaves, and endear him daily more and more in the hearts of the people he sings to.

A Grave Question. When Prince Louis of Savoy sailed into port on the *Christoforo Colombo*, Mayor Sutro was thrown into a terrible state of mind. He perspired while trying to decide whether he should call on the Prince or wait for the Prince to call on him. Considering that the Mayor was here before Prince Louis came, and that the latter arrived without invitation, and appeared not officially, but as a Lieutenant of the Italian navy, a Mayor with an American soul would have intrenched himself at the City Hall and let His Highness do his worst. Besides, it is not known that Prince Louis wanted to see Mr. Sutro. Consequently, the visit of the Mayor to the royal Italian may or may not have afforded pleasure. However, as Louis is young and knocking around the world to gratify his curiosity, it is to be presumed that our pale and trembling Chief Magistrate contributed to his amusement.

THE SCANDAL IN THE FIRST PAROXYSMAL CHURCH.

THERE was trouble in the First Paroxysmal Church. It was all on account of the pastor. And yet all the lady members had thought him such a "dear good man."

No one would have suspected it. For the pastor was, if any fault could be found, a little too severe in his views. He made his congregation toe the mark in matters of church discipline.

"Keep off the grass of frivolity," he used to say in his much admired sermons. "No wandering from the straight and narrow path. Never dally by the wayside, but press on to the glorious hereafter, while Virtue leads the way. Shun the allurements of Vice."

The secular newspapers—Oh, so secular!—"sprung," as their ungodly reporters termed it, the sensation on the public. A news-monger with a kodak—horrible to relate!—had worked the mischief. And so the church was rent in twain.

It was an awful Sabbath, the day that a lascivious sheet appeared with the dreadful story of the good man's alleged fall from grace. And the cuts—they were so shocking! There was the picture of the pastor and his companion entering the side door of a hotel—alas, but too well known. And there were other pictures. But the "story" itself, ah, that was scandalous beyond limit! To say that it was a rude shock to the sensibilities of the congregation would be to put the fact all too feebly.

But the pastor was equal to the emergency. "Will he preach to-day?" was the question, but he did not for a moment hesitate. The church was crammed to the doors when he appeared in his usual place upon the platform. There was an intense stillness when he arose and gave out the hymn. After the singing, his prayer was unusually fervent, with particular unction for the salvation of the wicked. The sermon that followed was a disappointment. There was no allusion in it to the sensation of the day.

"He is innocent," declared most of the women on their way home from the sacred edifice.

"What marvelous nerve!" exclaimed the others, who knew him better.

However, they all said there would have to be an investigation. So did the deacons. But it was distinctly understood there should be no "trial." By no means. A trial would imply that the pastor was under suspicion. What was in reality to be investigated was the scandalizing and salacious press. The pastor, as every church member admitted, was entitled to be regarded as innocent until proven guilty.

"I shall abandon none of my rights," said the pastor, proudly. And he prescribed the method which the deacons should follow in conducting the investigation of the newspaper that was to be placed upon trial.

When the investigation was at last opened, one brother offered to submit the series of original photographs as evidence. This proposal was indignantly denounced by a prominent deacon.

"There was never such a thing heard of in the church," he declared. "The pictures might easily have been fabricated by the hell-boru newspaper that has poured out this nastiness on the public. You might as well attempt to offer the evidence of the hell-bound reporter himself, who was paid to write the infamous slander."

Then came a pause, while everybody waited to hear what some apologist for the press might have the hardihood to say.

"Is there anything to be offered in extenuation or excuse for the newspaper that has committed this outrage?" solemnly asked the presiding deacon.

The journal in question was represented only by a ribald reporter on the steps outside, in company with the other newsgatherers detailed for the occasion. There was no answer to the question, and presently another deacon moved a vote of censure on the offending publication. The sheet was declared to be unfit for admission to the home circle.

After a vote of entire confidence in the pastor, and of sympathy with him in the distress brought upon him by the licentious and scandal-mongering press, it was decided to increase his salary by one thousand dollars for the coming year.

As for the sensational newspaper, it never printed a retraction, but jeered in its coarse and brutal way at the manner in which the investigation was conducted. There were whispers in the congregation, but all the members feared to incur the displeasure of the pastor.

And he is preaching yet, at the old stand.

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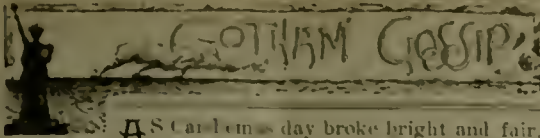
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AS Carlina's day broke bright and fair, we were all forewarned of disastrous weather. The sagacious ground hog made no mistake this time, for no sooner had Monday dawned than the snow began falling in such immense flakes that every one looked for a blizzard. In the afternoon it moderated, and on Tuesday those fortunate ones who seized their opportunity got a few hours of sleighing before the rain storm set in and turned the snow to slush. Colonel Waring's celebrated white-clad street sweepers worked diligently day and night, and the streets have been comparatively clean.

I suppose echoes have reached you of the storm of discussion which was raised when Colonel Waring insisted upon arraying his street cleaners in white duck. But he insisted, and it must be said that when their garments are fresh from the hands of the unfortunate wives, whose weekly wash has been greatly increased by their adoption, they look very smart indeed. But a few hours of contact with mud and dust robs them of their immaculate appearance. The Parisian street cleaners, who keep that city the cleanest in the world, are attired in the blue blouses common among the peasantry, and never look anything but clean, no matter how vile the weather. There is no sign of the weather abating, and the shipowners have been warned of probable disasters.

The St. Paul came steaming into her dock on Wednesday, after her week on the sands at Long Branch, and is apparently none the worse for her disaster. Scarcely was she off than a British ship, the Lamington, grounded on Long Island, positively plunging into the sands. The crew were happily saved, but the ship lies in a dangerous position. Ocean travel, however, does not suffer. The Touraine brought over Mrs. Mackay on Saturday. She went to the Buckingham at once, and later joined Mr. Mackay and her son Clarence at their beautiful apartments in the Belgravia on Fifth avenue. Her sad journey was made for the purpose of bringing over the body of her son, who was taken to Greenwood on Tuesday, followed only by the family and two or three most intimate friends. Mrs. Mackay will return almost immediately to London, unless there should be some at present unforeseen change in her plans.

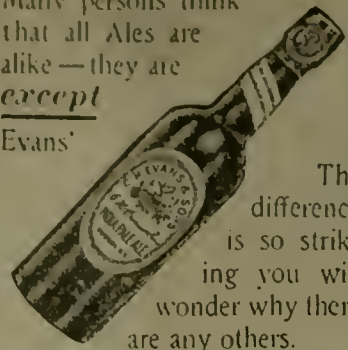
Russell J. Wilson is at the Holland House, and Mrs. George Hearst at the Waldorf. Hugo Toland is at the Imperial, where have been also Colonel and Mrs. James Elverson during the past week.

Captain J. Henry Whitney, father of Caspar Warrington Whitney, died a few days ago, after a short illness. He was well known in California for many years. His son, who has made so famous a name for himself, is, I think, a native son. He was a student for three or four years at St. Matthew's Hall, San Mateo, and looks back with great pleasure on his boyhood in the Golden State.

Michael Banner (do you remember him as an infant prodigy, when he used to study with clever old Padovani?) is frequently spoken of here. He is recognized as a leading violinist, and has made a position for himself not only in the artistic but also in the social world, where he is received as friend as well as artist. Leopold Lichtenberg is another San Francisco lad who has a metropolitan renown. He is instructor in the National Conservatory, works hard, and is serious and ambitious.

The musical world is excited over the prospect of hearing once more the Thomas orchestra. For the first time in years Thomas will conduct in New York, and a testimonial in the form of a gift of silver is being prepared for him. Rafael Joseffy is promised

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as a soloist at his first concert, a treat one anticipates with enthusiasm, as he has not appeared for a long time on the concert stage. Mme. Rive-King has also been in semi-seclusion as a concert pianiste, only now and then emerging from the quiet of her home to delight her hearers on some special occasion. She lives in Brooklyn, where she receives a few advanced pupils, and devotes her time almost entirely to them.

Lieutenant Wisser, who was so long at Fort Hamilton with Captain Dillenbeck, has been transferred to Fortress Munroe. Captain Dillenbeck has again been laid up with a touch of malarial fever.

Dr. Malcolm Toland Sime, who took his degree in medicine only last autumn, has become associated as junior partner with D. Goelet, one of the most prominent physicians in New York—a splendid opening for a young practitioner.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have been amongst those energetically working to keep Ballington Booth and his wife in America in opposition to the "General's" order that they be transferred to England. Both Mr. and Mrs. Booth are greatly beloved here, and a splendid tribute to their work was the monster mass meeting at Carnegie Hall. Clergymen of all denominations, together with prominent laymen, showed by their presence and their voices the sincerity of their appreciation of the work accomplished by the Salvation Army in this city. What a contrast between the revivings of a few years ago and the applause of to-day. The Salvation Army is no longer a joke—it is a magnificent monument to Christianity.

New York, February 6, 1896.

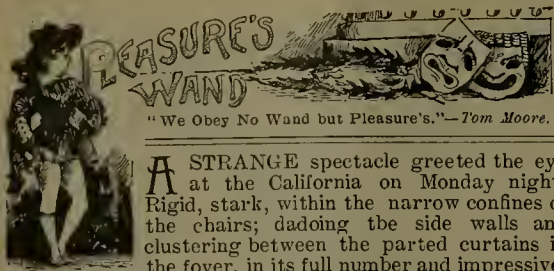
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A STRANGE spectacle greeted the eye at the California on Monday night. Rigid, stark, within the narrow confines of the chairs; dadoing the side walls and clustering between the parted curtains in the foyer, in its full number and impressiveness, was that bogie of the venturesome manager, terror of Tanquerays, and general combination of ice chest and crematory so fearful to itself and so intensely speculative to its entertainers—the noble army of San Francisco first-nighters. It neither gleamed nor glowered; but calmly expectant, cramped yet reposed, and somberly clad, it sat a stolid, squat bank of pallid shirt bosoms framed in the drapery of feminine sleeve, apparently pulseless as rock, and silent as the desert. On the dimly lighted stage, before the piano, sat Ignace J. Paderewski playing the opening bars of the *allegro* of Beethoven's C major sonata. His stock of lemon hair; his pale, pasty face, wan and dreamful; his vague, shadowy eyes; his coat tails hanging through the back of the chair like long, black tail feathers; his lean legs thrust forward and his feet beating nervously at the pedals, gave one the impression of some great, uncanny bird. As he finished the first movement he bowed indifferently to the moderate enthusiasm of its reception. It was Beethoven—the King. But Beethoven on the piano does not evoke the full possibilities of the instrument. Even Liszt admitted as much. The broad, rich tones of the *adagio* then answered the pent silence. Notes so clear, so gurglingly liquid, so full of the passionate thrill of strings, the downy caress of reeds and the humid sweetness of the flute, that one forgets the ivory keys and the mechanism from which they leap, and the hands of steel and velvet which lure them forth. Paderewski holds his imagination in his hands. It is the ideal of technique and temperament, where every muscle and sinew responds to the poetry of the brain. It is Beethoven still; Beethoven on the piano. But the tone, the marvelous combinations of color! The note that sobs as from a throat, and then throbs as if poised on a human heart! It must have been this great deaf master heard within his mind when the notes dropped from his pen.

The final movement lost all suggestion of complexity or technical difficulty as its fleeting twinings and inter-twinings found form and thought in Paderewski's playing. The melodic beauty of the themes and the rare contour of their treatment were definitely and convincingly interpreted. Then broke the storm of applause, and Paderewski added San Francisco to his conquests.

It is not surprising that Paderewski's programmes should consist largely of Chopin. Poetic delicacy of temperament, warmth of imagination, and the indescribable blend of passion and ecstacy unite the virtuoso and the composer by closer ties than their brotherhood as Poles. Vladimir de Pachman was the greatest Chopin player that had come to us before Paderewski. He had the refinement, the emotional quality and the wooing touch, but he lacked the virile breadth that is the backbone of music; the disciplined strength that is the secret of the cat's soft, unerring tread. Paderewski plays Chopin with a delicacy that, at times, is almost effeminate; but there is the large, unmistakable gentleness of the man underlying all its tenderness. He plays Beethoven in the full sweep and dignity of its superb grandeur, and Schuman and Liszt, he has shown us (up to the time of writing), are equally well rendered by those boundless hauds. And when a man plays these works and plays them as Paderewski does, his ability to cope with anything in piano-forte literature must be conceded.

If the contemporaneous records of the musical world speak truthfully, Paderewski is the greatest pianist living to-day. Removed, as we are, so far from the art centres of the world, we must rely, to a large extent, on the critical estimate of the older, and more musically environed

cities, where, by comparison, the rank of virtuosi may be more accurately established than by us whose opportunities for the world's greatest are seldom and spasmodic. For my own part I would rather have the verdict of New York on a question of musical preëminence than that of any other city, for the very reason of its opportunities for comparison. New York is prodigal with the golden bait, consequently nearly every thing of note in the musical world is lured to its shores. New York proclaims Paderewski foremost of pianists. Having heard no better ourselves, we do wisely in concurring and enjoying to our utmost a feast that may not come again for many a moon.

It was with no small provincial pride that I read the criticisms of the opening concert in our great dailies on Tuesday morning. There was such a happy unanimity of opinion, so positive and unequivocal that a deaf man would have been convinced of Paderewski's right to wear the crown. The Examiner, in particular, I could not but contrast with its issue of a week previous wherein an Italian, an Englishman and an American had been employed to review an operatic production. The result was that the three classes of people interested—the managers, the artists and the audience—were each deeply felicitated. My joy, as a portion of the audience, in the patriotic perusal of my fair countrywoman's critique was keen enough to mollify whatever unhappiness I may have felt at the equal success, for their respective clients, of Britain and Italy.

Even in this end-of-the-century day there is much that may be admired in the old school of the legitimate, but the star with a supporting company that attains only the dignity of "props," belongs to a by-gone age. Mr. Keene is the entire performance at the California. He receives a mild aid from Miss Belgarde, but, beyond her, it might as well be a duet with the prompter. If you go to the California to see Thomas Keene in any of the characters that have established him on the middle plane of American tragedians, you will be rewarded for your pains with a piece of strong, earnest acting on the rugged, semi-melodramatic lines that characterized Melpomene's mummers in your father's day; if you go for a complete performance of the divine tragedies, you will find it not. Little that is new can be written about Keene in the rôles that have made him familiar to every theatre-goer in the land. He has softened some—maybe the tide of modernity has grazed even his heavily-grained personality; maybe advancing years have mellowed a strength once too rude to be artistic. At all events, Keene of to-day is an interesting, and, in a measure, intellectual an actor. His Richard is a remarkable conception in many ways, and his Louis XI., as played on Tuesday night, is a careful, convincing study of an exacting character. And he does not make speeches before the curtain—a form of restrained eloquence in which he shines luminous among the tragedians that visit us.

I have often said in these columns that the most critical music audience in this city is the body that patronizes the Carr-Beel concerts—also that these concerts had developed, by the process of rendering the highest class of chamber-music, its devotees to a point of culture that made symphonies possible in San Francisco; besides generally raising the standard of excellence for solo and ensemble string work. In spite of several counter attractions Golden Gate Hall was fairly well attended on Saturday afternoon. Mozart's beautifully melodious quintet for clarinet and strings was given a graceful, finished reading; the largetto movement in particular being rendered with commendable verve and sympathy. Miss Marion Taylor sang two Russian folk songs and songs by Grieg and Mascagni, every note of each number succeeding in eluding the key by a cacophonous fraction of an interval which showed that tone-deafness is not confined to Mr. Du Maurier's heroine, even though Svengali's genius in mastering it is not shared by the great Marchesi—from whom, I believe Miss Taylor received extensive instruction. The Godard trio in F and Mr. Kent's Fantasia Stuke (Niels Gade) on the clarinet completed three excellent instrumental numbers.

The operas have been running along to a generous patronage at the Baldwin. *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci* have been the most distinctive performances, no little credit belonging to Herr Martens' orchestra, which was in capital spirit with the modernity and dramatic tend of the works. Dorre's Santuzza, like her Carmen, is decidedly volcanic, and her indefatigable work and the splendid support of the orchestra made the performance one of special interest—which is more than may be said of *Lohengrin*, or even Verdi's hand-organ master piece, *Traviata*. *Pagliacci* was distinctive through Guille's Cunio—a part that prescient nature seems to have had in mind when giving him his form and inches. Guille was dramatic to the highest degree, and though his tenor did not ring with its old time glory, the great scene at the close of the first act was intense and absorbing. Mlle. Lichter has not the pulse for Nedda, but she sang melodiously and gave the little tenor a passable foil.

* * *

My Partner, another of Campbell's melodramas, and one of the most successful ever written in this country, has been the bill at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week. It is an impressive picture of early Californian days, full of well-worked climaxes, splendidly mounted, and in the hands of Morosco's players it has had a good, even performance. Butler did exceptionally well with Joe Saunders, Brinker made a strong "partner," Swain's Chinaman was admirably sustained, and Miss Hall's Mary Brandon was invested with a delightful womanhood and grace.

John A. Steven's thrilling and picturesque play, *Wife for Wife*, is announced for presentation next week on an elaborate scale.

* * *

There are several new specialties at the Orpheum this week, notably Tina Corri, an English male impersonator, who shows that sex inversion is not limited to soft-voiced man, and that it is a much healthier spectacle to see a woman in trousers than a man in skirts and corsets. The Garrisons do a neat travesty, and the Pantzer brothers an amazing head-balancing act. Carroll Johnson and Rachel Walker are still among the favorites.

* * *

Grover's Alcazar has seen a good presentation of Bartley Campbell's old melodrama, *The White Slave*, this week. Anita Fallon was excellent as Daphne, Miss Gleason made a great deal out of the name part, and Powers was effectively strong as the slave dealer; in fact, Fanny Young, Josephine Gassman, and the entire company did very creditably with the old piece.

* * *

The Tavery Company's farewell week at the Baldwin will be given to the operas that have proved the strongest attractions during the last two weeks. Monday, *The Huguenots*; Tuesday, *Lohengrin*; Wednesday matinee, *Mignon*; Wednesday night, *Lucia* and *Cavalleria*; Thursday, *Faust*; Friday, *Bohemian Girl*; Saturday matinee, *Carmen*, and Saturday night, *Traviata*. Frederick Warde and his excellent company follows.

The coming week presents Alfred Edward's dramatization of *Faust* at the Alcazar. Percy Hunting has been engaged for the character of Mephisto, supported by the full strength of Grover's company. New scenery and wonderful electrical effects are among the attractions promised. On February 24th the Carleton Opera Company commences a season at this house.

Thomas Keene's repertory for next week at the California is: *Merchant of Venice* on Monday night and Saturday matinee; *Richard III.* on Tuesday and Saturday nights; *Richelieu* Wednesday, *Hamlet* Thursday, *Othello* Friday, and *Louis XI.* Sunday. After Keene comes jolly Nelly McHenry and her new cyclo-comedy, *The Bicycle Girl*.

Next Monday evening, for the first time in five years, Von Weber's famous German romantic opera, *Der Freischütz*, or *The Seven Charmed Bullets*, will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House. The production, it is promised, will be the finest ever given in this city.

Paderewski gives three matinees next week, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Katie Putnam a bright and clever comedienne, opens a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Monday night, presenting for the first time here *The Old Lime Kiln*, a new play by C. T. Dazey, author of *In Old Kentucky*. In *Old Kentucky* was written for Katie Putnam, but as she did not consider it suited to her style of work, Mr. Dazey wrote *The Old Lime Kiln* as a substitute.

At the Columbia, Corinne and her jolly extravaganza have duplicated the success of the first week at the California. The Nichols Sisters do a bit of negro speciality which is the cleverest thing in its line that we have had in years.

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Monday, HUGENOTS

Tuesday, LOUIS XIII

Wednesday, LUCIA and

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

Wednesday matinee, (50c. & 75c. & 1) MIGNON

Saturday matinee (50c. 75c. & 1) CARMEN

Monday, Feb. 21st: FREDERICK WARDE.

Thursday, FAUST

Friday, TANNHAUSER

Saturday, TROVATORE

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gom" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

Beginning Monday, February 17th,

KATIE PUTNAM,

The charming American comedienne in

AT THE OLD LIME KILN,

a picturesque comedy drama involving a story of intense human interest and vividly picturesque incidents. Written by C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky."

Matinee Saturday.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & CO., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Next week, Monday, Feb. 17, Second and last week of

MR. THOMAS KEENE.

Presenting the following classical plays:

Monday, MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tuesday, RICHARD III

Wednesday, RICHELIEU

Thursday, HAMLET

Monday, Feb. 24th—Jolly NELLIE MCHENRY.

Friday, OTHELLO

Saturday, RICHARD III

Sunday, LOUIS XI

Saturday mat., MERCHANT OF VENICE

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

Last performances of "My Partner."

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 17th—John A. Steven's great comedy-drama,

WIFE FOR WIFE.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING,
Proprietor and Manager

To begin Monday, Feb. 17th. Every evening. Von Weber's romantic opera in four acts,

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Or, THE SEVEN CHARMED BULLETS.

The most wondrous Brecken scene ever shown in this city.

Reappearance of Mlle. Ida Valera and Miss Kate Marchi.

Next opera: RIP VAN WINKLE.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Commencing Monday, February 17th, Alfred Edward's dramatization of the immortal poem.

FAUST.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Matinee Prices—10c., 15c., and 25c.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To-night and during the week. A new list of

VAUDEVILLE NOTABLES

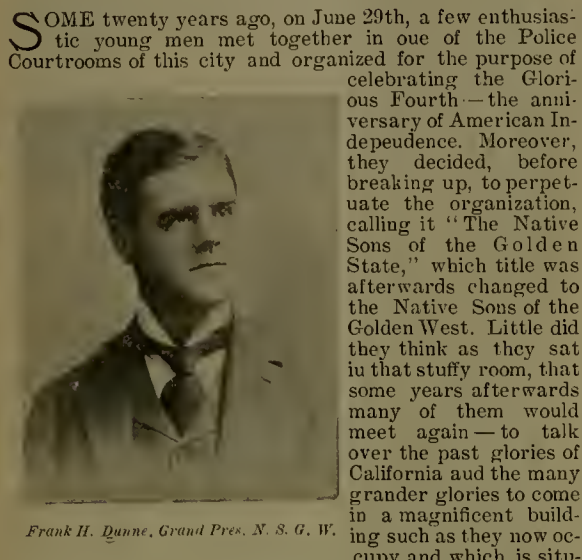
THE PANTZER BROS., THE GARRISONS, WALTER STANTON, TINA CORRI, RACHEL WALKER, CARROLL JOHNSON, BILLY CARTER, etc.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 918 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.

NATIVE SONS HALL.



Frank H. Dunne, Grand Pres. N. S. G. W.

ated in the very heart of this growing city, on Mason street near Post. Little did the founders of the Order think that their organization would become unique in the history of the world; an organization comprising ten thousand fine

will bless our efforts as we have blessed the others for theirs.

Who wonders that the name of James D. Phelan is wrought in unfading letters upon the heart of each Native Son? For it is he to whom they owe this imposing structure. He it is who has done, and does, so much for this State. He it is whose name heads every enterprise where its welfare is concerned. He it is who is honored by all, and loved by so many, for the things he does and whose active mind is ever engaged in thinking out schemes for the good of California. Mr. Phelan is President of the Hall Association and he may be well proud of the work so lately accomplished.

The other officers of the Hall Association are Lewis F. Byington, Vice President; and Adolph Eberhart, the popular and indefatigable Secretary.

Frank H. Dunne, Grand President of the Order, a young attorney and former Justice of the Peace, has also done much both by his labors and advice to further the necessary completions of this new building. He took a prominent part in the recent dedicatory ceremonies.

Another man whose name is closely connected with the Order, and who has pushed himself to the front to help it along is John H. Grady, a leading real estate and insurance broker at No. 323 Montgomery street. Like Mr. Sproul, California is all in all to him and he worked untiringly to perfect the organization of which he has been a member since it was first started. He also has been an officer in the Order and is now a Past Grand President. He was the Chairman of the Building Committee and upon his shoulders fell much of the responsibility necessarily attaching to such a position. He also is well known to the Sons.



JAS. D. PHELAN, President.



LEWIS F. BYINGTON, Vice-President.



ADOLPH EBERHART, Secretary.

OFFICERS OF THE HALL ASSOCIATION.

men, loyal to their State; with only its interests at heart, and determined to stand by it in sunshine and in gloom until time ends all things.

But such is nevertheless the case; and as you stand on Mason street and look up at that massive structure before you, with its five solid stories of granite and marble and brick; when you go inside and see its superb finishings, its beautiful hall where the voice sounds as clear as a silver bell; when you stand in the impressive lodge rooms, so magnificently furnished and so silent, then you slowly become aware of the fact that California is indeed great, and that her Native Sons are capable of making her greater and grander yet. The sight of that building, so rich in suggestions of the past and the future, is enough to make the bosom of the beholder expand with righteous pride. It stands for California in the aggregate; and some day, when the Order will contain the names of not alone ten thousand members but even one hundred thousand, all working together in the interests of this mighty and richly endowed State, then the young men who stand together beneath the banner of the bear will look back to these days as we look back to that June 29th, twenty years ago, and they

A gentleman whose name is dear to the younger element of this State is Jo D. Sproul, a Past Grand President of the Order, and a man who is known to every Son enrolled in it. Few men have displayed so much active interest in the affairs of the Order; few have won the general good will of so many members; few of the gentlemen who have served as officers have performed their services so faithfully and so efficiently; few will receive such hearty and such sincere good wishes as he. Mr. Sproul is now practicing law in Chico, and, as he is at the head of his profession and makes hosts of friends, should have no difficulty in coming in for a fair share of this world's goods. He laid the corner stone at the opening ceremonies on Sunday and led the audience in prayer, his language being choice in expression and suitable to the occasion.

One of the gentlemen who is much interested in the Order is H. G. W. Dinkelspiel, a Grand Trustee and Director and who has also held other responsible positions in the past. He is a member of Bay City Lodge and is now Presiding Officer of the Library and Reading Room Association. He was also Assemblyman for the 39th District. By profession Mr. Dinkelspiel is a lawyer. He



J. D. STROHL.



JOHN H. GRADY.



L. M. BANNAN.

is well known to the members of the San Francisco Bar and has a large and lucrative practice. His office is in the Chronicle Building, Room 42, Third Floor.

George D. Clark is one of the well-known members of Pacific Parlor No. 10. He has done much to further the interests of the Native Sons and has held high position among them, the post of Grand Lecturer being one of the most honorable and to be desired. He is the secretary and treasurer of the firm of N. Clark & Sons, manufacturers and dealers in sewer pipe, etc., 17-19 Spear street.

Joseph E. O'Donnell, a Past President of Yerba Buena Parlor No. 84 of San Francisco is another gentleman well known to the Native Sons, in whose behalf he has long worked untiringly. He was the orator upon the occasion of laying the foundation stone for the new Hall on February 25th, 1895. By profession Mr. O'Donnell is a lawyer, and a member of the law firm of Jones & O'Donnell, 14 Sansome street, one of the most prominent firms in this city. Although both the partners are comparatively young men, they come in for their fair share of big cases and usually carry them through to a successful finish. Moreover Mr. O'Donnell has the honor to act as Special Counsel for the City and County of San Francisco. He has acted in this capacity for the last seven years, having been appointed by various Boards of Supervisors irrespective of political complexion. This is saying a great deal and the Native Sons have good reason to be proud of having him in their ranks.

Milton D. Garratt is also a well known member and Grand Trustee of the Native Sons. Mission Parlor No. 38 is the one to which he belongs. He is a Past Grand President and holds office at present, being President of the Board of Directors of Mission Parlor Hall. Mr.

Garratt is a member of the firm of W. T. Garratt & Co., corner Fremont and Natoma streets. Their foundry is one of the largest on this coast and the things they manufacture would puzzle the average person even to find the right names for. Most of our big bells and gongs and steam whistles are of their manufacture, as well as fire hydrants, all sorts of pumps, water and gas gates and many other big things. To go over their works on the corner of Fifth and Brannan streets is an instructive treat in itself. The firm is an old and a reliable one.

Mr. L. M. Bannan, a charter member and Past President of Sequoia Parlor, and member of the Board of Directors, of the Hall Association acted in the capacity of Chairman of the Reception committee at the dedication exercises.

Henry Lundstedt, the Grand Secretary is another gentleman whose name and efforts will ever be remembered by the Native Sons.

Although everybody is interested in a large building like this one, very few know how it is constructed and who the men are, who, by their individual efforts finally give us the glorious, completed whole. And so we will go carefully into each detail and give due credit where credit most assuredly belongs.

The first man who has anything to do with a building is the architect. A.

C. Lutjens is the gentleman who devised the plans for our building. His office is in the Phelan Building, Rooms 125-127.

All the brick and granite work below the first floor of the building, and the corner stone, was furnished by the well-known firm of Liebert & Hoffmann, whose office is at the Builders' Exchange, 40 New



MILTON D. GARRATT.



GEORGE D. CLARK.



JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL.

Montgomery street. They also set the terra cotta and their work speaks for itself. Only the finest materials are in evidence. The committee who awarded the contracts unanimously agreed that the work could not have been done better and were glad that the contract went the way it did. Liebert & Hoffmann are masters at their work and as they have put up nearly all the big buildings in this city, as well as others in various big towns on the Coast, it is not to be wondered at that their work is so superior. Mr. Liebert is the builder of the Odd Fellows' Building at Napa, also the Napa Insane Asylum, a part of the Cooper Medical college, and a part of the New City Hall. His partner, Victor Hoffmann, among others, built the Drexler Building, the Doe Building, known as the St. Nicholas Hotel, the Sacramento Cathedral and the Sacramento Brewery and many other large and small buildings in this city. The firm, collectively, has erected the following: The Native Sons Building, the Ivancovich Building, the Curtaz Building, the Kohn Building and numerous others. No wonder their work is perfect.

Wrought Iron and Steel Work. All this work was done by the Western Iron Works, 123-125 Beale street. The firm is an old and a reliable one, having been established in 1852. They are manufacturers of all kinds of heavy building work, such as girders, roofs, railings, etc. They are also the sole makers of the Champion Metallic Wheelbarrow.

Perfect Plumbing. There is nothing so necessary in a modern building as perfect and sanitary plumbing. In fact it is a science, and the man who has it down best gets the work in all big buildings. In spite of brisk competition the firm of Allen & Looney of

The Marble Work. The marble used on the first floor is from Amador County and is as good as any in the world. It should be used in the construction of all buildings in the city. For the wainscoting especially it is admirable. It is imported by W. H. McCormick, of 17 City Hall avenue.

The Dazzling Stonework. The first thing that catches the eye is the stonework on the building. It is well executed and of a fine quality. The sidewalks in front of the building and the basement floors are of the same quality and look as if they will out last time. W. F. Ambrose, whose office is at 40 New Montgomery street, did all this work.

California Woods. The furniture in the different rooms and lodges of the building is of the finest oak, all made to order. Moreover it is all California wood. This furniture was supplied by Henry Hufschmidt, 1321 Market street. He also made the massive desks used in the lodges.

Like Nature's Sward. The carpets used throughout the building, in the lodge rooms, offices and parlors are all of the best body-Brussels in the latest designs and perfect in matching of figures. The colors have been admired by everyone who has seen them. They were supplied by Schlueter & Volberg, 709 Market street.

The Canopies. The Canopies in the lodge rooms over the altars, etc., were made by the California Furniture Company, 117-121 Geary street. These canopies are beautiful things of the richest velvets, of different dark rich hues and give a very impressive and magnificent aspect to the lodges.



H. G. W. DINKELSPIEL

314 O'Farrell street got this contract. The perfection of the lavatory and gasfitting work shows what masters of their art they are. Their reputation is known all over the city and the work they undertake, when complete, is guaranteed.

Carpentering and Roof Work. The carpentering work in the building proves that the man who executed it is a genius. Mr. F. A. Williams is the gentleman who receives the praise for this fine work. His office is in the Builders' Exchange, where he is one of the best known of its habitués. From the tower to the basement his work is admirable. He also did some of the galvanized iron work. Many of the best known buildings in this city have been erected under his careful supervision and he has also performed considerable work for the State Board of Harbor Commissioners.

Cutting and Carving Granite. This is exceedingly delicate work and demands that the most skilled workmen be employed. The Rae Building and Contracting Company undertook this responsible task and the work they have turned out is perfect in every respect. They furnished the granite and laid it. The firm consists of James Rae, President; R. McCann, Treasurer; J. P. M. Phillips; H. F. Whittle, Vice President; and F. Smith, Secretary. Their stone yard is on Seventh street, between Townsend and King.



WILL D. SHEA.

The Clear Plate Glass. That the massive plate, sheet and fine window glass should be of the best quality obtainable will be understood when one knows that it is supplied by W. P. Fuller & Co., of 21 and 23 Front street. This firm is known from San Diego to Washington and Oregon. The glass used in this building is as clear as crystal and speaks well for the firm's capabilities in this particular line.

Painting Material. The paints and varnishes used in the decoration of the interior and exterior of the building were supplied by that well-known house the Bass-Hueter Paint Co., Nos. 18, 20 and 22 Ellis street. This firm has been established since 1860, and during that period has furnished material for some of the finest buildings in California.

The Trimmings of The Building. This work was all done by one of the leading firms on this coast, A. Steiger Sons, 206 Market street. The firm is an enterprising one, Mr. Steiger having risen from a small manufacturer in 1862 to be the very head of his particular line of business. His business is now conducted by his sons. Their pottery is probably the completest in the United States. The plant covers eight acres and is modern in every respect. Their specialties are Architectural Terra Cotta, Hollow Tile, Fire Proofing and Pressed and Ornamental Bricks, Chimney



CHARLES CASASSA.

and Sewer Piping, etc. This firm has rendered us independent of Eastern goods and should be patronized accordingly. The work on this building alone speaks for itself and proves that we can produce manufactures equal to any in the world and superior to much of the stuff that is sent us from the East.

Interior Decorations. The interior painting and decorative work of the building is superb. The woods used are natural hard woods, red wood, white cedar, and oak. The painting and tinting is the work of the artists Dutot & Gibson of 1005 Folsom street. Their work in this building has been pronounced excellent in every respect by people who ought to know.

The Passenger Elevator. The upper floors of the building are always easily accessible by the swift-running passenger elevator, located near the northern entrance. The committee having in charge, the selection of an elevator, decided that a Direct Electric would be most economical to operate, and selected the Cabill & Hall Elevator Company's Direct Electric Elevator as being the most suitable and best machine presented. Since the installation of the elevator, it has been proven that the committee's decision was correct, as the elevator is pronounced to be the finest on the Coast. It has a carrying capacity of 2200 pounds and can be regulated to travel at any speed up to 350 feet per minute, being the fastest direct electric elevator in the city. It is equipped with all the modern safety devices, is smooth running and noiseless, and is always under the control of the operator.



LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

R. W. Martland, the genial Manager of the Hall has made himself popular by his continued efforts in behalf of the Order. Ever courteous to visitors, he makes friends of every one with whom he comes in contact.

Will D. Shea, a member of the well-known firm of Shea & Shea, the present architects of the New City Hall, is a Past President of California Parlor and acting in that capacity at present.

Mr. Shea has had much to do with the construction of buildings like the one we are writing of, having built the Mission Parlor Hall and also the Hall for Eden Parlor at Haywards.

It would not be right to forget to mention Charles Casassa, of California Parlor, who furnished the music at the ceremonies. He was the Director of the Exposition Band and helped make our Midwinter Fair the success it was. His is the only complete military band on the Coast and his music delights the promenaders in the Park every Sunday. Mr. Casassa was highly complimented by Sousa last spring.

The size of the hall in this building is ninety-nine by sixty four feet, making it the largest in the city. The main hall and some of the lodge rooms are to be let and will be very desirable indeed.

Adjoining the Native Sons' Building as depicted in our frontispiece, will be seen a good picture of the First Congregational Church, whose pastor is the somewhat notorious Dr. Brown.

The above short sketch will give our readers an idea of the leading spirits constituting this powerful and patriotic organization. It is the hope of everyone that it will con-

tinue to grow until it embraces within its ranks every Californian, and will ever be instrumental in furthering the interests of our fair and mighty State.

Japanese bronzes and vases of to-day cannot compare with the wares made in the past, of which George T. Marsh & Co., 625 Market street, has the choicest selections.



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.

Lightest RECOIL, and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,
430 California St., S. F.

The Latest Fall and Winter Goods have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel San Francisco

UP-TO-DATE



Tailoring

At Moderate Prices.

J. H. HAWES,

Mezzanine B., Crocker Building. (Up one-half flight fronting on Post St.)

Brandt & Co.

FINE TAILORING

139 Montgomery St.

Wall Paper.

Our new stock for the season 1895-96 is now arriving.

Elegant Designs and Colorings.

G. W. Clark & Co., 653-655 Market Street.

George E. Hall,

Agent and importer of

FOREIGN WINES.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, 222 Sansome St.



Rich Amador Gold Mines.

One of the most promising mining districts in California just now is in that section of Amador County situated between the town of Sutter Creek and Jackson, covering a distance of more than four miles along the celebrated "mother lode." Here are to be found some of the most promising and valuable gold mines in the State. With a massive and compact vein in the regular lode formation, a very fine class of ore is found, with the precious metal diffused throughout the quartz with a most pleasing uniformity. The pay streak ranges in width from a few inches to twenty or thirty feet, and the extreme downward trend is as yet undetermined, although work has already been successfully carried on at a depth of two thousand feet. According to some statistics, the average cost of mining and milling the ore in this locality is from about three dollars per ton, with an assay value ranging from five dollars upward. Among the prominent mines of this district is the Amador Consolidated, an old-time producer, which has been closed down, owing to the destruction of the shaft by fire. The ledge, at the time work stopped, was of great size, and the general average of the ore was high grade. The yield of the property, down to a depth of 2,200 feet, is placed at \$20,000,000. The Central Eureka Mine, which adjoins the Amador Mine on the south, has a shaft down 700 feet, and a large amount of high-grade ore was extracted some years ago when the mine was last worked. Some Oakland and San Francisco capitalists who now own this ground are about to reopen it, and will carry the shaft down to the 900 level. Machinery has already been put in place capable of going down 2,000 feet. Adjoining this property is the South Eureka, owned by people in this city, which is now opened up to a depth of 1,050 feet. The showing on the 500, 730, and 900 foot levels is immense, the ore so far developed being valued at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. There is a twenty-stamp mill upon the property, which, it is said, will shortly be enlarged as regards the stamping capacity, to accommodate the increasing demands of the mine.

Comstock Mining Shares.

The course of the market for the week now closing, like so many others of late which preceded it, furnishes scant opportunity for comment. While little remains to be said of a favorable character, nothing has developed either in Nevada or on the street, which can be construed in an unfavorable light. A lack of energy among the members of the Exchange, who are getting almost as bad as their neighbors in the Chamber of Commerce, who invariably fall back upon a set of prosy old resolutions as the panacea for all ills which may befall the city, State, or nation. This has not helped themselves or anybody else very much during the past twenty years, and their example, while evidently contagious, is not so good as even the homely precept in this instance. The mines along the lode are all looking fairly well.

The Gold Exchange.

Arrangements are now being pressed to get the Gold Mining Exchange in operation, and it is hoped that within a fortnight everything will be in readiness to open up for business. The sooner it does so the better, for the sooner the cappers and "bilks," who now make the town odious to decent people in the business, will have to seek new pastures. Any mining man of the old school can detect these incubi at a glance. A walk along Montgomery street will take one through a crowd of these idle hangers-on, loaded down to the guards with bad whiskey and "prospectuses." All have had some connection in the past, which is now dragged to light for service as an introduction to some new arrival who looks like a fair "prospect." The mission of mischief to which these gentry have devoted in many cases a lifetime of beggary, or a close approach thereto, is about ended, and the Exchange, if its lines are broadened sufficiently for the purpose, can very appropriately drive the last nail in the coffin of a most dangerous and offensive nuisance.

Much Cry, No Wool.

The Hammond episode in the Transvaal embroglio has resulted about the way predicted in this column a few weeks ago, when the "innocents" in this outpost of Christianity were agitating the surroundings with heartrending appeals for the relief of one who, fortunately for himself, was in safer hands. It is only another case of "the Lord protect us from our friends," and precious few they would likely have been were it not for the fact that the talented young engineer had prospered well in this world's goods. The news that Mr. Hammond never was in any danger or distress from the day of his arrest, received through official quarters, and further, that at all times during his confinement he was the recipient of many courtesies from the Boer leaders, places some people in a rather embarrassing position. It will be hoped now that the untravelled set so ready at all times to misjudge matters beyond their little horizon, unarrowed down in many cases to the dividing line between this State and Nevada, will tone down their hysteria, upon behalf of people in whom it is impossible to conceive they take the slightest interest, beyond notoriety, or at least confine it within bounds, where it will not become nauseating. Mr. Hammond's present connections are quite capable of seeing him safely through any difficulty, without outside assistance.

A Combination Which Failed.

The Del Monte Convention of Insurance Managers of the Pacific Coast did not succeed in attaining the ends for which it was called. Success was barred by the decisive stand taken, on some contested points, by such prominent men in the business as Messrs. Mullins of the Commercial Union, Magill of the Phoenix and Home, and Belden of the Hartford. The first-named gentleman objected to the plurality vote proviso, while the others cannot agree upon the subject of "non-intercourse." Upon their return to this city there was another attempt made to win the protestants over, but without avail, and again the week passes with the compact unsigned, and the companies still at a "go-as-you-please" gait. There may, however, be some means found before long to settle the difference now existing, and then affairs will, possibly, run smoothly for some time at least.

The Holmes Election.

The annual meeting of the Holmes Mining Company, of Nevada, was held here during the week, with a very full representation of stock. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, with the exception of E. P. Murphy, who retired on account of other business, which necessitated his retirement from the State. Colonel Wm. J. Sutherland continues to act as President, E. S. Spring, Vice President, and C. E. Elliott Secretary. The new concentrating works of the company at Belleville are now nearly completed, and it is expected that large profits will soon result from the reduction of valuable tailings, which exist in large quantities.

A Butte Mine In Bonanza.

The Mining Journal (London), in referring to the progress of work at the celebrated old Bauner mine, near Oroville, on the Feather River, and now known as the Golden Gate of California, quotes the following cablegram just received from the company's secretary, who is now at the mine: "Colonel J. B. Low advises crosscut to the west to be pushed forward as much as possible. Says all the indications are very favorable for fine body of ore in that direction. Bringing report." Colonel Low, well known in local mining circles, and for that matter all over the Western States, is, it might be added, consulting engineer for the London company.

Rich Strikes In Tuolumne.

The manner in which the gold mines in the vicinity of Sonora, in Tuolumne, are developing is simply phenomenal. The App mine, on the 400-foot level, is opening up even richer than its neighbor, the Rawhide, which itself is looking better every day, as depth is attained. Beyond the App, the Jumper has cut the ledge as rich as ever on the 200-level, and experts say it will hold its own with anything in the neighborhood. Some of the ore just cut on the 400-level of the App has been on exhibition in this city during the week, and attracted much attention owing to the rich display of crystallized gold.

Edwin Lavier

Hear the Crier "—What the devil art thou?"
One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

A SACRAMENTO buffer who interposes his intellectual adiposity between the dumb brute and the cruel man, would not permit an aeronaut to send a dog down from what the ballooning reporters term "a dizzy height," because the dog might get hurt. Oh, ponder, ye thoughtful ones, on the inconsistency of men. Think, ye lingerers in the highway, of how cheerfully this urbane and merciful beast on two legs, and a chin whisker, will gaze aloft at the poor aerial gymnast, with a secret hope that his gyrating brother may break his neck, so the dull pulses of the spectator may be quickened. But when a snappy, snarling, yelping dog comes in question, forsooth, the perils that beset his caninship must be averted. Faugh, there was more decency in the amphitheatre of old Rome. Give us blood—man's blood—again, and keep the dogs for the sausage machine. Hang the cats over the clothes line, and let them enjoy themselves in an ecstasy of clawing. Let spanking flourish, but turn aside the murderous thumb nail from the ravaging flea.

ALEXANDER Gunn, the sage of Zoar, after two years' wandering in Egypt, has pitched his tent once more among the undulating hills of the city. Mr. Gunn has hobnobbed with the Khedive, and inspected the very innermost apartments of the Sultan's seraglio. When on board Emperor William's yacht, the Unspeakable Turk sent a tray full of orders of the Midjiti to be distributed among the distinguished guests. Only the coal passers accepted them, while the Emperor, in a fit of humorous frenzy, applied the imperial toe to the bottom of the tray, and sent the orders whirling into the Bosphorus. When this was reported to the Sultan by the sorely aggrieved Ottoman who had borne the tray, the monarch wept bitterly, and declared that if Consul George Hall or Northrope Cowles had been on hand, the thing could never have occurred. This is a serious blow to Turkish nobility on this coast.

THE politician is nothing if not a kicker. He knows only one thing, and that is office. And he kicks generally till he gets it—or something else. This time it is Pat Reddy's brother who wants to kick Phil Weaver out of the position of Superintendent of the Almshouse. Because Weaver is not the best man that ever held the place? No, for he is. But because Reddy wants it. A chap who is nothing but an office-seeker is mighty near the Almshouse. If luck don't come his way, he is likely to land there. And for fear he'll have to be a pensioner, he wants to collect the salary of the Superintendent. This time the Fates are apparently wise, and with the help of heaven and the Mayor, and one of the Board of Health, who together are a majority, it looks as if the Almshouse would continue to be the best mauaged public institution in the county. And Reddy will probably kick and be—out.

A WOMAN who was held up by robbers the other day regretted that she was not given opportunity to use her revolver. It was probably fortunate for her horses that she was taken unawares; for when a woman shoots, the general aim always takes precedent over the particular.

JAKE Rudolph, an all-round scoundrel, desperado, and bar-room politician, is making himself obnoxious again. This city is too civilized nowadays to put up with men of this calibre. The penitentiary is the proper place for them.

THE School Directors are all at outs with one another. When the city is in need of a sensation they might be put through a public examination, with a view of testing their respective capabilities.

THE angel surmounting the dome of the City Hall is to be finished without wings. Apparently, the Commissioners wish to make a New Angel out of her.

THE religious controversy is still being waged in the daily papers. In the meanwhile, the Almighty has turned his attention to the moon.

THE Italian colony has done itself proud entertaining Prince Louis of Savoy. The reporters have filled their details to the letter, and told us how the young man dresses, what he has had for dinner, and whether he affects the quill or wooden toothpick. Go to, go to, ye wonder-makers! Avaunt! ye apostles of provincialism, and wretches, upon whose unlearned brains rests the aspersions that this is a jay town. Cannot this well bred, pleasant young gentleman rest for a few weeks in this republican city without being limned by newspaper artists, and pen painted by newspaper reporters? There is no health about ye, chroniclers of Jinglefuss, who sell the decorum of this I. O. U. village for a measure of cheap pedal wine.

CLARENCE Murphy, the defaulting bank cashier of Salem, has started, not voluntarily, of course, for the scene of his crimes. He was charged with robbing a bank. Murphy was handicapped by his name. Paddy, or Michael, or Con. Murphy could not do wrong. They are well-balanced. But a Clarence, or Adolphus, or Cecil Murphy have much to stagger under. One might as well call a girl Rafferty, Evangeline. There is a fitness about names which should be observed. Parents and godparents will do well to remember this. Barney Vere de Vere is just as incongruous as Clarence Murphy.

PRINCIPAL Joe O'Connor has been charged with threatening to knock the stuffing out of some of his refractory pupils. Ah, me, how woefully the injunction of the good Solomon is neglected. Perchance those critics of Mr. O'Connor would like to see that veteran teacher standing with his hat in his hand, and saying as the freckle-faced crowd passed by, "Go on, my little angels; how sweetly pretty you are; go on and please yourselves about this matter of lemons." Perish the idea. Hurrah for the birch and the boot! Civilization is beginning to smell bad. It wants stirring up.

THE Prince Luigi of Savoy has done us the honor to come among us in a big mau-of-war, and give us a taste of his royal manners. Whether the Prince is a great man, because he is a Prince, or is a Prince because he is a great man, are questions which may be left to the curious to solve. He has a title, and that satisfies him, and pleases us—or ought to. It is enough, also, to give him the entrée to the best Italian circles here. Even the fishermen called on him to pay their respects.

A SUSPENSION of judgment is respectfully asked for in the case of Mrs. Stockton. When the cakes and ale of Christian charity are being passed around there is no reason apparent why that dear sister should get left.

THE Police Commissioners lately fined two patrolmen—the one for his slovenly appearance, the other for using abusive language. Will somebody now fine the Commissioners for having appointed them?

A LOS ANGELES nurse, not receiving the money owing her by a young mother, hung on to the baby as security. Either the nurse is a New Woman or babies must be scarce down South. The point is a curious one.

AN Iowa poet has been arrested in Tacoma for stealing blankets. Is there no poetic license in Tacoma? The unfortunate striker of the lyre should content himself with stealing ideas, as other hards do.

ELOPING couples should beware. A honeymoon spent in jail is not a thing to be looked forward to. The dry bread and water part of married life begins soon enough, God knows.

THE Academy of Sciences has received some strange fossils from the Cave of the Wind, in South Dakota. They cannot compare, however, with the fossils of our own native growth.

SWEET young things who carry flowers to Dr. Brown are, as it were, posing for the altogether. Positively, it is impossible to think only of their souls.

GOVERNOR Budd has decided to take a rest from his labors until after March. That is to say, he will not dispense patronage until after that time.

IT is proposed to apply the Roentgen method of photography to all clergymen desirous of obtaining pulpits in fashionable congregations.



WILLIAM Berg, the great German traveler, is an enthusiastic admirer of Emperor William, whom he closely resembles. Mr. Berg, nevertheless, is on terms of intimacy with Mr. John Bergez, who was born within a stone's throw of the Column Vendome. A few days ago both these gentlemen were fishing in the Lagoon in Marin County. Mr. Bergez had toiled long and unsuccessfully, and was sorely a-thirst. He had forgotten his flask, a lapse of memory of which the Gallic angler is rarely guilty.

"Berg, give me a drink," shouted Mr. Bergez across the lake. Mr. Berg obligingly strolled round the lake, and approached Mr. Bergez, flask in hand.

"Thanks," said the Frenchman.

"Hold," said the German traveler, retaining the flask in his muscular grasp; "one moment, please—which is the greatest country in Europe?"

Mr. Bergez looked appealingly at the stern Teuton. He saw there was no relenting. He must forswear *la belle France* or go dry.

"Germany," he gasped.

"Drink to the Emperor," enjoined Mr. Berg, solemnly, and the toast was pledged.

On Tuesday night Mr. Berg was dining with Mr. Bergez. The latter was caressing a dust-covered bottle of superb Burgundy. The traveler gazed at it affectionately, and extended his glass with a gleam of anticipation in his eyes.

"One moment, please," said Mr. Bergez coldly; "which is the greatest country in Europe, Mr. Berg?"

There was a moment's painful pause, during which the Gaul passed the bottle under the traveler's nose.

"France," muttered Mr. Berg, unable to resist the bouquet of the vintage. And so the tri-color was avenged.

San Rafael, Sausalito, and Tiburon are in the depths of alarm. The Sydney Smith contingent sit at one end of the smoking car on the way home, and the Foster crowd at the other. They puff cigars and converse in several dangerous languages. The entire subject involves the consolidation of the two railways in Marin County.

There are three horrible rumors:

A ferry boat will visit Tiburon four times a day on its way to Sausalito.

A ferry-boat will call at Sausalito six times a day, omitting Tiburon on two trips!

The said ferry-boat will slight Sausalito on one of the above mentioned trips.

The combinations are numerous in this direction, and none of the contestants and property-owners seem to know "where they are at."

"I think that Mayor Sutro is awfully fussy,"

Was the quiet remark of the Duke of Abruzzi;

Said Sutro: "I'm chief of this city, and who's he?"

Why, only a sailor, this Duke of Abruzzi."

"If Sutro imagines I've got in a muss, he

"Doth jaw through his hat," said the Duke of Abruzzi.

"That young chap," said Sutro, "though a high-born cuss, he

"Must know I can snub all the dukes in Abruzzi."

And the plaster Apollo on the Heights wears a truss, he

Has strained himself waiting in vain for Abruzzi.

It is reported that the health of a very well known and historic lady of California is rapidly failing. Hitherto it has been for the most part so robust as to excite the marvel of her friends—seeing that she has reached her four-score mark so valorously. Her fascinating and eccentric daughter, whose charming vagaries have become sleeping legends that are occasionally awakened, will inherit much of the large Napa County property; but there are relations in Baltimore and Georgia who will undoubtedly share in the Alabama mines as well as in the valuable estate in this city and in Oakland. The old Lady has always preferred Europe to America, and during the past thirty-two years most of her time has been spent abroad.

In fact, throughout the late Civil War, her residence was at Berlin, where she was constantly a welcome guest at Court. Of late, her residence has been Paris, chiefly, where she had a quiet set of apartments, with her daughter. The two were continually the guests of the Californian colony, and it was extremely notable that mamma always responded greedily, while she never returned the hospitality. However, the daughter would occasionally make up for it on the quiet. Possessed of a fortune that undoubtedly exceeds three millions, the aged mamma's economies were a subject of jest in the American Colony; but her marvellous wit and irony were full recompense to any host for her entertainment.

Two of our fairest heiresses were discussing Paderewski and the Italian Prince in low tones at the Wednesday matinee.

"If both were to propose to you, Ethel," said Kathryn, "which of the two would you take?"

"As a business proposition," replied Ethel, "Paderewski by all odds. He only eats one soft boiled egg a day, with a light supper of Nurnberg Brau and Delicatessen, so that he would be very cheap to keep, whilst he would bring in about fifteen thousand dollars a week, and Pa would invest it for us in the new bond issue. If I married the Prince he would live on Pa's money, and I would have to exist on Italian salads, macearoni and *piccoli pesche*. It would not be worth being called Princess for that, would it, dear?"

"Ah, love," said Kathryn, "but you forget that—well, perhaps Paderewski is wedded already."

"To whom?"

"To the piano for eight hours a day."

"So much the better," retorted Ethel. "Then I should be free from ten to six."

A reverend lecturer this week on the poets of England and America, gave double first class honors to Charles Warren Stoddard, and placed him *facile princeps* at the head of the tripod. He is reported as saying that Mr. Stoddard was a writer of imperishable English, and his writings would be immortal. This is all right, but the lecturer ought to see his spelling! Any committee of printers convoked to decide the punishment due to copy in which nine words out of ten are grievous infractions of orthographic rules, would unanimously agree that he ought to be lynched. A dim remembrance of some of his correspondence in Hawaii floats o'er the memory of the LOOKER-ON. A sentence like the following would show Charley at his best: "The silvan woulds farley coruskated with due dropps, shimmering in the wrays of the dieing son, whilst the vesper him of the burds floted softly down the dails, and the purfume of the flours lent gloary to the seen." However, Charles Warren always sends a private note to the editor, begging him to go through his copy before it is cut up into "takes" for the boys.

The distinguished scion of a vast manufacturing house in Great Britain is at present visiting San Francisco. He is Mr. E. Russell of the great steamship builders of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His presence here has been—by his own preference *incognito*—but it is well-known that it concerns two large steamships which will shortly arrive here consigned to a syndicate. Mr. Russell would be a great catch for some charming American girl for he is *debonair*, and in looks and manner very much resembles the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. He will leave for Japan, in about a week, where he has extensive contracts to fulfill for the Government. Before his return home, Mr. Russell will have "girdled" the globe. Besides his town residence in Glasgow, he has several delightful country-seats—the most beautiful in Ayrshire. During his stay he has been the guest of many of our most prominent Club men.

The statement in some of the Eastern papers that Mrs. Hearst intended building or leasing a house in New York certainly must be an error, and it is firmly contradicted by her friends here. The story probably arose from the fact of her son's recent ownership of the New York Journal, and of his own residence in the East. Mrs.

Hearst is perfectly contented with her beautiful Washington mansion, as with society there.

Somehow or other, Californians have never been happy in New York society, so far as the women folk are concerned. The men get on well in the Clubs, but Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair are really the only actual successes. Mrs. Alexander comes next—but she is rather a *succes de Paris*,—as the French would say. Dozens of instances might be mentioned where entrance to the mysterious arena of New York's "Four Hundred" was vainly attempted. Even the late Ward McAllister made strenuous endeavors to introduce one of our wealthiest families, but to no avail. As for the men, James and Harry and young Foxhall Keene, Eugene Dewey, Joseph Clark, John Mackay, Jack Follansbee, Eugene Lent and others are exceedingly popular in all the very best clubs, and are welcome guests at the nicest houses. But, still, as a rule, they are more apt to be found at the club than in the drawing-room.

There is one deep regret in the Italian Colony over the visit of Prince Louis of Savoy—he cannot bestow decorations of honor upon his entertainers. The last time we had an illustrious guest from the race of Victor Emmanuel was when the Duke of Genoa came here years ago on the frigate *Garibaldi*. The Duke was the brother of the present King Humbert, and he was a guest of honor on the vessel, and not an officer, save as Royalty bestows the title of Lord High Admiral upon its sons. The Duke was received with great distinction, and was dined and wined magnificently. It was on one occasion, at this time, that M. H. de Young had an amusing adventure which he always relates with zest. He was among the invited guests of the American contingent at a grand breakfast given by the Italian Colony. A. D. Spivalo was in chief charge of the ceremonies, grand halls, etc., and, after this especial affair, it was arranged that the Ducal party should be driven to the Cliff House and Presidio. Mr. de Young and Mr. Spivalo were to ride in the same barouche with His Royal Highness. Just before leaving the breakfast, a careless waiter spilt a dish of ice-cream over Mr. de Young's elaborate light, bran new trousers. There was a funny scene. But the editor grinned and bore it. However, as they went by the old Chronicle office, the Ducal equipage waited while Mr. de Young climbed the steep stairs and accomplished a rapid transformation. Mr. Mr. Spivalo received from the Duke a splendid decoration of knighthood, which he wears with pride at the present moment. It is a beautiful and costly affair, studded with diamonds, rubies, etc.

One of the most interesting events that have occurred among our many lovers of the turf, will happen next Monday night at the Alcazar Theatre. Mr. David W. Higgins, so well-known by all the Eastern owners of big stables—also by all newspaper men in the entire country—will appear for the first time on the stage and tell what he doesn't know about racing. Mr. Higgins is more famous throughout the country from his racing articles over the *nom-de-plume* of "Rateplan." The affair will be under the auspices of Mr. Leonard Grover. Mr. Higgins is as dry and sudden in his humor as Bill Nye, and wit will rule the laughter at the Alcazar Monday.

The Insurance Underwriters' banquet at the Palace, on the 18th inst., will mark an era of renewed good fellowship, so they all seem to think. An especial programme has been outlined by President Driffield, and the papers are all to be "just as funny as they can."

The spacious billiard room of the Palace Hotel has been turned into an annex to the famous Grill Room. Guests can now sit at little tables and chat, and need not order anything unless they so desire. The billiard room is now in the basement, handsomely fitted up, and can be reached through the bar by way of a magnificent staircase, with walls of Tennessee marble.

The next thing to a trip to Japan is a visit to George T. Marsh & Co. at 625 Market street. Their Japanese wares are sought by travellers from all over the world.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

1896

Helical Tube Premiers

Have Arrived.



1896 Models, \$100.

A bicycle frame constructed of Helical tube is more than three times as strong and yet is lighter and more rigid than any other bicycle frame made. For proof of this see U. S. Government test published in our catalogues.

Premiers have been manufactured since 1877. Over a quarter of a million have been made. Most of them are still in use. They are better than ever to-day. Premiers are exclusively made of material that the U. S. Government says is three times as strong as any other. They have a record which confirms this. They sell easier and wear better than any other wheel on earth.

Only a few 1895 models; price, \$85.

1895 models in good condition, used but a short time, price \$50 to \$70.

Western Premier Cycle Company,

Pacific Coast Agents.

312-314 Baker Street.

IS THE MOUNT FOR '96

BARNES

BICYCLES

HOOKER & CO.
16-18 Drumm St.
RETAIL STORE:
1640 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

THE HUMBER
BICYCLE

Costs a little more than others

\$110

But you get what you pay for.

Humber Quality

Is inimitable.

ST. GERMAIN BILLIARD CO., 55-57 First St., Near Market, S. F.

General Agents.

HAZELTON
HEMME & LONG
BROWN & SIMPSON

PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

735 Market St.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

"KAIRON GNOTHI."

The Secret in Making Money is in this Old Greek Proverb.—
It Means "Know Your Opportunity."—Some of the Men
Who Made Millions by Knowing How.—Very Valuable
Information.

WHEN Commodore Vanderbilt was asked how he made his great fortune of \$90,000,000, he replied: "It was an easy matter to become rich; just watch for the opportunity, and then take advantage of it," said he. "I commenced with only a few hundred dollars." But there are many people who cannot recognize the opportunity to make money. They may have a little sum to invest but are not in a position to know what is going on.

It is a well-known fact that Commodore Vanderbilt made most of his fortune by buying stocks at a low price, and holding on until they had an immense rise. He had the peculiar gift of knowing just when to buy and when to sell. Other men have made great fortunes in stocks of one kind or another, among them being John W. Mackay, the Rockefellers, and Jay Gould. They all started with small sums.

Among the stocks that have been sensational in their development is the Bell Telephone stock, rising from a very low price to over 200. This stock has paid large dividends and made the original investors rich.

Ten Millions a Year.

The Western Union Telegraph Company started business with \$500,000 of capital stock. Its present capital stock is \$100,000,000, and pay \$5,000,000 a year net profits to the stockholders.

There are many other high-priced stocks that cost original buyers a very low price, and now pay large dividends on many millions of capital stock.

The Edison Electric is another notable example of wonderful development and profit. A broker who bought twenty shares of the original stock at 45, costing \$900, sold half of it a year later, getting \$30,000 for 10 shares.

The Pullman Palace Car Company's gross earnings have grown until they are over \$10,000,000 a year and the stock has gone up from a low price to 180.

There are many chances for making investments, but there are none like the Railway and Dock Construction stock and many prominent men in banking, railroad and financial circles say this stock, which can be bought now at \$10 per share, is sure to sell at 50 before long, and eventually have an immense rise like the Bell Telephone, the Edison Electric and Pullman Palace Car stocks.

The par value is \$100 per share and the stock is full paid and non-assessable. The stockholders have no individual liability whatever.

Mr. Edward A. Willson, the well-known Vanderbilt stockbroker, says: "In our twenty years experience we have never handled a stock of such intrinsic merit or one which will pay such big profits. This stock gives the small investor an equal chance with the capitalist, as the small investor generally has to buy at par and be content with a dividend of 6 or 7 per cent. a year. Any one can invest in Railway and Dock Construction stock now at \$10 per share (the par value is \$100) and they can buy from one share upwards at the same price a capitalist buys a thousand shares. The stock is certain to have an immense rise when investors and speculators become aware of its great value as the earnings will pay four and a half per cent. on the par value of the shares, which equals 45 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at the low price of \$10 per share.

Surely this is an opportunity which is met with but once in a life-time.

There will be lively times in this stock when it is listed on the Stock Exchange. We deal in numerous bonds that pay from 4 to 5 per cent. a year. We are so confident of the profits that will accompany investment in this stock that we have not the slightest hesitation advising our clients to sell their bonds and invest in Railway and Dock stock while they can buy it at 10. The company is in solid financial condition, has no indebtedness of any kind, and there are no bonds or mortgages ahead of the stock.

The company owns all the rights, titles, interests in, and

the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell indestructible piles under U. S. patents. The best engineering talent of the world has heretofore been unable to produce a pile that is absolutely indestructible. Many costly experiments have been tried to make wooden piles impervious against decay and the ravages of marine worms, but the wooden piles only last from six months to a few years, requiring continual replacement at great expense.

Certainty of Profit.

There is an enormous demand for indestructible piles in the construction of piers, jetties, docks, bulkheads, breakwaters, foundations for bridge piers, etc.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are, perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. 3000 miles are now being graded or are under contract; the great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s patent pile in solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Many negotiations now pending will create an immense demand for the stock and cause it to sell at a very high figure.

Prominent bankers say: "The public ought to buy this stock now before the price goes up, for, by securing some of the stock now at 10, they can share in the great profits of development and will more than quadruple their capital very soon as the above are only a few of the many sources of earnings that will cause Railway and Dock Construction stock to rise to a high price.

The very moderate estimate of earnings pays 45 per cent. dividend on stock costing only \$10 per share without counting in any profits on contracts with the U. S. Government or New York City. When any of these contracts are closed the stock will sell above \$100 a share very quickly.

There will be spent by the City of New York in reconstructing a small part of the city water front about \$3,000,000 per year for many years to come. In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, Ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

Old Style—New Style.

In place of the old wooden docks covered by temporary sheds which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

New York City's revenue will be greatly enlarged by this vast increase of taxable property on these new piers.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance to the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$1,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston; they are simply loose rock dumped in the water, forming a pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet at the top above the water. Each jetty is about 4½ miles long. The Railway and Dock Construction Co. build indestructible jetties of same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

In addition to all these immense profits the plans of the R. & D. C. Co. call for an expenditure of about \$10,000,000 to deepen the channel at Sandy Hook. The U. S. Government can well afford to spend this sum to benefit the vast commercial interests of the port of New York.

Even Bear Speculators Buy.

Not only the bulls but even the very best judges of values, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, are buying this particular stock now—they are aware of its solid intrinsic merit and magnificent future and confidently predict that this one deal alone will put R. & D. C. stock up to \$250 a share—and other large contracts will follow.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction must come into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

Powerful influences that will push this project in Congress will cause an active, booming speculation in the stock, an influential lobby and important railway, banking and political interests are in line for this purpose.

Investors can buy the stock at \$10 per share, in lots to suit, from the financial agents of the Company, Messrs. Geo. W. Dunn & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall Street, New York. Non-residents can remit to them for the shares by check, draft, money order, registered letter, or by express, or have the stock certificate sent by express C. O. D.

The price will be advanced shortly.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and very profitable. Among them are George W. Dunn, Esq., President of the company, head of the banking house of Geo. W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 25 years as a careful, level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, ex-Senator, the famous Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; the eminent lawyer R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., Counsel of the company, 322 Broadway, New York; Eugene Harvey Esq., banker, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanbrough, Esq., capitalist, West Hurley, N. Y.; Geo. D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, New York; W. A. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Co., Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Willson, Esq., broker, New York; Geo. B. Shellhorn, Esq., Receiver Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co., Richmond, Va.; W. M. Shipp, Esq., cashier of Deposit Bank, Midway, Ky.; Jacob Deyo, cashier Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; C. E. Harwood, Esq., cashier Rockville National Bank, Rockville, Conn., and other prominent gentlemen.

The Railway and Dock Construction Company has an absolute monopoly and its earnings will increase with the steady growth of commerce and of railroads.

The secret of making money is in the old Greek proverb "KAIRON GNOSHI" (KNOW YOUR OPPORTUNITY).—The New York Mercury.

A Change of Significance. It is a singular fact that what is often discussed under the name of platonic love was not referred to by the great Greek philosopher in his famous disquisition on the subject of love. The error embodied in the term is too old and well established to be cured at this late date, and platonic love will continue to mean something entirely different from what Plato had in mind. It may, however, be worth while to point out that a certain intimate personal relation between man and mau existed, and was generally approved of, in the civilization of ancient Greece, though to modern eyes and in the light of Christianity it appears unnatural, depraved and abhorrent. On the other hand, what is commonly known in these days as platonic love is a pure friendliness or passionless personal intimacy between man and woman; a kind of affection wholly uninfluenced by sexuality. In this sense the relation is rather an ideal, a mental abstraction, than a thing known to experience, particularly where the persons in question have any degree of physical attractiveness. In one of the most witty papers of the original Spectator, Addison has some highly interesting reflections on the subject of platonic, and warns his fair readers against their influence in the month of May.

The original Swain's Bakery at 213 Sutter street is the most delightful of our restaurants, where ladies may lunch luxuriously when out shopping. Swain's English Muffins are famous favorites with the fair sex, as are the delicious dinners which this restaurant provides so popular with our prominent families.

Visitors to Washington, D. C., should remember that the Ebbitt House is one of the best hotels there. It has lately been fitted up with steam heating appliances and new furniture and carpets. The establishment has been entirely renovated, making it first-class in every respect.

Nightingale's tongues do not compare in delicacy with fine oysters. Moraghan of the California Market has the best that can be obtained, either Eastern or Californian. Stalls 68-70.



DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

New Basil Consolidated Gravel Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Placer County, Cal.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No.), levied on the 9th day of November, 1895, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	NO. CERTIFICATE.	NO. SHARES.	AMOUNT.
L. Dornberger	19	750	\$37 50
C. Buxtorf	13	1691	52 50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 9th day of November, 1895, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

F. X. SIMON, Secretary.

Office: 525 Commercial street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Andes Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia City, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 30th day of January, 1896, an assessment (No. 42), of fifteen cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

6TH DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

Will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Saturday, the 28th day of March, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

335 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)

Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.

Tenison Deane, M. D.

Tel., East 33. Residence 1003 Sutter.

Office, City of Paris Building, No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.

Weak Men and Women

Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States, J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



"THE two P's are all the rage just now," said a pretty girl at a recent luncheon: "Paderewski and the Prince." The women, as might have been expected, have prostrated themselves at the feet of the *maestro*, but the Prince has not done likewise at the shrine of any of our beauties. Some one has suggested his being asked to decide which one of our belles, married or single, is entitled to the honor of helleship. What a position to place him in!

* * *

The marriage of E. W. Holladay to Miss Huntington in New York recalls the groom's lofty lineage. So far as beauty is concerned he has always been considered the Narcissus of the San Francisco Bar. But added to his charms is that which will prove in the future a great inheritance. He is the only son, and his two sisters are well provided for. The elder married an English official high in the British Diplomatic Corps, while Ruth, the younger, has made two brilliant English alliances, first with young Blacknell, and afterwards with Captain Brooke, of Her Majesty's Guards. She is one of the most popular women in London society—and has grown prettier every year of her life. The groom's father, Hon. S. W. Holladay, is a pioneer, and his wife is the sister of General Ord of illustrious war memories. He was one of our first Commanders at the Presidio in early days and was the same one who gave Lieutenant Scott such a fright by telling him there was no monkey on the porch,—when the young officer was infused with liquid enthusiasm. General Ord and his brother were from Baltimore, Maryland, and were the sons of George IV, King of England by his Morganatic wife, Mrs. Jordan. There have been many questions raised concerning this, but, it has been so well proved in London that no further doubt appears to exist according to the Genealogical magazines.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay will not be present at the New York wedding of their son to Miss Huntington. The journey is too arduous at this chilly season of the year. At first it was the intention of the young couple to visit Florida, but later their plans were changed, and their visits will be paid to Boston, Hartford, Baltimore, New Haven and other Eastern cities. The postponement of the marriage until the 25th inst. was, it seems, owing to the delay in completing the new Huntington mansion, where the ceremony will be performed. Captain and Mrs. Brooke are now on a visit to Georgetown, Demerara, to the Hon. and Mrs. Messer (*nee* Miss Lou Holladay). It is interesting to learn that the latter's household is graced by two beautiful children. There will be a complete family reunion in London next summer, but in the interval the young bride and bridegroom will visit California.

* * *

On dit Biblical parables are to be one of the programmes for the approaching Lenten festivities of the "swagger set." How admirably they could illustrate the ancient wise virgins who trimmed their lamps before going out; as not alone does the swagger set contain several ancient virgins of great wisdom, but they are well equipped for going out to meet a bridegroom. The silly ones on the outside edge of this charmed circle, yclept "swagger," are the girls who expect to find one without having the wherewithal to light their way.

* * *

What utter idiots some of our women are making of themselves over Paderewski. Many girls wear his picture in Trilby hearts, while the old hens who waylay him in the hotel corridors are beyond counting. An up-to-date young matron bet her friends she would speak to the *maestro*, and, accordingly, knocked at his door, but, to her disgust, the knock was not responded to, and, when she tried the door, it was locked on the inside, although the sound of a piano from within showed the genius of music to be there.

The orthodox church people are somewhat scandalized over the intention of a fashionable set to hold fortnightly entertainments during Lent, and of all nights to choose, Fridays! They are wondering if Good Friday will be selected for the Noh Hill residence and the Passion Play the diversion (?) of the occasion. Much comment is being made on the subject.

* * *

It seems there has been a curious crowd around the Crocker residence lately, which no one could make out until it was rumored that the people were full of the idea that not alone the Italian Prince, but the Prince of pianists, Paderewski, was visiting Prince Poniatowski!

* * *

A whisper of the swim goes that a certain young nabob has taken advantage of St. Valentine's aid in the matter of offering his heart and fortune to a lovely hnd of the season. 'Tis said, however, that the heart was most gorgeously encircled with sparkling gems.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

Paderewski says that he has found since his American tour that strength and dash is given his nerves by a small glass of Old Saratoga Whiskey just before he begins his performance.

This will interest you. The Lurline Baths have improved upon their already up-to-date institution by adding a real Russian bath, which includes the beneficent "Needle" shower bath. The charge for the same will be merely nominal. Few tanks can be filled with fresh sea water every night as those of the Lurline Baths can.

MME. MARCHAND'S CREME DE LA CREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



Endorsed by W. T. Wenzell, M.D., Ph.G. Ph. M.

Wm. M. Searby, Ph.C. C. F. Jones, Ph.C. C. A. Clinton, M.D., ex-member Board of Health. G. W. Gerlach, Ph.G. M.D. W. M. Logan, Ph.G. M.D. Dr. Lichau, Dr. Murphy, and others.

MME. MARCHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist, Rooms 30 to 41. 121 Post St. Taher's entrance. Telephone 1349. Send for booklet.

R. LIDDLE Co. Fine Goods Cheap. "In the Field of Sports."

110 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Write for Catalogue.

New book free

BRUSHES

For harbers, hakers, boothlacks, bath-houses, billard tables, brewers, hook-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

Gray Bros.,

Concrete Artificial Stone Work.

316 Montgomery Street, S. F. No. 205 New High St., Los Angeles.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

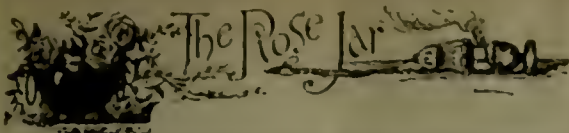
Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellere style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING



A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.—FROM SONNETS AND LYRICS BY AURORA TRIST.

YES, kiss me, beloved;
I yield to your lips;
But my spirit slips
Away from your touch,
If you kiss overmuch.
Yes, hold me, beloved!
I feel your control;
But my wayward soul
Takes wings fleet and strong
If you hold me too long.
Ah! kiss me, beloved!
But find a new way,
A more subtle play
To arouse and awake
Me to want what you take.
Ah, hold me, beloved!
But most by a spell,
That I may not tell
Why I stay, nor yet know
How I ever could go.

A MINOR CHORD.—ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, IN BROOKLYN EAGLE.

Here is a song of another's singing
The throbbing grief of a nameless pain;
Close to my heart are its measures ringing
And tears well up like a drift of rain.
Hope is dead and has left no token;
We cried a little, we loved it so;
"We whose hearts have been broken, broken,
Broken ever so long ago."
The skies are sad and the fields are sodden,
The woods are reeking with rotten things;
I walk in silence in ways untrodden,
Far from the crowd and the tannt that stings.
What does it matter when fate has spoken?
What can we say that the world should know?
"We, whose hearts have been broken, broken,
Broken ever so long ago."

LOVE AND LOVE.—MARION E. TEALL.

And though I sit alone, and no one says "I love
you," now;
Sometimes there comes a glance, a tone, down
through the weary years
That cheers my lonely heart, despite its fears,
And times its beating to the precious thought,
I have been loved.
I will be loved.
For there is love and love; and if I strive to win a
part
Of this most precious thing, without which life is
bleak and bare,
By self-forgetfulness; by light'ning others' care,
Then I can write, not I have been, nor I will be,
But I am loved.

SPRING VIOLETS.—GRACE HIBBARO, IN SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

"Wear them, and think of me to-day," I said
And fastened violets upon her dress,
Their perfume floated upward to her face,
Like some fair spirit's loving, fond caress.
They stayed with her through all that spring-tide day,
Those wild-wood blossoms—why were they so blest?
And when the stars shone in the evening skies,
Their life work done, they died upon her breast.

RENUNCIATION.—FLORA M'DONALD SHEARER.

For me, I never knew the way
To gain the crowns of life—
A chance spectator of the fray,
A watcher of the strife.
And so, it is not hard for one
With naught to lose or win
To mark the setting of the sun,
And see the night begin.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Berge's Restaurant, Academy Building, 32-334 Pine street. Rooms for families and families, private entrance. John Berge, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 102 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. 424 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Maison Tortoni, French Restaurant, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPE BROS.
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUNO.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawallan Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
\$2-A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay
Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 32 Ninth St., S. F.

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

CLEARANCE SALE of

FINE SHOES

At 25c. and 50c. on the dollar.

Nolan Bros.
Shoe Co.

812-814 Market Street,

Phelan Building.

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.



The name is but the guinea stamp;
The joke 's the gowd for n' tbat.

Mrs. Point Breeze—I'm deeply concerned about my niece Ethel. I don't know how she is to get along. She has no money to live on, and she can't earn her own living, for she is nearly deaf, and I am afraid she will lose her eyesight. Mr. POINT BREEZE—Oh, don't worry. She'll make an excellent chaperon.

"What brought you to this place, my friend?" inquired a visitor at the penitentiary of a convict. "A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir." "Impossible!" "No, sir. I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a cold world, sir."

"Do you have any luck in your literary work, Wilkins?" "Yes. I didn't use to think so, but I do now." "What has caused you to change your mind?" "I've been reading over my rejected stuff, and I'm perfectly delighted to think it didn't get printed over my name."

"I'd like to hear you play the violin, Mr. Tillinghast," said seven year old Tommy Dillingham, who was entertaining the caller. "But I don't play the violin, Tommy." "Then papa must be mistaken. I heard him tell mamma that you played second fiddle at home."

Jinks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vaze, vace, vahz, or vawse. BLINKS—You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."

"That's a handsome suit you have on," remarked Tomkins, admiring the new winter suit of his hard-up friend. "Yes, it is a right nobby suit." "How much did it cost?" "I don't know. I've not been sued for it yet."

"Matrimony," said the sage, "is merely a matter of one letter. Before he gets her he yearns for her, and after he earns for her. That is all. The class may now go home and split the wood for its suppers."

"Beauty is only skin deep," said the zebra, with an attempt to liven up the gloom of the menagerie. "I know," replied the rhinoceros, trying to be cheerful, "but think what that means in my case."

BRIGGS—I hear that Piltzer and his wife are not living with her parents now. GRIGGS—Is that so? What is the reason? BRIGGS—He won enough from the old man at poker to move out.

"Have you heard that the big sleeves are going out, George, dear?" "Yes, my love, I have; but I don't believe it." "Why, pray?" "I don't believe they can get through the door."

Good Samaritan—Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse up hill so fast? O'CONNOR—Up hill, is it? Oh, hegorra, the nag's blind, and he can't see it.

Mr. Cheviot Hill—Why did you break the engagement if you were in love with me all the time? MISS DOLLY BRONSON—To make you propose all over again, dear.

English and American Wine Drinkers.

According to Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are: Pommery Sec. 83 to 88 shillings.

Moet, 75 shillings.

Perrier, 72 shillings.

Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings.

While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the garcon the choice of the brand.—New York Recorder.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,181,910
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE..... 80 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN, Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President; E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Weaver, Philip Burth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1356 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$800,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

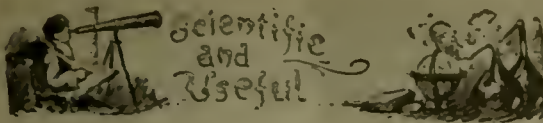
THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



HOW TO PREVENT SEASICKNESS.—Much has been said and written about seasickness and the possibilities of preventing or at least ameliorating it. The remedies have hitherto, however, mostly proved inefficacious, and the landsman is either advised not to go to sea, or else to bear the temporary inconvenience as best he may. It is now claimed—and there will be many to welcome the news—that as nausea emanates from a disturbed condition of the brain, brought about through the upsetting of the nervous system, an extended treatment of bromides, inducing bromization, will effectually put a stop to the cause and ensure the traveler the same comfort on the high seas that he gets when on shore. This condition must be brought about several days before sailing and must be kept up during the first few days of the voyage, or longer, if necessary. Taking into consideration the effects of the drug when taken in excess, it is probably better for the average person to let it alone and let nature take its course, and

to bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Moreover, seasickness, although decidedly unpleasant, is not fatal, but in many cases beneficial.

DEAD FRENCH WARRIORS.—A cminent Frenchman with a taste for statistics has been calculating the number of his countrymen who have fallen in warfare during the past hundred years, and he brings the "butcher's bill" of the French nation up to the enormous total of six millions. This figure covers the losses in the wars of 1791 to 1800 and the following terrible fifteen years, all of which may be credited to Napoleon's unbounded ambition. Of the 3,157,598 men enrolled from 1800 to the time of Waterloo, and the following terrible fifteen years, all of which may be credited to Napoleon's unbounded ambition. Of the 3,157,598 men enrolled from 1800 to the time of Waterloo, and the following terrible fifteen years, all of which may be credited to Napoleon's unbounded ambition. Of the 3,157,598 men enrolled from 1800 to the time of Waterloo, and the following terrible fifteen years, all of which may be credited to Napoleon's unbounded ambition. Of the 3,157,598 men enrolled from 1800 to the time of Waterloo, and the following terrible fifteen years, all of which may be credited to Napoleon's unbounded ambition.

SMOKELESS POWDER.—Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor and manufacturer of the Gatling gun, claims that all the guns in the world which use black powder are obsolete; smokeless powder, in his opinion, will supersede all other powders, and therefore all cannon, guns and rifles which have been using the old-fashioned black powder are practically useless, and the nations of the world will have to renew their armament at the cost of millions of dollars. The inventor is seventy-five years of age, but is still hale and hearty.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE MONEY.—Stamp dealers offer \$75 for one million canceled stamps, which can be conveniently packed in an ordinary sugar barrel. A Boston lady has collected two millions, but has not sold them yet. Another lady had one million and sold them for \$125. The reason why she received this figure is because there were several among them of great value. It took her exactly two years to accumulate them.

A REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.—Every one with a bald head will be interested in this. Brush the scalp twice a day with a stiff brush; then apply this preparation with a soft cloth: Carbolic acid, 30 drops; tincture of nux vomica, two drams; tincture of red cinchona bark, one ounce; tincture of cantharides, 25 drops; coconut oil, one ounce, and alcohol enough to make four ounces.

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—A report just issued by the chief of the Parisian Hospital of Contagious Diseases, states that the microbes of erysipelas, long since known to the medical fraternity, is now made impotent by a serum built up through horses and pigs. It is expected that cancer can also be subdued by the same treatment.

AN International Exposition is to be held in Montreal from May 24th until October 12th of this year. It will be the first extensive Exposition Canada has ever had and great preparations are being made to ensure success in its every detail.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KRAHNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital \$100,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHILLAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phillan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | P. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooley, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

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L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Malm, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 528 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Hermann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord Jerome Lincoln H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1890.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President

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THE originator of the loving cup was King Henry of Navarre, who, while hunting, became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The maid who offered it to him as he sat on horseback forgot to present the handle. The wine was spilt and His Majesty's garments were soiled. While riding home he bethought him that a two-handed cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so His Majesty had a two-handed cup made at the royal pottery and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when to his astonishment, the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup) presented it to him holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as His Majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely out of three handles I shall be able to get one!" Hence the loving cup.

—Queen Anne of England was the first woman to attempt to do anything for her sex. She was in favor of self-supporting women, and tried in many ways to change the conditions of the day. The profession of literature, especially, she held, should be followed by women. She was attacked for this by all the satirists of the day, Swift in particular. "The Ladies' Diary, or Woman's Almanac," as it was called, a journal devoted to the interests of women, was started in her reign, and was extensively patronized by women.

—The colors used by various nations to express grief differ greatly. In Europe and America black is used because, being the privation of light it means to us the end of life. In China white is used, that being the symbol of purity. The old Romans also used the same color. In Ethiopia the inhabitants take brown, that being the color of Mother Earth "to which each man returns." In Egypt the people have the most picturesque idea of all. The mourners dress in yellow, that being the color of the leaves when they fall and the flowers when they fade.

—The Pope is a well-guarded individual in his home life. Only his private valet and his secretary have access to his bed chamber. It is a small room with a simple bed in an alcove adorned with graceful marble columns, a writing table, an arm chair, and one wardrobe. In his study is one large, uncomfortably straight-backed arm chair, a magnificent thing to look at, but hard to sit at ease in. Then there is another small room with only an old lounge and an old easy chair in it. This is where His Holiness retires to take an afternoon nap.

—A rumor comes from London that Sir Henry Irving is about to forsake the old Lyceum on Wellington street and go into Daly's Theatre in the West End. The move will doubtless be a good one, although when Irving is concerned the public will willingly tramp over half London to see him. What one chiefly regrets is that an old landmark of the world's metropolis will slowly pass into oblivion with its many memories—dear not only to the hearts of Londoners, but to citizens of the world at large.

—A French writer says: "Constant new clothes greatly encourage morality in women. Therefore, those men who admire this quality in their womankind will do well to provide them with much money wherewith to buy gowns and bonnets, and thereby keep their minds employed in a pleasing and harmless manner."

—Sarah Bernhardt cannot very well feel at home in New York this trip. Usually she takes dogs, cats, parrots, and all sorts of pets with her. This time she is accompanied only by a collie. Perhaps her bicycle more than makes up for the loss of the others.

—The German Emperor heralded in his birthday by calling out several regiments of soldiers from their beds in answer to false alarms. It can hardly be expected of the men that they wish him many happy returns of the day.

—It is said that in Madison County, Kentucky, people who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married by the Sheriff without cost.

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A Book of the Week. Professor Blackie was a singular mixture of the grave and the gay, the serious and the frivolous, the ignorant and the learned. He was, indeed, so singular that none of the great men of his day took him seriously. He was well-known to many of the leading men of his time—Lord John Russell, Sir Stafford Northcote, Laurance Oliphant, Lord Idlesleigh, Professor Freeman, Carlyle, and others; and yet, so far as we remember, not one of them did him the little courtesy to remember him in any of their writings. He was, too, very provincial, and he carried the hay seeds into the class room, and betrayed his lack of refinement on the lecture platform and on the streets. He was Bohemian in his dress, uncouth in his manners, and his open disregard of the forms and rules of ordinary life, and, at times, his buffoonery, caused his hosts of well-wishers to blush for shame at his childishness and grotesque behavior. That he was popular, in spite of all this provincialism, all the world of letters knows, and it did not require this book to assure us how much beloved he was, even in face of the ridicule he caused by his whistling in the public thoroughfares, by singing comic songs in the middle of a serious lecture, or by playing the mountebank in general—a part this odd, learned, beloved, laughed-at, and ignorant Professor could perform so well. No man in modern times ever had such a hold on the sympathies of the Scottish people as Professor Blackie, for his simplicity, his naturalness, his kindliness, and his enthusiasm more than counterbalanced his oddities and his want of knowledge about things which every school boy is supposed to know. He knew Greek and Latin as well as the Professor of classics in a great university should, and he had a working knowledge of German, Italian, and French; but when, in his old age, he went through Westminster Abbey, he showed a lamentable ignorance of the early English Kings, and be, at all times, exposed himself to ridicule when he ventured to talk about politics or “the dismal science” of political economy. The writer of this biography does not, we are glad to see, err on the side of too much praise, for she is frank enough to tell us many of the Professor’s characteristics. Indeed, the details of his contest for the Professorship of Greek are as amusing as the description of an old-time Irish election. For instance, he sent his testimonials to the “Bailies” without paying the postage, and his conduct during the election was so outrageous that his friends had to beg him not to come up to Edinburgh till the contest was over, and it was, no doubt, owing to this fact that his election was won by the casting vote of the Provost, and from that day the life of Professor Blackie was one of boisterous energy. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the boyish impishness, the incalculable impulses, the noisy laughter which checkered the University career of Professor Blackie, with his gentle, tender, and tranquil conduct in the domestic circle. In private life, we are told that he was as gentle as a lamb, but the intrusion of a stranger transformed him into “an excited, reckless, and startled being.” We must, of course, accept Miss Stoddard’s statement as true, and we are thus willing to make many allowances for a man who can make the domestic hearth the abode of that “only happiness that survived the Fall.” But this does not account for his popularity among those who knew him in the outside world in which he lived. His friends, Miss Stoddard tells us, often remonstrated with him on his habit of boisterous jocularity with his students; but he seems, on the whole, to have been incorrigible. “It was,” she says, “a matter for regret to all who knew his worth, that his palate itched for this dubious popularity, and that the craving grew upon him.” But all this did not prevent his voice from being heard on the platforms of the three Kingdoms, and his eccentricities were on every tongue. In England he was lionized, and those eccentricities of his were accepted as the peculiarities of genius. He failed, indeed, in acquiring the high respect of academic circles, but then for fifty years he secured the love of the people,

and the incidents surrounding that love were often pathetic in their tenderness. But while Miss Stoddard has written a good biography of Professor Blackie, she has also given us some sentences which betray a delightful Scotch complacency which we find amusing. In one place, for instance, she says “In England the middle classes can rarely boast of connection with a romantic past, but in Scotland the blue blood of a squandered loyalty, of a faithfulness unto death, whatever the cause, fills the veins of the middle classes. Their ancestors were Jacobites or Covenanters, and so, even unto this generation, men are to be found inheriting their strong individuality, refusing the dull canals of conventional life, and working their way in self-worn channels, through obstacles as unrelenting as their granite rocks.” This is delightful, and the sympathetic reader must admit that it is true, even if it is provincial in its tendency. Then there is something worth remembering in the method of education in those days. Thus it is related of a Divinity Professor at Aberdeen: “One of his students has placed it on record that in four years of lectures he never once heard the name of Jesus Christ; but then he was an Evangelical and clearly expected too much.” Just think of it being “too much” to expect to hear the name of the Savior mentioned by a Divinity Professor! Fancy the Divinity Professor who for four years never mentioned Him at all! We do not know which to be the most surprised at. Take the book all in all, Miss Stoddard has given us two volumes of much interest, and it is all the more valuable because it has the appearance of being critical as well as accurate.

*“The Life of Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh University.” By Miss Anna Stoddard.

“Opera Stories” is a publication that has had many predecessors. The histories of the operas have been told and re-told in every tongue in Europe, and there are few opera goers who do not know the story of *Paust*, *Carmen*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Traviata*, *Don Giovanni*, and all the many creations of Verdi, Mozart, Gluck, Rossini, Donizetti, Wagner, and all the other masters of romantic, grand, or opera comique.

The Athenæum says that “Jude the Obscure” is a “technically bad book.” This is quite as severe as our criticism of the work. For wickedness, “Jude the Obscure” is Titanic.

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OF course the event of the week, from a society standpoint, was the first appearance of Paderewski at the California, on Monday night, when the Four Hundred crowded the house to greet him. As a consequence, the last dance for this season given by the Monday Evening Club, at Golden Gate Hall, suffered somewhat in point of attendance. Still, it was a very pleasant party, and all the members regret that the reunions are now but memories of the past.

On Tuesday Mrs. Jacob Stern and Mrs. Samuel Heller were the joint hostesses of a very elaborate yellow luncheon at their Leavenworth street residence, given in honor of the recent bride, Mrs. Abe Stern, nee Elsie Mayor, at which nearly forty of their lady friends were entertained in the most delightful manner. Mrs. L. L. Baker also gave a luncheon party on Tuesday, her guests numbering a dozen ladies, and Mrs. Foreman's dinner the same day was a charming affair.

On Tuesday evening the "Native Sons" dedicated the new hall, in their beautiful new building on Mason street, with a ball which was a brilliant success in every sense; while in Oakland the first of Mrs. George Wheaton's "at homes" attracted a number from this side of the bay. Mrs. Remi Chabot gave a tea at her home in Oakland on Wednesday afternoon; on Wednesday evening the members of the Union League Club gave a banquet and dance, at which the guests were limited to the members and their families, and the locale the Maple Rooms of the Palace Hotel. The Fortnightly Club, of Oakland, gave a St. Valentine's Party at Military Hall on Thursday evening. One would almost call this a week of farewells, for last night the Friday Fortnightlies gave their last dance of the season, at Lunt's Hall, with great *clat*. It was a Leap Year cotillion under the management of Miss Hobart, and the whole affair was carried on, according to Leap Year rules, with much success.

Teas will be in order to-day. One is to be given by Mrs. John M. Cunningham, at her residence on Pacific avenue, and music will be a leading feature; and at the Mercantile Library Building the ladies of that Auxiliary will entertain their friends in a similar manner.

The Misses Williams, who are about to return to their home in Ross Valley after a visit to San Francisco of several months, gave a tea at the Richelieu in conjunction with Miss Edith McBean, on Saturday last, and in that way returned some of the many hospitalities of which these charming young ladies have been the recipients during their stay in town. It was largely attended and a very pleasant affair.

Among recent events are Mrs. H. W. Seale's daffodil luncheon, at the Occidental Hotel, in compliment to Miss Mattie Whittier; Joe Grant's dinner in the red room of the Bohemian Club; Mrs. Henry Scott's Children's Party; Mrs. Ben Morgan's violet luncheon in Berkeley, at which Mrs. Florence Herrich Requa was guest of honor; the Barouess Von Schroeder's, and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis's luncheons.

Ross Valley was the scene of a very pretty out-of-town wedding on Monday last, when, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Butler, Bishop Nichols united in wedlock Miss Grove Crittenden and Carl August Windel. The house was beautifully adorned with ferns, acacia blooms, and the sweet-scented violet in all its varieties; and the altar in the bay window, at which the vows were exchanged, was adorned with smilax and white primroses. The pretty bride, who was costumed in white satin trimmed with lace and natural orange blossoms, was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Crittenden, as maid-of-honor, who wore a dainty gown of white organdie over pink silk; and eight bridesmaids, the Misses Buchanan, Weston, Van Wyck, Smedberg, Lichtenberg, Knapp, Hall, and Toule, all gowned alike in white silk with pink satin ribbon garniture. Dr.

Gustave Gutsch supported the groom as best man. There was a large gathering present of friends from the city and the surrounding country, and an elegant wedding *déjeuner* was served at the conclusion of the ceremony. Later in the day the happy pair departed for their honeymoon trip down South.

Amid a wealth of floral surroundings and other artistic decorations, Miss Henrietta Sullivan and John Loring Harris were wedded at the home of the bride on Hayes street last Wednesday evening, the Rev. Father O'Shea, of St. Louis, performing the ceremony in the presence of a large assemblage of guests. The bride's attendants were her sister, Miss Georgie Sullivan, as maid-of-honor, the Misses Louise and Ada Sheeby, and her two nieces, Ashley Belle Turner and Gladys Sullivan. Edwin Harris appeared in the role of his brother's best man. The bridal robe was of heavy cream white satin, elaborately trimmed on the waist with point applique lace; a diamond crescent confined the fleecy tulle veil to the bride's coiffure, and she carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. The gown of the maid-of-honor, Miss Sullivan, was of light blue brocaded silk, trimmed with chiffon and white pearls, and the hand bouquet was of beauty roses and violets; the bridesmaids were costumed alike in pink brocade, and carried bouquets of Lancaster roses. After the ceremony there was dancing until near midnight, when supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Wednesday was a popular day this week, for besides those affairs already mentioned, were the second Paderewski concert; Mrs. Tim Hopkins's elaborate rose luncheon, and Mrs. Bigelow's dance. Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma received their friends at a "tea," and between the hours of four and six o'clock the residence on Howard street was well filled with guests. The floral display was very handsome, roses and hyacinths predominating, and after the duties of the occasion were ended the ladies who assisted in receiving remained to dine with their hostess, an equal number of gentlemen joining them, so the small *tête-à-tête* tables at which dinner was served accommodated twenty-four guests.

The constantly increasing number of marriage engagement announcements promise an active post-Lenten season in that respect. Among the most recent are those of Miss Fanny Crocker to Robert McCreary, of Sacramento; Miss Mabel Army to Fred H. Sears; and Miss Mabel Love to Lieutenant Churchill, of the Navy. Though no dates have been named, it is probable they will all be events of the not very distant future.

With the coming of Lent, though a goodly proportion of society will be in a state of reticence from the frivolities of fashionable life, it must not be supposed that all of that select body are going to indulge in sackcloth and ashes. To be sure the gatherings will be smaller and more on the quiet. Cards will be the feature of some, and music of others; but first on the list will stand the resuracted Vaudeville Club, which will hold fortnightly meetings at the houses of the different members. Dr. Harry Tevis is to have chief management of the entertainments, and that he will be a successful master of ceremonies, who can doubt. The first one will be held at Mrs. Will Crocker's, but just what form it will take has not yet become public property.

Mrs. Will Tevis has arrived from her Bakersfield villa, and will pass several weeks at the Palace while engaged in the delightful occupation of "shopping."

Under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, a steeple-chase is to be held on Tuesday next, governed by the rules of the Steeple-chase and Pony Association. The participants will be: R. M. Tobin, Henry Simpkins Hobart, Prince Louis of Savoy, Lieutenant Smedberg, Lieutenant Benson, W. R. Whittier, G. Bagot, G. Wright, and Jas. T. Archibald.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will give its first benefit concert at Metropolitan Hall next Monday evening, February 17th, under the leadership of Signor Roncovieri, and assisted by the gentlemen of the Philharmonic Society. The young vocalist, Miss Caroline H. Little, will render three delightful numbers, selecting the composers Bishop, Thomas, and Marchesi.

The Mardi Gras Ball of the Art Association next Tuesday night shows every indication of being the most beautiful entertainment ever given in San Francisco. The house itself makes a magnificent setting, but, added to this, John Stanton and a corps of artist assistants have been busy turning it into an Aladdin's palace. The effects of color and lighting will be surprisingly enchanting. Hundreds of incandescent lights have been put throughout the building. This event will be highly creditable to the artistic taste of San Francisco. A number of the lady patronesses met last Wednesday at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and took the matter of the invitations in hand, and gave many very valuable suggestions which will be followed by the management—for instance, supper will be served continuously after eleven o'clock, and two bands of music, one in the main hall and one in the salon, which connects with five dancing halls, will play alternately, so the air will always be filled with music. Some of the richest stuffs of the Orient have been contributed by generous firms and individuals for decorative purposes, and they will represent tens of thousands of dollars in value. Art and the patrons of art will be represented by two well-known gentlemen. Mr. Amadee Joullin will be Rex, and Mr. Tarn McGrew will personate Prince Carnival. George T. Bromley will be the Court poet, and Captain Robert H. Fletcher, the author of "Marjory" and "Johnstown Sketches," has written the royal proclamation. Rex and the Prince will have a large retinue, for the committeemen are to come in costume, besides a large number of others. The scene will be bright and gay with colors. The Queen and Princess will be bludily selected from among the lady maskers. Under the gallery in the main hall a balcony has been constructed, and from it, after blare of trumpets, the proclamation will be read, and the command will be to forget dull care and join the revels. The grand march will begin at nine o'clock, when all participants are requested to be in line to pass through the rooms, before the assembled spectators, for whom seats have been prepared. There will be an auction of seats this afternoon in the Institute Building, commencing at 12.30.

An entertainment in aid of the Doctors' Daughters will be given at the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, on Thursday evening, February 20th. It will consist of pictures from Gibson and other artists. The pictures will be represented by young society ladies and men under the direction of Mr. Addison Mizner. Tickets will be sold for \$1.50. Light refreshments will be served (these included in the price for tickets). Tickets can be purchased from the members of the Society and the following officers: Mrs. P. B. Horton, President; Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. Edward Belcher, Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John Vail, Recording Secretary; Miss McEwen, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Hyde, Treasurer.

The Misses Morrison, of San Jose, entertained a charming house party from Saturday last till Monday, at their residence, corner Fifth and Julian streets. The guests were: Judge Hawley, Judge Gilbert, Mrs. Sawyer, Judge Houghton, and Miss Hanford, of Seattle. An informal reception was also given in their honor, the guests being: Judge and Mrs. H. G. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lieh, Dr. Grissim, Miss Ryland, Mr. Findlay, Colonel Moorhead, Mr. J. A. Porter, of Denver, Mr. Alvord, Mr. E. De Saissett, Mr. H. E. Morrison. A four-in-hand drive was enjoyed on Sunday, the party returning to the city Monday morning.

The programme of the dedication exercises of the N. S. G. W. Hall Association was interesting in the extreme. Jas. D. Phelan delivered the opening address. The inaugural hall given last Tuesday evening was a success in the highest sense of the word.

A testimonial concert, in which the Reliance Glee Club, Miss Mabel Love, Frank Coffin, and Frank Belcher are to participate, will be tendered Miss Daisy Belle Sharpe at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on Monday evening next.

On Thursday evening a concert under the auspices of the California Quartette will be given in St. John's Presbyterian Church, corner California and Octavia streets, for the benefit of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lieh have returned from their Eastern trip, accompanied by Miss Grissim. Judge H. G. Bond leaves for an Eastern trip this week.

Stanford Parlor, N. S. G. W., will give a Tenth Anniversary Party at the new Native Sons' Hall, in this city, on Friday evening next.

WILLIAM H. JOHNS has acquired an interest in the firm of George Batten & Co., Advertising Agents, New York.

"CALIFORNIA Violets," a gavotte for the piano, composed by Belle Britain, has just been published.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From November 20, 1895.	Arrive
6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:40 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa F. Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.....	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	†12:00 A
†10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	†12:45 P
††1:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Elgin, Hoder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*3:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	†11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
†1:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	†7:30 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Santa Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
†1:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	†7:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).	
7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.	
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 5:00 P. M.	

A for Morning.	P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted.	†Saturdays only.
†Sundays only.	‡Tuesdays and Saturdays.
†† Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday nights only.	§Sundays and Thursdays.

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WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Fashion must be forever new, or she becomes insipid.—Lowell.

The virtuous home is the basis of all national prosperity.—Anon.

Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.—Chilo.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of all pleasures.—Vauvenargues.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry.—D. G. Mitchell.

By nature's laws, immutable and just, enjoyment stops when indolence begins.—Pollok.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

The love of country produces good manners, and good manners love of country.—Montesquieu.

To maintain an opinion because it is thine and not because it is true, is to prefer thyself above truth.—Venning.

Irresolution is a heavy stone rolled up a hill by a weak child, and moved a little up just to fall back again.—W. Rider.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth.—Sir W. Raleigh.

There can be no excess to love, to knowledge, to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense.—Emerson.

From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil; as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fever.—Colton.

A man endowed with great perfections, without good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.—Steele.

All my experience of the world teaches me that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the safe and just side of a question is the generous and merciful side.—Mrs. Jameson.

Sometimes a subtle odor recalls some joy or pain, sometimes the pulse heats quicker with a familiar strain. Sometimes a faded flower will bring the unshed tears, sometimes a book or gesture will speak of other years.—Anon.

If we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.—Alexander Smith.

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GAELIC..... Saturday, February 15, 1896
DORIC..... Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu). Saturday, March 21, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 23, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 P. M.	Petaluma.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Fulton.	10:30 A. M.
.....	Windsor.
.....	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg.
3:30 P. M.	Geyersville.	7:30 P. M.
.....	Cloverdale.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
.....	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.

Stages connect at Pieta for Highoad Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, U.S. Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and P. M. way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," Saturday, Feb. 15, at 10 A. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties Feb. 6th and 15th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street. For freight apply to 327 Market street.

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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from California and Mason Streets, looking Northwest. Showing Crocker, Huntington, and Flood Mansions.





SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

Number 8.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-607-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

WITH a full Treasury confidence will be restored over the entire country.

DR. Dille will visit Honolulu. A word of friendly caution is extended to Mrs. Liliuokalani Dominis.

THE old monitor, Comanche, is to be handed over to the Naval Reserve of California. Verily, our coast defenses are picking up.

THE Pest-house should be located where it will inconvenience no one, and not be an obstacle to the improvement of valuable real estate.

THE theft of State property supplied to the State Board of Silk Culture should be traceable to some one and the offender brought to justice.

IT is better for California to let her railroads remain in the hands of Californians. Outsiders may prove hard masters if we once give them the opportunity to do so.

WHEN Italian anarchists are permitted to preach their revolutionary doctrines in this city, it is time for the police to interfere in the matter. This is a free country, but anarchists, like vermin, are subject to small consideration.

THE recommendation of Secretary Herbert to increase the Navy by two new battleships and twelve torpedo boats is a good one. The number, however, is insufficient. We need a navy as powerful as that of any European power.

THE Chinese Government is raising a loan of one hundred million taels. England and Germany will provide this money, which is intended for the payment of the war indemnity to Japan. It is a pity that the loan cannot be provided for by this country, as the security is all that could be desired.

NOW that the Postoffice Department has issued instructions ordering the arrest of managers and proprietors of newspapers containing obscene articles, pictures, and advertisements when the same are sent through the mails, it is possible that a higher tone will soon become apparent in our great dailies. The home has been desecrated long enough.

THE rumor, started some time ago by Mayor Sutro, that the water supplied by the Spring Valley Water Company is not fit for drinking purposes has been pronounced to be entirely without foundation. The Board of Health recently supplied samples of the fluid to leading chemists for analysis, and they pronounced it free from impurities and healthful in every respect.

BEFORE the Monroe Doctrine affair blows over, it would be a good thing for America and England to come to some definite understanding concerning it and the limitations it puts upon colonization on this side of the Atlantic. Ours is above all things a peaceful era. The people of both countries shun war, and the matter should be clearly settled so as to prevent later and more dangerous disputes.

A DRUGGIST out on Market street makes a point of exhibiting in his store window certain articles devoted exclusively to the use of the female sex. Such goods should be kept inside, and not paraded before the gaze of the public. It is only natural to suppose that women know where to find them when desired, and their exhibition is an offense to decency and food for the pruriently minded.

TROUBLE is apparently smoldering between Germany and France. It is more than likely that the next few years will witness the final conflict between these two nations. Something is necessary to clarify the European political atmosphere and ensure peace during the century to come. Things could not be worse than they are at present, commercially speaking, and some sort of settlement will speedily restore the world's equilibrium.

THE labor unions have organized with the ostensible purpose of going into politics for their own protection. The chief legislation they have to fear is that of their leaders, but a little experience may prove beneficial to them. They are further determined upon prohibiting armed or unarmed private detectives from entering the State to suppress strikes and such troubles. They possibly are averse to taking medicine, but it remains to be seen whether law and order or riot shall rule in this State.

LABOR Commissioner Fitzgerald has sensibly reached the conclusion that it is of little use to have a law passed requiring bakers to keep their establishments in a cleanly and sanitary condition. He rightly concludes that a system of inspection is a much better means of protecting the public. Accordingly, he proposes a supervision of bakeries, and will issue to those deserving patronage a certificate of cleanliness and good order. This should serve the purpose of protecting the intelligent classes of the community from the risk of consuming filth with their daily bread.

GOVERNOR BUDD deserves credit for his open condemnation of the manner in which the State fairs at Sacramento are conducted. These annual exhibitions consist in reality of little more than horse-racing, with some slight show of agricultural and horticultural products. The interest centers at the track, and gamblers and swindlers of all descriptions reap a harvest from the crowds that swarm upon the grounds. As hitherto conducted, these fairs have been a disgrace to the State, and have done far more to promote gambling than to encourage agriculture. Naturally, the people of Sacramento are "anxious" to have the fairs maintained, but this is simply because the annual show brings business to the town, however great may be the detriment to morality.

EASTERN opinion is almost unanimously condemnatory of the late vituperation heaped by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, upon President Cleveland. Republican journals of repute, as well as Democratic, also voice the sentiment that, in playing to the gallery, the Senator not only overstepped the line of common decency, but committed an outrageous and uncalled for attack upon the man who stands for the embodiment of all authority. Senator Tillman belongs to an ever growing class of men willing, for the furtherance of their own personal interests, to hazard the welfare of the general masses whom they profess to represent. It is a good sign when one of these instigators to violence and enemies to law and order receives the castigation he so richly deserves.

REFUNDING PROPOSITIONS SIMPLIFIED.

IN the early sixties, the Congress and people of the United States became earnestly seized with the idea that a great transcontinental railroad from ocean to ocean was necessary to the safety and unity of the nation. Certain men were named to carry out the cherished enterprise, and, of course, the important consideration of ways and means had to be taken into account. Bonds were issued and the necessary money raised. The first series of bonds do not bear the Government's guarantee, but were constituted a first lien upon the railroad property. The second lot of bonds were indorsed by the Government, and are payable by it. They were given the legal status of second mortgages on the road bed from Ogden to San Jose. Those second bonds are now about to become due and payable, and the question now arises as to what had better be done in regard to them. That is, in a few words, the problem that Congress is called upon to solve.

Three rival propositions hold the field. First—to foreclose the Government's second, or subsidiary lien, and sell it to the highest bidder. Second—the Government to buy up or become responsible for the first mortgage bonds, assume possession of the road and operate it, or cause it to be operated on its own account, and third—to refund the whole debt (on which six per cent is now being paid) at about three per cent., which the Government could easily do in the present state of its credit, and then contract with the present managers of the road to assume responsibility for the Government's liability for the principal and interest, as it becomes due, of the bonds so refunded; they (the managers) giving further security for the due fulfillment of their agreement, and provision being made for the creation by them of a sinking fund, and for a return of the property to the Government in case of any default being made in the payment of interest as it accrues.

The first of these propositions is that for which Mayor Sutro and young Mr. Hearst are fighting for with such unbouded energy and amplitude of funds. It is in the interests of an Eastern combination, in which the Vanderbilts and Goulds are obviously interested, and has for its ultimate purpose the control of the Union and Central Pacific by what is known as the North Western System. The more it is examined the more clearly it will be seen to be a proposition without merit. Under it the roads would be bought for little more than the first mortgage, and the Government would be out and injured to the extent of nearly its whole obligation. That, and the revengeful replacing of the California owners by Eastern ones, is all there is to that proposition.

The second proposal may be said to be that of the cranks, whom more designing men think it necessary to conciliate in order to secure their voice and influence in the defeat of any possible wise and conservative refunding scheme. Refunding out of the way, foreclosure becomes inevitable, and a possibility is opened up for the success of the Eastern syndicate of conspirators. That our Government, constituted as it is, could operate the roads, either by itself, or through any conceivable agency it could call into existence, is one of the wildest of imaginings, and merits no place in a serious controversy.

The remaining proposal is that which long ago emanated from the men who originally built the Central Pacific, developed its trade, and extended its branches, until they tapped almost every valley of the State, and connected it with all the great sections of our common country. It is not at all difficult to understand that these men, or the heirs and survivors of them, might years since have found it pecuniarily advantageous to have abandoned the road-bed from Ogden to San Jose to such uses as the Government, or the first bond holders, might choose to make of it. That road bed is not practically necessary to the men of the Southern Pacific. They own a better, because a much more cheaply operated trans-continental line. They, moreover, own all the side lines, feeders, ferries, terminals, water fronts, rolling stock, and whatever else is necessary to such a complex carrying trade as the needs of this great section call for. Nothing, therefore, would be easier than for them to say "let that old road-bed go. To retain it will cost twice as much as we can duplicate it for, and will lead to interminable conflicts with politicians and the people. Better let it go." Palpably, that

is what it would profit the Southern Pacific to say and mean right now. The reason why it never has been said does immortal honor to the memory of those of the original builders of the Central Pacific who have departed this life, and everlasting credit to the name of the one who remains to battle, not for further gains of which he has no need, nor for earthly honors or enjoyments for which, in the nature of things, he can have but little further use, but who desires, as his dead partners desired, to make provision for the ultimate payment of every dollar invested by the Government, or by anybody, in the great enterprise which spanned the continent, unified the extreme limits of the nation, extorted the wonder of the world, and will yet give immortality to the great names of Stanford, Crocker, Hopkins, and Huntington. To those who can put aside the worked up and manufactured passion of the hour, and look with unclouded reason upon the scene, there is something inspiring in the way this grand old man—Huntington—is to-day fighting to have the debts of the Central Pacific liquidated to the last dollar in the only way that it has ever been possible to liquidate them. No great railroad in this country or any other has ever repaid its first cost within twenty-five years of its construction. If any such result had been expected and demanded, this country would have had to have waited centuries yet for the railroads it has to-day. It is enough for a young country to pay interest on the capital value of its public utilities, and to wait until it has filled up and built up before paying for their first cost. Posterity, numerous and prosperous as it will be, will find a way to pay for its great heritage, and, we think, will have no reason to lament the greatness or profitableness of the achievements of this age in which we live. Be that as it may, there is no present reason why the Central Pacific owners should be asked to do the impossible, or to be treated by the Government in a manner in which no private creditor thinks of treating his debtor. The original security for the debt is not only intact, but has been greatly bettered. To that security it is proposed to make invaluable additions. The Government is asked to extend the period for which it has loaned its credit; simply that and nothing more. If this is granted, the continuity of the railroad service will be maintained, and trade will flourish. If it be refused, chaos will have come again, and no man can tell the end.

Sobriety For some time past very direct allusions in have been made in certain of our Eastern exchanges to the bibulous habits of more than one United States Senator, charged

with appearing in their seats in a condition bordering on helpless intoxication. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is said to be the principal offender. It is alleged that he is rarely or never sober, and some very unhappy stories are told of his condition in Paris when attending the International Bi-metallic Congress. It is further charged that his colleagues have frequently feared to meet with him in Committees, whose business has had to be postponed in consequence. The subject matter being alluded to by the New York press, led the Boston Herald to unwisely put in a plea for toleration in this wise: "Some of the greatest men of our country have had this habit of drinking heavily. It has gone into history as a weakness in their character, but the mantle of charity was always drawn over it by their contemporaries." This causes the New York Nation to wax indignant enough to say: "Well, the 'mantle of charity' was grossly misused when it was cast over this 'weakness.' Anyhow, whatever excuse a public man may have had for 'drinking heavily' fifty years ago, he has none to-day. If he cannot stop it, he ought to get out of public life. It is preposterous to make abstinence a condition of employment in an engineer of a locomotive, or in a captain of a liner, and allow a statesman, whose blunders may bring on a bloody war, to get drunk as often as he pleases, and then whine for the 'mantle of charity.' We believe we are the only civilized people to-day who allow men high in office to roll in the gutter with impunity." It makes the matter none the better that Senator Morgan is a leading member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and, until lately, was its chairman. If there be one place more than another where strict sobriety should prevail, it is in the Committee charged with the issues of peace and war.

Women Above the Law.

It is odd that there should be surprise at the acquittal on her second trial of Mrs. Shattuck, murderess of Harry Ponder. The freeing of this woman, mother of a chorus girl, who slew a young man as innocent as her daughter, is strictly in accord with precedent. The exasperation of Judge Belcher at the equally foolish and wicked verdict is curious. As a lawyer and citizen he must know that to women in this State is given the power of life and death over men. It is true that the laws by their language put both sexes on an equality, but juries, through whom custom expresses itself, have decreed that murder done by a female is no murder. This is so well recognized that men who desire to assassinate enemies, now and again put forward a wife or mistress to do the killing, confident that no very unpleasant legal results will ensue. That which is a hanging matter for a man, even in this city, where we have fifty murders for one execution, means for a woman only a year or two's imprisonment—or just long enough to give the courts and a second jury time to become accustomed to her.

Stung by Judge Belcher's scornful language, the jurors in the Shattuck case are quarreling about the apportionment of blame for the verdict. Jurors Kittredge and Muller aver that while they wanted to convict the woman of murder in the first degree, they voted for acquittal because they saw there would be a disagreement else, and they desired to save the county the expense of another trial! Juror Ashe resented the introduction into the jury-room of evidence not admitted in the court-room. All the jurors who have spoken appear to have arrived at their conclusion without much reference to the testimony, and to have made no use whatever of their heads. One declared his belief that the woman had suffered enough, and that sympathetic view doubtless in large degree controlled the whole twelve. Had the chorus girl's father, instead of her mother, killed her lover, the jury would not have been so pitiful, or if disposed to be so, would have mastered their pity out of respect for the public wrath which would descend upon them for a criminally kind verdict. In dealing with the mother they counted on public applause, or, at worst, apathy.

The average Californian juror is a chivalrous ass. The murderess invariably derives advantage from the deference that he feels for the whole sex, which is relatively scarce and hard to get in his habitat. To his muddled, undeveloped brain it appears that he is paying a compliment to Woman when by his vote he testifies his conviction that she is not a responsible being. If this juror were hunting monkeys for food he would lower his gun on perceiving the simian in the tree to be female. He is a high-toned, elegant gentleman under all circumstances, drunk or sober.

It is not well that the laws of a community should be at variance with its public opinion. Nothing being better established by experience than that a woman in California cannot be seriously punished for serious crime, this principle ought to be incorporated into the statutes. Then the laws would be spared that contempt which is brought upon them by non-enforcement. But while things remain as they are, a decent respect for human reason dictates that each Judge shall keep a list of moral runts and intellectual ciphers such as acquitted murderess Shattuck, and bar them from jury duty until the laws have been based on sexual sympathy and not common sense. The Shattuck jurors, in a truly civilized community, would be locked up as dangerous. Among us they will receive the grateful smiles of the New Woman, which is, perhaps, punishment enough.

Let Perdita Alone.

The Examiner is stirring up the preachers to another agitation against the social evil. The paper is not doing this because it cares anything about the social evil, but because it needs in its business at the moment some appearance of moral sense. It has been shocking the city, which is not easily shocked, by its manner of reporting the murder of a courtesan on Morton street. This crime gave the Examiner an opportunity to take out the walls of the town's vilest houses of ill-fame and replace them with glass, so that even the school children could study the interiors, down to the smallest particular of furniture as well as of life. Work so unnecessary and so very dirty has

never been done by another San Francisco paper. People, to the Examiner's surprise, have not been entertained by this uncovering of the social sewers, but disgusted and angered. Consequently the order to back water is given, and the ail of the clergy is called in to lend an air of worthy purpose to the monstrous performances of this journalistic bawd. And the clergy at once respond, of course. It is as safe to open fire on the scarlet women as it was to revile the Mormons. They have no friends who can hurt the churches. Besides, it is an easy subject to talk on. The Rev. Dr. Case, we see, is especially vehement in his righteous wrath against Morton street—the same Dr. Case, who but two weeks ago was pleading for merciful judgment of Dr. Brown from his chaste pulpit. He pointed to the moral lapses of Solomon and other Old Testament worthies, and God's tolerance of them, as examples of what the attitude of the pious should be toward preachers who break the seventh commandment and then lie about it. But he would be stern with the non-clerical sinner. "I would," he confides to his friend, the Examiner, "arrest every man seen going into the doors of such an establishment, and have him sentenced to thirty-nine lashes at the whipping-post. If that dose of castigation were not sufficient it should be repeated." For a brother in the Lord, however, who numbers Miss Overman and Mrs. Stockton among his congregation, there shall be no whipping-post, but at the very worst a suspension of judgment.

It is needless to say that the interviewed clergy, while declaiming against Morton street, are exceedingly shy about suggesting an alternative. That is why the less that is said about Morton street the better. Pending a proposition to remove the women to a district remote from the center of the city, and frankly to place them under proper police and medical regulation, these periodical agitations against the social evil effect no good purpose. On the contrary, they merely advertise that which should be hidden, and drench with filth the newspapers, and so carry pollution into uncounted homes. Yet were it attempted to isolate the women, to control and mitigate an evil which it is impossible—human nature and social institutions being what they are—to extirpate, who would be the first to cry out in a frenzy against this "recognition" of sin, as if recognition with the intention to lessen were a joyous and shameful encouragement? The clergy, of course—Brother Case, Brother Brown, Brother Pond, and all the good men of their sort.

They tire, these reverend chatterers, who seem to be as deficient in sense as they are in real moral perception. Morton street is foul, foul beyond even the Examiner's power, though not its willingness, to describe, but why stir up with the stick of useless publicity this foulness for which no remedy is proposed? The closing of Morton street would result simply in defiling other neighborhoods which are now clean. Morton street does not obtrude itself upon those who are not seeking it. It is not a hundredth part so conspicuous as the Rev. Dr. Brown has been these two months. Until a reservation for its wretched inhabitants has been provided, Morton street should be let alone. And, for the sake of decency, the Examiner and its co-workers, the sensational preachers, should be taught that it is to the interest of their highly moral pockets to seek clearer themes.

Socialism Adopted By The Labor Unions.

The growth of socialism in America was strongly illustrated in the proceedings of the recent labor convention in this city. The gathering was composed of delegates from the various trade unions of San Francisco. It adjourned for a month, without taking final action in relation to a plan of campaign, but decided that organized labor should engage in politics. Resolutions were unanimously adopted condemning the "competitive system of industry" as "the capitalist's plan of private exploitation of those deprived of tools and land," and declaring that this competitive system is "the fundamental cause of industrial distress and economic slavery of the masses of the workers." It was further resolved that the workers should "proceed to organize their federated forces on such lines as are best calculated to supplant competition and its fraudulent fundamentals, and to substitute therefore a system of universal coöperation founded on the socialization of the means of production—land, tools

and capital." In conclusion, the convention declared in favor of "such distinct political action as will forever throw off the yoke of our capitalist masters." It is significant of the cowardice of the daily press that while much space was given to the report of the proceedings of the convention, the editorial columns of the newspapers have remained silent on the subject of this radical departure by the labor representatives. If this convention be fairly an exponent of the drift of sentiment in the ranks of what is called "organized labor" in America, the inevitable struggle against socialism is not far distant. The programme, as laid down in the resolutions adopted, embodies the cant with which students of socialism have become familiar. The capitalist is held up to execration as a plunderer of the laborer, and there is a sweeping demand for a general "divide." The "socialization of the means of production—land, tools, and capital"—means, in plain English, a confiscation of property for the benefit of those who are impecunious. Is it not clear that the men who proclaim these sentiments would immediately proceed to put them into operation, had they the power to do so? If the accumulation of capital be robbery, the sooner the capital is distributed, per capita, the better it should be for the body politic. This is the logical application of the principles laid down by the labor convention. No doubt the growth of these ideas in California was greatly promoted by the policy of most of our newspapers during the great railroad strike of 1894. Every encouragement was then given to train-wreckers and others engaged in organized effort against the tyranny of capital. And now that labor unions have begun to learn that there is little or nothing to be gained by the old weapons of strikes and boycotts, the adoption of the socialist program, and its introduction into national politics, is a consequence to be apprehended. It is not unlikely that the socialist-labor party, by whatever name it may be distinguished, will in a few years become a formidable factor in the politics of the United States, as it already is in Germany. The demagogues who have sown the seed may have a chance to reap the whirlwind.

No Reliance Upon Arbitration. The advocates of arbitration, as a means of settling international difficulties, are again to the front. It is proposed that England and the United States provide for the establishment of a permanent board of arbitration, for the pacific adjustment of international controversies. This would be a thing most devoutly to be wished, if it could be relied upon as a safeguard against war. Unfortunately, however, neither nation would agree to submit all disputes to such a tribunal, or to be bound in all cases by its decisions. This is the weak point of international arbitration. There is never much support for the idea save at times when no event has occurred to stir the popular heart. When an actual cause for war is visible, the people are too deeply moved to be willing to trust to arbitration. Only a short time ago this country and England were, in a twinkling, brought almost to the verge of war by President Cleveland's famous Venezuela message. The spirit manifested in America at that time did not speak well for the progress of the arbitration gospel. It is always so when national pride or national honor is wounded. At such times suggestions for arbitration become mere waste of words. No Government has ever left to arbitration what is regarded as a matter of vital importance. Arbitration is best suited to such comparatively small questions as those relating to the Alaska seal, and even over that animal this country narrowly escaped a serious difficulty with England.

As for the idea of "compulsory" arbitration, sometimes advocated, it should scarcely be necessary to point out that it involves a confusion of terms. Voluntary submission of a dispute to an impartial tribunal is the essential principle of arbitration, when compulsion exists there can be no real arbitration. Compulsion implies force, and force in a military sense cannot be exerted without armament. So long as the nations continue at all times to make preparations for war, the country least equipped must remain at a disadvantage. Even if all the nations of Europe could be induced to unite with America in an agreement for the arbitration of all international questions, there would always be danger that some one of them, and

that the strongest, would on occasion refuse to be bound by an award. What then? The tribunal could not enforce its decision. Thus the most honorable and the most peaceful of nations would be apt to fall a victim to the wiles of the least trustworthy or most combative. As is commonly illustrated in arbitration of disputes between individuals, evasion of the requirements of an award is easy to the dishonest. Nor are arbitrators always free from reasonable suspicion as to motives or bias. It would be a dangerous thing for this country to rely upon the growth of international sentiment in favor of arbitration. Bismarck's famous "blood and iron" form a much more effectual safeguard for any nation. It is clear that the nation best prepared for war is least in danger of the sword. The time of a general disarmament and universal peace is as far off as the millenium. It will do no harm to preach the gospel of arbitration, but we must beware lest at some time a first-class fighting power provoke a war when we are unprepared to so much as protect our coasts.

Equitable Water Rates. The Board of Supervisors has decided that the water rates for the ensuing year shall not be decreased, but shall remain as they are at present, being according to the schedule adopted by the Board in February of last year. Strangely enough, this action has not brought forth the usual denunciation from the daily press, clamoring for reduction, without sufficient thought being given the service rendered. This action on the part of the Supervisors is probably due to the fact that they studied the financial report of the Spring Valley Water Company, lately issued, and which showed that the Company's workings last year had even resulted in a loss. The Spring Valley Water Company is fulfilling its duty to the city and the general public in the best possible manner. Although at a somewhat late period, the papers are becoming aware of this fact. They see that attacking solid corporations and the men at the head of them only hurts their own pockets, as well as retards the development of California. Eastern capitalists are not likely to invest their money where they will be subject to the abuse heaped upon them by a demagogic press, and people of moderate means follow largely their example.

Had the newspapers of San Francisco only become aware of this fact some twenty years ago instead of to-day, and had shaped their policy on broad and useful lines by helping our large water, gas, and railroad corporations along in their endeavors to build up this State, instead of indulging in abuse at their expense, then instead of having only one million inhabitants California would certainly have two, and probably even three or four. Thus, cost for all accommodation would be less; factories would be in operation everywhere, and we should be producing here those goods for which we are still dependent upon the East. Even the daily papers themselves would be bettered because they would have a larger circulation and more advertising patronage. Finally, every Western industry would be better off, hard times would be unknown, the "tramp problem" would be settled, and the prospect for the future would be healthy in every respect. A worse policy than that of wholesale corporation hunting cannot well be imagined.

Defective Sanitation. Two of the leading public schools, the Lincoln and the Longfellow, are closed, owing to the fearful sanitary defects found to exist in them. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other zymotic diseases are rampant among the children subjected to foul air, bad sewerage, and dirty water pipes. This state of affairs appeals directly to every parent in the city, for, if present conditions be not remedied, the lives of thousands of school children may be sacrificed and their health imperilled in the hey-day of their youth. The Board of Education, the Supervisors, and the Board of Health are all equally responsible for this monstrous blot on the community, and it is to be hoped they will take speedy action in the matter.

The Irish Home Rulers are persisting in their usual methods of attacking and harassing the British Government. Until abler and more reliable men can be found to attend to the interests of Ireland, things had better remain as they are.

**Confidential
Communications**

The Circuit Court of Michigan lately decided that a Judge has the power to compel a doctor to reveal confidential communications made to him by a patient regarding his bodily condition. The question is an interesting one and is causing much discussion between the two parties. Glenn in his "Manual of the Laws affecting Medical Men" states that a medical man has no privilege to avoid giving such evidence when called upon by the Court so to do. This is what is open to doubt. Before a patient can feel perfect reliance in his physician and will take him into full confidence, he must feel assured that the confidence will not be misplaced and that no third party will ever become aware of the nature of his complaint. This is the basis of all relations between the two parties and without it half the diseases, at present prevalent, would be suppressed from the knowledge of the doctors and would thus secretly endanger the community. There is no doubt of the fact that should the average physician learn facts that might lead to the conviction of a murderer or some other fugitive from justice, being an honorable man he would of himself impart them to those holding authority above him. But it would be well not to subject him to law in this case, but rather let him decide whether his knowledge would be of any use or not. At any rate, even if he is compelled to state what he knows concerning a man, the information he may give should be for the Judge's ears alone and not for those of the hullyguy counsel and the inquisitive reporter.

Viewing the matter from the side of the patient, it might even be good to make it a criminal offense upon the part of any doctor to disclose whatever knowledge comes to him whilst acting in his capacity of medical adviser. Cases have been known where doctors resorted to blackmail when once in possession of certain questionable facts concerning their patients. To punish such violations of confidence with a long term of imprisonment would be to doubly protect the patient and remove a temptation from the path of his adviser.

**Sanitary
Reform.**

Inspector Dockery has done much for the prevention of disease caused by the sale of impure and adulterated milk in this city, but New York eclipses us entirely in its methods of guarding the public from abuse by fraudulent milkmen. A late amendment to the Sanitary Code of that city provides that no milk shall be sold or kept for sale by anyone without a permit so to do signed by the Board of Health. Before this permit is issued the Board investigates the respective dairies and should they not comply with specified regulations as to cleanliness and order the permit is refused. This method of procedure is far superior to ours as it strikes at the very root of all evil—unhealthy cows and filthy surroundings. So much sickness is traceable to the consumption of bad milk nowadays, that it behooves us to adopt the most stringent of measures to protect ourselves from the evil. Another good resolution adopted is one prohibiting expectoration upon the floors of public places. Placards, calling the attention of people to this, are to be prominently posted in all places where men congregate, and proper receptacles are to be provided and continually cleansed. The habit of promiscuous expectoration is not only unhealthy but is also a dirty one, causing much inconvenience to ladies whose garments trail along the ground and sweep up much with which they come in contact. The habit is a common one here where the influences of the forty-niner are still apparent; but with proper legislation and a strict enforcement of the laws wonders could be performed in a very short time. The two subjects are well worth the consideration of people interested in reforms and if the members of our Board of Health will take action in the matter they can feel assured of the sympathy and backing of the better part of the community.

**The Church
Council.**

There is everywhere an expectation that the ecclesiastical court summoned to try the Reverend Dr. Brown will free him. Everywhere, also, there is a conviction that Brown is guilty. The assumption is that the clergymen and laymen composing the court are of a moral and mental order which renders them more solicitous for what they deem the interests of the church than they are for ordinary justice and ordinary morals. Therefore, the Congregational

Church is on trial as well as Dr. Brown. The trial is public, and the community, having the evidence before it, will be quite as competent as the court to form a judgment of its value. If that evidence is conclusive, and Dr. Brown shall still be acquitted, Congregationalism will receive a blow as punishing as deserved. To the people the fact will be made known that the church, instead of being superior morally to the mass of men, is distinctly inferior—so inferior, indeed, that men and women regardful of their reputation will keep away from it.

It goes without saying that if the evidence should prove the innocence of Dr. Brown the public would rejoice in his exoneration by the court; but if the evidence shall be at all the same as that which has appeared in the newspapers, and the brush should be applied, the court would not make Dr. Brown white, but itself black. The temptation will be strong to shuffle and arm Dr. Brown with a record of technical acquittal, with which he can sneak away and find another pulpit at a distance. But that would be equivalent to sending among unoffending strangers a leper carrying a certificate of health. It would be a crime.

The public has not nearly so vital an interest in the outcome of this trial as have the churches. The latter are on view for judgment, and should the court be merciful to proved adultery, falsehood, slander, and brazen impudence, the cost to the household of faith will be very great. Kindness to Dr. Brown, guilty, will be cruelty to Christianity and an affront to the good sense and moral feeling of all men and women whose sense of right and wrong has not been perverted by a pious environment.

**Animal
Murder.**

It is a common thing in this city as well as in all others of the Union, for members of the medical profession to buy cats and other helpless animals for anatomical purposes, the price paid being usually about twenty cents for each. He who will wilfully mutilate a harmless, domestic little creature in the so-called interests of science, is not worthy the name of man. He is lower than the brute, for the brute will only kill its kind in self-defense or when instigated thereto by the cravings of hunger. He is rather a fiend, whose heart and soul alike are perverted, and whose savage instincts—refined yet accentuated by the demands of our civilization—can only be satisfied by the sight of blood and the sufferings of his victim. The usefulness of vivisection is being called into question daily more and more. Reputable physicians and other intelligent and humane people are raising their voices in protest against it and it is to be hoped that in the near future it will fall into disrepute altogether.

Our Holy Grail.

"Well, what of it? What's the use?" is the Philistine's greeting to the news that Nansen has discovered the North Pole. The Pole can't be sold, and the climate forbids that helting should be attached to the revolving thing and machinery turned. There is no money visible in the North Pole, so it is scorned. The courage it took to get there, the daring, the endurance, the manly indifference to life in the pursuit of an idea not sordid, compels no admiration from the Philistine. An exclusive devotion to business is as deadening to the heart and imagination as exclusive devotion to the hottle. Useless or not, the North Pole is the modern Holy Grail, and the knight who first reaches it will, somehow, excite in the generality of men a thrill which could not be awakened by a regiment of millionaires marching to the clinking music of a gold band. The race is still human.

**Merely A
Combination!**

The Central Pacific Lumber Company of California has been organized, representing a combination of lumbering concerns having a total capital of seventy million dollars. The public are assured, through a published interview, that the new organization "is not a trust"—merely a combination. Incidentally, it is hinted that the price of lumber will immediately be advanced \$2 a thousand feet, to enable the lumbering interest to preserve itself from decay. Perhaps the new company is not a trust, in a technical sense but it is evidently planning a cinch upon the public.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER, *Sir*:—In the Overland Monthly for the present month of February, in an article on "Hard Times" Mr. Irving M. Scott says:

Europe, from early times down to a late date, employed both gold and silver as the "standard of value." This country in its colonial and confederate conditions did the same. The United States from the foundation of the Government (constitutional) down to 1873, employed both gold and silver, in accord with an Act of Congress making the standard unit of value "One Dollar," of a certain fineness. Thus, from 1687 to 1873, embracing a period of 186 years, our country employed both the silver dollar and the gold dollar—equal one to the other—as the standard unit of value and as redemption money. Thus it is seen that from time immemorial gold and silver worked together harmoniously. A greater production of one or the other did not affect the parity established between them.

Such an assertion by a business man of Mr. Scott's intelligence and standing is astounding, for the facts are exactly the opposite. In India at the time of Alexander's invasion, silver to gold was as 2 to 1, but in consequence of the rapid extension of commerce the ratio soon reached 6 to 1. In Athens, at the zenith of her power, the ratio at one time reached 13 to 1. At a little earlier period the ratio with the Romans was 10 to 1. They allowed the Eolians to pay their annual tribute in either silver or gold at this ratio. Between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, the great national formative period, gold was hoarded, and though Byzantine, Arabian, Egyptian and Spanish-Moorish gold coins were to be found in circulation occasionally, there was no gold coinage by western Europe until the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, the impetus having been given by the Crusaders. There never was agreement in the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries and the sudden yield of money metals by the new world utterly upset the mintage ratios of all Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There never was anything like an equal and generally recognized ratio of value between gold and silver prevailing at any single point of time. At one and the same date a ratio of 7 or 8 to 1 prevailed in the Moorish parts of Spain, and 12 to 1 in the Christian parts (the kingdom of Castile). Similarly, at a later period, in 1474, the ratio in England was 11.15; in Germany 11.12; and in France 11.00; in Italy 10.58, and in Spain 9.20. Vasco de Gama found the ratio prevailing in South America with the Indians 8 to 1. Changes of ratio in Europe under the influence of new world metallic product, are indicated by the following figures:

1545-60.....	11.30 to 1	1621-40.....	14.00 to 1
1561-80.....	11.50 to 1	1641-60.....	14.50 to 1
1581-1600.....	11.80 to 1	1661.....	15.00 to 1
1601-20.....	12.25 to 1		

Or from 1545 to 1660, a period of one hundred and fifteen years, the ratios of the two metals varied 33 per cent. And it is reasonably certain that all important monetary transactions in England prior to the Elizabethan reformation of the coinage, under Gresham, were settled by weight, and not by tale.

Lord Liverpool, writing in 1805, says:

The price of silver in dollars has varied in twenty three years,—that is, from the end of the year 1774 to the 31st of December, 1797—11-113. 117 per cent; and even in the course of one year, that of 1797, no less than 9 1-6 per cent. The variation in the price of silver bullion appears to have been still greater, by another account, with which I have been favored, by the later Mr. Garbett, an eminent merchant and manufacturer at Birmingham; it there appears that silver purchased by him, as a refiner, varied, according to his calculation, in the course of ten years, to 1793, more than 19 1-4 per cent., and in one year alone more than 13 1-3 per cent.

In the five hundred years, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, inclusive, there were over four hundred changes of re-ratings throughout continental Europe; and even a cursory knowledge of the history of coinage of the last five hundred years in the world will show that not alone has bimetalism, with free coinage, failed in Europe, but it failed also in India; that two distinct attempts were made there, both of which resulted disastrously.

Apart altogether from the arbitrary debasement of the coin, apart even from the changes of the ratio enacted with the more crafty design of inducing a flow of gold, the monetary systems of the times were so rough, so

unscientific; the tariffing of the coins of different nations against each other so inexact, of so hasty average, that it was simply impossible to provide general tables of equivalents of coins. The mint conventions of contiguous states in Europe in the sixteenth century were so frequent that their history has been characterized as a jungle of intricacies. A modern writer has said that to pick out and enumerate all the changes of ratings in Europe in a period of 600 years—the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries inclusive—would be like counting the stars in the Milky Way. And in France, the criterion of the silverites, there were 150 changes in less than that number of years in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During the French Revolution the ratings of gold and silver were changed over sixty times with no effect whatever save to cheat the people. In that country gold only was full legal tender or in effective circulation from 1850 to 1873, and from 1820 to 1850 silver expelled gold, achieving a proportion as currency of 91 to 9. Said the Chevalier Baisse in his "Problem of Gold" written in 1859:

A change of 1 1-2 per cent. in favor of gold sufficed, thirty or forty years ago, to cause that metal to disappear wholly from commercial payments. Under the regime of the Law of the 7th Germinal, year XI (1803), gold has ceased to figure in transactions of any magnitude, since it had acquired an appreciable premium. People took their gold to the money changer, in order to pocket the premium, and made payments exclusively in silver, as every investigator knows.

Gold and silver never have circulated freely, concurrently and indiscriminately as coins at fixed ratios under unrestricted coinage. As Mr. Scott, in the article mentioned, practically advises this country to abandon the Gold Standard and adopt the unlimited free coinage of Silver, presumably at a ratio of 16 to 1, which is about twice its actual value and which means cheap silver monometallism—I beg permission to ask him, most respectfully, what effect he believes such a policy would have upon the welfare of the men whom he employs, and also upon that of the people of California whose earnings of a life-time are to a considerable extent represented by the hundred and seventy-five millions of deposits on a gold basis in the savings and commercial banks of this State. In other words, does he really believe that his workmen, or anybody's workmen, or the people at large, would be benefited by being paid their wages, or their deposits in banks, on a depreciated silver basis, instead of a gold basis, as now?

In the Elizabethan reformation of the English coinage under Sir Thomas Gresham in the sixteenth century, the Queen, in her proclamation, said: "The loss in the base money falls principally on pensioners, soldiers, hired servants, and other poor people who live by any kind of wages, and not by rents of land or trade or merchandise." I take the liberty of subscribing to that doctrine and trust that our serious second thought, Mr. Scott also will perceive its truth, because it is in accordance with a natural law as inexorable as gravitation.

To paraphrase a writer of the day: The trouble in this country is not a lack of money, but of a sound economic and financial policy, which has, since the Civil War, been an almost unbroken record of empiricism, carried on in wanton disregard of the best established inductions of science.

A LAYMAN.

MAYFLOWERS.—ALICE L'ANSON IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

PURITAN mayflowers creeping,
Clad in their virginal white;
Puritan mayflowers peeping
Timidly up at the light;
Cheered by its ray, day after day,
Softly their petals unclose;
And as they part, each to its heart
Gathers the tint of the rose.

Gone are the colony's daughters,
With the dainty kerchiefs of yore;
Here by the Atlantic's broad waters
They are beholden no more.
Here away blows the summer's wild rose;
Blossoms fill copsewood and glade;
But the fairest that blow are the blossoms of snow—
Types of the Puritan maid.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

COMPARATIVELY few San Franciscans are familiar with the picturesque spots of their own city. The reason for this is that the points of interest are so many and so varied in their respective qualifications, that each person learns to love one little portion of it, and is liable to leave the others to the admiration of his fellows. This is surely not right. The designers of a building, to be assured of its ultimate success, must know its every part, its every detail, and it is the same in every respect with the city. We are the makers of San Francisco, and to ensure its future greatness it behooves each person to learn the lesson of its different aspects, to become acquainted with its numberless beauties, and so feel doubly sure of the outcome of the work for which we all are striving.

Taking all this into consideration, and desiring to awaken in the hearts of the people that interest in the city which has long lain fallow, the NEWS LETTER will issue a series of panoramic and artistic views, showing the points of interest of San Francisco, and calling attention to the people whose worthy enterprise has made each separate locality what it is.

The photographs from which these illustrations will be made were finished specially for the NEWS LETTER, and are the finest that could possibly be taken. The artist has been engaged on them several months, selecting only the clearest days on which to work, and using the most critical judgment in the choice of the views. The result is an illustrative series, the like of which has never been seen in this city before.

One full page illustration of some well-known locality will appear each week, printed on heavy plate paper, the utmost attention being paid to the smallest detail, and the series will be continued until every picturesque spot in the city has been dealt with, and the different styles of architecture, giving each its individuality, described.

Many of our readers have friends in the East and abroad who are interested in San Francisco, but they have as yet never had the opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with this city. These illustrations will be found to fill a long felt want, and it is recommended that copies of the NEWS LETTER for the next few months be forwarded them regularly, so that they can see for themselves what a beautiful city ours is, and thus be induced to come here and reside.

As the illustrations will form an album, the workmanship in each making them worthy of preservation, portfolios have been made, and can be obtained at the business office.

The first plate, which accompanies this issue, is a view taken from the Hopkins Institute of Art, and beautifully depicts several of the artistic homes on California-street Hill—the brown stone structure of James Flood, C. P. Huntington's house, formerly the Colton residence, the late Charles Crocker's mansion, and W. H. Crocker's lovely home. The view next week will show that portion of the city from the same point looking towards Telegraph Hill.

Probably A Mistake. A few days ago some seventy gallons of milk, belonging to the California Milk Producers' Association, was condemned by the Milk Inspector as impure, and emptied into the bay. This action has caused much surprise among the dairy men as the milk supplied by this Association is known to be of the finest quality only, and entirely above suspicion. At the office of the Association, 428-430 Turk street, it was learned that the cans must have been tampered with by malicious persons, who will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law when discovered. The Association claims for its milk and cream absolute purity, having 37,600 acres of the finest pasture land in Marin County, on which 3,535 cows find the purest and most wholesome fodder. In order to find out what impurities, if any, existed in the milk at the time, samples have been submitted to Professor Price, the well-known analytical chemist, and the public will soon be apprised of the results of his investigations. Of the seventy gallons seized, twenty gallons were part of a lot of 140 gallons, but, strange to say, the 120 gallons was passed as perfectly pure.

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100 Reed Chairs, assorted styles, at half regular values. Prices ranging from \$2 25 to \$4 50. Come and see them.

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250 genuine imported Oriental Bagdads, \$5 each. Former price, \$7 50.

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For
30 Days.



THE Paderewski matinees, given for and crowded by women, have been conspicuously repressed, even chill of atmosphere. Thrills, spinal or otherwise, have quivered their modest tributes to art unseen and unsung. The stories from the East of women's wild raptures and unseemly chase for the palpitating Pole, have enforced a self-consciousness and restraint among our femininity that have made of thrills something to be considered immodest, shameless, even prurient. I glanced over the house on Friday afternoon, and I saw one wan spinster who relaxed into tears under pressure of the funeral march which solemnizes the great Chopin sonata (who knows, perhaps the poor old girl was re-burying some unrequited passion to those melancholic strains); I saw the Paderewski girl etched by Alice Rix when she started, sobbing, from her chair, and I discovered a Paderewski girl of my own, who released a single ecstatic "Gawd!" dungeoned for possibly the entire Paderewski season behind her clenched teeth. The rest of the audience sat crowded, silent, and expensive; alive only to applaud decorously at the end of each number. And the Slavic thriller, in his faded hair and dingy clothes, might have been a plaster Apollo, for all he seemed to care. Only the gleaming ivories beneath his fingers had existence for him.

It is easier by far to write of Paderewski's thrills and throbs than of his playing. He defies analysis, and each new concert attests his boundless breadth and versatility of conception. The recital given last Friday week had a particularly stroung programme. Prominent were: Beethoven's E flat souata, Chopin's immortal minor sonata, Liszt's 12th Rhapsodje, and Schumann's Carnival—what a quartette to be served out at one feast! And what a master to be complete in the rendition of each! We read a great deal of vague praise of Paderewski for his artistic fidelity to the composers' ideas; from which one might infer that the writers were in direct communication with Beethoven, Chopin, and all the great band of dead musicians. I am just as impertinent and impudent as any of my brother scribes, but I draw the line at visitations from skeletons that long ago have been eaten by their graves. Paderewski interprets Beethoven as only a great, broad-souled, marvelously-schooled genius can. If any fragment of that illustrious composer remains intact, and the ears of it could hear eight bars of a sonata by Paderewski on the modern piano of to-day, I dare say it would turn for joy many eighteenth century flip-flops in its mouldy resting place. Nor would Chopin grieve for Poland's art could he hear his poems read by his long-haired countryman.

Wednesday's concert was distinctive from its predecessors by the absence of a Beethoven number, Schumann's first sonata being the *chef d'œuvre*. The many changeful phases, the abrupt introductions of contrasting themes, and the intense dramatic power of this remarkable work were colored with that potent tone vividness which divides the piano into a score of instruments in Paderewski's hands. The two dances by Brahms were played with such fanciful intimacy that one forgot the damning stamp of "cold intellectuality" that many feverish critics have branded on his works. Several Chopin selections, two quaintly rigid Scarlattis, as many Rubinstains, and Paderewski's "Melodie" completed the fifth memorable concert.

Ere I turn a saddened pen upon the mournful farces that Mme. Tavery and Katie Putnam are responsible for, I would raise my voice in protest at the ungenerous manner in which the Paderewski management has received our golden tribute. They might have given us one concert at least, with the addition of an orchestra, so that we could have heard Paderewski's "Fantasie Polonaise," rumored to be a great piece of pianoforte literature—which is more than can be said of the little nocturnes and dances he has given us thus far.

If you have any tenderness or sympathy locked away within your breast, unpack it, go to the Columbia and weep little tears for the sweet trustfulness with which Katie Putnam brings *The Old Lime Kiln* to San Francisco. The little orphan boy selling papers a day late, the country maiden in the metropolis with her delinquent butter and eggs, an umbrella peddler in the summer time, are small subjects for pity compared with Miss Putnam and her jaded play. It is a melodrama; a Dazey; a loo-loo. The guilty man says, "Who can accuse me now?" The timely heroine answers, "I can!" "By God!" howls the juvenile villain. "By thunder!" shouts a muscular hero. When this rollicking humor is not in force the comedy element has the stage, supplying the deadly earnestness. On the tropical side of Market street such a play would make a blazing success; at the Columbia, where the audiences have not been educated up to the frolicsomeness of the leading gentleman being placed to roast in a lime kiln, while the fair-headed heroine batters her way through the roof of an outhouse to save him at the critical moment, it is doubtful if the full piquancy of the piece will be realized.

Miss Putnam uses a dialect that is a composite of Laura Burt, Ole Olsen, and Henry Irving. She looks and acts very much like the late Gracie Plaisted, revelling in facial contortion and tragic intonation. Her methods are dolefully old-fashioned, and her supporting company is the poorest that could be gathered.

The Tavery Company's final week at the Baldwin has not been characterized by either financial or artistic success. *Lohengrin*, on Tuesday night, was as ragged a performance as *Tannhauser*, given the Saturday previous. Stevens, who sang the tenor roles in both productions, was ridiculously inadequate. I remember him in *The Bathing Girl*, which ran two nights at the Baldwin last year, singing the part of a counter-jumping hero. "Only a piece of dotted Swiss!" he wailed. From that to Wagner! No wonder that laundresses play at infidelity, gripmen dabble in agnosticism, and Keene grapples with Hamlet.

At the California of nights Paderewski's Steinway has been moved into the wings, and Thomas Keene has enlightened the followers of the tragic muse. His Shylock, like his Hamlet, lacks the definite conviction that one must feel for a character that is so complex, yet so unequivocal, in the minds of theatre-goers. He does not touch on the lofty side of the Jew's racial pride, the pathetic resentment of the man derided and oppressed. It is a small, grasping Shylock, reminiscent of his Louis XI. Richelieu, like Keene's Richard and Louis, has been softened into a clean-cut, intelligent piece of acting.

On Tuesday night I saw enough of *Der Freischutz* at the Tivoli to convince me that Von Weber, sung by a modest company, under skilled stage direction, is a much more enjoyable repast than Wagner by higher-priced people, without ensemble, tenor, or stage tactics. Ida Valerga and Kate Marchi are not remarkable singers, but they know well the *roles* of Agatha and Annie, and rendered them in at least an acceptable manner. Rafael (the one real artist in the Tivoli company) did nobly with Caspar, an exacting part for a voice of so light a calibre as his. Pache was such an improvement on the Wagnerian Stevens that I forgave him swallowing so many tones that belonged to the audience. The orchestra and choruses were well in hand and the scenery and effects admirable, particularly in the great Brocken scene.

The spectacular version of *Faust* deserved a better patronage than that extended the Alcazar this week, but *Faust*, the drama, like a great many good things, has been due to death in San Francisco, and the introduction of a race track humorist between the acts does not add very materially to the impressiveness of the production.

At the Orpheum it is the same old story of an excellent programme and crowded houses nightly. The Pantzer Brothers' marvelous head-balancing act, and Carroll Johnson's bit of old-time minstrelsy are both as clever specialties as may be seen anywhere in the country.

The concert given on Monday evening at Metropolitan Hall, by the Saturday Morning Orchestra, was not the glittering success its promoters had anticipated. Even the assistance of the best musicians of the Philharmonic Society failed to cover the scattering attack and general lack of ensemble. The orchestra is but a memory of itself in the days of Rosewald's leadership.

...

Frederick Warde, accompanied, it is said, by the best company that he has ever brought to this Coast, comes to the Baldwin Monday for an engagement of two weeks, which will be devoted to classical, romantic, and Shakespearean plays. During the first week *The Mountebank* will be presented on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. *The Lion's Mouth*, Tuesday, and Thursday, and *Virginia* Saturday. Frederick Warde, besides being an excellent actor, is an indefatigable student in the interest of dramatic art, and it may be assured that his presentations this season will be accurate and artistic in every detail. Landers Stevens, a young San Franciscan who has received favorable recognition throughout the East, is a member of the company. *A Milk White Flag*, by Hoyt, follows the Warde engagement.

The next Carr-Beel pop. concert, which takes place next Saturday at Golden Gate Hall, promises to be an event of great interest to our musical world, as this will be the fiftieth concert given by these deservedly popular artists. It is now five years since the concerts known as the Saturday "pops" were established, and it is acknowledged by all that they have done much to educate the public and elevate the taste for fine music. Saint Saeus' septette, Dvorak's American quartette, a solo by Beel, and Schumann songs by Chas. J. Dyer comprise the excellent programme.

Wife For Wife, another melodrama by the indefatigable John A. Stevens, which might be effectively sub-titled *Othello Up to Date*, has thrilled the patrons of the Grand this week. Darrell Vinton played the leading part with the melodramatic ardor that has so endeared him to the lovers of sensational plays, and Essie Tittell made a handsome heroine. For next week *Pulse of New York*, a melodrama of metropolitan life and announced as "the most realistic play ever seen on any stage." In this piece Florence Thropp will play no less than six distinct characters.

Commencing Monday night the William T. Carleton Opera Company will inaugurate a season of opera at Grover's Alcazar. The opening week will be given to Sir Julian Benedict's romantic opera, *Lily of Killarney*. Despite the attraction the price of seats will be from seventy-five cents down.

At the "Chutes" next Saturday afternoon and evening, the Auspacher Band, of the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum, will perform, and the management has presented the band with an entire set of new uniforms. There will be a grand display of fireworks in the evening.

Jolly Nellie McHenry, in *The Bicycle Girl*, a musical skit (written for her by Louis Harrison) with a strong up-to-date flavor, will take the stage at the California next week. Miss McHenry is said to have an excellent band of comedians with her this season.

Der Frieschutz has made such a success at the Tivoli that it will be continued another week. Theresa Condray, a promising young soprano, will alternate with Kate Marchi as Annie.

The Old Lime Kiln will run another week at the Columbia, garnished with several new songs and comedy effects.



Sousa, the only John Philip, is coming. His great band will give four concerts at the Mechanics' Pavilion February 27th, 28th, and 29th, and March 1st. Who can resist the swish and swing of his marches, and who is too poor to do him reverence at popular prices? The expenditure will be doubly repaid by the pleasure afforded.

Owing to Paderewski's concert on Friday afternoon the Rosewald memorial entertainment has been postponed to March 6th.

A COUGH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy and give immediate and sure relief.

California Theatre.

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Commenced Monday, Feb 22nd. One week only. Matinee Saturday. The do of the fun making world. Jolly

NELLIE McHENRY,

And her excellent farce comedy company, presenting the charming, effervescent, lyrical, cycle novelty, for the first time in San Francisco.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

It was the hit of the week. Only one week more. The charming comedienne,

KATIE PUTNAM,

In her elaborate scenic production of the picturesque comedy drama,

AT THE OLD LIME KILN,

Written by Mr. C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky."
Reserved seats, 15c., 25c., 50c. and 75c.
March 2d—A RAILROAD TICKET.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Monday, February 24th.

MR. FREDERICK WARDE,

and his celebrated company, in magnificent scenic productions of classic Shakespearean and romantic drama

Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee, *THE MOUNTBANK*; Tuesday and Thursday nights, *THE LION'S MOUTH*; Saturday night, *VIRGINIUS*.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
Last performances of "Wife for Wife."

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 24th—Grand scenic production of the original comedy-drama of metropolitan life, in which will be introduced the most wonderful effects ever seen on any stage,

PULSE OF NEW YORK.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KREILING.
Proprietor and Manager

This evening. Splendid electric production.

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Or, THE SEVEN CHARMED BULLETS.

The most wondrous Brecken scene ever shown in this city.

Cast includes: Ida Valera, Anna Sonnshel, Kate Marchi, Martin Pache, W. H. West, John J. Radack, Marcel Perron, Arthur Boyce. Grand chorus. Superb orchestra.
Next opera: RIP VAN WINKLE.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To night. A great list of

RENOWNED ATTRACTIONS.

THE WILTONS, THE PANTZERS, CARROLL JOHNSON, THE GARKISONS, and our great company of celebrities. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Commencing Monday, February 24th, the

WM. T. CARLETON OPERA COMPANY

will present Sir Julian Benedict's romantic opera.

LILY OF KILLARNEY.

Night Prices—10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c.

MECHANICS' PAVILION.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22d., (Washington's Birthday)
The EINTRACHT will give a grand prize

MASQUERADE

Grand March at 9 o'clock representing: 400 Years of American Life. 2000 Costumed People on the Floor. Ladies' Prizes. Gents' Prizes. Grand Promenade Concert from 8 to 9 o'clock. Music by the celebrated Louis N. Ritau's Military Band.
ADMISSION \$1.00. Reserved Seats 50c extra at Goldstein & Cohn, 823 Market St., 2 weeks previous to the Ball.

LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentleman for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 913 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1.50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1.25 per month.



THEODORE Wores is spending his winter in New York painting away diligently. His Japanese pictures—the last hatch—went with a satisfactory gusto, in Boston and Chicago, as well as in other cities. This year he expects to come Westward and seek his “Chrysanthemum Land” again. Many of his Japanese friends have been greatly elevated in station since Mr. Wores’ last sojourn, and especially his adopted father. It must be explained, that when the artist first went to Japan in the early ‘eighties,” he was adopted as a son by a Japanese Marquis in Tokio, in order that he might visit the interior freely, and live where he pleased. It was of the utmost advantage, and it enabled him to obtain a far deeper insight into Japanese art and culture than any foreign painter before him. The adoption conferred upon him, it seems, a certain distinguished rank,—a courtesy title of his foster-father’s. Now that the Marquis has been promoted for patriotic services in the Chinese war, his elevation to higher honors, similarly affects Theodore Wores. When George Bromley was made consul to Tsin-Tsin, China, ten years ago, Wores made a Bohemian Club cartoon for the “Bon Voyage Jinks” representing “Uncle George,” as the Celestial God of Thunder. It has been proposed by some of his many friends in the Club, in anticipation of his return here in March, *en route à Japon*, that a mate to the Bromley cartoon shall adorn a complimentary Jinks, representing Wores in his newly won semi-paternal decorations. The only trouble is, it is not quite certain whether he is a Knight of White, Red, or Yellow Chrysanthemum. Amadée Joulin, the artist is studiously consulting local Japanese heraldic experts on the subject.

* * *

The eldest daughter of one of our most prominent and wealthiest Roman Catholic families is about to return here after a several years’ sojourn in England. Her brother, who is a leader in everything at Burlingame, has always shared his sister’s predilection for the British aristocracy and has been the foremost entertainer of its scions who visit this coast. However, his elder sister resolved to visit England for a time, and the young gentleman made a most ingenuous arrangement for her social enjoyment there. In one of the wings of St. James’ Palace, London, a number of titled gentlewomen, who have been left by their husbands or relatives in an impecunious condition, are permitted by the Queen to pass their old age in comfort and ease befitting their rank. Each one has a quiet suite elegantly furnished. But in addition to their incomes, these old ladies have another resource. Frequently may be seen a personal in the London papers to the effect that a “lady of title and of preëminent social advantages will undertake the introduction and chaperonage of a lady who has not enjoyed the same opportunities in the best society.” It was such an “opportunity” as this that our San Francisco heiress took, and her letters home have been filled for a year past with “Lady This and Lord That.” All of which overawes Burlingame.

* * *

The death of W. W. Blow in Oakland has caused more regret than one can describe. Looking back nearly thirty years ago, when scores of young Confederate officers flocked to the coast—many of them still suffering from grievous wounds—there is a certain romance attached to the California aftermath.

“Duke” Gwin and Mrs. Gwin gave a grand reception at the Occidental Hotel for all the young Southern *émigrés*. But Oakland was the Confederate stamping-ground. The Coffees, the Heaths, the Walls—especially the Glascocks and old Colonel Jack Hays—formed an invincible Southern aristocracy. The war over, the Kirkhams, the Shepards, the Shafters, the Howards, and the Braytons forgot all political differences, and with the advent of as handsome a man as Major Blow, or Major Hart, or Commodore Leon Smith, or Captain Floyd, or “dear old” Harry Christmas,

there was a sort of jubilee. The C. B. C. Club was organized; and the U. S. A. officers from Goat Island, which was then a military post, joined cordially in the frequent Germans which were given by the entire wealth and fashion of Oakland. Of all the beaux, Major Blow led the list, although Harry Christmas—who through despair over his wounds voluntarily departed life one morning—was as gallant a cavalier “as ever strode a horse or trod a madrigal.”

Once Blow gave a picnic at Woodward’s Gardens. This was in 1867. It was an elaborate affair, and the guests were almost all children, with Mrs. Colonel Coffee and others for chaperons. At the time he could ill afford it—but “once a gentleman, always a gentleman!” The day was made a red-letter mark in the prayer book of the children who remember it.

* * *

The first mosquito’s come to town,
His bill is sharp, his wings are brown,
He bites the dude as well as clown,
Ho, ho!

He lights upoo the belle’s soft cheek,
He nips the parson, smooth and sleek,
Who smothers words he dare not speak,
Ha, ha!

On sultry nights this horned fly
Will slip the guarding portal hy,
And bask upon the breast or eye,
So nice.

A moment after, gorged and lame,
That wicked fly will jump the game,
And totter in abodes of shame
And vice.

But in life’s odd and various plan,
He is the true cosmopolitan,
The velvet cheek, the rustic tan
He gobbles.

A most peculiar beast is he,
Of gluttony and minstrelsy,
When over face, or hand, or knee
He wobbles.

* * *

The Bal Masqué at the Hopkins’ Art Institute, Tuesday night, was not “all gold that glitters,” so the men say—and also (it is whispered) the women. The most successful affair of the sort was that of 1890, in the old Bohemian Club building, on Pine street, when Bohemia patronized society, rather than society the world of Art. Of course, there was a wild night, but the women were not afraid to mask, as they were this last Tuesday night—many of them, and, besides, they entered into the carnival spirit with a vim, of which there was a lack Tuesday last. But the models were in arrears. There are many who roam about the San Francisco studios, and who may be considered as a potent factor in the Association. They and their spirit were lacking—owing to the overwhelming and flashing gleam of high society. In the some-time-ago, no one knew who anyone else really was for hours and hours. Hilarity reigned supreme, and was filled with surprises. “Uncle” George Bromley disguised himself as a Venetian youth, and deceived the discernment of the fairest women. Three of them who had sworn, *en masque*, an immortality of attachment, at the fatal unmasking hour, vowed a mortal revenge.

* * *

Time and again fun has been poked at the Reverend Anna Shaw, so “The Looker-on” is more than delighted to find out, on the testimony of her co-workers, that she is the “most grasping person” ever known. Anna’s jaw, when it wags, sometimes realizes \$50 for half an hour’s work, and, in the recent war of the female suffragists, all of them have fallen down under mutual accusations. Sarah-becooper and her lovely daughter Hattie are charged with attempting to rule, or ruin, and make trouble wherever they go; the Reverend Miss Shaw is accused of bleeding the suffragists of \$1500, and even Miss Anthony appears to have wafted away considerable swag. The female suffrage hubbub has been thoroughly pricked as far as California is concerned, and the press will not be slow to comment on the greed and voraciousness of these things in female clothes who pose as apostles of righteousness and charity.

In the March number of one of the most prominent English magazines, James Walter Smith, the writer, gives a review of "Social Life Among the Americans in London, in which he refers very gracefully to three San Francisco belles—Lady Waterlow, Lady Hesketh, and Lady Wolsley. Notwithstanding his compliments to the American women in general, he is apt to be patronizing, and twice he becomes absurd in his assertions. For instance, he relates an instance, which he vouches for, where a young and fashionable New York woman rushed up to a famous English belle at a great reception, crying: "Heavens, woman! what a complexion you've got! What soap do you use?" A likely incident!

Again, Mr. Smith remarks "A curious desire in American women is to kiss the Queen's hand." He adds that "the preseeutee can't get it through her head that, not being a subject of Her Majesty's, she has no right to kiss the Royal hand, or, if she knows, she purposely forgets it when the great moment comes. A certain fair American last year who was chided for this osculatory act by the shocked American ambassadress, replied gayly: 'Well, I said I'd do it, and I did it!'"

While Mr. Smith speaks warmly of Lady Hesketh (whom he describes as being a subject of attention and a hostess of the Prince of Wales), and of Lady Wolsley, he devotes more elaborate remarks to Lady Waterlow, giving her pedigree, etc., and lauding her many philanthropical deeds in England in connection with her generous husband.

What would Maggie Hamilton have said sixteen years ago!

People who give swell dinners and their hill of fare to the press for the edification of the public, should either eschew French altogether in its compilation, or employ some one to get it up who understands the language. At a recent grand affair of the kind one is informed of the appearance of *huitres sur la coquille*, a rather strange condition, if at all, as *coquille* happens to be a shell of the snail pattern, in contra distinction to *ecaille*, the shell enclosing the oyster and tortoise. As a matter of fact, should the French, who rarely serve the oyster otherwise than on the shell as a *hors d'oeuvre*, wish to describe it, they would simply designate the locality from which it was procured, as, for instance, *huitres de l'est* or *huitres Californiennes*. In any event, if the shell must be specified, the idiom would be *huitres a l'ecaille*. The *soupe tortue verte* mentioned is wrong both grammatically and colloquially. It should properly be rendered *soupe a la tortue verte*. Even the term *soupe* is a provincialism, the word *potage* obtaining more usually, unless in the commoner varieties, such as *soupe aux choux*, *a l'oignon*, *au lait*, etc. Again the same card speaks of *jeune saumon*. Probably the writer meant to say *truite saumonée*. If not, *saumon jeune* would be at least correct grammatically. In the name of common sense, in an English-speaking community, can we not have our hill of fare written in plain English, which would, at least, be preferable to execrable French.

A prominent Hawaiian resident now at the Occidental Hotel,—and recently arrived—says, concerning the recent Amnesty to ex-Queen Liliuokalani, that the lady may shortly marry a prominent member of President Dole's Government. At first thought this may seem absurd, but there is no doubt that gossip has lingered about Honolulu lately, and that the efforts of a certain official influenced the executive clemency. The ex-Queen would not be a bad match, for she has lots of money—a great deal more than people give her credit for just now. For one need not heed the idle tales which are thrown to and from the Islands.

Robert Davis, the brother of "Sam," the Carson humorist, departs for the East Monday, as representative of the Morning Call in New York and Washington—an arduous task, because "a hird can't be in two places at the same time," as the Irish say. New York has never been popular with San Francisco's special correspondents, save in the case of Isaac Allen, who has held out cheerfully and nervously for five years. His secret lies in getting his copy in swiftly. His predecessor for the Examiner, Henry B. McDowell, was a magnificent rhetorician, and if a high society scandal in the East was on the carpet, he could

discover it beautifully through his lofty relatives, and send it at his leisure. But with a newspaper it's "Love me little, love me quick!" so far as the telegraph is concerned, and an iron constitution is required to wait through the watches of the night till four o'clock every morning in order to satisfy the news maw of the Golden Gate. Ned Hamilton himself once declared it a cut-throat proposition when he tried it in 1888.

It is the essence of Bohemianism to seek cheap notoriety, and therefore no one need be surprised that Alex. Hawes and Joe Redding have purchased a pewter pot in London and forwarded it to headquarters, duly inscribed. A pewter pot is not worth a dollar, and London contains millions of them. But it appears that these Bohemians wandered into the "Cheshire Cheese," a frowzy, ill-smelling tavern on the same level with a dozen other Fleet street resorts, which live on the reputations of old boozers like Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. The cobwebs on the ceiling and the rank senility of the surroundings are the stock in trade, and impress, of course, any American Anglo-maniacs. The "Cheshire Cheese" furnishes good rump steak and mediaeval memories, but is about as dirty as the old "Boomerang" saloon, which was in its glory here twenty-five years ago. Charley Josselyn has received the pewter mug, which, being duly inscribed at a cost of about four hits, will be solemnly presented to the club in the near future. The gift is about as valuable as the gross of green spectacles in which the verdant Moscs invested, as told in the Vicar of Wakefield.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

Japanese vases and bronzes outlast time. They are always in style. George T. Marsh, 625 Market St., has the best goods only.

"Evans' first—
There is no second."

**When You
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**You'll
know you
have the best
Ale or Stout.**

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FINE TAILORING

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The Latest Fall and Winter Goods
have arrived.

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MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novel-
ties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order
a Specialty.

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At Moderate Prices.

J. H. HAWES,

Mezzanine B., Crocker Building. (Up one-half flight fronting on Post St.)



It must be admitted by even the most captious critic that society is getting more realistic every season, and sham does not "obtain" to the large extent of former years. What if good breeding demands a polite evasion of truth on occasions!—the girl of the period disdains any humbuggery of that sort; she says just what she "feels like" (expressive phrase!) The Brownie, also, speaks his thoughts aloud, undeterred by restraint of any kind. Hence it is not a matter of wonder that the favors at the final cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club should so delightfully have illustrated the fitness of things. What more appropriate for the heaux than chewing gum, and for the girls than stuffed Brownies? Ad. Mizner is said to have suggested snap shots of the boys at supper in lieu of the latter, as conveying the same idea, but the suggestion was not acted on.

The one great complaint at Burlingame, so the women say, is that Prince Louis of Savoy's company has been monopolized entirely by the men, and Prince Poiatowski is extremely unpopular because he has not proved a more willing interpreter for the society huds. The men, in fact, carried off the scion of Royalty every day on some sporting trip or other, and at night there has always been some Italian Colony entertainment, or else a gay view of the town by gas-light. The banquet which is to be given on the "Christoforo Colombo," by the Italian officers to Messrs. Tohin, Simpkins, Wheeler, Clifton, Prince Poniatowski, Count Ceni and the others will be a sort of Venetian Carnival it is prophesied.

How exultant is the expression on the erstwhile haughty face of the Noh Hill matron? A prince for a brother-in-law and a Royal Highness for a guest, is enough to make most women happy; but in this case it has had the effect of an added superciliousness, which is amusing to the beholder. For the benefit of this particular dame it is suggested that she get "pointers" from his *altesse*, who can tell her that in really "high" society where princes abound, the tone is simplicity itself. Arrogance is left to the vulgar, and is a type of the *basse classe*.

Although the papers have stated that young Clarence Mackay will remain permanently to engage in business with his father, it is not by any means certain. In fact it is more than probable that he will join Mrs. Mackay in London very shortly,—preparatory to a visit to the Riviera, for the early spring. A private letter from New York to one of the Mackays' old friends here, adds that the Bonanza King has stood the terrible ordeal of his elder son's funeral bravely, and far better than was expected.

It has been announced at Burlingame that Talbot Clifton will purchase a good-sized sailing yacht for the coming season. His friends are all giving him pointers, but he has not as yet decided between the various craft. His intuition is to take his friends along the coast, to Del Monte, Santa Catalina, Coronado, San Diego, etc., on lounging cruises. There is also said to be a plan afoot among some of the Burlingame men to lease a large yacht in syndicate.

It seems to be pretty well conceded by those in the swim that a brilliant wedding will be a feature of the Easter-tide, unless the beautiful girl spoken of as the bride elect should decide on a quiet ceremony in the rural home. Society is hoping for an "event," however.

Gossips assign the conquest of an Infantry Captain to one of the most popular girls in society, whose sweet disposition has made her a general favorite. The younger sister, they say, has also won a manly heart for keeps.

Many people are saying that the Committee on Arrangements of the Mardi Gras Ball made a grievous mistake by wasting so much money on unnecessary decorations. The Art Institute building is beautiful enough in itself without the addition of any more finery. A few pretty pieces of bunting and some flowers and ferns might have been in place, but to fill each room with rugs, and portieres, and fancy work, was ludicrous in the extreme. As the festival was given for the benefit of the Institute, a little judgment should have been exercised in this respect. Then again, after all the kind words the press bestowed gratuitously upon the affair, it would only have been right for the Committee to have attended to the wants of the representative newspaper men there. Some of them looked awfully dry, poor things, yet wine could not even be touched except at four dollars a bottle, and sometimes it had to be paid for in advance!

It is rumored that during the Lenten season society will divert itself in various ways, and the person who will originate novel methods will be the hero of the hour. Already a halloo ascension is spoken of, but to the outsiders it would seem as though many in the swim were too much inflated to rise higher (in their own estimation), and the possible rapid descent causes the project to be received with some show of hesitancy.

Another epidemic of skin grafting has broken out in San Rafael, nearly as intense as that of last month, when a dozen young ladies sacrificed slices of cuticle for a friend. This time a beautiful helle of Ross Valley who attends the Episcopal Church, has yielded a strip of skin reaching from the thigh to the knee in order to restore one of her Sunday-school scholars to health.

A pretty hud is authority for a rumor that the re-appearance of Ed. Greenway upon the social *tapis* will be signalized by an ovation, and much curiosity is expressed as to what form the ovation will take. The Mardi Gras hall is not counted in this respect, the Easter-tide assembly of the Friday Night Cotillion Club being the occasion referred to.

The recent tea given by Lieutenant Joyes at the Presidio was so marked a success the girls are begging the officers there to keep them up during Lent, promising to attend regularly every week.

On dit, the bridesmaids for the June wedding are already being chosen, and 'tis also said it will be a rose wedding. The queen of flowers of every hue will be used to decorate and adorn.

An Englishman's Opinion.

Mr. Randolph Payne, a London wine merchant, whose comments on American wines and spirits abroad appeared in one of the daily papers some weeks ago, emphatically pronounced "Old Saratoga" Pure Rye Whiskey the favorite, and in many cases the only American whiskey in demand at the London clubs. Its delightful flavor and absolute purity have won it the warmest recognition among the critical connoisseurs of that big metropolis.—N. Y. Herald.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti-Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

Pearls are coming into style again. Oysters always have been in demand, as Moraghan, of Stalls 68-70 California Market, will tell you.

ERNST H. LUDWIG & CO.

The Model
American
Caterers.

1206 Sutter St., S. F.

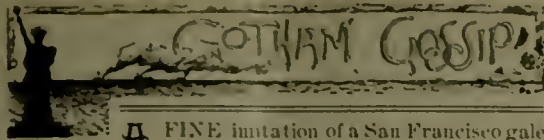
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Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS



A FINE imitation of a San Francisco gale is blowing to-day, and if any one of your colony feels homesick he should simply go for a walk through some of the outlying streets, where wooden sidewalks still prevail, and where an occasional splinter might fling itself against his eyeballs, to cure himself entirely of his nostalgia. We have had a sickening surfeit lately of stories of shipwreck, and have not recovered from the horror of them, but this hurricane threatens many more disasters. The news which has just reached us of the tragic death of Cranston Potter has appalled New York society. He was a popular man, and the whole Potter connection is so thoroughly liked and respected in New York that the feeling of sympathy is very widespread. The Potters and Crosbys are said to be the two largest families known in New York. Several years ago I heard it estimated that there were, in one generation, seventy-six Potter cousins and seventy-two Crosby cousins—a very close race, you will see. The Potters are so prominent that there is scarcely a social function which does not include some of their number. It is additionally painful for them to hear news of such a sad and terrible event having occurred while they were conspicuous at balls, operas, receptions, and the like.

A letter from Washington tells us of the intense interest shown by women in the present political and financial situation. The time devoted to the five minute speeches seems especially affected by the ladies of the Capital, who crowd the galleries, and do not hesitate to express their approval or their disapproval very audibly. The same letter says: "I went to Mrs. Cleveland's card reception the other day, and, as some of my personal friends were receiving with her, I had the privilege of remaining for some time in the reception parlor, and could not but admire the strength and sweetness of the gracious hostess as she shook hands with one after the other of the seemingly endless line of guests." I suppose we may never hope for another Mrs. Cleveland in the White House. What an exceptional woman, who in so many years of public life has, apparently, made no enemy, and who has escaped the faintest breath of scandal. By the way, I might explain (as there may be uninitiated), that a "card" reception at the White House does not mean progressive euchre or whist, as one might fancy, but a reception to which cards have been issued. The term is used to distinguish it from a public reception. Rudolph Neumann and Louis Gerstle after ten days at the Shoreham in Washington, came over

to the Waldorf last Saturday, the former leaving for San Francisco last night. As usual, they had not time enough to see their hosts of friends in both cities. A wedding of relative interest to San Franciscans was celebrated on Thursday in the Jesuit church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street, when Miss Margaret Beales, a granddaughter of the late Eugene Kelly, was married to Theodore Sedgwick, whose brother married the elder Miss Beales about a year ago. A third daughter, Mary, will be married shortly to Mr. James Rich Steers. Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Jr. has given her house in Washington Square to-day for a musicale in the cause of charity. It is a notable event, as Madame Calvé will sing. This great artiste is to sing at another charity fête in a few days, the arrangements of which are somewhat unusual, as no tickets are sold. Each patroness pays fifteen dollars, which entitles her to four tickets, which she may distribute among her friends. As the patronesses include the most distinguished women of New York, the char-

acter and appearance of the audience may be readily imagined.

The two Astor receptions given, one last week and one last night in the beautiful new Astor houses, have been far and away the events of the winter. The house of Mrs. Astor and "Mrs. Jack" adjoin, and on both occasions were thrown into one. Old New York was thoroughly represented at Mrs. Astor's afternoon reception, while the young married set, sons and daughters of old New York, figured conspicuously at Mrs. Jack Astor's ball. There was a marked absence of extravagance at both receptions, which were in exquisite taste. The Astors never overdo things.

Everybody seems just a little dazed by the suddenness of the Lincoln holiday. It has scarcely been grasped as a fact yet, and here it is upon us. It will give the Lincoln cult a day for meditation, the Washington cult a day for comparison, the general populace a day for repose, and the sentimental a day for composition—for does not the feast of good St. Valentine follow hard upon? And nowadays, as in the old days, no one cares for anything but an original valentine.

I have heard several comments upon young Cucuel's drawing in your last number, and they are unqualified in their approval and admiration. This young artist will surely make you proud of him. His improvement is most marked; his clever letters have not been frequent in the NEWS LETTER of late, but all of us who have read them hope this is only a temporary interruption.

New York, February 11th, 1896.

PASSE PARTOUT.

AN EXCELLENT INNOVATION.

GUESTS are always well looked after at the Palace Hotel. One of the latest improvements instituted by its management is the addition to the world-famous Grill—the first and most superior of its kind here—so as to accommodate the large number of people who dine there daily. The former billiard parlors and the old grill room have now been turned into one handsome apartment for the accommodation of these visitors, and it is safe to state that very few tables will ever be found vacant. By the use of the handsomest woods and rich decorations the interior is beyond description. The ceiling is thirty-five feet high, studded with incandescent electric lights, and the other lighting appliances are modern and elegant in every respect. The Ladies' Grill is a feature by itself, and the service everywhere is beyond comparison.

THE Call states that finger nails grow about one inch in nine months. The man who cherishes illusions on that point had better remain a bachelor.

heed the signal

Many persons take a variety of remedies and try many novel procedures to reduce their weight. We do not refer to these. If you have been in fair health, with a normal amount of flesh, and yet have been losing weight of late, there is something wrong. If there is an inherited tendency to weak lungs; if your cold hangs on, or if you are weak, without appetite, losing color, and easily exhausted; this loss of flesh is the signal of distress. Heed it, promptly.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, comes to the rescue, because it supplies a peculiar food in a pleasant and easily digested form. This oil has medicinal properties not found in any other fat; while the hypophosphites have sustaining and life-giving properties of their own. Don't let yourself get thin.

30 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



California Mines in Boston.

The Bostonese are much enthused over the prospects for a vast increase in the gold production of California, and investors there are taking very kindly to the shares of mines which are already, or which may be, listed on that market. In treating of this subject a circular now before us speaks of such properties as the Rawhide, App, Pioneer, Genesee, San Andreas, Merced, and Santa Isabella. The first three properties merit all that is said in regard to their merits, and the Merced may, in time, prove of sufficient value to warrant the quotation of its shares at present prices, away up in the millions. It does not yet, however, and there is no argument that will justify any such valuation. There are rich men behind it, that is all. If this mine, promising although it may be, jumps from \$150,000 to six or seven millions on the reputation of its backers, what will a steady dividend payer like the Rawhide be worth if its shares are ultimately listed. That is another little question which may interest people contemplating an investment. Even the Pioneer Mine is selling dirt cheap in comparison. The statement that this property produced in December \$9,592, at an expense of \$4,325, leaving a net profit for the month of \$5,266, is correct. The twenty-stamp mill has been completely re-equipped with new gold-saving appliances, as well as new belts for its eight concentrators, and these latter started up, so that the supply of sulphurets as a by-product will add materially to the gross output. The company had on January 1, \$11,000 surplus on hand net, after paying all expenses.

The Necessity For Caution.

The App mine is developing at a rate which, if it continues, will make it a second Rawhide. Mention was made in these columns last week of a rich strike in the 400-level, the character of the ore interesting mining men of all classes, on account of the peculiar form in which the gold grows in the quartz. A strike like this in Jobaunesburg or West Australia would be re-echoed all over the world within reach of a press correspondent. But we are a modest set in California, and in the matter of mines invariably show a disposition to keep the light hidden under a bushel. The truth will, however, prevail in time, as it always does. Regarding the Genesee, San Andreas, and Santa Isabella mines, we must confess ignorance. The names are common enough in this State, and several districts can boast of an Isabella in several adjectival degrees of sanctity. For this reason, and the difficulty of locating certain properties, the district should be designated so as to afford a person an opportunity to learn what they are dealing in. A number of wild-cats will be shunted on East by persons who care for nothing outside of making money, and for this reason people should buy nothing without carefully scrutinizing not alone the prospects of the property, but the people connected with its management. The name alone of some people is enough to damn the best property that ever existed.

Thirty Millions In the Moon.

One of the propositions which now and then crops up in the mining world to make one rub his eyes to realize whether he is awake or dreaming, makes its bow to the public through the interior press. This scheme is the organization of a company with only thirty millions of capital to work what is described as the Hexter Mine, near Mokelumne Hill. This scheme, which is said to be "a very extensive one," a statement in which most people will coincide after they peruse the report and find that, for this thirty millions, the greatest depth so far acquired on the lode is but seventy-five feet, the quartz yielding the comparatively modest return of from \$7 to \$20 per ton. As a kind of an offset the statement is made that the lode passes under many of the most valuable gravel channels in Calaveras, which may strike some miners as rather a peculiar recommendation for a quartz mine, but opinionous from outsiders must bend meekly before the sanguine prediction that "not less than one hundred million dollars will be the product of these channels." In face of all these

brilliant prophecies which will, doubtless, be accepted with due respect by mining men who have let this great bonanza pass unnoticed under their feet for twenty years, the report proceeds immediately to burst up the whole brilliant conception that "the Hexter is the Mulatus (sic) of Calaveras County," referring to the uncanny Mexican blow-out, which turned out the biggest fiasco ever known on the American continent. Not strange to say, when the predictions regarding that miserable Union Gold wildcat near San Andreas are remembered, which led to the beggary of hundreds of people in Great Britain, the name of C. A. Hamilton appears on the Board of Directors of the Hexter. This in itself is a recommendation which will, doubtless, carry due weight with investors, who, for further light, are respectfully referred to the recent history of the Union Gold and Mulatos deals of infamous memory. The Hexter is suggested as a fitting subject for the new Gold Exchange, upon which to make its first investigation, and we not only abide by its decision, but cheerfully advertise it for the benefit of the purses of people, which we believe are again boldly threatened.

English Opinion Of McLaughlin.

The following excerpt from the Mining Journal, the leading London authority on mines, etc., shows how correctly that portion of the daily press which undertook to impugn Major McLaughlin's standing abroad, gauges the opinion of English investors: "The San Francisco NEWS LETTER, in the recent number to hand by mail, speaks very eloquently on behalf of Major Frank McLaughlin, of the good work he has done in the management of mines on the Feather River, and very powerfully defends him from the uncalled for and most abusive attacks made upon him by a portion of the San Francisco press. With the whole of this eloquent defense we entirely agree, for his critics have quite overlooked the great and good work he has done on behalf of the mining industry of the State." The Journal then goes on to quote the article to which reference is made, for the benefit of shareholders in the companies which the Major represented, letting them see that at least a portion of the San Francisco press keeps in touch with the world, and is not altogether provincial in dealing with affairs of the day. The way the Hammond case has been treated in the same quarter is another unfair illustration of how little is really known here of men and manners outside of this comparatively limited field of journalism.

Fire Underwriters In Convention.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Pacific was held during the week, followed by the usual banquet as a cheerful wind up to the proceedings. The report of the Secretary showed a decrease in the membership from 197 to 181, due to the demoralization in the insurance business, which has caused many underwriters to seek other employment. The financial condition of the Association was, however, shown to be in excellent condition. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$679.65 in the treasury, with receipts for the year of \$1,293.50, and a disbursement of \$613.91. President Driffield reviewed the business of the year in his address, and suggested some amendments to the constitution. Several papers were read during the session. Among them were the following: "Forty-five Years Ago," by D. B. Wilson; "A Plea for Local Board Organization," by Lesley Bates; "Counter Business," by Alfred R. Grim. An able paper was read by A. W. Thornton, on "The Non-Cancellation Clause," followed by "The Suggestions of a Newspaper Man," offered by Henry D. Bigelow. J. H. Morrow advocated "Inspections," and papers were received from Edward Niles and Mr. Farnum on current topics; "Adjusters' Charges and Contributions Thereto," by C. Mason Kinne; "Mortgage Clause," by W. H. Lowden; "Reinsurance Clause," by George H. Tyson, and "Constitution and By-Laws," by R. W. Osborn were also highly appreciated by those present at the closing session of the Convention.

Comstock Mining Shares.

Business has been very dull in the Pine-street market, and prices show few changes of any importance. There are good reports coming along from Occidental, and Con. Cal.-Virginia is said to be looking better again. There are hopes of a turn for the better.



"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

PERISH the clumsy duffer who lurks in dark angles for the prominent and coin-laden citizen, who, drunk with wine, reels home to his expectant and disgusted spouse. The ruffian lacks nerve. He is a low, underdone vagabond compared to the dashing socialist who invades the bank in broad daylight, pistol in hand, rifles the safe, after vaulting the servitors, and packs off the swag with a dramatic shriek of derision. By the immortal gods! what a contradiction clamors in the hearts of men. Nineteen out of twenty commentators on the "outrage" (and what a fine old serviceable word that is) protest that they hope the banditti will escape arrest. Certainly they did the job in good shape. The loot was small. They were entitled to a larger swag, for, when there is so much subterranean pilfering, we cannot help, in our weakness, patting the daring scoundrel on the back who will do a deed of appropriation in broad daylight. Of course, it would be highly improper to call these thieves gentlemen. But there be worse than them, my masters, wearing diamonds and broadcloth on the sounding thoroughfare.

BECAUSE the women of San Francisco have not let down their back hair and howled while Paderewski played, the critics sadly find that they have no souls. It is doubtful if the women of the East would have rent their garments and the firmament over Paderewski had he been a female. Here men are not so scarce that the ladies are happy at an opportunity to go crazy over one. The census really has a good deal to do with this sort of musical enthusiasm. In New England, now, where there are two women to one man, Paderewski had to keep to the large cities, which are efficiently policed.

THE spectacle of Dr. Brown, charged with adultery and lying, scurrying around with a notary and stenographer in search of affidavits to convict a woman of the heinous crime of asking a non-member of the church to vote against him at a prayer meeting, ought to impress the council. And what gives the spectacle greater dignity is the fact that Dr. Brown uses his wretched wife to build this poor back fire behind a dangerous witness. His Reverence of the First Congregational Church acts like a coyote.

HOW the cackle, cackle of society goes on. God's truth! but it makes the heart of a truthful man bleed to hearken of those inconsequential imbeciles. Now, by the Holy Fry Pan! they swear off flesh meat. Tarry there, butcher; cut not that tenderloin steak. Pause ye on the thresholds of the luscious porterhouse. Society has declared this year that Lent must be Lent, and will permit of no departure from the feast of humble herbs and good old fish.

JUDGE Morrow is to lecture before the Mechanics' Institute on the subject of "Six Years as a Statesman at Washington." It might be respectfully suggested to the Judge that it takes something more than six years at Washington to make a statesman. "Six Years in Congress" would sound better.

DOCTORS Ford and Field are said to have disagreed seriously over a scarlatina case the other day. This is a common occurrence, and of no immediate consequence to any one except the patient, who usually pays for it with his life. That is all the doctors want, anyway.

THE editors of the Examiner could study Hebrew and other foreign languages to some advantage. It is safe to say that in future marriage notices will not be inserted without some reference to the dictionary.

MRS. Sarah B. Cooper is now charged by Mrs. Brown with stuffing the ballot of the First Congregational Church. What women will do when they get the suffrage is beyond mortal ken.

ASAN JOSE youth has been pronounced insane for considering himself an Indian. This speaks badly for the home of prohibition.

THE A. P. A. tapped an Artesian well of ink when they set Father Yorke flowing. The A. P. A. may have their good uses, but this town is being tormented to the danger point. Drenched to the skin by the Yorke out-pour, the bedraggled inhabitants are not likely to be discriminating in their fury. An A. P. A. castle is just as likely as a cathedral to go up in flames, while a maddened populace dances the earmagnole in the glare and shrieks for the blood of both Hudson and Yorke.

THE attention of Brother Bovard of Alameda is respectfully called to the fact that the Press Club used that punch bowl again on Thursday night. And there were ladies there, too. A chance like this to make a fool of himself ought not to be passed by Alameda's pocket Parkhurst. His guns have been silent lately. Can it be that some wealthy pew-holder not indifferent to sense has exercised the power of every wealthy pew-holder and spiked those tremendous engines of war?

THE verdict in the Shattuck case may have been right or wrong, about which we are not qualified to pronounce, because we did not hear or see the witnesses, but we know that a jury has been judicially pronounced a part of the court, and that for impugning its action in a letter, a citizen was adjudged guilty of contempt of court, and made to pay \$500 fine. It is something new under the sun for the court itself to be the assailant of one of its own vitals.

ONE of the latest catch-penny dodges is that of the weary, down-trodden solicitor for an invention which will regulate the gas so that the company will never be able to declare a dividend. Probably the next idea will be to put in some kind of a machine which will allow every burner to run at full blast and then make an affidavit that no gas has been burnt at all.

IT is reported from Los Angeles that Sholto Douglas is about to try his hand as a newspaper correspondent. This young Englishman has contrived to make an ass of himself in more ways than any other of his countrymen who ever visited California, and still he finds new pastures to explore.

JUDGE Campbell lately figured in a fake faro game. If you judges must indulge in such questionable amusement, you should do so privately. There is already too much buffoonery about the courts to please any but the criminals who appear there.

NOW that Mrs. Shattuck has been acquitted of the crime of murdering young Poole she is open to engagements either for the stage or the pulpit. Eastern papers please copy.

THE depositors always hold the wrong end of the stick in a banking institution nowadays. What the directors and the cashiers don't get away with falls to the lot of the masked gentry.

SHERIFF Merritt and a posse are engaged in man-hunting in the vicinity of the Tehachapi Mountains. For shame, gentlemen; that diversion is usually left to the women.

THIS country will be forced to recognize the Cuban revolutionists. We are a patient people, but a war that is boring us to death will not long be tolerated.

THE Police Commissioners should found a training school for detectives. There might then be some chance of accidentally catching a murderer.

THE son of Dr. O'Donnell is being sued by his wife for wilful neglect. He must be very unlike his father who is famous for his attentions to the gentle sex.

THE members of the Woman's Suffrage Association are said to be quarreling. Thank God for that; they are, apparently, still human.

SAM Rainey's connection with the Fire Department will prove of little service when he hands in his checks to the Devil.

DR. Cheney is a man of exceedingly advanced ideas. He lectured yesterday upon "the Rights of Babies." Next!

DURRANT is busy writing a book. Probably the Book of Judgment put the idea in his head.



A Book of the Week. * There has been already more written about the War of the Rebellion than there has been about any other war in the world's history.

A short lifetime could be devoted to reading the "memoirs," and "reminiscences," and "recollections," and "histories" of the great struggle, and the historian of the future will find his chief difficulty in *l'embarras des richesses* which will confront him as he commences his labors. But among the many leading authorities on the war the memoirs of General Longstreet will not be the least interesting, for he is, perhaps, the last of the Confederate leaders who is able to write, and on him has fallen the task of giving to the world the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. We expected much from this book and we have not been disappointed, and, in many respects, these memoirs will take their place beside the works of Sherman and Grant. And the fact that General Longstreet was one of the first of the great Confederate Generals who accepted the results of the war with gallant resignation, gives to this book a special significance, as time has proved the wisdom of his advice and the far-sightedness of his views. It would be idle of us to attempt to follow these memoirs through the 700 odd pages they fill, or to attempt to criticize the history of "war's magnificent stern array" which they contain, but it cannot but be instructive to note the opinions of this famous Confederate on some of the vital issues of the great struggle. As a graduate of West Point, and a veteran of the Mexican war, General Longstreet was from the beginning a marked man, and we find him at Bull Run in the command of a Confederate brigade. That battle was, he thinks, lost to the blue because of McDowell's over-assurance, while he thinks Beauregard erred in not pushing on to Washington. Of McDowell, General Longstreet says he was "untoward, and not adapted to military organization or combination," while of General McClellan, who commanded at the next battle in which Longstreet was engaged—at Williamsburg—he says: "General McClellan's plans were laid according to strict rules of strategy, but he was not quick or forcible in handling his troops." Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, was, he thinks, lost through the failure of General G. W. Smith, the Confederate, to grasp his opportunities. Criticisms of the leading Generals on both sides form one of the chief features of this book, and, whether right or wrong, these criticisms will be read with interest. Indeed, we can offer our readers no better epitome of this book than to attempt a condensation of what General Longstreet thought of the leading Generals of the war on both sides. Here, then, is how he sums up Lee and McClellan:

"As a commander, Lee was much of the Wellington 'up-and-at-'em' style. He found it hard, the enemy in sight, to withhold his blows. With McClellan it was more difficult to strike than to march for the enemy. Both were masters of the science, but not of the art, of war. Lee was successful in Virginia; McClellan in Maryland."

Of the much mooted responsibility for the Confederate disaster at Gettysburg, Longstreet produces evidence to show that Lee regarded himself as the person solely to blame for the loss of that battle, and his memoirs will go far to settle the controversy on this subject. After Gettysburg we are told that Lee wanted to resign, but Jefferson Davis would not listen to the proposal, and one reason was, Longstreet says, because Lee's resignation would have placed either Beauregard or Joseph E. Johnson in command, and Davis did not like the former, while he was jealous of the latter. As for Johnson, Longstreet calls him the foremost soldier of the South, and it is certain that the personal animosities of Davis had much to do with some of the ultimate military results of the war. But there is no prominent figure in the book against whom Longstreet appears to be so bitter as against General Fitzhugh Lee, whom he accuses of being the man who lost the Confederate cause by reason of his failure to carry out the movements expected of him. This is what we regard as the weakest point in the book. According to the

reading of all experience we may deny that any one man "lost" the Confederate cause. That cause was doomed by virtue of the superior resources of the North and the blockade. But in the judgment of Longstreet there was one more chance of retrieving the fortunes of the war at Chickamauga, and when the Confederates failed to follow up their success in that battle and "disperse the Union army," that last chance was neglected. Of General Bragg, Longstreet does not think much, but for Grant's military genius he has admiration, and he ends the book by expressing the opinion that the war might have been avoided without dishonor, but only by the North accepting the advice of General Scott, and allowing her "wayward sisters to depart in peace." This is an advice the North was not prepared to accept, but coming, as it does, from one whose voice since the war has been for reconciliation, it furnishes food for the somewhat sad reflection that the South still mourns over the "Lost Cause."

*"From Manassas to Appomattox," General Longstreet's Memoirs.

"The Memoirs of an Artist," an autobiography of Charles Francois Gounod, will enable the world of letters to better understand and appreciate the author of *Faust*. There is a charming modesty about the work which is commendable, and the affection which Gounod breathes for his mother, and which runs through his "memoirs," is well calculated to endear the great composer all the more to the reading public. As a painter, a litterateur, and a writer of music, Gounod stands before us in these memoirs with his thoughts attuned in phrases as sweet as he wove in the harmony of his musical expressions; and one of the chief charms of the book lies in glimpses which Gounod gives of his own tender and noble soul. Rand, McNally & Co. are the publishers, and we wish the book success.

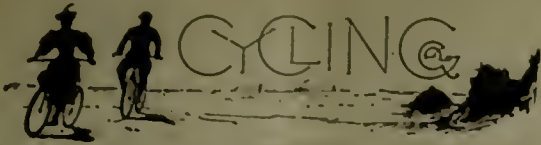
Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago and New York, publish some excellent books, but, now and again, they also publish some trashy ones. Of the latter, "Sea Wolves," by Max Pemberton, is the latest, and one of the worst. It is a story of sea and land, wreckers and robbers, and it comes nearer to the "penny dreadful" than any thing we have read for some time. The author makes a robber mate of an ocean yacht say: "an' if you please, sir," to a brutal and ignorant skipper, and he mixes up the costumes of Sevilla, Valencia, Barcelona, Madrid, and Saragossa, in one picture on the coast of Spain! It is a story with a "plot" that might be agreeable to the palate of the Barbary Coast, and we can only recommend it to such of our readers as wish to throw their money away.

Some time ago a book was published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, called "More than Kin: A Book of Kindness." Now we see that one chapter from that book is being published in pamphlet form, and sold at one cent a copy. It is called "The Beauty of Kindness." Really, we cannot see anything worthy of special commendation, and notice, in this pamphlet that it is thus attempted to force it on the public. The whole thing might be epitomized in the words that "kindliness is the most powerful of all human agencies," a phrase we have often used before we ever heard of "More than Kin." But the pamphlet is wholesome reading, and that is as much as we can say in its favor.

"The Aeronautical Annual for 1896" is, like its predecessor, "devoted to the advancement of a neglected science." And, after reading what the different authors have to say about aviation, one cannot but come to the conclusion that the coming century will see man propelling himself through the air with buoyant safety. But it is as well to remember that this is more likely to be accomplished, not by "following nature," as we are so often advised, but by following science. We did not follow nature in the marine steam engine nor in the locomotive, for if we did we would be paddling across the ocean in web-footed ships, and running on land like a bare made of boiler plates.

The book sales for 1895 show a decided preference for solid literature. Caprice and fancy are slowly, but surely, giving way before the solid pressure of utility, learning, and other requirements of genuine bookmen.

Our own poet, Stedman, once said of Alfred Austin, the new Poet Laureate of England, that "the divine fire" of poetry was "lacking in Mr. Austin's respectable and somewhat labored books of verse."



IT BRINGS GOOD ROADS.—From various portions of the country comes the intelligence that systematic and earnest work is going on in the interest of road improvement, says American Cycling. The major portion of this work is traceable to the direct influence of the cycling element all over the country. This element has grown wonderfully during the past two or three years, and it bids fair to grow now faster and more solidly than ever. Every new recruit to the cycling fraternity means just one more convert to the cause of good roads, and it would be a curious thing, indeed, if the generally speaking intelligent and enlightened class of people who in the main take up cycling, cannot influence a still larger constituency of their friends and acquaintances among the people at large in the interest of so vital a matter as the securing of the good public highways so badly needed in this country. As the bicycle has gradually come to be recognized as a carriage, with all the rights of other kinds of vehicles as far as the use of the public highways is concerned, its ability for good in the way of arousing public sentiment in favor of good roads has increased until now every thinking man throughout the land admits that it is the prime factor in the movement for better public highways throughout the country and improved pavements in all our towns and cities. Therefore, it is not too much to say that the bicycle is a civilizing agent, as well as being a ministrant to health and pleasure, and its value cannot be measured by the pleasant sensations or the health benefit derived by the rider who uses it with discretion and common sense. The bicycle is bringing us good roads faster than any other agency in this whole broad land of ours.

The bicycle has been put to a strange use by the Sultan of Turkey. The other day the French Ambassador presented him with a dozen beautiful machines, remarking that the exercise they afforded might prove beneficial to the beauties of the harem. The Sultan smiled grimly but said nothing. Shortly afterwards, however, certain ladies of the court, who had committed trivial offenses, were forced to ride around the courtyard, heavily veiled, of course. Falling in the soft sand of the courtyard and performing various involuntary acrobatic feats of a ludicrous nature, they were sufficiently punished for their misdeeds without becoming seriously "damaged." The Sultan has evidently more brains than he is given credit for.

SAY what some soreheads please about the bicycle craze dying out, there is apparently no cause for lovers of the wheel to heed their dismal croakings. Royalty in England has taken to the wheel and that is saying a great deal. Besides that, all the dealers who some time ago contracted for a large number of wheels and could not dispose of them have now sold out entirely and have none left for the city trade. The people who called it a "craze" were the very ones to throw discredit upon the healthy exercise and it will be a good thing generally when they crawl back to their beds again.

The best way to remove rust, says The Wheel, is to first grease the machine well, let it stand for a day or two and then rub it briskly with a cloth moistened with ammonia. If this does not quite remove it, wash carefully with a weak solution of hydro-chloric acid, drying thoroughly with a cloth and polish with a soft leather, being very careful to remove all traces of acid from the metal.

THE Marquis of Queensbury is ready to back himself for \$500 against any non-professional cyclist of his weight, which is a trifle over 160 pounds. How the good Marquis can race for money and still remain an amateur is hard to see.

THE less you screw and unscrew nuts and bolts, the better for your machine. Have it fixed right in the first place and then leave it alone until repairs are necessary.



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SANDOW cannot
break them.

U. S. Government says
they are three times
stronger than any other
bicycle.

PREMIERS have been
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Over a HALF MILLION have been made.

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"KAIRON GNOTHI."

The Secret in Making Money is in this Old Greek Proverb.—
It Means "Know Your Opportunity."—Some of the Men
Who Made Millions by Knowing How.—Very Valuable
Information.

WHEN Commodore Vanderbilt was asked how he made his great fortune of \$90,000,000, he replied: "It was an easy matter to become rich; just watch for the opportunity, and then take advantage of it," said he. "I commenced with only a few hundred dollars." But there are many people who cannot recognize the opportunity to make money. They may have a little sum to invest but are not in a position to know what is going on.

It is a well-known fact that Commodore Vanderbilt made most of his fortune by buying stocks at a low price, and holding on until they had an immense rise. He had the peculiar gift of knowing just when to buy and when to sell. Other men have made great fortunes in stocks of one kind or another, among them being John W. Mackay, the Rockefellers, and Jay Gould. They all started with small sums.

Among the stocks that have been sensational in their development is the Bell Telephone stock, rising from a very low price to over 200. This stock has paid large dividends and made the original investors rich.

Ten Millions a Year.

The Western Union Telegraph Company started business with \$500,000 of capital stock. Its present capital stock is \$100,000,000, and pay \$5,000,000 a year net profits to the stockholders.

There are many other high-priced stocks that cost original buyers a very low price, and now pay large dividends on many millions of capital stock.

The Edison Electric is another notable example of wonderful development and profit. A broker who bought twenty shares of the original stock at 45, costing \$900, sold half of it a year later, getting \$30,000 for 10 shares.

The Pullman Palace Car Company's gross earnings have grown until they are over \$10,000,000 a year and the stock has gone up from a low price to 180.

There are many chances for making investments, but there are none like the Railway and Dock Construction stock and many prominent men in banking, railroad and financial circles say this stock, which can be bought now at \$10 per share, is sure to sell at 50 before long, and eventually have an immense rise like the Bell Telephone, the Edison Electric and Pullman Palace Car stocks.

The par value is \$100 per share and the stock is full paid and non-assessable. The stockholders have no individual liability whatever.

Mr. Edward A. Willson, the well-known Vanderbilt stockbroker, says: "In our twenty years experience we have never handled a stock of such intrinsic merit or one which will pay such big profits. This stock gives the small investor an equal chance with the capitalist, as the small investor generally has to buy at par and be content with a dividend of 6 or 7 per cent. a year. Any one can invest in Railway and Dock Construction stock now at \$10 per share (the par value is \$100) and they can buy from one share upwards at the same price a capitalist buys a thousand shares. The stock is certain to have an immense rise when investors and speculators become aware of its great value as the earnings will pay four and a half per cent. on the par value of the shares, which equals 45 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at the low price of \$10 per share.

Surely this is an opportunity which is met with but once in a life-time.

There will be lively times in this stock when it is listed on the Stock Exchange. We deal in numerous bonds that pay from 4 to 5 per cent. a year. We are so confident of the profits that will accompany investment in this stock that we have not the slightest hesitation advising our clients to sell their bonds and invest in Railway and Dock stock while they can buy it at 10. The company is in solid financial condition, has no indebtedness of any kind, and there are no bonds or mortgages ahead of the stock.

The company owns all the rights, titles, interests in, and

the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell indestructible piles under U. S. patents. The best engineering talent of the world has heretofore been unable to produce a pile that is absolutely indestructible. Many costly experiments have been tried to make wooden piles impervious against decay and the ravages of marine worms, but the wooden piles only last from six months to a few years, requiring continual replacement at great expense.

Certainty of Profit.

There is an enormous demand for indestructible piles in the construction of piers, jetties, docks, bulkheads, breakwaters, foundations for bridge piers, etc.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are, perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. 3000 miles are now being graded or are under contract; the great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s patent pile in solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Many negotiations now pending will create an immense demand for the stock and cause it to sell at a very high figure.

Prominent bankers say: "The public ought to buy this stock now before the price goes up, for, by securing some of the stock now at 10, they can share in the great profits of development and will more than quadruple their capital very soon as the above are only a few of the many sources of earnings that will cause Railway and Dock Construction stock to rise to a high price.

The very moderate estimate of earnings pays 45 per cent. dividend on stock costing only \$10 per share without counting in any profits on contracts with the U. S. Government or New York City. When any of these contracts are closed the stock will sell above \$100 a share very quickly.

There will be spent by the City of New York in reconstructing a small part of the city water front about \$3,000,000 per year for many years to come. In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, Ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

Old Style—New Style.

In place of the old wooden docks covered by temporary sheds which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

New York City's revenue will be greatly enlarged by this vast increase of taxable property on these new piers.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance to the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$4,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston; they are simply loose rock dumped in the water, forming a pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet at the top above the water. Each jetty is about 4½ miles long. The Railway and Dock Construction Co. build indestructible jetties of same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

In addition to all these immense profits the plans of the R. & D. C. call for an expenditure of about \$10,000,000 to deepen the channel at Sandy Hook. The U. S. Government can well afford to spend this sum to benefit the vast commercial interests of the port of New York.

Even Bear Speculators Buy.

Not only the bulls but even the very best judges of values, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, are buying this particular stock now—they are aware of its solid intrinsic merit and magnificent future and confidently predict that this one deal alone will put R. & D. C. stock up to \$250 a share—and other large contracts will follow.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction must come into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

Powerful influences that will push this project in Congress will cause an active, booming speculation in the stock, an influential lobby and important railway, banking and political interests are in line for this purpose.

Investors can buy the stock at \$10 per share, in lots to suit, from the financial agents of the Company, Messrs. Geo. W. Dunn & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall Street, New York. Non-residents can remit to them for the shares by check, draft, money order, registered letter, or by express, or have the stock certificate sent by express C. O. D.

The price will be advanced shortly.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and very profitable. Among them are George W. Dunn, Esq., President of the company, head of the banking house of Geo. W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 25 years as a careful, level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, ex-Senator, the famous Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; the eminent lawyer R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., Counsel of the company, 322 Broadway, New York; Eugene Harvey Esq., banker, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanhrough, Esq., capitalist, West Hurley, N. Y.; Geo. D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, New York; W. A. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Co., Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Willson, Esq., broker, New York; Geo. B. Shellhorn, Esq., Receiver Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co., Richmond, Va.; W. M. Shipp, Esq., cashier of Deposit Bank, Midway, Ky.; Jacob Deyo, cashier Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; C. E. Harwood, Esq., cashier Rockville National Bank, Rockville, Conn., and other prominent gentlemen.

The Railway and Dock Construction Company has an absolute monopoly and its earnings will increase with the steady growth of commerce and of railroads.

The secret of making money is in the old Greek proverb "KAIRON GNOTHI" (KNOW YOUR OPPORTUNITY).—The New York Mercury.

A WILFUL ERROR.

THE Examiner, wittingly or unwittingly, took occasion in its usual unreliahle manner to hold up to odium Mr. S. J. Duckworth, of Monterey, Chief Clerk of the Assembly at the last session of the Legislature. On January 30th of last year, a resolution protesting against the passage of the Reilly Funding Bill, was adopted by both Houses and ordered immediately sent to the Governor for transmission by telegraph to Washington. The Examiner states that Mr. Duckworth suppressed this resolution, for his own private ends. This statement Mr. Duckworth says is untrue. As a matter of fact the instructions of the House were carried out immediately after they were given, in proof of which Mr. Duckworth has in his possession a letter signed by C. M. Belshaw, the author of the document in question, stating that he accompanied Mr. Duckworth to the Governor's office and saw him personally hand it over to E. L. Colnon, the Executive Secretary to the Governor. Further proof that the instructions of the House were complied with is to be found in the fact that a voucher is on file in the State Comptroller's office for payment of the tolls of the Western Union Telegraph Company for sending the resolution East.

Mr. Colnon was interviewed a few days ago and corroborated the above facts. The Examiner, at this late day, partially retracts its accusations by printing the letter from Mr. Belshaw which removes all possible doubt attached to Mr. Duckworth's conduct in the matter.

After a hard day's work there is nothing so refreshing as a good glass of whiskey. It reaches the right spot, and makes you feel ten years younger. The "Argonaut" brand is one of the best Kentucky Bourbon Whiskeys made. E. Martin & Co., of 411 Market street, are Pacific Coast agents.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlhender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE. THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH.

YALE MIXTURE

A 2 oz. TRIAL PACKAGE POST PAID FOR 25 CENTS
MARBURG BROS. (THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS) BALTIMORE MD.

ANNUAL MEETING. Western Beet Sugar Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Beet Sugar Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 2d DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, February 29, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.
Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

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A span of standard-bred, fast road mares, fifteen and a half hands, one thousand pounds each. Warranted sound and gentle. Can be tried. Address,

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Fine Mercantile Lunch.
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Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

409½ Post St., San Francisco.

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Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States, J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Send by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



DEAR EDITH: I suppose we shall have to put away our winter gowns pretty soon for summer ones. Have you ever heard of such weather? How the Easterners must envy us!

You know those delightful, spangled trimmings which have been all the rage this winter, don't you? Well, I understand that they will be stylish all this coming summer. Ethel wrote me from New York last week, saying that in the first consignment of spring goods she saw something that made her dear heart just green with envy. It was a lovely belt made of solid rows of glittering spangles, gilt steel or silver or something, worked on to an elastic band and fastened with a pretty buckle. It is meant for the demi-toilette. Talking about belts reminds me that so few girls select them of proportionate width. A belt of an inch to an inch and a half in width, and even that of five to seven inches, gives you a nice slender appearance; but the average belt, say of three inches, always makes you look thick-set and uncomfortable. A pretty belt on a pretty girl is awfully catchy, but great taste must be used in the selection of it. Have you noticed how fashionable purple is becoming in color? I don't mean the cheap colors, but the rich dark hues. For evening gowns it is just delicious. And so alluring to the male mind! Here is an idea of a gown I saw last night: It had a skirt of this same deep, warm purple cloth, with an Eton jacket of moire as-trachan with revers of chinchilla. The skirt was a big affair, with a pink silk lining, and the Eton jacket fitted beautifully over the woman's superb figure. Those pretty little tail effects to the coats are to be in vogue this spring. They give such a fine finish to the little Eton jackets. Sleeves still continue very large.

I must tell you that although sleeves are still wide, there is a possibility of their becoming smaller about spring. There is also some talk of a return to sloping shoulders. This will be all right for those of us who have well rounded arms and a good figure, but the milliner will have to help a good many out. The wide lace collarette now used, brings us back to where we were two years ago. A beautiful effect is produced by square epaulettes of fine ecru lace over a bodice of dark green velvet, or the purple I told you about, which opens in front over an ecru silk vest, with a yoke outlined with lace. The wide collars in vogue are sometimes cut deep into separate tabs of embroidery—covered light cloth, falling over the darker material of the gown. Have you had your traveling dress made yet for your Southern trip? If not, it should be made of some light weight material and cut, with a skirt and jacket to be worn with silk and thin waists, both light and dark ones being included in the preparations. Fancy knotted tweeds make stylish suits, if you prefer them. Red and olive green is a new combination, the vest and stock being of red velvet. Those silk and wool fabrics are just the thing for early traveling suits. A pretty blue cheviot is always appropriate, too. Mother is wearing a pretty dress of striped satin and moire, which is very becoming. The bodice is made with a deep basque, liberally trimmed with lace. It is very pretty on her, and the style will be copied. Over in Paris black cloth suits lined with crimson, purple, or cherry silk, are in vogue. The effect is rather heavy, but they could be worn here on our sharp mornings and cool evenings. When on the street they even wear fur vests, with collars and muffs to match. Persian velvet is recommended for afternoon wear. Some of the vests are even embroidered with sequins. Just think of it! There are some really good night gowns to be had at reasonable figures, nowadays. They range from \$1 to \$4 apiece. For the latter price fine cambric gowns can be had with yokes of dainty embroidered insertions, or with turned back revers collars, trimmed with wide ruffles of French embroidery. Sleeves are very wide at the top, and are fitted in at the wrist. Skirt chemises are larger than the ordinary designs, and are shown with tucked and ruffled skirts.

Good muslin chemises can be had from sixty cents up to one dollar.

You should try the Tom Thumb Valenciennes edging. It gives a pretty finish to a deep frill of cambric, and if whipped on by hand can be easily removed when worn out.

I hear that a new scent is soon to be placed on the market by Mr. Sainsbury of London. It is to be a combination of rose and violet, which is of very rare delicacy, and bids fair to be very popular during the coming season. The old favorites still hold their own, though. Lavender water is as popular to-day as it was eighty years ago. Violet water is delicate and will always have its admirers. Amy still stands by attar of roses. But then she is so dainty. Six years ago when in New York she bought about five drops of a big chemist, and it has lasted her ever since. She keeps it in a small phial, and every few months adds one or two drops of alcohol to it. The delicate odor accompanies her everywhere.

BELINDA.

There is nothing so refreshing as a good bath. The Lurline has a national reputation already. Beside other kinds there is also the famous Russian bath, including the "Needle" shower bath. The charges are very moderate, and everything is well conducted. Fresh sea water is pumped into the tank every night.

Fine birds wear fine feathers, and gentlemen do the same with underwear. John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, is the prince of furnisners. Ladies' goods also on hand.

MME. MARCHAND'S CREME DE LA CREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

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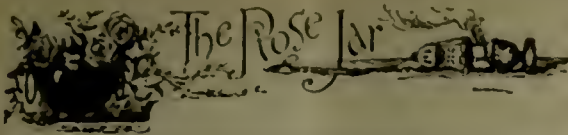
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Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING



SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!—PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SWEETHEART, good-bye! Our varied day
Is closing into twilight gray.
And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea
The north-wind rises mournfully:
A solemn prescience, strangely drear,
Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air:
It fills the earth, it chills the sky—
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Our joys are past,
And night with silence comes at last;
All things must end, yea,—even love—
Nor know we, if re-born above,
The heart-blooms of our earthly prime
Shall flower beyond these bounds of time.
"Ah! death alone is sure!" we cry—
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Through mists and tears
Pass the pale phantoms of our years,
Once bright with spring, or subtly strong
When summer's noon-tide thrilled with song:
Now woe, wild-eyed, forlornly bowed,
Each rayless as an autumn cloud
Fading on dull September's sky—
Sweetheart, good-bye!

IN MARSHLAND CHURCHYARD.—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Here where the dead men dream of life
Under the grass and clover,
Whitebirds come from the seastorm's strife,
Circling the marshland over.

Faintly ever, though winds blow free,
Echoes the surge's thunder,
Here where the dead men, home from sea,
Hark with a drowsy wonder.

Tired of tempest and raging wind,
Tired of spouting breaker,
Here they come, at the end, to find
Rest in the silent acre.

Shore seems better when seas run high,
Moaning in weary fashion;
Sea seems better when life's awry,
Swept by the storms of passion.

Feet pass over the churchyard turf,
Up from the sea or downward,
One way leads to the raging surf,
One to the perils toward.

"Hearken, hearken!" the dead men call,
"Whose is the step that passes?
Knows he not we are safe from all
Under the nodding grasses?"

LIGHT.—F. W. BOURDILLON.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

MID-RAPTURE.—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Thou lovely and beloved, thou my love;
Whose kiss seems still the first; whose summoning eyes,
Even now, as for our love-world's new sunrise,
Shed very dawn; whose voice, attuned above
All modulation of the deep-bowered dove,
Is like a hand laid softly on the soul;
Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control
Those worn, tired brows it hath the keeping of:—
What word can answer to thy word,—what gaze
To thine, which now absorbs within its sphere
My worshiping face, till I am mirrored there
Light-circled in a heaven of deep-drawn rays?
What clasp, what kiss my inmost heart can prove,
O lovely and beloved, O my love?

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Berger's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Berger, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 102 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HULL, Prop.
Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantin, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPE HOS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Hush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. HUN

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Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
\$2-A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 216 Clay
Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

CLEARANCE SALE of FINE SHOES

At 25c. and 50c. on the dollar.

Nolan Bros.
Shoe Co.

812-814 Market Street,
Phelan Building.

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.



[STOLEN FROM THIEVES.]

Police Inspector—It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the hurglar and so ably captured him; but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to the hospital? LADY—How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband.

Firestone—How much vos dot one? SHOPMAN—Well, I can't recommend that one, Mr. Firestone. It is a very old lamp, out of repair, and I would be afraid it would explode and burn your store down. FIRESTONE—Wrap it up! Wrap it up!

"I want to buy a make-up box," said the young married man. "A make-up box?" the confectioner echoed. "We don't keep theatrical supplies." "I mean a box of candy to take home to my wife. I promised to be home three hours ago."

"Business," mused Charon, "is all-fired dull. I don't imagine science will ever again discover anything with the snap and go in it that appendicitis had." He sighed heavily as he ported his helm.

"Oh, yes," continued the girl of the prehistoric period "we had birds twenty feet high in those days." "Dear me," exclaimed the fin de siecle person, "what lovely hats you must have had. Well, well."

Bobbie—Father will be down in a moment. Have a cigar? VON BLUMER—Are you sure these are the kind he gives to his friends? BOBBIE—Yes, sir. They are some that mother gave him.

"They wouldn't hang a man for watering his whiskey in your State nowadays, would they, colonel?" "N-no, sah; I think not, sah. They wouldn't do no mo' than try him fo' heresy, sah."

Mrs. Ferry—Did you never learn any trade? PERRY PATETIC—Yes'in. I'm what might he called a practical geologist, though I don't work at it only when I git sent to the rock-pile.

Jagwell—What makes that hen in your back yard cackle so loud? WIGWAG—Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it.

Mrs. Willowsnap (calling on Mrs. Wangle)—Your mother has a lot of new furniture, hasn't she, Willie? WILLIE—Yes'm, and the man comes here every week to collect the bill.

Customer—I notice some shoes in the window that you have labeled "Temperance shoes." What kind are they? DEALER—They are warranted not to be tight.

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever hoarded by a pirate? CAPTAIN STORMS—Yes. He charged me \$11 a day for a hall room on the fourth floor.

Sunday school teacher—And the prophet rent his clothes. Johnny, what does that mean? JOHNNY—I s'pose he didn't have the price to buy 'em.

"Now that you've heard the poem tell me what you think? Oughtn't I to get \$10 for it?" "Y-e-e-e-s. Ten dollars or thirty days."

Skinner—Is Mr. Laylow one of your permanent boarders? THE LANDLADY—He is. I told him he couldn't leave until he had paid up.

Passenger—Man overboard! Man overboard! MATE (carelessly)—It's only a deck-hand; had more'n we wanted, anyway.

She (sentimentally)—What poetry there is in a fire! HE (sadly)—Yes; a great deal of my poetry has gone there.

Mrs. Scraply (during the fight)—Now have I made my self plain? MR. SCRAPLY—No, you were horn that way.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,181,910

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA AND JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,031

ALBERT MILLER, President E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Mearns, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000

Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER (Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$300,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



OCCASIONALLY one sees on London streets the brother of a man who played a great part in English politics—the brother of the famous Lord Beaconsfield. He is an insignificant-looking old man, bearing no resemblance to Dizzy whatever, either in looks or in point of intellect. For many years he acted in the capacity of clerk in the House of Lords, and was present when his brother walked into the House bearing the Sword of State before Queen Victoria, who came to open Parliament in person out of respect to her Premier. The old man is still hale and hearty.

—Of the kindness and sympathy of Lord Leighton, already many stories are being told. The following as related in the London Court Journal, is very characteristic of the dead President. A young artist, without friends or money, went to London to make—as he thought—his fortune. But he soon found that it was no easy thing to make a start among the struggling hundreds. At length he wrote to the President of the Academy, and stated his case, forwarding at the same time some specimens of his work. Within a few days he received an answer, asking him to call at Sir Frederic's house. He did so with much nervousness, but his host soon set him at ease, gave him encouragement and two letters of introduction. Above all things he advised him to study. As the young man was leaving Sir Frederic handed him an envelope, observing, "Here is an example of the best kind of drawing. No doubt one of these days you'll be able to do as well, if not better." It contained a cheque for \$250.

—The late Lord Leighton, better known as Sir Frederick Leighton, was born in Scarborough, Eng., in 1830. His successful career began in 1858, and in 1869 he was elected to full membership in the Royal Academy. Thackeray, writing to Millais from Rome, as early as 1854, spoke highly of him, and prophesied a great career for him.

—When Paganini died, the belief was common that the Devil would take his soul, to whom it was supposed to have been sold. The body was therefore left for five years on the rocks of San Fereol, when it was taken care of and interred by the Duchess of Parma. The coffin was lately exhumed, and the face was found to be perfectly preserved. Baron Achille, a son of the dead man, has had the body placed in a modern coffin with a glass plate to it, so that it need never be re-opened.

—Judge Farthing, of Indiana, has a coffin made from a walnut tree he planted in front of his house forty years ago. A short time ago, feeling very feeble, he ordered the tree cut down and sawed into boards. From these was made the narrow home wherein he expects to await the sound of the great trumpet.

—Alfred Austin once criticised Lord Alfred Tennyson, holding that he was not even at the head of the poets of the third rank, and that posterity would agree with that opinion. Tennyson merely replied with the following couplet:

"Tennyson is no giant; all men know it,
For so says Alfred Austin, dwarf and poet."

—Anthony Hope Hawkins, author of the Zenda stories, is slightly bald, and has dreamy, thoughtful eyes. His manner is half-kindly, half-cynical, and somewhat blasé. He is now thirty-four years old and is unmarried.

—Speaker Reed usually sits up until two o'clock in the morning, working at his speeches and magazine articles. Everything is written in his own hand, excepting letters, and Mrs. Reed revises all his important work.

—Paderewski asserts that Liszt and Rubenstein will never be surpassed or equaled, and that in the history of pianoforte playing they will be known as the two greatest geniuses.

—The Empress of Russia has in her possession an ermine mantle valued at \$50,000. It was given to her by her subjects living in the province of Kherson.

MOTHEBE, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. [S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentino.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier.
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentino, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Consolidated National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjee & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord Jerome Lincoln H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Bahecock O. D. Baldwin A. K. F. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1869.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—203 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

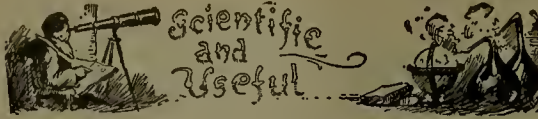
BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

MURDOCK
RELIABLE
MURDOCK

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET, PHELAN BUILDING



A CURE FOR A COLD.—A writer in the Medical Record recommends the use of bicarbonate of soda in the treatment of that most annoying of all nuisances, a cold. The remedy recommended, which should be administered in the early stages, consists of twenty to thirty grains of bicarbonate, given in two or three ounces of water, every half-hour, for three doses, and a fourth dose at the expiration of an hour from the last one. Two to four hours are then allowed to elapse, to see the effect, and the four doses are repeated if there seems to be necessity, as is frequently the case. The writer claims that the same treatment may be used for "la grippe" although the results are not always so sure. In such cases he combines phenacetin, five to ten grains, with ten to twenty of soda, and gives the powders, with hot water, every two hours continuously for a day or two.

THEFT IN CHINA.—When a theft is committed upon the streets in China, the shopkeeper in front of whose store the robbery occurred is held responsible, pending the capture of the culprit. Should he not be found the merchants along the street may be compelled to make good the loss. This makes a detective of every Chinaman, and lawbreakers are always brought to justice.

ASBESTOS WOOL FOR SHOES.—A preparation consisting of thin sheets of compressed asbestos wool is now used in the manufacture of boots and shoes. Being a non-conductor of heat, it counteracts the influences of heat, cold or moisture and, being a non-conductor of electricity, the person wearing such boots is enabled to walk safely over live electric wires.

CREMATION *versus* BURIAL.—There are at present twenty-six cremation societies in this country with about eight thousand enrolled members. The number of incinerations has thus far been over thirty-five hundred. The movement is rapidly gaining favor all over the world.

A STRANGE INDUSTRY.—The proprietors of the skunk farm at Chesterton gave up their scheme in despair. The surrounding country was depopulated and finally the animals devoured their young. The hides of these animals are quite valuable.

AN OLD LAWSUIT.—A lawsuit, commenced in 1595, is at present in the courts of Bavaria. The parties to it are the Lords of Thungen and the market community of Burginn. It is expected that this year will close the suit.

WEATHER FORECASTS ON LETTERS.—It is proposed to stamp letters arriving at the Baltimore Post Office with a forecast of the weather for the following twenty-four hours. The plan, if adopted, may become general.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.—Dr. Selle, a Brandenburg physician, has discovered a process by which colors can be successfully photographed. The process is still a secret and has taken five years to perfect.

A NOVEL LAUNDRY.—Chicago boasts of the only laundry on wheels. The proprietor and his wife drive about in their van and laundry plain clothes and towels while you wait. The scheme is quite successful.

THE LARGEST FIRE ENGINES.—Two of the largest fire engines in the world were recently completed in London. One throws 1400 and the other nearly 2000 gallons of water per minute.

NATURAL BEAUTY.—Cold water and pure soap are the best things for the face. Nearly all complexion beautifiers are injurious to the skin.

HEAT FOR THE VATICAN.—The Vatican is to be heated by hot air. There are eleven thousand rooms in the building, many of which never get a ray of sunshine.

PINE CONES FOR KINDLING.—Pine cones are valuable kindling for an open fire. Being full of turpentine, the blaze is fragrant and cheerful.

The art of Japan has made her famous. George T. Marsh, 625 Market St., has collected the finest specimens obtainable.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO.....2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets, \$5,783,243

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$2,206,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$607,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,772

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,689,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

Assets, \$5,493,831

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,083,321

Pacific Department, 407-409 Montgomery street,

BROWN, CRAIG & CO., Managers.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,400.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, CERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, 12,250,000. Total Assets, \$6,854,653.65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$5,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F



Thistle Down

Commissioners Fitzgerald states that the bread of life is often manufactured in the dens of death.

English papers have been partially prohibited in Turkey. What would the Sultan think could he see some of ours?

It is said that the Turkish soldiers surrounding Zeitoun are starving. There may be such a thing as Providence after all.

It is not likely that ex-President Harrison will ever run for politics again. Matrimonial troubles are enough for a man in this life, anyway.

A morning paper states that "local Republicans are at work." Either 'his is a mistake or the gentlemen are very young Republicans.

The only perfect woman in existence at present is in the Louvre, at Paris. She is deaf, dumb, and blind, and men call her the Venus de Milo.

The doctor is said to be an unknown quantity in many villages in Hungary, which probably accounts for the universal health prevalent there.

Amelie Rives-Chandler has married a Prince. Fortunately for her he is a Russian, and is probably unable to understand her published novels.

Since the opening of the religious controversy in the daily papers, it is possible that even the Almighty does not know upon which foot he stands.

Mrs. Lease has decided to enter the Christian ministry, and forsake the platform for the pulpit. The former was probably not exciting enough to suit her tastes.

One of the Lord's shepherds was anointed with tar and feathers in Nebraska the other day. We have the necessary ingredients but lack the courage to apply them.

Now that the North Pole is said to have been discovered, it is suggested that all dissatisfied women emigrate thither and found a little republic to suit themselves.

A Southern Pacific engineer has been arrested in San Jose for wife beating. There are many persons who will lay the blame for his actions upon Mr. Huntington's shoulders.

Whether the word "obey" he used in the marriage service or not, makes little difference to the average woman. She will have her way in this life at all costs; and the millennium has probably been postponed to enable the Almighty to store up sufficient energy to hold his own against her in the hereafter.

Von Hartmann, the German philosopher and pessimist, proposes a tax on hachelors to support the numberless old maids in the Fatherland. Seeing that many of these gentlemen went through the Franco-German war, it is possible that some of them will even prefer wedlock to being robbed of their hard-earned dollars.

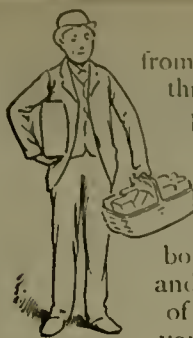
A LITTLE LYRIC OF JOY.

A Scaffold high
Of lightest blue;
A man, oh my!
Whose clothes are new.

A rope, a prayer,
A bolt, a jar;
Farewell to care,
Et puis, bon soir!

THE projected creation of a British commission to look into the Venezuelan affair is a step in the right direction. What America wants is justice, not war; and if it can be averted by peaceful measures, so much the better.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal



Peddling

from house to house, with "prizes" thrown in, sells a good many pretty poor washing-powders.

Don't let these worthless prizes deceive you. They don't amount to anything.

Consider their value if you bought them in the regular way, and compare this with the value of ruined linens, paints, etc., that you risk with these washing-powders. There's nothing cheaper to wash with than Pearline. That gives you easy washing that is absolutely safe. You would better use Pearline, and buy your own prizes. You'd save money.

420

JAMES PYLE, New York.



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS
Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.

Lightest RECOIL, and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,

430 California St., S. F.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

319 Pine St., San Francisco.

Perrier-Jouët & Co



EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St



THE ante-Lenten season came to a close in a blaze of glory with the Mardi Gras ball given on Tuesday evening by the members of the Art Institute, at their handsome Temple on Nob Hill. The committees labored hard, and succeeded almost beyond their hopes in making it a success, as well as a fitting climax to the gayest winter San Francisco has had for many a year. The decorations were beautiful in the extreme, and, in the main, novel in character; the attendance was large, quite a number of men, as well as many ladies, appearing in handsome fancy costumes, while the gowns of the ladies, who simply wore evening attire, were remarkable for their elegance. The uniforms of the army and navy, as well as of our foreign visitors, added brilliancy to a scene which will long be remembered by those who were lucky enough to behold it; the supper was excellent, and dancing was prolonged until a very late hour. The dresses were all very elegant and appropriate. Miss Catherwood, as Maguerite, was attired in a pretty maiden-like costume, and attracted much attention. Mrs. J. H. Jewett was resplendent in an Andalusian costume of rich changeable silk, trimmed with real lace, with a basking very short on the hips and finished with pink ruffles. The skirt was beautifully embroidered with stars of jet and gold, and the mantilla used was also of real lace. Her necklace consisted of three rows of lovely gold beads.

The five closing days and nights of the season, in which alone such things are supposedly permissible among church people, have been more than well-filled with feasting and revelry of many varieties. On Friday were Colonel Fred Crocker's dinner to Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckel's violet luncheon party, Mrs. Darling's novel Valentine luncheon, which she gave at her town residence on Gough street, at which Mrs. Niebaum was guest of honor. Horace Platt's dinner at the Bohemian Club, to which his guests were asked to meet Mr. and Mrs. Kruttschnitt; Miss Edith McBeau's luncheon at the Hotel Richelieu; Mrs. de Grey's luncheon at the University Club; Lieutenant Joyes' tea at the Presidio; Miss Anna Buckbee's dance; Mme. Ziska's reception in honor of the officers of the Italian man-of-war; Mrs. George Power's dancing party, and the Leap Year Cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club, which was led by Miss Hobart.

Saturday's festivities included the euchre parties of Miss Blanche Baldwin and of Miss McFarland, given at their respective homes; the tea at the Mercantile Library; Mrs. John M. Cunningham's delightful musicale; the theatre parties of Miss Catherwood at the Tivoli for the Misses Bee and Ethel Hooper, and supper afterwards at home; and of Miss Rose Hooper, who entertained forty of her friends, also at the Tivoli, followed by supper at the Occidental.

On Sunday Miss Jennie Catherwood gave the last of her Sunday teas; Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart gave a dinner complimentary to Miss Stella Greenebaum and Alfred Simon, at which eighteen guests were seated at the handsomely adorned table.

The University Club has been very popular with the ladies this season whereat to give luncheon parties, and not a week has passed for a month or more that they have not been of almost daily occurrence. There were two given there on last Monday, and both of them were remarkably pretty. Miss Helen Boss, who entertained seventeen of her young lady friends, chose violets and daffodils for the floral adornments of the tables; Miss Farquharson's was a red luncheon; the adornments hyacinths, smilax, and red ribbons, and red shades over the lights cast a roseate hue upon the scene. Her guests, who numbered fifteen, were an equal number of maids and young matrons. Besides these luncheons at the University Club, Miss Agnes Brandeustein gave a luncheon at her home on California street; the Misses Graham gave a tea

at the Presidio, where there was a hop in the evening; the Saturday Morning Orchestra gave a concert at Metropolitan Hall; the Golden Gate Commandery reception and dance at Golden Gate Hall was a handsome and enjoyable affair; Mrs. Schwabacher's theatre party at the Columbia, followed by supper at her residence, was in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Jennie Schwabacher. Two handsome stag dinners were given on Monday evening also; at one Mr. Sam Shortridge played the host in the Tapestry room of the Palace, his chief guest being that prince of pianists, Paderewski. At the other General Forsythe presided, his dinner taking place in the red room of the Bohemian Club, and Prince Luigi and Captain Bertolini, of the Christoforo Colombo, were his guests of honor.

Among Tuesday's events were Mrs. Van Vliet's luncheon, to which her guests were invited to meet the bride-elect, her sister, Miss Fanny Crocker; and Mr. James Phelan's dinner in the red room of the Bohemian Club, from which he and his twenty-three guests proceeded to the Mardi Gras ball at the Art Institute.

Among recent events not named above, are the dinners given by Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Henry Scott, and Mrs. William Haas; Mrs. Robert Oxnard's luncheon, Mrs. E. J. Coleman's progressive euchre party in honor of Mrs. Kruttschnitt, and Miss Emma Butler's and Mrs. Ryer's luncheon parties, both at the University Club.

The first event in the Lenten season was the entertainment at Mrs. Clark Crocker's on Thursday evening, in aid of the Doctor's Daughters' Charities, and consisted of tableaux, the participants being young society belles and beaux. Mrs. Brandenstein also gave a *dinner d'adieu* to Mrs. Wm. Haas, and Mrs. Sig. Greenebaum the first of a series of dinners at which she purposes entertaining her friends during the next few weeks.

Tuesday next will be the wedding day of Miss Clara Huntington and E. Burke Holladay, and the ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride's uncle, C. P. Huntington, in New York city.

On Saturday next, at noon, Miss Laura Rountree and Dr. Charles McQuesten will be married at the home of the bride in Alameda.

On Saturday evening, the 29th, the members of the San Francisco Verein Club will hold a high jinks for members only.

British Consul-General Warburton and Miss Warburton have selected San Rafael as their place of residence, and will remove there early in March.

The hop at the Presidio on Monday evening was a particularly delightful one. Being the last one of the season, there was a supper, and after it the cotillion was danced, so that instead of breaking up at 11 o'clock as usual, the dance was prolonged until after one o'clock.

Miss Bert A. Fuller, daughter of W. P. Fuller, of the firm of Whittier, Fuller & Co., was married to Charles A. Kinkelin last Thursday. The groom is connected with the London, Paris and American Bank. The ceremony took place at 2336 Pacific avenue, the residence of the bride's mother.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the Press Club on Thursday last, when the ladies of the city were entertained by the members. Owing to the efforts of the President, C. M. Coe, the club is now one of the best in the city, and is rapidly acquiring new and influential members.

Surgeon Wm. Martin, U. S. N. (retired), left on Thursday for the East. He will visit Chicago, New York, and Washington, and is to be gone several months.

Miss E. V. McCloskey, the well-known contralto singer, has returned from a visit to her relatives in the East, after an absence of several months.

The Verein Eintracht will give a masquerade ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion to-night. One of the attractions will be a grand march entitled "Four Hundred Years of American Life," being a representation of different periods in American history. Prizes amounting to \$500 will be given away, and a military band of thirty-six pieces will furnish the music.

COOPER & Co., art stationers and heraldic engravers, 746 Market St. S.F.

SOME OF OUR JUDGES.

A WORD ON TWO ARREST MEN WHO SIT ON THE BENCH

THE men who make it a habit to sit at the Bench remind one of the sign in the Montann dance hall, "Don't shoot the musicians. They are doing their best."

That is the unhappy position of the Judiciary of California. Every two years, at least, the instrument on which they are expected to play is tinkered by a lot of ignorant blacksmiths. If you permitted your tinker to put strings in your piano to suit the passing fancy of a tinker's brood, you should not be surprised when the result proves to be an expensive and not satisfying sort of noise.

It is the business of the Judiciary to make the laws dumped on it by the Legislative bod-carrier bear some sort of harmonious relation one to the other, and to those which have gone before, whether organic or specific. The Bench is the stomach of the Government, and its function is to digest the biennial meal of raw food prepared at Sacramento.

The law proposed by the "well-meaning person" is to blame for most of the legal dyspepsia from which the State suffers. It is an unhappy fact that the "well-meaning person" is quite often so fully satisfied with the benefit he confers on humanity by raising its moral average by the value of his personal equation, that he thinks it unnecessary to do more than signify his approval of the purpose of a given measure. He will not take the pains to ascertain the relative bearing of his plan on established principles of jurisprudence which cannot be set aside even though they happen to cut the throat of his pet reform. Hence the confusion and the imputation of unworthy motives to the Judiciary, which might have been averted had the "well-meaning person" taken the pains to inform himself of the rocks in the course of his ship. These are easily enough avoided by the legislative navigator who knows the way.

Perhaps you remember the sort of talk that went on during the pendency of the Hale & Norcross decision. It was a common thing to meet men who insisted that the decision was held back so long to help the speculators. If you asked whether the bears or the bulls were to be benefited by the delay they could not tell. Now, the truth of that story was that the decision hung so long because the acute sense of conscientious obligation actuating Chief Justice Beatty compelled him to devote prolonged and painful study to the case before he could make up his mind. That which should stand to his credit was turned to the flippant use of every man who believes it a smart thing to charge corrupt motives on men in authority. The Chief Justice is a man of tender conscience, steadfast in his opinion when he has made up his mind, but slow to judge, possibly too slow.

Justice Henshaw is a man of philosophic mind and consecutive thought, which, when he speaks, enables him to explain in luminous and vivid fashion. Like other lawyers, however, when he writes he is ridden by the involved and parenthetical sentence which so often makes legal opinions read like a page of mystery. It would be a blessing to bewildered humanity were our Judiciary trained to cultivate the short sentence. The treacherous pronoun trips them up, and the parenthesis lures them to the ruin of sense. Their training in the use of English has, for the most part, been oratorical, and the orator is sparing of verbs and spendthrift of the untameable pronouns. In a recent opinion by Judge Henshaw, otherwise admirable, more than one sentence dragged like a scotched snake, and with as little coherence. Nothing but laziness.

It might be thought disrespectful to call Justice McFarland a bird, but he always reminds one of the owl. "Mac," as they call him in Supreme Court circles, is a very human sort of bird, ready to give and take in the way of a joke. He was once knocked out of time by the unexpected and eager assault of Charles Wesley Reed. The Justice put some question or other to the counsel. The young lawyer stopped for an instant, and then pointing an eager finger at the Court, burst out:

"Now your Honor is quoting Macchiavelli on me—that the end justifies the means."

"Mac" gasped. To be accused of quoting Macchiavelli as authority in the Supreme Court was too much.

Judge McKenna is a patient man, considerate and pains-taking. The fortitude with which he has sat out the tiresome drone of the reading of the volumes of testimony in the Railroad Commission suit on trial in the United States Circuit Court was an example of judicial politeness for which he will never have full credit. The reading was a wholly unnecessary proceeding, and an absolute waste of time, but the lawyers insisted. It is impossible to appreciate and weigh testimony read in that perfunctory fashion, and every word must be read once more in the closet, in any event, but Judge McKenna sat it out like a Major until the lawyers got cold feet.

One sees with some amusement that Judge Murphy has been talking about "the scavengers of the press." Has anybody been putting the learned jurist in an ash-barrel recently?

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.—TOWN TOPICS.

SHE'S only an "old-fashioned girl," she says, (is it not enough to disgrace?)

An "old-fashioned girl" with womanly ways,

And a winsome and womanly face;

A girl who is innocent, modest, and sweet,

Who is sensible, earnest, and true—

The kind that will surely be obsolete

In another short year or two.

She's never been seen a-straddle a wheel,

She doesn't ape man in her dress;

She doesn't write books on how she may feel

While receiving a lover's caress;

She doesn't use slang nor smoke cigarettes,

Nor talk of the freedom of sex;

She doesn't run after the "fashionable sets,"

And none of their follies affects.

She's only an "old-fashioned girl," you see,

And not in the least "up to date;"

But she is the kind of a girl for me,

And the kind that I want for a mate,

I know it is very "old-fashioned" to say

Your wife is a "saint from above"—

But I own I am fond of her "old-fashioned" way,

And proud of her "old-fashioned" love!

The third concert of the nineteenth season of the Loring Club will be given in Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, the 27th inst. The programme includes some very strong male voice choral numbers, and additional interest is given to it by the fact that Miss Ardella Mills will appear as soloist. The club has also engaged the services of Mr. B. Mollenhauer, violinist, and of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr as accompanist. Mr. D. P. Hughes, the director of the club, will conduct.

A handsome bouquet of flowers constitutes the most genteel gift imaginable. Charles M. Leopold, of 39 Post street, is the leading florist in this city, and always has the freshest flowers on hand. His floral decorations for weddings and other functions are tasty and original, and among his patrons are the leading persons constituting our society.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

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Macbeth's; but you want the Number made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From November 20, 1895.	Arrive
6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, for Yosemite, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	4:15 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.	8:45 A
1:20 P	Sacramento River steamers.	*9:00 P
*1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	*7:45 P
3:30 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A
6:30 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7:45 A
7:30 P	Vallejo.	*7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	*12:00 A
*10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	*12:45 P
*11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, El Centro, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and way stations.	5:50 P
*3:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.	*11:30 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	9:50 A
*11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.	*7:30 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	6:35 A
*11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.	*7:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 1:00, 2:30, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
‡Sundays only. †Tuesdays and Saturdays.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Dashing Gay Soubrette.—THE CRITIC.

She was a dashing and gay soubrette,
When he was a lad in his Freshman year,
And she drew him in with her eyes of jet,
And cheapened herself to become his dear.

She was a dashing and gay soubrette,
When he was a senior of quiet ways,
And he called her his jewel, his idol and pet,
And wrote to her sonnets and roundelays.

She was a dashing and gay soubrette,
When he married, alas, and settled down;
Yet he'd sooner his business or rent forget
Than to miss the play when she was in town.

She was a dashing and gay soubrette,
When he was a grandpa old and wise,
And he'd sit for days and inward fret,
A-carrying her image before his eyes.

She was a dashing and gay soubrette.
When he died and they planted him under the sod;
While she, forsooth, is dancing yet,
And kicking her heels to the gallery god.

That woman according to her nature is meant to obey may be recognized from the fact that every woman who is placed in the, to her, unnatural position of complete independence, at once attaches herself to some man, by whom she lets herself be led and ruled, for the obvious reason that she requires a master. If she is young, it is a lover, if she is old, it is a confessor.—Schoenbauer.

ARIZONA EDITOR—I see that the Eastern cult still sticks to our new reporter. ASSISTANT.—How's that? ARIZONA EDITOR.—In writing up the tar-and-feather racket he mentions the victim as being clothed in "a garb of some soft clinging material."

MIKE—Can you give me a job, boss? CONTRACTOR.—What can you do? I have several classes of work. MIKE—I can do anything. CONTRACTOR.—Well, take your pick.

"She burst into tears," the young novelist writes,
A pitiful thing to behold!
But still it was not fatal, for on the next page
"She collected herself," we are told.

—Washington Post.

He tries to carve,
But misses joints;
His friends may starve—
They give him points.
"These crooked wings,"
He sighs and says,
"Are harder things
Than sausages!"

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DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELIC (via Honolulu). Saturday, March 21, 1896
COPTIC.....Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GABLIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Novato,	10:40 A M	8:50 A M
3:30 P M	9:30 A M	Petaluma,	6:05 P M	10:30 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
.....	Fulton,
.....	Windsor.	10:30 A M
.....	8:00 A M	Healdsburg.
3:30 P M	Geyersville,	7:30 P M
.....	Cloverdale.	6:15 P M
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
.....	land, Ukiah.
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	Guerneville	7:30 P M	10:30 A M
3:30 P M	6:15 P M
5:10 P M	8:00 A M	Sonoma,	10:40 A M	8:50 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M
7:40 A M	8:00 A M	10:40 A M	10:30 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	Sebastopol.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas. Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers. Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Ukiah, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Fome, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M.; Feb. 23.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and P. way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Coolgardie gold-fields, (Freemantle) Australia, \$220 first class, \$110 steerage. Lowest rates to Cape-town, S. Africa.
S. S. Co.'s steamers sail:

For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. MONOWAI, March 5th, at 2 P. M.
For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," March 10, at 10 A. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties March 10th and April 7th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street. For freight apply to 327 Market street.

J. D. SPRICKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View from California and Mason Streets, looking towards Telegraph Hill.



NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

Number 9.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

H EALTHY children will develop into healthy citizens. Defective sanitation in the schools will ruin both.

T HE angel surmounting the City Hall may be somewhat mutilated, but she will serve our purposes just as well.

A NOTHER monitor, the Monadnock, is now in commission. A few more after the same pattern and we shall have a navy.

T HE crime of arson is growing rapidly. The penalty should be increased to life imprisonment, as the whole community is endangered.

A SIGN of returning prosperity and growing confidence is the demand for American securities in London. The outlook is a bright one all round.

F OOTPADDERY is again prevalent and should be punishable with the lash. Imprisonment, as a method of suppression, is entirely inadequate.

T HE improvement of the Presidio has long been a necessity. An important army post should contain the most modern accommodations for officers and men.

T HE religious discussion in the daily papers is gradually changing from the tedious to the vulgar. Had we less speech and more Christianity the world would be the gainer.

W ITH modern fortifications at Lime Point and a few good cruisers near at hand, San Francisco is beginning to feel what she really is—the Empress of the Western World.

M ORE money is needed in Armenia to help thousands of homeless women and children, robbed of their fathers by the late terrible massacres. New York has forwarded \$25,000 already.

T HE ovation tendered Jameson and his men upon their arrival in London proves that, in spite of the charges against them, the Britishers are still admirers of good old-fashioned bravery.

T HE establishment of a free produce market on the water front will be an absolute boon to everybody in general. The consumer will pay less for his goods, and the farmer will be enabled to make a small profit.

T HERE appears to be some question about Inspector Dockery's right to a salary. Of all the reforms ever instituted in this city, that brought about by the Milk Inspector is one of the most beneficial, and he should be adequately compensated for it.

A PARAGRAPH appeared in one of the departments of this paper last week, stating that Judge Morrow would lecture before the Mechanics' Institute on the subject of "Six Years as a Statesman in Washington." It appears now that the subject quoted should have read "Six Years with Statesmen," and not as we had it. The fault was ours for having accepted, without verification, a statement appearing in that most accurate of all papers—the Examiner.

T HE indictment of election officers at Sacramento for permitting fraudulent and illegal voting, shows that the residents of that city are a wide-awake lot and dangerous to play with. The proceedings will have a healthy effect over the entire State.

I T is to be regretted that the most artistic spots of San Francisco are desecrated by vulgar advertising signs, placed there with the permission of property owners whose accumulative instincts are so great as to force them to sacrifice beauty for individual gain.

T HE world owes much to the late Edgar Wilson Nye. By his keen, clear wit, he amused millions of people and unwittingly lightened the little cares and troubles of many. His resting place is in the hearts of the people—a better place than the final abode of kings.

N OW that the pool rooms must close down, let the nickel-in-the-slot machines be done away with. Licensing them is a step in the right direction, but the present figure is not adequate for the harm they do. The Call's fight against the former evil was worthy of commendation.

T HE recent brutal proceedings on a St. Louis scaffold argue strongly against hanging as a mode of capital punishment. One may be averse to the idea of shedding blood, but the guillotine is speedy and accurate, and carries with it terrors that might put some stop to murder.

T HE charges against officers in the Revenue Cutter Service are becoming of too frequent occurrence. The gentlemen constituting the investigating committees should be fearless and unprejudiced in their methods and determined to bring offenders, irrespective of rank, to justice.

T HE arrest of a clergyman in this city for "violating the Park ordinances," and the subsequent withdrawal of the case against him at the request of the arresting officers, is a matter liable to leave grave doubts in the minds of intelligent men. If the officers were too zealous, as it is claimed they were, then decency demands that, in self defense, the minister should prosecute them for arresting him on such a charge. To hush the matter up is merely to leave the affair open to inference.

T HE annual election of Directors of the Donahue Road was held a few days ago. For some time past there has been some trouble in the directorate, owing to the workings of the Stetson syndicate, which gave President A. W. Foster no little amount of annoyance. The last election, however, resulted in a complete victory for the present President, the opposing syndicate being represented now by a minority only. This speaks highly for Mr. Foster and his capable and thoroughly efficient management, and it can safely be said that the future prospects of the road are good in the extreme.

T HE partition of Turkey is a possibility of the near future. The apparent friendly feeling in English diplomatic circles towards Russia, as evinced by Mr. Balfour's comments on the desire of that country to acquire an ice-free port in the Far East, is a sign that the old fear of Constantinople passing into the clutches of the Bear is passing away. A further rapprochement between the two nations is expected, and it can safely be asserted that with the forces of Russia at her command, Great Britain will be able to cope successfully with any possible European combination.

FAITH AND MORALS.

THE question of the guilt or innocence of Dr. Brown, which a church council has been called to determine, is being subordinated in public interest to certain psychological phenomena developed by the trial. The workings of the churchy mind are being revealed in a surprising, not to say an alarming, way. We are being given a very unusual opportunity to see inside the heads of a class of people who are commonly assumed to be much better than their neighbors.

Dr. Brown himself is wonderfully interesting. In the theological seminary and by thirty years of activity in the ministry, he has been trained to think after the fashion which is desired in its guides by his denomination. How very different his mental processes are from those of men outside the church is disclosed by the manner in which he has endeavored to break the force of Mrs. Stockton's evidence.

This woman testified, with much particularity, to *tête-à-têtes* in the pastor's study, long walks in secluded parts of the city, a visit to a private room in a restaurant, and, finally, gave to the Council a confession which would entitle the clergyman's wife to a divorce on Scriptural grounds. Dr. Brown meets this testimony by showing that Mrs. Stockton has blackmailed other men, that she has sinned with them freely, that she has no character, and is easily accessible—in short, that she is just the sort of woman who would have fallen into his arms on the first invitation, as she admits she did!

Mrs. Stockton herself is a curiosity. Young, good-looking, intelligent, still a member of Dr. Brown's church in good standing, and accustomed to the society of pious people, she goes upon the stand and owns to her unchastity with smiling cheerfulness. Her shamelessness does not seem to be at all the result of descent from a better state, but to an entire absence from her composition of the capacity for shame. A Kanaka girl of the pre-missionary era could not have been more animal-like in her unconsciousness of sin than this fair Congregationalist. She is not immoral, but simply non-moral, a pagan of Greece or Rome.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is a lady whose Christian sincerity is quite safe from the assaults of enmity in this community. Nobody will believe that in whatever she does she is not animated by a pious desire to do what is right, as she sees the right. She is held in very high esteem as a saint, and undoubtedly deserves her repute. If there is any one among us who might naturally be expected to be horrified not only at Mrs. Stockton's conduct, but at Mrs. Stockton's sunny want of shame for that conduct, it is the good, the venerable, the religious Mrs. Cooper. Nevertheless, she has furnished the chief surprise of the whole scandal. "It is cruelly unjust," she said for print the other day, "the way that poor little woman is bounded. I have always loved her for herself, and have never known her to be aught but absolutely truthful. She is like a poor wounded bird."

What could be more confounding than this? It betrays the same moral blindness that Dr. Brown has exhibited throughout, the same astonishing inability to perceive the necessary logic of facts. Mrs. Cooper does not doubt that Mrs. Stockton has been guilty with Dr. Brown, and she demands that Dr. Brown shall be convicted and punished. Yet if Mrs. Stockton, poor thing, is only a wounded bird, what more, in the name of supernatural ornithology, is Dr. Brown, for whom Mrs. Cooper has no pity? It is not because he is a man that she condemns him, for she told the Council that she holds to the single standard for the sexes.

Opposed in battle to Mrs. Cooper are all the friends of the pastor in the church. They will helieve nothing evil of him, evidence or no evidence. Their loyalty to him is exactly analogous, in kind and degree, to that of Mrs. Cooper to her wounded bird, Mrs. Stockton. At the prayer meeting whereat the church's attitude toward the pastor was in question, one hundred and twenty members voted confidence in him, and sixty no confidence. It is not at all likely that the facts brought out at the trial will alter that proportion. Were anybody to rise and inform this congregation that two and two make four, and the statement was supposed to have a favorable hearing on Dr. Brown's

case, the vote on the verity of the mathematical proposition would probably stand: For, 120; against, 60.

We see, therefore, that the Christian mind, as it is formed by a San Franciscan Congregational environment, is incapable of thinking as natural minds do; that inclination, not evidence, determines opinion. This strange mental state may be the outgrowth of the life-long habit of deeming the exercise of faith the highest of human virtues. It is, necessarily, a profoundly immoral and acutely dangerous condition for the human mind to be in, and its prevalence in Dr. Brown's congregation goes a long way toward accounting for Dr. Brown. If the clergy and laymen who comprise that wounded bird's judges are not better able to think than are the pastor himself, Mrs. Cooper, and her warring brethren and sisters, the white-washing of Dr. Brown may be counted on with assurance.

Judge Campbell's
Sanctified
Courage.

Everywhere, except among the clergy and that portion of the laity which is assured of salvation, there is observable a disposition to vilipend Judge

Campbell for the testimony which he gave at the Church Council regarding the charming but carnal Mrs. Stockton. The worldly take ground which the children of light do not comprehend.

"It may be true," argue those who in the last day will stand upon the left hand, "that everything happened just as Campbell says, but when a man takes a lady to the Maison Riche and does the regular thing in wine and oysters, no law, human or divine, ought to be able to drag from him a report of the ensuing conversation, the more especially if it happens to be compromising to the lady. A gentleman owes it to himself, if not to the too-trustful fair, to keep silent as to everything that is said. This old troglodyte of the Police Court has violated the great negative principle which governs kissing and telling. Therefore, let him be anathema."

Though honor, undoubtedly, is on the side of this view, it must be remembered that honor is a pagan, not a Christian, sentiment. It has seemingly been forgotten by the worldly that not more than a year ago Judge Campbell, together with Mayor Sutro, became a member of the Auxiliary of the Salvation Army. Recalling this happy fact, it is but just to assume that when the Judge arose in public to give his testimony for the Lord and Dr. Brown, he was actuated by a pious desire to do his duty as one of the household of faith. Think what it must have cost such a man to stand forth and confess his own sin—to own in the face of a sneering world that he had visited so godless a place as the Maison Riche. Surely there ought to be some sympathy for Brother Campbell, even among the reprobate, with whom he consorted before his eyes were opened. To confess that he went to the Maison Riche, purchased wine there, and when a lady had, as it were, thrown herself upon his breast, and poured out her fond, blackmailing soul to him, he resolved to expose her—that is no small cross for a member of the Salvation Army to shoulder.

Though the unregenerate may scorn him for offering Mrs. Stockton, or any woman who drank his wine and confided in him, upon the altar of truth, the charitable will consider that Judge Campbell has a right to entertain the claims of a conscience rendered sensitive by grace. He has at least proved his courage, his readiness to endure the contempt of men for righteousness' sake. And he is not without his reward. Dr. Brown has publicly thanked him.

The Art of
Listening.

It has long been customary to abuse the members of the gentler sex for their apparent lack of the appreciation of the beauty of silence. Wherever women congregate, there, so tradition has long held, must the spirit of unrest be—the ceaseless ripple of flippant laughter, the penetrative, serpentine whisper, the continuous and annoying rustle of silk and of well-starched linen. Men, on the other hand, are supposed to have acquired more dignity than their willowy sisters; they are supposed to be above committing the petty annoyances so commonly attributed to the other sex. In short, they are supposed to have learned the art of being still when occasion demands it, and of keeping their individual mouths closed, and their feet at rest, when the attention of an audience is being monopolized by some charmer of the senses. Out of justice to the women it must be

stated that, in the main, this idea is wrong. It is not the women but the men who, more often than not, are guilty of the annoyances already alluded to and of others far worse as well.

Take the recent Paderewski recitals, for instance. During the afternoon performances, patronized largely by ladies and young girls, the silence was nearly always absolute and, occasionally, even oppressive. Here and there might be heard a suggestion of whispering—some faint exclamation lured forth from the breast of an over-excited woman or tender-hearted maid; but that was all. As a rule, the audience was of marble—flesh-bued. During the evening performance, on the other hand, when the audience included a large proportion of men, a decided difference could be noted. Coughing, shuffling of feet, even expectoration and clearing of throats, seemed to be the rule rather than the exception. It is possible that with coarser instincts the men considered such offenses of little account, and that long hours at the counter and the desk unfitted them for appearance in the concert-chamber and the parlor. However, the fact cannot be gainsaid that their conduct was not that of gentlemen in the highest sense of the word, but rather of well-dressed boors. It is to be understood that these statements do not apply to all the gentlemen present at the concerts. The very fact that there were gentlemen present, will suffice to place the blame where it rightly belongs. In genteel behavior there is no such thing as sex, and those person, who offend an audience with bad manners should be requested to step outside upon the street where they belong so that those remaining can revel in enjoyment undisturbed.

With our theatres it is practically the same thing. Here and there a thoughtless woman may make herself conspicuous, even as a child in the gallery may occasionally cry out in the ecstasy of enjoyment, but, on the whole, the feminine portion of the audience is silent and attentive, and annoyance can usually be traced to the men. In fact, if things continue as they are at present, the management of our leading theatres will be compelled to present each male escort with a cough drop or a sedative, neatly folded in a programme, as a gentle hint that the actors alone are the ones to attract the attention of the audience.

The Movement For Cleaner Streets.

The Merchants' Association has the support of public sentiment in the effort to secure a better system of street sprinkling for this city. The success of the movement for cleaner streets is so great as to constitute almost a revolution in the condition of the highways, particularly in respect to Market street. The method of sweeping by hand, introduced and established here by the Association, has made our principal streets far more inviting to pedestrians than ever before. The removal of dirt in this way has gone far to banish the long-standing nuisance of dust, that has long made San Francisco the jest of visitors in the summer season. What is now needed is a good system of watering the streets. So long as the sprinkling is left to the tender mercies of contractors, whose sole object is to make as much money out of it as possible, the public must suffer. With the Association in charge of the work, the maximum of efficiency will be reached, with the minimum of cost. This is no small matter, but one in which every public-spirited citizen must feel an interest. With clean and well-watered streets, there is no reason why San Francisco should not be one of the most pleasant of cities even in the summer season.

The Flagler Sentence.

The sentence imposed on Miss Flagler of Washington, who shot a negro boy in August of last year, will surely be adversely commented upon by the different journals of the country. Her crime, so the Judge sentencing her considered, could be condoned by imprisonment for three hours in the jail and a fine of five hundred dollars. This it seems to us, is a mere parody on justice. It were better to have let her off without any punishment whatever than to have established a precedent of this description. Moreover, if a negro boy, aged eight, is worth only five hundred dollars, an able-bodied man servant of forty years will be found to be worth twenty-five hundred. They are hardly worth making at that price.

"Purity" Popper on Bribes.

It is well that good citizens should have their memories jogged occasionally as to the records of men endeavoring to worm into their confidence, only to betray them. We allude to Max Popper, and what he is trying to do. A grand sachem of the Iroquois political club, an active member of the Junta now trying to control the municipal government, and a pretended reformer of the loud-mouthed kind, it is fit and proper that the public should be given an opportunity to view him in the light of the record he has heretofore chosen to make for himself. No man has a reasonable right to complain of being judged by his own acts. He is entitled to no less, and, if he asks more, he is but endeavoring to impose upon public forgetfulness and credulity. Max Popper's record is that of a sleek and well-fed Buckley lamb. By the blind ex-Boss he was put forward as a figure-head for all sorts of schemes. In the direst and darkest days of Buckleyism, when every act that an official could perform was for sale, Max Popper was "the blind white devil's" lieutenant. Nay, more; it proved ultimately that the two were secret partners in bribery, corruption, and the fruits thereof. Popper himself, on the final falling out over the spoils, said he was, swore he was, and finally, when the Grand Inquest of the county called upon him to testify as to the facts, he put in the felon's plea that he dare not confess to more, because, if he did, he would criminate himself. He admitted, however, that he was a partner of Buckley's in the street sweeping contract, and that out of its profits they paid a subsidy presumed to reach certain Supervisors. Such is the man who is now seeking to worm himself into public confidence, to the end, it is fair to presume, that he may cinch Spring Valley stockholders, and those of other corporations, and do as he did before. This timely reminder to the wise should suffice.

The Deadly Trolley.

The trolley-car still continues to claim its fair share of victims. Not alone in San Francisco, but in every large city where the trolley system is in use a certain number of people continue to be sacrificed to this modern car of Juggernaut. It is ridiculous to assert that the accidents are wilful and that the motormen alone are to blame whenever a person meets death in this manner. No amount of carefulness on the motor man's part can counterbalance the seemingly wilful carelessness of pedestrians who, as a matter of fact, tempt Providence by running before every car even when there is no necessity of so doing. The instinct seems to be inborn among us not to be second in any race and occasionally we pay for it with our lives. The recent numerous mishaps have shown that the trolley is nearly ungovernable when running at a high rate of speed, and the only way to guard against future misfortunes—seeing that we cannot very well change human nature—will be to so regulate the speed at which they may travel that neither those on foot nor the riders in the car will ever be subject to any danger. A delay of a few minutes may possibly be occasioned but will be more than counterbalanced by the saving in human lives.

The School Question.

Now that Principal O'Connor has been declared absolutely guiltless of the charges of using ungrammatical language to the pupils under him, the question crops up as to what were Mr. Henderson's reasons for preferring them against him. The Board of Education should inquire into the matter and see if such a man is really worthy of being a School Director. If not, he should be immediately deposed from his position and a better man put in his place. The welfare of the community is largely dependent upon its school children, and competent school teachers must be protected at all costs in the different ways to which they may resort to inculcate in their pupils the first principles of discipline and of obedience. Mr. O'Connor has merely done his duty in the way he considered best, and so is entitled to the gratitude and respect of the parents of this city. Mr. Henderson, on the other hand, has made an apparently unwarranted attack upon a good man, and should be brought to account for it.

The Impolicy Of Christian Missions.

The slaughter of devoted Christian Armenians by the fanatical Turks may well give a check to Christian missions throughout the world.

What is to be gained by converting people to a faith which serves to expose them to massacre? If missionaries were rational in their undertaking, they would readily perceive the evil results of their labors, but it is vain to hope for any practical view of the matter among them. But in the Christian world as a whole, which subscribes the money for the support of foreign missions, this matter should receive a most careful attention. Has Christianity made the Armenians happy, or has it, on the whole, been the source of misery, grief, despair and death among them? The Christian world was once thoroughly imbued with the fanatical notion that no one but a Christian could be saved from hell. But this idea, the original source of the millions of dollars that have been spent for the conversion of the heathen, cannot now have much potency. People of liberal views must at last recognize that there are other religions of great merit, as well as Christianity. Of late years Buddhists have even come from India to convert Christians to the "Light of Asia." In China, it appears, the efforts of missionaries have done little more than to endanger the lives of all foreigners who penetrate the interior of that country. And so elsewhere. Henceforth, before professing Christians subscribe money for the conversion of the heathen in distant lands, let them look upon the want and wretchedness, the sin and suffering, in their own country. Christianity, in the most Christian nations, has become a mere shell, a hollow mockery, the cover for every form of selfishness, hypocrisy and sham. There is more need at home of genuine missionary effort than there is anywhere abroad.

Are There Not Greater Mysteries?

May not the so-called cathode ray have its counterpart in the realm of metaphysics? A few years ago the wonders accomplished in photography by this new light would

have been scouted as impossible. The idea of taking pictures through "opaque" bodies would have seemed to the most scientific no less than absurd. Yet that is what the experimenters are now doing in every large city in the land. Before long the new photography will be of practical use in surgery and many of the arts. In view of this astonishing triumph of patient investigation, almost superhuman as it appears, shall any one venture to say that some method of veritable mind-reading, reducible to scientific principles, may not eventually be discovered? Is it not possible that there exists, as yet unsuspected and unknown, some psychological means of revealing the processes of the mind and the secret play of emotion? Fakirs and self-styled mediums have at times appeared to have gained a hint of some mysterious power, if such there be; and there are a multitude of mental phenomena which can scarcely be explained on any other hypothesis than that there exists some unknown means of inter-communication between mind and mind, over and above the familiar evidences of the senses. Now that the cathode ray is penetrating the utter darkness of the physical world, regardless of obstruction, it behooves us all to let in a little light of faith and hope upon the dark places of our own minds. Possibly the new light may banish some of that prevailing scepticism which scouts the existence of things unseen and invisible. With all our nineteenth century wisdom, we may at last be forced to confess that there are more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamt of in our philosophy.

The Governor and the Colonel.

If Colonel John P. Irish had drawn his sword and declared war on Governor Budd before the latter had removed him from office, or had the Colonel voluntarily re-

tired from the service of the State, his present military position would be much stronger. As things stand, the Governor will get the benefit of the theory that the pain suffered by Colonel Irish in having his head chopped off accounts for the poignancy of his wrath at the defects of the Administration. "This wretch," says the mutilated Colonel, speaking of his late honored chief, "is traducing

California and libeling his own State for the purpose of gaining a demagogue's advantage." These are stout words. They do not apply to the Colonel's discharge but to the Governor's alleged practice of juggling with figures in order to make it appear that the cost of government in California is much greater than in most other States. Colonel Irish thinks it is less, which is important if true, and the taxpayers would be very much surprised should he be able to prove it to them. He would have a much better chance of getting a respectful hearing were he to moderate his transports of indignation and play the hose of discretion upon his blazing vocabulary. It is hard to accept him as a competent witness when he cries out against the Governor as "a wretch," and then describes him as a "fool fakir" for having substituted another management of the Home for the Adult Blind for that given it by Colonel Irish and his co-trustees.

That Governor Budd is a politician with a fully developed sense of the value of patronage was known before Colonel Irish launched at him the thunders of his eloquence. It is also known that the Colonel is not a political novice. Hence the average citizen will be inclined to retain his composure while the lightnings of crimination and recrimination are exchanged. Experience has taught that such displays, however terrifying to the unaccustomed eye, are usually bogus and harmless. The one important thing in the conflict is Colonel Irish's declaration as to the relatively low cost of government in California. If he has it in his power to make good his statement every property owner must hope that Governor Budd will not head off demonstration by giving the Colonel another office.

Sunshine in San Francisco.

If San Francisco were as keenly alive to the money value of climatic charms as is Los Angeles, some systematic effort would be made to advertise throughout the East the

exceeding loveliness of the February weather our people have enjoyed. It would be almost past belief, to millions of Eastern readers, that this city is favored with as delightful winter days as fall to the lot of any city in the world. Unfortunately, San Francisco has a reputation rather for the harshness of her summer breezes than for the mildness and sunniness of her winters. And yet the truth is that Los Angeles has more frost each winter, as a rule, than this city, and that here the most delicate plants and flowers may be seen in January and February growing in profusion out of doors, without any sort of protection from frost. An easy way to spread abroad the truth regarding our winter climate would be the publication, in the Eastern cities, of daily telegraphic bulletins, from the U. S. Weather Bureau, giving the extremes and means of temperature here. The slight cost of this undertaking would be returned a hundred-fold in the stimulus imparted to tourist travel in this direction. It is common to wonder how it is that Eastern people are not drawn to the northern part of the State as they are to the southern section. While it is true that causes other than those of a climatic nature contribute to the progress of Southern California, as contrasted with the inertia of the northern and central parts of the State, it remains a fact that climate is the great attraction and the chief factor in the development of the South. No pains should be spared to keep the beauty of our winter weather constantly paraded before the people of the ice-bound East, and in time San Francisco will become famous as the great winter resort of North America.

A Bad Policy.

German insurance companies are prohibited from doing business in the State of New York because American companies may not enter Germany. This action is to be condemned as likely to foster ill-feeling between the two nations. A retaliatory policy never has good results.

The Army Trouble.

The trouble in the ranks of the Salvation Army is to be regretted. The Army has probably done more good than all the other religious bodies put together and internal dissensions can only result in weakening it materially.

A Woman Of The Frontier. A plucky woman is Mrs. Willis of Tacoma. Last year she made a trip into the wilds of Alaska, looking for a business opening. She found what she wanted, and has again plunged into the wilderness. Her destination is Circle City, a rough mining camp on the Yukon river. The place is reached only by a long and perilous journey including a thousand miles of sledging over the snow, and a voyage by canoe down swift and rocky streams, where navigation is not only difficult but dangerous. She takes with her the required outfit for the bakery, and proposes to build with her own hands the canoes necessary to transport her equipment over the water part of the route. Mrs. Willis says she sees no reason why a woman should not make the journey; that "hundreds of weak men have accomplished it." So she is travelling alone, with eight stout dogs to draw her sleds and to protect her from wild animals. Her husband is an invalid, and unable to rough it. All honor to this brave woman. She is of a good old heroic type, such as trial and adversity have developed in all ages. There is nothing of the "new woman" about her. She does not waste time in talking about woman's rights, but has earnestly sought and found a place where a business woman could make an honest living and accumulate a provision for her family. And yet, admirable as Mrs. Willis is in her way, it must be confessed that men would not regard this type with favor were it not exceptional. Few men would like to see all women fashioned after this masculine pattern. The boldness, the energy and self-reliance that enable this good woman to undertake her arduous and unsafe expedition are distinctly masculine qualities. If such traits were common to women, the subjection of men might be a theme for the feminine orators of the day. The degeneration of the male would be inevitable under such conditions, and the female would take his place as the head of the family. There are a number of shouting women in San Francisco whom the public would be glad to see start out on a voyage to Circle City, or some other remote point in the far North, but the energies of these declamatory dames are confined to agitation for woman suffrage and are not available for any arduous or useful work.

Military Drill in Public Schools. The recommendation of the Secretary of War to introduce military instruction, by officers of the regular army, into the public schools is one well worthy of adoption. The first thing a young boy should learn is to obey, and subjection to military discipline, even if only for one hour a day, is more likely to teach him this than any amount of hardship he may undergo upon leaving school. Few of the lads attending our public schools are able to carry themselves as becomes their age, yet it is a well known fact that they are not overburdened with tasks. The boy, in fact, is usually his own master and the ill effects of the present system are making themselves visible in his ever-growing tendency to shirk work. Military training would certainly put a little enthusiasm into him and make him better able to cope with the world when the time comes for him to do so. Another beneficial effect will be that should the country ever need soldiers to ward off foreign invaders, a strong and patriotic reserve force of young men can be counted on to render effective service. As many of them drift into the militia, the efficiency of that body will be raised, and altogether a stronger looking set of men will grow up than those we see at present slouching along our public streets.

Dangerous Nuisances. The Chinese New Year festivities, as well as their customs of letting off firecrackers upon every conceivable occasion and burning punk upon the public streets, constitute a continual menace to the city. Should the English, French or other foreign residents of San Francisco see fit to celebrate their particular holidays in such a dangerous and noisy manner, it is safe to say that the police would speedily interfere. But because the offenders are Chinese and Chinatown is one of the "sights," the offense is overlooked and the annoyance and danger to resident citizens allowed to continue. The fire hazard in this city is large enough and any efforts to minimize it may save us the expense of a terrible conflagration.

An Astonishing Suggestion. Dr. Fitch of this city is credited with the remarkable recommendation that our Board of Supervisors should memorialize Congress, to the end that a national leper settlement be established somewhere in the foothills of this State "where the lepers of the United States could have a large area of country over which to roam, among the fruits and flowers." This is one of the most astonishing ideas ever advanced by any member of the medical profession in this city. The good doctor's humanity seems to have far outstripped his regard for the welfare of the State. It would indeed, be a truly unselfish thing for California to invite to her hillsides the lepers from all other parts of the Union; but how will our own people like to have their State made the Mecca for these unfortunates? What have the dwellers of the foothills to say to the suggestion that the lepers from everywhere be invited to "roam among the fruits and flowers"? It is safe to say that Dr. Fitch's brilliant project will never find much encouragement. Bad enough it is that the consumptives from the East come hither in multitudes, spreading more or less contagion among the healthful of our own population. Let us therefore draw the line at leprosy. Instead of inviting the lepers, let us, as far as possible, exclude them from the State, and send from our shores all those who have already contracted this dread disease. If necessary, the Government of the United States might well set apart some island off her coast line as a refuge for persons thus afflicted, but even this provision the Pacific Coast would prefer to have made somewhere on the Atlantic confines of the continent.

Trouble Brewing in Canada. Canada is likely to experience much tribulation over the new Manitoba School Bill. This is a measure framed by the Dominion Government, in accordance with the ruling of the British Privy Council. When Manitoba was induced to enter the Dominion, it was a condition of the confederation that her separate schools should be protected. But the local legislature, ignoring this compact, adopted some time ago a school law under which the Catholic schools or other sectarian schools, received no share of public money, while all property-owners were alike taxed for the support of the common schools. However correct in principle was this legislation, the Catholics regarded it as a violation of the guaranty given them by the Dominion Government. The latter refused to interfere unless the Privy Council should so direct. The decision of that tribunal seems to offer no alternative, and the new bill is designed to restore separate schools in Manitoba. It provides State aid for Catholic as well as for the common schools. Each taxpayer is required to elect whether he will support a separate or a common school: he must support one or the other. The Protestant majority in Manitoba, which controls the local government, is likely to rebel against this measure, and it is of a nature to keep all Canada disturbed for a long time to come. Religious differences there have to be reckoned with by the politicians. The province of Quebec is mainly French and Catholic, while the other provinces of the Dominion are overwhelmingly Protestant.

Merely Temporary. The unfortunates in the city's dark places have been ordered to vacate their present quarters under penalty of arrest. From the standpoint of the armchair moralist this is a decided victory over vice. It is hard to see, however, how, by simply hounding the poor women from one place to another, their condition, or that of the city, is in any way bettered. Few women sin from choice, and the crime of this century is that we waste our efforts fighting effects rather than the causes that bring them about.

A California Product. The City Hall Commissioners did the right thing when they decided that only California stone should be used for the wainscoting of the City Hall dome. The material at our disposal is all that can be desired and native industries should always be given the preference when possible. It is to be regretted that the stone work about the new ferry depot is not to be from the same location.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER, Sir:—Last week I referred to an article in the Overland Monthly for the present month of February by Mr. Irving M. Scott, on "Hard Times" and now return to the subject to point out more inaccuracies of assertions made by Mr. Scott and in the hope that if he again essays to advise the people what to do, he will be more careful about his statistics. The following occurs in his article:

In 1889 the silver mines of the United States yielded \$64,800,000, equal to two-thirds of the silver yield of the balance of the world. In 1894, owing to the great depreciation in the price of silver, many of our silver mines were compelled to stop work, and our yield of silver was, as measured in gold, \$14,350,000. The indications are that the silver yield of our mines this year will not exceed \$1,000,000. Not only have the demonetizing acts with respect to silver reduced the world's redemption money fully fifty per cent, but they have palsied its powers of recuperation—have effected a scarcity of money, and thereby infested our Country's doors with countless packs of ravenous wolves.

If Mr. Scott had referred to any current statistical authority—abstracts, atlases, government bureau reports, or even newspaper almanacs—he could have materially lessened the surprising inaccuracy of these statements. He says the yield of silver as measured in gold, was for 1894, \$14,350,000. As a matter of fact it was, measured in gold (commodity value), in round figures approximately \$32,000,000; in 1895, \$36,000,000. He states that the indications are that the yield of silver this year will not exceed the sum of \$4,000,000. I beg to offer the assurance that the indications are that the product of silver in the United States for this year of 1896 will approximate \$40,000,000, commodity value.

Mr. Scott takes the year of 1889 as a criterion, which I accept and will mention that the total product of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States and Territories, gold, silver, copper and lead, all of which are in the aggregate intimately related in their production throughout that section, and the falling off in commercial value, was only 8 per cent. in 1895 as compared with 1889; the gold product of the same localities for 1895, as compared with 1889, showing an increase of over 50 per cent. If we take our sister republic of Mexico into account, we find that the total product there of 1889 was \$42,000,000, gold and silver combined, mintage ratios,—and for 1895 it was \$59,000,000—an increase in the six years of 42 per cent. The production of gold alone in the world during 1865 was very considerably more than the combined product of gold and silver thirty years ago.

To go into the question of the world's product, as Mr. Scott applies his argument to the world in setting forth what he deems the evils of the gold standard, I have to say that we find upon reference to authorities that the production of gold (I am again speaking of gold and silver as commodities) was in 1874, \$91,000,000; in 1876, \$104,000,000; in 1878, \$119,000,000; in 1890, \$120,000,000; in 1892, \$147,000,000; in 1894, \$180,000,000; and in 1895, \$200,000,000, breaking all previous records. Silver represented in 1870, \$51,000,000; in 1874, \$70,000,000; in 1884, \$91,000,000; in 1894, \$106,000,000; in 1895, \$120,000,000. The price of silver in 1889-90 was artificial—arising from speculation incident to the then confident fallacy in the United States of government power to create values by legislative enactment.

By reference to pages 40 and 41 of the Report for 1895 of the Director of the U. S. Mint, Mr. Scott will find that of the \$4,070,000,000 of silver money in the world, \$3,440,000,000, or 85 per cent. is full tender, and that 60 per cent. of that is in Oriental lands. But the status does not confer upon silver there any greater commodity value than in the United States, and never did. Always and every where from the dawn of history alongside of any legal ratio whatever there is a commodity ratio that fixes the real value of the metals.

In one of our city dailies of Monday, the 24th, a prominent divine, commenting upon the moral status of San Francisco and California indulged in extremely severe reflections, and if Mr. Scott's assertion regarding countless packs of ravenous wolves infesting our country's doors is accurate, not only the condition of San Francisco and California but the entire country is certainly very deplorable. He may well cry with Hamlet:

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

However, I am not disposed to take so pessimistic a view of the situation.

Mr. Scott opens and closes his articles with the following quotation from Virgil:

"To the shades you go a down-hill, easy way;
But to return, and rejoin the day
That is a work, a labor."

Something like this would be more pertinent: "How difficult it is to get back to the path of truth after floundering in the slough of error."

The Hard Times, which we all deplore and which Mr. Scott pathetically bewails, are the legitimate results of pernicious economic methods in commerce and finance—namely, of the delusion that the Government can create value by statutory enactment, and make the people rich by taxation. Patience, hard work, and frugal economy are the only remedies for the ills we have drawn upon our own shoulders, and which we must bear until relieved by common sense methods of our own devising. As Emerson says, "We pay a price for everything we get."

San Francisco, February 25, 1896.

A LAYMAN.

THISTLE DOWN.

Sacramento had a madman in the pulpit the other day. So have we, brothers, and plenty of them.

Corbett is said to have swung his mouth into action, and is now ready for a long argument with Fitzsimmons.

Dr. Nansen may not have discovered the Pole, but he failed to lose himself. Hence his claim to be rewarded.

A Stockton man, called Cloek, dropped dead in that city a few days ago. Needless to say, he was not wound up.

Another San Jose man has preferred imprisonment to marriage. This speaks badly for the fair sex in that part of the country.

A new development is said to be the telephone ear. In the case of the central girls, this is merely another word for total deafness.

A mau in Berlin is said to have a skin impervious to bullets or knife wounds. Only an office-seeker could have a skin as thick as that.

A Syrause divine states that the Devil has a Bible of his own. It was probably published for the private edification of the ministers.

A Pennsylvania man lived for many years without an ounce of brains in his head. Had he had any he would have come to California long ago.

Kovalev, the murderer, refused to take a bath on the morning of his execution. He probably preferred to have his sins washed away on the other side.

The two French statesmen who were to have fought a duel were subjected to the cathode rays, and the fact was revealed that neither had any backbone. The fight is, therefore, off.

Dr. Weudell C. Phillips, of New York, urges husbands not to buy sealskins for their wives, claiming that they are unhealthy. Presumably, the Doctor is a bachelor and contemplates matrimony.

Professor Garner has returned from Africa with fresh data concerning the speech of monkeys. He refuses, however, to give any clue to the remarks he overheard, which, judging from the newspaper cuts of him, may possibly have been highly complimentary.

A Hartford sculptor has designed a statue of the Archangel Gabriel awaiting the last Trump, and prides himself upon being the first to place him in a sitting posture. Had the sculptor any originality whatsoever, he would have fixed him up snugly ensconced in a folding bed.

—Dr. Parkhurst, besides being a great preacher, is also a first-class organist, and is able to play at evening services in his own church when necessary. As a boy he was fond of music, and would walk miles to take his lesson.

Mistress (calling upstairs)—What on earth are you doing to that child, Sarah, to make it scream so? SARAH—Nothing, ma'am. I'm spanking it to make it stop.



A Book of Ireland has not produced great national writers of fiction. Her literature is, perhaps, the least conspicuous of her achievements.

In fact, with the exception of Miss Edgeworth, who was Ireland's first national novelist, that country cannot claim any great author in fiction who was racy of the soil. But Richard Henry Stoddard, who, we see, agrees with us on this point, might have given the reasons why Ireland has not produced great writers as she has great orators and great soldiers. But in his review of "Strangers at Lisconnell," a review, by the way, which induced us to read the book, he points out the paucity of great Irish writers, but for that paucity he gives no cause. Would it not have been just to "the most distressful country" to remind us that when the school-house is closed it is not fair to charge the people with being illiterate? And do we not know that for 180 years it was a crime to teach the Catholics of Ireland even the rudiments of education, and that the sons of Irish Catholic gentlemen were obliged to go abroad for their education, even down to the first quarter of the present century? If, then, Ireland has not produced great writers of fiction, may we not in justice lay some of the blame on those who pronounced the dictum, and enforced the law, that the education of an Irish Catholic was a crime? And so we find that, with the exception of Miss Edgeworth, that Ireland is barren of great writers, even down to the present hour. And by "Irish" writers we mean writers of Irish birth as well as of Irish extraction. The two best known Irish authors of the last century were Sheridan and Goldsmith, but they were Irish only by the accident of birth, and their best works were not racy of the soil. They thought, and wrote, and had all the feelings of the Englishman of their day, and their most quoted books and passages were essentially English in tone and temperament. And to some extent this was equally true of the writings of Moore and Swift. Both had occasional outbursts of Irish wit and pathos, but take their works all in all, they were dominated by English ideas. But Miss Edgeworth was essentially Irish, in birth, in family tradition, and in feeling. Her works have become classic, and it was her success in picturing the life around her that led Scott to do the same for his own people; and to this fact may be primarily attributed the "Waverley Novels." But while Miss Edgeworth founded no school for others, yet she had many followers, and we know no one who has so successfully approached her as Miss Jane Barlow, whose book, "Strangers at Lisconnell," we have just read. And as a delineator of the manners of the poorest of her country people we are not sure that she does not come nearer to Miss Edgeworth than any Irish novelist of whom we know. She loves to bring us into the humble cabin of the "bog-trotter." She shows us the simple life of the "crotter," and she tells us all about the customs, habits, joys and sorrows of the people as those things are understood under the thatch of the tenant farmers of Ireland. Her book is all about the "common people," and should be read as such.

Unlike Miss Edgeworth, Miss Barlow does not appear to care much for plot, but it is her character drawing that gives value to her productions, and which places her at the head of the Irish novelists of the day. Her desire appears to be to chronicle "the short and simple annals of the poor," and she has succeeded to the letter. As a writer, Miss Barlow has not, indeed, succeeded in attracting attention to Irish life as Mr. Barrie, or Mr. Crockett, or Mr. Watson have to Scottish life, and yet her stories are just as good as theirs. But they have something in common, and that is they all belong to-day, and any one who wants to know the Ireland of this hour cannot do better than read Miss Barlow, just as any one who wants to know the Scotland of to-day cannot do better than read Barrie, Watson, or Crockett. And it is for this reason that this book, "Strangers at Lisconnell," will repay perusal. People who ask why the Irish are so poor, with a soil so bountiful and a climate so good, will here find what is, in some respects,

an explanation. Not since the days of "Castle Rackrent," that masterpiece of Miss Edgeworth's, has a better story of Irish life appeared, and, while we question some of Miss Barlow's conclusions, we see so much of the true picture of Irish life held up before us that we hesitate to find fault with what is, generally, so accurate a production. But the reader must not expect a novel after the Braddon, the Warden, the Hardy, or the Meredith style. In fact of plot "Strangers at Lisconnell" is comparatively destitute, but the mud cabin, the barefooted children, the struggle for existence, the thirst for land, the, so-called, "superstitions" of the people, and the home life of "Pat" and "Bridget," this story is, in our judgment, the best that has appeared for many a day. If it be true that "the proper study of mankind is man," then Miss Barlow has brought that study before us with affecting reality. That she is a "great" writer we will not admit, but, just as Mrs. Humphrey Ward brought rustic life in England before us in "Bessy Costrell," so does Miss Barlow bring rustic life in Ireland before us in "Strangers at Lisconnell," always remembering, however, that Mrs. Humphrey Ward can build a plot, and Miss Barlow cannot. At least, the absence of plot induces us to believe that construction is Miss Barlow's weak point, and that she is strong only in description.

* "Strangers at Lisconnell," by Miss Jane Barlow.

The didacticism of the late Professor Longfellow has been the means of making many an imitator mistake the cowl for the garland. Lowell, for instance, with all his individualism, appears to have followed Longfellow's footsteps in poetry, and Dr. Smiles and Mr. Anson Marden write as if they were following him in prose. Indeed, Mr. Marden's book, "Architects of Fate," embodies sentimental fallacies which are only equaled by Longfellow when he wrote:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps in the sands of time."

Very pretty, but seldom true, when we remember that the "lives" of so many "great men" are full to the brim of fraud and mendacity. We could give the names of many, very many, "great men," whose "lives" were infamous—but then, of course, much depends on whom we call "great." However, Mr. Marden's book is not literature—it is merely a sermon.

"Living Topics Cyclopaedia" is a "record of recent events and of the world's progress in all departments of knowledge." It is, in fact, a supplement to all high-class cyclopedias, and, as often as the alphabet is covered, a new series will begin. It is, of course, useful and instructive, but we have our doubts about its success. By the time the alphabet is completed, and the "living topics" beginning with X Y Z are published, the "living topics" beginning at A B C will be dead and buried. A book something like this is wanted in every library, and yet we do not think that this idea quite meets the want.

In "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign," General Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., acknowledges that the French army was at that time made up of raw recruits, many of whom were not particularly loyal to Napoleon, and he gives this as the one great reason why the French were not able to cope with their enemies. But students of history know that the French were near "coping" with their enemies, and successfully, too.

"The Non-Heredit of Inebriety" is a timely book by Leslie E. Keeley, M. D. LL.D. As a contribution to an unsettled question it will be welcomed by medical men and specialists, and, as it is a subject on which none but medical men or specialists are capable of forming an exact opinion, we must leave it in their hands to decide whether Dr. Keeley is right or wrong.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne has just issued a book of poems at a penny a copy. This reminds us of the freak of a poet named Richard Hengist Horne, who once brought out his classical epic of "Orion" at a farthing a copy.

Professor James Bryce, M. P., the author of "The American Commonwealth," is to publish a group of papers on "South Africa" in a leading magazine.



THE Gilligs and the Henry Normans, during their various wanderings, have recently had a reunion in London, with incidental good times. The three column article in the Bulletin one night last week on Normau, which was copied from a great London weekly, omitted his San Francisco sojourn in enumerating his many exploits. Now that he is second in command on the London Morning Chronicle he is a great personage, and every drawing room in London is open to himself and his talented wife. But, speaking of Norman's three months' stay in San Francisco, which ended in such a disastrous *finale* for our wealthiest newspaper proprietor, Bohemian clubmen will not forget the very amusing and uproarious episode one night at old Mrs. Hunt's lodging-house, on Montgomery avenue, the resort from time immemorial of artists, authors, and "odd fish." Stevenson, Bierce, McEwen, Strong, Dennis McCarthy, Virgil Williams—in short, dozens of them have had rooms at Mrs. Hunt's. But in the spring of 1888 Mrs. J. D. Strong had established a very beautiful Hawaiian studio in a suite of several pretty rooms. It was draped with all sorts of South Sea Island trophies, such as mats and straw tapestries, and adorned with many beautiful sketches from the artist's brush. Mrs. Gillig—Mrs. Amy Crocker then—was a great admirer of Mrs. Strong, and frequently visited her picturesque den with friends. One night there was an elaborate studio reception given, to which came Mrs. Amy and several friends, also. Frank Unger, Henry Norman, Ned Townsend, and, if memory mistakes not, Charlie Leonard.

They all spent a delightful evening in music and conversation, and Henry Norman recited his favorite, "Omar Khayyam," to the end three times.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Hunt, the rigid landlady of seventy winters, who hailed from pioneer days in Virginia City, was laid up with rheumatism flat on her back. She listened to the music and revelry with fury and dismay.

Finally the climax came. At Ned Townsend's suggestion a messenger was dispatched to the Palace Hotel for Norman's camera and flashlight powder. On the arrival of these articles, the company was grouped and the light turned out. The studio was large, and well worthy of an artistic evening photograph. Mr. Norman, when all was ready, having taken a sufficient supply from the large box of his English flashlight powder, calmly lighted a taper and touched off the contents of the box itself—through sheer accident, of course. The long French windows that have been in the building since it was Maguire's Opera House, fell mostly into the street. Every picture and sketch in the room flew pell-mell from the walls, together with the mats. The stove fell over Frank Unger's arm, bruising it somewhat. Norman and Townsend were driven helter-skelter into the remnants of the calendar.

The ladies present preserved their equanimity delightfully, for the gentlemen all had to make florid explanations to a half-crazed set of lodgers and to policemen. As for old Mrs. Hunt, she had a fainting spell, but next morning arose from her bed as well as ever.

Signor Cavagnaro relates an amusing incident of Prince Louis of Savoy's sojourn here. It has been a delicate matter, of course, to arrange the various questions of etiquette and invitation. There is no doubt that, in San Francisco's Four Hundred, there are more of the Italian colony enjoying social popularity than in any other city in this country, and, undoubtedly, the Prince will realize that the hospitality of Californians will sustain that ancient accusation that we have an "Italian climate." The Italian colony and Burlingame have divided honors so far as the Prince is reckoned. But for Cavagnaro's joke. It seems that he was a member of the Italian cortège of Princes and Counts who were entertained by the American contingent of fashion. During the afternoon there was mirth and music—it was in the country. Two thoughtless young beauties,

not out of their "teens," wandered along through the *parterre*, and unconsciously happened by a group of the merry-makers seated in a little grove—half summer house.

"I like the Prince!" exclaimed the younger and more luscious of the two; "and, if he'd only give me one kiss. I believe I'd consent to go back to Italy as his Princess."

Signor Cavagnaro vouches for the fact that the Prince, the Count, and the other nobility were within five feet—just around the edge of the hedge.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Prince Louis gallantly, stepping forward hat in hand.

But, with a shriek and a blush, the damsel fled like a startled fawn.

Still she may claim that Leap Year gave her certain rights.

However, the Prince said the other night with the utmost *naïveté*, in a group of gentlemen:

"They tell me this beautiful winter weather you have now in California was saved up for me especially! The young ladies of ravishing beauty tell me this—and when they smile I believe them! Who could help it? In my voyage of the world I have never met with such strange, such cordial, or so luxurious a welcome. The memory of it should be embalmed in amber for the rest of one's life."

The Prince is also vastly taken with our horse-flesh. In and about Rome, as is well known, polo ponies are very popular. His "Excellency" has made two selections here already which will be forwarded presently.

Besides, it may interest society to know that three invitations have been given to members of the Burlingame Club to visit Italy next December.

As related at a Burlingame dinner last Sunday, the late Charles Crocker possessed ten gallons of *Fin Champagne*, which was imported by the French firm of Pioche et Bayereque, sometime in 1852. Mr. Crocker served it first at a grand dinner in 1880-81, and discovered that the loss by evaporation had cost him a thousand dollars on the cognac since its purchase. The guests present at the feast were actually enjoying a *pousse café* a piece, which was too rich for their comprehension.

Mayor Sutro, who is a stickler on wines, had an experience several years ago, when he sent his usual orders to the Rhine and the Moselle in Germany for those ripe vintages for which his cellar is famous. After a year the consignment arrived by sail and was submitted to due inspection after dinner.

"Bring a glass," said the old gentleman to his servant; "I wish to test this beautiful Tokay."

They drew the cork and handed him the goblet in the half-darkness. He drank to the full—but he did not endeavor to stay by the beverage.

It was pure salt water, for the crew had "broached" this especial portion of the cargo.

However, perhaps the most fortunate individual investment in old wines was Joe Parker's. Years ago he found himself on the gulf of bankruptcy to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars in the old Bank Exchange. In a moment of despair he resolved to sell out and go to the mines. The sale happened, and all the old imported wines and liquors of the days of the early fifties were dragged forth from the ancient cellar. It was a melancholy moment for Parker. But when, after a four hours' sale, he came out ten thousand dollars ahead of the entire game, he made disrespectful remarks about himself, and at once started a new saloon.

Regarding the recent reports which have been rife in our military and naval posts that there is a possibility of a re-occupation of Goat Island as a barracks, a host of reminiscences occur. Once upon a time it was the most attractive and—in its way—the most convenient of all the posts. It has a delightful climate, and in the latter "sixties" and early "seventies" was the favorite and fashionable picnic ground for our best society, notwithstanding its tar-weed in June and July. Large parties from San Francisco and Oakland were the guests—for the army and navy were the most sought after beaux in those days. There is a famous yarn concerning Miss Lillie Hitchcock,

that divine spark of fascination, which is supposed to have been spun about that time. Seventeen bachelor officers on a "picnic tug" agreed to offer the young lady their hearts and hands successively, as an experiment. They were of the army and navy, and they were exasperated, most of them, at the inexorable disposition of the young lady to accept any marital proposals. However, their plans this time went astray. Between San Francisco, Alcatraz, Angel Island, Vallejo, Benicia, and the Goat Island picnic grounds, it is told with an air of veritability in army and navy circles that the *demoiselle eccentric* accepted every one of the seventeen offers from eleven in the morning until after midnight. Of course, a lot of the officers were only bluffing, and their attention was entirely without intention. For tradition has it that nine of the number were already hopelessly betrothed—especially the Vallejo contingent.

In consequence there was no picnic for various weeks, until the youthful "amber witch" had successfully laughed at those who were in real earnest and those who never meant it.

The secret of it all was that a sister of one of the officers had quietly "given the snap away."

* * *

One of our best known citizens related a rather amusing tale on the Reverend Dr. Brown at luncheon. It seems that sometime in 1893 he chanced to be on the same Western-bound overland train with the recent "clerical error." A friend brought over the latter to the narrator's seat, saying:

"I want you to meet the Reverend Dr. Brown, who has just returned from an extended vacation in the Eastern States. He is pastor of the First Congregational Church, you know."

"Ah, Doctor," replied the gentleman introduced, "you have enjoyed a splendid privilege. Of course, it has meant a complete inspection of the beautiful National Exhibition in Chicago?"

"Sir!" answered Dr. Brown, blushing with righteous indignation, "you are utterly mistaken! Do you think for a moment that a man of my cloth would visit a city and a fair which is open to the public on the Sabbath day!"

The prominent man who tells the anecdote adds: "I sized that man right up on the spot!"

* * *

A telegram from New York regarding Mrs. Henry Hilton (*née* Sylvia Gerrish) of California, which tells of a coachman's lawsuit, appeared in the morning papers this week, all of which reminds one of the serious disturbance in New York some years ago, when a wealthy young California magnate and a distinguished Gothamite went into Tiffany's arm in arm. One bought a christening bowl to celebrate his little niece's birth, inscribed "For the Baby." His friend threw down nine one hundred dollar bills for a ruby bracelet, to be sent to the fascinating "Melusina." By a blunder in the addresses, the gifts were mixed up—irretrievably, of course. The mother of the little niece enjoyed herself far more over the bracelet than if she had received the silver piece which reached the belle of the Casino.

The annual meeting of the Marine Underwriters was held on Wednesday, and the election of officers resulted as follows: President, L. Rosenthal; Vice-President, A. H. Small; Secretary-Treasurer, Harrison Houseworth. The election was held under new rules, which provide that all members in good standing are in nomination, voting to be by ballot. In the evening a banquet was given by the members, at which a very pleasant time was passed by a large number of guests.

A good bath gives you a new lease of life. One of the latest innovations in the Lurline Baths is a real Russian bath, which includes the famous "Needle" shower bath. The best service is given in every department at nominal charges. Fresh sea water is pumped into the tanks every night, ensuring fresh and invigorating water.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

Japanese art is eagerly sought all over the world. George T. Marsh & Co., 625 Market street, has the pick of everything.

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Our complete stock of furniture without reserve at reductions from regular prices varying from 15 to 33 1-3 per cent.

All Goods are Marked in Plain Figures.

We quote for example:

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Handsomely Carved Birch Bedroom Sets, \$19 50. Former Price, \$26 50.
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250 Genuine Imported Oriental Bagdads, \$5 each. Former Price, \$7 50.

150 pairs Irish Point Lace Curtains, odd lots, to close at wholesale cost.

The Celebrated Nairn Linoleum.

Most artistic Floor Covering made. 40c, per sq. yd. laid, and upward. We invite inspection of stock and comparison of prices. Values cannot be duplicated.

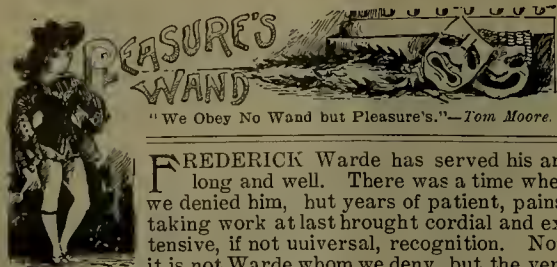
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Until
Further
Notice.



FREDERICK Warde has served his art long and well. There was a time when we denied him, but years of patient, painstaking work at last brought cordial and extensive, if not universal, recognition. Now it is not Warde whom we deny, but the very tragedies that have made the stage and developed the greatest actors that have trod its boards. It does not take a very deep thinker to realize that the tragic muse has lost her popularity, and that, year by year, the once ubiquitous Shakespearean production has dwindled into annual visits of, for the most part, mediocre itinerates. The law of supply and demand has not, in this case, profited the small and exclusive dealers in the legitimate, for that once most purveyable is no longer a staple commodity. The truth is, we need a tragedian—another Booth whose genius is transcendent—a man so luminous as to attract to him all the fugitive raw material that must be dormant somewhere in the land. It is only such an actor that can, from the present outlook, nurse back the devotion of the public. And, if he does not come, our posterity will see strange and wondrous books of Plays by William Shakespeare, emblazoned, no doubt, with the likenesses of quaint and marvelous mummers who once, in days long dead, spoke and acted those sacred lines.

* * *

Warde must have felt the foreboding of the tragedies when he revived and re-christened *Belphegor*, when he purchased *The Lion's Mouth*, and when he strove so bravely with the ill-fated *Runnymede*. The sexual drama had about run its course; its adherents and those of tragedy found a common meeting place in the broad and comparatively unworked field of the romantic. It was, perhaps, this popular trend, as well as the recent engagements in San Francisco of James and Keene, that induced his selection of *The Mountebank* and *The Lion's Mouth* for every night but one of the opening week at the Baldwin Theatre.

* * *

It is with luxurious content that the weary theatre-goer witnesses a performance by a company thorough enough in every detail to allow him unmolested contemplation of whatever literary excellence and artistic beauty there may be in the play. Such an organization is Frederick Warde's of this season. The company throughout is one of even excellence, handling the various roles with such an intelligent appreciation of detail, harmonious ensemble, and conscientious endeavor to tell a lucid story and present a clearly outlined picture, that one does not sigh for overwhelming genius and dazzling stars, but enjoys comfort and artistic entertainment from good plays, coherently rendered, in the hands of capable players. No man on the American stage better estimates the value or understands the manipulation of stage technic than Frederick Warde. In his modest way he has tried to do for us what Henry Irving has done for England; and, though as an actor he has not attained the crowning pinnacle of fame, he has reached an enviable and honorable position among English-speaking players. And in our present poverty of the "truly great," we owe him the deepest gratitude for having given the best years of a scholarly mind to the advancement of the sublime tragedies.

* * *

D'Ennery's romantic melodrama, *The Mountebank*, given on the opening night, was not well chosen to display the abilities of the company, outside of Warde's *Belphegor*. *Belphegor* we have long known as one of Warde's strongest parts. Its jaunty, reckless volatility; its terrifying grief in the second act; its pathetic entrance at the fête, and the intense, dramatic ending of the act; the pitiable bitterness of the first meeting with his wife when he finds her, jewelled and gowned, after the manner of her class—all of these diverse emotions are acted with such convincing realism and artistic subordination to the character of the lowly mountebank that the actor's creation becomes a

creature real and of flesh and blood. Miss Fanny Gillette gave Madeleine a sweet, womanly rendering, gently modulated and in complete accord with the spirit of the part. Landers Stevens has developed wonderfully since this season under Warde. His voice, which was always tellingly clear and melodious, now divides the honors with an easy, graceful presence and unaffected deportment, which made the Count de Blangy a particularly felicitous task for him. Young Ernest Warde has also taken a long stride forward this season. His two strongly contrasting roles of the old Duke and Viscount Hercule were admirably sustained. Laverennes was impressively villainous, and excellently well acted by Chas. D. Herman. In fact, the entire cast, while requiring no special effort from the greater part of the company, was happily filled throughout. The scenery is the best that has been at the Baldwin for many months.

* * *

On Tuesday night Mr. Warde presented Henry Guy Carleton's *The Lion's Mouth*, a play so strong and so cleverly constructed that it is difficult to believe that Mr. Carleton is alive, and in America, too—but that being the case, we may still hope for the coming of the American drama. Mr. Warde, in the character of Paul di Novarra, was youthful, impetuous, ardent and manly; he avoided all temptations to be diffusely declamatory, and played the part with that consummate interblending of reserve and action that makes his work ever refreshing and artistic. Mr. Herman did a powerful piece of acting in his well-remembered role of Fra Angelo. Miss Gillette's Linora was full of life and color, displaying a rare ability for strong dramatic work that Madeleine could not reveal.

* * *

It looks like the good old days when Oshourne and Stockwell had the Alcazar to see the hustle of prosperity at the box office, large, good-natured audiences inside, and an attractive performance on the stage. The Carleton Opera Company proves to be a clever little band of singers, almost as snug and interesting in its melodious way as is the popular Frawley Company in the field of comedy-drama. Benedict's romantic Irish opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, has been sung this week. It is the same delightful story that Boucicault gave to the world in *The Colleen Bawn*, and Benedict's music echoes the true ring of Celtic sentiment and humor. Carleton's voice seems to have reached a new stratum of richness and symmetry in the part of Danny Mann, and Hamilton's rugged bass is deeply effective in Father Tom. Miss Rena Atkinson has a soprano of excellent timbre, sympathetic, liquid, and particularly strong and resonant in its upper tones. Her Eily wassung charmingly, though she did not take full advantage of its acting opportunities. Jay C. Taylor's light, etherealized tenor was admirable in Hardness Cregan, and Tom Ricketts, always reliable, made a good showing as the worthy Corrigan. All the parts were agreeably sung. The chorus and orchestra are a hit new, but a few nights more of such earnest endeavor as has characterized this week's performances, and we may expect every thing in smooth working order.

* * *

We have seen several bright specimens of the inevitable farce-comedy this season, *The Widow Jones*, *Hendrick Hudson, Jr.*, and now Louis Harrison's *The Bicycle Girl*, which Nellie McHenry brings to the California. The latter piece is as vague of plot as either of its predecessors; it abounds in jingling song and rollicking dance that breaks in at the usual amusingly inopportune moments under the slightest pretext of a cue. Its only innovation is the ever presence of the silent steed, about which is woven its slim pretense of story bristling with an army of biking gags, many of which have long ago been discharged and pensioned by the comic weeklies. Miss McHenry is as vivacious and gingery as ever, singing several contagious little songs, and working with that jovial vim and youthfulness that each year seem to turn back the hands of the ravaging clock of time. The company is not a brilliant one, but it seems happily adapted to the fluffy character of the piece, and introduces a number of diverting specialties, among which is W. E. Richie's tramp cyclist, who is styled "Twister," and with wonderful and eccentric tricks on the wheel, he more than lives up to the name.

At Morosco's Grand Opera House Howard Taylor's *The Pulse of New York*, a series of thrilling melodramatic tableaux more startling than the bloodiest "nickel deadly" that ever fired the soul of a messenger boy, has been the bill of the week. The piece itself is a horror, but the stage mechanism is remarkably well handled, and the large audiences show significantly that there are thousands of people who delight in this sort of a show. Next week *The Midnight Flood*, which is said to offer exceptional scenic opportunity, will be presented by Darrell Vinton, Essie Tittell, and the full strength of the stock company.

* * *

The Pantzer Brothers, at the Orpheum, have been the stellar specialty this week. Their balancing act is really marvelous, even excelling that of the famous Bratz Brothers, who made such a successful record at the Orpheum last year. The balance of the programme is varied, and, for the most part, interesting to devotees of the variety.

* * *

John Philip Sousa, the March King and the most popular band master in America, will give four more of his wonderful concerts at the Auditorium this afternoon and evening, and to-morrow afternoon and evening. Besides his world-famous concert band, Miss Myrta French, soprano, and Miss Curry Duke, said to be a violinist of exceptional skill, will participate in the programmes. Classic, operatic, and popular music will be rendered by the great band, and those stirring marches of Sousa's that find the pulse of all classes and conditions of people will be heard once again, bringing happy memories of the Midwinter Exposition.

Frederick Warde is said to have made a great study during the last few years of Lear. Supported by the best legitimate company that has been here since Henry Irving, he will present *King Lear* to us at the Baldwin on Monday, Thursday, and Friday nights, and Saturday's matinee. *Damon and Pythias* will be given on Tuesday, and *Julius Caesar* on Saturday. Each production is to be mounted in the same lavish manner that has distinguished the opening week's performances. To-night is the only one of *Virginius*, in the name part of which tragedy Mr. Warde stands supreme among contemporaneous actors.

A Railroad Ticket, announced as a mechanical farce-comedy so full of snap from beginning to end that there is not a dull moment in it, will be produced at the Columbia on Monday evening by a company of merry-makers, prominent among whom are: Eugene Canfield, Jas. Bradbury, Chas. Grapewin, Harry Porter, Frank Gardiner, Kathel Kerr, Beatrice Norman, Hattie Waters, Sallie Stembler, Hulda Halvers, and Lou Rice.

Planquette's romantic opera of *Rip Van Winkle* will be produced at the Tivoli next week, with Hartman in his great character of Rip. Carrie Roma returned to us after an absence of two years; the two clever children, Gertie Carlisle and Pearl Landers, and all the Tivoli favorites will be in the cast. Carl Martens, formerly musical director of the Tivoli Company, will wield the baton from now on.

Anna Eva Fay, magician, who opens an engagement at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, modestly disclaims all supernatural aid, averring that her only intention is to give an exhibition of sleight-of-hand and mind reading (for lack of a better name) that is "worth the money."

At Grover's Alcazar, next week, the Carleton Opera Company will sing *Fra Diavolo* on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and *The Bohemian Girl* during the balance of the week, Saturday and Sunday matinees included.

A great musical event will be the Paderewski-Marsick concert which takes place at the Baldwin to-morrow (Sunday) night.

Marsick, the great Parisian violin virtuoso, will give a recital at the California Theatre next Friday night. His programme will consist of some superb numbers and the event should prove highly interesting from a musical standpoint. Tickets are to be 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50, and will be ready at the box office of the Baldwin Theatre on Monday morning. He has decided to appear at the last named theatre on Sunday night, March 8th, in a grand orchestral concert.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

Week starting Monday, March 31. Matinee Saturday. Nothing but fun. Dwarling all former triumphs in farce-comedy's realm. A gigantic, sweeping, and triumphant centralization of America's best and newest songs, fun and dances, introduced by

FREEMAN'S FUNMAKERS.
Headed by everybody's favorite, EUGENE CANFIELD (late of Chas. Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" Company), presenting the cyclone of mirth.

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Monday next, March 2nd, second and last week of

MR. FREDERICK WARDE,

Monday, Thursday, Friday evenings and Saturday matinee.....*KING LEAR*
Tuesday evening.....*DAMON AND PYTHIAS*
Wednesday and Saturday evenings.....*JULIUS CAESAR*
Monday March 9th—A MILK-WHITE FLAG.

California Theatre..Concert.

Friday night, March 6th. First violin recital of

MARSICK.

The great Parisian Violinist. A brilliant programme.
Prices—Orchestra, \$1.50; Dress Circle, \$1; Balcony 75c; Gallery 50c. Seats ready Monday at the boxoffice of the Baldwin Theatre. NOTE—Marsick will appear on Sunday evening, March 8th, at the BALDWIN THEATRE in a grand orchestral concert.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
Last performances of "Pulse of New York."

MONDAY EVENING, March 2d—Grand scenic production of Louis Eagan's great realistic melodrama,

THE MIDNIGHT FLOOD.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING,
Proprietor and Manager

To begin Monday, March 2nd. Every evening, superb production of Planquette's romantic opera,

RIP VAN WINKLE

Reappearances of Carrie Roma, Ferris Hartman, Little Gertie Carlisle, Pretty Pearl Landers. Splendid cast. New scenery. Correct costumes
Next opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

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To-night and during the week.

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Four new acts. A brilliant list of Celebrities.
The Brothers Dianta Foreman & Fannan
The Rossleys Ella Ellis
The Pantzers The Wiltons
Aud last week of the favorites, Carroll Johnson and Billy Carter.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Golden Gate Hall.

Friday, March 6th, at 3:30 P. M.

FIRST WAGNER CONCERT by the

S. F. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MISS CAROLINE SHINDLER. Soloist.

Reserved Seat Tickets on sale at 308 Post street, and on Fridays at Sherman & Clay's. Course tickets on sale at 308 Post street

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To-day, February 29th, at 3:15 P. M., the FIFTIETH

CARR-BEEL SATURDAY POP.

CONCERT. Mr. Chas. J. Dyer, vocalist; Mr. Sigmund Beel, soloist. Admission 50 cents.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Commencing next week, March 2d.

CARLETON OPERA COMPANY.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evening, *FRA DIAVOLO*.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, with matinees Saturday and Sunday, *BOHEMIAN GIRL*.

LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 913 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.

PATERNALISM.

ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES IN AUSTRALIA.—GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF RAILROADS AND ALL PUBLIC UTILITIES.

By Wm. M. Neilson.

AUSTRALIA is a country ambitious of great achievements. Her legislative and industrial undertakings have been largely of an experimental character; in executing which she has exhibited both skill and daring. With a public domain as large as that of the United States, without Alaska, with a homogeneous population possessing all the grit and go-ahead-attiveness of the Anglo-Saxon race, with untold wealth of resources in her boundless prairies, inexhaustible mines, and in the native energy of her people, and with an established credit, both at home and abroad, that was long second to none, she undertook to do things that even advanced governments elsewhere shrank from. Governmental paternalism has experienced in the Australasian States its most pronounced trial. A pure democracy, unchecked by Presidential vetoes or a conservative Senate, the people of the "sunny southern hemisphere," as they, somewhat stiltedly delight to call their Australaids, have chosen to do by and through their Government pretty nearly everything that has a community interest. Like the gold when it emanates from our mints, almost every article of consumption that is there exported, bears the Government's stamp of genuineness and fineness. The export of butter to Great Britain is assuming very large proportions, and well serves to illustrate the kind and degree of paternalism which there prevails. Every firkin of it has to bear the Government's brand before being shipped from the port of departure, and, the custom now being known and established, the butter would not find purchasers in England unless it were so branded. During the first two or three years bounties were paid, but thereafter the trade was much more than able to run alone, and within five or six years has become one not only of vast promise, but of large fulfillment. The grassy plains of the island continent being almost boundless, it follows that ultimate production may only be limited by the requirements of consumption. It is proper to say, further, that the huge cold storage steamers which carry butter, frozen meats, ripe fruits, and other perishable articles to English and European markets, are heavily subsidized by the Government, to the end that freights may be proportionately lessened to the home producer. Is there not in this a suggestion for California fruit growers, and for others who, like Mr. David Lubin, of Sacramento, believe that protection is a very excellent thing when applied all round? He would have bounties paid on grain exports, because he sees no other way of extending the beneficent advantages of protection to the farmers. Of course the argument applies no less to the fruit growers. If the Australian practice should find favor in the eyes of our statesmen and people, the same end would be accomplished in another way. That is to say, the cost of transportation would in part be paid by the Government for the benefit of the individual producer. Whatever it may be possible to say in opposition to the adoption of the practice in this country—a subject which it is not the purpose of this article to discuss—it is due to the truth of history to say that it has worked marvelously well in the case of the great ocean carrying trade between the antipodes and Europe. It has called into existence a class of huge but cheaply operated steamers that had no existence before, and it has rendered that accomplished fact which was previously believed to be impossible, namely, the exportation of perishable food products to Europe at a cost that leaves a fair margin of profit to the producer.

In watching the Australian procedure in this matter from time to time, it has been no less curious than interesting from an American standpoint, to observe how the producers there have had their eye all the time upon the exporters from our own Atlantic ports. The question ever uppermost seemed to be about like this: "What does it cost an American to ship this or that article from New York to Liverpool or London?" That ascertained, the antipodean exporter was prepared to pay about that, but not much more to the carrier. The Government subsidy

was proportioned so as to make up the balance. Thus the producer 14,000 miles away from his market was, as near as possible, placed on an equal footing with the one only 3,000 away. Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide were enabled to send their products to market as cheaply as New York, Boston and New Orleans. In all this there is a point deeply interesting to California and to our entire Pacific Coast region. It is this: If the Australian Governments find it possible, and profitable, and good in every way to equalize their producer's burdens and costs in reaching markets, why may not our own more pronouncedly protectionist Government do the same thing for the wonderful products of this far off section of our common country? That may involve the building of the Nicaragua canal, or subventions to the overland carriers, or anything else that may for the time being seem calculated to adapt means to ends—the chief end being to put this Pacific Coast in a condition to meet competition with countries laboring under disadvantages like unto our own, but which disadvantages in their case are being swept away by Governmental devices that are at least worth making a note of.

As has before been stated, paternalism is applied by the Governments of Australia to pretty nearly everything that has a community interest. Writers for the press having only encyclopædic information to guide them, are often found expressing surprise that such young countries, without standing armies, or civil strife, or foreign wars, should have piled up such comparatively enormous debts. Whilst the per capita indebtedness is undoubtedly large—too large, perhaps—it should be remembered that the Governments there stand for the indebtedness that is in this country borne by railroad, telegraph, telephone, water supply, and other corporations. Our railroads alone are computed to have an indebtedness of six billions (\$6,000,000,000) of dollars. Of course it makes all the difference that the public debts of Australia were contracted for what are there called "reproductive works." Those works, except in the case of several railroads, earn fair interest and are fully worth what they cost.

This reference to railroads brings us to a larger, more important, and graver phase of paternalism, as it is practiced in Australia, than anything so far touched upon. The railroads are there built, owned, and operated by the Government. It is to the supposed success believed to be there attendant upon the management of the railroads "by, through and for the people," that advocates of Government control in this country base their chief arguments. In so far as they may justly claim that the system has worked successfully under that popular form of government, they may be right in believing that it may do equally well under ours. As the matter is now one of both local and national importance, it is of interest to inquire just how that is. The conditions are not exactly parallel, because they have in Australia a permanent and most rigid civil service system, for which this country is most certainly not prepared. Severe examination as a starter, permanency of tenure as a continuance, and a retiring pension as a finale, are conditions which prevail there, but which our spoilsmen, and frequent changes of administration, would oppose our adopting in these United States.

Of the various States, or Colonies, of the Australian group, Victoria, of which the city of Melbourne is the capital, is credited with being the first in point of importance. It has the largest population, the most fertile lands, the ablest public men, and exhibits the most public spirit. In constructive legislation it has shown much originality, ingenuity, and character. Its very excellent ballot law is favorably known to us all. Its land transfer act has been adopted in Illinois, and might with advantage be applied to the conditions existing in California. It is in Victoria that paternalism has had its most thorough trial. As we have seen, it has there had its successes, but, as will presently appear, when it came to the matter of railroad ownership and management, it utterly and hopelessly broke down and involved the country in financial embarrassment and almost ruin. When control of the railroads was first undertaken by the Government, their management was placed in the hands of a "Minister of Railways,"

who was a cabinet officer and a member of Parliament. It was soon discovered, however, that a political head could not wisely, economically, or even safely, manage any such department. Fare and freight charges were fixed, cheap excursion trains run, and new lines built in the interests of political support. It was determined to effect a radical change and to make the management as near as possible a one man power. A permanent board of directors, consisting of three members, removable only by a vote of both Houses of Parliament, was created and given charge of the whole subject matter. The chairman of that Board was to be an experienced railroad manager, who alone was to be held responsible for the workings of the department. His two colleagues were to act merely in an advisory capacity. The greatest care was taken to obtain the right man to fill the chief place. The large salary of \$25,000 per annum that was offered proved sufficient to secure the services of one of the best known railroad men in England. Within seven years this able man (Mr. Speight), against whose personal integrity not one word has ever been uttered, had bankrupted the Government and well nigh ruined the country. Government ownership and the ultimate possibility of Parliamentary intervention proved insurmountable barriers to success. It was found impossible to eschew politics, or render economical methods paramount.

Fortunately for the interest the subject has here, the proof of all this is of record, and has come to hand at a time when it cannot fail to attract the attention of thoughtful minds. It fell to the lot of a great daily newspaper to expose railroad expenditures, and to arouse public opinion as to put an end to them and to call for some new plan of control, the chances being in favor of the leasing of the lines to an English syndicate. In an evil hour the Chief of Railroads, Mr. Speight, brought a libel suit for heavy damages against Mr. David Syme, the proprietor of the Melbourne Age, which involved the whole subject matter of railroad management. After one of the longest and most remarkable trials on record, during which more was proven than was charged, the newspaper man triumphed on all points. A banquet, attended by many of the leading men of the country, was given him on the 13th of December last, and the Melbourne Leader, of the next day, contains a report of the proceedings. They are so interesting from a journalistic, as well as a public, point of view, that the following extracts fully merit re-publication here at this time. The chairman, the Honorable J. L. Purves, A. C., who had been Mr. Syme's leading counsel, in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, gave the following resume of what had happened. He said:

"We are here to-night to celebrate a very remarkably patriotic achievement. (Applause). After years of laborious effort our guest succeeded in establishing a great newspaper in your midst. That paper is, I think, not merely at the present time at the head of all Australian journalism, but can hold its own with the journals which mould and lead public opinion in older communities. (Cheers.) In making the paper what it has become, Mr. Syme has deserted the old lines of journalism, and has taken a position that every true journalist should seek to attain—that of a popular educator. (Applause). * * The history of the administration of this country was associated, up to a certain time, with prudence, foresight, and circumspection. But there came a mad era of railroad building, public expenditures, and speculation that was almost unparalleled. Parliament was disorganized. The constituencies were demoralized and corrupted by enormous railroad expenditures. Each man in the constituencies, speaking generally, was urging upon his representative in Parliament to obtain some advantage from the general community in favor of some particular district or individual. The public service was demoralized, and Parliament, spurred on by the electorates, and by the log rolling of the members, opposed no check on borrowing and spending, and hastening to bankruptcy. The question then arose as to who was the man who could possibly oppose an effectual obstruction to this race to ruin. Mr. Syme thought the matter out, and reached the conclusion that it was his duty, irrespective of his personal fortunes and the fortunes of those who were dependent upon him, to warn the general public. (Applause). He published a series of articles which became the subject of the great trial and victory we are met to celebrate (Cheers). We never had such another series of articles presented to the public of Victoria. Never! (Applause).

They pointed out railroad expenditures, and borrowings that were utterly unjustifiable from an economical or sane point of view, and that the result to the country must be ruinous. In doing that, he necessarily attacked the heads of departments. The chief of them, a very capable enemy and a man of high attainments in many direc-

tions, initiated the great fight in which I took a part. The gentleman assumed that he was attacked by the Age, and not the system of which he was the administrator. Consequently, he commenced the action which led to the greatest trial of modern times—the greatest that was ever heard in an English Court, and by far the greatest that appears in the annals of Australia. It occupied one hundred and eighty-three days of actual Court sessions. The exhibits that were produced from the Railroad Department were so huge that they obscured entirely from view the gentleman whose business it was to number them. The defendant paid in jury fees alone £5,200. * * * When the history of this colony comes to be written, one of its finest pages will be that which describes how the community, stricken by a summer madness, was awakened to its danger by a quiet, upright, self sacrificing man, who succeeded in stirring the public up to put forth the effort required to stop vast Government expenditures for railroads, many of which began nowhere and ended at the same place, and that had brought the Government and the country to the verge of ruin. (Cheers).

Mr. Syme, in replying, said in part:

"Note what followed the publication of the alleged libels. First, the bill introduced by the Ministry of the day and supported and urged by Mr. Speight and his colleagues for the construction of 1,677 more miles of railroad, at a cost of £14,712,663 was laid aside. Secondly, a supplementary list of other lines demanded by private members, and approved by Mr. Speight and his associates, for the construction of 2,963 additional miles of railroad, at a cost of £23,362,468, was also laid aside. The whole of these lines were estimated to cost the enormous sum of £41,075,121. All this whilst the country had already been more than well supplied with railroads. The Legislature becoming alarmed at the exposures, hastily took control, through a committee of its own members, of the pending construction works, and actually effected a saving of from fifty to seventy-five per cent upon the department's estimate of cost. The running of the existing lines was reduced from an annual cost of £2,138,139 to £1,543,393, or an annual saving of no less than £594,746, and it has become plain that much more can be done in the same direction. The loss on the working of the existing lines is still £1,000 per day. And yet the department would go on making new lines, and working them on the old model, notwithstanding that thirty-three lines do not pay working expenses, and thirteen other lines do not pay interest on their construction. Even the outer circle line, the department had promised to operate, although it has been closed for nearly three years, because there was absolutely no traffic. Every witness had deplored political influences in our State railroads, but what was to be done whilst the taxpayers of one locality were not put upon an equal footing, in the matter of railroad accommodation with the taxpayers of every other locality? But the question of railroad reform is now understood, and is ripe for settlement. If a safe solution be reached, I shall have had my reward. (Cheers).

All of that makes interesting reading here and now. It is clear that those among us who had hoped to find in Government control of railroads a panacea for existing ills will take little comfort from the practical working of the system in Australia.

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DORCHESTER, MASS.



The Alina Colony Scheme.

It does seem that California is to be eternally cursed by the malignant operations of promoters abroad. No sooner does one miserable scheme disappear, than another of the hydra-headed species crops up to throw a damper upon all efforts to secure foreign capital for the development of the vast resources of a State which in many different ways, offers unsurpassed opportunities for the advantageous and profitable investment of many millions of idle money. The latest proposition of a kind which cannot be too strongly condemned has just been brought out in London as the Alina Colony Corporation, Limited, to dispose of 20,000 acres of unimproved land in Merced County. For the privilege of ownership the investors are asked to plank up £400,000, or in round numbers \$2,000,000. Of this amount the sum of \$1,500,000 is to be paid to the vendor, whoever he may be. The prospectus is made up mostly of statistics showing what has been done in the way of fruit raising in California, but we fail to find any reference to the years which must elapse before the trees or vines come into profitable bearing. While no one will deny that Merced is one of the most desirable locations for fruit culture, it will be safe to refer to any fair-minded and disinterested man in the county for his opinion on the Alina scheme. The foreign investor in this case is getting bled in the purchase of the ground, preparatory to a grievous disappointment in the way of rapid returns upon an investment heavily handicapped by an extravagant property valuation at the start.

A Trap Set For Gudgeons.

People desirous of entering into the fruit-raising, fruit-preserving, dried or canned, could do much better by picking up improved lands in Merced, where an already profitable business could be largely increased by the addition of capital. It is in this direction that a "going concern" can be recommended which would not be the case, nine times out of ten, in a mining enterprise. We do not know who is responsible for the Alina scheme, but we do know that were they to attempt such a scheme here they would be out of pocket for their pains. They were wise in their generation to play the game abroad, where a showy statement, backed by apparently reliable official statistics, with really no bearing on the case with the well-informed, is certain to attract a few gudgeons. It will be hoped, however, that the majority of people will bave cut their wisdom teeth by this time in the matter of investments from this quarter, so as to be able to sift the wheat from the chaff. The cunning manner in which the "State Board of Horticulture of the State of California" is paraded for effect, is common with the compilers of prospectuses of the kind, but we would like to know whether this honorable body, whose name is thus taken in vain, would recommend any one to pay any such price for an unimproved acreage of the kind in Merced, or any other county of the State, for that matter. It might be added that the only San Francisco bank standing sponsor for the Alina scheme is the Grangers', now in liquidation, which suspended just about the time the company was being arranged in London. One thing is certain, if the Directors of the Grangers' Bank made their loans upon any such a basis of valuation as that placed upon the lands now offered to the British investors under the auspices of the Alina, it is not strange that they had to close their doors, and the only wonder is that the concern managed to keep alive so long.

Candelaria Mining Interests.

Colonel W. J. Sutherland, President of the Holmes Mine, of Candelaria, Nev., reports all work nearing completion in connection with the arrangements now being made to work the large piles of tailings on the Belleville dumps. When operations commence in this quarter it will help to build up the population of this camp again, which has dwindled down to almost nothing during the past five years. The English company, under the Sutherland management, has rebuilt its entire pipe line from the White Mountain reservoirs to Candelaria, and its mills and plant generally are in excellent condition.

The Hexter Gold Mine.

In relation to the criticism of the Hexter Mine of Calaveras County, the management places the enterprise in a totally different light by the explanation that the Hamilton named as a Director is not the one of Union-Gold, Mulatos notoriety. The gentleman whose initials were wrongly quoted is Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, a young merchant of this city of the highest repute. We are now ready to believe anything good which may be said of the Hexter, and to take a kindly interest in the future of the property, the more especially as the report was made upon it by W. T. Robinson, a mining Superintendent of vast experience upon this section of the "mother lode." It is claimed for the Hexter that, covering as it does over a mile of this celebrated mineral deposit, it has a wider field for operations than any other company ever yet incorporated in California. That under the management of such competent men as those included in the directory it will prove a lucrative investment of the first order is within the bounds of probability. It cannot be gainsaid that the past history of the ground points to the happy fulfillment of the most sanguine expectations in this case, as the fact cannot be denied that the surface workings in placer formation proved inordinately rich. It was from the data obtainable of the returns from these early workings, based on the area of gravel now available for explorations, that the possible output of the future was estimated in the millions. But irrespective of all this, the development of the quartz deposit is what will most interest people, as work is now about to be started up in a systematic manner, both by tunnel and by the extension of the shaft at depth. With such a vast territory at their command the Hexter people will have an unlimited opportunity for testing the resources of the greatest mineral lode on earth at this point. The operation, directed as it is by reputable and judicious people, can with safety be commended as a worthy investment for capital. On the other hand, we should not hesitate to take an exactly opposite view of the case with the circumstances as at first suggested, and another Union Gold fiasco looming up in the future like a hideous nightmare.

Retires Amid Regrets.

The London papers continue to express their regrets at the retirement of Colonel Frank McLaughlin from the management of the Feather river mines. The Financial News, in a recent issue says: "It is with no little sadness that we observe the news that Colonel Frank McLaughlin has resigned his position as General Manager of the Golden Gate of California. The Colonel has been for many years the most picturesque figure in the wide sphere of British gold mining enterprise abroad. There may be those who prefer to let their admiring eyes rest on the millionaires of South Africa, but their careers of smooth prosperity are uninteresting compared with Colonel McLaughlin's long struggle with the storms of Oroville." And so on through the adulatory paragraph, which winds up with the kindly wish that it will be long until the genial mining man reaches the final Golden Gate, a wish which his many friends here and on the Pacific Slope will heartily re-echo. Colonel McLaughlin, who was in town for a few days past, left on Wednesday for a trip to Oroville on some business matters. Mr. George H. Evans is now in full control as general manager of the English company's works on the Feather, and hopeful that the elements will this year favor an early opening of operations on the roadbed.

Comstock Mining Shares.

The market on Pine street is gradually sagging down to a bed-rock which threatens to be as low as that struck prior to the last rampse in 1885. There is no reason to assign for this except that there is no head to the market, all the big operators having been driven out by a dread of litigation started by the bawks of the street, always on the look out to jump on a rich man's sack at the first opportunity. This is about the sum and substance of the whole business, and the outlook is anything but bright, so far as the speculative features are concerned. There is a contest on foot for control of Norcross, but as there is no money being spent, or likely to be spent, by either part, interest in the proceedings flags. There is not any likelihood of there being any change in the control outside of a small representation of the outside interests.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

PRESIDENT Jordan is good enough to say that there is more intellect to the square inch of skull in the faculty of the State University than in California's delegation to both houses of Congress. Presumably, his flattering estimate of the mental capacity of the Berkeley educators is founded on the fact that they seemed to listen with understanding to Josiah Royce when that young man recently journeyed all the way from Harvard to California to disclose what he thought about his Maker. As it is quite certain that no member of Congress, from California or elsewhere, could possibly have comprehended the exact meaning of Professor Royce's revelations, President Jordan's high opinion of Berkeley's brain power is justified—that is, unless the crafty old gentlemen in the employ of the State didn't merely look intelligent, instead of being so. But Dr. Jordan is entitled to his conviction. The Royce test is undoubtedly a corker.

THE resources of civilization ought to be equal to restoring peace to the local Christian world. The TOWN CRIER suggests that Brother Ross invite Brother Hudleson, Brother Wendte and the rest to seats with him on the platform at the Mechanics' Pavilion. Then let Father Yorke cut out of the subjugated daily papers all the matter he has written during the past two months, make it into bales with the help of a hay press, get aid to hoist the same to the gallery of the Pavilion, and at some favorable moment roll the bales over the railing onto the heads of his foes. That would dispose of the leaders of the A. P. A., and the infuriated rank and file could then be depended on to smash Father Yorke's pen hand, and so disable him for a few hours. During those few hours the remainder of the community would be given the quiet necessary to think up some scheme for ending the war.

FROM the manner in which the Examiner is booming Chinatown, it is inferred that a removal of the office thither is in contemplation. It urges the transplantation of its lady friends of Morton street to Cum Cook alley, and, with an eye to the increase of property values in its new neighborhood, artfully argues that "as long as we have a Chinatown we may as well get some benefit from it by utilizing it as the city's moral dumping ground." Environment, as every student of sociology is aware, has much to do with character, and, if the voteless Chinese are not to be considered, the rise of a grand new Examiner building on, say, the corner of Dupont and Pacific, would be viewed with profound moral satisfaction by the Mothers of San Francisco.

THE Old Guard and the Junta have both held their primaries. The battle may be expected to open with the Devil and Chris Buckley, sitting on the cloud of their common interests, to direct the conflict. Where the Democratic party is to arrive at is a small detail that does not seem to worry the hostile forces or their tall-browed chiefs.

THINGS are looking brighter for Dr. Brown. Mrs. Stockton admitted that they never went to the theatre, and testified that he drank no wine at dinner. If now it shall be established that Brother Brown has eschewed the billiard table all will be well with him.

AT a recent dinner given by the Princeling of Savoy the other guests, including many Americans, stood while he delivered his speech. It would be in strict keeping with our republican institutions had they kissed his hand before leaving.

IT is safe to state that the epidemic of murders at present prevalent in this city will continue until there is a reasonable chance of convicting and hanging the men and women who commit them.

ASAN Jose man has been granted a divorce from his wife because she was a "New Woman" and beat him with a broom. It is encouraging to notice that the new sisterhood still resorts to the old methods.

THE good Dr. Dille, feeling it was time that somebody competent for the task should rise and perform it, took from his pulpit on Sunday last a survey of the moral situation in sinful San Francisco. The good Dr. Dille finds that what we need to do at this crisis is to stop playing progressive euchre, stop playing baseball and football, and on no account to dance or go to the theatre. It is a hard programme which the good Dr. Dille has marked out for us, but, as he is a wisely liberal shepherd, it is to be presumed that, after we have sedulously abstained from all the master vices of the age mentioned, he will permit a little healthful recreation—say listening to a sermon by the Reverend Dr. Brown, or taking (not on the Sabbath, of course) a stroll with Mrs. Stockton.

DR. CASE is very sure
That the city is impure—
A sort of moral pesthouse, don't you know;
I meekly would remark
That the town were not so dark
If such gents would only pack their trunks and go.

IN the near future the California Dairy Association intends giving a series of lectures on subjects interesting to dairymen. Needless to say the pump will receive much attention, as also the available water supply of San Francisco; also, a few remarks on the availability of hydrants and the water tower should the same ever be necessary.

WHY all this fuss about dodging the wily Assessor, gentlemen? Verily, the mau who has coin nowadays does not wish to be taxed for it, as though it were a sin. If wealth be a virtue it should be let alone, and if it be a vice the more of it that is sent out of the State the better.

NOW that the Examiner is admitting letters from professional tramps to its columns, there is every possible chance of a marked improvement of tone in its columns.

UNCLE George Bromley is to be tried once more for stealing that goat. Should he be convicted, let us hope he will be sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Bohemian Club. They like it.

THE hundred good men and true of Oakland who intend starting for the Alaska goldfields, are likely to experience a dead cold frost before they return to the Athens of the Pacific.

AS soon as the First Congregational Church scandal is settled it is to be hoped that everyone connected with the affair, out of respect to the city, will leave for parts unknown.

THE policemen of the city are said to be developing their muscle in a new gymnasium. For what reason is not apparent, except that the fruit season is approaching.

MUCH unfavorable remark was occasioned on Tuesday last by the fact that Mrs. Stockton did not arrive at the Church Council until after the opening prayer.

COLONEL Burns will return shortly from Mexico to take a hand in the Republican primaries. Politics might be termed the Colonel's local Candelaria.

THERE is said to be quite a cheerful feeling in undertaking circles owing to the statement that certain schools will be re-opened next Monday.

IF the gallant members of the National Guard object so stoutly to powder in times of peace, what they will do in times of war heaven only knows.

THE cultured Mr. Dennis Kearney has taken to the pen. Needless to say his articles have to be translated into English before being readable.

THE opinion lately expressed by numerous gentlemen anent the passing of the horse, remind us forcibly that the ass is still with us.

NOW that the leaders of the Suffragists are under way to California all honest gentlemen will find it convenient to get under cover.

NOT to be connected with any church organization is to-day almost as good as a certificate of good character.

THE last thing Dr. Brown is said to have lost was his temper. The next thing to go may be his character.



neither ayes nor noes would carry the day, but surely the P's would have it. What with the Prince and the Pianist, there has been little else thought of or talked of in the swim's select circles. The Italian Prince has hobnobbed with the Polish princeling, been fêted by day by the Burlingamites and at night by his countrymen, and on all sides has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. To be sure, in the feminine mind the musical P. has the top place. Women love genius, and above all, femininity is piqued by an unapproachable man; and the desire to meet the gifted Polish musician grew to such a height among a certain set, rumor said several of the most venturesome hid them "for a few days' rest" to San Mateo in the early part of the week, and were to be seen from morn till dewy eve prowling around Jack Parrott's abode during the visit paid him by the maestro.

Now that Leut is with us our maids and matrons are full of projects as to how to spend the enforced quietude. Some have organized parties for early walks; others, card clubs. Some, like the revived Fortnightlies, for example, are more daring, and blend their programme with music, pictures and plays. A few who do not belong to the Lent-keeping sects still dance on occasions, but they are in the great minority, not being "fashionable" people. Some women go daily to church, and in the evening to some form of diversion.

Shall Del Monte or San Mateo be fashion's objective point this year, is the question being mooted by anxious mamas. Some say Coronado is a rich field to prospect, so many wealthy Easterners going there. San Rafael has got a black eye from the gossip dowagers who frequent the place, and of whose tongues the girls are mortally in fear. One old lady, the girls say, keeps a record of how many times they go out with one man, how long they remain, etc., and that sort of thing is intolerable, of course.

They say Ed. Greenway has employed the retirement caused by his recent illness in devising the most startlingly original figures for the next series of cotillions, and the Burlingame Club is to donate the favors for some. Should this be so, many will win their spurs for the first time on the occasion of the dance. Poor Wilcox, who has been among the sick (and wounded, says Cupid) and thereby missed so much gaiety, will emerge once more at the Easter cotillion at the Post.

The gossip of the swim goes that the tall young matron who adopted the original attire at the *Art bal masqué* was so delighted with the complimentary notices she received in all the papers, that she is trying to induce her fashionable friends to join in a subscription Easter masquerade to be given by the younger set of married women at some hall or other. The idea is being very favorably considered in the swim.

The recent successful entertainment of Living Pictures given at Mrs. Clark Crocker's residence for charity has fired the ambition of several society beaux, and, it is said, a repetition of the affair may be given by these gentlemen ere long, with a different cast. For instance, Turner Messersmith is to pose in "The Lady and the Muff."

"I tell you what it is," said a well-known Brownie, the other evening, "most fellows like to be master in their own house, but I'm hanged if I wouldn't just love to have a Boss in mine," and he looked languishingly in the direction of a charming blonde maiden near by.

They say a popular young millionaire spends much of his time in San Rafael these days.

Prince Paderewski and Prince Luigi of Savoy have said farewell in a blaze of glory and banquets. At the great musician's dinner the other night, Grieg's exquisite "Ich liebe dich!" was sung by Donald deV. Graham to the exquisite accompaniment of the Master—and Graham was not at all nervous.

The wonder is great among Gothamites that our belles do not try the capture of Fred Crocker, but they do not know, evidently, that the net has been thrown many a time and oft, the wily Colonel shying off at each endeavor.

On dit, our own Donald is having a busy time since he opened his vocal studio. So many would-be singers apply to have their voices tried! However, that is a necessary phase of his chosen career, and he must not complain.

People are wondering what will be the next social sensation when the Prince and the Italian frigate leave our shores.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

The Change of Taste.

Whiskey and Soda has supplanted in England the Brandy and Soda of the old regime. Consequently, the demand for a good, sound, pure American Whiskey has been large, and it has been most satisfactorily filled by "Old Saratoga," a pure Rye Whiskey, which has no peer in this or any other country. The consumption in England is growing at an enormous rate, and all the principal hotels of London keep it and recommend it to their patrons.

Johannis.

Was used exclusively at the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding breakfast. Owing to its excellence it is the preferred table water at the best resorts, hotels, clubs, etc.

HAZELTON
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Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

735 Market St.

IN THE SANTA GRUZ MOUNTAINS!

FOR THE FISHING SEASON COTTAGE TO LET,
(Furnished.)

On the fishing grounds of Los Gatos River. Address,

MRS. AUSTIN, Alma, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellière style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS AND LEAVENWORTH STREETS

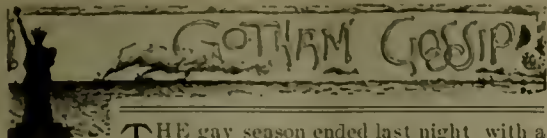
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EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St



THE gay season ended last night with a dance at Sherry's, given by the society popularly called the Howling Swells—which is composed of the noble rich almost entirely. The cotillion lasted well on into the morning hours, and there were many beautiful favors and mirth unbounded. The last charity entertainment of importance was also held at Sherry's for the benefit of the Samaritan Home, an asylum for the aged, which is a pet charity of New York. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has identified herself with this charity ever since her first year in New York, and last year had a distinct innovation at her stall when she put a little pony on sale, and made a very good sale of him, too, it may be added.

The reception on Monday at the Post Graduate Hospital was probably the most interesting of all the recent affairs of like nature, for it was entirely a babies' reception. The babies' wards in this hospital have been fitted up by wealthy patrons, and the dainty cribs, with their pretty draperies, are things of beauty. Every appointment is suggestive of a home and not of a hospital. The principal interest of the visitors seemed centered in the incubators, which are an unending source of wonder.

The close of the opera season and the departure of some of the chief dramatic stars, indicate still further the season of penance. Madame Bernhardt, who has been extensively entertained by exclusive society, as well as by her friends of upper Bohemia, was given a reception on Monday by Mr. Francis Fischer Powers at his studio in the Carnegie Building. Among the ladies receiving for him was Miss Quigley, a clever young Californian, who is known in journalism as Dorothy Q., and in literature through some most delightful fairy tales, equally pleasing to old and young. There were several Californians present, Colonel and Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Sonntag, Mrs. Bella Nichols, Miss Ferrer, and Miss Frances Jolliffe. This last named young lady, by the way, is spoken of as a most promising aspirant for dramatic honors. I understand that Augustin Daly has expressed his approval of her style and methods, which is almost equivalent to saying that she may have an opening in his company. She is a very gifted young woman, and apparently ambitious.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillig have been oscillating between New York and Larchmont for the last ten days. They are building a large addition to the Hacienda, their beautiful country home, and expect to entertain largely this summer. Madame Saville, *née* Simonson, of San Francisco, has been an immense favorite during the opera season. Am I wrong in thinking she once sang at the Tivoli Opera House in your city?

Miss Olive Oliver, who is in the Holland Company, playing a leading part in the *Social Highwayman*, expects to go to California in the summer and will visit her mother in Oakland.

To return to Madame Bernhardt, I have been told that one of your brilliant society matrons entertained her at a breakfast during her last season in San Francisco society, and was assailed by your whole four hundred, to say nothing of certain refined dailies in San Francisco, for having done homage to the great artist. It may be a solace to her to know that the very best people of New York have been delighted to honor Madame Bernhardt, who has been received and has mingled with the representatives of old New York society in a genial friendliness which many of Mrs. Crocker's critics would give their heads to enjoy. We are not yet so narrow that genius fails of recognition among us.

The Lenten Sunday night concerts

A ten-cent lamp with the right chimney gives more light and less smell than a \$100 lamp with a wrong chimney.

What is the right chimney?

What lamp have you got?

We'll send you an Index; free.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

Hale & Norcross

Stockholders who are tired of official extravagance and consequent unnecessary assessments, and who desire a radical change in the present management, will please write or call immediately at room 21, Exchange Building, Pine St.

JEREMIAH LYNCH.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

319 Pine St., San Francisco.

are being renewed, and your compatriot, Miss Yaw, sings at the first one.

Harry Gillig, I omitted to say when mentioning him above, has been re-elected Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. He is the most popular Commodore the Club has ever known, and has worked hard to advance its interests.

The Young Matron's Dancing Class, under the patronage of Mrs. Stanley Dexter (formerly Miss Ella McAllister, of Benicia and San Francisco) and other dames, gave its last reception on Tuesday night. Her daughter is growing up in the inconsiderate way little girls have, and will before many years join her mother in society. She is said to be the only person who can make her father smile.

New York, February 20, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

Frank Frankleigh—Yes, Miss Antique, to be frank with you—Miss ANTIQUE (with a chirp)—Oh, Mr. Frankleigh, of course you may be Frank with me—but this is so sudden.

what is milk

The most perfect food in the world is milk. Nature has provided that the youngest and most tender child shall have this food. In milk there is a generous supply of oil, or fat. This exists in the form of minute globules, or tiny drops. They are so small that it takes hours for them to rise to the surface, as cream. We say, "milk is an emulsion," because the oil is in this finely divided condition.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites, has the cod-liver oil in these fine globules, thus making it an emulsion. Boys and girls, as well as delicate invalids, can take cod-liver oil when prepared in this manner. In fact, it is well adapted to young children. The hypophosphites give strength to the nervous system and needed material to growing bone. Learn from nature: take cod-liver oil only as an emulsion.

50 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

"KAIRON GNOTHI."

The Secret in Making Money is in this Old Greek Proverb.—It Means "Know Your Opportunity."—Some of the Men Who Made Millions by Knowing How.—Very Valuable Information.

WHEN Commodore Vanderbilt was asked how he made his great fortune of \$90,000,000, he replied: "It was an easy matter to become rich; just watch for the opportunity, and then take advantage of it," said he. "I commenced with only a few hundred dollars." But there are many people who cannot recognize the opportunity to make money. They may have a little sum to invest but are not in a position to know what is going on.

It is a well-known fact that Commodore Vanderbilt made most of his fortune by buying stocks at a low price, and holding on until they had an immenso rise. He had the peculiar gift of knowing just when to buy and when to sell. Other men have made great fortunes in stocks of one kind or another, among them being John W. Mackay, the Rockefeller, and Jay Gould. They all started with small sums.

Among the stocks that have been sensational in their development is the Bell Telephone stock, rising from a very low price to over 200. This stock has paid large dividends and made the original investors rich.

Ten Millions a Year.

The Western Union Telegraph Company started business with \$500,000 of capital stock. Its present capital stock is \$100,000,000, and pay \$5,000,000 a year net profits to the stockholders.

There are many other high-priced stocks that cost original buyers a very low price, and now pay large dividends on many millions of capital stock.

The Edison Electric is another notable example of wonderful development and profit. A broker who bought twenty shares of the original stock at 45, costing \$900, sold half of it a year later, getting \$30,000 for 10 shares.

The Pullman Palace Car Company's gross earnings have grown until they are over \$10,000,000 a year and the stock has gone up from a low price to 180.

There are many chances for making investments, but there are none like the Railway and Dock Construction stock and many prominent men in banking, railroad and financial circles say this stock, which can be bought now at \$10 per share, is sure to sell at 50 before long, and eventually have an immense rise like the Bell Telephone, the Edison Electric and Pullman Palace Car stocks.

The par value is \$100 per share and the stock is full paid and non-assessable. The stockholders have no individual liability whatever.

Mr. Edward A. Willson, the well-known Vanderbilt stockbroker, says: "In our twenty years experience we have never handled a stock of such intrinsic merit or one which will pay such big profits. This stock gives the small investor an equal chance with the capitalist, as the small investor generally has to buy at par and be content with a dividend of 6 or 7 per cent. a year. Any one can invest in Railway and Dock Construction stock now at \$10 per share (the par value is \$100) and they can buy from one share upwards at the same price a capitalist buys a thousand shares. The stock is certain to have an immense rise when investors and speculators become aware of its great value as the earnings will pay four and a half per cent. on the par value of the shares, which equals 45 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at the low price of \$10 per share.

Surely this is an opportunity which is met with but once in a life-time.

There will be lively times in this stock when it is listed on the Stock Exchange. We deal in numerous bonds that pay from 4 to 5 per cent. a year. We are so confident of the profits that will accompany investment in this stock that we have not the slightest hesitation advising our clients to sell their bonds and invest in Railway and Dock stock while they can buy it at 10. The company is in solid financial condition, has no indebtedness of any kind, and there are no bonds or mortgages ahead of the stock.

The company owns all the rights, titles, interests in, and

the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell indestructible piles under U. S. patents. The best engineering talent of the world has heretofore been unable to produce a pile that is absolutely indestructible. Many costly experiments have been tried to make wooden piles impervious against decay and the ravages of marine worms, but the wooden piles only last from six months to a few years, requiring continual replacement at great expense.

Certainty of Profit.

There is an enormous demand for indestructible piles in the construction of piers, jetties, docks, bulkheads, breakwaters, foundations for bridge piers, etc.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are, perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. 3000 miles are now being graded or are under contract; the great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s patent pile in solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Many negotiations now pending will create an immense demand for the stock and cause it to sell at a very high figure.

Prominent bankers say: "The public ought to buy this stock now before the price goes up, for, by securing some of the stock now at 10, they can share in the great profits of development and will more than quadruple their capital very soon as the above are only a few of the many sources of earnings that will cause Railway and Dock Construction stock to rise to a high price.

The very moderate estimate of earnings pays 45 per cent. dividend on stock costing only \$10 per share without counting in any profits on contracts with the U. S. Government or New York City. When any of these contracts are closed the stock will sell above \$100 a share very quickly.

There will be spent by the City of New York in reconstructing a small part of the city water front about \$3,000,000 per year for many years to come. In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, Ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

Old Style—New Style.

In place of the old wooden docks covered by temporary sheds which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

New York City's revenue will be greatly enlarged by this vast increase of taxable property on these new piers.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance to the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$4,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston; they are simply loose rock dumped in the water, forming a pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet at the top above the water. Each jetty is about 4½ miles long. The Railway and Dock Construction Co. build indestructible jetties of same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

In addition to all these immense profits the plans of the R. & D. C. Co. call for an expenditure of about \$10,000,000 to deepen the channel at Sandy Hook. The U. S. Government can well afford to spend this sum to benefit the vast commercial interests of the port of New York.

Even Bear Speculators Buy.

Not only the bulls but even the very best judges of values, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, are buying this particular stock now—they are aware of its solid intrinsic merit and magnificent future and confidently predict that this one deal alone will put R. & D. C. stock up to \$250 a share—and other large contracts will follow.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction must come into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

Powerful influences that will push this project in Congress will cause an active, booming speculation in the stock; an influential lobby and important railway, banking and political interests are in line for this purpose.

Investors can buy the stock at \$10 per share, in lots to suit, from the financial agents of the Company, Messrs. Geo. W. Dunn & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall Street, New York. Non-residents can remit to them for the shares by check, draft, money order, registered letter, or by express, or have the stock certificate sent by express C. O. D.

The price will be advanced shortly.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and very profitable. Among them are George W. Dunn, Esq., President of the company, head of the banking house of Geo. W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 25 years as a careful, level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, ex-Senator, the famous Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; the eminent lawyer R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., Counsel of the company, 322 Broadway, New York; Eugene Harvey Esq., banker, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanbrough, Esq., capitalist, West Hurley, N. Y.; Geo. D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, New York; W. A. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Co., Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Willson, Esq., broker, New York; Geo. B. Shellhorn, Esq., Receiver Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co., Richmond, Va.; W. M. Shipp, Esq., cashier of Deposit Bank, Midway, Ky.; Jacob Deyo, cashier Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; C. E. Harwood, Esq., cashier Rockville National Bank, Rockville, Conn., and other prominent gentlemen.

The Railway and Dock Construction Company has an absolute monopoly and its earnings will increase with the steady growth of commerce and of railroads.

The secret of making money is in the old Greek proverb "KAIRON GNOTHI" (KNOW YOUR OPPORTUNITY).—The New York Mercury.

A LITTLE LYRIC OF JOY.

Infant chnby—	Inquest solemn—
Luscious grape;	"Swallowed seed;"
Pain in tubby—	Marble column—
Pa wears crape.	So, take heed.

—Edward French O'Ferroll, of the London Daily Telegraph staff, was one of the brightest men connected with the British press. He was at one time proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post. His success as a journalist was assured early in life.

Now that the spring weather is starting up, a slight stimulant is needed for the system. There is nothing better than J. F. Cutter Bourbon to produce this effect, as it is the best whiskey in the market. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the sole agents for this celebrated brand, and which is patronized by all connoisseurs.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

336 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)
Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

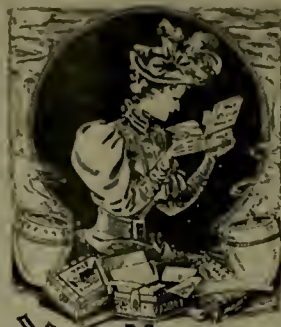
DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

409½ Post St., San Francisco.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physioal Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. Q. STEELE & CO., 685 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



YALE MIXTURE

is a GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE, but its fragrance pleases the ladies. A box of this tobacco makes a most welcome BIRTHDAY GIFT to husband, brother or —?

CAN BE PROCURED IN ALL SIZES AT LEADING TOBACCONISTS
"MARK BURG & SONS"
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSION HARRY BALTIMORE MD.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Western Beet Sugar Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Beet Sugar Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 2D DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, February 29, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Potosi Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Potosi Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, the 11TH DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Monday, March 9, at 1 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11TH, A. D. 1896,

at 1 o'clock P. M. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, the (7th) day of March, 1896, at (12) twelve o'clock M.

A. B. THOMPSON, Sec'y.



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

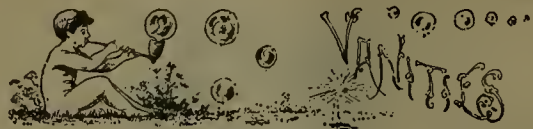
Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.

Lightest RECOIL, and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,

430 California St., S. F.



DEAR EDITH:—The girls are all talking about their spring suits already. Cheviots, I understand, will still be stylish, browns and grays being the favorite colors. The new fancy, Persian velvet, is just the thing for trimming your spring gown with. It comes in all sorts of colors and is much less expensive than real velvet, although it looks just as well and lasts better. Big buttons will still be used. I thought they would die out with the winter, but Dame Fashion says no. The smoked pearl and macre effects will be chiefly used as also the steel and horn and cloth covered ones. Fetching little dinner dresses can be made out of different-hued challis, fixed up with lace and ribbons.

Very few gowns are made without some sort of Persian trimming. It may be an entire Persian velvet or silk waist without the sleeves, it may only be the sleeves, or again it may only appear in the collars or cuffs, but it is always somewhere.

The cuffs of this season are of all shapes and sizes and individual taste is allowed to run riot in choosing colors for them.

Another pretty fashion is being revived again and that is the bertha, or lace flounce, which is being extensively used on evening gowns. Point d'Alencon and even a dozen yards of five-inch edge of the same pattern make an exquisite bertha. Irish poplins are also being used for evening dresses, especially in cream, ivory, tan and gold colors.

I saw a lovely evening costume at the Basset's reception last Wednesday. It consisted of a rich bengaline in a delicate tone of yellow, with a corsage adorned with *bretelles en cascades* of fine old Mechlin lace, set off with bows of tomato red velvet; the same garniture was worn on the jupe, forming a cascaded sash on each side of front, the right one being much shorter than the left, and each end was held in place by a touch of the velvet. I told you last week how rich velvets were being worn. The effect they produce is handsome in the extreme.

Alpacas of light colors and heavier mohairs will also be used from now on. Grass linen, Holland, and ecru tatiste also stay in favor. Foulards and those so-called India silks are not much liked although manufacturers are trying to place them on the market again.

The fashionable silk will be the crisp taffetas, their stiffness making them in keeping with present styles. For summer, checked silks will be used and I hear that turquoise blue is going to be the favorite color for all light dresses.

Lenten gowns are made of French broadcloth in browns, blues, greens, and violets and, now and again, of superb "eminence" purple. It is not every woman that can wear it, though. The effect is all right for women of the red type. The trimmings for such goods are chiefly bodice decorations of white satin, spangled in jet or gold or embroidered in elaborate threads. White dressed kid, worked with colored silk and shaped into vests, revers, collars, and cuffs, is seen on a few of the handsomer gowns.

The use of velvet has made some sort of preparation necessary for cleaning it. A Paris journal states that it should always be brushed against the grain to remove the dust and, if in a very bad condition, should be sprinkled with fine white sand and then brushed till none of this remains. The cleansing power of common seashore sand is very great, and if collected after use and washed, can be made to do service many times.

Hats are being worn well tilted over the eyes and the hair must have a more fluffy and uncombed appearance than ever to give the required breadth below. The prettiest veiling I have seen for some time is a new goods from Paris with a large chenille dot and looks exceedingly pretty.

BELINDA.

The bronzes and vases of Japan are things of beauty. If you have not seen George T. Marsh's collection at 625 Market street, you have missed something.



Turn it Upside Down :

It won't hurt it.

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.

Drinkers of Evans' India Pale Ale know that and do not hesitate to drain the bottle.

When two years old it is properly bottled by experts and will keep in any climate.

Sold Everywhere.
Brewed and Bottled by

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Hudson, New York

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
S. F., Portland, Los Angeles.

MME. MARCHAND'S GREME DE LA GREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechanics' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



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Wm. M. Searhy, Ph. C.
C. F. Jones, Ph. C.
C. A. Clinton, M.D., ex-member Board of Health.
G. W. Gerlach, Ph.G. M.D.
W. M. Logan, Ph.G. M.D.
Dr. Lichau,
Dr. Murphy, and others.

MME. MARCHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist,
Rooms 30 to 41, 121 Post St. Taher's entrance. Telephone 1349.
Send for booklet.

Phone, Red 391.



Marcus S. Harloe

Successor to S. W. Dixon.

237 Kearny Street, S. F.

Fine Hats a Specialty.

R.
LIDDLE Co.
Sportsmen's Goods

Fine
Goods
Cheap.

"In the
Field of
Sports."

110 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

Write for Catalogue.

New hook free

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, hook-blinders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

Gray Bros.,

Concrete Artificial
Stone Work.

315 Montgomery Street, S. F.
No. 205 New High St., Los Angeles.

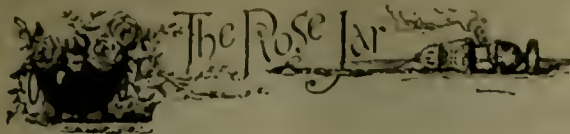
Removal Notice.

TIREY L. FORD, Att'y-at-Law,

Has removed his offices to Rooms 156-157, 8th floor CROCKER BUILDING

MISS BOLTE'S SCHOOL.

2207 SACRAMENTO ST. Board; English, French, German, piano; \$30 per month; a chance par excellence for ambitious and conscientious parents to give their children superior education at low figure; coach; kindergarten.



THE LITTLE GRAVE.—ERIC MACRAY.

A LITTLE mound of earth
Is all the land I own:
Death gave it me,—five feet by three,
And marked it with a stone.

My home, my garden grave,
Where most I long to go!
The ground is mine by right divine,
And Heaven will have it so.

For here my darling sleeps,
Unseen,—arrayed in white,—
And o'er the grass the breezes pass,
And stars look down at night.

Here Beauty, Love and Joy,
With her in silence dwell,
As Eastern slaves are thrown in graves
Of kings remembered well.

But here let no man come,
My mourning rights to sever,
Who lieth here is cold and dumb.
Her dust is mine forever!

A LIFE LESSON.—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set blue
And your playhouse, too;
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by,
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by,
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh,
There! little girl; don't cry!

A SPRING SONG.—CLARA GRANT DUFF, IN PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

The spring has come again, with its sudden showers of rain,
And the golden glint of sunlight in between,
And the murmur of the bees, and the whisper of the trees,
And the bursting of shy buds of tender green.
And every where is heard the call of bird to bird,
From the sundawn till comes down the twilight clear.
It is joyous, buoyant spring, such as poets ever sing,
Such as was, and is, and shall be—every year.

But for you and me, my sweet, is the joy no more complete?
We have left behind the springtime of our days,
Though the years are yet untold in which men will call us old;
Though we wander in sunny upland ways,
By a strange and mystic spell that upon our spirits fell,
On the day life seemed to touch the point sublime.
Love, shall we ever know what has changed the sunlight so,
What has stamped Life with the greyer hue of Time?

COMPENSATION.—S. D. S. JR.

My brow upheld a crown of high success,
Riches were mine, I was at manhood's prime;
Boldly I sought her presence to confess
My heart's desire. I thought, "'tis now the time."
Lo! I was humbled, and I went my way
Bitter at heart for that she said me nay.

Poor and dishonored, weighted with my years—
Time's only gift—unfriended and alone,
I passed her by and shrank away with tears,
So sharp my pain at sight of her had grown.

"Look up," she said; "now is thy suffering o'er.
I loved thee always: we shall part no more."

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Berger's Restaurant, Academy Building, 333-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Berger, Proprietor.

Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.

Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 428 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.

Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantin, Proprietor.

Nevada Restaurant, 117 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.

Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan

The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jns. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano, Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

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CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

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ERNST H. LUDWIG & CO.,

The Model
American
Caterers.

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Telephone 2388.

George E. Hall,

Agent and Importer of

FOREIGN WINES.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, 222 Sansome St.

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.



[STOLEN FROM THIEVES.]

"Don't let anybody, especially newspaper men, know what we're doing," said one official to another. "Why, for a long time we've been doing nothing at all." "Yes, and that's just what I'm anxious to keep the public from finding out."

Tenderfoot—What made Bill kill him? PIZENWOOD PETE—Well, yer see, Bill was drunk. TENDERFOOT—But there must have been some provocation? PIZENWOOD PETE—I sh'd say so; the galoot was telling Bill a good thing to sober up on.

Biggs—I am so stout that I know exercise would do me a lot of good. TAMS—Then why don't you get out and shovel that snow off the walk? BIGGS—That's not exercise; that's work.—Truth.

She—And you really attended the Queen's reception in London? The men, I suppose, stand uncovered in the presence of royalty? "Yes, but not to the same extent as the women."—Life.

Old Lady—Can you saw wood? ROLLINGSTONE—Pardon me, ma'am, but you are slightly at fault in your tenses. If you mean, can I see wood, I may say that my eyesight is slightly defective.

Mr. Upperten—I'm going to bring a friend of mine home to dinner to-morrow. He says he was once married to you. MRS. UPPERTEN.—How delightful! I wonder who he can be?

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Numson?" "First-rate. She can play with both hands now. She says she will be able to play with her ear in six months."

Alice—What is Jack's occupation? LUCY—He is a consulting engineer. ALICE—I see. If he should get any business he would consult another engineer.—Puck.

Burleigh—Didn't you say Miss Uptodate was very manly. CURLEIGH—Yes. Why? BURLEIGH—I saw her last night and she was just as near a man as she could be.

Judge—Are you married? PRISONER—No, your Honor, I wanted to get married several times, but I have been locked up so much I never was able to find time.

"They say Alfred Austin is only about five feet two. No wonder he can't fill Tennyson's shoes!" "O, but he can, you know. His feet are monstrous."

"Have you been reading about these dressmaking frauds?" "Where?" "In the papers." "No, but I have read my wife's last milliner's bill."

"Young man," said the merchant to the prospective office boy, "are you fairly well educated?" "I be," replied the boy proudly.—Judge.

"Really, Mr. Stalate," she said, "I am afraid you will not make a wife happy." "Why not?" "You don't seem at all fond of your home."

Strawber (in cable car)—What makes you think that man opposite is an official of the road? SINGERLY—Didn't the car stop to let him on?

When ladies go out shopping they naturally want to know a place where they can dine with comfort and pleasure. Swain's Bakery, at 213 Sutter street, is the finest of the restaurants in the city, and the cooking is excellent in every department. English muffins a specialty, also providing for delicious public and private dinners.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dablbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.

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BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,181,910
SOUTHEAST COR. BDISH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MODLTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT ON New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1356 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCUL

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

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W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILLIENTHAL

The World, The Flesh and the Devil

THE Russian General Dragomiroff, happening to be present at the recent French military manoeuvres, requested the officer in command to load his cannon with percussion shells instead of blank. When this had been done he stated his intention of placing himself between the guns and the place at which they were aimed. The officers, greatly astonished, pointed out the danger of this undertaking, but the General laughed at their fears. Then, accompanied by an attaché, he galloped some distance in front of the cannon and gave the order to fire. This was done after much hesitation. The shells passed near the General and his companion, but did not hurt them. Afterwards he told the officers that he merely wished to show them how little danger there was in standing in the direct line of fire.

—Jabez Balfour, the London "Liberator" swindler who is serving a fourteen year sentence, was professedly a man of deep religious convictions. He belonged to a political club, the members of which once got up a sweepstake on the Derby. One of the gentlemen playing happened to be a Balfour, and when Jabez heard of the affair he requested the committee to print the other man's initials, so that no mistake could possibly occur. A few weeks afterward he was flying to the Argentine Republic, a fugitive from justice. His swindling is said to have been the cause of one hundred suicides.

—The love of the late Lord Leighton for his art and everything connected with it is shown by his last words—"My love to all at the Academy." His loss is said to be irreparable. As President of the Royal Academy he carried out the business of the institution with precision and was careful of its smallest detail. His lectures were masterly in form, and the knowledge they displayed and his generosity were unbounded.

—Anatole France, the mau who will fill the place in the French Academy left vacant by the death of Ferdinand de Lesseps, is fifty-one years of age. He is best known to Americans as the author of "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," a translation of which appeared in Harper's. He writes on an average one book a year.

—The other day a well-known London author was about to receive an unusually large sum for the copyright of a new novel. Twenty-four hours after the publication of the paragraph he was pounced upon by the surveyor of taxes and requested to make an amended return of his income.

—The hereditary Prince of Armenia, Guy de Lusignan, lives in Paris in simple style. He is a book lover, and is devoted to music and art, and is the author of over fifty volumes. In build he is slender and graceful, his features are of patrician delicacy, and his hair is snow white.

—President Paul Kruger, who will shortly visit England, is of royal Swedish descent. His genealogical tree is by way of the royal family of Vasa, through Christina, Queen of Sweden, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus. His salary is \$40,000 per annum.

—Madame Patti says that no singer should indulge in alcoholic stimulants of any kind, as they irritate the throat. If alcoholic stimulants must be taken, then whiskey strongly diluted with water, is what may be taken with least fear of injury to the throat.

—The old and faithful servant of Charles Dickens, Mrs. Cornelius, died in London last month, aged 75. She was the first person named in the late author's will.

—Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, who was divorced a short time ago from her husband, is about to marry a young Parisian physician.

—Mary French Field, the accomplished young daughter of Eugene Field, is preparing herself to give public readings from her late father's poems.

—Alfred Rothschild is probably the greatest epicure in Europe. He keeps one *chef* doing nothing but making curries.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

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FINDLAY, DURHAM & HRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
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INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PHENIX INS. CO. OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets, \$5,783,243

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,661,401

THE AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$2,206,083

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$807,627

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INS. CO. OF PHILADELPHIA

Assets, \$98,774

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,889,252

THE SVEA FIRE INS. CO. OF GOTHENBURG

Assets, \$5,493,831

Surplus to Policy Holders, \$1,083,321

Pacific Department, 407-409 Montgomery street,

BROWN, CRAIG & CO., Managers.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,128,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,508,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

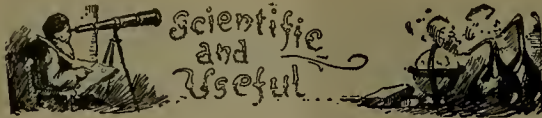
413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,

No. 316 California st., S. F



THE CARE OF TENNIS RACQUETS.—After being used in the wet, the frame of the racquet should be carefully dried and any frayed pieces of gut replaced in position, after which both sides of the face should be gently touched with a soft towel. The racquet should be kept in a dry place and in a flat wooden press; especial care should be taken that it is tightly screwed down after being used in the wet, or it will very often develop a decided warp in the course of a single night.

THE SUBMARINE BOAT.—A submarine boat, weighing ten tons, has been perfected for the French navy by M. Goubet, after the model described by Jules Verne in his famous novel. The boat is cigar-shaped and can contain three persons. Tanks enable it to rise or sink at a moment's notice. Motion is imparted by a screw attached to an electric motor. The naval authorities are satisfied with the trials held thus far.

HYPNOTISM BEFORE THE LAW.—The Russian Court of Appeals has allowed the plea of hypnotic influence as warrantable. A girl, condemned to death for poisoning her father, had her sentence commuted to five years' imprisonment, owing to having been under the control of a man who compelled her to commit the deed.

AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY.—The metal pen was discovered accidentally by Joseph Gillot, a jeweler in Birmingham. He was called upon unexpectedly to sign a receipt, and happened to pick up a fine split tool used in his business, to write with. The idea of the pen point is said to have started from this incident.

THE MEANING OF TURKEY.—Turkey should really be written Turkia—the land of the Turks. It is also called the Ottoman Empire after Sultan Othman I. The term Sublime Porte, as applied to the Turkish Government, arose from the magnificent gate entrance to the imperial palace at Constantinople.

IMPROVED STORAGE BATTERIES.—A German factory is turning out fifty tons of storage batteries daily. The demand has been increased by a recent ingenious improvement of the lead plates, which can now be made extremely porous by the admixture of granulated pumice stone.

AN UNRELIABLE EXPLOSIVE.—Cordite can no longer be considered a satisfactory explosive. In a high temperature it is said to throw off nitrous fumes, which destroy the fulminating composition in the cap and render the cartridges innocuous.

AN ELECTRIC CRUISER.—A bill has been introduced in the Senate asking for the construction of an electric cruiser, equipped with electric motors and propellers as invented by Richard B. Painton. A speed is claimed of thirty-five knots an hour.

A SPIDER'S SIGHT.—Wisconsin experts state that the average spider sees its prey, when motionless, up to a distance of five inches, and when in motion at an even greater distance. They can see one another distinctly at twelve inches.

THE FIRST BALLOON.—The balloon is a French invention. A poor papermaker saw a starched petticoat, the string of which had been tightly drawn, rise in the air over a hot stove.

A USEFUL POINTER.—Dandruff may be removed by regularly washing the head with a thimbleful of powdered borax dissolved in a teacupful of water.

FOR ROUGH HANDS.—A mixture of glycerine and lemon juice can be applied to rough hands at night with much advantage.

CHEAPER POSTAGE.—A movement is on foot to bring about a one-cent rate of letter postage.

Mr. Poppy—My dear Miss Oldgirl, why do you not take advantage of leap year and get married? Miss Oldgirl—Because I am not yet able to earn enough to support a husband.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. [S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. (Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooley, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Consolidated National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 536 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,588 59. Guaranteed Capital. \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heinkehen, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord Jerome Lincoln H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Hancock O. D. Baldwin A. K. F. Harmon
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HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1889.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning flour and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

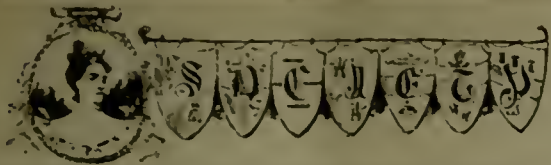
BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock, Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

MULLER
MORTGAGE

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SO many and so charming were the entertainments given on the eve of Lent, that the guests thereat have not yet ceased to enlarge upon their delights. Especially has this been the case regarding the impromptu cotillion arranged by Mrs. John Cunningham, who, with the able assistance of Miss Minnie Houghton, carried out her idea with such success. Another most pleasant affair was Mrs. Bourne's card party and musicale, which was enjoyed by a large party until a late hour; and yet a third, Mrs. Luke Robinson's musicale and dance, interspersed with games, which provoked much merriment to those who participated.

As is often the case, while dancing is rather tabooed during Lent, gastronomy seems to take its place, and dinners have been rather coming to the front of late. The new Cliff House was the locale chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Mack for the banquet which they gave in honor of the prospective bride and groom, Miss Stella Greeuebaum and Alfred Simon, at which eighteen guests were seated. The festivities were prolonged until a late hour and heartily enjoyed. At Mrs. Shreve's dinner, where twelve guests were entertained, violets and roses were the flowers used for decorative purposes. Mrs. E. Heller's guests at her dinner numbered twenty, and the adornments were in gold color and most elaborate in detail, while the menu was simply perfect.

The pleasures of the present week have been intellectual as well as gastronomic, as for instance the illustrated lecture on Alaska, with vocal solos from Frank Coffin, Miss Bergelund and others, enjoyed by the Hawthorne Society on Tuesday evening; the Loring Club gave their first concert of the present season on Thursday evening, when Miss Della Mills was the vocalist of the occasion. Last evening, at Metropolitan Hall, Professor Star Jordan entertained a crowded audience with an illustrated lecture on the Yellowstone Park for the Camera Club, and last evening also the Native Sons' new hall was the scene of the appeal from the verdict of the ludicrous trial in Oakland of George Bromley for stealing the widow O'Grady's goat. It was under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, and among others Will Barnes, Milton Eisner, and Judge Ferrall took part, and assuredly the lecture which Frederick Warde will deliver next Wednesday on the Women of Shakespeare, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange, will prove an intellectual treat.

Teas have not been so numerous since Lent began as it was thought they would be, but several are said to be in contemplation for the next two weeks. To-day Mrs. Robert McLane will give one of her delightful teas at her residence in the Western Addition.

The telegraph has brought us news of the Huntington-Holladay wedding, which took place at noon on Tuesday last in New York city, which was solemnized in the salon of the new residence of the bride's uncle, C. P. Huntington, on Fifth avenue. The Rev. Frank Clendennin, of St. Peter's Church, Westchester, tied the nuptial knot in the presence of a limited number of relatives and friends, after which an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. The bride wore an elegant robe of heavy white satin profusely trimmed with point lace; her veil was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms, and her ornaments were diamonds. She was attended by Miss Yager as maid-of-honor, and Edward H. Pardee supported the groom as his best man. There were no other attendants.

The sad death of Mrs. O. O. Burgess, recently, leaves a gap in society which will not easily be filled, and a host of friends who will long mourn her loss. Mrs. Burgess united, in a marked degree, the qualities of head and heart which go to make the Christian gentlewoman, and was not only a delightful social companion, but a kind, true friend and charitable church worker.

The tenth anniversary of the Laurel Hall Club was celebrated last week by a commemorative performance, in which Mrs. John Farnham and Mrs. Thomas W. Collins read papers, Miss Clara Fisher recited, and Miss Anita Murray sang, and the rest of the assemblage enjoyed the programme greatly, and finally the new officers for 1896 were installed. On Friday evening Stanford Parlor, N. S. G. W., celebrated its tenth anniversary in the Native Sons' new hall, at which dancing was the feature. The attendance was very large, and the festivities continued until far on towards morning. On last Saturday evening Mrs. E. Black gave an "at home" at her residence on Devisadero street, which was prettily decorated with ferns, foliage, and pink blossoms. Miss Charlotte Jewell, niece of the hostess, was the leading spirit of the affair, and the entertainment of the evening included music, dancing, and supper.

Prince Luigi of Savoy and the officers of the Italian frigate, the *Christoforo Colombo*, will surely bear away with them, when they sail to-morrow, pleasant memories of the many hospitalities extended them during their stay in San Francisco harbor. The Prince has been very extensively entertained, not alone in the city itself, but in different parts of the country, by his fellow countrymen of sunny Italy. At Burlingame, too, he has been a favorite guest, from his fondness for horses and field sports as much as for the pleasure derived from personal fellowship. Last Saturday there was a large gathering at the Club, the pleasures provided for the guests including a steeple chase for the cup presented by the Prince and won by young McCreary; polo, and finally an elaborate banquet. The officers of the frigate have also been handsomely entertained by the San Francisco ladies. Among the most recent of these affairs were Miss Clara Sutro's luncheon party, at Sutro Heights, and the dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Jennings presided as host and hostess in the private dining room of the Hotel Oliver. Peach blossoms, pink satin ribbons, and fairy lamps, with pink shades, were the adornments of the round table, at which a dozen guests discussed an elaborate menu, after which there was a musical programme.

Miss Minnie Burton, who is the guest of Mrs. Duke Baxter, nee Hilda McDonald, in Santa Barbara, has been the recipient of many hospitalities during her stay in that charming locale. Miss Burton will remain in Santa Barbara for some time yet, and will probably visit friends in San Diego before her return home.

The Henry Neustadters and the J. H. Neustadters are making the tour of Europe together. By latest intelligence received here from them they were enjoying themselves in Nice, and from there were to go to Rome and then Paris.

This afternoon's Carr-Beel Pop. Concert at Golden Gate Hall offers one of the finest programmes of chamber music ever given in this city.

Miss Bertha Fuller, daughter of W. P. Fuller, of this city, was married to Mr. Charles A. Kinkelin, on the 20th inst. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride, and was performed by the Reverend Horatio Stebbins.

Among the gay doings of next week will be the wedding of Miss Betty Wasserman and Sig Kaufman, which will be celebrated in elaborate style at Union Square Hall on Tuesday, the 4th.

COOPER & Co., artstationers and heraldic engravers, 746 Market St. S.F.

The Auditorium. Corner of Eddy and Jones streets. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

SOUSA'S World Famous CONCERT BAND.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, and Saturday and Sunday matinee, February 28th, 29th and March 1st.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,

The March King, Conductor. Assisted by the brilliant artists—Miss Myrta French, Soprano; Miss Curry Duke, Violinist; Arthur Pryor, Trombone. Audience captivated everywhere.

PRICE—25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.

Box office open from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.





The Fiery Ordeal

From Vanity.

THIS story was told me when I was quite a boy by a contemporary of my grandfather's. In just what year the events narrated happened my love of accuracy forbids me to state positively, but it must have been early in 1800, I think. The story, which I will transcribe as nearly as possible in the words of my old friend, runs as follows:

"It was a bitter cold night in February; the luxurious rooms of the 'Fire Club,' on Franklin Square, at the corner of Dover street, were brilliantly lighted. The members, all men well known and prominent in the business and professional circles of New York, had assembled to do honor to a great New Orleans merchant who was making a flying visit to this city.

"A man by the name of Smith—Thomas H. Smith, one of the greatest tea merchants of the day—was our President. Poor old Smith! he had been dead many a day; but I would like here to pay this tribute to his memory and say that, in spite of his extraordinary business qualifications, he was one of the jolliest and most whole-souled fellows I ever knew. Then there was Charles Town, Peter and Benjamin Stagg, Joseph Foulke and Matthias Bruen—all fine fellows, particular eboms of mine, and all dead long ago—died of old age, most of 'em. Yet I'm alive to tell this tale—the last leaf—and no evidence of dropping off yet awhile.

"Well, as I have said, a great New Orleans merchant was the guest on the particular evening in question. Dinner had progressed to the last stages and we were all of us in extraordinary good humor. Suddenly President Smith rapped on the table and called 'order,' then he began to speak:

"Gentlemen," said he, 'for the benefit of the guest who has honored us with his presence this evening, I wish to explain some of the aims and objects of this distinguished organization of which I have the honor to be president—the Fire Club. It is not called into being for any purpose on earth save the enjoyment and amusement of its members. There are certain rules imposed, conformity to which—contrary to the nature of rules in such cases, which I believe are more honored in the breach than the observance—we find aids us greatly in producing the noble result aimed at. One of these rules demands absolute obedience to the instructions and commands of the Club's president, during the hours of session. In a word, I am monarch here for the time being, and it is the duty of my subjects to obey my behests—to shrink from no task I may impose on each or all of them. To become a member of our organization a man must consent to this condition, and even our guests are expected to comply with its requirements.'

The New Orleans man smiled. 'Very good,' said he.

"Now, among our most favored amusements," continued Smith, 'is the old game of Follow your leader. The man who refuses to follow me, or any deputy I choose to appoint, whithersoever I go, whether he be guest or member, pays to the Club no less a forfeit than one dozen bottles of champagne.'

"Very good, indeed," again laughed our guest. 'I agree to all the conditions.'

"It is well," replied Smith, and suddenly rose from the table. 'Follow your leader,' he shouted, and darted out of the warm, cosy club-rooms, followed by the thirty Club members and our guest. Down into the cold street, bare-headed, he ran, and, like the 'noble six hundred,' not a

man Jack of us flinched from our duty. Out of the square and round the corner of Dover street dashed Smith, we after him, yelling and laughing. Down Dover, past Front into South street, thence onto the pier, at which lay one of Smith's own ships. Not a protest was uttered as our leader, with a wild yell of 'Follow all,' plunged off the pier into the East River. There were thirty—no, thirty-one successive splashes, as one by one the Fire Club members and their devoted guest followed the intrepid Smith. The tide was low, fortunately, and we all managed to wade through the waist-high, icy water, and scramble on board a lighter and thence to the shore. The New Orleans man was the last. I waited till I saw him safe and sound on terra firma, and then we rushed on in our freezing clothes.

"What store is that," he panted, pointing to a big store still open on South street.

"Billson's, the ship chandler's," I replied.

"I want to stop and get a drink and a cloak, if I can. Go on," he cried, 'and say I'm coming.'

"He was not long after me, and, on entering the Club, wrapped in a voluminous cloak he had bought or borrowed from the ship chandler, was greeted with wild cheers.

"I congratulate you upon having played your part in the game of 'Follow the leader' so skillfully and well," said I, drawing him aside. 'According to all precedent, you will now be made leader and the Club placed at your disposal for the balance of the evening—that is, if you care to exercise the privilege.'

"I do, most assuredly," he replied, and moved toward the cloak-room. 'You see, gentlemen,' continued he, turning suddenly, and holding up a large bundle he had concealed in the folds of his cloak, 'I did some shopping while we were out. I wish to bestow my purchase where no harm can come to it—it is precious.'

"After depositing his cloak and bundle in the cloak-room, he returned to the table, where, amid the popping of champagne corks and the wildest hilarity, his health was proposed and drunk.

"Order, order!" yelled Smith. 'Members of the Club, hearken to the voice of your President. Having bravely and unflinchingly submitted to the test imposed upon him by the rules of our Club, and come out, not only none the worse, but seemingly brighter and more cheerful from his bath in the East River, I herewith formally invest our guest with the leadership of the Club and the power to exact implicit obedience from its members during the balance of the night. What say you, brave Southerner?'

"That I do thank the most noble President and members of the Fire Club for the honor thus bestowed, and that I do accept the same. Nor will your duty as my followers lead you outside the warm, luxurious precincts of your club-rooms. I only ask allegiance from you all in this, that you keep seated till I give the word to rise.'

"Amid a curious silence, the Southerner now took from his breast-pocket a large piece of tow, which he proceeded to twist into a long string. When he had spun it out to eighteen or twenty feet, he rose.

"Remain seated, gentlemen," said he, and going to the cloak-room fetched the bundle previously deposited there. 'Now, President and friends,' he resumed, removing the wrappers and displaying a small keg, 'I have but a few words to say, and then the game will begin. You have tried me and not found me wanting. I, who come from the warm South, have been submitted to an icy ordeal. We will now reverse this order of things. I call upon you all, in the name of your sacred Fire Club, to submit to the fiery ordeal I shall now subject you to? With that he knocked out the head of the cask and, taking some of its contents to the fire, sprinkled it upon the coals. Instantly there was a small explosion.

"Powder," said Smith.

"Powder!" exclaimed the Club members.

"Yes, powder," calmly repeated the New Orleans man.

'I bought it at the ship chandler's on my way back from the river. And now, you see, I light one end of the fuse I have just made in the fire, the other end, you will observe, I insert in the head of the keg, which I will place on the floor close beside your honored President. All is now in readiness. It but remains for us to wait. This game plays itself.'

'He seated himself calmly and proposed a toast to 'President Smith.' That gentleman twisted uncomfortably in his chair, but retained sufficient presence of mind to rise and reply. Joe Foulke plucked me uneasily by the sleeve.

'I say, Tom, there won't be an honored President much longer if we don't all get out of this. Look at that fuse.'

'I looked. Already it had burned nearly half way to the keg. A solemn silence settled down upon the company. Attention was divided between the fuse and the New Orleans man, who continued to talk and laugh unconcernedly.

'I seem to be monopolizing the conversation,' said he at last to Smith, who sat grasping the arms of his chair and glancing from one to the other of us with a pathetic appeal in his eyes. 'Pardon me, but why are you all so silent? Come, drink to the success of our game. Ah, how fast that fuse burns—I thought it would last longer.'

'Stealthily, creeping along the tow, with now and then a little flash and splutter, came the fire. It was now within a few feet of the keg.

'My God,' suddenly yelled Smith. 'We shall be blowed up if we stay here. Gentlemen, follow your President,' and he sprang up and dashed out of the Club, followed by every man of us except our guest, whom we left to his fate.

'In the course of half an hour, seeing that no explosion occurred in the club-rooms, we went cautiously back. The New Orleans man was still seated at the table, and had just opened another bottle of champagne as we entered.

'It's cold in the street,' he remarked to Smith. 'You are a precipitate lot of fellows. By the way, there are thirty-one dozen bottles of champagne owing to the Club by its members. See, I have put out the fuse. Sit down.'

JEROME Lincoln, President of the Security Savings Bank, expired on the 23d inst. at his residence on Harrison street. The deceased banker was 66 years of age, a native of Boston, Mass., and one of the most influential men of this community.

A MUSICAL lecture, written by the late J. H. Rosewald, will be given for the benefit of the Rosewald Memorial Fund, at the Columbia Theatre on Friday afternoon. Prof. Bernard Moses will read the lecture, and musical illustrations will be rendered by Sigmund Beel, Frank Coffin, and other well known musicians.

The U. C. Glee Club gives a concert on Monday evening at the Auditorium.

A Fiesta de Los Angeles and the Flower Festival of Santa Barbara are attractions of the near future. Eastern visitors who may desire to see California at its best should be sure to take in both these sights, not forgetting to pay San Francisco a visit when through.

THE Altruria Colony in Sonoma County has come to grief. Individualism, when it runs on right lines, is necessary to ensure success in all things.

THE appeal of the young King of Corea to the Czar for protection is something hitherto unexpected, and may bring about strange complications in its wake.

No pearl gives as much pleasure as a fine oyster. Moragban, Stalls 68-70 California Market, has the best Eastern and Californian that can be obtained in the city.

The finest linen for ladies and gentlemen can be had of John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street. New spring goods in stock.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething



Helical Tube Premiers

SANDOW cannot
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they are three times
stronger than any other
bicycle.

PREMIERS have been
made since 1877.

Over a HALF MILLION have been made.

Western Premier Cycle Company,

Pacific Coast Agents.

312 Baker Street



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PROGRESS

RESTAURANT.

Fine Mercantile Lunch.

Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner,
and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

327 and 329 Bush St.

Mrs. Dr. Parlow SURGEON CHIROPODIST and MAGNETIC SPECIALIST, cures nervous and spinal diseases, rheumatism, gout, and all diseases of the feet. Office: 126 Kearny street, room 47, Thurlow Block. Office Hours: 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. Office Telephone, Main 1238. Residence, St. Nicholas Hotel. Telephone, South 632. Private treatment at hotel or residences outside of office hours.

Tenison Deane, M. D. Tel., East 33. Residence 1003 Sutter. Office, City of Paris Building No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

The modern oxygen cure for disease.

Electrophoise

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Pacific Coast Agents:
124 MARKET ST.
Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Orden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:20 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Yone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.	*9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	†7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	5:45 P
4:40 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Orden and East.	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7:45 A
†7:00 P	Vallejo.	†7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	†12:00 A
†10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	†12:45 P
††11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, P. M. Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and way stations.	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	9:50 A
††1:45 P	Hunters' Excursion San Jose and Way Stations.	††7:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	6:35 A
††1:45 P	San Jose and way stations.	††7:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.	11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.	*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
†Sundays only. ‡Tuesdays and Saturdays.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
‡Sundays and Thursdays.

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THE DAWNING REVELATIONS.

Now that seers of modern science flash with cathode rays defiance
Through those substances we used to call opaque,

Let the rising generation quake with fear and trepidation
At the awful revelations they will make.

Many foreheads cleft with ridges that bespeak a brain prodigious

Will he found to cover nothing but a wheel;
Many peach and cream complexions will reveal, through these dissections,
Skins the color of an old banana peel.

And if rays should be directed through the breast of some rejected

Man who wails his heart is broke or something worse,

In nine-tenths of all the cases it is safe to say the basis

Of the breaking would be found to be the purse.

And it is a question whether many a shoe of patent leather—

Could these rays but pierce the upper and the sole—

Would present a cotton stocking of immodesty so shocking

That each toe is robbed of clothing by a hole.

But the saddest revelation of this modern innovation

Would be brought upon our sample hunting shoppers;

For if science e'er disperses rays of light throughout their purses

It were doubtful if they'd fall on aught hut coppers.

—Chicago News.

A LINER'S LAUNDRY.—An Atlantic liner puts to sea with about 9000 serviettes, 10,000 towels, 7,000 sheets, 8,000 pillowslips and 1,000 tablecloths. These are nearly all used on the voyage but are not laundered until the ship reaches its destination.

Not armies, not nations, have advanced the race, but here and there in the course of ages an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world.—E. H. Chapin.

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DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELLIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, March 21, 1896
GORTIC.....Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
8:30 P. M.	8:30 A. M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale.		10:30 A. M.
8:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guernville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.

Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Sarmato Springs, Upper Lake, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Pomo, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, A. M., Feb. 29.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 10, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," March 10, at 10 A. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties March 10th and April 17th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.

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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from Broadway and Devisadero Sts., Looking Northeast, Showing Alcatraz and Angel Islands.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1896.

Number 10.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 205-207-213 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1011 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

WHAT is the use of a Grand Jury unless it attends to women like the Overman?

OWING to our friendship for Cuba, that country is likely to be wiped off the face of the earth.

IF the present differences continue, the new Ferry Depot will take as long to complete as did the City Hall.

AGITATE against the nickel-in-the-slot machine. It is gambling, pure and simple, and should be prohibited by law.

SPAIN should not be held accountable for the actions of a drunken mob, brought about by our interference in her affairs.

WHY should the sleek employees of the Government be entitled to pensions when the employees of private individuals are not?

TROUBLE is brewing in Brazil. It is to be hoped that we shall not be dragged into this mess until we have settled our late bluffs.

THE largest organ in existence is to be erected in St. Ignatius Church. This city will soon be able to furnish the music for the rest of the world.

THE arrest of the Nevada Bank forgers is good news. Better it will be when they are convicted and receive life terms at the public expense.

THE associated city creditors are again after the money due them. Probably this is why Treasurer Widber is making an arsenal of the City and County Treasury.

WHY not let us build the two new revenue cutters allowed by the Squire bill? As they are for this coast we ought to have the privilege of constructing them.

JUDGE York is to be commended for committing the boy burglars to Folsom for ten years. Crime is on the increase, and the infliction of severe punishment is more likely to put a stop to it than would be a temporary sojourn in a reform school.

THE Board of Health has declared that the drinking water supplied by the Spring Valley Water Company is pure and healthful and everything that can be desired. This was known before, but it is better to have the opinion of specialists upon the matter.

THE Rev. Colburn, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, may fancy that he can weather that arrest, but he errs. It is true that the nature of the offense for which he was seized by the Park police forbids public discussion of his case, but he must demand an investigation of the arresting officers by the Park Commissioners or make up his mind to get out—not only out of San Francisco, but out of the society of natural men. The nerve that enables him, under the unmentionable circumstances, to rise and preach may be sanctified nerve, but that does not make the spectacle of the Reverend Colburn in a pulpit tolerable.

JUDGE W. W. Morrow gave an interesting lecture before the Mechanics' Institute last Saturday evening on the subject of "Six Years with Statesmen." The information he imparted was interesting in the extreme and the large audience listened to him attentively from the beginning to the end of the lecture.

THE request of the Merchants' Association that directories of the respective floors of the City Hall be placed at corridor crossings in that building is a good one. A corps of Indian guides would not be out of place, and policemen could also be stationed there, so that, when a crime is committed, we should know where to look for one.

PARK Superintendent McLaren, who is supervising the work on the ocean driveway, states that everything is progressing satisfactorily, and that the new boulevard, to run along the ocean side of the Park for two miles to where the Ocean House and Ingelside roads meet, will be finished about the end of the month.

IN his denunciation of political religious societies, Rabbi Voorsanger has expressed a sentiment that will find answer in the breast of every broad-minded man. The presence of such societies in our midst is a continuous and ever-growing menace to the Republic, and one which, if allowed to exist, will foster individual hatreds antagonistic to the future welfare of the nation.

GOVERNOR Budd did the right thing when he objected to the payment of exorbitant hack bills for the transportation of prisoners while under the care of the Sheriff. The public moneys can be put to better use than to be squandered on such gentry. Should it be impossible to secure contracts for the work at a reasonable figure, the prisoners should be securely chained and taken to their destination on foot.

A COALITION of European powers against the United States is a possibility of the next few years. The forces at our disposal are not such as to enable us to combat a combination successfully, and it is time to stop the tongues of the jingoes who will assuredly bring disaster upon the country. Diplomats, not bar-room politicians thirsty for the applause of the mob, are needed to ensure for us the respect of other nations.

SENATOR Proctor, of Vermont, lately addressed the Senate on the subject of coast defenses, stating that land fortifications are of more value than is a powerful navy. We take issue with the Senator on this point and hold that a powerful fleet would make coast fortifications unnecessary. The best military authorities of France and Germany coincide with our views. We want a goodly number of powerful cruisers and battleships, and we want them built on this coast, too.

IT is a matter of great importance for the people of this city to consider the pros and cons of the New Charter, so that they may act intelligently when the next general election comes round. One of the chief matters to receive attention is the great power that will become vested in the Mayor. Many are opposed to this, holding that it should be vested in the people alone. Others claim that by giving the city's highest official fullest authority, he becomes responsible for good government. A point in favor of its adoption is that it will allow of changes being made in municipal affairs to suit the demands of coming generations. This is a decided improvement on over present cast-iron Charter.

CAN WE FIGHT THE WORLD.

It appears to have become the favorite pastime of the Congress of the United States to shake its fist under the nose of the civilized world and challenge it to combat. If it were the desire of the people to transform the republic into a warlike empire, committed to expansion by conquest, the ferocity of Congress would be in keeping with such a policy; but as the people of this country have as yet no such imperial ambition, they are being misrepresented, and dangerously misrepresented at Washington. Sooner or later the sort of talk that has become habitual in Congress must involve us in war. It is inevitable that it should do so, for we cannot expect the world to understand that the truculence of our statesmen is less than half meant, and is not taken seriously by nine-tenths of their constituents.

It is natural that Spain, for example, should be exasperated by the speeches in the Senate and House which accompanied the passage of the concurrent resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban rebels. It is the right of the United States to give that recognition if it so desires, either on the ground of sympathetic sentiment, commercial interest, or no ground at all; but the United States has no right, in international usage or common courtesy, to accompany the act of recognition with gratuitous insults to Spain. Had the position of the countries been reversed, and such speeches as were uttered in Congress been spoken in the Cortes, the American people would have taken them no more quietly than the Spanish people have done. These speeches were foolish in policy, ungenerous in spirit, infamously ill-bred in manner, and altogether as discreditable as they were indefensible.

The truth is that our Congressmen, aware that the public does not take at face value their menacing thunders against the effete monarchies and tottering despotisms of the earth, launch their oratorical bolts with no proper sense of responsibility. Behind their blood-curdling periods is the comfortable expectation that they will be discounted seventy-five per cent, abroad as well as at home. Note in illustration this Cuban incident. Had any other prominent legislative body in the world prefaced action with language so fierce, that action would not have stopped short of a declaration of war. But our Congress, after all its furious eloquence, prudently placed the President between itself and the responsibility of making good its militant words. It passed a concurrent resolution only, with which the President may do what he pleases. Despite its verbal sword-clanking, Congress shrank from going so far as a joint resolution. That might have been vetoed, and then Congress would be required either to stand its ground or back down. It prefers to play at war-making, and is satisfied with the half-laughing applause of the domestic gallery.

Unfortunately, the rest of mankind does not comprehend Congress as well as the American people do. We have become a nation immensely powerful in numbers and wealth. The republic is a military potentiality of the first rank. It is not surprising, therefore, that Europe should be seriously concerned when our national voice is heard on international subjects. Were we to enter upon a war, our resources in money and men would make us so formidable that the nations cannot but think of the possibilities to the present balance of power. If once we abandon our traditional policy of non-intervention and take to minding other people's business instead of our own, it is reasonably certain that Europe, moved by the instinct of self-preservation, will combine against us. The tone of the press of every country on the other side of the Atlantic relative to our actions respecting Venezuela and Cuba indicates with entire clearness what we must face should the fulminations of Congress at any time be succeeded by hostilities with any country.

In herself Spain is so enfeebled by age that the least valorous of Congressmen need not blanch at the thought of war with her. But, as the newspapers of Madrid and Havana exultantly point out, Spain, in the event of war, would not be isolated. She would, as they say, doubtless receive the open or covert aid of every other nation in Europe.

We are heading directly for gigantic trouble. The men who talk war, in Congress and out of it, are—for the most part unconsciously—preparing the way for a struggle

which will have on one side the United States and on the other most of the powers of Europe, and some of those on this hemisphere also. For our Monroe doctrine, as newly interpreted, is not well received by many of the Spanish-American republics. They, like jealous European statesmen, see behind our solicitude for our American neighbors a claim to suzerainty which in the future will lead to interference and then annexation, as our interest may dictate.

Not until the United States feels strong enough to do battle with a European coalition like that which crushed Napoleon, can she safely engage in war, even with decrepit Spain.

The Case for Refunding Ablly Presented.

When the House Committee the other day gave a hearing to Lawyer Hubbard, who represents the Searles-Hopkins interest in the Central Pacific Railroad, it got down, for the first time, to the real business in hand. Up to then the time of the Committee had been taken up in time-worn and useless recriminations. Mr. Huntington, as a multi-millionaire, a magnate of Wall street, a father of a Princess, and, withal, a specimen of stalwart physical and mental manhood rarely met with, has been a good man to badger, and worry, and stick pins in. Accordingly, the people of the Pacific Coast, through their newspapers, have been daily regaled for weeks past with spicy accounts of a few things that have happened, and with a great many more that are purely imaginative. Senator Morgan, filled to overflowing in more senses than one, and prompted from time to time by a posse of Bohemians and disgruntled politicians, imported for the purpose at the cost of a certain New York syndicate, has for two weeks past conducted himself in a way that has disgusted his colleagues on the committee, forced indignant utterances as to his insobriety from such respectable journals as the Boston Herald and New York Nation, and turned what ought to have been a sober, serious and sedate Congressional inquiry into what, if it were not so painful, would be a farcical exhibition. This state of facts is, we know, very different from that which the Syndicate's Newspaper Bureau is daily peddling out to our people as the happenings of the National Capital. No such reports as theirs find their way into any Eastern newspaper of standing. So that they utterly lack that corroboration which the independent press of the country is accustomed to lay before its readers when matters of large public interest are involved. As a matter of fact, so palpable that he who runs may read, it is obvious that syndicate money is talking with sinister intent, to the end that our people may be induced to lend themselves to a railroad disruption that would, for a time at least, paralyze every interest on this coast, and that even in the end would leave our second condition far worse than our first is alleged to be, and would, furthermore, deprive the Government of every ray of hope of ever recovering any portion of its advances.

The question before Congress is not as to whether any errors have been committed in the past, nor as to whether the builders of the first great transcontinental railroad made fortunes out of it, but whether that railroad is to be made an exception to the rule by the making of the unreasonable and unparalleled demand that it shall repay the cost of its construction within the first twenty-five years of its completion. No railroad in this country, or in any other with which we are acquainted, has been asked to do so much. Our own, as well as other new countries, have all they can do to build roads to meet the requirements of increasing populations. This railroad era has made stupendous demands upon the capital of the world, and marvelously well has the world's capital responded. Industrial enterprise has all it can do, for the time being, to earn and pay interest on the roads it has need of. That is all that it is reasonable to ask of this generation to do. Indeed, it is all that it can do. The future can very safely, we believe, be trusted to take care of itself. When the population of the United States has doubled, as it will have done in an incredibly short time, it will be easy to bear burdens that to-day would be intolerable. The Central Pacific's indebtedness, like that of all the other railroads in the country, must be paid off as rapidly as increased population yields increased earnings. To demand anything more is to ask for that which is not only exceptional and unreasonable, but impossible. Moreover, the interests of the pro-

duers of this Coast are not to be conserved or advantaged in any conceivable way, by increased governmental demands on the railroad. The higher the interest paid by the road to the Government, the higher must fares and freights necessarily be. To cry for twenty-five per cent. reduction on freight charges, as political platforms have been accustomed to do, and, at the same time, to insist upon larger payments to the Government than the higher charges yield, is an absurd inconsistency that deprives California of standing before the Congressional committees, and of the respect of Eastern public opinion.

One point which Mr. Hubbard made very clear to the Committee the other day, has been by the syndicate's organs constantly befogged or kept in the background. It has been repeatedly insinuated here, especially in country journals, that in order to comply with the conditions of the proposed refunding bill, the railroad would have to raise its rates. It is a curious objection to come from people who pretend to think that both principal and interest ought by this time to have been extinguished. As a matter of fact the statement is erroneous. The money that now goes into the sinking fund under the Thurman act would, in the event of the passage of the refunding bill, go to pay the interest on the bonds indorsed by the Government. In which case, of course, there would be no necessity for any increased charges on the part of the railroad. The Thurman act now sets aside sufficient money to meet the requirements of the proposed refunding bill. Mr. Hubbard gave the figures in a way that was clear and convincing. The objection is made here that the railroad ought to pay more than two per cent. interest on its debt, and of course it ought, if it could. But that's the rub. To pay a higher interest would call for increased freight charges. As the rest of the country, through its representatives in Congress, is willing to make a settlement on that basis, why should California object? As the money would cost the Government about three and one-half per cent., the proposed arrangement would be equal to giving California's producers a subvention of one and one-half per cent. The Government has derived advantages in many ways from the building of the road, and can well afford to make this small loss. The circumstances under which the road was built entitle it to at least that much consideration. The presentation of the case made by Mr. Hubbard indicates a trained mind and a strong man—an accession of strength to the railroad forces that can hardly fail to be welcome just now.

The President's Chances. Whether Mr. Cleveland would or would not accept another nomination for the Presidency, he continues to be spoken

of as a possibility by those in a position to speak upon the subject. Mr. Frederic R. Conder, an intimate friend of the President and a member of the Venezuelan Commission, is of the opinion that he might possibly run for a third term, should certain circumstances arise which would warrant it, and Mr. Hornblower inclines to the same view. These gentlemen doubtless have substantial reasons for the attitude they take upon this question and their words must carry much weight. Other watchers of the political horizon and friends of Mr. Cleveland, are of the same opinion and only a denial by the President himself will establish the fact that he is desirous of letting some one else carry the responsibility of government upon his shoulders.

Mr. Cleveland is the one Democrat of to-day who has any positive strength whatever and who commands the respect and admiration of the better part of the Democracy. He has enemies, doubtless, as every great man must have; but the men who are opposed to him are of the Tillman order, servile in truckling to demagoguery, and are entirely outnumbered by the better class of Democratic citizens who believe in him and prefer him to any other man who has been mentioned. He is a man such as the Democracy needs to-day, a man of courage, of convictions and able to command for America the respect of other nations. He is moreover a statesman of recognized ability, cautious, yet swift to act when necessity so demands. It is to be sincerely hoped that he may finally decide to accept the nomination. The interests of the country demand it.

The Doomed Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is going the way of all Protestant flesh. The right of private judgment in religion, the principle of Luther's Reformation, is necessarily disintegrating. That may, or may not be desirable, but it is not to be escaped. Though the trouble between Ballington Booth and his father, the Army's Pope, may be patched up, division is sure to come. And the end of the Army's peculiar usefulness is not far away. The organization is bound to develop into an orderly, conventional sect like the others. From the day it began to be patronized and encouraged by the respectabilities of the earth, the Salvation Army's career could be predicted. Only when enthusiasts are persecuted and ridiculed does their fervor maintain itself at fever heat. When they are despitely used and scorned, then they feel that they are not of this world, and defy the world's opinion. But when the powerful and decorous give their protection and approval, zeal wanes and common sense asserts its claims.

The Salvation Army has done a great work. It has given an example of real Christianity in a time of more than languid faith. It has gone down among the publicans and sinners, who are no better liked by the Pharisees of the temple now than they were in the days of Jesus. It has worked on the theory that Christ came to save sinners, and that, therefore, the more degraded the sinner the greater his need of Christ. This example first put the churches to shame and incurred their hostility, but compromise ensued, and the churches gave their countenance. This was creditable to the churches but fatal to the Salvation Army. It insured its transformation into a church in due season.

As the Army grows in respectability there will be secessions from time to time, for the more zealous will demand sacrifices of dignity which a sect increasing in wealth and decorum will be increasingly averse from making. The phenomena of Methodism in its successive stages of evolution are in process of repetition.

A Judgment Which is Generally Approved. It is not often that unanimity prevails on the United States Supreme Bench in the keenly contested cases.

It is still less frequent that the same judgment on all points is arrived at by three separate and different courts. The fact that all this has happened in the case of the United States against the Stanford estate, ought to be accepted on all sides as conclusive that there never was either law or equity on the side of those who contended that the builders of the Central Pacific had no right to make a profit out of that enterprise, and should, in consequence, be stripped of their private fortunes. The case of the Government was ably presented by a capable lawyer whose personal feelings rendered his arduous task quite congenial. The suit was originated in the United States Court for the Ninth District. Judge Ross, as able and as pure a Judge as sits on any Federal Bench, rendered a remarkably clear and well reasoned judgment in favor of the Stanford estate. From that decision an appeal was taken to the Circuit Court, with the result that Judge Ross was sustained. That resort would then be had to the highest appellate court in the land was to be expected; with what result we now know. The United States Supreme Court unanimously agrees with the two Courts below, and in rendering its judgment makes it abundantly clear that the Government got all that it contracted for, and at the price it had agreed to pay,—and that no wrong, whether in morals, law, or equity, was done by anybody. If the unanimous finding of that great tribunal does not forever set at rest the many doubts and suspicions that have arisen in this connection, it then becomes certain that there are men—Judge Maguire seems to be a sample—whom nothing short of a decree of Heaven would satisfy. It is certain that among thinking men pretty much the same unanimity prevails as was found on the Supreme Bench. Everybody is rejoiced that Mrs. Stanford has triumphed and is now free to continue the great work her noble husband left her to do. The Leland Stanford Jr. University is safe and those fifteen millions of dollars will remain in California and fructify and yield blessings to generations yet unborn.

A Moral Malformation.

It is well for the Rev. Dr. Brown that the court before which he is on trial is composed of men of God and not men of the world. He is a revolting creature. In his endeavors to clear himself of the charge of adultery he has succeeded in convicting himself of offenses for which excuses are far less readily found. To save himself, he has placed upon the stand a young woman who, in his interest, has confessed herself to be a degraded criminal. Miss Overman asked the court to believe that she had been in love with her pastor, and that he played Joseph to her Mrs. Potiphar; that in revenge she entered upon a scheme of forgery and blackmail, repented herself, then, despite repentance, lied to conceal her guilt from the occasion of it, and freely made this public sacrifice of her character before the Council in behalf of an innocent and injured saint.

This woman has been kept secluded for many weeks in his own home by the blameless Brown. He cries out in unselfish fervor that her self-immolation is "Christ-like." So it would be were it possible to credit her monstrous tale. But we have to believe too much in order to credit unhappy Mattie Overman. Her story is so fitted to meet the needs of the situation, so stretched here and there to cover damaging points of the prosecution's evidence, that probability, instead of favoring its truth, favors the theory that the narrative was constructed under the desperate superintendence of its reverend beneficiary. He had her sequestered in his house; he had put Mrs. Davidson in jail, and Miss Overman's intelligence is not as great as her woman's terror of the law.

The spectacle of that pale, unlovely, and nervously smirking woman on the stand, asserting under oath that she had forged letters intended to prove herself a wanton, and then had endeavored to sell to a newspaper that forged evidence of her loss of what every woman prizes, ought to have been enough for the Council. Men with hearts and stomachs, looking upon Brown as he sat there directing the telling of the squalid and incredible romance, felt that he was better suited to the stripes of the convict than the robes of a clergyman. Had the Council then and there risen, refusing to hear more, it would have attested its manhood.

Though Brown should be given a verdict of acquittal and a coat of brotherly whitewash an inch thick, he has revealed himself in so despicable and abhorrent a light that decent men of ordinary principles and normal sensibilities turn from him in contemptuous disgust. That a creature of such capacity for debasement should have been able to maintain himself in the ministry for a quarter of a century is an indictment of the intelligence and moral penetration of the churches whose pulpits he has occupied. That he will be permitted to occupy another we are not willing to think possible, for we are not willing to believe that Brown's clerical brethren, who have his professional fate in their hands, are less susceptible to the shame of his ministry than are even the most careless men of the world.

A Growing Nuisance.

One of the many nuisances connected with cable-car travel in San Francisco, is the ever-growing unwillingness of the gripmen to stop the cars should a gentleman wish to board them. A pretence of doing so is usually resorted to by letting go the grip; the brake, however, is not put in action and the result is that the car is carried on with an increased impetus, during which the person wishing to ride must either jump on as best he may or else await the coming of another car. This wilful negligence on the part of employees results in daily accidents, sometimes of a trivial, more often of a serious nature, to business men and others who contribute materially toward the expenses of the respective lines. Apparently there is no redress for injuries acquired in this manner, although a test case—should anyone have the money and pluck to fight it—might possibly bring about some change in the present disgraceful state of affairs. It is not to be doubted for one instant but that the employers of these men are aware of the methods they resort to in the fulfillment of their duties. The daily press has constantly brought the matter before their notice, and has repeatedly requested that lives and limbs be no longer jeopardized for the gain of a few minutes. The actions of the men are apparently winked at and they can defy with impunity their rules and

regulations, knowing that no punishment will follow the infraction of them. We take, however, this opportunity of again calling the attention of the people at headquarters to the matter, in hopes that they may see fit to drive the fact into their gripmen's granite skulls that gentlemen are entitled to the same privileges accorded to ladies, and that the cars must be stopped for them if they so desire. Should, as hitherto, no good results accrue from our suggestion, then we will continue to agitate the matter before the general public and can undertake not to come out of the fight as losers.

Germany and Jingoism.

The Germans are proving themselves a nation of Jingoese. Since the unification of the empire, the war spirit has steadily been developing until it constitutes to-day a menace, not only to the other European countries, but also to the world in general. The victories of 1870-1871 have had a detrimental influence over the people, in that they have aroused in them a desire for further conquests and an appetite for colonization, aggravated by the knowledge that but little of the world's surface remains to-day unoccupied. When in the eighties the Germans established themselves in Africa, little notice was taken of the move except by the Conservatives, who were opposed to German colonies as being likely to weaken the resources of the Empire. The first small colony there has now extended to a large "field of influence" and the necessity for more soldiers to protect it increases daily. The advent of the present Emperor upon the stage of German affairs, with his hot-headed foreign policy and medieval idea of military home government, has rapidly brought affairs to a crisis, owing to his antagonistic attitude towards the other colonizing powers with whom he comes in contact. A young man, backed by a powerful army and with a good navy at his disposal,—both of which are as yet apparently unlearned in the socialistic doctrines affecting the agricultural and industrial classes,—and lacking the maturer wisdom of the men who brought the nation under one head, Emperor William is to-day on a fair road to bringing about a dismemberment of the Empire and a cataclysm of anarchy such as has been unheard of before in the history of the world. With growing troubles at home and a possible alliance of at least three powers against him, England, France and Russia, all of which view with dismay his growing dominance in Europe, the German Emperor stands upon the brink of a precipice, a downfall into which can only be averted by a speedy return to the former policy of wise and beneficent conservatism.

The Italian Disaster.

Reports concerning the riots said to be prevalent all over Italy, owing to the terrible defeat administered General Baratieri by the Abyssinians, must be received with the customary large allowance of salt. It is probable that, as we go to press reliable information will reach us and will be imparted in the morning's papers, but at present everything is left to conjecture. That the matter is a grave one is beyond doubt. Taking into consideration the hot-headedness of the people and the fact that a large majority of them consider Italy's financial troubles due to Premier Crispi's policy, there would seem to be reason enough to think that the revolution which has been gradually ripening these last few years will now burst into full blossom. There are, however, other people who will uphold the Premier and prove that under his guidance Italy, in many respects, has pushed herself materially to the front in the rank of the nations. In certain English diplomatic circles he has the reputation of being an able man and devoted to the interests of his country, which facts should be remembered in his favor. It is generally conceded that the late disaster was brought about by General Baratieri's own foolhardiness, and it is difficult to see why the Ministry should be held responsible for his unauthorized actions. Even though Crispi has handed in his resignation and the same has been accepted, it is probably only a matter of time before he will be taken back to favor, as he certainly is one of the most capable men at the disposition of the country. As for the defeated General, further developments may bring extenuating circumstances in his case to light; if not, he should forestall dishonor by a speedy death.

THISTLE DOWN.

Now that Amelie Rives is a Princess we are being deluged with accounts of her daily health.

A San Jose man has been arrested for stealing three hundred chickens. This may be called a hen-i-ous crime.

A quarrel between two dentists in St. Louis resulted in the deaths of both. There is some satisfaction in life after all.

Now that the Italian soldiers have been drubbed in Abyssinia, they may take the plumes out of their hats and look civilized.

Should Cuba become a nation, it is to be hoped she will buy her outfit of the United States, giving California the preference.

It is reported that the Spaniards lost one man at Manzanillo. He was hopelessly mangled by his fellows in the rush for dinner.

Senator Tillman went to New York "to get at the bottom of affairs in Wall street." He probably wished to be nearer the sack.

The young people of Alameda intend giving a church entertainment entitled "The Editor's Dream." Wrong again, my dears, we never even sleep.

Arresting doctors for not registering births may be all right, but it would be better to arrest them for failing to register the deaths they cause.

The report that Nansen almost reached his destination reminds us of our youthful attempts to catch the pig at the end of a greasy pole. We almost did it, but—!

An Eastern paper states that a human footprint, four-teen inches long, has been discovered on a stone near Parkersburg. Efforts are being made to trace its owner in Chicago.

Two Chinese at Bakersfield wished to fight a duel, but were prevented from doing so by the police. It seems to us the custom is a healthy one, and should be fostered among them.

Sacramento probably gained the Republican Convention on the strength of the bad quality of its water. The smallest excuse for whiskey is eagerly grasped at by our hard-core diplomats.

A lady in Minnesota obtained \$5000 damages from a man who had the temerity to kiss her once. Had he done so twice she would have found out how good it was, and would have paid him to continue.

A scheme is on foot in Stark County, Ohio, to get every man to write at least five letters to his friends, requesting them to go to the primaries and work for McKinley delegates. As far as that gentleman is concerned, it might be better to put the money thus spent into a purse and present it to him after the election. He may need it.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS week we present to our readers a view of San Francisco from Broadway and Devisadero streets, looking northeast. This district has only been built up during the last few years, none of the larger residences in the foreground being over two years old. Immediately in the background will be seen the large tract of land, redeemed from a useless swamp by the enterprise of the late Senator Fair. The water between the shore line and the stone breakwater, shown in the illustration, is also being filled in, and in time will be ready for building purposes. To the extreme right of the picture can be seen Fort Mason, otherwise known as Black Point, and between it and the Fair lands is the property and plant of the San Francisco Gas Light Company, with the two huge gasometers and wharf jutting into the bay. To the left, Angel Island rears its stately form, and, in the very middle of the picture, can be seen the fortified island of Alcatraz—the Malta of the West. Behind Angel Island the shores of Contra Costa County are dimly discernible, running into those of fair Alameda County on the right.

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Handsome Chiffoniers, in different woods, \$22; former price, \$30.

Hand-polished quarter-sawn Oak Sideboards, \$35; former price, \$48. Handsomely Carved Birch Bedroom Sets, \$19 50; former price, \$26 50.

Rugs.

1500, sizes 30 inches by 60 inches, Smyrna Rugs at \$3 75; to close \$2 10 each.

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THE SILVER QUESTION.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER, Sir:—Recurring to Mr. Scott's article "Hard Times," in the February Overland, he takes, for example, the year 1889 as a criterion which, *with corrections*, I am willing to accept. He states the silver output of the world for that year at \$64,800,000, which is approximately correct,—seeing that the Director of the Mint gives it at \$64,646,000. But note the method of the comparison that follows. He tells us that "in 1894, owing to the great depreciation in the price of silver, many of our silver mines were compelled to stop work, and our yield of silver was, as measured in gold, \$14,350,000." Here is an apparent falling off within the five years embraced, of \$50,450,000 or 73 per cent, which is scarcely less remarkable, as a simple statement of fact, than his estimate for the current year which he places at \$4,000,000, though as I have already stated we have indications, from the output of 1893, that it will probably be \$40,000,000.

The defect of this comparison arises from the fact that Mr. Scott states the output of silver in 1889 at its "coining" value of \$1.29.29 per fine ounce, while he states that of 1894 at its "commercial" value, which averaged for that year less than 64 cents per ounce. And even at that, he states the amount inaccurately. As given above, he makes it \$14,350,000, whereas the Director of the Mint gives it at \$31,422,000 or something over \$17,000,000 more. But the true measure of the quantity produced is its weight in ounces of pure silver and not its value. In order to show, therefore, the relative output, and the extent to which the alleged "great depreciation" of silver compelled "our miners to stop work," I give below the actual amounts as stated by the Mint Director:

1889 Fine ozs. 50,000,000 Com. Val. \$46,750,000 Coing Val. \$64,646,000
1894 Fine ozs. 49,500,000 Com. Val. \$31,422,000 Coing Val. \$64,000,000

It will thus be seen that the falling off was only 500,000 ounces, or one per cent of the mass, while the increase of gold was over 20 per cent., and for 1895 was 50 per cent. The same erroneous form of statements is observable in other items. He tells us, for example, that from 1873 to 1892 the world produced \$2,224,000,000 of silver, estimated at \$1.29 per ounce, but that "demonetization" had "reduced" this value "as measured in gold, fifty per cent. and had reduced the world's entire amount of silver extant, nearly \$2,000,000,000." Now the table from which Mr. Scott apparently takes these figures shows that the "coining" value of the silver produced from 1873 to 1892 was \$2,322,339,700, while its value, "as measured in gold" was \$1,916,402,800—being equivalent to a discount of \$405,936,900 or 17½ per cent., instead of 50 per cent, making a difference of something over \$755,000,000.

So far as the world's stock is concerned, Mr. Scott doubtless knows that it is only when silver is employed in international exchanges or in the industrial arts that it is estimated at its bullion value in gold and subjected to a discount. But in all countries where it is the legal standard, as well as in countries having a "limping" standard, as in the United States and the States of the Latin Union, it circulates as money at its full legal parity with gold. And to the extent of \$630,000,000, which represents the subsidiary silver in circulation, it is current at nearly 7 per cent. more than its bullion value in standard silver coins.

Of the \$4,070,000,000 silver currency in circulation, according to the Director's last report, \$1,900,000,000, or nearly one half, is held in Oriental countries where it is the "Standard of Value" and cannot, therefore, be at a discount in domestic commerce. While over \$1,720,000,000 is held by the United States, the Latin Union, Germany, Spain and Great Britain, in all of which it circulates at its mintage parity with gold. At no period in history has there ever been such a vast volume of silver coin performing the functions of money. And as proof of this, while the world's produce of silver since 1873, when its alleged demonetization occurred, has been \$2,754,452,900, its coinage has been \$2,756,423,015. This, of course, includes recoinage. But Mr. Scott knows that it has been persistently asserted by leading bimetallicists that silver has not depreciated, and will buy as much now as it ever would. And to demonstrate that proposition we have been treated

to an amount of arithmetical jugglery that might well make Hermann, the prince of prestidigitators, or even an Indian fakir grow green with envy.

The same inferential inaccuracy is apparent in his methods of stating the facts concerning the output of gold. "Let us not forget," he says, "that the yield of gold in California in 1851 was \$81,000,000, and in the Colony of Victoria, Australia, in 1853 was \$62,000,000, and that these countries are now yielding each only \$13,000,000. Mr. Scott of course knows that in 1851, California practically represented the whole of the United States as to its gold output—as in 1853 the Colony of Victoria did the whole of Australasia. Now in 1894, according to the Director of the Mint, the United States produced \$39,500,000 and Australasia \$41,760,000, being in each case over three times the amount stated by him. And the world's present product far exceeds all previous records. But perhaps the most remarkable statement of all, made by him in this connection, is to the effect that for the 50 years, from 1831 to 1880, the world's consumption of gold "by the arts and manufactures exceeded its production, \$96,468,560."

During this period the world's output of gold was \$4,245,579,000, and of silver \$2,370,343,000, making a total of \$6,615,922,000. If he will refer to Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics under Article "plate," he will find that the amount of these metals consumed in the Arts during this period, in Great Britain and France, which probably represented half of the world's consumption, did not amount to ten per cent. of the world's produce. And again, if he will refer to the same work under the head of "coin," he will find that this author states that the world's stock of coin in 1830 was £313,000,000, or say \$1,565,000,000, while in 1880, it was £1,128,000,000 or \$5,640,000,000,—an increase of £815,000,000, or \$4,075,000,000. If then, the consumption in the arts during this period exceeded the entire production by \$96,000,000 as Mr. Scott asserts, where did this enormous increase of "coin" come from? It must be remembered, too, this is not only in excess of the consumption of the arts but of loss by abrasion, shipwreck and all other destructive causes.

Max O'Rell relates a story of an American visitor's description of things seen in Paris that he ought not to have seen, and the humorist after intimating each questionable view exclaims comically, "Where did he go?" After reading Mr. Scott's article I am constrained to ask, Where did he go in his little journey into the world of economies?

To go into the question of the world's Precious Metal Product, and of the influence it is supposed to exert over the products of labor and industry, I have not the time at present. But as the evident purpose of Mr. Scott's article is to show that all existing economic maladies are attributable to "a scarcity of money largely due to the demonetization of silver," and "as the demonetization of silver depreciated its value, so remonetizing it will appreciate its value"—if there is any principle of economic law governing such phenomena, Mr. Scott would undoubtedly confer a lasting obligation upon many earnest inquirers who, like myself, have been groping their way in search of truth through the bewildering maze of perplexing phenomena which surround this subject, if he will reconcile his theories of "Hard Times" as a result of the scarcity of money with the history of financial and industrial phenomena for the last forty odd years. And to assist him in such a task I will here furnish the necessary data so far as it relates to the "supply" of the precious metals to the western world during this period, which approximately represents the "supply" of metallic money and its supposed effect upon "prices" and "general prosperity." Only adding in advance that so far as this country is concerned the amount of money, per capita, at the important dates within this period was in 1851, \$13.76, 1873, \$18.58; and in 1896, \$31.20.

Period of High Prices. 1851 to 1896, 15 years:

World's Produce of Gold.....	\$1,947,925,000
World's produce of Silver.....	\$601,122,000
Less exports to Orient.....	752,948,675
Gold and Silver "Stocked" by Western nations.....	\$1,796,098,325
Average per annum.....	119,739,888

Period of Falling Prices. 1856 to 1894, 29 years

World's produce of Gold	\$3,491,000,000
World's produce of Silver	\$8,419,450,000
Lead exports to the Orient	1,005,000,700
Gold and Silver stocked by Western Nations	\$5,008,803,219
Average per annum	203,751,845
Average per annum 1851 to 1895 as above	119,730,888
Increase per annum (70 per cent.)	\$1,011,947
Increase population per annum (1 per cent.)	

When Mr. Scott shall have answered these and other queries already propounded in my articles in your issues of February 22 and 29, I shall be willing to offer more for his consideration. In the meantime I ask him to consider Lord Macaulay's observation on King James' luckless experiment in brass money for Ireland as follows: "Public prosperity could be restored only by the restoration of private prosperity, and private prosperity could be restored only by years of peace and security"—and I will add, by patient industry and frugality; and offer the suggestion that a Government cannot enrich its people by taxation, nor create values by legislative enactment.

San Francisco, Cal., March 3, 1896.

A LAYMAN.

OBITUARY.

MRS. H. J. Stewart, whose unexpected death occurred at her residence last Wednesday evening, will be much lamented and missed in society and artistic circles. For many years she was organist in St. Francis' Church, also directing the choir. At the time of her death, Mrs. Stewart filled the same positions for the Sherith Israel, Dr. Nieto's temple on Post street. In addition to a musical diploma from the Paris Conservatory, the deceased had taken the highest degree at Trinity College, London, and was an able companion in every sense of the word to her husband, the talented musician, Mr. H. J. Stewart.

C. W. Eaton. The death of Charles W. Eaton, the veteran music dealer of San Francisco, deprives this city of another pleasant reminiscence of the Golden Age here—although Mr. Eaton's memory will not fade in the minds of his host of friends. Difficult as investment in the music trade may be, Mr. Eaton made it rather a science than a speculation—in other words, he trusted to his well-trained classical ear, but he ever listened for the popular keynote. For nearly thirty years his establishment, under the Occidental Hotel, was a rendezvous for the great musician visitors here. But old Mr. Eaton was their "cynosure" by reason of his accuracy and resource. For a year past his health has been feeble, and the end was not unexpected.

M. R. F. L. King, lately appointed manager of the Union Oil Company of California, was formerly connected with the firm of Whittier, Fuller & Company for six years. Mr. King is well known in local commercial circles, and it is needless to say that with his business experience the Union Oil Company will be the gainers by having acquired his services.

M. R. Wm. F. Herrin has become the possessor of the famous original painting from the S. & G. Gump Gallery, entitled "Provisions for the Monastery," by August Humborg, of Munich. It will be remembered that this picture was beautifully reproduced in the last Christmas number of the NEWS LETTER.

Pommery Sec.

Of all champagnes, Pommery Sec is most in demand in London and is the favorite at all select gatherings. Among recent prominent affairs it was served at the banquet in Atlanta tendered to President Cleveland, at the dinner in Hamburg given to the German Emperor, and at the banquet in Bordeaux tendered to the President of the French Republic, and was a prominent feature at the dinner tendered to Paderewski at the Palace Hotel, being exclusively served on that occasion. At the various receptions arranged by the Prince of Wales, Pommery Sec is invariably served. By real connoisseurs it is considered the ideal champagne.

The prince of pianists has gone but the prince of furnishers is still with us. John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny St., keeps the finest underwear and linen for ladies and gentlemen.



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PADEREWSKI presented Marsick to San Francisco on Sunday evening. It was generous to Marsick and to us. We responded by braving a Lenten Sabbath, and packing the Baldwin Theatre from foyer to gallery. Marsick's gratitude must have been colossal to have found expression in the selection of Paderewski's sonata, for violin and piano, for the opening number. I regret now, more than ever, that during Paderewski's eventful season we could not have heard his *Fantasia Polanaise*—that his most ambitious and celebrated work could have had a hearing in estimating him as a music writer. The pieces given have not been impressive, even under the magic fingers of their composer; they lack cohesiveness, resolution, and are absolutely destitute of thematic richness. They are not cheaply stereotyped, nor is the treatment of the limp, equivocal themes lacking in a certain bold, bizarre modernity which grasps the ear agreeably now and then—but the backbone of all music, the melodic invention that, in its overwhelming freshness and novelty, proclaims new and legitimate birth and stamps the sire a creator in his art—this Paderewski's music has not.

The Sonata was not surprisingly disappointing as a work, for we listened to it a year or more ago, at a local concert, without discovering any even ordinary merit; but, uniting as it did, two such eminent virtuosi, its rendition was harrowing and disenchanting in the extreme. Marsick was so intently buried in his music stand that his reading was perfunctory and mechanical; Paderewski was oblivious to every thing but his own part, which he never for a moment subordinated to the softer tones of the violin—which, at the best, plays only an obligato. Marsick had, evidently, never seen the score prior to his advent here, and Paderewski's thundering of the lavish piano part displayed a not much closer intimacy with the music. It was a duo without purpose, unanimity, or imagination.

The Vieuxtemps D Minor Concerto presented Marsick at his best. He is famous as a Vieuxtemps player, and the concerto from its first notes showed what an injustice it would have been to judge him from the Paderewski sonata. Marsick has many peers, yet he has a place among the great violinists of to-day. He has not the immense compelling power of Ysaye (whose recent visit cannot but induce comparison), nor is he tempestuously ardent. His salient charms are pure, delicately articulated tone, and technique clean, unerring and effortless as the throat of a bird. Refinement, intellectual balance, and poetic daintiness give to the song of his bow the natural symmetry of crystallization; the indescribable and unique grace that distinguishes the cameo or marks exquisite as a treasured Dresden china. His tone has no great breadth, yet it never sets a definite limit for itself, rather suggesting power subdued and strength reserved. Fatigued and weary as he was toward the close of Sunday's concert, he avoided the strain and over-tension so fatal to an artist who pursues one climax too many. Weinawski's "Airs Russes" was delicate to the point of fragility; but it had no fortissimos that could not face a crescendo; its notes were valorous and true until the last, and never was the wild reach for the unattainable there to mar the night's memory. No player could nurse or expend his energies with more judicious care than did Marsick. It was the triumph of art over the bounds of physical endurance.

Paderewski, as he warmed to his solo numbers, never played with such passion, intensity and human heart, during any of his previous concerts here. As he gave his last encores the audience became frantic, delirious, in the enthusiasm of its applause—and Paderewski, for the first time, displayed consciousness of the tribute, as again and again his grotesque head bowed, and his pale, weird eyes signaled farewell to San Francisco. Even now I can hear Liszt's 2nd Rhapsodie, as the piano, plastic under his won-

drous hands, made strings, reeds and brass sound its superb harmonies and orchestration, giving new life and significant meaning to the hackneyed work.

Paderewski, you are not a composer, but those who are have received a deeper reverence from my heart since you have so well expressed the songs they gave us.

It is a strange irony that Frederick Warde's poorest patronized season in San Francisco should have given us *Lear*, a character that, played as it was at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, should have been chronicled over the country, wherever the telegraph reaches, as a new and distinctive triumph in the histrionic art. *King Lear* has been practically off the American stage for many years, my only recollections of previously witnessing it in San Francisco are of Sheridan's performances in the early eighties. As *Lear*, Warde is amazingly and stupendously sufficient. Even his *Virginius*, the best on any stage to-day, must be relegated to a second place beside the indomitable genius that shines through his *Lear*. In the splendid equipment of heart and brain that lies in this touching spectacle of a regal mind and a noble heart jarred and crushed by filial ingratitude, he rises to heights that bewilder even one who has long been a sincere admirer of the good he has done for the drama of our speech. There is not a shade in the pathetic, majestic coloring of his *Lear* that is overdone. His embodiment, from the first, is that of a grand old man whose loving heart has outlived the keen discernment of his mind, his very bearing touched with a melancholy prescient of the sorrow to come. In the curse his righteous wrath is terrible, appalling; and, permeating all the harsh invective, is the lamentable sob of a broken heart. In the storm scene the shifting vagaries of a mind out of tune amidst the weird splendor of the elements made the scene so vivid, so pathetically heart-felt, that one realized an absolute experience of grief in witnessing it. Frederick Warde has achieved a great character—a character that will have its niche in dramatic history. And *Lear*—broken, pillaged of all the love and veneration of those to whom he gave his all, totters once again before us in his crown and sword of straw; yet he is a King—aye, every inch a King.

The Warde Company gave performances of *Damon and Pythias* and *Julius Caesar* on three nights of the week. Warde's *Damon* is too well known to us to need description; *Pythias* was exceptionally well acted by Mr. Hermann, and Landers Stevens made a strong *Dionysius*, giving the address to the Syracusians in the first act with splendid force and effect. Miss Gillette's *Calanthe* was excellent. *Caesar* was the most enjoyable of the two performances. Warde appeared as *Brutus*, giving a rare reading of the part. Hermann may not look the hungry *Cassius* but he acts him with convincing art and finish. Charles Sutton was *Marc Antony*, vigorous and plausible, and Stevens made a dignified and impressive *Caesar*.

Farce-comedy is inevitable. It declined a little last season in competition with the straight variety, but this season finds it as numerous and hilarious as in the old days when the Bush-street Theatre was the home for that class of attraction. *A Railroad Ticket* is the title under which Freeman's fun-makers promulgate their gags and specialties; it would go as well by any other name, for there are several brisk comedy people in the cast who inoculate the plotless skit with enough merriment to stock several ordinary farce-comedy organizations. Eugene Canfield has, of course, a Hamlet monopoly of the gingery business of the piece, and he carries it with his usual droll and happy spirit. Chas. Grapewin, James Bradbury, Beatrice Norman and several dimmer lights are not very far behind in clever comicality.

Despite a cold that badly handicapped Carleton's singing, *Fra Diavolo* continued the good work established by the snug little troupe at the Alcazar. Rena Atkinson grows more popular each night, and she sings *Zerlina* better than the role has been sung here in a long time. The deathless *Bohemian Girl* finishes out the week, its well-known melodies fitting well the voices of the Carleton company.

Sousa and his wonderful band have come and gone, leaving behind the echo of those brave marches of his that make soldiers of us all. No bandmaster has ever been more universally loved and popularized by the great American people than John Philip Sousa. He keeps his hand on the pulse of the amusement-loving public, and he supplies the melodious, rhythmic jingle so dear to the American ear. In the rendition of popular or martial music he stands unexcelled. Under his mystic baton the great band answers him as would the keys of a mighty organ. Sousa's music is inspiring because it shows such captivating humor in every one of its tuneful measures. His instrumentation is original and always felicitously balanced. Miss Duke, the handsome violin soloist of the concerts, added pleasurable variety to the programmes. She wields a cunning bow, and, for a young woman, brings out a surprisingly rich tone.

The Jobstown horror has been embalmed in a thrilling melodrama, *The Midnight Flood*, which has run the week at the Grand. The flood seuc, with its bursting dam and the washing away of at least a score of dwellings, is a remarkable piece of stage mechanism cleverly manipulated. Darrell Vinton and a stroug supporting compauy supply the acting. Gilbert and Goldie have each a comedy part in the piece, besides giving several of their iimitable specialties. Next week a masterpiece of melodrama, *The Silver King*, will be played. It is an excellent drama, and, in the hands of Morosco's company, should be an immense attraction.

Hartman and those captivating 'childreu, Gertie Carlisle and Pearl Landers, have made the revival of *Rip Van Winkle* at the Tivoli a clever and interesting performance. Hartman's Rip is too wellknown to need further comment than that he plays the character with the same touches of true comedy, and throughout presents a careful, comprehensive study. It is such characters as these that make more pitiable by comparison the line of utility funny business that Hartman usually follows. The cast is good in almost its entirety, and the scenery is bright-looking and picturesque.

A number of new specialties are on the Orpheum programme this week: Les de Fillipes, fresh from their Parisian vaudeville, the Moulin Rouge; the Andersons, who do an amusing plantation act; Mills and Collins, in a *fin de siecle* version of *Pygmalion and Galatea*; and Albertus and Burtram, jugglers and club swingers—making four strong teams, in addition to the held-over favorites.

I regret that limited space precludes a complete review of the jubilee Carr-Beel Pop of last Saturday. It was a concert such as we seldom bear from local talent, and I hope that the departure of Mr. Heine for the East will not deter a resumption of these matinees that have done so much to advance our standard of musical excellence.

Hoyt's great success, *A Milk White Flag*, comes to the Baldwin, Monday, for an engagement of three weeks. The company that introduces the piece to us is an excellent one, including, as it does, Charles Stanley, Lloyd Wilson, George Bean, and the ever popular Frank Lawton. A full brass band and a drum and fife corps are only two of the many novelties Hoyt's militia satire abounds in.

At the Columbia next week, *The Wicklow Postman*, presented by a company headed by Eugene O'Rourke, Irish character comedian. The great John Lawrence Sullivan, ex-champion pugilist, Paddy Ryan, and "Parson" Davies are among the participants.

At the Baldwin, on Sunday night, Marsick, the eminent violinist, will give a grand orchestral concert. Besides Mr. Hinrichs and his forty musicians, Marsick will be assisted by Mrs. E. H. Palmer, vocalist.

The Alcazar will have a double bill next week, *The Michado* and Cellier's *The Charity Girl*, and Carleton will interpolate "Ben Bolt" at every performance.

The Tivoli company will sing *The Hoolah* next week, with Hartman in the title-role.

A violin recital will be given on Thursday evening, March 12th, at Odd Fellows' Hall, by Mr. Richard Ferrer, who has lately returned on a visit from Europe. Mr. Ferrer is a pupil of Wirth, of Lauterbach, and of Ysaye. At the coming concert he will be accompanied by Mrs. Wightman, Miss Wilcox, contralto, and Frank Coffin, tenor.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

One week only. Commencing Monday, March 9th. Matinee on Saturday. The legitimate comedian, EUGENE O'ROURKE, in the greatest of all Irish comedy-dramas.

THE WICKLOW POSTMAN.

A story of Irish life—true to nature. Special: In conjunction with this massive production, JOHN L. SULLIVAN, champion for 12 years, and PADDY RYAN, ex-Champion of America, will appear in a three-round exhibition of boxing, introduced by CHARLES E. (PARSON) DAVIES. March 16th: A TEXAS STEER.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

To-morrow (Sunday) night, March 8th. MARSICK, in grand orchestral concert.

Monday next, March 9th. Three weeks only. HOYT'S

A MILK WHITE FLAG

will wave in the breeze of popular success. Great popular cast; newest catchy music; pretty girls; the laughable triumph of the year; 50 people.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor. Last performances of "The Midnight Flood."

MONDAY EVENING, March 9d.—Jones Hermans' masterpiece,

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JOHN B. WARD Character Vocalist. THE ALTHOS FAMILY, Aerobats. Return engagement of RACHEL WALKER, the Creole Night-ingle. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

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THE HOOLAH.

Bright music; lovely costumes; beautiful scenery. Next opera: MARITANA

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The sale of seats will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music House, on Monday morning, March 9th, at 9 o'clock.

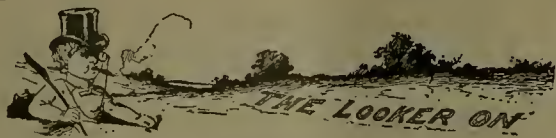
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A SUGGESTION which has already become a popular theme in Oakland and Alameda County generally, is that a country club after the fashion of Burlingame, only on a simpler scale, shall be started this summer at some picturesque spot near Monte Diablo's numerous cauyons—say around Paradise Valley. The old Colton domain would be an ideal situation could it be procured. The present plans of this proposed club, however, involve only pretty grounds, a comfortable casino, and a common club building, which will be the nucleus of dainty cottages in the future, as at Burlingame. The younger element in Oakland is thoroughly in favor of the scheme, and there is such a plenitude of really active society men in Oakland that, undoubtedly, a club might be *fait accompli* in short order. Besides, clubs have always been excessively popular in that city, and the magnificent Country Sporting Club, which Harry Houghton and others established over on the Marin and Sonoma shore a few months ago, may soon prove a rival to the big institution near Tomales Bay.

But among the matronly leaders of Oakland society the notion meets with a marked disfavor, and the argument in their opposition is Burlingame itself. They all declare that the Tuxedo of California has shattered to little bits the last fabric of San Francisco's society; that, among its Four Hundred, the prominent bouses are content with an occasional perfunctory dinner to a few solemn friends; that dances are very few and far between, and that the more public functions of the "Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Cotillions," are so distressingly dull and *distract* that they suggest the stupidity of a national holiday.

* * *

In other words, Burlingame is supreme, and thereunto it is that the society of San Francisco has fled utterly and irreclaimably. There, the dance goes merrily; there, are all the Princes—three at a time, once and awhile; there, go all the young millionaires; and *there*, is to be found the eligible husband. At Burlingame the girls have the "choice of the lot" all "rouded up" and at their mercy.

Now the Oakland maidens anticipate all this, and, in their wicked little pink and white consciences, don't mind one bit what becomes of Oakland's old society fabric, so long as there shall be a new Garden of Eden over by Monte Diablo.

And their mammas lift up their eyes and hands in deepest sorrow, and ask what will become of Oakland's "lunch parties." For this marvelous institution is the real cornerstone of Oakland's social life. I believe it was Mrs. Chabot who remarked, with an expression of intense mock sadness, to a friend, that Oakland was suffering from a terrible depression because, during the past month, there had only been an average of three "lunch parties" a week.

It is *de rigueur*, by the bye, at these affairs, to have exactly twelve guests, and the *pièce de résistance* is invariably chicken *fricasée*. Ice cream is also served.

No wonder the girls want a country club!

* * *

An incident of the week was the disagreeable adventure which a Miss Duncan encountered on a West-bound train with a "scalped" ticket. The young lady was on her way from Scotland to visit her uncle, James Scobie, the big railroad contractor. At the very last stage of the journey came in the "scalping" part, and "conductor's justice" was summary. As Scobie had never experienced such a slight to his Clan during all the years from the time when he first began to build stonework at the side of the observant Charles Crocker, far up the road, he girded his kilt and Skene Dhu, and sought the railroad office, where he was consoled by the officials. James Scobie is a unique personage in California. A Lowland Scotchman with a broad accent—filled with "ow's" and "ayes"—he was here in the early "railroad" days, and took a foremost part in the stonework department. At the completion of the road Stanford resolved to abandon Sacramento for San

Francisco. There is no doubt that both Stanford and Hopkins (who was following his example) first intended to crown North Beach heights with their palaces; but, finally, Stanford decided to transform the queer ramshackle old cottage on a rock, which had been the residence of Mrs. Stark, the actress (so they say), in early days. This rock had forever been shedding itself into Pine. During the "60's" and early "70's," nearly every winter there would be no thoroughfare there. It was this and the Hopkins' domain which succumbed in magic time to Scobie's executive force. These walls are stout yet, so far as they are *en evidence*.

But by the time they were completed Scobie was a capitalist, and more than that, nearing the verge of a million. He was "canny" about approaching it, however, and indulged in Market street lots.

* * *

Scobie is a curious study. Always a charitable man, his generosity may at any moment be lavished on a Clansman, while he will be indifferent to the undeserving poor. But on his accession to great wealth he plunged into *dissipations* which have been effectually sustained. The only daughter had married the professor of moral philosophy in Princeton College, and the Wealthy Contractor, being a widower, decided to build him a mansion near the Park—just on the heights above—and the proximity to it was especially endearing, since that other Scotchman, Park Commissioner Joseph Austin, was near by. Scobelikes to skim with him through the trees behind his own swift team. The Cliff and the Beach are nothing to them—they drive where they please.

* * *

But the Art Association would blush should they be permitted to view the Magnate's casts and marble busts which he has distributed through the twenty-roomed house, that he "cassellated" with thick low stone walls. From all parts of Europe has Scobie collected his treasures, and from the Orient, too. But they have cost him so many tens of thousands that they fail to excite the admiration of those visitors who are not really connoisseurs. However, his grand invention is what he calls the "Prophet's Chamber," a remembrance of Elijah, which is a great, sunny bedroom in a southern corner of the mansion, furnished demurely for the entertainment of Presbyterian clergymen who are visiting the city, more especially the McDonalds, the McPhersons, the Grahams, the Campbells, and all else who are of the Scottish "cloth." He keeps up the ancient traditions of a magnificent depository for what the Scotch colony here declares to be the most immaculate Highland whiskey that the coast has ever seen; but at the same time not a fire must be lit in the house on the "Sabbath day;" all meals are eaten stone cold, and there may be no caller whatever admitted, save the visiting "Meenister."

* * *

There have been two or three amusing incidents in the United States Courts of late, which have excited the mirth of the Law Club. But, perhaps the case of Charles W. Orr, accused of having, as second mate of a ship, unduly maltreated one John McDonald, seaman, has not been without its features. The trial has excited considerable interest among the various attorneys, of whom Tom Jewett was one, who, by-the-bye, is a sworn foe of ex-District Attorney Garter's assistant, the rubicund Whitter.

But when the moment of sentence came, an attorney turned to Jewett, who was himself only a looker-on, exclaiming:

"Honestly, they ought to let that fellow off easy!"

"Never! Never!" cried Jewett. "Just see how much he looks like Whitter!"

Before leaving San Francisco, Paderewski called our attention to an item in the News Letter which stated that he now and then took a small glass of Old Saratoga Whiskey just before his performances. This he denies, saying that his technique is due to seven hours a day hard playing and studying. But there are more than seven hours in the day, during which it is necessary to tone the system; for seven hours at the piano is an extraordinary drain on one's constitution. It is then that a small glass of Old Saratoga Whiskey has the most beneficial effect.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE.

ISOLATED as San Francisco is from the world's great marts, it is nevertheless a well-known fact that, as far as large stores are concerned, hers can compare favorably with the best that London, Paris or New York can produce. We can think of no better example wherewith to illustrate this fact than the White House, on Kearny and Post streets. Having been established as early as 1851, its reputation has become well known to Eastern visitors as well as to our own Californian residents. In fact, the latter, when travelling abroad, often prefer to postpone their purchases until their return here, being assured that at an establishment of its kind they will be able to get everything they want without having to carry it across three thousand miles of continent. Visitors to the White House will have noticed that it has lately been materially enlarged, having absorbed a former adjoining store of spacious dimensions. Increase of business in every department demanded this move, and it is safe to say that patrons will be the gainers by it. The partitions between the two buildings have been removed, and now no traces of the former divisions remain. Taking the three floors into consideration, then, a space of 54,000 square feet has been obtained, tightly packed with the choicest goods obtainable. The chief attraction of the new department is a large silk counter, the only one of its kind in San Francisco, which extends nearly the entire depth of the building. The silks and velvets displayed there are enough to make the most Christian of women envious, being in the latest chameleon shades, and of every variety imaginable. The light over this counter is perfect, thus enabling ladies to see the goods to the best possible advantage. Running at right angles from this long counter, and extending across to the old dress goods department, are other counters for handkerchiefs, fans and perfumery; a counter for the latest in kid, cotton and leather gloves; a counter for trimmings and laces that will make the mouth water, laces such as Valenciennes, Point de Lur, and others like them; a counter where the most elegant ribbons in every conceivable shade and width and quality, and also the most stylish designs in buttons can be had; a counter for all the newest notions, and finally one for the finest of colored cloth goods. In the rear of all this is a counter devoted exclusively to black dress goods, such as Henriettas, Drap d'Almas, Diagonals, Etamines, Cheviots, Mohairs, and such goods with plain or brocaded figures. This counter and that devoted to the silks are unique of their kind in this city, and will be extensively patronized. In the front of the new department one sees the latest in shirtings, delicate neckwear for ladies, and handsome leather goods. The other departments of the White House, of course, retain their former standard of excellence, only they are materially enlarged by the late additions. For instance, the third floor will now have even a larger display of handsome art goods, such as bronzes, fine crockery, modern and antique vases, majolica and crystal ware. The second floor, devoted to ladies' cloaks, will also have more space wherein to show off the latest things in covert cloths, meltous, gorgeous brocaded silk skirts, and all the stylish silk and lace effects in elegant modern wraps. The curtain and ladies' underwear departments, as also those devoted to fine linens and to all the innumerable kinds of printed goods for spring and summer, remain as they were before. The stocks, of course, in each are the latest obtainable, and of the very finest quality. The organdies, dimities, and such light goods cannot be duplicated in any other store in the city. The desire of the White House proprietors has been, and still is, to please all customers, and it is safe to say they will always do it.

Everybody knows the Lurline Baths. Its reputation is world-wide. You can now have the famous Russian bath, including the "Needle" Shower at a very moderate cost. The tubs and showers are the best in the city and the attendance all that can be desired. The tank is filled with fresh sea water nightly.

When a man reaches home after a hard day's work he needs something to give him an appetite for his dinner. The "Argonaut" Brand is one of the finest Kentucky Bourbon whiskeys made and will do its work every time. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St. are the sole Pacific Coast Agents and guarantee it.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

"Pearl top" is nothing.
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"Macbeth" with the shape we make for your lamp is all.

We'll send you the Index ;
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**"A Californian
Wild Cat Scheme."**

This is the straightforward and explicit manner in which the Investors' Guardian, of London, leads off a criticism of the Alina Colony Corporation, which the NEWS LETTER denounced last week as an infamous attempt to rifle the pockets of unsuspecting investors in Great Britain. It is pleasant to note the fact that some papers abroad are disposed to stand in the breach, and warn the readers against such pitfalls as the Alina. It is, of course, useless to expect any unfavorable comment from papers indecent enough to advertise the scheme, but it has so far only remained for one to have the hardihood to recommend it. The same sheet backed up the infamous Union-Gold, *alias* Cordova, *alias* Rathgeb, the flex, where thousands of pounds sterling were squandered in the construction of a mill which only started up to prove that the ore extracted was absolutely worthless; the Josephine, on which half a million was thrown away, and a dozen other rotten conceptions of still rottener individuals, and simply for the sake of the few paltry sovereigns spent in printer's ink for promotion purposes. What did all the booming of the Valley Gold amount to, of the Calaveras Con., and the Esmeralda, all of which ended in rank failure through mismanagement and the worst kind of jobbery. If the law had been invoked in any one of these cases, scandals would have been developed of a nature that would have sent one or other of the manipulators to the State Prison for a long term of years.

**The Trap Baited
For Investors.**

The prospectus of the Alina is enough in itself to put any ordinary business man on his guard. The heavier class of investors are in little danger of getting nipped in such a scheme, and prominent firms in this city whose attention has been called to it have already taken all necessary steps to burst the bubble in London. With dried fruit and raisins selling here as low as 2½ cents per pound, and hops quoted at far below the cost of production, the best lands in the State are now being worked at a loss, and yet this select combination of schemers has the brazen effrontery not only to promise dividends within three years on a capitalization of \$100 per acre, from what are now absolutely wild lands, but to guarantee it. Of course this, like the 20 per cent. dividends promised by the promoters of the Union Gold and the Valley Gold, is only a bait for inexperienced speculators, to trap them so that they can be bled at leisure in the future. At the price named per acre much could be done in the way of purchase of lands in California which would offer splendid inducements for investment. The owner of the Alina tract would attract considerable attention to himself should he advertise the land for sale in this city at the price he now expresses himself willing to be relieved of it by the British tenderfoot. It is more than possible that it would be considered a dear bargain at one-tenth of the sum named, and after the scheme gets shelved abroad, which it will be eventually, it might be risky to make a bid for the whole tract at anything above \$5 per acre.

**Gold Mines
Are Booming.**

California is again in the swim as a mining State *par excellence*. The industry has assumed a much more healthy condition than it has ever been able to boast of since the historic day of '49. The promoter is rapidly going where he belongs—to the rear—and the mine owner is taking his place with investors who have learned at last the sensible policy of dealing direct and at first hands. There is, therefore, the more chance for a continuance of prosperity, as the money brought into the State under the new conditions is expended, as originally intended, for the development purposes, instead of being switched into channels of no public benefit whatever. The removal of old-time camps throughout the interior is bringing grist to the mill of the mercantile classes in this city, and they are now more inclined to speak kindly of mining than they were some time ago, when they were so eager to condemn the business, and brand any one connected with it as day-light robbers.

**Comstock
Mining Shares.**

An assessment of thirty cents, levied during the week, was the sole feature of novelty to break the dull, monotonous current of events on Pine street. It neither effected prices one way or the other, the levy having been anticipated for some days past, and the only interest taken in the matter was by those who will have to meet it. That it was small they can afford to congratulate themselves, and that is something to be thankful for just now, the way business is going with the majority of people. If it were not for the occasional reminder from the Lyuch Camp, that there was a fight on foot, no one would ever know that the Norcross Company was embroiled in a contest. The claim is made on the side of the outside contestants that a chilly wave will sweep the salary list if the proxy battle goes the right way, which is not pleasant reading for those who now fill positions which are anything but sinecures at the best, and especially in this company, where expenses have been scaled down to a low notch for months past. There is more likelihood that, should the Lynch faction scoop the persimmon, the mine will be closed down until doomsday, or until as long after that as it will take to collect the judgment, which has been coming into the treasury day after day ever since the decision was rendered years ago. The Occidental Mine is looking as well as ever, and it will only take a short time until work is far enough advanced on the 750-level to judge of the future of the property. The new machinery to supply air is now in place, and this will help matters out considerably. As an indication of the confidence which still exists in the future of the Comstock, the manner in which the assessments are paid up can be accepted as the most convincing.

**Mr. Hammond
Heard From.**

After months of silence, during which he was the source of much anxiety to a set of individuals with an everlasting desire for publicity, Mr. John Hays Hammond has at last been heard from. In a telegraphic dispatch to the Government he acknowledges the useful and kindly services of the United States Consul, and speaks of the courtesy he has received from the Boer authorities. This will shut off the possibilities for advertising at his expense which have been indulged in to an extent, and with such a display of ignorance on general subjects, that a stranger would think that the country was a vast kindergarten. Mr. Hammond's personal friends were the only ones who all along felt assured of his safety, and appreciated the true import of the dispatches flying about at the time.

**Wise Words From
the East.**

The Daily Financial News, of New York, takes an editorial view of the mining situation, which will recommend itself as good common horse sense to the average reader. It says: "There seems to be a general disposition on the part of the press, the operators, and the brokers to eliminate the gopher holes and countenance nothing but legitimate mining projects. This is as it should be; as long as mining is kept on a strictly business basis it offers the best inducements for capital in the world. Apply the same principles that you do in your every day business, and your mining investments cannot help but prove profitable."

**The Donohoe-Kelly
Bank Election.**

The annual meeting of the Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company was held on Thursday last, and the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Adam Grant, President; Joseph A. Donohoe, Vice President; James A. Thompson, Cashier; Edward Donohoe, Assistant Cashier, and John Birmingham, Geo. Whittell, Eugene Kelly, Irving M. Scott, C. D. Guigne (vice J. J. McKinnon, deceased), Howard Havens, and B. F. Dunham.

**The Rawhide
Bonanza Group.**

The latest news from Sonora, Tuolumne County, is most flattering in regard to the Rawhide mine, which is opening out as large as ever on the 900-level. The App mine is showing every indication of being another Rawhide at the depth now attained.

**A Good
Appointment.**

The Times-Index, of San Bernardino, notices enthusiastically the employment of General H. I. Willey as consulting engineer to the "Hughes Lytle Creek" reservoir project, and predicts its early completion.

Down Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

MAX Popper lately remarked that "the greatest temptation to the Board of Supervisors has come from the Spring Valley Water Company" and advocated its "removal from the local legislative body" on account thereof. Verily, this gentleman with an effervescing and mirth-provoking name judges everybody by himself. The company in question only needs a fair show, and the Supervisors are all right. As for Popper, who was hand-in-glove with Buckley; who wallowed in the Democratic trough and got fat thereby; who took street sweeping contracts, and out of the profits paid a subsidy presumed to reach people in high quarters; and refused to appear before a Grand Jury lest he might criminate himself—he is hardly a fit person to express an opinion on such matters.

THE virtuous Dr. Brown has revealed that "within half an hour" after leaving Mrs. Freuch's with his wife and Mrs. Stockton, whither he had gone to force the latter on to the stage in the famous "Turkish tea," the graceless female did something to him which convinced his grace-chastened mind that she was no better than she should be. If that was before she sent for him to her room and threw her Delilah arms about his neck, why did he subsequently go to her room? And, if it was after that shocking room incident, how had he the wickedness to try to compel the pious Mrs. Freuch to accept her? The virtuous Dr. Brown, it will be seen, is in a fix which earns him the sympathy of all liars, regenerate and unregenerate.

THE Congregational preachers discussed the press at their meeting on Monday last, and they couldn't have chosen a better time. The press' sins are so many and flagrant, and necessarily so annoying to the guardians of morals, that surprise is excited by the mildness of the reprehension expressed by the brethren. It is to be regretted that Dr. Brown was unavoidably absent. Had he been there he would have done justice to the theme. And it is unfortunate that denominational lines prevented the presence of Brother Colburn and the utterance of his views. Timely topics seem to be the strong hold of the Congregational shepherds.

THE student of morals is aware: First, that University towns are exceptionally giddy; and, second, that environment has an enormous bearing on conduct. Hence we see that it is to the corrupting effect of residence in Berkeley that we must attribute the transformation of the once good and discreet Judge Campbell. It was deplorable enough that he should invite Mrs. Stockton to a French dinner (which he certainly never would have done had he continued to live on this side of the bay), but that he should go and tell about it afterwards—ah, that was so very like a freshman that the influence of the University is apparent to the meanest understanding.

IN the interest of the good name of the revenue service, the **TOWN CRIER** appeals to the Treasury Department to dismiss all charges against the officers of the Bear. Then let her be rechristened the Racket, send her up north again, and keep her there.

PADEREWSKI has publicly ranked Donald de V. Graham as one of the great musical artists of the world. He is, but we have others. Paderewski should have heard Dan Polk on the banjo, accompanied by Willis on the comb.

LAST Sunday witnessed an event in the history of San Francisco journalism which will long be honorably and gratefully remembered. The Examiner contained only one indecent picture.

THE Christoforo Colombo, and all it contains, has arrived at Los Angeles. Gentlemen, you have our sincere sympathy.

NOW that Morton street has been cleared, it is to be hoped the reformers will turn their attention to the churches.

THE New Woman may have Miss Overman; the old sort do not want her.

DR. POND, by his defense of Durrant and the Overman person, has succeeded in getting the quizzical public eye focused upon himself. Verily, this reverend gentleman is of so simple a disposition that his name sounds too vulgar for him. He should be a Pool—a sweet, clear, babbling Pool.

PROFESSOR Davidson is now desirous of discovering the north magnetic pole. Let us fit up an expedition composed of members of our Academy of Sciences and send them off to explore it. It might cost us a round sum but in the end we should be the gainers.

THE recital of Mrs. Stockton's baptism by the Very Rev. Dr. Brown excites interest as to what fluid was used. Considering the lady's thick skin, plain water must have been inefficacious; possibly it was strengthened by a little whiskey.

IF the veteran Woman Suffragists will only leave us poor men alone and give some healthy advice to the misguided irrepressibles of their own sex, we shall be much beholden to them and will attend their meetings in large numbers.

THE relatives of a deceased gentleman were greatly shocked because no minister was invited to the cemetery. Had the precaution only included the doctor in the first place, there would have been no subsequent festivities whatever.

THE rejection by the Supervisors of a design for a Stevenson fountain, on account of its crudity and general unworthiness, is to be regretted. Had it been erected, the designer might eventually have hanged himself thereon.

NOT content with forcing his wretched ravings upon us through the daily papers, the Rev. Donald Ross now intends embodying them in a book. May the printer demand his pay in advance and thus save us this new infiction.

SUSAN B. Anthony states that the women will work with any party, Democratic or Republican, willing to insert a suffrage plank in its platform. Here beginneth the first lesson in woman's ideas of principle!

SEXTON Pike deserves much credit for withstanding the onslaughts made by numerous irresponsible hags seeking admission to the Congregational Council. He will be a fit successor to St. Peter some day.

THOUGH Footes may talk of bloody war,
And shake their fists in dire heat,
A lawyer fights but with his jaw,
Except when he can use his feet.

WHY the proceedings of the Church Council should be opened with prayer, is hard to see. Probably to propitiate an offended Deity and keep him from smashing in the roof of the church building.

THE proprietor of Judge has been honoring us with his presence, presumably being in search of humorous matter. He should attend a few meetings of our Chamber of Commerce.

THE Rev. Anna Shaw's latest stereotyped lecture is on "The New Man." This title was given it, presumably, owing to her failure to secure one of the old variety.

WHETHER Congregationalism shall become a byword in this city or not depends largely upon what verdict the Council may render in the present disgusting scandal.

THE Police Commissioners deserve credit for weeding out incompetent policemen from the force. It is good to know that the "pull" is not always effective.

THE Bulletin states that women become self-assertive only upon necessity. Our experience is that matrimony is also responsible for much of it.

MAYOR Sutro is desirous of securing attractions for the terminus of the Cliff House road. Move the Morgue out thither; fresh arrivals daily.

DR. Harmon's advice to merchants to beware of typewriters is timely. They are as dangerous as widows, gentlemen, and not half as interesting.

THE CRIER suggests that the lepers be housed in the First Congregational Church—that is if they have no objections to such quarters.



A Book of the Week.*

The cleverness of Mrs. Atherton's works appears to be of the intermittent order. She scintillates like a flash light for a time and we blink at her brilliancy, and then, again, we find ourselves in gloom. In her last story, "A Whirl Asunder," there are passages which remind us of her old-time power; there are, also, evidences of heaviness, and almost of degeneracy. In her earlier works she depended, as a good writer should, on her power of placing her words before us in language true to nature, but here we see the symptoms of decay, because she appeals to our lower passions, and writes in language suitable for the divorce court or the race track. "Vigorous" language is as sure a sign of an unbalanced mind in a novelist as vulgar emphases are of the growth of the influences which control the pot-house in the man of the world. And that Mrs. Atherton can write "vigorously" is undeniable. At times she uses her pen as one would a sledge hammer, but in "A Whirl Asunder" she is not only "vigorous," for she is indecorous as well. We do not remember having read a book for some months that is more calculated to excite young men or young women than this one. Some people may, indeed, think the outbursts of passion in the book are merely realistic, but we think them vulgar. According to our ideas, the heroine of the book, Helena Belmont, is a degraded variety of Bret Harte's "M'liss" and "Miggles," and, if we are right, Mrs. Atherton's book will be generally condemned; for no one will contend that "M'liss" and "Miggles" were to be admired for their refinement or culture. In fact, Helena Belmont suggests the word "sensational," and, while the portrayal of the sensationalist in literature may, and often does, demand exceptional skill, this skill is something that Mrs. Atherton does not give us in "A Whirl Asunder." It does not require much ability to picture a woman who, for passion's sake, courts the society of the men and puts temptation in their way, as Helena Belmont does. Indeed, no more disingenuous *ingenue* was ever put into a book of fiction. She offends her friends, insults her enemies, and outrages the social customs of her surroundings to an extent that would make a woman in real life shunned as a leper. What could have tempted Mrs. Atherton to picture a young woman of Helena Belmont's waywardness, and make a heroine of her, we cannot imagine. Just think of a girl making a man sit up with her all night in a red-wood forest! And yet this is what Helena Belmont does to a young Englishman, who, however, proves to be more than a match for this woman of outrageous ways. She knows that for this young man is engaged to marry her friend, and yet she tells him that he hasn't nerve enough to kiss her! She was tempting him, and she succeeded in making him kiss her in public. She fascinates, but it is the fascination of Satan, and the young man remains faithful to his *fiancée*; the friend of Helena Belmont, Mary Gordon.

But Helena Belmont knows no friendship, no honor, no truth, and she determines to compromise the young Englishman so that he will be forced to marry her. At least this is what we are to infer from her conduct. The young Englishman was weak enough to agree that "they should love each other for two weeks." And so "for two weeks" mouth is pressed to mouth, and Mrs. Atherton works on the passions of her readers in a way that reminds us more of the haunts of the *demi monde*, and the character painting of Dumas the younger, than that of an honest woman writing for honest people. We can fancy young people, after reading this book, having their passions aroused; for this work, instead of cultivating a desire to control them, does all it can to bring them into play. Helena Belmont even traps the young Englishman into her dressing room—in fact, when in her "nightie," with her hair down and other *ugly* surroundings. She intended to have him caught, and she hoped by this means, to be able to break off his engagement with Mary Gordon. And what happened there—? Well, that the reader must find out. But

she fails, after all, and this is the one redeeming feature in the book. The Englishman is true to Mary Gordon, although he does not love her, and the machinations of Helena Belmont fail. Women of this kind may be what the Germans call "anatomically chaste," but they are mentally immoral. They are more dangerous than the strumpets who walk Market street, and Mrs. Atherton cannot add to her reputation by making a heroine of one of them. The Englishman is finally killed, and does not marry either his temptress or his *fiancée*. And so we close the book, glad, however, that we read it in order that we may label it "Dangerous and Unsafe."

"A WHIRL ASUNDER," by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

William Dean Howells in his last book, "The Day of Their Wedding," would have us believe that a young Shaker marries another Shaker, and, after the ceremony, they give each other a formal embrace in public and then part to meet as man and wife no more. The idea he wishes to convey is that habit and environment may be stronger than love. Of course, the story is well told, but it is contrary to nature. It is, in fact, "fiction" in more ways than one.

When we say that certain men are "students of international law," the inference is that they are profoundly wise, wear goggles, and spend their days among the dusty volumes of neglected book shelves. But any one who takes the trouble to read Professor Moulton's treatise on the subject, will find that international law is not a difficult subject to master at all.

The Westminster Gazette prints the following, with apologies to the shade of Dryden:

"Two Alfreds in one generation born
The Laureatships of England did adorn;
But Nature found the first throes so exhausting,
That after Tennyson she bore an Austin."

"The Bible in Literature" may well be compared in beauty to the poems of Wordsworth, the plays of Shakespeare, the essays of Bacon, and the histories of Motley all in one. Professor Richard G. Moulton's book on this subject is an admirable illustration of the unthought-of literary beauties in the Book of Books.

The Publishers' Circular shows that in Great Britain the output of books is as follows: Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five a day; educational books, two a day; art and science, two every week; histories or biographies, six a week; and law, one every two weeks. Total for the year, 3466.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been speaking disrespectfully of the dead languages. He said: "A knowledge of the dead languages has generally been found to hamper a man in every walk of life except schoolmastering, which is the perpetuation of the follies of our ancestors."

Ian Maclaren (the Rev. John Watson) was 45 years of age before he became known to the public as an author.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story is to be called "Hilda Stafford."

A trip to Japan is needless while George T. Marsh, 625 Market St., still keeps his present fine stock of Japanese art goods.

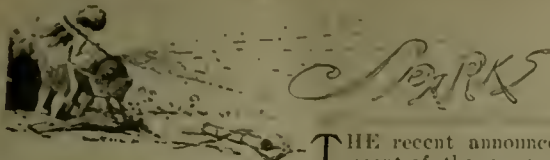
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THE recent announcement of the engagement of young Walter Hobart to beautiful Miss Hannah Williams has been so long surmised in the swim it naturally has not occasioned surprise therein. Some few there are who professed not to have believed it would ever come a matrimonial knot, but the great majority are simply delighted, and the young couple are overwhelmed with congratulations on all sides. Mr. Hobart is to be specially congratulated, not only for having won so beautiful a girl for his wife, but for his wise selection in other respects. Not alone is Miss Hannah Williams blessed with exceptional good looks, but she is a lady born and bred, of charming disposition, and generally beloved by her friends. That she will add lustre to the name which the young millionaire will bestow upon her goes without saying, and society may consider itself fortunate in a future hostess whose tact and breeding will adorn the position great wealth will bring her.

It begins to look as though a match was not only possible but decidedly probable between an auburn haired millionaire and an auburn tressed daughter of one. If this prove true we may look for more "announcements" in the Eastertide, as matrimony, once started, becomes epidemic in the spring, when the poets tell us "the young man's fancy turns to love."

Widower Hugh is another in society's ranks who is credited with matrimonial intentions. Every one on the inside has known for a long time of the *tendresse* existing between him and the gazelle-eyed daughter of the capitalist, but only recently has it been said that his suit has been favored.

Every one hopes that the suit against the estate of the late capitalist, Charles Mayne, will not result in depriving the charming Miss May Hoffman of the legacy left her by that gentleman. The young lady has been warmly welcomed upon her return from the East.

One would be led to suppose either that Mr. McMullin passed his wife's house at stated periods only, or that Mrs. Virginia McMullin passed her days on the look out, as he states that every time he gazed on his son at the window the mother pulled him away!

On dit, the eldest daughter of the house of Hager has at length concluded to bestow her maidenly affection upon a worthy son of a wealthy sire. Rumor has for so many seasons been busy in the bestowal of this charming young lady upon different admirers in turn, but without any reason, that society has been chary in believing what gossip said. But it appears that the latest item is serious.

An amiable young matron, now a resident of the rural districts, has been doing her best to bring together the scions of two of the "old set" families in the holy estate of matrimony. According to gossip, her efforts seem likely to be crowned with success, and what a following she will then have! There's Emily, Bessie, Lily O. and Lily L., Fanny, Jessie, and Sue—all her great favorites, and each one ready to smile when the matron says "do."

"You tickle me and I'll tickle you" seems to be the translation of the effusive gush exchanged between musicians of late.

The girls say the Hohart engagement ring is as gorgeous as a locomotive headlight. Now they are wondering if Emily will take J. D. or J. A., both being devoted; though now that Miss Laura is back the former will not be so free to lavish his devotion.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.



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Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

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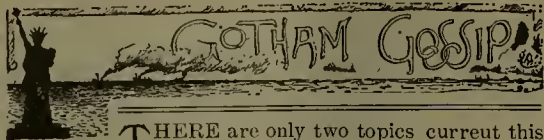
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THERE are only two topics current this week—La Loie Fuller and the Spiritualists' Convention. It is true that they are as widely apart as the Poles, but they have nevertheless one thing in common—the power of drawing big houses. At the Madison Square Garden there was an assemblage of several thousand yesterday, most of them firm believers in spiritualism, and a very interesting crowd it was. Coarseness of feature or demeanor was in the minority. The prevailing types were characterized by dignity and sweetness, and they all looked very bappy. Cora Richmond, the inspirational speaker, presided, and there were numerous mediums present, who gave "tests," which seemed cutirely satisfactory to those who received the messages. It is surprising to find how very widespread the interest, if not the faith, in spiritualism has become, and its adherents number many men of scientific and literary renown.

The other eugrossing topic—La Loie—is the pivot on which turns at present all the success at Koster & Bial's. This young woman is a fine example of what perseverance will do. Nature did not make her beautiful, but she gave her brains and a will which have served her well. I understood that she is to receive sixteen thousand dollars for her three weeks' engagement at the music hall, which is not bad for a small young woman. Her new dances are marvels of beauty. It is in the arrangements of the electric lights that the novelty lies, for the serpentine dance, so called, is always the same, and for that matter is no dance at all. The costumes worn by La Loie are very beautiful, but it surely requires enormous muscle to manipulate eighty yards of cloth, which is the measure, I believe, of one of her gowns. The rainbow dance, in which prismatic colors are flung on the figure, has been made familiar here, but the dance of fire is entirely new, beautiful, and startling. Lost in the whirl of draperies, the slender figure seems enveloped in flame; waving sheets of fire encircle her, tongues of flame shoot out in every direction in obedience to the dancer's movements, and one holds one's breath, half fearful of seeing her consumed before one's eyes. It is her most successful effort. I hope you may see it.

Something of gossip has been in the air since the announcement a few days ago that the sisters of the late Mrs. Charles Osborn—Howell Osborn's mother—were contesting Mrs. Osborn's will. It seems rather late in the day for a contest to begin, since the lady died five years ago, and Howell, her chief heir, just a year ago, but the contestants seem determined, and assert that they have a very strong case. One of Mrs. Osborn's sisters is Mrs. Henriques. Her husband, "Billy" Henriques, was assaulted by the well-known clubman, Frank Ellison, a few years ago, since which event Mr. Ellison has been "doing time" in gloomy Sing Sing. Her daughter, Mrs. Leila Neame, is the heroine of a divorce suit in which Ellison figures conspicuously. Should the will be broken, I fancy the gentle Fay will assert her rights, since there remains no manner of doubt that she had long been not Fay Templeton, but Fay Templeton Osborn. She is singing at the Olympia still, and is, as usual, an immense card. I see her now and then in the Park, in a smart hansom drawn by a dashing pair of grays. She is very handsome nowadays, having got rid of her superfluous flesh, and regained her shapeliness.

I suppose the wires have regaled you with the news of the Holladay-Huntington marriage. It was practically the opening of the magnificent

The Sun

for bleaching clothes; Pearline for washing them. Just remember that. You can't change any colors with Pearline, but if you want brightness and freshness and newness brought back, then Pearline. The ease, the safety, my, the time and saving of washed — these are not the only points that recommend Pearline. The work is done better, all through. Bright-women, who have proved this for themselves, have used hundreds of millions of packages. 421



house in Fifth avenue, about which there have been so many conflicting stories. It was generally thought that the Huntingtons had abandoned the idea of living in New York, and that they were going to sell the house, Charles Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, being spoken of as the probable purchaser. The wedding party on Tuesday was not large, and there were few guests outside of the families of the bride and groom. The young people have gone South for their honeymoon.

Mrs. Albert Gihon, the younger, has recovered from her recent dangerous illness, and with her husband and little daughter, Dorothy, will sail for Europe early in May. Mrs. Gihon has just come into a very handsome fortune.

The news of two deaths in San Francisco during the week, those of Jerome Lincoln and Mrs. Clara Guion, both of whom had an extensive acquaintance here, has caused genuine grief. Mrs. Guion was a woman of rare talents, and in her stately old age showed many traces of her early beauty.

Dr. and Mrs. Henderson are in Paris, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Smith, of Oakland, are also in the great clean city. "Al." Wieland and J. F. Siebe are still on their travels, and at last accounts were in Egypt, just starting up the Nile.

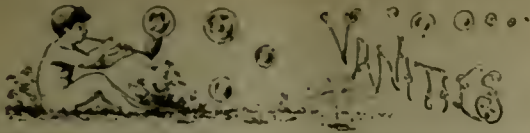
New York, Feb. 27, 1896.

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when ordinary specifics fail. It restores strength to the weakened organs and gives the system the force needed to throw off the disease.

50c. and \$1 at all druggists.



DEAR EDITH—The sunshine will bring the colors to the front again. This is good news, indeed; and, I understand, will apply to the trimmings for the hats we can wear for the season. One of the most attractive little hats I have seen is made of bright green straw, draped with green and white tulle, and trimmed with white gardenias and a group of white quills. Gardenias are the favorites to-day, it seems. Another pretty hat of the same kind as the other is of violet straw, with the open brim trimmed with three bunches of different colored violets, either side being decorated with erect loops of mauve and green ribbon. From Paris I hear that the floral toques will make their appearance again, a favorite combination being violets with scarlet geraniums, the latter flower being used osprey-fashion. Furthermore, I hear of trimmings made entirely of different colored roses in combination with azaleas. Primroses are also much used as decorations this season. Every girl in the city will look pretty now, dear, won't they?

How glad every one will be if the big sleeves are really doomed. Recent designs show the billows of fabric held in to almost arm smoothness; they have slipped down, too, in their starting point, proclaiming a return to the tapering shoulder effect, and the drooping fishu trimming that comes with them seems to indicate that the pointed Louis Seize bodice is only a question of a little time. When that arrives we shall forget that halloo sleeves ever were.

I saw a pretty walking gown yesterday. It is made of zibeline, in the stylish green, and the whole front breadth consists of a deep box-pleat, quite narrow at the top, broadening as it reaches the bottom of the skirt. On either side of it are laid box-pleats, flaring at the bottom, covered, before they are pleated, with hraid beginning high on the sides and sloping down in front to end under the box-pleat. A tiny belt of black satin, scarcely more than a thread, goes across the two pleats to finish them in front, and these are, furthermore, decorated with five huttons, three on the skirt and two on the corsage.

At a tea last week, I saw a very handsome silk worn by a graceful girl there. It was in chameleon effect, throwing the colors of violet, green, and brown. It had a full godet skirt lined with violet silk and a full blouse bodice. The skirt was trimmed about the bottom with a little puff of the silk, and the flounce was trimmed with hretelles of brown glace ribbon, with a green cord edge. The sleeves were in full elbow puffs, and had lower sleeves of fine green gauze made into little puffs and extending over the hands in little frills. About the throat the girl wore a sweet ruche of brown gauze, and the whole effect was admirable.

One thing I am thankful for is that the weather allows us to wear our black silk alpacas again. Black alpaca is the ideal for a spring dress. The newest make of this has somewhat the surface of a coarse canvas, but is exceedingly lustrous. The white silk linings for dresses have already begun to show signs of degeneration, turning to a faint pearl-grey, which is anything but attractive. However, I think that the white silk linings will soon come back again; indeed, I intend using it in my black alpaca, that is to say in the bodice. For the skirt I contemplate a Brodingnagian check in black and white and yellow.

Speaking about yellow reminds me that there is a new yellow, called the Regent—after the mother of the little King of Spain. It is of a very light tint and will be much used in spring fabrics.

Violet water perfumes will be the fashionable ones this year. One very beautiful essence, said to have the exact odor of the real flower, is being sold at \$4 50 per ounce. One hundred double violets are required to produce one teaspoonful of the perfume. Just fancy! Make Jack huy you a hottle, dear.

BELINDA.

ANNIE L. SPONE, the well-known fashionable milliner, has just returned from New York, where she secured for her new store, 217 Post street, all the latest efforts of the leading Parisian and New York modistes. The stock which will be exhibited commencing Monday next has never been surpassed, for elegance and completeness, in this city.



MME. MARCHAND'S GREME DE LA GREME.

A delightful preparation for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Awarded diploma at Mechaules' Fair, 1895, for superior merit.

Samples of Creme de la Creme given away.



Endorsed by
W. T. Wenzell, M.D., Ph.G.
Ph M.
Wm. M. Searhy, Ph. C.
C. F. Jones, Ph. C.
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Dr. Lichau,
Dr. Murphy, and others.

MME. MARCHAND, Hair and Complexion Specialist,
Rooms 30 to 41, 121 Post St. Taher's entrance. Telephone 1349.
Send for booklet.

Phone, Red 361.



Marcus S. Harloe

Successor to S. W. Dixon.

237 Kearny Street, S. F.

Fine Hats a Specialty.

R. LIDDLE Co.

110 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

Write for Catalogue.

Fine
Goods
Cheap.

"In the
Field of
Sports."

New hook free

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Con. California & Virginia Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the Fourth (4th) day of March, 1896, an assessment, No. 6, of thirty cents (30c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payments made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 28th day of April, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.
OFFICE—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Potosi Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Potosi Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, the 11th DAY OF MARCH, 1896, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Monday, March 9, at 1 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
OFFICE—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11th, A. D. 1896, at 1 o'clock P. M. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, the (7th) day of March, 1896, at (12) twelve o'clock M. A. B. THOMPSON, Sec'y.



AN OLD SONG.—E. B. PECK IN DETROIT FREE PRESS.

THE first love is the best love,
And through the changing years
Wherever I may wander,
My first love's face appears,
Within the shrine of memory
No other face may rest
Upon my heart as hers does—
The first love is the best.

The first love is the best love:
No other voice as sweet
Comes softly with fond cadences
My happy ears to greet,
As hers, with accents tender,
That once my name caressed.
Dear heart, still unforgotten—
"The first love is the best."

The first love is the best love,
O sweetheart, dear to me,
Who, by my side unfaltering,
Hast kept so faithfully;
When in my face you smiling look,
Your eyes make manifest
That rare, true song of days of old;
"The first love is the best."

LYRIC.—ROBERT HERRICK.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race he run,
And nearer he's to setting.
That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.
Then he not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may go marry;
For having once but lost your prime
You may forever tarry.

LYRIC.—S. M. CROKER.

Girl of the blue eye,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the dew eye,
Love me!
Worlds hang for lamps on high,
And thought's world lives in thy
Lustrous and tender eye,
Girl of the blue eye, love me!
Girl of the low voice
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
Like the echo of a hell,
Like the babbling of a well,
Sweeter! Love within doth dwell.
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!

TO-NIGHT.—KATE FIELD'S WASHINGTON.

To-night I almost envy you
Your quiet bed that seems
Too narrow for the coming in
Of any noise or dreams.
So when the earth is not too hard—
A moist and pleasant mold—
With daudleions here and there,
Like scattered bits of gold,
Then maybe I shall break my way
The earth and grasses through,
And smiling with my drowsy eyes
Shall come to sleep with you.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of the Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,502,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt, Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamher of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSONE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$800,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000
HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Sellman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers.
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



Miss Hogaboom (of Chicago)—And what profession is your brother in, Lord Shortcash? LORD SHORTCASH—Oh, when Algeron leaves Oxford, I fancy he will take orders! Miss HOGABOOM (surprised)—Yes? Well, there are some real nice gentlemen travelling for pa.—Tit-Bits.

She—Tell me if I am the only girl you ever loved. HE—I—well, I will be square with you. I will admit that I have done a good many little odd jobs of loving—summer resorts and all that sort of thing—but this is the first time I ever took a permanent contract.

"I hardly know how to begin, sir," said the would-be son-in-law, as a starter. "Permit me to help you out," said the old man. The words were polite enough, but the young man thought he saw a glare, and got out unassisted.—Indianapolis Journal.

Wheeler—And don't you think the bicycle will be useful in warfare? WALKER—No. I doubt if it will ever get farther than its present status as a mere instrument for assault and battery.—Indianapolis Journal.

Yeast—I believe in battle the musicians always go to the rear? CRIMSONBEAK—Yes; and that is the reason so many would-be soldiers think they would be willing to face the music.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lady at the Door—I believe in my heart you are the same tramp I gave a piece of pie to a few days ago. TRAMP—No, ma'am; you're mistaken. He's dead.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Oh, Kate! are you not ashamed of yourself to allow the cook to kiss you?" "Yes, ma'am; for three weeks I am telling him not to do it, but he understands no English."—Texas Siftings.

Minnie—I never noticed before that this mirror had a wrinkle in it. MAMIE—I thought you were able to see wrinkles in any mirror you looked into.—Indianapolis Journal.

First Reporter—I tried to interview a milkman yesterday. SECOND REPORTER—What did he talk about? FIRST REPORTER—Nothing. He refused to be pumped.

"Mamma, do you think Uncle Barney will go to heaven?" "I hope so, Johnny. Why?" "Cause he won't if the Lord knows him as well as I do."—Chicago Tribune.

Father—Why did you permit young Mashman to kiss you in the parlor last night? DAUGHTER—Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Hobbs, your little boy is getting horribly rough." "Yes, I must stop his going around with his mother on bargain days."—Chicago Record.

She—Why don't you talk to me as if you loved me? HE (absent minded)—I'm so horribly out of practice.—Detroit Free Press.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to get a bicycle." "Dear me," said Mr. Peck, mildly, "isn't one man enough for you to run over?"

"I am sorry that I have broken your vase. Was it valuable?" "It was old Sevres." "O! I was afraid it might be new."

"How did that criminal evade the detective so long?" "Why, he rented a room in the same flat with him."—Chicago Record.

Visitor—Do you think the baby resembles his pa? MOTHER—Oh, yes; he keeps me up late every night.

"Don't you think my hat a dream?" "Yes. What did you eat the night before?"—Detroit Tribune.

Lady Patient—Doctor, what do you do when you burn your mouth with hot coffee? DOCTOR—Swear.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President; S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON, President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Consolidated National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Hermann; Secretary, George Tourney Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Helneken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord Jerome Lincoln H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 13 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1869.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—302 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS. AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET, PHELAN BUILDING



IN the year 1360, three Armeuian monks, of the Order of St. Basil, applied to King Edward III. for protection from the Pagans. The chronicles of the period thus word the end of the letter: "Wherefore we can no longer dwell here, as they do most cruelly slaughter our kind; and we pray the King and his Keeper to save us from the cruel Mussulman."

—The family fortune of the Gladstones was made in British Guiana, where his father owned a great sugar estate, and was also a large slave owner. One of the first speeches made by the Grand Old Man was in defense of West Indian slavery just before the passage of the act abolishing it in 1833.

—Mme. Pasteur and her daughter were the devoted helps of the late scientist during his investigations of the silk worm epidemic of 1849. Pasteur would often refer to them as sharing the honor of his great discovery. A statue is to be erected to his memory at Melun, near Fontainebleau.

—Shortly after Stepniak's death, in London, the Russian papers began to fill their columns with articles about the great Nihilist. It was he who assassinated Adjutant-General Mezentsoff, the chief of the political police, by stabbing him in the streets of St. Petersburg, in 1878.

—Dr. Fridjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is not yet forty years of age. For three years previous to his present voyage he devoted his entire attention to the branches of science most likely to be of service to him. He has been gone about three years on his present voyage.

—The Marquis of Salisbury was 66 years of age on February 4th. He spent fifteen years in the House of Commons, and then sat for twenty-four in the House of Lords, and is one of the greatest statesmen who ever guided the destinies of England.

—Josephine's yearly dressmakers' bills amounted to \$30,000, which was a greater amount than Marie Louise or Queen Hortense ever dared spend. The fashionable dressmaker of that period was Leroy, whose creations equalled those of the late Worth.

—Dr. Burggrave, of Ghent, has passed his hundredth year, and is now engaged in writing a book on longevity. A contented mind and a happy heart, he holds, prolong life more than dieting and regular hours of sleep.

—A unique collection of 1000 volumes relating to the history of women in all lands and ages, has been presented by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson to the Boston Public Library. The collection was begun in 1846.

—Few people have had the opportunity of tasting the flesh of the iguana, or big lizard, of South America. The thick tail is considered the most delicate part, and has a flavor between that of chicken and rabbit.

—Mme. Bernhardt intends having a yacht built with a saloon that can be used as a theatre where performances may be given at various ports. She contemplates a trip to India in the near future.

—The Shah of Persia owns a small cube of gold covered with strange Oriental letters and characters. It is supposed to have fallen from Heaven during the time of Mohammed.

—Mr. Rider Haggard is about to leave England for South Africa again, having a new novel in contemplation. He was lately elected chairman of the Incorporated Society of Authors.

—Miss Ethel Reed, of Boston, who is shortly to marry Philip Hale, the son of the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, is said to be the greatest woman designer of posters.

—Bismarck claims that a well formed lower lip indicates perseverance. When it is developed to excess it shows willfulness.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are the simplest, quickest and most effectual remedy for Bronchitis, Asthma and Throat Diseases.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. - - - - - San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO.....2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO.

Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

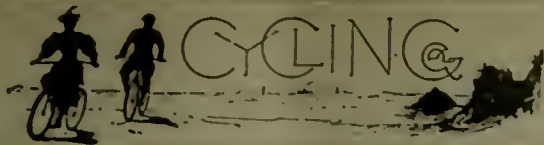
DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 638 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills. \$2. Send for circular.

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.



THE bicycle has been put to many uses already. Dr. Hoenig, a German physician, has constructed a machine which he calls the cyclo-ambulance. It is a canvas-covered car, containing a litter, and rests on four wheels, and has another wheel in front to be pedaled by the cyclist. If necessary, another cyclist can be accommodated at the rear. The top of the car can be taken off and the patient laid on the litter. A glazed window permits the cyclist to watch the patient, and an aperture in the side of the car affords access to him when he needs assistance. The Berlin papers state that the machine is in use there and can be guided about the streets with apparent ease.

THE action of the Mutual Accident Insurance Underwriters, agreeing that bicycling is a hazardous occupation and must be covered by an increase of premium, is open to criticism. Few accidents occur, and a good bicyclist is less liable to accidents than a man who does not ride, because he becomes naturally cautious. The Life Insurance Companies will surely be the gainers in the long run, because the race will be materially benefited. Proper use of the wheel is one of the best cures for insomnia, incipient nervous prostration, and the ills that follow overwork and long hours in confined occupations. Many a doctor's bill can be saved by judicious exercise.

THE following table of gears for 23-inch wheels will be of service to many riders.

Rear sprocket.	Driving sprocket.	Gear in inches.	Rear sprocket.	Driving sprocket.	Gear in inches.
7	16	64	8	16	56
7	17	68	8	17	59½
7	18	72	8	18	63
7	19	76	8	19	66½
7	20	80	8	20	70
7	21	84	8	21	73½
7	22	88	8	22	77
7	23	92	8	23	80½
7	24	96	8	24	84
7	25	100	8	25	87½
7	26	104	8	26	91
7	27	108	8	27	94½
7	28	112	8	28	98
7	29	116	8	29	101½
7	30	120	8	30	105

THE new folding wheel is meeting with genuine approval. To dwellers in flats it will be a boon, likewise to men who ride down to their office and have no place to store it. The German military authorities are having five thousand built for the use of the army.

It is a fact worthy of notice that women seem to be doing nearly all the riding nowadays. Two-thirds of the wheels manufactured are for ladies, which goes far to prove that they know what is beneficial for them.

Young ladies must not forget that until leap year is over they should always ride on the rear seat of the tandem. To do otherwise will bring bad luck.

FEW artists have met with the phenomenal success which has fallen to the lot of Mr. Charles Walter Stetson, a New England painter who has lately been sojourning in Pasadena. His work began to attract attention in Boston in 1883, where, owing to its color and originality, it immediately commanded a large figure. After that, art lovers all over the country began to pick out his work wherever it was on exhibition and most of the largest private collections in the Eastern cities are enriched by his landscapes or portraits. Mr. Stetson is at present giving an exhibition of his finer work, at Vickery's art gallery, on Post street, which will doubtless be well attended.

To love oysters is to live for ever. The best Eastern and Californian can be had of Moraghan, Stalls 68-70 California Market.

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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms, Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Dr. H. G. Young,
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Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter street.

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CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.



IT almost seems as though the prophecy that 1896 is to be an exceptional year will come true, for snow in March is, indeed, a novelty hereabouts—in fact, has never been known since the settlement of the State—so that San Franciscans might well make the query, “whither are we drifting?” to find themselves in its cold embrace so late in the winter. When the first flakes fell some of our native belles, to whom the article is an almost unknown quantity, cherished visions of possible sleigh rides, of the delights of which friends in the East have filled their imaginations; but, alas, the snow for them proved but a fleeting show, much to the gratification of the majority, it must be said, who gladly welcome the sun instead.

It goes without saying that the topic of the week has been the announcement of Miss Hannah Williams' engagement to Walter Hobart, which has been a foregone conclusion for some time past, and, therefore, scarcely a surprise when it was at last made known to the public. An elaborate dinner given by Miss Ella Hobart was the medium chosen for conveying the information; it took place last Friday, and was a most charming affair, twenty-four being seated at the beautifully appointed table, all of whom received the news with many expressions of delight and warm congratulations for the happy couple. The wedding will take place at an early date, and will, it is understood, be on a grand scale.

One of the events of last week was the very pleasant reception given by Mrs. James and her daughter, Mrs. Walter Graves, at their residence on Howard street, on Friday evening. The rooms were handsomely decorated; there was dancing and an elaborate supper at midnight, after which dancing was resumed for a couple of hours. On Saturday, Miss Jennie Catherwood gave a jolly little informal tea *d'adieu*, prior to her departure South; but the one which was to have taken place at Mrs. Robert McLane's on the same day, was, owing to that lady's illness, indefinitely postponed.

Dinners, luncheons, and receptions in honor of engaged couples have been the rule of late. Of the former, Miss Stella Greenebaum and Alfred Simon were the chief guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, as was also the fair bride-elect at Miss Helen Schweitzer's luncheon party, while Mrs. Ehrman's dinner was in honor of Miss Jennie Schwabacher and Charles Rosenbaum, for whom also Miss Minna Schwabacher gave a theatre party on Monday evening, followed by supper at the Maison Riche; and this evening Mrs. Schwabacher gives a reception at her residence on Jackson street. Miss Ella Goodall's luncheon was in honor of Miss Fanny Crocker, and Mrs. Homer King's guests were invited to meet Miss Mattie Whittier. The recent dinner given by Mrs. Schwabacher, of Clay street, was in compliment to Mrs. Max Oppenheimer, of New York; the Sbarboro dinner, on Friday last, was a farewell to the officers of the *Christoforo Colombo*, after which there was music and dancing. Mrs. George Pope's dinner was a welcome home to Miss May Hoffman, who has been spending the winter in the East, and, *par parenthese*, other absentees will soon be with us again in the persons of Mrs. and Miss Regua, and Miss Julia Crocker. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's luncheon, at the University Club, was for Miss Jennie Sherwood, of Spokane.

There have been a number of pleasant gatherings this week. The Forum Club, in the Maple Room of the Palace, listened with delight to the “talk” of Fred Warde on Monday afternoon, who chose Shakespeare and his works for his theme; and on Wednesday afternoon lectured on the same subject at Golden Gate Hall for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange. Assuredly a novelty, and a pleasing one, too, was the Oriental musicale at the rooms of the Presbyterian Mission, on Sacramento street, last Monday, which were prettily decorated with American, Chinese and Japanese flags, lanterns, and bric-a-brac, while the gorgeous

attire of many of the Chinese visitors added in no slight degree to the general effect. There were recitations, music vocal and instrumental, taken part in by Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Armenians, South Sea Islanders and Syrians, tea and Oriental refreshments, and the visitors both afternoon and evening voted the affair delightful. The ladies of the New Jerusalem Church, on O'Farrell street, gave an “old maids' tea party” in the parlors of the church last evening. To-day Mrs. Curtis-O'Sullivan will hold an exhibition of her paintings in her old studio on Montgomery avenue, to which a large number of cards have been issued. In this connection it may be said that it is with pleasure the announcement is heard that the Guild of Arts and Crafts are to give an exhibition in April.

A pretty home wedding was the one in which Miss Sophie Martin and Julian Liebes were the bride and groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Rabbi Nieto at the home of the bride on Franklin street, amid lovely floral surroundings, and in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride, who wore an elegant robe of gray satin trimmed with duchesse lace, was attended by Miss Jeffreys Martin as maid-of-honor, who was attired in white organdie and blue silk; Miss Elsie Liebes and Miss Beekie Martin as bridesmaids, who were gowned alike in blue silk and white lace. M. J. Lyon was the groom's best man. An elaborate breakfast was served at the conclusion of the ceremony, and later in the day the happy pair left for a brief visit South, but the real honeymoon trip will consist of an extended tour of the world, on which they will depart next week.

The first wedding which has taken place in the new Synagogue, on Bush street, was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon, when the Rev. Julius Fryer tied the nuptial knot of Miss Selma Altmeyer and Joseph M. Jacobi. Miss Cora Altmeyer officiated as her sister's maid-of-honor, Alexander Jacobi supporting the groom as best man. After the ceremony a reception and bridal dinner was given at the home of the bride's parents, on Turk street.

Next week's weddings will include those of Miss Georgia Wightman and Douglas B. Crane, at St. Stephen's Church, on Monday at noon; of Miss Stella Greenebaum and Alfred Simon, at the home of the bride on Wednesday; and in Oakland Miss Lou Bromwell and Shelby Martin will be the bride and groom who are to be united by the Rev. Robert Ritchie at the bride's home on Madison street.

Recent engagements include that of Miss Anna Duprey and Orville Baldwin, both of whom are yet busy with their studies, and the wedding day therefore some time in future.

Entertainments for the Italian Prince and the officers of the Italian frigate were kept up, afloat and ashore almost to the hour of their sailing on Sunday morning, and included a tea which the Prince gave to a limited number on board the ship on Thursday, on Friday some of the officers doing likewise. Paderewski has also gone from our gaze, but with the promise of coming this way again in the near future. He was delighted with the hospitalities extended to him, not the least charming of them being the violet and daffodil breakfast at Mrs. Alfred Bouviere's, who invited a number of music-loving ladies and gentlemen to meet him and violinist Marsick.

Great interest is being taken by our foreign residents in the *bal poudré* which will be given at the San Francisco Verein club rooms on Saturday evening next. The balls given by this club are always elegant affairs and eagerly anticipated, and the coming one promises to equal any gone before. It will be a Leap Year party, and entirely under the management of married ladies—wives of some of the most prominent members of the club, who have in store a number of charming novelties and surprises for the guests. The Vaudeville Club of old, which has been resurrected and reorganized for the purpose of Lenten festivities, scored a success in its initial performance. It opened with a swing at the Will Crockers', and, as Dr. Harry Tevis has been heard to express his approval of the programme arranged by Mrs. Kaufman, no more need be said. *On dit*, that versatile young medico is to have his say regarding several of the meetings of this close corporation in the future, when some startling novelties may be counted upon with certainty.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice have gone to Colusa, where they will remain until Easter. On their return to the city they will be at the Richeieu for several weeks. Quite a number of our residents are on the eve of departure for lengthened trips abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Roth and their family expect to leave ere the close of this month, and anticipate an absence of some duration. Among others who sail in April for Europe are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle, Mr. and Mrs. William Hnas, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Ehrman. Mrs. M. Sachs and her daughter, and some young friends who are already on the other side, will make a prolonged tour of Europe and Asia.



Ondricek.

five orders conferred upon him by Queen Victoria, the Queen of Roumania, the Czar of Russia, the King of Italy, and the King of Denmark. Ondricek is also a senior member of almost every important musical society in the old world. Since his advent into America, Ondricek has played with the New York Philharmonic, and Thomas's Orchestra, as well as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with tremendous success. Madam

Amelia Materna, who was proclaimed by the immortal Wagner himself as the world's greatest dramatic prima donna, is too well-remembered to require comment. The Ondricek-Materna concerts will be given at the Auditorium, under the management of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., on March 12th and 14th.

Dr. Luella Cool, who recently returned to Guatemala City, will leave shortly for Quezaltenango to take charge of the practice of Dr. Nyc, lately deceased. Dr. Cool will be the only dentist in that portion of the country.

The wedding of Miss Georgia M. Wightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wightman, Jr., and Mr. Douglass B. Crane, of the Occidental & Oriental S. S. Co., will take place on Monday, the 9th, at St. Stephen's Church, Fulton street, at noon.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. John Hemphill, Mrs. Hoffman and her daughters, and Louis Hersch, of Castle Brothers, are among recent arrivals from visits away from California. Mr. and Mrs. de Young are en route homewards, having sailed from Europe last Saturday.

On Tuesday last a little daughter came to the home of Charles H. Tay. According to latest reports, mother and child are both doing well.

There is another, and a genuine treat in store for the music lovers of San Francisco, in the first appearance here of Ondricek, the world-renowned Bohemian violinist, and Madam Materna, the great Wagnerian singer. In addition to these celebrated artists, there comes also Isadore Luekstone, the pianist. Ondricek is the Court Violinist to his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, and has had already



Materna.

The wedding of Miss Jane F. Masten to Mr. Edwin C. Ewell will take place on the 16th of April. Only members of the respective families and intimate friends will be present at the ceremony.

THE coming Fiesta de Los Angeles is going to be the finest in the history of that enterprising city. One of the street pageants, to take place on the night of April 23rd, will consist of some thirty beautiful floats, each portraying some famous event or characteristic scene in a sun land, ancient or modern, the idea being that all civilization had its birth in some tropic or semi-tropic land. The grand float, of course, will be Southern California—the Land of Sunshine. It is hoped that thousands of Eastern visitors will visit this State during the festival period as special accommodations and rates have been made for them.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	*7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.....	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	12:45 P
11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, El Estero, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:30 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17:30 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:37 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:35 P	San Jose and way stations.....	17:35 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
Sundays only. ‡Tuesdays and Saturdays only.
† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
§Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

English As She Is Wrote In Japan.

The following, says the Japan Gazette, is the translation of a circular issued by the Jikei-Jin, but it should be stated that the translation does not emanate from the hospital:—

PRINCIPAL PURPOSE OF YOKOHAMA "JIKEI-JIN."

The hospital is treating the disease no distinction to the high and low or the rich and poor.

The hospital is named "Jikei-Jin" Charity and it is more happy for the hospital to be last by the sympathy of merciful person.

The affair is proceeding that the house is feeling narrowly and going to add the room for disease but it cannot be done by individual, so it must rely to aid of the merciful person.

And it not only shall pay building expenses but it shall extend the favor to other poor disease and it is the principal purpose.

Soldier who was called to battle field and following coolie not only have done their duty in the shower of the hall and smoke of the gunpowder but there are much more that are wounded, lamed and suffered from cold and heat.

And it is principal purpose of the hospital to protect and help the such one.

Now I am hoping heartily to Ladies and Gentlemen to contribute cheerfully as you like.

One's names who contribute money or the article should be publish by news or other ways.

She Couldn't.

She golfed and hiked and hunted, and she emulated man

In every sport and pastime that a daring woman can;

But despite her mannish style of dress, her place in mannish strife,

She couldn't tie a four-in-hand to save her little life.

—Chicago Record.

"THEN you have learned to love me already?" he rapturously cried. Straight into the eyes of the man with a million looked she. "Yes," she answered, and her words thrilled him strangely, "I was given a thoroughly practical education."—Detroit Tribune.

"WHYFOR eez it zat a woman's face eez used on zee silver dollar in zis country?" inquired a visiting foreigner. "Because," growled the impecunious native, "it is the idiom of our language that money talks."—Detroit Free Press.

To see and listen to the wicked is already the beginning of wickedness.—Confucius.

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DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu). Saturday, March 21, 1896
CORTIC.....Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 23, 1895.		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	Fulton,	10:30 A. M.	
.....	Windsor,	
.....	8:00 A. M.	Headshurg,	7:30 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.	Geyersville,	6:15 P. M.	
.....	Cloverdale,	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
.....	land, Ukiah,	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville,	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Ukiah, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—450 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M.; March 15, 30; April 14, 21. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 24, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.: March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (La S. Angeles) and Newport, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.
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OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND and SYDNEY, S. S. MONOWAI, March 5th, at 2 P. M.

For HONOLULU, S. S. AUSTRALIA, March 10, at 10 A. M.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties March 10th and April 7th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.

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J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts.





PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View from Lafayette Park, Clay and Octavia Streets, Looking Southeast.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896.

Number 11.

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The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
tion and advertising rates.

MALTA is all very well for the Mediterranean. Our Aleatraz is good enough for us.

A FEW life sentences with hard labor are needed to stop the epidemic of burglary at present prevalent in this city.

IMPRISONMENT for life is a fit punishment for arson. The whole community is endangered by the actions of one man.

IF the gold reserve in the Treasury keeps piling up much longer, it will be necessary to build an extensive addition to that imposing building.

PUBLIC sentiment in England seems to be with Jameson and his men. The Crown, however, takes a different view of the affair, and it is not likely that they will go unpunished.

THE Japanese are studying models of United States warships. They should be bombarded with estimates by our local shipbuilders before foreign competitors get ahead of them.

MUCH praise is due Mr. Cleveland for the caution he is exercising in the Venezuelan affair. The criticism heaped upon him by certain short-sighted jingoes can not effect him in the eyes of intelligent people.

WE are likely to be regaled with much interesting matter in the coming libel suit between an ex-Managing Editor of the Examiner and "Boss" Buckley. San Francisco is kept well supplied with scandals. Let the battle proceed.

CARELESSNESS on the part of the gripman was, apparently, the cause of another accident on the Howard street line last Tuesday. These men, who refuse to stop the cars for gentlemen, should at least be forced to allow ladies to be seated before putting the cars in motion.

LITTLE, if any, importance should be attached to the revolutionary manifesto issued by Canadian republicans advocating the establishing of an independent republic. The majority of the people will not favor such a move and the whole scheme is merely one to create temporary excitement, probably on account of the school question.

WE compliment Dr. Williamson upon the firm stand he is taking in the Alms House matter. The charges against Mr. Weaver are merely trumped up to give the Governor an opportunity of providing Patrick Reddy's brother with a position. They cannot be substantiated and constitute one of the most pernicious cases of persecution we have ever heard of.

"WHITE Hat" McCarty and his son are to be arrested at last for failing to provide provender for a number of their horses on a ranch in Stanislaus County. We do not suppose that anything will ever come of the arrest, but would suggest that the two men, together with the owner of the ranch, be flogged for their brutal conduct until they literally bowl for mercy.

IT is satisfactory to know that at least one Senator is not afflicted with the Cuban madness. Senator Hale's speech will be read with approval by every person who favors law and order, and who deprecates the late outbreak of misplaced sympathy for a gang of unwashed revolutionists.

THE friends of Mr. Sternberg, accused of participating in the last election frauds, are making strenuous efforts to have him released on bail. Taking everything into consideration, we consider the County Jail the best place for Mr. Sternberg, and advocate his detention there until he is ordered to Sau Quentin.

MR. W. F. Herrin delivered a masterly argument on behalf of the Railroad before Judge McKenna in the State Railroad Commission Case on Wednesday and Thursday last. He thoroughly reviewed the law relating to freights and fares and proved that it was the duty of the courts to see that the schedules fixed by the Commission were just and reasonable to all parties.

THE English Home Secretary, after careful investigation into the case of the poisoner, Mrs. Maybrick, has decided that the sentence imposed upon her was just, and has refused to take further action in the matter. It is to be hoped that the members of the Maybrick Defense Association will now have the good sense to accept this decision as final, although they may ever be inclined to consider their own judgment superior to that of Sir Matthew W. Ridley.

WE fail to see any merit in the contemplated policy of wholesale seal extermination. The measure appears to find favor with certain erratic organs and frothy-mouthed politicians, but will certainly meet with the disapproval of all reasoning and tolerant people. Such magnified school-boy policy, put into execution, apparently, out of sheer spite and malevolence, cannot but make us appear ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of the very nation we wish to intimidate. It is hardly possible that the President, with his clear-sightedness and calm judgment, will sanction the measure to the extent proposed by its originator.

THE recent acquittal of Richard McDonald of the last but one charge against him was only to be expected. The systematic persecution of this gentleman has been one of the grossest outrages we have ever heard of. To keep a man in jail for a period of two years under enormous bonds, when it is impossible to get a jury to convict him, is a method of procedure so shameful as to be almost beyond belief. The precedent having been established, it may be resorted to at any time and anybody is liable to become the next victim. This being the case, the sooner the law is changed and made equitable, the better.

THERE is some talk in the city of a new telephone company to compete with the one giving us our present perfect service. We caution people against furthering this project by subscribing to it, as it is most likely merely a scheme for the interests of the promoters, who will probably try to sell out when they have acquired enough names to warrant such action. With another company in the field it will be necessary to have in an office not only one telephone, but two, and where the saving is coming in we fail to see. The present service is all that can be desired, the profits in the business are not so large as to excite envy, and we recommend patrons to protect their interests by sticking to the old company in spite of the glittering temptations of others.

SENATOR MORGAN'S ALTERNATIVE FOR REFUNDING.

THE oft looked for and much demanded alternative for the refunding of the railroad's indebtedness has come at last. It became plain that the Vanderbilt-Gould syndicate, with all its press support, could not put through its pet scheme of forced foreclosure and sale by auction. That is the ultimate goal which by indirection it still hopes to reach, but in order, meanwhile, to gain votes it has fallen back upon the stale and unprofitable proposition of Government ownership and operation of the Union and Central Pacific. Senator Morgan stands sponsor for a bill he has just introduced, in advance of any report from either of the Congressional committees charged with the subject matter, in which foreclosure is provided for, when the first bonds come due in 1898, and for Government operation of the roads thereafter. But there is no process known to the law by which a mortgage on any kind of property can be foreclosed, without the same being offered to the highest bidder at either public or private sale. In other words, the Government cannot enforce its lien as against the Central Pacific's stockowners without public competition for the property, and that would almost certainly prevent Government ownership and render nugatory, as he no doubt intends, the greater portion of Senator Morgan's bill. It would also cause a loss to the Government of the large difference between that which would be realized by public sale and that which the present owners offer, if time be granted them. Nay, more, the alternative we are now considering would result in serious litigation, hindrance to, and possible suspension of railroad traffic and, it might easily be, in the ultimate defeat of the Government. Indeed, the United States Courts have already pretty plainly committed themselves to the principles of law and equity that will be applied to the Pacific railroad cases, and that committal, as in the Stanford estate case, is not in favor, of the Government. The courts have so far held that it never was the intention to collect the Government's subsidies to the roads, unless, as never was expected, their net earnings sufficed to pay off their first bondholders, and leave a surplus with which to reimburse the Government for its advances. The railroad was built as a war measure, and for the better unification of the country, and has directly and indirectly repaid the Government more than it cost. It was never expected or intended that the fares and freights derivable from Pacific Coast business should repay the enormous cost entailed in pushing the road to rapid completion for purely warlike and other national reasons. This great transcontinental highway, built at perhaps three times the expense it would cost now, connected both oceans by a route safe at all times; it opened to settlement the vast prairies of the far West; it annihilated the frequent, troublesome and costly Indian wars of the period; it provided postal facilities for all the region West of the Missouri that could not otherwise have been obtained for perhaps a hundred years; it gave the tea and silk trade of China and Japan to our Eastern ports, and above all, it made our vast country feel unified as never before. To say that, in return for all this, the Government should be harsh to the builders of the road and insist upon having a pound of flesh not deominated in the bond, is to say that which is unreasonable, and therefore, not just or equitable, and that is practically what the United States Supreme Court has already decided. Hence, it may be truly said that foreclosure proceedings mean litigation, paralysis of trade conditions on this coast, and the almost certain defeat of the Government.

On the other hand, refunding means the ultimate payment to the Government, dollar for dollar, with fair interest, in view of the circumstances, meanwhile. More important still, it means the peaceful and prosperous continuity of the railroad's operation and development; so necessary to almost every Pacific coast interest. That the people of California, or any considerable section of them, are in sympathy with Sutro, or with the syndicate's organ, we do not believe, and we think we should know if there were any reliable signs pointing in such a direction. In truth, it would be strange;—nay more, it would be mid-summer madness—for the men of California, who want nothing so much as cheap fares and freights to both local and Eastern markets, to favor a settlement with the rail-

road involving higher instead of lower charges. The few foolish people who are being caught in the Sutro trap are manifestly doing what little they can to betray the living, fructifying and substantial interests of this coast. Whatever the settlement, and with whomsoever made, the payment and the interest upon it must come out of the earnings of the road—that is to say, out of the pockets, mainly, of California's producers. If the clamor to increase that payment be not insanity, what else can it be? As to the Government taking the roads—if it can—and operating them for "the benefit of the people," that is so ridiculous and impracticable a proposition, under our form of government, as to be unworthy of serious notice, and may be left to the cranks and demagogues as a means of tickling the groundlings.

Silver And The Senators It Owns. Has the silver craze had its day? Not altogether so we fear. Crazes die hard that are backed by large interests and much money. Yet the signs are many

that the popular side of the craze for fifty cent dollars is disappearing. Workingmen are beginning to understand that it would be a disadvantage to them to be paid their wages in silver, whilst they would have to give gold, or its equivalent in silver, for every article of consumption they need. Under that better understanding of the case it is doubtful if any more popular meetings in advocacy of free and unlimited coinage of the white metal would be held in any part of the country if it were not that the mine owners are still finding money to pay for halls, speakers, brass bands and shouters. A winning fight would mean to them hundreds of millions of dollars. At the coinage ratio of sixteen to one, which they demand, they would receive two coined dollars for a quantity of silver which they now sell for about one dollar. No wonder they hire newspapers and orators and strive to fire "the popular heart" with a cry for cheap dollars. In their political ownership of what are known as "the silver States" they have a representation in the U. S. Senate that is out of all proportion to their numbers and that threatens very grave political complications. Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and the two Dakotas elect 14 Senators, all silver men and Republicans, whilst the great State of New York, with four times their combined population, elects only two Senators and they are Democrats. This gross inequality will have soon to be remedied or we shall have to give up boasting of the purity of our Democracy.

The Jingo Craze. It is not surprising that Major McKinley and his friends are in high spirits. Judging by present appearances, the Major will almost certainly be given the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He is the logical candidate, and his party instinctively feels this. Every stroke on the war drum in Congress, every word of hostility to other nations, tells in his favor. This is not because Major McKinley is preeminently a military character, but because he has become the representative of a national fiscal policy which inspires other peoples with dislike for us, and causes the people of the United States to return the ill-will with interest. Major McKinley is not noted for his intellect nor the greatness of his deeds. He stands for Protection simply, and is as narrow, hard, and prejudiced as the system which has come to bear his name. When the law which was made in his image and christened after him went into effect, he and his partisans pointed with exultation to its effects. To be sure, it did not give good times to this country, but then it gave bad times to a number of other countries, which was even more satisfactory to the McKinley mind. Americans were expected to be happy because workmen were made miserable in England, France, and Belgium. In contemplation of that triumph of American statesmanship there was no thought to give to the question of how we could be advantaged by inflicting poverty upon our customers.

Blaine, a man of brain and heart, who took large views of his country's future, went with his party for Protection, he being a practical politician, but sought to escape its consequences by calling a Pan-American Congress and forcing upon a Republican administration the adoption of reciprocity treaties. To him the most desirable situation imaginable for the United States was not to be hated

by all the earth. But Mr. Blaine was of the old school, and the later Republicanism rejected him. Major McKinley is its prophet. To him the state of mind of the Fathers who put forth the Declaration of Independence is incomprehensible. The harboring of such a sentiment as "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" is rank "un-Americanism." if, indeed, it does not verge dangerously upon treason.

So the oftener and louder Congress beats the war-drum, and the more the world is flouted and challenged, the better it will be for Major McKinley's chances of getting the Presidential nomination. Every thing that tends to awaken national feeling, in the manner that demagogues who play upon the ignorance of the unreflecting like to rouse it, is profitable to McKinley and his party. The patriotism that desires the republic to be esteemed for its intelligence, justice, liberality, and humanity, is a patriotism for which the Protectionist has no use and no respect. The true McKinleyite measures his love of country by the degree of animosity which he feels for other countries, and he applies that test to others.

In this sense McKinleyism is not confined to the Republican party, by any means. The evil spirit has spread until it has tainted all parties more or less. In Congress Democrats and Populists vie with Republicans in jingoism. Yet jingoism is utterly undemocratic. It has its root in the exclusiveness of an ignorant and inhumane form of patriotism, and its fruit is imperialism, never republicanism. The direst calamity that could befall the American republic would be a great foreign war successfully waged, for a triumph of that kind would breed such projects of national ambition, such schemes of conquest, that the republic of Jefferson and Washington would disappear, and a conquering nation, another Rome, take its place.

Americans who comprehend their institutions and love them sufficiently to wish to preserve them, will have none of McKinleyism, which is industrial and commercial jingoism, and the mother of the military jingoism that is keeping Congress at fever heat, and rousing in the minds of the peaceful masses the war passion. That passion, once set burning, is not easily extinguished, and, like other incendiary fires, is certain to destroy much more than those who apply the match intend. McKinleyism, in all its phases, imperils the republic. To the verity of this fact the Democratic party must awake.

The Need of a Free Market. Why should there not be a central and commodious market in this city, free to all home producers, as there is in almost all other large cities of the world? In

many places considered only half civilized such markets exist in perfection. They are to be found throughout China and Japan, and even the natives of Honolulu throng a most excellent market every afternoon, making purchases of fish, tare, etc. Throughout Great Britain, and in many of the cities of our own Eastern States, markets are maintained by the municipal Governments, to the end that their people and the producers in the surrounding country may be brought together, to their mutual advantage and to the general development of trade. There is every reason why San Francisco should possess the very best of market facilities. Surrounded by fruit growers, market-gardeners, chicken raisers, dairymen, and producers of every kind and degree, San Francisco ought to have a great free market worthy of her needs and of her fame as a city. It is estimated that something like 80,000 of our people live in large hotels, whose managers, if they had the opportunity, would be large patrons of such a market as we have in mind. The subject matter recently had the eloquent advocacy of Mr. W. H. Mills before the Merchants' Association, and application was made to the Harbor Commissioners for assistance. That body, so far as it knows how, seems very willing to help the project along, but its ignorance of what is required is such as could emanate only from untravelled and inexperienced men. They offered an open shed on one of the wharves as a fit structure in which to exhibit all and sundry the products of our marvelously fertile region! A large building, adequate interior arrangements, and great executive ability in the management, are essentials to the success of such an enterprise. They should be supplied at the earliest possible day.

A Great Opportunity Missed.

Congress within the past ten days has missed the opportunity of its life. Its neglect of an opening

which the duldest eye would have perceived under ordinary circumstances is due, doubtless, to the pleasurable excitement it is experiencing at the result of its kindly efforts to make things disagreeable for Spain. Congress sees with modest joy the breaking out of riots in most of the cities of that country, and its happiness is increased by the sight of American flags being trampled on numerously by infuriated Spaniards. Though the advantage to the Cuban rebels of all this deliberately invited wild hatred of the American republic is not discernable, Senators and Representatives, ever nobly indifferent to sordid practical results, consider themselves more than justified in joining hands and, in the face of the universe, dancing the *car-magnole* around the bird of freedom, which dutifully screams and flaps its triumphant wings. Pardonable as is this joy over the agony of impotent Spain, the modern American, whose proud soul loves war talk for its own sake, cannot but fume a little. Goading Spain is well enough, but why has Italy not been set frantic also? The Italian army has been all but annihilated in Abyssinia, and so mortified and angry are the Italian people that King Humbert is concerned for his throne. There is not a monarch in Europe, not a nation, so unprepared at the present moment for a new foreign quarrel as Humbert and Italy. What would it have cost Congress to adopt a concurrent resolution extending congratulations to King Menelek of Abyssinia on his noble victory over an invading foe? It would have cost nothing, for breath is cheap, and it is but reasonable to suppose that Italy's exasperation would have manifested itself quite as hotly and gratifyingly—and harmlessly—as Spain's has.

Perhaps it is not yet too late. Italy is down; let Congress kick her. She is not able to strike back; let her, therefore, have it good and hard, and so announce to all Europe once again that this great nation is ready to fight anything and everything under the trembling canopy of wondering heaven.

The Jury Question. The question as to the rights of a judge to set aside the verdict of a jury in certain criminal cases brings to the front

again the arguments for and against our present jury system. That it is defective cannot for one moment be doubted; that it is useless is seemingly obvious. Business men and others are impeached who have neither the time nor the inclination to serve as jurors; every possible method is resorted to in order to get a jury composed of men likely to acquit the prisoner, and many late cases have shown that the jurymen, after all, are likely to be influenced by the charge of the judge himself. This seems to prove that the average man is not capable of following clearly the technicalities of a modern trial, interspersed as it is with the hadergings and quibbles of hostile attorneys, and that in most cases the judge is the one whose suggestions are likely to be of final import. Why, therefore, do we still adhere to a system which has apparently outlived its usefulness? It seems to us that the time has come, in criminal cases especially, when juries can be dispensed with and full power to acquit or convict be given to the judge himself. Before doing this it would be necessary to make certain changes, so as to ensure the election of only high-minded and capable jurists to the judicial benches. It would also be necessary to so raise their remuneration that they would be beyond the least suggestion of corruption, the salaries at present being entirely inadequate for the responsibility reposed upon the recipients. It would also be necessary to make their election to office independent of politics and for a term of from ten to twenty years, with the possibility of renewal. We contend that there are honorable lawyers enough to furnish honorable judges, and that under the new system suggested there would be a greater chance of convicting criminals than exists at present. Moreover, by the removal of the har- room atmosphere from the courts and the appointing of men not dependent upon the whim of every politician, our judiciary would be clothed with a new dignity, which is becoming more and more painfully conspicuous by its absence. With independent and capable judges the services of the jury can safely be dispensed with.

Wanted: The Reverend James Smith, a noted Eastern revivalist, is conducting a series of meetings in this city at present, and many sinners are being brought to the Lord. This is, of course, gratifying to everybody, for the supply of sinners is more than equal to the demand. But there are sinners and sinners, and we trust that Brother Smith, ere he departs, will give some of his regenerating labor to a variety of the tribe of which California seems to have more than her proper share. We mean the sort of sinners who have set themselves apart from the world and serve the devil in the churches, even venturing, in their evil zeal, to mount the pulpit. Reference is not made to such unskillful and gross menials of Satan as Brother Brown, accused of adultery and false witness, or to Brother Scott, in jail at Oakland for theft, but to people across whose pious minds never flashes a suspicion that they are not good—people, indeed, whose profoundest conviction is that they are so good that anything done by them is necessarily righteous, though it might be wicked, even in their sight, if done by anybody else.

Brother Smith must be familiar with this kind of sinners, for he passes his life in the churches, and the churches are full of them. They need a rattling sermon or two from a first-class revivalist who knows his business and is not afraid to deal in brimstone. We should like to see Brother Smith advertise a meeting for saints exclusively. And we should like to hear this gospel star from Pennsylvania say to the ordained among them: "Brethren, faith without works is dead. Though a man believe that Jesus of Nazareth was God, though he have a mind capable of accepting the great truth that one and two make one, though he have faith to believe in Genesis, and the courage to scorn the facts of science and their intellectual consequences, yet is he not, despite all this saving virtue, a good man if his conduct be evil. It is sinful to doubt that the world was made in six days, that the whale swallowed Jonah, that Joshua brought the sun to a standstill, and to admit that the gospels, which disagree, do disagree—but is not something also to be said in favor of the sinfulness of lying and backbiting, and standing in, regardless of reason and truth, with a brother or sister who has behaved immorally, or meanly and dishonorably? Is it not, brethren, of some importance, after all, that we should have correct conduct as well as correct theology? Can a rogue be pleasing in the sight of heaven, even though that rogue be fervent in prayer and as sound in doctrine as the Westminster Confession itself?"

Then we should like to see Brother Smith turn to the saintly sinners of the pews, and say: "Guard against giving the children of this world the right to say that you are so concerned about doctrine, so occupied with opinion on points of faith, that you have come to believe that faith is everything and your dealings with men in secular life nothing—that, assured of salvation, you care so little for this world that regard for its unrevealed rules of right and wrong is beneath the thought of redeemed souls. Such is the blind state of the unregenerate that they deem an honest, truthful, open-minded man or woman somewhat better than a child of God who, though rich in faith, does not possess these characteristics, which, in a carnal sense, are perhaps of some value. And do not worship your dear pastor rather than God."

A sermon or two on these lines would attract a whole lot of attention to Brother Smith. In fact, if he is ambitious of a national reputation, that is the road to travel in order to gain it.

Ought We To Ratify the Charter? Three times have the burghers of this municipality endeavored to ratify what was supposed to be an ideal charter for the Government of this municipality, but on each occasion they have appeared to be defeated. We say "appeared" advisedly, because we know that they cast a majority vote, but were counted out by as rascally a set of ruffians as ever broke a head at a primary, or stuffed a ballot box. Buckley took charge of the Electoral Registrar's office. Registrar Walsh took sick, his deputy, Broderick, absented himself, and Mayor Pond acquiesced in going on without those officials, with

the result that the charter was apparently defeated by a very narrow majority. The same thing is likely to occur again with a similar result. The same old elements are opposed to the proposed new charter, because it protects the city government in many new ways, and because it puts on the city treasury new locks that it may prove difficult to pick. The Fire and Police Departments, the Bosses, and the "boys" have for months been working to defeat the new charter and it will go hard with them if they do not succeed. They have loaded down the old consolidation act of Horace Hawes with as many amendments as there are baruaques on the bottom of an old ship, and it is their game to keep things as they are. With all these things properly understood by the taxpayers, and with a commensurate effort the corrupt elements can be defeated.

A Suspension, But Happily Not a Failure. The suspension of the Commercial and Savings Bank of San Jose—commonly known as "Murphy's Bank"—is unfortunate at this time when financial confidence is daily becoming stronger throughout the State. Yet the suspension is not a failure and will involve no loss to anybody. The Bank has been most prudently managed, its assets are all intact, and abundantly sufficient to pay all the Bank's depositors and stock owners one hundred cents on the dollar and leave a considerable balance over. There ought not to have been, and, in normal times, would not have been, cause for such an institution suspending business for a single hour. With rich and honest stockholders and good assets far in excess of the Bank's indebtedness, no difficulty ought to have been experienced in obtaining all necessary aid. The suicidal banking policy which is building up this city, to the neglect of the country, is responsible for the temporary suspension of the San Jose Bank. With considerably over a million's worth of gilt edged country securities it could not borrow a few paltry thousands of city money. But Bernard D. Murphy is all right and so is his Bank. The industries of the Santa Clara Valley will survive and prosper, and largely because of the helping hand extended to them in the time of need by the institution that has now suspended, but not failed.

In a Good Cause. The Young Men's Christian Association is greatly in need of money to clear off its mortgage debt. To do this, the sum of \$100,000 is needed, \$83,000 of which has already been promised by generous citizens and business firms. This organization does incalculable good by promoting the physical, intellectual, social and moral well-being of the young men of this city, irrespective of their religion. Protestants, Catholics and Jews meet together beneath its hospitable roof and partake of the many advantages there offered them. There is probably no city in the world where so many temptations to vice are offered to young men as there are in San Francisco, and the presence in our midst of an institution like the one we write of is one of the greatest of blessings. We understand, however, that its beneficial influence is endangered, owing to the lack of about \$17,000. The sum may seem large, but there are enough philanthropic people here who recognize the good the institution does and who will guarantee the money desired. For the sake of the city and the numberless young men without homes in it, and who benefit by the hospitality the Association affords we trust the amount desired will be speedily forthcoming.

Still Open to Inference. If the Rev. Colburn, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, does not demand an investigation at the hands of the Park Commissioners, his congregation should do it for him. This clergyman was arrested some weeks ago in Golden Gate Park for an offense which may not be mentioned, and he has not as yet asked for the removal or other punishment of the two officers who apprehended him. It is not to be thought of that so fearful an outrage, if Colburn is innocent, should be allowed to blow over. Either the pastor of Grace M. E. Church is an unspeakably injured man, or his place is in San Quentin instead of the pulpit.

**More Truth
Than
Poetry**

The ideal poet is generally supposed to be a man engaged in lazy musings in which vain imaginings, rather than robust physical efforts, cut the most prominent figure. But Joaquin Miller, although Sir Charles Dilke, in the Athenæum, calls him "the foremost American poet," seems to be nothing if not a hard-working developer, as well as a studious interpreter of nature. He has a faculty of eschewing goody goody sayings and of blurring out harsh and rasping ones, if they be but true. In a lecture the other evening he said that "there were more lazy men to the square yard in Oakland than in any other city he knew, except San Francisco." It was an utterance that contained more truth than poetry. It depicted a condition that cannot be successfully gainsayed or denied. The crowds of idle and purposeless men to be found at any hour of the day on any one of our prominent thoroughfares demonstrate the ugly truthfulness of the poet's rugged remarks. We need to produce more, consume less, and take off our coats and go to work. Then and not until then can California reasonably hope to experience a returning wave of prosperity.

**How Local
Politics
Are Shaping.**

If ever pure politics and reform ways were needed in local affairs, it is right now. With a tax rate of two and one quarter per cent and singularly little to show for it, it is time the taxpayers were organized to protect themselves against the taxeaters. A Presidential year is not ordinarily a good time for independent parties, or side shows, but it happens to be a good time for reform in this wretchedly governed municipality of ours. Being a Presidential year the politicians are early to the front. And such politicians! Joe Mahoney and Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins appear to be getting away with the Republican machine. Practitioners of the art of "addition, division and silence," it is a scandal and shame that public offices, which should be public trusts, should go to them for allotment. On the other hand the whole of the Democracy appears to be divided between Buckley on the one side and Rainey on the other. Such an arrangement should deceive nobody. Whichever apparently loses, they will both win. Partners they ever were, and ever must be, and he who thinks to the contrary must needs be a fool. The outlook for honest Government is not good.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

IN our illustration of San Francisco this week, we present to our readers a view taken from Clay and Octavia streets, looking toward the southeast. In the foreground will be seen a portion of Lafayette Park, one of the numerous lungs of San Francisco. Creeping across the hills in the background will be seen a veil of the fog for which the city is world-famous, and which comes in from the sea to lose itself amid the silent pastures across the bay. This is the fourth plate of the NEWS LETTER series, all of which have met with much favorable comment. Keep your numbers as there are plenty of others to follow.

ON Thursday, March 26th., at noon, Messrs. Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. will sell at public auction six desirable pieces of improved and unimproved real estate by order of the administrators of the estate of C. H. Strybing, deceased; also the improved and unimproved properties of the estate of Helena Dietterle, deceased. The auction takes place at their salesroom, 218-220 Montgomery street. Full particulars are given in another column.

THE majority of the shareholders of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad were more than glad at the result of the late election for officers when Mr. A. W. Foster was re-elected as President. The road has been so successful and so popular under the management of this gentleman and his friends that popular sympathy was entirely with them all through the late court matters. For the next eighteen months the success of the road is assured.

GENUINE bargains are to be had at A. Hirschman's Jewelry establishment, 113 Sutter street, Lick House Block. Mr. Hirschman intends to retire from the retail business, and offers his magnificent stock of Diamonds, Pearls, Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware at cost. Every article in this stock is strictly first-class.

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Our complete stock, comprising the latest and choicest designs in all the popular woods, of the best workmanship and finest finish. For example we mention:

Solid Mahogany, handsomely polished Bed-Room Sets, \$130. Former price, \$185.

Handsome Chiffoniers, in different woods, \$22. Former price, \$30.

Hand-polished quarter-sawn Oak Sideboards, \$35. Former price, \$48.

Handsome Hatracks, \$25. Former price, \$32 50.

Curtain Department.

Brussels, Irish Point, and Nottingham Lace Curtains in odd lots to close at Unusually Low Figures.

Rugs.

1500, sizes 30 inches by 60 inches, Smyrna Rugs at \$3 75; to close at \$2 10 each.

1500, sizes 36 inches by 72 inches, Smyrna Rugs at \$5 50; to close at \$2 90 each.

A lot of made-up Remnant Rugs at half regular values.

500 Hassocks, regular price \$1 25; to close at 50c. each.

The Celebrated

Nairn Linoleum.

Artistic, Sanitary, Durable. Best floor covering made. 40 cents per square yard, laid, and upwards.

Special Reductions in all Departments.

An inspection is necessary to convey any idea of the excellent values we are now offering.

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San Francisco.

**REDUCTION
SALE.**



A Book of the Week.* The interest that has been aroused in everything appertaining to South Africa, gives Miss Alice Blanche Balfour's book, "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon," a special attraction at the present time. As a literary effort we cannot say that this book possesses either wealth of description, or, in fact, anything new, but there is an easy and unpretentious style about Miss Balfour's writing which commends itself because of its very simplicity. There are no startling adventures with wild beasts or Zulus, no "hair-breadth escapes" or remarkable doings by "flood and field," but there is a graphic account of a long "trek" through the territories of the British South Africa Company, and an account of life in an ox-wagon on the high veldt which is instructive and entertaining. As the sister of the leader of the House of Commons, and the niece of the leader of the Government, Miss Balfour's book would in any case command some attention; but, apart from all social considerations, it will be read because it brings us in contact with some of the men prominent in the late "Jameson raid," and it describes scenes and incidents associated with the South Africa about which we read so much in cable dispatch and letter. People who want to read vivid descriptions of scenery, or to learn the secrets of politicians, or to study ethnographical topics, should not open this book at all, but people who want to learn what a journey of "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon" means in South Africa to-day, will find here a plain, unvarnished narrative of an uneventful journey and little more. Then the book has the advantage of being new, for Miss Balfour only arrived at the Cape in April, 1894, and there she spent some time in making excursions by rail to Basutoland, a Crowu colony in which white settlement is not allowed. To people who have seen the Basutus, in Basutoland, Miss Balfour's description will appear tame. They are an intensely interesting race, numbering, all told, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand, and in their many wars with the colonists they produced chiefs who fought with splendid daring for their own. But, as a matter of fact, the great Bantu family occupies the whole of Central Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and Miss Balfour does not tell us that among them there are individuals whose features are Asiatic, and yet who are born of parents possessing the negro cast of countenance. In any Bantu community one may see men and women who are only moderately brown in color, while their nearest relatives may be as black as the proverbial "ace of spades." Again, how often does one see one Bantu with a thick beard while the majority have hairless cheeks and chins. These interesting facts are not brought out with sufficient prominence by Miss Balfour, and yet they are interesting as helping to prove the mixed origin of the Bantus, the majority of whom show their negro descent by their inability to rise to the white man's level, and yet, once in a while one meets a Bantu of exceptional mental power and intellectual vigor. But in the Bantu country we learn all about the "dougas," those water-courses which cut deep ravines in the soil, and intersect the plain in every direction, and are, too, rapidly increasing in size and number. Of course, Miss Balfour visited Johannesburg, where she found "two absorbing subjects—gold and politics," the latter, at that time, causing the most excitement. Indeed, she tells us of "the ever-smoldering irritation of the English at the inequality of treatment they suffer under the Boers, being ready to burst into a blaze at the prospect of the commandeering for the war with the natives." This is the nearest approach to politics we have in the book, and it contains nothing the world did not know five years ago. In fact, there is so little that is new in the book that it is refreshing to dwell on the superstitions of the natives, and the simplicity of the law-makers in the Orange Free State, who, from religious scruples, carried in the Volksraad a resolution against the destruction of the locusts "on the ground that, like the plagues of Egypt,

they are the direct visitation of God." Incidentally this is, of course, an argument for British supremacy over the whole of this benighted, or comparatively benighted, land; and such a supremacy, it is fair to infer, would lead the natives from darkness to daylight. But it is when telling us about individuals of whom we have all recently been reading that the book becomes interesting, as, for instance, when she describes the room in which Sir John Willoughby lived at Bulawayo. Here is what Miss Balfour says:

"This is a true and faithful description of it. It has mud walls, mud floor, thatched roof with no ceiling, doors made of two packing lids, and an unglazed window with shutters of rough boards. Furniture: a bedstead, one box upside down, some wooden shelves, a small strip of matting, an empty whiskey bottle doing duty for a candlestick, and (oh, luxury!) a table. Dr. Jameson's room, occupied by Mrs. Grey, is much the same, and it has a six-inch square looking glass as well."

And we would say that Sir John Willoughby had excellent quarters up there at Bulawayo, but men who have roughed it in Africa, or elsewhere, will recognize the picture as being true to life in any hot region remote from the whistle of the steam engine or the clatter of a printing press.

* "Twelve Thousand Miles in a Wagon," by Miss Alice Blanche Balfour.

Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, devotes all, or nearly all, his efforts to portray rural life in and about the County of Dorset. In detail of description of scene and character he is minute, and the characters involved in his works are of great variety. His women are more remarkable for violent animal instinct than for mental or spiritual grace, and his works are a mixture of the strong, the interesting, and the disagreeable. "The Woodlanders," published by Rand, McNally & Co., is free from some of the blemishes we found in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and while we do not think it as good as his "Far from the Madding Crowd," which first brought the author fame, yet it is well up to the average of his works. As a study of English rural life it is natural and exact, although some of the characters are not true to nature. But this book is not immoral, and this is something new for Mr. Thomas Hardy.

No review of the current month is so rich in able discussions of social, economical, and political problems as The Arena for March. Among the many subjects of interest we note B. O. Flower's paper on "A Successful Experiment for the Maintenance of Self-respecting Manhood (Illustrated); Professor George D. Herron on "The Social Value of Individual Failure," and a discussion by George B. Waldron, A. M., on "Wealth Production and Consumption by the Nation," illustrated by numerous diagrams and tables.

The scope of that charming magazine, "The Gallery of Players," is to be considerably enlarged. Not only the actors and actresses gracing our stage to-day will receive the attention due them in its pages, but those who once delighted audiences in the long ago, and who are known to us merely as faint memories, will also be treated of. This is a delicate tribute to pay them, and will assuredly be appreciated.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway's San Francisco Calling List for 1896, published by the H. S. Crocker Company, is one of the neatest books ever gotten up in this line. In fact, it is worthy of being preserved in a library merely for its daintiness. Besides a complete list of society folk, the book also contains some good suggestions on etiquette.

The Forum for March contains its usual variety of interesting topics. Among others we notice "The Nicaragua Canal," "Cost of an Anglo-American War," and "Manners and Customs of the Boers." The other articles are all up to the usual standard.

An interesting article appears in the April Scribner's Magazine, entitled "The Quarrel of the English-speaking Peoples," by Henry Norman. A new Van Bibber story also appears from the pen of Richard Harding Davis.

Miss Flora Ann Steel, whose novels on India have attained such a well deserved reputation, thinks "The Potter's Thumb" her best work.

The Pall Mall Gazette describes Mr. Hall Cain's style as a combination of the "Bible and Daily Telegraph."

THISTLE DOWN.

Japanese hemp will soon be grown in California. God willing, we will use it occasionally, too.

John L. Sullivan has joined in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons controversy. Peace is now assured between all parties.

What with the size of its women's feet and its Associated Press, Chicago will soon establish an unenviable record for itself.

Oakland is stated to be the healthiest city in the world—presumably because there are fewer doctors there than elsewhere.

A dispatch from Stockton states that certain merchants have decided to sell their wool. This precludes the possibility of their ever becoming pianists.

News comes from Boston to the effect that the new comet is moving rapidly away from the earth. It was probably scared by the frigidity of Boston's maidens.

Stockton has been chosen as the meeting place for the next A. P. A. Convention. This will cause jealousy in Napa, where the accommodation for Innatics is just as good.

When two Georgia newspapermen are willing to risk their lives in a duel to get the public printing, it is time for the authorities to look into the matter and see what profits are being made out of it.

The Examiner states that Joaquin Miller's new book is an attempt to prove immortality! Immortality was probably meant, but it is to be hoped that the Poet of the Sierras will not let the affront go unchallenged.

The Woodland divine who left his church on account of empty pews might be surprised to see how rapidly they will be filled by a curious crowd when his successor preaches his first sermon.

An Italian, who was the inventor of a preparation for saving fuel, committed suicide a few days ago in New York. Satan will probably house him at reduced rates should he be willing to divulge the secret of his preparation.

Three Oakland lawyers are battling for the tools and weapons of the boy burglars. They probably intend exchanging an over-crowded honorable profession for a remunerative one. Their training will prove of incalculable service to them.

Over 100,000 signatures have been received at Washington favoring the resolution to put the name of the Deity in the Constitution. This is probably the reason why the Devil, out of sheer jealousy, has stirred up the scandals in our churches of late.

The keeper of a fashionable hoarding house in San Diego lately had a bundle forced upon her by an unknown party, with the remark that it was a sack of flour. Upon inspection, however, it proved to be a baby! Probably the frail and fickle mother wished to suggest that the child should be well bred.

MR. Charles Walter Stetson has at present an exhibition of thirty-one paintings at Wm. Vickery's art gallery on Post street. Mr. Stetson's pictures are original both in design and execution, and he appears capable of using rich and sensuous colors to their best advantage. The work at first sight is not attractive, but after the eye becomes accustomed to the colors they have a fascination of their own and the workmanship becomes apparent. The one portrait exhibited, a picture of the artist's father, is more likely to appeal to the average visitor owing to its simplicity of treatment; but it is safe to say that many admirers will be found for the other paintings as well.

Bathing is beneficial. It invigorates the system and makes you feel young again. The Lurline Baths, the finest in this city, has an innovation known as the Russian bath, which includes the famous "Needle" shower bath and has proved a great attraction. The price for this Russian bath and "Needle" shower is only fifty cents, which includes the use of the swimming tank afterward. The service in each department is of the best.

There are few real Japanese bronzes and vases to be had to-day. George T. Marsh, however, has the best that can be had at 625 Market street.



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS
Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.

Lightest RECOIL and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,
430 California St., S. F.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered
Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a
small wineglassful, before meals, of the cele-
brated

Peruvian

Bitters

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give
estimate for putting in good order, and
keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.

Dave Samson,

PROGRESS
RESTAURANT.

Fine Mercantile Lunch.
Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner,
and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

327 and 329 Bush St.



"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

HOYT (who according to his enemies writes a play every night while honest people sleep) has made a delicious militia satire of *A Milk White Flag*. He does not dwell to any extent on the National Guardsmen in their capacity of private workaday individuals—it would not do for a man of so many plays to give out all he knows of a subject in one writing—but of the militarism of peace in the luxurious environment of the armory, in the valorous van of processional glorification, in the intrepid storming of the feminine heart and in the assiduous cultivation of what the gentle Mr. Bierce terms bottle scars, he draws a caricature that would lure a laugh from a crematory.

Nature was awfully good to a fun-loving people when she evolved the militiaman—and then gave us Charlie Hoyt, lest the full piquancy of her humor should not be appreciated. A "Colonel" or a "Major" policed in the vestment of tin-soldiery is the next to the funniest object that walks on twos. The really funniest is the same disciple of the pomp and circumstance of perennial peace shorn of regimentals, but bravely clad in the title of his military rank, as he dexterously plays the business by which he feeds and purchases rich soldier raiment. Once a Colonel, always a Colonel; but the Colonel doing deeds of trade and at the same time sweltering under the weight of brass-band dignity—he is the funniest little Colonel of them all.

There is enough plot in the piece to keep anticipation alive, and there is moderately rational continuity of action on the stage. The story of a live corpse emulating the Pat Malone of contemporaneous song is not strikingly new, yet Hoyt has built ludicrously well on this slender frame. The lines are breezy and pat; they do not seem to wander by devious paths in search of the coveted gag, but ripple mirthfully with an easy spontaneity that gives a semblance of probability to the piece, in spite of the extravagant effects of the costumes and scenery. Besides writing a remarkably clever skit, Hoyt has dressed the players and the stage in all the sumptuous glitter and color of extravaganza. The brass band, the drum corps, the vivandieres, the messenger-hoy girls, and the company of officers, followed by one private, in their contrasting costumes, blend to make a picture bright and fanciful. Hoyt's knack of bringing down the curtain at the most opportune moment is again in pleasing evidence, each act being evenly developed and well climaxed. The end of the first act, where the funeral participants of a rival militia organization have resented the derisive "Ta ra ra hoom-de-aye!" played by the Ransome Guard's band by demolishing the band and bombarding the armory windows with bricks, is excruciatingly funny and the best scene in the piece. General Hurley Burleigh, of the regulars, who happens to be visiting the armory at this fateful hour, jumps to the front, hurls back the deadly missiles, and finally draws his trusty six-shooters, and vanquishes the foe. Then the gallant guards creep from out closets, under tables, and behind chairs, and congratulate one another on their victory. It is impossible to describe with what humorous ingenuity this episode is worked up; perhaps it is enough to say that the censorious Munday nighters at the Baldwin so far forgot their rigidity and self-complacency as to emit a prolonged burst of glee, which some less discreet chronicler might term a howl.

The company, for the most part, is excellently chosen for the character of the piece, although the singing is weak.

At the Tivoli *The Hoolah*, with its merry songs and choruses, brass band, and the incorrigibly frolicsome Hartman in the name part, has enjoyed a fairly prosperous week. Carrie Roma is doing good work and deserves the favor with which she is received by the patrons of this popular opera house.

On Thursday night Ondricek played to San Francisco. And for every empty chair in the Auditorium—and unfortunately there were many—there should be a weeping townsman. Perhaps the delicate water-color work of Marsick was the best thing that could have come to us to bring full realization of the immense temperament and technique of this violinist. Ondricek draws tones that throb, sparkle, wail and laugh; the violin becomes a part of his very being, and without seeming effort or concern for the player, sings every melodic thought capable of the human brain. Ondricek attains the perfect union of tempestuous passion, and sensitive poetic intelligence. As an exponent his flawless performance of the Paganini "Witches' Dances," is the best testimony. The marvelous enunciation of double harmonics; the clear, crisp brilliancy of pizzicati; the immensity and resonance of G string tones, and the limpid chastity of the high notes, proclaim a master player. Above all is manifest the wealth of virility, tempered by keen intellectual discernment. Ernst's "Concerto Pathetico," with its tender, wooing themes, introduced Ondricek. What impressed me most in the opening bars was the crystalline accuracy of his execution and the humid, reed-like scope of tone. It was not until he fully warmed to the caressive melodies, and gave full play to his imagination, that I realized what a truly wonderful artist he was. For an encore he played Joachim's transcription of the "Evening Song," by Schumann, in notes so softly sympathetic and rarefied that they might have been the pent sighs of awakening stars. I regret that I have neither the space nor time to dwell further on Ondricek. He is unequivocally great, even to rivalling Ysaye.

My auditory nerves are too feeble to completely digest Materna's voice neat. I should prefer it diluted with a full orchestra. She undoubtedly has been a heroic Wagner singer, but years have taken the fresh melody from her voice, and she rants wildly—at least, that is the impression she gives in a concert room. Her power is phenomenal, and, I daresay, an "X" ray would reveal a throat lined with brass.

I was part of the small and select audiences that attended Marsick's last two concerts, and experienced the same pleasure that was manifest in my fellow auditors, yet I find it hard to say anything of his playing that I have not already said. His best numbers were the Fantasia Appassionata and the allegro moderato from the Grand Concerto, both by Vieuxtemps. In the first movement of the Fantasia he came nearer to real tenderness than in any other work that he has given us. In the concerto (a colossal piece of violin literature), his admirable technique and intonation were put in splendid play. But throughout both programmes the same smallness of tone was apparent despite the art and discretion used in expending it. Marsick is a master—a master in miniature. He does not thrill those most exacting of critics, one's vertebrae, but he appeals delicately and deliciously to the other senses, and there is a snug security in anticipating his faultless execution. Donald de V. Graham's songs gave additional interest to Friday's concert at the California. Mr. Graham is the best ballad singer that San Francisco has ever seen able to call her own. The Trumpeter song by Nessler seemed a shade too low for his barytone, but Tschaiakowsky's *Dou Juan Serenade* and the two encores, "I Love and the World is Mine" and Meyer Helmund's "Amid the Flowers I Wander," were sung with that exquisite sympathy, admirable method and abundant verve that so distinguish Graham from the conventional vocalist.

The Wicklow Postman, an Irish melodrama of no particular originality, though fairly written and well adapted to the large, jovial personality of Eugene O'Rourke, has played the week at the Columbia. It tells the usual story of misfit crime fastened by false witness on the brave young Irishman, and all join hands and sing rejoicingly at the happy termination of the last act. O'Rourke lives up to his verdant Celtic patronymic in the part of Dick Conway, the postman, and no trichulations are great enough to drown the happy-go-lucky buoyancy characteristic of the sons of the Emerald Isle. The songs in the first act are the best features of the piece, O'Rourke and Belle Dolan (who is

excellent as the oft bewildered Mrs. Durgan) singing with a humorous vim that elicits enthusiastic applause nightly. Messrs. Sullivan and Ryan, ex-actors, do a boxing bout of three meek rounds at the conclusion of the play. Sullivan says nothing about the blow it will be "ter mudder"—in fact, he has grown so porcine and ungainly that a few fake leads and a thunderous clearing of the throat seem to require what breath he has.

* * *

The Orpheum has enjoyed a bill of exceptional interest this week. Charles B. Ward, the creator of many infectious songs of the day, heads the new attractions. His bowery boy sketch is an Americanization of Chevalier's coster studies, well conceived, and sung with a strong high barytone of typical variety quality. Rachel Walker has returned to undiminished popularity, and the Andersons continue their capital negro specialties. The juggling and swinging of Indian clubs by the college boys is one of the best acts ever given in the Orpheum.

* * *

It may have been the much-advertised cold of Mr. Carleton, or the exhuming of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," that kept so many people from the Alcazar this week. A simple and melodious little operetta by Cellier, *The Charity Girls*, was charmingly rendered, followed by an abridgment of *The Mikado*, which was sung and staged with no little tact and skill.

* * *

It is quite fit that *The Silver King*, one of the best melodramas of the age, should have at least an annual production at the Grand. With Darrell Vinton in the leading rôle it has added another successful week to Morosco's record. *The Hoop of Gold*, a spectacular melodrama, will be given at that house next week. Gilbert and Goldie have been specially engaged for the policemen rôles, besides giving some new specialties.

* * *

Miss Anna Eva Fay comes back to the Auditorium for an engagement of seven nights, commencing next Monday. There is much talk over the city regarding Miss Fay's wonderful tricks and mind reading. When a woman can sit for nearly two hours blindfolded and covered with a sheet, so that her form is totally concealed from the audience, and answer questions which have been written by persons in the audience, when these questions are held by the writers themselves in such a way that the lady, or a confederate cannot see so much as the paper upon which they are written, and when the name of the questioner and his query is promptly told, together with a correct answer, then the performance borders on the miraculous.

There will be a good menu of music and fun served at the Native Sons' Hall on Mason street, near Geary, next Thursday evening, when Frank H. Belcher will give a concert and vaudeville entertainment. His two years' professional experience has served him in excellent stead, and the young basso cantante returns with his clear, resonant voice greatly improved. He will be assisted by Miss Carrie Roma, Mrs. Olive Reed, Jimmie Swinnerton, the Press Club Quartette, Robert Mitchell, and other well-known entertainers.

Edwin Milton Royle, the talented author-actor who brought us *Friends* last season, opens at the California on Monday night in *Captain Impudence*, his latest effort in playwriting. It is a romantic comedy-drama of historical interest, the scene being laid in Mexico in 1847, the period of strife between that country and the United States.

A Texas Steer, Chas. Hoyt's satire on American politics and life in Washington, comes to the Columbia Theatre next week, and will no doubt be welcomed by large audiences.

A Texas Steer is full of funny situations, sparkling wit and political satire. Mr. Tim Murphy, who created the part of the Hon. Maverick Brander, Congressman from Texas, heads the company.

Wallace's beautiful old ballad opera, *Maritana*, will be given at the Tivoli next week. With the able leadership of Carl Martens, it should be an excellent production.

Hoyt's immensely successful *A Milk White Flag* enters on its second week at the Baldwin.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Monday, March 16th. First time here of the picturesque and romantic comedy.

CAPT. IMPUDENCE, Or "Mexico."

by Edwin Milton Royle, author of "Friends." Management of Arthur C. Alston. Car load of special scenery, costumes, properties, caricatures, and effects.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

To-night, and all of next week, HOYT'S greatest success, the spectacular, military, and musical satire,

A MILK WHITE FLAG

50 people.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

The best of the year. For one week only. Commencing Monday, March 16th, the eminent versatile young American comedian, MR. TIM MURPHY, in Hoyt's best comedy,

A TEXAS STEER.

The laughing success of the American stage. Mr. Murphy will be supported by substantially the original excellent company of twenty people, who have appeared in their respective parts more than 1600 times. March 23d—Henderson's SINBAD.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Last nights of the merry opera, THE HOOLAH. "A Trip Through the Midway Plaisance." Next Monday evening, Wallace's beautiful ballad opera,

MARITANA.

Carrie Roma, Kate Marchi, Irene Mull, Martin Pachc, John J. Rafael, Ferris Hartman, W. H. West, Marcel Perron in the cast. New scenery; correct costumes.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor. Last performances of "The Silver King."

MONDAY EVENING, March 16th—Mortimer Murdock's masterpiece,

HOOP OF GOLD.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Next week, March 16th.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

KINSNERS, Equilibrists. BASCO & ROBERTS, Grotesque Comedians. FRANK LA MONDUE, Grotesque Wire Artist. CARTY BROS., Comedy Horizontal Bar Artists. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Native Sons' Hall.

Thursday evening, March 14th, at 8:30.

Grand concert and vaudeville entertainment given by

FRANK H. BELCHER,

Assisted by Miss Carrie Roma, Mrs. Olive Reed, Messrs. Frank Coffin, R. Fletcher Tilton, Dan Ward, Sam Tucker, Robert C. Mitchell, James Swinnerton, Dr. W. Sieherst, and Dr. Arthur T. Regensberger. Eugene A. Beauce, Stage Manager. Admission 50c. Reserved seats 75c., on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after Tuesday morning, March 17th.

The Auditorium.

Corner of Eddy and Jones streets. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

SEVEN NIGHTS MORE,

Commencing Monday, March 16, and closing Sunday, March 22. Return, owing to recent great success, of

ANNA EVA FAY,

THE FAIR MAHATMA

If you want to know about anything, visit the Auditorium and ask Miss Fay. Nothing like her performance ever before seen in San Francisco. Baffles the deepest thinkers. Don't miss it next time.

POPULAR PRICES, 15c., 25c., and 50c.

Coming: BOB BURDETTE.

LILLIAN BEDDARD, The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 913 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.



THE newspapers have had much to say about Joaquin Miller's contemplated departure from his "Alpine" home on Oakland Heights, yet they have not mentioned whether he will leave his "ready rain" behind him. This beautiful fake, consists in turning on a hose which reaches to the apex of his cabin, and is supposed to have a marvelous effect on the soul of the visitor when the ancient bard reads his most thrilling lines. He prefers a dark day, of course, for his rainfalls, because there is more *vraisemblance*; but if there be not a cloud in the sky, and distinguished pilgrims (of wealth) appear, the poet will have what he calls a Sun Shower; and his inspiration will dance accordingly.

But most people know this already, and have forgotten the visit of a famous Berlin novelist and essayist (perhaps his name was Spielhagen), when Poet Miller's *Chatelet* was an especial station in a drive over Oakland and Piedmont. The distinguished German could converse in his own language to perfection, but was infinitely timid when it came to the expression or the comprehension of English sentences. The guests crossed the poet's tiny threshold and were seated. The door was closed, and Zinfandel was served in goblets sprinkled with rose leaves. The poet mentioned the fact that this was "old Falernian." Then Paul Neumann, who was "chaperon," begged for an "improvisation," to which the poet solemnly acquiesced. There happened to be sunshine outside, yet he turned on the rain, to the complete enchantment of Paul Neumann, who, in German whispers explained the process to the distinguished visitor while Joaquin read his "Rain and Sunshine" poem. When he had finished the visitors arose to depart, but the poet urged them all to remain the night and partake of his "ample hospitality." Neumann tried to explain all this to the big German, but the latter resolutely shook his head in negation and waved his hand. Finally he drew two silver dollars from his pocket, and handed them to the astonished poet with imperial grace.

It seems that at certain inns in the Tyrol and in the Black Forest, it is often the custom, when a promising batch of tourists stop for dinner, to turn on a furious rainstorm, after the Joaquin Miller style, in order to detain the guests and double the receipts.

The German stranger in this case fancied he had struck the same game, and considered that two dollars would serve for capitulation.

There is great consternation in the Italian Colony over the announcement that King Humbert's Government is about to call out Reserves as far back as the earliest seventies. Incidentally this muster includes later eras, and while so many of the foremost gentlemen in the colony have given their initial service before leaving for the United States, yet it seems that there is a second—intendant—responsibility. Take Domenico Rossi, for instance, who received all sorts of royal diplomas for several years, of military labors. Certainly, he is living in the most unexceptionable fashion as an American resident, and, yet, may be torn from his home and property to join the new army of Italy which is about to storm Abyssinia next September. Then we have Drs. Calegaris, Pescia, De Vecchi, Orfino, Peccari,—all most eminent men in their profession; also Signors Cavagnaro, Palmieri, Fugazi, Sbarboro and other esteemed members of the community who have attained distinction here—are they also to report for duty before Adigrat? The problem is complicated as it involves so much patriotism—yet we ought not to offer up our Doctors carelessly to King Menelek.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Alice Rix will soon recover from the injuries she sustained while bicycle riding a few days ago. The readers of the Examiner, especially, should pray most heartily for her speedy recovery—her contributions to that severely moral and incorruptible organ being about the only work worthy of perusal.

John L. Sullivan's retort to Evangelist Ira D. Saukey, (as reported by Naughton in the Examiner), that he believed in pugilism—adding: "Now, Mr. Sankey, we all know you're sincere, but don't you think that even in your game there are a lot of bunco-steerers?"—reminds one of Mr. Saukey's first visit here in 1870, with Moody. A distinguished New York clergyman, Dr. Sawtelle, was visiting Rev. Dr. Stoue. He was voted all over the world for his learning and for his sixteen years' chaplaincy in Havre, France. At that time Moody and Sankey were regarded in the light which the Salvation Army is in many quarters nowadays, and there was a long discussion among the wealthy church members at a superb dinner tendered the distinguished divine, as to the actual religious value of professional revivalism. Finally one of the guests, Ira P. Rankin, turned to the aged and fastidious Sawtelle, saying in ecstasy: "But doctor! don't you think that when Mr. Sankey turns his eyes to Heaven, and sings the 'ninety and nine,' he is inspired!"

"Why no," replied the clerical *dilettante* satirically; "I only think with the women—that he's 'tho thweet!'"

This caused a deal of comment among the elect, and the ancient patriarch missed a lot of churchly hospitality before he left for the East.

William Keith, the artist, told an amusing anecdote of himself the other night at dinner. It seems that he came over to America from the Scotch Highlands when a lad of twelve. On the same vessel was a tall Lowland Presbyterian clergyman—a thorough ascetic—accompanied by his son, a lad of Keith's age. The two boys got on famously together, and Keith wrote Gaelic and Lowland verse to the infinite admiration of his new found admirer (he tries to do it now, by the bye). Arrived at New York, the families parted, but the lads had agreed to correspond. So Keith wrote a friendly letter to the other boy, who had gone to New Haven, enclosing some original verses, devoted to an imaginary lady-love. In a postscript he observed "I don't think Robert Burns himself ever did any better than this."

He waited for days—sensively in anxiety for approval.

Finally a reply came. It was in the shape of a black tract labelled "Prepare to meet Thy God!" and the address was in the clergyman's hand. The correspondence was not renewed.

And speaking of Dr. Stone's honored name reminds one of what a member of the present Davidson Investigation Commission said when coming out of the door the other day:

"The names of Beecher, Barrowes and Brown have adorned the Congregational Church in America with the letter 'B.' It's a hoodoo! I'm going to suggest that we take just one step down the alphabet!"

Colonel Trevelyan is on a visit from Fresno after a protracted absence. As the head of the great Barton Vineyard Syndicate, as well as one of the very few surviving officers (he was Ensign) in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in the Crimean War, he is certainly as distinguished as he looks. His especial friends are men of letters in England, the East, and here—but invariably kind has this dignified, handsome old officer been to the California newspaper men. The splendid dinners he has given them at his home will never be forgotten, nor will his Freuch *Cordon Bleu*. But, aside from this, it was wonderfully thoughtful of the Colonel to hasten to wire his official friends in England and Cuba, the other day, to intervene at once in behalf of little Charley Michaelson—for whom he has a tender spot in his heart.

Théophile Gautier's exquisite epitaph in the beautiful and brief story of "Clerimonde" is never to be forgotten:

"Here lies Clerimonde;
While yet she lived,
The loveliest lady in the land!"

But among the most intimate friends of one of our best known jurists it is whispered that a bereft father has written a most exquisite and expressive quatrain in memory of his beautiful daughter, whose untimely death last year, when hardly a bride, practically closed his long and enviable career at the bar!

A SYSTEMATIZED LAND OFFICE.

IN spite of the general hard times of the past few years, ranching, when systematically and efficiently undertaken, has paid better interest on the capital invested than has any other class of business. The trouble with most people is that they get "cinched" by irresponsible land agents, and never get a chance to receive good land for their money, or in other words make bad selections. N. D. Sickels, of 620 Market street, opposite the Palace Hotel, who has been established for sixteen years, has the best systematized land office in this country, and by taking his advice you can be sure of making a good and safe investment. His opportunities for selling or exchanging country property are unexcelled. By a certain advanced system he obtains not only an accurate personal knowledge, but photographs of the majority of desirable properties on his enormous list, so that intending purchasers can practically see and compare many places before going to the trouble and expense of personal examination. Nearly all the large ranches for disposal are in his hands, and persons seeking homes in California cannot do better than call on him or write him for advice. Mr. Sickels also takes care of property for non-residents, and is so thoroughly at home in every branch of his business, that by buying land without his advice you may materially endanger your prospects for success, and lose the money you have invested besides.



N. D. Sickels.

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A FEW days ago there appeared in a morning paper an article against Mr. A. S. Rosenbaum accusing him of seeking a German decoration, and making him appear in the light of a disgruntled office seeker. The article, on account of its inaccuracy, has caused much annoyance to Mr. Rosenbaum's many friends, one of whom explains the matter as follows: On the 15th of last month Mr. Rosenbaum had the pleasure of celebrating a birthday, and several of the wealthy Germans of the city, appreciating his many efforts in behalf of their poorer countrymen, thought it would be pleasing to him to receive an order from the Emperor in return for his philanthropy. The matter was kept a secret from Mr. Rosenbaum as it was expected the order would arrive in time to constitute a big surprise for him on his natal day. The surprise, however, came some days later and in the shape of a "roast" in a daily paper, as uncalled for as it was inaccurate. The statement made therein that Mr. Rosenbaum was once an aspirant for the Mint is also unwarranted. Some of his friends, without his knowledge, forwarded his name to Washington, in connection with that position, but that was all. Mr. Rosenbaum is an American citizen; he is not a politician and simply believes in doing good whenever he sees an opportunity of doing so.

THE Pavilion bicycle tournament is proving a success in every sense of the word. Thousands of people enjoy the performances nightly and the continual breaking of records is enough to win for this city the reputation of containing the champion bicyclists of the world.

The Whiskey They Drink in Germany.

The American tourist in Berlin, who seeks refreshment in that celebrated restaurant, "Louis Rex," will find the only American whiskey represented there is "Old Saratoga," a pure Rye Whiskey, which has won the German taste on the voluminous wine and spirit list. The "Old Saratoga" has won laurels abroad for its purity, fine flavor, and general excellence.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

Strozynski's. Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Bronx" to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellure style. Open Sundays.
CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

Johannis.

is conceded to be the finest table water ever imported.

THE		IN
PROPER		MEN'S
THING	AT	HEADWEAR.

Harloe's.

New Spring Styles just received. Very latest out.
239 Kearny St. Phone Red 361.

ERNST H. LUDWIG & CO.,

The Model
American
Caterers.

1206 Sutter St., S. F.

Telephone 2388.

Gray Bros.,

Concrete Artificial
Stone Work.

316 Montgomery Street, S. F.
No. 205 New High St., Los Angeles.

Perrier-Jouët & Co



EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine
Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St



Mines and Mining Promoters.

With the demand for gold mines the professional promoter again becomes an alarming and dangerous nuisance. Investors, large and small, should give them a wide berth. These cormorants are ruination to the business, and anything they are connected with should be treated with the utmost suspicion. If mine owners had the full sense of their own interest to heart, they would eschew all connection with such people. Then property, good possibly in its day, is handicapped the minute a bond passes by commissions, which in many cases exceed the true value of the mine two or three times over. Then the mine gets hawked all over creation, till every capitalist worth visiting on the proposition knows its name and all about it, with the result that none care to even listen to a fair statement of its merits. The town is alive just now with this class of individuals. Few have any money, and their credit is nil. When inducements are offered an owner to bond his property, common sense would suggest that the prospects for its sale should be of a nature guaranteeing the success of the negotiation. It would be still safer to demand a deposit of coin as a guarantee of good faith, and if this were done, there would be fewer disappointments in store for the mine owners. We know at the present moment of several valuable mines in the State which are rapidly losing caste, just through the lax methods of their owners in giving every alleged promoter who comes along liberty to offer it to "his people." The latter never materialize, while the name of the property is known from Dan to Beersheba, the jibe of moneyed men, who have been pestered to death to inspect it at four or five times its correct value. Owners who fall a victim to the wiles of the professional promoter are to be pitied as well as blamed.

Mining Experts and Experts.

The proposition enunciated by the new Gold Mining Exchange, in their prospectus, to examine mines on a basis of five dollars per day and expenses, does not meet with favor from the high-priced men in the profession who, by experience, education, and regulation, are entitled to put M. E. to their names. This is only natural, but, viewed in the light in which the officers of the 'Change put the matter, there should be no conflict between the big fish and the little ones. In explanation the Exchange people avow the sole intention to put properties on a standing where a capitalist will be justified in sending his chosen expert, at a heavy expense, to investigate matters. They claim that in the past a poor mau had to take the risk of having some possible investor refuse to look into his proposition, owing to having no reliable statement to act upon except the owners, which, in many cases, and not unnaturally, was suspected of being too highly colored to risk paying out a thousand or so to send a heavy-weight authority down to the ground. By the Exchange method this is altered, and an intelligent report will be forthcoming for presentation, on the strength of which a capitalist can make up his mind what to do, without getting into a wild goose chase which he may have good cause to regret. This is a very sensible idea, and no one can find fault with it on this ground. Good men will always be in request as mining experts, and they can always command good fees.

A Fool and His Folly.

Some "fool critic" takes up valuable space in the Boston Globe to lament the possibilities of a glut in gold and the consequent depreciation of the metal in the same way that silver has done of late years. The earthly mission of this genius does not lie in the line of finance. If it does, he is living a long way ahead of his time, so that it only remains to hope that his idiocy is of a mild type, and not marked enough in the way of annoyances to others to warrant his incarceration in an asylum. That the Globe has been imposed upon by a harmless lunatic is excusable to some extent, as the cunning of the unfortunate class is proverbial.

Comstock Mining Shares.

The only feature of the Comstock mining market during the week was the change of control in Norcross, the mine being the first to pass out of the management of the inside manipulators since work was first started on the lode. Mr. Lynch, who started in to capture the company, had a walk-over, as no opposition outside of the ordinary showing proxies was made by the old Board. Lynch bought stock right and left, or rather the voting right, at ten cents per share, and made quite a heavy showing in this way, which is proof sufficient that the bulk of this company's certificates are now among the public. None of the big people in the Comstock seemed to take the slightest interest in the disposition of the company, and the chief sufferers are Superintendent Joseph Ryan and Secretary Thompson, both reliable and capable men, whose honesty of purpose has never been impugned by even the opposition. Mr. Lynch has cut salaries considerably since he became President, and announces a reform programme which will be watched with interest in its practical adoption. Elsewhere there has been nothing of note upon which will serve to bare any hopeful views about the future of the lode, while the prospects for further contests for control are lively.

Local Stocks Active.

The activity in gas and electric stocks, in view of a possible consolidation, has served to put some of the brokers in easier circumstances. Their clients can now be nursed up to the point of taking a chance in the market, which has been woefully dull of late. Of course the consolidation will take place, and profits will be larger for all around, the mutual enemy, the public, being doomed to suffer in the long run for temerity in daring to hope that lighting rates had got down to a level where a future drop was more to be expected than an advance. A little ripple of excitement was caused in financial circles early in the week by the announcement that the Commercial Bank of San Jose had suspended, but as its business ramifications are, to a great extent, local, the sensation was short lived. At latest reports, the bank will resume at the old stand with new men at its head. The following dividends have been declared: Hutchinson Plantation, fifteen cents, payable on the 20th; Western Union, 1 1/2 per cent., payable April 15th, and American Sugar Refinery Co., its usual quarterly dividend.

A Big Mining Order.

San Francisco is rapidly becoming the main source of supply for the machinery required by the Australian mines, which is not an unnatural sequence to the convenience of a market where all the latest improvements which experience can suggest can always be found. On Saturday last an extensive order was placed with the Parke, Lacy Company, by cable, from the celebrated Mount Morgan Mining Company, the shipment including a Ropp furnace of the largest capacity, the same as that now in use at the Selby Smelting Works.

A Rawhide Dividend Declared.

The Rawhide Mining Co. of Tuolumne county has just declared a dividend aggregating \$40,000. Only twenty stamps of the mill dropped during the month. The new electric plant is nearing completion, and will start up as soon as possible. The strike of a new and rich body of ore is reported on the 900-lode, and the shaft will now be carried down another hundred feet. The App mine is developing in a manner which is a surprise to its owners.

THE annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York for last year shows a surplus over all liabilities of \$26,866,563.75. The total income for the year was \$48,597,430.51, and the amount paid to policy holders \$23,126,728.45. These figures speak well for the success this company is meeting with, and warrant the confidence that is placed in it by so many people on this coast. In another column, by the courtesy of the agents, A. B. Forbes & Son, 222 Sansome street, we publish the full statement of the company, and call the attention of our readers to the information it contains.

THE California State Board of Trade reports steady advancement in local trade. Let us stop all this talk about hard times, and prosperity will soon knock at the door.



"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

A FORTHCOMING volume bearing the title: "The Spoils System and its Deplorable Effect on the Budd Administration and My Prospects," is about to be issued by the American Tract Society. The author is not unknown in the walks of higher politics, and his name alone will insure a wide sale for the book. As a writer Dr. Marc Levingston is at once graceful, profound, and intensely moving. A small *édition de luxe*, bound in his own skin, will be published by the Doctor for circulation among his personal friends. The copy for the Governor will have the hair on the outside.

IT is probably a mistake to suppose that the persons who bring suit against Willis Polk in the Justices' courts are animated by either ill-will or business motive. Suing Willis has all the features of a fad, and fads are usually followed by those who, able to be indifferent to the cost of their amusements, care nothing for financial consequences. Only the rich may safely indulge in fads, but if tailors and humble persons of that sort are ambitious to imitate the diversions of their betters and go broke as a result of their vanity, the rest of us, including Mr. Polk, can stand it.

THERE is so much harmony among the leaders of the Republican party of California that they go about in felt slippers, lest a footfall strike a spark and blow the whole political powder mill to splinters. And when Burns crosses the Mexican boundary with a hand-grenade in every pocket, there will be such an addition to the harmony that no Republican will be able to gaze on it without feeling his hair erect itself and quiver.

IF it were not for the daily newspaper it is disheartening to think what would happen to the higher interests of civilization. President Jordan, of Stanford University, lectured the other night on the "Evolution of the Mind." The Examiner's report measured just two inches. But let Professor Jordan kiss one of the co-eds and he will be given two pages, and have his portrait published besides.

CHRISTOPHER A. Buckley, Samuel Rainey, Judge Sullivan, J. J. Dwyer, Max Popper, and Andrew Clunie, have received invitations to a free lecture entitled "My Knife, or Surgery as a Cure for Political Bossism." The parlors of the Occidental Hotel have been secured for the occasion, and the speaker of the evening will be Dr. Gavin McNab.

"I AM a truthful man," said the ingenuous Brother Brown to the Church Council, and he proves his noble frankness by admitting everything of which he is accused—everything, that is, which can be proved without his admissions. Brother Brown was not born yesterday, and those who have written on the Useful Art of Lying have not toiled in vain.

CAPTAIN Peter Lane, who was accused of criminal assault upon little girls, stands a fair show of being able to return to his old tricks. Where are all the mothers who participated in the indignation meetings?

THOSE who were fearful that the Republican party, in nation, State, and city, had lost something of its high moral purpose, are reassured. Phil Crimmins has re-entered politics.

DURRANT is studying law in prison. Probably he sees the necessity of preparing a strong defense for the hereafter, where, it is to be presumed, the insanity dodge does not go.

THE CRIER greatly fears, judging from the pictures of the female witnesses in the Brown scandal, that homeliness and virtue do not necessarily go together hand in hand.

BISHOP Goodsell has left for an extended trip through Switzerland. The moral atmosphere of San Francisco was probably too bracing for him.

THE Rev. J. Cronning Smith asks business men to send in their cheques to the churches, so that the message of Christianity can be preached to the million little heathens in distant lands. The reverend gentleman is wise enough to add that this step will pave the way to a larger commerce than even New York syndicates have yet dreamed of. It is good to see Christianity and Commerce so closely allied, but the idea of the Church as a necessary middleman is exploded. The natives prefer their rum undiluted, nowadays.

THE Methodists are complaining because one of their hymns states that lambs shed tears. Verily, verily, brethren, be not dumbfounded. Probably the writer wished to make a covert allusion to Buckley lambs after an election day. The pious brethren also complain because there is not enough mention of hell in their hymns, forgetting, possibly, that it is being reserved for them hereafter.

MRS. Brown states that if the Reverend Doctor should kill his pious self the newspapers of this city will be to blame. The CRIER does not think, Madam, that the Almighty would punish us very severely for bringing about such a desirable climax. At any rate, we are willing to take the chances.

THE Rev. Dr. Goodwin is authority for the statement that God's kingdom is close at hand, and can be materially hastened by the Church. The CRIER is glad to hear it, having a private pull of his own, but, judging by the present conditions, he thinks the outlook is dubious in the extreme.

THE good property owners on Corbett avenue have petitioned the Board of Supervisors to change the name of that thoroughfare because it reminds them too much of the bruiser. Would it not be simpler to do away with Corbett?

WILL somebody kindly hint to the Bank Commissioners that one of their duties is to keep posted as to the affairs of banks. The CRIER regrets to have to mention this, but they seemingly think that theirs is a pie-eating job.

A MAN named Graves recently had a narrow escape from death by trying to board an Alameda train while in motion. It is to be hoped that his name will be a caution to him in future not to attempt such a foolish thing again.

PROFESSOR Andree is to start for the North Pole in a balloon during July. It is to be hoped that he will take our leading religious controversialists with him and also the Rev. Dr. Brown.

AN Oakland idiot says that old age is merely the result of an improper method of living. The first thing, apparently, for a man to do who wishes to live forever is to get out of that city.

THE Democratic State Central Committee meets to-night at the California Hotel. Visitors interested in reform and reformers are invited to participate and bring their razors with them.

THERE is apparently some use for dead niggers, after all. Their skulls could be utilized for the better protection of our ironclads against the enemy's heavy cannon.

THE Rev. Dr. Dille complains about the centralization of people in cities. If the Doctor will only take to the lonely woods we will scurry after and crucify him.

THE poolroom men are still in business. We recommend that they be arraigned before Judge Wallace, who would deal with them as they deserve.

FOR every untraced murder, the CRIER recommends the hanging of a policeman. These statuesque gentlemen might then get in and hustle occasionally.

MR. Fitzsimmons insists that Corbett must get a reputation before he will fight him. Holy Hades, man, he has one, and it stinks to heaven.

THE Chronicle speaks of prize-fighter Sullivan's "enormity of girth." The term "ridiculous obesity" would be more appropriate.

NOW that the work of closing up questionable streets has commenced it is possible that the entire city will soon be condemned.

A POLICEMAN died in this city a few days ago, probably from fatty degeneration of the heart.



Sparks

AT last the secret is out as to the manner in which the Society Manager in Chief—Ed. Greenway—utilized the days of his convalescence. The result has just become known, and is a complete calling list of San Francisco society. It is the only true and correct guide as to whom to call upon and where, in fashion's realm. To make the book more complete the learned author has submitted rules of guidance in matters social for the benefit of society—no wonder people the other side of the Rockies are wont to look upon us as untutored savages in knowledge of *les convenances* when for so many years we have existed without knowing the rules of polite life as laid down by E. M. G. The jovial Ed would have made a ten strike had he dared to append a concise pedigree of his wealthy patrons and patronesses. Not in local gratitude—*bien entendu*—but the large sale the book would have obtained among people anxious to know “who is who in 1896”—would indeed have largely increased his exchequer. The idea of added pedigree is offered Mr. Greenway as a good one to act upon with a promise of obliging him with copious data to work upon from a '49-er. The next literary effort of this gifted gentleman will doubtless be a list of people eligible for matrimony. This would command an immense European sale—principally among continental Princes.

Gossip says that two if not more military weddings will signalize the festivities of the Easter tide. The tall Lieutenant is named for one, “Smed,” whom everybody thought was left out in the cold, has been getting in fine work in another quarter, they say; and Davis is going to have another “try” in the lottery of matrimony. No one seems to be well posted in regard to Maus, but agree they will have to wait for his return from the East for definite action. In civilian life Fred Crocker, Jim Phelan and George Newhall are spoken of as probable candidates for Hymen's band, and society is not slow in assigning the different brides to these gentlemen. A startling rumor goes that encouraged by the happy result of a recent marriage of a well-known matron, Mrs. Hager is not unwilling to receive proposals for her hand and possessions. The Heavenly Twins, too, are credited with thoughts of wedded bliss once more.

The George W. Gibbs house is the latest of the long list of residences built by millionaires who did not live to enjoy them, and seems doomed to share the fate of the Nob Hill abodes of wealth, *i. e.* remain with closed doors, as the late philanthropist's widow has gone on an extended European tour, leaving the beautiful home just finished, tenanted. Let us hope the mansion nearing completion of the millionaire Sugar King will be an exception to the foregoing, and prove a home for a live man in every sense.

To judge from the murmurings of the swim it seems not improbable that a double wedding will take place on the occasion of the Hobart-Williams nuptials, and much gossip is flying about as to the prospective bride. A sister of course, but whose? The bride's or the groom's? This is the question which seeks to pierce the cloud of mystery surrounding the matter.

“It is always a feast or a famine in San Francisco sure enough,” said a society girl the other day. “Just now Princes are as thick as blackberries in summer. As Prince Luigi bids ‘adios,’ the Russian Prince arrives; and yet another Prince bobs up serenely from China, no less, but I guess he don't count much.”

The many friends of that erudite young lady, Miss Betty Ashe, are mourning over her possible departure for Maine on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Harold Sewell, *nee* Millie Ashe. We are in danger of losing Porter Ashe also 'tis said, though no one appears to be sufficiently in the gentleman's confidence to say wherefor or why.

PROBATE SALE.



By Order of the Administrators of the

Estate of C. H. STRYBING, Deceased, we will

sell the San Francisco Properties of the Estate on

THURSDAY, March 26, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

At SALESROOM, 218-220 Montgomery St.,

Mills Building, at

PUBLIC AUCTION

To the Highest Bidder, subject to

confirmation by Superior Court.

Market-street Property.

Nos. 517-519 Market street, southeast line, 120 feet southwest of First street; lot 40x80 feet; substantial three-story-and-basement brick building; two tenants; rents \$350 monthly.

Kearny-street Investment.

Nos. 217-219 Kearny street (the Maison Doree); west line 12½ feet north of Sutter; lot 25x60.5 feet, extending back to Clara lane; improvements consist of a four-story-and-basement brick building; ground floor and basement occupied as a restaurant; three upper floors contain 18 large and spacious rooms suitable for offices or lodging-house.

Montgomery-street Investment.

Nos. 110 and 121 Montgomery street, west line, 103 feet 1½ inches north of Sutter street; size of lot 34½x60 feet to Trinity street; improvements consist of four-story-and-basement brick building; two stores on ground floor and offices above; total rents, \$650.

Sacramento-street Building Lots.

The 50-vara lot, northwest corner Sacramento and Lyon streets, in six subdivisions; corner 37½x102.284 feet; lots on Sacramento street, 25x102 feet 8¼ inches and 25x127 feet 8¼ inches; Lyon-street lot, 25x112½ feet; cable cars pass on Sacramento street; Sacramento street paved and accepted; Lyon street macadamized.

Mason-street Residence.

No. 1212 Mason street, east line, 114 feet 7 inches south of Jackson street; 60.3x38.9 feet, and extra lot 22.1½x38.9 feet; improvements consist of a solid and substantial residence; property is directly opposite the Ferries & Cliff House R. R. Co. engine-house and at transfer point; is naturally business property and should be improved with store and flats; would pay well.

San Miguel Homestead Lots.

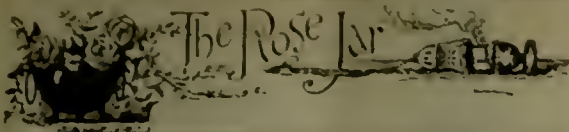
Lots Nos. 52 and 53 of the San Miguel Homestead Association, northwest line of Miguel street, 300 feet northeast of Mount Vernon avenue; size 88x103½ feet.

We will also sell on the same day the properties of the Estate of HELENA DIETTERLE, deceased, as follows:

Capp-street Residence.

No. 805 Capp street, east line, 40 feet south 23d street; two-story residence of 8 rooms and bath; bituminous rock street; stone sidewalk; lot 24x128½ feet.

Also, lot adjoining above, size 16x123½ feet.



TO A SEA-MEW.—ALGERON C. SWAB RHE.

OUR dreams have wings that falter;
Our hearts bear hopes that die;
For thee no dream could better
A life no fears may fetter,
A pride no care can alter,
That wots not whence or why
Our dreams have wings that falter,
Our hearts bear hopes that die.
With joy more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine.
Their lives, by time untarnished,
Are girt about and garnished,
Who match the wave's full metre
And drink the wind's wild wine
With joy more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine.
Ah, well were I forever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me,
And take my soul's wild honey,
And give me back thy snnny
Wide eyes that weary never,
And wings that search the sea?
Ah, well were I forever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me!

LET SILENCE FALL.—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY, IN LINES AND RHYMES.

Let silence fall across the past;
Its fitful moods of storm and rain,
Its weary hours of jealous pain,
Let never heart or speech recall;
If memory needs must break the spell,
Remember that I loved you well,
And o'er the rest—let silence fall.
Let silence fall between our lives,
The one, sunlit with youthful dreams,
Flushed with the future's hopeful gleams,
And held in proud ambition's thrall;
The other, worn with anxious tears
And tired grown with gathering years;
Between them now—let silence fall.
And let us part, as those who love
Are parted by the hand of death,
And one stands hushed, with reverent breath,
Gazing on funeral bier and pall;
But ere we close the coffin lid,
Let hither memories all be hid,
And o'er the grave—let silence fall.

SORROW AND SONG.—E. NORTH, IN THE NEW REVIEW.

The waves climb up to the cliff and the cliff repels them,
So the waves sing of their long desire for the land;
The winds ask their way of the Night, but she never tells them,
And the winds complain of a sorrow they cannot understand.
The conquered nations of the earth who have lost their birth-right
Sing of the years long ago when their rulers were kings;
All the proud valour that rises to set all things on earth right
Sinks in a sigh of sorrow and, sobbing, sings.
Work for the kings who conquer! The triumph, the glory,
The wages of victory are hut new battles to be fought!
But those who adventure and lose must sing their story
In the voice of winds and waves whose endeavor is nought.
The music of the spheres in the void's unanswering blindness
Is of love shed forth in light and lost in space;
All songs are the children of love and a loved one's unkindness,
Sad as the rain that implores in a desolate place.

TWO SONGS.—CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGOON, IN THE NEW BOHEMIAN.

Imprisoned in a little book,
Two songs lay side by side;
The words of one with passion shook,
The other only cried.

The sad one said: "Knew you love's bliss,
Before they put you here?"
"Ah yes, for I—I was a kiss;
And you?" "I was a tear."

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

Statement for the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1895.

Assets.....	\$221,213,721 33
Liabilities.....	194,347,157 58
Surplus.....	\$26,866,563 75
Total Income.....	\$48,597,430 51
Total Paid Policy-holders in 1895.....	\$23,126,728 45
Insurance and Annuities in Force....	\$899,074,453 78
Net Gain in 1895...	\$6,164,7645 36

NOTE.—Insurance merely written is discarded from this statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.—CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Report of the Examining Committee.

Office of the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

February 11, 1896

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 18th day of December last, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee hear testimony to the high character of the investments of the company and express their approval of the system, order and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general transacted.

(Signed) H. C. VON POST
CHAS. R. HENDERSON
JAMES C. HOLDEN
ROBERT OLYPHANT
WM. P. DIXON
J. H. HERRICK
Committee.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President.
WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager.
ISAAC F. LLOYD, Second Vice-President.
FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer.
EMORY MCCLINTOCK, Actuary.

A. B. FORBES & SON, Agents.

Mutual Life Building.

222 Sansome St., S. F.

HAZELTON
HEMME & LONG
BROWN & SIMPSON

PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

735 Market St.

IN THE SANTA GRUZ MOUNTAINS!

FOR THE FISHING SEASON COTTAGE TO LET,
(Furnished.)

On the fishing grounds of Los Gatos River. Address,

MRS. AUSTIN, Alma, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

BRUSHES

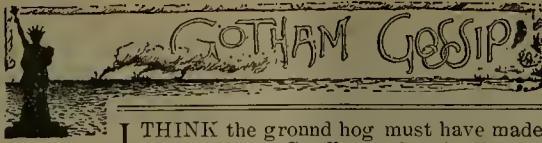
For barbers, bakers, hothacks, bath-houses, hill-hard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.



I THINK the ground hog must have made a mistake on Candlemas day, for we are having a very mild and charming winter on the whole. To-day is like a spring day, and the florists' displays suggest anything rather than the melancholy nakedness of winter. Have you heard yet of the new carnations? One from France, of bright crimson, has just been purchased for one thousand dollars by Fleischman, the Hoffman House florist, while Thorley has offered ten thousand dollars for the exclusive right for a year to a remarkably large and brilliant carnation being pushed by some Minneapolis grower. Fleischman, by the way, is the most successful florist, apparently, in New York. Never, outside of Paris, have I seen such beautifully decorated windows. He has exquisite taste, and no one would imagine, on looking at his superb establishment, that only a few years ago he was selling flowers in the streets.

Your talented singer, Keith, is about to return to San Francisco on a concert tour, and will begin his season early in June. He will probably be at the head of a New York company, which will make the tour a novelty as well as a pleasure.

Mrs. Bella Thomas Nichols has sustained a sad loss this week in the death of her adored mother. She has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends here, who feel sure that her profound consolation must be found in the thought that she has been so loving and devoted a daughter. Miss Potter, Mrs. Nichols' sister-in-law, has cards out for a literary and musical evening devoted chiefly to the works of the late Eugene Field. Miss Frances Jolliffe is conspicuous on the stage at Daly's this week, having been formally made a member of his company, a more important step in New York dramatic life than may suggest itself to the uninitiated. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is giving one of her Lenten lunches to-day to the Sewing Class, of which she is a leader, and which devotes itself to sewing for the poor all through the holy season. It is composed of a number of prominent society women—Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. Charity is very much the fashion at present—and if all fashions were as exemplary, mighty man would have little to complain of. The conference of the United Charities, in which Jew and Gentile fraternize, has been absorbing the attention of a large part of the community of late. D. O. Mills has announced his intention of aiding in the betterment of the condition of the poor by building two model lodging houses, where the

worthy poor may have lodging, bath and supper for from fifteen to twenty cents a night. The first one of these is to be built on the site of the Depan Row, in Bleeker street, once the fashionable quarter of the city; the second, down in East Broadway. In announcing Mr. Mills' plans, Bishop Potter took occasion to speak at the conference of the many unostentatious acts of charity performed by the ex-Californian.

Since Miss Fair's departure for Europe with the Belmonts (Mrs. Willie K.), rumor has been connecting her name with that of young Brice, the Senator's son, who has been quite mad about her for so many moons. It is a curious and significant fact that Maitland Kersey, her devoted admirer for the last three years, sailed on the same steamer. I have understood that but for the unfortunate impediment of a wife in the background, Kersey would long ago have risked his fate with the pretty little California heiress. This rumor was news to me, as it is not generally known that there is a Mrs. Kersey in existence. And perhaps there may not be,



It requires no guess-work
to see why

Evans'

Ale and Stout

Lead all others--

Need only try them.

"Something just as good," can
only mean another bottle.

Sold by leading Clubs, Hotels, Cafes
and Restaurants Everywhere.

Brewed and Bottled by

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Hudson, New York

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
S. F., Portland, Los Angeles.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the
market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at
20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

but the voice of the clubs says yea. A very current rumor just now has placed a new view in the minds of the public concerning the domestic life of the Castellanes. It is said that the small Countess is now in Dakota seeking a divorce, the escapades of pretty little Boni being too much for even her American endurance. I give you the report for what it is worth.

The "Cat Show" is one of the "diversions" of the week. I have not seen it, having been born with a horror of cats, and being unable to contemplate calmly the possibility of listening to several hundred *miaows* at a time. However, all New York does not share your correspondent's feeling, and the Cat Show means money.

Judge Wells, formerly a Supreme Judge in California somewhere away back in the early days, has been in New York visiting his daughter, who is the wife of Arthur Livermore, a prominent young lawyer and one of the champion golf players of the country. He is a nephew of Bishop Livermore of Vermont. Judge Wells has a beautiful home in Cambridge, near Boston, and has an extensive practice in the "great city." O. H. P. Noyes will leave in a few days for Japan, stopping *en route* in San Francisco.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

New York, March 6, 1896.

a runaway train

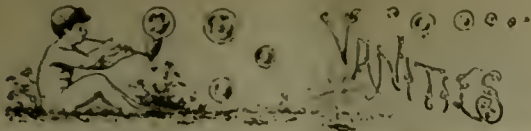
Sometimes, through accident or neglect, control of a train is lost and it speeds down the grade. It is so easy to go down hill; but the journey back is slow and hard. Have you been climbing up in strength, accumulating force? Or have you been going the other way, losing ground?

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, checks the downward course. It causes a halt; then turns your face about, toward the top of the hill. You cannot do anything without good blood: Scott's Emulsion makes it. Your tissues must have the right kind of food: Scott's Emulsion furnishes it. Your nervous system needs a tonic: Scott's Emulsion supplies it. You need a better appetite: Scott's Emulsion gives it. You have hard work ahead: Scott's Emulsion prepares you for it.

50 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



DEAR EDITH While Lent reigns I suppose our Sunday gowns must be very subdued. Black and violet and gray seem to be the predominant colors in the fashionable churches at present. Of course, you can use lovely silks or velvets to make up for the lack of gayness. I saw a lovely gown last Sunday, made of heavy dove gray faille. There was a half-length wrap of the same material, lined with dark violet velvet. The hat was small, and consisted chiefly of some beautiful soft gray lace, with a border of violets resting on the hair. The girl had gray gloves with gauntlets embroidered in violets. These beautiful flowers are going to have a long run, I imagine. They will certainly be the Eastern flowers for hat decoration, and are imitated so perfectly that they cannot be distinguished from Dame Nature's own. Chinchilla fur, being gray, is another variety of "sackcloth." A good-sized fluted collar for it can be bought for about \$125, a rather steep figure, but it looks beautiful when you have it. Another pretty costume I saw had blue Amazon cloth for the skirt, with an edge of black passementerie up each side of the front breadth. The bodice had a vest brocade in violets and green leaves. The dress had tight-fitting sleeves, which were draped in such a manner as to simulate the familiar puff. The bonnet was of deep violet velvet trimmed with black tips and green leaves. I hear that slight bustles are even being worn, but I think that most people will take advantage of the new fashion that is coming in to put a little fullness into the top of the skirt. The summer materials require this, and the indications are that the fullness will start very near the front and be pretty evenly distributed around the sides and back. Among the new things for the neck in our large stores are satin chemises, with satin stocks and small bows in front. They have a row of tiny pearl or gold buttons down the middle. A great many of the skirts to-day have narrow panels of another material at the side or in the front. Crepon is not being used so much as formerly. Dull mohairs have taken its place and are growing in favor.

Another pretty dress I saw was of soft, light gray camel's-hair. The skirt was a full godet, with a narrow panel of deep moire velvet at the left side. One which would have suited you had a skirt of claret crepon with the godets at the back. The collar was high and straight, and the sleeves, falling in small plaits from a very long shoulder, had tight-fitting cuffs to the elbow. The narrow belt was of coral suede, with silver clasps, studded with coral. The gown was trimmed with hatiste, which is to be the popular trimming for spring costumes.

It is a pity to see the sudden demand for wide hips. It arose, probably, from the strange desire that the short skirts of hasques should stand straight out from the body, almost at right angles. How one sighs for the grace of the clinging Empire gown again! As for shirt waists, madras cloth in black and white stripes, and ceru hatiste with colored dots on lace stripes, is the chief material used. In addition there is also the usual variety of colored lawns, cambrics and chevrons. I hear that some pretty summer gowns are being made of the finest and smoothest Irish linen. They will be worn with the white straw sailor hats which roll up all along the edge of the brim. The trimmings will be huge bows of white chine ribbon with bright colored designs of flowers.

I saw a pretty mourning dress the other day. The sleeves were moderately balloon, and of black crepe, while the waist proper was cut low and square in front and filled with white crepe, fluted with the alternate flutings, decorated in fine needlework. The waist was of some black handsome brocade material and trimmed with vertical bars in black crepe, and the skirt was gored with a flat front, with folds on the sides and a slight train behind. There is some consolation for being a widow, after all.

BELINDA.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa;



It bears their
Trade Mark
"La Belle
Chocolatiere"
on every can.

Absolutely
Pure.
No Chemicals.

BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS.

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Con. California & Virginia Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the Fourth (4th) day of March, 1896, an assessment, No. 6, of thirty cents (30c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of April, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

OFFICE—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Seg. Belcher & Mides Cons. Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on Tuesday, the Tenth (10th) day of March, 1896, an assessment, No. 17, of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 50, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday, the 4th day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Bodie Consolidated Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 19
Amount per Share.....	15 cents
Levied.....	March 7, 1896
Delinquent in Office.....	April 10, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	May 4, 1896

M. E. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Western Sugar Refining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Sugar Refining Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 30TH DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of 12 o'clock M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, March 20, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

ROBERT OXNARD, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 29, of 15 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Friday, March 20, 1896. Transfer books will close on Saturday, March 14, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street.



Paderewski came to the front of the stage for the fifth time and bowed low in response to the tumultuous applause of the hysterical women before him. "Dog-gone him!" muttered a bald-headed pianist in the audience, looking with glittering eyes at the flaming head of hair bobbing up and down. "I'd like to mop the earth with him!"—Chicago Tribune.

Wife (drearily)—Ah, me, the days of chivalry are past. HUSBAND—What's the matter now? WIFE—Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get angry simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat.—Tit-Bits.

Editor (to office boy)—I left some jokes on the desk here last night; have you seen them? OFFICE BOY—No sir; me and the janitor spent half an hour studyin' 'em last night, an' neither of us could see a one of 'em, sir.—Vanity.

Violinist (proudly)—The instrument I shall use at your house to-morrow evening, my dear sir, is over two-hundred years old. PARVENU—Oh, never mind that. It is good enough; no one will know the difference.—Standard.

Cora—So you are sure her husband had the best of the argument? Did she tell you so? MADGE—No; but I heard her say he was a mean, hateful thing, as she went out of the room and slammed the door.—Odds and Ends.

She—I asked pa to buy me a bicycle and he flatly refused. HE—Did you not say the most spiteful thing you could? SHE—Yes. I told him I wished he had never married into our family.—Idler.

"Her fiance is a pronounced brunette, is he not?" said one young woman. "No," replied the other; "he is a Russian. He can be spelled, but not pronounced."—Washington Evening Star.

"You are the only doctor who advises me to stay at home. All the others say I ought to go to a winter resort." "I suppose they have all the patients they want."—Fliegende Blätter.

Robby—Popper, what do they have a man pray for congress for? MR. FERRY—They don't. He takes a look at Congress and then prays for the country.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"No, papa, I tell you I won't have him! I want a title." "But you must, Ethel. He's rich, and I can give you nothing at this crisis—wait till next time for the title."—Life.

"Had an accident on my run to-day," said one gripman to another. "What was it?" "Woman said 'thank you' to a man who gave her a seat."—Washington Star.

She—I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world. HE—Of course not. In that case you would have to compete with all the other women.—Truth.

Hoax—I hear Irving isn't going to give matinees any more. JOAN—That so? HOAX—Yes; he's only giving knightly performances.—Philadelphia Record.

"Say, you oughtn't to push me so about that account. I really am short." "Yes. But why should you be so short so long?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You are suffering from a complication of diseases, Mr. Stein, at least six." "How much discount you gif me on halef a dozen, doctor?"—Life.

"Blykins has his owu way in his home." "Yes, but his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."—Washington Star.

"You never told me Miss Fairgirl was an athlete." "Well, is she?" "Yes; she has thrown me over."—London Tit-Bits.

When the gods were weary they partook of oysters. Moraghan, Stalls 68-70 California Market, has always the finest Eastern and Californian on hand.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Asst. Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Asst. Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of the Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Baitman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,262,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt, Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Cushman of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Asst. Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$800,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits Issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
G. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
OEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

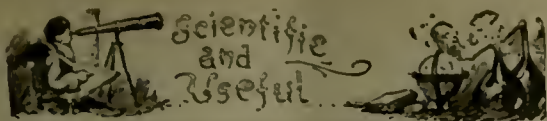
THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....\$3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co. 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



ACETYLENE GAS—The explosive nature of acetylene gas is assured. A gentleman who had manufactured some, intending to use it as a light in his store window, descended to the cellar where it was stored and lit a match. Although several feet away from the gas tank, an explosion occurred by which he was injured considerably.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES—Edison claims that in ten years few horses will be used in carriages. A company has already been formed in Paris for the purpose of placing public horseless carriages on the street. One hundred cabs will constitute the start, and, should they be patronized, the number is to be increased to one thousand.

A BOON TO MARINERS.—An invention for the benefit of mariners is an apparatus called the cophouc, by which pilots and steersmen on ocean boats can hear the signals of other boats either in a fog or a heavy gale. Whistles can be heard fifteen miles off, and, when there is no wind, at even greater distances.

THE BRITISH ARMY.—The British army proper is made up of three regiments of foot guards, ninety-nine of the line, and a rifle brigade. The cavalry consists of two regiments of life guards, one of horse guards, seven of dragoon guards, and sixteen of light dragoons.

THE LEADING CHEMISTS.—The Germans lead the world in the manufacture of chemicals. In the manufacture of dyes alone, every hint from England, France, America, and Italy is tried, every new material tested, every hopeful process patented.

THE COURT AND THE TYPEWRITER.—The Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that only the first typewritten copies of papers will be received in court or certified as copies by the court clerks. The new rule gives much more work to every one concerned.

AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.—A monster electric engine, to be used on a railway, is now in East Pittsburg. Each dynamo is of 200 horse-power, and the speed attainable is from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour.

TOBACCO AS A REDUCER.—An author writing in 1654 stated that a nobleman of exceeding girth was reduced by chewing tobacco. It was also recommended for use in military camps where little food was obtainable.

THE FIRST SHAVE.—Scipio Africanus was the first Roman to indulge in a daily shave. The Romans afterwards considered such an event as the entrance upon manhood, and celebrated it accordingly.

DOCTORS IN RUSSIA.—On July 1, 1895, there were 15,740 medical men and women in Russia qualified to practice. Twenty per cent. of these were military or naval surgeons, and 553 were women.

AN OLD HAIR TONIC.—An old recipe for a hair tonic used for an Egyptian queen who lived about 4000 B. C., consisted of dogs' paws and asses' hoofs boiled with dates in oil.

PROGRESS IN GERMANY.—Dr. Dernburg, a Berlin professor of law, advocates the setting apart of the University of Giessen for the exclusive use of women students.

THE USE OF TEA AND COFFEE.—Tea and coffee are inebriating substances as well as alcohol, although they produce a different form of intoxication.

There is nothing so healthy as a slight stimulant taken directly before meals. It freshens up the appetite and takes away all weariness. The J. F. Cutter Bourbon produces these effects quicker than any other stimulant, as it is the finest whiskey in the market. E. Martin & Co., of 411 Market street are the sole agents for this celebrated brand, which is in use by all connoisseurs.

The finest goods are the best. This also applies to linen for gentlemen and ladies. John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street has the best stock of spring goods in town.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

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No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, E. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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WHEN Disraeli formed his Cabinet in 1874, Lord Salisbury hesitated to join it because his relations with the Tory chief had been more than strained for several years. He recalled his denunciation of Dizzy in 1867 over household suffrage, and feared that his return to office under the leadership of that statesman would be misconstrued. In his perplexity Lord Salisbury consulted the greatest of his political foes, Mr. Gladstone, who promptly decided that it was Lord Salisbury's duty to enter the new Government instead of taking up a position of isolated independence, which would impair his usefulness. This advice was accepted, and to Mr. Gladstone it is probably due that Lord Salisbury is now at the head of a powerful Government instead of sitting on the cross-benches of the House of Lords.

—The Rev. John Henry Barrows, the famous Chicago preacher, sailed for Europe a few days ago, being bound for Germany, where he will spend eight months in long-planned theological research. After that he will visit India for a period of six months and deliver a course of lectures there. The Doctor is accompanied by his wife.

—When Victor Hugo died he had attained personal estate in England to the amount of some \$60,500; Matthew Arnold's estate only amounted to \$5,205, while Robert Browning left nearly \$84,000. The Barrett Browning Memorial Institute was lately opened by Rider Haggard at Ledbury, England.

—Sir John Gordon Sprigg has just entered upon his third term as Premier of Cape Colony. Cecil Rhodes pushed him out of office in 1890, but, forming a friendship for his political rival, he found a place in the Government for him in 1893 again. He is an able man and devoted to the Colony.

—The number of suicides committed in Germany from 1881 to 1893 inclusive was 105,327. The totals range from 8,987 in 1881 to 10,699 in 1893. They are proportionately more numerous in the Prussian army than in any part of the Empire, having been 65 per 100,000 in 1893.

—George Ebers, the well known German novelist, is one of the most notable of recent converts to Buddhism. Professor Ebers is one of the profoundest Orientalists in the world, and his most successful novels are filled with the spirit of Egypt and the East.

—The death of Francois Coppée is a possibility of the near future. He is said to be slightly consumptive, and is sojourning among the pine trees of Arcachon, a seaside resort a few miles distant from Bordeaux.

—The enemies of Zola are again getting ready to prevent his entering the French Academy. This time they are preparing a complete anthology of objectionable words and phrases in all his works.

—Gladstone, when a boy, studied the art of wood carving, and is said to produce some very fine work in his spare time. Much of the decorative work at Hawarden was done by his own hand.

—Sardou, the famous playwright, is said to have earned \$1,000,000 from his plays. He is over sixty-four years old, but feels as young as a boy. His first play was a failure.

—Robert Schomburgk, who fixed the line between Venezuela and British Guiana was a Prussian scientist and able to converse in ten different languages.

—The Crown Princess of Denmark is said to be the tallest woman in Europe. She is six feet and two inches in height.

Are you interested in Japanese art goods? If so, you should call and see the collection of George T. Marsh, at 625 Market street.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are unrivalled for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

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New hook free

EDITORIALISMS.

THERE is plenty of room in this country for two Salvation Armies. One of them might turn its attention to our churches.

EVERY day hundreds of dollars are squandered on the nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines. They should be removed from every cigar stand and saloon.

SAN Francisco is beating the world's bicycle records. California may be far removed from the heart of civilization, but she gets there just the same.

ENGLISH capital is coming to California to look into our mining industries. Stop all this clamor for war, and prepare for the coming period of prosperity.

WITH all the political cranks gathered together under one banner at Pittsburg, it is to be hoped that the old Democratic party will be able to march on, unhampered, to victory.

THE young ladies of Santa Rosa are so famed for their charms that we fear there will be a riot before one is selected to preside over the Rose Carnival. Our services are at your disposal, gentlemen, if extra help is required.

—Old Mrs. Tannell

Has gone up the funnel;

Her passage was paid by Brown.

Now he tickles his ears

And quietly swears

Because she don't want to come down.

WE take this opportunity of telling our numerous Eastern subscribers that if they contemplate a trip to California, now is the time to make it. The flower parade of the Los Angeles Flower Festival takes place on the 25th of next month, and not to see it will be to miss the event of a life-time. The Festival opens on the 21st of April.

TWO innocent little Oakland girls, aged four and ten years respectively, were the latest victims to the deadly trolley-car. In the name of every mother in the State, we demand that the speed of these infernal machines be limited, and that they be fitted with contrivances ensuring proper protection to life and limb.

OUR contemporary, the Morning Call, under the able guidance of Mr. C. M. Shortridge, is rapidly pushing itself to the front in metropolitan journalism. The cleanliness of the paper, its sincerity, and the clear tones in which it expresses its opinions and denounces corruption have all helped to raise it out of the depths wherein it formerly lay, up to its present prominence. Although we are of different political complexion to the Call, we recommend it as an honest and fearless journal, one that has already done much to bring about reform and intends doing still more.

THE C. Overman Brown scandal is nearing its end. By the time we go to press it may have become a thing of the past, although it is probable that, like a slimy snake, it will drag itself along for a few days more. Certain members of the Council appear favorable to the disgraceful pastor but we trust that there will be enough men with their hearts clean enough and brains clear enough to advocate his removal from our midst for the sake of the city's good name and that of the community in general. Even should he be found guiltless of some of the charges, the odium attached to his name is enough to warrant the action we recommend.

A fragrant bouquet of flowers for a room and a dainty boutonniere are never out of place. The finest cut flowers can be had of Charles M. Leopold, 39 Post street, who furnishes the floral decoration for nearly all the largest functions in the city. All the finest varieties of plants in pots also in stock.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Tenison Deane, M. D. Tel., East-33. Residence 1003 Sutter. Office, City of Paris Building, No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

Macheth lamp-chimneys are right if you get the right one for your lamp.

Let us send you the Index.

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Pittsburgh Pa

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.

Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 100 O'Farrell N. M. Adler, Prop. Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop. Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.

Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill, OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

Dr. H. G. Young, Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.

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Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street. Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

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CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

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Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

409½ Post St., San Francisco.

Dentist.



LUNCHEONS seem to take front rank at present as fashionable diversions, and have been quite numerous of late on both sides of the bay, prospective brides being guests of honor at a goodly proportion of them. Recent hostesses in that line in the city included Mrs. W. T. Hooper, Mrs. R. D. Fry; Mrs. Helmrich, whose guests were invited to meet Miss Mattie Whittier; and Mrs. Adolph Roos, whose very elaborate lavender and gold wildflower luncheon was in honor of some Eastern friends, the party at table numbering some fifty ladies. Among Oakland hostesses were Miss Nellie Chabot, and Miss C. E. Hayes, whose chief guest was Miss Blanche Castle.

While dinners have not been so plentiful as luncheons, that delightful form of entertainment has by no means been neglected. One of the most unique was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorne at the Grand Hotel, who, although married twenty years, that day celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding day, their marriage having taken place in 1876, which was Leap Year. The festivities on this occasion were something extra, as another celebration cannot be held for eight years.

There were a number of parties seen at the Pavilion on Monday night, that building containing quite a fashionable assemblage for which the military were largely responsible. Theatre parties also have not been uncommon. Miss May Schlessinger had a very large one at Morosco's on Monday evening, when Miss Jennie Schwabacher was chief guest, and an elaborate supper followed the performance. On Thursday evening the Misses Roth, who are on the eve of departure for Europe, were similarly entertained by Miss Hilda Levy, i. e., the theatre, followed by supper.

To-night takes place the *Bal Poudré* at the San Francisco Verein Club, which gives promise of being one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. To-morrow evening the Schwabacher residence, on Jackson street, will be thrown open to the friends of the host and hostess, who will appropriately celebrate the silver anniversary of their wedding day.

St. Stephen's Episcopal Church presented a very pretty appearance last Monday, when it was crowded with guests to witness the marriage of Miss Georgia Wightman and Douglas B. Crane. The floral adornments of the building consisted of a profusion of plants and ferns in the chancel, acacia blooms tastefully arranged about the reading desk and pulpit, and a canopy of smilax and roses in front of the altar, whereon were placed two large clusters of calla lilies. The bridal party did not arrive until half-past twelve, and consisted of the ushers, Messrs. Sturtevant, Thorntou, Prior and Crane; Miss Emma Wightman, as maid-of-honor, and the bride escorted by her father. The groom and his best man, Robert B. Church, awaited them at the altar, where the nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. E. J. Lyon. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Palace Hotel and a wedding breakfast served, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Craue departed for Coronado to pass the honeymoon.

Wednesday was a popular day for weddings this week. Miss Stella Greenebaum and Alfred Simon were the bride and groom of one in Berkeley; the wedding of Miss Leontine Rickard and William B. Fisher was a quiet home ceremony, owing to the recent death in Australia of the bride's father; and in Oakland Miss Louise Bromwell and Shelby Martin were united in wedlock at the home of the bride on Madison street. The ceremony was performed in the library by the Rev. Robert Ritchie amid lovely floral surroundings, the whole house having been beautifully adorned for the happy event. Pink and white were the chosen colors, and the bridal party stood underneath a chime of bells while the nuptial knot was being tied, bells in profusion appearing in the other rooms also. The bride, who

wore an elegant robe of white satin, was attended by Miss Luella Williams and Miss Gertrude Allen, who were gowned in white tulle, and Miss Clara Converse in pink tulle. Thomas Arneal was the groom's support as best man. Congratulations and then supper followed the ceremony, and then there was dancing. Oakland will be the scene of another wedding next Wednesday, when Miss May Hayley and Dr. Shuey will be the bride and groom.

At the rate at which marriage engagements are being announced among society folk, the Easter tide gives promise of being very lively in the wedding line. Mrs. K. B. Favre and Harry Babcock are among the most recent aspirants for matrimonial honors, their engagement having been made public a few days ago. Mrs. Favre and her sister, Mrs. I. L. Poole, have just returned to San Francisco after spending the winter months in their old home, New York City. Another announcement comes from Miss Jessie Farnum and young Spaulding, of Oakland, and two for a certainty, and probably more, will be out before the end of March. The marriages of the immediate future are those of Miss Clara Heller and I. Fleischner, on the 19th; of Miss Ruby Lowenberg and A. A. Brown, on the 24th; and of Miss Jennie Schwabacher and A. Rosenbaum, on the 25th, all of which ceremonies are to be grand affairs. In the meantime, their friends are dining and otherwise entertaining the young couples in the most lavish way.

On Wednesday evening of last week the Fortnightly Vaudeville Club had its second meeting at Miss Mary McNutt's, which was said by those who were there to have been "a great success," although the performance was attended by greatly diminished ranks. The Houghton residence on California street will probably be the locale of the next meeting, and the programme will, it is said, be a good one, even though the split in the club continues.

Fred Warde was the guest of honor at a tea given by the Philomath Club in the banquet hall of the Christian Association Building last Thursday. There was a large attendance, for whose enjoyment vocal and instrumental music was provided, and an address on Shakespeare by Mr. Warde. The dance given by Mrs. Schwabacher, of Clay street, on Saturday evening, was a very pleasant one, and the supper could not have been excelled. The recent card party given by Miss Ella Morgan was a remarkably pleasant gathering; the games were well contested, the prizes pretty, and the supper which followed was a very elaborate one.

The Sorosis Club will come to the front on Wednesday next, when the members will give an exhibition at their club rooms of Oriental rugs and curios in endless variety. Mrs. Irving Scott, who has had the management of the affair, has labored hard for some time past and promises that it shall be the most perfect thing of the kind ever undertaken in these parts.

There is rejoicing among the belles who love the military at the recent acquisition of two new beaux to the local phalanx in the persons of Dr. Wood and Dr. Edee, both unmarried men and both known as shining lights in Washington society. To be sure, Lieutenant Fleming, who has been transferred to the nation's capital, is a loss to society here, but "what can't be cured, etc." There is much talk of many festivities to be given at the Presidio during the Easter season. Mrs. Darling's cotillion stands first on the list, of course; but there are to be several hops, a tea, and a reception directly after the Lenten fast ends.

Miss Ella Hobart, accompanied by Miss Vassault, has gone East to meet her sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Lester, upon their return from abroad. The party will return together in time to attend the nuptials of their brother Walter and Miss Hannah Williams, preparatory for which are already being made. Burke Holladay and his bride, *nee* Clara Huntington, are expected to arrive from the East next week, and will reside with the "old folks" at their quaint old home on Clay street. Many hospitable gatherings at their friends are on the cards for their entertainment, and they will receive a warm and hearty welcome.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen, accompanied by her nephew, Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., will leave New York the latter part of this week, and will stop several days in Washington, D. C.

The Will Crockers have taken a house party to Santa Barbara, where they will remain until after the floral festival there. Mr. J. B. Haggins' friends in San Francisco are pleased to hear that his illness is not so serious as was reported, and that he is now improving, though slowly. Mr. Tevis, alarmed at the news which came to him, left for the East very hurriedly last week rather sooner than he expected, but his absence will not be a long one. Mr. and Mrs. Julian Liebes were among the overland passengers on Sunday evening, for a tour of Europe. Dick Pease has also gone East. Dr. and Mrs. Middleton anticipate visiting Salt Lake some time in April; they are still in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreekels and Miss Emma expect to leave for Europe early next month.

The baby luncheon given at the Colonial by Mrs. S. B. Johnson was a great success. Babies in all varieties were there. The rooms were delightfully decorated with almond blossoms, and each baby received a silver spoon. The other ladies who helped make the affair a success were: Mrs. Dr. Lane, Mrs. W. P. Treat, Mrs. Arthur House, Mrs. Doan, Mrs. Fred Howarth, Mrs. J. G. Barker, Mrs. E. D. Sulfield, Mrs. Charles McKenzie, Mrs. T. D. Riordan, Mrs. A. L. Coombs, Miss Mary D. Bates, Mrs. S. B. Johnson.

One of the best entertainments in the history of the Knickerbocker Quartette was given at Odd Fellows' Hall some nights ago. These singers, who have justly won more than a mere local reputation, provided a large and appreciative audience with many hours' pleasurable enjoyment, and the next entertainment is looked forward to with much anticipation.

A testimonial benefit is to be tendered to E. J. Buckley, an actor of the old days, at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 22nd. The programme will be a gala one, comprising talent from the various local theatres and visiting companies.

About the middle of April a grand concert will be tendered Professors Sancho and Lomhardero by their pupils. Various mandolin, guitar, and banduria clubs will participate.

The famous Seidl Orchestra and M. Sauret, the celebrated violinist, will be here in the city on May 18th. San Francisco is never wanting in musical attractions.

THE local management of the well-known Hamburg-American Line of steamers has lately been placed in the hands of Messrs. Kahn and Herzog, who have been appointed general agents for this Coast, with their office at 428 Montgomery street. Both gentlemen are men of experience, the one having spent fourteen, the other six years in the business. The steamers of this line are first class in every respect and the accommodation all that can be desired. A railroad ticket office is opened in connection with the office and it is safe to say that the new agents will succeed in getting hold of their share of both goods and passenger traffic.

MR. Edward R. Swain has been appointed architect to the Harbor Commissioners in place of the late A. Page Brown, who died from injuries received while driving. Many of the finest buildings in this city, as well as others in California and the East, are the work of Mr. Swain, and it is safe to say that by his appointment the State will be gainer.

THE quarterly meeting of the Merchants' Association was held at Beethoven Hall last Thursday. The subjects discussed were: Past, Present and Future Work of the Association; Street Sweeping, Sprinkling and Paving, and the Proposed New Charter for San Francisco.

There are few places in this city where a lady, wearied out with shopping, can step in and have a comfortable dinner or light luncheon. Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, however, is such a place and probably the only one of its kind. The cooking is excellent and the dinners arranged for the public or private functions are everything that can be desired.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

COOPER & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

Helical Tube Premiers

SANDOW cannot
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U. S. Government says
they are three times
stronger than any other
bicycle.



PREMIERS have been
made since 1877.

Over a HALF MILLION have been made.

Western Premier Cycle Company,

Pacific Coast Agents.

312 Baker Street

THE WHITE FLYER
BARNES
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IS THE MOUNT FOR '96

HOOKER & CO.
16-18 Drumm St.
RETAIL STORE:
1840 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

THE WHITE RIMMED HUMMER
IS THE CORNER

MISS BOLTE'S SCHOOL.

2207 SACRAMENTO ST. Board; English, French, German, piano; \$30 per month; a chance par excellence for ambitious and conscientious parents to give their children superior education at low figure; coach; kindergarten.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 6, 1896.
J. D. Sullivan, attorney for Administrator.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED.—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Electrohoise

The modern oxygen cure for disease.

Watson & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents:
124 MARKET ST.

Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From November 20, 1895. | Arrive

6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Orville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Espinola, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Orville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	8:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:00 P	Valley Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	12:45 P
11:15P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, and Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Gundulpe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45P	San Jose and way stations.....	17:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, *1:00, 3:00, *3:00, 4:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
‡Sundays only. ¶Tuesdays and Saturdays.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
‡‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

MAELINE S. BRIDGES IN LAOIS' HOME JOURNAL.

"Give me a kiss," she pleading said.
He heard, unmoved, her warm sweet suing,
Although to her he was not wed,
Nor had he ever come a-wooing.

"Give me a kiss." Her lips in shape
To tempt a saint, did thus heeath him,
While he seemed planning an escape
To some place where she could not reach him.

"Give me a kiss, just one—I pray."
Her fond insistence ill did serve her;
He looked askance and moved away,
Scared and disgusted with her fervor.

"Give me a kiss." Each coaxing word
But helped anew to 'fright and pain him,
Because he was her brand new bird,
And she was starting in to train him.

An Irishman on seeing a notice in a haberdasher's window one day which ran, "Everything sold here by the yard," entered and asked the man of the shop if he sold butter-milk. "Yes," was the answer. "Then give me a yard," said Pat. "All right," said the man, and dipping his finger into a dish of milk at his side, he drew it a yard in length on the counter. "Anything else?" he queried, triumphantly, of Pat. "No," said Pat; "just rowl it up in a piece of paper and I'll take it with me."—Limerick News.

WARM.—BOB BURDETTE, IN MEDICAL RECORD.

Press me closer all my own;
Warm's my heart for thee alone.
Every nerve responsive thrills,
Each caress my being fills;
Rest and peace in vain I crave,
In ecstasy I live, thy slave;
Dower'd with hope, with promise blest,
Thou dost reign upon my breast;
Closer still, for I am thine;
Burns my heart, for thou art mine;
Thou the message, I the wire,
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, red hot mustard plaster.

"What is a kiss?" her lover sighed.
"Grammatically defined
'Tis a conjunction," she replied,
"And cannot be declined."

—Truth.

WHICH CATALOGUE SHALL I SEND YOU?

Mandolins, Violins, Violin Music,
Violin Cases, Violin Bows,
Banjos, Banjo Music,
Guitars, Guitar Music,
Flutes, Flute Music,
Cornets, Cornet Music, Harmonicas.
C. C. STORY, 26 Central Street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Meeker's Antidote

Positively Cures Opium, Morphine, Opium Smoking and Liquor Habits.

DR. MEEKER CO., 21 Quincy St., Chicago.

A. BUSWELL,

Bookbinder, Paper-Ruler, Printer and Blank Book Manufacturer.

516 COMMERCIAL ST., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST and BRAN-NAN STREETS, at 3 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with steamers for SHANGHAI.

DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, March 21, 1896
CELTIC.....Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GALIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:30 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	3:30 A. M.	Petaluma.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor.	10:30 A. M.		
3:30 P. M.	3:30 A. M.	Healdsburg.	7:30 P. M.		
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Geyersville.	6:15 P. M.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pietta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.	3:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.	3:30 A. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pietta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Sarnotoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harry's, Scotia, and Eureka.
Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M.; March 15, 30; April 14, 29. For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M., March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.; March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Williamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.
Ticket Office—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, No. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Coolgardie gold-fields, (Freemantle) Australia, \$20 first class, \$110 steerage. Lowest rates to Cape-town, S. Africa.

C. S. S. Co.'s steamers sail:
For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," April 7th.

For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. ALAMEDA, April 2d.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties March 10th and April 7th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street. For freight apply to 327 Market street.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

Number 12.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 405-413 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The Office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1011 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

NOW that the National Guards are to be provided with Springfield rifles it will be in order to give them bullet-proof coats as well.

PREPARATIONS still continue for the Los Angeles Fiesta. Snowstorms are raging on the Atlantic Coast, but here in California we are adorning our lamp-posts with rose-garlands.

IT is probable that the Venezuelan affair will now be settled satisfactorily without bloodshed within a very short while. Arbitration should become the watchword for the coming century.

IT is hardly likely that President Kruger will visit London. He appears to be playing for time and the outcome of the Transvaal affair may prove him to be a diplomat of the purest water.

IT is to be hoped that both "White Hat" McCarty and Canty will be brought to justice for their cruelty to the horses on the Canty ranch. The good citizens of Modesto should not allow such fiendish deeds to go unpunished.

A POOR devil has been arrested for stealing daily papers from off the doorsteps of residences. Had the theft been confined to the Examiner he would have been entitled to a public vote of thanks.

MILK Inspector Dockery is still doing good work in the early hours of the morning. Healthy milk will make healthy children; and healthy children, it is to be hoped, will develop into healthy Democrats. May the good work continue.

MILL Valley is a delightful spot, but is made unbearable on Sundays by the presence of many toughs. If the residents there would resort to lynch law occasionally they might settle matters to the liking of all peace-abiding persons.

INSTEAD of patting the Cuban rebels on the back and insulting Spain, we should have offered to arbitrate the matter for both parties. By so doing we might have gained the friendship of all parties concerned without making fools of ourselves.

THE Chronicle lately favored us with pictures of the twin-brother Cuban rebels. The men might easily be mistaken for trapeze artists or general cutthroats and would certainly be arrested if found loitering on Van Ness avenue on a dark night.

NO importance should be attached to the ravings of certain Canadian demagogues who clamor for independence. Such people have not the faintest conception of the meaning of the word and have ever their own personal interests at heart.

TWO little Berkeley girls lately saved a man from a terrible death on the mud flats. They are not likely to receive more than thanks from him, as he is a poor man, but the State should present the children with a suitable reward, or at least a medal for their bravery.

JUDGE Campbell is to be commended for censuring druggists who sell morphine without a doctor's prescription. The morphine habit is a steadily growing vice and druggists who help it along for the sake of personal gain should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

NOW that the German trans-Atlantic steamship companies have increased their steerage rates ten per cent. it is to be hoped that much of the riffraff of Europe will be debarred from crossing the ocean. It is to be hoped that in the near future the rates will be raised even higher.

WE suggest that in future no steamships be allowed to leave San Francisco for foreign ports unless they have sufficient coal on board to overcome any emergency that may arise. The safety of the passengers must be considered, and should accidents arise through negligence then some one should be brought to account.

ANOTHER young Englishman has been lured out from London to Southern California on false pretences and may starve in consequence. Some London papers should be interested enough in the matter to keep these young fledgelings at home, where they are not so liable to be plucked as they are in this wild and woolly west.

MR. Isaac de Turk died at his residence in Santa Rosa on the 16th inst., aged sixty years. Mr. de Turk was for many years President of the Board of Viticulture, and was one of the most prominent wine-growers on the Coast. He was also the owner of some fine racing stock, and did much for the betterment of his city and county.

NEARLY twelve mouths have elapsed since Durrant was arrested for the crime of which he has been convicted. Public interest has apparently died out in his case and he awaits a commutation of sentence in good spirits. A short while ago a murderer was arrested in England, tried, convicted and hanged inside of two months. The worms should be holding high carnival over Mr. Durrant's remains.

THE insanity of the average Populist becomes apparent when such a woman as Mrs. Lease is nominated by that party as a candidate for Attorney-General of Kansas. Much has been said about that State as an asylum for cranks and political imbeciles in general, but if this female should ever be elected to so high and responsible an office then Kansas should be deprived of statehood until its inhabitants show some sign of returning sanity.

IT is to be hoped that Dr. C. Overman Brown will be requested to serve the Lord in some other capacity than that of minister of the gospel. There doubtless are plenty of male and female listeners, clothed in the garments of hypocritical sanctity, who would willingly listen to him expound the gospel as a specious of questionable Sunday recreation; but, strange as it may seem to the Doctor, there are other people with pure hearts and clear minds to whom religious worship is still a manifestation of belief in God and not a means for the gratification of personal desires. To these the whitewashed Doctor will ever be distasteful and, as he appears to be too thick-skinned to appreciate it himself, we suggest, for his benefit as well as for that of the community, that the news be gently blown into his hairy ears by the persuasive voices of the papers until he goes.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SITUATION.

THE NEWS LETTER was not wrong in holding weeks ago that when the Republican party should be heard from its voice would be for McKinley. The Ohio Republican Convention has met and declared for him with an enthusiasm exceeding that which a "favorite son" commonly evokes in his State. The party committees in many States have been sounded by the press, and McKinley is far in the lead for the Presidential nomination; so far in the lead, indeed, that there seems to be little more than local feeling in support of any of his competitors, with the single exception of Allison, who takes the place of a very faint second choice. The Republicans of the South and the Southwest want McKinley. So do the Republicans of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kansas, Oregon, the Dakotas and Pennsylvania. The only hope of his opponents is that his boom has been started too early, that being considered dangerous for a boom, but there is every probability that as time goes on the demand for McKinley will swell into a grand chorus, and that he will be given the nomination by acclamation.

Why this popularity? Mr. McKinley is far from being a great man. His public services have not been distinguished. Neither by superiority of intellect nor qualities of character is he exceptionally equipped as a leader. He is a sincere and earnest man, doubtless, but his name suggests narrowness to everybody. Ohio, not to speak of the country, has many Republicans whose brains are much larger, and whose devotion to party outranks his in time and value. McKinley owes his popularity not to what he is, but to what he represents. It is his fortune to stand by name for the one affirmative principle that is left to modern Republicanism. The solitary shot in its political locker is Protection, and Protection is known as McKinleyism. Were the party not otherwise bankrupt, the Ohio man, who is strictly a soloist, would hardly be heard of. If the Republicans could see within the national horizon any other issue on which it could unite, it would gladly subordinate Protection. It knows the peril of a contest waged on that question, but it has no choice. It is Protection or nothing, and McKinley for President follows as a logical necessity.

The Democrats are to be congratulated. Until recently there seemed no chance at all for them. Their party mistakes in Congress, joined to the hard times, appeared to settle their fate at this year's election. The masses think on very simple lines. The party in power is the Democratic; times are hard, therefore the Democratic party is responsible and should be turned out. That is always the popular mode of reasoning. It is not good logic, but it is the logic which prevails at the ballot-box and which politicians must accept. Times, however, have been brightening, and continue to brighten. There is excellent ground for expecting that the coming summer will be a season of prosperity, and prosperity is fatal food for McKinleyism. Besides, the House of Representatives is in possession of the Republicans, and that is a heavy Republican disadvantage, regarded from the campaigning point of view. Progressive betterment of the times should settle in advance a battle on the tariff issue. The conservative instinct of the country always favors letting well enough alone. If the merchants and manufacturers are doing reasonably well and the workingmen are employed, a Republican crusade for the restoration of McKinley high taxes as the specific for national ills will fail. Moreover, the great body of the people are more than tired of tariff discussion. And they know more about the merits of the question than they did in the good old days when the most effective Republican argument was a shout of "Protection and high wages!" The Homestead strike at the opening of the last Presidential campaign put the finishing touch to the workingmen's education on that vital point. McKinley as a candidate for the Republican nomination is irresistible; as a candidate for the Presidency he ought to be a joy to the Democracy.

On the Democratic side candidates are not being pushed. The party and the aspirants are willing to wait on time and Republican action to shape the situation. Ex-Secretary Whitney's is the most inspiring name yet mentioned. He has the respect and confidence of all classes, for his capacity has been tried and his high character is known.

He is not eager for the distinction, apparently, but should his party decide that he is the man above all others for the occasion, he could, doubtless, be induced to accept the leadership. But the great fact of the moment, in its import for both the national parties, is the overwhelming prominence of McKinley. His own party clamors for him, and the Democratic party is radially willing that its antagonist should have its heart's desire.

<p>In The Name of Lower Fares and Freights.</p>	<p>The logic of the people who are working for the increase of all sorts of charges and payments by the Central Pacific Railroad is like that peace which passeth all understanding. They declare on the one hand—and in that declaration they are right—that California needs nothing so much as cheaper fares and freights. At the very best they never can be cheap enough for through freight, because the haul from San Francisco to New York is the longest in the world, crosses many exceptionally steep grades and all this whilst wages are high and coal dear. Moreover, the first cost of building the road was, because of the abnormally excessive prices of the period, necessarily very great. We say, therefore, that under the most favorable circumstances now possible, through freight charges can never be as low as our producers could wish them to be. It is true however, that if the National Government were to adopt a course, for which many precedents can be found in other countries, and, in consideration of the benefits it has already received, forego the whole, or a part of its claims, lower freight charges would follow. In only one other way can there be a material reduction, and that is by the filling up of the State with a much larger industrial population, which, by the way, is an end the railroad, as it was its interest to do, has always done its utmost to promote. For the present, however, there is no way under the sun by which railroad charges can be materially reduced, save that of lessening the amount of interest the road must necessarily pay, but which it cannot pay unless earned. Clearly, to lessen interest is to reduce fares and freights. Yet, amazing to say, the demand of the disgruntled politicians is to impose upon the earning capacity of the road all sorts of new burdens. The first cost must, they say, be repaid now, twenty-five years after the completion of the road, and as the money would have to be borrowed in these exceptionally hard times, the interest would be high. State taxes on the franchise, in addition to those on the roadbed and its equipment, have just been increased over a million a year. All this, be it remembered, in the pretended interest of lower railroad charges. A grosser imposition was never attempted to be foisted upon the credulity of a people.</p>
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The refunding proposition, so clearly presented by Mr. Hubbard and approved by Mr. Huntington, provides the only possible way by which freight charges need not be increased, and yet protect the Government against ultimate loss of capital. If that statement be true, as we submit it is, it should end the whole controversy. We are very sure that none of our anti-railroad contemporaries will successfully controvert it. The absolute safety of the Government against loss is found in the additional security offered. Not only are the valuable terminals and other properties necessary to the conduct of the Central Pacific's business to be pledged to the Government, but the Southern Pacific is willing to be bound for the Central's indebtedness. No more substantial guarantees were ever offered for the repayment of a debt. If the Government attempts to operate the road itself, it will attempt the impossible. Scandal, failure, and final loss will follow inevitably, as every man, not a fool, well knows. If the road is sold to the highest bidder, the purchaser will have to borrow the money at high interest, and that, of course, involves increased railroad charges. Where then does a satisfactory alternative for refunding come in? Clearly it does not appear in either Government ownership, or public sale. It is said that the interest offered is lower than that which the Government will have to pay. But why should the Pacific Coast complain of that? Low interest means lessened freight charges. In view of all the circumstances the Government might well remit all the interest, and if California were not bedeviled by the politicians, that is the very thing she would agitate for.

Dear Brother Brown. It is hard to see how the Reverend Dr. Brown, during the remainder of his honored life, can free himself from the gnawing fang of remorse. On several occasions while the Council was trying him he betrayed want of confidence in it. Once he even went so far as to say bitterly that he had "underestimated the worth of Christian fellowship," meaning by this that some of the questions asked him in cross-examination appeared to be put in an unsympathetic spirit. How unjust the Doctor was in thinking for one instant that his brethren might desert him in the hour of his need, is now made plain to him and all the world. What his conscience must suffer when he reflects on those fleeting doubts only he and his Maker will ever know.

The Council has given an exhibition of fraternal loyalty which confounds the worldly, and, doubtless, moves the saints to the singing of exultant hosannas. To carnal men and women the evidence brought out, and the evidence so laboriously suppressed everywhere except in the newspapers, seemed to make it impossible that Dr. Brown should escape conviction as an adulterer. To the carnal apprehension, also, it seemed that Brother Brown, in his efforts to explain away damaging testimony and to harass women witnesses with bellowings and insults, displayed himself as a liar, a coward, and a blackguard, devoid even of the mental ability to conceive what manhood is. In the carnal judgment Brother Brown's offenses in this way since his trial began, to say nothing of what went before, and his other sins, entitle him to a month of daily lashings at the cart's tail. In the carnal view he has been proved, and largely by his own defensive activity, to be a low-minded, sneaking rogue, so squalid in his cheap and nasty pleasures, so mean and petty in his malignity, and so shameless in his effrontery, that the society of an ordinary jail would be too good for him. Certainly should it ever be his fortune to become an inmate of San Quentin for perjury, or any clerical inadvertence of that sort, no self-respecting hurglar there would compromise himself by associating with him in the yard between jute-mill shifts.

But we see by the Council's verdict how very, very different is the regenerate from the carnal mind. This body, composed of clergymen and deacons, all eminent for their piety, and leading representatives of the moral ideas of their churches, finds that Dr. Brown has been maligned by the sinful Mrs. Stockton, exonerated by the fond and repentant Miss Overman, and that the indiscretions in the way of bullying, slandering, and brutality of which he has been guilty are due to an infirmity of temper that is fully compensated for by his readiness to apologize in order to escape consequences. And, finally, the Council hopes that its dear brother, Dr. Brown, will be spared for many years of usefulness as a preacher of the gospel and a moral guide and exemplar.

The worldly will be of the opinion that in whitewashing Dr. Brown the Council has merely multiplied him by its own number—that his whitewashers have demonstrated that they are no better than he is. But what the worldly may think is manifestly of no importance to the Congregational clergy of California.

Wonder and indignation fill the worldly at this acquittal of Dr. Brown. But it is not obvious why the worldly should be troubled. They are under no necessity of going to the sanctuary, or of sending their wives, daughters and children there. The worldly ought to be able to stand the verdict if the churches are.

An Unanswerable Argument. Several times during recent sessions of our State Legislature, the NEWS LETTER pointed out the utter uselessness, because of the powerlessness, of the Railroad Commissioners. Being provided for by the State Constitution, the commissioners cannot be legislated out of existence, but their salaries can be made as nominal as their duties, and this journal has frequently pointed out the wisdom of taking that course. There is no sense in running an office at an expense of something like \$20,000 a year when the holders of that office, by reason of judicial decisions, have nothing left for them to do except draw their salaries. Governor Budd is believed to be ardent in his desire to reduce the cost of all useless Boards and Commissions, and, that being so, he may well recommend the Legislature to

save the State the expense of this Commission, which has become impotent for any good or useful purpose. Its uselessness has been demonstrated by several recent decisions of the Courts, which will necessarily have to be confirmed once again in a few weeks in Judge McKenna's Court. The law has been settled by the Supreme Court. In a most able opinion, written by Mr. Justice Brewer, the Court held that it was not in the power of any Legislature in the land, not even the highest, to fix railroad charges below a point at which interest on capital, cost of operation, and expense of needed betterments are provided for. To fix them at less than that is held to be confiscation of private property without due compensation being provided therefor. Mr. Herrin, in his able argument the other day, had but to quote the decision of the United States Court, in order to render any adequate reply possible. But lawyers will argue—for a fee—even though they have no case, and no chance of befogging the judiciary. The result in this case must follow the appellate decision. It is well for all of us that it should. If the earnings of one class of property could be confiscated, so could the earnings of all other classes, and, in that case, every man's right to his own would be at an end. The unquestioned enjoyment of property is the fabric that holds our government and society together. It makes no difference that that property serves a public use; it is still entitled without legal estoppel to earn a reasonable interest. If it were otherwise there would be no private capital invested in public utilities. Mr. Herrin is entitled to much praise for the masterly and gentlemanly manner in which he presented his side of the case to Judge McKenna. It was an able and eloquent plea for justice and fair dealing, against the short-sighted and prejudiced principles of unthinking people, whose sentiments find too ready utterance through the columns of a malignant press. He was thoroughly aware that the railroad has ever had the best interests of California at heart, has sought to populate its vast vacant tracts with settlers. Mr. Herrin knew that in return for all this, a certain loud-mouthed minority of people here have continually abused the Railroad so as to better their own interests thereby; but he also knew that there are other people in this City and State ever to be found on the side of justice and order, and who appreciate what the Railroad has done and is still doing for California, and who will ever raise their voices to defend it from the attacks of blatant demagogues. Knowing all this, and feeling sure that he was on the right side, Mr. Herrin was enabled to put his whole heart into his work, and that fact alone will, doubtless, cause Judge McKenna to perceive new light in the words of this masterly attorney, who battled against prejudiced old men with ease and calm surety, born of his knowledge of the absolute equity of his case.

Unhealthy Methods. We are sorry to note the importance attached by the daily papers to every little movement of the working men in this city. Thus the blatant demagogues composing the Labor Convention were allowed columns of space when really a few inches would have sufficed to inform us about their uninteresting proceedings. These men and their periodical gatherings are doubtless necessary evils, but we see no reason why we should be forced to read about them while enjoying our coffee at the breakfast table. By publishing their doings, and giving undue prominence to their so-called leaders, the daily papers only help to nourish the general discontent which is ever growing among such people. It would be better to treat them with silent contempt and devote the surplus space to matters worthy of attention.

The same censure applies to the publication of the late anarchist meetings held in this city by some obscure and unkempt foreign refugees. The right of free speech cannot be gainsaid in this country, but the line must be drawn somewhere for the general good, and we consider that anarchy is more a matter for the police than for perusal. If men and women have not understanding enough to know when they are obnoxious to their fellows, then the prisons should be opened to them and public instruction provided to teach them their duty. The papers, however, are as much to blame as they are, for inciting them to further action by continually keeping them before the eyes of a disgusted and much-suffering public.

Is the Rev. Colburn a Beast? The case of the Rev. Colburn, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, is one that will have to

be dealt with by the Grand Jury. Neither the man himself, the policemen who arrested him, their superiors, nor his church, appear to have any desire to act. Yet, the interests of religion aside, it is intolerable that a person resting under such an accusation as that brought against the Rev. Colburn should be permitted to occupy a position of prominence and dignity in any community.

About a month ago this clergyman was arrested in Golden Gate Park and taken to jail. There being no prosecution, he was discharged next day by Police Judge Low. The reason accepted for the absence of prosecution is that the Park Commissioners deemed that public morals would be better served by letting the man go than by giving publicity to his offense. A council of Methodist clergymen met promptly, heard Colburn and the man arrested with him, declared that the statements of the two and the failure to prosecute constituted proof of innocence, and gave their reverend brother a clean bill of health. Standing on that judgment Colburn continues to preach, and, so far as heard from, his church is content to sit under his ministrations.

Had the accused man repaid the consideration of the Park Commissioners by at once packing up and leaving town, the action of the Commissioners would have been approved, on grounds of expediency, by every friend of decency. But by remaining, Colburn asserts his innocence. Were he like other men and really innocent, it would be impossible for him to abstain from efforts to prove his guiltlessness, for to an ordinary man the existence of the suspicion in any mind that he could possibly be guilty of such an unspeakable crime, would be unendurable. As it is, Colburn's course conforms to the hypothesis that he trusts to the undiscoverable nature of his alleged offense to shield him from further public notice as a sexual psychopath.

A lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a hodcarrier, any man, would be obliged to battle were he charged as the Rev. Colburn is charged. Else there would be no place for him in secular life, no worldly hand would take him, no worldly eye would turn upon him save in horror and disgust. He would, if innocent, demand an instant and complete investigation, and prefer death to the present position of the Rev. Mr. Colburn. It may be that in the church circle where this clergyman is still a guide and exemplar, a license to preach is regarded also as a license which places the bolder above all natural and moral laws. But the law of California does not take that pious view. The Rev. Colburn was arrested for a felony. He is here, and apparently means to stay here. It is, therefore, the duty of the Grand Jury to meet this monstrous defiance by giving the case of the pastor of Grace M. E. Church its examining attention. If he is a wronged man, let the fact be so declared; if he is a beast who was caught in the act, let him be indicted and sent to San Quentin.

What Sutro Does Not Know About Stealing. Adolph Sutro has got himself into trouble. Although Mayor of San Francisco, he violated a very natural and widely known postal law. He printed

on the face of a large number of envelopes a scurrilous attack upon another man, who, by implication, he thought capable of stealing a stove, if only it were not too hot to handle. It was an ignoble and cowardly way of avoiding a direct issue, and escaping the legitimate consequence of one's own words. It must be said for Shylock Sutro that he is an authority on stealing; that is to say, he is if the original stockowners of the Sutro tunnel know anything at all about him. For a period ante-dating Sutro's election to the Mayoralty the NEWS LETTER has been in possession of two volumes sent to it all the way from Paris, and devoted to the purpose of exploiting Sutro's knowledge of stealing. Those volumes constitute delectable reading, and some day shall find a place on the bookshelves of Sutro's historic library. It is due to the truth of history, that they get there, and we will see that they do. The false pretenses, stock swindling, cooked reports, judicial corruption, and downright rascality connected with the boring of the tunnel that impoverished all its owners, save Sutro, but made him rich indeed, have a history that must not be lost to future generations.

An Exposed Fraud. This week will be memorable in the history of San Francisco journalism. It has witnessed the delivery of the death blow to the newspaper which is more widely circulated than any other on the Pacific coast. The Examiner, which assumes the position of leading Democratic organ west of Chicago, which has endeavored to constitute itself the chief spokesman of the anti-monopoly sentiment of the communities which it reaches, has been exposed. It is charged with having its Democracy and its anti-monopoly pretensions on sale. Mr. Huntington made the statement in Washington that the cause of the Examiner's hostility to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and of its abuse of himself, was that it had been in receipt of a monthly subsidy of \$1000 from the corporation, and he had been cruel enough to deprive it of this source of revenue.

This statement was telegraphed to the San Francisco Call exclusively. A vivid illustration of the disadvantage which a San Francisco newspaper labors under in being owned by a resident of New York was furnished. The editor of the Examiner, without consulting the distant proprietor, indignantly, and like a gentleman, denied the shameful accusation. Then two other San Francisco papers, the Chronicle and Post, at once made Mr. Huntington's statement their own, and challenged the Examiner to ask for documentary proof that the \$1000 subsidy had been paid. By this time the New York proprietor had been heard from, and the Examiner ever since has hung its head in guilty silence. It is on exhibition as a fraud, as a demagogue with bribes in its pockets, as a reviler of the man whose wages it had taken, and against whom it has leveled the fire of its abuse because he refused to gratify its desire to be corrupted.

The Examiner, though its owner is a millionaire, has never been quite above suspicion of shady business methods. Under its present ownership it has not at any time possessed much character, but now it has none. Mr. Huntington has stripped it of the last rag of concealment, and put it in the stocks for the world to jeer at. Day by day its contemporaries call on it to defend itself, to say that it is not a bribe-taker, to demand the proof of its corruption—and it sweats blood but keeps the cowardly dumbness of guilt—the dumbness that is the most humiliating of all confessions, since it is forced and without the grace of penitence.

From now on the Examiner will go down toward the grave in a disgraceful decline. A journal can by enterprise in giving the news bear up under a good deal of suspicion that it is editorially a pretender, but a newspaper that has been proved corrupt, whose motive for trying to be a popular leader against wealthy corporations and wealthy men has been demonstrated to be rage at the withdrawal of subsidies, must perish under public contempt. The Examiner is done for, and there will be no regrets, for it deserves to be done for. The spectacle which it presents with its pockets turned inside out, its tongue tied, and its scoffing contemporaries lashing its venal back, will excite the scorn but not the pity of honest men.

Get In And Work. The outlook for the future was never brighter in trade and all things than it is at present. Fresh capital is coming to California to be invested in our mines; a free market where producers and buyers will be equally benefited is more than a possibility of the near future; the demand for American stocks and shares is growing in European markets and the country is bursting into blossom with the approaching Easter-tide. Everything, however, must not be left to Nature; man must do his own share of work. Therefore every person in this great State, in all walks of life, should buckle down to work and help to place California where she really belongs—at the head of the western world. There is no reason why she should not reach that proud position. We have strong financial institutions, we have men of responsibility and means whose interests are inimical to those of the State, we have sturdy men, beautiful women and golden opportunities by the carload. With a little energy on the part of each individual the cry of hard times will become a thing of the past, and California will once more become an El Dorado attracting the enterprise of men from all over the world.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View from Hopkins Art Building, Looking East.

The Suffrage Question. At the coming election the voters of this State will be favored with an opportunity to make themselves heard on the question

of Woman Suffrage. A campaign has been instituted by the lending spirits of the movement, and it is more than likely that by next November we shall have heard more than enough about the troublesome subject. The venerable leader of the Suffragists has already said in an interview that the aid of the women will be promised any party willing to adopt the suffrage plank, Democratic, Republican, or even Populist. The lady may have been incorrectly reported, but, as the statement has not yet been refuted, we are forced to accept and attach no little importance to it. The statement means that women merely want to vote, and to acquire that privilege they will, for the time being, affiliate themselves with any one brave enough to outwardly espouse their cause. It is, doubtless, too much to expect of a woman that she act from principle; too much to expect that she might be actuated by the higher motives by which men are moved to bind themselves to one party, however hopeless its chances may be, when they think that that party is most devoted to the interests of the State. These ladies merely wish to vote, and, to acquire that right, they would apparently even ally themselves with the gentry of light fingers and lighter consciences should they organize for political purposes and offer to battle for their inelligible sisters. It is unnecessary for us to go into the details of what women consider their "rights." Had the press during the last few years only devoted as much space to the "wrongs" of men as it has to the "rights" of women, this country might be better off to-day in more ways than one. We have also learned that for every woman who is able to lay aside her prejudices for one day in the year, and vote rationally, there are thousands who are still unable so to do. A woman may become intelligent by application, but for her to become rational—well, that is not taught in our colleges. Men, moreover, love a little danger in their lives, and, as danger and irrationality are closely allied, they are attracted by the most natural women. Were it possible, then, for women to become rational, a time-honored and very necessary custom would naturally fall into disrepute. It is right for a man to acquire wisdom with years, but a woman is never a gainer by too much knowledge. It unbalances her and places her above her kind, and unfits her for those duties which, until a third sex is created, she is best fitted to perform. To women to-day, as Beaudelaire did many years ago, we say:

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Ye newe and novel wares of this sort are attractive to ye prospective



This Rocker

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Ye hickorie chair, rustie and olde,
Stands bye ye gardene walle
A wellcome seat for ye maiden faire
And her lover, brave and faire
Its arms be wide, and its seat be large
'Twill holde them bothe with ease
Ye hickorie chaire, homelie and plain,
By its comforte dothe always please.

W. & J. Sloane & Co.,

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According to her From London Truth Lights

"TOMORROW," said Ralph Lorrimer, "this time tomorrow, Joan, we shall have crossed the Rubicon. What then?"

The woman by his side raised her eyes and looked straight out into the far distance.

"What then?" she echoed.

He took her hand in his as he went on.

"A new life, Joan. New interests—new ties—new hopes. Isn't it so?"

A marvelous light dawned brightly in her eyes, glowed and lingered.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes."

His clasp tightened a little on the hand he held.

"It's a grave step, though, Joan," he said, "and once taken it can never be retraced. You—you have considered it well, dear. You are quite sure that you have no regrets—that you will never blame me?"

She turned to him quickly and laid her soft cheek on the big brown hand that clasped hers, with one of the pretty caressing gestures that came so naturally to her. "I have considered it well," she answered, "and I have not one regret. I am yours absolutely, now and always. Do with me as you will, I shall never blame you. Why should I?"

"Why should you?" he repeated. "Why? I don't believe there is one other woman in the world who would ask such a question at such a moment—but you are different from other women."

She looked at him gravely.

"Why should I blame you?" she asked again, with simple directness; "tell me."

"Because of all that you are giving up for my sake," he answered in a low tone, and then he turned his head away.

"Ralph," she said softly and steadily, "the woman who puts any earthly consideration before the happiness and welfare of the man she loves is not worthy the name of woman. The love that doubts and fears and counts the cost and gain is not worthy the name of love."

He looked at her, and as he had often done before during their short acquaintance, with wondering tenderness not unmixed with awe.

"You're an angel, Joan," he said, slowly. "An angel—nothing less; and I'm a man—nothing more."

She smiled up in his face.

"Yes, Ralph, something more—the man I love."

He looked at her again, but he did not speak—he could not—and they walked on, side by side, and hand in hand. Through the broad, rich pasture land, where the drowsy cattle stood knee-deep in the lush green grass and golden buttercups, on the bank of the narrow winding stream they went, in the scented summer dusk, and paused by the old grey ruined bridge, their favorite trysting-place.

Ralph leaned on the moss-grown wall and gazed down at the swift silent waters beneath.

"Do you remember the first time we met here?" he asked. "What a contrast between then and now?"

Ah! what a contrast—what a contrast, indeed! Then they had been acquaintances of a day, and now—well, now they were all in all to one another, and the morrow would mark the beginning of a new life—a life in which the conventional laws of social custom and morality would have no part or lot. "All for love and the world well lost," was the key-note of their future.

How it had come about, that was the puzzle, for Ralph Lorrimer seemed the most unlikely man in the world to go mad for a woman's sake. A big, strong self-contained,

self-reliant man, caring little or nothing for the society of women, and having many interests in life apart from and beyond merely sentimental ones. No one who knew him would have expected him to fall a victim to a *grande passion*, least of all would he have expected it of himself. But it is always the unexpected that happens.

He did not understand what had happened; he could not attempt to explain it. It was beyond him. He only knew that the very first sight of Joan Meredith's face had filled him with such love and longing as no mortal man could withstand.

They were an oddly-assorted pair; a typical study in contrasts. He was an ambitious man of the world, imbued to a certain extent with the reckless, cynical spirit of the age. She was an idealist, a dreamer of dreams; unpractical and unworldly. The spirit of the age had passed her by in her quiet country home, and she still cherished the illusions with which she had entered on woman's estate.

"Do you remember?" he asked again.

"Yes, I remember," she said, in her soft voice.

He turned and looked at her as she stood there by his side, tall and straight and slender, her face a little uplifted, so that the fading light lingered upon it. Such a face! Sweet and fair, tender and true, with a wistful, sensitive mouth, and clear, steadfast eyes. The face of a woman absolutely unselfish, purely womanly, counting loss but as gain when endured for love's sake.

Something in the gaze of those innocent eyes, with their soft, unwavering light, touched him as he had never been touched in all his life before, and a great wave of remorse and shame swept over him.

"I'm a brute," he cried, "even to think of letting you make such a sacrifice for me. I ought to refuse it, but I can't—I can't. I love you too well. Oh! Joan, why did you learn to love me? I am not worthy of the love of such a woman as you. Or, if you must needs waste your heart on me, why didn't fate bring us together years ago? I could have offered you love with honor then; now I can only offer you love with dishonor."

"But love," she said, softly, "love still."

"Yes," he answered, looking straight into her eyes, "love still—love always. Is that enough, Joan?"

She came nearer to him and put her hand on his arm. "Dear," she said, "how little you know me even now, or you would not ask that question. Don't you understand that I like to make this sacrifice for you—that I am glad to give all I have to give for the sake of the man I love?"

She looked up at him, and the light that irradiated her face was not of this world, but the reflection of diviner fires above. No shadow of regret, no lingering thought of self, marred the completeness of her contemplated sacrifice. All that she had to give she gave without grudging, and would have given ten times over, exulting in the power to give, for the sake of the man she loved.

There are natures that are predestined to martyrdom, and find their true happiness therein, and hers was one of those.

He put his hand over hers as it lay on his arm.

"The man you love," he said, "and—the man who loves you. Don't forget that, Joan. The man who loves you. Remember it always."

"Always," she echoed, softly. "The man who loves me. Yes, I know you love me, Ralph. You have told me so, and I—believe you."

He looked down at her and smiled.

"Well, dear, you have deeds as well as words to strengthen your belief. If you are giving up for the man you love, am I not also giving up for the woman I love? Not so much, perhaps—but still something."

There was a moment's pause, and then she turned to him quickly:

"Are you giving up, Ralph? I don't think I realized

The Suffrage Question. At the coming election the voters of this State will be invowed with an opportunity to make themselves heard on the question of Woman Suffrage. A campaign has been instituted by the leading spirits of the movement, and it is more than likely that by next November we shall have heard more than enough about the troublesome subject. The venerable leader of the Suffragists has already said in an interview that the aid of the women will be promised any party willing to adopt the suffrage plank. Democratic, Republican, or even Populist. The lady may have been incorrectly reported, but, as the statement has not yet been refuted, we are forced to accept and attach no little importance to it. The statement means that women merely want to vote, and to acquire that privilege they will, for the time being, affiliate themselves with any one brave enough to outwardly espouse their cause. It is, doubtless, too much to expect of a woman that she act from principle: too much to expect that she might be actuated by the higher motives by which men are moved to bind themselves to one party, however hopeless its chances may be, when they think that that party is most devoted to the interests of the State. These ladies merely wish to vote, and, to acquire that right, they would apparently even ally themselves with the gentry of light fingers and lighter consciences should they organize for political purposes and offer to battle for their inelligible sisters. It is unnecessary for us to go into the details of what women consider their "rights." Had the press during the last few years only devoted as much space to the "wrougs" of men as it has to the "rights" of women, this country might be better off to-day in more ways than one. We have also learned that for every woman who is able to lay aside her prejudices for one day in the year, and vote rationally, there are thousands who are still unable so to do. A woman may become intelligent by application, but for her to become rational—well, that is not taught in our colleges. Men, moreover, love a little danger in their lives, and, as danger and irrationality are closely allied, they are attracted by the most natural women. Were it possible, then, for women to become rational, a time-honored and very necessary custom would naturally fall into disrepute. It is right for a man to acquire wisdom with years, but a woman is never a gainer by too much knowledge. It unbalances her and places her above her kind, and unfits her for those duties which, until a third sex is created, she is best fitted to perform. To women to-day, as Beaudelaire did many years ago, we say:

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According to her From London Truth Lights

"TOMORROW," said Ralph Lorrimer, "this time tomorrow, Joan, we shall have crossed the Rubicon. What then?"

The woman by his side raised her eyes and looked straight out into the far distance.

"What then?" she echoed.

He took her hand in his as he went on.

"A new life, Joan. New interests—new ties—new hopes. Isn't it so?"

A marvelous light dawned brightly in her eyes, glowed and lingered.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes."

His clasp tightened a little on the hand he held.

"It's a grave step, though, Joan," he said, "and once taken it can never be retraced. You—you have considered it well, dear. You are quite sure that you have no regrets—that you will never blame me?"

She turned to him quickly and laid her soft cheek on the big brown hand that clasped hers, with one of the pretty caressing gestures that came so naturally to her. "I have considered it well," she answered, "and I have not one regret. I am yours absolutely, now and always. Do with me as you will, I shall never blame you. Why should I?"

"Why should you?" he repeated. "Why? I don't believe there is one other woman in the world who would ask such a question at such a moment—but you are different from other women."

She looked at him gravely.

"Why should I blame you?" she asked again, with simple directness; "tell me."

"Because of all that you are giving up for my sake," he answered in a low tone, and then he turned his head away.

"Ralph," she said softly and steadily, "the woman who puts any earthly consideration before the happiness and welfare of the man she loves is not worthy the name of woman. The love that doubts and fears and counts the cost and gain is not worthy the name of love."

He looked at her, and as he had often done before during their short acquaintance, with wondering tenderness not unmixed with awe.

"You're an angel, Joan," he said, slowly. "An angel—nothing less; and I'm a man—nothing more."

She smiled up in his face.

"Yes, Ralph, something more—the man I love."

He looked at her again, but he did not speak—he could not—and they walked on, side by side, and hand in hand. Through the broad, rich pasture land, where the drowsy cattle stood knee-deep in the lush green grass and golden buttercups, on the bank of the narrow winding stream they went, in the scented summer dusk, and paused by the old grey ruined bridge, their favorite trysting-place.

Ralph leaned on the moss-grown wall and gazed down at the swift silent waters beneath.

"Do you remember the first time we met here?" he asked. "What a contrast between then and now?"

Ah! what a contrast—what a contrast, indeed! Then they had been acquaintances of a day, and now—well, now they were all in all to one another, and the morrow would mark the beginning of a new life—a life in which the conventional laws of social custom and morality would have no part or lot. "All for love and the world well lost," was the key-note of their future.

How it had come about, that was the puzzle, for Ralph Lorrimer seemed the most unlikely man in the world to go mad for a woman's sake. A big, strong self-contained,

self-reliant man, caring little or nothing for the society of women, and having many interests in life apart from and beyond merely sentimental ones. No one who knew him would have expected him to fall a victim to a *grande passion*, least of all would he have expected it of himself. But it is always the unexpected that happens.

He did not understand what had happened; he could not attempt to explain it. It was beyond him. He only knew that the very first sight of Joan Meredith's face had filled him with such love and longing as no mortal man could withstand.

They were an oddly-assorted pair; a typical study in contrasts. He was an ambitious man of the world, imbued to a certain extent with the reckless, cynical spirit of the age. She was an idealist, a dreamer of dreams; unpractical and unworldly. The spirit of the age had passed her by in her quiet country home, and she still cherished the illusions with which she had entered on woman's estate.

"Do you remember?" he asked again.

"Yes, I remember," she said, in her soft voice.

He turned and looked at her as she stood there by his side, tall and straight and slender, her face a little uplifted, so that the fading light lingered upon it. Such a face! Sweet and fair, tender and true, with a wistful, sensitive mouth, and clear, steadfast eyes. The face of a woman absolutely unselfish, purely womanly, counting loss but as gain when endured for love's sake.

Something in the gaze of those innocent eyes, with their soft, unwavering light, touched him as he had never been touched in all his life before, and a great wave of remorse and shame swept over him.

"I'm a brute," he cried, "even to think of letting you make such a sacrifice for me. I ought to refuse it, but I can't—I can't. I love you too well. Oh! Joan, why did you learn to love me? I am not worthy of the love of such a woman as you. Or, if you must needs waste your heart on me, why didn't fate bring us together years ago? I could have offered you love with honor then; now I can only offer you love with dishonor."

"But love," she said, softly, "love still."

"Yes," he answered, looking straight into her eyes, "love still—love always. Is that enough, Joan?"

She came nearer to him and put her hand on his arm.

"Dear," she said, "how little you know me even now, or you would not ask that question. Don't you understand that I like to make this sacrifice for you—that I am glad to give all I have to give for the sake of the man I love?"

She looked up at him, and the light that irradiated her face was not of this world, but the reflection of diviner fires above. No shadow of regret, no lingering thought of self, marred the completeness of her contemplated sacrifice. All that she had to give she gave without grudging, and would have given ten times over, exulting in the power to give, for the sake of the man she loved.

There are natures that are predestined to martyrdom, and find their true happiness therein, and hers was one of those.

He put his hand over hers as it lay on his arm.

"The man you love," he said, "and—the man who loves you. Don't forget that, Joan. The man who loves you. Remember it always."

"Always," she echoed, softly. "The man who loves me. Yes, I know you love me, Ralph. You have told me so, and I—believe you."

He looked down at her and smiled.

"Well, dear, you have deeds as well as words to strengthen your belief. If you are giving up for the man you love, am I not also giving up for the woman I love? Not so much, perhaps—but still something."

There was a moment's pause, and then she turned to him quickly:

"Are you giving up, Ralph? I don't think I realized

that before. I thought—I thought you had all to gain and nothing to lose. I thought—I thought—

"That you were to bear all the loss," he supplemented, with a grave smile. "Would that be a fair division of labor, Joan? I don't think so."

She was still looking up at him with wide startled eyes.

"But I do—I do. And I should like to bear all the loss, Ralph, I want to bear it all. Can't I?"

He shook his head.

"No, you can't dear—and thank God for it. I may be a selfish brute—some women say all men are—but I'm ready to bear my share of this undertaking. I have no desire to shift the whole burden on you, Joan."

She covered her face with her hands.

"I thought—I thought," she murmured, brokenly. "Oh! Ralph, you told me that you were miserable in your home life; that your marriage had been a family arrangement without love on either side, and that the constant fret and strain of living with a woman whom you disliked and despised were lowering your moral nature, and making you hard and bitter and cynical. You told me I was the only woman that you had ever loved—and that I alone could make you happy, and lead you to better things. You told me all that, Ralph, or else—or else—"

"And I told you the truth," he answered, doggedly.

"As there's a Heaven above us, I told you the truth. But there are worldly and practical considerations, too, Joan, though you are so unworldly and impractical that I hardly know how to explain them to you. In life—in a man's life more than in a woman's—there are things of almost equal value with love, and those things I am giving up for you. Does that sound brutal, dear? I don't mean to be brutal, but only to prove how well I love you."

She did not move.

"What are the things?" she asked, her face still hidden in her clasped hands.

He frowned uneasily.

"Any other woman would know without asking. The things are obvious enough, though it isn't so easy to put them into plain words. You see, dear, to begin with, there's the good opinion of one's fellow-men, and a man who does what I am going to do must forfeit that. What do you think will be said of me in the world when this comes out? Shan't I be called a brute and an outsider, and cut by every decent man and woman of my acquaintance for the rest of my life? It isn't as if you were—as if you were—oh! you must know what I mean."

He paused.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"No, dear, no," he answered, in the same uneasy way, "that isn't all. There's my career, you know. I always had a bent towards politics, and I meant to go into Parliament some day. I might have made a name for myself; every one said so—but that goes with the rest."

Another pause.

"Is that all?" she asked again.

"One thing more," he said, in a lower tone; "there's—there's the boy. The only living creature in the world that I love—except you. The only one. Some day—as soon as he's old enough to understand, no doubt—some kind friend will tell him what his father did, and then—then perhaps he'll curse me."

Another pause—a long, long silence.

Ralph turned once more to a gloomy contemplation of the rushing stream, while Joan, with her hands pressed convulsively on her throbbing brow, sought blindly for a key to the cruel problem that fate had set her to solve. Piece by piece, little by little she worked it out, according to her lights; passing every detail in mental review, until she had learned her lesson—but at what a cost!

All the pain and longing of a lifetime seemed to be condensed into that supreme moment. In it she touched the highest heights of suffering, the lowest depths of despair, and drained to its dregs the bitterest cup that life could offer her. Yet not once did she falter or fail.

At last she uncovered her face and looked up with a new light in her eyes.

"Ralph," she said, solemnly, "thank God it is not too late. What was going to be can never be now. Oh! how blind I have been—how blind! I never saw things as they really are till this moment. I thought I was the means chosen by Heaven to save you from yourself and lead you

to a happier and better life—when all the time I was only the bait with which the devil was angling for your soul. Oh! the bitterness of it—the bitterness and the shame! Ralph, dear, when we part to-night, we part forever as lovers; when we meet again it will be as friends. As long as I live I will be your friend, your true and faithful friend as I pray you may be mine; but everything else is at an end. You must go back to your old life, and take up your old duties, and—and—" Her voice broke.

"Never!" he cried. He caught her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "Joan," he went on, passionately, "dear, you are mine, and I will hold you against the world. These things of which I have spoken—what are they compared with you? I tell you I have weighed them in the balances again and again, and they are nothing—nothing—less than nothing. But you, Joan, you are everything. If any one had told me three months ago that I should ever love a woman as I love you, I should have laughed. I didn't know what was in me then—but I know now. Think no more of what I said, Joan. Forget every word; or if you must remember, then remember it only as a proof of my love for you. Dear, parting is a word that must never again be mentioned between us so long as we both live. You have promised yourself to me, and I hold you to your promise. You are mine, as I am yours, now and forever. Nothing but death can part us. I swear it, and you know I never go back from my word. Nothing but death. Joan—nothing but death. Say it after me, dear. Nothing but death!"

She shivered a little in his arms.

"Nothing but death!" she echoed, looking not at him, but up into the starlit sky.

* * * * *

So they said good night, and twelve hours later Ralph Lorrimer, stunned and speechless, stood by the cold form of the woman he had loved, and read her last words to him:

"You swore that only death should part us, and, Ralph, I would have lived to save and help you; but I could not live to degrade you. God deal mercifully to me if what I do is wrong. Think of me sometimes, dear, and remember—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"—London Truth.

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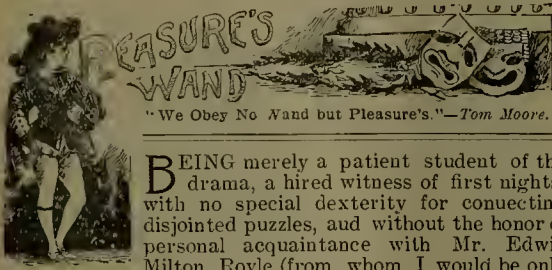
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BEING merely a patient student of the drama, a hired witness of first nights, with no special dexterity for connecting disjointed puzzles, and without the honor of personal acquaintance with Mr. Edwin Milton Royle (from whom I would be only

too glad to receive light), I confess, without embarrassment or shame, my inability to tell why or for what *Captain Impudence* was written. When I ceased counting there had been developed in the piece thirty-three separate plots; ninety-seven various climaxes; the uniforms, gowns and dialects of several nations; a flag that flapped in a little private wind of its own, and thirteen brisk American epigrams. At the conclusion of the play I felt like one who had read the opening chapters of all the serials in a sample copy of the *Suicide Companion*. I was first interested in a young American officer, who goes one better, in cheek and perseverance, the debonair Mr. Barnes of New York. This soon gave way to the charm of a languid, sultry-voiced señorita, with a penchant for poems, flowers and horses, which the young hero had either received from his sweetheart or staked on a wager. Not getting all of these heart's desires, the señorita joins forces with the villain—a big, picturesque Mexican, with a dialect that hovers between Scandinavian and Portuguese, and together they season the food of the officers' mess with the deadly, insanity-producing palo de leche, or loco weed. That this fantastic herb must long have been the diet of author-actor-manager Royle is the only explanation I have to offer for the kaleidoscopic vortex of tragedies, comedies, melodramas and burlesques that follow the loco weed episode; which wealth of dramatic ideas, if worked up separately, would make Mr. Royle a more prolific, even if not more illustrious, playwright than Sardou.

Mr. Royle is an intelligent actor, who tries to keep out of the beaten path. He over-subdues his emotion—which, to be sure, is better than stage hysteria—but in curbing impulsive demonstration so effectively, he brings a picture pathetically reminiscent of the stained glass Saint Timothy, after whom the Frawley Company was christened. As an actor he reads Captain Shields' lines with an acute perception of their cleverness that must give great gratification to his author being. Evidently they teem with significant meaning for the elect, and the author and the star are on the best of understandings. Mr. Henderson is another good actor, but Major Mendoza's loco pap dialect is a few too complicated for his limberness of tongue. For my part, I would rather follow Sir Henry Irving's Lyceumese than guess what Mr. Henderson's Mexican thinks that he is saying. Mrs. Royle is everything that is charming and captivating as Mrs. Trigg. Her laugh is so ticklingly melodious and contagious that it supplies many a timely cue for the audience. William W. Bittner works heroically to give probability to Major Bugg, but in the speedy transitions from dignity to idiocy it is not a very thankful task. Miss Merli's Jovita is also worthy of a better cause. Lucretia Bugg is ingenued in a pale, Maud Adamsey way by Miss Gretchen Lyons. The scenery is praiseworthy, though the multi-starred Old Glory predates the admission of California and several other Territories into our great Union. And there is one pert line—a definition of love—that is worth the type: "Two hearts without a single thought."

I heard Ondricek and Materna again at the Auditorium on Saturday afternoon. Ondricek repeated his triumph of the previous Thursday evening, opening splendidly in Max Bruch's G minor concerto, an impressive modern work admirably chosen to display the scholarly discrimination which tempers the sensitive, febrile temperament of this wonderful little Bohemian. In the Bach "Air" and Beethoven's G major Romance, his even purity of tone and ardent feeling found felicitous expression. A Tarantelle,

written by Ondricek himself, and consisting principally of a brief, rhythmic theme that dauced with entralling friskiness from key to key, again made patent the almost limitless bounds of his execution. Ondricek is a violinist of the first degree; he hews with large, masterful fluency; his left hand is marvelously agile and unerring in accuracy, welding octaves and chords, or flitting over chromatic passages with perfect intonation; his full, harp-toned pizzicati are the most remarkable I have ever heard, and every note that comes from his violiu echoes the sincerity of a warm, musicianly heart.

I shall welcome Materna with glad (though doubtless inadequate) open arms when she sings with the big orchestra. Her clariou-toned Wagner arias are decidedly out of balance when allied with the comparatively diminutive timber of the piano.

A Milk White Flag continues to wave buoyantly in the breeze of popular approval at the Baldwin Theatre. The gentleman who combines the exhilarating pastime of undertaking with his martial duties was not honored with a place on Mr. Hoyt's cleverly schemed programme, so I cannot say with any accuracy who it is that acts that delightful rôle with such adroit perception. The Napoleonic Colonel might have walked out of a Century poster, so faithfully does he resemble in feature and pose the over-worked hero of periodical literature. Charles Stauley plays the part with a grave, responsible air that is absurdly amusing. Piggott Luce, the lively lamented, in the hands of George A. Beane, is another evidence of how much may be made of a comedy character by not over-doing it. The easy, unconscious acting of the trouserless corpse adds particular zest to a part that might easily be made vulgar. Frank Lawton's dancing, imitative and whistling are as unique and eccentric as of old. His bird-like whistle has lost none of its purity or strength, but on Monday night it showed a decided disinclination to keeping in key with the orchestra. Charles Warren does good, straight-forward work as the General, and Clarisse Agnew's Pony Luce is a brisk bit of soubrette acting, evidently inspired by Lydia Yeamans Titus. Sara Maddern plays the proud and happy widow. I do not like it. Maybe it is her dialect, which is less melodious than Chicagoese—or a too vigorous application of snugglug. At all events it is the one dissonant color in the picture. But taken altogether, *A Milk White Flag* should give Hoyt a new lease of popularity.

No better evidence of the broadcast popularity of Hoyt's farce-comedies can be given than the thousands of people that have thronged two theatres during the week to see his militia and political satires. *A Texas Steer* and *A Milk White Flag* are the two cleverest caricatures that Hoyt has ever drawn. They both revel in broad, unmistakable local color, and, in decisive, yet adroitly good-natured ways, exquisitely satirize two phases of American life that have richly earned ridicule. At the Columbia Tim Murphy and a good supporting company have given us a week of relaxing nutritious fun in *A Texas Steer*. Murphy is the same droll, inimitable character as the Texan Congressman—a little more dexterous, perhaps, in twirling his trusty Smith and Wesson, and maybe more complete in the ingenious business and detail of the best single character that Hoyt ever created. Dorothy Sherrod has been transposed from Dixie Style to Bossy, a role that seems equally well adapted to her flexible comedy skill. The negro quartette is excellently balanced, and sings the old plantation songs with all the bright-colored harmonies and expressive "holds" on diminished sevenths, so dear to the darkey's heart.

At Morosco's Grand Opera House *The Hoop of Gold*, a melodramatic story out of the usual run and worked effectively about the unwarranted suspicions of a frenzied husband who throws his own child in the river, has played a profitable week. Vinton is strong as the drunken, misled husband, Miss Tittell does well with the wife's part, and Swain does an excellent piece of character as the tout who ends all happily. Gilbert and Goldie have each a policeman part, which they handle skillfully, besides introducing several of their characteristic specialties.

Monday evening at the Columbia. David Henderson brings back to San Francisco the great spectacular *Seidl*. So many innovations and alterations have been made that the piece is said to be more in the line of a new production than a revival. Hugh Chilvers has Henry Norman's old part of Snarleyow and Oscar Girard wears Eddie Foy's late shoes. There will be, of course, some startling ballets and all the lavish electrical and scenic effects that the name of Henderson promises. Batchelor's new music is said to be catchier than ever.

On next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon two great musical events will occur at the Auditorium. There will be a grand orchestra to accompany Ondricek and Materna in the great concertos and Wagnerian scenes. In the latter Anton Schott, reputed a Wagner tenor of exceptional power, will participate. Arthur Fickenschier, a celebrated young pianist from Munich, will make his debut in Liszt's A flat concerto. It will be our last opportunities to do homage to the wonderful violinist Ondricek.

The subscription lists for the great Seidl Concerts to be given at the Columbia Theatre the last week in May, will be ready on Monday morning. Subscribers for the nine concerts can secure a season ticket for only twenty dollars, with first choice of seats, while the regular price will be three dollars on the ground floor. In addition to Seidl and his orchestra the two famous violinists, Sauret and Rivarde, will appear.

"Bob" Burdette, who appears at the Auditorium Tuesday, March 24th, is making the most extended tour he has so far given. His popularity does not seem to wane, for crowds are drawn to him everywhere, and more enthusiasm is displayed concerning him than ever before. This famous humorist will give one of his delightful entertainments at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening next, March 24th.

Maritana has been well sung at the Tivoli this week, particular mention being due Raffael and Carrie Roma, who in the parts of Don Jose and Maritana scored decided successes. Next week Richard Stahl's *Said Pasha*, which has achieved a big reputation at the Tivoli, will be given a grand revival.

The Orpheum has several new attractions of first quality on its programme of this week, though Charles B. Ward and his Bowery song creations are not surpassed for artistic merit.

A decidedly attractive bill is that of the Grand's for next week. Carroll Johnson will essay the leading role in Fitzgerald Murphy's Irish-American play, *The Irish Statesman*.

Sunday night concludes the engagement of Anna Eva Fay at the Auditorium. Her novel methods of mind reading, or whatever it may be, have mystified the town.

The vaudeville show at the Alcazar is steadily gaining in popularity. There is a matinee every afternoon besides the regular evening performance.

Captain Impudence, or Mexico, will continue for another week at the California, instead of devoting that week to *Friends*, as was previously announced.

THE following gentlemen comprise the regular ticket for Directors of the San Francisco Art Association: James D. Phelan, L. P. Latimer, Edward Bosqui, Horace G. Platt, J. C. Johnson, Henry J. Crocker, Arthur Rodgers, Henry Heyman, Charles R. Bishop, Wm. G. Stafford, J. B. Crockett. The election takes place on March 31st; polls open from 1 to 6 P. M.

THE bench show committee of the Pacific Kennel Club are making great preparations for the fifth show of that organization which will take place in the Mechanics' Pavilion from May 6th to 9th inclusive. James Mortimer will be judge and it is said that the show will be the largest ever held on this Coast.

No art collection is perfect without Japanese bronzes and vases. Geo. T. Marsh, at 625 Market street, has a superb collection.

Grover's Alcazar. The Palais Royal of America:
Matinee to-day (Saturday) at 2 P. M. Icecream and cake.
MY WIFE'S HUSBANDS. OPEN GATE.
Leonard Grover Jr. and great cast. Specialty vaudeville stars.
Orchestra, 25c.; dress circle, 15c.; balcony 10c. and 5c.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.
Monday evening, March 23d. For just two weeks. Seventh annual Cal tour and first time at this popular play house.
THE AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY, 131 people.
D. Henderson, Manager. Presenting that most superlatively splendid of all the Henderson productions.

SINBAD,
THE SAILOR, Or, "The Maid of Bahrora."
With every stage accessory, which have made the Henderson extravaganza the most notably magnificent in America.
Next Attraction—PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.
To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, last performances of Hoyt's
A MILK WHITE FLAG
Last performance Sunday night, March 30th.
Monday, March 30th: JAMES O'NEILL

TO-MORROW AFTERNOON, Sunday, March 22d.
Baldwin Theatre.
A truly big show. TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT to
E. J. BUCKLEY.
Tendered by the entire theatrical profession of this city and visiting companies
NOTE: Curtain will rise promptly at 1:30 P. M., owing to the length of the programme.
Prices 50c. and \$1.

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors
Second week, beginning Monday, March 23d. Owing to the great success scored by
CAPT. IMPUDENCE, Or "Mexico."
by Edwin Milton Royle, author of "Friends" Management of Arthur C. Alston, the play will be continued all this week.
Superb scenery. Gorgeous costumes.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING. Proprietor and Manager
Last nights of the beautiful ballad opera, *MARITANA*.
Next week, scenic production of Richard Stahl's romantic comic opera,
SAID PASHA.
Perfectly cast, mounted, costumed, and staged.
Wednesday evening, March 25th, "Yachtsmen's Night," under the auspices of the San Francisco Yacht Club.
Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

Morosco's Grand Opera House.
Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
Last performances of "Hoop of Gold."
MONDAY EVENING, March 23d—
THE IRISH STATESMAN,
By Fitzgerald Murphy.
Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

The Auditorium, Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.
One night only. Tuesday, March 24th, the idol of the fun-loving public,
ROBERT J. BURDETTE,
The laughing philosopher, will give one hundred doses, one a minute, of "Good Medicine."
Prices: 25c., 50c., 75c. and \$1
Reserved seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Auditorium. Corner of Eddy and Jones streets.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.
TWO GRAND WAGNER CONCERTS.
Thursday evening, March 25th, at 8:15. Saturday afternoon, March 26th, at 2:31. The world-renowned *MATERNA*.
The great Wagnerian tenor, *ANTON SCHOTT*.
The world's greatest violinist, *ONDRICEK*. First appearance in this city of *ARTHUR FICKENSCHER* Pianist.
Orchestra of fifty musicians. *ISIDOR LUCKSTONE*, Musical Director. Popular Prices. Reserved Seats—50c., \$1, and \$1.50. Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, beginning with Monday, March 23d. at 9 A. M.

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EVE—A MIRACLE PLAY. Scenes, etc., anywhere, any time, anybody.

Scene I. **SATAN**—But, my child, you must always think of the Garden of Eden! Remain here always! It is so beautiful! And you never will regret the sweet perfumes and fragrant scents!

EVE—But I want a change; I'm tired of married life. I discovered all about Adam's past life with Lilith in this sanctified hot-house, the Garden of Eden. Since then I don't trust men one little bit.

SATAN—And you have forgotten our own little apple tree episode so soon?

EVE—How dare you remind me! Think what Adam would say if he heard you! He is six hundred years old, and he's got it in for you!

SATAN (*mockingly*)—Ha! Ha!

Scene II. **EVE**—My darling Mark Anthony, now you know you ought not to stay in these Gardens of the Nile with me! Think of your lovely, pious wife!

ANTHONY (*bluffly*)—Oh, don't you fret about that, my jewel. Why, I'm Pontifex Maximus of the Temple in Rome. I'll hold a sacrifice and fix that little business, all right. We'll offer a thousand vestal virgins on the Holy Altar!

Scene III. **EVE**—My beloved Henry, this is very charming, and I am soothed by your grace and wit. But just think what they will say!

HENRY VIII.—Say, my heart's desire! Why, I won't give them that show. I'll get divorcees, wring necks, and fire people I don't like out of my church. I'm a high and mighty Prince, I am, and I'm Defender of the Faith!

Scene IV. **EVE**—Ah, my Henry Ward! Ever the one I shall love. Can I ever forget the quiet, shady streets and parks of Brooklyn and Jersey City, when none else was about but you! But now all is over—my unfortunate husband is getting himself and his friends to write poetry about us!

H. W. BEECHER—Ah, you know me not! I have the solid rocks in my pile—the solid Plymouth rock. Even if a sprinkling of fanatics leave my side, my wealthiest, solemnest parishioners will stand by me! I will hold a grand Plymouth Rock praise service to begin with!

Scene V. **DOCTOR BROWN**—How attractive you are, Madam! What is your name, for heaven's sake? Give me the Kiss of Peace!

EVE—What, Doctor! And don't you know who I am?

DR. BROWN—You! Oh, Paradise! It is you! My latest experiment!

EVE—No, Doctor—your latest exploit.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Mrs. John S. Hager's coming private theatrical production of "A Modern Ananias," during Easter, certainly ought to be a brilliant affair, and its rehearsals will afford vast amusement. By the way, it is not generally known that Mrs. Hager's second daughter is a gifted writer, and that the Youth's Companion, of Boston, published her first short story, some years ago, with great *reclame*—and she but a child.

Warren and Theodore Payne are the happiest brothers in San Francisco, for, aside from their large wealth, they enjoy extraordinary club and social popularity. But Warren, the elder, had a wild adventure the other day, and, when one considers that his physical endurance has been extremely poor of late, the wonder is he escaped alive, as did his companion, John S. Kimball, the big lumber man.

It seems that the Paynes have a magnificent forest domain on the Mendocino Coast. It consists of an extensive forest of redwood, with intervening tracts of vales and beaches. While fitted up with an accessible and luxurious farm at the interior boundary, to land from the

sea means the perils and cross-paths of a trail in Mexico.

On this occasion Warren Payne and John Kimball were disembarked at a wood landing, and then carefully forwarded interiorward on horseback to the summit overlooking the Payne farm and orchard—three miles off, bee line. Intervening was a long stretch of splendid redwoods.

"Let us leave the horses and walk!" exclaimed Warren Payne; "it is only noon, and we can get there in an hour or so, and send the animals home to the Beach!"

"Capital idea," cried Kimball, enthusiastically, as he jumped off his mustang.

Their guide from the coast mill begged them to desist—but in vain. They assured him they were both old woodsmen and mountaineers, and would reach the Farm in a down hill way in an hour.

Reluctantly the guide left them, and they plunged into a dense forest, the diameter of many of whose trees is forty feet. Their woodcraft was chiefly exhibited in wading streams, climbing great log piles or rocks, and tumbling down precipices. They were found by a search party of forty with lanterns, near midnight, on a precarious ledge to which they had tumbled. Next time they'll take the trail and a mule.

The Looker-On has received an invitation to attend the Woman's Congress. The programme is an interesting one, and is reproduced for the benefit of the unfortunates who may not happen to be on speaking terms with the Lady Suffragists. The speakers are to be limited to four hours each, and no gentleman will be admitted unless provided with a certificate of morality signed by at least five women of his acquaintance, exclusive of his wife. The following programme will be given, day by day:

MONDAY.—"What I know about the First Congregational Church," by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. "What I think of Mrs. Cooper," by the Rev. C. Overman Brown. "Side Lights on Church Scandals," by Mrs. Tunnell, imported for the occasion.

TUESDAY.—"The New Man," by the Reverend Anna Shaw. "The Old Woman," by Susan B. Anthony. "The Coming Baby," by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

WEDNESDAY.—"The Passing of the Pants," by Miss Sarah Severance. "Why Should Men be Entrusted With a Night-key?" by Mrs. David Starr Jordan. "How to Marry And Yet Remain Moral," by Miss Mattie Overman.

THURSDAY.—"What I Think About Myself," by the Reverend Dr. Dille. "The Rights of Woman," by Christopher Buckley, ex-Boss. "The Higher Life, and How to Get There Without the Aid of Brute Man," by the Reverend Anna Shaw.

FRIDAY.—To be devoted to the Congress to the re-reading of the Reverend C. Overman Brown scandal, with stereopticon views. No reporters admitted.

SATURDAY.—"How to Fix Supervisors," by Max Popper, attired as a Lady of Fashion. "Petticoats, Politics, and Pull," by a veiled lady. "When Auntie Puts Her Bonnet On and Goes Home," by Susan B. Anthony.

Captain C. B. Johnson, formerly with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and Commander of the steamer Santa Rosa, has taken charge of the Hotel Rafael, which will open April 15th. His popularity as Captain will undoubtedly continue as manager of this hotel.

WE have received a dainty little pamphlet with numerous beautiful half-tones setting forth the pleasures and advantages of the Sunset Route over all others. Before leaving San Francisco, Paderewski wrote Mr. T. H. Goodman, the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific, a letter, in which he stated that in the "Sunset Limited" he had crossed this vast continent with the same ease and comfort he enjoyed in the largest hotels of Europe and the United States. As Mr. Paderewski has probably journeyed over all the largest lines of the world this praise of the Southern Pacific and its management should have much weight with all intending travellers.

Special Notice.

A. Hirschman, importer of diamonds and manufacturer of fine jewelry, has concluded to retire from the retail business, and offers his magnificent stock regardless of cost. 113 Sutter street, Lick House Block.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

A SONG FOR FAIR MAIDENS.

1847 YEAR 1896.

Haste, O sweet maidens, and seek out your lovers,
Days they are flying, the world groweth old;
Hid by the shadows the Death Angel hovers
Waiting to teach you his secrets untold,
Calm is his bosom and slow his heart's beating,
Moist are his eyes and most mournful his greeting;
Bides he his time for the moments are fleeting—
Soon he will bear you to dusk lands away.

Haste, O sweet maidens, your lovers are sighing
Somewhere, I know, for a kiss or a smile;
"Love is far sweeter than Death," they are crying;
Ah, they are right, nothing else is worth while,
Leave them not lonely; their bosoms are burning,
Hearts throbbing wildly, and eyes filled with yearning;
Would you be wise? Then this lesson be learning:
Death mourns forever—Love laughs but a day.

San Francisco.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS week we present our readers with one of the handsomest views of the city yet obtained. The picture is taken from the Hopkins Art Building, looking towards the bay, direct East. The broad street in the foreground is California street, running within a block of the Ferry and joining with Market street. On the right of California street will be seen the stately tower of Grace Episcopal Church; immediately opposite it, on the left, the double turreted Hebrew Synagogue Shaari Zedek, while a block further down, still to the left, will be seen the old Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary—one of the first churches ever built in San Francisco, when all the foreground of this picture was a vast sand waste.

On the right, below Grace Church, will be seen the new Safe Deposit Building, and directly below that the Home Mutual Building. On the left, and in the center of the picture, can be seen the Pacific Mutual Building, with its graceful tower, and, away towards the left, the large block used as the Post Office, Appraiser's Building, and for the United States Circuit Courts. Within a block of the above building are to be found the United States Sub-Treasury, the San Francisco Call office, and that of our own journal. Goat Island appears in the center of the Bay, and the steamers can be seen crossing, the one from the Alameda pier, on the right, and the other going towards the Oakland pier on the left.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER, Sir:—In an editorial headed "Silver Prices" the Bulletin of the 16th inst. takes the NEWS LETTER to task because of its editorial comments in last Saturday's issue on "Silver, Etc." If the Bulletin is familiar with this subject, as its remarks would lead one to assume, it must know that never in the history of the world have inflated prices from a depreciated currency raised the wages of the working classes so much as the prices of commodities rose, hence it is an accepted fact by all writers of repute that always and everywhere the working classes are the sufferers from a depreciated currency. And any currency whatsoever is depreciated that is not redeemable in metallic money of intrinsic equivalency.

Under the greenback regime of 1862-66 when paper had banished gold from circulation, workmen's wages rose 50 per cent., but in most instances the common necessities of life rose 150 per cent. For example beef, 108 per cent.; molasses, 135 per cent.; hams, 198 per cent; salt, 102 per cent. Many manufactured goods rose over 200 per cent.; quinine rose 131 per cent.; coal 201 per cent., and so on *ad infinitum*. Here we see that a depreciated standard robbed wage earners of more than half their earnings. Daniel Webster said truly, in discussing this subject in general: "Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind none is more effectual than a currency that is not convertible into metallic money of intrinsic equivalency."

San Francisco, March 17, 1896.

A LAYMAN.

Are you interested in Japanese art goods? Go and see Geo. T. Marsh's collection at 625 Market street.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian Bitters

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of THOMAS FARRELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Farrell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Farrell, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 19, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 6, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, attorney for Administrator.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

336 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)
Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

409½ Post St., San Francisco.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

EVANS' ALE



A Book of Poor George Augustus Sala, the genial, brilliant "G. A. S.," how few there are in the English-speaking world who have not either seen, or known, or read the scholarly efforts of his pen? Gifted, versatile, and always *un bonhomme*, how many there are who remember his power of description, his vigorous personality, and his kindness of disposition, reminding us of those soldier spirits who are "gentlemen in quarters, but lions in the field." Engraver, artist, painter, writer—how many adventurous minds envy the career this man-of-letters made for himself from early manhood to the grave. Who can read those two volumes without loving the memory of "G. A. S.," this scion of a Roman family, who was born in London in 1828, and who left us only—yesterday. And such inspiration to work, and labor, and study as we find in this "life" of one who early became blind, but who, in those dark days, never despaired. And "through God's mercy," as he tells us, he "was not unhappy while" he "was a blind boy," but how much the world gained when the Light came, those two volumes tell us only in part. And yet how full they are of reminiscences of courts and courtiers, diplomats and diplomacy, flood and field, travel and adventure, until one imagines that "G. A. S." almost knew "everybody worth knowing," from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. What modern writer has given us, in a few pages, a better description of "Brighton in the Olden Days" than "G. A. S." has in this book? How many of us ever heard of the "Masters of Ceremonies," who were largely the dictators of society at Hastings, Bath, Cheltenham, and Brighton, when Sala was a boy? And even then he was in touch with the noted people of the day, for he tells us that at Brighton the renowned singer, Malibran, "patted" him "on the head" and "chucked" him "under the chin," while Paganini returned him a fifty pound bank note, which his mother had given the great artist for playing at one of her concerts, as he said "take that, little boy; take that." As the son of a lady who was herself a well known music teacher, the boy Sala met Donizetti, Bellini, Thomas Campbell, and many of the artistic and literary celebrities of the time, and yet, when he "faced the world" later in life, how all the old friends were gone, and the young man "G. A. S." had to rough it with a vengeance in the great Babylon of London. And what a lesson of the living life around us we find in the recounting of his sufferings in the great metropolis, and how the vanished memories of old friends were powerless to help the tried, proud, spirit of Sala, looking for employment while hunger "bugged him with cruel companionship" too often in those cruel days of his young life. He loved his pipe, and yet he often could not get a penny to buy a "screw" of tobacco, and to help appease his appetite for the weed he often took "a wretched pleasure in walking in the street behind a gentleman who was smoking a good cigar, and the aroma of his Havana wafted me into a sensuous ecstasy, which was half gratification, half despair."

But native worth told in the end, and step by step the young man made his way until he hobnobbed with the great ones of the old world and the new, and it was not long before he counted among his friends Dickens, who never refused an article from his pen. And here the splendid career of "G. A. S." may be said to have commenced. He went to Russia for Household Words, and from that hour became one of the great journalists of the world. And from this on to the end of his life he was often "on the wing." He was in this country, for the first time, during the war, and one day we hear of him in New York and the next in Quebec, and before the chapter ends we find him in Paris, Madrid, and Constantinople. He goes to Gari-baldi in the Tyrol, and saw St. Mark's illuminated when Venice became a part of the Italy of to-day. Again in Paris, then to Constantinople, then to Russia, until the war of 1870, where, among his many adventures, a ferocious Commandant de Place apostrophized him as "*l'homme au museau rouge*," and who that ever saw this kindly,

whole-souled journalist but can imagine how he laughed at being styled "the man with the red snout." And then once more he came to the United States, in 1879, when he visited San Francisco, and here he met his old friend, the late Mr. Frederick Marriott, proprietor of the NEWS LETTER, and who, in 1848, when he was proprietor of Chat, in London, paid George Augustus Sala the second amount of money he ever received for writing, as "G. A. S." tells us on page 181, vol. 1. We must, however, drop the curtain over the kindly, and almost affectionate, terms in which he speaks about the late proprietor of this paper, whose "features and voice he recognized at once," although "a great gulf of time yawned between 1848 and 1879." But still "on the wing," we follow him in these volumes once more to Russia when Alexander was assassinated, and so on from the coronation at Moscow to a lecturing tour in the Antipodes, and so on to the end. And as we close the book we ask ourselves: "Whom of the great or interesting ones of the earth in Europe, the United States, Canada, or the Australian Colonies, did not this man know?" Look at the index of the people whom he mentions, and most of whom he met, and it reads like a list of the living and dead celebrities for the last seventy years. Crowned heads and *litterateurs*: informers like Pigott and bomb throwers like Orsini; "Wales," the heir-apparent, and George Childs; in fact, his professional career brought him into contact with the leading spirits of the age, and when we had finished the book we could not but help thinking that George Augustus Sala had absorbed many of the best qualities of the best people with whom he came in contact during a remarkable, brilliant, and enviable career. His life is an inspiration, but alas! how few of us can follow in his footsteps! As a descriptive writer he was only a little inferior to Theophile Gautier; as a leader writer he was one of the best in London; as a linguist he was at home in many lauds, and as a good fellow and a staunch friend "G. A. S." had no superior in the wide world he knew so well.

* "Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Two volumes. Price \$3.

"Ouida" can scold and grumble, and be full of invective when she pleases. She has done this recently in a magazine article on "The Ugliness of Modern Life." Nothing suits her in these days. The broad avenues are not as nice as the old crooked and dirty streets, the railroads are "horrid," and the omnibus-boats which steam back and forth in Venetian canals, affrighting the gentle gondolas from their historic haunts, alarm her. She would rather have the Ghetto and the slums of the past than the new gardens with their light and air, and she does not see that the masses of the people get twice as much of the good things of life as they did in the Cinque Cento, when it was concentrated into little corners. But "Ouida" likes to have her turn at picturesque invective, and it does no harm, and cannot turn back the clock.

The April issue of Godey's popular magazine contains a delicious variety of illustrated articles, essays, and stories, most of which deal with the bicycle. A noticeable novelty is a Wheeling Song, composed by Robert Coverley, and suited to the use of amateur choruses.

The Major-General commanding the United States Army, the Chief Consul of the L. A. W. for New York State, the editor of "The Wheel," and one of the Surgeons of the Woman's Hospital, are among the authorities who discuss the bicycle from different standpoints in the April Number of Godey's Magazine. A great variety of illustrated articles and stories go to make up a remarkably good number.

Du Maurier and Mrs. Humphrey Ward are each to receive \$50,000 for their next books. Conan Doyle gets \$35,000 for his "Rodney Stone," now appearing in a magazine. There is no record in the history of literature of such a sum, \$135,000 in all, having been paid in three months to three authors, each writing only one book.

Artman's Cycle Trade Directory of the United States and Canada is a work of over 500 pages and is a valuable book of reference for all in the bicycle trade. It devotes much space to the manufacture of wheels and will be found to be of great value to retail dealers especially. Price 50c. Cycle Trade Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The Fly Leaf for March is one of the most entertaining numbers yet issued of this dainty and really worthy little bibelot of literature.



SPARKS

A RUMOR is current in the swagger set that Tobin is to be married, that the wedding is to be held at B'lingham, and that a special train is to carry the guests from the city down there. Just how the rumor originated no one could make out, until some one said a somewhat imaginative colonial dame had taken it into her head that the chap who wrote to a New York paper for "points" as to how he should dress for his wedding on just such an occasion as the above, was surely Tobin. To think is to speak with many a dame (colouial or otherwise); hence the tidings circulated rapidly, and now they say the question is, who is to be the bride?

It is said that a well-known Brownie, ambitious of achieving the success of Ed. Greenway in a literary venture, is about to issue a book of guidance for society folk. Those privileged people who have seen extracts from the book say it will prove a boon to many, and cite the following as an illustration. In the chapter headed "Never," appears: "Never hold your napkin to your mouth when at table, and pick your teeth behind it." "Never fill your pockets with cigars when at a function." "Never appropriate articles from the dressing room table at ditto." Now the reflection which mentally follows this sort of polite literature naturally is: of what material is our best society composed? And how is it that it is at this late day the swim should be put in training? Is the august hody, the swagger set, on a down grade with the advance of years? Has deterioration resulted from expansion? These and similar queries are sure to arise as a result of our "leader's" efforts.

How grateful society should be to that excellent matron, Mrs. Elizabeth Hager, for her never-ending desire to give it pleasure. From her own little game of draw, to the more elaborate ball, she offers to her friends a variety of entertainment the year round. The amateur theatricals she is to give after Easter will vie with Mrs. Darling's cotillion in local interest; already rumor is busy with the programme. Although secrecy is maintained, it has leaked out that a scene from an opera is being thought of, with Miss Tillie Lawler as prima donna; then others say a French vaudeville with Mrs. McGavin and D. de V. Graham in the caste, will be the *piece de resistance*. Again, a whisper goes that a skirt dance will be done by an Avenue belle, while a spirited contest at arms is spoken of as likely to be indulged in by society beaux. In fact, all sorts and kinds of speculation is rife as to what and who will be Mrs. Hager's winning card in her Eastertide entertainment.

If the different members of the exclusive Fortnightly did not feel touched when Jim Phelan's paper on their individuality was read to them, they must have tougher skins than most people. It seems that the star chamber sort of cabinet is the idea of the Jones street matron, who is nothing if not secretive—and exclusive as the Floods can testify! Miss Hobart's charming "Topsy" act has been universally conceded to be one of the best, if not the very best, things done up to date, the plaited woolly pigtails being decidedly taking.

The fact of the Williams family being residents of San Rafael is said by many to be the cause of that village being selected for the summer outing of several families with daughters. These worthy people should remember it was in leaving the rural home that the Prince Charming appeared. But then, who knows—the order of things is sometimes reversed.

The recently inaugurated Golf Club was not particularly fortunate in the weather or attendance upon its opening day. The interest in the game was decidedly minimum, one lady observing "it was a good second to Darwin, for there seemed so many missing links about it."

Now that the beautiful Miss Hannah Williams has been won, it looks as though the rising star in belledom will be Miss Emma Spreckels. This amiable girl will, no doubt, wear the honors with as much modesty and grace as did Miss Hannah, but society will have to wait to prostrate itself until the return of the Sugar King and his family from their second European tour, when the magnificent residence on Van Ness avenue will become the cynosure of fashion and wealth.

On dit, the approaching Japanese trip of Harry Tevis is to be taken with a view of getting together a band of Japanese performers for a *fete* his sister-in-law wishes to give at the opening of her new residence in Bakersfield. The young medico has wonderful ability in organizing and directing things theatrical; and it may be, if this idea should be a successful one, a larger field will witness the triumphs in store.

The Whiskey They Drink In Germany.

The American tourist in Berlin, who seeks refreshment in that celebrated restaurant, "Louis Rex," will find the only American whiskey represented there is "Old Saratoga," a pure Rye Whiskey, which has won the German taste on the voluninous wine and spirit list. The "Old Saratoga" has won laurels abroad for its purity, fine flavor, and general excellence.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL, OPENS
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

April 15th

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozyński's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.
CORNER ELLIS AND LEAVENWORTH STREETS

Perrier-Jouët & Co



EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St



Comstock Mining Market.

Business is drifting from bad to worse on Pine street, and the demand for shares is limited almost entirely to street traders. Prices rule steady, which is

the strangest part of the whole affair. It is apparent now that the heavy manipulators have pretty well retired from the scene, and about the only interest taken is in nursing the market in the hope that some of the mines now working may get ore enough to revive interest among the public. The Norcross election showed very plainly that a large quantity of the stock is held by the outside, and of course this does not warrant the belief that higher prices will prevail for some time to come, unless the Lynch party is more charitably disposed than manipulators in control generally are. Running up the market for the benefit of holders of the stock is not what is generally expected in mining speculation. At the South-end mines the chances for a large production of low grade ore, which could be handled at a profit, are good, provided they could be extracted cheap enough. It is here that the high price of labor on the Comstock proves the most serious obstacle.

A Common-Sense Course.

A higher rate of wages is paid on the Comstock now than in any other camp in the world, dull times and all. Not that the men are too well paid for the

perilous work they are engaged in. Some might say that \$4 per day was little enough for a man who takes his life literally in his hands every time he goes down the shaft. But circumstances at present are such that the companies can not run a full complement of men at this price per diem; consequently, numbers of unemployed people must suffer for the benefit of the few. Would it not be much better for the unions to try and regulate matters on some lower scale of values, so that the companies could feel justified in extending operations? There are a number of small mines closed down now for the reason that it is not possible to keep a full force of miners employed at \$4 per day, while at lower prices the managers could see their way clear to do so. Arbitrary action will not serve to carry the point, the passive course being the resort of the companies, but leaving the matter with the men themselves as a simple business proposition, their common sense should suggest some feasible plan for bridging the chasm. The question of wages is the most serious one to contemplate in the matter of reviving work on the Comstock lode, and all of those who are interested in its future must be prepared to make some sacrifices.

Some Exception Among Promoters.

The article dealing with professional promoters in last week's NEWS LETTER has given cause for alarm among some of the respectable class of mining operators, that it may have an ill effect in London, where one or another of them may be interested in a deal. The intention was to deal with the strictly professional type of promoter, the hawks who live upon the prey which can be inveigled into their nets by trickery and fulsome, if not absolutely true, statements. There are exceptions, of course, as there are found in every class of men. While they may include themselves in the same category with promoters, they are not so professionally, and therefore do not come under the ban, which the others should. A recognized mining expert, who offers a mine for sale subject to the confirmation of his reports by a competent man, has every right to the confidence which his learning and experience entitles him. In fact, he should be a very safe man to deal with. The NEWS LETTER did not intend to include them in any sense with the predatory class of professionals, and does not wish to be understood in this light.

The Candelaria Bonanza Mine.

The rich strike in the Candelaria mine of Mexico, owned by Colonel Dan M. Burns, is exciting much interest among mining men of this city. The San

Tomas tunnel, 720 feet below the lowest level yet worked,

has cut the rich ore chute, ensuring at least twenty more years' life to the property, and an increased product of millions of dollars in gold and silver bullion. Colonel Burns has been expected up here daily for some months past, but the extraordinary developments in this property at Candelaria have detained him, and now he announces his intention of delaying his departure until the tunnel has been finished, and the full extent of the ore body can be satisfactorily determined. This tunnel is now being extended at the rate of fifty feet a day. For some time past the 40-stamp mill has been turning out bullion at the rate of \$10,000 per month.

There are a number of people in town just now looking for California gold mines, who say they can buy them if they can only get what they want. Among the "new" promoters to enter the list, Prince Poniatowski is mentioned as an aspirant for honors in the flotation of a property in London. The ever-lasting Hamilton-Smith crowd are again in line, and it is whispered that offices have been taken here, with the Janin brothers installed therein as experts, by this combination, which has never done much yet in this quarter to earn the title of world-beaters as experts. After the Josephine and Mulatos experience every one here thought that South Africa and Australia would have the sole benefit of Mr. Smith's talents, but, unfortunately, another error of judgment must be recorded. After the Burmah Rubies and the conglomerators of South Africa, Mr. Smith should have been able to retire, but it seems not.

All Looking for Mines.

William C. Ralston has just returned from a trip to New York and Boston. He says that the wealthier classes there are deeply interested in all information regarding mines and mining in this State, with a disposition apparent to invest capital in the development of any meritorious property. Men of means, however, do not take kindly to schemes which require large sums to be plunked down on the nail for so-called going concerns. They are apt to look with suspicion on all ventures of the kind. The unsettled state of finances all over the country has checked the mining boom considerably, but Mr. Ralston believes that eventually a good business will be done in this State in legitimate mining propositions.

Eastern Enquiry for Mines.

The Insurance Commission has just decided that the New England Burglary Insurance Company, of Boston, can do business here without its managers getting into the legal toils themselves. Okell, Dounell & Co. are the agents to inaugurate the new idea here, and their agency covers no less than eight Western States. One peculiar feature of the company, which, while new in America, has been in operation abroad for some time, is the means adopted to frighten away any one burglariously inclined. The building assured has a star of aluminum affixed, so that all can see it is under the aegis of a capitalistic combination, which is prepared to make it warm for all nocturnal depredators. The detective branch of the business is one of its features, the best talent in the country working continually in the interests of the company. The idea is novel, but it is believed that it will catch on here.

Insurance Against Burglars.

The most vital subject of interest on the street just at present is the possible combine between the Gas and Edison Electric people. The committee representing both companies has had considerable difficulty in arriving at an agreement as to the distribution of the new stock. Out of 140,000 shares of capital stock, the new Gas people want 100,000, leaving 27,000 shares to the Edison, the balance of 13,000 being set aside for working capital. It is not likely that the Edison people will agree to this, and some days yet will likely elapse before the arrangement is completed. While the stock has not been fluctuating so widely of late, there has been considerable activity in them. Dividends were paid during the week as follows: Edison Light, 66½c.; Oakland Gas, 25c.; San Francisco Gas, 35c.; Pacific and Sunset Telegraph and Telephone Companies, 30c. and 20c. per share, respectively.

Local Stocks And Bonds.

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"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE TOWN CRIER, though not of the household of faith, yet confesses to a pious interest in the progress of the grand work of lifting the world out of its sins and bringing souls into the church. Reports of progress may be encouraging when read with the eye of the regenerate, but to the worldly mind they are undeniably confusing. There is Brother Brown, now, and Brother Colburn, and the parson in jail at Oakland for stealing a stereopticon, and the parson in jail at San Jose for stealing a girl, and the parson in jail at Stockton for swindling a rancher, and the parson in Portland who robbed a bank and has been sent to the asylum, and Brother Kenneth Duncan preaching again in San Francisco, and—and— But these matters are not for worldly exposition. The TOWN CRIER humbly recognizes that the pulpit is the place where they best can be explained.

THE Rev. Robert Whittaker, pastor of the Twenty-third avenue Baptist church, Oakland, has a head. "Church scandals," he said from the sacred desk on Sunday last, "are even more an indictment of the world than of the church, for if the churches had a better world to draw from we should have better churches." But then if the world were so good that the churches would be in no danger of being corrupted by contact with it, what need would there be for churches, or for Brother Whittaker? And if we must wait for a pure world before we get a pure church, who should draw the salary, the elevating sinner or the saint who is being elevated? The wits of the good Brother Whittaker have the misfortune to be muddled. The world distinctly declines to be responsible for Brother Brown. And Brother Whittaker's effort to pass the buck is little short of sinful.

THE Examiner was shocked at the boxing match in the Bush-street Theatre, and editorially demanded to be informed of the whereabouts of the police on the disgraceful occasion. The probability is that a good many of them were relieving the tedium of pacing their beats by pausing to read the posters on the bill-boards, put there by the Examiner to inform the public that it alone could be relied on to give a full, true, and exciting report of the Fitzsimmons-Maher prize-fight. Pugilism is bad, of course, but there are some worse things—hypocrisy so cheap and thin that it deceives nobody, for instance.

OAKLAND surely will not be guilty of such insensate folly as to lose an attraction of Joaquin Miller's magnitude. He is as fine an advertisement as a bearded horse or a self-chasing wild man of the woods would be. Miller does not ask much in the way of subsidy to induce him to continue to carry on the picturesque hermit business at the old stand on his pedestal in the Fruitvale hills. All he wants, unworldly man, is a reduction of taxes and a little more admiration. Such Oaklanders as have lots of time and some public spirit to spare, should, for the good of the town, climb up and admire.

WHEN Mr. Christopher A. Buckley called at the Baldwin Hotel the day after the Democratic State Committee met, and paid his respects to Mr. John L. Sullivan, the two great men, as they stood with clasped hands, looking into each other's sad eyes, must have heaved a sigh in unison for the glorious past.

IT is to be hoped that the Rev. Anna Shaw will succeed in finding some old man brave enough to woo her away from the chase of the ephemeral new one. The blessings of the world in general will be showered upon any male willing to sacrifice himself and save us from the senile twaddle of this otherwise highly respectable and moral old lady.

DR. J. L. York, who opens his mouth at regular periods to get rid of superfluous wind, states that no limit can be placed upon the possibilities of nature; with all of which the CRIER agrees, after seeing the learned Doctor.

THE Examiner's efforts to ascertain whether or not Mr. Huntington really did say it had been on the Southern Pacific pay roll for \$1,000 a month, and that he had kicked it away from the trough, have been crowned with a dazzling success. Mr. Ambrose Bierce, under special telegraphic instructions, covered the National Capital with interviewers, and he thus learned beyond all doubt that Mr. Huntington did say so. Having satisfied itself on this point, the Examiner lost curiosity in the matter with a suddenness suggestive of a blow on the head with a policeman's club. The signs all go to show that the Examiner is at last convinced that it was on the pay-roll. The Chronicle says so, so does the Post, so do we, and we are so obliging as to be ready to prove it. If there is any more information the Examiner would like on the subject, it has only to mention it.

WE pray Thee, Lord, to paint Thy sheep—
Our Pastor, Dr. Brown—
With disinfectants inches deep,
From toe nail unto crown.

Be with him, Lord, in night's gay gloom,
When he might go astray;
Nor let him linger in a room
With female sheep to pray.

The Council did but do its best,
(Excuse, O Lord, our grins).
Now bell thy ran, and we will rest
Till Judgment Day begins.

PHILANTHROPY has a hard row to hoe in sordid San Francisco. The only terms on which the beneficent Mr. Sutro can induce the mercenary press to tell of what he is so unselfishly doing for the people at the beach is one dollar a line. Even his benevolent peanut stands, where city rates prevail, can get not a word of free advertising. No wonder the local Montefiore delays fulfilling his promise, a hundred times made, to bestow all his property on the public. All that such a public really deserves is just what it will get—Mr. Sutro's hundred-and-first promise.

ST. Patrick's Day will long be remembered as an event in the annals of the Great Unwashed. Twenty-five hundred people flocked out to Sutro's Baths, and made their annual ablutions with Sutro Soap and Sutro Water. The Lurline Baths were also filled to overflowing, but, as the tank is emptied every eight, no harm will come of it. Figures from the Lick Baths are not in yet—probably the assistants died from over exertion. Here's to the Great Unwashed! Verily, their name is legion.

"ARE you a Democrat?" fiercely and scornfully demanded "the push" of Gavin McNab in the presence of the State committee. And Gavin answered them not. But looking back at what happened, the push, unsatisfied still as to his Democracy, cannot but admit that the hated McNab has a good deal of influence with the Democratic party.

THE residents in the neighborhood of the hog ranches have our sincere sympathy. We can appreciate their misfortune—having the First Congregational Church and Dr. C. Overman Brown in our midst.

THE CRIER suggests that John L. Sullivan and Dr. C. Overman Brown be leased out to the Suffragists as specimens of the Old Man. They are fairly good specimens and should fetch a high figure.

MISS OVERMAN, "the wounded burrd," has flown to Mexico, where she will probably teach school with Mrs. Tunnell. Dr. Brown may be invited to participate later on.

NOW that the detectives have hopelessly failed to catch the thieves, they are attempting to redeem their honor by finding the owners of stolen property.

BUCKLEY will not suffer from want in his old age. Max Popper will feed him, even as the ravens did Elijah.

AN Alameda man killed an octopus the other day while out rowing. Mayor Sutro should go and take lessons of him.

THE CRIER demands that the poll tax be abolished. Why tax men's heads when they are mostly empty?

THE Cathode Ray might help us to find out what Martin Kelly did with that old fire engine.



DEAR EDITH:—It is indeed trite to venture any remarks about the fickleness of Dame Fashion, but how good it were could we only adhere to one style, at least for a reasonable period. The question of a radical change in sleeves and skirts is agitating the feminine mind at present and just how to have the new gowns made so that they shall be in the fashion three months hence is a distracting puzzle in modes.

Skirts are still cut in the circular shape, between five and seven yards around at the bottom, with the wide plait in front. Others have the side plaits on the hips turning toward the back; but the skirt of the immediate future promises to be less full and cut in gored breadths, much as it was some years ago, before the bell skirt appeared. The huge sleeve, stiffened out in the form of a balloon, is already a thing of the past, and in the struggle to bring the close coat-sleeve back to favor there is no end of novelties in sleeve designs for use in summer gowns.

One seldom gets anything original in the way of gloves, but I hear there is something pretty coming along called the Marie Antoinette. It is a blue fine suede and of the peculiar shade which was so popular last winter. A bright terra-cotta glove is another novelty shown for early spring wear. All the shades of tan from a pale fawn to a delicate brown are the vogue for this season of the year. A new shade of tan is known as Smyrna, and promises to be much worn with the spring tailor-made gown. Both glace kid and suede gloves are fashionable and there is little to choose between either of them.

It is possible that the princess dress will come into style again. This is good news, but one must have such a perfect figure to be able to wear it. It is a graceful dress and everybody ought to don it who can. Some of the plates show the back en princesse and the front as a plain bodice; there is also a very pretty one with a double-breasted kind of belt front with accordion pleated chiffon for the upper part.

Green seems to be the favorite color for evening dresses, the pale varieties being mostly used; also pale pink, old gold and pure white. The hues of the greens seen to-day are beyond description—serpent, grass, lichen, willow and poplar leaf being the ones easiest of description.

Some of the latest things in silk petticoats are so luxurious as to render them admirably fitted for house wear with negligé morning jackets, as well as for underskirts. They are shown, not only in pale or dark colored silks, but in beautiful brocades and shot silks and satins, and are covered with a network of Persian leaves and figures of various patterns. Five yards round the hem is the correct width with a full flounce and frayed-out ruche matching the chief color of the fabric.

One thing which always stays in favor is mohair. It is going to appear in new and pretty varieties in serge, armure, basket and whipcord weaves, and also in many handsome colors. Black crepons with brilliantly colored figures on the wavy background will be used for elegant Lenten dinners and teas, and for wedding receptions. One mohair gown lately sent over from Paris was of a beautiful gray, with plain skirt, with godets only in the back, the bodice made with a crossed front of mohair scalloped and open-worked over embroidered muslin. A ruffle of embroidered muslin edged this, and embroidered muslin filled in the front where the mohair crossed. A fancy collar fell off the shoulders and behind, of gray taffeta dotted with Pompadour flowers. The belt and collar were of black satin.

How distasteful the straight and narrow collar is, with its pleating of silk set in to flare at the top, one sees in so many spring gowns. We are pretty tired of the bow effects, but this new style gives such a prim, old-maidish effect to the average girl that the sooner we discard it the better.

BELINDA.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should be constantly supplied with "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

1896, SPRING OPENING.

Monday and Tuesday, March 23d,
and 24th and following days, your
inspection is respectfully invited.

French Pattern Bonnets
and Fine Millinery Novelties.

THEREAS MANNING,

115 Geary St., S. F.

Johannis.

As a table water it is unsurpassed.

—London "Hospital Gazette."

HAZELTON
HEMME & LONG
BROWN & SIMPSON

PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

735 Market St.

Gray Bros.,

Concrete Artificial
Stone Work.

316 Montgomery Street, S. F.
No. 305 New High St., Los Angeles.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F.

Tel. 5610.

Dave Samson,

Fine Mercantile Lunch.
Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner,
and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

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RESTAURANT.

327 and 329 Bush St.

ERNST H. LUDWIG & CO.,

The Model
American
Caterers.

1206 Sutter St., S. F.

Telephone 2388.

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9
Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

EVANS' ALE

FOIBLES OF MEN'S FASHIONS.

FANCY waistcoats are being revived and are in great demand. Corduroys appear to be the favorite style, although all sorts of wool checks, plaids and soft leathers are used as well.

The fly front four-button sack coat is expected, with the waistcoat fly front with collar, and of the same goods. Staid patterns as a rule prevail, fine worsteds and silk mixtures predominating.

Full dress waistcoats are used of white pique linen, made double-breasted, with three buttons either of pearl or self-covered. White or cream pique silk is also considered good form and is much used at weddings or such functions.

Pique linen is occasionally used in full-dress neckwear instead of the regulation white lawn. Bows or any other form of make-up neckwear than the straight-folder, square end inch tie are considered had form and should not be indulged in.

Striped goods are perpendicular on cuffs and shirt bosoms, and collars should be white rather than colored. Shirts of such kind are used mostly with business suits but may also be worn with cutaways and even double breasted frock coats.

Cuffs are beginning to show a slight change from the conventional straight line variety by a slight curvature finishing top and bottom with well-defined points. Straight lines will still continue to find their admirers as they give a more finished appearance to full dress than the others.

Hats are beginning to show a tendency towards less fullness in the crown in derbys and some are quite tapering. Light brown shades with bands of somewhat darker material are very popular. Silk hats have less hell to the crown and the usual lighter curve as spring advances. For evening wear, opera hats of ribbed silk are still the thing.

The leading men's furnishing goods stores have full stocks of the new percales and madras cloths used for shirts. Designs and colors are less decided than they were last year, taste governing everything. The prevalent colors are blues and pinks, in stripes and figures. Sometimes one sees light colored grounds with white stripes and figures upon them and sometimes even such strong colors as greens and yellows. The latter, however, are not much worn and betray had taste.

Dress shoes continue to have buttons in preference to laces. All shoes should be well pointed. Comfortable walking shoes have a moderately pointed toe, are buttoned and have a straight cap. No flowery ornamentation is permissible, a single cap over the toe being the best taste possible. Low quartered patent leathers continue to be used for dinners and evening calls if the wearer prefers. Tan shoes are going to have a long run before they go out of style. They should be round toed, with heavy soles and capped.

Neckwear is changing from week to week. Extensive lines of club or straight ties are filling the windows of large stores and are selling well. The demand was caused by the turn down collars being worn at present, as no other style of tie can well be worn with them. Scotch plaid hues are much used in this style and find much favor. The wide end "Imperial" made to tie in a medium knot seems to be the leading shape. No distinct leaders, however, are being worn, taste and individual choice being allowed full sway.

Another season is predicted for the deep-hand turndown collar. "Odessa" and "Almosa" still continue to be the styles for strict full dress. A collar called the "Up Lift," at present much in use, is an improvement of the slashed-front fashion and is made with a rolled-tip poke effect that permits free motion of the neck while still preserving the handsome slashed front fashion. Ordinary stand-ups continue to find their admirers. Some styles are being cut at an angle. The points may be worn straight or they may be bent with a modest curve effect.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething



If you take your Teeth out

when you go to sleep, drop them into a glass of Pearline and water, and let them stay there till you want them again. Then rinse them thoroughly, and perhaps brush them a little, but you won't need any tooth powder. This is the very best way to keep false teeth clean.

But it's only one way, out of hundreds, where Pearline can serve you. For thorough, safe, economical cleanliness, no matter where it's wanted, the first thing to think of is Pearline.

Beware of imitations.

422

JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE
PROPER
THING

AT

IN
MEN'S
HEADWEAR.

Harloe's.

New Spring Styles just received. Very latest out.

239 Kearny St.

Phone Red 361.

UP-TO-DATE



Tailoring

At Moderate Prices.

J. H. HAWES,

Mezzanine B., Crocker Building. (Up one-half flight fronting on Post St.)

Brandt & Co.

FINE TAILORING

139 Montgomery St.

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

Ghas. E. Anderson,



1616 Polk St.

Near Clay.

Tel. Number:
Sutter 391.

Jobbing,
Fine Sanitary
Goods.
Estimates.

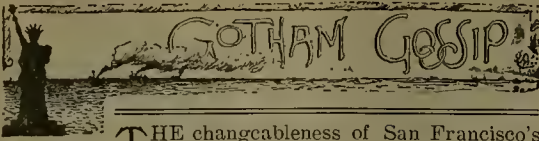


Does your

Roof Need Repair?

We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

Paraffine Paint Co. Roofing Department,
116 Battery street.



THE changeableness of San Francisco's climate has found its match in New York this winter. When I last wrote you we were in fancy living in springtime, so balmy was the air. To-day we are in a blizzard. On Sunday we had alternately snow, rain, fog, wind and sunshine. I have never seen such an erratic day. Lovers of sleighing are congratulating themselves on the hard snowfall to-day, which will make the Park attractive. But not if the wind continues high. Lately people have been blown out of their windows, and off wharves into the bay. This is not a fairy tale.

One of the most interesting art exhibitions ever seen in this country is attracting attention at the American Art Association. It is a collection of paintings of the Roueu Cathedral by Claude Mouet. Every one at all familiar with his work knows its boldness and defiance of convention, and knows also his marvelous handling of color. The Cathedral is shown in the light of morning, noon, sunset, early dawn, and in a dense fog. Looking closely at the canvases, one is struck by the apparent absence of form; in fact, there seems only a mass of color which looks as if it had been thrown or spilled on the canvas. Distance, however, reveals the exquisite outlines which seem gradually to unfold themselves from the chaos of color as one retreats. Another exhibition of interest shows Arthur Davies' pictures, which are very beautiful in sentiment as well as astonishing in execution. Artists say they do not know exactly where to place Davies. He is a school of his own creating. The critics seem half afraid of him, or, perhaps, of themselves, and do not seem to quite know what to do with him.

Your music lovers may look forward with pleasure to next autumn, when Madame Camilla Urso means to visit California again. She will take a large company with her. Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter gave a conversazione and musicale in her studio in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening. She gave several recitations from the works of Eugene Field. Miss Eugenie Ferrer played charmingly several selections and sang some of her fascinating Spanish songs. Miss Ferrer will play in a concert at Lake-wood on Saturday, and in Carnegie Hall next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raum and Mrs. John Corning, who are spending the winter at their favorite resort, Shep-beard's Hotel, Cairo, were among the guests at the recent ball given by the Khedive, which is said to have been the most brilliant function known in Cairo for many years. The entire diplomatic corps, with the exception of Lord and Lady Cromer (in mourning for Prince Henry of Battenberg) were guests, as were also all the officers of Army and Navy present in Cairo. Albert Wieland is now doing the Nile, and will remain for many months abroad.

Lloyd Tevis has just arrived in New York, called thither perhaps by the illness of Mr. Haggin, which has been so serious that it caused his return from Asheville, where he and his son were spending a part of the winter. I saw young Herbert Carolan in the Avenue the other day. He looks a typical New Yorker. Another old acquaintance I have recently met is Captain Gilbert Cotton, who is as amiable and animated as ever. He is stationed on David's Island.

At Fort Hamilton, on Tuesday night, Mrs. Oyster, formerly Miss Tubbs, of San Francisco, gave a card party to garrison friends.

From Philadelphia I hear that Mrs. Robinson, formerly Miss Ivers, has become as great a favorite in Quaker society as she was in New York and

San Francisco, and that she is more beautiful than ever. I do not remember whether I wrote you last week of the death of little Miss Marion Foster, the artist. She visited San Francisco several years ago, and was very much feted by leading women there. A helpless cripple, she maintained herself by her art, educated a younger sister, and gave material aid to her parents. She lived a brave little life, sadly ended by an error in taking for her medicine a strong dose of ammonia. She died in great agony.

Among the presentations at the last Drawing-room in London, Mrs. W. J. Ritchie was conspicuous in the American contingent. Mrs. Ritchie formerly lived at the Bella Vista, in San Francisco, when Mr. Ritchie was, I think, in the editorial rooms of the Examiner. This was before they made the colossal fortune out of the publishing and advertising scheme evolved by Ritchie and poor Fred Somers, who died long before their enterprise matured. Ritchie is said to be away up in the hundreds of thousands now—not dollars, but pounds sterling. Mrs. Ritchie will be remembered as a modest, pretty little woman, who was a favorite among Mrs. Spaulding's guests, and who is not, I understand, in the least spoiled by wealth. The sporting world of gentlemen has been shocked by the death of John Hoey, one of the adopted sons of the late John Hoey, who died suddenly yesterday from heart disease. He had lately been appointed vice-President of the Jockey Club, and has, for a long time, been referee at the large pigeon matches where his brother Fred so often distinguished himself. To many the news of his death seems a personal loss, so popular was he. He visited California a few years ago. PASSE PARTOUT.

New York, March 11th, 1896.

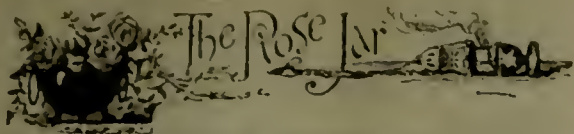
THE Emporium Building, on Market street, which is being erected by the Parrott Estate will soon be thrown open to the public. A great surprise awaits the people of this city when they see inside of it, a building of such immense proportions never before having been constructed in this city. For eighteen months an army of men has been employed on it and it is now an absolute palace and the city's finest building. We hope in a short while to be able to fully describe this stupendous structure which speaks so well for the enterprise of San Francisco and will make every man, woman and child proud of that greatest of all thoroughfares—Market street.

ON Thursday, March 26th., Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. will hold an auction of the large properties of C. H. Strybing, deceased, and of Helena Dietterle, at their auction rooms, 218-220 Montgomery street. The property to be disposed of is most desirable and the auction should be largely attended.

Scott's Emulsion

is above all other things, the remedy for sickly, wasted children. It nourishes and builds them up when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

50c. and \$1 at all druggists.



AFTER LONG MONTHS.—S. CORNISH WATKINS. IN CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

AFTER long months we meet again
Among the nodding daffodils,
The light lies low along the plain,
And over all the purple hills;
The merry thrush sings out the day
With bursts of May-time madrigals,
And, from the freshly budding spray,
Through opening leaves, the chaff chaff calls.

How different all when last we met
In dim fields dashed with Autumn rain,
And watched the last late swallow set
His wings towards the South again!
Long time we strove, with voices low,
And alien lips, light words to speak;
And was it rain that trembled so
From those long lashes down your cheek?

We parted as the mists drew down,
The grey mists, gathering fold on fold,
And, through the dusk, the little town
Glimmered, far off, with sparks of gold.
We watched the lamps wake, one by one,
Gold stars beneath the starless sky,
And hand touched hand, and all was done
Twixt hearts too full to say good-bye.

And now Spring stands, with sunny smile,
Over the dead months cold and grey;
I think we've dreamed a weary while
And wakened to the perfect day.
With Winter's snow and Autumn's rain
The days of lonely life are o'er;
Forget the parting and the pain
Since our two hearts have met once more.

NOT FOREVER.—WM. HUNTER BRICKHEAD.

O Love, it may not be! Our weary feet
Must learn to walk apart and seek to hide
In what is right all other thought beside.
And yet to us is given a life complete;
For like two brooks, whose waters never meet,
But in their joyous course flow side by side
Until they mix at length in ocean's tide—
So may we too our various ways entreat,
And passing on together through life's waste,
Not one, but two, yet seeming to be one,
So pure our faith, so high our hope to win,
Find at the last our wandering paths so traced,
That into Heaven's great ocean they shall run—
And there our lives may meet and know no sin.

A DAY OF JOY.—JULIE (WETHERILL) BAKER.

Thou can't not rob me of that happy day.
Though joy from out earth's choral song has ceased,
And all things pass, the greatest as the least,
So may the red rose weep its leaves away,
And summer from her sumptuous prime decay,
And silence fall upon the season's feast,
And darkness on the dawn-enkindled East,
Whence the sun leaps with bright and beckoning ray:
That day was mine. And as the lonely years
Wind downward toward Death's door that glooms afar,
One memory shall banish all my fears—
A talisman that naught can dull or mar—
And I shall see it from the way of tears,
Shine 'mid the grave-dust like a fallen star.

TO THE INCONSTANT ONE.—FALL HALL GAZETTE.

Come again and kiss me, dear—kiss me on the lips!
Think not of the vows you broke, think not of the heart;
Let the sky seem clear again, dark since faith's eclipse;
Come and hear me swear to you we were fools to part.
Take an hour of all the hours 'twixt the dawn of day
And the one wherein the sun crimson grows and dips;
Let us think life good to us for the time we may;
Come again and kiss me, dear—kiss me on the lips.

'Macbeth' means toughness of glass, when applied to lamp-chimneys; perfection of draft besides, if you get the Number made for your lamp.

Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Con. California & Virginia Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the Fourth (4th) day of March, 1896, an assessment, No. 6, of thirty cents (30c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 28th day of April, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. HAVENS, Secretary.
Office—Room 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Seg. Belcher & Mides Cons. Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on Tuesday, the Tenth (10th) day of March, 1896, an assessment, No. 17, of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 50, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday, the 4th day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.
Office—Room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Bodie Consolidated Mining Company.

Assessment.....No. 19
Amount per Share.....15 cents
Levied.....March 7, 1896
Delinquent in Office.....April 10, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....May 4, 1896

M. E. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Ophir Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of March, 1896, an assessment, No. 68, of 25 cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 11th day of May 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.
Office—Room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Bullion Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 18th day of March, 1896, an assessment (No. 47) of 10c per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d DAY OF APRIL, 1896, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the 1st day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, 331 Pine street, S. F., Cal.

EVANS' ALE



FROM all over the world comes the news that the wheel is slowly taking the place of the horse. The medical men especially are recommending it to their patients and others still blessed with good health. A German physician instituted a thorough scientific investigation into the effect upon the human organism of riding, with the result that it was pronounced beneficial in every way, but caution was extended against overexertion. The chief dangers are in its influence upon the heart and lungs. The attitude of the "scorcher" is said to be the cause of phthisis which is often developed in cyclists.

ONE of the Oakland papers is making a fight for better roads over there. Every cyclist should get in and help the cause along. Some good work in that line could also be done on our side of the bay. Market street is a positive disgrace to a city as large as San Francisco. The heavy traffic there should be prohibited and made to go along less used thoroughfares, thus giving carriages and bicycles some sort of a show. A move in this direction may be made in the near future, but unless the people fight for themselves little is likely to come of it.

For ordinary riding the handle bars of your machine should be kept as nearly as possible on a level with the saddle. This insures an easy, comfortable seat and an appropriate position, but of course is not meant to meet the requirements of racing men. When the pedal is at the lowest point, no matter whether the rider may be stooping over or sitting up straight, the ball of the foot should rest on it easily. This insures the proper ankle motion, and saves unnecessary exertion and fatigue.

HIGH gears will be used to a great extent on '96 models. The tendency last year was for 72 and 76 gears, but this season it is expected that gears as high as 80 will be used on the road, and not all of them scorches, either. A wheel geared to 80 with an eight-inch crank is as easy to propel as a 70 gear with a seven inch crank. Hills can be climbed more readily, while on a down grade there is no exertion for the rider with a high gear.

PUZZLING TO WHEELMEN.—Take a bicycle, balance it with one hand, having one pedal at its highest point, the other at its lowest. To the lower one tie a string and pull it toward the rear of the machine. Which way will the bicycle go? It will go backward. Most people think it will go forward, because the string tends to move the pedals in the direction they move when the machine is going forward.—Philadelphia Record.

ONE of the novelties of the season is a speed indicator, which can be attached to the front axle of the machine, and will show the rider how fast he is traveling. Another invention is one which may do away with the bicycle chain, and consists of a flexible steel band, brazed together at the ends so as to be continuous, like a band saw. Holes are punched in it at intervals to receive the teeth of the sprocket, as the chain now does.

THE heavy attendance at the Mechanics' Pavilion was strong enough proof that the bicycle is still here to stay. People who laughed at the notion of ever mounting a wheel are now expert cyclists and are surprised at the rapidity with which they mastered the machine. Several records were broken at the Pavilion, the track being one of the best.

THE first legal luminary to take to the wheel in London is Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder of that city. The papers state that he has not ridden down to work on his machine yet, but that some other judge, now that the ice is broken, may soon set him an example.

FINE, close veils should always be used by a woman while riding. It will catch much dust and many a little insect, and will prove of service in protecting the eyes as well.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Helical Tube Premiers

SANDOW cannot
break them.

U. S. Government says
they are three times
stronger than any other
bicycle.

PREMIERS have been
made since 1877.

Over a HALF MILLION have been made.

Western Premier Cycle Company,

Pacific Coast Agents.

312 Baker Street





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FOR '96**

**BARNES
BICYCLES**

HOOVER & CO.
16-18 Drumm St.
RETAIL STORE:
1640 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.



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A method of lighting and heating your country home until you have first investigated the famous

Peerless Gas Machine.

Your own gas at nominal cost. Machines from twenty lights capacity to thousands. Every prominent public institution, as well as hundreds of suburban residences on this coast, lighted by this reliable and economical process. Superior to electricity in every respect. Send for handsomely illustrated catalogue, containing full information, to

BADLAM BROS., Manufacturers, 511 Market St., S. F.

IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS!

FOR THE FISHING SEASON COTTAGE TO LET,
(Furnished.)

On the fishing grounds of Los Gatos River. Address,

MRS. AUSTIN, Alma, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

Tenison Deane, M. D. Tel., East-33. Residence 1003 Sutter.
Office, City of Paris Building, No. 14
Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hos-
pital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.

EVANS' ALE

VARNEY'S RAMBLER BICLORAMA.

ONE of the most unique institutions in San Francisco is the Rambler Biclorama, situated on Market and Tenth streets, which was opened to the public last Thursday week.



TENTH STREET BUILDING.

where ladies and gentlemen can receive the best instruction in the art of riding the bicycle. Thomas H. B. Varney, the proprietor, has been interested in bicycles since 1888, at which time he was engaged in the wholesale hardware business, and took up the machines as a side issue. Safeties were just being placed on the market in those days, but were looked upon with small favor, and Mr. Varney thought himself lucky to dispose of fifty wheels in a year. During 1895, however, after he had moved from various stores to others, owing to a continually increasing business, he sold one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of modern machines, and expects to sell more this year, his monthly sales averaging over three hundred and fifty. Towards the end of 1895 Mr. Varney's business had assumed such proportions that after much consideration and consulting with certain Eastern manufacturers whose wheels he handles, he decided to take the Yosemite Panorama building, and make of it his permanent and capacious quarters.

The architect who furnished the plans for the necessary changes was Mr. Henry A. Schulze, whose office is in the Flood building. In accordance with his

designs the old front and all of the old offices have been made away with entirely, and a new plate glass front, facing upon the main thoroughfare of the city and enabling people to see into a large handsomely furnished salesroom,



RIDING SCHOOL

put in instead. In the back of the salesroom are the offices, finished in curly redwood and complete in every detail.

Unique Construction.

The interior reconstruction of the old Panorama Building, to suit the present demands, is worthy of description, and speaks well for Ingerson & Gore, the contractors and builders. The circular portion of the building now consists of three stories. The first of these is devoted to the renting department, the ladies' parlor and locker rooms, the repair shop, and the stock and shipping room. The renting department is the largest of its kind in the city. The entrance opens on Tenth street, and with its lockers and bathrooms, will be found to be very convenient to persons wishing to save themselves the trouble of dressing at home. Messrs. Ingerson & Gore have their office in the Builders' Exchange.

Fine Bathing Facilities.

Everybody renting a locker, for which a nominal sum only is charged, is privileged to use the porcelain tub and modern shower baths on the different floors of the building, and which were put in place by Wm. S. Snook & Son, of 554 Clay street. The highly sanitary plumbing and excellent gas fittings all over the Biclorama were also put in by these gentlemen, whose work speaks for itself.

The ladies' parlor is beautifully furnished, and is so arranged that ladies can enter their locker rooms from one door and their bath and toilet rooms from another. A ladies' maid will always be present to attend to the wants of the patrons.

Modern Repairing Gear.

The repair shop, also on this floor, contains all the latest power machinery, and is fitted up with a dust-proof enamelling room wherein as good work can be done as in the largest Eastern factories. The different



WORK SHOP.

tools and supplies used in this department, all of which are of the latest construction and most ingenious device, come from the warerooms of the Pacific Tool and Supply Company, an old-established firm on First street, near Mission. Two of the latest additions to the stock of this company are the Hendey-Norton lathes, and the Hendey improved shapers. The new method of obtaining different threads and feeds without change of gear, the reversing mechanism, automatic stop, interchangeable tool rests, and other improvements of the Hendey-Norton lathe, the micrometer adjustment and other improvements of the Hendey shaper will be welcomed by all users of fine tools. The cut of the repair shop also shows this Hendey-Norton lathe.

The stock room, on the same floor, can accommodate twenty-four hundred wheels with ease and safety.

On the second floor of the building are the gentlemen's parlors, a comfortable smoking room, toilets, baths, and spacious lockers. The rooms, like those of the ladies, are handsomely furnished, and no expense has been spared to ensure comfort. On this floor there is also a department where repaired bicycles are kept awaiting their owners' orders.

Handsome Tile Work.

The tiling in the bath rooms, the lavatories, and the spacious vestibule, attracts the notice of all visitors. It consists of a fine Mosaic pattern, and is the best that could be furnished by W. W. Montague & Co., of 309-317 Market

street. The building is not dependent upon gas for lighting purposes, as the finest electric lights are in use from the bottom to the top stories.

We now come to the third floor, the floor *par excellence*. This is one large open room, 380 feet in circumference, and covers a floor space of about 12,000 square feet. It contains two tracks, one partitioned off exclusively for ladies,



RENTING AND STORAGE DEPARTMENT

and the other, or outer one, for ladies and gentlemen. The inside track is used by ladies until they master the wheel—a matter usually of merely one or two lessons—and in it they are secure from the gaze of onlookers. The track allows of seventeen laps to the mile, and is a continuous round, thus doing away with inconvenient angles so common in other riding academies. Accomplished instructors are always on hand to teach the beginner.

The toilet and dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen on this floor are as handsomely furnished as those on the floors below.

Finishing Decorations.

The final touches to the interior and exterior of the building, such as painting, graining the woodwork, and tinting, is the work of L. F. Cotton, of 768 Fourth street, Oakland, and has earned the commendation of all visitors. As it is the intention of Mr. Varney to place the third



STOCK ROOM.

floor at the disposal of fashionable clubs and society people who may wish the exclusive use of it upon certain nights, a grand stand has been arranged, capable of seating thirty or forty people without inconvenience.

Owing to its central location and its close vicinity to the different large outlets to the city's environs, the success of the Biclorama is assured, and it is safe to say that within a short time it will be patronized by nearly every cyclist in the city.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 100 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 436 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
\$22 A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay
Joseph Greven, Vocal Teacher, Neumann Piano Store, 82 Ninth St., S. F.

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS
Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.

Lightest RECOIL and absolutely no SMOKE.

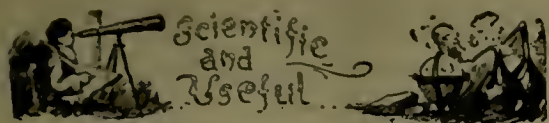
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THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,
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Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

EVANS' ALE



SOME GENERAL STATISTICS.—The Medical Journal states that there are 72 races inhabiting the world and communicating with each other in 3004 different tongues, and confess to about 1000 religions. Only 1 person in 100,000 of both sexes attains the age of 100 years, and only 6 to 7 in 100 the age of 60. The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1200 million souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—i. e., an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour, and 67 a minute. The annual number of births, on the other hand, is estimated at 36,792,000—i. e., an average of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour, and 70 a minute.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—An automatic ticket seller, which may be used at railway stations and places of amusement has lately been patented. For the theatres there is a separate machine for orchestra, orchestra circle, balcony and gallery. Each receives its particular denomination of coin. The tickets in each box are arranged in a long roll or strip, the best seats to be drawn first. Upon receipt of the money, the ticket seller pushes the number of tickets desired through a slot, and they are then torn off by the party buying them.

THE VALUE OF OZONE.—Liquors can now be artificially aged by the application of ozone, which also improves tobacco and removes the effect of oily beans in coffee. It also thickens linseed oil for linoleum in a few days, the old method taking often several months. It bleaches linen in less than a third of the time required by sunlight, and is valuable in a hundred and one chemical and technical processes.

THE LATEST FLYING MACHINE.—Otto Lilienthal, of Berlin, has constructed a flying machine with a double set of outspread pinions. There are two frames to this invention, the lower one of which is taken hold of by the man, who rests his body against it. The legs suspend in the air. The machine can be folded into convenient shape, and is said to be the most perfect of its kind yet invented.

THE LATEST IN TELEGRAPHY.—Professor Rowland has invented a "Multiplex Printing Telegraph" which transmits telegrams written on a type-writer at the sending place and can be reproduced in type-writing at the receiving place. It is so devised that it can send half a dozen messages synchronously, which, in duplex, makes a dozen messages on the same wire at the same time.

A STRANGE RAILWAY.—An electric road is now in course of construction between Brighton and Rottingdean, Eng., the tracks of which rest on the bed of the ocean. Should any accident happen, the passengers can be taken off in life boats, suspended from the cars by means of ordinary davits. Twice daily the tracks are submerged by water.

A CURE FOR SNAKE-BITES.—Extensive trials have been given the serum of immunized horses in India to prove its efficacy in the treatment of snake-bites. The power of the serum seems to be reduced about four-fifths in three months in warm climates. The trials are pronounced satisfactory.

CLIMATE AND CRIME.—Mr. C. E. Linner, of the Illinois State Weather Service, states that crime increases with an increase in temperature and decreases with the approach of winter. Northeasterly winds are also less favorable to the criminal than the southwesterly winds.

A PLEASANT FACT TO KNOW.—According to two English bacteriologists the average person inhales about 1500 microbes hourly. These organisms may be destroyed by the digestive organs, but, if they are unhealthy, the microbes get the better of you.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. Gustave Le Bon has obtained photographs through plates of iron and lead by a three hours' exposure to the light of a paraffin lamp.

The finest things in spring good for ladies and gentlemen at John W. Carmany's, furnisher, at 25 Kearny Street.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President, J. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. O. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier.
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWOILL, Cashier.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, Charles Main, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. F. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Consolidated National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,580 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord S. L. Abbot, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1890.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President

ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

MULLER
OPTICIAN

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET PHELAN BUILDING



ABOUT the year 1415 there existed a tribe of people in Southern Germany, known as the Stadings, who worshipped the black cat and prayed to the devil. This personage, according to their ideas, was the creator of the world, but had been ousted from his position by the Deity. The sect was finally exterminated, but not before its members had done much injury to strangers who refused to coincide with their doctrines.

—The new editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, Sir Douglas Straight, is a man of about 55 years of age. He went from a London law office to India, and returned with a pension and a knighthood in one of the Indian orders. His journalistic experience was gained on a small London paper over thirty years ago.

—A facsimile of the only bust of General Robert E. Lee, taken from life by the sculptor Frederick Volek about the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, has been purchased by the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, and will be presented to the Memorial Hall of the Confederate States in Richmond.

—The British "Imperial Federation" scheme is to be supplanted by a British Empire League, the objects of which are to promote mutual arrangements between Great Britain, India, and the colonies for their common defense and for commerce. The Duke of Devonshire is the President of the new association.

—James McNeill Whistler, the well-known artist, who is supposed to have been caricatured by Du Maurier in Trilby, has a face covered with numerous wrinkles. He wears a mustache and a light imperial, both of which are gray. His eyes are brown and his eyebrows exceedingly bushy.

—A man whose name is now a household word is Sir John L. Macadam, who lived from 1756 to 1834. He introduced the use of broken stones as road material, and made the surface of roads convex instead of concave—a system which has long borne the name of its inventor.

—Alfred Andre, the Paris banker who died recently, was connected with over five hundred religious and benevolent societies in France. He was President of the Young Men's Christian Association of France, and his home was a meeting place for Christians of all nations.

—Mr. Gladstone's work on the "Life of Bishop Butler" will appear in the near future. The G. O. M. is working ten hours daily at it, and his articles in the North American Review on "The Future State" are extracts from the work.

—Sir John Millais is the ninth President of the Royal Academy. The former Presidents were: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, James Wyatt, Sir Thomas Lawrence; Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant, and the late Lord Frederick Leighton.

—It is not generally known that the "Spencer" overcoat was christened after the Earl of Spencer of the days when George III. was king, and dandydom reigned at its height. He first wore the garment, or, at least, made it fashionable.

—The grave of Dr. Johnson in Westminster Abbey is in such a bad condition that appeals are being made for subscriptions to put it in good repair again. It is expected that many American admirers will contribute towards this fund.

—Munkacsy has been appointed Director General of Fine Arts at the Budapest museum. His palatial residence in the Avenue de Villiers is for sale.

—The Sultan of Turkey has a way of administering powdered diamonds to people whom he may wish to remove.

Life is not worth living without a good glass of whiskey before meals. It tones the system and makes you sociable. The finest brand of Kentucky Bourbon whiskey in this market is the "Argonaut" which is known to all lovers of this delectable liquid. The agents for the Pacific Coast are E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal.

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO.....2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,102,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653.65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.

Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California St., S. F.

R.
LIDDLE Co.
Sportsmen's Goods

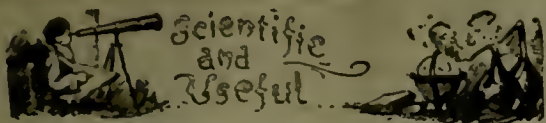
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"In the
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SOME GENERAL STATISTICS.—The Medical Journal states that there are 72 races inhabiting the world and communicating with each other in 3004 different tongues, and confess to about 1000 religions. Only 1 person in 100,000 of both sexes attains the age of 100 years, and only 6 to 7 in 100 the age of 60. The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1200 million souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—i. e., an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour, and 67 a minute. The annual number of births is estimated at about 1200 million souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—i. e., an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour, and 67 a minute. The annual number of births is estimated at 36,792,000—i. e., an average of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour, and 70 a minute.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—An automatic ticket seller, which may be used at railway stations and places of amusement has lately been patented. For the theatres there is a separate machine for orchestra, orchestra circle, balcony and gallery. Each receives its particular denomination of coin. The tickets in each box are arranged in a long roll or strip, the best seats to be drawn first. Upon receipt of the money, the ticket seller pushes the number of tickets desired through a slot, and they are then torn off by the party buying them.

THE VALUE OF OZONE.—Liquors can now be artificially aged by the application of ozone, which also improves tobacco and removes the effect of oily beans in coffee. It also thickens linseed oil for linoleum in a few days, the old method taking often several months. It bleaches linen in less than a third of the time required by sunlight, and is valuable in a hundred and one chemical and technical processes.

THE LATEST FLYING MACHINE.—Otto Lilienthal, of Berlin, has constructed a flying machine with a double set of outspread pinions. There are two frames to this invention, the lower one of which is taken hold of by the man, who rests his body against it. The legs suspend in the air. The machine can be folded into convenient shape, and is said to be the most perfect of its kind yet invented.

THE LATEST IN TELEGRAPHY.—Professor Rowland has invented a "Multiplex Printing Telegraph" which transmits telegrams written on a type-writer at the sending place and can be reproduced in type-writing at the receiving place. It is so devised that it can send half a dozen messages synchronously, which, in duplex, makes a dozen messages on the same wire at the same time.

A STRANGE RAILWAY.—An electric road is now in course of construction between Brighton and Rottingdean, Eng., the tracks of which rest on the bed of the ocean. Should any accident happen, the passengers can be taken off in life boats, suspended from the cars by means of ordinary davits. Twice daily the tracks are submerged by water.

A CURE FOR SNAKE-BITES.—Extensive trials have been given the serum of immunized horses in India to prove its efficacy in the treatment of snake-bites. The power of the serum seems to be reduced about four-fifths in three months in warm climates. The trials are pronounced satisfactory.

CLIMATE AND CRIME.—Mr. C. E. Linner, of the Illinois State Weather Service, states that crime increases with an increase in temperature and decreases with the approach of winter. Northeasterly winds are also less favorable to the criminal than the southwesterly winds.

A PLEASANT FACT TO KNOW.—According to two English bacteriologists the average person inhales about 1500 microbes hourly. These organisms may be destroyed by the digestive organs, but, if they are unhealthy, the microbes get the better of you.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. Gustave Le Bon has obtained photographs through plates of iron and lead by a three hours' exposure to the light of a paraffin lamp.

The finest things in spring good for ladies and gentlemen at John W. Carmany's, furnisher, at 25 Kearny Street.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. C. F. A. TALBOT, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier.

DIRECTORS—C. S. Benedict, Charles Munn, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Consolidated National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

232 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord S. L. Ahhot, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Baheock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Hinman
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1889.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

BOONE & MURDOCK, (E. F. Murdock. Jno. L. Boone).

San Francisco Office: Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and Third Sts.

Washington Office: Opposite Patent Office.

MULLER
REMOVABLE
MORTAR

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET PHELAN BUILDING



ABOUT the year 1415 there existed a tribe of people in Southern Germany, known as the Stadings, who worshipped the black cat and prayed to the devil. This personage, according to their ideas, was the creator of the world, but had been ousted from his position by the Devil. The sect was finally exterminated, but not before its members had done much injury to strangers who refused to coincide with their doctrines.

The new editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, Sir Douglas Straight, is a man of about 55 years of age. He went from a London law office to India, and returned with a pension and a knighthood in one of the Indian orders. His journalistic experience was gained on a small London paper over thirty years ago.

A facsimile of the only bust of General Robert E. Lee, taken from life by the sculptor Frederick Volek about the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, has been purchased by the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, and will be presented to the Memorial Hall of the Confederate States in Richmond.

The British "Imperial Federation" scheme is to be supplanted by a British Empire League, the objects of which are to promote mutual arrangements between Great Britain, India, and the colonies for their common defense and for commerce. The Duke of Devonshire is the President of the new association.

James McNeill Whistler, the well-known artist, who is supposed to have been caricatured by Du Maurier in Trilby, has a face covered with numerous wrinkles. He wears a mustache and a light imperial, both of which are gray. His eyes are brown and his eyebrows exceedingly bushy.

A man whose name is now a household word is Sir John L. Macadam, who lived from 1756 to 1834. He introduced the use of broken stones as road material, and made the surface of roads convex instead of concave—a system which has long borne the name of its inventor.

Alfred Andre, the Paris banker who died recently, was connected with over five hundred religious and benevolent societies in France. He was President of the Young Men's Christian Association of France, and his home was a meeting place for Christians of all nations.

Mr. Gladstone's work on the "Life of Bishop Butler" will appear in the near future. The G. O. M. is working ten hours daily at it, and his articles in the North American Review on "The Future State" are extracts from the work.

Sir John Millais is the ninth President of the Royal Academy. The former Presidents were: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, James Wyatt, Sir Thomas Lawrence; Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant, and the late Lord Frederick Leighton.

It is not generally known that the "Spencer" overcoat was christened after the Earl of Spencer of the days when George III. was king, and dandydom reigned at its highest. He first wore the garment, or, at least, made it fashionable.

The grave of Dr. Johnson in Westminster Abbey is in such a bad condition that appeals are being made for subscriptions to put it in good repair again. It is expected that many American admirers will contribute towards this fund.

Munkacsy has been appointed Director General of Fine Arts at the Budapest museum. His palatial residence in the Avenue de Villiers is for sale.

The Sultan of Turkey has a way of administering powdered diamonds to people whom he may wish to remove.

Life is not worth living without a good glass of whiskey before meals. It tones the system and makes you sociable. The finest brand of Kentucky Bourbon whiskey in this market is the "Argonaut" which is known to all lovers of this delectable liquid. The agents for the Pacific Coast are E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. - - - - - San Francisco, Cal'

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
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INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 430 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,309.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, 12,250,000. Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F.

R.
LIDDLE Co.
Sportsmen's Goods

Fine
Goods
Cheap.

"In the
Field of
Sports."

110 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

Write for Catalogue.

New hook free



Thos. H. B. Varney's RAMBLER BICLORAMA, Market, Tenth and Stevenson Sts.
The Largest and Most Complete Bicycle Establishment in the World.



"I tell you, my brethren," cried the rector, "the devil does not stay at home, he's at work—he is abroad." "I know what's coming," whispered the head warden to his wife. "He's going to put in a bid to be allowed to go abroad after him."—Harper's Bazar.

Alethia (ecstatically)—Isn't it just heavenly! Bob (looking down from the front window of the new flat, lugubriously)—Yes; quite as near that locality as I care to have it, love—14th floor, and the elevator doesn't run after midnight.—New York World.

Museum Manager—What's your line? **APPLICANT**—Boneless wonder. "So? You're the third one of 'em in a week. Just step over in front of the cathode camera there while I prove it. No need to look pleasant."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Have I arrived too late?" he asked, as the door was opened by the servant. "I am afraid you have, sir," was the reply. "The doctors have just got through holding their consultation."—Truth.

He—You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money. **SHE**—Quite true, but it takes money to buy them.—Texas Siftings.

"I'll give \$10," announced the man in the third pew from the front. The converted counterfeiter rose with emotion. "And I," he exclaimed, "will make it \$100."—Detroit Tribune.

Minnie—He said that you reminded him of Venus. **MAMIE**—Dear me! The impudent— **MINNIE**—Said you looked so much better after dark.—Denver Republican.

Louise—The bishop looked rather cross, didn't he? **ISABEL**—Well, no wonder; every one of the bridesmaids had on bigger sleeves than he had.—Odds and Ends.

His Mother—You see, your grandpa is very sick. Say something to him. **THE SON**—Grandpa, would you like to have soldiers at your funeral.—Paris Illustration.

Husband—How many people are there in the next house back of us? **WIFE**—I don't know; they have their washing done at the laundry.—Chicago Record.

Lawyer Quibble—What was the greatest trial you ever presided over, judge? **JUDGE**—Bringing up ten daughters, sir!—Spare Moments.

"Is it cold out your way, Mr. Subbub?" "Cold? Our billygoat won't eat a bite of anything but woolen underwear."—Chicago Record.

"Neither rhyme nor reason. Now, what could that be, I wonder?" "Why, poetry, of course, you stupid!"—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Theatre: "Where is the author of this new piece?" "Right over there—that man who isn't hissing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick, held at Delmonico's last Wednesday evening, was one of the greatest successes ever known in the history of that great order. One hundred and fifty covers were provided and a most enjoyable time was had. Speeches were indulged in up to a late hour and received with hearty applause. The menu was all that could be desired and the wine placed before the guests bore the celebrated brand, Roederer Vin Sec., which is absolutely without a rival and which is used at all the large functions in this city. The banquet will long be remembered by those who participated in it.

What is life without a bath? The Lurline has lately added to its list the famous Russian Bath with the "Needle" Shower, the cost of which is only fifty cents, use of swimming tank included. This "Needle" Shower is exceedingly beneficial and has been recommended by all the leading physicians of the world. Excellent attendance in all departments. The baths are situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin streets.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE..... 60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson. British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital..... \$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)..... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President | CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary | THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON..... 2d Ass't Cashier

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NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; St. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895..... \$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Burth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt, Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—8 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital..... \$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up..... \$2,450,000

Reserve..... \$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St. Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building. Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank. NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital..... \$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital..... \$2,000,000

Reserve Fund..... \$250,000

HEAD OFFICE..... 58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital..... \$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER..... President

W. E. BROWN..... Vice-President

GEO. W. KLINE..... Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized..... \$6,000,000 | Paid Up..... \$1,500,000

Subscribed..... 3,000,000 | Reserve Fund..... 700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. W. Sellgman & Co., 21 Broad street. The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STILNHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



TEAS, luncheons and dinners are still to the fore, though they are not so numerous as has for some time past been the rule. A very pretty tea was given by Mrs. Ehrman last week as au adieu to the Misses Sachs, to meet whom only young people were invited, and the Misses Sachs were also guests of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Irma Triest on Saturday. On Friday evening the Messrs. Lazard, the Parisian bankers, were chief guests at a dinner given by Mrs. I. W. Hellman; Mrs. Dinkelspiel was the hostess of another dinner given the same evening in honor of a quartette of young people soon to enter the bonds of wedlock; Mrs. W. Willis gave an elaborate dinner in honor of visiting friends from the East; and Miss Jennie Schwabacher was entertained by Miss Helen Sutro at a reception last Friday evening.

Miss Reuce Roth has been extensively entertained by her young friends prior to her departure for a lengthened absence abroad, and probably as pretty an affair as any that have taken place this season, was the pink luncheon given to her and Miss Clara Hellman by Miss Alice Bachman last Saturday. Luncheons were also given by Mrs. M. Koshland, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Feckheimer in honor of Miss Jennie Schwabacher, and by Miss Lavinia Geisting of Pine street, her chosen colors being pink.

The entertainment given by the Misses Hart at their residence on California street last Saturday, styled "an indoor picnic," was strongly reminiscent of a similar affair arranged by the late Mrs. Joseph Austin in her rooms at the Palace Hotel several years ago. The Hart house was decorated with palms, ferns, evergreens and other foliage, to represent a forest glade, and in it ladies in summer costume and men in tennis flannels disported themselves dancing, or wandered at will to the strains of a hidden orchestra. There were delicious refreshments, and pretty souvenirs given to the guests at departure commemorative of a very novel and enjoyable affair.

The *bal poudré* at the San Francisco Verein was a most successful affair, and infinite credit is due to the ladies who arranged and so well carried out such a charming entertainment. White was the prevailing tint, from the wigs worn by the ladies to the clusters of flowers which, with foliage, adorned the rooms. First came dancing, then the first of a series of living pictures, of which the most novel was undoubtedly the budding flowers which bloomed into lovely young girls. More dancing and more tableaux followed; then an elaborate supper and still more dancing, which was kept up until a very late hour. Some of the ladies were magnificently costumed and all wore handsome gowns, while the display of jewels was very fine.

On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. S. Schwabacher, of Jackson street, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day on an elaborate scale. First came a superb dinner, at which thirty-six of their relatives and friends were assembled, the table decorations being in pink roses and cherry blossoms. Following the dinner a large reception was held, at which there was vocal music and recitations, and finally there was dancing and supper.

There have been quite a number of weddings this week. That of Miss Alicia Cullen and Dr. Louis P. Oveida took place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Tuesday; on Wednesday afternoon Miss Mabel Taylor, of Oakland, and George Pattison were the bride and groom, the ceremony being performed at the residence of Mrs. F. F. Taylor, on Bush street, in the presence of relatives only, and later in the day the newly wedded couple departed for the East, where they will pass the honeymoon.

Miss Carrie Heller's marriage to Isadore Fleishman was magnificently celebrated at the home of the bride, on California street, on Thursday. The marriage of Miss Pauline Levy and Frank Jacobs will take place at the

Levy residence, on O'Farrell street, at noon to-morrow; the wedding of Miss Ruby Lowenburg and A. A. Brown will be celebrated in Maple Hall of the Palace Hotel next Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday evening Miss Jennie Schwabacher and A. Rosenbaum will be united in wedlock at the Schwabachers' residence on Jackson street.

It has been finally decided that the Williams-Hobart wedding shall be a quiet home ceremonial at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil, in San Rafael, as Mrs. Williams, mother of the bride-elect, is such an invalid an elaborate affair would be too much for her strength. Pay Director Williams will arrive from the East in time to give his beautiful daughter into the keeping of her future mate. Her sister, Miss Juliet Williams, is to be maid-of-honor; Miss Ella Hobart and Miss Edith McBean will appear as bridesmaids, and Harry Stetson has been selected by Mr. Hobart to officiate as his best man.

Another announcement, and another of our lovely maidens will soon take the vows of wifehood—that is, sometime early in the autumn the ceremony will take place. This time the bride-elect is charming Miss Emma Butler, and the lucky man who has won this fair pearl is Lieutenant Lopez, of the United States Navy. The dinner given by Mrs. Schwerin last Friday was the medium chosen for giving the news to the public, and numerous congratulations were offered the young couple thereon.

There was a profusion of gold lace, colonial dames, and theatre parties of fashionable folk seen at the California on Monday evening—indeed, that form of amusement has been extensively indulged in all the week. On Thursday evening the concert of the Mandolin and the Glee Clubs of Stanford University was a drawing card at Metropolitan Hall, as was also the Illustrated Lecture of the Camera Club last night, when Dr. Dille's theme was "American Shrines," at the same place. Yesterday Mrs. M. P. Fleischman gave an "at home" in celebration of her wedding anniversary.

Golf made its initial bow to San Francisco society last Saturday, when the new grounds at the Presidio of the San Francisco Golf Club were formally opened, Harry Babcock being Chief Master of the ceremonies. Unfortunately, the day was most unpropitious for out-of-door pleasure parties, and, as a consequence, the gathering of guests was not very large. However, those who bravely put in an appearance had a jolly time of it in the little club house, where refreshments were provided, and looked on afterwards when the devotees of the game golfed.

Yachtsman's night at the Tivoli next Wednesday evening promises to be an event. *Said Pasha* will be sung for the benefit of the exchequer of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and will, without doubt, draw a large attendance.

Society's talk just now chiefly runs upon the projected Easter entertainment of Mrs. Hager, which is to take the form of private theatricals, and is looked forward to with eager curiosity.

House parties promise to be extensively indulged in this coming season; already Miss Juliet Tompkins has had several since her return from town to Ross Valley; Miss Collier has had a party of friends visiting the Villa Kabel, at Clear Lake, and the Will Crockers have been entertaining quite a large one at Santa Barbara. Mrs. Will Tevis is to have a succession of them at her beautiful new home at Bakersfield; and at Menlo Park they are to be quite a feature ere long, especially at the Flood Villa, unless Miss Jennie decides upon going abroad.

Joe Redding, who is paying his old home, San Francisco, a brief visit, has received warm welcome from his friends and club men generally. Dr. W. J. Younger has still further delayed his return, and will not arrive until towards the end of April.

Miss Helen Woolworth will be among the missing at social functions for some time to come. Mrs. Woolworth and Miss Helen will leave for a two years' absence in Europe at an early date. Among the decided losses of our young society will be pretty Miss Helen Boss, who has been so great a favorite in our social circles the past year. Europe is the haven where she would now be, whence she will soon depart, and her absence abroad will be of long duration.

The mildness of the season has put thoughts of country delights into the minds of our people earlier than usual, and, as a result, one hears already of selections being made for the out-of-town period. So far, San Rafael seems to have first innings, but one can never tell whether first or second thoughts will prevail in the end. Among prospective San Rafaelites may be named Mrs. Thomas and Miss Mamie, who will occupy the Barber cottage; the George Boyd cottage has been taken by the A. P. Hotelings, and the Dibblee place by the Whittiers; the McCutcheons will occupy their cottage in Ross Valley until they depart for Europe, where they expect to meet Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Schmiedell, *nee* McCutcheon, who are at present "doing Egypt." Mrs. Kittle and Miss Lucia will be gladly welcomed back again to Ross Valley, where they will soon arrive from a prolonged trip abroad.

It is not alone the ladies who are leaving us, for Harry Simpkins and Dr. Harry Tevis will soon be off on a trip to Japan; and San Francisco will soon be called upon to say farewell to Arthur Scrivener, who has been a noted figure among us for many years, while acting as manager of the London and San Francisco Bank. While not exactly a "society man," Mr. Scrivener has always been a favored guest whenever he appeared at any of society's functions, and his departure is much regretted.

At the Baldwin theatre Sunday afternoon, the 22d, a testimonial benefit will be tendered E. J. Buckley, the well-known actor, who for years has been a great favorite on this coast. The entire theatrical profession of this city and members of the visiting combinations will take part in the performance.

Miss Hobart and Miss Vassault accompanied by Mrs. Lester, mother of Win Lester, have arrived in New York, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Lester, *nee* Hobart, on their return from Europe.

Otto Krause, of the firm of Frederick de Bary & Co., New York, and Herman von Mumm, son of G. H. Mumm, who are making a tour of the world, are at present at the Palace Hotel.

THISTLE DOWN.

Oakland boasts of a Japanese who has slept for many days. He should be made a policeman.

Resurrection Day may become a national holiday. We fail to see why, as nothing rises nowadays except prices.

So long as men continue to have big heads women will continue to wear big hats. Charity begins at home, gentlemen.

A man called Luck was found dead in his apartments the other day. Superstitious people may study this fact to advantage.

Mark Twain will not die. Death is too wise to take him until special arrangements have been made for humorists in the infernal regions.

The lady who lately married a man of the name of Paradise may soon demand a divorce for his having obtained her consent under false pretenses.

The North Pole explorers are getting to be as bad as our prize fighters. There will be trouble between the two factions if they both keep talking so much.

The bumptious phrenologist of sixty autumns who ran away with a maiden of twenty may discover new protuberances on his own pate before he has been married many months.

The Morgue is at present graced with the remains of a man called Jaggi, who departed this life by the razor route a few nights ago. We suggest that parents exercise some care in bestowing their names upon their offspring in future.

All this outcry on the part of the women against the operations of Jack the Kisser is humorous in the extreme. Amongst the ladies of the Congregational Church, for instance, there has been some talk of offering him the pulpit when Dr. Brown steps down.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

COOPER & CO., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALLING LIST.

OWING to lack of space and the late hour at which the book was placed in our hands, we were unable in last week's issue to do justice to Mr. Ed. Greenway's book on Society Folk and Social Etiquette. Mr. Greenway is so well-known in society circles here, and is considered such an authority upon matters of good form, that everything contained between the covers can be accepted as being in keeping with the laws of genteel society. Certain people have made the remark that there was no need of such a book, but we take an entirely opposite view from such a statement. There are numerous little points of etiquette on which one is occasionally in doubt and which Mr. Greenway has had the acumen to discern and make a few tasteful remarks. The Calling List itself is perfect and will be much appreciated by society folk outside of this city who wish some information about our own Four Hundred. Let alone the interesting matter the book contains, it is so tastefully gotten up and the workmanship displayed throughout is so excellent, that it is really worthy of a place upon a table along with the higher magazines and periodicals. We recommend it to everybody interested in society as a thoroughly reliable and useful little handbook.

An Easter Opening. An event of considerable interest to the ladies of San Francisco will occur next Tuesday,

when Mrs. Coughlan, the fashionable milliner of 919 Market street, will have a big Easter Opening. Easter Sunday, following a couple of weeks afterwards, many ladies will doubtless make use of the opportunity to see the superb styles of ladies' handsome bonnets which Mrs. Coughlan has just received from Paris. These creations, rich in flower, lace and ostrich feather effects, are absolutely beyond description and cannot be rivalled in this city. Some of the latest London Panama Straw hats with rolling edges and satin ribbon, edged with delicate velvets are also in stock. There will also be shown some of the latest Parisian wraps, dainty things in spangled Dresden Silks with Chiffon and real lace trimmings. It is safe to say the parlors will be well filled during all of next Tuesday.

Use the celebrated : : :

G. D.

CORSETS and WAISTS.

All first-class dealers keep them.

Schweitzer & Co., S. F.

Sole agents for the Pacific Coast.



THE G-D "CHICAGO" YOUNG LADIES' WAIST, GAGE-DOWNS CO., MFR'S. CHICAGO, ILL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Western Sugar Refining Company. The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Sugar Refining Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 30TH DAY OF MARCH, 1896, at the hour of 12 o'clock M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, March 20, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

ROBERT OXNARD, Secretary. Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED.—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

The modern oxygen cure for disease.

Electrohouse

Watson & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents: 124 MARKET ST. Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From November 20, 1895.	Arrive
6:30 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	San Leandro Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A
10:00 A	San Leandro, Haywards, Niles.....	1:45 P
12:00 M	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	17:45 P
3:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	6:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
5:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	8:45 P
3:30 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A
3:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo.....	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
7:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	10:50 P
9:00 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
11:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	12:45 P
11:15 P	San Leandro, Haywards and Way Stations.....	7:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, F. I. J. and Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	17:45 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. (Sundays only.
†Sundays only. †Tuesdays and Saturdays.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

LYRIC.—CAROLYN WELLS, IN VOGUE.

"My little books
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught me."
Thomas Moore.

Those volumes rare,
In type so fair,
Although of pleasing diction;
I did not find
Improved my mind,
For most of them were fictitious.

First came Lisette,
A coy brunette,
I read in her soft glance
A tale of love—
Some chapters of
A Nautical Romance.

Priscilla fair,
With golden hair,
Cheeks like a pinky shell.
Rocked by the sea,
She seemed to be
A poem in Aquarelle.

Next Jacqueline,
A radiant queen,
With wealth and high position.
With jewels crowned;
Handsomely bound,
A holiday edition.

Now Rosalie
Has come to me,
And filled my life with glory.
And some bright day,
Not far away—
But that's another story.

A Belgian psychologist claims that the vowel one uses in laughter is a key to one's character. Thus, persons who laugh in a, as in "father," are frank and guileless; in e, as in "fete," melancholy; in i, as in "machine," naive, timid, or irresolute; in o, generous and hardy; in u, miserly and hypocritical.

"Yes," said one theatrical manager, "that artist's salary is five hundred dollars a week." "Indeed!" replied the other. "Do you mind telling me how much she gets?"—Washington Star.

COUNT—Darling, I love you for yourself alone. THE HEIRESS—Indeed? For how much of a loan as a starter?

"ANY signs of spring out your way?"
"Yes; Wilkin's wife is letting him wear his Sunday hat every day."

"Strange what awful talkers some men are." "Not at all. They have inherited their mother tongue."

A stray hair, by its continued irritation, may give more annoyance than a smart blow.—Lowell.

R. BUSWELL,

Bookbinder, Paper-Ruler, Printer
and Blank Book Manufacturer.

516 COMMERCIAL ST., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST and BRAN-
NAN STREETS, at 3 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and
HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with
steamers for SHANGHAI.

DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu). Saturday, March 21, 1896
COPTIC.....Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's
office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	Oct. 23, 1895.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Fulton,	10:30 A. M.
.....	Windsor,
.....	Headsturg,
.....	Geyersville,	7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Cloverdale.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	land, Ukiah.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Ukiah, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—450 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M.; March 15, 30; April 14, 29.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 15, 15, 30, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.; March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Willamette Valley," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

Ticket Office—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents,
No. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Coolgardie gold-fields, (Freemantle) Australia, \$220 first class, \$110 steerage. Lowest rates to Cape-town, S. Africa.

O. S. S. Co.'s steamers sail:

For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA,"

April 7th.

For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. ALAMEDA,

April 2d.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties

March 10th and April 7th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.

For freight apply to 327 Market street.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

Number 13.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

WE want no leper station on Angel Island. Long Island is better suited for such an institution to our way of thinking.

TURKEY is said to be about to sever her relations with the United States. It seems to us that we are the ones to do the cutting.

IF the police would only do their duty, we should not be troubled with anarchists who leave their own countries to stir up strife in ours.

BLACKMAILERS are treated less leniently in France than they are here. We could learn a great deal from the "old countries" if we only were willing.

CONGRESS should aid all ships flying the American colors. San Francisco is in a position to control the Orient trade and with Government aid will finally do so.

THE steel work used in the new building of the Morning Call is to be entirely of home manufacture. This speaks well for our contemporary's patriotism and enterprise.

TRAIN robberies are becoming altogether too numerous in California. Short prayers and a long rope should be dealt out to the participants whenever they are unearthed.

FRANCE may not consent to the Egyptian surplus being used to defray the Anglo-Egyptian campaign but it is safe to say that the British tax-payer will not bear the burden of it.

THE daily papers are devoting too much space to murderers, train robbers, strikers and the like. We suggest that they get a monthly subsidy of \$1000 from some philanthropist and furnish us with decent news only.

WE trust that the house to house system of letter collections will not be attempted in San Francisco. The method is cumbersome and unreliable and will be the cause of much dissatisfaction to business men if put into execution.

THE California Manufacturers and Producers' Association is doing good work in the cause of home productions. The East may be all right but the West is better, and should be given an opportunity whenever the same presents itself.

IT is to be hoped that the men who caused the death of Charles Marr will be brought to justice and receive their deserts. Law abiding citizens are pretty sick of the doings of strikers and such ruffians, and rely upon the courts to bring them to time.

WE heartily endorse the Bill proposed by Senator Frye, the object of which is to provide that all officers holding positions on vessels flying the American flag shall be United States citizens. We would suggest, however, that the applicants for such positions be subjected to as severe and thorough an examination as exists in the British Mercantile Marine. By thus doing a better class of seamen will eventually have control of our ships.

ONE outcome of the trouble with Spain is that our trade is being considerably damaged thereby, and American ships are being universally boycotted. It is foolish to complain of hard times when we do our best to bring them about.

IT is safe to state that the British will not evacuate Egypt until they get good and ready. Had France only taken a hand in Egyptian affairs when invited by England to do so, she might now have some right to interfere. As it is, she has none whatever and England knows it.

THE enormous naval appropriations in England met with almost unanimous approval from the British press, thus showing that trouble is more than a possibility in the near future. We can well afford a powerful navy and the sooner we get it the better.

NOW that a druggist has been severely punished for selling morphine without a prescription, it is to be hoped that some check will be placed upon the sale of this pernicious drug. The seller is as bad as the purchaser in such a case and is responsible for the crimes he commits while under its influence.

A FEW weeks ago we stated that Alaska would prove a bad field for the people who journeyed thither expecting to find gold nuggets on the sidewalks of Juneau. Latest advices state that the late arrivals are already stranded and would willingly come back if the walking were good.

NOW that Mr. Bayard has been severely censured for his speech, it is to be hoped that the diplomats who represent this country abroad will learn the value of occasional silence. It may be too much to expect wisdom of them, but even children learn to keep still after having been reprimanded.

WHEN Governor Budd appointed his brother, John E. Budd, to be a Regent of the State University, he did a good thing. Regent Budd is a graduate of the institution, a lawyer, a man of ability and character. What more is wanted? The Governor in this case can afford to ignore the yawping about "nepotism."

THE decision of Judge Morrow in the Zante Currant case shows that eminent jurist's clear understanding of the act relating to the duty to be imposed upon such goods. The vineyardists of the State are unanimous in their approval of the decision, averring that California raisins will now be able to more than hold their own in the local market.

THE present Grand Jury has been acquiring facts and figures which will enable it to do some very effective work in the near future. One of the irregularities to come to its attention is the fact that Recorder Glynn and Sheriff Whelan have, under advice from private attorneys, ignored the law which was lately passed prohibiting them from collecting exorbitant fees in the pursuance of their business. These fees were reduced by the Legislature of 1895, but the old charges are still enforced. Both of these gentlemen have otherwise rendered such efficient service in their respective official capacities, that we know they will be able to show some good reason for what at first sight may appear a direct violation of the law. By not doing so they will merit removal from office, and prosecution followed by punishment.

FAITH AND MORALS.

THE most astonishing feature of the whole Brown scandal is the surprise expressed by members of the Council which tried him that its verdict should be received as a cowardly whitewash. It is evident that it cost the brethren so much pain to condemn Brown at all, that in even gently chiding him they fancied they were exercising a courage which must win them admiration and praise. To be sure, Brother Brown was charged with being, in the language of Deacon Straus, "a libertine and liar," and if that be the truth he necessarily appeared before the Council as a perjurer and a suborner of perjury, as well as a slanderer, a bullier of women, and an all-round scoundrel. His shamelessness and impudence distressed the Council, and no doubt braced it up to the heroic point of declaring to a waiting world that Brother Brown has a bad temper.

Then the Council adjourned, and paused for the applause which it deemed it had earned by its intrepidity.

The revelations as to the Rev. Dr. Brown's manner of life, the passionate devotion to his person and interests shown by so many of the women of his congregation, notwithstanding the exposure of his real character, and the singular lenity of the Council, have produced a profound effect. It is widely felt that ideas connecting faith and morals will have to be revised. The ordinary American, who does not trouble himself about theology, and is content to accept the standards of conduct of his reputable neighbors, is usually disposed to take it for granted that church people form a class who are separated from him and his kind by their superior virtue. Men of brains, who are unable to accept Christian dogma, and who have no respect for the intellect of the clergy and zealous laity, yet are given to assuming that both are cleanly and upright in life. Though the churches are seats of respectable ignorance and conservatism, opposing their inertia to the advance of knowledge, their presumed practical service in imposing a good moral code is considered a valuable compensation.

But this atrocious Brown business has disturbed all these pleasant opinions. The public has been startled into a state of mind which makes it easy for the average man to believe that church folk, instead of being better than the common run of people who make no pretension to piety, are considerably worse. It is not an unheard of thing, of course, that a clergyman should be detected in lechery and lying. Every cause, every organization, has its traitors who bring scandal upon it. But it is alarming to find that lechery and lying do not give serious offense to a large proportion of a sect so numerous as the Congregationalists. If a Druid, or an Odd Fellow, should embezzle the funds of his order, and his order should try him for it, and acquit him in the face of the plainest proofs, and Druids and Odd Fellows in general should rejoice over the acquittal, and crowd around the culprit to congratulate him, and give him bouquets, and should in all ways manifest their conviction that it is better to condone theft than to expel a brother from the lodge, or even to depose him from the office to whose trust he has proved false—what would be thought of the moral sense of Druids and Odd Fellows? Would not every honest man feel that the existence of organizations so depraving in their influence was a peril to society?

The parallel is perfect. There is not a sane member of Dr. Brown's church—not a member who uses his brain to think with and does not depend upon hysteria for his judgments—that does not believe the pastor to be guilty. There is not a member of the Council who does not believe that. The anger of the clergymen who acquitted Brown at his ungrateful return for their friendly coat of whitewash, has betrayed them into queer confessions that they ignored evidence in order to help one of their profession out of a scrape. Were Brown innocent he would have a right to be angry at anything short of complete exoneration, and the members of the Council would have no right to be indignant at his resentment. It is because of their belief in his guilt that the brethren are infuriated at his impudent ingratitude.

That whitewash brush has smeared the churches with a coat of something that is anything but white. The Council by its immoral tenderness for a villain, has advertised

that conduct which would be sternly condemned without hesitation by men of the world, awakens in clergymen and deacons no serious reprehension—that they consider the interests of the Christian church better served by excusing a "libertine and liar" than by bringing him to adequate punishment. In fine, the Church Council has made it known that the moral standard of Congregationalists in California is so low that it shocks and outrages all decent men and women. Brown convicted would have been an announcement that the church stands for purity and truth; Brown whitewashed is an announcement that the "liberty of the Gospel" is the liberty to follow the lusts of the flesh, and to lie without danger of condemnation.

The Case of the Rev. Colburn. What is Grace M. E. Church going to do about its pastor, the Reverend Colburn? What are the Park Commissioners going to do about him? And will the Grand

Jury permit him to brazen it out? A month ago this clergyman was arrested in Golden Gate Park. He was not prosecuted, however; for on learning that the prisoner was a minister of religion, the Park Commissioners deemed it wiser to liberate him and drop proceedings than to befoul the public mind with the details which a trial would have made known. Trusting to his discharge on grounds that implied his guilt, the Reverend Colburn appealed to his clerical brethren for a "vindication," and got it. A council of Methodist clergymen and deacons was hastily summoned, and, on the score of the failure to prosecute and the statements of Colburn and the other person involved, declared him innocent.

But no attempt has been made to punish the arresting policemen who, if Colburn is innocent, must have been guilty of an outrage so atrocious and indefensible that there is no language adequate to set it forth. Colburn is apparently content to stand in the pulpit as a man protected from prosecution only because the crime with which he is charged is so shocking that it is neither to be named nor discussed. From behind that horrible shield he preaches Sunday after Sunday. And he draws a congregation that is willing to listen to the gospel of Christ from such lips.

This is not to be endured. And it will not be endured if San Francisco possesses the moral feeling that belongs to the average American community. Either the Reverend Colburn must prosecute the policemen who arrested him in Golden Gate Park, and demonstrate his innocence, or he will be adjudged guilty by public opinion and driven from the pulpit. His remarkable congregation will not be able to maintain him in the sacred desk. A sexual psychopath as a Christian minister is a little too strong even for easy-going San Francisco.

The Rotten "Examiner." The struggles of the San Francisco Examiner to free itself from the mire of its own venuity only sink it the deeper into the mess. It is on exhibition as a convicted fraud, a bribe-seeker, and a bribe-taker that has dressed itself for years in the robe of the reformer. A more disgraceful revelation of false pretense has never occurred. The Examiner is the Dr. Brown of journalism.

It bargained with the Southern Pacific Company to let that corporation alone, and broke the bargain. Even the last poor virtue than the ordinary rogue clings to—fidelity to his nefarious engagements—was too high a demand on the Examiner's probity; it couldn't stay bought. There seemed to be more popularity, and therefore more money, in attacking the railroad company than in keeping hands off, so the Examiner resumed business as an anti-monopolist and a friend of the people.

To the documentary evidence showing that the railroad company gave it a subsidy of \$30,000, payable in monthly installments, the whole term reaching over two sessions of the Legislature, the Examiner's reply is that its contract called for legitimate advertising only. The proof of the falsity of this desperate assertion is furnished by the following written agreement, from which the words in brackets were eliminated to satisfy the scruples of the sensitive Examiner conscience:

"The company [is to enjoy immunity from hostility in the columns of the Examiner and] is not to be the victim of malicious attack or criticism or of misrepresentation; that the Examiner will not seek to create hostile sentiment in the minds of the commun-

ity against the Southern Pacific Company, or any of the interests it represents, and that while not stipulating as against all criticism, it agrees that criticism shall not proceed from any motive of malice or malignity, and that such criticism as may be found necessary to keep and maintain the confidence of the public, to the extent that any public sentiment may have been created from other sources, is to be avoided as much as possible."

That this contract was expected to remain secret, and that the Examiner believed the railroad company—under the stipulation that the paper could do enough to keep up an anti-monopoly bluff for deceiving purposes—would permit it to go pretty far, is shown by the following complaint addressed on March 21, 1894, to the corporation, by the business manager, writing in Mr. Hearst's name:

"A few days ago, while talking with Irving M. Scott, he informed me that the Examiner was in receipt of a subsidy from the Southern Pacific, to wit, the sum of \$1000 per month, paid monthly for thirty months, and he stated that the time was arranged to cover two sessions of the Legislature. He had the most intimate knowledge of the matter under discussion, down to the smallest details, which he could only have received from some one high in the counsels of the Southern Pacific."

Notwithstanding this complaint, this written acknowledgment of the existence of the contract, the cornered Examiner essays a shriek or two of denial. It is driven to ask people to believe that the Southern Pacific would cheerfully give it \$30,000 for advertising in a single issue; it is driven to ask the people to believe that it was not under bonds to do anything special for that large sum of money. But it does not expect the people to believe it. It stands quaking and blubbering and making frightened, incoherent editorial outcries, which but serve to let it be seen how very sick it is.

Mr. Hearst is preparing to get from under in person. A Mattie Overman is to be provided from the business office to save the journalistic Dr. Brown. He telegraphs from New York that he was in Egypt when the contract was made, and that no "responsible" agent of the Examiner would have been knave or fool enough to sign so compromising a paper. So it must be a forgery—unless it shall be produced. Then we shall find that it is signed by some agent of the Examiner who was responsible enough to represent it in \$30,000 transactions, but not responsible enough to blemish the Examiner's white reputation should the paper be divulged. Or if the business manager signed, then we shall be asked to believe that he was temporarily insane at the time, and that only malignity can connect the Examiner with his act—though the Examiner continued to draw down the \$1000 a month under the contract just the same, until the subsidy was stopped. Of course the good Mr. Hearst knew nothing about what his agents, sane and insane, were doing. Trifles like \$30,000 contracts do not interest newspaper proprietors, and they never trouble themselves to make any inquiries about them. And Mr. Hearst supposed the \$1000 a month was strictly for advertising. So he says, and curses and swears that it is so. But why, when the \$1000 a month was stopped, and only \$22,000 had been paid, did he not sue for the remaining \$8,000? If the money was due on a legitimate advertising contract, about which there was nothing to be ashamed of should it be made public in court, why did not Mr. Hearst sue? The Examiner has no answer to that vital question, and its silence is damning. Mr. Hearst did not sue because to have done so would have been to bring out the truth and blazon him as a man who sold his editorial columns to corporations, while he affected to be an enemy of corporations and a champion of popular rights.

Mr. Hearst might as well have sued and stood the consequences, for now he is as badly off as if he had made a last grab for the disappearing shank of the subsidy. It has all come out anyway, and the people know now that space is to be had anywhere in the Examiner for money—that its editorial columns are as open to purchase by corporations as its advertising columns are to quack doctors, and abandoned women who figure as masseurs and man-icures.

The poor Examiner. It is a thing to feel sorry for, after all, for this exposure has proved it to be as destitute of brains as it is of character, and, as it wallows about in its impotent agony, it distresses every beholder. The Examiner ought to die and get decently buried. It afflicts the nose as well as the eye.

Money-making President Murphy, of the First National Bank, stands pilloried before the public in no very enviable light. He is accused

of extorting a commission from one of the Bank's oldest and most respected depositors, Mrs. Colton, for the sale of that lady's residence to C. P. Huntington. Of course, there may be people who will hold that a Bank President is entitled to bleed a client in a transaction done under the guise of personal friendship, but we hold that such actions are more befitting an unprincipled pawnbroker than the pompous and presumably genteel President of so safe an institution as the First National Bank. Had Mr. Murphy even done something to earn the money we might be inclined to view the matter more leniently, but it appears that his services were wholly imaginary. He needed a dollar, and to get it was apparently willing to sacrifice his integrity by intercepting cheques, which were made payable to the Bank and not to him, and deducting from them the amounts which he thought were due as a commission. The public pillory is not sufficient punishment for so grave an offense as this. The penitentiary is nearer the mark; and, although Mr. Murphy may not think so, we consider that a thorough investigation into the matter may eventually land him there. That is to say, unless he takes a trip to Canada or Japan. For we hold that no officer of a bank has the right to meddle with or appropriate the moneys of depositors in any way, even if he has a private claim against them. If depositors are not guaranteed immunity from the fingers of the officials in our banks, our wealthy citizens will very soon find it preferable to withdraw to cities where private property is still sacred. We recommend that President Murphy's conduct be thrown open to the light of day, and if he be found guilty of embezzlement or of violating the trust reposed in him in any manner, that he be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Capital and Labor. The men who participate in strikes are, as a rule, not worthy of much consideration.

We remember having heard about the "dignity of labor" and the "hard-worked son of toil," but the terms were pure inventions, made to suit a poet's feeble rhymes, and, when used to-day, merely evoke a smile. While Capital tries to build up a country and further the interests of the community, Labor usually places its ungainly carcass in the way and hinders as much as possible the good work. The men who compose the different labor unions are at present in that interesting stage of development when they imagine that, as their own stomachs become empty, those of their employers will also suffer from the same inconvenience. Labor has not yet learned to hang its leaders, and until it does so the condition of the workingman will be pitiful in the extreme. During the recent strike of lathers in this city, a one-armed lad who chose to work was severely beaten by half a dozen able-bodied men, and his old father received injuries finally resulting in his death. Such actions as these may appeal to demagogues as entitling the men to sympathy, but we pronounce them dastardly in the extreme. It is to be hoped that in a few years the leaders of these embryo riots will be held amenable to law for intimidating their followers from earning their daily wage. Long terms in a penitentiary, and an enforced dose of the work they have ever sought to evade, will do more towards settling the labor question than anything yet recommended. The unwashable element may clamor for the amalgamation of the two, but Capital has ever been averse to strange bedfellows, and Labor—though much extolled by the poets of the Middle Ages—is seldom interesting and is often even unclean.

A Bulletin Vagary. The Evening Bulletin is a good newspaper—all except its editorial brevities. The balance

of its editorial page is generally interesting and forceful, yet it is occasionally weak in spots, betraying the presence of an amateurish, as well as of a masterful hand. It is one of the Bulletin's peculiarities to often gloat, as Scotchmen would say, at the silver question, but it is mindful never to handle the subject without gloves. Published in and for a constituency believed to be divided upon the question, its dexterity in howling both hot and

cold in the same breath, furnishes an object lesson in the sometimes convenient and useful art of non-committalism. If any of its readers can tell where it stands on the money question from anything it has printed, we confess that they are greater adepts at reading between the lines than we are. We have quite often noticed in its columns articles that were equally good for the gold standard, for silver monometallism, and for bimetallism, whatever that may be defined and agreed to be. No clear statement of the respective issues, or decided opinion thereupon has ever at any time, so far as we are aware, appeared in the columns of our able and esteemed contemporary. It is over-slow in discerning which way the cat is going to jump. California never was and is not now a silver State. It would be strange if it were. The State's product of gold for 1894 is given at \$12,540,045, whilst its yield of silver was but \$175,308. That difference in production still safely anchors California as "the Golden State." We own much gold, but little silver, and are a creditor rather than a debtor State. Our interests, except in the case of a few silver mine owners, are all in the direction of the best money. Putting this and that together, the Bulletin ought by this time to know where it stands.

Perfecting The Funding Bill. As was to be expected where many independent minds were engaged in finding the best practical scheme for the refunding of the Central Pacific's indebtedness, several changes have been made in the original proposal, and all of them are for the better, in the sense that they give the Government additional security and provide for the continuous lessening of the indebtedness. Nothing can be simpler, clearer, or more satisfactory, from the Government's point of view, than the proposals as they now stand. Certain of the dailies have been so given up to industrious befogging of the whole subject matter that we venture to think that but few people have followed the real business of the case, or know precisely what it is now proposed to do. Of course, without a clear comprehension of what the funding bill now really is, to condemn it is to jump to a conclusion without reason. It will be well, therefore, to make plain that which the befogging dailies try to obscure. In the first place, then, it is proposed that the railroad shall forthwith begin to make payments towards the extinguishment of the original subsidy and accumulated interest. For the first ten years there is to be a payment on this account of \$300,000 per annum; for the second ten years the payment is to be \$400,000 a year, and thereafter until the whole debt, principal and interest, is extinguished there is to be a payment of \$750,000 a year. In addition, two per cent per annum is to be paid on the whole debt. The calculations of experts show that these payments are the very utmost the railroad can make, unless it resorts to higher fares and freights. The advantages of this gradual method of extinguishing the debt are obvious. The interest charges would be lessened year by year and soon enough would be paid off to leave the Government's security undoubted. Whilst the property would be growing in value continuously the indebtedness would be decreasing in like manner. As industrial resources develop and population increases, fare and freight charges, could and necessarily would be reduced and without detracting from the railroad's capacity to fulfill its engagements with the Government.

Furthermore, it is proposed to give the Government additional security; the great value of which is too well known to be gainsaid. This security includes the railroad from Oakland to Niles, 24 miles; from Lathrop to Oakland, 146 miles; from Roseville to the Oregon State line, 296 miles; in all 466 miles of additional railroad, as well as all its valuable terminal properties in and about Oakland and Alameda, its lines of steamers, ferryboats, equipments, etc., all of which are indispensable to the operation of the main line and are therefore invaluable to it. It is still further proposed that the funding bill shall contain stringent provisions to secure the performance of all these obligations, and, as part of the contract, the Government, in case of default to make any of the required payments for a period of six months, shall be empowered to take possession of the road without appealing

to the Courts or to Congress. All this demonstrates beyond a doubt or peradventure that the railroad men are not only in absolute good faith, but that they, furthermore, deem it a point of honor and of personal pride that the Central Pacific shall ultimately reimburse the Government in every dollar it has advanced or for which it has become obligated. This feeling was often expressed during his life time by the late Senator Stanford, and it is apparent that the sole survivor of the original four builders of the Central Pacific is to-day acting as if discharging a sacred trust imposed upon him by his deceased partners to provide for the repayment of the Government to the uttermost farthing. Huntington and his associates could better do without the Central Pacific than the Central Pacific could do without him and them. There can be no doubt about that fact. They would still have the Southern Pacific and its many connections. They would still own all the terminal properties, ferries, etc. On the other hand the Government would have to pay off the first mortgage bonds before it could touch the Central Pacific, and even then it would only come into possession of a road-bed from Ogden to San Jose. In the endeavor to accomplish that much, litigation would be involved the end of which no man to-day can see the end.

In all this matter, the State of California has one great paramount interest. It is that the continuity of the railroad's operations and development shall be maintained, and at as low a cost to our people as possible. Foreclosure means litigation, possible suspension, and ultimate loss to all concerned. By no conceivable possibility could it mean any improvement upon the existing condition of things. The refunding bill, as it now stands, affords the Government absolute security for the repayment of its debts, provides for the perpetuation of railroad services, and, above all, gives assurance of a gradual lessening of charges to the general public as rapidly as an increase of population and the condition of business will permit. Taking all the circumstances under which the road was constructed into consideration, the proposed settlement is a much more favorable one than the Government could at any time during the past twenty years have reasonably expected. None of the great railroads of the country have yet begun to pay off their capital cost, and if this funding bill is passed, as it most certainly will be, the Central Pacific will be about the first to lead the way to ultimate freedom from debt. For our own part we confess that we have never been able to see how California was to be benefited by exacting the whole pound of flesh and the last drop of blood from the railroad. We are very sure that the real interest of our people lies in enabling the railroad to provide the cheapest possible service. The larger the demands made upon it by the Government, the higher must its charges necessarily be. All that it pays to the Government it must earn out of our people. Hence the folly and even madness of backing up such an agitation as that which Sutro and the Examiner are so vindictively maintaining.

The Italian Fiasco. All things considered, it is probably the wisest thing the Italians can do to effect a peace at any price with the Abyssinians. Since they first began the undertaking of African conquest and colonization, little, if any, material success has attended their efforts. The finances of the nation will not permit of any great expenditure on the army, a loan could not easily be made at present with any European Government owing to her own weakness and inability to render efficacious aid in time of war, the country and the throne are both undermined by the revolutionists, and although a decided victory might greatly help to mend matters, they will not be bettered by a lingering and profitless campaign. Whether Rudini will finally view things in this light or not remains to be seen. We feel confident in predicting that his stay in office will be of short duration, and that either Crispi or some other statesman of conservative tendencies will take charge of the Government. The talk about the abdication of King Humbert is idle in the extreme, as the throne is not likely to totter until the people upset it. King Menelek is, however, safer in his position than is the ruler of the people to whom he administered so severe a castigation.

**An Impending
Disaster.**

The outcome of the new British Expedition up the Nile will be awaited with keen interest. The dearly bought victories of the 1884 war and the terrible defeats inflicted upon the Italians in the late troubles seem to point to the fact that only a general possessing the combined qualities of an Abercrombie and a Napoleon could conquer in Egypt. Whether the fanciful hordes, against whom the British soldiers are to be launched, have put in the last twelve years to advantage in studying new methods of harassing an enemy remains to be seen. That they were brave enemies will not be gainsaid and if they have perfected themselves in any way in the art of war then the invading troops will have more than their share of work to accomplish if they wish to come back victorious. Religious fanaticism plays an important part in the make up of their enemies, and will make of one man two able and determined fighters. Whether the Germans are intriguing against the British occupation of Egypt or not, the possession by the latter will never be assured until the followers of the Mahdi are reduced to subjection. The expedition is therefore a necessary one but it seems to us that the British Government is pursuing its old fatal policy of sending out an insufficient number of troops to cope with an enemy full worthy of consideration. Twenty thousand men instead of nine thousand, it appears to us, would have been a better number to send out to bring the war to a speedy termination. Moreover, with a possible European crisis close at hand, Great Britain can ill afford to lose several thousand picked men in a campaign which will undermine the constitutions of everyone participating in it. The star of Africa is apparently in the ascendant and it remains to be seen whether the British lion can hold its own against that of the blood-stained continent.

**The Local
Democracy.**

The Democratic State Committee did a good day's work for its party when it slammed the door in the face of Buckleyism and bade it begone. This ought to put the Democracy of San Francisco on a sound footing, and bring about harmony among all the elements which are interested in politics for something other than the profits of jobbery. Such harmony achieved, the Buckleyites may with security be challenged to do their worst. That Buckley still has a following is apparent, but that all local Democrats who are not entirely sympathetic with the Junta wear his brand is not true. The Junta will make a mistake in assuming otherwise. There should not be, and now scarcely can be, any compromise of any sort with the ex-Boss and his brigands. Buckley outside the party and warring upon it is, even as a matter of practical politics, preferable to having Buckley inside the party working for it. The mere association of his name with Democracy has been for years a heavy handicap. But the strength of Buckley should not be increased by classing everybody not in the Junta uniform as one of his troops. He can safely be defied, and all his unpleasant supporters with him, but every Democrat who is not of Buckley's band should be counted a good Democrat for the uses of the coming campaign. That is sensible politics.

The Junta is in possession of the field. If its directing men have the capacity which leaders should have, they will recognize the truth that their first great battle within the party being won, their policy now ought to be to settle differences, make compromises which involve no principle, gather recruits, promote organization, and thus actively set about the prime object of local party existence, which is to win the next election.

Senator Morgan considers it time that the diplomatic affairs of the United States be withdrawn from public tinkering and tampering. In other words he wishes to restrict the commentary of the press upon matters of national importance. If the men who represent us in the Senate were diplomats, trained by long experience in the country's service, then they might safely be entrusted with the powers they would take unto themselves. At present, however, they are not. For the most part they are mere political tricksters hungry for the applause of a noisy minority, and the press must continue to look after the interests of the nation, and voice the sentiments of the people in all matters pertaining thereto.

Ye Olde Hickorie Chairs



RE MADE from ye second growth of White Hickorie Saplings. Ye place for syttinge down in ye chair and ye backs are plaited from second growth Hickorie Barke, which makes ye most comfortable and welle wearynge seatinge we know of.



These Chairs are ye most unique and pleasurable line of goods wherewith to make cheerful ye lawn and ye porch that are made in ye United States. Ye Chairs are as different from any before shown as ye morning light from ye darkness of nighte tyme.

Ye newe and novel wares of this sort are attractive to ye prospective buyer.



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\$4.50



This Chair

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Immense Variety of Chairs, Rockers, Lounges and Odd Pieces.

Ye hickorie chair, rustie and olde, ~~and~~
•Stands bye ye gardene walle ~~and~~
A wellcome seat for ye maiden faire
•And her lover, brave and faire. ~~and~~
Its arms be wide, and its seat be large
•'Twill holde them bothe with ease.
Ye hickorie chaire, homelie and plain,
•By its comforte dothe always please.

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THISTLE DOWN.

Women can do their share of talking, hut they cannot heat the prize-fighters.

The Senate is apparently nothing but national a school of elocution. Is it worth the expense?

The Salvation Army is doing good in more ways than one. It is even saving the society folk of Alameda!

A suit for divorce in Milwaukee lately brought about the murder of a mother-in-law. Let him off easy, gentlemen; let him off easy.

Two Indiana Congressmen are to fight a duel. They probably feel the necessity of doing something for the money paid them.

The Salvation Army lassies kicked at the idea of wearing brown uniforms. Another evil result of the First Congregational Church scandal.

The new tunnel in the Park is to be one hundred and thirty feet long. It is expected that the marriage license office will be kept busy in consequence.

A "petrified man" died in Philadelphia a few days ago. There has been some tall swearing in Hades ever since, owing to Old Nick's inability to make him sizzle.

Ex-President Harrison lately found himself in the midst of a mob of fighting students. He probably wished to prepare himself for his future matrimonial troubles.

Ambassador Bayard, in reply to a press representative, stated that he had nothing to say. What a pity he did not exercise a little discretion in the matter before.

Now that Roentgen has been made a Baron by Prince Louis of Bavaria, the scientist will discover, by the use of the cathode ray, that there is nothing in a title after all.

A writer in a morning paper states that women's feet are growing larger. We brand this assertion as a villainous lie, started, probably, by some miscreant in Chicago.

For heaven's sake let Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight at sea if they want to. They may then experience the nausea we have been suffering from for the last three years.

Windy William of Germany has issued an order directing that the army and navy must attend divine service regularly. The other nations are now preparing for war in all earnest.

Oakland is again to the front with a hatch of hoy burglars. This speaks very badly for the example set by the elders of a community long famed for its freedom from all things evil.

Latest reports from Cuha state that the Spanish columns are firing upon each other now. If we only wait long enough Cuha may gain her freedom without any officiousness on our part.

The Sultan of Turkey is doing his best to crush out Christianity. Probably he has been reading about our Congregational Church scandals and has the interests of the Armenians at heart after all.

The Oakland High School girls are incensed because Dr. Shuey attacked their pies, pickles, and corsets. So long as the doctors never attack anything else, my dears, you have no cause to complain.

The good people of Fresno need not be worried over the statement of their prophet that the millenium is close at hand. There is too little difference between hell and Fresno to ever cause them much inconvenience.

Women must be scarce in New Jersey where two lads lately fought for a fair charmer. They should come to California where the girls are so many and so beautiful that a fellow is forced to remaining single out of sheer inability to choose a partner.

NOW that our beautiful spring is beginning, there ought to be a regular stampede of Easterners to California. The sun shines twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four here, if they only knew it.

There is nothing so delicate as an oyster. Moraghan, the famous provider, Stalls 68-70 California Market, has the best Californian and Eastern on hand.



The Boss of all SMOKELESS POWDERS
Manufactured.

Used by the crack shots of the country.

Lowest recorded breech PRESSURE.

Lightest RECOIL and absolutely no SMOKE.

Manufactured by

THE GIANT POWDER CO., Consolidated,
430 California St., S. F.

Lay It Down.



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drying and the Ale losing its life.

It is unnecessary to "Stand it up to
Settle;" we "settle" it. There is no
sediment in the bottles.

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Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated
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Hudson, New York. Founded 1786.

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Room 3. Pupils prepared for Stage,
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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from Buena Vista Park, Looking North, Showing Entrance to the Panhandle, Golden Gate Park.

Taber Photo.



A CALIFORNIA GIRL IN BERLIN.

THE Hoch Schule is now such a part of a musical student's existence that it seems as if every one must know all about it and its routine. The chief things one complains of here are the bad air and the poor, half-starved looking students. The air is really too awful to endure, and if one ever opens a window—such a thing is against a German's principles, you know—it is quickly shut by the portier, and a severe scolding is administered. The portier himself lives with his wife and child in a little inside room, with the door tight shut and the gas burning hard all day. They have beer, sausages, etc., about every hour. If one opens the door for an instant a pleading "*Bitte, Fraulein, die Thür!*" is heard, and they all begin to cough and sneeze. This constant living in bad air is half the cause of the students' ill health. In the orchestra it makes one's heart ache with pity to see the half-starved look on most of their faces, the Americans looking the worst of all. I do wish scholarships in the school could be started by people in America, especially for the benefit of the poor fellows that struggle out their existence here on a mere nothing. One little fellow from Chicago is here now, and though he promises great things and is already one of Joachim's pupils, has to go back this summer after only a year's study in the school, because he cannot hold it out any longer. There are not many San Franciscans here, young Samuels being the only man. So many of the Germans, however, hope to sail directly for California as soon as they graduate, expecting to turn over gold by the shovelful. Joachim only takes those who have great talent. One might be there for years and never take a lesson from him, and again, he very often takes a student from the examination day. He and Professor Wirth always speak highly of Mr. Sigmund Beel, and I think almost every one in the school has heard of him as the most talented and industrious student that they ever have had.

We have more fun in the Orchestra, which meets twice a week, than in all the other lessons put together. When Joachim directs, every one loves him so that he never has to be the slightest bit severe—every one tries their very best. His smile is so beautiful and his general presence so noble that there is not one in the school that does not feel they would be glad to cut off a hand if it were necessary in his service. And when Hausman, the cellist, leads, one does not dare to do anything but their very best. He is the darling of every one's heart, but he is frightfully severe, and woe betide the one that is inattentive in his lesson. He seems to see each one separately in the orchestra, so it is an impossibility to "fake," a thing one is very apt to want to do. There are very few cellists in the school now, and it seems almost a pity, for Hausman is such a magnificent teacher and such a splendid artist in every sense. When he plays in concert here the hall is always crowded, and he gets more applause than I have seen from any Berlin audience.

The audiences here are so cold and "German" that one's blood fairly boils. The other night we went to the one hundredth performance of *Hansel and Gretel*, with Humperdink directing. It is by far the most popular opera of the season, and it was splendidly sung and staged, but all the applause the composer got was a little feeble clapping from some Americans in the top gallery, just enough to bring him once on the stage to make his funny little bow. The Kaiser and Kaiserin, and the Prince and Princess Leopold were there. The Kaiserin did not address a single word to Prince Leopold during the whole performance, and as it is the etiquette of royalty not to speak till you are spoken to, the poor Prince might just as well have been deaf and dumb and without hands. The Kaiser is a very handsome man, looking every inch an Emperor, with a mass of wavy black hair and a superb physique. He is growing very fat, though, and people say his beauty is fast going. The Kaiserin looks more like some one's cook than anything else. She is very ugly and ungraceful, and dresses abominably, and really attains her ambition—to be only a *haus frau*, whose occupation is to spend most of the day in the kitchen and the rest of it with the children. She sets a fine example to every German woman, but she does not seem to belong in the Empress' chair. The Empress Frederick is much more dignified, but she is cordially hated by every one. Through her good influence all

the shops have to be closed, except from twelve to two, on Sunday, and that rankles very much in every German's money-saving heart.

But to return to the Hoch Schule. One is pushed right to the farthest notch in the work there. About ten lessons a week one must take, and each master is severer than the last. Wirth is about the most severe violin teacher. He thinks nothing of tweaking hard the ears and noses of the girls, and he bangs the men so that one often sees the tears run down their cheeks. And when he sees the tears, then he has no mercy, but torments his victims until they realize the foolishness of tears and learn to stand his railing without a murmur. His severity all comes from extreme interest in his pupil, but it takes the pupil about three months of torture before he can appreciate that interest.

It is a curious fact that the most talented students here are of any nationality but German. Miss Jackson, the best violinist, is an American, Ross and Marx, splendid violinists, are English and American, and Poles, Russians, and Dutch are all in the lead. One hardly ever sees a German of great importance in the school, whereas the best teachers, "the famous quartette," are: Joachim, Hungarian; Wirth, Bohemian; Hausman, Dutch; Halir, Belgian. Every two or three weeks there is a "Vortrags Abend," a concert in the Hoch Schule Saal, given by the pupils. It is very hard to get tickets, as they are all by favor, but the hall is always well filled. The Mendelssohns, Max Bruch, and Herzogenberg, and many other great lights, are at every performance, taking great interest in every step made by Joachim's students. Formerly these concerts were quite accessible, but at one performance some one—an American, of course—talked so much and so loud while the orchestra was playing that Joachim had two or three times to turn round and hiss. But all to no effect; the American kept making himself obnoxious, and since then only the students and those whom Joachim himself favors can step over the threshold of the Hoch Schule Saal.

How I wish we could have as wonderful an institution in America. If only the Californians could have carried out their project and have Ysaye start a conservatory there! It would bring out all the talent of the country so much quicker, having a place one could go to without the expense and delay of traveling here. There is so much here that we could improve on, too, that the Germans never will realize. They are so pedantic in so many unnecessary ways, and they know so very little of the comforts of life. At every turn one is confronted by the "polezel," whose insistence in carrying out his orders to the very letter is most annoying. At the slightest provocation one is clapped into jail for the night, and getting out is a very difficult job. One hears tales every day at the American Girls' Club of girls languishing in jail for debt, etc., but one is apt to think they are told more as warnings to the girls than as facts with any foundations to them. The club is a fine place for students to meet, though it has not yet attained the perfection of the one in Paris. There all the magazines can be read, and it has already quite a library.

Berlin, March 10, 1896.

A MUSICAL STUDENT.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

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EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

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"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

ONCE again *Sinbad*, with its spangles, glitter, and gladsome gags; its epidemic of swinging song and spirited dance; its train load of fantastic scenery and frisky costumes; its galaxy of plain-faced, broad-legged girls, and its general melange of breezy irresponsibility and picturesque gorgeousness. *Sinbad* has outlasted all of David Henderson's spectacles; it has even lived down Eddie Foy and survived the amputation of Henry Norman; and, practically unchanged in the application of its familiar, historic fun, it comes to the Columbia, and again feeds the eye and tickles the ear for all the world like the big, beloved three-ring circus. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that Oscar Girard has supplanted the frolicsome Foy. I have always considered Foy the greatest clown in the world (who made a living at it), and I used to wonder at the ingenuity of a mind that could evolve such a wondrous system of joyous vulgarity—until one disenchanting night we dined at adjacent tables in a down town café, and I saw my prince of comicality conveying to his eager jaws large fragments of rich, swimming, gravied food unaided by aught but his knife and index finger. Then I knew that all his subtle stage art was but the uncontrolled Foy. Mr. Girard, I am confident, neither ignores his fork nor begraves his fore-finger when dining—yet, despite these restrictions in private life, he is an amusing comedian on the stage. I remember him last season in *The Fencing Master*, into the deadly dullness of which operetta he infused no end of tactful mirth. Girard's *Fresco*, like Foy's, is a grotesque cadenza of buffoonery, and very much *ad lib*. There is clownish humor in every shambling movement of his leau figure, and the dry, unconscious way in which he sings and jests is much more effective than the labored, premeditated delivery of the comedy business that kills all semblance of probability in the character, and suggested a too eager physical zeal in earning a salary.

Henry Norman was an ideal Snarleyow, and it was not to be expected that Hugh Chilvers would entirely replace his famous characterization. Nevertheless, Chilvers handles the part with considerable skill, and sings the ever-alluring "Bogie Man" in strong, telling tones. Where he lacks is in the effortless method of handling an extravagant character that was so prominent a charm of Norman's work. Louise Eissing was never a beauty of the soulful, fragile sort, not even when her full-tighted form, hammocked in the pale crescent moon, illumined the first posters of *Sinbad*. This season finds her blossomed to almost the limit of womanly maturity; and, though I do not pose as a scrutator of legs, those noble, spectacular members of hers appear to my eye alarmingly prone to fatty degeneration at the skyward terminals. All of which does not seem to hamper in the least *Sinbad*'s agility or improve the poor singing that has become a tradition of the part. Frankie Raymond is here, but the dear girl who sang the sad story of a maiden and her pendent golden hair is not. The songs are chaste enough for even San Francisco this season, and those prudent dames who threatened to call out the fire department when last Henderson's company was here need fear no "Golden Hair" or other iniquitous songs—Miss Raymond's Ninetta is goodly to look upon, which, by the astute feminine censors of our morals, may be construed into an equally grave offense.

W. H. Batchelor has inserted a few new musical numbers, timely and graceful, and the ballet, though not a new one, is excellently rendered. "Whenever I go to an opera," wrote Chesterfield, "I leave my sense and reason at the door with my half-guinea, and deliver myself up to my eyes and my ears." Go to the Columbia in that spirit and see old *Sinbad*, and you will have a good time.

Carroll Johnson makes an excellent Irishman; he has the ready-toned brogue, the expressive countenance, and the ready, appreciative wit; yet I would rather see him under the burnt cork as in the old days. It is not that I love his

O'Sullivan less, but that I love his negro more. As a minstrel he is an artist; as an Irish comedian he is clever, but not distinctively so. It was the grace and charm of Carroll Johnson, rather than any particular merit in *The Irish Statesman*, that kept me in the Grand Opera House until the final curtain on Tuesday night.

The play is another piece of sweet trustfulness in the credulity of a theatre-going public—a trustfulness not misplaced, if one may judge from the symptoms of the audience, which shuddered, laughed, wept, hissed, and applauded as the plot unfolded, as though *The Irish Statesman* was the first melodrama written, and its serenely obvious situations brand new combinations of incident and emotion. And, after all, if one will reflect, it is the hackneyed situations of our actual life that bring us the greatest measure of sorrow and joy. How few of us suffer in a new or original way, and what slight variations there are to the joys visited on humanity! One may read *The Yellow Book* all one's days, and fairly reek of modernity until life seems one long dream of yellow, red, and black posters, and then take a practical, fat, and hungry wife, and some day die of the cramp. Maybe Morosco's patrons have found the real, true thing; and, in hissing the villain, cheering the hero, and weeping for the heroine, they are nearer to nature than the rest of us.

Reinforced by a full and well-conducted orchestra, a ponderous Wagnerian ex-tenor, and a conscientious, but unimpressive piano student, Ondricek and Materua returned to the Auditorium on Thursday evening. Ondricek was in splendid form, and fairly lifted the big audience with the Mendelssohn Concerto, responding to the frantic encore with the fragrant little Evening Song of Schuman's, playing it even more delicately and poetically than at the opening concert. Out of a world-wide reputation as an heroic tenor, Herr Schott has saved for San Francisco only a few strident sounds. He attacked Schubert's "Erl King" with a certain brutality which suggests the vocal slugger, and only half redeemed himself in the Wagnerian selections. The orchestra had its subduing influence on the Materna voice, and The Rienzi aria was magnificently executed. An incomparable method underlies the vast volume of sound which has survived the melody in this once wonderful voice.

Ventriloquism of late years has seemed to have gone the way of the lost arts. At the Orpheum this week Segommer revives this complicated deception in a manner that out-rials the Valentine Vox of last generation's literature. Not only is the score of varied voices that he affects marvelous, but the manipulation of the figures of men, women and animals is far ahead of any previous exhibition of this character. Segommer is a wonder. Gertie Carlisle sings and acts her songs with remarkable vim and intelligence for a child, and Bruet and Riviere do a novel duet of instrumental imitations that are amazingly accurate in the reproduction of tones. It is an exceptional bill throughout, one of the best ever presented by the Orpheum.

Richard Stahl's bright little operetta, *Said Pasha*, is effectively staged and well sung at the Tivoli this week. West, besides being always reliable for even, painstaking singing, is a good actor, and the Pasha's part is excellently rendered in his hauds. Raffael's Hassan Bey is artistically sung. Carrie Roma and Fannie Liddiard are prominent among the women in the roles of Balah Sojah and Alti. The orchestra, under Martens, is in perfect form, the choruses vigorous and well in hand, and, of course, Hartman's Hadad is full of characteristic hilarity.

The continuous shows at the Alcazar—or rather the diurnal matinee and evening performances—are running along smoothly. A number of entertaining vaudeville specialties and a farce constitute the programme. It is an exceptional show for the modest price of seats.

I have it on the word of Mr. Friedlander that Duse, the great and only, will visit this Coast under direction of the Columbia Theatre management. With Daly's players at the Baldwin and Duse at the Columbia, it looks as though we might have something of a theatrical season.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, of Salt Lake City, will give five grand concerts in this city, commencing on Wednesday evening, April 15th, and ending on Sunday evening, April 19th, at Metropolitan Temple. The choir numbers two hundred voices and ten soloists. The leader of the choir, Evan Stephens, is a young Welshman who studied at the Boston Conservatory. He is well known to musicians as the author of the song, "My Western Home," written for Emma Nevada. A special feature of their concert work is the rendition of "characteristic Mormon music," such as the hymns and anthems written for and sung at the dedication of the great temple which it took forty years to build. The choir will leave Salt Lake City on April 13th, traveling by special Pullman train. They will be accompanied by friends, bringing up the number to over three hundred persons.

James O'Neil, who is known all over the English-speaking world for his remarkable creation of Edmund Dantes in *Monte Cristo*, opens an engagement at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, when his many admirers may witness him in tragic as well as romantic roles. He is said to be supported by an excellent company, among whom Miss Florence Rockwell, who has received flattering attention from the Eastern critics, may be anticipated with pleasure by our theatre-goers. The repertory for the first week is: Monday, *Monte Cristo*; Tuesday, *Virginia*; Wednesday, *The Courier of Lyons*; Thursday, *Monte Cristo*; Friday, *Hamlet*; Saturday matinee, *Virginia*; and Saturday and Sunday nights, *Monte Cristo*.

The beautiful exhibition being given by the Camera Club, in their rooms in the Academy of Science Building, is well worthy a visit. The exhibitors are some of the leading artists in the city, and a fine and varied collection of portraits, landscapes, marine views, and flash-light pictures grace the spacious walls. The exhibition is, doubtless, the best that has ever been given in the history of the Club, and, after viewing the collection, all of which is the work of amateurs, one realizes that there is absolutely no limit to the possibilities of modern photography.

Next month Mrs. Hager intends treating her friends to an amateur theatrical performance in the commodious hall of the new N. S. G. W. Building. The play is entitled *A Modern Ananias*, and will be rendered by the following cast: Miss Miunie Houghton, Miss Goodall, Miss Hooper, Messrs. Edgar Peixotto, Frank Matthew, Tom Owen, Dr. Redding, and Mr. La Farge.

On Wednesday evening, April 15th, a grand testimonial concert will be tendered to Professors Sancho and Lombardero by their pupils at Y. M. C. Hall, corner Mason and Ellis streets. Amongst other well-known artists who will take part in the affair are Miss Susie M. Blair, violinist; Mr. Frank Coffin, tenor, and several society bandurria and mandolin clubs.

At the Auditorium next week there will be a real, old-fashioned minstrel show—no silks, satins or velvets, or other *fin de siecle* destroyers of burnt cork tradition, but just plain, nigger minstrels—Richards and Pringles, with Billy Kersands of the expansive smile and a lot of old time knights of the tambo and bones.

Edwin Milton's Royle's *Friends*, a comedy drama vastly superior to *Captain Impudence*, will be given at the California next week. The piece achieved pronounced success a year or so ago when Royle last visited San Francisco, and, with practically the same cast, it should duplicate its former reception.

Sinbad has another week at the Columbia, where it is enjoying generous patronage. *Puddin'head Wilson*, one of the greatest Eastern successes of last season, follows.

At Morosco's temple of melodrama, *The Red Pocket Book*, a great sensational success of by-gone years, will be revived next week.

Peter F. Dailey follows *Friends* at the California, in his latest farce-comedy, *The Night Clerk*.

Said Pasha runs another week, to be followed by *Blue Beard*.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

FOR relieving THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Beginning Monday, March 30th, engagement limited to two weeks, MR

JAMES O'NEILL

Supported by a company of artists, in a series of magnificent classic and romantic productions, staged in an extravagant manner. Repertoire for first week:

Monday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday evenings. *MONTA CRISTO*
Tuesday evening and Saturday matinee.....*VIRGINIA*
Wednesday.....*CORNER OF LYONS (The Lyon's Mail)*
Friday.....*HAMLET*

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gom" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessors
and Managers.

Commencing Monday evening, March 30th. Second and farewell week of HENDERSON'S AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY, in

SINBAD,

THE SAILOR, Or, "The Maid of Baisora."
With new scenery, new mechanical and electrical devices, new music, new ballets, new marches, and a wealth of bright new songs. April 6th: PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Beginning Monday, March 30th. Third and last week. The established success, the always welcome comedy drama,

FRIENDS,

by Edwin Milton Royle. Management of Arthur C. Aiston.
With the same excellent company that scored such a pronounced hit here before.
Monday, April 6th—PETER F. DAILEY.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING,
Proprietor and Manager

Life is always sunny as long as we play

SAID PASHA.

To be continued every evening this week.
Our next production, the brilliant Easter burlesque, *BLUE BEARD*, will be seen on Monday evening, April 6th. The most gorgeous home production ever gotten up in this city.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
Last performances of "The Irish Statesman."
MONDAY EVENING, March 30th—

THE RED POCKET BOOK.

From the French, by Louis Imhaus.
Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

A brilliant vaudeville combination.

7 NEW PEOPLE.

17 great stars: The Kins Ners, Basco & Roberts, the Corty Brothers, Frank La Monde, Alhursus & Bartram, the Andersons, Charles B. Ward, Wills & Collins.

Week commencing March 30th: Additional attraction, The Three Marvelles, grotesques.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

The Auditorium.

Corner of Eddy and Jones streets.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.,
Lessors and Managers.

Commencing Sunday evening, March 29th. One week only. Everything new this season. RICHARD'S & PRINGLE'S famous

GEORGIA MINSTRELS.

Headed by the great BILLY KERSANDS. Watch for the band parade at 11:30 A. M. Free concert at 7:15 in front of the theatre by one of the finest hands traveling

Prices: 15, 25, 50 cents. General admission, 25 cents.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Matinee to-day. 10, 15, 25 cents.

"CONFUSION," AND REFINED VAUDEVILLE.
Shouts of laughter. Salvoes of applause.

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Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

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LILLIAN BEDDARD. The English actress, coaches ladies and gentle men for the dramatic profession; appearances arranged. Shakespearean classes Wednesday evenings. SHAKESPEAREAN ACADEMY, 913 Hyde street, San Francisco, Cal.



THE Macdonough horse sale, beginning last Saturday night, while it must have been a decided disappointment in many instances, gave some satisfaction in certain cases. The young stock, it is to be regretted, went at beggarly prices. But aside from this, there was a decidedly whimsical, fantastical side to the entire scene which made it thoroughly picturesque. It was held in a large tent at the corner of Market and Larkin streets, and there was a large crowd, composed of all sorts and conditions—betting men, horse dealers, grooms, business men, white and colored jockeys, and last of all the fashionable young club men from Burlingame, the University, the Pacific-Union, *et al.*, the latter headed by Will Macdonough himself and Jack Casserly. But all the evening long the rain it rained, and steady showers of water poured through the ancient tent in every quarter. The floor was a mixture of mud and sawdust immersed in from three to six inches of liquid slush, interspersed with occasional large pools. Nobody seemed to mind, however, and the animals were trotted splashing to the ring before the auction stand in dignified succession. Still there was a collection of influenza in cludom, it is said, on Sunday morning, also valuable umbrellas mysteriously disappeared. Tom Meagher lost one of great intrinsic worth as to its handle and cover, and was inconsolable.

* * *

Talbot Clifton has enjoyed another adventure in finance—this time with a sporting gentleman from New York, known as Houser, who arrived a month or so ago with a remarkable knowledge of Horse Racing as She is Taught. At once he became White Hat McCarty's successor—he was full of all sorts of tips. Clifton was enchanted with the lovely prospect which was promised by the first results of the combination which followed. Mr. Houser was given free access to his stables, and at liberty to make free with anything, from a drag to a village cart. Meantime Clifton went up the country, as the daily papers have detailed in one or two exciting romances from Stockton and elsewhere. But "dear friend" Houser consented to stay behind and guard the animals. And he did. As representative of Clifton in the racing field, he did not hesitate to use his name and credit freely in the betting ring. Presently, however, just when Clifton was to return, Houser departed; and now Barney Schreiber and the others are wailing, for while Clifton acknowledges that he permitted the stranger to divert himself with the coach and the village cart, he did not by any means give him leave to play havoc with his hank hook. So when Barney Schreiber, last Wednesday night (he was very thick with Houser all the while) approached Clifton, in the presence of a lot of Burlingamers, with a draft for three hundred dollars, the young Englishman promptly refused to acknowledge it.

"But it's signed by your dear friend Houser," exclaimed Schreiber, indignantly.

"Which makes no difference. He had no such authority or permission."

Schreiber stormed around in fury for five minutes, until Clifton said:

"See here; I'll be more than generous. I'll shake you one die out of the box. If you win I pay you three hundred dollars; if I win, you hand me over that piece of paper."

With a look of horror and disgust, Schreiber turned away—yet he has his "opes."

* * *

The coming wedding of Walter Hohart to Miss Hainnah Williams has that pleasant Eglantine rose-leaf breeze of romance about it that always brings back thoughts of "Love's Young Dream." It is not so frequent in the United States of late years, but California's "eminent" unions in the old world have been decidedly scarce, in comparison with the East. Such events in our annals have been always marked by some signal or illustrious incident of genealogy or fortune—the latter always "beyond the

dreams of avarice and the newspaper men." Last summer—so the tale goes,—the scion of one of our oldest Noh Hill families, (his people descended from a long line of Kings in the Emerald Isle) arranged somewhere between Burlingame and the Del Monte to introduce the young mining millionaire to the beautiful daughter of an ancient and noble house in the Midland Counties. To his warm aid came Talbot Clifton, and a visit to England in the late autumn was quite on the tapis, exquisite "photos" of the London debutante were produced, with her full courtesy title as the daughter of a peer. However, just then, the game bolted, already he was completely entranced with the graces of Miss Williams, and so the grand English excursion ended in smoke.

* * *

The sad ending of what once promised to be an auspicious union is at hand. Some twenty years ago a young Englishman, from Forest-of-Dean, Wilts., arrived full of gold curls and also the promise of gold-lined pockets. Of course, he was one of the most popular of the Sausalito English colony of that day, and, after various experiences, he came into the promised inheritance, and at once entered into the liquor business in partnership with a sort of collateral relative of the late leader of New York's "Four Hundred." It was a while after that the young Englishman won the hand of a younger daughter of the foremost family in St. John's Presbyterian Church. But the adventure has been more disastrous than heatific for the young wife. Her past year has been spent in the East, while her husband has browsed about San Rafael, the guest of his mother-in-law. The ghost in the mystery comes out when it is learned that the young wife is preparing papers of separation on the grounds of mental imbecility.

* * *

"I did not take the swag!" the "Monarch" cries.

"See here, I'll prove it like a sport;

Were any wicked man to boodle me,
Faith, would I not stay boughed?"

Alas, poor Hearst, the plea, though hold, is bad—

For there be rogues and rogues, I wot;

Some, thieves of pride, will keep their guilty word,
And some, again, will not.

You stopped the train and carried off the swag,

But ventured back to shoot;

You lie all bleeding from your mortal wounds.

What comfort is the loot?

* * *

The luncheon which Richard M. Tobin gave as a *bon voyage*, last Thursday week, to "Duke" Harry Simpkins, was a gorgeous success. The "Duke" will be away four or five months, and has planned a most elaborate tour. He left laden with hosts of introductory letters to the great people of Japan, whither he is bound. The *menu* was everything that Mr. Tobin's rare good taste will always plan. The guests were William B. McDonough, Harold Wheeler, John Casserly, Thomas Meagher, Captain Wainwright, Henry Howard, H. Bowie, and Joseph Grant. Altogether, a very jolly crowd of Burlingamers.

THE victory of Dorn & Dorn in the famous De la Montanya case is the talk of the hour. The fight was one of the longest and most bitter ever known in our courts. On the side of the plaintiff were arraigned such eminent attorneys as Garber, Boalt & Bishop, Judge Spencer, and E. R. Taylor. Dorn & Dorn, single handed, fought this mighty array of learning for the defendant, Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr. The battle was a protracted legal struggle, but Dorn & Dorn were sure of their points, and upon the case being carried to the Supreme Court, an opinion in their favor was handed down by Judge Temple, and concurred in by the other Judges on the bench. The decision is one of international importance, and should cover the successful attorneys with well-earned glory.

One of the latest innovations at the Lurline Baths, corner Bush and Larkin streets, is the Russian bath which includes the famous "Needle" shower. The bath is recommended by all physicians the world over. The price, including the use of tank afterward is only fifty cents. The service at the baths is perfect in each detail.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti-Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

THOUGHTS FOR APRIL FIRST.

JEREMIAH LYNCH—Now I've got it, what am I going to do with it?

GAVIN McNAB—When Scot meets Sack, then comes the tug of war!

CARROLL COOK—Murder will get out, but not so long as I'm around!

DOCTOR BROWN—I thank thee, O Lord, that I am not like one of these!

JAMES H. BARRY—The spirit is willing, but the hair-restorer is weak.

CAPTAIN ED. REDDY—Thou art so near, and yet so far, my little Alms House!

SUPERINTENDENT TANGERMAN—Did you say anything about running up against a Corn Wall?

MRS. AUZERAIS-HOYTE—As Shakespeare says: "A Rose by any other name will smell as sweet!"

ANNA SHAW—I wish the world was entirely wrong! If it never would not be occasionally right and unprofitable!

MAX POPPER—I may have to go back to the street-sweeping contract business, unless things pick up shortly!

MAYOR SUTRO—Next I'm going to buy up the Park, and present it to der city, like every thing else efer I vas buying!

CHIEF CROWLEY—I have decided to work a little longer for the city. My pension, however, is a secondary consideration.

GEORGE A. KNIGHT—In the midst of politics I'm in a religious controversy! In the gall of bitterness, I'm in the bond of iniquity!

WHITE HAT McCARTY—Adieu, my horse! my noble Arab steed! Times are hard, and I'm going into the glue business!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY—By next April, sisters, we shall have the Suffrage. The future of mankind depends upon our efforts!

WM. R. HEARST—The world and all there is in it is a cow, and I mean to milk it for all it is worth. I am a simple, little, bonest dairy maid!

ADOLPH SPRECKELS—The Islands are perfect now, of course; but they tell me that, in the ancient Hawaiian golden age, missionary soup was simply delicious.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY—According to the different daily newspapers, I must know where I'm at just now; but what I want to know myself is, where is it?

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY BARNES—Otbello's occupation's gone! Honestly! I expected they'd find something in that splendid spire when they began the Brown investigation!

ED GREENWAY—It's going to be a hard summer. No more debutantes to launch till next winter, and only hard work at trivial watering-place dances—far away from Ludwig and luxury!

CANNIBALISM in Corea is a fit subject for the attention of the reformers in Congress. We greatly fear, however, that the presence of Russia will deter them from taking action in the matter.

THE Monroe Doctrine may prohibit European Powers from acquiring fresh territory on the South American continent, but can it prohibit an occasional bombardment when no colonization is intended?

Champagne Sec.

Of all champagnes, Pommery Sec is most in demand in London. It is the favorite at all select gatherings, being preferred by the refined and fastidious classes of Europe rather than by the sporting fraternity. Among recent prominent affairs, Pommery Sec was served at the banquet in Atlanta tendered to President Cleveland, at the dinner in Hamburg given to the German emperor, and at the banquet in Bordeaux tendered to the President of the French Republic, and was a prominent feature at the dinner tendered to Paderewski at the Palace Hotel, being served exclusively on that occasion. By real connoisseurs Pommery Sec is considered the ideal champagne.

Styles are ever changing in ladies' and gentlemen's linen and underwear. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, has the finest goods on hand always.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian

Bitters

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

THE		IN
PROPER		MEN'S
THING	AT	HEADWEAR.

Harloe's.

New Spring Styles just received. Very latest out.

239 Kearny St.

Phone Red 361.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of THOMAS FARRELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Farrell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Farrell, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 19, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 6, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, attorney for Administrator.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

236 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)

Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.



NO one not "in it" would for a moment imagine the labor it is when a philanthropical hostess endeavors to entertain society in a novel way. Those famed efforts of Hercules are nothing in comparison, for instance, of Mrs. Hager's, when she tries to select a fitting representative of Ananias from the mass of material on hand.

* * *

Every one knows how easily a report is spread that "so and so is engaged to so and so," thereby often really preventing such a thing taking place. Every one also knows that what the NEWS LETTER says is based on fact; therefore, we are extra cautious in giving publicity to much that comes to us as news unless well authenticated. For this reason we have refrained from noticing a whisper current in the swim for some time past, but now growing quite loud and not to be hushed, so that a mention of its murmuring is not out of place. According to it a prominent widower, who has long been held as impervious to bright eyes and soft smiles, has become a strong admirer of an equally well-known widow, many years his senior—but what of that? Her wit and sprightly style is perennial, and if the gallant Colonel be of matrimonial mind the lady would make a good head for his dinner table and pre-side with *eclat*.

* * *

How truly Tennyson's words: "It is the little rift within the lute, that, slowly widening, makes the music mute," would seem to apply to the disrupted Fortnightlies. A careless word, a resented slight, a breach, and then discord, so that harmony cannot be restored, and the meetings have been discontinued for the present. Various causes are assigned for the cessation of these merry affairs. Some say the members accused each other of breaking the club's inflexible law of secrecy and giving the thing away; but these good people should remember that one of their choicest spirits is in touch, to say the least, with a daily paper, and how easily an acorn of news becomes an oak in size in such a case, everyone will admit who is at all familiar with such things.

* * *

On dit, a movement is on foot to induce some of our leading capitalists to build an opera house which can be made a credit to the Pacific coast and a source of profit to its projectors. Dr. Harry Tevis is spoken of as a likely person to be intrusted with the management of the concern, and if the thing eventuates one may be sure he will be as successful as Al. Bouvier has been in the direction of affairs at the Baldwin. Dr. Tevis's well-known ability in engineering amateurs through the difficulties of theatrical paths is a voucher for this, and all hope the news may be true. Not only do we need an opera house, but he would be the right man in the right place.

* * *

The fashion of wealthy young girls taking an impecunious young lady as their chaperon and care-taker generally, is growing among us. It is one of the most sensible customs imported from England by our fashionables, for in nine cases out of ten the advantage of genteel, lady-like companionship thus afforded the daughters of Croesus compensates for lack of early training and maternal care. Sometimes, however, the tenth case happens to be as frisky as the most skittish girl, and the result is the reins of control are not held with a very firm hold. A story is whispered of an occurrence of late illustrative of this.

* * *

What a perfect encyclopedia of the military is one of the young ladies of society. No army register could be more accurate as to place, station, length of service and age of the different officers therein than the retentive memory of the lady. As an envious black coat (in whom she took no interest) observed: "She's a Key sure enough."

* * *

On dit, a stately belle of seasons past and present has at length found a heart.

Our belles are quite broken-hearted at the loss of two more of their favorite Army beaux, Lieutenant Dana Kilburne having been ordered to San Diego, and Lieutenant Bent to Benicia, which will leave a gap in the ranks not easily filled at Presidio hops and elsewhere. However, as compensation, that popular Army beau and general favorite, Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, has returned to his post at the Presidio, after a lengthened leave of absence, part of which he spent in Europe.

* * *

Captain and Mrs. Collier have been the recipients of universal sympathy in the recent dreadful calamity which has befallen them. Their friends have been practical also, in the offers of houses all over the country while their lately destroyed villa is being rebuilt; but San Francisco will likely be their choice, where it is hoped Mrs. Collier will soon recover from the terrible blow she has received in the loss of her pet Jack.

* * *

Sausalito is hoping for a gay time this summer, if the Osgood Hookers can give it to them. This charming young matron, so recently a bride, is an adept at social functions, and already moonlight water picnics, "Pinafore" and "Lurline" are being discussed as among the probabilities of the future.

* * *

When a woman with eyes the hue of those of a Maltese cat strives to win a man to her influence, let him bear in mind that feline resemblances are indicative of the same characteristics. A soft hand can scratch, too. The eyeglassed bachelor is warned.

* * *

Since the announcement of the widow's engagement the drooping hopes of many have been refreshed, for when so clever a woman can see fit to select a youthful mate, surely a maid of many seasons may with propriety risk taking a Brownie.

* * *

If the Cliff House walls could speak they could, to use the language of Shakespeare, "a tale unfold" of the doings of a gay crowd who made a visit in a midnight coaching party recently.

* * *

It begins to look as though the much talked of Easter cotillion will be like Hamlet without the Prince if Miss Jennie refuses to return to grace it with her presence.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

THE

HOTEL RAFAEL,

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

OPENS

April 15th

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.
CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

The World, the Flesh and the Devil

SEÑOR Antonio Canovas del Castillo, the Premier of Spain, was born at Malaga in 1828. He became a journalist of Madrid and entered the Cortes in 1852, in which year he was made Minister of the Interior. Since that time he has held several cabinet positions. He was one of the legitimate chiefs who called Alfonso XII to the throne of his ancestors. He was Prime Minister in 1874-75, and again in 1879, and he was honored with the same appointment for the third time from 1879-81. In 1884 he was again appointed Prime Minister.

—The following wines go with a course dinner: Sherry with soup, chablis or sauterne with fish, claret with entrees, champagne, hock or moselle with the roast, port wine with the cheese, and Burgundy with the dessert. Red wines should be served at the same temperature as the room, but white wines should be slightly chilled, the ice being packed around the bottles, but never being put into the glass.

—Gossip in London is to the effect that the Prince of Wales and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg had their fortunes told by a gypsy some years ago. The Prince of Wales was informed that he would never be King of England, and Henry that he would die seeking glory under a tropic sky. Since the fulfillment of the one prophecy the Prince of Wales has been partially afflicted with melancholy.

—Sir John Millais, the President of the Royal Academy, is sixty-seven years of age. One of his most noted paintings is that of Mr. Gladstone, taken in 1885. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1878, and in 1882 was elected a foreign associate of the Academie des Beaux Arts; he was made a baronet in 1885.

—Curiosities are losing their value in England. An auction of some relics belonging to Lord Nelson brought only fair prices, the highest being paid for articles associated with Lady Hamilton. A painted fan, presented to her by Nelson, brought \$340. The Admiral's folding bed fetched \$195.

—One of the richest men of the world is said to be John B. Robinson, of South Africa, whose fortune has been estimated at \$350,000,000. Upon his arrival at the diamond fields he found a stone valued at \$1,200, and from that time on success followed his footsteps.

—Composers, as a rule, are haldheaded men; instrumental performers, on the other hand, have heavy heads of hair. Brass instruments have a bad effect on the growth of the hair. The violin and piano add to its strength.

—The peerage of the late Lord Leighton was the shortest lived of any in English history. He expired the day after the patent conferring nobility upon him was issued. Leaving no heirs the title died with him.

—Arsene Houssaye, the celebrated French litterateur, who died lately in Paris, was born in 1815. He was appointed director of the Theatre Français in 1849, and under the Empire was Inspector-General of Museums.

—The Russian ambassadors in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople, receive \$37,500 each; the ambassador in Rome to Italy, \$30,000; the ambassador in Rome to the Pope, \$9,000.

—The house in which Queen Victoria lived as a little girl, with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, is now for sale at Broadstairs.

—A sister of Longfellow is still living in Portland, Me., at a very advanced age. Her name is Mrs. Pierce, and she is said to enjoy comparatively good health.

The beautiful Yvette Guilbert is as fastidious as she is exquisite. According to the New York papers, the lovely French actress betted she would drain a quart of Moet & Chandon Champagne from a "loving cup" at one draught. She did. He paid!

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration of San Francisco this week is a superb view of the city taken from Buena Vista Park, looking towards the north. The view one gains of the city from this beautiful park on a clear day is beyond description. Being at a very high elevation, the eye is enabled to roam in uninterrupted freedom across to the verdant Marin County hills in the background, and can take in every point of interest lying between them and the park's confines. The tall, stately trees one sees running from the center to the left of the picture form the Panhandle—one of the entrances to the famous Golden Gate Park. It is also known as the Baker street entrance, cable and electric cars connecting it with all points of the city. Some distance beyond the Panhandle one sees the slopes laid apart for the resting places of the dead—the Calvary, Odd Fellows' and Masonic cemeteries. Thence running down to the Bay and around to the right of the picture, is the district of the Western Addition, where so many of our aristocracy reside. The entire district presented in the picture has all been built up during the last six years or so, and was formerly one huge mass of desolate and wind-swept sand.

THE notorious Dr. Brown scandal has been brought to a farcical climax by the acquittal of the Davidson woman upon his own testimony. That the matter was cooked up between them so as to save the licentious divine further publicity is self apparent. His repeated assertions that the \$500 was paid merely to get evidence against the women who were persecuting him proves the man to be a liar, and a dull-witted one at that. Men are not in the habit of expending such sums unless forced to do so by fear of some dishonorable revelations which may eventually be made public. Mrs. Davidson had the whip hand over him and the Doctor knew it. We recommend that he be proceeded against for perjury and that his church be closed by the police until the members of his flock regain some small idea of the value of decency.

IT is not likely that the Dominion Government will allow the threats of Manitoba to set up as an independent Crown Colony to deter it from restoring to the Catholics their old educational privileges. There are fanatics in that part of the world as elsewhere, but in time they will be outnumbered by intelligent and broad-minded citizens.

First Vestryman—It must make a clergyman feel very unhappy to discover that he has outlived his usefulness in a parish. **SECOND VESTRYMAN**—Not so unhappy as it makes the people when he doesn't discover it.—New York Tribune.

No other lamp-chimneys a
quarter so good as Macbeth's;
or cheap in the long run.

You want the right shape
besides. We'll send you the
Index; free.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

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Principal office: 23 Powell street,
opposite Baldwin Hotel.
Branch—11 Taylor street, near Golden Gate avenue. Laundry—Twelfth
street, bet. Folsom and Howard, San Francisco, Cal. All ordinary mend-
ing, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Orders left at office will re-
ceive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the
city free of charge.



The Situation On the Comstock.

Not a few shareholders of Comstock mining companies listed on the Boards in this city have been prone in the past to believe that they were slaves of the management of the mines. It now begins to appear that the latter are the more thoroughly manacled in bondage to the Miners' Union of Virginia City. It would seem from recent high-handed proceedings that the crowned heads of the Comstock are the directors and advisers of the brawn and muscle that swings the pick on the lower level. Now, while the owners of Comstock shares will one and all agree upon the point that the men in the employ of the companies represented shall be placed in a financial condition to feed and house well their families, it is not to be imagined for one moment that dictation from this quarter in extraneous matters will be sanctioned for a moment. It may suit the mine management to temporize with acts of glaring insubordination, and to continue to pay high wages, in order to keep the good will of the union, but then the question presents itself, are these Directors doing their duty to the people who really own the mines, even if they do not control them? The chief cause of the decline of mining on the Comstock for years past, has been the exorbitant demands of miners, the majority of whom are actuated no doubt by the men at the head of the union. While they are willing and content to come to California or go to Montana and accept a per diem of \$2.50 per day, an offer of \$3 is scoffed at on the Comstock. It is very evident that the men in control of the properties will never bring about a reduction. No one seems anxious to lead as the individual to "bell the cat." Why this is so does not seem exactly clear. Miners as a rule are a common sense set of men, who are willing to talk a matter out with anybody, provided they are taken the right way, and the lads in Virginia are no exception to the rule, unless the last exhibition of bad conduct is to be taken as a criterion of the *morale* of the entire body. In any event, new arrangements will be looked for down here before much activity can be looked for in the market, which was as dull and weak as ever of late, during the week now closed.

Self-Crowned Royalty.

Many remarks have been passed by mining men on the propriety of the comment upon the so-called Hamilton-Smith syndicate of operators, who have again appeared upon the scene with the revival of interest in gold mining in California. Africa and Westralia was good enough for them until now, and it has yet to be learned of any effort they have made during the interim since their previous visitation, which, like the Plague or the Big Wind, is to be remembered, to help out the interests of California mines or miners. Now, however, that years of toil and the patient investment of private fortunes is about to yield its reward, of course the great revolving luminary of the mining world must be on hand with his attendant satellites to participate in the result of other peoples' efforts. It is said that they bring money with them into the State. This is satisfactory, in a way, but, if they only return what they have taken out in the past, it will be still more so. The only redeeming feature of the situation is the selection of an able and honorable representative in the person of Mr. J. Ross Browne to superintend their investment, which may, for this reason, break the record of failure and prove successful. If this combination of pretentious arrogance is content for the future to confine itself to its own business, and leave that of others alone, there is no likelihood that any one will care to intrude on the over-powering dignity of a personal association, with its consequential membership.

Senseless Work Of Mine Seekers.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Investor, says: "The announcement has been made that a large company of Californians has been formed to invest half a million dollars in Cripple Creek mines. It is a curious thing to find investors going so far away from home to a

camp where values are grossly exaggerated, when there are so many first-class opportunities 'lying around loose' at home. Not to speak of the immense mineral field that lies along the Sierra Nevada from the Tehachapi to the Oregon line, there is in the seven southern counties sufficient mineral wealth to keep thousands of men busy all the year around. What has hitherto been accomplished in Southern California, has been done in a crude and primitive manner, the resources of the mine owners being, as a rule, very limited, yet most encouraging results have been achieved. * * * Outside capital is already beginning to take hold of properties here, and California capitalists will wake up some fine morning and find that while they have been buying Colorado prospects and paying the price of mines for them, Colorado men have been getting hold of more of our valuable properties at prices that will permit them to repay themselves from the ore within a year.

An Overrated Mining Venture.

The statement which appeared recently in print that the mill of the Santa Ysabel Mine, of Tuolumne County, was about ready to start up, must have been a far-fetched idea on the part of some one who would like to assist the manipulating clique in Boston. There is no mill on the property that we have ever heard of, and furthermore, owing to the situation of the property and the showing it has made so far, it will never turn out enough ore to run a five-stamp mill for any length of time. It is due to the Boston Exchange that a close investigation be made into the affairs of this concern before any serious mistakes are made. Under any circumstances, fifteen dollars is altogether too much for the shares of this property.

A Prosperous Banking Concern.

The report of the twenty-third ordinary annual meeting of the Anglo-California Bank, Limited, recently held in London, is just to hand. The statement presented by the chairman showed a prosperous condition of affairs, considering the condition of commercial matters all over the world. While it was shown that the earnings for the time would have permitted payment of the customary dividend of seven per cent per annum, the rate was reduced to six per cent, on the score of prejudice, and at the same time over \$20,000 was carried forward. It was stated that the earning power of the bank had not diminished in face of the business depression through which people had passed at home and abroad, and that the profits were, in reality, larger than last year's. The brighter prospects for the coming year in California were duly commented upon, the season having so far been favorable to the wheat crop, fruit and other crops promising well, with renewed activity in gold mining, which shows good results. The Right Honorable Sir Henry H. Fowler, M. P., was re-elected to the seat in the Board of Directors, which he had to vacate in 1892, owing to other duties involved by his connection with the Government of that period.

A Bankrupt Mining Company.

The Santa Rosa Mine, of Perris, Riverside County, has just filed a petition in insolvency. The assets are estimated at \$108,414, of which amount \$106,319 is in real estate. The liabilities are placed at \$18,904. The mine has been supposed to be one of the richest in Southern California. With this in mind the financial deficiency is small enough to suggest the hope that the company will see some way to tide over its complications. In speaking of the failure a reliable contemporary says that one of the most encouraging facts about this district is that in every case, so far, the mines have improved with depth.

Among the Underwriters.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of January shows a total of \$11,040,000, as compared with \$11,895,600 for the same month in 1895, and \$10,568,400 for January, 1894. To February 28th the losses in the United States alone are estimated at \$17,898,500, or an average of over \$300,000 per day, dating from January 1st.—The Omaha Fire Company has gone into the hands of a receiver.—L. Rosenthal has been elected President of the Association of Marine Underwriters of this city, with A. H. Small, Secretary, and Harrison Houseworth, Treasurer.—The New York Life, after arranging its little difficulty with the Government of Switzerland, is about to apply for re-admission.

Edwin Crier

"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

IN silken skirt and stocking,
The ladies all go flocking
To hear him talk of heaven—the whitewashed C. O. B.
He looks so meek and saintly
That the darlings whisper faintly:
"I wish he'd look a minute with eyes like those at me."
He prays—the sly old sinner—
Knowing well he is a winner,
And the women think him lovely as he hables like a stream;
But the Devil slowly chuckles
As he rubs his bony knuckles,
And waits to wake him rudely from his present golden dream.

Of course Mattie Overman told the truth when she said she had, like a skillful dressmaker, turned and repaired those letters to Mrs. Tunnell in order to concoct a false story for the blackmailing of Dr. Brown. The story was so convincing that it saved her dear pastor's bacon with the Church Council, and she would no doubt be perfectly willing to go on the stand in Judge Bahrs' court and repeat the simple little tale there were it not for her modesty. She has no fear of the penalties for perjury, and Dr. Brown had nothing whatever to do with her skipping out of the United States just as Mrs. Davidson's case was coming up. That was only a coincidence, and Mattie is a sweet, pious lamb, who wouldn't fib for the world, and Brother Brown is a saint who deserves all she has done for him. But what a good thing in this season of affliction it is for him that the Lord gave him at birth (first and second) a face of brass instead of one made of mere flesh and capable of blushing.

SO young Mr. Hearst was in Egypt when the Examiner made that \$30,000 contract with the Southern Pacific to so conduct the editorial columns that they should give no offense! Well, the fare to Egypt and back does not represent a very heavy percentage on \$30,000, and the outlay was easily worth the cost if it shall enable young Mr. Hearst to plead that it was not he but his wicked business office that did the dirty work. Modern journalism is full of striking and diverting features, and a flight into Egypt is rather good in its way. Willie Hearst conferring face to face with Rameses II. while a had man from the Examiner office creeps up behind and fills his unconscious employer's pockets with unclean money, would make a taking first page picture in the Sunday edition.

THE brethren who whitewashed Dr. Brown and have been kicked by him for their pains, are entitled to the prayers of the congregation. Possibly the Lord might be induced to open their eyes to the great truth that when he put brains in their heads he did so with the intention that they should use them for thinking. And perhaps it may be borne in upon their pious minds, now they are suffering from the late dear Brother Brown's kicks, that adultery, perjury, and subornation of perjury really are sins, even when committed by an ordained clergyman. It is terrible to have to come to that frightful conclusion, but, brethren, it looks as if it must be done.

SUSAN B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw, and a multitude of other advanced sisters from all the ends of the earth, have invaded California to carry on a campaign in behalf of female suffrage. Good. We pray for more. Every New Woman who parades around and talks, inspires the average male of the species with an increasing fondness for the old kind of woman. There needs only a rattling campaign by the sisters to insure a vote against the suffrage amendment that will make it as dead the day after election as the Examiner's reputation for honesty and sincerity has now the had luck to be.

"COME out of that!" cried the wife, poking the broom under the bed, whence her pursued husband had fled. "Never," he shouted back, "never while I have the spirit of a man!" And that seems to be the heroic resolution of the Examiner while the other papers prod it with the broom of truth under the Southern Pacific headstead.

THE Buckleyites, fired out by the Democratic State Committee, have picked themselves up out of the mud on the cold outside, and are warming themselves by passing resolutions. They are good resolutions—good for letting everybody see that the Buckleyites are sore. But as everybody knew that before, the necessity for the resolutions, except as a form of recuperating exercise, does not occur to any mind free from the misfortune of belonging to a Buckleyite.

IN a few weeks San Francisco will be invaded by some five hundred of the leading hotel men of the United States. This will be a good opportunity for us to get even with these robbers, and the CRIER hopes that every one will do his best to make them repent their countless iniquities. He suggests, for instance, that they be turned over to Sutro at the Cliff House, who will see that they leave everything behind save their underwear.

THE Oakland Times man is trying to force a one-cent paper upon the Athens of the Pacific. The CRIER supposes that Mr. High comes from Maine, where the people are so mean that they hurry their dead without shifts. California is not in favor of copper yet, my little man. Go back East!

THERE is much to be thankful for in life, after all. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will not hold their convention in San Francisco because the railroads refuse to grant them reduced rates. The CRIER advises them to camp in Kansas, where the addition of a few harmless cranks will not be noticed.

WHEN the women suffragists turn their attention to the ignorant hordes of their own sex and seek to educate them up to the level of rational beings, they will probably accomplish more good than by indulging in glittering platitudes and windy abuse at the expense of men.

MESSRS. Lucchesi and Howe, the martial musicians, should be placed in a dark room and allowed to criticize their own compositions. The harmonica and the trombone may be fine instruments in their way, but they are surely not worth fighting about, gentlemen.

LOCAL bar-room diplomats are said to be much surprised at the conviction of Louis Sternberg for violating the Purity of Elections law. The CRIER is surprised that the young gentleman and his fellows were not lynched some time ago.

DR. C. Overman preached last Sunday upon the text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The CRIER thinks the knowledge must make the whitewashed Doctor feel remarkably uncomfortable under the circumstances.

TURN the cathode ray upon the fairy surmounting the dome of the City Hall, and you will find only disgust at the dull-witted Commissioners beneath her who fight like toothless rats at the expense of the public.

THE CRIER thanks the Rev. Mr. Rader for stating that every man may be a new man if he will, and hopes that the clergy of San Francisco will start right in and begin honorable and self-respecting careers.

THE Presbyterians are about to expend a large sum of money on a new church near the Park Panhandle. They would do better to expend it on missionary work among the lost Congregationalists.

BOSS Buckley intends making a little trip to Europe next May. Owing to the friendly relations existing between the two countries we can always have him extradited if necessary.

THE Supreme Court on Tuesday decided twenty-one cases. If we could only have the same number of hangings in one day California would feel much relieved.

THE unemployed painters in this city should be provided with work at the city's expense. Let us give them Dr. C. Overman Brown to re-whitewash.

CHIEF Sullivan thinks that an engine company should be located at Sutro Heights. What is the matter with a windmill?

THE CRIER hopes that Durrant will get it where the emu got it last Tuesday—in the neck.

A PARSON died at Biggs a few days ago. There is hope for the country after all.



**A Book of
the
Week.***

For many years past there has been a consensus of scientific medical opinion that habitual or periodical drunkenness is often either a symptom or a sequel of disease. It has been so treated in the Washingtonian Home for Inebriates in Boston for the last twenty years, and all over the world eminent observers, and particularly those who have had the actual care of such cases, almost universally admit that inebriety is, in most cases, a disease, a pathological condition developed in various forms. Dr. Forbes Winslow, who was considered the most eminent observer of mental disease, perhaps, in the world, two decades ago, said that "there is a morbid craving for stimulants which is clearly traceable to a brain condition. It is a form of insanity, although it is not recognized by law. Insanity can be clearly traced to habits of intemperance. I think chronic inebriety a form of insanity which ought not to be associated with ordinary cases of lunacy, that there are many forms of insanity caused by intemperance, and that inebriate asylums will undoubtedly lessen the number of insane asylums, because inebriety unchecked and untreated will in many cases pass into insanity." Indeed, the records of the Washingtonian Home, from which we took Dr. Winslow's statement, are full of authorities which go to show that inebriety has long been recognized as a disease, and in these records we read that "the British Medical Association, representing nearly seven thousand of the medical profession in the United Kingdom, at their meeting in August, 1877, asserted that excessive intemperance is in many cases a symptom of a special form of insanity, which requires special treatment, with a view, first, to the recovery of those afflicted, and, second, to the protection and advantage of society." And now comes another eminent specialist, Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, who adds his testimony to the mass already accumulated, and says that "inebriety is a disease," and that it belongs to the group of "diseases of the nervous system," and its nearest ally is insanity." And there is not, perhaps, a specialist in the world whose opinion on this subject will be received with more deference than that of this famous man, who, as "President of the Society for the Study of Inebriety; Chairman of the British Medical Association Inebriates' Legislation Committee, Consulting Physician of the Dalrymple Home for the Treatment of Inebriates, and Vice President of the International Congress of Medical Jurisprudence," has had abundant opportunities for studying inebriety in all its phases. Indeed, so far as we can ascertain by a few days' research in the San Francisco Library, and other such means of information as may be at hand, Dr. Norman Kerr's book appears to be the most exhaustive and scientific treatment of inebriety that has yet appeared in print, and, strange as it may appear to the lay reader, yet it is a book full of living interest, covering a range of subjects, all of which, however, are closely allied with inebriety, and the interest in which never flags from preface to finish. There is not a dull line in the 580 pages this book covers, and science is so popularized that the book will be, by many people, found more interesting than a well written novel.

Not only does Dr. Norman Kerr treat inebriety as a functional and neurotic disease, but he covers every form of inebriety—its close alliance with insanity, its pathology, etiology, relation of inebriety to insurance, to civil law, to food, and to religion, and the difficulty we find in reviewing the book is owing to its "abundance of riches." In one place he calls attention to the "remarkable sobriety of the Jews," and in another he tells that "as a whole the Anglo-Saxons seem to be more prone to this disease than any other race; but the Russians, the Swedes, the Belgians, the Germans, the Swiss, the French, and the Austrians seem to be steadily coming up to the English and the Americans," and again he shows that education is no bar to the disease, while we are informed that the Irish people have not produced great thinkers because of their

excessive drinking. But here we may ask how is it that Scotland, in which statistics prove more whiskey is consumed per head of the population than in Ireland, gave us many of the deepest thinkers of the ages? But the lesson to be gathered from this important book is the great fact that until recently the world has not treated the inebriate as he should have been treated; that he is not a fool, nor a wanton and wicked sinner; he is not a headstrong and hardened criminal, nor are his outbreaks of intemperance the fruit of an evil and perverse disposition. To all this, science emphatically answers No! And here we have the key note of Dr. Norman Kerr's views. And after reading his book we cannot but come to the conclusion that the civil authorities should recognize inebriety as a disease, and it should provide means, in hospitals and homes, for its scientific treatment, in place of the penal methods of fines and imprisonment hitherto in use. The disease of inebriety is here shown to be complex and its symptomatology a strange blending of both the physical and psychical, extending along the borderlands of sanity; hence, it cannot be understood except by long, patient study, such as Dr. Norman Kerr has given it. To ignore all these facts and attempt to define the many phases of this disease and the specific treatment demanded, based on mere opinions or theories, is, as this book abundantly proves, simply confusing. And in once more bringing these facts before the world, Dr. Norman Kerr has done a benefit to society. Inebriety must be regarded as a physical disease if we would understand the hidden forces which govern its march along the lines of civilization. When a man or woman is charged with lunacy the law provides that a jury be called and proper investigation and inquiry be made as to the mental sanity or insanity, and if the jury adjudge the party a lunatic or insane, he or she is committed to an asylum, *nolens volens*, and until the superintendent of said asylum declares the patient restored and of sound mind, the law takes from him or her all right of contract, or rights of purchase or conveyance. Is not an habitual inebriate an insane person? If any of our readers do not think so, then we advise them to read Dr. Norman Kerr's scientific treatment of the subject, and we shall be surprised if they will not change their views. And it is refreshing to learn, as Dr. Kerr tells us, that "at Waldeck, in Germany, a decree has been issued that no license to marry will hereafter be granted to any individual who is addicted to drunkenness; or, having been so, he must exhibit proofs that he is no longer a slave thereto," while "in Paris the police take to the hospital of St. Anne," instead of to the police station as heretofore, "all persons found unconscious or partially so," no matter from whatever cause. This is an improvement on the old brutal method of throwing drunken men into a cell to "sleep it off," and it is by reading such works as the one before us that public opinion will be influenced in the direction of treating inebriety as a disease, and, as a consequence, treating it humanely and on scientific principles.

* "Inebriety or Narcomania, its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment and Jurisprudence" By Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S.

The "History of the Paris Commune," by Mr. Thomas March, is amateurish. The author is emotional, and he indulges in too many apostrophes and ejaculatory moralizations. In fact, there is a good deal of the "Come all ye" in the book, and yet Mr. March tells us some things worth remembering about Paris, that city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*, during the convulsions from March 18th to May 21st.

There have been, or will be, very nearly five hundred separate books published this spring in this country, against three hundred last year. One publishing firm is to issue fifty-six books, or new editions, and the average is eight to each of sixty-two publishing firms. But this does not include a number of books already published this year.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has been for three years at work on a novel entitled: "Hugh Wynne (Free Quaker), Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency, General Washington." The story covers a period of thirty years, from 1753 to 1783, and deals largely with the Whig Quaker and social life in Philadelphia in the last century.

Mr. William Astor Chanler's account of his exploring expedition to Northeastern Africa is promised immediately. It will be illustrated by amateur photographs.

F. Anstey was hailed as a new genius when he published "Vice Versa," which was followed by "The Tinted Venus" and "The Fallen Idol." But it looks now as if he had exhausted his fund of wit and humor, for his last production, "Lyre and Lancet," is heavy, lumbering, somnolent, and dismal. Instead of being "a story in scenes," as he calls it, "Lyre and Lancet" is a comedy, and a coarse one at that.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M. P., author of that most popular and successful work, "The American Commonwealth," has written an article for the April Forum entitled, "Two South African Constitutions,"—an elaborate analysis of the systems of government in the two South African Republics—the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

George Gissing has written fifteen books in as many years, but no general fame came to him until the publication of "A Year of Jubilee" last year. His new book, "The Paying Guest," is a short story and a fairly good one. But like so many other realistic writers, Mr. Gissing harps on the dreary and rather awful phases of existence.

Julian Hawthorne's \$10,000 prize story, "A Fool of Nature," is to be brought out very soon by Charles Scribner's Sons, who will restore to it the 20,000 words cut out for purpose of serial publication. Mr. Hawthorne makes the statement that he wrote the story in nineteen days.

In the Ladies' Home Journal for April, General A. W. Greely furnishes an interesting article entitled, "The Personal Side of Washington," which throws interesting light upon him as son, husband, neighbor, business man, slave owner and Christian.

The poet Cowper's beautiful garden in Buckinghamshire was, with some adjoining property, recently sold for \$2,400. The purchaser was a hatcher who has occupied the land for some years.

In the summer number of the Illustrated London News there will appear a new essay of Robert Louis Stevenson, which has been discovered among the papers left by him.

It is said that the books in Senator Allison's home at Dubuque are worth more than the house he lives in several times over.

An entirely new Riverside edition of the writings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will appear next autumn.

OBITUARY.

MR. Abraham Guust, the father of Police Commissioner Moses A. Gunst, died in this city on the 24th inst. at the ripe old age of 83 years. The deceased gentleman was born in Hildesheim, Germany, and came to California as early as 1853, where he went into business on an extensive scale. In 1855 he went to Atlanta, establishing himself in the wholesale dry goods business, and after the war returned to San Francisco. From 1867 to 1876 he operated a large mercantile establishment on Market street, where the Phelan Building now stands, and shortly afterwards retired from active business life. Mr. Gunst was a man of enterprise and character, and, by his death, the city loses one of its most prominent and influential citizens.

Mrs. St. John. The death of Mrs. Georgiana St. John in Oakland, Sunday, was mourned by many who had for years held her Christian acts and charities with such deep regard. The funeral services took place Tuesday last, and were attended by the immediate relations and friends. The pall-bearers were Messrs. John P. Irish, William McPherson Hill, Samuel Theller, and George A. Grant. The final interment will take place in the old family tomb, in the graveyard of the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, New York. Her only son, Chauncey St. John, a well-known officer in the Federal Service for years, survives her. The deceased lady was descended from some of the oldest families of New York—the Fitzgeralds, the Champions, the Livingstons, Sheffields, and others. Her great-grandfather, whose name was Whaites—spelled after the English fashion—crossed to this country in 1784 with Jacob Astor, and the two engaged in the manufacture of organs; many of which still exist in the old, half-forgotten churches of New York.

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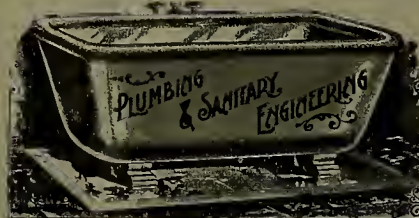
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THE Sportsman's Exhibition is one of the leading attractions of this week. And it is even more successful than the one of which I wrote you last year. There is a very fine display of rods, guns, gaffs, canoes, nautical models, trophies, flies, spoons, reels, and all the accoutrements and appurtenances of the sportsman's life. It is a very paradise for the lovers of the life of plain, wood, and stream, and there is only one drawback to it in my, perhaps, prejudiced eyes, which is the presence of the all-pervading bicycle. We have only just survived a bicycle show. It would have been such a modest little kindness to spare us any reminder of it. But no doubt the bicycle, in moderation, belongs to the exhibition, and must therefore be endured. There is a very interesting woman at the Garden for the week. She hails from Maine, and is known by the suggestive name of "Fly Rod." She is well on in years—I mean to say well beyond first youth—is weather-beaten in complexion, and wears a knot of untidy brown hair, and a very much stained green suit, with boots. She is scarcely beautiful to look upon, but what she does not know about fishing is not worth knowing. One of the most pleasing exhibits is a large tank where five pound salmon trout and black bass are disporting themselves; and another exhibition, a one pound rod, is shown by Mr. "Johnny" Hecksher, who did all his tarpon fishing with it, a story which sounds like a fairy-tale, but which is, nevertheless, true. There is also shown a rod weighing one and five-eighths ounces which is responsible for many heavy catches, running as high as two pounds. It is mounted in gold, and has a gold reel inscribed with the name of the owner, who is a high insurance man here. It cost three hundred and fifty dollars. But enough of this exhibition, or you may suspect the truth—that I am just a bit daft on things of this sort. But apropos of it, I must ask if the souvenir craze has affected your women? The bicycle show saw daily a disgraceful scramble for the worthless trifles given away by the different firms, and the women left the Garden stuck all over with pins advertising different wheels. The present show does not cater to this craze. The theatre souvenirs are just as great a temptation to a certain class of women who do not hesitate to stoop to dishonest means of acquiring the usually tawdry collection given away by the managements. Souvenir night has become a detestable phrase in the theatre-goers' ears, and, except for the collectors, is a tabooed evening.

Louis Schmidt, Jr., who in his several years' residence in New York has made a really solid reputation for himself among musicians, gave a concert last night in Carnegie Lyceum, assisted by Miss Mills as pianist, and made, as usual, an artistic success. Miss Eugenie Ferrer, the gifted daughter of that very highly esteemed musician, Señor Manuel Ferrer, has renewed her former successes in a recent concert at Lakewood, under the patronage of the Rockefeller, the George Goulds, the Free-maus (President Cleveland's intimate friends), and other prominent families. I have often mentioned Miss Ferrer in my letters, but I must add here that it is rare to see a young girl entirely alone and unsupported by influence outside of that which her talent gains for her, so courageous and so fortunately appreciated as Miss Ferrer. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Gladys Crocker have been at Lakewood for the last week, and Mrs. Fassett and her children are with her. Mr. and Mrs. Belvin have taken their old apartments at the Gerlach, and all of Mrs. Belvin's friends are delighted to see her looking so well after her visit to California. Mr. and Mrs. de Young

left on Sunday for the West, to the regret of their many friends here, who have seldom a chance to show them any attention. Senator Jones was the guest of honor at Secretary Olney's dinner in Washington last night. Miss Marie Ybarra, sister-in-law of Dr. Isaac Rivas, has just been elected Secretary of the Circulo Colon Cervantes Cotillion Club. Miss Ybarra is very popular in the Spanish circles of New York, and is a great belle at the receptions of the Circulo Colon Cervantes, the most exclusive of the Spanish clubs. Mr. Andreas Martiuez, long a resident of San Francisco, has recently married in Central America, and his friends in New York are daily expecting him on his wedding tour, which he proposes extending to Spain. The poster craze, which daily grows more violent, includes amongst its successful exponents Albert Gihon, son of ex-Medical Inspector Albert Gihon, U. S. N., whose posters are so dainty in conception and original in execution as to have arrested the attention of New York art circles.

Some weeks ago I spoke of Madamc Saville, née Simonson, as having sung at the Tivoli Opera House in your city. This, it appears, was a mistake. Her sister, however, had an engagement to appear there, but did not accept it, another offer being made her from England. This engagement was not filled, owing to her sudden sickness and demise.

PASSE PARTOUT.

New York, March 20th, 1896.

A DRYAD.

Its soft eyes seemed like two big drops of dew,
Its mouth was of wild roses, cupped and bent
Like lips that once to mine sweet kisses lent,
Which borrowings, methinks, I gave to you—
Thus false to one, yet to another true,
Its face was masked in leaves that were so rent
The eyes peeped through, like stars of sentiment,
Bright with a love a mortal never knew.
Placing my fingers to my lips profane
I threw the hiding Dryad just a kiss,
And lo! the bush shook with the wind awirl,
As pale its leaves in prophecy of rain;
A streak of sun-transforming gold, I wis,
For two eyes beamed, each one a radiant pearl.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

THE Medical Record, of New York, one of our most valued exchanges, lately celebrated its thirtieth birthday. Although the Record is really intended for professional men, it contains so much of general interest, and is so ably edited, that it could be perused with benefit by every intelligent person in the country.

"Hello, Bill, where's your wife?" "She's gone on a whaling expedition up in the nursery."

out in the rain

A good drenching in a cold rain is often the beginning of consumption. Yet no one claims that the germs of this disease existed in the rainwater. Then how was this brought about? The exposure was followed by a cold; the vitality was lowered; the cough continued for some weeks; the throat and lungs became congested; and thus all the conditions were favorable for the growth of the consumption germs.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, does not directly attack these germs and kill them. But it does tone up the whole system and restores the body to health before serious harm is done. The germs of consumption thrive best when the system is weakened and the throat and lungs congested. Do not delay until it is too late, but treat your cough early. Scott's Emulsion is one of the very best remedies.

50 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



THE authorities of New York are determined to make cyclists place brakes on their machines, and it is probable that some action will also be taken by our own city authorities in the matter. The opinions of expert cyclists of this city are divided upon the merits of the case. Some think that it would be a very good thing to force all cyclists to have their machines equipped with a brake, while others are of the opinion that the fact of a brake being on a wheel is not assurance that the rider will always use it. There is, doubtless, too much reckless riding at present among inexperienced boys and occasional old-timers who like to indulge in a "coast" around a corner in a populated district. The presence of the brake might not only help them should they ever get in a tight place but would also give the law some power to hold them in case of wilful accidents.

A STORY comes from Johannesburg to the effect that shortly after Dr. Jameson's fight two cyclists rode from the city to view the battle field. On arriving they were suddenly halted by an armed Boer, who practically took them prisoners, and as more armed men were seen they had to submit. They were held until the Commandant arrived, who, after cautioning them, finally released them and hid them get back to Johannesburg and stay there. Whether the Boer mistrusted the machine or the riders is not stated.

A PAPER published in Paris and devoted to builders, invites architects to discuss the accommodation of bicycles in private houses. This is another move in the right direction, as an expensive wheel is as much worth taking care of as is many a horse. The cycle tax returns for 1895 in France show that about 170,000 machines are being used, or nearly 1 to every 210 of the population. In this country the average is about 1 to every 100.

A STORY comes from Italy that Queen Margherita was lately riding on her wheel in a private part of the park of Monza, and was arrested by a policeman and asked her name. The same day she sent the man her photograph and one of the ten-franc pieces bearing her effigy by the side of King Humbert so that he might recognize her in future.

I WONDER if any enterprising boys will ever open stands where bicycles can be cleaned while you wait? After a long trip a rider would gladly pay a small sum to any lad who would do the job properly. Even if they opened a place where bicycles could be brought and left for them to attend to, it seems that it would be well patronized.

AN idea which could be made use of in this country to some advantage is at present in use in France. Hooks are attached to the tops of the baggage cars, and to them are suspended the bicycles, one hook to each wheel. By this means they are safe from injury, and the space they would otherwise take up can be devoted to heavy baggage.

THE following recipe for a fine lamp oil is given by an expert: Fill a pint bottle with two-thirds of best lard oil and one of headlight oil, to which add gum camphor about the size of an egg. The light given will be clear and white, the wick will not char, and the light will not jolt out.

THE general tendency of manufacturers is to narrow the tread of machines to-day. During the last few years the tread has been narrowed from 7 to 5 inches, and some of the 1896 models have only four inches.

IT is stated that the American Wheelman will branch out as a daily paper on May 1st. New weeklies appear almost every week.

Many ladies want to know where they can go to get a fine lunch after they are through with shopping. Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, is just the place as the service and cooking are excellent. The dinners arranged for our best people at their functions are justly famous. English muffins a specialty.

Do not leave San Francisco without seeing Geo. T. Marsh's beautiful Japanese art goods at 625 Market street.

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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant avs. and Bush st. Privats dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

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Dr. H. G. Young,
Bridges and teeth without plates. 1841 Polk street.
Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter strsst.

MEDICAL.

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
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Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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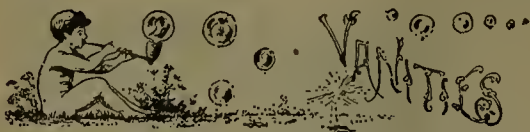
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DEAR EDITH: I saw a gorgeous evening gown at a large function in the city last week. The skirt, perfectly plain, and of course very full, was of rich ruby velvet, lined with a rather lighter shade of red silk, with delightful frons-frou frills about the feet. The bodice was small and pointed, with a complete stomacher of jeweled passementerie that flashed in the light. Two delicate straps over the shoulders were of open jewelwork, and instead of sleeves large bows tied over the arms. These were of red gauze, and gave an exceedingly handsome finish to the costume.

My dressmaker is making me a picturesque house gown, the skirt of which is of chiné silk, in colors, pink and cream, and is untrimmed, but is plaited very full about the hips. The chiné also forms the foundation of the bodice, but is almost obliterated by a fichu and vest of palest pink *mouseline de soie*. This is fastened at the waist with belt and ribbons, terminating in rosettes of a gorgeous cherry-colored velvet. The sleeves will be of the same velvet. A kilted double frill finishes the fichu. The neck will be left open, showing the throat.

There is a new shape of jacket that is likely to find favor. It comes in a plain gray cloth, with just sufficient spring on the hips in the basque to give it the necessary fullness so becoming to the waist, which it makes much more slender. The jacket is double-breasted, fastening with six big pearl buttons. The garment's chief novelty lies in the cut of the lapels, which are much slashed, sharply pointed and faced with velvet in marked contrast to a darker velvet vest. The sleeves are cut large from the shoulders to the elbows, whence they fit closely to the wrist. A charming accompaniment to this coat is a hat of heliotrope felt, trimmed with heliotrope and white asters, cream lace and a heron osprey.

The prettiest thing in visiting gowns is on exhibition in one of our leading modiste's windows. It belongs to a girl across the bay, and is of olive green silk tucked up with turquoise blue velvet. The silk has a striped crosswise weave of the Bayadere order. The skirt is of the same goods, and is plain but very full. The "apron plait" down the middle of the front stamps it as all that is up-to-date. Another distinctly modern touch about this frock is the basque finishing the bodice at the waist line. This is brief, sharply pointed, and held in place by a broad belt of white satin embroidered with turquoises and gold. A tapering vest, also of turquoise-embroidered white, graces the bodice front, and is framed by double lapels of the silk edged with sable. The sleeves are of the silk solely, and are finished at the wrist by narrow bands of the embroidered satin and fur. Above the choker collar, of the satin, two "wings" of turquoise blue velvet gives a finishing and eminently "Frenchy" touch to the costume.

Many of the bodices are to be trimmed with revers in the shape of bat's wings, and the sleeves will start from regular shoulder pieces, to herald the advent of flat sleeves. A pretty bodice I saw was of pale pink silk, striped in a deeper shade of the same color and spotted with small black flowers. The top of the bodice is trimmed with sheer white net, edged with Valenciennes lace.

All sorts of lace work is now found on fine costumes. The designs for this season are beautiful, not only in pattern but in texture. The Venetian is the most fashionable. Its pattern is in the form of a circle or disc, each disc being padded like that of the true French embroidery. In each center is a series of knots and threads. It has a well-finished top and bottom, is of fine cotton, washable and in price brings \$5 a yard. It is an exquisite trimming for any material, but especially for silk or satin, thick, heavy, durable. Fine Mechlin also fetches about \$4.50 a yard, and is just the thing for a dressy bodice. Its beauty will keep it in style forever.

BELEINDA.

Japanese bronzes and vases outlast Time. Geo. T. Marsh has the finest in this country at 625 Market street.

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FANCY STRAW BRAIDS.

All the Latest Novelties of the season at

THEREAS MANNING'S,

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You are invited to call and inspect them.

Johannis.

Of exceptional purity and excellence.

—London "Lancet."

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

Telephone, South 250.

City Steam Carpet Beating and renovating works,

38 and 40 Eighth Street, between Market and Mission Streets San Francisco, Cal. GEO. H. STEVENS, Manager.

MISS BOLTE'S SCHOOL.

2207 SACRAMENTO ST. Board; English, French, German, piano; \$30 per month; a chance par excellence for ambitious and conscientious parents to give their children superior education at low figure; coach; kindergarten.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Western Sugar Refining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Sugar Refining Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 30TH DAY OF MARCH, 1896, at the hour of 12 o'clock M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, March 20, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

ROBERT OXNARD, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....No. 78
Amount per Share.....15 cents
Levied.....March 25, 1896
Delinquent in office.....April 28, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock.....May 20, 1896

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 60, Nevada Block, 300 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



Mrs. S.—By the way, I hear Jupiter—the evening star—is worth seeing just now. Can either of you girls tell me where to look for it? BERTHA—Yes, I can. It's exactly two yards and a half to the right of the Great Bear. Mrs. S.—Two yards and a half! What on earth do you mean? BERTHA—Well, I've measured it carefully with my umbrella!—Punch.

A lady of this city, who is far more particular about her husband's appearance than he is, was surveying him with evident disapproval. "What is the matter?" he inquired. "That suit of clothes. You've had it only three weeks, and it looks as if you had slept in it." "I have," he replied candidly; "I wore it to church."—Washington Star.

"Maud Ethel, I am getting awfully tired of waiting up till after midnight for that young man to leave." "Yes, papa, and I think he is getting tired of waiting up till you are asleep before he bids me good-bye in the hall."—Indianapolis Journal.

Johnny Smart—What does b-i-e-r spell? OLD SMART—That depends, my son, on who is spelling it. If it is a German it is about the first thing he wants; if it's an Englishman it's the last thing he wants.—Philadelphia Item.

"Heat and cold," began the philosophical boarder, "are only relative." "Yes," Asbury Peppers assented, "and the richer they are the colder." "The richer what are?" "Relatives."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Brown—What is the boundary commission expected to do, anyway? JONES—Simply to find out whether the disputed territory was stolen from the Indians by the Spaniards or by the Dutch.—Truth.

"I always take a sea voyage during Lent," said Miss Keedick to Mr. Spatts. "How odd," replied Mr. Spatts. "Not at all. It's so much easier to give up things when on the ocean."—Town Topics.

Irish Father—Shtop that noise! DITTO CHILD—I ain't makin' any. IRISH FATHER—Well, be goobs! make some, thin. Don't be shtandin' quietly there makin' me out a liar!—Pick-Me-Up.

Jinks—What's the cause of all this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know? FILKINS—Want to get it above the level of the women's hats, I suppose.—Brooklyn Life.

Charley Harduppe—What do you mean by sending my clothes home C. O. D.? Didn't I have a running account with you? KUSTEM MADE—Yes. But it's all run out.—Brooklyn Life.

Miss Vernon—Of course you play golf, Mr. Wilkins? Mr. WILKINS—No; I only dress for golf. The trouble of putting on my suit is exercise enough for me.—Vanity.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" said Mr. Manchester to Sammy Snaggs. "I'm going to be a centenarian," replied Sammy.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Clergyman—Fo' shame! Doan' yo' know dat honesty is de bes' policy? PARISHIONER—Mebbe so; but, anyhow, chickens am de bes' eatin'.—Puck.

She—Take care, Alfred! That isn't the remedy for sea-sickness. Don't you see the bottle is marked poison? HE—That's the one I want.—Truth.

"They claim to have discovered the missing link." "Oh, they're just trying to make monkeys of people."—Detroit Tribune.

Husband (in the early dawn)—It must be time to get up. WIFE—Why? HUSBAND—Baby has just fallen asleep.—Truth.

She—Did you see the Latin quarter while in Paris? HE—No; but I got several lead francs passed on me.—Judge.

"I never indulge in irony." "No; I would say your brilliancy was principally glittering steal."—Life.

Visitor—Is that one of your statesmen? RESIDENT—Oh, no; he's a Senator.—Puck.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal.

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,182,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

R.
LIDDLE Co.
Sportsmen's Goods
Fine Goods Cheap.

110 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

Write for Catalogue.

"In the
Field of
Sports."

New book free

THE SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING

ONE of the few really imposing and attractive buildings in the heart of San Francisco's business centre is the Safe Deposit Building on the corner of California and Montgomery streets. The Safe Deposit Company was started some twenty-five years ago by J. C. Duncan, of the old Pioneer Bank. Of the many structures gracing the large blocks in this central neighborhood, the Safe Deposit Building was always the finest, even a year ago, when it appeared far less imposing than it is to-day. In those days the building contained many spacious rooms, designed in the lavish proportions of the older school of architecture, and the present Board of Directors decided upon expending \$160,000 in reconstructing the entire building, so as to



BANKING DEPARTMENT, SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST COMPANY

make it modern in every respect and capable of accommodating twice the number of tenants. Two new stories were added to the four original ones; each floor is divided into handsome rooms for office purposes, and the old offices so completely re-arranged and modernized that the whole building is at present really absolutely new.

The Safe Deposit Vaults.

The Safe Deposit Bank itself, with its office on the first floor, is an institution too well known to need much description. The vaults in the basement are the finest of the kind in this city. They are absolutely fire and burglar proof, fitted up with every detail for the convenience and protection of patrons, and have over six thousand separate impenetrable boxes, and numerous little offices where business may be transacted in privacy. Armed guards patrol them day and night; separate reception and toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen have been added, and the courtesy shown visitors and patrons is generous in the extreme.

Machinery Equipment; Heine Boilers.

The machinery for this Building was furnished by the Risdon Iron Works, of this city, and consists of Heine boilers, Ball engine and Smith-Vaile pumps. The boiler plant consists of two one-hundred horse power Heine Safety Water Tube Boilers. These boilers are in use at the Palace and the Occidental Hotels, being adopted on account of their durability, accessibility, economy of space and of fuel, large steam space, and feed water admission. They occupy less space than any other type of boiler, and are particularly valuable on account of their absolute freedom from explosion. It is a San Francisco production, being made at the Howard and Beale street works. The Risdon is now under contract to supply Heine Boiler plants to the Hawaiian Electric Company, of Honolulu; to the Western Meat Company, Willamette Pulp and Paper Company, and Fontana & Company, all of San Francisco; also to Eppinger & Company, of Port Costa, K. Cohn & Company of Los Angeles, and the Mount Tamalpais Electric Railway, of San Rafael. The engine furnishing the motive power is of the Ball Automatic type; and the brass lined steam pumps are of the Smith-Vaile Pattern.

All of this machinery, furnished by the Risdon Iron Works, represents the latest machinery in every respect; it is well worth a visit by those interested.

Steam Heating and Plumbing.

The building is heated throughout by steam, thus making it unnecessary for tenants to expend their money on fuel. Electricity and gas furnish perfect lighting accommodations, and the plumbing is the most modern that the art of Duffey Bros., 11 Trinity street, could supply.

The steel lathing in this building is something new in this city. It ensures greater protection from fire and materially strengthens it. The cement work on the upper stories is all of stone, which also adds greatly to the indestructibility of the structure. Charles Dunlop, of the Builders' Exchange, undertook these important details.

The stone work and the sidewalks around the building were all furnished by George Goodman, whose office is at 307 Montgomery street, and who does such work for all the largest buildings in the city.

All the outside and inside painting on the Safe Deposit building and the vaults in the basement is the work of George J. Smith & Sons, corner Post and Stockton streets, a firm which has been established for over twenty-five years.

The handsome tinting and hardwood polishings have elicited the praise of all beholders, as has also the delicate silver bronze work used on the Safe Deposit lockers. The sons of the former proprietor now run the business, and an estimation of their ability to do good work can be gained when it is stated that they undertook the painting and tinting of the Mills building, the Hobart building on Market street, the Pacific Mutual building, and others as large. Messrs. Ashton and Gardiner, 411 Montgomery

street, are the agents for the building. Their specialty is taking charge of such

properties, and that of the Savings Union building and others of like proportions are in their hands. Mr. Ashton was established in business as early as 1858, which accounts for the success he meets with in such responsible work. The firm also attends to insurance matters, and is extensively patronized.

The Bankers Life Association.

Delger & King, State Agents of the Bankers Life Association, of Des Moines, Iowa, occupy rooms 607 to 610, sixth floor, of this building. The Association was established in 1879 to provide cheap and reliable insurance for professional and business men at the lowest possible cost, at the same time with adequate security to the assured. The average annual cost for the past ten years of carrying \$1000 at the age of 40 has been only \$8 40. As an assurance of strength the company has a Guarantee Fund and Surplus of nearly \$2,000,000, about \$1,300,000 of which is on deposit with the Auditor of the State of Iowa, held under the statute of the State for the payment of claims arising under its certificates of membership. The limit on any single life is \$6,000, \$80,000,000 worth of insurance being in force at present. A more desirable form of insurance is impossible to be found, the large number of certificates now in force proving beyond question that shrewd business men are not slow to take advantage of its plan and methods.

Owing to its central location many prominent business and professional men have taken up their quarters in the Safe Deposit building, some of whom are as follows:

The legal profession, for instance, is well represented. Messrs. Thomas J. and Andrew J. Clunie occupy a suite on the sixth floor, having moved from their former quarters on Sansome street as soon as the building was completed.

Gunnison, Booth & Barnett are the attorneys for the California Safe Deposit Company, the Alameda and San Joaquin Railway Co., the San Francisco and San Joaquin Coal Co., and many other large corporations. The firm is one of the oldest established in the city, and has a large civil business, practicing in all the courts. Their offices consist of a suite on the third floor, rooms 303 to 309.

R. Porter Ashe and Ryland B. Wallace have adjoining offices in a fifth floor suite. These gentlemen do a large civil and criminal business, and are well known from one end of the State to the other. Mr. Ashe is, besides, a pa-



CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING,
S. E. Corner California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco.

OCCUPANTS:

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
PALATINE INSURANCE CO., 439 California street
CALIFORNIA GUARANTEE INVESTMENT CO., 536 Montgomery street
F. A. ROULEAU, Searcher of Records, 322 Montgomery street
CHAS C. BEMIS, Real Estate, 324 Montgomery street
A. T. GREEN, Real Estate, 324 Montgomery street
MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASS'N, C. M. Oakley, agent, room 315
ALAMEDA & SAN JOAQUIN R. R. CO., room 515
JOHN TREADWELL, capitalist, room 517
R. P. ASHE and RYLAND B. WALLACE, attorneys-at-law, rooms 503-504

A. J. & T. J. CLUNIE, attorneys-at-law, rooms 603-605
GUNNISON, BOOTH & BARTNETT, attorneys-at-law, room 303
T. D. RIORDAN, attorney-at-law, room 206
ROBERT FLINT, capitalist, room 501
JOHN D. FRY, capitalist, room 514
JOHN CURTIN, Detective Agency, room 410
W. A. CARNES, agent Mumm Champagne, room 510
A. E. BUCKINGHAM, Real Estate and Loans, Insurance, room 521
CREIGHTON'S BARBER SHOP, 324½ Montgomery street



tron of all legitimate sport, and is much interested in California affairs.

T. D. Riordan is another well known member of the legal profession, who occupies a spacious suite on the second floor of the building, rooms 206 to 208. Mr. Riordan has the reputation of being a successful lawyer. He practices in all the courts of the United States, and attends to both civil and criminal cases.

Louis Goldstone, attorney and counselor at law, has his office in room 317. Mr. Goldstone practices in all Courts and has succeeded in building up quite an extensive business for himself, besides being very popular.

The Palatine Insurance Company, 439 California street, which has its offices in this Fire Office building, is one of the strongest British companies. In 1895 its assets were increased from \$2,389,092.60 to \$2,836,236.28. The aggregate re-



PALATINE INSURANCE COMPANY'S OFFICE

sources, security to policy holders, is upwards of *nine millions of dollars*. Writing large lines of desirable business everywhere is a feature of this office, which has agencies in every town. Charles A. Laton is the Pacific coast manager, and the local Board of Directors is comprised of such well known and highly regarded business men as John H. Wise, Lloyd Tevis, William E. Brown, and Elliott M. Root.

A Successful Association. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York, occupies handsome and commodious offices on the third floor, fronting on Montgomery street, having recently moved from the Pacific Stock Exchange building, its large and increasing business requiring extended facilities. The Association is represented by Mr. C. M. Oakley, who pioneered its plan and system of insurance on this coast, and who now has the satisfaction of conducting a large and successful business. The Association has paid in death losses, through the office in this city, about \$1,000,000, while the total death losses paid amounts to nearly \$25,000,000. Its reserve fund exceeds \$3,500,000, and the insurance in force is about \$310,000,000.

A Safe Title. F. A. Rouleau, Searcher of Records, also has his office in this building, entrance 322 Montgomery street. The firm was established early in the fifties by W. H. L. Brooks, editor of the old "Pioneer," and F. A. Rouleau occupying offices in the old Maguire Opera House building on Washington street. The present gentleman is the successor to the firm, and is the sole partner. He is a graduate of Hastings Law College, and is the only fully admitted practitioner in this city, having undertaken his studies merely to perfect himself in the law relating to land titles. In his office abstracts are prepared giving complete history of title, also diagrams of same, all of which guarantees safety from expensive litigation. He has more than two hundred old maps of the city property by which he can trace any claim; also valuable indexes of property owners from the earliest times. These were the work of eighteen years,

and could not be bought for any amount of money. Mr. Rouleau is employed by all the banks to trace up property and has researched all that of the Palace Hotel, the Sharon estate, the Sutro land, that of the Talbots, "Lucky" Baldwin, and numerous others.

Guarantee Investment. In this building is also the well known Guarantee Investment Co., of high and reliable standing, which makes liberal advances upon real estate and improvements located in San Francisco and its suburbs, where the loans are payable in a *definite number* of monthly installments, which plan is therefore more satisfactory than the expensive and uncertain old-fashioned Building and Loan method.

A Man of Enterprise. Mr. Robert Flint has his offices on the fifth floor. Mr. Flint is a man of enterprise and capital, who owns large estates in Nevada and Santa Clara Counties, and has been engaged in many large undertakings, both in this city and outside. He is still a young man and it is safe to say that he will do much for the betterment of the State. Mr. Clark, an energetic young business man, has his offices adjoining those of Mr. Flint, and is also interested in some large concerns which should prove of benefit to himself and the community.

The well-known detective agency of John Curtin also has its offices in the Safe Deposit building. This agency undertakes all proper detective work, and is patronized by the largest corporations and some of the most influential of private, professional, and business persons.

An Old-Time Agent. A. T. Green, of 324 Montgomery St., makes real estate his exclusive business. In 1852 he was employed as head clerk by Taaffe, McCahill & Co., the largest firm on the coast. In 1868 Mr. Green entered into business for himself, and is considered one of the most successful and capable men of the city to-day.

Loans and Real Estate. C. C. Bemis, the reliable real estate and general land agent, has his office at 326 Montgomery street, in this building.

A. E. Buckingham, formerly senior partner of Buckingham & Co., insurance, loan, and real estate agent, has his offices in rooms 520 and 521 of the building.

A New Railroad. The Alameda & San Joaquin Railroad Company and the San Francisco and San Joaquin Coal Company have their general offices on the fifth floor of the building, rooms 515 to 517. The last section of the road runs from Stockton to Corral Hollow, a distance of thirty-six miles, thirty of which are completed and the balance to be done about the middle of May, if not before. Freight and passengers will be carried from Alameda to Stockton and intermediate points, and the gentlemen at the head of the concern are well known enough to make of it a paying proposition. R. D. Fry is the President; H. A. Williams, Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Treasurer; B. M. Bradford, Secretary; and John Treadwell, constituting the Board of Directors. The San Francisco and San Joaquin Coal Company guarantees to be able to deliver coal in Stockton in large quantities as soon as the road is completed. The enterprise will be of great benefit to California, as manufacturers all over the State will be able to get fuel at lower cost than at present. The Corral Hollow mines are inexhaustible, and the entire State can be supplied by them. The officers at the head of the coal mining company are: Henry Williams, President; J. D. Fry, Vice-President; E. B. Pond, E. W. Hopkins, Henry A. Fortmann, Jacob C. Johnston, and James Treadwell all constituting the Board of Directors.

A Fine Wine. W. A. Carnes has his office at room 510 on the fifth floor. Mr. Carnes gives special attention to the importing of G. H. Mumm's champagnes, of which 79,049 cases were imported into this country in 1895. Mr. Carnes states that a large number of these were consumed in San Francisco, as the brand is the superior of any.

A Modern Barber Shop. In the basement of the Safe Deposit building is the barber shop of Mr. H. H. Creighton. It is in every sense of the word a modern establishment, fitted up with every convenience for the comfort of patrons, and comparing in point

of elegance with any other establishment of its kind in the city. The floor is of handsome tiling, and the finishing in keeping with all the other work. Mr. Creighton was established in 1881 just two doors north of where he is at present, but moved into his present quarters, deeming them more desirable. His place is lit by electricity, and



H. H. CREIGHTON'S BARBER SHOP.

is heated throughout by steam, thus ensuring a genial temperature to patrons. His assistants, eight in number, are all artists in their line. The furniture is all of the latest designs and perfectly new, no expense having been spared in securing the best. The prices are no higher than those charged in all first-class establishments in the city.

MORAL MAXIMS.

He is a wise man who is afraid of his own folly.

Young amours are as objectionable as old vices.

Children are ideal only when on canvass or in coffins.

Woman's sceptre is the broom; her rod of correction, the slipper.

The dictionaries of the future may define Congregation-alism as another word for vice.

A man may say half what he believes, but a woman will only believe half what he says.

Nothing is sacred to a woman except the obligation to find out someone else's business.

The satisfaction that comes of a clean conscience is only surpassed by that of a full stomach.

Virtue, as often as not, consists apparently in doing secretly that which may not be done openly.

When a woman looks at herself in a glass she instinctively compares herself with some other woman.

An expurgated edition of the Bible is not so much needed as an expurgated edition of the men who propound it.

THE MORALIST.

THE California State Floral Society will hold its 13th semi-annual flower show at the Marble and Maple halls of the Palace Hotel on April 30th., and May 1st and 2nd. A very fine display is guaranteed and music will enliven the hours during the evening. Complimentary invitations will be issued to the different old people's homes and the orphan asylums, to visit the exhibition. The following are on the committee: Professor E. E. Smith, Manager; Mrs. W. S. Chandler, Mr. M. Grothwell, Mrs. B. E. Hendriksen, Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins, Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin, Secretary.

The average stomach needs a slight stimulant just before meals to make it ready to enjoy a good dinner. The J. F. Cutter Bourbon is one of the finest of stimulants and is considered the favorite, among connoisseurs. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast and supply our leading people with it.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP..Vice-Pres't.
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,031

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Weaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000

Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.

Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.

Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL

Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.

NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.

This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSONE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$50,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

Geo. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

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YOUTH AND TIME.—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, OTTAWA, IN SCRIBNER'S

MOVE not so lightly, Time, away,
Grant us a breathing-space of tender ruth;
Deal not so harshly with the flying day,
Leave us the charm of spring, the touch of youth,
Leave us the lilacs wet with dew,
Leave us the balsams, odorous with rain,
Leave us of frail hepaticas a few,
Let the red osier sprout for us again,
Leave us the hazel thickets set
Along the hills, leave us a month that yields
The fragile blood-root and the violet,
Leave us the sorrag shimmering on the fields.
You offer us largess of power,
You offer fame, we ask not these in sooth,
These comfort age upon his falling hour,
But oh, the touch of spring, the charm of youth!

A LOVE SONG.—FRANK L. STANTON, IN ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear, and the world—it passed
me by;
But not that day when you came my way, with the love-light in
your eye;
Ah! not that day when the fragrant May bent over the world
her sky!
I was as lone as the loneliest, love, with never a dream of bliss;
But not that day when you passed my way and leaned to my
thankful kiss!
Nay! not that day, while my lips can say: "There was never
a joy like this!"
Dear, it is something to know this love—let the skies be black
or blue;
It is something to know that you love me so—the tender, the
sweet, the true!
And my heart will beat for that love, my sweet, till I dream in
the dust with you!

ON A BED OF PAIN.—EUGENE LEE HAMILTON, IN SONNETS.

I think the Fairies to my christening came;
But they were wicked spirits, and envious elves,
Who brought me gall, as bitter as themselves,
In tiny tankards wrought with fairy flame.
They wished me love of books—each little dame—
With power to read no book upon my shelves;
Fair limbs—for palsy—Dead Sea fruits by twelves
And every bitter blessing you can name.
But one good Elf there was; and she let fall
A single drop of Poesy's wine of gold
In every little tankard full of gall;
So year by year, as woes and pains grow old,
The little golden drop is in them all;
But bitterer is the cup than can be told.

IN A LETTER.—OWEN INNSLEY, POEMS.

There came a breath out of a distant time,
An odor of neglected gardens where
Unnumbered roses once perfumed the air
Through summer days in childhood's happy clime.
There came the salt scent of the sea and chime
Of waves against the heaches, or the bare
Gaunt rocks, as to the mid, half unaware,
Recur the words of some familiar rhyme.
And as above the gardens and sea
The moon arises, and her silver light
Touches the landscape with a deeper grace,
So o'er the misty wreaths of memory,
Turning them into pictures clear and bright,
Rose in a halo the beloved face.

REMORSE.—CHAS. F. HOFFMAN, IN THE AMBUSHADE.

How slow the languid moments move,
How long to him their lapse appears
In whom remorse, or fear, or love,
Concentres griefs untold by tears,
The gathered agony of years!

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,588 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

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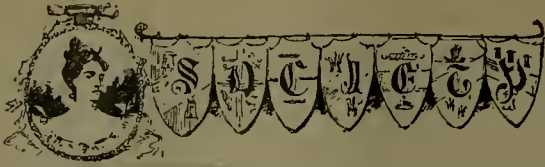
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AS Lent draws to a close society gatherings become fewer in number and are less elaborate in character. This has been quite noticeable this week, and it promises to be even more so during the coming one. But then will come the glorious Eastertide, and a brief round of gay doings—dances, weddings, and receptions, ere the butterflies of fashion betake themselves to country quarters.

The most elaborate of recent entertainments was the gathering at Miss Mary Lake's last Friday evening, when the young ladies of her school took part in a series of Living Pictures, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, and the little comedy of *Fast Friends*, all of which were received with much applause by the large audience present. Cards have not come so prominently to the front this Lent as has been usual in recent years, not that they have been neglected by any means, for the number of clubs have been large. They have simply been overshadowed by other affairs, and not so much talked about as heretofore. Several large progressive euchre parties have also been given during the past few weeks and duly noted in these columns, and possibly the largest one of the season was that given by Miss Mace at her home on Broadway last Friday evening, when guests to the number of thirty-six contested for the handsome prizes, after which there was supper and dancing.

Mrs. Wilson's, Miss Burton's and Mrs. Dodge's dinners; Mrs. Lillenthal's and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's luncheons, and the stag affair of the groom-elect, Abe Brown, have been among the most elaborate of recent gastronomic affairs. On Tuesday Mrs. Austin Sperry gave a reception in honor of Susan B. Anthony and Anna Shaw; on Wednesday evening Mrs. A. M. Burns was the hostess of a very pleasant dinner at which the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McKenzie were chief guests, and on Thursday a reception was given by Mrs. Charles Muntz for the Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Jenks, at her residence on Washington street, between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock.

There are a number of pleasant gatherings announced for to-day. One is the studio reception of Professor Hoffmeyer, whose previous one a couple of weeks ago was such a charming success. Another will be the benefit which the Olympic Club Minstrels are to give for the Salvation Army charities, and which gives promise of being well attended.

The reception room of the Palace Hotel was most artistically dressed with flowers, chiefly the blossoms of the springtime, for the marriage of Miss Ruby Lowenburg and Abe L. Brown, which took place there on Tuesday evening, the Rev. Rabbi Voorsanger tying the nuptial knot beneath a bower of apple blossoms. The bridal procession on its entrance was led by two little maids in white; then came the ushers, who in turn were followed by eight bridesmaids, gowned in yellow and carrying bouquets of American Beauty roses; after them appeared Miss Hilda Brown as maid-of-honor, and finally the bride and her father, her wedding robe being of white satin trimmed with point lace and orange blossoms. Charles Brown was his brother's best man. After the ceremony and congratulations there was dancing in Maple Hall, which was also decked with spring blossoms, chiefly lilacs, both white and purple, and at midnight an elaborate supper was served at *tête-à-tête* tables in the adjoining room, the bride's table being placed beneath a wedding bell wrought in golden blossoms.

If society has been defrauded of a wedding by the quiet ceremonial at San Mateo last Saturday, when Bishop Nichols united Mrs. Kate B. Favre and Harry Babcock in matrimony, there will be a number in the future to look forward to as making amends for present loss. The Crocker-McCreary wedding will be among the earliest, and will probably be an elaborate affair. The dates for

the nuptials of San Francisco's two beauties has, according to the best authority, been decided upon—the Williams-Hobart wedding will take place towards the end of May, and Miss Emma Butler has selected the month of October for her marriage with Lieutenant Lopez.

The Oakland belles have been coming to the front as prospective brides of late, and almost daily a new "announcement" is out. Her friends on both sides of the bay, while congratulating charming Miss Claire Ralston on her prospective happiness, will deeply regret losing her, for her engagement to Dr. James Bell Bullitt, of Louisville, Kentucky, means, of course, her loss to California, as her home will henceforth be on the other side of the continent, where she has been spending the past winter. Miss Myra Prather is another Oakland belle, whose engagement to Albert Miller has just been made public, but in this case San Francisco will be the gainer when the wedding takes place a few months hence. Oakland may also lay claim to another coming bride in the person of Miss Minnie Jackson, who, though now a resident of Chicago, was, not so very long ago, a dweller in the City of the Oaks. Herbert F. Kellogg is the happy man in this instance.

As announced she would by the NEWS LETTER several weeks ago, Mrs. Henry Scott has gone on a brief visit to her old home in merrie England, but expects to be back in her new one, San Francisco, about the middle of June.

Charming Miss Ethel Cobeu is again at her home in Alameda, after a prolonged visit to the Easteru side of the continent. Dainty Miss Minnie Burton has also returned from her visit to Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. de Young arrived from their European tour on Monday last. Burke Holladay and his bride have arrived from the East, and are residing at the parental abode on Clay street.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin have taken possession of their villa at Santa Cruz, where they purpose entertaining extensively during the coming season. Next week San Francisco will be called upon to do honor to Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Chauncey Depew, who are at present in Southern California.

The wedding of Miss Jennie Schwabacher and Charles M. Rosenbaum, on Wednesday evening last, was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, on Jackson street, and was one of the most elaborate of the many entertainments given in that spacious abode. As is always the case with the Schwabacher functions, the floral decorations were a feature of the affair, and the interesting fact of its being the occasion of Miss Jennie's bridal made the evening doubly attractive. The entire house was thrown open and decked with a profusion of blossoms of varied hue, the decorator's favorite fish netting being extensively used to hold them. In the right hand parlor a floral canopy resting on posts was placed in front of the mantel, and here the marriage ceremony took place; the fringe of incandescent lights across the front of the bower being a charming conceit. Promptly at half-past eight the strains of the Lohengrin Chorus announced the coming of the bride, who appeared leaning on her father's arm, and attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Schwabacher, as sole bridesmaid. They advanced to the canopy, where the Rev. Dr. Voorsanger awaited them to tie the knot, and here also stood the groom and his best man, Albert Ehrman. The ceremony was not long, and then the guests crowded around to offer congratulations to the happy couple. Dancing was next in order, after which an elaborate supper was served amid flowers and electric lights at small tables. The bride's gown was an elegant white satin, trimmed with point lace and orange blossoms; a long tulle veil hung from a wreath of the same bridal flowers. Miss Minnie Schwabacher was in white *mousseline de soie* with blue forget-me-nots. The bride's mother was magnificently costumed in black brocaded silk with rare old lace. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum left on Thursday for a honeymoon trip to the East.

The next important wedding in Jewish circles will be that of Miss Viola Greenebaum and Dr. Herbert Hatch, which will take place on Thursday next at the home of the bride on Van Ness avenue.

Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., and Mrs. B. W. Paulsen have just returned from New York, after an absence of two months.

Undermined Monarchies. It is more than likely that when Emperor William meets King Humbert of Italy the conversation will eventually turn upon the

socialistic troubles threatening the safety of the two thrones. In the last fifteen years, under Bebel and Raden-husen, socialism in Germany has become powerful enough to undermine the State; the voices of its leaders cause considerable annoyance in the Reichstag, and the imperialism of William alone is capable of curbing demonstrations on the part of the army. In Italy the throne is also being slowly made insecure by socialists, revolutionists and numerous other parties brought into being by the unsettled condition of the country for the last ten years. The German socialists are an orderly body, opposed to extremists, and willing to wait for the revolution of ideas which they are sure will follow in the wake of their teachings; the Italian body is less rational and more inclined to resort to active measures. Whether the two could by any means ever act in unity to throw off the monarchial yoke is questionable. The German movement is apparently too well regulated and officered to countenance a direct uprising such as may soon be witnessed in Italy. The fact, however, remains that both countries are imperiled by the same disorder, and as the two Monarchs are well aware of how things stand, it is more than likely that they will try to devise some method for keeping the danger from bursting into blossom for a few more years at least. The future menace to Germany and to Italy lies hidden in their own bosoms, and no man can tell what hour may not ring the death-knell of the two monarchies.

BARON Hengelmuller, the Austrian Ambassador to this country, and who visited San Francisco, is a diplomat of the first water. His remark that he saw no war clouds hanging over Europe reminds one of the fact that a diplomat never sees things until they have happened. To do otherwise were fatal.

AKERNY street cigar-store masher recently received a sound thrashing for forcing his obnoxious attentions upon a lady. If the owners of these stores would only make these fellows move on instead of allowing them to lumber up the sidewalk, the public would be more than obliged to them.

NEW Mexico has certainly a right to become a State when Kansas is already admitted. The rapid increase of cranks in the latter place makes one partially believe in national degeneracy.

NOW that the new Union Depot is fairly started let us have a tunnel across to Oakland. San Francisco will then possess a feature unrivalled by any city in the world.

WITH Van Ness Avenue turned into a stately boulevard San Francisco will compare favorably in point of picturesqueness with any city in the East or Europe.

MISS Anna Shaw states that woman only rules the world while it is in the cradle. Well, that is enough for most of us.

A COLLECTION OF STUFFED BIRDS.—The British Museum has the largest collection of stuffed birds in the world, it consisting of 300,000 specimens. The late Henry Seebohm, the naturalist, presented his collection of 17,000 stuffed birds to the museum, and the gift is said to be the most valuable made to the natural history section for the last twenty-five years.

OYSTERS AND INFECTION.—Cases of typhoid and other fevers have been traced to oysters freshened in water polluted by sewage. The investigator states that the germs of different diseases may be carried into the human system by the fluid accompanying oysters which have been lying in water contaminated by discharges from sewers or house drains.

TO REMOVE PAINT FROM CLOTHES.—Saturate the spots with turpentine and benzine until well softened, and then wash out with soap and water.

Cream of Orange Blossoms, creates spotless complexions. 60 cents, druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Company, San Francisco.

FOR THEE.—RICHES OR POVERTY, IN NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Oh, were I rich, that fortune I would share,
My dear, with thee.
Did I win fame, the laurel that I'd bear
Would withered be,
If, in my hour of triumph, thou wert not there
To joy with me.
And were I poor, still in the midst of care
I'd happy be—
I'd face it all; there's naught I would not bear
If 'twas for thee.
My sun would needs be bright, my days be fair,
Wert thou with me.

THE BRITISH FLEET.—Including vessels in course of construction, the British navy consists of 689 ships of war, composed of the following classes: 86 ironclads, 126 cruisers, 96 gunboats, 22 sloops, 24 miscellaneous fighting ships, 250 destroyers and torpedo boats. The combined tonnage of these vessels is 1,494,440 tons, and they could fire at one discharge 7,638 guns and 1,456 torpedoes.

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS.—Aluminum is being advocated in the use of cooking utensils; it is a splendid conductor and retainer of heat, and has the advantage of being non-poisonous and non-corroding. Copper, tin, or lead utensils give off poisonous salts which are communicated to the foods and endanger health. Aluminum tartrate bas, however, been pronounced absolutely harmless.

THE light of the world would go out, and despair would darken every home, if it were not for some who have learned to suffer and be strong.—D. March.

Hall Porter—I've bammered at that gentleman's door, and can't get him waked up. **CLERK**—My gracious! And he's got to catch a train. Knock at the next room on the left and ask the lady inside to pinch her baby.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Editor (gazing on his fiancee's picture)—That girl is a poem. **POET** (curiously)—And still you do not reject her.—Odds and Ends.

She—And what would you be now if it weren't for my money? **He**—A bachelor.—Tid Bits.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 22, 1896.	Arrive
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Jone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	8:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	†7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
†7:00 P	Vallejo	†7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A
†10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East	†12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, F o Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A
†11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations	†7:30 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	†7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

†6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		7:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	7:15 P
3:00 P	and	7:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles.	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
†11:15 P		†12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 2:00, *3:00, 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
†Sundays only. ‡Tuesdays only.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE GIRL WHO RIDES A WHEEL.

RUTH RAYMOND, IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Fairer than the summer roses
Is the maiden of my choice—
Music in her merry laughter,
Sweetest cadence in her voice;
Golden are her silken tresses,
Round her snowy neck they steal;
Graceful as a bending lily
Is the girl who rides the wheel.

From the tips of velvet slippers
On her dainty little feet,
To the cap above her tresses
She is tasty, trim and neat;
As I watch her graceful manner
All my quickened pulses feel
Boundless love and adoration
For the girl who rides the wheel.

And I vow that I will win her,
Speeding silent at her side;
Faster flies her shining cycle,
She will make a bonny bride.
But I dare not pause to question
Future woe or future weal,
If I halt I lose the race, and
Lose the girl who rides the wheel.

BIG SNOW.

JAMES NOEL JOHNSON, IN THE NEW BOHEMIAN.

Between my window and the far away
Is hung a fairy film of smoke-blue lace,
Through which soft lines of many things
I trace;
The linhs of sycamore, like silver spray,
Gleam 'gainst the hillside's steep and
mottled face;
Like polished limestone lie the clouds
above,
'Neath which no animated wing is driven;
Naught in the vale or on the hill doth
move;
Now denser grows the view, and from the
heaven
The fair flakes flutter every where below;
A thin white carpet on earth's floor doth
grow;
The hill recedes; slow, spiral breath
is given
To broad, white flakes that fast to earth-
ward flow;
Now hills are gone; air, earth are hlen
hy snow.

—Oh, try to be a hero,
My noble little lad,
And some day in the magazines
You'll get to be a fad.

—Washington Star.

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Mandolins, Violins, Violin Music,
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GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12, 1896
BELGIC.....Thursday, May 28, 1896

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WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30
5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at
11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50
and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00,
6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45,
3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55
and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00,
6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park,
same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week
Days.				Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:50 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton,		
		Windor,		10:30 A. M.
	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg,		
3:30 P. M.		Geyersville,	7:30 P. M.	
		Cloverdale.		6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pleta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
		land, Ukiah.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville,	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sesatopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pleta for Highland Springs,
Kelseyville, and Lakeport.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs,
Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Saratoga Springs,
Upper Lake, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot
Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, U.S.A.,
Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo,
Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly
Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.
Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at re-
duced rates.
On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points
beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle
Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for
ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. March 15, 30; April 14, 29.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 5, 10,
15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pom-
ona," at 2 P. M. March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30,
and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports
at 9 A. M. March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every
fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford,
Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los
Angeles) and Newport, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26,
30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan,
La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer
"Orizaba," 10 A. M. April 5th.
TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New
Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents,
No. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Coolgardie gold-fields,
(Freemantle) Australia,
\$220 first class, \$110 steerage.
Lowest rates to Cape-
town, S. Africa.
O. S. S. Co.'s steamers
sail:
For HONOLULU, S. S.
"AUSTRALIA,"
April 7th.
For HONOLULU, APIA,
AUCKLAND, and SYD-
NEY, S. S. ALAMEDA,
April 2d.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties
March 16th and April 7th, 1896.
For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.
For freight apply to 327 Market street.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts



Taber Photo

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from Harrison and Essex Streets, Looking North, Showing Palace Hotel, Crocker and Mills Buildings.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1896.

Number 14.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT,
 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco
 Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

FREE Trade and Gold—and plenty of both.

IN more ways than one it is proving a rainy season for
 the Italians in Abyssinia.

THE Los Angeles Fiesta opens on the 21st of this
 month, and promises to surpass all previous efforts in
 this line.

WE are glad to see that the battleship Iowa was
 christened with wine and not with water. The
 temperance cranks are back numbers to day.

IT is to be hoped the filibusters on trial in New York
 will be severely punished for violating the neutrality
 law. Citizens must be taught not to embroil great nations
 in war.

WITH their continual chatter about a cure for consump-
 tion the doctors are getting to be almost as bad as
 the prizefighters. Kill us in silence, gentlemen, if you
 must, but do not weary us beforehand.

IT is a pity that we cannot send a team of our stalwart
 California boys to participate in the coming great
 athletic tournament in Athens. The records they would
 make might even cause the old gods of Greece to come and
 pay us a visit.

THE Sheriff's office is being conducted in accordance
 with the law. The slight irregularity with regards
 to keepers' fees, mentioned in last week's issue, occurs
 pending a proper interpretation of the new law by the
 Supreme Court.

PRESIDENT A. W. Foster, of the San Francisco and
 North Pacific Railroad Company, may have been
 found guilty of a technical contempt of court, but he will
 have the satisfaction of knowing that he acted merely in
 the interests of the road he so ably manages.

ONLY Colusa stone is to be used in the construction of
 the Ferry Depot. We are glad the Harbor Com-
 missioners are patriotic enough to give California material
 the preference over that of Oregon and trust that the
 contracts will not stand in the way of their decision.

COLONEL Will Fisher was appointed by Governor Budd
 to welcome the Japanese General who has been paying
 us a visit for the last few days. Colonel Fisher proceeded
 in a tug beyond the Heads, and extended the courtesies
 and hospitality of the West to the visitor from the far East.

THE People's Mutual Telephone Company is appar-
 ently little other than a fraud. When the company's
 representative appeared before the street committee of
 the Board of Supervisors he stated that the charges were
 to be \$5 a month rental, and 5 cents for each switch, but
 that it was the intention of the company to ultimately re-
 duce these to \$3 and 3 cents respectively. Talk like this
 is absolutely ridiculous, and we advise people to fight shy
 of the whole affair.

WE hope Marquis Yamagata may be able to bring about
 a prosperous commercial relations between America
 and Japan. The latter country is rapidly forcing itself to
 the front rank, and we should embrace every opportunity
 to establish friendly relations with our Eastern neighbor.

MR. CLEVELAND will doubtless throw cold water up-
 on the hot-headed jingoes who favor the Cuban re-
 bellion. We are not looking for trouble with outside
 nations and it is satisfactory to know that a cautious man
 occupies the Presidential chair and not a hairless,
 pandering demagogue.

HAVE the fruit-growers of the State forgotten all about
 that public market proposition? Their own interests
 would be materially benefited by the establishing of such a
 place, and they should see that something is done in the
 matter. The Harbor Commissioners have offered a site,
 now let the public do the rest.

GOVERNOR Altgeld has been indicted for contempt for
 not complying with the law requiring that the Ameri-
 can flag be displayed over State University buildings.
 The Governor once made himself conspicuous by harangues
 favoring mob rule and violence. This last act gives us a
 clear insight into the true character of all such pre-
 tenders.

AN explanation should be demanded of Attorney-General
 Fitzgerald for his actions in the bond investment mat-
 ter. The Sacramento Bee states that \$300,000 in the
 State school land fund is uninvested, and holds the At-
 torney-General responsible for a loss to the State of \$1,000 a
 month. If Mr. Fitzgerald be guilty of jobbery he should
 be prosecuted.

THE King of the Belgians is shocking the staid people
 of Europe by his giddy doings and may be forced to
 abdicate. Should he lose his job, he intends starting a
 daily paper in San Francisco and a chalet in Sausalito
 with silver bath tubs and such modern fixtures; he will
 also receive a subsidy of \$1000 monthly for advertising the
 briny quality of the water in the bay.

THE outcome of the South African complications will be
 awaited with interest. Two years ago the trouble
 might have been settled by despatching a few thousand
 British soldiers to the front and annexing the rebel terri-
 tory, but the hostile position taken by Germany, in regard
 to any extension of the British sphere of influence, gives
 the affair a very serious aspect. There are troublous
 times ahead for South Africa, and no one can prophecy
 how the map of the country will look five years from to-
 day.

SEEING that so many accidents occur in Golden Gate
 Park, which is so extensively patronized by bicyclists
 daily, and where thousands of people congregate to enjoy
 the fresh air and beautiful music on Sundays, we advocate
 the immediate erection of an Emergency Hospital, with
 ambulance and all necessary fittings, where cases can be
 attended to with quick dispatch. This would certainly be
 better than having to carry persons down town, as must at
 present be done. Accidents are of daily occurrence, al-
 though many of them never get to the ears of the public.
 In the meanwhile, until a proper building is erected, the
 Casino, which is now unoccupied, could well be utilized for
 this purpose, and a short trial would suffice to prove the
 value of our suggestion.

"WHAT DO YOU CALIFORNIANS WANT?"

THE Sutro-Hearst lobby at Washington, made up, by the way, of exceedingly small potatoes, is at its wits' ends. Born in private malice, it is without standing or influence. Unnoticed by the Eastern press, unknown around the Capitol, and unheard, even in the Committee room, its condition is woe-begone in the extreme. Sent on to enlighten the Congress of the Nation as to what the people of California want done with the great overland railroads, it might as well, so far as any service it has rendered its employers is concerned, have been sent to Timbuctoo. Sitting around the committee room as dumb as oxen, its hapless and forlorn condition at last attracted the attention of the sympathetic chairman. He knew they were Californians, but what they were there for he had not been informed. Said he: "What do you Californians want?" Simple as the question was it proved a stunner. It knocked those would-be lobbyists silly. They did not know what they really did want, and, therefore, were unable to tell. They knew they were there to do what they could to help to defeat any possible funding bill, but what was wanted as a substitute they had not been informed. They had left home with a grudge, but without a plan. They knew that the time had arrived for legislative action but were without a suggestion as to what it ought to be. It was, verily, an embarrassing position for these pretentious enlighteners of Congressmen to find themselves in. Palpably something had to be done, and done quickly. Click, click went a message to New York and San Francisco, as swiftly as electricity could convey it, which when spelled out read: "For God's sake send an alternative plan, or all is lost. Bierce." It was a shrill shriek, but it brought out nothing! It is an open secret that nothing has been sent on yet. It is an open one, because everybody knows that the Sutro-Hearst combination have not got an alternative plan that they can agree upon among themselves, or that would commend itself to intelligent men. Weeks ago the NEWS LETTER predicted they would go to pieces the moment this point was reached, and they have. Sutro is named as a candidate for Agnews, Hearst sullenly sits on the ruins wrought by that contract, and the Call silently withdraws from the combination.

Meanwhile, the Examiner is whistling to keep its courage up. Having no distinct utterance to make it is mumbling out its words as if its teeth had been drawn and its gums still sore from the operation. It now endeavors to shift on to the shoulders of the Congressional delegation the burden it is unable to carry itself. After having been blindly led by the nose so far, they are bluntly told "they must meet and agree upon a plan of their own." The naive confession is made that the Examiner would be "very well satisfied without any plan at all," but that "Eastern members cannot see it in that light," because "they cannot admit that they are acting as mere obstructionists." Precisely! The Examiner with its unfulfilled contract to avenge can "afford to be a mere obstructionist" but men without a grievance are bound to legislate affirmatively and for the best interest of all. We are then told that "the people of the Pacific Coast have been educated up to the principle of Government ownership." When and by whom were they so educated? Certainly not by the Examiner, for, not many weeks ago, it printed interviews with some of our most thoughtful citizens condemning that principle. It concedes, however, that the other parts of the country have not been taught to think that way, and that until they are, it is useless to insist upon going it alone on the Government ownership idea. And that is the befogged way in which it leaves our Congressmen to grope their way out of a difficulty into which it led them. No wonder that Maguire is "disgusted" and Bowers "sick of the whole badly managed business." If the Government could legally take possession of the roads, which it cannot, it would be without an entrance into this city, without side lines or feeders, and with nothing but a road-bed from Ogden by way of Niles to San Jose. To obtain even that it would have to pay off the first mortgage bonds. To believe that it could manage the road, develop its traffic, keep it out of politics, and run it as efficiently and economically as the present managers do, is about equal to believing that the moon is made of green cheese. The funding bill, as reported by

the committee, meets every objection to funding that ever had any weight in it. Under its operation the Government will ultimately be paid both in principal and interest. The certainty that there is to be no suspension of traffic arrangements will inspire confidence throughout our borders. In fair argument the opponents of the funding bill have been distanced. They can propose nothing better and know they cannot. Silenced by being merely asked what they want, nothing is left for those lobbyists but to return home like the sheep in the nursery rhyme, with their tails behind them.

The "Silver Tom Fitch has broken silence again. Tongued" This time at St. Louis, and as the Bobs up Again. coming Senator from the new State of Arizona. Fertile as ever in the tricks

of the politician, if not in the ways of the just, he is busy promulgating a scheme by which the next Republican Convention may once again straddle the silver question. He believes that "upon questions of finance, currency, and coinage, the divergence of opinion among Republicans is so great that it would be unjust and inexpedient for the majority in the convention to formulate its views upon them in the party platform." He, therefore, wants that body to frame a plank to remit the whole subject to "the people of the Congress districts for determination, pledging the nominee of this Convention not to interpose the Executive veto, or the power and patronage of the Executive office, to defeat any legislation with respect to coinage that may be supported by a majority of the Republican Representatives and Senators in Congress." The St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Republican) says "this is a cool, and, in fact, rather impudent proposition." It thinks that "harmony which is purchased by the surrender of a vital principle would be deadlier to a party than the most violent factional strife." The Globe-Democrat is for "the gold standard and no surrender."

The Route A sidelight is thrown on England's apparent to India. apathy regarding Russian ascendancy in the Balkan Peninsula by her present activity in Egyptian affairs. Years ago the very idea that Russia might advance on Constantinople was enough to make English statesmen demand millions for naval estimates, and would fill the columns of favored organs with leaders pronouncing such a move as detrimental to the cause of civilization and something to be averted at any cost. Now, however, Russian intriguers are allowed to come and go without special attention being paid them, and it is doubtless only a matter of time before the surveillance will be removed from the Dardanelles, and warboats of all nationalities allowed to pass from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean at pleasure. Great Britain will probably concentrate her attention upon the Suez Canal as the route to be fortified and held against all enemies. The close proximity of Cyprus and Malta will make this easy of accomplishment, and with modern fortifications at Aden on the Red Sea it would be absolutely impossible for any war ship to reach India by that route. The talk about the Russian advance on India has somewhat abated during the last few years, but Great Britain has not been deceived by the apparent calm. Since the Russian annexation of Merv in 1884 she has constantly been strengthening her fortifications on the northern frontier, and is now in a position to hold an enemy, however powerful and persistent, at bay.

England We do not put much faith in the reported antagonism brought about by Russian intrigue in Egypt. French diplomatic circles to the Anglo-Egyptian campaign. The British occupation of Egypt has become an absolute necessity pending the regulation of internal troubles. Great Britain is, apparently, the only power willing to bring about the subjection of the fanatical hordes of the interior, and it is to the advantage of every other country interested to permit her to pursue her course undisturbed. It is more than possible that Russian interference is brought about by the prospect of the Suez Canal falling into the hands of England, thereby placing another barrier in the ocean route to India. It remains to be seen whether her advice will result in anything more than a weak protest on the part of France.

The Monarch
of
the Boodlers.

The police and others who are familiar with the ways of criminals are not surprised at the manner in which the San Francisco Examiner continues to meet the revelation of its guilt. They are accustomed to the shameless kind of rogue who, when run in and made to know that there is no escape for him, turns on his accusers and captors in snarling and impotent rage, even if he can do nothing more damaging than to fling foul language. Though such behavior serves only to disclose the ugly soul and the hopelessness of the wretch, anger and despair compel him to make a revolting spectacle of himself. The instant the Examiner was thrown into a cell it lost all reserve, all dignity. Instead of seeking to convince anybody of its innocence, it gave itself up to rolling out curses at its accusers. For three weeks now it has been making faces through the bars at everybody who had a hand in bringing it to justice, and, in its mad degradation, has heaped maledictions even on the curious bystanders, who have taken the same interest in it that is excited by the black maria and the morgue wagon.

The charge under which the Examiner has been removed from the company of decent newspapers is, as all the world knows, equally serious and disgraceful. It has been indicted as a blackmailer. For the sum of \$30,000 it sold its editorial soul to the railroad company, the purchase money to be paid in monthly installments of \$1,000. Documentary proof of the paper's venality has been furnished. How has the Examiner encountered it? Let the facts answer. Here is the contract into which it entered, and by whose terms it continued to draw \$1000 a month until the subsidy was withdrawn.

"The company (is to enjoy immunity from hostility in the columns of the Examiner), is not to be the victim of malicious attack or criticism, or of misrepresentation; that the Examiner will not seek to create hostile sentiment in the minds of the community against the Southern Pacific Company, or any of the interests it represents, and that while not stipulating as against all criticism, it agrees that criticism shall not proceed from any motive of malice or malignity, and that such criticism as may be found necessary to keep and maintain the confidence of the public, to the extent that any public sentiment may have been created from other sources, is to be avoided as much as possible."

The Examiner replies: 1st., that many of its contemporaries are no better than itself; 2nd., that some of them are moved by spite to harp on the Examiner's corruption; 3rd., that some editors who keep the shameful blackmailing contract before the public are bald. And this defence is made from day to day with a persistence and stupidity eminently characteristic of the criminal mind. To that sort of mind it seems clear that an effective way to render oneself clean is to throw dirt with both hands at others. We see the Examiner standing up to its middle in the mire, and, apparently, expecting that if any of the mud which it hurls at passers-by happens to stick, the public will forget to notice the hurler's plight.

There was for a time a pretty general hope that Mr. Hearst would be able to extricate himself and his paper. It is not gratifying to the average citizen to learn that a widely circulated journal, making special pretensions to honesty, is a fraud and a bribe-taker. But hope has been killed by the course of the Examiner. It is true that Mr. Hearst has asserted the published contract to be a forgery, but he has carefully abstained from challenging its production in court or in *fac simile* in the newspapers; he has abstained from demanding that the contract, whatever its character, under which the \$30,000 worth of "advertising" was given shall be shown to the world; he has abstained from offering any explanation of the damning fact that when the railroad company had paid \$22,000 and refused to pay more, he did not bring suit for the remaining \$8,000. Abuse of his contemporaries and a loud drumming to distract attention from his crime, is apparently all that we are to have from this young millionaire, who is so fond of money that he is ready to become infamous in order to get more. The Examiner accepts the situation to which the truth inexorably condemns it. Henceforward it will be despised by the community which once believed in its integrity and respected it for its supposed sincerity. Dr. Brown himself is not more utterly discredited than are W. R. Hearst and his San Francisco newspaper. The Examiner is now only the Monarch of the Boodlers.

Japanese
Progress.

It is the intention of the Japanese Government to expend during the next seven years the sum of 81,000,000 yen upon warboats and 14,000,000 upon the construction of docks and various public edifices. These figures do not include the amounts to be paid for boats being built abroad and which include two large ironclads of over 12,000 tons each. It is therefore the intention of the Japanese to possess a navy on the Pacific Station which will more than equal the combined fleets of Great Britain, France, America, Germany, and Russia. Owing to the small cost of service, Japan will be enabled to maintain this immense armament, aggregating about 188,000 tons, at an incredibly small cost. It is expected that the army will also be doubled during the next nine years. Her fighting force then will be about half-a-million of men, the cost of which, it is estimated, will be under \$15,000,000 annually. New barracks and forts are to be constructed, modern small arms' factories are to be established and the entire army brought up to the highest efficiency possible in every department. Iron foundries have also been established and as the country is rich in iron ore and coal it is expected that the 130,000 tons of iron and steel used every year will in a short while be manufactured entirely at home. England is already making a fight to secure the contracts for war ships and stands every show of doing so. We wish that our local ship builders were able to do this desirable work, or at least some portion of it, and would willingly see them granted Government aid if the same would in any way help them to acquire it.

In Favor of Mr. Chauncey Depew paid a glowing tribute to California during his stay at Del Monte.

Comparing our State to Florida, he commented upon the absence of the terrible fogs which make that State so unbearable, and upon its enervating climate which, to use his own words, "ruins a man's activity in two or three years." Mr. Depew is well acquainted with Florida, yet he claimed that Southern California is the only place capable of growing oranges to perfection, and that we have the fruit industry down finer than any other people. This is the sort of praise we want. Mr. Depew intends advertising the facts he has learned about us broadcast all over the East. He intends helping us to dispel the general impression that California is nothing but a gold-producing State, and that our men are a race of miners waiting for a return of the days of '49. Visitors like Mr. Depew are always welcome in this State, and we trust that it will not be long before he finds time to come and make a prolonged stay with us.

Our own land is the best land
For fruit and grain and gold;
No land is like the west land
Where men nor maids grow old.
The great winds wander singing
Among our rugged flowers,
And through our night
The pale stars light
The Westland's peaceful hours.

A Great
Undertaking.

There is a project on foot to construct a bridge across the bay between San Francisco and Oakland. Colonel Bridges, speaking on behalf of the Terminal Company, last Tuesday, stated the plans for this undertaking were already in preparation and that a structure consisting of two 1000-foot spans, ten 400-foot spans and a large number of 150-foot spans might soon bind the two cities closer together than ever. This is the sort of undertaking we like to help along to the best of our ability. There is not a bay in all the world like that which washes the sands of the two cities which in a few years will have more than twice the number of inhabitants they have at present. The traffic between San Francisco and Oakland is increasing monthly and such a convenience as a massive and magnificent bridge, stretching its arms of steel into the very hearts of the two cities, will soon augment travel, besides giving us another object of interest the like of which will not be found in any city of the world. We trust this great work will proceed with all despatch and that the promoters will receive every assistance possible both from the Government and from the people.

The McKinley Folly.

The McKinley boom is as strong among the Republicans of California as elsewhere. The Ohio protectionist is the first choice of three-fourths of the voters of his party here. Of course, should the National Convention nominate Allison, Reed, Morton, or anybody else, there would be the customary campaign enthusiasm for him, but the party's heart goes out to McKinley with a warmth that cannot be kuddled by another.

In some portions of the country this McKinley ardor springs from reason. Taking the view of the Eastern manufacturer, a high tariff is a good thing. And, as the manufacturer is a dominating figure in business circles, and the press represents the interests, desires, and prejudices of the business element, it is natural that a public opinion should be formed favorable to the Government giving aid to one class of the people at the expense of all the rest. The view is narrow, but at least it has a comprehensible basis.

But why should the Republicans of California cheer for McKinley or approve the system for which he stands? Our interests all lie with free trade. Duties raise the cost of raw materials to our few manufacturers and the prices of the necessities of life to the consumer. Our agricultural exports are mostly sold in the unprotected English market, and what is bought abroad with the money thus gained is taxed heavily at our own customs houses. Were we a people intelligently awake to our opportunities, we should be active in every thing that would encourage trade with China, Japan, Australasia, Central and South America, and the islands of the Pacific. Tariffs are barriers to commerce, and the higher they are, the more injurious. Under free trade San Francisco would be a great port, the seat of an enormous commerce. But, instead of inviting intercourse and exchange with our Western and Southern neighbors, the Republicans of California cheer for McKinley and clamor for raising the barriers. Their eyes are on the East, and their stupid backs are turned upon the Pacific Ocean, with all its rich possibilities.

The McKinley enthusiasm here is a reflection upon the good sense of those who feel and express it. It is only an echo of a shout that goes up from people who are circumstanced very differently from ourselves. Our Eastern brethren know what they are about. What they ask is that we shall be taxed for their benefit, and California Republicans obligingly consent. That would certainly be unselfish if it could be supposed that California Republicans were aware of what they are doing. But it is not to be thought that they do know, unless we impeach their sanity.

Those who come after us to occupy California will marvel at the dullness of this generation. With the Orient, Australasia, and the Western coast of the hemisphere open to our commercial exploitation, we take our notions of what is good for us from the people beyond the Rocky Mountains, who would close the sea to us.

A glow of enthusiasm for Major McKinley, of Ohio, may be a pleasurable emotion, but it is a mighty poor exchange for the solid advantages that would come to San Francisco and California under a low tariff, or, better still, no tariff at all.

The Lesson of Sister Stockton.

Public opinion is having its influence on the Congregationalists. The universal condemnation which has been visited upon the Church Council for its extreme lenity to the Rev. Dr. Brown causes the brethren to see that where morals are involved sternness must mark judgment. On Monday evening last the Standing Committee of the First Congregational Church met and dealt with the case of Mrs. M. A. Stockton. Instead of whitewashing her by finding that she had been guilty only of unministerial conduct, explained and palliated by constitutional infirmities of temper, the Committee cast her into outer darkness by a decree of excommunication.

The sins of this woman are notorious. By Dr. Brown's confession we know that before being received into the church by him she made an assault on his virtue; by her own confession we know that after her reception into the church he returned the compliment by making an assault on her virtue, which assault was crowned with complete success. Great as is the punishment which has now be-

fallen her, no pious soul can feel that it is undeserved. And the decree of excommunication is rendered doubly gratifying and significant by the fact that Dr. Brown himself presided as chairman over the deliberations of the Standing Committee. Aware, as he is, how much scandal has been brought upon Zion by the weakness of the late Council in dealing with sin, it is but meet that as a watchman on the walls he should have resolved that no new occasion of the same kind should be given the ungodly for graceless mirth. So he urged the excommunication of Mrs. Stockton and voted for it. Thus does he join in the general rebuke which has covered the too-tender Council with shame.

It is to be hoped that the fate of this erring sister will prove a warning to others. Ladies who know by the glow within them that they are serving the Lord when they stand by a pastor in affliction, and rejoicingly defy the laughter of the worldly when they bestow bouquets upon him and decorate with lilies the sanctuary on his return to it after acquittal, must beware how they omit to guard their tongues. A man of God is but a man after all, and should it so fall out, under Providence, that he yields to temptation—as the best of men sometimes will—the matter should always be taken to the throne of grace, and never to the newspapers. It is to be regretted, of course, if a pastor stumbles, but when the sister who stumbles with him is so careless as to divulge the secret and bring reproach upon the household of faith, no penalty can be too severe. Her excommunication is but a light requital for such turpitude. And, as in the instance of Mrs. Stockton, we see that the beloved pastor himself, if he be a good Christian and a minister conscious of his obligations to the church, will turn against the culprit who is guilty of the sin of loquacity. Pride in conquest is natural to woman, and it is readily comprehensible how a sister who has captured the pastor should be moved to excite envy and admiration by revealing her triumph, but nevertheless the interests of the church are paramount. Poor Sister Stockton, as she sits on the left hand, awaiting the hour when Satan will claim her, is, if pathetic, a useful example. Charity, mercy, castity, and reticence are virtues, but the greatest of these is reticence.

Misguided Mrs. Colton obtained a complete victory over the First National Bank last Monday, and President Murphy will now have to supplement his income by other and more legitimate methods than by deducting unearned commissions from cheques of depositors over which he has no control whatever. The Court by its verdict administered a severe reprimand to this gentleman with a Hibernian patronymic and a pawnbroker's tendencies, and we trust that he will not forget the lesson in a hurry. Depositors will doubtless dislike placing their money within the vicinity of his fingers; but with ourselves and the Grand Jury to look after their interests they can safely overlook the irregularity, being assured that it will not occur again. We would suggest, however, that the land office business would be a better one for Mr. Murphy than banking. We do not doubt that with his consummate impudence, a larger field of operations and plenty of suckers he would soon be able to acquire his much coveted million.

Worthy of Adoption. The loss of life occurring through cable and electric car accidents is becoming so appalling that it behooves us to institute measures which will minimize the present danger to people on foot. We can think of no better way than to forbid two cars from traversing a street crossing at the same time. Should one already be standing, then the car coming in the opposite direction should be kept stationary until the other has passed on. So many people congregate about the crossings where cars meet that only one car can be in motion at one time without endangering everybody in the immediate neighborhood. This method might result in the loss of a little time to the companies, but the slight extra expense would be more than compensated for by a saving in expensive and repeated lawsuits.

Each navy yard should have a fair chance to construct battle-ships and torpedo boats as they are needed. There should be no favoritism in national affairs.

Parents and Children. It is unfortunate that a minister should find it necessary to take the members of his congregation to task for the license granted their daughters and the evil resulting therefrom.

Evangelist I. T. Johnson did this in Fresno, and came near adorning a lamppost for his badly expressed good intentions. As we were not present upon the occasion of the reprimand to the parents, we are hardly capable of judging the parties. Judging, however, by the indignation shown, it is more than likely that his assertions had some truth in them. It is a well-known fact that many girls, not only in Fresno, but in every other city in this State, are granted too much personal liberty, and are entirely beyond the control of their parents. They mature rapidly, and run with women older than themselves and acquainted with the world's tempting ways. For this we do not blame the girls so much as we do their elders. It is becoming more and more apparent that the average man or woman in this country is incapable of bringing up children in the way they should go. The women find more pleasure in the boarding house parlor or the political debating society than in the home; the men are driven thereby to find their pleasures in the club or in the saloon, and the children run wild and free, victims to the temptations laid in their paths by others who have already fallen. Under present conditions fatherhood and motherhood are little more than a farce, and the children come to be looked upon as a curse, unworthy of any attention. If the parents of America would only look after their children, and instill in their hearts the first principles of love, duty, and religion, there would be no need of such terrible assertions as those made by the Evangelist in Fresno.

Welcome Guests. The Eastern delegates to the National Hotel Men's Convention, which is to be held in Los Angeles, will spend five days in this city on their way home. These gentlemen, who represent the largest hotel interests in the country, should be made welcome in every way possible and Californian hospitality should be showered upon them from the day they arrive until the day they depart. We can be assured that whatever we do for them will be repaid a hundred-fold by the kind manner they will speak of us to their Eastern patrons and who will be induced to visit us instead of squandering their money in Europe. Los Angeles and the towns in Southern California will do their duty towards them but we hope that they will retain fonder memories of San Francisco than of all the other cities visited put together.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR picture of the city this week shows a beautiful view taken from the district south of Market street, once the fashionable quarter of the town. The visitor is supposed to stand on Harrison street, and look north. To the extreme left rises the stately Palace Hotel, and above it can be seen the tower of the Chronicle Building. Further along to the right is the Crocker Building, one of the most imposing structures in this city, and facing on Market street. In the extreme background of the picture, and exactly behind the Palace Hotel, can be seen the tower of the Hopkins' Institute of Art Building, and further along to the right the tower of Grace Episcopal Church. The slope beyond the church is Telegraph Hill, thickly covered with houses, and usually called the Latin Quarter. The mountain beyond is Tamalpais, between which and the city is the Bay of San Francisco. The large square structure towards the right of the picture is the Mills Building. Between this building and Grace Church can be seen the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, one of the oldest Catholic churches in the city.

One of the handsomest floral exhibitions in the city can be seen by a visit to John H. Sievers, the florist, at 25 Post Street. The entire store is full of the most beautiful Easter lilies, which form so appropriate a gift for this particular holiday. A large consignment of the smaller lilies of the valley are also on hand and can be had at very reasonable prices. Other flowers are also there in profusion especially the choicest roses, pinks, violets and such favorites. Mr. Sievers has for many years provided the floral decorations at all large functions such as weddings, flower festivals, and dinners and has always been ahead of the competitors in his particular line of business.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

Ye Olde Hickorie Chairs



RE MADE from ye second growth of White Hickorie Saplings. Ye place for syttinge down in ye chair and ye backs are plaited from second growth Hickorie Barke, which makes ye most comfortable and welle wearynge seatinge we know of.

These Chairs are ye most unique and pleasurable line of goods wherewith to make cheerful ye lawn and ye porch that are made in ye United States. Ye Chairs are as different from any before shown as ye morning light from ye darkness of nighte tyme.

Ye newe and novel wares of this sort are attractive to ye prospective buyer.



This Rocker

\$4.50



This Chair

\$4.50

Immense Variety of Chairs, Rockers, Lounges and Odd Pieces.

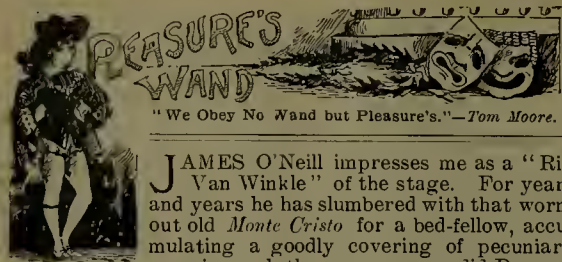
Ye hickorie chair, rustie and olde,
 Stands bye ye gardene walle
 A wellcome seat for ye maiden faire
 And her lover, brave and faine
 Its arms be wide, and its seat be large
 'Twill holde them bothe with ease
 Ye hickorie chaire, homelie and plain,
 By its comforte dothe always please.

W. & J. Sloane & Co.,

Carpets, Furniture, Upholstery.

641-647 Market street,

San Francisco



"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

JAMES O'Neill impresses me as a "Rip Van Winkle" of the stage. For years and years he has slumbered with that worn-out old *Monte Cristo* for a bed-fellow, accumulating a goodly covering of pecuniary moss in much the same way as did Denman Thompson in *The Old Homestead*. And now, secure in the possession of ample means, he has gone back to his first love. The fortune he has amassed is said to be considerable, and, like many gentlemen of ripe years and plethoric purse, he has developed a fad. Mr. O'Neill has taken to playing tragedies, a recreation beside which a string of thoroughbreds or a yacht is mild and inexpensive diversion. Moreover, lest the vulgar public should mistake his purpose in traveling from city to city, and suspect a chase for pelf in the gorgeous show bills that berald his visits, he carefully secludes his performances in first-class theatres, where only the rich, luxurious, and select may enjoy them. There was a time when Mr. O'Neill played to dollar seats, each of which was occupied by a cheerful seeker after amusement. This was when *Monte Cristo* was a younger and sprightlier melodrama, and Mr. O'Neill an actor fashioned on the methods of his day. Now, perchance, wearied and oppressed by audiences that obliterate the rich plush upholstery of the auditorium, satiated with the plaudits of patient dollar bearers, he has raised the aute half a dollar, which gentle bluff—since I am launched on the metaphor of my unctional game—has restrained hundreds of people from seeing him. Moreover, he has surrounded himself with a gathering of mediocre players symptomatic of old-time stars, and comes to us like an old viutage of wine—with a premium on its age. It is many years since Mr. O'Neill bottled and cellared away the spirit of tragedy. I was of too tender years to appreciate the quality of the stuff, but I have beard many an old-time theatre-goer say what a great man O'Neill might have been had he stuck to the legitimate. And now that the uncorking process has taken place and *Virginus* has gurgled out after its long, restful sleep, I cannot say that it enjoys any particular felicity of bouquet, or that it glides with the unctious zest characteristic of a rare old tippie. Perhaps like champagne, too long bottled, Mr. O'Neill's gift has lost its sparkle. It is musty, flat, and flavorless.

O'Neill's *Virginus* on Tuesday uight, at the Baldwin, was the fourth exponent of the part that San Francisco has witnessed within six months. Placidly regarded it is the sort of Roman college youths disport under the protecting wing of a benefiting charity—full of the rhythm and cadence of tragic blank; abounding in weird and unusual emphasis of words that startle with unexpected prominence; invested with a series of wind-mill gestures that would keep three of Mr. Edwin Milton Royle's flags fluttering, and voiced with the robust pectoriloquism that ever proclaims the roaring Roman of the leathern lung. I did not expect anything crisply modern in O'Neill's performance—modernity, after all, must be judiciously applied to tragedy where every word and action is twice as big as actual life—but I was astonished at the raw, over-wrought delivery of a role that is being played daily all over the country by intelligent, if not transcendent, actors. Throughout it was an exhibition of old-style melodrama which reached its expected climax in the Forum scene. The stabbing of *Virginus* would pale the bloodiest butchery that ever raised goose flesb in Morosco's.

In *The Courier of Lyons*, given on Wednesday eveuing, Mr. O'Neill and his company seemed on much more congenial terms with their work. Way down in the hearts of all of us there is a fondness for melodrama, and a play so full of action, so sure and definite in the development of its story, so unaffected and direct in treatment, and so happily absolved from heroic speeches, compels interest by its sheer force of incident. There is not a prolix line in *The*

Courier of Lyons. In fact, to scan the book, as O'Neill presents it, would reveal but little of the vivid strength it has as an acted play. Theatric as many of the situations are, they never seem forced or unreal, so artfully and realistically does one sequence merge into another. Mr. O'Neill did some very good and some very bad acting in the roles of Lesurques and Dubosc. In the first act his Dubosc was in every way fiercely overdrawn. It might have been the Snarleyow of *Sinbad*, so labored and ferocious were his facial contortions. As Lesurques he was more in key; particularly in the scene where his ill-fated resemblance to the criminal Dubosc calls forth such positive evidence of his guilt, was he moderated, forceful and convincing. Dubosc improved after the first act, Mr. O'Neill stabbing Jeanne without any of the wild spectacular business that distinguished a similar office in *Virginus*. The final scene, where the real criminal is at last taken, was worked up with stirring effect, and let it be said to Mr. O'Neill's credit that he showed admirable restraint in not overdoing his exacting part—a part on the same lines as that of Bill Sykes, and one easily made offensive by an actor as prone to fireworks and war-wboops as is Mr. O'Neill. Miss Florence Rockwell, whose *Virginus* and *Mercedes* were weak and colorless, showed a surprising bit of dramatic power in her Julie, and Hallett Thompson, who is the worst Appius Claudius it has ever been my fortune to see, made an artistic character of the dandified rascal Curriol. *The Courier of Lyons* is eloquent testimony to the folly of James O'Neill forsaking the romantic melodrama.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, the author-actor-manager of *Captain Impudence*, could have written such a clever little play as *Friends*, and if *Friends* had not been written a few years prior to the inception of the *Impudence* composite, I would doubt the authenticity of its authorship. As it is, *Friends* belongs to Mr. Royle, and it is a bright, entertaining comedy-drama—so entertaining that it lasts in the public's approval despite the dire performance of a Lizist rhapsodie by Mr. Henderson on the piano, and the deliriums of a doped dialect mangler, both of which gruesome exhibitions should be confined within the padded walls of an asylum. It may be realism to have an actor pound on a real piano, and a "fiend" make sure enough shivers down his spine, just as the tank of *bona fide* water and the small bottle of genuine fizz have become legitimate adjuncts to the great American drama; but if Mr. Henderson's piano chestnut was put in narrative or worked with a music-box, and the pipe bitter's orgie wiped off the earb, it would make *Friends* a more wholesome play.

Mr. Royle's John Paden, Jr., is well acted, even if there is Salvation Army monotone to the delivery of the lines meant to be deeply impressive, and Mrs. Royle is sympathetic and magnetic as Marguerite. Mr. Henderson, like most great virtuos, is inclined to over-emotion. It does not impress manliness on the part—but come to think of it, musicians, as a rule, are not remarkable for their virility, so Mr. Henderson may be drawing a faithful picture after all. But I wish he would forswear the piano.

At the Auditorium this week, Richards & Pringle's Georgia Minstrels have lived up to their promise of providing an old-fashioned minstrel show, unaided by the gorgeous costumes, electrical effects and parapernalia of the modern troubadour of the burnt cork. Their jokes, songs and wardrobe, evidently built when the water came up to Montgomery street, are as gleeful, melodious and *bizarre* as in the days of our fathers, and the performance throughout was in strict accordance with the traditions of old minstrelsy. All of which is a rare feast for the student of bygone amusements, but not exactly the attraction for the novelty-loving public of to-day.

The Red Pocket Book seems to have found the pulse of a new generation, to judge from its reception at the Grand this week. *Doris* is announced for next week with Miss Lisle Leigh in the title role.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, of Salt Lake City, open their concerts on April 15th at Metropolitan Temple. The organization numbers a hundred and seventy-five voices.

Mr. S. Homer Henley, the possessor of a deep, melodious barytone, which is well known to San Francisco musical audiences, will have a farewell concert on Tuesday evening at Native Sons' Hall. Bernard Mollenhauer, Sigismund Martinez, and many favorably known local musicians will participate. Mr. Henley leaves shortly for the East, preparatory to joining the Tavery Opera Company, with which organization he has engaged for next season.

Frank Mayo's dramatization of Mark Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is one of the great theatrical successes of the year. We shall see it at the Columbia next week, with Mr. Mayo in his famous part of Pudd'nhead. The story, which appeared some time ago in *The Century*, is full of droll interest, and from all accounts Mayo's play retains the full flavor of Twain's inimitable dry wit.

James O'Neill's engagement is limited to one week more at the Baldwin. *Richelieu* is announced as the feature of next week's repertory, which is: Monday and Friday, *Virginius*; Tuesday and Sunday, *The Courier of Lyons*; Wednesday and Saturday, *Monte Cristo*; Thursday, *Hamlet*, and Saturday matinee, *Richelieu*. Richard Mansfield follows O'Neill.

Blue Beard, the new extravaganza that has been in preparation for some months at the Tivoli, will receive its premiere Monday. Hartman, Leary, Gilbert and Goldie, Mlle. Varcallelli, Mons. De Fillipi, and Miss Gertrude Aylward, the new soprano, are among the long cast. A new dance, "Rays of Light," will be one of the spectacular features.

The exceptional bill offered by the Orpheum during the last two weeks has stretched the capacity of that popular house nightly. Such a menu of specialties has never been seen in San Francisco before, not even when big traveling vaudeville shows have been at the leading theatres.

Peter F. Dailey, one of the most popular mirth-provokers of to-day, comes to the California Monday night in *The Night Clerk*, a new farce-comedy written for him by John J. McNally. Mr. Dailey brings an excellent company, headed by Jennie Yeamans and John Sparks.

An interesting lecture on "Modern Japan" will be given by Walter Gifford Smith at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter street, on April 16th, under the auspices of the Geographical Society of California. The lecture will be illustrated by numerous colored slides.

The Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, will present Hoyt's *A Milk White Flag* on Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 6th and 7th. *Sinbad* will be produced on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Saturday matinee, of the same week.

Miss Carrie Milzner Hamilton is in Paris, preparing her new repertoire for the coming Easter season. She will make her debut in *Aida*.

Ranch 10 will be the attraction at the Alcazar next week.

It is to be regretted that Mayor Sutro takes such pleasure in causing trouble in the Board of City Hall Commissioners. Age has apparently not lent dignity to this philanthropic man; neither has it brought him wisdom. Mr. Creswell, whose probity is beyond question, and who is hindered from doing his duty by the Mayor's childishness, declares him to be a nuisance and fit for an insane asylum. Judging from many of the Mayor's past actions, we entirely agree with him, and suggest that the Lunacy Commissioners look into his case and see whether he is in a condition to fill his high office or not.

An interesting exhibition of drawing done by pupils of the Mission Grammar School will be held in the office of the Superintendent of Schools, City Hall, from April 4th to 11th, inclusive.

The closing out sale of A. Hirschman, manufacturer of fine jewelry and importer of diamonds, etc., 113 Sutter street, is still progressing, and we would advise our readers to take advantage of this rare opportunity to procure strictly first-class articles at less than first cost.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Next week, Monday, April 6th, second and last week of

JAMES O'NEILL

Monday and Friday.....*VIRGINIUS*
Tuesday and Sunday.....*COURIER OF LYONS (The Lyon's Mail)*
Wednesday and Saturday.....*MONTÉ CRISTO*
Thursday.....*HAMLET*
Saturday matinee.....*RICHÉLIEU*
Monday, April 13th: RICHARD MANSFIELD

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors

Monday, April 6, the creative comedian, PETER F. DAILEY, in John J. McNally's latest and greatest laughing success,

THE NIGHT CLERK.

Direct from one hundred nights in New York.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

A great story; a Pacific coast man wrote it; a great play; a Pacific coast actor-author wrote it. Mark Twain's

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

Frank Mayo and a great company in his greatest success at the Columbia. Two weeks, beginning Monday, April 6th. Coming—EZRA KENDALL.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Walter Morosco, Sole Lessee and Proprietor. Last performances of "The Red Pocketbook."

MONDAY EVENING, April 6th—

DORIS.

First appearance of the great leading actress, LISLE LEIGH. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELINO, Proprietor and Manager

To begin Monday, April 6th. Every evening. Our spectacular Easter burlesque, an Arabian Night's dream of loveliness,

BLUE BEARD.

Beautiful scenery; dazzling costumes; entrancing ballads; appropriate accessories; brilliant light effects; great cast. All the latest European and American novelties in song, dance and humor.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To-night and during the week. An unparalleled list of notables.

SEGOMMER,

The Nawns, the Three Marvelles, Bruet and Riviere, and a superb vaudeville company.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Native Sons' Hall, Mason street, between Post and Geary.

Tuesday evening, April 7. Grand farewell concert tendered to

S. HOMER HENLEY,

prior to his joining the Tavery Opera Company, assisted by Bernhard Mollenhauer, violin virtuoso, Sigismund Martinez, pianist, and an array of talent.

Tickets, including reserved seat, 50 cents.

On sale at Byron Maury's, 303-314 Post street.

Metropolitan Temple.

The famous Salt Lake City

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR,

175 voices. 5 grand choral concerts, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 15th to 19th. No matinees.

Prices, including reserved seat, \$1 50 and \$1; season tickets, reserved, \$5 and \$1. Advance sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for season tickets, April 6th and for single nights April 9th. Concerts begin at 8:15 P. M.

Grover's Alcazar. The Palais Royal of America.

To-night; matinees Saturday and Sunday.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Leonard Grover Jr.'s hit, Lorraine and Howells. BROWN-DAVIDSON TRIAL. Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra, 25c. Monday: RANCH 10.

MRS. EUNICE WESTWATER, Contralto.

At liberty for engagement in Oratorio, Concert, Opera, or Church Choir. Address, No. 1826 Eddy St.

School For Boys and Girls

1012 Grand street, near San Jose avenue,

Alameda, Cal.

For particulars, address W. de JUNG, Principal.



THE assertion has often been made by captious critics that our society men lack individuality, character, and *ton*. While this may to a great extent be true, especially among that element of our social system, yclept Brownies, yet even with these delightfully "fresh" young men there are found those whose individual traits are felt and acknowledged by all. As, for instance, who in the swim (and indeed out of it, for that matter), will deny to that very head and front of Brownieism, Addy Mizner, a fondness for a certain color—Violet—so pronounced as to occasion remark. Wilcox, of the Angelic Post, is noted for a swift manipulation of coin. The way he can make a dollar disappear is not so remarkable, for most fellows are adepts in that line, but it is in making a dollar appear again when once lost to view that makes Wilcox so successful a disciple of silver. Davis of the Presidio is known among the girls as a devoted admirer of their *beau jeu*, which is the more astonishing as his experience has made his very heart blanch, not for long, however, and his recuperative power is great, the girls are happy to observe. Walter Dean is celebrated for his penchant for *bells*, the last of the species being a maiden of the merry month, they say. Roley-policy Ed., as the women call him, would be said by outsiders to have a craze for leading cotillions, but those who know Greenway from the inside of society say he is a veritable Pooh-Bah to the swim, as he's got 'em on his list! To Joe Grant is attributed a leaning towards handsomely furnished flats, and as he has the wherewithal to gratify his weakness no one can blame him for indulging it. Joe Tobin's soft spot is flirtatious correspondence, the women say, and that is a dangerous one to exercise unless you burn your ships behind you and cover up your tracks; and especially risky is it when that sort of literature is kept in bureau drawers, as girls say, "loose like." There is a story afloat that a well-known club man came near getting into breakers recently by this kind of imprudence. Harry Tevis's peculiarity is intense human sympathy. Never has the gallant young medico turned a deaf ear to any plaint from trembling lips, and his best efforts are always used to pour oil on troubled waters wherever he finds them requiring his aid. Who that has the pleasure of Jack Casserley's acquaintance will deny his readiness to join in any merry-making got up by any one else. This species of unselfishness is, however, not an unusual thing among the Menlo Parkites. A nice game of cards is what young Boardman most inclines to, hence the organization of the card club of which he is the leading spirit. These are but a few of the most striking examples among our young men of society.

* * *

George A. Knight had a singular experience in a San Joaquin Valley case the other day. He had been called as a witness in some ancient lagging land suit, such as goes on around Stockton and Modesto, and Governor Budd's flower garden, every day. His testimony happened to be really of immaterial value, but the law commands, and he had to appear.

The exile from a St. Patrick's Day banquet who was attorney for the defendant fired his questions. He was not going to let grandeur depart from the San Joaquin.

"Phwat is yure name?"

"G. A. Knight."

"Phwat is yure thrade?"

"The same as yours—when I have a witness on the stand."

"Here! here! sorr! Oi'll not have this! Give me a plain statement. You must be *consistory*!"

"No, I'm not. I'm only a representative of the plain Sodality," replied Knight, smiling, while the fiery little lawyer gurgled with fury.

Just bere the Judge interfered, solemnly demanding of the witness why he had made such an irrelevant reply.

"Simply, your Honor," replied Mr. Knight, "because the attorney for the defense just now expressed his belief

that I am a college of Cardinals, whereas I am only a simple layman in the church. Besides that, I must say, your Honor, that I ought to be protected from direct attack, especially where religion is concerned!"

In an instant Judge, jury, and legal San Joaquin were aflame.

"Where, sir, did he make such a charge!" cried the Judge.

"When he called me a consistory," calmly replied the imperturbable Knight. "Just look in your Honor's dictionary."

"Twas *consistent* I was meaning!" cried the Milesian attorney.

"Then," exclaimed Mr. Knight gracefully, "let your Honor's judgment, as the doctors might say, be *suspensory*!"

And the case went on.

* * *

The Prince of Wales, according to the cablegrams, has just been entertained aboard the *Namouna* by James Gordon Bennett, in the beautiful harbor of Cannes. The banquet certainly must have been as magnificent as any of the other famous fêtes which the "Commodore" has given in the Mediterranean. But J. W. Mackay has enjoyed two lovely experiences with his partner, Mr. Bennett, which perhaps were quite as brilliant. The first was when Bennett decided to navigate his yacht in a fog, just off the edge of the Canary Islands. His guests and the Captain made a corresponding resolution that their lives were valuable—especially John W. Mackay. So they restrained the famous navigator under a diet of brandy and soda until they had successfully avoided frightful dangers and terrific reefs. Mr. Mackay relates that he had to put the old Comstock mining grip on his fascinating partner to keep him completely quiet.

Once more during the cruise there was a beautiful episode in the harbor of Palermo, Sicily. It was July 4th, by accident, and the "Commodore" resolved to celebrate. This harbor is circumscribed, and it was "jammed full" of yachts and steamers at the time.

Suddenly the dark and starry night was illuminated by a continuous shower of rockets, Roman candles, and every thing inflammable. The harbor went half mad with terror, and the *Namouna* was carefully and quietly seized by the authorities and towed out into the open sea.

When Bennett came to, next morning, he arranged a most graceful reconciliation through a steam launch, and, after the various officers of the port of Palermo had enjoyed a *Namouna* breakfast with much, much wine, the yacht was given the freedom of the harbor forever.

Yet John Mackay says his nerves were jarred at the time.

The third incident was at Nice, when the cable king had gone down to discuss business matters. He found the "Commodore" with a large "hunt ball" on the *tapis*. There was a splendid supper at midnight, with the men all in scarlet, after the cotillion. Then followed a species of carnival. The "Commodore" had arranged in the interim a steeple-chase of pots filled with various kinds of flowers, over which the gentlemen were supposed to race.

"For God's sake, man!" cried Lord Lonsdale—then Hugh Lowther—"it's three o'clock! and all that wine!"

But he was taken up on all sides, and he never spares his bets.

He won the race as easily as a flying tom cat. But there was a most disastrous mixture of flowers, earth and broken pots.

And that's why Mr. Mackay believes in leading a peaceful life.

* * *

The First Congregational Church Theatrical Company is a possibility of the near future. Mattie Overman will be leading lady and Dr. C. O. Brown the led man, or heavy villain. Mrs. Tunnell will play a leading role, and will be sacrificed towards the middle of the play. Mrs. Davidson will support Mattie Overman. The last scene will show the study of the First Congregational Church with its chairs and also its sofa. The curtain will fall upon Doctor Brown and Mattie Overman (attired in great elegance and little else) being denounced in original Hebrew by the pastor's wife, who is supposed to object to finding them together at midnight.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

LITTLE one, among thy sisters
Thou dost take the choicest place;
Every breeze doth tell in whispers
Of the beauty of thy face.

Simple tints, of both the clearest,
Cause the sweetness which is thine;
Thou in heaven's sight art dearest,
Thou alone therein could'st shine.

Proudest thou of all proud flowers
Wakened by the kiss of dawn;
Thou, the emblem, through long hours,
Of this radiant Easter morn!

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO NOVELETTES—No. 10.

THERE was a most picturesque, white-haired lady in the car from the ferry up, the other day, and to an old Californian there was a certain pathetic interest in the half-bewildered glances that she gave to various California street sites. It is seldom that the dowager queen leaves her country home nowadays for a society outing. Twice a year, after old fashion, she makes her "carriage calls" about Rincon Hill, South Park, and afterwards Pacific Heights. Otherwise she is seldom seen at any other function save a luncheon, and her own entertainments are confined strictly to this, or rather they are a sort of old-fashioned Southern breakfast, such as Georgia suggests. Her cellar is as well and as richly stored as Mrs. Lillie Coit's—for she spent many years in France, educating a bevy of lovely little daughters. They went over as mere babies and came back in the most entrancing and fairylike gowns—all in their teens, and mamma was younger and more entrancing than ever.

Why had she remained away so long? Thereby hangs the tale. The Army and Navy played a part in our social regime in the "sixties," and a gallant Major made havoc right and left with feminine hearts just about 1866-7, and certainly broke one of them in South Park just then.

However, to gaze at the serene white brow with the whiter hair, who would imagine for a moment the romance in that woman's past!

It was a swift story for a very short while—and then ensued a profound silence for years. The Major escaped from the upper porch, and the wronged husband tried to pistol himself—unsuccessfully.

There was a hurried departure for France with all the pretty children, and time passed on—that is the years did. Everything had been forgotten, or at least was excessively hazy and uncertain, when the fair exile returned with her bevy of beautiful daughters. It was a triumphal reception from the first, and the brilliant and condoning husband smiled benignantly on the private theatricals, operettas and balls which made that season shine. And certainly society realized that California has had only one rival to her as a finished leader—and that in Mrs. Gwin. Her pavilion over the bay has been the quiet resource of the later years. There old friends were entertained, and often the successful heiress for whom her late husband had once been advocate.

The visit to Trinity Church this Holy Week was pathetic. It reminded one of another *grande dame*, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, in the days of Louis Treize, (*vide* Dumas)—when she sought a convent.

Chauncey Depew never loses his presence of mind. At the Los Angeles reception to himself and to Mr. Vanderbilt, when the guests were all indulging in a "pony" of Keystone Monogram Whiskey—his favorite and only brand—Colonel John Gaffey assailed him genially with the accusation that he did not appreciate the feminine beauty of California. "Colonel Gaffey," retorted Mr. Depew, draining his glass, "here's a toast to all of it. I've been frightened to open my eyes all the time since I've been here, because I was afraid it would blind me!"

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian

Bitters

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

THE PROPER THING | IN MEN'S HEADWEAR.
AT

Harloe's.

New Spring Styles just received. Very latest out.

239 Kearny St.

Phone Red 361.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of THOMAS FARRELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Farrell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Farrell, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 19, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 6, 1896.

J. D. Sullivan, attorney for Administrator.

AUSTRALIAN SALT BUSH, (*Atriplex Semibaccatum*)

The Forage Plant for Alkali Soils.

The tens of thousands of acres of alkali lands in California may be made productive and profitable by planting Salt Bush.

For further information, address

TRUMBULL & BEEBE, Seedsmen and Nurserymen.
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PURE COUNTRY MILK AND CREAM.

SPECIAL RATES MADE.

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J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.



SPARKS

WHAT is the matter with our society girls? "Our girls! Nothing's the matter; there's no flies on them." The answer is a *raison d'être* of the query. Slang is the matter with our pretty belles, and the pernicious habit is growing day by day. At first a slang expression, then a phrase of the last thing in use in bar rooms or on the race track, was ventured on by our daring buds, and so "cute" were they considered as the rosy lips uttered the funny words, other girls took courage and copied them. By degrees, more and more extended has grown this vernacular, until to-day the jargon of the swagger set would be unintelligible to people of old-fashioned (?) ideas. Courtesy and deference are dying out. The old nursery line about too much familiarity breeding contempt might truly be used among us, with the word indifference in lieu of contempt. How can a man be expected to yield to a woman who is ready to be hailed as "Hello, Sal!" or Nell, etc., the chivalrous attention a refined and cultured dignity compels? The gentle womanliness which shows breeding, as the French say, *au bout des ongles*, possesses a subtle charm that no man can deny, and if our lovely maidens would only realize that a slap-dash style, an unpolished manner, although making them "awfully good fun" and "jolly larks," to the average youth of the swim, causes a feeling of intense regret and distaste to the man whose intellect requires other food for conversation than "Come on and blow in some supper," after the theatre, etc., *ad lib*.

People are saying if Miss Elizabeth Carroll weds Duperu there will be another rural wedding—a special train to San Jose (the young lady's birthplace), and all the concomitants of a spring bridal in the country. Apropos of the country, it looks as though it were going to be a neck and neck race for fashion's favor this summer between San Rafael and Sausalito. The former burg has a large contingent of people owning homes in Ross Valley, which this year has been augmented by a number who have rented places there for the summer. The great majority of them, however, are of the style who never entertain except in one small set, while the names of those who are booked for Sausalito is a guarantee that hospitality will take the form of jollity itself, and ensure much pleasure to their friends at large.

The rumor is gaining ground daily that the remaining sister of the favorite belle, whose visit to the city from their rural abode was such a brilliant success, is the object of much devotion on the part of a gentleman who has for years been considered one of the most elegant beaux to be found anywhere. What his chum Al. will do should the other become a Benedict, is what their friends are wondering. As Miss Mamie remarked, "Go and do likewise, no doubt."

"How completely Walter Dean has changed his base in belledom," was the comment of a returned San Francisco girl from the East the other day. "First the queenly Emily, now Daisy." But this astute young lady, although credited with more than the average amount of brain, does not know that quite another maid than either of these has a strong attraction for this young gentleman, according to those on the inside.

One of the sweetest young maids of the swim is Miss Fanny Loughborough. Her soft gray eyes are like a pure pellucid stream, and her manner full of quiet charm—a most delightful contrast to the pert style of the day.

Some one in the swim hints that the æsthetic widower, Henry Bowie, has taken his second trip to Japan with the intention of bringing back a bride from the Flowery Kingdom, but we doubt it.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL,
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

OPENS

April 15th

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.



Very

Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Marketstreet. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

Indianapolis Furniture Co.,
750 Mission St.

**Tavern of
Castle Crag.**

QUEEN OF ALL

MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive, and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1st, and will close October 1, 1896.

George Schönewald, Manager,

Room 50, Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices, "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux" to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellière style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

Johannis.

was used exclusively at the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding breakfast. Owing to its excellence it is the preferred table water at the best resorts, hotels, clubs, etc.

THISTLE DOWN.

Alamedans still continue to dissipate. Water is to be sold to them at one-half the present rates.

A live wire caused the death of a man up in Nevada City last week. Funny papers please copy.

The onion may be a vegetable but we consider its strength entitles it to be classified as an animal.

A Chicago thief recently stole a soda-water fountain. We envy him his thirst and the jag that led up to it.

Denver has a female garbage commissioner. She began her duties by sweeping up her husband and putting him in the dust cart.

A cat in New York shows a fondness for shamrocks and other green goods. She is probably a direct descendant of the famous Kilkennys.

Two Oregon girls lately fought a duel for the possession of a young spark. There are lots of us editors left, ladies, and we don't need to be fought for, either.

A horse belonging to the Fire Department in Ohio died from the excessive use of plug tobacco. Here is another fact for the cranks to grow fat upon.

A professional football player has joined the Cuban revolutionists. Unless the Spaniards can win over some greater attraction to their side their cause is lost.

The Oakland-San Francisco policemen's shooting contest came off a few days ago. Oakland was victorious but, unfortunately, there were no casualties on either side.

A foreign nobleman in Iowa, who puts in his leisure by mixing pills in a drugstore, claims to have discovered perpetual motion. So have we—a woman suffragist's tongue!

The Oakland Chief of Police is a sensitive man and does not like the word "cocktail." His opinions were probably expressed after a Saturday night promenade of the "route."

Stanford University is to be enriched by an interesting collection of queer fish collected by a missionary in Jamaica. Without specimens from our local ministry it will, however, remain incomplete.

Boston is at present engaged in a controversy as to whether animals have souls or not. Could they but hear a healthy California cat on a moonlit night they would not squabble over the question very long.

A negress in Springfield, Ohio, shot her husband during a dispute as to who was the head of the house. Seeing that even the New Woman is incapable of arguing logically, the method this colored lady resorted to was probably simpler and more effective than any we might recommend.

A young woman was arrested in Oakland for appearing on the streets in male attire. Why have the police not arrested the grisly women suffragists who have been on exhibition there for the last few weeks. We consider their exposure far more indecent than that of their younger and more feminine sister.

GOLD exportations are likely to begin again in a few days. If our so-called diplomats would put in their spare time devising schemes to save the country from financial and political disaster, instead of trying to engage it in foreign wars, we common people would be more than obliged to them.

Robbinson—What! You remember the dollar you borrowed of me yesterday? Your memory is phenomenal! Jones—Well, yours is only nominal if you have forgotten it.—Truth.

The finest cut flowers in the city are to be had of Charles M. Leopold, the well-known florist at 39 Post street. The choicest assortment of cut flowers can always be obtained at his establishment and also fine pot plants and ferns. Lilies for Easter Sunday a specialty.

The chimney has as much to do with the light as the lamp has. There is only one make of good lamp-chimneys; there are many of poor ones. Macheth is the good one, the only one advertised, the only one worth advertising.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

St. Denis

Broadway & 11th St.,
NEW YORK.
Opposite Grace Church
EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms \$1.00 per Day and Upwards.

In the most modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis. The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON.

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods
have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novelties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

BEST SUITS ON EARTH

Made to order at

\$15 and upwards.



J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery street, Room 6.
Formerly in Crocker Building.

J. R. SMITH & CO.,

230 BUSH ST., and Room 7, Rotunda,
Mills Building.

(W. HALL, Successor).

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Will make garments to order at great reduction for cash.

J. R. SMITH, Manager.

ERNST H. LUDWIG & CO.,

The Model
American
Caterers.

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PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

735 Market St.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.
PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Weak Men and Women Should use **DAMIANA BITTERS**, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

Perrier-Jouët & Co



EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St



Mr. Tanagerman Should Resign.

There is some talk just now of sending Mr. Tanagerman back to the Comstock and forcing him upon the miners as Superintendent of the Hale & Norcross Mine. It will be hoped that the Directors of the company will not be guilty of such an imprudent step, even supposing that Tanagerman himself were foolhardy enough to venture upon the attempt. That he is personally distasteful to the miners is evident, although so far no valid reason is assigned therefor, nor yet for conduct which in any other part of the world would be visited by exemplary punishment, without a chance to plead justification. No law abiding citizen of the United States can afford to sympathize with ruffianism of the kind, paraded as it was in broad daylight, to insult the majesty of the law and disturb the peace. But even such provocation will not justify the Directors of Hale & Norcross in any stubborn exhibition of temper, which will certainly provoke still further trouble by kindling the slumbering fires of vindictive antagonism which would, undoubtedly, culminate in bloodshed and the destruction of valuable property. Public sympathy is on the Company's side now, but this will speedily vanish in face of actions calculated to widen the breach and precipitate hostilities. It will be hoped that the Directors will not force the issue in this case, which they have an undeniable right to do should the cooler counsel not prevail on behalf of the public weal. The Superintendent should accept the situation quietly, and, by sending in his resignation, help his friends out of what has developed into a very awkward dilemma.

Comstock Mining Market.

Business continues very dull in the mining market on Pine street. Speculators do not materialize as expected, and good news from the mines falls upon very flat ears. This applies to all the Comstock mines without exception. On the Brunswick the Occidental is beginning to loom up again in interest as the time narrows down for the drift on the 750-level to penetrate the region where ore is expected. After the change was made in the method of supplying air, more expedition has been made in pushing work, and the indications are already favorable that success will attend the search for ore in this direction. Some transfers of Norcross stock have been made recently, although the mine continues closed down, prices ruling steady at about the figure quoted when the change of control took place. The Belcher assessment is now delinquent, and Con. Cal.-Virginia will follow. Assessments have been levied upon Caledonia, Crown Point and Occidental. The last named company only called for ten cents per share, as the management hope to be in ore by the time this sum is expended, and in a position to keep the property self-supporting.

Want Control of Bulwer.

A new clique, headed by a New Yorker, has come out with a declaration that they propose to contest the control of the Bulwer Mine at the coming election. The Bulwer is a property that has always been well managed, and the shareholders have fared as well under the present régime, as they are likely to do under any other, no matter how well disposed its members may be. The ground has been prospected for what it is worth, and the expenditures have been on an economical scale. No adverse criticism has ever been made of the Directors' actions, and the stories which are now retailed for election purposes are only worth what they bring with the people who listen to them. As it stands to-day, outside of the New York representation, which will amount to some 26,000 shares, it is not likely that the outside clique will succeed in gaining a victory, although they already claim one.

The Rawhide Bonanza.

Another rich strike was reported during the week on the 900-level of the Rawhide Mine, of Tuolumne County. Some extraordinary tales are being told of the high grade of ore in the new find, but, without an efficient corroboration of the statement, it might seem incredible and made for the purpose of helping somebody. The more

depth is attained in the wonderful property, the more valuable it becomes, a fact which will make it one of the best possible advertisements for California's resources in the matter of gold mines. Not a few attempts have been made from time to time to throw cold water on this enterprise, but all to no purpose. It is impossible to down a property with the ore piling up from one end of it to the other. There never was a mine worth talking about yet that did not have its enemies, but a paying property is a proposition that can always hold its own against long odds in the way of "chin music." The Rawhide is a stayer, and the fact will, in time, become patent to the folks who are not afraid to say too much in its favor, "just for the sake of criticism, you know."

The Gold Mine Exchange.

On Monday the formal inauguration of the Gold Mine Exchange will take place, and invitations have been issued to the public to attend. A number of prominent men will address the meeting on topics suitable to the occasion. The Exchange has accomplished wonders already during its short career, and the seats have already advanced considerably in value. Applications for membership have been pouring in from all quarters, but so far the Exchange is inclined to keep the bars up. A number of available properties have been listed and their shares are called daily. The active members exhibit much enthusiasm, and the morning session is lively at times. The Exchange shows every indication of branching out into considerable proportions before long.

The Compact Still Unsigned.

The Fire Insurance men are still a long way from settling their difficulties, and the trip to Del Monte amounted to little outside of the outing it afforded the members who went down. Of course, it is readily understood that, owing to business jealousy, it is almost impossible to harmonize interests so many and so varied. The big companies, in making concessions to the smaller firms, naturally believe that they are throwing money away in a case of misplaced charity. And so it goes on, with the result that every compact suggested is advanced to the ragged edge, just failing of signature by the number of names necessary to make it binding. Taking everything into consideration the companies have done fairly well without a compact. To many the rupture must have been hailed as a relief, affording an excuse for the discharge of supernumeraries, who had grown to be an expensive luxury. Still, there are some who live in hope that another Union will be formed, which will cement the fraternity together again in the bonds of good fellowship.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

The bloom has worn off the speculation in Gas and Electric Lights of late, owing to the way in which the proposed arrangement between the companies hangs fire. For a time the fever ran high among dealers, but betting on the result becomes monotonous when the agony is too long drawn out. Dividends were paid during the week by the Napa Quicksilver Mining Company, aggregating \$10,000. The Pacific Lighting Company will pay a dividend of thirty cents per share on the 6th, and the Market Street Railway Company a quarterly dividend of sixty cents per share on the 10th. Among other dividends declared are the Western Union, 1 1/2 per cent., payable on the 15th, and the Postal Telegraph, a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. on the 15th. The Commercial Cable has just paid the usual quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent. on the 1st.

The Alina Scheme Killed.

News from London is most assuring as to the effect of the NEWS LETTER's exposure of the scheme to float a tract of unimproved land in Central California, at a monstrous figure. Under the name of the Alina Colony the scheme blossomed forth in London, with the chances good for one or two of the adventurers to clean up a fortune, when the truth leaked out and put a damper on the prospects for a haul of coin from gudgeons on the other side of the Atlantic. So may all schemes of the kind perish in their infancy.

A Healthy Business Showing.

The improvement in local trade keeps up, slow but sure, and unless some radical change takes place later on to counterbalance the advance already made, the financial returns for the year from commercial dealings ought to be a long way ahead of last year.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE report that Mattie Overman and Mrs. Tunnell are to go on the stage cheers the spirit, which has been depressed by recent events. Could Brother Brown be induced to join them, and a drama entitled "The Christian Martyrs" be presented (the performance to open with prayer, of course), much good might be accomplished in the direction of rousing sinners to the folly of remaining out of the church. Why the worldly will persist in incurring the peril of brimstone by doing their sinning on the outside when they can go into the fold and have as much fun, with the assurance of salvation thrown in, is one of the many saddening mysteries of the carnal heart.

THE CHARGE—The Examiner made a blackmailing contract with the Southern Pacific to let it alone for \$30,000.

THE ANSWER—Your hair has fallen out, your clothes don't fit you, and in the Examiner's opinion, you should excite laughter.

THE RESPONSE—The Examiner took a bribe of \$30,000.

THE REJOINDER—You certainly are quite bald, and the cut of your clothes is absurd.

THE City Hall has at last had its baptism of blood. The remarkable edifice can now be pointed to with just pride by every San Franciscan as a place where not only corruption holds daily court but where murder has even deigned to linger. If Mr. Sutro will only advertise the building a little more he could make a pretty penny by escorting parties through its gloomy corridors and showing them the little dens where Justice sits blindfolded but with an extra number of itching bands.

THE prudent busband in California, when he sees the eyes of the wife of his bosom turning green, will search her for a gun—unless he be a Congregationalist. In that case, if he chokes her in time, a Church Council may be depended upon to excommunicate her for embarrassing a brother by telling what she knows. In all other cases she will be cheered as she leaves the court room acquitted of the charge of murder.

DOCTOR Brown will not resign,
And the fellows think it shocking;
But the women keep on flocking
To his clean communion board.
And he deals out bread and wine,
'Midst their snickering and grinning,
For the darlings know that sinning
Is beloved of the Lord.

CHIEF Crowley is in possession of a police gentleman whose nerves are in a very unstrung condition and who was granted a quiet beat on account of them. The CRIER suggests that camp stools be left at each street corner so that each Hibernian Adonis be able to rest his tribbles at stated intervals and eat his fruit with some slight degree of comfort.

HAD Judge Campbell been as plentifully endowed with brains as he is with hair, he might not to-day occupy so elevated a position as that of a popular police judge. The CRIER suggests, however, that his Honor cultivate the latter at the expense of the former, assuring him that the loss of the regard of "de push" will be amply compensated for by that of respectable citizens.

IT is to be hoped the police will keep a look-out for John Turner, the English anarchist, who will arrive in San Francisco in a few days. These men should be given five hours' notice to quit, and then made to clean streets if still found in the city.

A BUCKLEYITE has the peculiarity of not knowing when he is well off. Instead of raising a row because he has been fired out of the Democratic party, he should go on his knees and thank God he is not in jail.

THE CRIER is afraid that even the prayers of so boly a man as Deacon Dexter, on behalf of Dr. C. Overman Brown, will avail little with the Lord. Hypocrisy is almost as bad as perjury and adul—ation, Deacon.

AS it is useless to depend upon our police, let us come to some understanding with the thieves and see if by pensioning them we cannot buy immunity from their operations. It would be no stranger to trust to the honor of thieves than it is to the capacity of policemen. The pensions might be paid from the moneys we now expend upon those useless gentlemen.

MRS. FOLTZ predicts a grand victory for the Woman Suffrage movement in California. The CRIER has respect bordering on veneration for this lady liminary's legal learning but thinks that the statement will ultimately cause a large falling off in the number of her clients. It is safer to hedge on this proposition, Clara; it is safer to hedge.

THE new members of the First Congregational Church are all strangers to this city. What is the matter with opening it as a dime museum under the special patronage of the Deity? That should attract numerous Eastern visitors, and the reverend whitewashed sinner might prove of some service after all.

OUR contemporary, the Call, alludes to the ladies who attended the anniversary festivities of the Lincoln Relief Corps as "Gray, scarred veterans and blushing buds of maiden loveliness." A female contingent will doubtless waylay Mr. Shortridge on his way home if such statements continue.

IF you see a man with his hat on the back of his head, his hair standing on end, his eyes wide open and protruding, his jaws extended, and a roof-lifting roar coming from his throat, you may know that that is a California Republican booming for McKinley and a tariff that will close the Golden Gate.

THE Republicans are awaiting impatiently the return of Dan Burns to the city. Men of great ability are needed in local politics to-day and although Martin Kelly's record is a powerful help, still it must be allowed that in point of prestige a mine is far superior to an old fire engine.

THE Examiner bubble is burst—
The Chronicle cleft it in twain.
Small wonder that Hearst
Grew frantic and cursed,
For no one can use him again!

THE city's cash was counted by Mayor Sutro, Auditor Broderick and Judge Sanderson a few days ago and resulted in a shortage of just four cents. Be careful, gentlemen, the Cathode Ray has come to stay!

THE light observed a few nights ago in the basement of the First Congregational Church has been attributed to the Devil, who has taken up his quarters there so as to be near his whitewashed favorite.

A PARSON with a bad record seems to be a drawing card nowadays. Elders and deacons will doubtless strive to secure whitewashed brethren as a means of bringing in dollars to the offertory.

POLICEMAN Brown was nearly shot to death by a young lady last Saturday morning. He should change his name until the First Congregational Church scandal is forgotten.

MR. ERWIN gave an interesting lecture upon "The Wonders of California," a few nights ago. He forgot, however, to make any remarks about the Congregationalists.

LAST Sunday's Examiner contains not one single indecent picture of women. Since that \$1000 subsidy was cut off expenses have had to be reduced considerably.

THE Rev. C. Overman Brown, should he lose his pastoral job, will be able to apply for a position on the daily papers. His letters are causing much comment.

THE ladies are taking to shooting again. As it was only a politician this time, the obivarious acquittal will come sooner than usual, and there will be no kick.

RABBI Voorsanger lectured on "Man and his Master" at the Temple a few nights ago. The CRIER supposes he alluded to a man's wife.

WE should like to know what the Reverend Mr. Colburn is going to do about that little matter?



A Book of Bismarck is to-day, and has been all his life,
the Great Barbarian of Europe. We have
Week.* to go back to the early and the middle ages
to find his equal, for modern history shows

no figure who can be compared with this prince of blood and iron. There is something of the savage grandeur of Attila in this Great Barbarian's life, while it is not without much of the ruthless force of Cromwell. In spite of his temporary fall from greatness to mere garrulity, yet Bismarck's public character has not, and never can be, effaced. Although he is to-day politically blotted out, yet he remains the one Great Barbarian of Europe, and as we read this book, "Bismarck's Table Talk," we find in him the Middle Ages, and their ruthless methods, revived with all their force and character. We see in his very frankness much of the hold character of the harons, and we discover that he has succeeded, in face of the march of political equality and social reform, to hold to his Middle Ages views with splendid effrontery. M. Camille Doucet said to Napoleon III. that "Bismarck had a genius for conveying false impressions by telling the naked truth," and that "his frankness was like the inky fluid which the cuttlefish at Biarritz threw around it—the more truthful he was the less one could see him." And this characteristic marked Bismarck through all his active career. Mr. Lowe compares him to Frederick the Great, to Chatham, to King Alfred, and the book is one of praise for the greater part. He does not, indeed, attempt to conceal the brutal ruggedness of much of Bismarck's private and public life; and he shows us that he possesses much of the coarseness of Walpole as well as all the patriotism of Pitt. But Bismarck was more of the conqueror than of the politician, for his methods have been rough-and-ready, direct and fanciful. He had a preference for the *coup de main* rather than the compromise. Utter unscrupulousness, entire want of principle, a fondness for desperate chances, a bulldog tenacity of purpose, a contempt for all nationalities but the German, a perfectly Pagan joy in successful struggle, a Norseman's propensity for feeding—these are some of the characteristics of the man who made Germany supreme in military affairs in Europe, and all of which Mr. Lowe brings out with historic clearness.

Bismarck is not, and never has been, a student, and his temporary patronage of the press proved that he had no taste for letters. His private domestic life has been free from scandal, and a certain decorous respect for the machinery of religion has to be noticed; but religious notion has been rigidly excluded from all competition with political design. To carry out these designs regardless of consequences to other nations, Bismarck has devoted his life, and if the end came to-morrow it would come much as the end came for Bothwell in "Old Mortality," believing nothing, fearing nothing, hoping nothing, and regretting nothing. There is something awesome in his character, as drawn by Mr. Lowe, and it is shown to be out of keeping with these days of religion, introspection, philosophizing, and *finesse*. But the most interesting part of this Great Barbarian's career was the part he played in bringing about the Franco-German war, and we find a deep-seated determination on his part to try conclusions with France just as soon as he felt that Germany was strong enough to undertake the task. As early as 1866 he offended the French Ambassador by keeping him waiting for hours while he was merely talking with a Hessian deputy, and when reminded of what he had done he said: "Napoleon may do his worst, now that we know how strong we are." And it was Bismarck, and Bismarck alone, as this book abundantly proves, that forced that war to an issue, for he here admits that he altered a telegram that had been signed by the King, and which would have made a peaceful settlement of the question, probable. In fact, Bismarck admitted that he "erased the sentences referring to the French Ambassador's request for another audience," and he did this in the presence of Von Moltke and Von Roon, both of whom said "splendid." Thus he precipi-

tated the great conflict by an act of forgery, and whatever good or evil befalls the German people owing to that conflict the result may be laid to the credit of this Modern Barbarian. Indeed he, in one instance, admitted that he was half a hully when he confessed that he conducted the Berlin Conference "sometimes like a gentleman and sometimes like a Sergeant-Major." But this book proves that Bismarck's mental attitude was very generally more that of the Sergeant-Major than that of the gentleman. He believed in force, and his very presence, big, powerful, austere, carried out the idea of the policy he desired. No uniform ever became him so well as that of the cuirass, that relic of a dead past, as much out of place on the soldier of to-day as would be the surcoat or jupon of former times. In fact, anything and everything that induces us to see the iron hand, without the velvet glove, may well remind us of Bismarck. And this book, so far as we can judge, appears to hold the balance of his character with an even hand. The writer places this Modern Savage before us with grim, yet very often kindly characteristics, in the ascendant. He shows Bismarck to be a survival of the unfittest, a relic of the days when force and fraud were the powers that sustained thrones, just as he used forgery and force in the Franco-German war to accomplish his ends. And while his public career stands forth as a monumental barbarism in its greater parts, yet his private life is something to which moralists can point with less danger of being mistaken than they are likely to be in speaking of men in general. There is an impartial ring about this book that commends it to our judgment, and after reading it we could not but come to the conclusion that among the great ones of the world Bismarck alone stands as the one link between a half barbarous past and the civilization of the day.

* "Bismarck's Table Talk," by Charles Lowe.

"The Hidden Chain," by Rosa Russell, and published by Rand, McNally & Co., is a novel of the emotions. A handsome and brainy girl of the English middle classes meets the son and heir of an Earl, and they promptly fall in love with each other. He asks no questions as to her past, and she volunteers no statement. She at first refuses to marry him clandestinely, but at last, owing to various incidents and circumstances, she consents on condition that the marriage is kept a secret. He agrees, and they are married privately. But this girl "had a past." She had been married when only sixteen, and shortly afterwards she had parted with her husband "forever." They could not agree. He was said to be "cold" and "tyrannical." Then her secret leaks out, and there are scenes with the young lord, a separation, her kidnapping by her husband, her escape, the birth of a child to the young lord, and her death. The heroine of the story has too much individuality for an English girl. She is more American than English in her self-reliance and independence. The book is good enough in its way, and the moral to be gathered from it is: Do not give way to the emotions. They will lead you into trouble if you do.

There is to-day a depressing absence of American fiction. Our magazines are second to none in the world, and yet there is only one American serial running in our monthlies of the present hour. But it appears to us that this dearth of American fiction must soon end, for the supply is not equal to the demand. No American publisher brings out English authors because he personally prefers them to Americans, but solely because he cannot find American writers of the same commercial value. This fact is not flattering to us as a people, but the success of Mr. Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" leads us to hope that the American writers will now see their opportunity, and the occasion will produce the men.

The sixth volume of "The National Encyclopedia of American Biography" has just been issued by the publishers, James T. White & Co., New York. This is the most complete biographical cyclopedia ever issued in this country and will be found of great value to students, professional and business men alike.

The best criticism we have yet seen, in a few words, of Rider Haggard, was recently given by Richard Henry Stoddard, when he referred to the author of "Jess" as a "literary artisan and not a literary artist."

Current Literature for April is filled as usual, with the best things of interest in the literature of the day. Among the special articles of this number are: De Fournier's Escape, a dramatic reading from Joseph Hatton's new story, "When Greece meets Greece;" an interesting study of Duse, the Italian actress; Emperor Napoleon's Papers, a thrilling tale by A. Conan Doyle; "Gabriel Foot, Highwayman," by Q., author of "Wandering Heathen;" "The Roentgen Radiance," by W. F. Magic; "The Song of Songs," by Wm. Marion Ready. Besides these special features are twenty prose departments covering every range of human thought and effort. To all who are not acquainted with this remarkable magazine we express our desire to have them by personal examination corroborate our praise.

In short fiction the April number of Scribner's presents two of the most popular American writers to its readers. Richard Harding Davis contributes a new Van Bihher story entitled "Cinderella," which is in his brightest vein; and Joel Chandler Harris writes a story of the siege of Atlanta entitled "A Baby in the Siege," which is dramatic and full of quaint character. The other articles in this popular magazine are all up to their usual high standard.

Politicians will look forward with some interest to "The Primary School," a book which promises to expose the methods by which "primaries" are manipulated and controlled and bossism made triumphant. The author is Colonel E. Hofer, formerly of Iowa but now a resident on this Coast, and if the author does all the publishers' notice promises, he will lend some aid to the efforts now being made to root out corruption in politics.

The enormous circulation of such a magazine as The Ladies' Home Journal can, in a sense, be understood when it is said that during the last six months of 1895 there were printed, sold and circulated over four million copies—in exact figures 4,058,891. Figures such as these give one some idea of the influence which may be exerted by even a single one of the modern magazines.

The April Forum contains, besides much other interesting matter, articles entitled the Fables of the New Woman; The Cathode Ray, Its Character and Effects; Francis Joseph and his Realm; and Glimmerings of a Future Life. The number is one of the best yet received.

We are indebted to Mr. M. Bahcock, Superintendent of Common Schools, for the Annual School Report for 1895. The volume contains much interesting information and the statistics speak well for the teachers of the city and the willingness of the scholars under them.

The important announcement is made in Paris that Victor Hugo's letters will be published in the spring or summer. The translation has already been arranged for by a London house, with the American rights.

Howbs—There's been another great loss of life in Cuba. Dobbs—How many killed? Hobbs—Over a hundred. Dobbs—You don't mean it! Spaniards or rebels? Hobbs—About an equal thing I guess. All of them were captured deserters.—Truth.

THE inauguration of the Gold Mining Exchange of San Francisco will be held at its rooms in the rotunda of the Mills Building next Monday, at 11 A. M. A large attendance of members and guests is expected, and many prominent gentlemen will speak.

Throughout the past week a large crowd has been attracted to the show window of S. & G. Gump's store, at 113 Geary street, to look at some oil paintings on exhibition there. These masterpieces were secured by Mr. Gump during his recent visit to Europe, and may be considered some of the very best work ever brought to this coast. The remainder of the paintings recently released from the Customs House are now on exhibition in the gallery, and those who admire the best in art will be well repaid by passing an hour there.

One of the latest innovations in the Lurline Baths, situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, is the famous Russian Bath, which includes the celebrated "Needle" Shower. This bath has been endorsed by leading physicians the world over and will be found to be very invigorating. The price is only fifty cents, which includes a swim in the tank afterwards. If you have not tried it yet you have missed something.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Crown Point Gold & Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location works—Gold Hill, Store County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2d day of April, 1896, an assessment, No. 67, of Twenty cents (20c.) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 35 and 36, third floor, Mills building, corner Bush and Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

6th DAY OF MAY, 1896,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 26th day of May, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Rooms 35 and 36, third floor Mills building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment.....	No. 22
Amount per Share.....	10 cents
Levied.....	April 2, 1896
Delinquent in Office.....	May 6, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	May 28, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 78
Amount per Share.....	15 cents
Levied.....	March 25, 1896
Delinquent in office.....	April 28, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock.....	May 20, 1896

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.



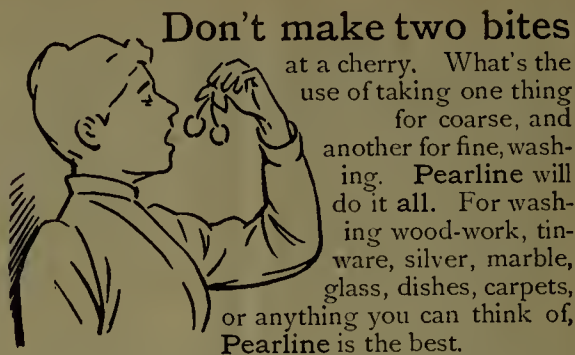
CHEVALIER! Chevalier! and no one but Chevalier! If New York went mad over Yvette Guilbert it has gone doubly so, stark, staring mad over the only Albert, who made his first bow to a New York audience at Koster & Bial's on Monday night. His success was instantaneous, and he frankly says that he has never had such a welcome as he received from the Gothamites. He was intensely nervous, and was only half cheered up when McConnell, the big stage manager, patted him on the back and said: "Don't worry, old mau; there are ten thousand men in front who went to school with you!" and surely the subsequent enthusiasm warranted his speech. But New York has not had the best of Chevalier yet. He has sung "The Old Kent Road," (in both English and French), "My Old Dutch," which is truly pathetic, "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," and "The Little Nipper," but New York has not yet had from him his first *succès d'estime*, "The Coster's Serenade," or "The Nasty Way 'e Says It," or "A Nice Man, Too," or a half dozen other "winners." It may interest you to know who Chevalier is. Sam Sothern was my informant. He is a warm friend and hearty admirer of the singer. Sothern says that Chevalier was a most excellent actor, who had made many a hit in the provinces, but whom fate seemed to have barred out of London, for although he never wanted an engagement, a London engagement seemed always to slip from his grasp. He finally resolved that he would never walk the boards again unless he trod them in the great city. Holding to this resolution he encountered many bad days, and the wolf at last looked in at the door. His songs had been always a great diversion to him and to his friends, and finally when poverty became too oppressive he was persuaded to try his luck with the music halls. With many misgivings he presented himself, and to his astonishment became at once, as he has ever since remained, the idol of London.

Mrs. James Moffitt and her daughters, of Oakland, are in Dresden. W. H. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carpenter, and Mr. and Mrs. Ollister are in Paris. Colonel George E. Raum is covering himself with glory in Egypt. He has discovered only fifteen feet below the surface the cap adorned with columns and twisted serpents, which is supposed to have adorned the head of the sphinx. It was found between the forepaws of the ancient sculpture. The Khedive's Government is giving Colonel Raum enthusiastic aid and protection in his work of excavation, but the financial part of the work is solely the care of the American engineer.

Mrs. Boyson is still at the Hotel Girard, and is uncertain about the time of her departure for the West. With Colouel and Mrs. Henry Savage, Mrs. Boyson was the guest at dinner of Mrs. Weyler (*née* Julia Ortiz), who after three or four years in Paris is now living in New York in one of the Central Park apartment houses.

The continuous performance houses have been very suggestive of California lately, two of their stars being Lily Post and Flora Finlayson. Miss Finlayson has entirely recovered from the illness which caused the severance of her engagement with the Bostonians, and is, I understand, to join them again very shortly.

Madame d'Hardelet, the friend and companion of the superb Madame Calvé, has remained in New York during the absence of the opera company, and has been the recipient of pronounced attention in the way of teas, receptions, dinners, and other agreeable functions. Have many of her songs reached San Francisco? They are quaint, thoroughly original



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and beautiful, and are almost as much a craze here as is their delightful composer.

Mrs. Harry Gillig, disgusted with the eccentricities of the New York barometer, takes wings to herself and hies to Paris to-morrow for a six weeks' absence. Her cousin, Miss Bender, accompanies her. Mrs. Crocker is still at Lakewood. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lake have moved into town, having found the country cold and unendurable, and are keeping house in an apartment up town. They both think that four years (very nearly) of country life are more than enough of rural enchantment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Belvin are at the Gerlach. I have never seen Mrs. Belvin look as pretty as she does this winter. She is more than ever strikingly handsome. George D. Roberts is in London at the Hotel Metropole, and will return to New York in May or June. Mrs. de Young left a few days ago for San Francisco, after being entertained as far as time permitted during her limited stay by numerous New York friends.

J. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Outhwaite, and Miss Chamosern are registered in Paris.

New York, March 26, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

Ask your doctor

He will tell you that **Scott's Emulsion** has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. You should insist on Scott's Emulsion, with trade mark of man and fish. Put up in 50-cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.



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DEAR EDITH: After the rain the sunshine, and after sackcloth and ashes the splendor of our Easter gowns! The stores are just full of things pretty enough to make one's mouth water, and the colors are enough to make Nature jealous with envy. Green, of course, is the favorite color, and one sees lovely creations in that hue, from ball dresses to bath gowns. There is one bath gown on exhibit which is the daintiest thing I have ever seen. It is made of some lovely pale green flannel, lined with white silk, and has a profusion of delicate pale green bows down the front and a sash of wide ribbon. The neck and sleeves are covered with Mechlin lace. A dainty pair of slippers of light green satin, lined with lamb's wool, goes with the garment, and altogether it is just too lovely for anything.

The other colors so much in vogue during winter—browns, grays, yellows, and rose tints—still hold their place in many people's hearts. There is a species of yellow just appearing here which resembles the ribbon used on cigars, and is just the thing for a dark brunette. I saw a gown made up of it, with a lot of old point lace, at a reception the other evening, and the wearer looked like a princess.

Some of the gowns worn by the girls at Confirmation are very dainty, but I notice that they are usually too much ornamented to be appropriate for the occasion. A delicate muslin, with white satin bows and a little lace, is in style, and any other decoration is only ostentatious display.

I always stop to look at the little Catholic girls trooping along to their first Communion service, arrayed in their white gowns and flower garlands. Dear me, how beautiful it would be could we always remain as young and as innocent!

Blouses made of all sorts of silk and cotton ginghams, cotton zephyrs, grass linens, batiste, cheviot, percale, and lawn, will enjoy great popularity this season. In silk goods I see checks in green and white, blue and white, brown and white, and also a pretty mixture of heliotrope and white. White and black striped goods are much used when worn with a skirt of black silk or black crepon. The four-in-hand tie worn with such a blouse is made of batiste that should always match the dot upon the shirt material. All these blouses have high turned-over collars of the plain wood batiste, and cuffs to match. The cuffs should be deep, straight, and so made that they close best with links. On such blouses a black skirt, with a black ribbon belt having long ends in the back, is considered rather more harmonious than would be one of silk belting or of leather or gilt. On the bodices the belt and collar alike are silk, satin or velvet ribbon.

Styles in buttons are varying considerably of late. This season tiny gilt, jet, pearl, or steel ones obtain. The large variety were very ugly, and we shall all be glad to see them go. Blouses of batiste are best trimmed with three rows of gilt or pearl buttons down the middle plait, while on silk ones they may trim not only the front, but the stock and cuffs. You can use your own judgment in trimming with ribbons, only being careful to match the colors, and not to use any very pronounced colors. There are some lovely velvet ribbons just arrived from Paris which will doubtless meet with much favor.

Even gloves and handkerchiefs are subject to change this season. For instance, I saw a beautiful box of dark green gloves with a white stitching, and also a number of the same color finished with black buttons and black stitching. A four-buttoned tan *cheviote* is a neat thing for forenoon wear. It is also made with two large spring clasps for driving or cycling. For evening wear the ten and twelve buttoned black suede share favor with the same length in tan, finished with white stitching and points.

As for shoes, they are gradually losing their points again. Buttons are much in favor, and gaiters should always be worn with street ties if you want to be perfectly dressed.

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FANCY STRAW BRAIDS.

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Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
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Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

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Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

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Tenison Deane, M. D. Tel., East-33. Residence 1003 Sutter. Office, City of Paris Building, No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.



"Why don't you reform?" asked the kind lady. "There ain't a man on earth more willin' to lead a decent life 'n me," said Wayworn Watson, earnestly, "but everybody 'at tries to reform me insists on me beginnin' by goin' to work."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They were looking over the prize fighter and enumerating his good points. "How's his wind?" asked the visitor at last. "Excellent," replied his manager. "He can out-talk a phonograph."—Chicago Post.

Husband—Really, I didn't notice the dresses—Mrs. Brown, though, wore her gown en traine. WIFE—It's a wonder you noticed that much. HUSBAND—Couldn't help it—I stepped on it.—Chicago Record.

Father—Here is a check, but make a good use of it. A fool and his money are soon parted, you know. SON—And therefore you would have me follow your example. I shall endeavor to do so, sir.—Boston Transcript.

He—That was a queer freak of Price's—marrying a woman twice his age. I wonder how it came about? SHE—Naturally enough. He was without money and she was without Price.—Judge.

Josiah—Gee whiz! That was a merry fire last night. MARIA—How so, pa? JOSIAH—The papers say the firemen played until morning, while the flames danced till after midnight.—Jury.

"Browne is a most considerate fellow." "Why do you think so?" "He can play the fiddle." "Can he?" "I never heard him." "That's just it; nobody else ever did!"—Holderness Times.

Hoax—I understand you ran away to sea when you were a boy? JOAX—No! I started to; but my father caught me, and I went on a whaling expedition with him!—Chester Penn, Democrat.

"You say he is a remarkable man?" "Very." "In what way?" "He's the only scientist in the country who has not made an important discovery relative to X rays."—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Nix—I hope you are not afraid of work. WEARY WILLIE (uneasily)—I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feel fidgety when dere's anything like dat around.—Truth.

"Have you and George had a quarrel, Clara?" "No, indeed. It is getting too near my birthday for me to quarrel with George, dear fellow."—Odds and Ends.

"Do you believe in hypnotism?" "Well, I can't say positively. But if there is nothing in it, I can't explain why a large number of marriages occur."—Truth.

Thuggers—Say! I want a drink, and I want it bad! See? BARKEEPER (shoving out the five cent whiskey)—Warl, is dat had enough for yez?—Truth.

"Didn't the doctor tell Drinkum to take only a thimble-full of whiskey?" "Yes; but Drinkum had a thimble made to order."—Boston Traveller.

Unique—She is the most original woman I ever knew. "How is that?" "When she hasn't anything to say, she doesn't talk."—Life.

"I wonder if it would be possible to revive eighteenth century fiction?" "Well, it's pretty low."—Detroit Tribune.

Whether France is ready for a Bourbon or not, the average man is always ready for a good glass of whiskey. The best brand to be had in this city of the Kentucky Bourbons is the "Argonaut" which is known to all connoisseurs as the very thing. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St., supply our largest houses with this delectable liquid.

The very finest things in linen and clothing goods at John Carmany's, the prince of furnishers, 25 Kearny street.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

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BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....\$3,158,129 70

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

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Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

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The World, The Flesh and the Devil.

MUSICAL composers, as a rule, have attained to a good old age. The late Ambroise Thomas was eighty-five when he died. Verdi has passed his eighty-second year. Other musicians attained the following ages: Auber, eighty-nine; Haydn, seventy-seven; Rossini, seventy-seven; Gounod, seventy-five; Meyerbeer and Wagner, seventy; Halévy, sixty-two; Boieldieu, fifty-nine; Beethoven, fifty-seven; and Mozart, fifty. It would seem from these examples that the average life of famous composers is long.

—An English phrenologist examined the head of the German Emperor and pronounced it to be that of a medium man of the military type such as can be found by the score in the army. The bumps of self-love and combativeness are abnormally developed. He will never let himself be stopped by an obstacle. There is no power on earth that could exercise the least pressure upon him. His self-love is so great that he might proclaim himself infallible, and be perfectly sincere in so doing.

—Verestchagin, the Russian artist, has a glass studio in his home near Paris which revolves on wheels. The movement is effected by means of a windlass conveniently placed beside the artist's easel, and by this ingenious contrivance he is enabled to paint the whole day with the sunlight falling in one direction on models and drapery.

—The Queen of Madagascar is said to be an open-hearted and charming woman. She is extremely fond of dress, and longs to visit Paris. She can never hear enough about the shops and theatres and the Elysée balls. One of her chief desires is to be able to choose for herself several complete toilets at the Bon Marché.

—Mr. Gladstone is a very early riser, but only by sheer force of will, as he is fond of loitering in bed. He is also fond of afternoon tea and a game of the old-fashioned backgammon. He can sleep whenever and wherever he pleases.

—Paul Verlaine, the deceased poet, was also a passable artist. M. Félix Régamey, of Paris, possesses a number of Verlaine's drawings, and intends publishing a small volume of them. The work is mostly caricature.

—George Meredith ordinarily wears a cream-colored flannel shirt with soft collar, loose scarf of black and white, a corduroy coat of light mole color, rough knickerbockers and thick-soled, broad-toed boots.

—M. Marius, the famous French actor, who died recently in Africa, whither he had gone in search of health, was only forty-six years old. He had been on the boards for over thirty years.

—Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador to London, intends to retire from the diplomatic service, and will settle down at Nassau. The Count's health is very much undermined.

—Cecil Rhodes is so pronounced a bachelor that he will have only unmarried men on his staff. He once made the remark that "marriage is a more difficult game than politics."

—Harry Furniss, who has been employed on Conservative journals, is now filling the demands of the Liberal press, his work appearing in the London Daily News.

—The Congo was lately offered for sale to the British by the King of Belgium. The French had already refused it and the sale never came off.

—Prince Grabowsky, of Warsaw, is said to be the luckiest sportsman on the Russian turf. His winnings in 1895 amounted to over \$60,000.

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No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

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RONDEL.—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THESE many years since we began to be,
What have the gods done with us? What with me,
What with my love? They have shown me fates and fears,
Harsh springs, and fountains bitterer than the sea,
Grief a fixed star, and joy a vane that veers,
These many years.

With her, my love, with her have they done well?
But who shall answer for her? Who shall tell
Sweet thing or sad, such things as no man hears?
May no tears fall, if no tears ever fall,
From eyes more dear to me than starriest spheres
These many years.

But if tears ever touched, for any grief,
Those eyelids folded like a white-rose leaf,
Deep double shells where through the eye flower peers,
Let them weep once more only, sweet and brief,
Brief tears and bright, for one who gave her tears
These many years.

WAS IT FOR THIS?—BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Was it for this we met three years ago,
Took hands, spake low, sat side by side, and heard
The sleeping trees beneath us touched and stirred
By some mild twilight wind as soft as snow,
And with the sun's last kisses still aglow?
Was it for this the end was so deferred?
For this thy lips at length let through the word
That saved my soul, as all Love's angels know?
Was it for this, that sweet word being said,
We kissed and clung together in our bliss
And walked within Love's sunlight and Love's shade?
Was it for this, to dwell henceforth apart,
One housed with death, and one with beggared heart?
Nay, surely, love, it was for more than this.

THE DAY-DREAM.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing
Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest there lay a weight so warm
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form—
Thine, sweetheart, thine? Oh, joy, if thine it were!

DESTINY.—EOWIN ARNOLO.

Gone where there waiveth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each choosing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open, onward to eternal day.

SYMPATHY.—HAMILTON AIDE IN POEMS.

We are as harps that vibrate to a touch
From stranger hands, unconscious of the strings,
While the soul's slumbering echoes wake to life,
And through its halls responsive music rings.
Few are the Davids to these harps of ours!
Few learn the cunning of the instrument;
And those to whom the gift has been denied
Are oftenest those with whom our lives are spent.
But God's large gift of love is showered around,
Let us be thankful. Earth were too like heaven,
If, with the power of loving deep and long,
That other gift of sympathy were given.

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ALAMEDA CYCLING NOTES.

BEFORE long Alameda will be one of the principal cycling towns on the coast. The roads are the best in the country, the relay on April 12th will end there instead of in Oakland, and in the near future one of the fastest tracks in the world will be constructed for the wheelmen. At present everything is hustling in wheeling circles. The Diamonds and Alameda Cyclers are rushing around getting the roads in good shape for the coming relay, which will end at Grand street and Central avenue. Everything is being done to make the ending a big success. For at least one mile on Central Avenue—the last mile of the relay—the road is in perfect condition, and the riders will have lots of room at the finish, as preparations are being made especially for that purpose, to keep the crowd back. The quarters for the visiting wheelmen will be at the club rooms of the Diamond and Alameda Cyclers, and probably Harmony Hall will be engaged for the use of the riders of the Tenth Relay.

The Alameda Cyclers intend to put a good team in the relay and will make a showing which will probably surprise the other clubs.

The Diamonds have a membership of 78 members at present, but will be unable to put a team in the relay this year, as the boys do not think they could make a showing good enough for this particular event.

In the near future there will be a bicycle floral display which will be one of the largest ever witnessed on this coast. It is to be hoped that all the city clubs will attend and do all in their power to make this floral parade on wheels a success. Good prizes will evidently be offered for the best display for both tandem and single wheels; also for the lantern parade the same evening.

WE are opposed to the idea of Chinese as voters. Though born in this country, they are Chinamen at heart; they do not appreciate the nature of an oath; they are incapable of understanding our Western ideas, and only remain with us to get our dollars. They underbid white laborers and are a curse to the State generally. If granted a vote they will doubtless prove as corrupt in politics as they are in morals and their every day life.

A TERRIBLE BULLET.—The bullet of the Krag-Jorgeusen rifle has an initial velocity of 2,000 feet per second, and at a range varying from 400 to 1,500 yards, it pierces bone and flesh as cleanly as a bore goes through steel. Under 400 yards it has a terrible effect, tearing the flesh and bone open as if by an explosive bullet.

SOME EXPENSIVE METALS.—The metals least known are very often the most expensive. Gold is worth \$20 an ounce; gallium, which belongs to the tin group and is secured by the deposit in certain chemicals, is worth \$300 an ounce. Thorium, another little-known metal, is worth \$160 an ounce.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.—It is estimated that over 4,000,000 human beings have perished in the wars of the world since the opening of the Christian era. The standing armies of Europe cost the people over \$1,000,000,000 annually, Germany alone spending sometimes \$105,000,000 in a year upon her soldiers.

She—Poor fellow! Only one eye. How came you to lose the other? TRAMP—A-looking for work, mum.—Tid-Bits.

Only the very purest article is furnished by the California Milk Producers' Association. The headquarters of the Association are at 428 Turk street, and it will readily be understood why its milk and cream are so superior when it is stated that its grazing grounds consist of over 40,000 acres of the finest pasturage, and that its cows are regularly and thoroughly inspected by proficient dairymen. If you desire good milk take the advice of experts and deal with this Association.

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THE first of our summer zephyrs have been in evidence this week, and their strength and coldness inclined society folk to feel very thankful that teas and "afternoons" have not been considered the correct thing in the swim during the past ten days, and therefore they have been able to keep out of them and devote their time to the delightful occupation of getting up spring toilettes in which to appear to-morrow. But while the present week has been a most quiet one, it has not been quite devoid of events, as for instance on Monday last the new ballroom at the Schwabacher residence on Clay street was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, who listened with interest to Miss Ray Frank's very entertaining lecture on "Moses," and on Tuesday evening Lieutenant and Mrs. Bell gave a charming dinner at the Cliff House, complimentary to Mrs. Bompas, of Boston, at which the guests were all of the military persuasion.

This afternoon and evening the ladies of the Howard Presbyterian Church will hold a tea and sale at the residence of Mrs. William Somers, 1034 Mission street, where all kinds of Easter novelties will be in evidence in the way of fancy work, bric-a-brac, etc. In addition there will be a musical programme rendered and refreshments. Mrs. M. Ehrman and Miss Ehrman will be "at home" to-morrow afternoon and evening, for the purpose of saying adieu to their friends on the eve of their departure for a lengthened absence abroad.

The principal tea of recent date was given by Miss Henrietta Meyer on Thursday of last week, prior to her departure for Europe with her mother; and among recent gatherings was the rainbow luncheon which the Misses Hymen gave at the Richelieu last Friday, in honor of their guest, Miss Feldburg, of Helena, Montana, to meet whom fifteen other young ladies were invited. The same day Miss Anna Simon was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Sylvian Weill at the Palace Hotel. It was a very elaborate affair, the guests numbering eighteen ladies.

The penitential period of Lent now being a thing of the past, the probabilities are that the ensuing few weeks will be well filled with gay doings of one kind or another ere the summer hegira from town begins. The cotillion which Mrs. Darling intended to give at the Presidio next week, has been, for the present, postponed, but other pleasures are in store for those who love the dance, the chief one being the last assembly of the Friday Night Cotillion Club, which is named for the evening of the 17th at Odd Fellows' Hall; and the dance to be given in the Harmon Gymnasium at Berkeley, next Friday night, promises to have a large number of guests from this side of the bay. Mrs. W. Willis will give an elaborate "tea," at her California street residence, on the 11th, and Mrs. Hager's amateur theatrical entertainment is another of the good things which will enliven the Easter season of 1896. Charitable affairs will also be on the programme. Among those that are in course of preparation is the operetta of *Rival Queens*, which is to be produced in Alameda on the 17th for the purpose of raising funds to endow the "Alameda Bed" at the Childreu's Hospital. The entertainment which was given at the Occidental Hotel last year, for the benefit of the Training School for Nurses, was such a success another one will be given this spring, and the arrangements are well under way, under the direction of Mrs. George Powers. It will also be held at the Occidental towards the end of April, and will take the form of a musical tea, with recitations, etc., etc.

Among the April weddings are to be those of Miss Millie Siebe and Fred McWilliams, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, next Wednesday evening; and the same date is set for the nuptials of Miss Glenn and Prentiss Selby, of Oakland. Miss Alice Cullen and Dr. Louis Obiedo will be wedded at St. Mary's Cathedral on the morning of April 14th. The

marriage of Miss Alice Blake and John McAlpine will be solemnized at the home of the bride, on Geary street, about the middle of April; and the Church of the Advent in Oakland, is to be the scene of the Pope-Rossiter ceremony on the 23rd. The marriage of Samuel Wormser and Miss Wertbeim will take place in Pittsburg on the 11th, and, upon the arrival here of the young people, they will hold a reception at their future home, the Hirsch house, on California street.

Floral festivals are being beard of from all parts of the State, and, so numerous do they promise to be, it will go hard if our people are not able to take in at least one of them. Already quite a number are preparing for a trip to Santa Barbara for the three days' carnival there which will be first on the list, and parties are being made up for not only that, but the four days' festival at Los Angeles, also, which follows hard upon it. The ladies of Oakland are laboring hard for the success of their Floral Fête, and the indications are that the experience of last year will be turned to good account, and that the forthcoming one will, indeed, be a thing of beauty. San Francisco's display will consist of the Flower Show, to be held by the State Floral Society, at the Palace Hotel, which is named for the 30th of April, and the first two days of May.

Mrs. Burke Holladay, *nee* Clara Huntington, will receive on Fridays in April at the Holladay residence, on Clay street. Mrs. Sig. Kaufman, *nee* Wasserman, will be at home the first and second Wednesdays of the month, at 1728 Sutter street. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Simon, *nee* Greenebaum, will receive on Mondays at the Palace Hotel, where they arrived last week from their bridal trip, where also arrived last Saturday Dr. and Mrs. Clifton Cushing, from their visit East.

Departures Eastward and to Europe are becoming quite numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Roth and their daughters left last Sunday for a year's tour in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss May Dillon were among the European bound who left here last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Gilson sailed from New York for France on Tuesday.

The managers of the Womans' Exchange will give an "Inaugural Tea" in the Exchange rooms, 26 Post street, on Thursday, April 9th, for the purpose of introducing the regular afternoon Tea, to be served every day thereafter, between the hours of three and five o'clock. The general public are invited to participate.

Miss Susan B. Anthony and her party of suffragists have had little cause for complaint in their reception in San Francisco, for it has been most warm and hospitable. One of the most charming of the gatherings in their honor was held at the residence of Judge and Mrs. D. J. Murphy last Friday evening, and not a day or evening has passed during their stay but that one or more entertainments have been given for them.

The disappointment occasioned by the collapse of the promised cotillion at Eastertide by Mrs. Darling has been great to the young folk, but in a measure is compensated for by the hop to be given at the Presidio in Easter week. The soldier boys are always sure of a large gathering of pretty buds and charming matrons to grace their hop room, for no more popular function is known in society than the hops at the post.

The Mizpah Charity Club, through the generosity of Major Hooper, will receive their friends at the Occidental Hotel Saturday evening, April 11th, from 8 to 11 o'clock. A musical and literary programme will be the feature of the evening, with promenade music interspersed between the numbers by the Columbian Stringed Quartette. Tickets fifty cents, procurable at the door.

News comes from London that Colonel William Shaw, of the Cortez Mine, has just arrived in London after a pleasant voyage.

Miss Carrie Callahan left last Tuesday for the various art centers of Europe.

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EASTER OMELETTES.

JEREMIAH LYNCH—Thou art so near, and yet so far.

CAPTAIN HEALY—Misfortunes will never come singly, it seems—but this time they were double!

JOHN P. IRISH—Politics needs no necktie, but, occasionally, I believe a collar must come in handy, somehow.

DICK TUBIN—Just you wait till my batch of English peers' sons arrive at Burlingame this summer! *Then* you'll see!

WALTER HOBART—I've bought up all the rice in the State, at Hannah's request, but it's funny how she entirely forgot the old shoes!

MRS. STOCKTON—Humph! what do I care! Me and Sarah B.'s friends! What I say is, let her who's without sin cast the first stone at me!

MISS OVERMAN—I'm learning those beautiful lines which contain that verse, "In maiden meditation, fancy free." It suits my style exactly.

MAYOR SUTRO—How I would like to see San Francisco an empire, then we should have no Creswell—no Buckley!—only we should have the earth!

SARAH B. COOPER—Before I permit myself to be divinely translated, I'm going to see that church immorals and orthodoxy are straightened completely!

IRVING M. SCOTT—Yes, I have just subscribed to the War Cry for one year. I believe in encouraging military and naval literature. Business is business.

JUDGE CAMPBELL—Sometimes, after I have been reading the daily papers about myself, I wake up at midnight and marvel that King Solomon was ever allowed to sit in the judgment seat!

TALBOT CLIFTON—I like this Coast immensely. Anybody will divide your income with you any moment, and next minute they'll help themselves to the remainder. It's mighty lucky I've got a Papa somewhere!

COLONEL ANDREWS—Some people try to race me down to the city front when celebrated folk get to town, but you ought to see them faint when they watch me drive away in a hack with my big gold sword and the noble guest!

DR. BROWN—Yes, my brethren, as St. John says in the sacred book of Revelations: "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter!"

GENERAL YAMAGATA—California has a grand climate and the United States is a noble country. But the most superb institution I have happened to meet particularly is your collection of nickel-in-the-slot machines. My Japanese fellow countrymen are excitable, however, so I called this morning to Tokio, hegging the Imperial order forbidding their importation.

An eminent lady in this city states that the average woman has no more regard for results than has a cat. Coming from one of the opposite sex this statement should receive due consideration from men who might be inclined to extend them the suffrage.

CLARA—Is he bashful? MAUDE—Dreadfully so. I may have to urge him to kiss me. CLARA—Aren't you afraid you will scare him away?—Truth.

MR. SPATTS—If there are microbes in kisses what disease do they produce? MR. KILDUFF—Palpitation of the heart.—Truth.

Go to Geo. T. Marsh's at 625 Market Street and see his collection of Japanese bronzes and vases. A visit will more than repay your trouble.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

The finest Eastern and California oysters are to be had at Moraghans, Stalls 68-70, California market.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 28, 1896.	Arrive
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:30 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:30 P
*1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	*7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Marysville and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A
*10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East	*12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	13:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:40 A	SANMARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	7:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		12:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).	
*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.	
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.	

A for Morning.	P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted.	*Saturdays only.
†Sundays only.	†Tuesdays only.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.	

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A FAIR EXCHANGE.

ROBERT S. JORDAN, IN BROOKLYN EAGLE.

Oh fair enchantress of the soul,
Bring thou thy lute and play,
The simple, magic melody
That stole my heart away.

Come thou again to wooded glades,
To where the white doves coo,
Bring back the heart that dwelt in me
And stole away to you.

I ask you not to give to me,
The heart which once was mine,
But to replace the bleeding void,
Sweet maiden, give me thine.

"You think you ought to have a pension?" exclaimed the Spanish official. "I do." "In what battles did you serve?" "I was in almost every engagement against the Cuban insurgents." "It's rather early to be looking for a pension. That war is not over yet. What is the nature of your disability?" "Pen palsy."—Washington Star.

MR. MUFFINISH—There's something wrong with this teapot, waiter; I can't get it to pour. WAITER (with a malicious grin)—It's not the fault of the teapot, sir, but the tea. They brew it so weak here, it really has not strength to get up the spout."—Funny Cuts.

"Yes," said the girl who collects, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" asked her friend. "Positive. I cut it with my own hands from a telegram that his wife received from him."—Tid-Bits.

"And have you never learnt to dance? Then you know nothing of the poetry of motion." "Poetry of motion? Great Scott! I walked the floor with that boy of mine last night and recited 'Mother Goose' to him for four whole hours."—Ex.

A MODEST young maid of Korea
Has a very peculiar ideah,
For fear of X rays
She wears tin skirts and stays,
And when she sits down she feels queah.
—London Society.

FATHER-IN-LAW—I am sorry to hear that you are scarcely on speaking terms with your wife, James?" SON-IN-LAW—"Oh, yes, I am! We row each other from morning till night!"—Fun.

"That was a powerful interestin' debate at the literary society last night." "What was it about?" "Whether the microbe was more injurious than the cyclone."—Puck.

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COPTIC	Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GAELIC	Saturday, April 25, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 12, 1896
BELGIC	Thursday, May 28, 1896

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For freight or passage apply at Company's office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

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TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 5:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 28, 1895.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma.	6:35 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Fulton.
.....	Windsor.	10:30 A. M.
.....	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg.
3:30 P. M.	Geyersville.	7:30 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Cloverdale.	6:15 P. M.
.....	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas. Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers. Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lako, Saratoga Springs, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Laytonville, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. April 14, 20; May 14, 20. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.; April 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M. For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M. April 5th.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

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OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Coolgardie gold-fields, (Freemantle) Australia, \$230 first class, \$110 steerage. Lowest rates to Cape-town, S. Africa. O. S. Co.'s steamers sail:

For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," April 7th.
For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. ALAMEDA, April 24.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties March 10th and April 7th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street. For freight apply to 37 Market street. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts





PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View of Alcatraz Island.

Taber Photo.



SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1896.

Number 15.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

NOW that the flag has floated from the dome of the City Hall, it is to be hoped that nothing will occur underneath to disgrace it.

WE hope the Bay Conference will place the Rev. C. Overman Brown where he belongs. As long as he remains in a pulpit religion is merely a farce.

MR. DEPEW was misreported into saying that California had no beautiful women. She may have a few unwise ones, to wit, the Suffragists; but of beauties she has enough and to spare.

LOS ANGELES is rejoicing because Santa Monica harbor may not be improved. A selfish policy is usually a short-sighted one in the end. We trust Santa Monica will be treated justly yet.

RABBI Voorsanger administered a just rebuke to the Methodists for their interference in Jewish affairs. The brethren had better turn their missionary attentions to the erring Congregationalists.

AMERICAN and English interests are being undermined by the Venezuelan complications, and unless the affair is settled according to the demands of Great Britain great losses will accrue to citizens of both countries.

AMAN has been arrested in Los Angeles for opening letters addressed to other parties. To intrude in any manner upon personal privacy is an unpardonable offense, and should be punished to the fullest extent the law permits.

LOCAL Republicans are somewhat disconcerted at the news that Colonel Burns intends remaining away from the city for some time longer. How political purity is to be acquired without the help of the Colonel they fail to see, as likewise do we.

THE crew of a British ship in the bay, after a hard pull, succeeded in rescuing a San Francisco lad from drowning the other day. Bravery should never be allowed to go unrewarded, and we suggest that the city recognize the deed.

THE Merchants' Association intends asking the Supervisors to invest twenty thousand dollars in bitumen pavements. This is a step in the right direction, and one which will meet with hearty endorsement by every man and woman in the city.

MONEY spent by the Government as subsidies on boats flying the American flag is put to good purpose. The merchant marine is the backbone of a country's greatness and by helping it along in any way the Government is merely strengthening the nation.

ACCORDING to Park Superintendent McLaren's calculations the great boulevard from the Cliff House to Lake Merced will be completed about the 15th inst. The work is being pushed rapidly by sixty men and forty teams, and will be a thing of beauty when finished.

THE opening ceremony of the Los Angeles Fiesta takes place on the 22nd inst. Never before have such preparations been made to ensure a perfect success and a dream of beauty. If you have not visited California yet, now is the time for you to come. You will never regret it.

IT is to be hoped that Captain Caw, of the British ship, Blairmore, will be able to clear himself of all responsibility for the terrible disaster which took place last Thursday. Carelessness on the part of some one caused the loss of six men, and the blame should be placed where it rightly belongs.

THERE is no reason whatever why San Francisco should not build one of the new battle ships allowed under the last naval appropriation bill. The work we have done in the past is a strong point in our favor, and if the daily press would only back up the efforts of Senator Perkins and others in Washington we should doubtless get what we want.

MR. CLEVELAND will exercise his accustomed caution in considering the Senate resolutions on Cuba. Few persons have given any thought whatever to the questions of international law involved, a jingo fever having overswept the country from west to east, and robbed the people of their better judgment. Mr. Cleveland, however, is above such weakness, and we are willing to await and abide by his decision.

WE see no reason why Mr. Carlisle should not receive the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, that is, if Mr. Cleveland refuses to be considered a candidate again. If he makes the race, Mr. Carlisle will have much opposition among his own party to beat down, but we think that his clear statement in favor of sound money, and the fact that he is favored by the present administration, will help him considerably, and probably give him a greater chance of being victorious than any other Democrat we can think of.

AFTER General Hubbard has resided a short while in California he will understand why the Southern Pacific is unpopular. The minds of the people have so long been poisoned by unprincipled sheets, such as the Examiner, that they are too unhealthy to be able to judge things for themselves. But since the veil has been torn away, and the branded back of this "moral engine" has been exposed to the public gaze and ridicule, it is to be expected that by degrees they will be able to distinguish their friends from their enemies, and will not bite the hand to which they owe their very being.

JUSTICE has at last been done to Mr. Charles Montgomery, who was indicted some twenty-two months ago for complicity in the People's Home Savings Bank frauds. There was absolutely no justification for such a course of action, but public feeling ran high at the time and many innocent men had to suffer. Mr. Montgomery was therefore accused along with the guilty, and although he has tried continually to obtain a trial of his case his efforts have hitherto been unavailing. A few days ago the case came up before Judge Bahrs, and District Attorney Barnes himself made a moving plea in favor of the wronged man, calling attention to his high character, public spirit and benevolence, and the injustice he had so long suffered under; and Judge Bahrs, as he dismissed the indictment, regretted that the vindication could not be made more ample and complete.

FOLLIES OF THE FUNDING FIGHT.

VERILY California is given to running after strange gods. The ability to discriminate between the true and the false seems to be lacking in all too many of our people. With common interests as clear to the ordinary understanding as the snow on Mount Shasta on a sunny day is to a man not afflicted with color blindness, there are among us people who fail to see what they are. Nobody in California had any interest in seeing the National Government make hard terms with the Central and Union Pacific. The interests of this section were unmistakably the other way. The more the railroad has to pay the Government, the more it must collect from the people who patronize it. It must earn whatever it agrees to pay. Therefore, the smaller the sum called for in final settlement of its indebtedness, the smaller will fare and freight charges be. In fighting for the railroad's full pound of flesh, the important fact is lost sight of that it is our own people who will have to supply the blood. It is marvelous that any considerable number of them could be beguiled into a fight upon their own vitality; for that is precisely what is involved in exacting higher and harsher terms from the Central Pacific. To bleed the railroad is but to tap an artery. The source of the vital fluid is in the road's customers, who, for the most part, are Californians. To cut off our own nose to spite our own face, is an operation that would seem to be the superlative of madness, and is often quoted as such, yet between it and the effort to cinch the railroad on the part of the people who in the end will have to supply the cinch money, there does not appear any appreciable difference. It is amazing that any considerable number of people outside of the lunatic asylums, can be deluded into participating in such a pronounced act of insanity. We do not believe—it is impossible to believe—that among our producers, and other customers of the railroad, there are any who are being so deluded. Tricksters, demagogues, and politicians may think they are successfully fooling the people, but we believe them mistaken.

For our own part, we do not approve of the terms proposed for the settlement of the railroad's indebtedness. But our objections lie in a very different direction from those offered by the Sntro-Hearst combination. We think that the proposed settlement is unjust and unfair to the people of California. We think that the burden it will for long years impose upon our productive industries, is greater than it ought to be, and that there exist good and substantial reasons why the Nation as a whole should relieve the Pacific Coast of a considerable part of that burden. When this great transcontinental railroad was undertaken, it was not looked upon as a mere local or State enterprise. It was intended to subserve certain national purposes deemed to be of vital moment. The road was believed to be a necessity to the safety and unity of the Nation. It was conceived and undertaken, in the first instance, as a war measure, and in consequence it was pushed through with all possible speed and without regard to economic considerations. We do not believe that California's industries should be taxed for what it cost to promote these purely national purposes. Furthermore, we believe, with the late Senator Stanford, that there are equities in this case that ought to be taken into consideration in the final settlement of the accounts. Value has been given to Government lands that were previously of little value. Indian wars, costly in blood and treasure, have been rendered impossible. Population has been more widely distributed throughout these Western shores of our great country. The trade of the Orient has been brought into touch with our Atlantic centers of commerce, and the future of the whole United States has been widened and broadened by the great work accomplished by Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and Hopkins. We think that it is unreasonable to now capitalize what these great utilities cost the nation, and ask the Pacific Coast to repay the same with interest. To do our Eastern friends justice it is but right to point out that no objection comes from them to bearing a share of the burden. The National obligations, in this connection, appear to be fully realized in the East. Why should the Pacific Coast assume liabilities for which the Nation is responsible and is willing to bear?

As a matter of fact, it does not necessarily concern the

road's managers as to what the final terms of settlement are; because in the end it is the public who patronize the road who will have to fulfill those terms. Why should that public, so far as it is represented by the Examiner, buck, and kick, and fight against any and all propositions by which seventy millions of people may be permitted to have their own way, and share burdens of their own incurring; which burdens are too heavy to be carried by the people of this coast alone? If the funding bill goes over to the short session, we think there will in the meanwhile arise a sober second thought, and that our people will better realize than they now do that this is their question and not the railroad manager's, and that it is susceptible of a more liberal and better settlement for them and the whole country. If delay occurs, as seems likely, good will come of it, because the more the question is discussed the more plainly it appears that this Coast is assuming more than its fair share of a national burden.

Congress and Had Congress been sure that the President would act affirmatively upon its Cuban resolution, it is not probable that

the insurgents would now be cheering for the United States. The average Congressman is a patriot, of course, but he is also a politician. Therefore, if he can get the fruits of virtue without undergoing the labors thereof, he can be depended on to do it. He believes the cause of the Cubans to be popular, and, consequently, is fervid in the expression of his sympathy, and is ready to fight for the insurgents—provided somebody will first agree to hold him when he throws off his coat. He trusts now that Mr. Cleveland will perform this useful office. Thus the Congressman would get all the glory, all the profit of a display of generous sentiment and reckless courage, without incurring any of the risks of interfering in another nation's affairs. He is more than willing that the President should have a monopoly of the responsibility and the odium that may attend prudent action.

We have confidence in Mr. Cleveland. He is not a demagogue, he is not afraid to displease the mob by doing his duty, and he knows Congress. The President will do nothing rash, nothing unfair, nothing that is not to be squared with justice, good sense, and international comity.

At this writing the concurrent resolution of the Senate and House has just been placed in the President's hands, and the Washington correspondents are speculating on what he will do with it. We shall not be surprised should he pocket it and say nothing. It is more likely, however, that he will send in a special message telling why he thinks this country would not be justified now in championing the cause of the Revolutionists. He will do what Congress has not done—keep in mind the facts of the situation, precedent and law. No doubt he, as an American, feels kindly toward any people who are struggling for liberty, even though he may think they are not fitted by blood and education for its burdens; but, as President of the United States, he will not be betrayed by his sympathy into a hasty course of aggression against Spain, which has done us no wrong. Neither will he take as gospel the newspaper accounts of the state of things in Cuba.

The NEWS LETTER hopes to see President Cleveland uphold the dignity of the nation. By doing that he will, incidentally, give great unhappiness to this Congress, which has succeeded in making the United States ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It has been lavish of its war shouts. To fight the earth has been its apparent desire, but it is to be noticed that it has always stopped this side of action which would commit it beyond retreat. The President's refusal to adopt the suggestions of the concurrent Cuban resolution would render it necessary for Congress to do one of two things: Either pass a joint resolution as strong as its concurrent resolution, and carry it over a veto should need be, or confess that it had been bluffing for political effect on the groundings in a Presidential year.

When the Cubans have a seat of government and show their ability to conduct regular warfare they will, under the law of nations, be entitled to recognition, but not before. Sympathy is all well enough, but the conservative elements of the population of this Republic have no wish that the Government of the United States should go about the world in search of oppressed peoples to rescue, and, in general, figure as a Don Quixote.

The Brown Plague. There seems to be a certainty that the Bay Conference of the Congregational Church, which assembles next week, will take up

the case of Dr. Brown. This is to be regretted on all accounts. It would be much better to let that brother in the Lord alone. The public has had more than enough of him and his amours, and lies, and impudence, and the ladies of his acquaintance, chaste and unchaste. Were he to be left to his own devices, he would either go away, or settle down to caring for the spiritual welfare of his flock, which approves of him. In either case he would be forgotten, and that is greatly to be desired. Of course if there existed the smallest probability that the Bay Conference would deal with him as he deserves, the matter would wear a different aspect, and every friend of decency would rejoice at the news that he is again to come under judgment. But there is no reason for believing that the Conference is better intellectually or morally than the Council which whitewashed Brown, or the church that stands by him. Therefore it is only to be expected that once more we shall have it proved to us that an erring brother is safe from adequate punishment when he suffers the misfortune of getting found out. The ways of the brethren are not the ways of the worldly. Crime is crime in the eyes of unregenerate men, no matter who may commit it, but with the Lord's people everything depends on the sinner. If he be of the gentiles no penalty can be too severe, but if, haply, he be one of themselves, he is all right and has nothing worse to fear than mild rebuke and prayers for his repentance.

These manifestations of partiality are not good for the church. They tend to cheer the scoffer and elate the scorner, and make the judicious grieve. The ungodly are moved thereby to decide that the people of the church are a queer lot, who have no clear notion of the distinction between right and wrong, and that the prudent man will do well to keep his womankind out of such an atmosphere.

The Conference, we trust, will do what it has to do quickly. Let it without a moment's delay apply the second coat of whitewash to Brown and have done with him. San Francisco has a right to ask this. The city has suffered in the country's estimation a great deal already. The community is judged by the Congregationalists in it, and that is hard to hear. Because Brown's church has no special aversion to lechery, perjury, and subornation of perjury, it is assumed by many at a distance that all San Francisco is that way. Here everybody knows that if the secular authorities had to do with the Rev. Dr. Brown he would be in the penitentiary, and it is not well understood abroad that only church people have been concerned in the trial of his case, which has resulted in his return to the pulpit.

If civic pride has any place in the make-up of the godly men who compose the Bay Conference, they will grant the earnest prayer of the worldly, and by promptly voting confidence in Brother Brown, retire him from publicity. They can stand his prominence, but it is wearing on the rest of us, who have some reputation to lose.

Sutro Is Not Insane. City and County Attorney Creswell is of the opinion that Mayor Sutro is insane. It is a charitable judgment, and will be concurred in by many who would prefer that explanation to the alternative one that the Chief Magistrate of an important American city is merely an old demagogue who is in a very bad temper because he has been hauled. If Sutro is insane, he has been driven out of his mind simply by finding that he cannot have his way. To us he seems less like a lunatic than a selfish, egotistical, scheming man, arrogant to the last degree, and so well acquainted with unworthy reasons for action that he is ready always to see the vilest motives behind opposition to his will. The scenes he has been making at the meetings of the Board of City Hall Commissioners have induced Mr. Creswell to believe him a madman. The two other members do not agree with Sutro respecting the small matter of preparing a directory of the building. This rouses him to shrieks and curses, which include not only his unfortunate associates on the Board, but the President of the United States, Congress, the State Legislature, the Board of Supervisors, the press, and everybody who is under the impression that Jehovah, and not Adolph Sutro, is Ruler of the Universe. Behind the Federal, State, and municipal governments,

with which the Mayor chooses to be at enmity, he beholds the sinister figure of Huntington. As this Huntington ogre walks with Sutro by day and sleeps with him by night, it is taken for granted by the victim of the hallucination that Huntington thinks as constantly of Sutro as Sutro thinks of Huntington. In the Mayor's view the railroad man is omnipotent, and has everybody in the country, from President Cleveland down, under his thumb. The distracted Mayor yelled out the other day that, though Huntington had him cornered (because the majority of the City Hall Commissioners voted against a directory), he would continue to fight him, even if the walls of a jail should close around the valiant Adolph Sutro.

It is evident that Mr. Creswell's words have had their effect, and that the Mayor is under fear of being confined as a lunatic. That shows sanity. Let us hope, for the credit and peace of the city, that the fear will grow until it produces a sedative, instead of an exciting, result. Sutro is a prudent old soul at bottom, and, should he be taken into custody as a demented person, he would astonish the Commissioners in Lunacy by the calmness and reasonableness of his deportment. Perhaps Mr. Creswell, without so designing, has rendered a great public service. Rather than go to a lunatic asylum, Mayor Sutro may consent to keep still.

A Working Poet. It is not to the credit of California that no one rises to say a few words in defense of Joaquin Miller, who is being attacked by all the jackal journals of the State for some ringing utterances of his the other day. Mr. Miller belongs to a school of poets unfortunately extinct in this country—a school of men of brains and brawn combined. The wretched little twitterers who have Jove's thunder in the Eastern States are the things from whom we must get our song nowadays; and California, where everything has combined to give us a race of mighty men and sturdy women, our California looks to the East for poetry and derides the man who has sung songs so full of western sunshine and the music of our winds that they captured the very hearts of the greatest singers in London! Mr. Miller has said that we are lazy. He spoke the truth. Californians are not even proud of the days of '49; the young men deride the deeds of their fathers, yet willingly spend the gold they gained by unremitted labor. Did they only use the energy that is in them, the resources of California would be so developed that we could not run trains fast enough to bring the people here. But toil is unknown to them and the work is left to a few whose labors will soon be over. Even if Mr. Miller exaggerated, abuse is no way with which to meet his assertions. The long and short of it is that his words cut deep and we wish he would speak again. The West is good enough for us and we would like to see a little proper patriotism aroused in every Californian. Perhaps a few more lectures from the rugged old bard of the hills will awaken in them a sense of their own dignity. God speed the day.

Worth Working Up. A few days ago the first cargo of California redwood went via the Horn to England. It is a strange thing that no one ever attempted this before, and we prophesy good returns to any firm making a regular trade of it. The redwood is beautifully adapted for interior finishings, and would soon become a favorite with the wealthy class in England. We would suggest that if the cargoes he repeated only the finer qualities of wood and those with handsome markings he sent across. By so doing there will soon arise a large demand for the poorer woods as well, and a large trade will be built up. The people in London who will wish to finish their residences with our redwood will not worry much over the price they may have to pay for it. They will get a superior article, and one which in point of beauty and durability will compare favorably with oak, mahogany, or ash. The redwood is capable of taking a polish superior to any of these woods, and will prove just the thing for the interior of a handsome English residence. Here is an opportunity for lumber men and others to get in and work up a good and remunerative business, and we trust they will not let the opportunity go by. We have a cinch on the redwoods, and with a little enterprise can furnish all Europe with timber, the like of which the world cannot produce elsewhere.

An Educational Campaign For The Charter.

It is well that an educational campaign in favor of the ratification of the new charter has been started. It should be kept up vigorously. In that way and in no other can the tax-eaters be beaten at the polls by the taxpayers. The former are numerous, active, and, if not watched, will vote early and often, but the latter, if duly aroused to a sense of what is an undoubted danger, will win, if they try hard enough. There can be no doubt about that. The corrupt and corrupting elements may and too often do win elections in this municipality, but principally because better men are attached to party names, and so divide, and are often conquered in municipal battles. Happily, there is no question of party in the matter of the ratification of the charter, and, consequently, there is nothing in the way of all well-meaning men standing together in opposition to the thugs who thrive through their knowledge of how to operate an old and worn out charter which successive Legislatures have amended in the direction of rendering plundering easy. The principal objection the politicians so often repeat to the New Charter is that it confers too much power upon the Mayor. Ex-President Harrison is a weighty authority on matters of Government and well worth listening to in this connection. In a recent article he said: "Executive direction should always be single. When anything is wrongly done we must be able to put a hand on the man who did it. The sense of responsibility begets carefulness, and that sense is never so perfect as when, after full consultation, the officer must go alone into the chamber of decision. In all of the recent reform city charters this principle is made prominent—by giving the mayor the power to appoint the city boards and officers, and so making him responsible for the efficiency of the city government. Two presidents or three with equal powers would as surely bring disaster as three generals of equal rank over a single army. I do not doubt that this sense of single and personal responsibility to the people has strongly held our presidents to a good conscience and to a high discharge of their great duties." Those are clear cut and forceful words from a conservative and exceptionally experienced man that deserve to outweigh the vaporings of San Francisco's combined army of piratical politicians.

The President's Position.

The rumor that Mr. Cleveland has written a letter stating that he refuses to be considered a candidate for reelection is apparently without foundation; but the conclusion has been reached by those who ought to know that the President still adheres to his former statements. We are sorry for this, although it was not entirely unexpected. Mr. Cleveland is a cautious man, able to act swiftly when necessity demands but also able to curb himself when the voice of the entire nation clamors for something he thinks it would be unwise to grant. He is patriotic, principled and phlegmatic—three great virtues where statesmanship is concerned. There are many who will say that he has not fulfilled the promise of his earlier career; but we hold that such talk can only proceed from the hearts of people whose instincts are demagogic and who would prefer to be ruled by a President easily swayed by the slightest breathings of the multitude than by one who is a law unto himself and acts upon his own judgment only. Mr. Cleveland has served us for a long time and well. He has laid personal considerations aside and has ever had the interests of the nation at heart. And though we would gladly see him don his armor again to lead the Democracy to victory, we feel that he has nobly won the rest he desires and shall not grudge it him if he persists in keeping out of the coming fight.

Forger Dean And His Accomplishes.

It is to be hoped that forger Dean, who passed a spurious cheque on the Nevada Bank, will receive punishment which will keep him employed long enough to allow him to forget some portion of his cunning. There is no man so dangerous in a community as the forger; any capitalist or person of means may fall the next victim to his attacks, and we think that a man who has once been convicted of this crime should be incarcerated for the rest of his natural life. In the case of this man Dean, informa-

tion has come to us that during his imprisonment he is to receive from his accomplices the sum of \$5000 annually and a fair percentage of the illegal profits made by them during his absence. It is for this sum that he undertakes to bear all blame for the last forgery; and as the police cannot obtain sufficient evidence against the other rascals they necessarily go free to commit further depredations. When the case comes up for hearing the prisoner will doubtless try to gain the judge's clemency by waving all obstacles which would result in an expensive and tardy trial; we feel, however, that his designs will be seen through and that his apparent submission will avail him nothing. Instead of mercy being extended him, we recommend that he be punished to the fullest extent of the law. As for the men who took part in the forgery and who should also be behind the bars, as the police know their tendencies they should be carefully watched as long as they remain in the country. A proper system of police espionage, such as exists in Europe to-day, would not be out of place here as it would effectually guard us against the periodical outbreaks of men whose inclinations are naturally evil.

Wearied By Noise.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have refused to grant degrees to women. This was only to be expected. Certain noisy women have been airing their so-called wrongs in such an indecent manner that the better class of men are becoming heartily weary of them. If persons of the male persuasion were to parade around the country clamoring against women as do these females against us, they would be lynched in double quick time unless they made hasty and ignominious departures. The world will soon awaken to the fact that woman needs the iron hand again. History proves to us that she has always loved the man who quelled her by brutality and we fear that all this scheming of hers is only to make us lay our polish aside and treat her occasionally to a good drubbing. It is terrible to look forward to such a state of affairs, but these elderly ladies with badly congested livers will have only themselves to blame for it when it does come. No man will willingly sacrifice the things he has attained by continuous labor through eighteen weary centuries. The right to be chivalrons, which these unhealthy minded women seem bent upon destroying, is one of these, and the average man will fight before he will give it up. In the meanwhile, and with the hope that the catastrophe may be averted by other measures, we can only follow in the path laid out by the heads of England's greatest colleges and strive to reverently, and with becoming patience, point out to women where their true station in life is. Many of them may in time learn their lesson and, by ignoring the mad doctrines of the others, we may avert a return to the barbarism for which they seem so over anxious.

Restricted Immigration.

It is time to close the gates of this country to the illiterate and worthless hordes of Europe. The people who flock here from Russia, Poland, Hungary, Italy, and the other races of Southern and Eastern Europe, are a continual menace to our institutions. They have no desire to become citizens, and their only interest in the country is the money they can make out of it. This is not as it should be. The other immigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and Scandinavia, are, as a whole, fairly well educated, and come here with the expectation of bettering their condition by becoming citizens and growing up with the country. It is foolish to oppose an influx of people such as these. They are sober, diligent, hardy, and often make better citizens than those who are born on the soil. But for the others we recommend that the Government return them to their respective countries unless they be able to pass an educational test before landing, and give other proofs of their desirability and adaptability to become citizens. California can afford to welcome thousands of sturdy and industrious English, German, or Swedish settlers, but of the Latin race we have enough and to spare. On an average they are little better than the Chinese, and are often more dangerous, being discontented and prone to anarchy. The Boston Immigration Restriction League is doing good work in this matter, and we hope the press, especially that of California, will help it in every way possible.

The Sale Of Useless Drugs.

It is a very common occurrence for one to ask at a drug store for some preparation put up by a manufacturer of world-wide reputation and reliability and be put off by the druggist with the remark that he does not keep that special article but has another of his own manufacture, guaranteed to prove just as efficacious. In every case this is merely a scheme to palm off upon the unsuspecting purchaser goods of inferior quality, the sale of which will only benefit the seller himself. The goods are very often not even made by the druggist at all, there being plenty of dishonest quack manufacturers who will put up a cheap preparation of useless and not always harmless drugs, and by attaching a label with the druggist's name on it will induce him to handle and sell it as his own. It is therefore purely a matter of dollars and cents to both the wholesaler and retailer, who make a profit at the expense of the purchaser's health. It is a pity that there is not some sort of a law against this obtaining of money under false pretences—for such it really amounts to. It is swindling, pure and simple, and often results in the sickness of the person victimized. The only way to ensure good results is to stand by your demand for a well-known article and to take no other even though the druggist pronounces it "just as good" and the cost be a little less. If you cannot get it in one store you will be able to get it in another; and as your health is in question it is surely worth while going to a little extra trouble to obtain it. Moreover, when the druggists find out that their more than useless preparations find no favor with the people, they will cease dealing in them and will devote their counter-room to others of real value.

Strikes and Strikers.

We recommend the prosecution of the leaders of labor unions for intimidating the men composing them from working. Under proper management the unions might prove of benefit both to workingmen and employers, but at present they constitute a menace to a city's prosperity, and are a blot upon our civilization. By their adherence to the union and their subservience to unprincipled leaders, the workingmen prove their incapacity to think and act for themselves; they invite a return of the old régime when they were herded together under a master whose only use for them was the work he could get out of them from sunrise to sunset. They are at present unable to vote in an intelligent and unprejudiced manner, and are as unreasoning as women, without their feminine charm. Many a great undertaking has been ruined owing to the perversity of a few men whose labor is worth a dollar a day, and who could easily be replaced by thousands of others with ability as great as theirs. The time is coming when people of means and those who love order, are law-abiding and wish to see the steady progress of the country, must take issue with those who live merely for themselves without doing anything save that which at present our machinery is not capable of effecting. Unless these latter can be educated to act reasonably and consider other interests besides their own, then we shall have to resort to strong measures to make them. But as a beginning, knowing that there is some sagacity in even the most obtuse minds, we recommend that the leaders of the workingmen be thrown into prison, so as to give their followers a chance to think for themselves, and finally see that by acting for the general good they will materially better their own interests.

A Scoundrel Punished.

The sentence imposed upon Warren E. Price, who was convicted of selling obscene literature and sending it through the mails, will meet with the hearty approval of decent people all over the State. Because a few lasciviously minded men like to regale their minds with filthy reading, it is no reason why temptation should be laid in the paths of children to corrupt their morals and finally make criminals of them. The crime of this man is all the more heinous because he once informed against a competitor in his trade, sending him to San Quentin. The only thing we fear is that when he regains his liberty he may resort to his old tricks again; because a man who is so lost to all ideas of decency as he is can hardly be expected to reform. For this reason we wish he might be imprisoned for life and kept at healthy and continuous hard labor,

Ye Olde Hickorie Chairs.



ARE MADE from ye second growth of White Hickorie Saplings. Ye place for syttinge down in ye chair and ye backs are plaited from second growth Hickorie Barke, which makes ye most comfortable and welle wearynge seatinge we know of.



These Chairs are ye most unique and pleasurable line of goods wherewith to make cheerful ye lawn and ye porch that are made in ye United States. Ye Chairs are as different from any before shown as ye morning light from ye darkness of nighte tyme. Ye newe and novel wares of this sort are attractive to ye prospective buyer.



This Rocker

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Immense Variety of Chairs, Rockers, Lounges and Odd pieces.

Ye hickorie chair, rustle and olde, *
 •Stands bye ye gardene walle*****
 A wellcome seat for ye maiden faire•
 •And her lover, brave and falle.****
 Its arms be wide, and its seat be large•
 •'Twill holde them bothe with ease. •
 Ye hickorie chaire, homelie and plain, •
 •By its comforte dothe always please.**

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A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN THE LATIN QUARTIER, PARIS.

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when I had finished a night effect of the exterior of the old Moulin de Galettes, on Montmartre. It is one of the queerest places you ever saw, and simply a delightfully interesting bit of color at night, as the concert hall is modeled in the fashion of one of the old windmills that years ago used to abound on this hill. Its weird, skeleton-like wings stand out darkly against the sky—a striking contrast to the gaily illuminated entrance below.

The cross-town busses had long stopped traffic, and no other course was left but to walk a good three miles across Paris to the Quartier: so, buttoning up my big coat tightly, and tucking my portfolio under my arm, I started bravely on my long walk. The night was cold and crisp, and the wind cut right through one's garments, sweeping around the corners in gusts in a manner decidedly disagreeable.

There is a peculiar charm about the quiet, deserted streets in Paris at night, so different to the roaring of heavy traffic all day long. It is so peaceful that the city really seems in a deep repose. All the shops are closed and the windows darkened; only the long, straight rows of bright lamps liven the dead streets, and one wonders why they are lit at all.

Everything was still as death, save for the rumbling of some cab dashing up a narrow street, or a few belated revelers on their way home, yelling at one another; now and then a couple of gendarmes would be seen together on the rounds, for all the world like two black ghosts. In the large court of the Louvre, and along the river and on "Pont-Neuf," deeper solitude reigned, my cane resounding on the pavements as I wended my lonely way homewards. The river flowed silently by, reflecting thousands of lamps from the bridges and along its gloomy banks—a royal treat indeed! Up the Rue Dauphine I went, that picturesque narrow street, one of the main arteries for cross-town traffic. I reached Boul. St. Germain and then the "Boul. Mich." Ah! What a change!

The Boul. Mich. never sleeps. The cafés were all ablaze with lights, the big windows covered with a coating of steam, against which were silhouetted tumultuous shadows of hobbing plug hats, coats, canes, feet, and large plumed headgear of feminine creation. The tables and chairs on the sidewalks were neglected for warmer and gayer ones within. But the Boul. itself was alive with students and *grizettes* running races, singing old studio songs, and dancing in high hilarity around the glowing kiosks. There in his little nook of a doorway, a flaming gas jet above his head, was the "Marchand des Marrons," buried in numberless overcoats and mittens, surrounded by his hoxes and big pans over the ruddy charcoal brazier, filled with steaming hot chestnuts, their hurmt aroma being wafted to you by the gusty wind. There, too, was a "Turk" in his picturesque garb, with his tray of delicious nougat and other tempting sweets. And the flower girls with their "une jolie boutonniere, seulement dix centimes!" and who pin it on your coat, too! And the cane man, loaded down with mammoth canes of a wondrous variety and weight, and the everlasting shivering poor devils with copies of "la dernière édition de la presse," and no end of gewgaw peddlers—all doing the rounds of the bright cafés!

A blast of warm air blew against my cold face as I pushed open one of the doors of the Café Vachette, and heard within the roaring of voices and laughter, the rattling of saucers, clinking of glasses, stamping of feet and singing. Long layers of heavy tobacco smoke hung like mist over the big close room, obscuring and revealing the gay and noisy gathering of models, *cocottes*, mistresses, art students, law students, and medical students, old habitués, some with Légion d'Honneur ribbons, too, and not a few poor poets, all of whom made things hum. There was a siphon fight between two girls, and the swishing and splashing of the sizzling waters, the flashing of little slippers, and white and yellow lace skirts, and dodging heads with bright black eyes, was a treat indeed! Another part of the room was engaged in singing "*Les sargents sont des braves gens*," etc., keeping time with feet, glasses, and saucers, pounded on the marble tables, while in the middle of the floor was a pretty little damsel, under an enormous

dream of a hat full of *chic* feathers and ribbons, her skirts pulled high, allowing her *petite* ankles to be seen as she skipped about in a dainty dance, accentuated now and then by an unexpected shockingly high kick. The *gargons* navigated dexterously through the mazes of skirts, plug hats, canes, and chairs, bearing trays loaded with foaming "bocks" and glittering glasses of crimson and emerald syrups, always good natured, pocketing graciously their two sou tips as they wiped off the marble tables and picked up the saucers with a "*Merci bien, Monsieur*."

On some tables were stacks of saucers, ranging from one foot to three feet in height, indicating how many beverages had been consumed. There was an exciting rivalry between a medical student and one of the poor poets as to who could stack up the most; the medical student seemed to be in the lead, the poet having used his last sou.

Each drink is served with the glass upon a saucer, on which is marked the price of the consummation above, and until paid for, the saucer is left on the table, so that "*au fin de ses joies*" there are some rather heavy accounts to be settled.

"Ah! Le voilà Moulin Rouge! Bon soir, Moulin! Qu'est ce que tu as la?" were the greetings I received from several of the models who happened to know me through the studios. My sketch book was speedily taken from me and its contents vigorously perused, with exclamations of horror or delight according to the merit or subjects sketched. For these models are an inquisitive lot. Much against my will was I made to join their lot by coaxings, pet names, and other nice "*gentille*" things that only Parisiennes can do, ending, as I expected, by my paying for a stack of previous saucers over two and a half feet high! But they do it with such a charm that one doesn't mind in the least.

So the dizzy whirl of feathered and plug hats, foaming bocks, colored syrups, canes and gay skirts, kept whirling and whirling, becoming more reckless and wild; dancing on the tables, breaking glasses, spilling coffee, and throwing lumps of sugar soaked in cognac; marching around the room in single file, yelling the student song, "*Oh, la pauvre fille elle est malade*," and dragging tables and chairs along with them.

How cold and refreshing the night air is after coming from that thick hot air of the cafés! The streets are thronged now, for the resorts are closing. A hake shop is just opening, the appetizing fumes of hot bread and *cressons* coming up from the gratings of the cellar. Here congregate the outpourings of the cafés, hundreds, yes, and more, all clamoring for the hot rolls that are not yet quite done.

As I continue my lonely way home I pass a cab stand. The clock says four; one solitary cab is standing there, the fat cabby fast asleep on the box. The poor thin horse is dead tired; his tail is blowing in the cold wind, and his head hanging low—he, too, is asleep. Good night!



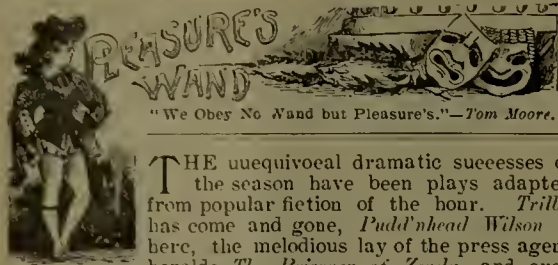
Paris, March 15, 1896.

EDOUARD CUCUEL.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gimp's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



THE unequivocal dramatic successes of the season have been plays adapted from popular fiction of the hour. *Trilby* has come and gone, *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is here, the melodious lay of the press agent heralds *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and even Chimmie Faddu, with down-turned palm, expressive expectation and eloquent "wot 't 'ell" is among the certainties of the future. Each piece is the dramatization of a book original and distinctive in story and method—clean, digestible, and refreshingly free from the overworked (and, as yet, unsolved) problem of the sexes. *Trilby* did not really need the stage to fan its fame. It is one of the rare books written at long, long intervals that finds the hearts and heads of a nation—sometimes of the two. It is not that the story itself is so real; but so confidently frank and delicately personal is the manner of its telling that one feels the warm sincerity, the comradeship of the author, as if almost his hand rested in one's own. Even in Mr. Potter's play the magnetic individuality of Du Maurier is, in a measure, preserved in spite of the direct action and address of stagecraft, which leaves so much of a writer's atmosphere to the hands of the players. Hope's book, I only know as one of the most animate romances which I have read since "Ivanhoe." That it makes an absorbing drama can be best surmised from the attention it has received in New York, where, like *Trilby*, it survived the abandonment of the principal roles by the actors who created them. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* did not produce any considerable stir when it ran serially in *The Century*. Why, the stars alone can tell! It smacked in every line of the once-beloved Twain; it had as strong a local color as "Tom Sawyer"; it typified real flesh and blood characters—or as nearly flesh and blood as the vegetable Missourian of the book's period. In his barricaded, ten-acre world, could attain, and it told a story of quietly acute interest, in a style inimitable and invincible. But Mark Twain's humor is not always of the obvious variety, and the Napoleon-fed *Century* readers, like the good townfolk of Dawson's Landing, may not have been exactly at peace with Wilson's erring to own "half of that dog." At all events, the reviewers, from Sutro Heights to Coney Island, celebrated in wonderful and gratuitous satire the decadence of the greatest English-writing humorist; though, if I remember right, it was not by such title that they sang of him, but rather by the title of his story. Many of these vague censors (who are, in a literary way, no better than they should be, and often as impertinent and impudent as scribes who serve the drama in a similar capacity), have changed their minds since then—a shift of opinion that Mr. Clemens picturesquely presages in the twelve good men and true who constitute the intelligent jury in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*'s first appearance at the bar.

Art knows no nationality, but it is with pardonable patriotic pride—unfortunately, a pride that too seldom is justified in gloating over the works of American dramatists—that we salute Frank Mayo's play. In the dramatization of Twain's story he has built a unique, artistic addition to contemporaneous dramatic literature—a play apart from precedent inasmuch as it realizes types and action native to our soil, without the exaggeration of the melodramatist or the buffoonery of the caricaturist. He has both condensed and amplified on the book, narrowing the scenes of action in a way that enhances their probability on the stage, and dilating the importance of several characters where it will strengthen continuity of action and increase dramatic effect. Much that Mark Twain suggested in his whimsical drollery, presented by living people is even more deliciously ludicrous than was the book to those in spirit with its delicately flavored humor; and, to the many who were not, the play is a magic key to the very quintessence of wit that the author lavished on the story.

An admirable body of fellow players, for the most part, is that which Frank Mayo brings with him. Miss Eleanor Moretti's acting of Roxy is tremendously dramatic. She realizes all the possibilities of the character, and they are infinite. As York Driscoll, Frank E. Aiken added another leaf to the laurels he won and wore as the Earl in *Fauntleroy*, the extremes of Southern gentleman and English nobleman marking the breadth of his versatility. Mr. Campeau's Tom was a degree too melodramatic for art, and served to throw into delicate relief the quiet force with which Mr. Daly played Chambers.

The character of Pudd'nhead, as Mr. Mayo has written and now plays it, is an ideal comedy creation. Homely, quiet, surfaced as a fool, and underlain with an ineffable philosophic satire and rugged, incisive epigram, this country attorney, who for a score of years and more has been clientless through the luckless committal of a jest in Missouri, lives before us. Under Pudd'nhead's deprecatory, apologetic manner, the strength of his character and the keen discernment of his drolly logical mind are splendidly outlined in contrast with the lazy, pent environment of Dawson's Landing and its cotton-braided citizens.

The audience, from the start, knows Pudd'nhead at his full value, and, like the watchers beside a hat filled with bricks, baiting the ambitious kick of the uninitiated, it observes with intense interest the awakening realization of Dawson's Landing. And at the trial scene, when it comes; when the treasured store of thumb marks and the stilted, old-fashioned oratory of Pudd'nhead have sent light through the opaque eyes of the jury, and Tom is unmasked, and the diadem of "pudd'n" transferred to the heads of the townsmen, and the curtain drops, one leaves the Columbia Theatre with the snug satisfaction of having seen a great play and a great actor.

The art of Frank Mayo in this remarkable role is of the quality that defies classification and overwhelms analysis. It is complete realization and idealization of a character; there is nothing of the stage stagey, nor of the personal aspect of the actor. It is the actual, live Pudd'nhead Wilson who confronts us. His silent, heart-sick dejection when the thumb marks seem to fail him; his awkward, psalm-singing opening of the trial, the dignity, force, and convincing sincerity of the close—these are but incidents in the portrayal of the part, which is one of the best characterizations known to the American stage.

John J. McNally, author of *A Country Sport*, and, for all I know, *A Doll's House*, *The Heart of Maryland*, and *Ships That Pass in the Night*, is represented at the California this week by what is announced as his latest and most successful farce-comedy, *The Night Clerk*—and incidentally Peter F. Dailey, who has laughed himself even more round like a ball than when last he visited us—which shows that Mr. Dailey can thrive corpulent on any sort of jocular diet, and that he doesn't miss May Irwin half so much as he ought, or as do his audiences. Down in the basement of my heart I believe that the McNally is a myth; a euphonious Celtic patronymic fathered by the composite brain of farce-comedy perpetrators in evasion of the dire responsibility attached to such paresis-bringing work. McNally, I am confident, is the John Doe by which farce-comedists answer their misdeeds.

However, the ambiguity of authorship or the irrelevance of title have little to do with the public interest in *The Night Clerk*, which, true to tradition, is just as meaninglessly brisk and incomprehensibly funny as any earlier McNally complement. Mr. Dailey continues to perform on Mr. Sparks the gentle operation known as "doing" with all his wonted dexterity, and Mr. Sparks continues to be the most ludicrous Irishman on the stage in being "doux." Miss Jennie Yeamans has taken the place left vacant by the rollicking May Irwin. Needless to say she neither fills it in person nor brilliance. May Irwin has the true spirit of intimate, effortless comedy, and she is an artist. Miss Yeamans' prominent way of having a good time consists in unveiling, at intervals, two shapely, insinuating legs, which in each act are costumed in fresh editions of glaring colored silk. There is stupendous humor in the female leg divine, but Miss Yeamans over does it. In the bright lexicon of the Orpheum, "her work is coarse." The songs are apt from a lyrical standpoint, though their melodies are not striking.

Blue Beard, the long-promised burlesque at the Tivoli, is a success, and reflects decided credit on Messrs. Lask and Ambrose, the constructors of the book, and on Mr. Martens for the timely, tuneful music that embellishes it. *Blue Beard* is burlesque pure and simple; joyfully vague in adhering to the bogie tale of our childhood, and teeming with novelties scenic, melodic, terpsichorean, and comic. There are innumerable bits of specialty work introduced, many of which are novelties to San Francisco. Gilbert and Goldie do a rhapsody of broad comicality; Hartman is at his very funniest in the cachucha song from *The Lady Slavee*, which he sings to a dancing accompaniment by Mlle. Vercellisi; Carrie Roma is live and gingery every moment that she is on the stage, and her free-throated, liquid soprano tells clear and true in each musical ensemble; Raffael, the Tivoli's treasure, artistic and finished in all he undertakes, furnishes melody and mirth adequate to his ultramarine wolian whiskers; West impersonates a female without giving one uncanny chills, and Leary is returned to the fold with a new lease of hilarity. But why go through the long cast? It is an exceptional extravaganza, even if the new soprano, Gertrude Aylward, (who fortunately has not much to do) is a flat failure, vocally, dramatically, and every other way. The spectacular dances are full of grace and color.

Doris, a play somewhat out of the usual run for the Grand Opera House, has been attractively presented this week. The new leading woman, Lisle Leigh, has received a flattering reception for her earnest, painstaking work, which, happily, is not of the hysterical quality, and impresses one as sincere in the effort to be artistic. Besides the regular stock company, there are several new people in the cast, and the performance is far from unsatisfying. *Michael Strogoff*, Jules Verne's thrilling play of St. Petersburg and Siberia, will be the bill next week.

The strongest attractions of last week's bill, together with several new specialties, make up the vaudeville feast of the week at the Orpheum. Among the new people, Elena Leila, the "singing doll," is a particular favorite. Segommer, the wonderful mimic and ventriloquist, is still a big drawing card.

Ranch 10, with all its wild, picturesque scenes of the early West, has been fairly well presented at the Alcazar by Grover and his company. For next week *Cad, the Tomboy* is announced.

Richard Mansfield, one of the foremost American actors, will open his season at the Baldwin, on Monday night, with *Beau Brummell*, in the title role of which play he has achieved world-wide fame. Mr. Mansfield brings with him the members of the Garrick Theatre company, an organization of exceptional versatility and strength, numbering among the players such well-established names as: Eleanor Carey, Jennie Eustace, Johnstone Bennett, Nora Lamison, Alice Leigh, Grace Gaylor, May Lavine; D. H. Harkins, E. P. Lyons, Orrin Johnstone, A. G. Andrews, W. N. Griffith, and Herbert Passmore.

The famous Salt Lake City Mormon Tabernacle Choir will give five grand choral concerts, at Metropolitan Temple, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings. From all accounts the choir is one of the greatest organizations of singers in the land.

The following attractions are billed for the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland: *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *Captain Impudence*, and *Friends*.

Pudd'nhead Wilson continues one week more at the Columbia Theatre.

The Night Clerk enters its second week at the California. *Blue Beard* runs indefinitely at the Tivoli.

The Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art gave its sixth public performance on Thursday afternoon to a very large and appreciative audience. The students showed the result of careful training both in voice and deportment. Several numbers were exceedingly well done, notably *The Window Curtain*, the dream scene from *The Bells*, an Oak in a Storm, the garden scene from *Mary Stuart*, and *Hearts*. There is no question but that the school is doing excellent work with its pupils, and bids fair to add some very desirable talent to the contemporaneous stage.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.
An emphatic hit; the greatest play in a century; only one more week, commencing Monday, April 13th, FRANK MAYO and his excellent company in Mark Twain's

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

April 27th—EZRA KENDALL.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Monday, April 13th, appearance (for a brief engagement) of

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

and his New York Garrick Theatre Company in elaborate productions of Mr. Mansfield's latest successes. Entire first week, the picturesque character comedy-drama,

BEAU BRUMMELL.

Monday, April 20th (second week)—THE STORY OF RODIAN, etc.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors

Next week, Monday, April 13. Second and last week of PETER F. DITLEY, in John J. McNally's greatest laugh provoker,

THE NIGHT CLERK.

Monday, April 20th, ROLAND REED, in "The Politician."

The Auditorium,

Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers,

Thursday, April 16, at 8 o'clock, the eminent American pianiste

MISS CARRIE BOWES,

Her first appearance since her great European triumph. Assisted by a grand orchestra. James Hamilton Howe, conductor. Reserved seats now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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The famous Salt Lake City

MORMON Tabernacle Choir,

175 voices. 5 grand choral concerts, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 15th to 19th. No matinees. Prices, including reserved seat, \$1.50 and \$1; season tickets, reserved, \$5 and \$4. Seats now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Concerts begin at 8:15 P. M.

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Every evening. A triumph. The brilliant spectacular extravaganza,

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SEGOMMER,

The Nawns, the Three Marvelles, Bruet and Riviere, and a superb vaudeville company.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

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Last performances of "Doris."

MONDAY EVENING, April 13th—

MICHAEL STROGOFF.

The peerless dramatic pageant.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Beginning Monday, April 13th; matinees Saturday and Sunday, CAD THE TOMBOY.

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra, 25c.

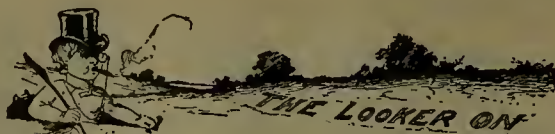
El Campo, The Popular Bay Resort.

Now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c.; children, 15c., including admission to the grounds.

The steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

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A GAIN old Mrs. Hitchcock's wonderful autobiography, for which Harper Brothers offered \$25,000 ten years ago, crops up. The gossip is now that it is to be brought down from the beautiful country seat, "Lonely," and placed in a fire-proof warehouse. That will be a weighty task for somebody, for there are said to be sixty heavy ledger-like volumes, closely filled with reminiscences from 1840 upwards. It is a marvel that this step had not been taken years ago. "Lonely" is a lovely villa cottage, nicely furnished in a pretty, old-fashioned way. The garden, through which a delightful brook runs all the year round, seems perpetually filled with roses. But all the same a frail wooden structure is no safe place for so precious a collection. Fire, robbers, and blackmailers might remove it at any moment. When plots to abduct Vanderbilt are in the air, why should not a bold gang tackle this splendid booty? These volumes contain the history of every family skeleton in California for forty-three years past, depicted with the most minute accuracy, as anyone who has had the rare privilege of perusing its pages will attest. However, Mrs. Hitchcock, it is understood, has arranged in her will that the work shall not be published until twenty years after her demise, which event seems as far off as ever, when one regards her remarkable vigor at three score and ten. She named her home "Lovely" because she says she loved to sit out on her large veranda at midnight, when the rain was pouring in torrents, and realize that she was really separated from the entire outside world! The old lady is very canny, although she spends most of her time in Europe, and will leave a couple of millions when she decides to solve a serious question. While her daughter, Mrs. Coit, always stops at the Palace Hotel when here, Mrs. Hitchcock lives at the Brooklyn, which is her property.

It is not generally known—in fact, it has been kept a profound secret hitherto—that an English syndicate, which includes a number of Hawaiian capitalists, is about to run a line of swift steamers between this city and the island of Hilo, where the volcano of Mauna Loa spouts. One steamer is already in hand, and will be hurried forward. Their length will be 315 feet each, and the swift speed of sixteen knots—or eighteen miles—an hour promised. They are to be fitted luxuriously, as of course they are, for the main part, merely for tourist and excursion purposes, since they do not touch at Honolulu itself at all. This is to avoid conflict with the Spreckels. Of course the volcano is the chief attraction at the Islands, and many hundreds of tourists will welcome the swift trip there, and the deliverance from the wretched, sloppy little steamers which one is forced to take from Honolulu at present to see the big mountain of fire. Moreover, the newest pattern of refrigerating compartments will occupy the hold, so that fruit will arrive from Hilo in prime condition in far shorter order than at present. There is already a fine hotel there up on the mountain, but a more elaborate adventure will be undertaken by the present syndicate lower down, near the beach.

The clubmen say that the most brilliant effort made in the oratorical line during the sojourn of the Vanderbilt-Depew party was the after dinner speech of Horace Platt at the big banquet. His friends insist that it ought to have been published in entirety. Mr. Platt, it seems, was the only Democrat present, amid a host of Republicans. When he was called upon to toast the advent of the illustrious Depew, he began in a quiet, gentlemanly style to make a short string of pleasant compliments. But to his own and the surprise of others, Depew turned around to his neighbor and in audible tones began one of his stock yarns. Platt flushed up, and, biting his lips, made then and there a fierce determination that he would compel Mr. Depew to listen to him, and the satire which ensued was

rare and choice. He missed not a single compliment, though in each one there was a gentle sting.

However, Depew did not turn around, although the table was in a roar of laughter, until Platt exclaimed, in his clarion voice:

"Mr. Depew's fame, gentlemen, resembles those vast buildings they call sky scrapers in his own New York—it has risen to its lofty height *story upon story!*"

Then Depew whirled round quick as a flash and joined in the mirth—also he took the rest of the well-deserved dose.

A member of the University Club told an excellent bit of personal reminiscence regarding Chauncey Depew's speech-making proclivities the other night.

"I was attending Princeton College at the time," he said, "and when one day a long train drew into the station, loud cries of 'Speech! Speech!' were heard from the mouths of a hundred students.

"At once the door of a sumptuous private car flew open, and out stepped the suave and stately Depew. At once he began an oration for keeps. But as he proceeded he was deeply shocked and disgusted to find that his supposed audience didn't pay any attention to him, but still kept howling 'Speech!'

"With an impatient gesture, he ceased, and, slamming the door, sent out for the station master.

"Are your Princeton boys always so rude?" he demanded, "that they cannot listen to an address which they are shouting for?"

"Oh, no, sir; they're all right. They're just saying good-bye to the old geology professor, and they were trying to get a word out of him."

"Depew's disgust was redoubled."

The Depew Railway speech at Princeton reminds one of a story which Judge Carpenter told the other night concerning the venerable Dr. Beverly Cole. The commandery Delegates were on their hilarious way East and there was merriment, songs, and cheers galore. On account of some delay or other the train was several hours late at Battle Mountain, and didn't reach that wild desert station until dark. A swarm of Indians surrounded the special car in which the Delegates were singing and dining and wining. Frank Cartan or some one else looked out of the window and saw the amazed and upturned faces; without giving the tip, he and several others went outside and presently returned.

"Dr. Cole," said Cartan, "the citizens of Battle Mountain have met here in a body to honor you, and they wish a speech; will you consent?"

"Certainly," answered the ancient physician, nimbly springing from his seat.

Reaching the rear platform, he began a beautiful address with the glowing words, "Citizens of Battle Mountain! I am proud to-night to be with you!" etc.

The Diggers gazed at him in silent wonder, for two minutes, when the train started.

Dr. Cole was dragged into the car amid thunders of applause. But he looked very glum.

"Glorious! magnificent!" cried his friends enthusiastically. "How did you like the splendid greeting?"

"*Splendid Greeting!*" grunted the disgusted Doctor. "Why it was the most stupid and impassive audience I ever addressed in all my life!"

Whereupon a universal howl went up, and more wine was ordered.

Again is there great woe at Burlingame. It is veritably stated that another peer has come and gone silently, and without a word to Talbot Clifton, Dick Tobin, or Jack Caserly. It seems that three weeks ago a titled and wealthy member of the great Scotch Ramsay family stopped at the Palace "incog" with his servant. His identity was known to his bankers, and also to two friends here—Scotch exiles. Otherwise, he visited Del Monte, San Rafael, etc., undisturbed, and now is bravely going to tackle the Yosemite, after which he will see Santa Barbara. All the same, there was really a still hunt organized to capture his lordship—though any lord who will go about calling himself plain "mister" doesn't deserve an American heiress.

Mayor Sutro is desperately set against the recognition of Cuba's belligerent rights.

"It's an outrage, a tam oudrage!" he exclaimed at dinner, Sunday night last, out at the Heights.

"But," returned Colonel Rogers, "it has such an immense popularity with Congress and the entire country."

"Der gountry is gone crazy!—Der Senate is crazy!"

"But what are your main reasons for opposing the measure?" asked Judge Moore, the Mayor's legal advisor.

"Vy in Gott's name do ve want to get involved in a war with Englant!"

"We could hold our own, I guess, pretty well in such a contest," replied the aged attorney dryly.

"Und those British Columbia iron-glads they gome down to our city, und they make a big fight here und blay hell with us!"

"But we have guns and ships and torpedoes ourselves and we could fight back," protested Colonel Rogers.

"Dot's beautiful!" moaned Sutro; "Und what a vonderful target Sutro Heights und der Sutro Bads vill make, when those iron-glads are shooding away all der time!"

The cogency of his argument was thoroughly appreciated, and patriotism melted at once into stern self interest.

* * *

Willis Polk's idiosyncrasies are notable, but the latest experience which Professor William Armes, of the State University, relates is worthy of a niche. The volatile young architect, who had indulged in a festive French dinner, rushed up to Professor Armes as he was on his way to the ferry, crying:

"Oh, say, Armes, do you know whether Douglas Tilden has a telephone? I want to get him here. We're having the biggest time you ever saw!"

Armes howled with laughter, for it is needless to say Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, is both deaf and dumb.

* * *

Mr. Depew
Will passably do
As a spinner of flowery yarns;
But when it comes down
To a speech of renown
Then give us our own Billy Barnes.

* * *

A telegram from Paris, dated the 5th inst., stated that Ernest Ange Duez, the celebrated painter, had passed away. Mr. Duez was born in Paris in 1843, and first entered the Salon in 1868 with a Mater Dolorosa. His work became eagerly sought after, and he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1880. One of his works, "St. Cuthbert," was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum in 1879. It will interest our readers to know that one of his finest works, and one which has been highly praised by foreign and local artists, is at present in the Gump Gallery in this city. It is called "An Interesting Story," and represents a man and a woman seated on a *tête-à-tête* divan, the woman reading the story, the man watching her every word. The fine coloring throughout the picture, the delicate work in the woman's dress, prove the capabilities of this inimitable artist, whose works now command a high premium. While in the gallery we also noticed two new pictures by Franz Lefler, of Vienna, which have just been released from the Custom House. Lefler's models are world-famous for their beauty, and the masterly manner in which this artist treats figures causes his pictures to be much sought after. His exquisite coloring and fine work in draperies, and the general finish to all his pictures, have raised him high in the ranks of contemporary painters. His work, together with that of the late M. Duez, are well worth a visit.

A General Favorite.

A good sound Whiskey is more valuable than a sound Wine, because while the inferior Wine may be taken without injury to the health, an adulterated Whiskey means ruin to the stomach. Famous "Old Saratoga," a pure rye whiskey, has been pronounced by the most eminent connoisseurs to be not alone perfect in flavor, but absolutely free from adulterants. It leads the American Whiskies in Europe, and is prominently listed on the cartes of the premier hotels of Great Britain and the Continent.

Don't fail to chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum after meals. Indigestion fades before it.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian Bitters

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EVER since the announcement was made that beautiful Hannah Williams had carried off the matrimonial prize of the period, our pretty huds and their fond mammams have had a secret sorrow rankling in their true inwardness: "Why did not such luck come their way, etc.?" However, the oft-time repeated old adage about there being as good fish in the sea as out of it, is shortly to be illustrated for their consolation; and it will soon be the whole duty of woman to hie her to the shades of B'lingham's oaks, where, according to the latest bulletin of fashionable intelligence, will be found ere long, a British nobleman—a real Lord, (and not a newspaper creation of nobility like Clifton's title) who is not only a rich man at the present time, but in future, as the heir to a Dukedom, to be possessed of a princely fortune, and a bachelor! There is a chance, girls, to get square on the loss of young Croesus's Hobart—a title, wealth, and life among the English, ye know!

* * *

It behooves all millionaires who feel their last days approaching to deed their property and not to will it; for, according to what takes place every day, no man's will can stand. The worst form of post mortem disclosures is the marriage contract. No man is safe, apparently, from being married after death if he leaves property behind him.

* * *

Easter decorations of our beaux as seen on the Avenue: Walter Hobart, a sprig of orange blossoms; Harry Stetson, a blue belle; George Newhall, a spray of marigold; Dr. Lorini, one fair lily; Donald de V. Graham, a bit of London Pride; Joe Grant, a virgin rose; Ed Greenway, a trumpet flower; Addie Mizner, one single violet; Claude Hamilton, a bachelor's button; Jack Casserley, a narcissus; Walter Dean, a daisy; Talbot Clifton, a bunch of wild oats; Al Bowie, a morning glory; Min Tompkins, Milk Vetch; Tom Van Ness, sensitive plant; Al Wilberforce, a thistle; Horace Platt, a snow drop; Lieutenant Wilcox, branch of willow; Sam Boardman, a marguerite; W. S. Jones, Wormwood; Lieutenant Cloman, a passion flower; Jim Phelan, a sprig of myrtle; Dr. Harry Tevis, a primrose; Morton Gihbons, a purple pansy; George T. Marye, a chestnut burr; Lieutenant Davis, thyme; Thomas P. Madden, sage; Will Heath, wall flower; Harry Stetson, balm of Gilead; Milty Latham, honeysuckle, Joe Tobin, a shamrock.

* * *

On dit, a wealthy gentleman sent an Easter egg to a member of the *Sinbad* company, and one to a youthful member of his family, and, by some awkwardness on the part of the office boy, the cards got mixed, and were attached to the wrong parcels. Result: a young Miss received a pair of jeweled garter clasps, and the *Sinbad* girl some French bon-bons. It was the actress who gave the story away.

* * *

It is whispered that most amiable of matrons, Mrs. Henry Scott, has promised her girl friends—and their name is legion—that she will bring back a hevy of Britishers for them to exert their fascinations upon during the summer season at Burlingame. No wonder she is so popular with the girls, especially those of many seasons.

* * *

Claude Terry Hamilton, that great pet of anxious mammams and prudent *puters*, is a strong card for Sausalito. He is such a lady's man that every girl feels she has a chance of drawing the prize in the matrimonial lottery, and the moonlight nights are thought to be a good time for playing Pauline to this popular Claude.

* * *

Rumors are in the air of a beautiful residence about to be erected in the Western Addition, in which a prominent capitalist will install a bride. As both the gentleman and the lady in question are noted and popular members of our society, the rumor is creating no end of gossip in drawing-rooms and clubs.

Ever since the friends of Mrs. Hager got an inkling that an Eastertide entertainment by that hospitable dame was in contemplation by her, rumor has been busy on all sides as to the nature of the affair and the participants therein. That it was to be a theatrical performance was admitted, but an attempt at great secrecy was maintained as to what and who. It remained for a sensational daily journal, with its usual haste and therefore inaccuracy, to give forth lists from time to time, each as unreliable as the other, as to who would take part in the play. The whisper of the swim goes that some of the prettiest of our buds will appear in the Living Pictures, which will precede and serve as a curtain-raiser to the play. Another and more startling one is that examples of the Modern Ananias will be shown in the tableaux before the play, in the posing of several well known members of society.

El Campo, the popular Bay Resort, will re-open Sunday as a first-class pleasure grounds. All sorts of amusements wherein the heart of man and woman delighteth can be indulged in there, such as dancing, bowling, boating and fishing. The best of music will be provided and first-class refreshments are to be had on the grounds.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL, OPENS
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
April 15th

For the season, under the management of
CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

QUEEN OF ALL
MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1st, and will close October 1, 1896.

George Schönewald, Manager,

Room 50, Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozyński's. Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellere style. Open Sundays.
CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

School For Boys and Girls

1012 Grand street, near San Jose avenue,
Alameda, Cal.

For particulars, address W. de JUNG, Principal.

Lillian Beddard SOLE OWNER of the following plays: "The White Queen," "The White Woman," "The Gambler's Wife," "The Actress," "The Martyr," "The Yellow Curtain," "The Evolution," and "The Mascot of Montana." 1233 Geary street

SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

MILLAIS did not leap into fame. At the age of nine, says a writer in London Society, he gained a medal from the Society of Arts for his drawing Conway, the greatest of English medallion painters, got the same medal at about the same age. Then the boy artist entered as a student at the Royal Academy, and eight years afterwards exhibited his first picture "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru." There was a period during which it was a question whether the young artist, under the influence of Ruskin's magic pen, would be dwarfed by the teachings of the pre-Raphaelite School. But Millais's independence of thought dominated every external influence. His style was his own, he had no mistress but Art, no school but work. And so, in 1853, he added the much-prized letters A. R. A. to his name, and ten years later was invested with the full dignity of R. A. What frequenter of the private views at the Academy does not recollect his lovely picture of the "Eve of St. Agnes"?

Then followed in quick succession those works which went straight to the heart of the nation and gave him a historic name. For years the name of Millais's picture was to point to the canvas which all the world, experts as well as the inartistic unthinking crowd, looked for. But amongst them, as eliciting the profoundest sympathy from the ordinary visitors to the Academy, might be mentioned "The Huguenot," "The Order of Release," "Yes or No," "The North-West Passage." A score of works might be added to these equally worthy of the master's reputation, and equally appealing to the judgment of the learned and unlearned in matters of Arts on the Continent and in England. Then came the era of his portraiture, in which he enriched the National Portrait Gallery—not the one on exhibition—by such historical likenesses as those of Gladstone and Tennyson. Even then his many-sidedness was not known, for the year came when all the Art world was talking about Millais's landscape—his "Chill October," his "Murthly Water," his "Old Garden." In every branch he shone, and just as he depicted emotion so he interpreted Nature, investing each with that ideal towards which poet and painter must lean, but always truthful, earnest, honest. It may truly be said of the new President that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. It may be doubted if so thoroughly English a painter can be found even amongst such giants as Gainsborough, and Reynolds, and Lawrence. At any rate, it would be difficult to assert that any one of these pleased the million and satisfied the critic as Sir John Millais has done.

THE Sacramento Record-Union, as reliable and carefully edited a journal as any in the State, will hereafter appear as a twelve-page seven day paper. It has our best wishes for success.

at auction

THURSDAY, April 16th,

At 12 o'clock M., in our Salesroom.

37 Superb Building Lots



See how we are cutting up this beautiful block:

There will be 37 Lots--Each one better than the other.
 Lots on Baker street.
 Lots on McAllister street.
 Lots on Lyon street.
 Lots on Golden Gate Avenue.

Sewers in all streets. Stone sidewalks all around the block.
 Take McAllister street cars; get off at Baker street.
 Title Insurance Policies issued to purchasers at \$10 a lot by the California Title Insurance Co.
FINAL SALE—This is the last of the unimproved Western Addition blocks owned by Mr. A. B. McCreery.

Terms: 1-4 Cash, Balance in 1, 2, and 3 years.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND,
 10 Montgomery St.



The North Star Victorious.

The decision lately rendered by Judge Beatty in the suit of the so-called Irish-American against the North Star Mining Company, has attracted general attention among mining men on account of its bearing upon the question of the right of the owners of veins or ledges to pursue a vein beyond the side line boundaries of their claims, beneath the surface of the land adjoining and belonging to their owners. The suit was brought against the North Star Mining Company by the owners of a neighboring property, which overlies the dip of the North Star vein, and beneath whose surface the North Star Company (or its predecessor) has followed, and, during the past twenty-five years, has been working its own vein in the exercise of the right granted by the patent of the United States, to follow such vein on its downward inclination, even though it pass beyond the sideline boundary of the surface claim and enter the land adjoining. The owners of the Irish-American sought to deprive the North Star Company of this extra-lateral right, and thus to render the defendant company liable for trespass, with very heavy damages for extracting ore during many years past. The North Star Company have strenuously resisted the attack of the plaintiff, not only on account of the heavy damages alleged, but also on account of the principle involved and of its bearing upon other claims and mining properties owned by them in the same district and held under United States patents, the value of which would be seriously, if not fatally, impaired if the contention of the plaintiff could be maintained.

An Important Mining Decision.

After much preparation and long delay, the case came to trial in the United States Circuit Court in January last, before Judge Beatty, who filed his decision March 16th, giving judgment for the defendant, affirming to the North Star Company the right to follow its ledge on its descent under the Irish-American claim, to any depth between two boundary planes, one passing through the east end line and the other parallel thereto, and arbitrarily established at a point 2,200 feet westerly from the east end plane. These boundary planes include and command all the ground involved in the controversy. The decision thus wholly disposes of any claim for damages set up by the plaintiff. The attack of the plaintiff was two-fold in its nature—first on legal grounds, holding that the patent was irregular in form, and should be declared void; and, secondly, on physical conditions, claiming that the apex of the North Star vein crossed the sidelines of the property, and, therefore, forfeited extralateral rights. On the first point Judge Beatty decided that the patent, having been once issued, it could not now be collaterally attacked on account of any question which the land department could lawfully determine before issuing it. On the second point the Judge found that the apex of the lode occurred along the central line of the North Star property, as claimed by the defendant, and that the defendant has the right to pursue the vein in depth as above stated.

The Norcross Incident.

Trouble seems to have passed for the time being between the management and the Miners' Union, with the retirement of Tangerman as Superintendent. A mining man named Cronan has been selected to fill the vacancy, and, according to all surface indications, every one is happy. The mine, it is said, will be reopened and ransacked for ore, which will be worked at some outside mill. It will be interesting to watch the returns from this quarter, just to see how much better they will be than those obtained under the old managements, which have been berated from time immemorial for not working the ore to a higher percentage, in addition to other scandalous charges in this respect. Under a management claiming absolute independence of all the Comstock cliques, and one which is published as "reform" to the very core, Hale & Norcross now should be a criterion of all that mining might be in a modern Utopia.

The Merced Mining Mystery.

The Boston Post is making an all-round exhibition of itself in its endeavors to bolster up the waning values of the Merced stock, which has been inflated outrageously for months past. The Post talks about a "canard," referring to the statement that both mine and mill have been closed down, and literally accuses Western papers of an attempt to break the stock. If they did there would not be much harm done, unless, perhaps, in sacrificing the unfortunate victims who were trapped at higher prices. The Merced mine never was worth \$69 a share, nor is it worth, as matters stand to-day, \$20, nor one-half of the amount, and piling expensive surface improvements on the ground does not make a mine, nor justify an investment on such an hypothesis. The course of the Merced Company all along has not been such as to benefit California mining; in fact, quite the reverse, and in this respect it is almost as bad as the Santa Ysabel humbug, which should be made to substantiate its statement about having a mill about to start up, which was published not long ago, or have its shares kicked off the Board. It is fully apparent that some check will have to be placed upon the movements of operators outside the State for the protection of legitimate investments managed by men who mean to do right. An effort will be made to run down the exact condition of affairs, past and present at Coulterville, for the benefit of people who can view a decline in Merced stock to legitimate figures an outrage.

The Rawhide Gold Mine.

The strike reported on the 900-level of the Rawhide mine during the week has caused quite a sensation in local mining circles, not only on account of the extraordinary rich character of the ore, but because it now establishes the belief that the celebrated mother lode at this point can be relied upon for continuity as depth is attained, a fact which has been determined by actual experience at other points where shafts have been carried down almost to the 3,000-level. The shaft in the Rawhide has been sunk since the new find nearly to the 1,000-level, with the ledge growing stronger and richer toward the bottom workings. This convinces the management that the vein has again become solid, which could not be said of it from the 400-level down, the ore being in place right enough, but badly broken up in spots. Where it begins to solidify again on the 900 it was eleven feet wide, and from that point it is opening out all the time as sinking continues. Without quoting estimates published about the value of the new find, which are to a large extent purely imaginative, it can truthfully be said that the value of the property has been greatly enhanced by it, and its future as a great bullion producer is more than ever assured.

A Lively Mining Election.

The annual meeting of the Bulwer Mining Company was one of the liveliest which has taken place here for many years, and reminiscent in many respects of the good old times. As it was, no definite result was attained, and the issue will have to be fought out in the Courts. Both sides are very determined in the positions they maintain, and, in the meantime, the old board holds the books and remains in control. After a long and protracted battle over the right to use certain stock, against voting which the New York parties had obtained an injunction from the Superior Court of this city and county, the meeting was adjourned for thirty days, which will permit of a legal decision on the question involved. In the meantime the Westheimer faction elected a new Board of Directors.

The Gold Mining Exchange.

The new Exchange was formally opened on Monday under most auspicious circumstances. A large number of representative men from all walks of life were present, and some very interesting speeches were made by prominent citizens. The occasion was taken to congratulate General Turnbull and his associates on the success of the work which they have so bravely started in the interest of California mines, and the President was accorded a more substantial token of regard in the form of a handsome timepiece. Business during the week has been very satisfactory, and a resolution has just been adopted to permit the sale of ten more seats at \$250 each, a clear gain of \$200 within a few weeks. The Lockwood mine has just been added to the list.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE case of the Rev. Mr. Reider, late pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, should convey a lesson to all the Lord's anointed. This good man came under the usual gossip recently, and though he averred that his fondness for the sisters was a strictly spiritual fondness, there were those of his flock who, being in base fear of the world's opinion, thought it best that he should go. And go he did. But seventy-seven members, of a purer zeal, have withdrawn from the church to follow the fortunes of the persecuted brother. Thus we see that pastors who allow their eyes to rest on the fair proportions of the sisters, and pay them pastoral attentions with indiscreet fervor, are liable to split the church, and that is bad for business. Pastors who split churches may be popular for a season, but in the end they will find themselves out of a job. This reflection should be an aid to virtue under the manifold temptations which assail Heaven's ambassadors.

MEDICAL students here enjoy a privilege which is afforded them nowhere else in the world. Each Sunday they are free to attend Grace Methodist Church, the pulpit of which is occupied by the Rev. Colburn. Thus they may study a person who was arrested by the police as a sexual psychopath, but was allowed to go lest his prosecution should involve too great a scandal. There are sexual psychopaths in other cities, but none in the pulpit, so far as is known. When it comes to means of grace, San Francisco claims the haton of the drum-major in the procession.

COLONEL Dan Burns may think it fun to stand off there on the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande, amusing himself by pretending every now and then to be on the point of crossing, but he is cruel to lots of poor Republican statesmen in this town. How are they to make a fight, how create a market for themselves, if the Colonel with his war hags keeps the Rio Grande between them and himself?

WHEN it comes to forensic wit, General Barnes has no rivals. "Oof!" he cried, when Barrister Delmas uttered something at his expense the other day, and the courtroom broke into the usual roar. Those who feared that the old General's powers were failing a little know now that that they were, as he would say in his brilliant way, slightly off their cahesa.

LITTLE Bill Hearst
Has a terrible thirst;
What shall he do to allay it?
His columns are sold
For silver or gold—
But nobody cares to pay it.

VERILY, the Examiner is ably edited. These two statements occurred in last Saturday's issue: "The events of yesterday give astounding evidence of the power of Huntington at Washington," "His power is waning, Huntington no longer a man of influence at Washington." The Examiner apparently wishes to be considered the champion liar of the coast.

NEW YORK is a large city, but it is not big enough to hide Willie Hearst and that \$22,000 he got from the Southern Pacific by the sale of his editorial columns. He must be mighty fond of money if that bribe compensates him for his infamy.

IF City Attorney Creswell is really under the illusion that Mayor Sutro is insane, and wants to be awakened from it with a bang, let him try to borrow a hundred of His Honor without putting up his watch or ring as security.

DR. Brown has introduced the mandolin into his religious services. Verily, verily, if this is not enough to bring about the millenium we do not know what will. Try Willis Polk on the banjo, Doctor.

OAKLAND sent no flowers to ex-President Harrison's wedding.

"I CRAVE not love," she harshly said—
She was a young New Woman;
"I sooner would a wild beast wed,
Whose longings are not human."

The years rolled on. She married thrice,
Grew stout and had five babies;
And thinks that men, poor men, are nice,
And Suffragists have rabies.

ON Monday evening, Rabbi Voorsanger is going to wage battle with some score of Pliocene dames, strong of sinew and language, but demnably soft of brain, who have the honor of championing the cause of all that is unwomanly and undesirable. It is hard to see so modest a man as the Rabbi sacrifice himself upon the altar of antiquity; but, as the doors are to remain open all the evening, it is to be hoped he will take refuge in flight when the women look upon his remarks as personal, and go for him with tooth and sharpened talon.

AN emergency Hospital is just as much needed in the Park as a museum or a band stand. Accidents occur daily, and cases have to be taken all the way to the Receiving Hospital for treatment. Wheelmen, especially, should help us advocate the establishment of such an institution.

IT is expected that the officers of the Revenue Service will all resign in a body now that Uncle Sam has forbidden them "hard" drinks. It is hard to see how these overworked gentlemen can adequately perform their dangerous duties upon mere wine, ale, and beer.

JUDGE Joachimsen should restrain his little dog, Prosecuting Attorney Dare, from committing nuisances in court. A brief sojourn behind the bars might do Mr. Dare worlds of good, and raise his standard considerably above that of the men he so often helps there.

THE police are after a dairyman called Baumann charged by Mr. Dockery with selling unwholesome milk. Close watch should be kept upon the different pumps in the city, and, sooner or later, the gentleman will be captured.

THE residents of the Mission are agitating for an "owl" street-car service. This neighborhood has always been considered so eminently respectable and moral, that it is a pity to see the good people traveling the broad road to ruin.

IT cost a man \$305 for calling a lawyer a thief in this city. Since the decision half the members of the bar are loafing around our office, hoping to entice us into a reckless but expensive expression of our opinion regarding them.

THE friends of the Mayor state he will be all right in a year or two; all he needs is a little rest. This is refreshing news; but in the meanwhile the city is going to the dogs.

ANARCHIST Gori was tendered a farewell banquet by his Italian friends last week. Needless to say, the poor man does not expect to eat again for many months to come.

THE average American will feel deeply grateful to the Rev. Donald M. Ross for his ringing sermon on "Patriotism." It takes a Canadian to teach us these things.

THE Examiner is throwing rank-smelling bouquets at Attorney-General Fitzgerald now. For a few dollars the sheet might roast the stuffing out of him.

IT is said that Mayor Sutro will never die, because he fears that Mr. Huntington has instructed Charon to raise his rates for ferriage across the Styx.

DURRANT thinks he will get off, and states that the public has no interest in his case. It takes some interest in his neck, however.

BLACK gunpowder has proved better than brown. This may also be charged up to the First Congregational Church scandal.

IT is to be hoped some church in the far north will give Dr. Brown a call. We shall be only too glad to help him along with a kick.

IF Alameda is really such a "moral" town, how is it that City Attorney Taylor hangs on to his job?



A Book of It is a great pity that Mr. Stephen Crane cannot, or will not, write good English. Even the people who may admire his style are likely to find fault with his grammar. Some reviewers

say that he despises the descriptive and constructive science of composition, but we hope this is not so. And yet there are so many glaring grammatical blunders in "The Red Badge of Courage" that we are half disposed to accept the criticism thus given as correct. How can we reconcile any other belief with his use of such language as "a little ways," "he could not flee no more than," or "whom he knew to be him." It is not, of course, necessary to be a philologist to be a brilliant writer, nor is great ability, in some cases, tarnished by outraging the science of language. We know that the best of authors make mistakes in grammatical construction, but such mistakes as Mr. Crane makes are, we contend, a serious blemish to his book, and will be so regarded by the cultured minds who read it. But, having said this much, we have said all we intend to say against this author and his last work. Never since the Civil War have we come across a book, published in this country, that gives the hopes, fears, conversations, and camp talk of the soldier in the field more accurately than "The Red Badge of Courage," and one wonders where Mr. Crane got his inspiration. That he was never told of the language he puts into the mouths of his soldiers, as his admirers contend, we do not believe. The words he uses are too true to life in the camp, too accurate in their detail, too technical in their knowledge of what men think when under fire to come to one's mind unbidden, unless, indeed, they were inspired after the fashion believed in by Gausson of Geneva, and that is too much for our credulity, in this case. Who, for instance, except a man who has worn a sword or carried a rifle, could describe a scene like that in which a soldier returns from picket duty and says: "We're goin' t' move t' morrah—sure. We're goin' away up the river, cut across, and come in behind 'em." His audience is incredulous. "It's a lie, that's all it is—a thunderin' lie," one of them exclaims. "I don't believe the derned old army's ever goin' to move. We're set. I've got ready to move eight times in the last two weeks, and we ain't moved yet," and then a discussion follows, and how every soldier will recognize the language as being accurate to the letter! Mr. Crane is only twenty-four years of age, and he never saw a battle, but his wonderful portrayal of soldiers' tittle-tattle in camp, his sensations under fire, and his sayings on the march display an inner realism which can only, in the first instance, come from actual knowledge. Surely it was an old soldier who primed Mr. Crane to describe the recruit's sensations in his first battle, and it looked the wrong place for a battlefield, the "fresh fish" thought. It contradicted his preconceptions of geographical and poetical fitness.

But his brigade moved forward slowly through the woods with skirmishers in advance, shooting into thickets and at distant trees. Presently there was a halt, and many men began erecting tiny hills in front of them; they used sticks, stones and earth, anything that might turn a bullet. Some spoke scornfully of these devices of caution, but others pointed to the veterans on the flanks who were digging at the ground like terriers. But the recruit was soon ordered away from that position, and, when aligned in another, more little intrenchments were rapidly thrown up. And it was the same when they moved again. The marching from one point to another appeared to be aimless and useless, and here follows a conversation that every old soldier heard many times: "I suppose," said a tall soldier to the recruit, "we must go reconnoitering around the country, just to keep 'em from getting too close, or to develop 'em or something." Then another exclaimed: "If anybody with any sense was a-runnin' this army, it—" "Oh, shut up," roared the tall fellow. "Well," said the other, "I didn't come here to walk; I could 'ave walked to home—round and 'round the barn, if I just wanted to walk." This is capital. The soldier could not understand

tactics and manoeuvring, and he growled at something that was mysterious, and yet how true it all is, and how often have old soldiers heard words similar to those in the dreary bivouac or when trudging along the roads. And the descriptions of the battle are equally vivid, equally true to nature. Take, for instance, this scene of a retreating brigade, when a hatless General rides up to the Colonel of a new regiment, and shouts: "You've got to hold them back! You've got to hold them back!" and then the new regiment faced about and "held back" the enemy as best they could. There were no heroes, no striking attitudes, no officers holding their caps in one hand and dramatically cheering their men to the charge, and very little of what Bacon calls "the absurdity of boldness" or exaggerated display; but there is war, and war such as soldiers know it to be, not as it is generally depicted in the dehaunched mockeries of so-called battle scenes.

*"The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane.

San Francisco has, in Mr. Edward Maslin Hulme, a graduate of Stanford University, a poet of much promise. "An Evening Thought and Other Verses," just published, contains some little gems of real merit, in which the measure is regular, while the imaginative powers often express true poetic fancies. No mere poetaster, dabbling in pitiful rhyming, ever, for instance, wrote anything like this:

"I will tie my heart to the petal
Of a lily's pure, white bell,
And when the night-wind swings it
The song of my heart shall swell,

To where my love lies dreaming
Under the wild rose tree,
And she will know that the breezes
Are bearing a message from me."

There are twenty-one poems in all, and here and there the reader will detect much of that poetic imagination and rhythmical arrangement which indicate true merit.

The Bible furnishes the best groundwork for a perfect scheme of ethics. Its teachings are the basis of law and order. The religion contained in the Bible is not a theory or system of thought, but it is a view of life, admirably illustrated in the constitution of our Republic, which is not borrowed from Greece or Rome, but is of God-given origin. And for those reasons "Readings from the Bible, Selected for Schools," and issued by the Chicago Woman's Educational Union, should meet with general commendation among Christians. From a casual glance at this book, it appears to be endorsed by people of many Christian sects, Protestants and Catholics, and its sphere of usefulness should, for this reason, be extensive.

"The Great Anglo-American War of 1900" is a brochure of the Battle of Dorking style. It supposes a war between England and this country, in which California raised 40,000 troops for use, principally on the coast. But the British fleet captures and destroys San Francisco, and all because somebody's advice was not taken and the Golden Gate protected by powerful booms of a special construction to prevent that fleet from entering the bay. Then our American army invades Ireland and another captures London, for the ransom of which 100 millions sterling is paid. This brochure is written by Captain Auson, R. N., and it is published in London. All it proves is that Captain Auson, R. N., is a very poor writer, and his brochure a failure.

Lady Burton's death reminds us that she destroyed her husband's best work, "Saadi's Scented Garden," a translation from the Persian, that had all sorts of naughty things in it. It is too bad, however, that she did not destroy her husband's execrable "Catullus" and his unpurged "Arabian Nights," that is now so dear one can't buy it, and wouldn't have people know he had it, even were he obliged to lock it in his safe.

"The Whence and the Whither of Man," one of the series of what is known as "The Marse Lectures," takes the broad Darwinian doctrine as its gospel, and it makes all other things bow to it. Well, even great Catholic theologians now say that evolution may have been the origin of man, and then—it may not.

In its review of the books of 1895, the Publishers' Weekly says that last year was the most productive of American books the trade has ever known.

Genton's Magazine for April contains among other interesting matter articles on Building Associations and Savings Banks; German Socialism of to-day; the inadequacy of Great Parties and the Economic Aspect of large Trading. The magazine is of a very superior order and will be read from cover to cover.

Among the spring publications announced by Messrs. A. E. Cluett & Co., New York, are "Conjugal Amenities" and "Marjory Moore." The former is endorsed by the London Athenaeum, Court Journal and other leading papers: the latter will also doubtless be a success.

The Easter number of Life contains thirty-two pages of delightful matter, illustrated by all the leading artists of the day and has an especially attractive cover by Johnson. "The Penny Magazine" makes its first appearance in Philadelphia. It is five cents a copy, and contains sixty-five pages of well printed matter.

THISTLE DOWN.

A woman in New York has a platinum nose. She is now kicking because it will never turn up.

It is stated that a Chinese woman is as fond of a tael as her western sister is of the almighty dollar.

Two Colorado miners recently attempted to thaw some giant powder in a stove. Even Nansen has been unable to find the remains.

Immigration should by all means be restricted. We, and a few like us, are in, so we don't mind how quick the gates are closed upon the others.

A Pittsburg professor lately applied the Cathode ray to a woman's head and discovered that it contained a tumor. Suffrage papers invited to copy.

An attorney at Eureka has been arrested for catching fish "out of season." He will doubtless get off on a technicality by swearing that they came out of the water.

The Territorial Enterprise notified its readers that last Sunday was Easter. The religious training of the good people of Virginia, Nev., has apparently been sadly neglected.

A jury consisting of six men and six women was impaneled in South Dakota to try a divorce case, and resulted in three marriages, two elopements, and one disgraceful scandal.

It is now stated that Corbett will not fight Mitchell. This statement surprises us, as Mr. Corbett, by his wholesome activity in search of an opponent, has kept us in continual fear of bloodshed.

A little barrel-organ monkey jumped off the Brooklyn bridge and met his death in the East River a few days ago. The little beast doubtless found life too much of a grind to be enjoyed.

A man who broke into the house of two elderly women suffragists in Illinois has been called a bold burglar by the papers. We think his action entitles him to be considered nothing less than a hero.

Over seventy members resigned in a body from a Sacramento church the other day. At this rate the Almighty will have to go out of business or else set up a partnership with the Devil and the ministers.

A Brooklyn policeman saved a lady's life the other day. This man should be pensioned by the Government, otherwise he may be induced to enter a dime museum, and the country will eventually lose him.

Now that the Ohio House of Representatives has passed a bill fixing the size of hat a woman may wear in a theatre, it is suggested that the dimensions be forwarded to the Almighty, so that he may somewhat regulate the size of their heads.

An anonymous correspondent, probably a dyspeptic suffragist, writes asking us to "roast" the young ladies who indulged in a game of basket ball last Saturday. We have no intention of doing so, as the young women in question might come and punch our editorial head. Besides, we like to see our girls get all the exercise they can. Here's to them!

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



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IF Parkhurst has been a sufferer from the denunciations of the convivially inclined for some time, he must be enjoying a respite now, for it is no longer the Madison Square preacher who is attacked, but the terrible author of the Raines' bill. All New York, except the Temperance Leagues, is up in arms at being dictated to by the representative citizen of a town of fifty-seven hundred. I do not believe people outside of this State bave by any means grasped the situation. What would your Pacific Union clubmen think if they were refused a cigar in the clubs after 1 A. M. every night in the week? And moreover were refused food. And if they had planned a Saturday night supper, do you not think the waiters would be numbered among the slain if they refused after midnight to serve a rarebit and a bottle of ale. Yet these are the afflictions of New Yorkers. A melancholy member of the Calumet related almost with tears in his eyes this sad state of affairs in their once happy club house. The full meaning of the law has really not yet penetrated the minds of the Gothamite accustomed for all the years of his life to regard himself as an independent American citizen. According to the strict letter of the law, any host is open to arrest who in his own house offers a Sunday guest a glass of wine with his dinner, and presently one may expect to present the precinct police with the keys of one's cellar at midnight on Saturday, to be retained at the station until five o'clock on Monday. No reasonable person imagines for an instant that this law will prevent drunkenness. Quite the contrary. The Sunday law was such a hardship for the German beer-drinking workmen, who could easily afford their ten cent "growler" for the Sunday dinner, but could not lay in a stock of expensive bottled beer on Saturday night, have now offered to them some fearful and wonderful compound called "bottle beer," which is sold at fifty cents a case and extensively used at that figure, while the bad wines and spirits are too dangerous in their effects to consider for a moment. However, law is law, and must be submitted to.

The split in the Salvation Army still attracts attention, and causes much regret among people who appreciate the work of the organization. The so-called rebellious Ballington and Mrs. Ballington are already out in their new cadet blue uniforms with the brass buttons of "The Volunteers," and, apparently, utterly unconcerned about anything in life excepting their own independent army. Mrs. Booth-Tucker has, however, such great influence with her brother that it is widely believed that, once they have an interview, he will wander back into the original fold.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raum have left Cairo for a few weeks in Paris. Mrs. Younger is still abroad studying music with Leschetitsky, one of Paderewski's former masters. At the Mannheimer art sale here last night a painting by Toby Rosenthal, "The Musicians," brought eighteen hundred dollars. The "Trilby" craze is not yet over, it is most evident, for the Avery Art Galleries, where du Maurier's original sketches for the immortal *blanchisseuse de fin* were crowded yesterday and to-day. There were not many men among the throng, so it is evident that the craze is chiefly a feminine one.

In the courts during the last week I have known of only one case interesting to California, but that one is very interesting, as it is the contest over the will of the late Frederick Maxwell Somers, formerly connected with the San Francisco Argonaut. Mr. Somers and W. J. Ritchie went abroad together for the furtherance of a business enterprise, and it will be remembered by his friends that Somers died almost immediately after reaching Southampton. He bequeathed his property to Miss Violet Gratz Brown, his *fiancée*, a most beautiful and charming woman, a relative of the late minister, Gratz Brown. Somers' mother is the chief contestant in the matter. The Courts have not yet decided upon her claim, but the prospects are in favor of the *fiancée*.

New York, April 3rd, 1896.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.



Very Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Market street. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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 Office, City of Paris Building, No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.

A SAN FRANCISCO ROMANCE.

ONE of the handsomest boys in the city in 1874 was Ned Follansbee, the son of a well-known deceased physician, and the nephew of James Keene, the "King of Bear Brokers," on the maternal side. And it is the present Nile expedition that brings to mind his adventurous life, leading up to the battle of Tel-el-Kibir, and on to greater distinction.

Follansbee was the beau par excellence, in those days, of the entire old High School on Powell street. He dressed in perfect taste, but his silk scarfs and new top-coats were always a cynosure for the several hundred other boys.

To be sure, there was one young man named Schmidt, who wore a diamond stud and sported a big yellow diamond solitaire ring—also the flaring collar just then coming into vogue. But although Schmidt—who wears the same diamond to this day—had a certain "chosen" following, he was not in it with Ned Follansbee, or "Doc," as the boys all called him.

By a singular distortion of a practical education, it happened at that time that the Board had established a "Latin class" in the High School which corresponded with the regular first grade, save that it had the additional advantages of reading the "Diary of Julius Caesar" in his own language by easy stages. Ex-Superintendent of Schools Mann had charge of the class, and the boys were fond of him. Still they were considered as "the nasty little Latin class" by the other two hundred boys. Nevertheless, Follansbee couldn't be excelled, and he gave that tone to his class that enabled it to be haughty and insolent.

In it there was Hugh Tevis, Stanley Stillman, Albert Ivers, Otto Newmark, Seth Mann, Bob Rowell, Osgood Putnam, and a lot of the best young neophytes of the town. There was one authority, however, which ruled the general gathering—just at ten minutes to one o'clock—and that was the "ever-unforgotten" (to steal a phrase from Heine)—Milton H. Eisner, who was respected not only by old man Sibley for his rhetoric, but by "Fussy" Winn for his remarkable attention to physics. For a quarter of an hour every noontide Eisner would entertain an entranced group of lads in the school-yard with brilliant effect. The topics he would discuss were of the day, and really he was quicker in reply than any of the other men in his class could ever hope to be.

But when "Doc" Follansbee and Hugh Tevis, and Stanley Stillman, and the rest of the "nasty little Latin class" would march in from a big half-hour game of "Tally-hi-ho" around the foundations of the growing Stanford mansion near by, with the glow of health and exercise upon their brows, there was a certain deference paid which certainly was centered in the personality of "Doc" Follansbee. In fact, he was "cock of the walk," and more than all, he was a better baseball pitcher than any other they could find in the school. His walk was as inimitable as that of a Scotch recruiting sergeant.

After the schooldays came a commercial career—not for long, for the young fellow was temerarious and venturesome.

Nothing was heard of him for many a day, after he suddenly departed from San Francisco. Then, a long time after, there was the news that he had fought gallantly in the British ranks at Tel-el-Kibir, and had been especially mentioned for his bravery. After that there was another long silence. And then came a story in a round-about way that he had shown extraordinary presence of mind in stopping a panic on a troopship which had caught fire somewhere off the Malay Peninsula. The fire also was suppressed, and Follansbee received no little praise.

In Australia, as Captain in the Mounted Police, he next won laurels; and now he has settled down there, for good evidently. He has become a magistrate!

The only place for a lady to get a good lunch when through with her shopping is at Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street. English muffins a specialty. Mr. Swain furnishes dinners at many of our largest functions, and cannot be excelled as a caterer. His pastries and confectionaries equal those of the most celebrated establishments in Paris, and find especial favor with the fair sex.

Japanese art goods are all the rage to-day. George T. Marsh, 625 Market street, has the best.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

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THE PACIFIC COAST NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE ANNOUNCES that it has secured control of that great educational reference work, the

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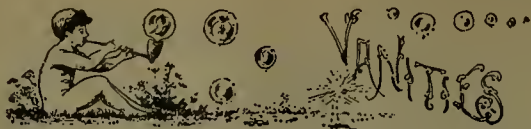
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PACIFIC COAST NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE,
36 Montgomery St., San Francisco.



DEAR EDITH:—Of course you went to church last Sunday, if only to see the delightful costumes and millinery. It seems to me that styles get more becoming each season. This applies especially to hats and their trimmings. Some of the trimmings I noticed last Sunday were flowers made of a delicate taffeta silk which are a very popular garniture for all kinds of fine headgear this season. A double ruffle of the silk is joined and gathered in the center, something after the fashion of a rosette. Poppies, roses and also larger flowers are shown in this style and are very becoming indeed. One extra handsome gown I saw was made of brocaded satin de Lyons. The design was very simple and the pattern was a large bunch of red and yellow roses with green leaves on an ivory white satin ground. The skirt had numberless folds at the back and sides, but was sufficiently plain to show the figure well in front. The bodice was cut low and trimmed with a bertha of splendid old point that cost dollars upon dollars a yard. The sleeves were short but full puffs of red velvet to match the red roses. But the most fascinating thing about this gown was the part that didn't show—the inside lining of the skirt, with its finishing flounces at the bottom. The lining was pale yellow taffeta like the yellow in the roses, and around the bottom were three flounces of satin ribbon, one each to match the colors in the pattern, namely, red, yellow and green; when the skirt was raised these flounces showed and the effect was exquisite.

The stores have all received their new stocks of dainty *lingerie* by now. I notice that those silks with large patterns being used for petticoats are so pretty that girls who own them often wear them for dress skirts with dainty tea jackets for lounging purposes. To be sure, they haven't so many gores as a dress skirt, but they have flounces enough to compensate. First, there is the pinked flounce of soft taffeta; then a plaited one of the material of the skirt; then a fluff of accordion-plaited chiffon veiled with exquisite lace. The top may be finished here and there with a tiny bow of ribbon.

It is still a question of taste between mull or cambric or silk for petticoats. One I saw, which was pretty enough for a ball gown, was of pink silk with a veiling of tacked white mulle and lace. The plain silk skirts have a flounce with several rows of wire cording to stiffen them, and these are really more useful than those made of mulle, which are so fine and soft that nobody would think of starching them enough to fill out the present dress skirt.

Some beautiful creations in capes are being shown by our leading modistes. They are usually made of grass lawn, and are profusely embroidered, and have chiffon trimmings. One I saw of the above material had insertions of lace, jet embroidery, and two full frills of finely killed chiffon. A huge ruffle of chiffon encircled the neck. With this cape goes a dainty little bonnet, somewhat like a peasant's cap in its general shape. The material used in its construction is jet sequins, the bandeaus edged with fine ruffings of Valenciennes lace and the whole backed by a spreading bow of turquoise blue velvet. On each of the three points in front there is a large jet *cabochoon* with a turquoise in the center. The effect of this creation can be varied, if the wearer so desires, by the use of strings of black over white tulle.

As for ornamentation there is an attempt being made to force bracelets upon us again. The idea is not meeting with a very warm reception and I hope it will not gain ground. Those being shown by the jewelers are plain and twisted rather heavy bars, and do not clasp but just slip over the hand by means of an adjustable spring.

Solid colors in stockings are out of style. They should be in two tints at least, say black half way up, with light colored tops. Plaid tops are also fashionable.

BELINDA.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

NEW PATTERN HATS.

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Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 223 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

THE Chronicle has whipped the Examiner unmercifully —has wiped the floor with it before the people of the whole State, without the sacrifice of any of its dignity or self-respect in the interesting proceeding—and there is nothing left for the Examiner but to saw wood and pray for the hastening of the time when the humiliating episode may be forgotten, if ever it shall be. It made a sorry spectacle of itself in its confused efforts at defense, which are the laughing stock of all its enemies.—Stockton Mail.

—The Government is now manufacturing silver dollars at the rate of 1,500,000 a month. They will be stored away in the Treasury vaults in readiness for the coming day so hopefully predicted by the bewhiskered prophets of populism, when the streets will be paved with silver and every man will tote his pocket money around in a wheelbarrow.—New York Mail and Express.

—It was through English influence that slavery has been abolished in Egypt. The same influence is now directed against slavery in the Soudan. That is, the hot-bed of the worst form of slavery has been abolished in Egypt. If the English abolish slavery there as they have in Egypt they will have the gratitude of the Christian world.—Oakland Tribune.

—The American people do not look with favor upon illiteracy. In 1890 the proportion of illiterates in this country over ten years old was 17 per cent. It is now only 13.3 per cent. The proportion will grow steadily less, particularly if immigration is properly restricted and the public schools properly supported in the lower grades.—Denver Times.

—A great many Republican presidential booms have collapsed recently, notably those of ex-President Harrison and Senator Cullom. McKinley's boom has not yet collapsed, but his platform has. The silver Senators sat down on it.—Oroville Mercury.

—Dr. Brown has been whitewashed and the Davidsou case dismissed. Henceforth politics will occupy a good deal of the people's attention. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that Durrant has not yet been hanged.—Mountain Messenger.

—The Redding Democrat thinks that our Republican city officials attempted to prevent Milk Inspector Dockery from drawing a salary because the good work he is doing helps us to grow healthy little Democrats. Good!

—The scarcity of strikers and the steady employment of operatives in the manufacturing mills of the country furnish the strongest evidence as to the benefits of the Democratic tariff legislation.—Oroville Mercury.

—Preparations are being made for the demise of the Democratic national administration. A man named Coffin has just been appointed assistant comptroller of the Treasury.—Mountain Echo.

—The people of California have one reason to feel kindly toward Editor Hearst of the Examiner. He has taken up his permanent residence in New York.—Alameda Telegram.

—A San Francisco man has come forward with a scheme to run the machinery of that city by wind. We wonder if Mayor Sutro is to furnish the motive power.—Stockton Mail.

THE Stockton Record has started upon its second year of publication. The Record has proved itself a stayer and we trust it will long continue to prosper.

THE Alameda Encinal, one of the oldest and most reliable papers in the State, has had to increase its size, owing to heavy advertising patronage and good times generally.


THE Tuolumne Independent, a live and up-to-date journal, has started its twenty-fifth volume, each of which gets brighter and newrier than the last.

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419 and 421 Sansome street, S. F



"Michael," said his employer, "you are looking very rocky this morning." "Yis, sor," replied the driver of the delivery wagon. "I've got a bad headache. I was at a christenin' last night, sor, an' the kid was the only one in the crowd that took water."—Chicago Tribune.

He—But, of course, you will forget me. SHE—Nonsense; I shall think of you when you are gone. HE—Oh, shall you? SHE—Yes; therefore the longer you are gone the longer I shall think of you. Won't that be nice.—Boston Transcript.

"I see," said the Earnest Boarder, "that they are again petitioning Congress to recognize the Deity in the Constitution." "But," asked the Cheerful Idiot, "won't that involve the recognition of—er—the adversary as a belligerent?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Ragged Haggard (at the door)—Maddim, may I trouble you for suthin' to eat? LADY OF THE HOUSE (threateningly)—I'll call the dog if—RAGGED HAGGARD (with dignity)—Thank ye, but I never eat dogs.—Truth.

Mrs. Grogan—I don't know what to do wid Danny. He do be always pinching the other kids. Mrs. HOGAN—Always pinching, is he? Sure, the lad will some day be a polaceman.—Indianapolis Journal.

"My good fellow," said the dude to the hatter, "how's trade?" "There's really nothing in hats nowadays," replied the hatter, trying one on the head of the dude.—Yonkers Statesman.

First Artist—What were BJones' qualifications for being placed on the hanging committee? SECOND ARTIST—I believe he was once a sheriff out in Oklahoma.—Philadelphia Record.

"How tall and stately she is!" "Yes; but they say she is rather rapid." "H'm! Perhaps she tries to balance her physical longitude by an extensive moral latitude."—Boston Courier.

"Yes, doctor, it still hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be my breath." "Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."—Life.

"So this is the minie rifle?" "Yes, mum." "And that's the maxim gun?" "Yes, mum. The minie-mum and the maxim-mum!"—New York Recorder.

Yeast—Your landlady says you're behind with your board. CRIMSONBEAK—Well, she's dead wrong. I'm ahead. I owe her \$45.—Yonkers Statesman.

Enfant Terrible—And did they go into the ark two by two! MAMMA—Yes, dearest. ENFANT TERRIBLE—Well, who went with auntie?"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Blue-Myrrh, picking up her little boy, who had stubbed his toe. "Don't cry. Be a man, like mamma."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Gamsly never treats anybody, does he?" "Treat? When he's thirsty himself he just gets out his telescope and looks at the Dipper."

Teacher—What kind of riches take unto themselves wings? BOBBY—Ostriches.—Philadelphia Record.

"Blanche is a brilliant talker." "Of course; she has lantern jaws."—Chicago Record.

"Marie is a self-made woman." "Yes, her clothes show it."—Chicago Record.

As a slight shower refreshes the earth, so a good whiskey refreshes the system. The famous J. F. Cutter Bourbon is pronounced one of the healthiest and best stimulants in the market. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast, and supply our leading families with this choice liquid.

The newest things in linen for ladies and gentlemen at John W. Garmany's, 25 Kearny street.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)...3,159,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP...Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; St. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President; E. B. POND, Vice-President.
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000
Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—1156 Pacific Ave.
Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.
NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.
This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

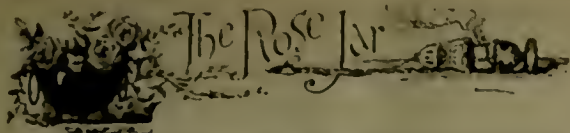
WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—48 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



THE SWEETHEART I NEVER HAVE SEEN.—JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS
IN THE NEW BOWMAN

O HERE'S to the sweetheart I never have seen,
The one fairest woman—my idol, my queen—
Who thralls me with mystery, calls me her own,
And sweeps up the stairs of my heart to her throne,
With a pride of possession so charmingly sweet
That I smile at the confident sound of her feet.
As I reach out my arms with a yearning that she
Understands as she sinks on my welcoming knee,
With a look of appealing, so foud and serene,—
The dear little sweetheart I never have seen.

Her eyes are the eyes of a dove, and her mouth
Is a hint of old Egypt—a dream of the South—
As it lies like an island of rubies a shine
In a sea of warm lilies—and all of them mine!
No chisel of Athens—no graver of Rome—
No master abroad, and no painter at home,
E'er colored a Venus or carved a Faustine,
As fair as my sweetheart I never have seen.

Her voice is a lute, and the coil of her arm
Is a cadence of love, as she cuddles her warm
Girlish head on my breast, while her lips seek my own
With a rapture that's only an answering tone;—
I have gazed on the beauty—have feasted my eyes
On the fairest of earth, of all climate and skies;
But Greece hath no Helen, and Egypt no queen,
To match with my sweetheart, I never have seen.

ONCE WITH DAPHNE.—L. FRANK TOOKER, IN CENTURY

I with Daphne used to meet
Where the rnses belled our feet
On still mornings. Straightway, then,
We forsook the haunts of men
For the cool and secret glooms
Where the unsunned laurel blooms.
Round her waist she deftly drew
Her bright fawn-skin, and laughed through
That black tangle of her hair,
That unwinding but left bare
Half her shoulder's gleaming grace.
Back she turned her perfect face
And with murmured laughter shook
Down cool dew-baths. Straight we took
Flight again and hastened on
To a valley dusk and wan,
And so strange we heard anew
Our old footsteps running through,
And so dim that each one's face
Seemed a shadow in the place,
And so still the wind was heard
Blowing on the beak of bird,
And the woodland noises seemed
Something soundless that we dreamed.
There her voice was like a flame,
When, betimes, she spoke my name,
And that whispered speech of hers
Drowned the woodland choristers;
Drowned th' elusive murmuring
Of the bubbling, hidden spring:
Drowned the ghosts of winds a-search
For the vibrant leaf of birch.
Ah, how little wise men know
Where we happy dreamers go!

MAJOR AND MINOR.—GEO. WM. CURTIS.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree;
He sang, "I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang, "I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
For the springs that return no more.

Your chimney has as much
to do with your light as your
lamp has.

The Index tells what Num-
ber to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl
glass."

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNEY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier, | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier

DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Drexel, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 528 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heinemann, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord S. L. Abbot, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1869.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



AN old anecdote has lately been resurrected to the effect that the Duke of Wellington once found a small boy weeping over a pet toad. The boy was heartbroken because he had to go to school and leave his orphan toad to the mercy of a cruel world. The Duke undertook to be a foster-father, and wrote to the boy from time to time in these terms: "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Master William Stubbs, and begs to inform him that his toad is quite well."

—The compiler of the British "Blue Book" on the Venezuelan question, Sir Frederick Pollock, is a direct descendant of a Pollock who was saddler and harness-maker to George the Third. This saddler's son became Chief Baron Frederick Pollock of the Court of Exchequer and Privy Councillor. Baron Pollock's eldest son, Sir William Frederick Pollock, was for many years "Queen's Remembrancer," and also was Macready's literary executor. Sir William's son is the present Venezuelan advocate of the British Cabinet.

—The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain prides himself upon taking no exercise whatever. He owns pleasure gardens and orchid-houses of some forty acres. After he had been a few years in the House of Commons he asked an old parliamentary hand for a criticism on his speeches. The old man considered a while, and finally advised him to "break down" occasionally. Joseph was smart even in those days. Few people know that he is over sixty years of age and began his political career as early as 1868.

—The late Arsene Houssaye enjoyed a joke as well as the next man. He became acquainted with Charles Mouselet, who came to Paris unknown and wrote to Houssaye himself, stating all would go well if he could get a letter of introduction to Houssaye. So Houssaye wrote a letter to himself, introducing Mouselet, and when Mouselet presented it enjoyed the joke immensely.

—Millais, Ruskin, Hunt and Rossetti were the leaders of the pre-Raphaelites. Millais' and Ruskin's domestic histories were interwoven in a rather embarrassing manner. Ruskin's wife fell in love with Millais, who returned the affection. Observing this, Ruskin allowed her to get a divorce and marry Millais.

—A suit which was lately instituted against Prince de Looz-et-Corswarem of Belgium, charging him with breaking various laws in France, Belgium, and England, has ended at Brussels in his discharge. The court found him suffering from "hereditary degeneracy and without penal responsibility."

—Pipe smokers are equally divided upon the merits of briars and corncobs; but it is said that the pine hurrs of Nevada county, (Cal.), can be made into pipes which are far superior to the corncob, as they are not only sweeter, but remain freer from nicotine.

—The five composers selected to adorn the "crown" centerpiece to be presented to Theodore Thomas are Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, Berlioz, and Rubinstein. Thus, Germany, Austria, France and Russia will be represented.

—Ellen Terry lately celebrated her forty-ninth birthday. She is about ten years younger than Irving, with whom she has been associated seventeen years. She was born in Coventry, England.

—Mascagni's new opera, which is entitled *Vestilia*, will include a gladiatorial scene in a Roman amphitheatre, with the episode of turning down the thumbs as the signal for death.

—The first speech made the other day by Professor Lecky, the historian, in the British House of Commons, was an appeal for a more liberal policy toward Ireland.

"After that," remarked the young slim man who had been telling an inane ghost story, "my mind was a blank." "That accounts for it, commented a sharp young woman, and there was an interregnum of profound silence.—Truth.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are an effectual remedy for all Bronchial Affections.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St.

San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool
FUERST BROS. & CO.....2 and 4 Stone St., New York

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE EMBARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F

Tel. 5610.

OBITUARY.

George R. B. Hayes. George R. B. Hayes, a member of the law firm of Stanley, Hayes & Bradley, died in this city last Sunday morning. The deceased was born in Belfast in 1847, and came to this country in 1863, devoting himself to the study of law immediately upon arrival in San Francisco. He became prominent both in his profession and in politics, and when still a young man was elected to the State Legislature. He was the personal attorney for Archbishop Riordan, and being a man of great probity and intelligence, the Democracy of the State loses in him a pillar of unquestionable strength and usefulness. The interment took place on Tuesday in Holy Cross Cemetery, after impressive rites in St. Mary's Cathedral.

THE Encyclopædic Dictionary, which is being sold by the Pacific Coast Newspaper Syndicate, 36 Montgomery street, has been pronounced one of the most perfect of its kind ever issued. It is, in fact, a dictionary and an encyclopædia combined, and therefore takes the place of numerous volumes on special subjects put together. Being in four compact volumes, the work is far more desirable than many which consist of at least six volumes, yet do not contain half as much information as does this one. Altogether there are over five thousand pages of matter, illustrated throughout with numerous and well executed cuts. The volumes come in three different styles of binding—cloth, half-Russia, and full sheep. The terms allowed by the Syndicate are reasonable indeed, being \$1 cash and \$1.25 monthly for twelve months. If half-Russia binding is desired then the monthly payments are \$1.50. Hundreds of copies have already been sold, and the demand still continues.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Southern Pacific Company was held last Wednesday, and resulted in the election of the old Board of Directors for the coming year, viz: C. F. Crocker, W. H. Crocker, T. H. Hubbard, C. P. Huntington, H. E. Huntington, C. G. Lathrop, N. T. Smith, T. E. Stillman, J. C. Stubbs, A. L. Tubbs, and R. J. Wilson. There was no contest over the election, the efficient management of the company under Mr. Huntington meeting with the unanimous endorsement of all concerned. The election of officers took place on Thursday morning, and resulted as follows: President, C. P. Huntington; Vice President, Charles F. Crocker; Second Vice President, T. H. Hubbard; Third Vice President, J. C. Stubbs; Treasurer, N. T. Smith; Assistant Treasurer, F. H. Davis; Secretary, E. C. Wright; Assistant Secretaries, C. F. Krets and J. E. Gates; Controller, William Mahl; Assistant Controller, E. C. Wright.

AN IMPORTANT SALE.

ON Thursday, the 16th inst., at noon, Baldwin & Hammond will sell at auction thirty-seven desirable building lots fronting on Golden Gate avenue and Baker, McAllister and Lyon streets. The property is sold under instructions from Mr. A. B. McCreery, and is considered some of the choicest yet available in the Western Addition. The streets and sewers are all in perfect condition, and the business portion of the city can be reached by electric or cable cars in fifteen minutes. The sale takes place at 10 Montgomery street; terms one-fourth cash.

WE do not think any American girl will be found willing to wed King Alexander of Servia—a two-bit monarch subject to the whims and fancies of Russia. Besides, there are enough good bachelors in this country without worrying about the foreign variety.

PROFESSOR David Starr Jordan will lecture to-night at Golden Gate Hall on the New Charter.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

Lamp-chimney sellers can't give you the shape for your lamp, without the Index. They have it; but some don't care. Let us send you one; free.

"Pearl top" and "pearl glass" are trade-mark names for tough glass and fine work.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of THOMAS FARRELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Farrell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Farrell, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 19, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

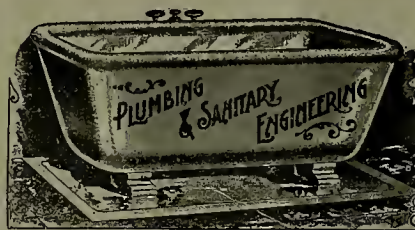
NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Martin E. Moroney, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 8, 1896.
J. D. Sullivan, attorney for Administrator.

Chas. E. Anderson,



1616 Polk St.

Near Clay

Tel No. Sutter 391

Jobbing

Fine Sanitary

Goods.

Estimates.

GILES OTIS PEARCE,

Mineralogist and Metallurgist,

708 Colorado avenue, Colorado City, Colo.

Will examine Mines, Ore Bodies, Mineral Belts or Zones, and make written Mineralist Reports, fees for which made known upon application for services. I make my own assays and select my own samples when examining mines. Eighteen years' experience.

Gold assay of water a specialty.

Dave Samson,

Fine Mercantile Lunch.

Imported Pilsener, Franciscaner, and Extra Pale Lager on draught.

PROGRESS

RESTAURANT.

327 and 329 Bush St.

Telephone, South 250.

City Steam Carpet Beating
and renovating works,

38 and 40 Eighth Street, between Market and Mission Streets
San Francisco, Cal. GEO. H. STEVENS, Manager.

MULLER
MORTUARY

REMOVED TO 824 MARKET STREET PHELAN BUILDING



EASTER week, which it was feared by some would be a failure from a social point of view, has, on the contrary, been rather gay. It opened with a large number of theatre parties on Monday night, chiefly at the Columbia, though the other places of amusement came in for their share of them; and the Young People's dancing club had a dance at Native Son's Hall, which was largely attended. The Sorosis Club also had an "at home" on Monday afternoon, when Mrs. Edgerton read a very entertaining paper on "Portia, the Perfect Woman"; there was a charming musical programme as well, and finally tea.

On Tuesday evening there was a hop at the Presidio, and on Wednesday Mrs. Poole gave a dinner at the Richelieu in honor of the bride, Mrs. Harry Bahcock. Another bride, Mrs. Burke Holladay, was chief guest at two of the gastronomic affairs of the week; at Mrs. Darling's luncheon at the Presidio on Wednesday, and at Mrs. J. H. Jewett's dinner on Thursday, which was followed by a reception in the evening. The new departure of the Woman's Exchange, in the shape of afternoon teas, was successfully inaugurated on Thursday. The place was charmingly decorated with marguerites, and Miss Laura McKinstry, who was chief in charge of the tables, was very efficiently aided by a bevy of pretty maids, among whom were the Misses Belle McKenna, May Hoffman, and Ella Morgan. Last evening the Entre Nous Club gave their final cotillion of the season at the Palace Hotel, and to-day the tea at Mrs. Willis's promises to be the largest one of the season. Tonight the Mizpah Club will give a concert in the parlors of the Occidental Hotel in the cause of charity; the musical numbers will be interspersed with recitations. Next week the Occidental parlors will again be utilized for entertainment purposes, when the tea and musicale in aid of the Training School for Nurses will begin. Mrs. Hochstater, nee Newman, will be one of the vocalists, and that announcement should be sufficient to draw a crowd without the other attractions which are being provided by the energetic ladies who have the affair in hand.

Chief of the coming events will be Mrs. Hager's theatrical entertainment, which will take place at the Native Sons' Hall on Monday evening; and the Assembly at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, which will be the closing dance of the Friday Night Club season. As usual, the question is being discussed as to whether the club will continue in existence, which seems to be the correct thing to do at the close of every season; but there is no doubt whatever that it will be "on deck" next winter, and will also be under the same efficient management which has heretofore controlled it. According to official announcement Mrs. Hager's gathering will consist of a series of tableaux, to be followed by the comedy of *Ananias*, after which there will be refreshments, and last of all dancing until sunrise.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church was the *locale*, on Wednesday evening, of one of the prettiest pink and white weddings seen in San Francisco for many a day. La France roses, white snowballs and Bermuda lilies were the chief flowers used in decoration, and in combination with palms, ferns and smilax, were most artistically grouped in and around the chancel, altar, etc. Promptly on time the strains of the Lohengrin Chorus announced to the expectant crowd which filled the church the coming of the bridal party, and from either side of the chancel emerged the four bridesmaids, the Misses Freda and Chrissy Siehe, Hattie Hay, and Ida Westerfield, arrayed in pink gowns, and attended by the four ushers, and proceeding down the center aisle, "opened ranks," and between the lines thus formed passed the bride, Miss Millie Siebe, and her father and the maid-of-honor, Miss Lily Snowgrass. At the altar the groom, Fred McWilliams, and his best man, Charles W. Fay, awaited them, and the Rev. J. M. Buehler soon tied the nuptial knot. The pretty brunette

bride looked charmingly in an exquisite robe of white satin trimmed with point lace and a long fleecy veil which covered her like a cloud of mist; her hand bouquet was of St. Joseph's lilies. The maid of honor also wore white satin, and she carried a cluster of snowballs in her hand. From the church the party drove to the Siehe residence, on Bush street, which was so lavishly dressed with flowers and foliage it resembled a vast conservatory, and underneath a canopy of roses in the drawing-room the bride and groom received the congratulations of their friends. Then there was dancing, and at midnight an elaborate supper was served at *tete-a-tete* tables. The bridal trip will take in Del Monte, Coronado, and all the chief points of the southern counties.

First among the Easter weddings of Oakland was that of Miss Bessie Shepard and Edwin S. Tucker, which, owing to recent family affliction, was quietly solemnized at noon on Monday last at the home of the bride, instead of in church as had been intended. Next on the list was the wedding of Miss Harriet English and Arthur Malins, which took place at St. Paul's Church on Monday afternoon, and on Wednesday Miss Mary Glenn and Henry Guerin were united in marriage at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The wedding of Miss Millie Greenebaum and Dr. Herberth Hatch was a home one, the ceremony being performed by Rahli Voorsanger beneath a chime of silver bells which were suspended from a bower of apple blossoms and Easter lilies. The Misses Alice and Florence Greenebaum were the bridesmaids, and Howard Morrow appeared as the groom's best man.

Contrary to hopes and anticipations, the Crocker-McCreery wedding is to be a home celebration of rather quiet character. The marriage will take place at the family residence, on Sutter street, on Saturday next.

The Byron Mauzy wooden wedding celebration is on the cards for Wednesday evening of next week.

Dear old Mrs. Saunders, who has a place in the affections of all old theatre-goers only second to that held by the late Mrs. Judah, had a birthday reception at her cozy home on Capp street last Saturday, which during the afternoon and evening was thronged with friends of the charming old lady, who came to offer congratulations and gifts on the attainment of her seventy-seventh anniversary.

General Forsythe and party will be among the visitors from San Francisco at the Los Angeles fiesta, as they left for San Diego, etc., the early part of the week. The Navy will be largely in evidence at Santa Barbara's floral festival; the Philadelphia, with Admiral Beardsley and his officers, is already there, and the other men-of-war at present in southern waters will arrive in time to enable the officers to participate in the hail and other gay doings of the occasion.

There have been more European departures in the persons of the William Haases, the Hechts, the I. W. Hellmans, and the Ehrman family. Miss Clara Hellman was the recipient of farewell entertainments up to almost the hour of departure, among the most recent being the dance of Miss Minnie Schwabacher and Miss Olga Sutro's luncheon and theatre party. Mrs. Arthur Black, of Sausalito, will be among those who leave for Europe next week. But while so many are bidding us adieu others will soon be returning to California; the Delmases, for instance, are looked for ere long. Mrs. Low and Miss Flora will be here in a few weeks; D. O. Mills and his party are coming for their usual summer visit to Milbrae, to say nothing of Eastern pilgrims, some of whom are already *en route*. Mrs. Wehh Howard, of Oakland, has gone East to be present at the wedding of her son Shafter to Miss Mollie Hunter, of Newport, R. I., and Mrs. Frank Carolan has gone to Chicago to attend her sister Florence's wedding.

Among the pleasant entertainments of the week were Miss Mamie Thomas's luncheon on Tuesday, and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman's dinner the same day, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay. One of the engagements of the Eastertide is that of Miss Bessie Crabbe, daughter of Captain Crahbe, at present stationed at Fort Mason, and Lieutenant Gateley, of the Fifth Artillery.

More summer quarters have been decided upon, and as soon as the weather becomes decidedly settled, there will doubtless be a large flitting from town. Mrs. Parrott and family go to their San Mateo villas, as do also the Antoine Borels. The Frank Carolans will have a new house of their own at Burlingame; the Eyres and Floods return, of course, to Menlo Park, as do the Tim Hopkines; Mrs. Poole, who is at present a guest at the Richelieu, has chosen Castle Crag; the Kruttschnitts will spend some time at Tahoe; the Kips will probably go abroad; the Lloyd Tevis's locale will be Santa Monica, while the announcement that the cavalry are to act as guards in the Yosemite Valley all summer has inclined the thoughts of many in that direction, and camping parties are under discussion in several quarters.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie have returned from a long visit to Paso Robles. Their gain has been the loss of the Misses Goad, who, with their father, are now guests at those famous mud baths. Miss Romietta Wallace is also at home again from a long visit to her sister, Mrs. Sprague, in Louisiana. Miss Bessie Younger will return in time to officiate as maid-of-honor at Miss Claire Tucker's wedding. Mrs. Melvor, *nee* Nellie Smedburg, is here at present on a visit to her mother at the family residence on Larkin street. Miss Ethel Cohen, who recently returned from a series of social triumphs in the East, will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lansing, on Pacific avenue, and will be "at home" on Fridays.

A very entertaining concert was the farewell testimonial tendered to S. Homer Henley at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening. Mr. Henley has a full, rich barytone of exceptional power and range, and after the severe study he anticipates subjecting himself to in the East, he should prove a valuable acquisition to the Tavary Company, which he joins next season. The Toreador song from *Carmen* he sings in a direct, dramatic style that seems prescient of a bright future in operatic work. Mr. Henley has the making of an artist, and I hope that he will apply himself in a manner worthy of the gift nature has been so bountiful with.

Miss Frances Wertheimer, a pianiste of considerable talent, intends giving a concert at Golden Gate Hall on Tuesday evening, April 28th, prior to her departure for Europe, where she goes to complete her studies. The following artists will assist: Mrs. A. Fried, vocalist; Mrs. E. B. Blanchard, Mrs. Batchelder, Messrs. Bernard Mollenhauer, Frank Coffin, R. Fletcher Tilton, and H. Clay Wysham.

Miss Carrie Bowes, who left this city when thirteen years of age to study the piano in Berlin, will give a concert on Thursday evening at the Auditorium, accompanied by a full orchestra. She has won many honors abroad; it is said, by her playing.

The Oceanic Steamship Company's liner "Alameda" sailed last week bearing away, among others, Miss Katharine Durham, who is engaged to marry Lloyd Osbourne, step-son of the late Robert Louis Stevenson.

The fourth anniversary party of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, Buena Vista Parlor, No. 68, will be given at Native Sons' Hall, on Friday evening, April 17th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Schweitzer, daughter of Mr. Joseph Schweitzer, to Frank S. Kelly. The wedding will be announced later.

A testimonial concert will be tendered Messrs. Sancho and Lombardero, on Wednesday evening, at Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The final concert by Belifante, Schott, and Fickenscher takes places to-night at the Auditorium.

Charles Webb Howard left last Tuesday on the steamer "Australia" for Honolulu.

At the Lurline Baths, situated on the corner of Busb and Larkin streets, you can now enjoy the famous Russian Bath, which includes the "Needle" shower, pronounced so beneficial by all physicians. The price for same is only fifty cents, and entitles you to a swim in the tank afterwards. Every comfort is at the disposal of patrons.

The finest Japanese bronzes and vases are to be seen at George T. Marsh's, 625 Market street.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS week we present our readers with a charming view of Aleatraz Island, which has justly been termed the Cyprus of the West. This picturesque spot in the center of the bay has been set aside by the Government since the earliest occupancy of the country by United States troops for fortification purposes, and is to-day one of the strongest places of its kind in the world. The heavy guns mounted there command the bay from all quarters, and many of the batteries are so well concealed as to be absolutely invisible to passing ships. Our picture shows the elegant residences of the officers stationed there, and the quarters of the men.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 28, 1896.	Arrive
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Orden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo.	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.	8:45 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.	*9:00 P
*1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	*7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo.	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail Orden and East.	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	10:45 A
*10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	*11:20 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

*7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations.	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.	9:47 A
*1:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	6:35 A
*11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.	*7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE.	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
*11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	4:45 P
3:30 P	and	5:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	6:15 P
5:00 P		7:15 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
*11:15 P		*12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Ship St.).
*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
†Sundays only. ‡Tuesdays only.
† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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HOW TO PRAY.

Before you venture on the main,
Pray once you may return again,
Before you into battle go,
Pray twice you may escape the foe,
But ere you take a wife—perdie!
Your prayers should not be less than three.

—Century Magazine.

SONG OF THE MAIDEN.

Hail, gentle spring!
Or any old thing,
I don't care what I hail,
But I want this town
To get onto my gown,
Also my up-to-date-vail.

—Chicago Journal.

KISMET.

I love this life, and darkly fear that when,
For transmigration, I forsake my clay,
I'll kick so hard that I'll appear again
A burdened best with a discordant bray.

—Truth.

—The general drew his belt tighter,
And exclaimed: "I'm a wonderful fighter—
Ahem! That is to say,
When I enter the fray
With a shorthand man and a typewriter."

—Washington Star.

—Maid of Athens, ere we part
Give me back my silver heart."
"I can't," the clever damsel cried,
"My new beau's picture is inside."

—Chicago Record.

—The devil sends the wicked wind,
To blow our skirts knee-high;
But God is good and he sends the dust,
To blow in the bad man's eye.

—Boston Globe.

—The pen is mightier than the sword
But don't forget, my son,
That in Kentucky, of them all,
The mightiest is the gun.

—Washington Star.

"Her father is not what you would call a well-read man," said one foreign gentleman to another. "No. His library consists of only two books. But they suffice." "What are they?" "Bank book and check book."

—Washington Star.

"Who is this Professor Roentgen, the discoverer of X rays?" "He's a German scientist." "Is he the same man who induced feeble-minded people to write Xmas for Christmas?" —Chicago Record.

PARKE (earnestly)—I tell you, we've got a perfect gem of a servant—the best one we ever had. LANE—How long have you had her? PARKE—She came this morning. —Tit-Bits.

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GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12, 1896
BELGIC.....Thursday, May 28, 1896
COPTIC.....Monday, June 15, 1896

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SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896		ARRIVE (N. S. F.)	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Novato,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M	
3:30 P M	9:30 A M	Petaluma,	6:05 P M	10:10 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	Fulton,	10:10 A M	
.....	Windor,	
.....	Headshurg,	
.....	7:30 A M	Geyersville,	7:30 P M	
3:30 P M	Cloverdale.	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
.....	land, Ukiah.	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Guerneville	7:30 P M	10 10AM	
3:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Sonoma,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Sebastopol.	10:40 A M	10:10 A M	
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers. Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del, Upper Lake, Boonville, Greenwood, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Ussal, Westport, Willits, Capeta, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Scotia, and Eureka.
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 14, 29; May 14, 29. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29 and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. April 8, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.: April 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.
For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M. April 5th.
TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

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For HONOLULU, S. S. "AUSTRALIA," April 24th.
For HONOLULU, APIA, AUCKLAND, and SYDNEY, S. S. MARIPOSA, April 30th.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties March 10th and April 7th, 1896.
For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.
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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from Hopkins Art Association, Looking North, Showing San Francisco Bay and Alcatraz Island.

Taber Photo.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1896.

Number 16.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

SOUND money is sound sense.

RICHARD McDonald Jr. is on trial again and for the last time. We predict an acquittal, which will be small recompense to a much persecuted man.

RUSSIAN interest in Abyssinia may give rise to serious complications in the near future. The protest will come from Great Britain and the cause thereof will be India.

OAKLAND is waging a successful war against the nickel-in-the-slot machines. Ours still remain, however, and constitute one of the most glaring disgraces of the city.

RICHMOND District should be granted a fire company and police protection. The neighborhood is rapidly developing and should be accorded all the privileges it is entitled to.

LIFE imprisonment is no punishment for murderer Claussen, who killed his wife "for fun." Such men should have the cat-o'-nine-tails daily until their hearts are softened.

THE Examiner reproves the Philadelphia murderer for committing such terrible crimes, and then regales its readers with two pages describing the horrors in all their detailed nastiness.

THE Union Ferry Building will be constructed of Colusa stone and not of Oregon as at first contracted for. This is good news. California should always be given the preference when possible.

THE acquittal of the Cuban filibusters was one more open insult to Spain. If the United States would only withdraw its nominal support—for that is all it amounts to—from the rebels, the campaign and its attendant horrors would very soon cease.

IT is safe to assert that the wretches who cruelly abandoned a new born babe in a vacant lot Monday last will sooner or later end upon the gallows. The devil has a knack of sticking to such people and usually succeeds in flinging them into hell by the neck and heels.

ACABLEGRAM states that Spain refuses to be responsible for damages done by Cubans to American property. Considering our interference in the affairs on the island this policy is only just. Congress may learn in time to keep its fingers out of the pies of other nations.

THE members of the Hotelmen's Mutual Benefit Association will be in this city next week. They have been most hospitably received in Southern California and we hope they will meet with the same treatment here. In return for any little courtesy we may extend them they will amply repay us by advertising California to the thousands of Easterners with whom they come in contact annually and who spend their millions in Europe.

INSTEAD of all this wild talk about forcing the street railroad companies to reduce their fares, an investigation should be started to see whether their incomes justify such reduction or not. We are perfectly willing to ride for nothing, as far as that goes, but we do not wish any one to suffer unjustly.

HAD Mr. Cleveland been a hot-headed man, this country would by now be engaged in an expensive war with Spain, brought about by the ravings of the jingoes in Congress. He is, however, a man of caution and diplomacy, and, thanks to his efforts, the Cuban trouble bids fair to be settled peaceably.

WE are disgusted at the manner in which certain people are blaming the men of the Union Iron Works for hewing a hole in the ill-fated Blairmore, in an attempt to release the drowning sailors last Thursday. The men acted like human beings and the man who blames them is not worthy the name of one.

SOME of the voters who took part in the Fourth Congressional District Republican Primary last Tuesday were unable to spell their own names. Judging by the number of votes said to have been cast, 7643, it would seem as if some of the judges suffered from an equal ignorance of the laws of simple addition.

BY sentencing Warren E. Price to imprisonment for eighteen months, with a fine of \$500, Judge Morrow has earned the thanks of the entire community. The penitentiary is the healthiest place for a man who is willing to sell indecent literature to children for the sake of a few dollars. Our only regret is that the term was not twice as long.

SENATOR Tillman is preparing a speech against the Funding Bill. This is the same man who abused the President in language better befitting a swill-man than a Senator. After the unanimous condemnation heaped upon him by the reputable press of the country, it is not likely that his arguments will carry much weight with those who have the patience to listen to him.

NUMEROUS people all over the country are cropping up to refute the statement made by murderer Holmes, and which appeared exclusively in all its filthiness of detail in the Examiner, that they were among his victims. Either the Examiner is guilty of imposing a fake upon its readers or it has been imposed upon itself. Knowing the tendencies of the sheet we strongly incline towards the former theory.

THE expenditure of \$80,000,000 on coast defences loses its magnitude when it is remembered that four billion dollars worth of property in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City alone could be destroyed if the port of New York were captured by an enemy. The Pacific Coast, especially, is open to attack and an equitable part of the appropriation should be spent in strengthening our present defences and in constructing others.

IT is to be hoped that forger Dean will receive the full punishment of fourteen years for his offenses. He is a smooth scoundrel and honest people will feel safer when they know that he is behind the bars. The acquittal of his accomplice, McCluskey, is to be regretted. For such men jails were instituted, and their presence at large is by no means desirable. The police should keep an eye upon his actions and in time he will doubtless be sent to join his comrade.

UNCLE ADOLPH, THE ASSYRIAN.

THE people of this city are in danger of being unjust to Adolph Sutro. Of course, it is not pleasant to have for Mayor a man who is without a trace of dignity in his composition, and whose love for the demagogue's role betrays him into exaggerated imitations of Dr. O'Donnell. It is mortifying to know that the intelligence of the metropolis of the Pacific Coast may be judged by its Chief Magistrate. That is one of the penalties of the folly to which political excitement impels people who, ordinarily, are sensible. It is consoling to local self-esteem, however, to reflect that San Francisco did not know Adolph Sutro when it elected him. There is nothing unreasonable in the general assumption that men with sense enough to accumulate riches have also sense enough to behave themselves like civilized beings when away from their safes. Sutro is an exception to the rule, that is all.

It is seen now that San Francisco's Mayor is a remarkable instance of atavism—that he is not a modern man at all, but as little suited to a nineteenth century environment as any of his ancestors who roamed the plains of Assyria in the ancient days before Christ. It is true that he possesses the money-making and money-keeping faculties in a conspicuous degree, but it is to be remembered that the Assyrians are a Semitic race, and that thrift is of every age. Sutro is to be pitied, rather than blamed, for his peculiarities. Considering that he is a reversion to a semi-barbarous type, hostile in every fibre to the orderly polite life of this late day, it is not wonderful that he should give way to savage outbreaks and fall into strange rages over what to a decently bred American or European would be trifles. Only by remembering that Sutro is a contemporary of the Egyptians under the Shepherd Kings, can we understand him, and make those allowances to which he is entitled. Although he has the wealth which, were he other than he is, would admit him to the fellowship of the opulent and cultured, we see that his primitive instincts fit him for the society of rude and violent men only. He would be much more at home on the waterfront when a sailors' or longshoremen's strike is on than he is among a grade of people accustomed to self-control and the amenities of life.

Sutro is wretched. He doesn't know what is the matter. Because he cannot accommodate himself to a civilized environment he turns furious, and beats his atavistic head against the impalpable wall of modern usage. Since Providence thought it well to bring Adolph Sutro into existence, it is to be regretted that Providence was not kind enough to him and San Francisco to place him in a different station. As a millionaire he is miserable; as a pawnbroker or manager of a dime museum he would have been happy. His oratorical talents are precisely of the order that would have qualified him to do his own "spieling" before the door of an establishment of either kind suggested, and the struggle to capture dollars singly would have been quite as absorbing as when dollars by the thousand are the prize. The possession of millions is inadequate to suppress manifestations of Sutro's true genius. The pawnbroker asserts himself in the Mayor's unconquerable love of haggling. Being vain and avid of approbation, he is sufficiently eccentric to desire repute as a philanthropist. Thus is he frequently betrayed into taking the first steps toward making munificent gifts to the public; but, when it comes to the actual point of giving anything away, Uncle Adolph rises and forbids Mayor Sutro to do it. With more money than he could spend in a hundred lifetimes, he yet yields to the museum man's innate fondness for running shows. So we behold a millionaire Mayor of a great city figuring as the delighted proprietor of magic swings, mirror mazes, passenger wheels, peep shows, and similar things of the sort, which delight yokels at country fairs. The baths that he has constructed are costly, and represent him in an artificial modern mood; the catchpenny shows which he has clustered about them are grotesquely paltry, and exhibit the real mind and soul of this singular man, this belated Assyrian, with the instincts of his remote ancestors and the habitudes acquired by his later forefathers of the mediæval ghetto. The baths and his park are proportionate advertisements of the enormous estate of 2,200 acres within San Francisco's limits which he has for sale in building lots; the ten-cent shows

and his other devices for snaring the nickel are a personal gratification—a luxury that he cannot resist.

Sutro is useful in his proper sphere. In his efforts to build up his great slice of the city and fill his own pockets, it happens by accident that he is beneficial to the community, and a source of innocent amusement besides; but, as an official, he is a calamity in all aspects. Fortunately, the year will end his term of office, and then the people can compensate themselves for Sutro's preposterous reign by electing a civilized man to the position which Sutro has disgraced.

The McKinley Shout. The McKinley boom has grown to a size now where it can take care of itself and dispense with the assisting labors of promoters. That McKinley will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency is as certain as that the enthusiasm in his behalf is largely bogus. Of course the majority of the obscure voters who cheer for him are sincere, but the men who manage the party, in the way of setting its sails to catch popular breezes, and of supplying artificial winds when natural ones are lacking, are McKinleyites merely because they consider the Ohio protectionist the most available among the aspirants. These leaders have a double purpose in encouraging the shouting. The protection plank is about the only distinctive one left of the Republican platform. The mass of the party has been educated into the belief that it is a partisan duty to stand for a high tariff in season and out of season. This fact gives McKinley a special and solid value independently of his genuine merits as a man, whatever they may be. That persuasion of the unthinking body of the party as to the tariff makes McKinley what he is politically, for he represents nothing to the public mind but the policy of towering duties, not for revenue, but for the sake of those whose profits are increased by the interference of Government with trade. He personifies protection of the extreme and irrational kind. Nothing else suggesting itself as an inspiration to party ardor, the Republican masses throw up their hats for the noble national boon of high customs-house taxes. Hence the Republican politicians are everywhere for McKinley.

The second reason which moves the leaders is that a grand protection whoop-up is expected to divert attention from the money issue. The Republican party does not dare to offend gold sentiment even by a straddle on silver that can deceive a child. But the votes of the silverites are wanted, and if the universe can be filled with a mighty clamor for McKinley and protection, the silverites may be persuaded that patriotism demands of them that their favorite issue be postponed.

It seems likely that nobody will be spoken of at the National Convention except McKinley. The Republican who does not care for him or the single idea he expresses is nearly convinced now that all other Republicans are on fire for him. This sort of thing is catching, and the boom, one-third real and two-thirds not, grows like a rolling snowball.

Good sense and the national interests are against a restoration of the McKinley tariff. We shall see if the people of the United States can be carried off their feet and whirled backward by a frenzy of yelling, the same being largely insincere.

A Religious Brother Brown has been caught lying "Pull," again. Last Sabbath he told his Sunday-school class that he was called away to attend at the bedside of a sick parishoner, whereas it is revealed that he really went across the bay to see a young woman and beg her not to tell what she knew about him. To have this found out would be apt to embarrass almost any man, but Brother Brown is so used to having new proofs of his mendacity discovered, and published, that he has learned not to mind. He knows that the Lord is with him, which gives him a mighty advantage over unregenerate liars, who are of feeble courage and tremble at the thought of consequences. It is not surprising that the sisters admire Brother Brown as they do. Few women can resist such nerve as, by the grace of God, this dear pastor is endowed with.

Railroad Debts Say the demagogues of the period:
and "We do not see why the railroad
Their Payment. managers should not pay their debts like
other people." The statement, however,

is intended to be confined to the directors of the Central Pacific and to the bonded debt due by them to the Government. It is deemed hereabouts a clinching argument and is in daily use as such. Strange to say, nobody has thought it worth while to encounter it, and expose it as the fallacy it is. There are debts and debts. Some there are, like those to the butcher and baker, which used to be paid over the counter on delivery of the goods. Others, such as wages to employees, must be forthcoming at short and stated intervals. There is no reason on earth why the Railroad managers should not pay such debts like other people, and, truth to tell, they have during these hard times won an enviable reputation for doing that very thing. A bonded debt incurred in constructing a great public work that is to last for all time, is another and very different kind of debt. Its uses are not for to-day alone, because, if they were, it would be proper to pay their first cost within at least a life time. But as our great continental railroad will be fulfilling its beneficent mission when all the men of to-day—knaves and fools, demagogues and lovers of truth alike—have passed away, it is eminently fit and proper that the next generation, a more numerous and probably a more prosperous one, should pay somewhat of the cost of the splendid public utility to which it will fall heir. Indeed, in no other view of the matter could the great railroads have been built, and without them this country would, in a sense, have been no country at all. It would have been crowded along its sea, lake and river shores, but its almost boundless prairies would have remained practically inaccessible to any other uses than those of the red man. The vastness of our country is an inspiring thought that we pardonably use to conjure up patriotism with, but of what value would that vastness have been if it had not been for the coming of the rail and the iron horse? The tremendous inland distances would otherwise have been unconquerable by settlement, and God's own land never could have fulfilled its now manifest destiny—a destiny so bewildering that the human mind is lost in its contemplation. To achieve such a future as is in store for the United States, the railroads had to be built. It is strictly true to say that the building of them takes rank as the great achievement of this or any other age. To gridiron this continent with as many miles of railroad as are to be found in all the rest of the world has cost a prodigious sum. The marvel is that it was ever obtained. Six billions of dollars (\$6,000,000,000) is, in round numbers, the bonded indebtedness of our railroad system. It is a sum nearly equal to all the gold and silver in the world. In the presence of such staggering figures, what monstrous folly it is to say that they should be, or could be, for the matter of that, honestly extinguished in our day! On the other hand, if the payment were as practicable as it is visionary and absurd, it would be altogether undesirable. The money is doing the most good for the country, and for mankind in general just where it is. It is causing more tons of goods to be carried more miles than are involved in all the balance of the world's traffic put together. It went around among our people and, in some form or another, still exists among them. It was furnished, in the main, by the thrifty money savers of Europe who receive an interest for it they could not obtain at home. Placed where it is doing the most good, its repayment during this generation is impossible to the debtor and highly undesirable for the creditor. Hence railroad building debts may not be paid "like other debts."

If the statement were that our first great transcontinental road should repay its capital cost like other railroads, the matter would be fairly put, and the average mind enabled to institute just comparisons. As a matter of fact, the great railroads of the country have not, for good and sufficient reasons, yet begun to pay off their first cost. They have had a better use for the money. They have been building feeders, developing traffic and bettering their property. Everybody knows, who knows anything at all about railroads, that the completion of a main line is only the beginning of expenditure. It must lay the territory naturally subject to it under contribution, and that involves the building of many sidelines. Surplus earn-

ings have for the most part gone into the construction of such feeders, and are undoubtedly better placed therein than in a dead or unproductive sinking fund. That is the way in which California has come by most of the railroads that have opened up her fertile valleys. The era of railroad building is not yet over. Its limit will be reached someday, and then posterity, which, perhaps, will have even more use for the railroads than we have, may well be trusted to provide for their first cost. In branching out all over the Pacific Coast, the builders of the Central Pacific did a much better and wiser thing with the money they were able to raise than if they had set it aside to pay a debt not yet due. In no other way could California have come by the railroad facilities she has to-day, and which have become so vital to her every interest. The Central Pacific up to this time has done all, and something more than other railroads. It has paid several millions into the Thurman sinking fund and has rendered the Government services for which it has not yet been compensated.

This exceptional treatment it is now proposed to render still more exceptional. Under the terms of the funding bill now before Congress the Central Pacific is to begin paying its first cost forthwith and the annual payments are to be increased about fifty per cent. every ten years until the whole debt is extinguished. The side lines, feeders, ferries, terminals and even the Southern Pacific itself were freely offered as additional security, and are to be accepted. About that we have only to say that nothing could better demonstrate the good faith of the present railroad managers, or their confidence in the ultimate payment of both principal and interest to the uttermost farthing. But against the volume of annual payments to commence immediately we venture to enter a protest. If it were not for the present listless condition of public opinion, our people would find it to their true interest to petition and agitate for a reduction of those payments. For, after all, it is they who will have to make them good. The money has got to be earned out of traffic or it cannot be paid. The matter very much less concerns the railroad managers than it does the general public. Stanford and Crocker and Hopkins have gone, and taken nothing with them; in the natural order of things C. P. Huntington must soon follow, but the younger generation now, for the most part, the producers of the State, will remain to bear the burden, and that under conditions that render it imperative that it should be made as light as possible.

The Way Sixty-three millions of dollars in less than
The an hour! That was the way in which
Money Goes. Congress the other day voted away the
hard earnings of an overtaxed people. The
amount, in these hard times, is enough to take one's breath
away, and is little short of appalling. It was all contained
in an omnibus bill providing for the improvement of rivers
and harbors. The bill went through without debate under
the gag law, and as the result of a pre-arranged log roll.
No engineering or other authority had passed upon the
various items, but individual members secured "an ap-
propriation" and that is usually considered equal to a re-
election, or, in other words, to an opportunity to come and
do the same thing again. A few days previously \$160,000,-
000 were voted away in pensions. All this whilst the
ordinary expenditures exceed the revenue by \$100,000,000
a year and whilst the Government is issuing new loans
every few months!

Ingersoll It is really alarming the entirely respect-
and ful manner in which the newspapers now
The Preachers. report and comment upon Bob Ingersoll's
godless speeches. Time was when
the brethren hereabout would have resented this sympa-
thetic politeness shown the Colonel. But the brethren
just at present have excellent reasons for not wishing to
call attention to themselves by abusing anybody. A
special system of morals may be a good thing to have if
one wants to enjoy life, but it is apt to disqualify one when
the occasion comes for rebuking sin. Ingersoll has the
cunning to be a decent man, and that, in view of the local
situation as it affects preachers, cannot be regarded as
fair fighting.

The British Society. The British Benevolent Society, composed of some of the most influential Englishmen in this city, has lately undergone a complete reorganization with regards to its salaried officers and general management. Duties which were formerly performed by high salaried men are now being fulfilled by gentlemen who give their services for nothing, so that the pecuniary saving can be devoted to the charitable purposes for which the Society was originally organized. By the latest quarterly reports it appears that over three hundred cases of want and destitution are provided for monthly, in some cases money being given, in others food, clothing or shelter. The Society has hitherto been conducted on such an unpretentious scale that the general public has never heard much about it; the good work, however, has silently and steadily continued and it is to-day one of the best organized and most effective dispensers of charity existing in this city. Besides doing this local work, the Society has kept an eye on cases all over the Pacific Coast and has been the means of saving many a young man and woman from travelling the broad road to ruin. In the past ten years over \$15,400 has been expended in relief and the present assets are \$9,300. We hear now that a strong canvass is being made in the city among Englishmen and charitable people of other nationalities with the intention of adding their names to the Society's roll, thus making it even more powerful and better able to do the work for which it was started. This policy should meet with the approval and endorsement of every member, who should also do all in his power to aid the officers in their painstaking endeavors. An increased membership roll means, in plain Anglo Saxon, a full treasury, and with a full treasury all sorts of desirable things can be indulged in. For instance, so many sea captains come to this port that a large reading room should be a part of the Society's headquarters, where all the latest papers of the British Isles would be found on file. Again, there should be a recreation room where such visitors could sit around and smoke, and play chess or draughts or other games wherein the heart of the seaman delighteth when he is not on the high seas. But all this will doubtless come some day. In the meanwhile we can only praise the efforts of the present officers and recommend people to join the Society if they be requested so to do. A large seaport like San Francisco, filled with British shipping, should have a home society as powerful as any that is to be found in the Colonies or in Continental ports. It is sincerely to be hoped that in the near future, for the sake of this great city and for the numberless Englishmen who journey here or who make San Francisco their home, the British Benevolent Society is destined to become one of the most powerful organizations of its kind in any quarter of the globe.

To Maintain Our Australian Trade. Californians, especially those of them sitting by the Golden Gate, have need to cultivate the genius of foreign commerce—for it is a genius, and yields much profit to those who possess it. Our English cousins have long furnished an exemplification of how that is. Our own Boston, in ante-bellum days, was to American commerce what she has since boasted of being to American culture; namely the hub around which all the rest revolved. The superior location of New York, however, soon enabled the Empire City to become the center of a larger circle and the great commercial emporium of this Western hemisphere. It remains to this day for San Francisco to catch the inspiration. Splendidly located on the map of the world, the possibilities of her commercial future can hardly be over-estimated. It has lately been said that Russia, for warlike purposes, is bent upon turning the North Pacific into a Russian lake. It would be easier for the United States to commercially annex the entire ocean. And it would, did not the Atlantic side absorb so large a share of its trading and political power; to the utter neglect of the opportunities afforded around the broad expanse of the mild Pacific. It is just twenty-five years since a humble newspaper man of this city knowing the possibility of trade with the Australasian colonies, and the good feeling of the people there towards this country, secured from New Zealand and New South Wales a subsidy of \$300,000

per annum to an American steamship line, which was paid for 10 years and has been continued, though in an ever decreasing amount, from that day to this. It was an unparalleled feat, for it is not customary for one country to subsidize the steam marine of another, or to put any part of its commerce that it can carry itself under a foreign flag. The fact surely cannot be known at Washington, or, if known, cannot be duly realized that whilst we were carrying on all sorts of correspondence, secret and otherwise, with the Hawaiian islands, ostensibly to get ahead of England, the steamers that carried our mails were in British employ and pay. The same was true when that little difficulty was on about Samoa. But the time has come when our Government must bear a share of the expense of maintaining this most valuable of ocean mail routes, or it will have to be abandoned. The services it has performed as a feeder to our overland railroads and the commerce it has brought to this port ought to redeem it to a better fate. Senator Perkins is moving to have a postal appropriation increased for that purpose. His success ought to be in no manner of doubt.

The Wilmerding School. It is to be hoped that the Regents of the University of California will see fit to have the Wilmerding School located in this city and, furthermore, that it will be affiliated with the Lick Industrial School. Seeing that San Francisco contains one-third of the entire population of California and that a great portion of the poorer classes dwell here with us, it seems only natural that this city should be given the preference over others in the interior of smaller population and with fewer facilities for affording practical instruction to the scholars. The object of the Wilmerding School is to provide a practical education for the sons of workmen and mechanics, study being a secondary consideration to hard work. We not only have a large percentage of lads in this city who need such training but we also have the best opportunities in the way of manufactories, foundries and other large working establishments where the boys can obtain a practical insight into how things are worked. It is also far easier for lads to come here from Stockton or some more remote city than it would be for boys to travel from San Francisco elsewhere. The donor of the trust moneys could not have intended establishing the school in the interior; he meant it to be erected in the city where he made his money and where it would be of most advantage to all concerned. As for an affiliation of the Wilmerding School with the Lick School, the wisdom of such a move is self apparent. It would result in a financial saving to the two institutions without any sacrifice of the main objects for which they were founded. The one would supplement the other and both would be materially benefited by increased facilities in teaching, while, if they remain divided, the two schools will necessarily be inefficient and inadequate. In the fight to obtain the Wilmerding School San Francisco is backed by the Art Association, the State Development Committee, the Chamber of Commerce, the Mechanics' Institute, the Merchants' Association and hundreds of influential citizens; and we think that when the other competitors have given the matter careful consideration and have weighed the many advantages our city possesses over theirs, they will gracefully decide to withdraw in our favor and will send their boys to us whenever they wish to partake of instruction.

The New Postoffice. Postmaster McCoppin and the United States Judges in this city have been held accountable by the Government architect in Washington for the delay in building the new Postoffice in this city. Investigation shows, however, that the delay occurred in Washington, and that the architect himself is to blame for not having made certain amendments which were deemed necessary. Much money has been invested in this land, which is still lying idle and unimproved. The outrage is all the more unpardonable because of the attempt to saddle the blame on the shoulders of innocent persons.

No obstacles should be placed in the way of Canada's acquiring the Cree Indians. She may also have our Chinese if she so desires.



MRS. H. J. STEWART.

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MRS. H. J. STEWART.

MRS. H. J. STEWART, the well known musician, who died in this city on March 14th, 1896, of an acute attack of Bright's disease, was born in London in 1857. As a child she showed remarkable ability for music, and was encouraged to develop her talent, so that she finally decided to adopt it as a profession. After studying for some years in London she went to Paris, and for about two years was a pupil of George Matthias, of the Paris Conservatoire, who was himself a pupil of Chopin. On returning to London she graduated with high honors from Trinity College. Her career in London was most successful, but shortly after her marriage it became evident that her health was impaired, and under medical advice, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart sought the genial climate of California, in the hope that she might be benefited by the change. For the first years of her residence in San Francisco her health was greatly improved, but her malady was of such a nature that an absolute cure was impossible.

Mrs. Stewart's musical career in San Francisco is within the recollection of all. As a pianist she took high rank, and although her health did not permit her to make very frequent appearances, she always received the warmest welcome from the press and the public. Her chief delight was to exercise her talent amongst her large circle of private friends, to whom her playing was a delightful treat and ever looked forward to. Her talent was many-sided. As a composer she took high rank, although she was so diffident of her own powers that she would seldom allow her works to be played. Amongst her principal compositions were a sonata for violin and piano; a quartet for strings; a trio for violin, violoncello, and piano; and a quartet for two violins, violoncello, and piano. Besides these larger works she composed numerous songs and pianoforte pieces, and a gavotte for full orchestra, which some years ago was played nightly in London at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. A few years ago Mrs. Stewart took part in the amateur performance of *Girofle-Girofla*, at the Grand Opera House. She took the part of "Aurora," and her work received unanimous commendation from all the critics. During her residence in San Francisco, Mrs. Stewart held the appointment of organist at St. Francis Church, on Vallejo street, and subsequently she accepted a similar position at the Synagogue Sherith Israel, which post she retained up to the time of her death.

Mrs. Stewart was by nature a warm-hearted, impulsive woman, of an exceedingly lovable and generous disposition. The fine qualities of her nature won for her a large circle of friends, by whom her untimely death is deeply regretted. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart had but one child, a little daughter nearly nine years of age, who is now the sole consolation of her bereaved father.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week gives a superb view of the city from the Hopkins Institute of Art Building, looking direct north. To the right will be seen the large Fair lot, at present unimproved; to the left, a part of the garden of the Flood residence. The street in the foreground, with the cable track, is Sacramento street, running east and west, California street being one block this way. North Beach and the old Meiggs' wharf district runs down to the bay on the extreme right; while nearly at the base of the hill sloping up towards the left can be seen the historic Spanish Cathedral. The extreme centre of the picture shows the Russian Hill District, with its crown of dainty little residences facing the water. On the extreme left can be seen the stately crest of Mount Tamalpais; and the Marin County slopes extending along the bay until Angel Island hides them from view and forms a strong background for the fortified little isle of Alcatraz.

Mr. Hirschman reports fair business, but is anxious to close out in the shortest possible time, and offers additional inducements. His stock of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., as well as complicated watches, silverware, and novelties in great variety, of first quality only—there is not an article in his entire stock that is not first-class. 113 Sutter Street, Lick House Block.

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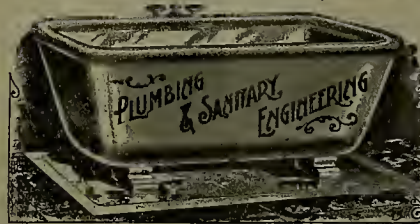
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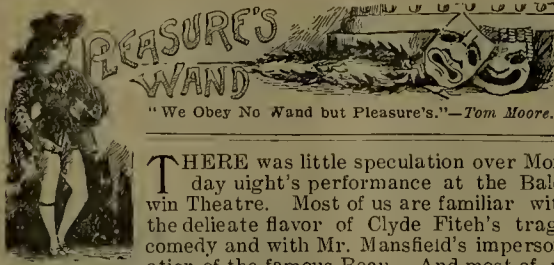
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THERE was little speculation over Monday night's performance at the Baldwin Theatre. Most of us are familiar with the delicate flavor of Clyde Fitch's tragic-comedy and with Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of the famous Beau. And most of us like the color, grace and charm of this picture of a bygone age, the politeness, the flowery conversation, the atmosphere of unreality, the exaggerations of the old-time stageland, where stage folk appear not in prosy portraiture of every day people, but rather as they floated on the rose-hued imagination of their literary fathers and took form in the wondrous costumes and deportment of the players. Beau Brummell stands in history the prince of snobs. Beside him the modern dictators of form and fashion; the blithe gentlemen whose limber legs glide with a dexterity that proclaims their avocation; the thrifty leaders of the rich and selected who do not scorn a modest commission from caterer, florist, or even undertaker, who publish brochures on "How to Eat" and produce volumes containing names and addresses of the Four Hundred for the use of the tailor, milliner, butcher, and any other trade person who would help precipitate the deluge of "opening day" cards and gratuitous advice on where to purchase anything from terrapin to tripe—beside the Beau these pilots of the two-step, convolutionists of the cotillion and Napoleons of the supper table are very wee potatoes. Brummell's snobbery was superb. His life was the idealization of pose and artifice, marred only by the one burst of inconsistency that made him give up the woman who would have retrieved his shattered fortunes. And this single evidence of a heart, a heart bigger than ambition, gives the beautiful pathos to the play that bleeds so deftly, so surely and unerringly, the irony of wit and worldliness and the humor of renunciation and unrequited ambition. Poor Beau! He played a great game and over staked himself. Had he won, the story would have grown commonplace by this time, and the world would have been robbed of a good play.

Beau Brummell comes near to being a one part play—so near that I am wary in estimating the mettle of the Garrick Theatre Company. Miss Beatrice Cameron gives Mariana a sweet, womanly grace, and Miss Jennie Eustace is the best Mrs. St. Aubyn it ever has been my fortune to see. D. H. Harkins makes a good figure of the Prince, W. N. Griffith is remarkably convincing as Oliver Vincent, and Orrin Johnson acts Reginald in a sincere, manly way. Little that is new can be said of Mr. Mansfield's conception of the Beau. As a cameo of stage art, a delicate, finished chiseling of an intricate character, it has become a part of our dramatic history. Richard Mansfield is an actor with brains, a student of his art, and an American. Now that he has foresworn curtain speeches, which were exhausting to his time, popularity, and his audience, the augmented leisure and rationalness that this economy of gray matter and lungs assures him makes it possible for us to expect new, it may be great, things from him by next season. In the meantime let us of the far West hasten to enjoy his repertory of the present, which is by no means the familiar song to us that it is to the theatre-goers of the East.

It was not a large audience that attended the opening concert of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but it was wildly, vociferously, and indiscriminately enthusiastic. So much so that the encore annexes prolonged the programme until a dissipated hour, and some of the gentlemen of the daily journals (who love their beauty sleep too well to miss the last car) wrote glowingly of the "Hallelujah" Chorus in Thursday's papers,—while in fact that inspiring jubilation was not sung at all, owing to the disability of the pipe organ. All of which teaches us that encores, indulged in immoderately, not only promote unhealthy hours, but

have a depressing effect on the veracity of the great dailies.

The choir of one hundred and seventy-five voices is truly a feast for one's ears. It sings with remarkable precision, unanimous attack, and no end of sympathetic shading. The balance is excellent, and there is none of the sluggish eluminess that distinguishes large bodies of singers poorly directed. The music was of a homely, provincial character for the most part, though the opening anthem (written by the leader, Mr. Stepheus), foretells some good work in the Oratorio numbers, which I understand will comprise a good part of the concerts to follow. The solos and duets were cheerful, uneducated, and old-fashioned, bringing visions of hair-cloth furniture and donation parties. But the choir as a whole is like a regiment of organs. I haven't had such a good time since Sousa's Band.

Michael Strogoff is a melodrama that gives manager Morosco splendid opportunity for displaying the immense proportions and possibilities of the Grand Opera House stage for plays requiring spectacular environment, and again evidences the aptitude of his company for the class of drama that has made the house known all over the country. The performances this week have been strikingly good in detail, mounting, and continuity of action—wonderfully so when one considers the limited preparation enforced where a new piece is staged each week. Vinton made a strong, melodramatic Strogoff, and the two journalists were cleverly acted by Ward and Swain. The entire company seemed to feel the spirit of the play, and contributed no end of hard work to its success.

It is the old, old story of crowded houses and a first-class vaudeville programme at the Orpheum. Segommer's astonishing mimicry, shadowgraphy, and ventriloquism; the Nawns (particularly the masculine Nawn), in their Irish characterizations; Eleua Leila's miraculous voice; the Marvelles, who more than live up to their name in an eccentric acrobatic act; Rosie Rendel, who dances like a champagne bubble; and Adonis Ames, who weaves his plastic legs, arms, and back into everything, from a sailor's knot to a corkscrew—is a sample of the variety menu that Mr. Walter serves this week.

Cud the Tomboy, ever the Grovers' friend in need, has once again come to their aid, brightening the Alcazar with a little glow of prosperity such as it has not worn for some time. Leonard Grover Jr., Josephine Gassman, and many of the favorites of its earlier presentations, are in the cast, giving the wiry little melodrama an animated performance and attesting to the life that still remains in Grover's best play.

Blue Beard is making a fine record at the Tivoli. Next week it enters on its second edition with new songs and specialties. There will be a medley of Chevalier's easter songs, and the festive Ferris Hartman in Chevalier makeup.

Richard Mansfield commences the second week of his engagement at the Baldwin next Monday night, and will produce for the first time here his newest success, *The Story of Rodion, the Student*. This piece will hold the boards on Monday and Tuesday nights. *Prince Karl*, the ever-welcome comedy, will be given on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* will be presented on Saturday night. For the third and last week of his engagement Mr. Mansfield will present, among other plays, *A Parisian Romance*.

Roland Reed opens at the California on Monday evening in his new comedy, *The Politician*. Reed is said to have found a part exceptionally adapted to his own personality in Josiah Limber, the politician. The comedy is announced as crisp and as full of action as *The Senator*.

On Monday evening, at the Columbia Theatre, Ezra Kendall will appear with his musical comedy, *A Pair of Kids*. The *Kids* are now in the eleventh year of theatrical life, and are alleged to be as frolicsome and funny as ever. *A Pair of Kids* is only billed for one week.

Everybody's Friend, preceded by a curtain-raiser, *The Setting of the Sun*, is the menu at the Alcazar next week.

This has been an eventful season of music for San Francisco. We have had the best that Europe could send us; in fact, almost everything of consequence except the great opera companies. Particularly has it been a season of violinists—Ysaye, Marsick and Ondricek, and now Achille Rivarde, a fellow student of Ysaye's under Vieuxtemps, who heads the musical festivals which begin at the Columbia Theatre, Monday evening, April 27th, when we shall have an opportunity of hearing one of the greatest violinists of the younger school, who, although but twenty-eight years of age, has attained enviable fame throughout musical Europe. Since his arrival in this country last December, he is said to have had one continual succession of triumphs in the large cities of the East, having played nineteen times in New York City alone, appearing there with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Damrosch Orchestra, Theodore Thomas' Chicago Orchestra, and the Anton Seidl Metropolitan Orchestra. In this city Mr. Rivarde will be assisted by Lachaume, the pianist who accompanied Ysaye here last season; Wm. H. Keith, the barytone, who makes his first appearance here since his European triumphs, and a grand orchestra of forty selected musicians, with Mr. H. J. Stewart as conductor. Strong and impressive programmes will be rendered, Mr. Rivarde playing two of the master's concertos at each performance. The following is the programme for the opening concert: Overture, Oberon, Weber, orchestra; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann, M. Aime Lachaume; Solo, Dio possente (*Faust*), Gounod, Mr. Wm. H. Keith; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn, (a) Allegro molto appassionato, (b) Andante, (c) Allegro molto Vivace, M. Achille Rivarde; Women's Procession to the Minster (*Lohengrin*), Wagner, orchestra; Polonaise (A flat), Chopin, M. Aime Lachaume; Solo, Lieder, Schumann, Mr. Wm. H. Keith; Airs Russes, Wieniawski, M. Achille Rivarde; Toreadore et Andalouse, Rubinstein, orchestra.

Rivarde brings to this coast probably the greatest violin in existence; it is a Strad, and known in both Europe and America as "The Emperor Strad;" it belongs to Mr. Wm. H. Klopston, of New York City, a wealthy gentleman who became very much interested in Rivarde and infatuated with his playing, loaned it to him for his American tour, after he made his debut in New York. It is said that the intrinsic value of this violin is thirty thousand dollars, and it is insured for that amount. The violin is over three hundred years old, in a perfect state of preservation, and the tone qualities of this magnificent instrument are indescribable.

It has been erroneously stated that Mr. Rivarde was a pupil of Ysaye. This is all wrong. Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Rivarde studied together in Paris under Vieuxtemps, and they were both very much attached to each other, although Rivarde is several years younger.

A reception will be given Mr. Rivarde on his arrival here, at 11 o'clock on the evening of April 24th, by fifty musicians, who will serenade him in the rotunda of the Baldwin Hotel; the orchestra on this occasion will be conducted by Mr. John Marquardt.

Pudd'nhead Wilson will be played at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, for two nights, Monday and Tuesday, April 20th and 21st. Frank Mayo will be seen in the famous part of Pudd'nhead.

Special Delivery, a comedy-drama interspersed with songs and dances, will be the Grand's attraction next week.

JAMES D. Page has been found guilty of embezzling money belonging to the estate of his ward. No punishment is too severe for a crime of this description, by which the widow and the orphan may be impoverished, and we trust that an example will be made of the man to deter others from following his example.

IN our last week's issue we hoped Mr. Depew would soon come and reside in California. Now, however, we prefer to have him remain in the East to tell the people about the glorious things he saw here. Should he ever visit us again he should receive a rousing ovation for the way he has spoken of us.

MANY of our local artists are worthy of admiration. Their nerve in exhibiting entitles them to it.

California Theatre.

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Monday, April 20th, ROLAND REED and his company, under the direction of E. B. Jack. The satirical comedy by Daniel D. Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld.

THE POLITICIAN,

Or, "The Woman's Plank." The original 20th Century woman, MISS ISADORE RUSH.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
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Monday next, April 20th, second week of

RICHARD MANSFIELD,

and his New York Garrick Theatre Stock Company.
Monday and Tuesday, *THE STORY OF ROBINSON, THE STUDENT*
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, *PRINCE KARL*. Saturday evening, *DR. JAKYLL AND MR. HYDE*.
Monday, April 27th (last week) *PARISIAN ROMANCE*, etc.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
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The funniest of eccentric comedians, EZRA KENDALL, in his great laughing craze,

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Last performances of "Michael Strogoff."
Monday evening, April 20th, first production here of the realistic comedy-drama.

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The steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:30, and 4:30 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

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IN the annals of our city certainly none reads more like a pleasant, attractive English society novel—meant for summer reading, and with nothing that jars the nerves in it—than the story of the Holladays, of Holladay Heights.

Society people here are fond of saying that the Holladays are the "luckiest family in California." But if "luck" means the result of years of indefatigable perseverance and fortitude, then I must be greatly mistaken.

Mr. S. W. Holladay came to California early in the fifties and established himself in Trinity County. He was young and vigorous, and came from a very aristocratic old New England family. He did not stay long in that part of the country, but presently came down to San Francisco, and began the practice of the profession in which he had been trained—the law. At that time attorneys were not so plentiful, since most of the legal fraternity who immigrated here went to the mines, or else kept near them in the mining towns—Judge Field's case, for instance. Mr. Holladay did exceedingly well in consequence. His specialty was land business, and, as that included over half the cases in the courts, he secured some excellent clients. Doubtless in the big row of chests which occupy his office may be found the documents of clients of thirty-seven years standing, for in most cases he gets the estate settlement when they die off.

About this time it was his happy privilege to meet the beautiful Miss Ord, of Baltimore, who was visiting her brother, General Ord, then commanding the Pacific Coast Department, U. S. A. She was ravishingly beautiful, as early oil portraits by Jewett and other artists show. It was a love match of the rarest quality, and, after their wedding, they took up the domestic thread of life in the quietest fashion. Of course they maintained their society relations, but always in that unobtrusive fashion which marks high breeding.

In the meantime, with a remarkable foresight, Mr. Holladay had invested every cent he could spare in San Francisco lots. They were very cheap in outlying districts then, as were also some parts of the water front. His largest venture was the purchase of the largest portion of that sandhill called Lafayette Heights. How little he knew the years of anxiety and vexation this property would cost him! Once acquired, however, with what he considered perfect title deeds, he proceeded to put up the large, comfortable residence which is yet the family home. Three children were born to the couple, Louise, Ruth, and Burke.

Somewhere in 1864 the storm broke, when the city brought suit for the recovery on the ground that the municipal administration which had sold it to him had erred in as much that, according to our statutes, the city had no right to dispose of the public lands. It was a terrible tussle for twenty-five or twenty-six years. The City would beat Holladay in one court, and he would beat them in another. It was a *cause celebre*. Finally the plucky attorney fought the case into the Federal courts, to the chagrin of his opponents. There the case was carefully examined in all its phases by the Supreme Bench. The result was a complete victory for Holladay.

But all this time he was attending sedulously to the education of his children. When quite young Louise was taken to Germany, and placed in a quiet family. She was instructed in all the pretty accomplishments by the best masters, but singing was her forte, and she devoted herself ardently to her exquisite voice.

It was a long while before she returned to this city, a beautiful and stately young lady. There were many suitors for her hand, but she gently repulsed all proposals, and was sweet and womanlike as ever. The other girls said, maliciously: "Lou Holladay 'll die an old maid—see if she don't!"

But the beautiful maiden hid her time, went to Europe when she pleased, was a favorite in New York, Baltimore, and Washington society, knew half of swell London, and was invited everywhere. It was on a visit to London that

she met her fate, and presently was married to an English gentleman who holds an official position of high rank in Demerara, and above all is very wealthy, as the glowing descriptions of her home which visiting friends bring back will attest. Besides, she has two lovely little children.

Ruth didn't wait long after her debut to wed. A quiet, elegant young Englishman, who was on a tour of the world, was introduced to the Holladays. After that he delayed his voyage to Japan, and presently Miss Ruth and he had plighted their troth. His father was the great London pickle man, Blackwell. Ruth had caught a famous prize. A hurried trip to England for his parents' consent, as quick a return, and the young couple were wedded and soon on their way to Italy. But the young husband died suddenly of diphtheria a few years after, leaving her a widow, the long lease of a splendid townhouse in the heart of fashionable London, a lovely country seat on the Thames, and a magnificent income. Black was awfully becoming to her, and she wore it a whole year, visiting San Francisco, Japan and India meantime. Then, back to London for the season. She was surrounded by hundreds of old admirers, but she knew just what to do, and it wasn't two months before San Francisco and Burlingame were electrified to learn of the coming marriage of Mrs. Blackwell to that dashing young Guardsman, Captain Leigh, heir presumptive to a peerage, and possessed of that "swagger" and sumptuous income necessary to the Guards. Again she had landed a prize! The wedding was a grand affair, and again there was an Italian honeymoon.

And now for Burke, since it is his recent marriage into C. P. Huntington's family which is the *raison d'être* of the present writing. He has grown up with that beauty of face which young Paris or Donatello must have possessed. His father brought him up famously, and to-day he is one of the foremost young lawyers at our bar, and has been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. Surrounded as he was, during the past eleven years of his society career in San Francisco, by dozens of admiring rosebuds, he has hitherto fortified his heart against all feminine attacks. The artful fellow! He, too, was hiding his time; and as sure as fate it came! Numerous splendid dinners and receptions have been given his pretty, wealthy bride and himself since their arrival three weeks ago. They will be delightful companions for Mr. and Mrs. Holladay, and will doubtless have the beautiful apartments which Mrs. Blackwell used to occupy when visiting here. One can find no more perfect an interior than the Holladay house in the city. It is adorned after the English style entirely, and has that air of grace and comfort, without affectation, which rarely can be found outside of the British home. The draperies, the furniture, the cushions, the pictures and photos—everything signifies perfect taste.

Society people may be familiar with the modern events of this chronicle, but this is the first time the links of the golden chain have ever been joined together.

An interesting event will take place next Saturday, April 25th, at 2 p. m. at Central Park, when an exciting game of baseball will be played between the University Club and the Berkeley Club (University of California). The proceeds will be devoted to the Mercantile Library fund, and a large attendance is anticipated. The following picked men will represent the University Club: Alfred Cohen, captain; Thomas Magee, Jr., Will Magee, Arthur Allen, George Greenwood, Joe Tohiu, Lawrie Adams, Fred Howard, W. R. Smedburg, Evente Bee, Milton Latham, with Vanderlynn Stow as manager. The Berkeley team consists of such giants as Johnston and Miller, captains; Wheeler, Worden, Hennessy, McLaren, Elston, Proctor, Gooding, Dean, Hoag, Kaarsberg, Dean, Blasingame, Rawlings, Krug. The game ought to be well worth seeing, considering the calibre of the men.

When the Duke of Marlborough and his youthful bride,—once Miss Vanderbilt,—left for Italy, there was an amusing dilemma. Their two dozen cases of Moët & Chandon, (the Duke's favorite beverage), didn't reach the dock until five minutes before the ship was ready to sail, and there was considerable trepidation on his Grace's part.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

THE ART EXHIBIT.

USUALLY the public decides for itself as to how much better or worse the Exhibitions at the Hopkins Institute are. The present showing of landscapes and figurescapes by local painters has an almost biblical variety of contradictions to offer in evidence on both sides. Absolute safety lies in predicting that the small and clear-eyed company of picture enthusiasts will find yards of proof to opine vigorously as to the bad eminence of the work that luxuriates in being *bad*, with a double capital. Such an opportunity as the present one is, for the dispensing of pungent and far-reaching incense wafting every delicacy of aroma known to "roasts," has not bloomed into existence these many years. To take due advantage of the occasion would be a combined slaughter and funeral of the innocents. In several cases the perpetrators of these eminent horrors have time to mend their painting manners; in others, the rude necessity of earning some pay overrides all considerations, and for the rest an impenetrable mental epidermis defies the blast of just blame, and makes the use of any language an unpardonable wastefulness. Never did the judges or hanging committee deserve the victor's wreath so unreservedly for permitting the exposure of so much misused paint and canvas.

The power of seeing is in full force in the Exhibition generally. Some of the seeing is of that amiable kind, rushing and gushing gladly, upon single objects, radiating floods of visual glucose. Such evidence of the dear, innocent, old-fashioned idea of looking out into the world has an appalling sincerity in it. However, half a dozen of our painters realize that images come to the eye through the medium of light, and their work ranks reasonably high in proportion. A clear consciousness of the actual process of vision and a distinct choice or point of view makes the interest of painting at its best, and the absence thereof engenders nocturnes in green moonlight, and other delights irritating to the mucous membranes of the diaphragm.

Mr. Keith, as a leader of the contingent of our painters who use the mechanism of vision with virtuosity, has his usual quiver full of good things. Nothing he has given the public belongs to the same class as the Study head. In fragility of technique and distinction of tone it is quite unexpected. An exotic, unhealthy, but arresting, fascination emanates from this effort with much of the sickly tenderness Lawrence Stern breathed into his "Sentimental Journey." Only to the painter with temperament comes this accident of mood, saying much more than appears on the surface. A Keith landscape, "April Showers," in a new manner interests and disappoints; the emotions under it are seemingly mixed, and, for material, nothing short of a panorama unfolds itself. The mysterious serenity of the Oaks, and an Evening motif, both in the style peculiar to this painter, have a poetic value not to be mistaken, and impossible to be rivaled by forceful technique.

Consciously or not there has grown up a school of painting with a Keith-like conception of nature as its nucleus, worked out with different veils of personality. Messrs. Breuer, Yelland, and Judson express this form of thought. On Mr. Breuer the idea sits most naturally, and becomes almost clear in the union of sentiment and tone values. The "Stormy Day," in Mr. Yelland's idea, is full of apt technique, but still fails in giving a connected feeling of motion; in this painter's work the sense of interpenetration of light is always at the elementary stage.

Quite a different point of view reigns through the medium of work signed Wendt and McRae. Science, not sentiment, develops itself. Light as a phase of vibration is the starting point, emotion counts for nothing. The McRae landscape rises fairly into a wild, barbaric yawp, but this kind of thing, besides being thoroughly able and business-like, does the public good, gives that august body vibrations or conceptions, and serves its purpose, making a distinct impression. The Wendt work has less of high vibrationist spirit, and glimpses of a hankering after the flesh pots of sentiment. Up-to-date painting takes no cognizance of the pleasure of the eye. It is mostly sanitary and hygienic in its tendencies and results. Although belonging to the *zeit geist*, there is a tincture of Parisian daring in this work sympathetic to admiration for brilliance simmering in the modern minds. William Wendt's "Brook"

is strong enough to please the most ardent advocates of the Sampson style.

Landscape, by the way, rules in this exhibition, and among the paintings occupying a happy medium between science and sentiment, lies the work of Mr. Joullin. His studies of sand dunes with grassy brakes are exceedingly piquant. The simplicity of the subject and technique hang well together. Light and air and a simple kind of *finesse* make interesting these subjects in themselves so slight. Almost as happy is the Judson "Sedge on a Gray Day," done in a manner not *a la* Keith, a trifle sticky in the foreground, perhaps. Mr. Stanton's Brittany picture, "The Evening of Life," is better in conception than is usual with him, but the coldness of it is of a ranting or barnstorming kind, and the reverse of touching. "June," Miss Houston's dainty hit, has the charm and wayward freshness of May; there is a ripple of temperament in it.

Compositions are not many in number; from the results achieved the loss of others is not great. Just where Hagar ends and Ishmael begins, Mr. Matthews leaves to the discretion of the beholders. Part of "Pandora," too, is in the dim, drear beyond, and the rest might as well be. Jules Pages' "Kitchen Interior" has fine hits in the light treatment, and equally suggests a Montmartre kitchen to be chilly. "With the Dolls" is not representative of Peixotto; the lady is powdered with coal, and the members of children and dolls are evenly mixed. This painter's portrait of Miss Bessie Wall is better work, but not without reproach. His portrait of Mr. Platt is more direct and faithful, however. Miss Lou Wall's study, "Xmas Thoughts," is unfortunate. A gentle but double-barrelled gale blows drapery one way and the domestic hearth in the opposite direction. An old woman paring potatoes, by Mr. Reaser, has a grace of genuine feeling upon it, telling a piteous tale, but the technique is flat, flabby, and shallow.

A portrait, strong and well handled by Mr. Stanton, is the best piece of work in this line he has exhibited, and, saving an over exuberance of paint, comes into the class of able balanced work. Another portrait piece from Mrs. Richardson is firmer in texture than usual with her work, and on the verge of success.

Since last exhibiting Mrs. Richardson has developed considerably on the side of her work at one time the weakest—the drawing. In this portrait the modelling of the lips and chin has a certain plasticity and decision uncommon among our painters. The coloring is agreeable, and has a sensitiveness of its own. Like Mr. Stanton's successful portrait work, this one bears the impress of rapid *prima facie* execution.

In the main hall hang various curiosities, some of them awesome and possibly acting as a detriment to aspiring talent. Though not the worst, "In the Flower Garden," signed Demain, suggests the ghosts of dead days and other impossibilities. Miss Strong's canine pictures are not to be classed with the work, though in the same hall, and are finished up but not exhilarating efforts.

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THE girls are complaining that the promised "wild whirl of gaiety" of Eastertide has failed to materialize. Mrs. Hager's affair, they say, was limited to her own circle, and the assembly merely the expiring embers of the winter's glow, the engagement of Misses Hannab Williams and Emma Butler having, of course, robbed the social *parterre* of two of the loveliest buds. Were it not for the Presidio hops the girls would be in despair. However, with the merry month of May wedding bells will ring and the air will be redolent of orange blossoms; the festivities which usually precede weddings, such as dinners and lunches to the happy couples, will give more life to the swagger set, and it is whispered that a bridal ball will take place at the big house on the avenue to compensate for the strictly private nuptials. This rumor, however, lacks confirmation, although persistent.

* * *

The frequent examples of marital infelicities which abound on all sides is enough to frighten any one who is on the point of a plunge into the matrimonial sea, for a veritable "sea of troubles" (to quote from Shakespeare) may of our friends have found it. The instances of private woes are numerous. Among the most striking, in every sense of the word, of those made public is the case of the stage struck heiress of a defunct Sacramento capitalist, whose brief career behind the footlights ended in a divorce and a second marriage, which, according to the sensational dailies, is likely to result in divorce number two. The query naturally arises, when will experience bring wisdom?

* * *

Spring, beautiful spring, is with us again, and so, alas, is the concert season, which has, apparently, broken out with redoubled energy from its winter's rest. If a suffering community were asked only to patronize professional talent it would go hard enough in the majority of cases, but when for the most part the ambitious amateur, under cover of the mantle of "charity," warbles or plays for the public, it becomes a subject of commiseration indeed, for vocal efforts of an unskilled nature are bad enough, but the amateur fiddler is a thing to flee from. The violin, which is the noblest of all instruments in a master's band, becomes one of positive torture when in any other. From all such, Good Lord, deliver us.

* * *

The departure of Mrs. George Pope and her pretty sister, Miss Carrie Taylor, for a European trip, will cause a blank in society this summer, as both ladies are very popular members of the swim. It is said, however, that one of Chicago's brightest girls, who is an heiress as well, will accompany Mrs. Frank Carolan upon her return from her sister's wedding, so the loss of one will be the gain of another. It will be in the late summer when B'lingham will blaze with glory, when the Henry Scotts, Carolans, and Will Crockers will be in residence there.

* * *

For some weeks past there has been a whisper going round the social world that one of the recognized lights would give an Easter entertainment in the form of a fancy dress cotillion, and expectation rose to almost fever heat. The lady in question does not say, however, anything definite in regard to said function, much to the exasperation of our pretty maids, as the matron has a big ballroom and wealth galore to back it, and the girls say it is only necessary to will, to do. Perhaps it will come off after all.

* * *

On dit, a notable dowager whose experience in California and Nevada entitles her to be considered the equal of Mrs. Hitchcock in a well-stored memory, is being earnestly solicited by her numerous friends to publish her memoirs. If she does, society may look for a treat, as not alone will they be spicy, but most entertaining, lacking all the pitiless commentary with which the other lady's "remembrances" are said to abound.

Nervous prostration, like charity, covers a multitude of ills, and has evidently come to stay, to judge from the number of society folk who are afflicted by it. It is not every one who is lucky enough to own a country home wherein to recuperate; but there have been instances where said rural residences were the locale for the attacks, instead of convalescence. Those on the inside say so, at least.

* * *

San Rafael is described as being as dull as ditchwater—not even the slight touch of scandal which Ross Valley periodically exhales is afloat so far this spring. But the dwellers in the ambitious little burg may reflect that when the German Baron and the German band appear on the scene there is sure to be a revival—if not exactly of the fittest, at least a semblance of gaiety.

* * *

The leafy paths of a certain army post are not the safest place in the world for spooning, for if report speaks true, the very hedges have ears and tongues. Pretty girls who between dances wander among them for a breath of fresh air are apt to be touched by another kind of breath, if not careful.

* * *

The visit of young Martin to his mother and aunt is most opportune at this time. It is now, say the *quid nuncs*, highly probable that bells will ring in the big cathedral and a nuptial mass be said.

* * *

On dit, a well-known clubman is deliberating whether to pool issues or not; while a pretty widow of recent make is bent upon having her pet sister study Horace.

No decorations are so beautiful as high class Japanese art goods. Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market street, has the finest collection in this city.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.



Very Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Marketstreet. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from

the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

Indianapolis Furniture Co.,
750 Mission St.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

THISTLE DOWN

Rattles is said to be unknown in Germany. Even a dog won't bite a Dutchman.

There is hope for Asiatic Turkey after all. The missionaries are to be ordered away.

Nebraska "new women" go in for jags and revolvers. Ours have not yet outgrown the mouth stage.

Much has been said about Mrs. Maybrick in the last few years. Is anybody interested in her husband?

A divine healer got into trouble at Cincinnati the other day. Needless to say, the other fellow did the laying on of hands.

An Italian died in New York while grinding his hand organ. This should entitle him to a front place in the heavenly choir.

Senator Tillman says he would rather cut his throat than follow Carlisle and Cleveland. Hand him a knife, someone, before his mood changes.

Parsons are so plentiful and penurious in Long Island that two met in one church there last week and fought for the possession of the pulpit.

A fool thief tried to find something of value among Senator Quay's private papers last week. He is now kicking himself for having wasted his time.

A Belgian physician claims that yawning is an exceedingly healthy function. This accounts for the sleek appearance of many of our policemen.

The fact that ex-President Harrison has succeeded in finding a wife will inspire hope in the breast of many a forgotten and dust-covered hachelor.

The pen has long bragged about its superiority over the sword, but in Los Angeles a man was saved from a knife thrust by so insignificant an object as a pencil.

The relatives of the New Yorker who died at sea and was preserved in a harrel of rum should sue the captain for damages. Such conduct is merely adding insult to injury.

A gratuity of \$7 50 is to be paid by the British War Office to the soldiers who took part in the Ashantee expedition. We are afraid Tommy Atkins is not properly appreciated at home.

The idea of thousands of Christian Endeavorers on their marrowbones, praying for Ingersoll, is enough to make a hull-frog laugh. They must have plenty of time on their hands, to say the least.

Love letters in the days of the Babilouians were written on bricks. After sending one, a lover always kept clear of his sweetheart for a few days in case she might be tempted to throw it at his head.

Three cases of anthrax have been noted in this country during the last twenty-five years. The last occurred in New York and was successfully treated. It is a fashionable disease, but is, unfortunately, usually fatal.

SIX new paintings were added this week to the S. & G. Gump collection, having just arrived from the customs house. They are all gems. Four are splendid specimens of the famous Flemish master, C. Von Leemputten, whose paintings of sheep are conceded to be the best the world over. "The Sunday Toilette," by C. Pettit, Belgium, is a delightfully natural home scene, and the painting of the old General reading a message just delivered to him, is a pleasing hit of color and careful detail by Gerard Portelje, of Antwerp. The gallery is well worth a visit, as there never were better paintings there than there are now.

UNDER the auspices of the American Women's Liberal League, Father P. C. Yorke will deliver in Metropolitan Temple a course of five lectures on religious tolerance. The first of the series will be given next Monday night. Tickets can be had for 25 cents each or \$1.00 for the course upon application at the league's headquarters, 63 Donohue Building.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

St. Denis

Broadway & 11th St.,
NEW YORK.
Opposite Grace Church
EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms \$1.00 per Day and Upwards.

In a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL,
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

Now Open.

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

QUEEN OF ALL

MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1st, and will close October 1, 1896.

George Schönewald, Manager,

Room 59, Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Brooklyn Hotel

Conducted on both the
European and
American plan

BUSH STREET, bet. Sansome and Montgomery, S. F.
This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.

Board and room: Per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$3; per week, \$7 to \$12; per month, \$27.50 to \$40; single room, 50 cents to \$1.

Free coach to and from the Hotel.

RIGGS HOUSE,

Washington, D. C.

The Hotel "Par Excellence"

of the National Capital. First-class in all appointments. O. G. STAPLES, President; G. DEWITT, Treas.

American plan, \$3 per day and upward.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. BURCH, Manager.

Ebbitt House,

POPULAR PRICES—Regular rates, \$4 per day up. Fifty rooms on the sixth floor with steam heat and electric light, reduced to \$2 50 and \$3 per day. Fifty rooms on other floors reduced from \$4 to \$3 50 per day. Parlors and alcove parlors at equally low rates. Special rates for the Army and Navy Officers and the Clergy.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco.

EVANS' ALE



Comstock Mining Market.

The condition of affairs on Pine street is such as to warrant the hope that a change for the better may take place at any moment. Things could not be worse without closing up the Board rooms entirely. That the management of the mines will tolerate this does not seem at all likely, and, consequently, there is a gleam of hope that they will, ultimately, come to the rescue. Dealers, as a rule, seem to take matters very complacently, and the majority have faith enough in their compositions to stay by the ship until she disappears beneath their feet. The old guard is not largely represented now. A few remain at their accustomed posts of observance in offices and on the street, saying nothing, but looking wisely into the future, as becomes men of their age and experience in the business. The others have either passed in their final checks or have been driven by sheer force of circumstances to some other fields which afford pasturage. The "reforms" have come too late to benefit these old warriors, and it is questionable if they take over-kindly to new conditions which have only served so far to clear the street of wealthy manipulators. As a low grade proposition, the Comstock will always live in the present generation and under new working methods, but it is morally certain that, as matters stand to-day, its course as a speculative medium is nearly run unless some one with money and brains can be found to turn the tide now setting toward low ebb. The Norcross mill has started up on ore from the mine, and, before long, the world will know just how much it should cost to work Comstock ores, and the percentage of returns which should be expected when the mines are run solely in the interest of the shareholders. Should the figures not exceed in the way of profit those of the old management, people will naturally form their own opinions about the veracity of the charges which have been so prolific for years past. Con. Cal.-Virginia is now working on the upper levels, which does not confirm the rumors common on the street not so very long ago about the 1650 and 1700-levels being in ore enough to keep the mill running for ages. The Superintendent at that time was inclined to a more conservative view of the outlook in this quarter of the mine, but he got little credit for his position, which time has eventually proved correct.

Mayor Sutro's Nemesis.

Fortunes based upon ill-gotten gains are generally a trouble to their possessors, who, as a rule, are not to be envied in their possessions. The public will never cease to point the finger of scorn at the tainted millions, and sneer at the evidences flaunted before their faces of the strange and unaccountable freaks of fortune which have put beggars on horse back. One of the most unfortunate in this respect is Mayor Sutro, of this city. Pose though he may as a philanthropist, and become, through sheer force of circumstances, a public benefactor, the ghost of the old tunnel in Nevada, which put him in the way of becoming a millionaire, constantly confronts him. Just now a cloud of trouble is threatening; as yet it is no larger than a man's hand, and a long way off. But it threatens to assume much larger proportions, and that before long, as investors from Hell Gate to the Golden Gate fall in line behind the leader of a movement to compel the good Mayor of this city to disgorge four or five million dollars, and to account for nearly half a million shares of the old Sutro Tunnel Company's stock. Some very unpleasant remarks appear in the New York papers upon this matter, many of them, no doubt, engendered by Mr. Sutro's ill-tempered interference with other peoples' business, which he has presumed to criticize from a very lofty plane of honesty and morality. It is another case of foolishness in stone-throwing by persons who live in glass houses. Besides, bulldozing does not do all the time. It is apt to be overdone, and, in Sutro's case, the limit has been reached long ago.

The Mining Outlook.

With a revival of a demand for California gold mines, it is amusing to see all the old-time faces showing up on the street again, beaming with hope and expectancy, and at every boom at intervals of five or six years the same men have given phantom wealth a lively race for it, coming in winded under the wine at the heels of the fickle goddess in many a lively heat. Nothing daunted, they are toeing the mark, again ready to take the track in a race which, for many of them will be the last. It is now a case of wiu and live in clover, or die in harness, awaiting another chance for a fortune which may never come. Some of these men are deserving, and better fitted to wear the mantle of wealth than those on whom it has fallen, and that they may now attain the object of their desires is the hearty wish of the NEWS LETTER. But, sandwiched in among the honorable men in the business, are black sheep—unscrupulous individuals bereft of all sense of honor or decency. The more successful they have been in the past in their swindling schemes, the worse off it will be for them now, and for those who knowingly associate with them. Their name is enough to ruin the most promising enterprise in the world, and to besmirch every one in connection with them. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that any sane man will take the chances of a fair deal from a man who has proved himself thoroughly unprincipled in his previous dealings with strangers. Once bitten twice shy is an old, but wise saying, and the schemer with a record, who imagines for one moment that he can successfully garner a new crop of fools, in a place where he is well-known, must be accreted with more impudence than brains. With a disposition to stear clear of these mountebank promoters, investors here and elsewhere are quietly picking up good mining prospects all over California, but if they are not sifting things down pretty well themselves, they are employing honest and conscientious experts to do so for them. Business principles now strictly rule, and while money for development is obtainable, millions for wild-cat shares are not forthcoming, nor will they unless there is a very sudden and radical change of public opinion.

Local Stocks Continue Active.

Notwithstanding the dullness which prevails in many lines of trade, money seems abundant enough with certain classes in this city, and the demand for investment stocks continues very fair for the season of the year. All of the Industrials, particularly Gas and Sugar, find favor with monied people, and prices are firm. On Wednesday last the following monthly dividends were paid by local corporations: San Francisco Gas, 35 cents, Oakland Gas, 25 cents; Edison Light and Power, 66½ cents; Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, 30 cents; and Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company, 20 cents. Quarterly dividends were also paid by the following corporations: Bank of California, \$3; Nevada Bank, \$1.50; Sutter street Railroad Company, \$1.25. Pacific Surety Company, 2 per cent., and California Safe Deposit, 75 cents.

The Merced Mining Mystery.

The stories about the Merced Mine are still conflicting. Although the news which leaks out through the town of Coulterville is all in accord with what appears in Boston, private statements appearing in print from time to time are just to the contrary. No later than the early part of the week a Nevada paper published an interview with a miner who had just returned from the property, and he, among other things, said the mill was closed down, in face of the report that it had been started up for a long run. It is also certain that, on all the trails leading out of town to other camps, men are met with leaving the Merced property and looking for work. How the managers can recognize those contradictions it is difficult to see.

The Mother Lode In London.

The Poniatowski flotation from California will soon be aired upon the London market, in accordance with the announcement recently made in the NEWS LETTER. The question which will not unlikely confront this gentleman when he visits London will be why he, of all others, should be compelled to seek financial aid from the public, considering the wealth which is generally supposed to be at his back since his marriage.



"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

I am Brown—
Brown of San Francisco—
And I preach.
Feel my cheek;
I stand no risk; oh,
I'm a peach.
Note my nerve;
Note the sisters' also.
Note my smile.
I am Brown—
The Brown who can bawl so—
I've no guile.
Will I go?
I should say not quite—
Not just yet.
I am Brown!
The Lord's right in my fight;
Oh, you bet.

BROTHER Colburn, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, is worth journeying a long way to see, for the like of him is in no other pulpit on earth. He was arrested two months ago in Golden Gate Park for an unnatural crime, and discharged because to have prosecuted him would have been to dose the newspapers with a revolting scandal. This man of God is satisfied to let it rest at that. He has made no complaint against the policemen who dragged him to jail, and has declined all invitations to seek a vindication in court. Think of that sort of an animal as a preacher of Christ's gospel! And fancy the congregation that can stand such a pastor.

THOSE who mourn the grand old days when the Republican party was the party of moral ideas, are given to thinking that there is no hope of their return. Yet here in San Francisco, less than a week ago, we saw two eminent citizens drop all other business and spring to the rescue of purity, successfully, too. The spectacle of such Republicans as Senator Mahoney and Citizen Martin Kelly devoting themselves to opposing boss rule ought to cheer every friend of the party of Lincoln and Grant.

MAX Popper's mouth was opened a few nights ago in the cause of "Good Government." The orator made a fervid appeal for his old friend, Chris Buckley, and said the day would come when he would be hailed as a deliverer by the people. A misunderstanding occurred after the lecture between Popper and Buckley regarding the stipend the former was to receive for his talk. It ended in Mr. Popper's eyes being closed, and, incidentally, also his mouth.

THE other day a Congregational pastor fled from a Southern Californian town in order to escape a coat of tar and feathers. It will astonish the Congregationalists of Northern California to learn that the brother was only accused of adultery. In this calmer locality no clergyman would be under apprehension of mob violence unless he had been guilty of something serious, such as Sabbath breaking or billiards.

IT is remarkable how little ingenuity City Hall Commissioners Creswell and Broderick show. Sutro tires them to death with his speeches and his rages, and they don't know how to cork him and get rid of him, and have a quiet meeting for a change. Half a dollar casually dropped under the table, where nobody but the Mayor could see it, would be worth trying.

A CRANK who demanded \$7000 of Treasurer Widber for services rendered the city, was taken before the Insanity Commissioners and sent to Ukiah. A politician would have helped himself to the money, and no one would have said anything to him for doing so.

THE twelve citizens who found extenuating circumstances warranting a lesser punishment than hanging in the case of murderer Claussen, should be engaged by some freak museum manager.

IT is refreshing to know that there is one moral town on the Pacific coast, to wit, Alameda. Oakland and San Francisco, we hear, are wicked, and may even contaminate this moral Mecca. City Attorney Taylor says so, and, as City Attorneys are the very pinks of morality, he ought to know. We own that the Alameda people have the knack of keeping their little sins to themselves, which is certainly the most effective form of morality we are acquainted with; nevertheless, it remains to be seen what the ladies of that city will say to the dastardly charges of puritanism made against them by the temperate Mr. Taylor.

NOW, then, the Examiner having told what villains all its enemies are, and what a highly patriotic paper it has been, what has it to say about that \$30,000 bribe which it accepted from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company? If the Examiner has any defense to make the public would be glad to hear it.

AN attorney claims to have been robbed of \$115 by a young lady in a questionable resort last Sunday morning. The whole affair seems suspicious. How, for instance, does an attorney come to have so much money in his pocket, and what was he doing in such a place? The Bar Association had better look into the matter.

THE officers of the cutter Rush should be sent back to a kindergarten until they know better than to cause annoyance by playing with their searchlight. Officers of revenue cutters are not, as a rule, famous for their intelligence, but these men seem even worse than their fellows.

WHEELMEN will be pleased to hear that the Rev. R. M. Willets of Oakland, considers it a benious offense against the Lord to ride a wheel on Sunday. The Lord, however, does not object to wheels in the head, otherwise his pastors would be deluged with thunderbolts.

WE urgently request Dr. Brown to leave this city, taking his wife and offspring with him. By making this request we merely voice the sentiments of all respectable people and we trust a deaf ear will not be turned to our entreaties.

A NEWLY appointed Prison Director is of the opinion that San Quentin should be abolished and only Folsom used. We concur, and suggest that the former resort be turned into a training school for the police and the pastors.

IF the case at present in the United States Circuit Court enables us to locate the real authors of the songs, "Ma Angeline" and "The New Bully," we might go out in a body and hang them. We are wearied by this cheap music.

WHEN kindly Nature fashioned Parson Brown
She knew full well the people who would love him;
So fashioned him part knave, part thick-skinned clown,
Placed hell beneath and heaven far above him.

MRS. Tunnell and Mattie Overman have returned to Tia Juana Hot Springs. We do not wish to discourage these ladies, but we are afraid it will take more than hot water to purify their bodies and their minds.

ATTORNEY Quitzow, who believes in good citizenship, yet stays among us, requests all people to take an active interest in the coming primaries. All right, Mr. Quitzow, we'll be there and bring a rope with us.

WE suggest that the angel be removed from the dome of the City Hall and a live Supervisor be placed there instead. Supervisor King, for instance, would be the right person; he is certainly a pretty hard mau.

WE always doubted the statement that Dr. C. Overman Brown would receive a call from Tacoma. The people of that city are too clean-minded to want men of his description.

WHEN the gents of the hanging committee
Have placed all the daubs on the shelves,
They will earn the regard of the city
By hanging the artists themselves.

THE Examiner— But no, there are reasons why the late Monarch of the Dailies should not be mentioned in a reputable journal; 30,000 reasons.

THE Oakland Saturday Press is the tail end of the San Francisco Examiner. Carroll Carrington, the hired mau, sits exactly under the tail, and suffers accordingly.



A Book
of
The Week.*

At last Herman Suderman's "Magda" has been translated into English, and the interest in the famous play will be revived, and its merits and demerits discussed with increased eagerness and with varying fortune. In book form "Magda" is attractive to look at, but, as in the dramatized work, it is vice-bitten, brilliant, and dangerously subtle. Any one who ever saw the play of "Magda" knows that it dramatizes the revolt of woman against much of what we men of to-day hold to be best and dearest in our homes. It outrages our ideas of the conventionalities and sets at defiance our notions of the moral law, and all those wholesome phases of life which have made the home the pivotal axis of the civilized world. That the play is intellectually strong, and that Suderman has used much skill in putting in dramatized form his ethical doctrine, is undeniable; but this makes it all the more dangerous, unsafe, and more liable to corrupt the unthinking many who see it "on the boards." There are, of course, better plays than "Magda," many of them, but they tell us of much that is suabiny and righteous. They point out the elevating influences which come from acting, and speaking, in harmony with our duties to ourselves and those around us, but if the world ever accepts the ethics of "Magda," then good-bye virtue, honor, home, purity, and sanity as well. Just think of this woman "Magda," who abandons the tame and old-fashioned ideas of morality and openly proclaims her "right" to sin, and who has no more hesitation about announcing her propaganda in public than a debauched *roué* would have about telling his profligate associates the startling immoralities of a Chinese den! In fact, the book, as well as the play, is a defense of vice, free love, and abandon. If not, how else can we explain the scene which takes place between the pastor and "Magda" when he is telling her about "the wide open arms which wait to clasp the lost daughter to the empty breast," when "Magda" breaks in impatiently:

"Oh, I beg of you, none of that. I do not intend to furnish a pendant to the prodigal son. If I came back as a daughter, as a lost daughter, I should not hold my head before you as I do; I should grovel in the dust in the full consciousness of all my sins, and that I will not do—that I cannot do—for I am what I am, and I cannot be another."

There is no regret here, no passionate sorrow, or grief, or sadness at the memory of sin; but, on the contrary, an outrageous defense of vice, and such a defense as one only expects to hear from old crones who have spent their lives in the atmosphere of the brothel and—not always even from them. But after this we see this pastor coming to admire the force and power of this woman, and he begins to contrast it with the narrow styled life he is leading, and then he speaks the dangerous words that she is what he might have been "if at the right moment joy had entered into my life." And then think of this woman saying in reply:

"And one thing more, my friend—sin. We must sin if we wish to grow. To become greater than our sins is worth more than the purity you preach." Or still later, when speaking to her lover, she says:

"I did not reproach you. And now I will tell you why I owe you thanks. I was a stupid, unsuspecting thing, enjoying freedom like a runaway monkey. Through you I became a woman. For whatever I have done in my art, for whatever I have become to myself, I have you to thank. My soul was like—yes, down below there, there used to be an æolian harp which was left mouldering because my father could not bear it. Such a silent harp was my soul, and through you it was given to the storm. And it sounded, almost to breaking, the whole scale of passions which bring us women to maturity—love and hate, and revenge, and ambition, and need, need—three times need—and the highest, the strongest, the holiest of all, the mother's love—all I owe to you."

Is it any wonder that her military father—a German officer—threatens to shoot her when he cannot get her

lover to marry her? And yet this stern old man has to hear from his daughter's lips that "there are others, too." All this may be effective, and we regret to say it is effective both on the stage and in the book before us; but, as for ourselves, we would wipe the stage from existence rather than see the ethics of this book accepted in Christian lands. Nor do we say this in mere prudery, with affected niceness and preciseness, but simply as a desire to protect society against degeneracy and crime. We do not profess to devote our time to the pursuit of moral philosophy and the application of the principles of right and wrong to human conduct, so far as they can be discovered by the light of reason, nor are we reclusing praying for the supremacy of the moral law which we believe to be divinely prescribed for man's moral conduct; but, as men of the world, we ask ourselves: What good purpose has Suderman served by idealizing "Magda," or how does her character, as an actress, compare with Annie Louise Cary, Charlotte Cushman, and Mary Anderson, who won the respect, as well as the admiration, of two continents? Suderman would have us believe that to be great on the stage it is necessary for an actress to "sin." If so, then why are not the many sinners who are earning \$25 behind the footlights "great," or why are Duse and Modjeska not insignificant? Nonsense! The ethics of "Magda" are false, and this translation of the book will do more good than harm—only if properly reviewed and carefully studied with a view to the dangerous consequences which would surely follow the immoral teachings it contains.

*Suderman's "Magda." Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.

"A History of the American Tariff," by Eugene C. Lewis, and published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, professes to have the merit of being written "from the point of view of no political party." And, from all we have read of the book, it appears to give both sides fair play. Indeed, it is nothing more than it professes to be, simply a history of the tariff from the day the first Congress, under the Constitution, met on April 6th, 1789, down to the present day. It is a book that should be of special interest to the people just now, and it has the merit of being written in plain language, and the reader is not smothered with too many statistics.

Statistics just published show that there are 1,750,000 printed books in the British Museum. This, however, does not include parts of works that are accumulating. The shelves of the reading room, and iron galleries constructed around it, measure eight and twenty miles, and there are other shelves which extend eleven miles, or thirty-nine miles of books in all. This is nearly the same as the French National Library.

Mr. Stead's attempt to epitomize the great authors in his "Penny Popular Novels" series is an indecent violence to literature. They are not novels at all, but inartistic *rugouts*. We have just read one of them, "Coningsby," and we cannot come to any conclusion other than that Mr. Stead's butchery of Disraeli's work is a piece of literary impertinence.

The National Geographical Magazine is a technical publication, written mostly by scientists, and for scientists. It is published by the National Geographical Society, in Washington, D. C., and some of its contributors are men of world-wide fame in their way. It is a small, but scholarly, publication.

The statistics of the Mercantile Library, which is the largest lending library in New York City, show that fifty-three per cent. of the books taken from that institution are novels, and that clergymen are the greatest novel readers.

It is now said that Thomas Hardy tried to have "Jude the Obscure" withdrawn from Harper's Magazine, and that he requested that firm to cancel the contract. This, however, the firm refused to do.

After this issue the Fly Leaf is to be incorporated with The Pbilistine, of East Anzora, N. Y. Walter Blackburn Harte will remain in charge, and we predict a success for the new venture.

Sir Walter Besant is authority for the statement that there are fifty novelists in England who have incomes of \$5,000 a year or over.

EDITORIALISMS.

THE single taxers have begun their campaign in Delaware with a banquet. It will doubtless terminate in a nightmare and a funeral.

YALES refusal to allow the Berkeley boys to participate in the athletic contests is merely an acknowledgment of Western superiority.

UNLESS President Kruger gives some attention to the demands of Great Britain, he is likely to be taken over to London by his ears instead of as a guest.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Bunner, the editor of Puck, will regain his health after his short vacation here. We can afford to lose a legion of men sooner than one humorist.

MAYOR SUTRO appears to be hindering business in the City Hall more than anything else. Unless he awakens to the responsibility of his position he ought to be impeached.

BISMARCK, who has passed his eighty-first year, fears that he will not live to grow old! He should come to California, and we will guarantee to bolster him up for another quarter of a century.

EASTERN papers are rejoicing over the appearance of a few violets and such flowers. We never brag; but if our girls could not wear violets in the depth of winter we should never hear the end of it.

CHIEF of Police Lloyd, of Oakland, declares himself in favor of woman suffrage. He should attend a few lectures of the Raving Sisterhood, and would then declare in favor of life sentences for them.

THE local daily journals are probably not aware of Os-
man Digna's value from a newspaper point of view. In 1884 he was killed on an average once a week, and was a perfect harvest for journalism.

COLONEL Breckenridge, of Madeline Pollard notoriety, intends running for Congress again. The ladies of Kentucky should look into the "Colonel's" pedigree, as we suspect there is a trace of nigger blood in him.

THERE is no reason why Arizona should not be admitted to Statehood. The population is increasing steadily, the schools are well attended and the indications of general prosperity are healthy in the extreme.

EASTERNERS who doubt the beauty of California's women should watch the daily papers pending the election of the different Flower Queens. We are naturally modest, but in this, as in everything else, we take the cake.

THE immigration returns for last February show an increase of 65 per cent. over the figures for last year. Quality is what counts, however, not quantity; and unless we can get only intelligent people to come here, the gates had better be closed and our own people given a chance to better themselves.

THE tendency of people to flock to the Morgue and undertaking parlors whenever a case of extra brutality or pathos occurs is disgusting in the extreme. The people who gloat over such sights and indulge in hysterical tears are not human beings; they are simply ghouls, and their presence is a disgrace to any city.

THE French thoroughly understand how to deal with anarchists, nihilists, and the like. Prince Krapotkin, the Russian refugee in London, lately started for Paris, hoping to deliver a lecture there; but the police met him at Dieppe and compelled him to return to England. We wish our own authorities would exhibit the same amount of interest in the general welfare when foreigners come and strive to stir up discontent in our midst.

If you have not tried the famous Russian Bath, which includes the celebrated "Needle" Shower, you have missed one of the delights of the age. The leading physicians of the world recommend it and it is pronounced highly invigorating. The Lurline Baths, at the corner of Bush and Larkin streets, has it, and the cost, which is only fifty cents, also entitles you to a swim in the superb tank afterwards.

If you want fine Japanese bronzes and vases go and visit Geo. T. Marsh's store, at 625 Market street. It will repay you.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

THE SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM SMOKING YALE MIXTURE IS DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL BLEND ONCE. THE RESULT WILL PLEASE US BOTH.

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We will examine it without cost, and give estimate for putting in good order, and keeping it so for a term of years.

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EVANS' ALE



OH, how "the bood od the lake is beab-ing" with us just now! Colds without number, diphtheria, pneumonia, and what are vulgarly called "snuffles," assail and overwhelm us. Fancy a snow storm on Easter Monday! That is what we poor mortals have had to endure, and now the drying earth sends up all sorts of mysterious vapors, and every one who escaped colds in the cold weather is suffering now. Tempted by the sunshine, and undaunted by the mud, I drove to Claremont yesterday. Stokes did not succeed in renewing his lease, and the new manager is beautifying the place without regard to expense. It promises to be very fashionable, and social *cachet* is to be given in the garden party for the benefit of a pet charity early in May. No more beautiful spot could be chosen than this height overlooking the Hudson. It is unfortunate that the city does not purchase the unsightly freight wharf, just beyond which is the only blot on an otherwise lovely scene.

I have no doubt you have heard of the efforts New York people are making for the preservation of the Palisades. It is infamous that the extraordinary beauty of this formation should be defaced by the work of quarrying, and as the owners are willing to make reasonable concessions, I do not doubt that the Government will soon do its paternal act and transform the cliffs into a public park or a military reservation. The picturesqueness of the lower Hudson depends almost entirely upon the beauty and dignity of the Palisades, and we surely cannot afford to sacrifice such charms to commerce.

We had grown quite used to the bicycle in the streets, in the parks, on our country drives, and in the shows, but only think of the latest result of the craze! The Metropolitan Opera House, home of classic song, is to be floored over and opened in May as a bicycle rink. Seidl's orchestra is to give concerts in accompaniment, smoking is to be allowed, and refreshments are to be served in the backs of the boxes and in the old Vaudeville Club rooms. The house is to be cooled by ice, and Abbey and Grau expect, I am told, to make a few modest thousands as a *douceur* for the summer months. Bicycles are to be hired out, and an instructor will be present. A salesroom for the favored bicycle will also be included, and as during the lax estival season Gothamites are longing for excitement of some sort, of almost any old sort, there is no doubt in my mind that the bicycle rink will be a popular rendezvous.

In the meantime, the poor, patient equine struggles to retain his popularity. Budd Doble, identified so long with the turf, has just started for Europe, not in the interest of the horse, but of his Californian gold mine, hoping to form a company abroad to work his claim.

Senator Stewart is in town at the Hoffman, John J. Valentine at the Holland, and L. M. Edgar at the Westminster. Hugo Toland is at the Imperial, and will appear with the Hollands at the Harlem Opera House next week. Flora Finlayson has joined the ranks of singers at the continuous performances, where Lily Post, Edwin Stevens, and others known in California, have already appeared. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has gone abroad, and Colonel and Mrs. Savage are going for the summer.

Mrs. Bella Thomas Nichols is seriously ill from a violent cold. Her clever pupil, Mrs. Abbey, has recovered from her recent illness. Major Selover's beautiful niece, Miss Helen Selover, is reported engaged to a very wealthy Canadian.

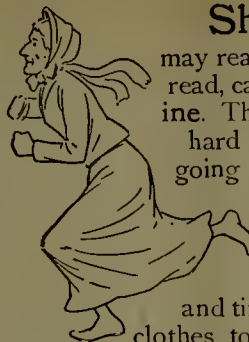
New York, April 10, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

The best way to put in a Sunday is to take a trip to El Campo, the popular bay resort, which has lately been opened. Dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and all sorts of amusements, can be indulged in. Fine music and first-class refreshments will be found on the grounds, and an enjoyable time is guaranteed to everybody.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



She who Runs

may read. No woman, if she can read, can fail to know about Pearl-line. Then, if you're worn out with hard work or find your clothes going to pieces, you've only yourself to blame. You'll have to choose your own way of washing. You can use soap and the washboard and tire yourself out, and rub your clothes to tatters. You can use so-called washing-powders, imitations of Pearl-line, and have easier work; though they're eating up the clothes. Or you can use Pearl-line, wash in the easiest way, and be absolutely certain that there isn't the slightest harm.

Beware of imitations.

425

JAMES PYLE, New York.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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A perfect fit guaranteed.

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CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

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Principal office: 23 Powell street, opposite Baldwin Hotel.
Branch—11 Taylor street, near Golden Gate avenue. Laundry—Twelfth street, bet. Folsom and Howard San Francisco, Cal. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Orders left at office will receive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the city free of charge

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EVANS' ALE



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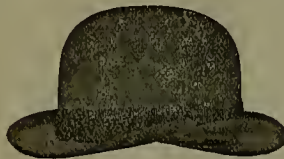
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BEST SUITS ON EARTH

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Will make garments to order at great reduction for cash.

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Weak Men and Women Should use **DAMIANA BIT-TERS**, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 233 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

EVANS' ALE

DEAR EDITH —Although we were not able to wear our finery to much advantage on Easter Sunday, the gods are good to us now and pretty heads and graceful ankles are as numerous upon the streets as daisies in the meadow.

Some of the dresses attracting most attention to-day are made of changeable taffeta, which I consider one of the best things in silks ever manufactured. There are some beautiful designs in capes as well of these goods to be seen in the large stores. One accordion plaited cape, for instance, extremely fluffy and extremely full, is made of taffeta shading from tan to blue—an exceedingly quaint device. At regular distances three inch wide box plaits break the accordion plaiting. Each of these is decorated with a band of guipure insertion studded with iridescent beads. The neck ruche is wide and full. Another original design is a cape which is a happy combination of green velvet and Persian silk. The velvet forms a V shaped wrap back and front, the shoulder cape portions being of accordion silk in rich Persian shades. An elegant line of capes is that consisting of black satin and black velvet. Fancy shaped velvet collars are richly jetted while frills of chiffon and jabots of choice lace add to their beauty. This year has really been productive of the most beautiful capes we have ever had.

Nearly all the best tailor-made suits are lined throughout with jacquard or pompadour silks. There is another novelty material, of wool, coarse in weave and light in weight, which comes in a soft mixture of cream, brown and tan and which is used exclusively for street suits. When you lift the dress and show a rich lining the effect is exceedingly captivating. Tailor-made coats are short and patty and have odd pocket arrangements and fastenings.

Mohairs still are favorites in gowns. The ones in chameleon effects which introduce lustrous iridescent color yarns in intricate weaves find most favor. The gowns have umbrella skirts, partially blouse effects in waists, and have large drooping sleeves. Down the front are clouds of fluffy tulle shirred and puckered and set off with lace, with bands of either satin or flat embroidery running up each side of the vest, and forming the collar.

As for hats, the creations shown in the leading millinery stores are things to be dreamed of and acquired. Some of the lighter ones for morning wear are of zephyr straw, coarsely plaited. The self-colored straws are less vivid in tone than they were last year. Indeed, few self-colors are seen save those in black, the majority of the fancy plaits being composed of straws dyed in various dainty colors, and the effect of such plaiting in mingled tones is bright and pretty without being the least aggressive. The trimmings are of the most delicate flowers and feathers, taste being allowed to run somewhat wild in the choice of hues. The hats are still worn well back which allows the contour of a well-shaped head to be seen. One of the coming bonnets made of a delicate black silk straw is the new plait, arranged as to form a succession of scallops and loops about the edge. At the back is a novel aigrette, composed of geraniums, showing an entirely new treatment of flowers. A round hat of the future has a brim made of drawn black chiffon, while its crown is fairly hidden by three distinct frills of gray and white tulle. An aigrette of silk poppies and a bow of bright ribbon are on either side. A quaint toque, fashioned like a Dutch bonnet, is composed of encrusted silver and jet paillettes, the pointed excrescences at the side bearing a close resemblance to the peasant headdresses of Holland. At the back is an erect big, black ostrich feather, supported by a large aigrette. From these descriptions you can form an idea of the hats that will soon be seen on the street. Some delicate little things, as frail as butterfly wings, have lately come across from Paris and are to be used with full dress at theatres or the like. It is a pity that so few women have the good taste to wear them.

BELINDA.



FOR THEE.—FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

FOR thee was always my awakening thought,
 For thee the prayer that soothed me ere I slept,
 For thee the smiles that hope but seldom brought,
 For thee the many bitter tears I wept.

For thee my life I gladly would cast down,
 And for thy love would pay Death's fatal price,
 Thou my sweet consolation and my crown,
 Thou my despair, my hope, my Paradise.

For thee, oh my unsullied, stainless goal,
 I live to-day! and for one perfect kiss
 From thy warm lips I would give forth my soul
 And life in worlds hereafter and in this.

For thee, from sin I would not even shrink;
 For thee, I would not tremble before death;
 For thee I'd perish, if I once could sink
 And die upon the perfume of thy breath.

Thou art my hope, my future, and my past,
 Thou art my sweetest torture and delight;
 Thou art my only love, the first, the last,
 Thou art my radiant dawn, my starry night.

Spurn not my passion, that will e'er abide,
 Boundless and vast and constant as the sea,
 But rather pity in thy conscious pride
 A love more strong than Death itself, for thee.

MEETING EYES.—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

We said good-by to our hurried past,
 And wept and mourned by the lonely grave
 For the beautiful life that could not last—
 The treasure no tenderest prayer could save.
 Then into the world we turned away.
 And sorrow walked with us day by day.

A faded flower and a torn white glove—
 Letters—a lock of hair, half curled—
 Poor, sad bequests of our dear dead love,
 Yet worth the wealth of the whole wide world.

A shell, a pebble, may tell aright
 Of the ocean's depth and the ocean's might.
 We made a grave, and we said good-by.
 Ah, foolish dreamers! we moved apart,
 And thought, in our folly, Love could die,
 While life throbbeth on in the brain and heart.

"Now all is over," we sighing said,
 Since Love, the cherished, lies cold and dead.
 Not so, beloved—ah, never so!
 For, whenever your dear face comes in sight,
 Heart springs to heart with the old, warm glow,
 And silence speaks with the old delight.

As empty grave in the sunshine lies,
 But Love still lives in our meeting eyes.

WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

Somehow, love, our boat sails lighter,
 Smoother, faster on the bay—
 Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter,
 Softer, warmer thro' the spray—
 Somehow, love, the sky is clearer,
 God and man seem nearer kin—
 Somehow, even you are dearer
 When the tide is coming in!

" 'Tis the spring of life, unending
 At the source of motion, dear!"
 " 'Tis the stream of hope ascending
 From the depths of ocean, dear!"
 " 'Tis the heart of nature beating,
 Where the throbs of life begin!"
 "Earth and heaven gladly meeting,
 When the tide is coming in!"

Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter,
 Softer, warmer thro' the spray,
 And your laughter ripples lighter
 O'er the whitecaps on the bay;
 In our path no tinge of sadness,
 In our wake no shade of sin,
 For our hearts are filled with gladness
 When the tide is coming in!

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. HUSH AND SANSONE STS.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

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Mrs. Newrich—Henry, you gave yourself away badly at the dinner table to-night. Do you know you were actually eating with your knife? Mr. Newrich—No! Was I, though? I hope none of our guests noticed it. Mrs. Newrich—Oh, I don't care so much about them—but our English butler did.—Wilmington Gazette.

"Dr. Jarley is simply wrapped up in his profession." "I should say he was. Why, they do say that when he proposed to Madge Willoughby he never squeezed her hand once, but kept his thumb on her pulse all the time.—Harper's Bazar.

Diner—You call this a chicken? Why, it is so tough I can hardly get my knife through it. WAITER—That's just it. It is too young to be tender. It must have been plucked before it was ripe.—Boston Transcript.

Customer—Waiter, do you remember me? I came in here yesterday and ordered a steak. WAITER—Yes, sir; will you have the same to-day, sir? CUSTOMER—Yes, if no one else is using it.—Tid-Bits.

"You know Spifins, don't you?" said the horse editor to the snake editor. "Yes." "What are his religious beliefs?" "I think his beliefs are all irreligious."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Wigwag—I don't see why you should work so hard, doctor. Dr. UPLATE—Why not? WIGWAG—Why, you could take life so easily, if you chose.—Philadelphia Record.

"Any signs of spring out your way, Mr. Godbridge?" "Yes, sir; me billy goat won't ate a tin can widout it's got a grane label onto it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mrs. Gimp—How did you cure your husband of smoking in the house? Mrs. BRAID—I made him smoke the cigars I gave him Christmas.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Brownlow—Now, Tommy, go and kiss your uncle, or mamma will cane you. TOMMY (after a long look at his surly old uncle)—Cane me, ma.—Tid-Bits.

"Why don't they lock up some of these political lunatics?" "Why the other lunatics who are already locked up wouldn't stand it."—Chicago Record.

Mother—Jessie, did I hear Arthur proposing to you last night? JESSIE—I don't think you did, mother; Arthur talks awfully low.—Up to Date.

"Be mine," he implored. "No," she answered. "I won't take no for an answer," he shrieked. "Nit, then," she responded.—Boston Courier.

First Cannibal—She's a peach. SECOND CANNIBAL—How fortunate! I'm a vegetarian by preference, you know.—Detroit Tribune.

She (an heiress)—I cannot marry you. I've had 20 better men than you at my feet. He—Humph! Chiroprudists.—Sketch.

"Those photographs must flatter her." "Why?" "She's ordered another dozen from the same negative."—Chicago Record.

Yeast—Is your wife liberal minded? CRIMSONBEAK—I guess so; she seems to give me a good deal of it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The latest in ladies' and gentlemen's furnishing goods is always to be found at John Carmany's, the prince of furnisners, at 25 Kearny street. The finest goods only kept in stock.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

"Pearl top," "pearl glass," "tough glass," "no smell," and "best light," are great big things. "Macbeth" includes them all, if you get the chimney made for your lamp.

Let us send you an Index.
Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order. Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

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Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

NO. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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Incorporated.....November 24, 1869.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
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NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning fowl and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



POPE Leo lately celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his elevation to the papacy and his eighty-seventh birthday. Pope Pius IX was pope for thirty-two years, but there have been only a few others who have worn the fisherman's ring longer than Leo XIII, and only three who have lived to a greater age. Pope Leo is older than Gladstone or Bismarck, but is hardly so robust as either, although intellectually as alert and vigorous.

The Louvre Museum has been enriched by a gift from the Sultan of Turkey consisting of the celebrated Tello silver vase. It was discovered in 1888 by M. de Sarzez during his excavations on the site of the antique City of Sirpoula. It is a piece of Chaldean fabric of the most remote antiquity, and one of the oldest examples known of engraving on metal.

The French poet, playwright, and ex-professor Jacques Le Lorrain, has turned cobbler, and has opened a little shop in the Quartier Latiu, where he advertises to mend the shoes of students and others. His published works bring in small returns, and so he has addressed his customers in a poem asking for their patronage in his new line.

Philip J. Harper, the retired senior member of the firm of Harper Brothers, of New York, died a short while ago from a complication of heart and kidney troubles. He retired from active business about six years ago, and was a son of Jaues Harper, one of the founders of the great firm.

King Menelik II, Emperor of Shoa and Abyssinia, was born in Shoa in 1848. When King John of Abyssinia died in 1889, Menelik had himself crowned Emperor, which was accomplished with the aid of Italian interference. His country is rich in gold, luxuriant in vegetation, and has a population of 3,000,000.

On the eve of his departure for the North Pole, Dr. Nansen wrote his name upon the wall of the smoking room of the Savage Club in London, and asked that it be permitted to remain there until he returned. The members of the club are confident that he will return in a few months.

Contrary to general belief, the Sahara is not a barren and worthless waste. In 1892 there were 9,000,000 sheep in the Algerian Sahara alone, besides 2,000,000 goats and 260,000 camels. On the oases there are 1,500,000 date palms, growing dates worth \$3,000,000 annually.

Before he was six years old Mozart had already composed a sonata; at nine he produced his first mass, and before he was twenty he was known all over Europe as a composer of church and operatic music, and of quartets and symphonies.

Rosa Bonheur, who has just completed a remarkable picture representing an historical combat between two stallions belonging to Lord Godolphin in 1734, is over seventy-four years old. Another picture is already in process of completion.

Wordsworth, upon being appointed poet laureate, had to borrow Samuel Rogers's dress coat to go to court in, and when the honors fell upon Tennyson he, too, had to borrow the same coat for the same purpose.

Speaking of English literary people, Henry Labouchere sarcastically remarks that there are three classes, viz:—"The first is obtrusive, the second is obscene, and the third is obscure."

Henry Irving once pronounced Macbeth, the man, as a monster of infamy, and *Macbeth*, the play, as the strobgest of the Shakespearean tragedies.

A man wearies of all things save a real good whiskey. It invigorates you and gives you an appetite for your meals. The finest brand of the Kentucky Bourbons is undoubtedly the "Argonaut" the reputation of which is world famous. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the agents for this Coast and supply our largest houses.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

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SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

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FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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Founded A. D. 1792.

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Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,554,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

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PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.

Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

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Capital.....\$6,700,000

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For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F

Tel. 5610.

OBITUARY.

THE news of the sudden demise of James N. Brown at his residence on Sunday morning was received with great sorrow by the large number of friends of the deceased in business and society circles. Mr. Brown was only thirty-one years of age, and was a son of Thomas Brown, cashier of the Bank of California. He was a member of the insurance and commission firm of Brown & Eyre. Only ten months ago he married Miss Alice Scott, daughter of Irving M. Scott, and the residence built for them on Pierce and Jackson streets has only been completed a few weeks. The funeral services took place at Grace Episcopal Church on Tuesday morning.

J. A. Clayton. James A. Clayton, President of the First National Bank of San Jose, died on April 14th in Los Angeles from injuries sustained by an accident while out riding some time previous. The deceased was a native of Derbyshire, Eng., and came with his parents to the United States in 1839, settling in Iowa. In 1850 he settled in San Jose, engaging in business there. He afterwards went to the mines and also to Australia. He returned, however, to California, and in 1861 was elected County Clerk of Santa Clara County, and was re-elected in 1863. He married Miss Anna L. Thompson, of Indiana, in 1860, and leaves seven children. The remains are interred in San Jose.

THE work on the great Emporium Building on Market Street is rapidly nearing completion and the monster structure will be thrown open to the public on May 10th. Such a surprise as will follow upon a first visit to the building will never have been experienced by people in the city before. "Colossal" is the only word which adequately expresses one's idea of the interior compartments, each of which will be devoted to some special class of first-class goods. The Emporium will in fact be a World's Fair in itself, somewhat on a smaller scale, but still retaining all the useful features of the great Chicago undertaking. We are greatly interested in seeing how this affair will turn out. If it succeeds, as it should, it will speak well for the enterprise of people here and will be a great inducement to others to come and invest their capital in enterprises of like magnitude with us. San Francisco, so to speak, is on trial; and we sincerely hope the city will not be found wanting in any way.

THE great one-hundred-mile relay bicycle race from San Francisco to Alameda, via San Jose, was again won by the ever triumphant Bay City Wheelmen, C. S. Wells finishing the last relay. The time made was 4:56:12 3-5, and the work of all the riders was beyond criticism. An incident occurred in the last relay when Squires of the Acmes and Foster of the Olympics collided and bit the dust, otherwise the race is pronounced the greatest and best ever run.

A TERRIBLE case of leprosy is reported from Ukiah. As it is not decided yet whether this disease is contagious, we recommend that the authorities see that the afflicted person does not mingle with other people. Leprosy is growing steadily and as there is no cure for it precautions must be taken in time to prevent the spread from becoming general.

WE would like to know how it is that an inmate of the Agnews Insane Asylum is able to do the "cocktail route" in this city while under the charge of a keeper? The affair should be investigated by the proper authorities as a man of such irresponsibility is, in our opinion, not a fit guardian for the insane.

AS long as Congress, at the instigation of a few hot-headed jingoes, continues to antagonize European powers, the credit of the United States will continue to decline. The question is not so much one of silver or gold, but rather one of the ability of the nation to act with reason and judgment.

THE bicycle relay race was fairly won by the Bay City Wheelmen and protests will only help to prove it.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

DECORATION Day gift to Durrant—A necktie.

A LITTLE judgment is better than much labor.—Joaquin Miller.

A. E. BUCKINGHAM has been appointed agent for the renting of offices in the Safe Deposit Building.

NOW that the police have a real live burglar in bed in the Receiving Hospital, it is to be hoped they will not allow him to escape their clutches.

THE Call says that California is for silver. We know that our contemporary is not averse to nickel, but, as a rule, the rest of us are for gold.

WE do not expect much of the Bay Association as far as Dr. C. Overman Brown's case is concerned. There is too much prayer and psalm singing in it to satisfy honest men.

THE policeman who arrested two young bicyclists who had met with an accident and were walking home from the Cliff House should be dismissed from the force. Such fools are not worth the salaries we have to pay them.

SENATOR Tillman has been presented with a silver pitchfork by some Colorado cranks. Decent Democrats may borrow it whenever they have to haul the Senator and do not wish to soil their hands in the process.

THERE is no reason why the paupers of Italy should be dumped upon our shores. They help to swell the criminal classes and are not worth the air they breathe. If our gates cannot be closed, at least they should be guarded.

A LARGE company has been formed to develop some mines in Calaveras County which have hitherto remained idle, owing to a scarcity of water. English, Eastern, and Californian capital is interested, and we predict an immediate boom for that region.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" will quickly relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Sold only in boxes.

Perrier-Jouët & Co



EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE,

For sale by all first-class Wine Merchants and Grocers

W. B. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast. 123 California St

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Potosi Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the Ninth (9th) day of April, 1896, an assessment, No. 45, of twenty cents (20c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th DAY OF MAY, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 4th day of June, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
OFFICE—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

EVANS' ALE



IT goes without saying that the event of the week, if not of the entire season, was Mrs. Hager's theatrical entertainment at Native Sons' Hall on Monday evening, in which the participants covered themselves with glory. Everything was done to render it as realistic as possible, from the huge frame of photographs and flaming posters which greeted the vision upon entering the lobby—or foyer it should perhaps be called—to the obliging dandy ushers who seated the guests according to their discretion. The tableaux elicited warm and hearty applause, while the efforts of the actors met with praise and admiration on all sides. Where all were so good it would be invidious to particularize, though among the ladies of the cast Miss Rose Hooper appeared to poll the largest vote for excellence. Mrs. Hager is a worthy follower of those predecessors who in the past charmed their friends with glimpses of them and their efforts upon the amateur stage, the great original having been the production by Mrs. Hall McAllister of that pretty little opera, *The Doctor of Alcantara*, at Mercantile Library Hall away back in the early seventies. Mrs. Hager saw it, and went a good bit better, however, by the wealth of decorative surroundings which made the Native Sons' Hall so cozy during the performance on Monday night; the grand supper which followed it, and the dance with which the delightful evening ended, making it, indeed, one to dream of and to talk about in the days to come.

While aside from Mrs. Hager's entertainment nothing very elaborate has been undertaken by the swim, there has been enough doing to keep society well occupied during the week, and there were a number of affairs on Monday evening at which, in spite of the inclement weather, fashionable folk were well represented, *i. e.*, theatre parties at the Baldwin to welcome *Beau Brummel*, the concert at the Christian Association Auditorium for the Old Ladies' Home, and the musicale at the Occidental for the benefit of the Training School for Nurses. Mrs. Louis Sloss's theatre party at the Baldwin was one of the largest that pretty bouse has ever had within its portals. The guests numbered three score, and after the performance an elaborate supper was served at the Sloss residence on Van Ness avenue. On Wednesday evening there was the Byron Mauzy wooden wedding celebration. On Thursday Mrs. James Dunne and her daughters gave a tea at their residence on Hyde street between the hours of four and seven o'clock.

The opening reception of the spring season at the Art Institute, on California street, was the pleasant gathering that it always proves to be. The fine rooms were filled with a throng of bandsomely costumed visitors, who admired the works of art offered for their inspection, criticised the music, chatted with each other, and enjoyed the refreshments. The reception to the Rev. E. B. Spanliding in St. John's Guild Hall, in commemoration of the fifteenth anniversary of his coming as Rector to that parish, was one of the events of the week, and enjoyed by all who participated.

The Century Club gave an elaborate banquet in Maple Hall on Saturday. Several ladies were especial guests of the occasion, among whom was Susan B. Anthony. Nearly one hundred were seated at the elegantly appointed tables. Mrs. John F. Swift, President of the Club, presided with grace and dignity, and Mrs. A. Gerberding made an efficient toast mistress, eight being responded to by as many fair speakers. To-day the Club gives a large reception, at which men, as well as the softer sex, will be guests of the affair.

In Oakland there was a large tea last Saturday, given by Mrs. Garber, which attracted a number of San Franciscans to the other side of the bay, and was a most delightful affair.

Among recently announced engagements are those of Miss Alice Gerstle and J. B. Levison, with the probabilities of a grand ceremonial in the near future; and of Miss Hattie Samuel and J. Despres, of Chicago. Among next week's weddings will be that of Miss Carrie Schweitzer and Moses Hirsch, which will be celebrated at the Concordia Club on Tuesday next. The ceremony will take place at half-past six, and is to be followed by a banquet and ball.

Quiet weddings have been the rule this week, as on Thursday evening the Reverend Mr. Foute tied the nuptial knot between Miss Jennie Masten and Edwin Ewell, at the home of the bride, in the presence of a small assemblage of friends; and this is the wedding day of Miss Fanny Crocker and Robert McCreery, who are to be united in marriage at the Crocker residence on Sutter street, to which ceremony intimate friends only have been invited, in addition to the large family connection.

The engagement is announced of Miss Virginia Carter Thompson, of Santa Rosa, to Mr. Alan Dean Whittaker, an attaché of the United Gas Company of Philadelphia. Miss Thompson is the second daughter of Robert A. Thompson, editor of the Sonoma Democrat, and formerly United States Appraiser in this city.

Miss Aimée Woodworth will be married to Louis W. Lovey at the residence of Madame Rose Woodworth, 1706 Larkin street, on the 29th of this month. Mr. Lovey is at present business manager of the San Francisco Star, and has many friends in this city and elsewhere.

Card parties have been quite the thing this week. The clubs of the Lenten period have given their final re-unions for the season. Among the enclure parties may be named those of Mrs. Wells on Tuesday evening and of Mrs. Whitney this afternoon, at both of which some handsome prizes have been, and are to be played for.

The Colonial Dames were entertained last week by Mrs. Henry Gibbons, one of the recent acquisitions to their ranks. As usual with any affair given by her, it was a most charming one, the delicious refreshments offered being quite a feature of the afternoon's pleasure.

Last Friday the assembly of the Friday Night Cotillion Club, at Odd Fellows' Hall, was the last dance of their present season. Next Tuesday evening, however, another delightful hop will take place at the Presido, and, if it be only half as pleasant as the last one, the young ladies say they will be quite content.

The yachting fraternity are already in the field for the season for 1896, and the several clubs have announced their opening days, as well as many of the programmes arranged for the summer. The California Yacht Club is in the lead this year, this being their opening day; but the Corinthians will follow them close, as next Saturday is named for the dance at their club house at Tiburon, which will inaugurate their season. The San Francisco Yacht Club still adhere to May as early enough to open house, which they will do on the 2nd, and a good time generally is anticipated at Sausalito that day.

A most brilliant and enjoyable reception and dance was given last Friday evening by the members of the Entre Nous Cotillion, at the Palace Hotel. Three pretty and intricate figures were danced: "Sleigh Bell," "Military," "Rounds of Two." The german was led by Sanford G. Lewald and Miss Frances Burton. The affair was one of the successes of the season.

The guests at Mrs. McBean's recent theatre party and supper included all those who are to participate in the forthcoming Williams-Hobart wedding, which it is now understood will take place about the middle of May. Mr. Hobart's two sisters and party are expected to leave New York for San Francisco this week. Miss Grace Kellogg's recent luncheon party was in honor of the fair bride elect, Miss Hannah Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne are visiting in Boston, where Mr. La Montagne is to judge the hunter and saddlehorse classes at their first horse show. The other judges known to Californians are Eugene Thayer, R. W. Rives, R. F. Carmen, H. K. Bloodgood and Austin Wadsworth.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

The reception given by that popular leader of local society, Mrs. William Willis, last Saturday evening, was one of the most delightful and brilliant of the entertainments that have so far announced the return of our ultra-fashionable set to the round of Lent-interrupted gaieties. It was also the *debut* of Mrs. Willis's niece, Miss Scott, and the fair young *debutante* was the recipient of many congratulations on the happy event. Some five or six hundred of the *creme de la creme* of our society people attended, and the handsome hostess was assisted in the entertainment of her guests by a number of ladies, whose efforts rendered the occasion still more delightful. The hospitable Willis mansion was transformed into a bower of floral beauty by the skill of Miss Mary Bates, whose artistic decorations of the many apartments were unusually unique and beautiful. The hostess was exquisitely gowned in violet satin, with jeweled white satin plastron, the high corsage surmounted with a collar of rare Duchesse lace, and the whole set off by the shimmer of the superb Willis diamonds. The *debutante*, in a white *decolleté* silk, trimmed with white violets, presented a charming picture. Noah Brandt's orchestra furnished the music from the midst of an arbor constructed of ferns and snowballs. A menu, both sumptuous and delicate, was served by Ludwig and a score of assistants, and the perfect arrangements in every detail of lavish hospitality made the occasion one to be long remembered by the delighted guests.

James V. Coleman is another of the eligible bachelors (or widowers) who will make Sausalito their headquarters this summer, having leased the Gregory cottage for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma departed for Europe on Tuesday last, and will be away several months. Charles Webb Howard and the Rev. Dr. Dille are among recent Sandwich Island pilgrims. Mrs. Moses Hopkins and the Fred Sharons are reported as "doing Egypt" at last accounts received as to their whereabouts. Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Huntington have gone to San Diego, where they will remain most of the summer.

Mrs. McIvor, *nee* Nellie Smedburg, who is visiting her mother at the parental abode on Larkin street, is the happy mother of a little daughter. Captain and Mrs. Collier and family have been the guests of Mr. Ed. Sheldon since their arrival from Lake County. Mr. and Mrs. Fleishman, *nee* Heller, are residing at the Palace Hotel, having returned from their bridal trip East. Mr. and Mrs. George Howard will be domiciled in future at 2500 Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Chandler, wife of the famous war Senator in the time of Abraham Lincoln, with her daughter, who is wife of Senator Hale, of Maine, having spent the winter in Santa Barbara, are now on their way to their home in Washington.

Alfred S. Gump, son of Mr. S. Gump, now in New York, will leave on the steamer Augusta Victoria on April 23rd for Europe. He will visit the various art centers on business for the firm.

Miss Kate F. Byrne will give a song recital at Maple Hall on Tuesday evening, assisted by Mr. Pasmore, the Orpheus Quartette, and other local musicians.

The ladies of the Stokes party have been spending a few days in the city. They leave to-day for the Yosemite.

Major and Mrs. Rathbone have moved to their home in Menlo Park for the summer.

A DELIGHTFUL excursion and barbecue will be given by the Society of "Old Friends" and the Lodge of the "Sons and Daughters of the Old Friends," to-morrow. The barbecue will be held at Wild Wood Glen, Sausalito, and will be under the charge of Judge Robert Ferral, Dr. F. F. Lord, John Diemer, Thomas Sawyer, and J. E. Slinkey. The steamer Caroline will leave Jackson street wharf at 10 o'clock A. M. with a full band in attendance. Tickets fifty cents.

Blackheads permanently cured by using "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 60c. Druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Co., S. F.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

COOPER & CO., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

"You're a Flirt,"

Said one girl to another.

"May be I am, and whillet's awfully fascinating, it is not half so much fun as a ride on a bicycle. The most delightful ride I ever had in my life was on a

Elegant
Catalogue
Free.

STERLING BIGYCLE.

"Built like a Watch."

STERLING CYCLE WORKS,

WM. V. BRYAN, Manager.

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Use the celebrated : : :

G. D.

CORSETS and WAISTS.

All first-class dealers
keep them.

Schweitzer & Co., S. F.

Sole agents for the Pacific Coast.



NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of THOMAS FARRELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Farrell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Farrell, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 19, 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Johannis.

As a table water it is unsurpassed.

—London "Hospital Gazette."

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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Electrohoise

The modern oxygen cure for disease.

Watson & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents:
124 MARKET ST.
Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 28, 1896.	Arrive
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.....	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo.....	8:15 A
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.....	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo.....	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.....	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10:45 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	11:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.....)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	*9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		7:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:30, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
 *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
 †Sundays only. ‡Tuesdays only.
 †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

IF.—FALL WALL GAZETTE.

If you might be a flower, dear,
 A flower that hnds and blows,
 Now would you be a lily,
 Or would you be a rose?
 Oh, you may be a white May bud,
 Or else a wall-flower brown,
 But I will be the groundsel
 To cheer the birds in town.

If you might be a bird, dear,
 A bird that huids and sings,
 Now would you be a blackbird,
 Or wear the swallow's wings?
 Oh, you may be a nightingale,
 Or skylark on the down,
 But I will be the sparrow,
 And chirp for folks in town.

If you might have four feet, dear,
 And wear a furry coat,
 Now would you be a rabbit,
 A calf, or foal, or shoot?
 Oh, you can have a calfskin dress,
 Or wear a lambs' wool gown,
 But I will wear a pussy's fur,
 And purr for folks in town.

DEFICIENTS.—INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL.

Oh, will it lead, I wonder and ponder,
 To a speedy and happy marriage
 When the skitless young woman
 Takes the mustacheless young man
 For a drive in her horseless carriage.

—She slipped upon the ice one day,
 And, what is most sad to tell,
 She showed the whole of her stocking,
 And the hole in her stocking as well.
 —Towu Topics.

—“Farewell! Farewell!” he cries in pain,
 His arms unfold her tight;
 His kisses fall like autumn rain
 Upon her forehead white;
 He knows he'll see her not again—
 Until to-morrow night.

—Tit-Bits.

CONTEMPORARY HUMOR.

Here lies a weary tailor who
 Committed suicide.
 His thread of life grew short and so
 He hit it off and died.
 —Milwaukee Sentinel.

George Morrow & Co.,

(Established 1854.)

HAY AND GRAIN
Commission Merchants.

39 Clay St. and 28 Commercial St., S. F.
 Branches at Bay District, Ingleside, and Third
 St. Hay Wharf. Telephone No. 35.

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COMPANY, L FERRARI, Manager.

Windows cleaned, floors scrubbed, stores,
 offices, and general house cleaning at very
 reasonable prices. Contracts made for
 cleaning by the week or month.

Telephone 5113. 328 Sutter St.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST and BRAN-
 NAN STREETS, at 3 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and
 HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with
 steamers for SHANGHAI.

OAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896
 DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12, 1896
 BELGIC.....Thursday, May 28, 1896
 COPTIC.....Monday, June 15, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS at REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's
 office, No. 425 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30
 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at
 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50
 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00,
 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45,
 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55
 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00,
 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park,
 same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week	Sundays.	April 2, 1896	Sundays.	Week
Days.		DESTINATION.		Days.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
.....	Fulton,
7:30 A. M.	Windor,	10:10 A. M.
.....	Healdsburg,
.....	7:30 A. M.	Geyersville,	7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Cloverdale.	6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
.....	land, Ukiah.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guerneville	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
 Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs,
 Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs,
 Blue Lakes, Laurel Del, Upper Lake, Boonville,
 Greenwood, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal,
 Westport, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Val-
 ley, John Day's, Lierley's, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at re-
 duced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points
 beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle
 Building.

H. C. WHITINO, R. X. RYAN,
 Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for
 ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 14, 20; May 14, 20,
 For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 4, 9,
 14, 19, 24, 29 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona,"
 at 2 P. M., April 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and
 every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports
 at 9 A. M.; April 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every
 fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford,
 Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los
 Angeles) and Newport, April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27,
 and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan,
 La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer
 "Orizaba," 10 A. M. April 5th.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New
 Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents,
 No. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



Coolgardie gold-fields,
 (Freemantle) Australia,
 \$220 first class, \$110 steerage.
 Lowest rates to Cape-
 town, S. Africa.

O. S. S. Co.'s steamers
 sail:

For HONOLULU, S. S.
 "AUSTRALIA,"
 April 25th.

For HONOLULU, APIA,
 AUCKLAND, and SYD-
 NEY, S. S. MARIPOSA,
 April 30th.

REDUCED SPECIAL RATES for parties
 March 10th and April 7th, 1896.

For passage apply to 114 Montgomery street.
 For freight apply to 327 Market street.
 J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agts



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View from Hopkins Art Association, Looking South.

Taber Photo.





SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896.

Number 17.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT,
605-607-615 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco
Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
tion and advertising rates.

UNLESS the officials in Washington are aroused from their lethargy, our new Postoffice building will not be started during this century.

AN Emergency Hospital should be erected without delay in Golden Gate Park. Accidents there are of daily occurrence, and cases have to be taken all the way to the Receiving Hospital for treatment.

SAN FRANCISCO wants to get the Christian Endeavor Convention in 1897, and, if the matter is laid before the railroad people in the proper light, the desired reductions in rates will doubtless be granted.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Carlisle has acted with commendable promptness in suspending Chinese Inspector Williams pending a proper investigation of the charges against him of bribe-taking and extortion.

THE nickel-in-the-slot machines still remain in the saloons and on the counters of cigar stands, tempting people to gamble their small change for the benefit of unprincipled proprietors. Oakland has taken salutary action in this matter and San Francisco could well afford to follow her example.

IT is to be regretted that the continued cold spell has so seriously injured the vineyards and fruit orchards in Fresno County. The reports that have come to hand so far are bad indeed; but it is to be hoped that a more careful investigation will show that the damage has been considerably over estimated.

THE city has been placarded for the last few days with signs reading: "Will She Guess It?" A sphinx reading the Mill of Silence and surrounded with bags of coin serves for the riddle picture. The Examiner knows more about the price of silence than any man or woman in this city, and will, doubtless, solve it first.

THE Alaskan boom has turned out as we prophesied it would several weeks ago. Many of the men who went up there are starving and all of them would gladly come home could they do so. There are enough opportunities to say nothing and saw wood in California without men going elsewhere in search of congenial and profitable employment.

IT is to be hoped that the endeavors of the Merchants Association to have the cobblestones removed from down town blocks and noiseless pavement laid down instead will meet with the concurrence of the Board of Supervisors. The streets of San Francisco are a disgrace at present and any improvement that can be obtained in this direction will be heartily welcomed by every one.

SAN FRANCISCO should long ago have opened up extensive commercial relations with the Orient. Chicago is now about to step in and show us the way to act in such a case. In a few years, when the entire trade is controlled by Eastern houses, our local firms will be complaining about hard times and the lack of modesty exhibited by the Easterner in taking away what rightly belongs to us.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to amend the pilot laws, improve the harbor generally, and to considerably reduce the high port charges collected in this city. Anything that will tend to stimulate shipping should meet with the hearty concurrence of press and people and we trust that the Chamber of Commerce and its associate organizations will be able to bring about the reforms they desire.

THE Cubans owe President Cleveland a debt of gratitude for the willingness Spain is evincing to grant them, if not political autonomy, at least greater freedom in the local administration of the affairs of the island. Had this country been precipitated in a war with Spain, brought about by jingo Congressmen, it is safe to say that the island would only have been subjected to greater hardships and the Cubans themselves finally driven to seek refuge elsewhere.

THE presence of the unfortunate women on Morton street was not half as dangerous to the community as is that of the Examiner on Mission street. The former sinned only from necessity and they plied their terrible trade under the cover of the night and away from the eyes of respectable people. The Examiner—a journalistic pervert—sins from choice; it flaunts its obscenity in our faces daily and its columns can apparently be bought by the very creatures it affects to despise.

MAYOR SUTRO has been granted leave of absence for sixty days to enable him to go to Washington to get in the way of Congress and make himself otherwise objectionable. His absence will not be noticed in this city, except by a few of his personal admirers and some of the storekeepers to whom he may owe money. The city's highest official, however, should stay at home to attend to local evils, and not go gadding about the country advertising his dotage and our misfortune.

WHENEVER an accident occurs through the railroad it has become customary to lay the blame at the door of the Southern Pacific. This is merely an outcome of the policy laid down by certain daily papers which ever attempt to create animosity between the people and a corporation. A little healthy advice to adults through the press and some admonition from parents to their children would result in a greater saving of life than all this foolish vituperation for the mere love of scolding.

NOW that the Grand Jury has expressed satisfaction at the way in which the Alms House is being conducted, it is to be hoped that the persecution of Mr. Weaver by irresponsible persons having political influence will cease. A visit was paid the institution without notice having been given beforehand, and everything was found to be in first-class condition and above reproach. This should be enough to give the lie to the scurrilous attacks which have been made for some time past upon Mr. Weaver and his management.

TO question the veto power of the President is to attack the one safeguard of the country. Especially of late is this true, when demagoguery is apparently become the watchword of the hour and applies to citizens and legislators alike. Iniquitous or injudicious measures are more likely to be vetoed than not by one individual, although they might possibly be passed by a body of men. By taking away from the President the final power to decide on all questions, the welfare of the nation will be in continual jeopardy by being ever subject to the whims of short-sighted and truckling representatives.

MR. HEARST HAS THE FLOOR.

W. R. HEARST, proprietor of the Examiner, has returned to San Francisco, and the public is waiting to hear from him. It is more than a month now since an exposure was made which deprived his paper of character. The facts of that exposure are these: The Examiner bargained with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to "treat it fairly" in consideration of \$30,000, payable in monthly installments. The terms of the bargain are set forth in the following memorandum, which has been repeatedly published:

"The company [is to enjoy immunity from hostility in the columns of the Examiner and] is not to be the victim of malicious attack or criticism or of misrepresentation; that the Examiner will not seek to create hostile sentiment in the minds of the community against the Southern Pacific Company, or any of the interests it represents, and that while not stipulating as against all criticism, it agrees that criticism shall not proceed from any motive of malice or malignity, and that such criticism as may be found necessary to keep and maintain the confidence of the public, to the extent that any public sentiment may have been created from other sources, is to be avoided as much as possible."

Under this engagement, by which the Examiner surrendered itself to the corporation, the paper drew \$22,000. When the railroad strike of 1894 came on, the Examiner could not afford to offend the workmen by siding against the strikers, and the company refused longer to pay the \$1000 a month. The subsidy was disguised as a piece of advertising business, but the Examiner in its communications with the Southern Pacific did not go to the trouble of keeping up false pretenses. The business manager of the paper, writing in Mr. Hearst's name, addressed, on March 21, 1894, to the Vice-President of the corporation, a letter which contained this ingenuous complaint:

"A few days ago, while talking with Irving M. Scott, he informed me that the Examiner was in receipt of a subsidy from the Southern Pacific, to wit, the sum of \$1000 per month, paid monthly for thirty months, and he stated that the time was arranged to cover two sessions of the Legislature. He had the most intimate knowledge of the matter under discussion, down to the smallest details, which he could only have received from some one high in the counsels of the Southern Pacific."

The answer of the Examiner to this exposure has been to abuse everybody who had a hand in revealing its corruption or who was so unkind as to comment upon it. It has cherished the hope, apparently, that by blackeuing other people it could somehow make itself seem white.

Mr. Hearst is here. What has he to say? If that \$22,000 was received for legitimate advertising, why has he not been able to produce the contract? No newspaper ever agrees to do such an amount of advertising without a written guaranty of payment. And if it was a legitimate business transaction, why did not Mr. Hearst sue the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for the remaining \$8000 which it declined to pay on the declared ground that the Examiner had broken its agreement by ceasing to be subservient? Why does not Mr. Hearst sue now? The Southern Pacific is solvent and Mr. Hearst a millionaire, and therefore amply able to bear the cost of litigation. What, moreover, has he ever done to show his disapproval of the act of his agents who agreed for him to make of the Examiner the Southern Pacific's humble servant for a bribe of \$30,000? He has retained all the money obtained under the engagement entered into by them, and if they have received any rebuke from him the public has not been informed of it.

Mr. Hearst will be foolish if he permits himself to remain under any illusion as to the plight his San Francisco paper is in. There is not a soul in California who does not believe that the Examiner was of the same mind as the Southern Pacific when the latter consented to give up \$30,000. The corporation considered itself blackmailed, as the published memorandum demonstrates.

Mr. Hearst may trust that people will believe that he personally was innocent in the premises—that the crime was committed in his absence. But why should they? Has the Examiner ever given any signs of being above making a dollar in any way? Witness its "massage" and "medical" advertisements. And is not Mr. Hearst the beneficiary of the \$30,000 blackmailing foray? Has he not hung on to the loot? If he is innocent, why has he not dealt sternly with his guilty agents and sought vindication

in the courts? Nobody will suspect him in his present state of mind of being willing to make a present of \$8000 to the Southern Pacific. The claim, if for advertising simply, and consequently legitimate, is not outlawed. He can recover it. Why does he not bring an action? Unless he is submissive to fate, reconciled to having the Examiner known forever as a squalid hoodler and himself as a dishonored man, he will insist upon all the facts in his favor, if any exist, being blazoned in a court of justice.

Mr. Hearst has the floor.

As to The proposition is made that the Democrats Fusion. and Populists unite to elect the Congressmen.

In California the Republican party is in the minority, but is stronger than any single wing of the majority. It is obvious that if the opposition could be united the Republicans would be outnumbered. The proposal of fusion, therefore, has a strong attraction for politicians, whose highest aim is immediate success.

But Democrats who are Democrats from principle will have none of this alliance with Populism. And the same thing, in reverse, is true of Populists who are more in earnest for their tenets than they are for the spoils of office. Such combinations are, in their essence, a surrender of all that gives intelligent reason for party organization and party action. If the things for which Democrats strive are worth achieving, it is better to be beaten as Democrats than to win as something else, for such a victory would be really a defeat. Men who know what they want in politics, and believe that their triumph is necessary for the public good, will stand by their guns and make their fight openly and resolutely. Making allies of men who have different convictions is an unworthy business. A cross between a Democrat and a Populist gives us a political mulatto.

Moreover, however enticing the fusion scheme may seem to statesmen of the calibre of Mr. Max Popper, it is more than doubtful if the rank and file of either the Democratic or People's party could be marched to the polls to confirm it. All that is earnest in both parties will revolt instinctively against such political miscegenation.

The Democracy of California had one experience of this kind when the party became merged with Kearney's Workmen, and that experience is not to be looked back on with pride. Neither does the profit of the transaction invite to repetition. The Democratic party exists because it stands for certain definite and well understood principles and policies. Any disloyalty to these would be a far worse disaster than a defeat at the polls.

Democracy is not Populism, and Populism is not Democracy. An attempt to mix them will fail, and ought to fail.

Maguire Wants We confess to a liking for Judge Maguire, Chaos To although we have seldom the pleasure to Come Again. agree with his opinions. We like him because of his avoidance of indirection.

It is pleasant to deal with a politician who can be depended upon for a frank and manly statement of his purposes. It has always been impossible to pin the Sutro-Hearst combination down to the formulation of any plan they favored in substitution of the Railroad Refunding Bill. They stolidly opposed without saying what they wanted. They had no plan, no alternative policy and nothing that they dared submit to public criticism. Abuse of C. P. Huntington was their sole stock in trade. That sort of thing may be all very well to tickle the groundlings with, who take delight in witnessing the hull-bating of a rich and prominent man, but it is no answer to the great question as to what is to be the future of our railroad system. That system is so inter-laced with every interest in the State that it is impossible to cripple the operations of the railroad without bringing disaster upon California. C. P. Huntington is of comparatively little consequence in this connection, because the railroads are here, and will remain here, whilst he must soon pass away. What is of paramount importance is that the continuity of the railroads shall be assured under capable and economical management. Judge Maguire, the ablest opponent of the Refunding Bill, has just had himself interviewed in Washington as to how he proposed to compass that end. He tells us that he favors no affirmative legislation, but desires that the Government's lien shall be foreclosed and the

property sold to the highest bidder. That has the merit of being a policy one can understand and deal with. It can be got at and handled and made to appear the wildly absurd thing it is. Adopt it and then chaos will have come again. The railroad's operations will be impeded by litigation the end of which no man can foresee.

In the first place, it is very questionable whether the Government has got anything worth foreclosing. Its lien, in any event, does not come into effect until after the first bonds have all been paid off. The holders of those bonds can always intervene to prevent any use or disposition being made of the Central Pacific that may interfere with the regular and profitable conduct of its business. Any single owner of a bond can institute a suit to that end. That there would be such a suit, or suits, goes without saying. Again the Government's lien, such as it is, covers nothing but the roadbed from Ogden by way of Niles to San Jose. It has no claim upon the most essential adjuncts to the road's business. At a forced sale what would a second mortgage on such a property realize? Has any experienced business man a doubt upon the subject? We all know how such forced sales go, especially of Government property. Furthermore if a sale were effected what would it benefit California? The Stanfords, and Crockers, and Huntingtons we know and can reach, but what do we know of the Goulds or the Vanderbilts, or of any other possible buyers outside of the present Managers? It is very doubtful whether a forced transfer of the property could be made at all, and, if it could, it is clear that nobody hereabouts would be advantaged. Is it not better, safer, more just and more statesmanlike to adopt such a well considered refunding scheme as that in which a Congressional committee has formulated and approved? The adoption of that scheme assures the permanent operations of our railroads, securely provides for the ultimate payment of the Government, and endangers no interest, whilst safeguarding California's right to railroad facilities for all time. Can any thoughtful, or conservative man hesitate to choose such a settlement in preference to the chaos into which Judge Maguire and his friends would launch us? We think not.

The Verdict Of The Conference. The action taken by the Bay Conference whereby the Rev. C. O. Brown is suspended indefinitely will meet with the hearty approval of all people. By the almost

unanimous condemnation of a pastor high in the standing of the Church, the members of the Conference have shown that Congregationalism is more to them than is the individual welfare of one of its servants. They have proved themselves to be not merely ministers but even men, and men with discernment enough to distinguish between right and wrong even when the sinner is clothed in the sheltering mantle of the Lord. From now on Congregationalists will be able to hold up their heads when in the company of respectable people. The fact that Dr. Brown was once one of them is not their fault and no man will have the heartlessness to throw it in their faces. It remains with them, by charitable works and good conduct, to slowly regain that position in the religious community occupied by them before the unveiling of the past disgusting scandal. As for Doctor Brown it is to be hoped that he will hetake himself to foreign parts and gradually regain for himself the respect he must long ago have lost. For ourselves, we are glad that the affair is likely to come to a timely close, as the names of the men and women who have been before the public in so undesirable a light and for so long are not fit to appear in any respectable family journal. They will only create less loathing when they are granted their merited oblivion.

Four Years For County Officers By Judicial Decree. Of all the pestiferous cliques, because the most active and mendacious, to which politics have accustomed the American people,

the worst are made up of the little Court House rings that rule our counties. Besides being veritable tax eaters, they pervert the law and administer justice (?) to suit themselves. Seldom can any man go to the Legislature without their consent, and they usually either own the local newspaper, or control it by means of official patronage; so that there is no one to say them nay. If an

honest man arises to thwart them, he is, with perhaps the concurrence of the County Judge, liable to be called out of his bed at midnight and shot down on his own door step, as was Editor McWhirter of Fresno. A combination of these rings succeeded in smuggling into a bill that passed the last Legislature a little section that extended the period for which they had been elected to four years. Clearly unconstitutional and void, it would have been "knocked out" could it have reached the Supreme Court on its merits. But they had anticipated that and had prepared for it. The thing to do, and that has been done, was to make up a test case before a friendly judge, and to control both sides of the litigation, so that there should be no appeal. They knew that in Judge Buckles of Solano they had a serviceable and tried friend. Elected by the soldier element of Benicia and Vallejo, he was picked up when a lumber dealer at Dixon and thrust upon a Bench that he does not adorn by either his knowledge of law or respect for Supreme Court decisions. So marked was this in a recent case in which he kept a man out of office for twelve months after he was elected to it, that the Supreme Court hauded down an opinion in which it felt called upon to deliver the extraordinary announcement that if Superior Judges did not better respect its decisions it would find a way to make them. It would have spared the administration of public justice much further scandal had it acted instead of threatened. For, laughing that warning to scorn, he promptly proceeded to out-Herod Herod and to even exceed himself. He delivered a decision in writing which closed with these words: "the act of the Legislature is hereby amended and made to read as follows:" Then words were supplied which in effect raised the official salaries of most of the County officers from forty to sixty per cent. No wonder that the combined Court House rings of the State saw in this man the judge they needed to pass upon their unconstitutional law and give them, without re-election by the people, a second term. Their case was made up to enjoin the Supervisors from buying ballot paper. An injunction was granted and as those Supervisors are benefited by the decision there will, of course, be no appeal. Much is said about official wrong doing in large cities, but we hardly think this record can be beaten anywhere. Solano County papers will either please copy, or point out, if they can, wherein there is error. They will do neither.

The Insanity Dodge Again. The insanity plea should either be refused recognition in murder trials or means

should be taken to secure the certain incarceration of the person setting up such a defense for the term of his or her natural life. Simon Raten, a Sacramento murderer who killed two Japanese, has been adjudged insane and is to be sent to the Stockton Asylum, whence he will probably be liberated after a few years; Mrs. Martin, who shot her husband in the City Hall, has been exonerated of all blame for the same reason and is now free to kill some one else should her reason or her temper ever get the better of her feeble judgment. We emphatically protest against this method of procedure, which is rapidly undermining the pillars of society and which enables people with the most brutal instincts, by the aid of an unprincipled attorney, to escape the punishment they richly deserve. A person whose mind is so diseased as to permit him or her to commit murder has as little right to mix with other people as has a dog subject to rabies. The safety of the community lies in a strict enforcement of capital punishment for capital offenses. The insanity plea is merely a hindrance to justice and should be done away with as soon as legislative action can be taken in the matter.

Fighting Their Friends. The Treasurer of the United Society of Christian Endeavor and the World's Society of

Christian Endeavor is at present in Oakland on a tour of the Pacific Coast. One of the objects he has in view is to secure San Francisco as the meeting place for the convention to be held by these societies in 1897. It is estimated that the number of people who will come here will be about 20,000 and Mr. Shaw states that the whole matter lies in the hands of the Southern Pacific Company as to whether the visitors come westward or not. Lower rates and other favors in

the way of accommodations are to be asked for and will, we venture to assert, be finally complied with as far as the Company can afford. While we would be glad to see these people come to California, knowing well that many of them would be induced to reside with us in preference to the less-favored Eastern states, we nevertheless think that the demand is somewhat exorbitant, considering the way in which the Southern Pacific has been subjected to attacks from the press and public as long as it has been in existence. It would really appear that when the people are not reviling its management they are snivelling for favors that they may save a few dollars wherewith to patronize a demagogic and unprincipled daily press. The Southern Pacific is no higher in its rates, the good service and difficulties to be overcome considered, than is any other reputable railroad company. It has helped to develop the State and is still doing its best to open up the country and bring desirable settlers here. The best advertising California has ever received has been from its literary bureau, which has done more in that line than the combined efforts of the California press put together. In return for this it has been continually subjected to malicious and petty attacks from all sides except, as in the present case, when the people wish to get something for nothing. This is surely not right. If the people would stand by the railroad and help it to achieve the policy it has mapped out, rates would have been lowered long ago through increased population and greater traffic; but by their continual abuse of it, people have been kept away, and those who are here have to bear a heavier burden proportionally. We think, however, that as the daily papers and their methods are gradually being shown up to the light of day, a better and more intelligent spirit will become apparent in all classes. When that comes, and the Railroad is hailed as the people's best friend, we feel sure that all charges will rapidly be decreased and a general era of prosperity will set in from one end of the State to another.

Neglected Japan. It will be a fine thing for the people of California when they learn to turn around. Intellectually, politically, and commercially they still have their faces toward their past and their backs toward their future. Californians in the mass continue to be Eastern men. They are incapable of understanding this new environment and its enormous original possibilities. Their point of view in all important things is essentially that proper to the Atlantic side of the continent. Mexico, Australasia, China, and Japan are to most of us as foreign and far away as to any New Yorker. We are colonial, in fact, which is to say that we import our sentiments, opinions, and prejudices instead of growing them. In politics we merely echo the sounds that come to us from the East. Witness the contemporaneous enthusiasm among Californian Republicans for Major McKinley, of Ohio. This enthusiasm is purely imitative, as is also the clamor here for a high tariff, than which no commercial policy could be worse for our interests. But a great shout for McKinley and more protection has gone up beyond the Rockies, and the Californian sounding-board responds. Our trade is marked by the same simian disposition to mimic. The Pacific at our doors invites to enterprise, but the business man who accepts the invitation is a rarity. The eyes of the merchant are glued on Chicago and New York. Even in our pleasures we are slaves of the copying instinct. In the old steamer days, when a month separated us from the East, California, thrown upon herself, developed a society of her own and had individuality. The railroad, reducing the month of travel between seaboard and seaboard to five days, changed all that. The rich go East to dance and feast, and come back to recuperate, pecuniarily and physically.

Californians, in relation to their opportunities for business and pleasure, are like the peasants who dwell on the slopes of famous mountains. Visitors come and climb the summits and see the beautiful views, and go away to tell with pride of their achievements; the peasants never exert themselves to reach the summits, in which they feel a sort of complacent proprietary interest, and smile superior on the enthusiasm of the strangers. There is a good deal of

travel from San Francisco to Japan, for example, but how many Californians are there among the tourists?

Consider Japan. It is the most interesting country in the world to-day. A metamorphosis in manners is in progress, a parallel to which can scarcely be found in history. An old, characteristic civilization is passing away, and a new civilization being deliberately assumed by an intelligent population. That is a social and political miracle that ought to interest any educated man or woman. The process has gone far, but as yet mostly in intention and official externals—the court, the army, the navy, the civil service. The life of Japan remains in the mass as it always has been, and possesses for the Westerner all the strange charm of the Orient. We neglect this marvelous drama of change, and this spectacle of a life so different from ours in its quaint picturesqueness, its occupations, its domestic customs. Many thousands of Californians take their holiday every year, people with money to go where they will, and all but a fraction trot to New York or idle about Europe, where life in its essential aspects is so like our own that the dissimilarity is only in details. These pleasure-seekers pass the caravans coming this way from the East and the Old World, bound for the Orient, which by its nearness to us has grown familiar to our minds, though we have not seen it and really know nothing about it. It is the sort of familiarity which breeds contempt in the ignorant.

This indifference should be broken down. And some Cook will arise and do it, by organizing excursions. Japan in due time will be overrun by consignments of cheap tourists from California, "personally conducted." Then the rich will complain that the country has been made intolerable by these clattering intruders. Yet the rich will go, just as they now crowd the crowded tourist-paths in Europe. The rich, who happen also to have taste and an intelligent eye to comfort, will "take in" Japan before the invasion in force begins; indeed, before it becomes the Californian fashion to make the empire a holiday ground. That so few go now would be a baffling puzzle were the disposition of human nature to neglect the near not so well known. With luxurious steamships running regularly and every convenience of travel afforded, it is little short of grotesque that the leisure class of a great city like San Francisco should abstain as they do from a tour of so attractive, so wonderful a country as Japan. The insensibility to influences from one's environment thus betrayed is not only colonial but positively village-like.

The McKinley Boom.

The sack is obviously on the side of Major McKinley. Its golden trail is plainly visible on the pages of many of the "great" dailies—Democratic as well as Republican. The protected industries are probably again having the fat fried out of them. The claiming some of the dailies are doing has a close imitation of an auction at which each successive bidder sees his predecessor and goes him one better. One authority gives the Major a number of delegates not yet chosen and says that these "are pretty sure to be for McKinley and might as well be counted now." That is right. If you are going into the claiming race there is nothing like making the run for all it is worth. Once started, distance your opponents, or know the reason why. Succeed and you will be deemed worthy of the highest place in the Kingdom established by the unvarnished section of the press. So far as heard from, the New York World is ahead. The Tribune and Herald supply tables which leave McKinley some seventy or eighty votes short of a nomination. The World, however, gives a very precise calculation by States which allots McKinley 464 votes on the first ballot, or 9 more than enough to nominate. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." We suspect, however, that, with the field united against him, the Major has yet a hard road to travel and that peradventure an experience like unto that of a greater man, J. G. Blaine, in 1876 awaits him. Still the chances are good that we shall all soon be called upon to shout for "McKinley, protection, and silver;" in which case the newspapers will be likely to give us the liveliest campaign in years.

A CALIFORNIA GIRL IN BERLIN.

IN the holidays we have been very lazy. On Thursday, when the thermometer was about 80 degrees in the shade, we took a large lunch basket, and went to Potsdam third class, for all excursionists to Potsdam do the plebeian act through and through, and the carriages were filled with Americans all armed with Baedakers. We stayed in the train till the station after the central one in Potsdam, and then walked to the New Palace to leave our cards on the Kaiser. One can only see it when he is away, and he very fortunately was on the Mediterranean when we arrived, so we saw all but the private apartments of the Royal Family very comfortably. The whole palace seems to be in the horrid taste of the Germans, the rooms being large, of marble mostly, but in each one there will be a color that manages to clash with everything, and that gives an effect of tawdriness. There is a beautiful little theatre in the palace—the theatre in which the Kaiser entertains his royal guests. It seats five hundred persons, and is so cozy and comfortable that we all felt we should like to be on intimate terms with the Crown Prince, so as to be invited to a Christmas house party there. The most curious room, and the most ugly, that I have ever seen, is the shell room. The four walls are entirely lined with shells and precious stones, and even gems, all of which have been gathered from different parts of the world since the time of William I. Unfortunately the shells and stones are arranged in such methodical ways of bunches of flowers, hearts, etc., that one cannot help thinking they ought to be torn off and put under a glass case in a dress-maker's parlor. In this room all the Christmas trees of the royal family are given. You know, each one of them has a separate tree, with the lights of the candles shining on the brilliant stones. The old castellan said it made a beautiful sight.

From the New Palace we wandered to Sans Souci, the favorite palace of Frederick the Great, and we could almost feel the spirits of Voltaire and Frederick, and all the gay court, hovering over us angrily as we gazed curiously on their treasures. It is very interesting to see the wash-basin of Voltaire. It is so small that a child would be ashamed to have it for her doll, and we all speculated on whether Voltaire really could have been as attractive as one generally thinks.

Then we went to the mausoleum of William I, but it is such a cold, deathly place that we did not enjoy looking at the wonderful statue of the sleeping monarchs. Then we took our lunch baskets to a café, and ordered coffee, lemonade, etc., and ate till we were ready to start off to see the rest of the sights. The lemonade they give you is most curious—a sort of pink stuff already bottled that one ought only to drink with peanuts and chewing candy at the circus. After much persuasion the *kellner* can be prevailed upon to bring a lemon and a bottle of seltzer, so you can mix your drink yourself, but he is always very much hurt when we scorn the pink stuff.

After lunch we went to the old palace of Frederick the Great. This is perfectly fine, because it looks comfortable and habitable, and is really in good taste. The most interesting spot is a little room with double doors and padded walls where Frederick once held his private conferences. There is a round table in the room with a press-the-button attachment, which lets the middle of it down into the kitchen. There the servants would lay the covers for two, put on the roast, and send it up again to the King, who could then eat without being disturbed in any way. One of the halls of this palace is covered with trophies of the hunts of the Kaiser. The walls are lined with antlers of all shapes and sizes, and at one end is an enormous buffalo head and a huge eagle. One cannot admire the royal sportsman, though, very thoroughly, when one thinks that all his hunting is done in private parks, where the animals are fed by hand and kept in good condition for him to kill.

After doing this palace, it was about five o'clock, and we had to be getting home to dinner—a thing we were looking forward to, as we were horribly tired and dirty. It takes only about half an hour to Berlin from Potsdam, and the ride is a charming one, through all the pretty suburbs of Berlin. We were with a young Swede named Bernhardt, who decidedly scorned to ride third class, and

we all looked so mussy and common that I fear his opinion of us received a severe shock. This summer, on some beautiful day, we hope to glide down the Havel to Potsdam on Mr. Johnston's yacht, and return by moonlight. It will be an ideal trip, and one I will give you full particulars of.

A MEDICAL STUDENT.

Berlin, March 27, 1896.

SENATOR Squires of Washington is apparently the one sane man in Congress. He had the hardihood to ridicule the war talk indulged in by Congress and showed that our Coast defenses were incapable of withstanding an attack from even a third rate power.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.



Very Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Marketstreet. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from

the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

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All kinds of complicated lenses ground to order.

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Head Colds,

Catarrh, dry mucous membranes, soon yield to the treatment of the famous DR. MCKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE.

BE CONVINCED FREE.

To show that Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure gives instant relief and continues to drive away the cold or catarrh, 7 free trials per week will be allowed you if you call at the

Baldwin Pharmacy,

(Edwin W. Joy),

Market and Powell Sts.

Call for free treatment of Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure.



Moordenaarspoort: A Boer Crime.

From The
African Critic

IT was quite thirty years ago. The date doesn't really matter; the same thing might happen to-day. Karel Pienaar and Andreas Van der Walt were stout young Boers and fast friends. Karel had married Andreas's sister, and Andreas had married Karel's. They had settled down on neighboring farms on the Rhenosterberg—Karel at Vefontein and Andreas at Donkerhoek. You could not see one homestead from the other; they were several miles apart, and a ridge of hills intervened. The road from the *dorp* ran out on the gradually rising open ground for three bours, until it came to the Donker river, where there was a somewhat dangerous drift to cross. On the further bank the road divided. Straight forward ran the track to Vefontein; that to Donkerhoek climbed into the hills on the right alongside the deepening river channel; while the main road to the next and far distant *dorp* inclined away to the left.

It was one evening towards the end of summer. There had been a big springbok hunt at Dwaarsvlei, and both Karel and Andreas had been there. They set out on their long ride home in anything but good tempers, for had not that *kerel*, Herman de Buys, laid low more springboks than they two together? Herman was the son of the new landlord of the hotel in the *dorp*, and was half a *rooivink*, too. Until he came to the district, which was quite recently, Karel and Andreas had been acknowledged the best shots therein. However, they had to pass through the *dorp*, and Herman, who had overtaken them, genially asked them into the bar for a *souppje*. Their gruff acceptance of his invitation contrasted strangely with the prolonged affectionate manner of their leave-taking, when, after many *souppjes*, they were belped on to their horses by Herman and others.

It was a dark, cloudy evening. There was no light but that of the distant lightning over the hills, towards which their horses cantered at a good home-going space, for the animals knew the road well.

When they got out on to the veld, the friends presented a somewhat curious appearance. Karel had become hopelessly drowsy; his chin sank upon his chest, and his reins hung loosely in one hand; but he kept his seat surprisingly well. Andreas, on the other hand, grew more and more loquacious, addressing his sleepy comrade in affectionate terms, and endeavoring to reach him for a brotherly embrace. This, however, was resented and prevented by the steeds, which refused to be brought close. Then he fell to singing snatches of English songs he had heard a commercial traveller trol in the hotel, rising in his stirrups in his exuberance. Having regard to the condition of his leathers this was a somewhat perilous thing for Andreas to do. Presently, in crossing a little *sluit* Karel's centre of gravity became quite upset, and he was suddenly deposited on his face and knees. Luckily his slung rifle did no more than administer him a severe bump as he landed.

This little accident brought the friends more to their senses. After a rest and a smoke they accomplished a remount with comparative ease. Karel was thoroughly awakened, and Andreas was much less boisterous, but still somewhat loquacious. He gabbled gutturally on about his deeds in the bunting and battle fields. His companion offered no comment, unless his frequent and somewhat unnecessarily vigorous expectorations were expressive of contempt.

As they approached the drift, Karel suddenly pulled up; Andreas imitated him. They sat silently for a few moments looking towards the river bank opposite. A brightly

burning fire and two black figures crouching on their haunches at either side of it, indicated that some colored trekkers were outspanning there. Andreas shaded his eyes from the firelight and peered keenly into the darkness all around. The lightning flashes in the hills above them were growing more frequent and vivid; the thunder sounded in short sharp rolls.

"What do you say, Andreas?" said Karel. "In the last Kaffir War, you aimed at a man's eye at 300 yards, and killed him there?"

"That is true, Karel," came the answer.

The first speaker once more looked earnestly at the outspanned folks; then he quickly and quietly dismounted.

"Look here," he said, "dismount."

Andreas also slipped out of his saddle. The two horses stood stolidly, the reins hanging on to the ground in front of them. Karel approached his companion, and spoke in slow, quiet tones.

"Now, Andreas, see you that?" He pointed to the brightly burning fire.

"Ja, Karel; I see."

"It is two hundred yards. Shoot the man in the right eye."

The night was too dark for them to be seen; the lightning too distant as yet to show their figures to the couple squatting beside their bright fire, watching their meal being prepared.

"How, Karel?"

"It matters not—one jackal more or less."

There was a pause; then the reply came: "It must be two jackals. Then, my Karel; I shoot the man if you shoot the woman." His confidence in being able to shoot in the eye at the distance found no expression now.

"Very good," answered Karel. "Come on."

They were still flushed with drink, but in their most sober moments never reckoned, nor had they ever been taught to reckon, a black man's life worth more than a jackal's. The two men deliberately lay down, chose easy positions, and took their sights.

"Art thou ready, Dries?"

"Ja, ready, Karelkje."

The woman bent forward and lifted the lid from the boiling pot, but replaced it again.

"Een—twee—drie—now!"

Two bullets sped together, two black bodies quivered, were convulsed a few moments, and then rolled heavily over.

The Dutchmen sat up and carefully reloaded.

"Maagtig, Andreas, that was good! Where was yours?"

"We shall go and see; are there no more jackals?"

"No more; I have looked. There are goats and one horse, that is all."

They rose, leisurely mounted, and cantered through the drift up to the fire; their victims were both quite dead, and the men calmly examined their shots and discussed them. Suddenly Karel raised his head and listened intently as he knelt beside the fire and the bodies; then he walked quickly back to the river. It was running more swiftly than when they crossed a few minutes before. The thunder sounded nearer, the lightning was almost ceaseless all around the horizon.

"Andreas," he called, as he ran back, "the water comes down from the mountains. Kick out the fire! Make haste!"

Andreas obeyed, and the two men dragged the bodies down to the bed of the river. Then they mounted their patient horses, and by the light of the flashes from the skies watched the rising stream. The bodies began to rock, then floated slowly at first, but soon rapidly round and round. At last the river came down with a roar, and they shot swiftly away in the very van of a raging torrent to be battered and broken in unrecognizable shape.

There was a rush of wind, and a cloud of dust swept down the road from the hills.

"Andreas!"

"Karel!"

They had to raise their voices to be heard above the roar of the torrent and the howl of the wind.

"That was good!"

"Very good, Karel!"

Then there was a pause; the rain fell somewhat, and the first heavy drops of rain descended.

"Go you to *Nachtmal* (the Sacrament) on Sunday?" shouted Karel.

"Ja, Karel! The rain comes, good night."

"Good-night, Andreas."

They shook their bridles, and each galloped off to the wife of his bosom.

When they had been gone some minutes into the storm, a man rose from the shelter of an overhanging part of the river bank and ran in mighty haste to where the scattered remains of the fire lay, now being quenched by the pouring thunder shower. He stood a moment, stretched out his arms with fists clenched, and fell prone. The thunder cracked over his head, the rain hissed, the river roared, and drowned the sound of his passionate sighs.

* * * * *

Some days later a horse and a herd of goats were found and put in the pound. They were supposed to have belonged to some colored people, who had evidently been drowned in crossing the Donker drift. In due time they were sold by auction.

On the Sunday following the day of the springbok hunt, Karel Pienaar and Andreas Van der Walt went to *Nachtmal*. Karel and his *vrouw* drove over to Donkerhoek on the Saturday, and early on the Sunday morning Andreas with his *vrouw* drove them into the *dorp*.

In the evening, as they were returning and drew near the drift, Karel took his pipe from his mouth, and, nudging his companion, said: "Andreas, that was a fine springbok you shot in the right eye the other day."

Andreas chuckled as he got his horses well in hand to descend the steep bank.

"Ja! Ja! Karel."

As they crossed the now almost empty river bed, he stood up, the better to urge his horses up the opposite side.

"And, Karel, that was a fine hok you shot in the left eye!"

Then came a sudden flash from the side of the bank close in front of them, and Andreas fell forward on to his horses. One black figure darted to the horse's heads, while another sprang to the side of the cart. A second report followed quickly, and Karel, too, sank dead. The wretched women crouched down in their seats, to frightened too scream. In a few moments more they also were lifeless.

* * * * *

The four bodies were found in a heap next morning. The cart and harness, stained with blood, lay at the roadside above the river. The spoor of the horses was traced for twelve hours over the *veld*; when found, they bore every evidence of having been ridden hard. But the murderers were never caught, and no one ever knew the reason for the dreadful act.

Karel Pienaar's young family was brought up at Verfontein, and Andreas Van der Walt's at Donkerhoek. Five years ago Karel's second son took a wife, and built himself a home close to the fatal drift. To perpetuate the memory of the dreadful and cold-blooded murder of his parents, he called his farmstead *Moordenaarspoort*. And there he lives to this day.

De Pachman, the great Russian pianist, once said that the Russian Bath, which includes the celebrated Needle Shower, was the most invigorating thing he knew of. The Lurline Baths, at the corner of Bush and Larkin streets, have lately added this specialty to their perfect service. Physicians recommend it and the price, 50 cents, also entitles the bather to a swim in the tank afterwards.

If you wish to put in a delightful Sunday, take the steamer and make a trip to the new El Campo pleasure resort. The grounds are absolutely perfect in every respect and are fitted up for all sorts of amusements, such as dancing, bowling and picnicking generally. Boating and fishing can also be indulged in and a first-class band is always in attendance. Refreshments served on the grounds.

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Commencing Monday, April 27th. Every evening, including Sunday. Two matinees, Saturday and Sunday.

Prof. D. M. Bristol's **EQUES-CURRICULUM**, The finest school of educated horses in the world. A most astonishing and wonderful exhibition; amazing animal actors. Horse arranging school furniture; mule as monitor; horses in mathematical problems; horse distinguishing colors; horses in a swing; horses leaping over their fellows; horse churning; horses tectering; horses rolling barrels; horses fishing with rod and line; mule valet; mule clown; horses rocking; horses as guests; horses as waiters; horse postmaster; horse mail carrier; horse ball catcher; horse actors; horse leaping from flying swing to trapeze. Reserved seats 15c., 25c., and 50c. Children at matinees 10 cents.

Golden Gate Hall, 625 SUTTER STREET.

Thursday, April 30th, at 8:15 P. M., a concert will be given to

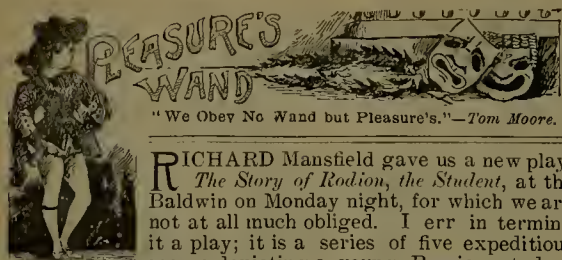
MRS. CARMICHAEL-CARR,

prior to her departure for England. Miss Newland, Mr. W. E. Bacheller, the San Francisco Quartette, a double quartette from the Loring Club, Messrs. Beel, Josephs, and Jaulus will assist. Tickets, including reserved seat, 50c.; are now to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

El Campo, The Popular Bay Resort.

Now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c.; children, 15c., including admission to the grounds.

The steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.



RICHARD Mansfield gave us a new play, *The Story of Rodion, the Student*, at the Baldwin on Monday night, for which we are not at all much obliged. I err in terming it a play; it is a series of five expeditious scenes depicting a young Russian student in the various before and afters of pickaxing to death an old devil of a pawnbroker—a literary Welsh rarebit which Mr. Meltzer has composed of a sodden, cheesy Russian murder problem, to be served tepid, with green calclm, by Mr. Mansfield.

Rodion is a student with ideas—that means a bad man in Russia. He has written an essay on the gentle fad of manslaughter for a St. Petersburg magazine, and he is very poor and very pale, and very much more tragic in voice, gait, and garment than young Hamlet ever dreamed of being. Izaak Ivanhoff is a pawnbroker on the one per cent. a minute line, and also a small jobber in the bodies and souls of young maids. He wears Shylock whiskers, and is altogether as slimy a piece of humanity as ever suggested a crawling reptile and a bad smell. Sonia is young, pallid and wan, and she has undergone the vague process known as “being ruined.” She also has a drunken father, who howls piteously for drink, and falls down on his chin many times during the first act. This does not satisfy Mr. Meltzer, for after Act I the poor old wreck does not appear. His jag was so acrobatic and interesting that I yearned for more of it, and peered into the scenery and around every property lamp post with my glass, but he came not. And there was the harrowing inference that he spent the subsequent four acts in sobering up.

Besides there is a plump, genial magistrate, with a nose for detective work and a mouth to tell of it. He seems to be a sort of an advance sheet of the play, foretelling accurately and volubly what is about to happen, and making himself generally useful and comfortable, unraveling mysteries that are not mysterious and getting in bravely and unnecessarily at the death.

When the play opens, Rodion is in a state deeply sympathetic to crime. He is downcast, brooding, haggard, and poorly clad, and hungry, too, for a man cannot live on green calclm and one paper in a Russian periodical. So when Uncle Izaak appears and acts his crawliest and nastiest, Rodion decides to kill him. All of which I learned some minutes before from the faithful mouth of the detective magistrate. Rodion goes to the abode of the pawnbroker and overhears that thrifty old villain proposing to Sonia that she sell her pale, wan charms to one of his customers. Sonia won't; she'll do plain sewing or take in manicuring, but not that! not that! ah God, not that! This settles Rodion, and, taking the trusty pickaxe, which he discovered on the landing below, he goes into Uncle's room and kills him in two sickening, shuddering thuds.

Every murder has its indigestion, so three more acts follow to develop, as Mr. Meltzer's programme states, “The Motive,” “The Devil's Hour,” and “The Victory.” The “motive” is vaguely explained by Rodion giving Sonia a portion of the spoils, for he robbed as well as murdered the old procurer. The “The Devil's Hour” is more green lights, staggers, and a delirium, during which Rodion shows in graphic pantomime what took place behind the closed door of Uncle Izaak's room. Again his knees seek the floor in prayer; his hands, uplifted, supplicating Heaven, slowly, quiveringly descend, grasping for the handle of the axe. The viridescent calclm gleams cold and ghastly; Rodion's tense arms raise the phantom weapon; twice he brings it down hard and true—I've seen beef slaughtered the same way—then he kneels and pillages the dead. And the curtain drops in front of twenty tons of shivering goose flesh.

The last act finds Rodion confessing all to Sonia and imploring her to fly with him to America. But Sonia sees it not that way; she's a good girl, is Sonia, despite her damaged chastity, and she advises him to confess and turn

over the booty. He complies then and there. The ubiquitous detective gentleman beamingly enters; Rodion stabs himself violently, and this great country of ours loses a valuable citizen. This is Mr. Meltzer's *Story of Rodion, the Student*, told with few words, much hard acting, a pickaxe, and two hours of green nimbus.

That Mr. Mansfield is an actor of tremendous power, even his Rodion testifies, but five nauseous acts of dissecting the fee faw fungus that lines the skull of a Russian fauatic—is it for such an uncanny psychological debauch that the public goes to the theatre? After Rodion, I can find entertainment, education, and sedative in a visit to the morgue.

Gunter's *Prince Karl* is not a great comedy, but after Meltzer's starvation and murder orgie its evanescent frivolity comes like the gladdening sunshine. Moreover, it enables Beatrice Cameron, Johnstone Bennett, and Mrs. Gayler to show of what excellent stuff the women of the Garrick Theatre Company are made. The breadth of Mansfield's versatility could not be marked stronger than does this flight from Rodion to Karl. It is an exceptional bit of eccentric character, and so admirably acted that one forgets its fantastic improbability. Mansfield's little monologue and imitations at the piano are ineffably clever. O that our variety artists would employ such effortless methods!

The Politician, pruned of the cheap, gag work that breaks out now and then, would be a truly enjoyable comedy. As it is, there has not been a better attraction at the California in many weeks. It is not a particularly new scheme to wheedle an unsophisticated angel into running for office, but David Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld have written it up with such sparkle, ginger and action that the story compels interest from start to finish. Roland Reed has never played a part better fitted to him. The twang of his voice, the gesticular, oratorical style of delivering the absurd, yet convincing, arguments of the wily politician, make General Limber an extravagant figure, still a most amusing realization of the political worker of to-day. “I may be colloquial,” he says, “but I'm sincere.” And a more earnest, cheerful liar never trod the stage. I never realized how hopelessly dead the new woman has become until Isadore Rush entered as Cleopatra Sturgess. No fault is to be found with her handling of the role, and her “advanced” costume is far from the song and dance affair that usually clothes this female on the stage; but how old, worn and exploded it all is! The new woman, like “White Wings” and “McGinty,” has found a deep, silent tomb.

I was at the Auditorium last Thursday week just long enough to hear Miss Carrie Bowes play Chopin's E minor Concerto. Her performance was moderately intelligent, plausible in technic, and thoroughly unexciting. Evidently she has studied hard—her resolute touch is of the sort that bespeaks vigorous application—but in the concerto she showed little feeling or imagination, and no individuality. The orchestral accompaniment was wild and scattering, and, no doubt, added much to the colorless monotony of the pianist's work.

In the expressive eloquence of a theatrical man, whom I met in the foyer of the Columbia, “*A Pair of Kids* is so rotten that it's good.” “An inflammation of the imagination in three acts” Ezra Kendall programmes it, together with the announcement that for eleven years he has successfully suffered from the affliction. With such analysis and history as this at hand, I don't see where my humble pen can serve the army of Pleasures Wanderers.

If Mrs. Auzerai-Hoyte ever becomes a great actress she will have the satisfaction of surprising the world. No one will predict it from her Janet in *The Setting of the Sun*, which I saw on Tuesday evening at the Alcazar. But who can foretell the future? In the meantime Mrs. Hoyte is just as flimsy, weak, and commonplace stagey as any other great or small actress succeeded in being at her debut.

The Galley Slave next week at the Alcazar, with Mrs. Auzerai-Hoyte as the heroine.

There is plenty of comedy work in *Special Delivery*, which has run the week at the Grand, and Morosco's big company seems to enjoy the frequent laughs, songs, and dances that interrupt the melodrama proper. Miss Leigh's acting has many good points which the big audiences have already seized upon in establishing her a prime favorite.

A little after eight o'clock on Monday night the police stopped further admission to the Orpheum. Such is the drawing power of Hopkins' Trans-oceanic Company. The programme teems with good turns.

"Well, then, he has a very pretty talent of his own—fluent, feline, Latin, with a delicacy which is both sensuous and feminine. He has the boudoir attitude. He has exquisite clearness of tone. His bowing is nervous and fluent, and his technical command of his instrument is very great." So says the critic of the New York Commercial Advertiser in writing of Rivarde, the violinist, who, with Lachaume, the pianist, and Wm. H. Keith, the barytone, and an orchestra of forty selected musicians under H. J. Stewart's baton, will participate in six concerts at the Columbia next week on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, and Saturday matinee. At Thursday's concert Donald de V. Graham will be the vocalist. Rivarde will play fourteen concertos during the concerts. It is expected to be the biggest musical event since Paderewski.

Monday begins the last week of Richard Mansfield at the Baldwin. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday nights, *A Parisian Romance*; Wednesday, *Robion*; *Beau Brummell* for the last time Thursday; Friday, *The Scarlet Letter*, said to afford wonderful opportunities for Mr. Mansfield and Miss Cameron, and *Prince Karl* at the Saturday matinee.

A testimonial concert will be given Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, at Golden Gate Hall, on Thursday night. Many colleagues of this estimable pianist have volunteered, including Sigmund Beel, Willis E. Bacheller, and the double quartette of the Loring Club.

Professor Bristols and his school of thirty educated horses will exhibit at the Auditorium next week. The show will be unique, instructive, and of interest to all lovers of novelty and horse-flesh.

Eddie Foy is said to have achieved pronounced success in the rôle of Captain Courtenay in *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown*, which comes to the Baldwin Monday week.

The Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, announces for next week: Monday and Tuesday, *The Night Clerk*; Thursday, *Captain Impudence*; Friday, *Friends*.

Lady Lil, an Austrian military drama, will receive its first production in this city, at the Grand, on Monday night.

Next Saturday evening Congreve's *Love for Love* will be given at the Columbia by the Berkeley students.

Roland Reed plays *The Politician* another week at the California.

Blue Beard, in its second edition, will continue next week at the Tivoli.

Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Corner of Mason and Ellis streets.

Wednesday evening, April 24th, at 8:15. First recital given by

PEARL LADD,

The wonderful child pianist.
Admission, 50c. and \$1. No reserved seats.
Tickets on sale at the principal music stores and at the Auditorium on the evening of the concert.

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To-night. Every evening during the week,

HOPKINS' TRANSOCEANIC

STAR SPECIALTY COMPANY.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Grover's Alcazar. The Palais Royal of America.

Monday next, April 27th. Bartley Campbell's masterpiece,

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

Mrs. Auzerais Hoyte as the heroine.

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra. 25c.

San Francisco & North Pacific
Railway Company.

Santa Rosa Rose Carnival.

Thursday, April 29th.

Friday, May 1st,

Saturday, May 2d.

Tickets on sale at \$2 for the Round Trip.

Wednesday, April 24th to Saturday, May 2d inclusive. Return limit Sunday, May 3d. On Friday, May 1st, the day of the grand floral parade, only \$1 for the round trip.
On Saturday, May 2d, Bicycle Day, only \$1 for the round trip.
Children between five and twelve years, half the above rates.
On Friday and Saturday there will be two trains each way, leaving Tiburon Ferry, San Francisco, at 7:30 and 9 A. M., and on return, will leave Santa Rosa at 3:35 and 8 P. M.
For further information, apply at 650 Market street (Chronicle Building), or General Office, Cor. Sansome and California Sts.

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SIX GRAND PERFORMANCES.



Beginning Monday Evening, April 27th,
Introducing here for the first time

RIVARDE,

the great Spanish violinist, assisted by M. Alme Lachaume, the pianist, Mr. William H. Keith, baritone, and a grand orchestra of forty selected musicians. Mr. H. J. Stewart, conductor.
John Marquardt, concert master. Prices, 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Note—At the Thursday evening concert, by request, Donald de V. Graham will be the vocal soloist.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Monday next, third and last week of

RICHARD MANSFIELD,

and his New York Garrick Theatre Stock Company.
Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday evenings, *A PARISIAN ROMANCE*; Wednesday, *THE STORY OF ROBION, THE STUDENT*; Thursday, *BEAU BRUMMELL*; Friday (only performance) *THE SCARLET LETTER*; Saturday matinee, *PRINCE KARL*.
Monday, May 4th, *EDDIE FOY*, in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Next week, Monday, April 27th, a great big hit. Second and last week of **ROLAND REED**, in

THE POLITICIAN,

Monday, May 4th, **PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS.**

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Last performances of "Special Delivery."
Monday evening, April 27th, first production here of the Austrian military story,

LADY LIL.

Sumptuously mounted with superb accessories.
Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and Manager

A rip-roaring success. Second edition of the brilliant spectacular extravaganza.

BLUE BEARD.

New songs; new ballets; new specialties. The "Chevalier" medley of cozier songs. "Rays of Light"—an Arabian Nights Dream of Loveliness.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c



THERE was an amusing *contretemps*, a Saturday or two ago, at an Oakland riding party. Eight or ten young people, "of the best society," started out for an afternoon's tour of Piedmont and its adjacent hills. All went merry as a marriage-bell, save for one perplexing and very annoying circumstance. One of the young ladies—she is considered a great belle in Jackson street—was mounted on a horse that was most vexatiously obstinate. The animal positively refused to ride side by side with any other steed in the party. It would veer off and shy the moment any of the gentlemen sought to approach its rider. In fact it evidently wanted to go it alone. At last a gallant young *preux chevalier* from Alice street solved the problem by changing the young lady's saddle to his own horse and mounting her's himself. After that there was perfect bliss, for you may be sure that "Young Alice Street" is too excellent a horseman not to have spurred the obstinate brute into the most passive submission.

But the Oakland incident reminds one of a far more humorous episode which occurred a couple of years or so ago when somebody's great World's Hippodrome Circus, Menagerie, etc., was running at Central Park. It happened that a riding party had been proposed for Sunday morning, in which were included such choice spirits as George Nagle, Jimmy Hamilton, Elmer De Pue, Harry Brady and four or five others. Hamilton and De Pue were to secure the horses, which they did, early Saturday morning; that is for all, with but one exception—George Nagle's mount. They sought otherwheres. Crossing Market street to the circus grounds they looked up the manager.

"Good morning sir," said the suave Mr. Hamilton, "I wish to ask about that beautiful trick mare that performs so many wonderful feats —"

"Oh you just go inside, gentlemen, and talk to her owner. He's Signor Bonfetti and she's his private property. She don't belong to the outfit."

Off they went to find Signor Bonfetti, a short little chap who was lounging about near the menagerie with several idlers.

They explained to him that a young gentleman from the East who was a very expert horseman would accompany them on a riding jaunt to the Cliff House and back, and that he was very anxious to show off the feats of horsemanship he had learned in Paris. If the signor would rent them his mare for three hours Sunday morning they would pay him twenty dollars and guarantee the safety of the animal.

"But w'y can't the bloomin' gent come doawn 'ere, an' try 'er just as well?"

"Because," replied DePue severely, "We others would lose all the pleasure of our ride."

"Well," answered the Signor philosophically, "twenty dollars is twenty dollars and it ayn't lyin' round everywhere. Where 'll I fetch 'er?"

"We'll come here for her ourselves."

And the bargain was concluded. Next morning quite early the entire party gathered at the stables and mounted their steeds.

"This beautiful black mare is your's, dear boy," said Hamilton sweetly to George Nagle.

"By jove! but isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed George mounting to the saddle.

"Yes," said De Pue, "she's gentle as a little sheep, and if you want to increase her pace at any time just tip her on the right flank a couple of times, and its plenty."

According to a preconcerted arrangement of the conspirators they ambled along slowly and majestically till the beach was reached. Then Brady suggested a smarter pace along the sands. They all followed his example, and Nagle gently tapped his mare twice. The result was extraordinary.

The animal slowly began to rise on its hind legs with her

fore-legs gracefully pressed to her breast, and in this elegant posture she slowly revolved once and came down again to *terra firma* very gently.

As for Nagle he had at the first premonition flung his arms about the mare's neck in an agony of desperation. The cold sweat stood out on his brow as the huge animal slowly rose and circled about.

"Holy Moses! What have I struck?" he gasped as he regained his equilibrium.

"Glorious! Magnificent! Superb!" the others exclaimed in chorus. "Why, George, old boy, we had no idea you were so wonderful. Why didn't you tell us! We never saw anything like it before,—and so gracefully done, too!"

Poor Nagle looked the picture of bewilderment. He wanted to get right off that mare and walk home, but vanity forbade. He joined the others laughing very nervously as they congratulated him on his feat. They took a quick canter along the hard beach, and then broke into a slow gallop. Again Nagle tapped the steed, this time once, and very lightly.

Another catastrophe ensued. Immediately the mare stopped short and with a graceful motion began to execute a beautiful circus waltz to the measure of:

"So we go round and round and round."

Pale with alarm Nagle sat in the saddle afraid to check the terpsichorean display, for fear a still greater calamity might occur. When the gyrations had ceased the mare trotted proudly up to the admiring group.

"Marvel upon marvels!" they cried admiringly.

"You are as great as Alexander on Bucephalus!" exclaimed Hamilton.

"The drinks are on us!" was De Pue's tribute, "come right up to the Cliff House and have them."

With a sigh of relief Nagle hurried along with the party, only too glad to have deliverance from this she flying-dragon that he was astride of.

They had one drink and not a few more. Nagle stuck to brandy and absinthe to steady his shattered nerves. When they were ready to leave, George was very reluctant.

He "wanted to watch the seals for half an hour."

But they were inexorable, and all remounted. As George timorously adjusted himself in the saddle he leaned forward and patted the mare on the neck affectionately, murmuring in winning tones: "You won't try any more such tricks, will you?"

Instantly the mare rose in the air until her fore-legs were within a foot of the ground. Then she came down with both legs wide apart, and stretched out so far in front that her head, which she wagged three times, was lower than her tail.

When she had resumed her normal position, Nagle with terror and frenzied haste dismounted.

"Jimmy!" he murmured in hoarse tones: "Jimmy! I'm going to walk home! I wouldn't ride this infernal hell-cat for five-thousand dollars!"

They all protested in vain; he was hysterically firm. So Jimmy Hamilton, who is a famous equestrian, traded animals, and with relief in every lineament Nagle watched her cavort and plunge and rear and dance with somebody else than he on her back.

To be sure, Jimmy did scare the wits out of a lot of buggies and teams by making the animal dance stiff legged, but in Nagle's mind the most awful spectacle was when on the way home Hamilton gracefully took a flying leap over a fence into a vacant lot, and then, twirling around, jumped the mare back again as artistically.

"Oh Heavens!" shuddered Nagle, "just suppose I had remained on that fiend's back one moment longer!"

"Pudd'nhead Wilson—Mr. Frank Mayo."

Frank Mayo! What pleasant recollections of things theatrical in the "good old days before the railroad" come trooping forth, were conjured by seeing that name on the posters. Recollections of the little Opera House on Washington street, worth side, above Montgomery; of the "Snug" saloon next door, and Barry & Patten's on the corner, of the self-denial practiced by us youngsters to save dimes enough (no nickels in those days) to take us to the Saturday matinees. How we stood on the sidewalk in front of the theatre as long as possible to see the "actors"

go in, and how we waited after the play to see them come out, and how we would follow some stage divinity to find out where she lived, and see if the house really resembled other dwellings in the neighborhood. Not long ago I was telling one of the ladies of the old company who used to live in the street called "John" how delighted I was when I discovered where she really resided, and what a hearty laugh we had over it all. Alas! How few of the little troupe are left to laugh or weep.

Jolly Stephenson, the husband of Sophie Edwin, the leading lady, presided at the box office, took our four-bit pieces and doubtless thought us very fresh kids.

Down we rush into the orchestra, always the orchestra, where in the evening the critics sat, you know, and patiently gaze at the green baize curtain, the old time green painted, tin footlight reflectors (how odd they would look now) and the crimson upholstered stage boxes. Then when the prompter's bell tinkled and the curtain rose how we forgot everything, but the scene before us. Well do I remember my first matinee in San Francisco. *East Lynne* was the play. Julia Dean Hayne, Isabel; Frank Mayo, Archibald Carlisle; Charley Thorne Jr., Sir Francis Levison; Lulu Sweet, Barbara Hare; and Louise Mowbray (a beautiful Englishwoman) Mrs. Corney. After seeing this last mentioned lady in more congenial characters she became one of my "goddesses."

When, at the bedside of the dying William, Mrs. Hayne tore off the disguising glasses, and shook down her wealth of genuine golden hair, I would have challenged the man who dared suggest a better actress ever trod the stage, and really I don't believe I should be so very wide of the mark either.

And then the *Duke's Motto* with J. H. Allen as the Duke, Papa Leman as Esop, Frank Mayo as Caniekerfergus, Sophie Edwin as Blanche de Neven, and the divine Emily Thorne Jordan as Zillah the Gipsy girl.

How we roared at poor Dan Sethehl, as Mme. Vanderpant and dear Mrs. Saunders as Angelica Todd, in *Wanted: 1000 Milliners*. How funny we thought Charles Wheatleigh in *A Bull in a China Shop*, with Dave Anderson as Tiphthorpe and Barry as the piano tuner. Poor Barry who literally died of a broken heart, because his great part of First Gravedigger in *Hamlet* was given to another.

Then our sympathies were aroused at Matilda Heron's *Camille*, and *Gamca*, and again our risibilities were tickled by Harry Jackson as Barney Cobb in *Rosedale*; and then Helene Tracy's debut in *The Hueguenot Captain*, and the Keans, and Forrest, supported by the company, sweet Agnes Perry, now Mrs. Byron Schoeffel, and her sister, Belle Land, being of the number, and Mrs. Harry Jackson who made us shudder as Lady Macbeth.

Willie Edouin too, and Sallie Hinkley, Harry Edwards, the Corcoran girls, Mrs. Leighton, Woodbull, Louis Adriebe, and Graves, so long stage manager, Helen and Lucille Western, George Paunceforte, and the dearly beloved Mrs. Judah. Well! well! most of them have made their last exit and left the little stage of "Life's Theatre," for the broad plains of the hereafter. Let those of us who remain behind, remember them lovingly for the happy hours passed in their company, when youth was at the prow and pleasure at the helm.

Appropos of W. C. Dudley, who is "wanted" for having embezzled moneys belonging to the Golden Gate Lodge, B. P. O. E., a story comes to mind after bearing which one is willing to believe almost anything of him. Some fifteen years he was employed in the California Theatre, in this city. One evening so relate the eye witnesses, a thinly-clad woman, shivering with cold and holding a wan little babe at her breast, asked for him at the stage door and pleaded with him to give her some money for herself and hungry child. He roughly told her to get away, saying that she and the child could starve for all he cared. The woman looked at him sorrowfully, and crept away into the night. The child was his own!

Mr. Hearst records another triumph. He has discovered a new style of newspaper writing. It is not named yet, but if one should be asked to characterize it he might call it the Mopsy-Wopsy School. One of its chief points is

to write all stories and articles in such a manner as shall bring tears to the eyes of a servant girl—the New York Journal's constituency, by the way. All the reporters must become young "gents" of sensibility and with a gushing grief always on tap. Fred Lawrence's Dygert letters are excellent specimens of this new school. When this ever enterprising correspondent went down to the little town of Guines, where Dygert is confined in jail, he softened the magistrate's heart through the "mellow influence of the rare wines which my interpreter scoured the town for."

Faney "rare wines" in a Cuban village! But here are other gems:

"Poor Dygert, his eyes filled with tears when I clasped his hand. I had to wait until he had gulped down the choking feeling in his throat."

"Again tears trickled down Dygert's cheeks. He knelt down, closed his eyes, and moved his lips prayerfully! * * * You must not mind my weakness, he said when he arose. * * * I thought of all the good old ministers back in Illinois, and my mother's teaching came back to my mind constantly. * * * Dygert fell on his knees and prayed."

But this one is the "boss": "You don't know what an angel of mercy you have been to me, my friend! Your's is the sweetest face I have ever seen except my mother's!"

Wow!

'Twill take at least one hundred years,
The Voorsanger doth hold,
Before the woman suffrage dears
Will sell their votes for gold.

God pity us poor wretched males,
For Susan B. hath said
Until a woman's vote avails
She never will be dead!

The Santa Rosa Rose Carnival, from April 29th to May 2nd, promises to be a tip-top affair. Connoisseurs of female beauty say that the girls there will be fairer than those of Los Angeles. Knowing the fine climate of the little city, there is no reason why they should not be. At any rate, there will be a large San Francisco contingent, and we shall be able to judge for ourselves. Special trains are going to be run so as to take people to and from the city without any waste of time, and as the rains will all be over by then, a very enjoyable trip can be looked forward to. The people up there will do their fair share of entertaining, so it only remains for the boys to don their spring suits and trip up there for an enjoyable time.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered
Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a
small wineglassful, before meals, of the cele-
brated

Peruvian

Bitters

AUSTRALIAN SALT BUSH, (*Atriplex Semibaccatum*.)

The Forage Plant for Alkali Soils.

The tens of thousands of acres of alkali lands in California may be made productive and profitable by planting Salt Bush.

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MRS. EUNICE WESTWATER, Contralto.

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AS Living Pictures seem destined to become the reigning fad of the swim before the summer hegira sets in, our special artist has been busy designing a few for the use of that fashionable body, yecept the swagger set. The list is not complete, but one or two taken up haphazard will convince our readers that a great treat is in store for those who will witness the tableaux.

"Love Lies Bleeding."—Lieutenant Wilcox, with a sprig of the flower so entitled, between his fingers, offered to the audience.

"I'm o'er young to marry yet."—W. S. Jones, in faultless attire.

"Castles in the Air."—Two brothers at an open window.

"A near view of Twin Peaks."—Smedburg and Winston in the new Army caps.

"Two of a Kind."—Two widowed sisters prominent in society.

"How happy could I be with either."—A pretty belle of several seasons, with money bags on one side and a man on the other.

"Painting the Lily."—By Willis Polk and Miss O'Connor.

"The Heavenly Twins."—Misses Moody.

"One morn a Peri at the gate of Eden stood diseonolate."—A Palace Hotel young lady of the founder's name looking wistfully through the pages of Greenway's list: And so on *ad lib*.

Californians are congratulating themselves that at last the State will be favorably known through the East, in the fact that our own Barnes—General W. H. L. Barnes—is going to stump the entire country from Maine to Florida in behalf of his political party. Even those who do not agree with the General in his political creed are fain to acknowledge his peculiar ability for influenceing his hearers, and predict a vast result from his brilliant oratorical powers.

There is a murmur in fashionable circles that the Will Tevis's are contemplating a grand rural fête to inaugurate their new home at Bakersfield. Their many friends are eagerly awaiting the decision, and hope it may be in the affirmative. Of course there would be a "house party" in addition for the intimate friends, and special trains with Pullmans for the majority of the guests—(cars, of course, not the Chicago family).

Those people who give the matter a thought at all, are wondering why Ed Greenway, in his "Coaching" treatise for society's edification, did not lay stress upon the necessity of replying to notes of invitation, etc. An Avenue belle, who is supposed to know, says she guesses Ed was afraid of an avalanche should he advocate epistolary efforts among his fair friends!

Smedburg and Davis seem to be running in couples of late, say the girls, and Wilcox is back at his old-time post, on Sutter street. Lieut. Benjamin is credited with a *tendresse* for Miss McKee of the Western Addition, and Lissac is still the bane of the jealous husband. Such is the gossip of the hour.

Mrs. Hager's pretty niece from St. Louis bids fair to be a great addition to the manifold attractions of the Hager *ménage*, which is certainly one of the most popular resorts of society. From the little game of draw for the old, to the little game of flirtation for the young, all tastes are catered to and gratified in this most hospitable abode.

Distingué Miss Ethel Cohen is once more among us, and it goes without saying is the center of attraction wherever she happens to be. Her lively sallies and quick repartee make her a delightful neighbor whether at tea, luncheon, or dinner, while the Brownies are in raptures over her notice of her "dear boys."

It is somewhat amusing to note the virtuous indignation of the Baldwin Hotel proprietor over the questionable incident that occurred in that most ehaste edifice late on Wednesday night. A watchman took umbrage at the attentions a male guest was showering on one of the more attractive sex, and has been dismissed for his efforts in the cause of decency. It is well-known that the prerogatives of guests at the Baldwin include such dealings, and that couples will not be too closely enquired after when taking rooms there. The Baldwin has, of late, become so overruu with sporting men, touts, low politicians, and, it is whispered, men of an even worse variety, that almost anything is expected of, and permitted, the people who patronize the place.

The baseball game which is to take place to-day between the University Club and the Berkeley Club (University team) promises to be one of the swellest events in society. Tickets have been selling like wild-fire all the week, and the man who does not take it in will be considered a back number. All the buds of the season are going to be there, and that alone ought to be sufficient inducement to draw the "dear boys."

Mrs. Darling's many friends are trying to persuade her to form golf parties out at the Presidio, and if she can be induced to do so this newly introduced game is sure to become a fashionable recreation for the swim.

Miss Laura McKinstry is like a lost pleiad in the absence of her devoted friend, Mrs. Henry Scott, and rumor says is more than likely to make another Eastern trip ere long.

A DIRECT IMPOSITION.

SOME months ago G. Leipnitz & Co., who conducted the well-known Snake Drug Store, moved from their premises at 236 Sutter street to more commodious quarters at the corner of Sutter street and Grant avenue. Shortly afterwards another firm, in the same line of business, moved into their old premises, and have set up the Snake Drug Store sign as their own, and are using it to draw business from the rightful owners. Such conduct is unprincipled in the highest degree, as the firm of G. Leipnitz & Co., by their standing of over forty-five years, have the sole right thereto, and its use by other parties is an infringement which should be punishable by law. If this sort of business is allowed to continue unrebuked there is no saying what merchants may not be the next ones to suffer. A man may come here like the "Snake Doctor," build up a paying business after long years of hard work and the expenditure of an enormous amount of capital, and then may see some interloper step in to reap the benefits of what he has sown. The name a man gives to a well-known store is a trade-mark, and belongs to him alone. On it is dependent his future success in his business, and its acquirement by other parties, by any means other than by actual agreement and purchase, is a theft pure and simple, and the deception should be discountenanced by all purchasers of goods.

An Englishman's Opinion.

Mr. Randolph Payne, a London wine merchant, whose comments on American wines and spirits abroad appeared in one of the daily papers some weeks ago, emphatically pronounced "Old Saratoga" pure Rye Whiskey the favorite, and in many cases the only American Whiskey in demand at the London clubs. Its delightful flavor and absolute purity have won it the warmest recognition among the critical connoisseurs of that big metropolis.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS

WILL REMOVE May 1st to 24 GEARY ST.

ABSINTHINE.

HASTEN again to your arms, O my Queen,
 Your satin-soft arms that are tempting and white;
 I am weary and worn
 And my heartstrings are torn
 By the wrack of the day, and the fears of the night,
 And the thunders that silence vain prayers, O my Queen.
 Clasp me close to your passionate breast, O my Queen;
 The demons of hell have re-conquered my heart,
 And I fain would abide
 For a while by your side
 That your glances may soothe me and lighten the smart
 Of the virulent wounds that ne'er heal, O my Queen.
 In the tremulous light of your eyes, O my Queen,
 There is terrible madness—twin sister to love;
 In the curve of your hips
 And the glow of your lips
 There is that which might tempt the best angel above
 To barter his pleasure for mine, O my Queen.
 My legend is written in tears, O my Queen;
 The book it is closed, and none ever will learn
 How a dream-tortured gloom
 Robbed my youth of its bloom.
 And blighted my brain with the fancies that burn
 'Till reason is hurled from its throne, O my Queen.
 I have loved, I have lost. Now I come, O my Queen,
 To your welcoming arms that have clasped me before;
 To breathe in your breath
 Till the gray hands of Death
 Shall lead me away from the heat and the roar
 Of the farre men call Life. O my love, Absinthine!

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE SKETCH CLUB EXHIBIT.

THE black-and-white exhibit at the Sketch Club well repaid a visit. The illustrative work signed Albertine Randall Wheelan is worthy of first mention. Originality of thought, daintiness in execution, and a general finish to each figure help to make each of her illustrations pleasing to the eye and able to withstand a careful and minute criticism. Miss Helen Hyde contributes some clever nigger children sketches, treated in a broad and able manner, which prove clearly her powers with pen and ink. Blanche Letcher shows something in the same line which will not bear comparison with the work of the former artist. Her sketch entitled "A Friend of Mine" is, however, first-class, showing ability and finish not apparent in the other studies. The work signed Eva Withrow, especially that in red crayon, is to be commended; the "Sketch of Ruth White," a simple outline delicately shaded, being strong and full of suggestion.

The pen and ink work of M. C. Hutchinson is good, detail being carefully attended to and perspective being excellent throughout. Her "Fishwife" wash, however, has no place in the exhibit, and detracts from her finer pictures. Helen Hyde's "An Ingie Nook," is a clean piece of lining, and proves her power to handle an interior as well as a figure.

The Calendar Tailpieces, signed Lillian Vesaria, are all good; the lines are strong, yet possess a delicacy not often found in such large work, and originality is apparent in each one of them.

The charcoal sketch entitled "Wood Interior," by Marie Rey Saunderson, is one of the best things we have seen in this line for some time past. Light and distance are well attended to, and the picture suggests much of the calmness and softness of forest life.

The Turkish and Armenian wash studies, by Caroline Cook, are good in conception and figure, but the expressions are fixed, and could have been improved on.

A little statuette called "Lotus Eater," by Estelle J. I. Rumbold, is very good, and bespeaks a promising future for a young and patient artist. Altogether, the work exhibited is good, and speaks well for the diligence of the respective members of the club.

The very finest cut flowers are to be had of Chas. M. Leopold, 39 Post street. Mr. Leopold has attended to the decorations needed in many of our leading weddings and dinners and as an artist in this line is acknowledged the peer of all others.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL,
 SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

Now Open.

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

QUEEN OF ALL

MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1st, and will close October 1, 1896.

George Schönewald, Manager,

Room 59, Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Brooklyn Hotel

Conducted on both the European and American plan
 BUSH STREET, bet. Sansome and Montgomery, S. F.

This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.

Board and room: Per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2; per week, \$7 to \$12; per month, \$27.50 to \$40; single room, 50 cents to \$1.

Free coach to and from the Hotel.

RIGGS HOUSE,

Washington, D. C.

The Hotel "Par Excellence"

of the National Capital. First-class in all appointments. O. G. STAPLES, President; G. DEWITT, Treas.

American plan, \$3 per day and upward.

Ebbitt House,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. C. BURCH, Manager.

POPULAR PRICES—Regular rates, \$4 per day up. Fifty rooms on the sixth floor with steam heat and electric light, reduced to \$2.50 and \$3 per day. Fifty rooms on other floors reduced from \$4 to \$3.50 per day. Parlors and alcove parlors at equally low rates. Special rates for the Army and Navy Officers and the Clergy.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco.

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Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

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Private Information to offset Schemers.

The news from London is not encouraging in the line of promotion of California mining enterprises. Speculators are inclined to be very cautious, on the principle, doubtless, of once bitten, twice shy. Good mines are believed to be scarce, and very rightly so. Mr. McDermott for one, has just returned without succeeding in disposing of the Idlewild, after using every effort not only in London, but also in Paris. Other operators report a rather cool reception when money is asked for mining enterprises, and the first success has yet to be recorded. Of course the Alaska mine was sold, but its purchasers cannot be classed with the professional promoters, who have done so much to wreck business in the past. It is not difficult to divine the reason for the frigid tone of London operators toward schemes emanating from this quarter. A person has only to turn over pages of the history of enterprises here since the days of the Sierra Buttes, Ruby, and Dunderberg bonanzas created a demand for California mines. Following on their wake came a host of swindles which beggared every one connected with them, not even enough being cleaned up in the long run to repay their promoters for a smirch upon their reputations which will last for a lifetime upon that side of the Atlantic. Within the past fortnight a prominent business man of this city, whose standing and reputation abroad makes his advice eagerly sought for upon schemes of this kind which may be presented to prominent people in Great Britain, has refused to present properties for personal friends here, owing to the condition of affairs in London. He and one or two other men of prominence here, in direct correspondence with the leading financial houses in the British metropolis, seem to be in a position to act as censors upon all propositions emanating from here, and they have it in their power to check, in a large measure, any attempts to injure the reputation of the State by unscrupulous operators. They know where to apply for information on mining values, and the reputation of the men who present the schemes. England has paid for experience in the line of mining promotion. The Eastern States have evidently yet to receive a lesson in sifting the wheat from the chaff.

Timely Suggestions To Mine Promoters.

It is a wonder that some one has never looked up the old Blue Jacket mine as a possible bait for some Eastern teuderfoot. This is the mine that a sapient judgment awarded over \$100,000 from the Blythe estate as a commission upon a sale which never went through in London many years ago, although it is doubtful if the property was ever worth as many cents, unless as a sink hole for the old millionaire's surplus funds. If this man of many relations had lived to see his daughter married, and had continued to work the Blue Jacket, there are good reasons for believing that the Luning estate would have owned the big Market-street gore lot, and somebody else the slice of land along the Colorado. With the reputation of this judgment behind it, however, the Blue Jacket should make a good catch-peuny for some of the gudgeons now being angled for in the East; for the men who are looking for a mine with a "history" for use when the fall boomlet arrives in accord with predictions from the gentlemen with their weather eyes cocked well to windward.

Revamping an Old Fraud.

Among the valuable (?) properties bonded for London by the Poniatowski syndicate is that wretched wild cat, the Union-Gold, which has been used already to bleed the unfortunate mining speculators of Great Britain under many aliases. It was last known as the Cordova. The revamping of this infamous and impudent swindle is enough to blight the prospects of the whole deal. It is both bad taste, as well as poor judgment, to attempt to foist this wildcat upon the English again. It was hoped that it had been buried in oblivion, but, unfortunately, it may become necessary to again uncover the seething mass of corruption, to the disgust of every decent and honorable man engaged in the mining business.

The Strike In Occidental.

A Brunswick mine seems destined to pull the speculative market on Pine street out of the rut in which it has been struggling along for months past. When the first strike was made upon the 650-level some time ago, the suggestion was made in this column to run in from an old drift below on the 750-level and test the question, whether or not the ore extended to that depth. That the management concluded to do so proves two things, first, that they have every confidence in the future possibilities of the property; secondly, that there is no desire upon the part of the market to milk the street on a mere share-rigging proposition. Every one has had a fair, square deal in this stock from the start, and any unfriendly criticisms upon the management are unwarranted and very unfair. It is a matter for congratulation that the very straightforward and daring policy of the Directors, who are all more or less largely interested in the stock, in starting this drift, with the knowledge that failure meant ruin, that they have met with success beyond the most sanguine expectations. Rich gold ore has been cut during the week, three feet of the vein running as high as \$100 per ton. Since then the ore has widened out to eight feet, with an average value of \$30 per ton. This shows the length of the ledge at this point 150 feet on an angle, sufficient to have caused quite an excitement in the market before the present dry rot set in. There are prospects now, however, for a revulsion of opinion, which may live trading up before long. Prices elsewhere on the Comstock show few changes for the better, but the market closes the week with a healthier tone.

The Pioneer Mine and its Promoter.

Colonel James M. Brazell, the successful promoter of the valuable Pioneer mine on the Boston market, has just left for the East. It is said that he is now about to close another extensive deal, the property being located in Plumas County. Should it turn out to be as profitable a venture as the Pioneer has to its fortunate purchasers, Colonel Brazell will rank as the most successful operator that the Pacific Coast can boast of for years past. He has made no failures so far, and his long record of years in connection with the Comstock mines is clean. Speaking of the Pioneer, the financial statement for the six months ending March 31st, has just been issued, showing an output of bullion valued at \$64,883.60. The expenses for the same period were \$27,057.99, leaving a net profit of \$37,825.61. This makes the returns average \$6,304.27, a long way in excess of the figures guaranteed by the original prospectus of the Company. It is very pleasant to be able to note a fact of this character in connection with a California mine floated abroad, more especially as it corroborates all that has been previously said of the value and prospects of this property in the NEWS LETTER.

The Misleading Glamour Of Cripple Creek.

Whenever any one wants to say something nice about Cripple Creek now, it is proper to speak of it in connection with its "possible rivals"—the Transvaal and Westralia, short for West Australia. Like every other good thing, Cripple Creek has been overdone. Some good mines have been found there, and energetic capitalists have done the rest. Like the Comstock, every foot of ground off the main ledge has been staked off with "for sale" notices prominent to the foreground. In time these locations will serve, like old Phil Sheridan, as pasturage for the browsing billy goat, accustomed to fatten upon empty oil cans and the accumulated debris of a once populous mining camp. There are better prospects within sixty miles of this city, and yet many investors who cannot find a dollar for the development of a mine in California, do not hesitate to put up their thousands for a "blanket ledge" in this far-off region where the boom is on. This shows of itself which is the most popular with the majority of our people, legitimate mining or speculation.

The New Light Combine.

The long foretold combination between Gas and Electric Companies has been made, and the proposition of cheap prices for consumers will now be demonstrated in the negative if human nature has not changed considerably in this section of the world.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
 "One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

GOD save us, are we to have no rest from the brethren? Brown and Colburn ought to be enough to glut the local appetite, one would think, but the newspapers give us daily the record of the whole country. A pastor bolts with a lady from Riverside, another levants with a lady from Brooklyn, bound for Los Angeles, and in a fond parting note commends his wife to the care of the Lord; another pastor from Nebraska, accused of embezzlement and the usual thing with the sisters, is dodging about Bridgeport, Conn., to escape arrest; another pastor is in trouble at Newark, N. J., for the usual thing, and there has been a church trial. All this in our issue of a local daily. The press is becoming intolerable, unfit for the home. The line must be drawn somewhere, and decency requires that it should be drawn at the clergy. If they must keep this thing up, let them, but there is no need that the press should keep a record. Give us something new. The "clerical scandal" excites only yawns when it does not overcome with disgust.

THERE is a deal of noise just now, and Republican statesmen and Democratic statesmen whirl about in a cloud of dust of their own making. The shouts of the combatants inform us that undying principles are at stake, and that if this or that set of delegates shall go to this or that convention, the most tremendous consequences will ensue. One advantage of not being a politician, under the momentous circumstances, is that you can smoke in calmness, and enjoy the pleasures of placid curiosity in mildly wondering what it is all about. Really, a dog-fight has superior merits as a spectacle, and the country has as little to hope or fear from one sort of scrimmage as the other. The politician's capacity for growing red in the face is equaled by his ability to take himself seriously. He's usually an ass.

THE daily press is essentially trivial, even in its most energetic enterprise. Though the newspapers give pages to the skirmishes preliminary to the approaching Republican State Convention, no attention whatever is paid to the platform. The public, as yet, are in the dark as to the policies favored by the party leaders. What do we know of the views on the financial question, the tariff, our relations with Spain as to Cuba, or our relations with Great Britain as to Venezuela, entertained by Senator Jerry Maboney, Mr. Martin Kelly, or Colonel Phil. Crimmins? This is shameful, and not only shameful, but dangerous. What is to become of the country if politics shall be permitted by a careless press to degenerate into a mere struggle for spoils?

BECAUSE a wayside house in Fruitvale offends the moral sensibilities of the pastor of the contiguous Higgins Methodist Church, the good man has called on the Salvation Army to make such a pious clamor before the tavern's doors that business shall be spoiled. This is an excellent idea and worthy of extension. If the saloon keepers who have families and do business in the neighborhood of the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, were to turn out each Sabbath with drum, fife, tamhourine and voice, serenading the sacred edifice, the scandal of Dr. Brown's preaching might haply be abated.

THE Reverend Mr. Hatch, looking over this sin-sick world in search of a specialty of Satan worthy of assault, selects unregenerate church choirs, and the Reverend Mr. Scudder, of Alameda, gives his energies to the invention of a hundred-tap communion barrel, with one-worshipper mugs in proportion. While the clergy retain so vivid a sense of moral proportion there is no danger that the Evil One will win out in his contest with the Lord, long and splendidly sustained as it has been up to this writing.

EVERY whoop for McKinley is a stone added to the tariff dam that, when raised high enough, will completely close the Golden Gate. This is a reflection which, apparently, has not penetrated the giant brain of the average Californian Republican. His specialty is not thinking, but whooping—just simply whooping.

NOW that the Western Passenger Association has decided to reduce rates to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions, it is to be hoped that many of our local politicians will see fit to journey Eastwards. It might pay to get up a public purse and help along such men as Buckley, Burns, Popper, Mahoney, McNab, Martin Kelley, and all the others whose names we are heartily weary of. They might rob one another on the train, but as none of them have any virtue left no scandal could possibly ensue.

THE State would certainly be the gainer could the contesting Democratic delegations be instigated to fight to the death with bowie knives before going to Sacramento. The citizens of that city might help us by offering them some of their famous water, but who ever heard of McNab or Popper having any use for such a liquid—except, perhaps, for street cleaning purposes.

JOHAN T. Flynn, the genial solicitor who is at present charged with having left a newly born babe, which subsequently died, in a vacant lot, is too innocent for this life entirely. He was with the lady during the evening of the denouement, yet never discovered she was *cuccinte*! Such innocence is indeed refreshing in these sultry days of nineteenth century research.

GENERAL Bidwell, the Prohibitionist, is to deliver an address before the State Board of Trade, and it is stated that wine will be served with the lunch. If the General keeps on at this rate and takes a cigar or so occasionally, there is more chance of his becoming President than by his sticking to the milk-and-water party.

MRS. Davidsou admits that she has been "silenced in civil court and ecclesiastical council." Modesty like this is unheard of in mortal woman, and we suggest that she be donated to the Park Museum or placed on exhibition along with the State exhibits. No other State can boast of such a prodigy.

COLONEL Bob Ingersoll preaching agnosticism and optimism from the pulpit of The Church Militant at Chicago, appears as an angel of light when compared with Dr. C. O. Brown hypocritically teaching religion and morality from the desecrated pulpit of the First Congregational Church.

PASTOR Jewett is registering a kick because so many of the flock are refusing to travel heavenwards by the Congregational route. He should go over the list of the shepherds, many of whom are rams in sheep's clothing, and are too fond of the ewes for the good of the general fold.

PROVIDENCE occasionally puts a finger in the human pie. Chief of Police Lloyd, of Oakland, was locked up last week on a charge of perjury. It is stated that the other men behind the bars took umbrage at his presence and demanded in a body to be liberated.

THE cost of the Blairmore investigation was £18 7s 9d. The boat was probably valued at the pounds, Captain Caw's loss of confidence in himself may be compensated for by the shillings, and the six poor sailors were valued at three ba'pence apiece!

BENEATH (his slab there lies poor Parson Brown,
 Who lived and loved as men will sometimes do;
 It weighs ten tons; naught less could keep him down
 From rising up and making love to you.

ARRANGEMENTS have just been completed at the Sutro Baths whereby the Mayor can be seen performing his weekly ablutions. The small charge for admittance will go toward the purchase of disinfectants.

GW. WILDERMAN, of the World's Christian Co-operative Society, is said to have gone wrong. The fools who sunk their money in such sanctimonious concerns deserve to be robbed, anyway.

NO, "Many Inquirers" labor under a mistake. "Young Hearst of the Examiner" is not so very young. He is past thirty, quite old enough to know better.

IT should not be so difficult to find a heavy-weight mouth fighter to match against Jim Corbett. There is Judge Hayue, for instance.

THIS city was evidently too hot for Hearst.



**A Book
of
The Week.***

As a rule, the autobiographies of actors and actresses are not pleasant reading. There is too much self-consciousness about them, and the glow of the footlights brings out the irrepressible "I" with wearisome monotony. By the nature of their calling actors and actresses cannot easily practice that self-effacement which adds so much to the charm of self-history, and which tempers the ego in nicely balanced minds. Mme. de Navarro is, however, an exception to the rule, and the successes she achieved never destroyed those singular charms of beauty, modesty, and retirement which won for her universal respect, and those charms are all in evidence in "A Few Memoirs," written by her and published by Harpers. There is an unconscious attraction about this book which every American will recognize as being a part of those characteristics which contributed so much to Miss Mary Anderson's success—characteristics which will be remembered when her acting will cease to be the most distant of memories. If, indeed, we were critically inclined we might find much fault with the style and manner of expression in many of the sentences used by the author, but here again is where Mme. de Navarro exercises her unconscious power, for even to her failings as a writer we acknowledge ourselves disarmed, and the respect she commands turns the hypercritically inclined into gallantry and admiration. But, if there is an absence of purity of style, there is a naturalness in "A Few Memoirs" which is one of its chief attractions, as when, for instance, she describes her early trials and tribulations as follows:

"From my first appearance my work had been difficult and uphill. Without any training, I was gaining experience; not hidden in a small part under the shadow of some great 'star,' but in the bright light of leading characters, filled with memoirs of Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean, and Fanny Kemble, and with the critical eye of the public full upon me. Still I toiled on, hoped on, prayed on, and felt the work slowly growing in ease and finish. But it was painfully disheartening to find myself straddled for lack of technical knowledge whenever the usual enthusiasm in the great scenes refused, through weariness or discouragement, to glow. Indeed, I would not wish 'my dearest enemy' to pass through the uncertainties and despondencies of these early years."

But, as all the world knows, success soon came to the gifted actress, and yet that success, she tells us, was often accompanied by tribulations, as, for instance, the tragedy with which her name was associated, and to which she refers as follows:

"I allude to the mournful event which created so much sensation at the time, when a young and attractive girl, imagining her lover attached to me, wounded him and killed herself, after having sought in vain to take my life. Many of those early days were as fraught with danger and excitement as with discomfort and weariness. I have often smiled at the general belief that my path has been one of roses."

And indeed the fact that her path had not been one of roses becomes painfully apparent in her autobiography. Mary Anderson had severe trials, but then she had great triumphs. How few actresses in the history of the stage can point to such a record as hers, or let us be frank and ask, how many great actresses have tried to win fame through moral goodness, and that uprightness which, in her, left on the public imagery a belief that she belongs, among actresses, to the hierarchy of virtue? But in this book of hers we find little or nothing that is self-laudatory, while the most interesting "memoirs" in its pages are those which remind us of her friendship with Tennyson. The world knows so little about the home life of the late poet laureate, and that little not flattering, that it will hear with pleasure some of the good qualities Mme. de Navarro found in him, for she enjoyed his friendship, if indeed she did unconsciously exercise an influence over his

mannerism. We were, of course, prepared to hear of the poetic interest he took in "the cliffs, the sea, the sky, and shrubs, the very lumps of chalk under his foot, he had a word for them all," this only being another illustration of the "lesson in each tree and flower," but we were not prepared to hear that "he was not a faddist in any sense of the word." And yet this is what Mme. de Navarro tells us, and we must, of course, accept her view of Tennyson as that of one who knew him fairly well. We all know that he cared nothing for the rain, and that he loved to defy the elements, but if he had "broad sympathies," as Mme. de Navarro says he had, then he had at times a rough way of showing them. Until now those who knew Tennyson had reason to believe that he was too often uncouth and coarse, and he lacked the refinement in manners and language which necessarily belonged to his station as an English gentleman. No doubt the fact that Miss Anderson was to interpret Tennyson's Maid Marian on the stage had a good deal to do with his friendship for the young actress, and the charm she exercised over all with whom she came in contact found in him no exception. Who could be uncouth or rough in the presence of Mary Anderson, as we all remember her a few years ago, and the fact that Tennyson could be courteous to her is no proof that he was courteous or even civil to those who were always near him. That he could tell a good story is nothing new, and this Mme. de Navarro confirms when she says: "I have never met any one more perfect with whom to exchange anecdotes than Tennyson. At one time I made it a practice to put down and remember the many good ones I heard, for the selfish pleasure of repeating them to him." All this helps to lift a little of the cloud that hangs over the home life of the late poet laureate, and if Mme. de Navarro had done nothing but help in lifting a little of this cloud, "A Few Memoirs" will not have been written without accomplishing something all lovers of Tennyson wish to know.

* "A Few Memoirs." By Mme. de Navarro (Miss Mary Anderson). Harper & Bros.

On Sunday last the Examiner inflicted on its readers the first installment of the late "Bill Nye's Comic History of England." Whoever induced the Examiner to give this vulgar, tasteless, witless, and universally condemned "comic" history once more to the public, had very bad taste and very poor judgment. The publication of such trash is an insult to the people who patronize the Examiner, and we shall be very much surprised if that journal does not discover that the intelligence of its readers is of a higher standard than it apparently believes. To compare this "comic" history of England with Gilbert A. Becket's work is equal to comparing Thackeray with Rider Haggard, or an old master with a daub. Such works as "Bill Nye's Comic History of England" are, in letterpress and pictures, degeneracy with a vengeance.

"Stanford University and Thereabouts" is a handsomely printed and finely illustrated brochure, which gives an interesting account of the founders of the famous institution, as well as its surroundings—Palo Alto, Mayfield, the foothills, the mountains, and the places within a short spin on the wheel. And after reading this little book even strangers to the institution will begin to understand the causes which have produced the great results that Stanford has achieved in the intellectual world. California can never, at least should never, forget how much it owes to Leland Stanford. William Doxey, San Francisco.

The following books will appear in the near future from the press of Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago: "The Primary School," "A History of the American Tariff," "The Mercantile Agencies Against Commerce," "Man or Dollar," "Hypnotism Up to Date."

A woman has been sentenced in Oxfordshire, England, for doing just what "Bessie Costrell" did, as told by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The facts as published in the paper and as told by Mrs. Ward are said to be almost identical.

Bayard Taylor's new book, "Spring Notes from Tennessee," is to appear some time this month.

The Dial calls Hall Caine a literary burglar.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

IRENE.—WILLIAM COLBY COOPER, IN APRIL ARENA

Come to my sheltering arms, Irene,
And pillow your head on my yearning breast—
Pillow it there and at last find rest,
Like a tired bird in its little nest,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My wayward, wand'ring Irene.

Come to my eager arms, Irene;
Fly from the tinsel and glitter and glare
That dazzle the soul, as they hide the snare
Spread for innocence everywhere,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My faded and jaded Irene.

Come to my open arms, Irene;
Spurned and despised, as you are, by all—
Even by the wretch who caused your fall
And settled upon you this dreadful pall,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My saddened, maddened Irene.

Come to my outstretched arms, Irene;
Wearied you must be of sinful sights—
Tired and sick of the false delights
That fill up your days and delirious nights,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My hunted and haunted Irene.

Come to my hungry arms, Irene;
Oh! I am longing and longing to prove
To you, and the world, and the angels above,
The infinite reach of a spiritual love,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My trampled and tarnished Irene.

Then come to my lonesome arms, Irene,
And pillow your head on my waiting breast—
Pillow it there, and at last find rest,
Like a tired bird in its old-home nest,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My pitiful little Irene.

THE thirteenth semi-annual flower show of the California State Floral Society will be held at the Palace Hotel on April 30th, May 1st, and May 2d. It is stated that the exhibition this year will surpass any ever held in the history of the society. Quality, not quantity, is to be the ruling motto, and only the choicest flowers will be allowed to take part in the competition. The committee of arrangements are: Prof. Emory Smith, manager; Mrs. W. S. Chandler, Mrs. M. Grothwell, Mrs. B. E. Henriksen, Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins; Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin, Secretary.

PREPARATIONS are actively on foot for the polo match at Burlingame, to be played between the Riversides and the Burlingames on Saturday afternoon, May 9th. The field will be in magnificent condition, as pipes are now being laid to have it well irrigated and in perfect condition for an exciting contest. The arrangements regarding trains, etc., will be similar to last year, a special train leaving Third and Townsend streets at 1:45 and returning about 5:30.

SOME of the most famous dogs of America will be exhibited at the coming bench show of the Pacific Kennel Club at the Mechanics' Pavilion, beginning May 6th. Many Eastern fanciers have promised to loan their prizewinners, and it is safe to say that such specimens of mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, terriers, and other fine breeds, will never have been seen on this coast before. Local fanciers have also entered some first-class animals.

THE Pacific Union Club election took place last Tuesday, and resulted in the election of the popular George A. Newhall as one of the Directors. Another meeting will have to take place in the near future for the election of eight other Directors. It is expected that great changes are about to take place in the club, as many of the members are desirous of occupying quarters of their own instead of paying rent for leased premises.

The very latest thing in linen goods and underwear are to be found at John W. Carmau's, 25 Kearny Street. Ladies' shirtings a specialty.

Sir Edwin Arnold said that George T. Marsh, 625 Market street, had the best collection of Japanese Art goods in this city.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.



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PRICES REDUCED.—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

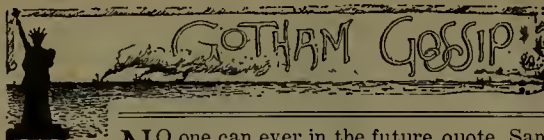


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302 Kearny street
908 Market St., S. F.



NO one can ever in the future quote San Francisco as the city of sudden climatic changes. New York has the palm now. Last week we had a snow storm; yesterday the mercury stood at eighty-three, and there were two deaths from the intense heat. The ice companies have sent out their usual summer notices so dear to the hearts of householders, that the price of ice has risen. A sure sign, this, of warm weather. In the parks the trees are budding and birds are singing, the window gardens have made their appearance, and the shops have put out their awnings. Straw hats and shirt waists are the popular attire, and the summer girl begins to prepare herself for conquests of her especial season. The heat has affected the theatres, and even *Carmen*, with Calvé the superb, did not attract a large house on Tuesday, and possibly only the presentation to Nordica saved the receipts on Wednesday night, when, a beautiful Elsa, she sang herself anew into the affections of the New York public. The gift, by the way, was a diamond tiara, given by a number of her friends and opera subscribers, the individual contributions being limited to ten dollars. As the tiara is said to have cost five thousand dollars, it shows that Madame Nordica's friends are numerous.

I do not know whether I wrote you last week of the projected change at the Metropolitan Opera House. I had inside information, but the matter is now made public. The floor is to be covered and arranged for a bicycle rink. Wheels are to be on sale and on hire, instructors will be present, Seidl's orchestra will play afternoon and evening, and refreshments are to be served in the boxes. It looks feasible, and I dare say the place may become a popular resort.

Another continuous amusement place is about to be established. Durland's Riding Academy on the Grand Circle at the Eighth avenue entrance to the Park is to be transformed and arrangements made for a permanent circus, bowling alley, billiard and pool rooms, and café, with daily concerts. This will be something a cut nearer than the continuous variety show, and will appeal to a tremendous class of pleasure seekers on the West side. Most of the bicycle stores are centered in this neighborhood, which has become a busy centre.

This hot weather is hard on the cyclists, who cannot have any relief for their thirsty throats unless they resort to iced milk and sticky sarsaparilla. This I mean on Sunday, when no one has any legal right to thirst unless he lives in a hotel. We are a crude community. By the way, some men who meant to get the best of the Raines' bill (how suggestive and cooling that name is) took a flask to a resort on the Riverside Drive last Sunday, ordered guileless bottles of ginger beer, and with many a jovial wink and chuckle, diluted it with the innocent contents of the flask. Their joy was short-lived, for they were promptly arrested and fined for drinking in a public place on Sunday. The proprietor was warned, I believe, against future chances of the sort, and the waiters likewise. People are daily expecting restrictions to be placed upon their use of their private cellars.

The talk of the week, outside of politics and the ever present Raines, has been the pantomime, *Orange Blossoms*, wherein Madame Pilar-Morris, a bride, calmly disrobes on the stage, goes to bed, and calls out to her ulew-made lord, "Entrez!" It is outrageously suggestive, and has been modified by order of the law.

Mrs. Woolworth has been at the Holland House for several days, and sails for England on Saturday. The Aparicios leave on the same day for France. Lieutenant Commander Richardson Clover and Mrs. Clover have been at the Muenchinger King Cottage at Newport for a week, looking about for a cottage for the summer. Mrs. Bella Nichols has cards out for a reception on the twenty-second, from four until seven. Several of the opera company will sing, and Madame d'Hardelot will play.

The vestry elections in the Episcopal churches have just been held, and in two of them, St. Bartholomew's and St. Ignatius, two former Californians have been made vestry-

men—Colonel Wetherington in St. Ignatius and George Crocker in St. Bartholomew's.

Louis Schmidt gave the last of his violin recitals on Tuesday night to a large audience.

New York, April 17, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week gives a superb view of the city from the Hopkins Art Institute building looking south. The large building to the left is the Mills; that towards the right is the Crocker, separated by Market street from the Palace Hotel. The building with the clock tower is the Chronicle Building. The district shown consists of dwellings in the near foreground and business houses in the middle and background. Kearny street runs clear through the center of the picture.

We again call the attention of our readers to the necessity of saving their pictures, as this series, when completed, will constitute one of the finest albums ever gotten up of San Francisco. Back numbers of the NEWS LETTER can always be had of news dealers or at the office.

THE dates for the remaining lectures given by Father P. C. Yorke at the Metropolitan Temple on Civil and Religious Liberty are as follows: April 27th, May 8th and May 12th.

The art of Japan is sought for all over the world. George T. Marsh, 625 Market street, has the best specimens thereof in this city.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and sure relief.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 30, of 15 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Monday, April 20, 1896. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, April 14, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELTON, Secretary.

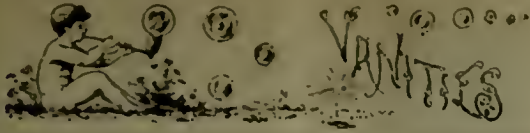
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DEAR EDITH—The cold days are bringing out fur wraps of all descriptions again. Some of the Paris effects are exceedingly handsome, and show a pretty face off to good advantage. Astrachan is also a great favorite, but if you succeed in getting the real genuine article you may consider yourself indeed fortunate. There is so much of the spurious article manufactured in England and France, and it is so well imitated, that it is next to impossible to get the real thing. The best way to tell Astrachan is to pull the little curls out straight, and, if not imitation goods, they will go back to their natural position.

There was a very pretty dinner gown on exhibition at one of our leading modiste's this week. It had a sweepingly full skirt, measuring yards and yards at the foot, and was filled in with rows of dust ruffles underneath, until one would think it covered a dozen lace edged petticoats. The fullness of the skirt was drawn smoothly over the front and sides, and flared out in a number of godets at the back. There was a tiny bit of a train sweeping out behind. The bodice was seamless and slightly pointed both at the back and front, and the trimmings were all of turquoise blue velvet. There was also a charming cape made of rich black velvet, with front pieces of a fancy-figured purple and green silk. These come from under the shoulders in the shape of sash ends. They fold tightly over the figure, are carried about the waist, pass through a big fancy buckle in the back, and fall down on the back of the skirt. The ends are finished by ruffles of cream lace. The cape proper does not reach much below the elbows, and is lined with green silk. It hangs over the arms in a heavy fold that suggests the idea of a sleeve, and the sides of the cape are finished by jabots of lace. This gives to the silk front the appearance of a folded vest.

The collars on cloth gowns are all of grass linen, and are much more elaborate than they were last year. One I saw on an imported serge gown was trimmed with a narrow band of white embroidery beading. Through the beading scarlet baby ribbon was run, and the effect was exceedingly pretty.

Another grass linen collar in the natural linen shade was trimmed with an insertion of black lace, and finished with a deep frill of the lace. The shops are now selling gauntlet cuffs of grass linen to match the sailor collars.

Styles in coiffures seem to be undecided. I think that every girl should know what best becomes her, and should adhere to it though the whole world flout her for so doing. Stand in front of your mirror, by the aid of which you can see the front, back, and both sides of the head; try first one and then the other style—low, high, wide, narrow, smooth bands, crinkles, temple locks, middle part, pompadour, figure eights, flat braids, etc.—and when you have hit upon the one that makes the head and face conform most nearly to a graceful ideal, adopt that for your distinctive style and cling to it, though empires fall. The forehead, I may add, should either be entirely exposed or completely covered.

As for hats, they appear in all variety, and hues, and shapes. Some known as the Louis XV and Louis XVI are turned up at the back and trimmed with flowers and high standing bows of ribbon. A shape that seems to find much favor, has a flat brim and a very low crown. The Marie Stuart bonnet is having quite a run nowadays, and when made of lace with wide strings is very becoming, especially to middle-aged women.

The most novel and elegant dress trimmings on exhibition in the large stores are Venetian, Renaissance, and Honiton applique edgings and insertions laid over velvet bands.

BELINDA.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1332 Market street.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

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Styles and
Novelties

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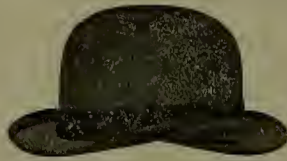
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TO-MORROW WE DIE.—ROBERT C. TENGUE, IN CAP AND GOWN.

LET us live while the heart is lightest,
 Let us love while the heart is strong,
 And laugh while the day is brightest,
 And quicken the morn with song;
 Let us mourn for no joy untasted,
 Let us envy no bliss gone by;
 The pleasure ungrasped is wasted.
 To-morrow we die, we die!

Let us quaff from the crystal showing
 The wine on the headed rim;
 Let us gather the fruitage glowing
 Full ripe on the bending limb.
 To-morrow the howl is shattered;
 Ere ever the shreds be dry
 The fruit is withered and scattered.
 To-morrow we die, we die!

To-day is for love and kisses
 With life at its golden prime;
 A century's wealth of blisses
 We reap in a moment's time,
 The heart keeps time to the measure,
 While the harp of love rings high;
 To-day is for love and pleasure,
 To-morrow we die, we die!

ASUNDER.—HUGH CONWAY.

Once, when the sun, in slowly dying splendor,
 Sank, sending crimson suiles across the sea;
 When, in the twilight, eyes looked true and tender—
 "Tell me," you said, "how great your love for me."
 Darker and darker grew the sea before us;
 Turning, I saw a shadow at your side;
 Mist filled the sky and hid the pale stars o'er us;
 As those who speak in dreams my lips replied—
 "Some measure love by gold,
 By endless time, by soundless sea;
 But I—I love you well enough
 To leave you, Love, if needs must be."

Words, thoughtless words! but breathing doubt forbidden;
 Fears, foolish fears! that love must lull to rest—
 Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden,
 Veiled in those words you deemed an idle jest;
 Now, Love, with paths divided, hands asunder,
 Now we have learnt the meaning, you and I,
 Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
 Hid in the words I spoke, and knew not why—
 "Some measure love by gold,
 By endless time, by soundless sea;
 But I—I love you well enough
 To leave you, Love, if needs must be."

AN OASIS.—MADAME DARMESTETER.

You wandered in the desert waste, athirst;
 My soul I gave you as a well to drink;
 A little while you lingered at the brink,
 And then you went, nor either blessed nor cursed.
 The image of your face, which sank that day
 Into the magic waters of the well,
 Still haunts their clearness, still remains to tell
 Of one who looked and drank and could not stay.

The sun shines down, the moon slants over it,
 The stars look in and are reflected not;
 Only your face unchanged and not forgot,
 Shines through the deeps, till all the waves are lit.

My soul I gave you as a well to drink,
 And in its depth your face is clearer far
 Than any shine of sun or moon or star—
 Since then you pause by many a greener brink.

LIFE'S EPITOME.—ANNIE E. P. SEARING, IN HARPER'S BAZAR.

A hurst of light and song and story,
 Of hopes and dreams, of sometimes glory—
 Day's begun.

A little praise, a little blame,
 A little floating breath of fame,
 A little sitting in the sun—a little sigh—and
 Day is done.



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San Francisco



WHAT OTHERS SAY.

TILLMAN, of South Carolina, is about to begin a round of free-silver speeches in the West, and he deserves to be encouraged in the undertaking. We can think of nothing more likely to convert Western voters to the sound-money cause than the wild barbaric yawp of the South Carolina statesman booming for free coinage.—New York Mail and Express.

It has always seemed to us that no tyranny was so intolerable, so senseless, and withal so impotent for good to those who employed or submitted to it, as the labor union as it is now conducted. It is absolutely antagonistic to all laws, usages and customs that govern the relations and intercourse of men, and to all sense of right and justice.—Alameda Argus.

The verdict which declared that an English physician should pay \$60,000 damages for talking of what he learned professionally while treating a female patient was on all fours with common sense. A man who doesn't know how to hold his tongue isn't fit for a doctor.—Amador Record.

"Payable in gold" is now and always has been the language of contracts in California. The pretense of certain Californians that they favor free silver for themselves is the grossest instance of political humbug in the forty-five States.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Republican Army and Navy League of San Francisco has resolved in favor of McKinley for President, but diplomatically adds that it will support the Republican nominee whoever he may be. Such partisan servitude encourages bossism.—Oroville Mercury.

The charge that Secretary Smith was once a free silver man is nothing to his discredit. The man who hasn't the courage to reverse himself when he discovers his error is rather too obstinate to make a good citizen.—Woodland Democrat.

It requires no Roentgen ray to discover the fraud proposed by the Republican party, to pass a protective tariff act, when Republican senators declare a protective tariff bill shall not pass the Senate for the next ten years.—Oroville Mercury.

Scientists say the time is coming when we shall be able to talk with the planets. The necessity for more talk is not urgent, but any improvement in the quality will be thankfully received.—Colusa Herald.

The Examiner speaks of a man who is the father of twenty-four children. Trot us out a man who is the mother of twenty-four children. That would be a "big scoop."—Star.

The highwayman who relieved Senator Teller, the silver champion, of \$100, probably coincided with that statesman's views that silver should be free.—Merced Evening Sun.

Judging from late dispatches, the opening season for shooting Republicans throughout the country is now at hand.—Fresno Expositor.

THE Soudan campaign is becoming more serious every day. Fresh troops are being ordered to the front from England and when the struggle really commences it will probably be the greatest that country has ever witnessed, and the last.

THERE is much hope for the Democracy after all. Mrs. Lease may take the stump for the Republican Party.

There are very few places in San Francisco where a lady can step in and get a good lunch after shopping. Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, is an exception to the rule as the cooking there is absolutely excellent. It is the one place in town where the delicious English muffins can be obtained, besides other fine and light pastries. The Swain Brothers furnish dinners at all the leading functions in town and their efforts in this direction are unsurpassed.

Paderewski knew the value of good whiskey. The famous J. F. Cutter Bourbon is, in the opinion of those who know, one of the finest liquids in this line ever placed on the market. The agents for this Coast are E. Martin & Co., 411 Market Street, and they supply our leading houses with this delightful brand.

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Breakfast Cocoa;



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Trade Mark
"La Belle
Chocolatier"
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Absolutely
Pure.
No Chemicals.

BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS.

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Say State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter street.

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Telephone: Bush 12
Principal office: 23 Powell street, opposite Baldwin Hotel.
Branch—11 Taylor street, near Golden Gate avenue. Laundry—Twelfth street, bet. Folsom and Howard, San Francisco, Cal. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Orders left at office will receive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

Tenison Deane, M. D.

Tel. East 33. Residence 1003 Sutter.
Office, City of Paris Building, No. 14 Grant avenue. Ex-surgeon U. S. Army; Ex-surgeon S. F. Receiving Hospital. Hours, 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.; 5 to 5:30 P. M.



"Do you take an active part in politics here?" said the stranger in Kentucky. "Well," he answered, thoughtfully, "not as yet. But I'm looking to jine in most any minute." "What's your business?" "Undertaker."—Washington Star.

She had determined to avail herself of leap year's privilege, so she wrote this message on a postal card and mailed it to the man of her choice: "Knot?" But what was her mortification when the return mail brought this comprehensive reply: "Nit."—Harper's Bazar.

She—Did you tell Fibs of our engagement? HE—Yes. SHE (aggrieved)—You promised that you would say nothing about it. HE—It's perfectly safe with Fibs; no one ever believes him.—Washington Times.

First Bell Boy—I've yelled fire till I am hoarse and the man in No. 163 won't wake. SECOND BELL BOY—I guess you'll have to yell something else. He looked to me like an orthodox deacon.—Detroit Tribune.

Tommy—Paw, what does it mean where Cæsar wanted men about him who were fat? MR. FIG—I guess he was getting a little scared and wanted a few extra policemen.—Cleveland World.

Parson to youngster fishing on Sunday—My boy, I'm surprised to find you here. YOUNGSTER innocently—Do you know some other place where they bite better?—Up-to-Date.

"I have cured Biggins of his horrible superstition at last," the philanthropist exclaimed. "How did you manage it?" "I offered to lend him \$13."—Washington Star.

"Don't you think, Harry, you could induce one or two boys to come to Sunday School?" "I could bring one," he replied. "De udder fellers in our alley kin lick me."—Life.

The Minister—My mission in life is to make men better. THE BACHELOR—Indeed! I thought all ministers performed the marriage ceremony!—Yonkers Statesman.

First Foreigner—What do those people in the gallery mean by yelling "rats?" SECOND FOREIGNER—Those must be the cat-calls of which we read.—Detroit Tribune.

Mother—Are you sure that he loves you? DAUGHTER—Of course I am. Can't I see how he stares at me whenever I am not looking at him.—Fliegeude Blatter.

Yeast—Did Miss Howell's voice fill the hall? CRIMSON-BEAK—Well, it filled the lobby. Nearly everybody went out there when she sang.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Anything interesting in the New Woman Club?" "Yes, we are to have a spruig exhibition of paintings done by old mistresses."—Chicago Record.

Watts—So you don't look on young Sharpe as a coming man, don't you? POTTS—I would if I was in charge of the penitentiary.—Washington Star.

Lady Customer in china shop—Do you break these sets? DEALER—No, madam, the purchaser's servants usually attcuds to that.—Tit-Bits.

Poet to editor—I send you a poem, "Why Do I Live?" Please answer. EDITOR—Because you send your poem by mail.—Texas Siftings.

"Do you like French restaurants?" "Yes; only I hate restaurant French."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Depew is exceedingly fond of oysters. Moraghan, Stalls 68-70 California Market, has the best Eastern and Californian in this city.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

No lamp is a good one without its particular chimney.

The Index tells what Number to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl glass."

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. [S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President. JOHN A. HOOPEE, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, O. G. Hooker, James Mott, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier. Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier, Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguiere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord S. L. Abbot, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin A. K. P. Harmon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

NO. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1893.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President

ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Cail Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain. A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning flour and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



QUEEN VICTORIA takes a light breakfast, a hearty luncheon, and a substantial tea. At a quarter to nine, when dinner is served, her Majesty eats very sparingly, and only of the lightest and most nutritious food. About midway between breakfast and luncheon, when transacting business (all the heavy work of the day being over and done with at 1:30) she takes a refresher in the shape of either a cup of beef tea as strong as it can be made or an egg beaten up with a little milk or sherry.

—A few days ago there died at Ravenna, Lorenzo Fagnoli, who saved Garibaldi's life in 1849 by hiding him in the swamps near that city. Garibaldi and he from their hiding place saw the Austrian soldiers march by with Ugo Bassi and the other patriots they had captured, who were soon after tried by court martial and shot.

—A woman, Mrs. Fleming, of the Harvard Observatory, has discovered four of the fourteen new stars discovered in the last three hundred years. They are: One in the constellation of Perseus, in 1887; one in Norma in 1893; and one each in Carina and Centaurus during the present year.

—In commemoration of the victories won by the Japanese troops in China, the Buddhists of Kioto, Japan, will erect a gigantic bronze statue of Buddha in that city. It will be 120 feet in height, and the cannon captured by the Japanese during the war are to be used in making the image.

—The appointment of Lord Dunraven as Lord-Lieutenant of Limerick has given great satisfaction to the Irish. He lives for several months of the year at Adare Manor, his place in Limerick county, and he is said to be very hospitable and is on good terms with his tenants.

—The Director-General of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900 is M. Delaunay-Belleville, a man of about fifty years of age. He is the chairman of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, an eminent engineer, and took an active part in many French industrial undertakings.

—A French pedestrian is about to leave France on a walking tour around the world, going by way of Turkey, Palestine, India, China, and across the United States. He has already traveled 10,000 miles on foot through Europe and the East.

—Enough subscriptions have been received to erect and maintain the beacon which is to be erected on Freshwater Down, Isle of Wight, as a memorial to Lord Tennyson. \$1250 of the amount received was sent from this country.

—The real name of Salvationist Booth-Tucker is F. de la Tour Tucker, but when he married Emma Booth, the second daughter of the old General, in 1888, he was persuaded to add the name of her family to his own.

—The oldest Royal Academician is Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper, who is in his ninety-third year, yet is able to paint vigorously without the aid of glasses, and finds ready purchasers for his works.

—It is stated that the gold table service of the Sultan of Turkey is worth \$1,000,000. One of the soup tureens is of eighteen carat fineness and is studded with emeralds and turquoises.

—The stone covering Dr. Johnson's grave in Westminster Abbey, which was partially destroyed by neglect, has been repaired. The inscription has been re-cut and whitened.

—Plans have been submitted to the Japanese Government for private companies for over 2000 miles of new railroads.

—Liquors are a costly luxury in the Transvaal. Whiskey fetches \$15 50 a bottle, champagne \$12 50, and beer \$1 a bottle.

WHEN the "New Man" comes it is to be hoped he will bring new drinks with him. We are weary of the old ones.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. IRISH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE..... 60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd.; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)..... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Asst. Cashier I. F. MOUTON.....2d Asst. Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... 1,575,531

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000

Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.
Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.
Tacoma Branch—156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Asst. Manager, WILLIAM STEEL
Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.

NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.

This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE..... 68 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

Geo. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

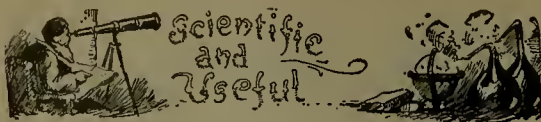
Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed..... 3,000,000 | Reserve Fund..... 700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



SLEEP AFTER MEALS.—The Medical Record states that while a person should stretch himself out for a rest in the horizontal decubitus after a hearty meal, he should resist the tempting Morpheus, especially if there be present a dilated state of the stomach or if its juices be hyperacid.

OF USE TO WRITERS.—Insert two pens of the same size into a penholder, allowing the inner one to project a little. The writing is done with the inner pen, but the ink collected between the two is sufficient to last through several pages of a letter, and yet it will not flow more freely than needed. The pens must be continually cleaned so as not to allow any dirt to settle on them.

SQUEAKY SHOES.—To remove the unpleasant noise of a squeaking shoe, pour a small quantity of linseed or sweet oil in a plate and allow the soles of the shoes to stand in the oil over night. By this means they will not only lose their squeak but will also become impervious to dampness.

QUININE FOR MALARIA.—A writer in the Medical Record states that while traveling in Africa he was repeatedly forced to make long journeys with an empty stomach, through drenching rains. He took daily five-grain doses of quinine and never experienced severe malarial fever.

TURQUOISE MINES.—Turquoise mines exist in several localities in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. The output from a mine near Phoenix, Arizona, after examination, has proved to be a hard compact chrysocolla and not genuine turquoise.

A NUISANCE PROHIBITED.—The Health Commissioner of Brooklyn warns pastors of churches not to allow the ringing of bells before 7 A. M., and, if invalids are in the neighborhood, to restrict the bell-ringing to as few strokes as possible.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.—Bottom has lately been found in New Zealand waters, at 5155 fathoms. The greatest depth ever ascertained heretofore was 4,655 fathoms by the American warship Tuscarora, off the northeast coast of Japan.

THE NEAREST YET.—The Yerkes telescope in the Chicago University has a magnifying power of 4,000 times, which will bring the moon's surface to within sixty miles. On clear days the lunar mountains will easily be discernible.

A PAPER SHIRT.—A Pennsylvania man intends starting a paper shirt manufactory. These garments are to be worn between the linen shirt and the under garment on cold days, thus keeping the body at an even temperature.

A CURE FOR NAUSEA.—Many women suffer from nausea when riding in the cars. This may be prevented by taking morning and evening 30 drops of the valerianated tincture of ammonia in a teaspoonful of water.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—A glass eye will last from six to twelve months. The glass is corroded by the humors of the eye and becomes rough, which irritates the membrane and makes a new false eye necessary.

THE MOST USEFUL DRUGS.—The following drugs have been pronounced the most useful in medicine: Iodide of potassium, antipyrin, liquor arsenicalis, tincture digitalis, and liquor strychnina.

DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.—In Germany there are 37,800 blind people and 29,200 who have only one eye each.

THE TASTE NERVES.—The taste nerves are 2000 times more sensitive to quinine than they are to sugar.

BALFOUR, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, may prove Ireland's best friend after all. The new Irish land bill introduced by him in the Commons facilitates the purchase of holdings and also greatly reduces rent, that on improvements being done away with entirely.

'TIS a bad outlook for the Republican party when it has to lean upon a Reed.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St.

San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

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SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO..... 29 South Castle St., Liverpool

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FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital..... \$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up..... \$1,000,000
Assets..... 3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders..... 1,506,300.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000. Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital..... \$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S F

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-bangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F

Tel. 5610.

**Dangerous
and
Disgusting.**

The St. Louis Board of Health has led the way in a good reform by recommending the City Council to make it a misdemeanor for any person to expectorate in a car or in any place where many people congregate. Cuspidors are to be provided in all conveyances and public places, and any person not using them will be subject to arrest by the police. We hope that this reform will be taken up out here, where the evil is so excessive that it is scarcely possible for a lady to walk a few paces on our largest thoroughfares without trailing her skirts through the same kind of filthiness. The tobacco-chewing habit is one of the most disgusting vices our men are guilty of. The judge upon our Supreme Court bench finds as much pleasure in it as does his humbler brother carrying the load. By his indulgence in the vice the Senator lowers himself for the time being to the level of the jail-bird doing time in the penitentiary and surreptitiously indulging in his favorite pleasure. And people of cleanly manners are the sufferers in both cases. The evils resulting from this vice are terrible to contemplate. Letting alone the inconvenience to ladies, promiscuous expectoration is to blame for the dissemination of more diseases than we can enumerate. Nearly two-thirds of our people suffer from tuberculosis or lung troubles in some form or other, and the rapidity with which the germs of such diseases are spread by expectoration is appalling. Many reforms have been taken up in this city of late months, and we hope that this one will also be agitated immediately. The aid of the press will most assuredly be added to the endeavors of those who will demand the suppression of a habit as menacing to public health as it is obnoxious to good taste.

**Professional
Secrecy.**

Dr. Playfair, a celebrated London physician, has been ordered to pay Mrs. Kitson \$60,000 damages for betraying knowledge gained while acting in the capacity of her medical adviser. Commenting thereon the Times says: "Our only satisfaction in the case is that it teaches a lesson, not, we feel sure, generally needed by the medical profession, that if a medical man reveals a professionally gained secret he does so at his peril. An exceptional confidence is reposed in him. His consulting-room is in the nature of a confessional, and the disclosures made in it are hardly less sacred than those made to the confessor priest. Occasionally, in the interest of justice, he may feel bound to break silence and to answer questions put to him in a Court of law, but he must himself be judge as to this, and he will choose rather to offend by silence than to expose himself to the shadow of a charge of indiscreet and uncalled-for babbling. On no other terms can he claim the full confidence which he now constantly enjoys."

Several cases of such breaches of confidence by doctors practicing in this city have of late come to our knowledge and we think a trial case would have a very stimulating effect upon the profession generally. We still hold, as we have ever done, that for a physician to divulge such secrets is a criminal offense which should be punishable with the heaviest penalty the law permits. We hope the English decision will have its effect upon American practitioners, for it certainly proves that the men composing a jury have very pronounced views on the question and are determined to stop all such irregular conduct whenever they get an opportunity so to do.

THE Populists have received a severe castigation at the hands of Senator Hill, who denounced them as political blackmailers and fit only to be exterminated by the old parties. We concur entirely with the Senator from New York, but are afraid that annihilation will be postponed until the free silver wing of the Democratic party has bought their saleable services and used them against the general welfare.

THE Italian Government appears desirous of regaining several thousand pauper emigrants who left Italy and were not permitted to land upon their arrival at New York. There are thousands of others in this State and elsewhere the Italian Government may have for the mere asking. We doubt, however, whether the latter would be willing to leave us.

**Labor's
Holiday.**

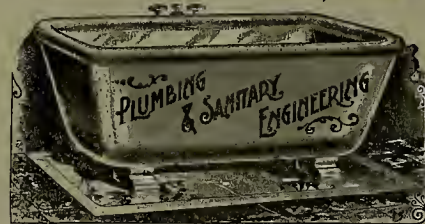
The usual amount of frothy vaporing and anarchistic small talk may be expected in the European centers on May day—Labor's holiday. The police will probably be called upon to exercise their annual activity in maintaining the public peace, the jails will be full for the period of a few days following, and decent citizens will be subjected to ridicule and opprobrium for twenty-four hours. As a general rule, however, the gatherings will be far better behaved than in former years, as the son of toil is slowly being educated and is not so willing to be led astray by unscrupulous and illiterate leaders as he has been in the past. Civilization follows closely upon the application of soap, and the cheapness of the latter article has had much to do in elevating the general condition of the lower classes of Europe. It is to be hoped that by degrees our own workmen may learn the same lesson by the same methods, and that they will cease to retard their own progress and that of the general community by systematically attacking the people upon whom they are dependent for their daily bread.

IT will be remembered that there was some trouble over the title to the office of attorney for the Board of Health, Mr. George A. Knight refusing to recognize the legality of the appointment by Governor Budd of the late Dennis Spencer. The affair has been a subject for litigation for over twelve months, but Mr. Knight has now turned over to the deceased attorney's wife the sum of \$2,250, being the amount of money that would have been due her husband had he been attorney for the Board. The act was most generous and gentlemanly, and will only help to increase Mr. Knight's great popularity.

IT remains to be seen whether the German Emperor will forbid duelling among his citizens or not. While in no manner advocating self-destruction, we consider that the introduction of the *code duello* in this country might prove beneficial in more ways than one. The standard of honor among people is not a particularly high one to-day, and it might be materially raised did they know that any malicious attack upon the honor of men or women would have to be upheld against a defender's weapon.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

Chas. E. Anderson,



1616 Polk St.

Near Clay

Tel No Sutter 391

Jobbing

Fine Sanitary

Goods.

Estimates.

ANNUAL MEETING.
Justice Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Justice Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MAY, 1896,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, May 1, at 3 o'clock P. M.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary

OFFICE—Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Johannis.

As a table water it is unsurpassed.

—London "Hospital Gazette."

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



THE remarkably unseasonable weather we have been having of late has rather reconciled fashionable folk to remain in town a bit longer, for, cold and unpleasant as it is when surrounded by all the comforts of city abodes, what would it be in many of the places called "summer resorts?" Still, the first of May will, undoubtedly, find a goodly number on the wing, but as yet there does not seem to have been any one place selected by fashion for its chief headquarters, and Castle Crags and San Rafael are likely to run neck and neck for a while. In the meantime, it is as well to have as pleasant a time as one can while in town, and dinners and luncheons mostly have been the rule of late, and, while none of them have been of an extra elaborate character, they have all been pleasant affairs. Mrs. A. G. Booth's dinner, on Monday evening, had as chief guest Professor D. P. Todd, of Amherst College, and Mrs. Todd, who are here at present *en route* to Japan. On Wednesday Mrs. Todd was entertained by the Century Club at their rooms on Sutter street, and Miss Jennie Blair was a dinner hostess on Thursday evening.

Theatre-goers had a wide range to choose from for their theatre parties on Monday evening, and the initial appearance of Mrs. Auzeais-Hoyte was the motif for several at the Alcazar, some of that lady's acquaintances being curious to see how she would deport herself before the public at large, something different to an amateur performance, with friends only for an audience. The Sketch Club was also "at home" that evening in their rooms on Montgomery street, and the work exhibited was much admired. On Tuesday evening the hop at the Presidio had a number of guests from town, in spite of the cold rain which was falling.

Living Pictures were the attraction at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening. The tableaux which were arranged by Miss Mollie Hutchinson were given in the cause of charity, some of our well-known beaux and belles appearing therein. Last evening the Monthly Illustrated Lecture of the Camera Club was given at Metropolitan Hall, Joaquin Miller discoursing upon the Sierras. The Corinthian Yacht Club will hold their opening festivities, at their Tiburon club house this afternoon, and to-night there will be a jinks for the "stags."

The Crocker residence on Sutter street was charmingly decorated on Saturday evening last for the wedding of Miss Fanny Crocker and Robert McCreery, which was solemnized by the Reverend Robert McKenzie, the bridal party standing in a bower of pink blossoms and green foliage during the ceremony. Snowballs, pink and white roses, pink ribbons, and tulle were used in beautifying the other rooms of the mansion, and the general effect was extremely pretty. The bridal robe was of white satin trimmed with Duchesse lace, and Miss Julia Crocker, who arrived from the East in time to officiate as her sister's maid of honor, was gowned in pink silk, with a hand bouquet of duchess roses. W. W. Douglas, of Sacramento, supported the groom as best man. Relatives and intimate friends only were bidden to the wedding, but the assemblage was quite a large one, and, after the ceremony had taken place, there was dancing, followed by supper. This is one of the weddings which robs San Francisco of the bride, as the future home of Mr. and Mrs. McCreery will be in Sacramento.

In Jewish circles the event of the week was the wedding of Miss Carrie Schweitzer and Moses Hirsch, which was grandly celebrated at the Concordia Club on Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed beneath a large wedding bell suspended from the center of a bower of Lady Banksia roses and snowballs, the Rev. Rabbi Voorsanger tying the nuptial knot in the presence of a large assemblage of guests. The bridal procession, on entering, was led by two little children in white, followed by the maid-of-

honor, Miss Edna Schweitzer, in a pretty gown of pink organdie, and finally the bride and her father, the bridal robe being of heavy white satin profusely trimmed with point lace, and the hand bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The groom was attended by Charles Hirsch as best man. After the ceremony the guests sat down to an elaborate banquet, and after feasting and speech-making for several hours, dancing followed until far on towards morning. Los Angeles is the scene of the honeymoon trip, enabling Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch to take in the beauties of the Fiesta.

On Tuesday morning, April 14, Miss Alicia G. Cullen was married to Dr. Louis P. Oviedo, at St. Mary's Cathedral, which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The charming bride was attired in ivory Duchesse satin, en train, with ornaments of pearl and old point lace, and wore a handsome pearl necklace, the gift of the groom. The service over, the bridal party adjourned to the Oviedo residence, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served, followed by a reception, at which the many friends of the bridal pair tendered their hearty congratulations. The happy couple then left for the Del Monte, where they will spend the honeymoon.

On Tuesday Miss Josephine Mansfield, of Berkeley, and Darville Libby, Jr., were the bride and groom, the Rev. Dr. Stebbins making them man and wife.

On Wednesday of next week Miss Belle Cohen and Ernest Brandt will be wedded at the de Young residence, on California street, at the hour of noon; and on Thursday evening the marriage of Miss Hattie Samuel and I. Despres will take place at the home of the bride on O'Farrell street.

On Friday evening there will be a rhetorical recital at Mills College, under the direction of Mrs. Leila Ellis, in which seven young ladies will take part. On Friday evening of last week there was a reception at the College for the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hallock, with the usual addenda of music and refreshments.

The largest tea of recent date was that of Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Bernie Drown last Saturday, their rooms being crowded with guests during the entire afternoon. Miss Wethered's tea was in honor of the bride, Mrs. Burke Holladay, who is being most hospitably welcomed as a fixture in San Francisco.

Mrs. O. D. Baldwin's progressive euchre party last Friday evening was one of the largest of the season. The Whitney card party on Saturday, which was in compliment to Mrs. Edwards, was a particularly pleasant affair. The guests were seated at numerous small tables amid lovely floral surroundings, and after the games had been played and the handsome prizes won, delicious refreshments were served.

The University Glee Club were handsomely entertained by Mrs. Henry Wetherbee at her Fruitvale home last Thursday evening. Music and dramatic recitations were the programme, and the affair was a complete success. The operetta of *The Rival Queens*, as performed at the Linderman Opera House on Saturday evening, for the benefit of a charity, was very successful, artistically, financially, and socially. The Encinal Yacht Club gave its opening reception in the afternoon at their club house, and in the evening there was a large crowd present. Music and dancing were indulged in until a late hour.

The Hobart mansion has been fairly overrun with visitors the past week, welcoming home Mr. and Mrs. Lester from Europe, and Miss Ella from her visit East, whither she went to meet her sister upon arrival from abroad. Mrs. and Miss Requa are also at home again, after a winter and early spring spent the other side of the continent. D. O. Mills is paying one of his periodical visits to his possessions in California, and will presently be joined at Milbrae by Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, where they will all remain for a brief period.

General Forsythe and party have returned from their visit to the floral fête at Santa Barbara, etc. Colonel and Mrs. Blunt are the guests of their son, Lieutenant Blunt, at Fort Mason. Mrs. Frank McCoppin's numerous friends will be glad to hear that she is much better. It was at one time feared that her recent serious illness would terminate fatally.

The "Afternoon Among the Roses," given by the young ladies of Sausalito for sweet charity, was voted a great success by those who were lucky enough to participate. The rooms were artistically decorated in roses. Mrs. Chas. Dickman, and Mrs. Alston's beautiful voices greatly added to the event. Among the noticeably pretty girls were Miss Constance Borrowe, Miss Martha Hutchison, Miss Shoober, and Miss Bosqui, who presided over the punch room. Miss Miller, Miss Findley, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Ida Bell Palmer, and Miss Currie Merry also looked their best.

It is to be hoped the weather will be all that can be wished by the time the Fabiola fête is due. The ladies of Oakland, and, in fact, generally the other side of the bay, are full of enthusiasm, and working night and day to make it a success, and May Day promises to see their efforts thus crowned.

Joe Grant was one of those who sailed for Europe from New York last Wednesday. Mrs. Woolworth and Miss Helen will sail from New York on Thursday next. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard expect to leave next week for a trip abroad, and will be absent some time.

The Entre Nous Cotillion Club will give its final german of the present season on next Tuesday evening, April 28th, at the Palace Hotel. Several new and pretty figures will be introduced, and the affair promises to be a most successful and brilliant gathering.

San Mateo is to be the objective point for the Encinal Yacht Club's first cruise of the season. The Club has made arrangements with the Hotel Mateo for accommodations on May 16th next, on which night there will be a dance given by the Hotel.

Miss Julia Bacon, a well-known belle of Alameda, left on the steamer *Santa Rosa* for Los Angeles last Sunday. Miss Bacon will visit with Miss Alice Winston, and expects to be gone for two or three months.

Wm. H. Keith, the popular barytone, has returned home after a series of successful studies in Europe, and brings a reputation with him for having one of the finest voices a man can be blessed with. The young singer will stay with us for a time, singing at the Rivarde concerts, and may then go East.

The Press Club Quartette, composed of Frank Coffin, R. Fletcher Tilton, D. M. Warde, and S. E. Tacker, will give a concert Monday evening at Native Sons' Hall, assisted by the ablest local talent.

Miss Selina Dannenbaum left for the East last week, and expects to be gone several months.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Feigenbaum, nee Napbthaly, have returned from their honeymoon in New York.

IT is well worth while to pay a visit to Morris & Kennedy's art gallery, on Post street, at present. Among the many fine pictures on exhibition are: "In the Winter," by Thad Welch, showing Tamalpais. Rain clouds are approaching, and the light effects are wonderful; a marine water color by George Howell Gay; "Morning in the Redwoods," by L. P. Latimer; "A Woman Sewing," by J. Caraud, also a cattle picture by A. Bezant, attract much attention. A water color by A. Wieland called "The Lesson," "Haddon Hall," by H. S. Kinnaird, a marine by W. C. Bauer are splendidly executed. Mrs. Grace Hudson's "Indian Studies" are great favorites to-day, as is likewise the work of a Chicago man, E. A. Burbank. One of the windows is devoted to lovely photographs of Corot's masterpieces.

PRESIDENT KRUGER doubtless imagined that the troubles in Egypt would cause the British Government to forget him entirely. Public opinion in England, however, is rapidly coming to demand that the invitation extended him to visit the country be changed to an order. If this feeling continues, it is more than likely that a new war will break out before the year is very much older.

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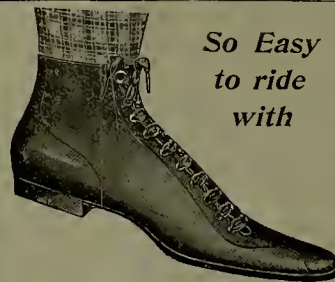
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Admission 50 cents; Children 25 cents

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of William J. Gray, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of William J. Gray, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of William J. Gray, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 23, 1896.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 28, 1896.	Arrive
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Station	†7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
†7:00 P	Vallejo	†7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A
†10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East	†12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

†7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	†8:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	†7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

†6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE.	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
†11:00 A	PITCABURO,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	7:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
†11:15 P		†12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted.

†Saturdays only.

†Sundays only. †Tuesdays only.

†Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

A LYRIC OF TO-MORROW.—ANONYMOUS.

Where are now the quiet girls—
The girls of long ago—
With rosy cheeks and nut-brown curls,
And bosoms white as snow?

Where now the perfumed lingerie,
The lace-edged chemisette,
The dainty garters at the knee?
(Ah! could I but forget).

The times are changed, the world seems
dear,

The girls have lost their charms;
No more their rustling gowns we bear,
Their sighs, their sweet alarms.

In bloomers, collar, tie and shirt,
With cigarette and cane,
The maidens eye the men and flirt,
And flirt, and flirt in vain.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—NEW YORK RECORDER.

Girl—chair—
Dim light—
Man there—
Good—night!

Kiss sought—
"Ma—ma!"
Man caught—
Ha—ha!

Court—trial—
Cash—hit—
Man smile?
No!—nit!

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "WOMAN."

TAMAQUA RECORDER.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets brimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

LRRIC.—ANONYMOUS.

Learn a lesson from the hees:
Ever seek the fairest flowers—
Ones that catch the eye and please,
And will while away the hours.

Roh the honey from each one,
Let no single drop remain;
Then you'll say, when all is done,
Life, at least, was not in vain.

A TOAST.

A song, a joke,
A glass, a pipe;
A heart of oak
And death when ripe.

"Laura," said the fond mother, "what are the intentions of that young man you are permitting to call on you so often?"
"Never mind that, mother," answered the maiden. "I know what my intentions are!"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.	
8:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma.	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:30 A. M.		Fulton.			
		Windsor.		10:10 A. M.	
		Healdsburg.			
	7:30 A. M.	Geyersville.	7:30 P. M.		
8:30 P. M.		Cloverdale.		6:15 P. M.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.	
8:30 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sonoma.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	
8:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.

Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. April 14, 20; May 14, 29.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.; April 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Gnyamas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M. April 5th.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

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GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12, 1896
BELGIC.....Thursday, May 28, 1896
CORTIC.....Monday, June 15, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View from Broadway and Divisadero Street, Looking Northeast.





SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

Number 18.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1014 Boyer Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

UNHEALTHY bread is as dangerous as impure milk and the bakeries should be subject to the same rigid investigation that the dairies are at present.

THE free market proposition is at last assuming definite shape. Fruit growers all over the State should lend the move their hearty coöperation, as its establishment will prove of benefit to producer and buyer alike.

THE down town streets of this city should be paved with asphalt or wood blocks. Cobbles are all very well along the water front and in the South of Market street districts but elsewhere they are a disgrace.

THE revenues of this port are certainly large enough to warrant a reasonable outlay by the Government on necessary improvements. When these have been completed the charges should be reduced and every inducement offered foreign shipping to unload here.

WE regret to see the Chronicle marring its pages with pictures of sporting characters in the nude. The male figure is seen to best advantage when it is covered up and people of refinement find little pleasure in having it served up to them along with the nauseous news of the day.

A COMPLETE system of electric lighting has long been a necessity in the Park. Wheelmen and others have suffered much inconvenience from the dark condition of thoroughfares there and the next tax levy should include an appropriation large enough to remedy the evil.

BY sentencing Sternberg to imprisonment for three years, with the possibility of another incarceration for a like period when the first term has expired, Judge Wallace has done more to effect "pure politics" in this city than all the efforts of the reform organizations put together.

THE refusal of the Supervisors to grant a franchise to the People's Mutual Telephone Company will give satisfaction to everyone except the parties concerned. The NEWS LETTER cautioned people against this concern in the beginning and it is satisfactory to see that our words were not without effect.

THANKS to the untiring efforts of the Cycle Board of Trade there is a chance that Market street will in the near future evolve into a modern and respectable thoroughfare. It is a disgrace that the city's chief street should be paved with cobbles and they should be done away with before the year is out.

PRESIDENT Eliot's arraignment of President Cleveland's foreign policy was as injudicious as it was inaccurate. Certain Congressmen and Senators alone can be charged with the jingoism so properly denounced by the head of Harvard University. Mr. Cleveland has ever exhibited masterly control over himself and deserves the greatest credit for having acted with judgment when the press and the public of the nation had apparently thrown reason to the winds.

NO better reform has ever been urged in this State, or in any other, than that instituted against diseased cows in the various dairies. Much of the sickness prevalent to-day can be traced to impure milk, and all attempts to guarantee the placing of only the good article on the market will be heartily appreciated by the public.

THE way to arouse a Supervisor is to tap his pocket. Supervisor Dimond deposited five cents at a nick-in-the-slot telephone and now proposes to tax them as gambling machines, because the party he desired to speak with did not answer. Suppose he had sent a messenger boy with a message, would he refuse to pay if the party addressed was not at home?

A COMPANY consisting of English and Eastern capitalists has been formed in Philadelphia to acquire and develop California mining properties. Eight millions of capital is said to be behind the concern and it is safe to say that the realizations of the promoters will exceed their most sanguine expectations. South Africa is about played out, but California is still the gold man's Eldorado.

A TOUGH who was arrested by the police for having burglar tools in his possession was discharged by Judge Trout who held that the mere possession of such implements was not enough to convict of intended burglary. Is his Honor addicted to carrying such playthings around with him when he goes to church socials and ice cream parties? We believe him capable of anything after rendering such a decision.

THE bitumen on Goldeu Gate avenue is in such bad condition as to render it absolutely dangerous to carriages and bicycles alike. If this street is really to be considered a boulevard, a little money expended in putting it into first-class order would not be thrown away. At present there are plenty of other thoroughfares in the same neighborhood which are better entitled to be considered boulevards than is the Avenue.

THE action of the Grand Jury in indicting Mrs. Martin for the murder of her husband in the City Hall on March 20th is highly commendable. There is unfortunately too little hope of her receiving the punishment she deserves, but the indictment can be taken as a sign that reputable citizens look askance upon the ever increasing tendency to murder and are determined to do the utmost in their power to stop it.

A MERICAN children are being crowded out of the public schools by Japanese pupils who usually leave the country as soon as they have acquired an education sufficient to procure them positions in their own Universities. This is not just, and laws should be passed giving white children the preference over such aliens unless they are willing to pay extra tuition fees towards the maintenance of the public schools.

THE establishment of a naval training school on Goat Island is a proof that San Francisco is not entirely overlooked by the authorities in Washington. Judge Morrow started this same measure many years ago in Congress so that he is chiefly to be thanked for the passage of a Bill which will give us an institution of which there are only three others in the country. The unused island has long been an eyesore to many people but that will now be overlooked in anticipation of the many good results that are to accrue from it in the future.

THE FAITH'S WORST ENEMIES.

THE Congregational clergy of this city, at their meeting on Monday last, made the customary complaint of lack of public interest in themselves and their preaching. They laid the responsibility this time on Brother Brown and the scandal of which he has been the center. Doubtless, this diagnosis is not altogether erroneous, but the brethren mistake surface symptoms for profound causes. Brown, if painful, is transitory, whereas the motives which induce abstention from church-going year in and year out are deep and permanent. They apply everywhere else, as well as in San Francisco. The disinclination of the clergy to confess these causes and manfully face them is a sad sign of the times, and lessens hope that the causes will diminish in force.

The principal reason why the pew is so often empty is that faith has departed from the pulpit. Now and again a preacher speaks out his doubts. And then what happens? Do his brethren rise en masse to rebuke him as a traitor and confute him as a heretic? No. Silence ensues—a silence that is construed as unwilling assent by the godless. There are scores of clergymen in San Francisco, each preaching two sermons every Sunday, yet not one of them has drawn the sword in defense of the faith against two of its most dangerous enemies who have recently appeared.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is a Congregationalist of national repute. He occupies Henry Ward Beecher's old pulpit in Brooklyn. Two weeks ago the dispatches in the daily papers gave the news that Dr. Abbott, in a sermon, declared himself an evolutionist, rejected the miracles of the Old Testament, and even offered a rationalistic explanation of the resurrection of Jesus, holding his apparent death on the cross to have been a case of suspended animation. The parting of the Red Sea to let the escaping Israelites cross, and the subsequent closing of the waters upon the pursuing Egyptians, this Christian clergyman attributed to strictly natural causes. "A falling tide and concurrent wind made an easy passageway for the Jews, while a rising tide and concurrent wind overwhelmed Pharaoh's army. Natural law was not violated." He went on to compare the passage of the Red Sea with Washington's retreat from Brooklyn after the battle of Long Island. "If a fog had not come up to blind the British advance," said Dr. Abbott, "the entire American army might have been captured. That fog to the Hebrew poet would have been a miraculous manifestation of God's power."

What San Francisco clergyman has ventured to cry out against this destructive preaching by one of the most prominent Congregational ministers in the whole United States? No German biblical critic, casting aside reverent tradition, scorning the miraculous in history, and seeking only the hard truth, could go further in contempt for the received opinions of the faithful as they have accepted them from the credulous fathers.

On the same day that Dr. Abbott thus delivered himself in Brooklyn, the Reverend John P. D. John, ex-President of DePaul University, a Methodist divine, made in Chicago a reply to Colonel Ingersoll's notable address at the Mil-Itant Church. It would have been better for orthodoxy had Dr. John refrained, for in his reply he said: "There is no hell, here or hereafter, other than that whose fires are kindled by the law of sowing and reaping." On the disagreement between revelation and science this astonishingly candid Methodist doctor of divinity said: "Does the Bible conflict with any known fact of modern science? If so, that much of the Bible is not inspired." That is equivalent to giving up of the creation of man in the Garden of Eden for creation by evolution. It is the giving up of the Fall of man, and, therefore, the need for redemption. Consequently, Dr. John abandons the vicarious atonement of Jesus, the plan of salvation—the essence of that form of Christianity on which all our orthodox churches are founded.

If the clergy of San Francisco believe in their creeds, is it not bewilderingly strange that they permit such utterances as those of Drs. Abbott and John to pass unchallenged? If they do not believe in their creeds sufficiently to do argumentative battle for them, is it at all strange that the pews have no attraction for intelligent men and women who feel respect for sincerity?

The Bogus
McKinley Boom.

California is rich in Republican statesmen, and opulent in Republican voters, too. The wealth of the State is on the side of the party, and wealth ordinarily connotes intelligence. But this rule is suspended in California, if intelligence finds expression in originality. There does not seem to be a trace of that quality in the local Republican mind. A universal roar goes up for McKinley. It is more than doubtful if any respectable number of the leaders here-about care anything whatever for that distinctively Ohio product. Republicans of judgment know perfectly well that he is not over-supplied with brains. They know that he is an entirely commonplace person, much the inferior intellectually of scores of men who sat with him in Congress and remained obscure. They know that his fame is due solely to the almost accidental association of his name with a tariff bill which was the reverse of beneficial either to the industries of the country or the interests of his party. But hard times having come, and unpopularity descended upon the Democracy, the Republican war-cry inventors have manufactured a whoop which is designed to be the expression of a supposed desire of the masses for more protection—which demand is not believed at all to rest on a clear notion of the effects of tariff legislation, but simply on an ignorant presumption that a low tariff having failed to bring prosperity the thing to fetch it is a high tariff. Intelligent Republicans, therefore, shout for McKinley, not because they admire him, believe in him, or think his specific of enormous duties will cure the national ills, but because they suppose the ignorant masses, who do the voting, feel that way. In other words, an epidemic of demagoguery is running its course among intelligent Republicans. The word has gone out in the East that McKinley is the man for the occasion because the masses are under certain delusions as to him and the virtues of a towering tariff, and the leaders here echo the bogus yell that rises on the other side of the mountains.

The intelligent Republicans of California ought to be ashamed of themselves. They require no one to tell them how ordinary an individual William McKinley really is, no one to tell them that a high tariff is the last thing which California needs to help her trade and commerce. They are aware that every dollar of taxation laid on commerce is disadvantageous to a seaport, and a discouragement to industry in a new State like this.

The McKinley boom is large, and imposing, and resounding, but, whatever may be the case elsewhere, it cannot be questioned that here in California it is strictly imitative and nearly altogether counterfeit.

The Press'
Freedom
Assailed.

The newspapers of the State are giving a good deal of attention to a recent decision of the Supreme Court which bears directly upon the freedom of the press. In August, 1892, a merchant of Sacramento named Gilman was arrested on a charge of rape preferred by Mrs. Trinit, a servant in his household. The Bee, in the customary way, had the woman interviewed. Her statement given to its reporter differed in no important particular from the allegations of her formal complaint. The paper did not manifest any disposition to persecute Gilman. Indeed, the Bee published his statement as well as the woman's. All the matter printed as bearing on the affair shows nothing more than a newspaper's wish to get at the truth and publish the news. Gilman, however, brought suit for libel, laying his damages at \$50,000. The Bee, conscious of no offense, regarded the suit lightly, waived a jury trial, and left the case to the judgment of Superior Judge Catlin, who found the paper guilty as charged, and awarded Gilman \$500, not \$50,000 damages, the woman's charge against him having been dismissed. On an appeal being taken to the Supreme Court, Justices Henshaw, Temple and McFarland, in department, affirmed the decision of Judge Catlin. From this judgment a further appeal was taken to the Supreme Court in bank, which has refused a rehearing, and the Bee must stand convicted and pay the \$500.

The newspapers have, very naturally, taken alarm. If the law has been correctly delivered in this Gilman case—and the decisions of the Supreme Court make the laws until the Legislature chooses to alter them—there is not a

newspaper published in San Francisco any day of the year that is not guilty of libel. For the Bee in what it did only followed custom, and, we may add, praiseworthy custom. When a citizen who is innocent is accused of crime he has reason to feel grateful to a newspaper that opens its columns to the statements of everybody concerned. In that way the truth is made known, and the most ardent desire of innocence is to have the whole truth told. Had the Bee sought to make out a case against Gilman and declined to print his explanations, he would have had cause in equity to demand damages, and the courts in gratifying him would have rebuked the license of the press without infringing its liberty.

It is to be feared that the Supreme Court has made a serious mistake—one that will lead to an increase of the very evil at which its punishing blow has been aimed. Reckless, sensational, slanderous newspapers are a nuisance and a curse, and every judicious citizen rejoices when the law gets its grip upon one of them. But the Sacramento Bee is not a print of that order. It is a reputable newspaper, of a standing not inferior to that of any journal in California. To inflict upon the Bee penalties for simply publishing the news is not to frighten scandalous papers and check libelous sensationalism. On the contrary, the Supreme Court has made it reasonably certain that the Legislature, acting in behalf of legitimate journalism, thus oppressed, will so amend the laws as to give greater shelter, through the laws' abuse, to the kind of newspapers that disgrace the profession and torment the community.

One thing is certain: The Supreme Court has rendered it imperatively necessary for the Legislature to come to the defense of the press. It is intolerable that an honest newspaper in the honorable pursuit of its business as a publisher of the news, should be placed at the mercy of any scoundrel who is able to employ an attorney. To the press must be secured the privilege of printing the news, all the news. So long as willful misrepresentation, malice, or gross carelessness cannot be shown, no newspaper which is ready on demand to correct errors should be held responsible under the law against libel.

The press of the State is making the Bee's cause its own, and in so doing it is performing a high public service. A free press is indispensable to a free people. Free courts are not more essential to the welfare of a republic.

A Disgraced Man.

Mr. Hearst has gone back to New York without saying anything. The inference that he has nothing to say in his defense is, therefore, irresistible. He knows that everybody acquainted with the published facts believes the Examiner blackmailed the Southern Pacific Railroad Company into agreeing to give the paper \$30,000, ostensibly for advertising in a single issue. He knows that everybody is aware how the railroad company, when it had paid \$22,000 under that agreement, refused to pay more because the Examiner had broken its part of the bargain, which was that it should be editorially friendly to the corporation and all its interests. The Examiner was to be permitted to do enough in the way of anti-monopoly pretense to "keep public confidence," but the great railroad strike came on, and the paper had to take sides. It chose to go with the popular tide, and the monthly payment of \$1,000 by the railroad company was stopped. There remained due on the \$30,000 the sum of \$8,000. If that had been a legitimate obligation the Examiner would have sued for it, but as it was the fag end of a blackmail debt the Examiner was forced to let the company keep it.

These facts are in everybody's possession. Mr. Hearst has no explanation to give of them that can cleanse the blackened character of his newspaper. He is under the hard necessity of allowing the Examiner to stand convicted as a boddler—and as the meanest kind of a boddler, for as Mr. Hearst is a millionaire he cannot plead even the poor excuse of poverty. No newspaper was ever more completely disgraced than the Examiner, and no publisher ever more utterly dishonored than its proprietor. It is not surprising that Mr. Hearst's stay in California covered only a few days. The wonder is that, being without a defense, he had the effrontery to return to the State at all.

The Use of Criminals.

The tendency to crime and the rapidly increasing expense falling upon tax-payers, owing to the number of criminals in our city prisons and jails, makes it absolutely necessary to devise some scheme whereby the community may get a return for the money expended in their maintenance. There are numerous ways whereby the latent energies of these worthless beings can be put to account. Our streets, for instance, are in constant need of sweeping and cleaning, and the graveled walks of the Park are ever in need of repair. Why not make these men, organized into gangs, each under the supervision of an official, attend to such work, and allow them some small wage which might even go towards their maintenance whilst in confinement? Many of the men in our jails at present are hardened criminals, who seek therein rest during a period of inactivity; only the prospect of the chain gang and enforced labor has for them any terrors, and we feel sure that many of the ruffians would prefer to leave the city than stand the chance of an arrest with good hard work attached to it.

The same suggestion applies to our county roads, which, as every one knows, are in a very deplorable condition. A system of traveling gangs could be instituted whereby the men would be kept continually employed in the work of fixing them up, thus enabling pedestrians or wheelmen to travel over them at pleasure without inconvenience or danger. There is no reason whatever why a set of worthless creatures should be allowed to eat the bread of idleness while thousands of honest men, unable to perform manual labor, go starving because they cannot obtain work. Convict labor should not be allowed to enter into competition with that of other men, and would not necessarily do so in this case. We should merely be putting the men to some use, and inculcating in them a desire to earn their living by honest and less laborious methods—a charitable undertaking which no labor leader, however obstinate and narrow-minded, could consistently decry.

To people who are interested in taxation and criminal evils, the agitation of this reform is suggested. We feel sure that its adoption would not only secure for us good roads and cleaner streets, but, after awhile, it would so depopulate the ranks of habitual criminals as to result in a material reduction in city and county taxation.

The Brown Fiasco.

That the Lord tempers the wind to the shoru lamb is now made clearly manifest by the fact that the Rev. Doctor Brown has been allowed to resign from the position he has outrageously disgraced. Had the members of the First Congregational Church had any decency in them whatever, the man would have been literally kicked out of the pulpit months ago. It appears, however, that religious fervor is blinding in its results and keeps presumably honest people from recognizing rogues whenever they crop up before them arrayed in the demure robes of sanctity. The resignation of a man like Brown has its attendant evils because it shows the apathy with which people view his sins; moreover, it allows him to pose in the light of a martyr, whereas a healthy and vehement expulsion would have branded him forever as a moral criminal, unfit for the society of decent men and women. It is not to be believed for one moment that the resignation was brought about by any consciousness of guilt on Dr. Brown's part. He has long shown himself to be impervious to any such feeling and had there been the slightest chance of dodging issues and coming out victorious he would have retained his position until death. He fought like a rat in a trap and only proved submissive when the tongs of fate closed about him with clutch too powerful to be evaded. The reputable people of the community will be glad to see the reverend gentleman's name gradually disappear from the columns of the daily papers, and, should they ever be anxious about his actions, will be tempted to look for it in the space devoted to the doings of the criminal classes. For the few who refused to be cajoled by his wily overtures and who have helped to tear the garment of hypocrisy from off his back, we express our admiration; but for the many misguided persons who believe in him and still attempt to re clothe him and set him up as a whitewashed idol in God's most sacred sanctuary, we continue to have nothing but unbounded and merited contempt.

A Chance For The Examiner. Seldom does there fall to the lot of a young man so splendid an opportunity to distinguish himself as has lately been accorded Mr. H. W. Hawley, the new censor of the Examiner.

In a few months the Democrats of this State and respectable people generally will know whether in politics the paper is to drop its tone of buffoonery and hypocrisy and whether indecency and sensationalism are to give place to clean and authentic news. On these issues will Mr. Hawley either make or mar himself as far as this coast is concerned, and it is to be hoped, for all parties concerned, that his mind has not been so warped by counsels and instructions from Mr. Hearst as to preclude the possibility of his giving the people something they have long demanded. Californians have ever been known for their generosity and the wealth of charity in their hearts which impels them to forgive all those who have sinned, no matter how low they may have fallen, whenever they make suitable reparation for their misdemeanors. And this same generosity will be extended the Examiner, shown up as it has been in all its hideous nakedness to the gaze of the ridiculing masses, if it will only decide to leave the gilded track and will openly and honestly advocate the principles of true Democracy and of decency. It may be impossible for respectable people to forget the past career of the paper, but they will be induced to forgive by the first sign of contrition it may exhibit. The NEWS LETTER sincerely trusts that Mr. Hawley will see things in their proper light and will make the organ he represents an object worthy of commendation rather than the scornful finger.

A Way to Circulate Silver. There is a simple and safe way to get the Government's uncomfortably large stock of silver into circulation that would have been adopted long ere this were not the debtor class intent upon another purpose. They want "free and unlimited" coinage in order to pay their debts with fifty cents on the dollar, and are not, therefore, in favor of getting silver into circulation in a way that would maintain its parity with gold. More honest people there are who desire to extend to the white metal, as an American product, all the help it needs, and they see a way to do it. It is not a new way, but has the merit of being old and tried. It merely is to have no money issued by the Government under, say, ten dollars, but silver money or silver certificates issued in small denominations as against the silver bullion actually in stock in the treasury vaults. Were that done the majority of our people would seldom see any other than silver money, or its equivalent in paper. The six hundred millions (\$600,000,000) now in stock, which so alarms the money centers, would soon be in such wide circulation that there would be no danger of its being returned to the treasury in demand for gold, or of its proving an embarrassment to the Government in any way. On the contrary, by lessening the demand for gold, it would tend to lessen the pressure upon the reserve fund and to render the issuing of bonds unnecessary. Above all, it would maintain the silver coin so issued at its face value, and thereby avoid the calamities of a depreciated currency. Great Britain is denounced as a "gold bng," yet as a matter of fact there is more silver money in circulation throughout her Empire than gold, and all because she knows no other kind of money under five dollars. Here, as there, silver can be made essentially the people's money.

California's Specialty. During the last fortnight the air of California has been absolutely redolent with the perfume of flowers. Eastern visitors have expressed greater wonder and satisfaction at our beautiful festivals than they did at any sight the great World's Fair Exhibition contained. The vast floral wealth scattered so lavishly over this great State gave them just cause for wonderment and it is safe to predict that they will carry home with them memories which will beautify many a month in their own less favored States. The East is still in the clutches of the rougher elements. The daily papers there speak exultingly of the appearance of a few wild flowers and violets. In California the hills are covered with juicy and tender grasses; golden poppies and thousands of other wild flowers spring up everywhere and laugh at the breath of the winds. Our girls wear light

wraps while their Eastern sisters must still take refuge in furs, and while our morning air is sharp and crisp it is only enough so to be invigorating and healthy and give one a good appetite for meals. It is not necessary for us to brag about California, its virtues are too self-apparent for us to do that; but as in a week or so hundreds of people will return East after their short but pleasurable trip here and will talk about what they have seen, we wish to attract the attention of those who were unable to visit us and who may be induced some day to come here and reside. There is probably no State in the Union where so many wealthy people finally come and make their homes as in California. Everybody can be satisfied—the pleasure seeker, the invalid, the capitalist and the man who is willing to better his condition by good hard work. We are a generous people and we want all four classes. Southern California occasionally growls against the invalid, but as he usually gets well in a few months or so the growl is apparently made merely for the sake of appearances. The business outlook here is improving rapidly and steadily. Money has been pouring into the State from all quarters of the globe and where money goes, people usually follow. We predict unusual prosperity for California during the coming year. Mr. Depew is not a man likely to be deceived in such things and he has pronounced the possibilities of this State as illimitable. We are willing to abide by his decision and know that its immediate effects will be to hasten the movements of many people who have long contemplated coming here.

The Industrial School. We regret to see that our esteemed contemporary, the Stockton Mail, still continues to push the claims of that city for the Wilmerding School. The matter has been aired so thoroughly in the columns of the daily press, and such conclusive reasons have been given why the institution should be established in San Francisco, that it grieves us to see so live and up-to-date a journal as the Mail still making idle clamor for that which it can never acquire. In spite of the accusations of our contemporary, the people of this city are not mean and narrow-spirited, neither do they "seek to exclude the boys in the country towns from any share whatever in the benefactions provided for all the boys in the State." To so falsely accuse us is ungenerous and unworthy the Mail, which is usually clear-visioned and honest enough to advocate the right side of a proposition against the wrong. It is true that this city has six places where boys may receive an education fitting them to become artisans. The schools were founded here because of the superior facilities we possess for affording the boys practical information in the respective trades they may wish to adopt. From all over the State boys come and benefit by the instruction offered and it is safe to say that with the Wilmerding School established here the parents of the lads will be assured that they will receive a more thorough education than could be given them in any other city in the State, even in Stockton. Another reason why large institutions should be established here in preference to other cities is that it is necessary for the welfare of California to make San Francisco a city of the first magnitude. When once that is accomplished the other cities in the State will soon develop and general progress will be assured everywhere. The Regents of the University of California will doubtless see things in this light; they will surely not listen to the arguments of men who speak from purely personal motives but will act in the manner they think will be of most benefit to everyone concerned. The Mail, moreover, should not forget that Stockton has an institution as unique in its way as it is perfect, and one which San Francisco has not yet been able to acquire. We speak of the Lusane Asylum, the possession of which should allay all jealousy that might arise over the acquirement of a simple industrial school.

Clean Politics. The political stew is beginning to simmer, and the warmth is once more hatching into life the rogues who join either party merely for what they can get out of it. The outlook is getting better every year, and it is more than possible that the day of delivery from the bosses is not far off. In the meanwhile more consideration must be given to men than to measures; only by so doing can corruption finally be overcome.

A RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

A RECEPTION given by the Emperor of China was, in the beginning of this century, an historical event. This most despotic of all despots, whose person was surrounded with a halo conceived by the spirit of submission of Asiatic slaves, has been until lately only visible to the eyes of very few Europeans. This seclusion did not so much originate from the aversion of the Chinese to expose the sacred person of their ruler to the profane eyes of barbarians, but rather from the fear that the representatives of the foreign powers would not condescend to the necessary ceremonies, requiring a great amount of humility and submissiveness. To be sure, the "kotau," a ceremony used in greeting persons of higher rank, which consisted in falling on one's knees and bowing one's head several times to the ground, was done away with some time ago; but the opinion that the "Heavenly Empire" holds a most prominent position among all the other nations of this earth, and that all these nations ought to be subject to it, is still prevalent. And the Chinese ceremonies have tried to express this feeling, by receiving, until quite lately, the ambassadors of the different nations represented at Peking in the same hall in which the Emperor received the dependent Mongolian princes. But this also has been changed, and whereas formerly only a few distinguished ambassadors were received on rare occasions in private audiences, during the last two years a regular New Year's reception has been inaugurated, in which all representatives are permitted to offer their congratulations in an official way.

The Chinese New Year, which, owing to their time division in moon months, began this year a month and a half later than ours, is celebrated with great *éclat* and lasts about fourteen days. To be sure, it is nearly the only holiday time the Chinese have, as a day of rest corresponding with our Sunday is entirely unknown to them. During this time the Chinese call on each other, offering their good wishes, and in these calls their strong liking for ceremonial finds full expression. During this time the Emperor condescends to accept the congratulations of the representatives of foreign powers in Peking. It was decided that the reception this year should take place on the third of March. The ministers dress in their uniforms, as far as they possess any, and try to make their *cortège* as splendid as possible by inviting the naval officers stationed at Tientsien to join them. The sedan chairs, which double their price that day, are of importance, inasmuch that they can only be used by Chinese of high rank, and are, besides a two-wheel cart, the only means of locomotion in Peking.

The way to the Emperor's palace leads through the inner town, which forms the center of the Mandchurian part of Peking, and both palace and inner town are surrounded by high walls. In the midst of this center lies the so-called "Forbidden Town," containing the Emperor's palaces, with their reception halls, outhouses, etc. As soon as the inner town is reached, the usual street feature of Peking changes. On both sides of the road the imperial lifeguards are lined up, in whom, to be sure, one can hardly recognize the soldier. A light, loose, yellow garment covered with Chinese letters, and hanging over chest and back, is their only attempt at uniform, their only weapon being a crooked sabre.

The crowd gathered behind these soldiers behaves very much like any other crowd, trying to satisfy its curiosity by peeping into each crack of the sedan chairs, but otherwise being quiet and well-behaved. Before the walls of the forbidden town we leave our sedan chairs and carts and enter, through the "Tung hua meng" (the Eastern flower gate), into the former. This gate leads into a large, irregular paved court, surrounded by walls and low buildings. This court, with the exception of its size, can lay no claim to Eastern splendor or beauty. Opposite, behind a high wall, project the yellow-tiled roofs of several large buildings containing the living rooms of the Emperor. The court is lined on two sides with some hundred soldiers and a number of officials of different ranks in elegant silk embroidered gowns. The way leads then to a large waiting room, which, as a marble slab over the entrance tells us, is dedicated to "The Tradition of Confucius." Two simply-furnished, middle-sized rooms lead from the waiting room into a hall. The walls of these rooms are covered with a

simple paper of white ground, some Chinese landscapes painted on paper panels hang from the ceilings, the floor is covered with a red carpet of camel's wool, on two sides stand some benches without backs, and in the middle of the room two earthen vessels, filled with red-hot coals, which give a pleasant warmth. The artificial heat is greatly needed, for the weather is bitterly cold outside. These rooms are gradually filled with European and Chinese dignitaries, the latter unable to disguise a certain nervousness, for they will be held responsible for any fault in etiquette committed by the foreigners. For refreshments, tea of a most delicious flavor is served, after which the whole party starts, and presently stops again at some tents, in which they are arranged according to rank. After a little more waiting we finally proceed on our way to the reception hall. A broad staircase leads to a large round gate, behind which the hall is visible. There, also, is nothing to remind one of imperial splendor; on the contrary, the high wooden columns which form part of the gate have lost some of their stucco, and are greatly in need of paint. The same impression one receives from the exterior of the reception hall itself, but now all interest is concentrated in the person of the Emperor, who appears in the rear part thereof. A few steps and we stand before the ruler of an empire half as large as this continent, and one who has absolute power over four hundred millions of human beings. It is hard to realize this when one looks at the boyish young man, before whom the representatives of ten great nations bow respectfully on entering the hall, and again, according to court law, as they approach the throne.

The young Emperor (he is twenty-six years old, but looks much younger), is seated opposite the open side of the hall, on an elevated dais, and has before him a table on which are placed some vessels ornamented with peacock feathers. He is dressed in a wide yellow gown, covered with embroidery. At both sides a number of princes stand watch, holding in their hands lances embellished with tiger-tails. The Emperor is evidently very cold, for it is nearly freezing in this open hall. His features look quite frozen, and show hardly any expression. His dark large eyes wander once or twice, half curiously, half shyly, over the assembled crowd; his lips are parted, which adds to his expression of boyishness but lends sweetness and sympathy to his face. His expression does not even change during the speech of Mr. Denhy, the American minister, who, as the oldest representative, has that privilege. And Mr. Denhy is not only the oldest, but without doubt the worthiest speaker of all assembled. His high, imposing figure, towers over all the others, and even his simple black dress suit distinguishes him advantageously from all the other men, uniformed as they are. Nobody envies him his preference, for owing to his charming personality he is liked by every one. The speech of Mr. Denhy is then translated into Chinese by the Russian interpreter, who being the oldest, has that privilege. The speech itself is one of those official ones in which the devotion of the speaker, with his fondest wishes for a long life and happy Government, are expressed in more or less flowery language. After the speech the Emperor turns to his uncle, Prince Kung, who has been kneeling at his left side, and says something in Mandchurian, the court language. Prince Kung descends the throne steps and gives the answer of the Emperor in Chinese, which is then again translated into French by the same interpreter. With that the ceremony, which lasted about five minutes, is finished, the foreigners bow deeply, and depart through the Eastern gate, leaving the Emperor in his cold hall alone with his courtiers. For any one who expected a great show of Oriental splendor, the reception was a great disappointment. Even a certain feeling of awe and respect, which generally seizes the common mortal when he is brought in contact with one of the mighty ones of this earth, did not lay hold of us. On the contrary, the young Emperor inspired us more with a feeling of pity, knowing that, after all, with all his pomp, he is a mere slave to unchangeable and antiquated custom.

AN EYE WITNESS.

The right spot is always reached by an oyster. The finest Eastern and Californian can be had of Moraghan, Stalls 68-70 California Market.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.



IT has taken me three weeks to discover what a treasury of actorial skill Mr. Mansfield had tucked away in his Garrick Theatre Company. In *Beau Brummel* I suspected several players of possessing what is expansively known as "marked talent," and even the monoglare of bilious green in *Rodion* and *Jekyll and Hyde* could not entirely soil the white lights of several "temperaments," a "dramatic intelligence," and sundry "artistic presentations," and "excellent characterizations," fitting and side staged though they were. I even imagined I detected a "convincing rendition" in one of the rare intervals when Mr. Mansfield stepped aside and gave the perspective a show. But these were inferential, rather than proven, attainments, and it is only after diligently piecing the impressions of a three weeks' season that I am able to congratulate myself on having seen a first-class band of actors—in truth, the best aggregation of worthy players that ever has been railroaded across the country on plump salaries to wear rich garments and patiently watch a star eat green fire and die twisted deaths. Though Mr. Mansfield insists on a demise in five out of the six plays given in San Francisco, and under the slightest provocation wears a hellish halo of green calcium, I am firm in my opinion that he is an exceptional actor. Not "the greatest American actor," as several unbiased critics and press agents have accused him of being, but an actor who, if in *Beau Brummel* alone, has drawn a character that will live in the annals of our stage; and, in a role so stamped with what is best and most alluring in the player's personality, work so artistic, so purely porcelain, who has a more legitimate claim to recognition, even fame?

Richard Mansfield is versatile, perhaps more so than his esteemed contemporary, Sir Henry; and like that titled Thespian his mannerisms are ever unfailingly prominent. He has versatility and sameness—paradoxical as this may sound, it is the simplest of truths—and one may see the extremes of his repertory, where atmosphere, incident and character are widely diverse, and despite the power of the creation there is the unmistakable Mansfield in every word and action. I believe in individuality; who does not? But the unfailing recurrence of certain mannerisms that are neither artistic nor timely cannot avoid giving a cooked-over flavor to the actor's work. The pictorial "um eh beh!" that interrupts so many of Mansfield's lines, the frequent repetitions of half the sentence he is speaking; the bored drawl of his legs, the abrupt energy of lusty lungs when he becomes particularly intense—all of these might consistently belong to one character, but it takes a sweeter trustfulness than mine to reconcile itself to the phenomenon of six men of assorted nationalities, ages, and conditions, each suffering from the same complaints.

The phonographic ravings of John McCullough, the pickaxe solo in *Rodion*, and Mr. Hyde making faces at himself in *Jekyll and Hyde*, I cherish as three of the most flabbergasting bursts of hilarity that a fun-loving Providence ever turned loose upon the ears and eyes of man. My enjoyment of Mr. Mansfield's Hyde was marred only by the unsympathetic attitude of the Baldwin audience, which smiled rarely, shuddered much, and applauded largely and solemnly during that evil-nerving episode. Rather a sober return, I thought, for a Saturday night's carnival of visage manipulation, stage darkness, and firecrackers. *Jekyll and Hyde* should be hammered into one act and done at the Orpheum. It belongs to the variety. Think of Mansfield in a lightning change from Hamstrung Hyde to Prince Karl, introducing that dainty little turn at the piano; where would the great Chevalier or the naughty Guilbert be? At all events, Hyde gives Mr. Mansfield a change of legs; he can't do the Beau's indolent gait, with the interference above the knees, and at the same time double up

like a colic-stricken kangaroo. And next to a new play, and a good play, what more novel could happen to him—or to us?

A *Parisian Romancer*. How usual, how commonplace wicked, how provincial has become the senile roue, the erring wife, and the weepy husband! Mansfield's Baron Chevril, an excellent bit of character in its day, remains unchanged. Too new for the charm of antiquity, too old for the life of to-day, it is like exhuming a pair of spring bottomed trowsers. It is some satisfaction to see Mansfield die prior to the last curtain, and gratifying to see Jennie Eustace, Eleanor Carey, Johnnie Bennet, and Orrin Johnson in possession of a little of the stage. But it is pathetic that the Baron should die all alone at the top of the stairs; his death would be just as glorious and just as much applauded if the pretty *dansesuse* did not leave him. But it would not be Mansfield. My regret of the season is that there was not at least one play in which Mr. Mansfield would die all through the first act, and leave the remainder of the evening devoted to his company.

Rivarde, the young Spanish-American violinist of the concerts at the Columbia Theatre this week, has many qualifications which go toward making a great artist. First and most important is his youth; youth free as the air, enthusiastic, pulsating—the most beautiful thing in music or poetry, for its very immaturity and shortcomings are the openings to individuality and distinction. Rivarde's youth is full, buoyant, and active; all the rhythmic optimism of warm, ambitious blood is in his hands. He fits from Mendelssohn to Bruch, from Wieniawski to Saint Saens, with the valor that belongs only to the daring self-confidence of the young, the cheery ego that feeds genius, and, properly lived up to, achieves. He is poetic, this slim, dark, graceful, Romeo-like youth, and there is the true spirit of song in the note he bows. Of course his technique is faulty; one does not expect the truth of a machine in a youngster, and he cannot play the *allegro vivace* of Mendelssohn's Concerto with an approach to the authority of a master hand. But he brings a story, tender, ardent, and appealing, out of the *andante*. From the *andante* of the Bruch concerto, too, he draws a heart-touching tone. Rivarde is magnetic from the tips of his ebony mop to the points of his lean patent leathers, and the world will take off its tile to him one of these days. In the meantime I shall enrich my memory with the art of his youth.

Lachaume we knew for a good pianist when he came last year with Ysaye, and a painstaking student of his calling—a fellow willing to take wisdom even out of the mouths of babes—I knew him to be when he followed my advice and dispensed with those Savioresque whiskers. He looks his part now and plays with no end of cunning discrimination. William H. Keith, a Californian who attracted some attention abroad last season, is somewhat of a disappointment. He has a robust barytone tinged with tenor quality, which I expected to find developed round and compact. Instead, it has grown even musbier than when he sang at Metropolitan Hall a couple of years ago, and there is a bad vibrato in his tone, which is entirely a new acquisition. Mr. Stewart's abbreviated orchestra, though composed of the best local musicians obtainable, was woefully at sea on the opening night, lacking in every way unanimity and resolution. But I must say it was under better discipline at the subsequent concerts up to the time of writing.

Donald de V. Graham took Mr. Keith's place on the programme of the fourth Rivarde concert. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Keith was not missed. As I listened with keen delight to Mr. Graham's exquisite rendering of Adam's passionate "Noel," the flower-like delicacy of his tones in the dainty Helmund song, and found myself even accepting with some degree of pleasure Cowen's clumsy and absurd "Forever and Forever" because Mr. Graham lent to it some of his own vocal grace, I wondered at the fatuous persistence of a management which dragged Mr. Keith across the continent, when Mr. Graham was near at hand.

No better evidence of the esteem in which Mrs. Carmichael-Carr is held by the music-loving public of San Francisco could have been given than the large audience that filled Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening. Mrs. Carr is an excellent pianist, and the work she has done with Mr. Beel during the many seasons of pop. concerts has allied her closely with the best that we have heard in true music. An interesting programme was rendered. Mr. Beel was in perfect form, and played Wieniawski's "Airs Russe," a trio for strings by Dvorak, numbers by the double quartette of the Loring Club, songs by Miss Newlands and Mr. Bacheller, and a sonata movement by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel made a delightful evening of melody.

* * *

Lady Lil, handsomely staged, has done a good week at the Grand. Next week, with Edmund K. Collier as the star, Mr. Morosco will forego melodrama and present Knowle's great tragedy, *Virginus*, supported by the full company, augmented by E. J. Holden. It is some time now since the Grand Opera House sheltered the tragic muse, and the innovation will doubtless be as successful as Morosco's other ventures have been.

* * *

Miss Pearl Ladd, a twelve-year-old pianist, gave an interesting recital at Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday. Considering her years, Miss Ladd plays astonishingly well. The Liszt *Rigolito* Fantasia, two of Brahms' dances, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, a Mozart sonata, and other works of the same character comprised the programme. Ambitious stuff for one so young to handle with intelligence and appreciation.

* * *

That there are still people who can laugh over *My Son-in-Law* has been evidenced by the mirth of the Alcazar audiences this week. *Our Boys* is the attraction for Monday night.

* * *

The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown, one of the latest Eastern comedy successes, will be given at the Baldwin next week. It is said to be an amusing transposition of sex, such as Byron wrote of. Eddie Foy plays the Don Juan in the role of the Captain, who afterward becomes Miss Brown. The cheerful Eddie's name is sufficient in itself to insure merriment. The Foy genius for being funny has gone down into history, and, aided and abetted by what the East has accepted as a first-class company, in a really good play, we may expect laughter without limitations at the Baldwin.

It will please the many friends of Mrs. Eunice Westwater to hear that in the near future and before the summer holidays, she intends giving a song recital. The date and place we hope to announce in our next issue. Mrs. Westwater has a contralto voice of great range and fine quality, and as an artist, compares favorably with any of the professional singers we have had here in years. She will be remembered by hundreds who have enjoyed her singing at Grace Church for several years past, where she was the contralto soloist, and her friends will be glad to hear her again in concert.

Next week, for the first time in nearly three years, Planquette's favorite opera, *The Chimes of Normandy*, sometimes known under the title of *The Bells of Corneville*, will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House with a strong cast, picturesque scenery and costumes, and appropriate accessories.

An attraction of which much has been heard is Morrison's production of *Faust*. This will be seen at the Columbia Theatre Monday evening, May 4th. The presentation is notable, aside from the excellence of the company, for its employment of a series of stage effects.

High art minstrels, with all the paraphernalia known to the business, will be at the California next week—Primrose & West's. Besides all sorts of comedians, dancers and songsters, there will be three hands, one a pickaninny gathering, to make the music.

The Hopkins Transoceanic Company has had another big week at the Orpheum. Next week the variety people will be of Mr. Walter's, not Hopkins', selection, and that means a first-class vaudeville entertainment through and through.

Ellen Beach Yaw, whose notes are higher than the City Hall dome, is en route for California.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

All next week The comedian.

EDDIE FOY,

in, THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN.

Nothing but laughter.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers.Commencing Monday, May 4th. Matinee Saturday.
MORRISON'S famous scenic and dramatic production of

FAUST,

with its wonderful scenic, electric and calcium effects. The
marvellous "Brocken" scene, with genuine flashes of lightning
and the magic rain of fire. Produced here in its entirety.
Reserved seats, 25c., 50c., 75c.

California Theatre.

AL HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Two weeks, beginning Monday, May 4th.

Primrose & West's BIG MINSTRELS.

40 whites; 30 blacks; 70 in all; 3 military bands.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and ManagerLast times of the brilliant spectacular extravaganza, BLUE
BEARD. Every evening next week. Careful production of Plan-
quette's romantic comic opera.

CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

In preparation, LORRAINE, Dellinger's lovely opera UNCLE
TOM'S CABIN, in operative setting.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell
street, between Stockton and Powell streetsTo-night; matinees Saturday and Sunday Last appearance of
the miniature Sandows and Lilliputian Pugilists.

THE ROSSOW BROTHERS.

A great new company Sunday, May 3d.
Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box
seats, 50c.

The Auditorium.

Corner of Eddy and Jones streets.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co.,
Lessees and Managers.Commencing Monday, May 4th. Every evening, including
Sunday. Two matinees, Saturday and Sunday.Prof. D. M. Bristol's EQUES-CURRICULUM,
The finest school of educated horses in the world. A most as-
tonishing and wonderful exhibition; amazing animal actors.
Horse arranging school furniture; mule as monitor; horses in
mathematical problems; horse distinguishing colors; horses in
a swing; horses leaping over their fellows; horse churning;
horses teetering; horses rolling barrels; horses fishing with
rod and line; mule valet; mule clown; horses rooking; horses
as guests; horses as waiters; horse postmaster; horse mail
carrier; horse hall catcher; horse actors; horse leaping from
flying swing to trapeze. Reserved seats 15c., 25c., and 50c.
Children at matinees 10 cents.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Last week of "Lady Lil."
Monday evening, May 4th, limited engagement of America's
popular tragedian, EDMUND K. COLLIER, presenting Sheri-
dan Knowles' tragedy.

VIRGINIUS.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Monday next, May 4th. the great comedy,

OUR BOYS.

Four years' continuous run in London.

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra, 25c.

El Campo, The Popular Bay Resort.

Now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing,
howling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refresh-
ments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c.; children, 15c., in-
cluding admission to the grounds.The steamer UKIAH will leave Thuron Ferry at 10:30 A. M.,
12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M.,
1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

Pacific Kennel Club's

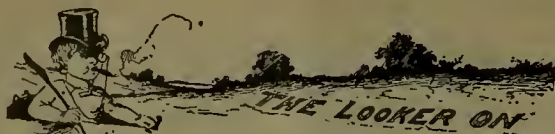
FIFTH ANNUAL

BENCH SHOW,

Mechanics' Pavilion.

May 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1896

Admission 50 cents; Children 25 cents



THERE is a young married man (a member of the University Club) who has installed his little family of three in a snug little house out beyond Pacific Heights, and above the beautiful Presidio. His nearest neighbor, whom we'll call McCarthy, is an Irish contractor, who has also built himself a pleasant home thereabouts. The two men first became acquainted on the homeward-bound cars, and the clubman quickly discovered that McCarthy was a very exceptional man in many ways, and also a delightful person to converse with on the greater political questions of the day, as well as on the business situation. All the schooling he had had was when a lad in New York. But a year in a carpenter shop, and then promotion to the office of an architect who had accidentally taken a fancy to the young fellow's diligence, served to push him forward greatly. Finally, after much experience in his work, he drifted to San Francisco, where he's doing well. So far, so good. The clubman and he became great "pals." Now, it happened that last Sunday morning they went out fishing, and on the same boat which carried them was a well-known attorney, who is also eminent as a historian. He was chaperoning his daughter and two young ladies from the University on a quiet picnic. Happening to espy the fishermen, he beckoned to the clubman to bring his friend across to where they were seated. Introductions followed, in which the clubman was "my learned scientific friend," and the little old man then scuttled helow and left the others to entertain themselves.

McCarthy took a seat beside one of the two young girls, and addressed her amiably, explaining where they would fish, etc. When he had finished, she brightened up at once and exclaimed in earnest tones:

"Mr. McCarthy, are you fond of Physics?"

Rather taken aback at so odd a query from so young a maiden, McCarthy hesitated, and then replied:

"I don't know, Miss, I never was sick a day in my life."

The wise young virgin looked extremely puzzled, and after a few seconds renewed the attack.

"But what I wished to ask you was if you think that absolute negation of gravity could be secured by certain processes—the electro-magnetic, for instance?"

"I couldn't say, Miss. You see, when I am putting up a building, I contract with the electric company for the lighting of the house, and they attend to it entirely, so you see I never looked the matter up," was McCarthy's answer.

A shade of utter disgust swept across the girl's face, and she shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and relapsed into silence. Whereupon McCarthy began to talk to her of architecture, a subject which he makes of great interest to his listener. But the maid would only pout and listen peevishly. Meantime, the clubman, who was close by between the other girls, was getting his dose of science, but at the same time he overheard the McCarthy episode, and was nearly bursting with laughter.

"William!" exclaimed McCarthy, vigorously, when they were once in their row-boat.

"What is it, Mat?" said the clubman.

"If that young lady that was making game of me just now was my daughter, I'd take her out and spank her till she swore she'd stay at home and learn to cook and help her mother out! She'll come to a bad end, that wench; mark my words. She's too speedy!"

The most distinguished looking personage who came to town during the past week is the Count James Portales, formerly of Germany, now a resident of Colorado Springs, and one of the millionaires of Cripple Creek. The Count is at the Palace Hotel, and when he walks through the corridors he is the observed of all observers. He is a man to attract attention anywhere. He stands over six feet high, and must weigh some two hundred and forty pounds. His features are clean cut and pleasing, and his hair and

heard is of that demi-blonde color, which in the eyes of many mark him as a sort of Apollo. Crowning his head is a broad-brimmed drab-colored hat of the finest material, and, on the whole, one who sees him gets the impression that he is a man about whom there is no pretense, that he is just what he seems.

The Count left his native land about a dozen years ago, and came to the mountains of the West. He was a skilled metallurgist, and he went at once into the mines. It is at Cripple Creek that his labors have been at last handsomely rewarded. He is in California now to complete some experiment begun some time since on California ores. To-day the Count does not seem a Count in the sense that the globe-trotting Count is one. He has none of the foreign marks, but is in his manner in all respects an American. He has already become interested in mining in California, and no one need be surprised if he is instrumental in developing some large mines.

"I have found the California ores that I have experienced with easily treated," said the Count, "and I am satisfied that within the next two or three years you will see great developments here in that way. I have some plans, but they are not fully matured yet, and I cannot speak about them in detail, but I can say that much."

Four or five Colorado men came with the Count. They are all interested in mining in California, and will be here for some weeks in all probability.

The Barry Wall of Stanford University is a young man named Cris Henne of Los Angeles. It is said by the boys down at Stanford, and their stories are corroborated here, that he is a regular Beau Brummel. The young gentleman has been born right for an easy time. His people have loads of gold and good solid lockers full of bonds, and other possessions to gladden the soul. There is none like unto him at Stanford. All his expenses are paid, and he has many hundreds of dollars each month to throw around. The result is that he gives dinners to the boys, and the boys eat them and enjoy them. He frequently provides these dinners in this city. The Maison Riche, the Poodle Dog, Delmonico's and other restaurants all know him. Mr. Henne registers at the Palace nearly every Saturday and oftentimes he is a sight to behold. Yellow trousers, a red necktie and other articles of apparel of striking hue, as well as of a novel design, frequently adorn his person. To say that he dresses elaborately does not describe it. But Mr. Henne, despite his idiosyncrasies of dress and the disposition to scatter his gold abroad, has pluck. He makes a business of spending all his vacations in travelling, and he usually selects a new and oftentimes a rough country, but invariably one of interest. Last summer he went clear up the Yukon to Forty Mile and Circle City, and took a large party with him. The summer before he spent in China and Japan. Mr. Henne is the President of the Junior Class of Stanford University.

Among the hogs noblemen who have lately struck the town is a youth with raven black hair, known as the Count Salvador Capdevilo. He is Capdevilo all right enough apparently, but as to the count, that is quite another matter. At least the Spanish Consul in San Francisco says so, and he ought to know. The youth Capdevilo is no more or less than a cigar drummer of Havana, Cuba. He has managed to get himself interviewed in papers of the coast in which he alleged he was a count, but there is no record of his blue blooded family unfortunately in the books, so the Spanish Consul says. Salvador is rather handsome, and he is aware of it, and not infrequently creates havoc among hearts. The more hearts he creates havoc among, however, the better he is pleased. Selling cigars is another favorite diversion of the young man. It appears that on account of his desire to sell cigars he was tempted to parade himself as a count. Capdevilo has been travelling over the country to this coast for the last three or four years. He has claimed to have mansions in Spain stretching from Seville to Salamanca. He has also had a great deal to say about a brother of his who he alleges is one of the greatest painters of the earth. The more people have heard the young gentleman's count story, the less stock they have taken in the others.

And now the season has come when the genial clergyman is casting about for a good place for his vacation time. All the watering places in the State are aware of this by their increased mail. William Doonan, the proprietor of the beautiful Vichy Springs near Ukiah, was shaking his head mournfully the other day.

"Here's two more of them, and this makes twenty-three in all. I wonder how preachers reason. In every one of these letters are requests that I give the writer (who almost always has a family) half rates for a month or so during the summer. Why, these preachers don't want the earth—they only want Paradise! Suppose I should grant every request here, why, I'd have my place filled with nothing but twenty-three parsons and their families at half price! Think of it! Twenty-three parsons of almost as many different creeds. What a Tower of Babel and confusion of tongues! I always do have a clergyman or two with their families, but then they are old patrons. But half the time I haven't room for my regular patrons from San Francisco and elsewhere, so the twenty-three parsons will have to languish again."

* * *

It is very curious to read a parson's letter when he wants the favor "real bad." Like this, for instance:

ORANGEADE, April 4th.

My Dear Sir: On May 10th next, which begins my vacation, Brother Poddy and myself, with our wives and families, intend visiting your delectable springs. I was there once to take a bath, and it was like the Pool of Bethesda, of which we read in the Holy Scriptures. I preside over the flock of the Baptist church of this thriving town. Deacon Poddy is one of our most eminent public citizens in the county and a pillar of the church. Also he owns the mill here, and lendeth to the Lord liberally. There will be nine children along, so we shall need two cottages—say next to each other, and not too far away from the main house. Of course we shall expect the usual half rate reduction always granted to those who labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Yours truly, REV. ASA SANSAPARILLA.

* * *

Dr. P. E. Wolff, a singular scientist, who arrived here over a month ago and essayed to do some lecturing, has got disgusted and gone away. The Doctor had been exploring in Samoa and the Solomon Islands and Fiji and the Lord knows where else. Probably he knew something about science too, for he had good backers apparently. He had been collecting specimens for different governments of Europe as well as the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The doctor had loads of bones and weapons of different kinds and could reel off stories by the yard as to what he had seen in those far away Islands of the Pacific. They were good stories, too. Among others was one to the effect that he had found in the solitudes of interior Samoa the ruins of some ancient secret temples, the same being from all that he could gather the temples of barbarian Masons. They seemed to have the same secrets and practically the same customs of initiation. The discovery was regarded by the doctor, and no doubt was, in fact, a very strange one. The doctor had expected to be greeted here with full houses. On arriving he made haste to get out his advertisements. He engaged a manager and with some anxiety awaited the arrival of half a boat load of the dusky Islanders among whom he had made his researches. But as time passed it grew to be a conviction with the scientist that the San Francisco public did not care for lecturing; somehow they seemed to him to have had enough of it. The doctor packed his effects on Thursday and again sailed for the tropical Islands. He expects to return in about a year.

* * *

The visiting hotelmen, like the wise men of old, have come from the East, and have returned thither after an enjoyable and extended visit. Needless to say, the good things of California were showered upon them in profusion, and it is said that many of them have so increased in girth as to render certain necessary parts of their wearing apparel absolutely useless. That is not to be wondered at, for they were everywhere banqueted in a manner that would have brought tears to the eyes of the most sybaritic of epicures. The best of viands and the most select wines were supplied them. Terrapin, turtle, truffles, and Pommery Sec, the finest of game and fish, and the choicest of meats graced the board when they sat down to dine. A story came to the writer's ears of a lady, the wife of a large hotelman in either

Chicago or Boston, who was seen eating pate de foi gras with a spoon and remarking to her neighbor that "the pudding was excruciatingly delicious!" Well, we can overlook that little episode if the genial hotelmen will only prove grateful for our efforts in their behalf and will kindly stem the tide of American travel Europewards, and guide it to California instead.

Next to a trip to Japan the possession of fine bronzes and vases affords most enjoyment. George T. Marsh, 625 Market street, has the best specimens in this city.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian Bitters

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

GOBURN, TEVIS & CO., 107 Front St.

Desirable Stocks

Splendid opportunities for investors. Large or small lots. Call or correspond.

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Stocks and bonds negotiated.
Agents: Olinda Ranch Co.; Bailey Oil Co.

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Of exceptional purity and excellence.

—London "Lancet."

AUSTRALIAN SALT BUSH, (Atriplex Semibaccatum.)

The Forage Plant for Alkali Soils.

The tens of thousands of acres of alkali lands in California may be made productive and profitable by planting Salt Bush.
For further information, address

TRUMBULL & BEEBE, Seedsmen and Nurserymen.
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OFFICES TO RENT. CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING, S. E. corner California and Montgomery streets.

Two electric elevators, electric and gas lights, heat; also janitor's services free. Apply to

A. E. Buckingham, Room 2, Safe Deposit Building



It is rumored that a young lady of society, whose experience is only equalled by her cleverness and wit, is about to publish a social guide for young men. Any one who has ever been in the swim will acknowledge the advantage such a book will be; even the jovial Ed, whose literary efforts were directed mainly to addresses and card directions, can find many a hint for future guidance stored away in this little hook. The young lady's friends claim that the frequent visits to New York paid by her of late have been of great service, as her *entrée* to the best set there is unquestioned.

* * *

Interest in the swim regarding the Hobart-Williams nuptials is approaching fever heat. The latest item said to be authentic goes that the groom and his fair bride have restricted themselves to two friends each as guests at the bridal, and that those selected by young Hobart are Harry Stetson and Harry Tevis; while the bride's choice has been Miss Edith McBean and Miss Alice Hoffman. Ante-nuptial dinners for the happy groom and luncheons to the charming bride will soon be in order, as after the wedding the newly-tied pair will take an immediate departure Eastward.

* * *

The military hop at Fort Mason was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, say the girls. The spacious grounds were most inviting for a stroll by moonlight between the dances, and there were none of those horrid high hedges which make the other Post so dangerous a place for lovers' walks. Then, too, those lively young matrons, whose attractions are as great as those of the latest "bud," being in charge of the affair, how could it be other than charming?

* * *

The recent visit of the Bonifaces of the East and West to our Coast had one comical incident at least in relation to their view of the Fiesta at Los Angeles. It seems a lady who has been posing as a distinguished Easterner sojourning at a Southern resort, was recognized by her *ci devant* landlord, much to her disgust, as the day following the recognition she had betaken herself to other scenes, and the hotel man explained that she was one of his ex-chambermaids who had gone off with a drummer!

* * *

Pacific avenue is in a flutter owing to a rumor that the King of Serbia is likely to continue his quest for an American heiress to this coast, after passing upon the merits of Gotham's golden-dowered daughters, thus giving the second place in his esteem to San Francisco before trying Chicago, etc. This is a serious mistake on the part of his impecunious majesty; for while we have plenty of rich girls to be captured, there are none with the great wealth of the East behind them.

* * *

It is a subject for the moralist why, as a rule, the Coast gets only the impecunious Poles and shoddy British titles as baits for California gold. No wonder that, in so many instances, such marriages turn out the most lamentable failures. Mexican gold has secured the latest ducal prize, the man being a Russian.

* * *

'Tis said that Mrs. George Boardman is about to issue cards for a large and elaborate luncheon party in honor of Mrs. McIvor, *nee* charming Nellie Smedburg.

Now that all the Marie Antoinette costumes are revived, the good old-fashioned custom of the gentlemen rising to toast the ladies at the end of a dinner has come back again. Just as they used to toast the lovely French Queen in Moët & Chandon Champagne a century ago.

If you want the finest things in spring goods go to John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street. He keeps the latest styles only.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.



Very Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Market street. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

Indianapolis Furniture Co.,
750 Mission St.

At
Auction.
Tuesday,
May 12th.
House and Lot.

We will sell that most desirable piece of property situated at

1016 Green Street,

between JONES and LEAVENWORTH, at Auction on Tuesday, May 12th, at 12 o'clock noon. There is a good house of eight rooms, bath, and modern improvements, large yard and garden. Lot, 45x120 feet, running through to Lincoln street. The marine view is unsurpassed, sun all day, and is altogether a most desirable investment. \$4500 can remain on mortgage. Key at our office.

Easton & Eldridge,
Auctioneers, 638 Market Street.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozynski's. Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavellière style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS and LEAVENWORTH STREETS
ILL REMOVE May 1st to 24 GEARY ST.

THISTLE DOWN.

It is feared that Nansen has been frozen to the end of the North Pole, as he has not been heard of yet.

The Indians are clamoring for blacking. Give it 'em, and thank God that they are susceptible to some sort of polish.

Two Coroners sat on one corpse up in Napa County a few days ago. The deceased doubtless thought that such conduct was adding insult to injury.

Harry Furniss, the cartoonist of Punch, is going to lecture in this country soon. He may probably be able to throw some light upon the subject of English humor.

The semi-annual plot to blow up the Czar has been discovered. There may be something in it, however, as the daily papers have dismissed the matter with a simple four-line notice.

Edison claims to be able to see through three men by the aid of the Cathode ray. That is nothing; we can see through the whole Republican party, and we only use our eyes, too.

Congressmen Hall and Money got into a scrap at Washington last week and threw ink-pots at one another. We always knew money could talk, but never heard of it fighting before.

A Seattle man is said to have invented a machine that will make fiddles. If he will only get in and think of something that will kill off a few fiddlers we will start a collection for him.

Much is to be said in extenuation of the Piute Indians who buried a live child in the squaw's grave. They killed their doctor who attended the woman, and should therefore go scot free.

The scientists of Sacramento are trying to learn something about murderer Raten's brain. If they would only hang him first they would have a much better opportunity of examining it afterwards.

Emperor William is said to be very anxious about the state of the Italian army. Whether he has worried over the state of the exchequer is not said. We suppose that Great Britain attends to that department.

A dispatch states that a thief in Visalia got away with twenty dollars and a typewriter. Probably he needed the coin to pay the marriage fee with. He should not be prosecuted, as retribution will follow in due time.

When Mrs. Lease had her baggage seized for debt, various feminine articles such as rouge, face powder, curling irons, and the like, were found among her effects. Since learning thereof she has risen fifty per cent. in our imagination.

A Chicago clergyman invites his parishioners to bring their wheels to church, and takes charge of them during the service. He is probably aware that on a wheel one can travel the "narrow road" better than on two healthy Chicago feet.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder of Alameda is desirous of keeping the Lord's table clean, and uses separate communion cups in his church. This is a step in the right direction, but if some of the parsons were only prohibited from entering the churches they desecrate, the Lord's tables would stand less chance of being soiled than at present.

Oakland has always been considered a moral town. Sins are never committed there except when absolutely safe and convenient, and scandals are hushed up before they get to the ears of the reporters. In bad language, however, the city officials seem to be entitled to the hon. Both Mayor Davis and Chief of Police Lloyd have registered themselves as past masters in the art of subtle blasphemy.

THE Pabst Brewing Company is about to erect a magnificent building on the corner of Powell and Ellis streets. This speaks well for the enterprise of this well-known company, and it is not likely ever to rue its undertaking.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

St. Denis

Broadway & 11th St.,
NEW YORK.
Opposite Grace Church
EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms \$1.00 per Day and Upwards.

In a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL,
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

Now Open.

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Tavern of
Castle Crag.

QUEEN OF ALL

MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, the most beautiful, attractive and accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1st, and will close October 1, 1896.

George Schönewald, Manager,

Room 59, Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Brooklyn
Hotel

Conducted on both the
European and
American plan
BUSH STREET, bet. Sansome and Montgomery, S. F.

This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.

Board and room: Per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2; per week, \$7 to \$12; per month, \$27.50 to \$40; single room, 50 cents to \$1.

Free coach to and from the Hotel.

Ebbitt House.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. C. BURCH, Manager.

POPULAR PRICES—Regular rates, \$4 per day up. Fifty rooms on the sixth floor with steam heat and electric light, reduced to \$2.50 and \$3 per day. Fifty rooms on other floors reduced from \$4 to \$3.50 per day. Parlors and alcove parlors at equally low rates. Special rates for the Army and Navy Officers and the Clergy.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco.

HAZELTON
HEMME & LONG
BROWN & SIMPSON

PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installment.

735 Market St.

California Milk Producers' Association.

PURE COUNTRY MILK and CREAM.

Special Rates Made. Depot: 428-430 Turk St., S. F.
Telephone East 942

ROBERT P. KAVANAUGH, Manager.



The Outlook For Occidental.

Captain W. A. Nevills, of the celebrated Rawhide mine, inspected the new development in the Occidental mine on the Brunswick lode at the request of the management. He was highly pleased with the prospect for a large and valuable deposit of ore on the 750-level, which he says is bound to be opened up unless all natural indications fail. This opinion from one who is reputed the best practical gold miner in California will go a long way toward convincing shareholders of the great value of their property. Captain Nevills advised the immediate opening up of the mine at depth, and the suspension of all work above the 650-level, and it is said that his views will be adopted by the Directors. Accompanying Captain Nevills for the purpose of making a more thorough and critical investigation of the property was Professor Price, the prominent expert, who will report in time. Messrs. George R. Wells, President of the company, and Herman Zadig, a Director, both ardent believers for years past in the future of the mine, made up the party, both returning from the property more convinced than ever regarding its merit. The result of recent operations in Occidental will do much to attract attention to the Brunswick lode, and the strike just reported in the Chollar portion of the newly acquired ground comes at a most opportune moment for all who are interested in this section of the market. There are many who hope that the "big bouanza" history will repeat itself on the Brunswick, and there is no reason in the world why it should not. A few more discoveries like that in the Occidental will kindle a blaze on the street that will set prices booming again in something like the old style and bring as much money into the market as ever before. The nonsensical idea which kept investors from trading in a stock because it did not happen to represent a holding on the Comstock, has been the curse of the stock business, and it is about time that it was dropped. One thing is certain, if the Occidental mine was owned by a private corporation, it could not be bought to-day at any figure below half a million of dollars. The general market closed the week firm with much more activity in business.

A Representative African Gold Mine.

The Robinson gold mine, in Krugersland, managed by the well-known Californian mining man, Captain Mein, is a representative property of the Johannesburg district. During the past twelve months 140,655 tons of ore were mined and milled, at an expense of a little over \$4 per ton, yielding £493,389, or an average of £3 10s. 4d. per ton. The net profit was £31,000 a month, which enabled a dividend of 14 per cent. to be paid. Taking into account the returns from tailings worked by the cyanide process, the returns will run up to £565,943, or £4 0s. 5d. per ton. Captain Mein hoped, if he is allowed to continue within the Boer domain, to run the profit for the current year up to £38,000 per month. This is a fair sample of what the South African mines are doing, and an indication of what may be expected in the way of an increase in the world's annual production of gold.

A Policy Which Injures Mining.

Prominent mining men in this city have been asked during the week to pass upon a report upon a copper property located in Mariposa County, which an attempt has been made to float in Boston, after a failure had been made in New York. The flowing style of this report was in itself sufficient to suggest an enquiry, which soon led to the discovery that, as usual, the statements had been exaggerated. Two experts, at least, were tempted to cover the ground in person, with the result that neither of them wanted the mine, to put their opinion mildly. This is only one of a number of instances where capitalists have recently been put to the expense of what in the long run proved to be little more than a wild-goose chase. The Bostonese will, possibly, get their eye teeth cut eventually.

The Negro in The Woodpile.

A number of the old-time clients of S. P. Warren, late of these parts, have recently received a gorgeously gotten-up circular purporting to come from a brokerage firm in New York, sailing under the style and title of George M. Wood. The circular contains much interesting matter for a granger community with money to throw to the birds, although of course the sage words of counsel are rather thrown away upon the ladies and gentlemen who have already been passed through the Warren mill. Sagacious members of the victimized fraternity were not slow to recognize between the lines the fine Italian hand of their old enemy, the up-to-date representative of the historical Magsman, whose name be bears. The news has spread like wildfire that Warren is at work again, with his nets spread all over the continent to trap the unsophisticated class, forgetful of the biblical hint to those in haste to grow rich. Much curiosity is evinced upon the present position of the Mountain Queen Company's affairs, the most recent swathe cut in the ranks of the gullible money seekers. Candelaria, the site of Warren's operations in this direction, proved too hot a climate for the unscrupulous operator, while the bar of bullion which accompanied him on his trip, for a part of the way at least, was the first and last output from the mine under his management. His new enterprise in New York seems destined to fade into insignificance the minute that his connection with it becomes apparent.

Mineral Output of America.

Advance sheets of "The Mineral Industry," the statistical supplement to the "Engineering and Mining Journal" of New York, supplies the following information: The total value of the mineral and metal production of the United States in 1895 amounted to the enormous sum of \$673,689,505, which compares with a similar total of \$578,463,002 for 1894, showing a total increase of \$95,226,503 for the year. Of the whole amount last year \$240,615,120 represented the value of the metals; \$433,074,385 that of the non-metallic products, including \$5,000,000 for various unspecified products. From these totals, however, it is necessary to make some deductions for articles which have been necessarily duplicated. A careful estimate of the proper amount of these deductions would give about \$45,000,000 in 1895, against \$34,000,000 in 1894. Making these deductions, we have a total net value for 1895 of \$628,689,505, as against \$544,463,002 for 1894, the increase amounting to \$84,226,503, or 15.5 per cent.

Local Stocks in Demand.

Brokers on the local Stock & Bond Exchange report business livelier than ever before, with an immense amount of money coming in for investment. The prospects for a lower rate of interest on deposits is what has worked the oracle in this case, and nothing could be better for all parties concerned. It is also so said, although of course the statement is difficult of proof, that some of the more prominent banks have given the heavier class of depositors a quiet hint to draw out their funds. If they really have done so they must be congratulated upon their good sense and prudence. A law, if passed, which would prohibit deposits in savings banks exceeding \$5,000 on a single account would be beneficial both to the banks and their clients. Forcing the former to take all the risks of investing immense sums of private capital at a profit is a little too much of a good thing for selfishly disposed individuals of the non-progressive type.

A Well Recommended California Mine.

Another important Californian gold mine is about to pass into the hands of foreigners. A syndicate has been formed in London to buy the Diadem and Edman mines in Plumas County. Although classed as a low-grade mine, its history and records show it to hold bodies of very rich "specimen" quartz. But as the main lode is of great width—not under fifty feet—and as the ore will be mined by tunnels and the gold extracted by water power, this Californian mine should be a good stand-off in the eyes of investors already saturated and satiated with South African projects, which do not improve with time. The extensive property was examined recently by William B. Murdock, a reputable and capable mining expert of this city, and his report is now before the London syndicate.

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"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

OSCAR Wilde has served half the term for which he was sentenced to prison. As the time for his release approaches curiosity as to what this depraved and disgraced man of talent will do with himself when he regains his freedom revives. The literary world of London will not receive him, and men of the pen everywhere will avoid him with horror. No publishing house would dare to offer the public a book of his authorship, nor a theatre to accept a new play from him. He is too old and flabby to turn to manual labor for a livelihood, and workmen would be as averse to his company as litterateurs are. It is a black prospect, surely, but a ray of light laces the gloom. Wilde would be just the man for associate pastor of Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, over which the Reverend Colburn presides—the Reverend Colburn, who was arrested in Golden Gate Park for an unnamable offense, and yet still retains the respect and affection of his fastidious congregation.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY addressed the Women's Pacific Coast Press Association the other night, and talked about female workers on the newspapers. She could not have chosen a more fascinating theme, for the Women's Pacific Coast Press Association feels a perennial and an acute curiosity concerning women who actually write for a living. None who do that have time or inclination to belong to the Women's Pacific Coast Press Association, so the members have no opportunity to gratify their curiosity by personal contact with feminine journalists. It was a failure in courtesy that the proprietor of some one of the dailies did not invite Miss Anthony's audience to visit a newspaper office after the lecture. That would have been a treat to be appreciated by the Women's Pacific Coast Press Association.

THE tougher the life of a preacher
The more he is liked by the girls;
"A man who can sin is a teacher,"
They say with a shake of their curls.
So Brown, whose indecent behavior
Has merited feathers and tar,
Talks smugly of love and the Savior,
While Satan just grins. There you are!

THE police are inquisitive about a light that was burning in Brother Colburn's church at three o'clock the other morning. It is said that a young man was seen to link away from the sacred edifice. The janitor takes the responsibility of averring that he left the gas aflame. Let it go at that. Curiosity, under the circumstances, is not only impious, but indecent.

JUDGE Troutt is apparently doing his best to draw "de push" away from their legal lodestone, Judge Campbell. "The mere possession of burglar tools does not prove intent to commit burglary," says this wise judge. Neither does the possession of a wise countenance and a pull entitle a man to be considered a judge, your Honor.

THE Examiner's efforts to rescue the bodies of the sailors entombed in the capsized Blairmore are an evidence of noteworthy enterprise. But while it is in search of corpses and an advertisement, why not explore the mud of the past for the remains of its own lost reputation?

THE Women's Congress will open up next Monday, and will last for one week. People desiring a close view of representative misguided women are invited to attend. The Supervisors have agreed to deck the city in sackcloth and ashes for seven consecutive days.

M. R. SUTRO'S anxiety about the site for the Pesthouse being located during his absence is uncalled for. Seeing that he will eventually become its inmate, the Supervisors would not think of taking any steps in the matter without first consulting his tastes.

THE reporters who were unable to get any news out of Minister Willis should have turned their attention to his wife. While a man may keep silence for diplomacy, a woman, oftener than not, has resource to speech.

THINGS have come to a pretty pass when a man like Martin Kelly—of fire engine notoriety—attempts to assume control of local Republican politics. It must not be thought for one moment that the respectable members of the party will tolerate for one instant his assumed leadership. On the contrary, they are more likely to relegate him to the tanks where he rightly belongs.

OF the nauseating mediocrity belched forth by our local divines last Sunday, that of the Rev. Mr. Colburn was not reported. Can it be that the teachings of this most holy man met with the disapproval of our great moral engines, or did his sermons so glaringly allude to the Park police and modern vice that it had to be suppressed for the community's welfare?

PROFESSOR Imber, a long-haired escapee from some Eastern asylum, is raising the unmentionable in this city by saying that our rabbis cannot read the Kabbala or translate a line from the Talmud. This statement has taken much of the wind out of the Voorsanger paunch, whose ignorance of plain English has long afforded much pain to his congregation.

GENTLEMEN who are addicted to the pleasurable pastime of intoxication will be pleased to learn that all persons arrested for drunkenness on Saturday night will be released from custody at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. Newspapermen especially will be glad of this new law, as it will enable them to participate at early divine services.

A LECTURE was given a few days ago on "Artistic Dress, and the Vulgarisms we see in Society." The fair lecturer, however, forgot to say anything about the women one occasionally meets there. Another lecturer spoke on "Man's Inhumanity to Man," forgetting entirely to say a few words about woman's treatment of him.

PARSON Gibson, of belfry fame, earned his salary last Sunday by preaching to his flock about Jonah and the whale, holding that the story as related in the Bible is absolutely true and worthy of belief. The congregation can swallow Gibson, so it ought to have no difficulty in getting away with so small a thing as the yarn.

PROFESSOR Three Star Jordan surpassed himself in his lecture on "Degeneration." Teachers of the young, as a rule, are not supposed to know much, and of Professors even less is expected. Mr. Jordan, however, owing to the superior advantages he enjoys, was peculiarly fitted to handle the subject.

DEACONS Dexter and Morse and Attorney Nagle have established themselves as a trinity of rogues by their continued defense of Dr. C. Overman Brown. Should the Congregationalists ever go back on them they could probably become Supervisors to their own advantage, if not to that of the public.

JUDGE Coffey did a kind thing when he jailed James Gibson for refusing to tell what he knew of some lost moneys belonging to his deceased brother. No man should be compelled to send himself to prison, and the Judge's courtesy will doubtless be more than appreciated by the recipient.

DOCTORS are almost as bad as the lawyers when it comes to downright theft. Dr. Campbell is accused by a lady of chloroforming her to obtain possession of her earrings. It is hard to see, however, how he came to be satisfied with so little. Was there nothing else worth taking?

MARTIN KELLY stole an engine, fire engine new and bright; Did he hide it? Did he soak it? Anyway, it's out of sight. No one asked for my opinion, but the truth I gladly tell: Martin Kelly keeps that engine for his future use in —

IT matters little whether the Republicans send pledged or unpledged delegates to the National Convention at St. Louis. We never heard yet of a political pledge that was not made only to be broken.

AN earthquake shock put a timely end to Judge Hayue's wordy argument before Judge McKenna last Tuesday. Look out, Judge; old Nick may be getting his frying pan ready for you.

IT is said that Forecast Official Hammond knows so little that he has to be taken in off the roof of the Mills Building at night.



A Book of The Week.*

There is no living writer in our language who can word paint in colors like Lafcadio Hearn. His descriptions of sky, clouds, water, flowers, and natural scenery, as given in his tour through the West Indies, bas, we believe, never been surpassed in English, and not often, if ever, in other tongues. Indeed, when writing on his favorite theme his language is like an epic in prose and the spell he casts over the reader is as enduring as it is delightful. Who of us who have read that tour but remember his wonderful description of how the water changes in color as we near the tropics, until at last it became "blue, ridiculously blue." And then he neared the land and "the mountains began to unfold their wrinkles" while the clouds had "their feet bathed in foams of gold." Other writers can word paint a little, and just as well, for that little, as Lafcadio Hearn, but Hearn continues his word painting over chapters and presents his coloring in so many changing hues that some of his work impresses the reader as the transformation scene at a Christmas pantomime impresses a child. And yet no one who ever saw the scenes he depicted in the West Indies can say he exaggerated even to the extent of a letter. Think of the description he gives of a fight between a cat and a poisonous snake, and if you have read it, ask yourself the question—when or where did you ever read anything better of its kind? And since Mr. Hearn has been in Japan the intellectual spell he has cast over his readers has in no way diminished, and he gives us, from the Orient, the same beauty of touch which he left on so much of his writings about the Occident. And yet no one must read him, or think of him, as a novelist, for his efforts in that direction have not been successful, but any one who wishes to know the Japanese, instead of merely reading about Japan, should read Mr. Hearn's works in which the Japanese character and tendencies are developed, while over all is thrown a mystic grace and romanticism wholly foreign, yet marvelously fascinating to the intelligence of Occidental culture. It has indeed been said that "To know Hearn is to know Japan; to know Japan one must know Hearn," and the force of this remark must be evident to all who have read his "Stray Leaves From Stray Literature," "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," or his "Out of the East," in each of which he has opened to us, with irresistible charm and the invitation of unquestioned authority, literary paths leading to beauties and mysteries of the Orient hitherto overlooked for or unappreciated. But with all his power never has he, in his happiest moods, surpassed his last book, "Kokora; Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life," which is now before us. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that "Kokora" is Hearn's masterpiece, for in it he has given us the inner life of the Japanese as they have never been given to the Occidental mind before, and for Hearn to have mastered this inner life demanded an alliance of intellectual penetration and national sympathy as rare as it is fascinating. And this is what Lafcadio Hearn does, and the result is little short of a philosophical triumph. And it is for this reason that we say the author has, in this work, surpassed himself.

Where else in the English language do we find the magnetic force of Buddhism so vividly presented as we do in "Kokora," or where else are we able to discover the, hitherto, hidden explanation of Japanese achievements, or who has, before this, given us such logical deductions from the failures and the successes of this wonderful people, as Lafcadio Hearn has in this book of his? If the reader wants to understand why it is that the Japanese have lately humbled an empire so much greater in natural resources and strength than their own, or if he wants to find out the causes which enabled them to meet European diplomacy and skill with creditable tact, or if he is anxious to understand the reason why the Japanese are to-day able to enter the industrial markets of the world in successful competition with the leaders, then he should read "Kokora." And, stranger than all, he will be made to

understand why the Japanese have accomplished all this and still remain practically as they were a thousand years ago! No one has ever attempted to do this but Lafcadio Hearn, and the fact that he has done it well evinces quick appreciation and intense sympathy which only long residence and familiar relations with the people could enable him to do. There is a woof of romance even in the pictures of social and business life in which "Kokora" abounds, and which surrounds it in a web of fact and philosophy, and fiction, as it chains us to the Oriental idea, and, as long as we are under its spell, we are half disposed to doubt whether, after all, Western civilization is wholly justified in condemning that of the East. Each of the fifteen chapters, of which the book is made up, presents us with some new phase of Japanese character, and unfolds new tendencies of the people, and we have the broader and more comprehensive significance of the mind, in the emotional sense, as well as courage, spirit, sentiment, resolve, affection, and the very genius of Oriental being is laid before us from the beginning of this book to its close. That the book will have a great sale is certain. The name of Lafcadio Hearn is, indeed, advertisement enough, but when it is seen he explains what appears inexplicable, and rolls back the curtain from and exposes what we did not before see nor understand, we can no longer wonder at this writer's power, particularly when we experience his charm in combining the living life of to-day with the dead past, and giving to it all the value of history and philosophy and the charm of romance.

* "Kokora," by Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

There are five complete short stories in the May Scribners. Gertrude Hall tells an amusing and sentimental love story under the title of "Chloe, Chloris, and Cytherea." Brander Matthews, in "A Letter of Farewell," narrates an episode in the life of a political worker who was "down on his luck." There is a ghost story by W. J. Henderson entitled "A Mystery of the Sea," a farcical comedy by J. West Roosevelt entitled "Rather Too Much Energy," and an allegorical tale by Octave Thanet entitled "A Nightmare Page." This installment of Barrie's serial reveals Tommy as the inspirer of the last Jacobite rising in the Thru— a bit of boyish imagination that is done with inimitable humor.

"Campaigning in South Africa and Egypt" comes in time, and yet as a piece of history the work is somewhat obscure. We find it hard to follow the author even with the aid of the sketch maps he publishes, and it is too overloaded with technical details. The book shows the Zulus to be not only a brave, but a chivalrous people, and their wonderful discipline is brought out with pleasing clearness. The author's account of the Egyptian campaign is less interesting than his account of South Africa, and contains less that is new.

"Me an' Methuselah and other Episodes" is a collection of stories, some good and some bad; some displaying a knowledge of human nature, and others proving that the writer knows little about the scenes he undertakes to describe. "Me an' Methuselah" is not overstrained, but "An American Girl at an English Dinner Party" is absurd. Peter Paul Book Company. For sale by Johnson & Emigh, San Francisco.

The fourth volume of "The Mineral Industry" will shortly appear from the press of the Scientific Publishing Company, New York. The advance sheets show that the mineral and metal production of the United States in 1895 was the largest ever known in the history of this or any other country. The figures from this publication are accepted by the European Governments in their official publications.

"With an Ambulance During the Franco-German War" is interesting, but there is nothing in its pages that has not been told many times. The author, Dr. Ryan, served with the Anglo-American ambulance during the great conflict, but for people who have read "La Débâcle" the description of Dr. Ryan looks tame and halting.

The Lotus is a little magazine "arranged with a few pictures and embellishments, cribbed from various sources." And the selections thus "cribbed" often exhibit the good taste of the editor, even if his magazine "devoted to the appreciation of the modern poster."

The May Forum will contain a valuable article by Mr. Wm. Solomon, a leading international banker of New York City, entitled "A Salutary Mandate to the National Conventions." Also the first of two papers on "Modern Norwegian Literature" by Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the distinguished Norwegian poet, novelist, and dramatist. His first paper—a very brilliant one—concludes with an estimate of Ibsen's work—its influence and significance.

"Public Speaking and Debate" should commend itself to some of our politicians; but if the author had put a little more system into his work it would have been all the better. We miss a systematic analysis of the modes and figures of speech, and yet the work gives some valuable advice not to be found elsewhere.

Godey's Magazine for May contains, besides much other interesting matter, articles on "The Fair Women of Austria," "Three Ladies of the Camellias," "Talks by Successful Women," "The Masterpieces of German Sculpture." Fiction is also well represented.

The Pall Mall Magazine combines romance, history, travel, and speculative philosophy in its pages, and it succeeds in getting a good deal of what is best in them all.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week gives a delightful view of the city from Broadway and Devisadero streets, looking towards the northeast. Plate 3 of this series was taken from the same position used for this picture, which, however, gives an unobstructed view of the Western Addition up to the Russian Hill district. The land in the foreground is being rapidly built upon, and is a very choice residence location.

TO tourists making a trip to the Yosemite Valley the old reliable Stoneman House is most heartily recommended by those who are in a position to know. The rooms are all newly furnished, the beds are unsurpassed (an important item to the weary traveler), and the cooking is excellent. From the verandas of the hotel all the interesting features of the Valley can be taken in at a glance; it is equipped with all conveniences, such as post, telegraph, and express offices, also the stage office where tourists are booked for return trip to Raymond. The rates of the hotel are from \$2 to \$4 per day, according to room or European plan, and the management is perfect in every detail. No combine has been effected with inferior hotels and none is intended.

MR. A. K. P. HARMON, the prominent and well-known financier, died at his residence in Oakland last Thursday morning. The deceased was born in Maine in 1821, and came to California in 1849. He was very successful in early mining speculations, and devoted himself thereafter to large commercial enterprises, still taking an interest, however, in his first work. At the time of his death Mr. Harmon was a director of the Bank of California and of the Security Savings Bank, and was also prominently interested in the affairs of the Blind Asylum at Oakland.

A VERY pleasant excursion, lasting from Saturday to Monday, can be enjoyed by participating in the Hopkins' popular parties to Stockton. The first excursion of this season starts this evening, when a first-class steamer, fitted up with all conveniences, will leave Washington street wharf at 5 p. m., arriving at Stockton to-morrow at 6 a. m. After a visit to all the places of interest in the city, the same boat brings the party back, landing them in San Francisco Monday morning early. Tickets for the round trip, including all expenses, can be had of George W. Hopkins, 30 Montgomery street, for \$4.

Everybody will recommend you to take a trip to El Campo if you wish to spend a delightful Sunday. Boats leave at regular intervals and you can get back and forth without inconvenience. Dancing, bowling and picknicking can be indulged in, also boating and fishing. Fine bands are in attendance and the refreshments are first-class.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Japanese art is all the rage to-day. George T. Marsh has a superb collection at 625 Market street.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.



CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles, 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms: meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms, Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. R. Elmer Bunker has removed to 630 Sutter street.
Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.
Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawallan Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 643 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Ov coats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
\$25 a perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

La Grande Laundry Co. Telephone: Bush 12
Principal office: 23 Powell street, opposite Baldwin Hotel.
Branch—11 Taylor street, near Golden Gate avenue. Laundry—Twelfth street, bet. Folsom and Howard, San Francisco, Cal. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Orders left at office will receive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean band towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

FOR ALERT INVESTORS AND SPECULATORS.

A GREAT RISE COMING IN A SOLID, GILT-EDGED STOCK—
A SMALL INVESTOR WITH \$15 CAN BUY ON THE
SAME TERMS AS A CAPITALIST WITH \$15,000.

Many Prominent Capitalists, Bankers, Brokers and Railway
Officials Predict that this Stock will Soon Sell at \$50,
and Eventually Rise Above Par.

THE following extract from an article in a leading New
York newspaper will give full information about this
new stock:

"Of course," Mr. Dunn remarked, "it is all very well
for people who can afford to wait a lifetime for profits to
put their money in real estate that may be more valuable
in the dim distance of the future, but in my judgment there
are quicker and better opportunities to make money in buy-
ing low-priced stocks of new companies that have solid
merit and world-wide demand for the inventions they con-
trol. For instance, look at the quick profits made by the
buyers of Bell Telephone Stock, which rose from about \$10
a share up to over \$200—Pullman Palace Car Stock going
up to 180—Elevated Railway Stock from 20 to 170—the
original Edison Electric Stock rising from 45 to 3,000
dollars a share in about a year—and the many other
stocks of companies owning useful inventions which have
paid substantial dividends to alert buyers while rapidly
increasing in value.

"Then, again, look at the great rise in the stocks of
banks, trust companies, etc., mostly all having a par
value of \$100 a share, which is also the par value of Rail-
way and Dock Construction Stock.

"These stocks are selling now at from \$200 to \$500 a
share, and some much higher; for instance, Central Trust
at \$1,000; U. S. Trust, at \$1,050; Fifth Avenue Bank, at
\$3,200, and Chemical Bank stock at \$4,200.

"I believe that Railway and Dock Construction Stock,
now selling at a very low price, will prove as good an in-
vestment as any of the stocks named, because the Railway
and Dock Construction Company own the absolute mono-
poly of the new Indestructible Pile, that does away alto-
gether with the millions of wooden piles heretofore used
everywhere.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"Nothing can compete with the Indestructible Pile in
the construction of piers, docks, bulkheads, sea-walls,
foundations for bridges, lighthouses, jetties, breakwaters
or other improvements in rivers, harbors or on the sea
coast.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"This Pile is an absolute necessity in railway trestle-
work, as it guarantees safety, and it will last forever, and
there is an enormous demand for it. The company has no
indebtedness of any kind—is in solid financial condition—
the officials serve without salary until cash dividends com-
mence, and, as there are no bonds or mortgages all the
earnings go to the stockholders.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"The many applications from engineers, contractors,
railway officials and others now coming into the Railway
and Dock Construction Company convince me to a cer-
tainty that this stock is about to have an immense rise—
the shares in the company's treasury will soon be sold,
and intending investors will have to buy the stock in open
market at whatever price the lucky holders may be will-
ing to part with it.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"The city of New York is spending \$3,000,000 a year
improving the city water front, and the Dock Department
intend to apply to the Legislature to raise the limit from
three millions to five millions a year.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"Private owners of Dock property as well as Dock

officials in the numerous cities are becoming aware of the
great advantage of using the Railway and Dock Construc-
tion Company's system of building indestructible piers to
make a solid foundation, upon which large buildings can be
erected, from which they can get big revenue for rentals,
etc. Look at the enormous increase of taxable property
this new system of dock construction is certain to cause
everywhere.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"Over fifty million dollars will be spent in improving
navigation in rivers, bays, etc., throughout the country on
jetties, breakwaters, and other work in which the Inde-
structible Pile is a necessity.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"Another era of railway building has begun—in repairs,
renewals, and extensions 373 steam railway companies will
build about 20,000 miles of new line, according to our latest
reports.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"Contracts are likely to be closed any day now that
will make R. & D. C. stock worth its par value.

We have invested in Railway and Dock Construction
stock and advise others to invest because

"In addition to all this, the U. S. Senate Committee
have reported in favor of an appropriation of eighty
million dollars for the protection of our sea coast.

"These facts may give you some idea of the future value
of Railway and Dock Construction stock, as compared
with any slow real estate investment."

"Where can this stock be bought now, and at what price?"

"Any one can obtain it at the offices of the company at
\$15 a share. They can remit to the Railway and Dock
Construction Company, 2 Wall street, New York, by
check, draft, money order, registered letter, or by ex-
press, or have the stock sent by express C. O. D. I ad-
vise my personal friends to buy this stock and put it away
and hold it for a great rise in value. A small investor
with \$15 secures the stock on the same terms as a capital-
ist with \$15,000. The par value of Railway and Dock
Construction stock is \$100 per share, fully paid and un-
assessable. A stockholder has no individual liability what-
ever. The directors are well-known men of sterling in-
tegrity and business ability. No one can buy their stock at
any price. They know how valuable it will be. You will
see lively times in this stock when it is listed on the Stock
Exchange."

The officials and large stockholders are well-known
practical financiers and business men, whose names are at
once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and
a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe,
solid and very profitable. Among them are Geo. W.
Dunn, Esq., president of the company, head of the bank-
ing house of Geo. W. Dunn & Co., New York, and presi-
dent, director and trustee of other corporations; he has
been prominent in Wall street for 25 years as a careful,
level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, vice-presi-
dent, ex-Senator—the famous Collector of the Port of New
York under President U. S. Grant; the eminent lawyer,
R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., counsel of the company, 322
Broadway, New York; Eugene Harvey, Esq., second vice-
president, banker, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R.
M. Stanbrough, Esq., capitalist, West Hurley, N. Y.;
George D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, New York; W. A.
Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company,
Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Wilson, Esq., secretary; M.
Hoff, assistant secretary; George B. Shelhorn, Esq., Re-
ceiver, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co.,
Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian
Pacific Railway Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard
Swinford, Esq., of Howard Swinford & Co., Richmond, Va.;
W. M. Shipp, Esq., cashier of Deposit Bank, Midway, Ky.;
Jacob Deyo, cashier Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.;
C. E. Harwood, Esq., cashier Rockville National Bank,
Rockville, Conn., and other prominent gentlemen.

The Railway and Dock Construction Company has an
absolute monopoly and its earnings will increase with the
steady growth of commerce and of railroads.

The secret of making money is in the old Greek proverb
"KAIRON GNOTH" (KNOW YOUR OPPORTUNITY).



DEAR EDITH—I have just received a most charming toilette in a fancy blue and green taffeta silk, made with a surplice bodice, trimmed in the one-sided way so fashionable nowadays. The effect is a shot peacock blue, and is particularly becoming. The back of the choker is of the silk, arranged in high points, stiffened to roll over, the points almost touching the bodice. On the right side of the choker a scarf of yellow lace and a blue ribbon streamer are attached. The scarf is carried over the front of the choker and caught on the left side of the neck, where it forms a jabot, which falls down on the blouse. The ribbon crosses the bodice, and makes a bow at the waist line under the left arm. A row of blue bows trims the right side of the skirt.

One thing you should always bear in mind in ordering new gowns, and that is that they are almost invariably to be much betrimmed with lace, mousseline de soie, and jewels. Buttons are very much in evidence, and tucks are made both deep and small, in all sorts of odd places on bodices and skirts. Ribbons of all kinds and designs are greatly in vogue, and some of the new varieties are exquisitely lovely, and when made into great, crisp bows, dress up a gown in a most fetching manner. The sleeve, of course, is one of the most important things to be considered in the dress to-day. Numerous frills, Vandyke caps and epaulettes are rampant about the very top of the arm, with a decided tendency toward extra tightness of the sleeve above as well as below the elbow. Often a parting is made in the center of the puff, revealing the close coat sleeve from the shoulder down. The newest sleeves, it is officially asserted, have been copied from the pictures by old masters.

The elbow cape is still with us, and comes in charming varieties. They seem to have been fashioned by the thousands, and of such divers materials that one doesn't feel a depressing amount of sameness. One I saw of black satin was entirely covered with renaissance lace, with the pattern of the lace so arranged as to form a border to the cape. Around the edge of the cape was a full frill of black chiffon over a frill of deep cream lace. The *tour-de-cou* was a tall puff of black chiffon, finished with a narrow cream lace edging, and at the back was a bow of broad cerise satin ribbon.

Colors are still running riot, and seem to grow gayer as summer advances. Purple in all its endless variations, from royal to the palest mauve, is one of the chief of them. Then come geranium pink, cerise, burnt orange, and vivid green, colors that are used only in small quantities, to lend a dash to dark toilets.

The girls are glad to hear that jeweled and embroidered slippers fashioned in the customary dainty shape with Louis Quinze heels, will be in style again; unquestionably they add greatly to the chic of the hall or evening toilet. Slippers of satin or fine undressed kid are frequently embroidered with seed pearls or infinitesimal rhinestones, and their tiny glittering tips are extremely pretty and effective; oftener jet is used.

As for coiffures, the prettiest style I have seen for young women with evening toilets shows the hair arranged in soft deep waves on the crown of the head and around the forehead, parted on the left side, carried to the back and coiled or braided around a bunch of short curls.

BELINDA.

The Lurline Baths have a new bath called the Russian which includes the famous Needle Shower, so beneficial to the system. This bath has been endorsed by leading physicians the world over and cures much incipient weakness. The price for the same is only fifty cents which entitles the bather to a swim in the tank afterwards. If you have not tried this you have missed something.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

New
Spring
Styles and
Novelties

Now on Exhibition.

An Early
Inspection
is Cordially
Invited.

See daily papers
for Special Offerings.

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Harloe's

Headwear beats them all.
Headquarters for Native
Sons.

237 KEARNY ST.
Phone Red 361.

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods
have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novel-
ties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order
a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

BEST SUITS ON EARTH
Made to order at

\$15 and upwards.



J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery street, Room 6.
Formerly in Crocker Building.

J. R. SMITH & CO.,

230 BUSH ST., and Room 7, Rotunda,
Mills Building.

(W. HALL, Successor).

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Will make garments to order at great reduction for cash.

J. R. SMITH, Manager.

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

Imperial Photographic Studio,

724, 726 and 728 MARKET ST. (1st Floor),
Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.

Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.

The World, the Flesh and the Devil

THE Japanese Emperor, Mitu-Hito, will visit Europe during the course of the year. He will travel in his own yacht, accompanied by a Japanese fleet. He will be the first mikado who has ever traveled outside of his own country, and there have been mikados of the present dynasty for over 2,500 years.

—The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 32,214,000 die annually—i. e., an average of 98,848 a day, 4,020 an hour and 67 a minute. The annual number of births, on the other hand, is estimated at 36,792,000—i. e., an average of 100,800 a day 4,200 an hour and 70 a minute.

—There are 483 newspapers published in London and 1,357 in the rest of England. Wales has 100. Scotland 226, Ireland 169 and the British Isles 20. The magazines number 2,097. In London alone \$20,000,000 annually is spent in advertising and the total number of papers sold averages 1,500,000,000 copies.

—The telephone and the telegraph are rapidly making inroads into the arid portions of the Desert of Sahara. Engineer Bayolle is now on the way from Biskra to Tuggurth with a working force of 100 men for the purpose of laying telegraph wires between the two places.

—The Czar of Russia has ordered the free distribution of hundreds of thousands of small bottles of brandy, each ornamented with the imperial arms and containing enough liquor for a single drink, throughout the empire on the day of his coronation.

—Parliamentary returns for the 1895 elections show that in Scotland out of 447,591 voters only 4,062 were illiterate. In England out of 3,858,923, there were 72,940, and in Ireland the voters numbered 220,506 and the illiterates were 40,357.

—London rejoices in the following art galleries: The National Gallery, New Gallery, Spanish Art on View, Grafton Galleries, Institute of Painters in Water Colors, Old Masters at the Royal Academy and the Society of Painter Etchers.

—Sarah Grand has recovered her health, and is to be met with frequently at London evening parties, where she is always introduced as "Mme. Sarah Grand," although her real name, Mrs. Haldane McFall, is now well known.

—Melbourne, Australia, has lost 43,435 inhabitants in four years, the census of 1895 giving a population of 447,461. The population of the seven Australian colonies at the end of 1895 was 4,238,000.

—The statue of Lord Byron, which has just been unveiled by King George at Athens, represents the poet advancing with outstretched arms to meet Greece, who holds out to him a laurel crown.

—A copy of the gospels written on purple vellum, in silver, was recently found in Asia Minor. It dates back to the sixth century. The precious manuscript has been secured by Russia.

—According to Sir Samuel Montagu of London there are 6,000,000 Hebrews in the world, many of whom would go to Palestine and live there if they could get control of the country.

—One hundred and forty-two thousand three hundred and seven dollars and sixty cents worth of dimes were coined at the San Francisco mint in 1890; that is 1,423,760 pieces.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1882.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 Lombard Street, London

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)... 3,158,128 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP...Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. Boston—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; St. Louis—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK, LIMITED.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,500,000 | Capital Paid-up.....\$2,450,000

Reserve.....\$375,000

San Francisco Office—424 California St. London Office—73 Lombard St.

Portland Branch—Chamber of Commerce Building.

Tacoma Branch—156 Pacific Ave.

Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER | Ass't Manager, WILLIAM STEEL

Cashier, GUSTAV FRIEDERICH.

LONDON BANKERS—Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank.

NEW YORK—Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—Third National Bank.

This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities all parts of the world.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed..... 3,000,000 | Reserve Fund..... 700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

The Rose Jar

IN BOHEMIA.—ARTHUR SYMONS, IN THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

DRAWN blinds and haring gas within,
And wine, and women, and cigars:
Without, the city's heedless din;
Above, the white, unheeding stars.
And we, alike from each remote,
The world that works, the heaven that waits,
Con our brief pleasures o'er by rote,
The favorite pastimes of the fates.
We smoke, to fancy that we dream,
And drink, a moment's joy to prove,
And fain would love, and only seem
To love because we cannot love.
Draw back the blinds, put out the light:
'Tis morning, let the daylight come.
God! how the women's cheeks are white,
And how the sunlight strikes us dumb!

A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.—FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes that tender shine,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tendrils gold,
And the blossom mouth and the dainty chin,
And the little dimples out and in—
God love her!
A song for the girl I loved—
God loved her!
A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose rose red waned to white,
And the quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark lashes drooped in a long, long dream,
And the small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,
And the lilies sweet on her dear dead breast,
The girl I loved—
God loved her!

GOOD-NIGHT.—PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"Good-night?" No, love, the night is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still—
Then it will be good night.
How were the night without thee good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood—
Then it will be good night.
The hearts that on each other heat
From evening close to morning light,
Have nights as good as they are sweet,
But never say "Good-night."

SONG.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet,—oh! no, no, no!
Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall heat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

AT DAWN.—AMY LEVY.

In the night I dreamed of you;
All the place was filled
With your presence; in my heart
The strife was stilled!
All night I have dreamed of you,
Now the morn is gray—
How shall I arise and face
The empty day?

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Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,596 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

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OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



"It shows the inconsistency of a man," said the abnormally new "new woman." "What does?" "The course the authorities are taking about bloomers. They object to a woman's wearing them." "Yes, and properly." "And the less she wears of them the more they object to it."—Washington Star.

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children. "O, yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madame; but are you the mother of both of them?"—Texas Siftings.

"My girl gave me the marble heart last night," said the single one. "Your woe is naught to mine," said the married one. "It has not been two hours since my wife gave me the marble cake, of her own making."—Indianapolis Journal.

Lawyer—What is your gross income? WITNESS—I have no gross income. LAWYER—No income at all? WITNESS—No gross income; I have a net income. I'm in the fish business.—New York Herald.

Cobbie—That Miss Slimson is a very sensitive girl. She didn't like it because I called on her last night without being shaved. STONE—What did she say? "She said she felt it very much."—Life.

Customer—Is it customary to fee the waiter here? WAITER—Yes, sir. CUSTOMER—Then hand over your fee. I've waited for you nearly an hour.—Philadelphia American.

"Do you think that it is ladylike for a woman to ride a bicycle?" she inquired. "Yes," he replied; "unless she insists on riding like a gentleman."—Washington Star.

Willie—You must be an india-rubber man, Mr. Suitor. MR. S.—Why so? WILLIE—Because I heard pa say that you were bounced about twice a week.—N. Y. World.

Deacon Hopeful—An honest man is the noblest work of God. ELDER SOURVIEW—Possibly; but very few except the Lord seem to appreciate the fact.—Truth.

She (fishing)—I know, Alfred, I have my faults. HE—Oh, certainly. SHE (angrily)—Indeed? Perhaps you'll tell me what they are?—The Amusing Journal.

Heien—I hate Mr. Hadleigh, even if he is rich; he pretends to be so good. FOND MAMMA—Yes, but think, my dear, the good die young.—Vanity.

"I don't see Jimpson any more." "You are not likely to for some time. He's got a new camera and a new baby at his house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hal—Clara Belle is such a little bit of a thing. AL—Yes, the most expensive things come in the smallest packages.—Texas Siftings.

Agatha—Charlie is tickled with his new moustache, isn't he? MARIE—Yes, but (with a shy blush) not half as much as I am.—Clairmont Eagle.

Mistress—And, Bridget, are you a good cook? BRIDGET—A good cook, is it? Faith, I go to two masses every day in Lint.—Texas Siftings.

"Say, Wilkins, that \$5 bill you loaned me last night was a counterfeit." "Well, you said you wanted it bad."—New York Herald.

"What would you like to have the glee club play?" "A couple of rounds with a good football team."—Chicago Record.

After a woman's smile comes a glass of good whiskey. It makes you forget the troubles of life and puts you on a good footing with the world generally. The celebrated J. F. Cutter Bourbon is one of the finest liquors in this line in the city. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the sole agents for this coast and they are patronized by our leading private houses.

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Assets, \$3,000,000.

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Assets.....3,192,001.69
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BUCHANAN BROS.,

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ONE of the most charming souvenirs ever issued in this city was the menu of the banquet tendered the visiting hotelmen by the California Hotel Association at the Palace Hotel on April 24th. The menu itself is enough to excite the envy of an epicure, and the cover enclosing the delicately printed pages is, in execution and design, the work of an artist. It shows an open door with the latch down, suggestive of much hospitality, and was the idea of John C. Kirkpatrick, the manager of the Palace.

MESSRS. Bailey, Porter, Bailey & Co. have opened offices at 415 1/2 Montgomery street, between California and Sacramento streets, and will deal in large mining properties. They will examine and report on mines and also take general supervision of operating the same for owners who may be absent or unable to take charge themselves. The gentlemen composing the firm are all so well known that their names are a sufficient guaranty for responsibility. References, however, will gladly be given by the Bank of California.

THE flower show conducted by the State Floral Society and on exhibit at Maple and Marble Halls in the Palace Hotel, surpasses any the society has previously held. The quality of the exhibits is most remarked. To-day is to be devoted to wild flowers, and owing to the recent rains quite a goodly variety is anticipated.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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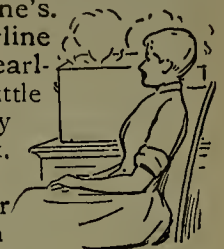
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One is the same way your grandmother washed—there wasn't anything better, then rub soap into the clothes—rub them up and down on a board till you get the dirt worn off; hard work and wear out the clothes. The other way is Pearlina's.

You put the clothes into Pearlina and water—then you wait. Pearlina gets the dirt all out. A little rinsing makes them perfectly clean. Pearlina does the work. There's nothing so easy, so economical, or that keeps your clothes so absolutely safe from harm and wear and tear 438



ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Mexican Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 23d day of April, 1896, an assessment, No. 54, of 20 cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

28TH DAY OF MAY, 1896,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 18th day of June, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, the 12TH DAY OF MAY, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Friday, May 1, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M.

E. H. SHELTON, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Central Eureka Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of mine, Sutter Creek, Amador county, Cal.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Central Eureka Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 7, second floor Mills building, on Saturday, the

9th DAY OF MAY, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

WM. A. M. VAN BOKKELEN, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING

North Star Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the North Star Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 14, 401 California street, San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, the 13TH DAY OF MAY, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. DAVID A. JENNINGS, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of William J. Gray, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of William J. Gray, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of William J. Gray, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 23, 1896.

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THE Easter season is waning rapidly, and what entertainments are given continue to be almost entirely of a gastronomic character, theatre suppers, club dinners and luncheons, and those at private residences. Among the prettiest of the latter was the luncheon Miss Cora Smedburg gave to thirty-five of her young lady friends last Tuesday. Mrs. George Whittell's guests at her luncheon the same day were all married people, and the decorations were chiefly of roses, shaded from pale pink to dark red.

Music has taken quite a leading place in the pleasures of the present week. Concert parties were many at the first appearance of Rivarde at the Columbia on Monday night, and on Thursday evening the testimonial concert given as an adieu to Mrs. Carmichael Carr at Golden Gate Hall was quite a fashionable event. Next on the list comes the concert of the Loring Club, which will be given at Odd Fellows' Hall next Monday evening.

The dancing season in town is almost at an end. Club after club have given their final meetings, and carpet dances at private houses are becoming decidedly rare. To the Entre Nous Club belongs the distinction of having given one of the prettiest as well as one of the pleasantest of their cotillions at the close of their season of six, on Tuesday evening. Four figures were danced, led by Mr. Lewald and Miss Maud Haas, and it has been decided that the next season of the club will begin early in the autumn.

Weddings have been quite prolific across the bay of late, and from Alameda to Berkeley wedding festivities have been the rule, several every week, for some time past. Tuesday last saw two weddings in Oakland, Miss Abbie L. Grant and the Rev. Dr. Wendte having been united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, on Third avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, amid lovely floral decorations. There were neither bridesmaids nor groomsmen, and Dr. William Bartlett tied the nuptial knot in the presence of a limited number of friends and relatives.

Miss Ida Lee Thompson and Robert Edgar were the bride and groom of the ceremony which took place at the Boardman residence on Fourteenth street, in Oakland, also on Tuesday, the Rev. Dr. Coyle officiating.

On Thursday evening the Samuel residence on O'Farrell street here in town was the scene of the nuptial festivities of Miss Hattie Sammel and I. Despres.

The interior of the Church of the Advent in Oakland on Thursday evening of last week was a mass of decoration, in which bamboo poles, ferns, and smilax, pink and white roses and lilies were used without stint. The occasion was the wedding of Miss May Pope and Augustine Rossier; the service was choral, the full vested choir of forty voices heading the procession as it entered the church. Miss Caroline Hawxhurst, who officiated as maid of honor, and Miss Virginia White as bridesmaid, wore pink and white gowns, and the bride was robed in white satin, trimmed with point lace, a diamond star holding her tulle veil in place, and in her hand she carried a white ivory prayer book. The groom was attended by George B. Cramer of Philadelphia as best man, and during the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop Nichols, assisted by the Rev. Marshall Law, Sigmund Beel and Mrs. Law played a duet upon the violin and organ. Mention must not be omitted of the ushers, Lieutenant Bent and Messrs. Armstrong and Pollok, who with the utmost grace fulfilled the arduous duties which fell to them. Following the church service, a reception was held at Hillcrest, the home of the bride's family, and then an elaborate banquet. The decorations were extremely handsome, and the wedding presents were numerous and very valuable.

Thursday's wedding on this side of the bay took place in the afternoon in the parlors of the Occidental, when Miss

Isabel Nash and Portland G. Hunt were united by the Rev. Father Flood. The bride looked charming in a costume of Persian green silk, and wore diamond ornaments. Her hand bouquet was of Marshal Neil roses. Miss Lizzie Pohley, who was maid of honor, was gowned in pearl gray silk trimmed with lace. George Dillon was best man to the groom. Luncheon was served in the private dining room, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Hunt departed for Los Angeles.

Apocryphal of weddings much interest has been felt in society circles in hearing the details of the wedding in Chicago last week of Miss Ida Irwin and Daniel L. Barnes, at the residence of Colonel Irwin, U. S. A., on Cedar street, which was a particularly brilliant affair. Miss Irwin spent some time in San Francisco last year as the guest of the Misses Dimond, and became very popular in the swim, much regret being felt when the time came for her departure for home. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have gone to Europe for their honeymoon.

The topic of the week in Jewish circles was the announcement of Miss Sadie Hecht's engagement to William L. Gerstle; and the prospect of two brilliant weddings in the near future is a source of both pleasure, and congratulation, the other couple being Miss Alice Gerstle and J. B. Levison, whose engagement was only recently made public.

One of last week's pleasant affairs was the luncheon party given by the bride-elect, Miss Belle Cohn, at the de Young residence on Thursday afternoon. Miss Ida Callahan was guest of honor, and the others were all young people. Miss Callahan was maid-of-honor at Miss Belle Cohn's wedding with Ernest Brandt, which was solemnized at the de Youngs, on Wednesday, at noon.

The Daughters of the American Revolution entertained their friends at the Century Club, last Saturday afternoon, with vocal and instrumental music, patriotic essays and refreshments, and the attendance of guests was quite large.

Indoor festivities being ended—at least those on an elaborate scale—out-of-door pleasures are now in order, and Burlingame promises to be among the first in the field with the polo match, which is to take place there next Saturday between the Burlingame and Riverside teams. Meantime, the club appeared at the Fabiola fête yesterday in hurdle races, but in this issue it will not be possible to do them the justice they no doubt deserve. The Floral fêtes are creeping up the Coast, and, while the two at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles were, owing to the weather, hardly so successful as those of other years, their glories it will be difficult to equal, or, indeed, say some, to even approach. However that may be, a strong effort was made by those in charge of the Fabiola Fête to make it a brilliant success, but, as it took place yesterday, comment must be postponed until next week.

The Corinthian Yacht Club had a gala time last Saturday, and, notwithstanding the disagreeable nature of the weather, the dance at the club house was a lively one, participated in by a large assemblage of guests. To-day the San Francisco Yacht Club will open their season with a dance at Sausalito, and next Saturday the Pacifics will show what they can do in charmingly entertaining their friends.

The McCutcheons have been entertaining Captain and Mrs. Collier and Miss Collier at their Ross Valley Villa this week. Castle Crags is to be the abiding place of Mrs. Clark Crocker and Miss Julia this summer. Mrs. Stanford left for the East on Wednesday last. Mrs. George Loomis is visiting her niece, Mrs. Elkins, in Philadelphia. The Whitelaw Reids are among our recent acquisitions, and are staying with D. O. Mills at Milbrae. The Colliers will spend some time at the Bowie residence, on Jackson street, as the guests of Allen St. John and his sister, Mrs. Detrick, before leaving town for Clear Lake. Louis Sloss, Jr. has gone to Alaska for the summer.

The inauguration banquet of the "Sons and Daughters" of "Old Friends" will take place at the Commercial Hotel, May 1st, at 8 p. m. sharp.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.

On Monday evening, May 4th, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Loring Club will give the fourth concert of their present season, which will thus complete their nineteen years of musical work in San Francisco. The programme prepared for this concert well sustains the best traditions of this club. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr is the pianist of the club, and the concert will be directed by Mr. D. P. Hughes.

At the annual exhibition of horses at the Riding Club in New York on April 17th, the usual number of handsome saddle horses and hunters were shown. The California exhibitors were Dick Lounsberry, a park hack, and Foxie Keene, a hunter. Neither took prizes. Several ladies rode their hunters over the hurdles, Miss Pomeroy taking first prize with her gray, Mr. P. Collier second with Punch, the twenty-four year old champion, and Miss Knowlton third with a very handsome light gray. The judges were Mr. Frank Sturges, Mr. E. C. La Montagne, and Mr. E. C. Potter. Miss Knowlton is the fiancée of young Garland, an immensely wealthy young sportsman. Mrs. Potter, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. La Montagne, Mrs. Dodd Havemeyer, and a number of other ladies were in the tribune.

The Auditorium has been packed to the doors at every performance the past week, and thousands have been unable to secure seats, so great has been the demand to see Bristol's Eques-Curriculum, of ninety educated horses, mules, and ponies. It is only necessary to say that the exhibition given is a wonderful one. The animals respond to what is said to them with an almost human intelligence. In fact, for the general excellence of their training and the novelty of their feats, Professor Bristol's educated horses are a revelation. The entertainment will be seen for one more week, and matinees will be given Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton will lecture on "Portia, the Perfect Woman," at the Century Club Auditorium, 1215 Sutter street, next Wednesday evening. According to the number of tickets sold a large audience will be in attendance. Carriages may be ordered at 9 p. m.

Memorial services were held at Temple Emanu-El yesterday evening in honor of the late Baron Maurice de Hirsch. A large and fashionable audience participated in the ceremonies, which were most impressive.

The fifth annual Bench Show of the Pacific Kennel Club takes place at the Mechanics' Pavilion, commencing Wednesday, May 6th, and continuing for three days thereafter.

THE annual election of officers of the Pacific Yacht Club resulted as follows: President, John H. Dickinson; Vice-President, Hugo D. Keil; Commodore, John D. Spreckels; Vice-Commodore, Martin B. Roberts; Measurer, Alec. Svenson. Directors: John H. Dickinson, Charles H. Crocker, Hugo D. Keil, Will A. Powning, John T. Dare, F. Hohweiser, and J. D. Maxwell. The Club Outing will be held at the Clubhouse and Grounds, Sausalito, on May 9th. Visitors are requested to go in the afternoon, but, for the convenience of those who cannot go at any early hour, a tug will leave Mission street wharf at 6:30 p. m. Tickets can be had upon application to any of the Directors.

THE Southern Pacific will commence its Santa Cruz and Monterey Sunday excursion trains to-morrow. The train leaves Third and Townsend streets at 7:30 a. m., arrives at Del Monte at 11:03 a. m., and arrives in this city again at 8:35 p. m., allowing passengers over five hours' pleasurable recreation at that popular resort. A Sunday accommodation train to Palo Alto will also be run, leaving the city at 9:47 a. m. and returning in the afternoon.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

Still further reductions in Diamonds, Watches and Silverware at Hirschman's, 113 Sutter street, to expedite his closing out sale.

Blackheads permanently cured by using "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 60c. Druggists or by mail. Pacific Perfumery Co., S. F.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 28, 1896.	Arrive
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	7:15 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Staticas	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Birenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:15 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A
10:05 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East	11:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:45 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Los Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		7:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	PITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	7:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 3:30, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:20, 1:00, 12:00, 3:00, 14:00 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted.

†Saturdays only.

1Sundays only. †Tuesdays only.

††Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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A CURE FOR CUPID'S WOUNDS.

BOSTON TRAVELLER.

Take a thimbleful of heartsease,
That has faded long ago,
And the ashes of the roses,
That you used to treasure so.

Take the essence of the flower,
That in meaning is regret,
And that healing herb of Egypt,
Called "Nepenthe"—to forget.

Let no time pass in the mixing,
Take no moment to reflect,
But to strengthen—brace the tonic—
Add a month of cold neglect.

Throw a tear or two for sorrow,
And a smile or two for foam,
And a glance that's full of meaning,
With a dart to send it home.

Take a measure full of temper,
And some sharp, sarcastic spice,
And a long misunderstanding
Makes the compound awfully nice.

Pepper it with sauce and sadness,
Mingle with a cigarette,
And a box of Huyler's candy
Won last summer on a bet.

Watch it well with earnest longing,
Stirring with an auburn curl,
Cook it o'er the glowing hearth-fire,
Season with—"another girl."

ON A DANCE PROGRAMME.

ARTHUR W. GUNDY, IN LIFE.

We sat it out upon the stairs—
I'm not a dancing man—
They played the brisk "Mikado" airs,
I trifled with her fan.

The fateful words were hard to say—
I'm not a fluent man—
I would begin with something gay,
A pun, about a fan.

It would not come, that little joke—
I'm not a punning man—
The moments flew; I clutched, and broke
Her dainty feathered fan.

"The cost of it?" I thought, dismayed—
I'm not a moneyed man—
The hand the final figure played;
I figured on that fan.

The dance was over, and she rose—
I'm not a ready man—
But seized the moment to propose—
That I should mend her fan.

I thought it out upon the stairs;
She—took some other man—
And I have with me for repairs,
A broken heart and fan.

"Did you read about the tramp who had a woman arrested for throwing kisses at him?" "Yes; and it served her right. What are endearments to a gentleman in need of hutter cakes?"—Chicago News.

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SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, *3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.	In Effect April 2, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.
Week Days.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Novato, 10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma, 6:05 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa, 7:30 P. M.
7:30 A. M.		Fulton, 10:10 A. M.
	7:30 A. M.	Windsor, 10:10 A. M.
		Headlandsburg, 7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		Groverdale, 6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah, 6:15 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guerneville, 7:30 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sonoma, 10:40 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen, 6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol, 10:40 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers. Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Scotia, and Eureka.

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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M. May 5; steamer "Coos Bay" 10 A. M. May 10.

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Doric (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, May 12, 1896
Belgic..... Thursday, May 28, 1896
Coptic..... Monday, June 15, 1896
Gaelic (via Honolulu)..... Thursday, July 2, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1896.

Number 19.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 605-609-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 1014 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

NICKLE-in-the-slot machines should be taxed out of existence. Open gambling can hardly be considered an incentive to virtue in the young people of this city.

NOW that the Populists are again active, it may not be amiss to revive Senator Carpenter's epigram, that Populism is "a cross between lunacy and grand larceny."

HIS Highness the late Shah is one of the many people who will never more be missed. Persia is too full of such ruffians for the throne to be long unoccupied by one.

"GOD never intended," the Reverend Anna Howard Shaw declared the other day, "that man and woman should travel tandem." No reflection, let us hope, on "the bicycle built for two."

NO better man can be found in this city to fill the office of Mayor than James D. Phelan. He is an energetic, honest and capable Democrat and would be, if put in nomination, heartily supported by the respectable portion of the party.

"ARTHUR of Pasadena" is the latest political surprise. Until he was slated for Chairman of the Sacramento convention he was known to nobody in this part of the State. By the way, it was Pasadena that furnished the mis-fit known as Markham.

M. M. ESTEE says the Republican shibboleth in the coming campaign will be "protection." Should the party want something fresh to "inscribe upon its banners," it might try the effect of this: Millions For Tribute, But Not A Cent For Trade.

AFTER the great Republican defeat of 1892, Whitelaw Reid attributed the disaster to an over-dose of "protection." Now that his party is preparing to put to the front the McKinley whose tariff policy was so signally repudiated by the people four years ago, the faithful partisan editor has already swallowed his medicine with a good grace.

IT has been shown to the world that leniency is not foreign to the Boer temperament, plegmatic and unpolished as it has generally been pronounced to be. As this is one of the base principles requisite for a nation's advancement it is more than possible that a great surprise awaits the world in the future development of the Transvaal.

SENATOR Tillman continues to make himself obnoxious to all self-respecting people in this country. Pandering to the desires of the demagogic element he represents, he utilizes every opportunity to heap personal abuse upon the President and those who are associated with him. It might have been supposed that the unanimous censure passed upon Mr. Tillman by the press of the country, Republican and Democratic alike, would have had a deterrent influence upon his spleen. It appears, however, that the "gentleman" is still the exception rather than the rule in the Senate as in the House of Representatives.

THE practice of "instructing" delegates is one of the evils of politics. It tends to the packing of State conventions in the interests of bosses and wire-pullers, and is destructive of that independence of action and thoughtful consideration of candidates which should govern nominations for the Presidency. The voter has practically no voice in the selection of the man whose name heads the party ticket.

SOME of our able editors have gone into rhapsodies over what they term the successful transmission of electric "power" across the continent, because a current generated at Niagara Falls was used to fire a cannon in this city. It was a striking proof of perfect insulation in a great telegraphic circuit, but able editors should know that a spark sufficient to ignite gun cotton is a long way short of being electric "power."

AN incalculable menace is offered to the city by the presence of such extra hazardous risks as paint and oil works within the city's limits. The late fire on Beale street might have resulted in the total destruction of San Francisco. It is to the interest of underwriters and the people themselves to see that in future such establishments be maintained only where they will be of least danger to the property of the community.

CARNIVALS have been epidemic in California this spring. Some of our able statesmen have solemnly bewailed these harmless vanities, with their mockery of royal courts, as un-American imitations of diversions born in the effete monarchies of Europe. But there is much more thrifty method than mad merry-making in these California frivolities. True democracy may be appeased by the assurance that our carnival-promoters have a keen eye to the main chance, and take their fun with the air of a man who is counting the cost.

SINCE the policy of restricting foreign trade, miscalled protection, is now the only remaining "principle" of Republicanism, it seems fitting that McKinley should be the choice of his party for the Presidency. His brain never evolved a new idea, but the accident of a chairmanship in Congress made his name identified with the most barbarous and piratical tariff this country has ever known. The reason for his party prominence is the strongest of reasons for his defeat by the people at the polls.

AN Oakland young woman, who has been studying "real hard," announces that her head is full of grand and profound ideas respecting statesmanship and things, and that she will stump the East to promote the principles of the Populists. After "making her reputation," she will return to Oakland to practice law. It may be suggested that the best way for patriotic young women to multiply the followers of Populism is to take unto themselves husbands, and follow the Biblical injunction about replenishing the earth. It's a little slow, but it's sure.

MUCH disappointment is felt by the Directors of the Art Association at the meagre demand for pictures on exhibition at the Hopkins Institute. The reason why there is no market for them is simply because the greater part of the paintings are inferior daubs unworthy of a place in any gallery. It is ridiculous to expect art lovers to patronize second rate talent merely because it happens to be local. Were the standard of excellence only raised and fewer pictures admitted to the annual exhibition, the really good work might be seen to greater advantage and would stand a greater chance of finding a purchaser.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.

THE high soprano is heard in the political choir just now. The New Woman is piping for her rights. She wants to vote, and is praying tyrant man to let her. At the polls the coming fall the citizens of California will be required to pass upon a proposed Constitutional amendment which, if adopted, will extend the suffrage to women. That it will be adopted there is no great danger. Its defeat is pretty well assured by the sort of advocacy it is receiving. The New Woman is out in force haranguing in its favor. Since the New Woman presents herself as a representative of what the whole sex ought to be, and will be when they have achieved political equality, it is not conceivable that any formidable number of men will give their voices for such a transformation. Man is so constituted that women of the marriageable kind will always seem to him more desirable than women who are devoid of the attraction of sex. The most conspicuous characteristic of the New Woman is her want of that attraction. Regard the leaders of the suffrage movement who are at present among us. A few possess meek and subjugated husbands, who are tolerated as a concession to society and nature, but the great majority of the speech-making ladies are either old maids, mannish women, or widows past the age of reasonable expectation. The excitement which publicity affords is to their arid temperaments a substitute for the interests that are dearest to normal women—love, children, home. The Californian who wants to see his mother, and sister, and sweetheart marching to the polls in procession with these angular, atrophied, and epicene persons, deserves to have that kind of female for a mother, sister, and sweetheart.

Yet the New Woman, though minus the attraction of sex, remains distinctively female in every unpleasant respect. Her appetite for notice and admiration is as strong as that of any actress in pink tights. She cannot ask admiration on physical account, so she demands that the masculine world shall stand off and revere her Mind. And that mind has ever the essential unattractiveness of the possessor's sex. It is permeated with vanity. No one is so egocentric as the New Woman. Her devotion to the Cause is due mainly to the opportunities it furnishes her for personal display. The stares of an audience have become to her what the glances of a lover would be were she young and capable of love. She is a misfit, a failure, an apple that has withered and not ripened on the tree. Vanity is the fire that sustains her. If men have passed her by and left her unmated, she persuades herself that they have been scared off by her superior intellect. She has cultivated a scorn for women who draw men as a flower does bees. She, at least, owes none of her charm to beauty, which is but skin deep. The New Woman, in fine, is a hen without chickens who flatters herself that, if not a rooster, she is as good as one, and crows accordingly.

We speak of the fully developed, the extreme type of the New Woman. And justly. The extreme is the ideal. Many women of generous natures, wishing to do something for their sex, have been drawn into this suffrage movement, not because they understand it, but because it makes loud and large promises. Suffrage really means more New Women, of whom the supply already far exceeds the masculine demand. Whatever tends to unsex woman should receive the condemnation of men. Therefore, the proposed amendment ought to be voted down. And it should be voted down for other reasons. The electorate is not now so rich in knowledge and intelligence that the State can afford to inject into it a mass of inexperience, ignorance, pettiness and emotion. If the voting lists could be revised by crossing off all the dull and vicious men and replacing them with women of sense and good character, that would be a great gain, but no process has been discovered by which this can be done. The New Woman, as we see and hear her on the platform and read her in the press, is just the sort of citizen there is no need to multiply. She has perfect male representation in the political parson—the brother who regards the world as a Sunday school, billiards as the criminal counterpart of burglary, and the innocent social pleasures of the people as the master vices of the age. If California bankers for a plague of Dr. Dilles in petticoats, it will adopt the Woman Suffrage amendment.

An Un-American Society.

The prominence which the A. P. A. assumed in the Republican State Convention raises the American gorge. This secret order made its preferences and dislikes known with the perfect openness that betokens consciousness of strength. The Rev. Hudelson, one of the bosses of the society, had his headquarters at a hotel like the other statesmen, and a Republican so eminent as George A. Knight did not disdain to visit him there and humbly put questions as to the truth of rumors that he, Mr. Knight, had been placed on the blacklist. Hereabout a man who is an A. P. A. is sufficiently conscious of the discreditableness of the fact to conceal it, but south of Tehachapi, it seems, one can be an A. P. A. without shame. Eastern culture and Eastern piety have made heavy inroads there of late years. A sense of moral superiority always goes with the combination, and renders the victim certain that whatever he does is sure to be right and admirable.

The A. P. A. has within itself the poison of which it will die. So long as it pretended only to negative activity—to the useful function of opposing those who made political merchandise of their religion—the public was disposed to tolerate it as an unpleasant cure for an unpleasant ailment. That Irish Catholics everywhere sought recognition from both parties because they were Irish and Catholic nobody could deny. It was impudently un-American and provoked the creation of this A. P. A. as a punishment. But to every man of intelligence and modern spirit anti-Catholic bigotry is fully as offensive as Catholic bigotry. By ceasing to be merely a negative and corrective force and taking the aggressive, the A. P. A. has simply supplanted the political Irish in public disesteem. The organization whose avowed reason for existence was to protest against the intrusion of religion into politics gives signs of being determined to make of our politics a matter of religion solely. The Irish Catholic place-hunter was intolerable, and the A. P. A. place-hunter is equally repulsive. Civilized citizens will use the halloo as a club wherewith to break the heads of both.

The opposition of the order in Ohio to the nomination of McKinley demonstrates how far it has strayed from its original purpose. McKiuley is not an Irishman but an American, not a Catholic but a Methodist, yet the A. P. A. antagonizes him because he would not make of himself its servant in the distribution of offices while he was Governor of Ohio. The effrontery of the A. P. A. in taking such a position as this tells plainly of the need there is for crushing it.

We have no high opinion of Major McKinley. He is a commonplace man, an ordinary Ohio politician, and the representative of a single idea that is opposed to all that science has to say on the subject of the laws of trade. But if the A. P. A. shall make him the representative of the American doctrine of no religion in politics he will get the votes of multitudes of men who have no liking for him personally, no respect for his abilities and no faith in his mediaeval political economy.

The A. P. A. is a sheep dog that has taken to killing the sheep. The fate of a collie which does that is sealed. There is too much sense, too much manhood in California to permit an association to flourish which stands for religious proscription in politics. The more prominent the A. P. A. becomes as an aggressive element, the shorter will be its life.

Two Kinds. Some weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Morgan, a fashionable preacher of New York, delivered a sermon which he did not compose, but stole. The Rev. Dr. Lee wrote to the newspapers and exposed the thief. Thereupon a number of clergymen also wrote to the newspapers, vigorously denouncing—whom? Not the thief but Dr. Lee, who had been so little regardless of the interests of the church of God as to bring one of its ministers into public contempt. The New York Sun has been moved by this peculiar manifestation of holy wrath to inquire editorially whether clergymen are morally accountable. The answer is simple. Clergymen are morally accountable. But the morals of the churches differ greatly from the morals which obtain outside of them. Conduct which in a worldling would be considered infamous is held to be venial in a clergyman. On the other hand, the worldling may do things without reproach from

his fellows that would instantly cost a clergyman his pulpit. The Rev Mr Goodwin, pastor of a San Francisco Methodist Church, has recently given a striking illustration of the divergence of church morals from ordinary morals. The Rev. Dr. Brown, Congregationalist, was, under newspaper pressure, reluctantly removed from his pulpit for adultery, perjury, subornation of perjury, bribery of witnesses, the intimidation of women, and the harboring under the same roof with his wife of a woman notoriously unchaste, who confessed to being in love with himself. Mr. Goodwin was so incensed at the punishment inflicted upon Dr. Brown that he at once did him the honor to invite him to occupy the Goodwin pulpit for a Sabbath. On Sunday last, however, Mr. Goodwin proved that he has a high regard for the sort of morals patronized by the churches. He denounced all forms of gambling, including cards in the house and even raffles at church festivals. He also sternly condemned theatre-going, and is doubtless wide-awake to the unspeakable wickedness of Sabbath-breaking, profane swearing and dancing.

The Congregational clergy of Iowa have, like Mr. Goodwin, been shocked by the action of the Congregational clergy of California in expelling Dr. Brown from the ministry. They have taken the persecuted brother into their own fold, and he will doubtless find a pulpit in Iowa. It is intimated, too, that the attention of the Congregational clergy of the whole of the United States will be called to the case of the ill-used ex-pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Two months ago the Rev. Colburn, pastor of the Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco, was arrested in Golden Gate Park for a crime too horrible to be specified. The Park Commissioners thought it better to refrain from prosecuting him than to inflict upon the public the loathsome scandal that a trial would mean. The Rev. Colburn has sought no vindication in court, and has made no complaint against the policeman who took him to jail in the patrol wagon. He continues to preach, and his congregation is satisfied.

Now, had either Dr. Brown or the Rev. Colburn been convicted of playing a game of billiards, or of attending a Sunday picnic, or of uttering the word damn in a moment of irritation, he would have been unfrocked with the hearty approval of the clergy and laity of his sect everywhere. There would have been no sympathetic invitation to preach from Brother Goodwin's pulpit, no resolutions of condolence and confidence from the Iowa brethren, no ladies to sigh out their unimpaired trust in beloved Pastor Colburn and to lay flowers at his dear feet.

The attention of the secular press of the American continent is being attracted to the queer standard of morals to which the churches hold the clergy accountable. And it is timely to say that unless the churches shall rediscover the Ten Commandments men and women who desire to be of clean repute will sedulously avoid the sanctuary.

The Republican Convention. In most things the Republican State Convention which met this week at Sacramento did what was expected of it.

It was a nearly unanimous McKinley body, at least on the surface. To be for McKinley is the national Republican fashion of the moment. The party hope is that a roaring cheer of forced enthusiasm for the Ohio man and his one idea will divert attention from what ought to be the real issue of the Presidential campaign—the financial question. As McKinley is a straddler on that it does not worry him that Eastern conventions, declaring for the single gold standard, and Western conventions declaring for unlimited silver coinage, alike pledge their delegates to him. The party is hopelessly divided, and the private prayer which it sends up is that McKinley's straddle may be wide enough to bridge the chasm and furnish a bridge over which the Republicans may march to a dishonest victory in November.

The Sacramento convention pronounced for free coinage of silver at the 16 to 1 ratio, as the Republican convention of two years ago, owned by Colonel Dan Burns, did. The Colonel knew nothing about finance, but he possessed silver mines in Mexico. Consistency required a renewed declaration, which is far from expressing real Republican opinion in California. We venture to say that three-quarters of the party are against free coinage, but the managers are

averse to alienating the silver maniacs, which a failure to put forward again the Burns plank would have done.

The demand for woman suffrage is another heritage from the Burns convention, a perfectly needless folly, for there is no large number of Californian males, or married females, or females in expectation of getting married, who hanker to see the ballot in the hand that nature intended should rock the cradle.

The supplementary resolution against the Funding bill was not adopted because the convention liked it, but because the convention feared its rejection would place a weapon in the grasp of the anti-railroad Democracy.

For the rest, the platform, barring the advocacy of bounties to exporting farmers, is pretty straight Republican doctrine. The whoop for protection was, of course, obligatory.

The convention did well to give John D. Spreckels the victory over the Kelly-Mahoney faction. That was a triumph for decency. It also did well in selecting Mr. Spreckels as one of the delegates-at-large. He is entitled to every honor that the party, for which he has done so much, can bestow.

But the Republican State Convention of California has issued a challenge which the Democratic party must accept or stand convicted of cowardice. The American Protective Association ran things at Sacramento, ran things openly, rioted in the undisguised exercise of its power. It has formally taken possession of the Republican party of this State, and whatever is opposed to the vile proscriptive feeling which the A. P. A. represents ought at once to be rallied against the party that, without a protest in the convention, has thus surrendered itself to the direction of a secret order. The Democracy, at its forthcoming convention, should take frank and aggressive ground against religion in politics, call on all who are hostile to the application of the religious test to American citizenship to unite with it, and give fierce battle to this ugly monster of bigotry which, grown fat in Southern California, has come up impudently to the capital of the State and swallowed the unresisting Republican party. Neither Catholic nor Protestant should be known in American politics, and when either forces himself in, his head becomes a fair mark for every American halloo. If the danger of too much Catholicism excused the creation of the A. P. A., the A. P. A. has made of itself a greater danger of the same sort, and brought over against it whatever respectable public sentiment there was originally behind it.

The suppression of the A. P. A., which has become the proprietor of the Republican party in California, ought to be made the leading local issue in this State. If the Democratic party is not craven, is not stupid, the call for battle will be sounded without a moment's faltering.

Unjust Persecution. We are glad to see that Mr. Weaver is about to make a legal fight over his continued persecution in the matter of the

Almshouse. The whole affair, from beginning to end, has been disgraceful and we are surprised that the State's chief Executive should lend himself in any way to an affair so deserving of general opprobrium. It is time that an end should be put to the political "spoils" system. If it continues, and men who have served the city honestly and capably are to be removed from public office merely to provide a place for other politicians or their friends, the city is going to travel the road to ruin pretty quickly. The Grand Jury paid an unexpected visit to the Almshouse and found everything as it should be; the people there were well satisfied with the treatment they received under the supervision of Mr. Weaver and his able assistant, Mrs. Weaver, and no complaints were made to them whatever. This of itself should be enough to make the Governor think twice before taking a step the consequences of which may be more serious than he imagines. The people of this city are with Mr. Weaver, and the day is about gone when they can be easily overlooked. The press also unanimously upholds the Superintendent in his management of the institution, and the appointment of any one else to the position for purely personal motives, will bring about the Governor's ears a storm of indignation which will only be accentuated by the airing of the matter in the Courts.

Propose To Talk It is now conceded that the Railroad
The Funding Funding Bill is favored by a large
Bill To Death. majority in both houses of Congress

and that nothing can prevent its passing into law, except parliamentary filibustering for the remainder of the session. In the House that reprehensible method of abusing the right of free discussion no longer works, but in the Senate it is still possible to talk a bill to death. That is what our Senators are now being asked to do with the funding bill. The Examiner is furiously laying the lash upon their backs with the intent to whip them into making that sort of running. It is evident, however, that no great hopes are entertained of Senator Perkins in that connection, and that Senator Steve White, aided by Morgan of Alabama, is relied upon to do Herculean duty for the occasion. There can be no doubt of the burly Senator's capacity for such an undertaking, but that he will exercise it in the unparliamentary and revolutionary manner expected of him is not to be believed for a moment. He is credited with a laudable desire to stand well with his associates in the Senate, and may therefore, we think, be sure to refrain from an abuse that would bring him a host of enemies for the remainder of his term. Moreover, he is ambitious and will hardly be likely to throw away future chances at an unfriendly newspaper's behest, and certainly not when his doing so would plainly be the result of the whip, now being laid on in the sight of all men. Of course it is a Senator's right and duty to use his voice and cast his vote in favor of, or against a particular measure, as his conscience and judgment may dictate, but there both his right and his duty end. When he throws himself into a filibustering fight he abuses his position, prevents, as far as he can, the will of the majority from prevailing, raises vindictive and personal issues and naturally begets antagonisms calculated to destroy his usefulness to his constituents and his chances of advancement at the same time. Stephen M. White is hardly the man to make any such mistake. What Senator Morgan may happen to do is another question. If he is himself, he will naturally yield to the proprieties of debate, for which he is a stickler, but if he be not himself, nobody can tell in advance what he may do, and in that case, nobody need care. Under excitement he pretty soon subsides. The Examiner claims to control talking Senators enough to kill the bill, but who they are does not yet appear. Our contemporary is good at "claiming" and probably in this instance, as in many others, it is pretending to more than it owns.

In all seriousness, we ask where is the sense or public good in attempting to defeat this important measure in such a way? The most that the opponents of the bill claim is that it does not provide for sufficiently large annual payments on account of that part of its funded indebtedness guaranteed by the Government. But if that were true, where would the interest of California come in if those payments were increased to any figures that the cranky dotage of a Sutro or the insatiable fury of a Hearst might dictate? The smaller the payments that are exacted from the railroad, and the longer the time given it to liquidate the whole the better it will be for California, whatever it may be for the balance of the country. And therein consists the utter mockery and humbug of the local opposition. Senators and representatives from all over the country are satisfied that the railroad cannot reasonably collect more from the Pacific Coast than is provided for in the bill. The Sutro-Hearst combination say in one and the same breath that fares and freights are too high, and yet that they ought to be made higher in order that the Government may be paid more. Their position is so absurd that it seems like an insult to the intelligence of the reader to attempt to argue it. The obvious fact is too often being lost sight of that whatever the railroad pays it must collect from its patrons. To cinch it in the pretended interests of the Government is really to cinch ourselves, and yet, marvelous to say, that is the very thing our representatives are being coerced into voting for. No wonder that Eastern Congressmen are lost in surprise and wonder at our incomprehensible attitude and that they are heard exclaiming: "What do you Californians want?" As California, in point of population, is only about a fiftieth part of the whole nation, why should we object to what the other forty-nine parts are

ready and willing to do for us? If, indeed, the Government were willing to release the whole claim, and the rest of the country acquiesced, what cause would Californians have for objecting? Fares and freights could then be greatly lowered, and that, we had supposed, all our hearts had been set upon. With the longest haul in the world over high grades, the Central Pacific cannot at one and the same time lower its charges and increase its payments. Whatever it pays it must collect. That much is obvious. The discussion of this subject would have made better progress if, from the first, it had been rightly understood that the railroad's cause was its patrons' cause. That being true beyond a peradventure, it follows that the men who are clamoring for severer impositions upon the railroad are, in truth and fact, enemies of the State and of its producers.

Fabiola The Fabiola foolery is a thing of the past, not
Foolery. for this year only but for all time. The farcical nature of the show came to a glaring culmination last week and the good people of Oakland became aware of the imposition being practiced on them, and bursting into righteous denunciation, determined to stop it forever. Under proper management these Fabiola fetes would be well enough. People are always willing to put their hands into their pockets when a deserving charity is involved and are not likely to worry much over wind and weather so long as somebody is going to benefit by the inconvenience. But when a lot of money is collected together and only a fourth rate show given, the contestants themselves not receiving proper consideration, people are liable to conceive a big disgust for the whole proceeding and prefer to look elsewhere for their amusement. This year, after over-much patient waiting, a few coaches (half the number advertised on the program) paraded once with hearse-like gravity past the stand and were then removed to a remote place, probably to allow the horses to cool after undue exertion. Finally they were dragged through the performance again and that was all! We do not blame the contestants, who certainly did their best to make the fête a success and many of whom stayed away in sheer disgust, but rather the Committee who had the affair in hand. Moreover, there appears to have been a reckless expediture on the part of those having charge of the financial end. The Treasurer's report shows that over \$4700 was netted for gate receipts and programs; expenses, however, amounted to \$3000, so that only \$1700 will be turned over to the Hospital. Where did that money go, and why was it so lavishly expended when it was needed for a charitable purpose? The people who helped the fête along have a right to know these things and we trust the Treasurer will make his side of the question public.

They Can At the best Supervisors are not of very
Bear much account and the present gentlemen
Watching. serving in that capacity are about the worst the city has been saddled with for many a long year. The tax levy for the fiscal year of 1895-1896 was raised to the enormous figure of \$2.25 to meet certain necessary expenses, amongst which was an appropriation of \$300,000 for a municipal offices building on the site of the old City Hall and \$30,000 for a Pest House and a Home for Inebriates. The people have put their hands into their pockets and have paid the money, hoping at least to get something in return therefor; but after causing dissension about the site of the Pest House, the Supervisors have juggled the money laid aside for its construction into the general fund and thus it has disappeared. It remains now for the people to see that the \$300,000 appropriated for the down town building is not treated the same way, thus making it necessary for the same sum to be taken out of our pockets again next year.

The Supervisors should, moreover, be held accountable for goods ordered when there is no money in the respective funds to pay for them. To expect of the printer, the gasman, the stationer or the plumber that he first go and overhaul the books and see whether the City is in a condition to pay its just debts upon receipt of the goods is ridiculous. The Supervisors are supposed to attend to such matters and by overlooking them they become morally liable for the debts. The sooner this fact becomes recognized the sooner will city affairs be properly administered and honest people be less liable to be imposed upon.



JOHN D. SPRECKELS,
Delegate at Large, Republican National Convention.

The Endowment
Of
Stanford University.

In the past few days there have been awakened in the hearts of all people loving memories of one of California's greatest benefactors by the final accomplishment of the most philanthropic service ever rendered this State. We have reference to the payment of the \$2,500,000, bequeathed by the late Senator Stanford, to the Stanford University, which sum in interest-bearing securities of the best kind was handed over to the Trustees some days ago by Mrs. Jane Stanford. The history of the University, and how it was erected in memory of a beloved boy taken ere he had reached his manhood from his parents, is too well known to be commented upon here. The death of the late Senator is also fresh in our memories and it is safe to say that there is not a man or a woman in California who does not still grieve with the wife and the mother who is left alone in the world whence her cherished ones have been taken. Kindliness and sympathy are of themselves lasting qualities, but when gratitude is added to them they become stronger yet, and this it is which accounts for the bond between Mrs. Stanford and her Californian people. Men who were politically opposed to her husband have met together with those of his own party and have spoken only words of kindness for one whose interest in the welfare of the State enabled him to do so much for its advancement. And as the younger generation grows up and other children come to benefit by the institution he founded and endowed, it can surely be said that he and his family will come to be looked upon, if not as the State's founders, at least as mighty pillars thereof. By the payment of this vast sum the future of the University is now assured, the institution which continued to thrive even in adversity when shortsighted and bitterly prejudiced people were attempting to defraud its patroness of her rightful heritage, will now be enabled to branch out in many different ways and will help to win for California the name of a State, not only mighty in natural resources, but also unexcelled in her educational facilities. This of itself may help to lighten the sorrow of her whom we feel justified in calling "the mother of the State," since the death of her husband her main interest has been that the University should receive its portion and having received it, through her unabated efforts and after much hard struggle she will surely experience a satisfaction somewhat akin to consolation. The daily papers have unanimously attempted to voice the gratitude of the people to the dead testator and their love to her who has carried out his wishes. She has been faithful to California and California will be faithful to her. We can safely assert that there is not a man, woman or child in the whole State who does not hope to-day that she may long be spared to us, and that she may see the results of the great work whose future is now so gloriously assured.

A New
Departure.

We are glad to see that the Republican Convention has inserted a plank extending the benefits of protection to the cultivators of the soil, and we are especially glad to know that the method by which that is to be accomplished was first explained through the columns of the NEWS LETTER. The Government is to pay part of the cost of "transporting agricultural products from American seaports to foreign seaports." That means subsidized steam lines and cheap ocean transit, which the NEWS LETTER has long advocated. But the convention has committed itself to dear inland transportation for our fruit growers, by demanding the immediate payment of the railroad's indebtedness to the second bondholders. That, of course, was intended for humcombe, but it seriously mars the work of the convention, and will yet be regretted.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS week we present our readers with a delightful marine view, showing a portion of the great Bay of San Francisco, looking out of the Golden Gate. The fortified island of Alcatraz appears on the left of the picture; to the right are the stately hills of Marin County.

A SLIGHT COLD, IF NEGLECTED, OFTEN ATTACKS THE LUNGS. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and effectual relief.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

JOHN D. SPRECKELS.

THE Republican party is most certainly to be congratulated upon having Mr. John D. Spreckels for a delegate to the National Convention to be held at St. Louis, and also upon the selection making him the representative from this State on the Republican National Committee. His victory over a great and corrupt part of the Republican party shows that honorable and capable men are appreciated by decent electors, and that in the long run right will ever triumph over mere might when that might represents the criminal and corrupt element in politics. Mr. Spreckels had a hard fight on his hands, and for some time it appeared doubtful whether he would be able to overcome the legions against him. He did it, however, and the representative element of the Republican party is to be sincerely congratulated upon its victory. The completeness of this victory is almost unprecedented in the annals of political history. Out of a total vote of 635, Mr. Spreckels received 565. Martin Kelly can now be considered dead. Mr. Spreckels has killed him, and the entire State, Republicans as well as Democrats, extend him the hand for having accomplished one more victory toward the goal of pure politics. For even men of a different political complexion to the Republican representative will rejoice at seeing the downfall of a corrupt "boss" accomplished.

We wish Mr. Spreckels the reward he merits. He is interested in California, is not afraid of spending his money here, and is a financial giant in every sense of the word. As President of the Oceanic Steamship Company, and Vice-President of the California Sugar Refinery and Western Beet Sugar Company, he has a standing among commercial men in this community which will prove of enormous advantage to him. Business men like to be represented by one of their kind, and in this case they will be more than satisfied. Besides that, a man with such multi-form interests in this city and State as he has, has double reason to be interested in good government, and it is a pity that the sons of rich men do not oftener enter the political field to battle for the State's advancement and the country's good. We have ever advocated this, and we rejoice to see Mr. Spreckels lead the way. That he will draw friends around himself is a foregone conclusion. He is of a firm, yet kindly, disposition, and is generous to an extreme. His numerous friends all testify to the manner in which he ever looks after them, and we feel sure that the same faithfulness will be displayed to the party which has so unanimously reposed its confidence in him.

Vin Pasteur,

The greatest nerve tonic—Coca and Noix de Cola. Prosser Bew Drug Company, Alameda, Cal.

The succulent oyster is ever in style. The freshest Eastern and Californian will be found at Moraghan's, Stalls 68-70 California Market

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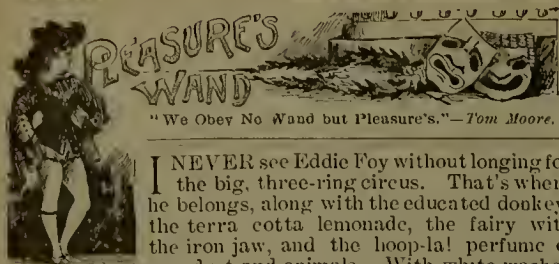
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I NEVER see Eddie Foy without longing for the big, three-ring circus. That's where he belongs, along with the educated donkey, the terra cotta lemonade, the fairy with the iron jaw, and the hoop-la! perfume of saw-dust and animals. With white-washed face and the spacious maternal pantaloons of the old-time clown, the name of Foy, like Castoria and Mellin's Food, would voice the cry of infants, great and small, all over this broad land of ours. But Eddie Foy in *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown* is as tame as decanted beer; he doesn't belong there, and he knows it, and he looks uncomfortable, at outs with himself and sadly bored.

In my mind's ear I can hear the Chesterfieldian Brady as he gave Foy the engagement: "Now, see here, Eddy, you've been a sure case of chilblains in *Crusoe*, Henderson's had an over-dose of you, but I'm going to give you a chance at a straight part—no cuspidoring the footlights, no gaggy songs, no sloppy business, no 'hully gee's, but a try at the real comedy, and maybe you'll land up with Joe Jefferson, Corbett, Goodwin, and the rest of the big 'uns. I've got a great piece: An officer of the Queen marries a ward in Chancery—she's snatched away from him and put back in a seminary—he dons feminine togs, enters the school, and has a corker of a time before he gets her out. You'll be the officer, and all through the first act you'll have to act like a gentleman. I know it will go hard, Eddy—you're such a slob, and it's against your nature to groom up—but try it on, anyway; pattern after Jim and me, and one of these days you'll find yourself billed Edwin, New York won't call you a Western favorite, and Meltzer 'll be writing you a play."

Foy consented. He was measured for a fatigue uniform and a black frock coat, and some kind colored lady gave him a clamorous gown, a red sunshade, and a picnic hat. He cultivated a martial stride, he studied the intricacies of reposing one's hands, he learned to drink his brandy from a glass. But, oh, what a change it has worked on the once most joyful vulgarian who trod the stage! Even the ecstasy of snuggling with the sweet girls at Miss Romney's academy, the delirium of uplifted skirt and a yard of Foy legs poulticed in inflammatory wool—even these do not bring the glad, warm sunshine into Eddie's life. He has tried to be funny without being vulgar, and failed.

A learned New York critic has written that *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown* is a better play than *Charlie's Aunt*. And it is; so is *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Crime of a Century*; but that is no reason why *Miss Brown* should visit herself upon the Baldwin Theatre. She would do well enough at the California—only the minstrels happen to be there with one of the best diversions we have had in moons—or the Columbia. But the Columbia has troubles of its own this week, so we must receive Miss Brown in our swellest play-house, or else not have her at all.

Though the farce is an ordinary one, and Eddie Foy a most disheartening comedian, there is one character that is immense—Herr von Mosier, teacher of music in the academy. Von Mosier is an exaggeration; nothing half so funny could live—not even Uncle Sutro taking his Sabbath bath. He looks like one of Zim's illustrations, and he talks a dialect that would convulse a death mask. James E. Sullivan has the role, and to him belongs whatever success *Miss Brown* is making.

At eight o'clock the little pickaninny band begins to toot at the corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. As the last "um pa" blares and dies, another band stationed in front of the California Theatre strikes up a gingery quick-step, to be immediately followed by a feet-inspiring hoo-down from the army of brass at the Kearny street corner. Two score of black and white niggers pump their lungs into as many noisy-throated instruments; the sym-

bals clash, the drums patter and boom, and the country for miles around knows that Primrose and West's minstrels are sounding the prelude to their evening's performance. If you go into the theatre, as I did on Tuesday night, you will find it packed to the last row and a fringe of able-legged citizens clustering their heads through the foyer curtains. And incidentally, if you observe the stage and have the faculty of comparing values, you will find before you the best show in town—in truth, the only approach to a first-class performance of which this proud city can boast.

To us of the far West, who, in days past, used to enjoy the cream of burnt cork attractions, it has seemed that minstrelsy was a lost art. Our old favorites, one by one, left us for the variety or the farce comedy; itinerant organizations came and went, the intervals growing longer and longer between their visits, until the once ubiquitous Bones and Tambo lived in memory as dusky traditions of a by-gone age. When presto! the show boards glow with apt adjective harbingers of the troubadour's return; the bands play anew with skittish rhythm, the bones rattle, the tambourine beats its brisk staccato on calloused knuckle and hardened pate; the curtain winds aloft, and our old idols are returned.

The stage looks small and crowded to the front; there is a rush through the opening overture by the homely go-as-you-please band; there are no jokes, and though the songs are brinful of the true Virginia essence, the end men seem neither glad nor frolicsome. These are the niggers, the real ebony article—"minstrelsy in the past" the programme labels them. The stage is darkened; a patriotic melody floods from a host of invisible instruments—then the electricity is on, and tier after tier, loaded with music-making minstrels, is revealed in the dazzling light. The end men are blackened, and in claw hammers of blue and gold satin; the singers are clothed as Beau Brummel might have been on some gala night; the musicians, too, wear princely raiment, and both have faces unsoiled by cork. In the topmost tiers the colored men are stationed, making a striking background for the glittering scene that rises from the front. It is a picture, a song, a story, a something to be remembered—a trick in staging, you of the practical turn will say—but the audience feels its animate power, and, for an instant, everything is drowned in the tumult of applause.

Would that my cheerful young pen could find columns long or broad enough to tell of all that follows. With what modest elegance of prose would I embalm the blithe songs and scintillating feet of Mr. Jimmy Wall, the expeditious jokes of Mr. George Primrose, the startling voice of the little pickaninny who made the cornet blush with envy, the marvelous musicianship of the eccentric instrumental trio, the intricate evolutions of Mr. W. H. West's Vaunting Grenadiers, and the exquisite deportment and address of the interlocutor. It is all very wonderful, very beautiful, and very modern, even if, in the picturesque grammar of the tenor's song, "it don't seem like the same old smile," and I would give my watch to see dear, middle-aged Billy Emerson do a song and dance.

Like several other estimable townfolk, I went to the Columbia expecting to see Louis Morrison in *Faust*—somehow the announcement of "Morrison's *Faust*" associated itself, in my mind, with the veteran Mephisto. Mr. Morrison was nowhere in sight; instead, William L. Roberts played the devil with moderate plausibility; Miss Olive Martin played, or rather sang, Marguerite, and Mr. Ulysses Davis chanted *Faust*. There was an adequate accompaniment of variegated electric lights and, between one of the acts, a trio of players on the Guatemalan marimba appeared. These marimba players are a novelty, and decidedly interesting, and there is a combination of wooden staccato and wheezy reed to their sultry, Central American music that fascinates one. But *Faust* is a sad, sorry little parody on a dramatic performance.

The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown continues at the Baldwin another week. Beginning Monday night Foy will sing two new songs.

Hyron's old comedy, *Our Hero*, has been tastefully staged and fittingly acted at the Alcazar this week by Leonard Grover and the regular stock company, reinforced by Helen Foster Vane. Young Grover makes a capital Middlewick, and Miss Vane is more than acceptable as Mary Melrose. Mrs. Hoyt is not in the cast, which, however, does not mar the performance to any great extent. In fact, it has been successful enough to warrant another week of the same bill.

There are two bright, particular stars on the Orpheum programme this week, to say nothing of half a dozen other specialties that are well worth sitting through: Charlotte Parry, the American mimic, who takes off such celebrities as Bernhardt, Rehan, Guilbert and Chevelier, and Ransom, who makes up like Boss Croker, and has an inexhaustible fund of stories that are pat and appropriate to politics of the moment, or anything accessible to humor.

The Chimes of Normandy, bright, tuneful, and refreshing as ever, has been adequately mounted and sung at the Tivoli this week. Hartman's Gaspard is really a cleverly acted character; Carrie Roma's Germaine, and Raffael's Corneville are prominently excellent. Commencing Monday *Fra Diavolo* will be given for one week, to be followed by an operatic version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Edmund K. Collier's *Virginus* is not a great one, but it has good points, and the excellent support given by Morosco's company has made the performance of Knowle's tragedy a success at the Grand. Next week Collier will present a modern drama, *The Cross Roads of Life*, with the full strength of the stock company.

The coming of Ada Rehan and Daly's company to the Baldwin after the Foy engagement promises the biggest theatrical event San Francisco has witnessed this season. Besides two new plays, *The Countess Gucki* and *The Two Escutcheons*, all the old favorites of Daly's brilliant repertory will be given. Ed. Stevens, dear to the memory of all Californians, comes with the company.

The song recital of Mrs. Eunice Westwater will take place Tuesday evening, May 19th, at the Native Sons' Hall, where her many friends and admirers will enjoy listening to her splendid contralto in an interesting selection of musical gems. Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen and Professor Martinez will assist and add to the artistic merit of an unique programme.

The Minstrels have caught the town. Next week there will be an entire change of bill and a cake walk, in which many of our colored Four Hundred will participate. Besides the cake various prizes are offered, including banjos and razors. No white folk are permitted to enter the walk.

At the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, the Zanzies, the White Mahatmas, are filling an engagement of six performances, the last performance to be given next Monday night.

Andrew Bogart has a benefit concert at Metropolitan Hall on the evening of May 14th. Many favorably known singers are on the programme.

Faust has another week to run at the Columbia. *Pawn Ticket Number 210*, a comedy, follows.

THE new quarters of the California State Board of Trade at 16 Post street will be opened Thursday, May 14th. Short addresses will be given by Governor James H. Budd and other distinguished citizens. The ceremony will take place at 12:30 p. m.

People have been flocking to the popular El Campo pleasure resort on Sundays in crowds. All sorts of pleasures can be indulged in there, such as boating, fishing, picnicking and jollifications generally. The refreshments served on the grounds are first-class and reasonable and the finest music is ever in attendance.

Just imported. A fine selection of baccarat globes for piano and banquet lamps at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.

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Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
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Next Monday, May 11th, second and last week of

Primrose & West's BIG MINSTRELS.

Entire change from start to finish, including the grand prize cake walk, exactly as presented at Madison Square Garden, New York. 50 couples. Cash and valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners. All local talent can participate free of entry. List of prizes will be announced in daily papers. Monday, May 11th: A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
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Second and closing week of MORRISON'S famous scenic and dramatic production of

FAUST,

with its wonderful scenic, electric and calcium effects. The marvelous "Broken" scene, with genuine flashes of lightning and the magic rain of fire. Reserved seats, 25c., 50c., 75c.

Next Attraction: AMY LEE and FRANK DOANE.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, last times of the comedian,

EDDIE FOY,

in, THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN.

Last time, Sunday night, May 17th.

Monday, May 18th: ADA REHAN, accompanied by Augustin Daly's company.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and Manager

Last two nights of the tuneful opera, THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

Next week, Auber's favorite opera,

FRA DIAVOLO.

In preparation, the beautiful story, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. The first time in this city in an operatic setting. A regular scenic production; all the lovely Southern airs and characteristic negro dances.

Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Coming attractions. Monday, May 11th,

The Original WOOD & SHEPARD, instrumental comedians, FIELDS & LEWIS, famous Dialogue Comedians.

HAYES & POST. Grotesque Song and Dance Comedians.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Last week of "Virginus."

Monday evening, May 11th, second week of America's popular tragedian, EDMUND K. COLLIER, in the modern drama,

THE CROSS ROADS OF LIFE.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Monday next, May 11th, one week more of the great comedy,

OUR BOYS.

Four years' continuous run in London.

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra, 25c.

El Campo, The Popular Bay Resort.

Now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c.; children, 15c., including admission to the grounds.

The steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:40, and 4:40 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

Vichy Springs.

3 Miles from Ukiah.

The Terminus of the

Mendocino County, Cal.

S. F. & N. P. Railway.

The only place in the world of this class of waters, where the bath tubs are supplied with a continuous flow of Natural Warm Water, direct from the springs. Situation, location, and scenery not surpassed. The only place in the United States where Vichy Water is abundant. The only

Natural Electric Waters, Champagne Baths,
Springs Numerous, Baths Unequaled.



THE manner in which the proceedings of the late Republican Convention at Sacramento were reported by the daily papers of this city was certainly a great triumph of journalism, and the public marveled. Every move, every combination, and every hit of manœuvring, was not only predicted with wonderful accuracy, but reported with the strictest fidelity when it occurred. Such work was only possible through the untiring energy of an army of writers and newsgatherers thoroughly familiar with the personnel of the convention, the political affiliations of its delegates, and the deep underlying current of popular sentiment.

But all of the achievements of the Examiner's forces, of the Chronicle's staff of political writers, headed by City Editor Simpson, and the Call's army of reporters, the efforts of the Associated and United Press, and the best of special writers for the evening papers, are tintured with the bitter consciousness of defeat. All were ignominiously "scooped" by an unassuming little minister from the South. It happened in this way:

The Rev. Mr. Pitman of Los Angeles chanced to be a member of the committee on platform and resolutions, and as such deemed it highly inexpedient that the declaration of party principles he made public before it was formally reported to the convention. So insistent was he that the committee finally adopted a resolution to the effect that the platform should remain a deep and dark secret until it echoed through the convention hall.

Of course, detachments from the different armies of newspaper workers lay in ambush and pounced upon the members of the committee, and demanded the secret or their political lives. But so zealously was the secret guarded that not a word of it leaked from any authentic source.

In the meantime the unobtrusive little minister disappeared with a copy of the coveted document in the pocket of his ministerial coat, and the next morning one of the Los Angeles papers published it in full.

San Francisco was "scooped," and the South scored another brilliant victory.

* * *

While the eyes of impecunious Britishers and "sich" are directed lovingly towards the golden charms of our California girls, it is strange that some of the wise virgins who, 'tis said, abound in the East, have not advanced upon the ranks of marriageable prizes to be found in San Francisco alone, to say nothing of California. Just look at this list, oh, damsels of Gotham, the Huh, or the national capital, and see if it does not contain material worth making a "try" for. The gilded youth of Gotham wed with wealthy, old-time families or multi-millionaires; the Hub goes in for "culchaw," while in Washington city girls must be content with flirtations with army and navy chaps, whose marital intentions are vague. But in our dear old San Francisco the hachelors can indulge themselves in taking a wife for love alone. Again, we say, look at this list: Colonel Fred Crocker, Jim Phelan, Joe Grant, Harry Tevis, Hugh Tevis, Harry Stetson, Dick Tohin, Allan St. John Bowie, W. Whittier, George Newhall, Charlie Baldwin, Claude Terry Hamilton—all rich, or sons of millionaires. Then men who are well off in years and coin: George T. Marye, W. S. Jones, Jerome Hart, Horace Platt, J. W. Byrne—all or any of these would he indeed a matrimonial prize.

* * *

Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky was taking one of his weight-reducing walks the other morning, and chance led him across the Fourth-street bridge and well on the way toward Butchertown. Suddenly a shout and shower of mud went up in the road ahead, and a frenzied steer, with a vaquero in close pursuit, dashed toward him. At first the animal swerved a little, then lowered its head and, with a hellow, rushed straight at the Colonel. He barely had time to dodge around a coal car, with the infuriated

animal at his heels, and in another moment he was clambering up the coal, regardless of his fawn-colored top coat and lemon-colored gloves.

The baffled brute hellowed and pawed up great showers of mud, as it glared at the Colonel lying breathless and exhausted on the pile of coal. The vaquero sat on his horse, with one leg thrown carelessly over the pommel of the saddle, and watched the proceedings with no little interest.

"Hey! You, sir!" shouted the Colonel, as soon as he had recovered his breath and taken in the situation. "That beast of yours tried to gore me. I will have you arrested for permitting a dangerous animal to run at large."

"What's the matter with you?" calmly inquired the vaquero.

"I tell you, sir, that brute attempted to gore me, and I barely escaped with my life."

"Well, you are not hurt, are you?"

"No, but I might have been killed."

"Then if you are not hurt what are you kicking about?"

"Look out, sir! Do you know who I am?" gasped the thoroughly angered attorney.

"No."

"I am Henry I. Kowalsky, the attorney."

"Well, why didn't you tell that to the steer. Hep! Hi! Get out of here," and the vaquero drove his heef off down the street.

* * *

Occasionally a startling rumor is whispered in the public ear. With the next breath it is denounced as absurd, and it dies away only to spring to life again. It is affirmed and denied, re-affirmed and disproven, but still springing to life again, gathers details ever-increasing in particularity and interest.

Such was the rumor that City Attorney Creswell had been taken into the custody of the officers of the law for some great public offense, and it all came from his failure to furnish diagrams, plans, and specifications of one of his little jokes.

Mr. Creswell is an enthusiastic wheelman and delights in early morning spins to the Cliff. One morning this week he was unfortunate enough to puncture a new tire away out beyond Strawberry Hill. Being full of resources he managed to repair it with a piece of chewing gum and one of his suspenders, and resumed the ride. He had hardly gone a quarter of a mile when his chain broke. That was something that gum and elastic would not repair, so he started to trudge home, leading his disabled machine.

About that time a mounted policeman appeared and offered to tow him. His lariat was made fast to the neck of the wheel, Mr. Creswell mounted, and away went the horse at a gallop. He was skimming along toward the city, enjoying the bracing air of the early morn without the trouble of working for it, when an acquaintance hailed him.

"Hey! what's the matter?" he shouted.

"I am just being pulled in," thoughtlessly replied the city's counselor.

* * *

Every dog has his day and lady dogs occasionally have theirs too. If you do not believe it, step out this afternoon to the Pavilion and see the fifth annual hench show of the Pacific Kennel Club. The dogs are really the best ever exhibited in this city and Jimmy Mortimer had a hard time awarding judgment upon them. Much sorrow was caused to the heart of Judge Lawlor whose foxhound Tasso wandered away in search of some frivolous fair at the time he ought to have been seated upon his bench. All of which goes to show that dogs are merely human. The Great Danes make a goodly showing as did the St. Bernards. Alhee Lawrence's collies attracted much attention. One good thing about the present show is that the floor has been profusely sprinkled with sawdust which allows the dogs to get a good foothold and show off their respective qualities to advantage. One thing is noticeable, though, and that is that the Bedlington terrier seldom makes an appearance on this coast. In England the little animal is a great favorite and being a hardy dog and capable of making a good appearance always elicits favorable comment at the shows. Are there any of this breed in the city? It would certainly pay a fancier to import one or two even if only for show purposes.

A fine assortment of dinner sets at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.

"I have heard men of great prominence in the commercial and professional world attempt to ridicule Samuel M. Shortridge, the attorney and politician," remarked a well-known merchant, "but I observed a little incident on a railroad train a few days ago that compelled me to admire and respect him. It was a trifling matter, to be sure, but it proved most conclusively that he is possessed of the true instincts of a gentleman.

"Mr. Shortridge and J. D. Spreckels occupied a seat in a passenger coach directly in front of me. After a time they left their overcoats hanging over the back of the seat and retired to the smoker. At some little way station a roughly clad foreigner entered the car, and finding all the seats occupied except the one recently vacated by Messrs. Shortridge and Spreckels, moved their coats to one side and sat down.

"After a short time Mr. Shortridge returned, and finding his seat occupied, commenced gathering up the overcoats.

"Is this your seat?" inquired the laborer, rising to give way.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Shortridge, with a courteous bow, "it was my seat, but it is yours now. I will find one somewhere else."

"It was a most refreshing bit of genuine courtesy and good breeding, and well calculated to inspire admiration in those who too frequently come in contact with the railroad hog."

The First Congregational Church was closed last Sunday. Dr. Brown was confined to his house. --Morning Paper.

Not a bell nor an organ note was heard
In the Doctor's church last Sunday;
No choir sang like a wounded "burrd,"
The doors were locked till Monday.

The ladies came and the ladies went,
They missed their dear old sinner;
They fumed a bit o'er the carfares spent
As they rode, nnblessed, to dinner.

The Doctor sat and he crossed his thumbs,
And he said to his missus slowly:
"I hope, my dear, that those quaint old bums
Won't think me quite unholy!"

The missus whispered adown his ear--
But that is another story;
She filled his glass with another heer,
And left him alone in his glory.

FIRST CALIFORNIAN REPUBLICAN--Hurrah for McKinley!
SECOND CALIFORNIAN REPUBLICAN--Hurrah for McKinley!

F. C. R.--But say, old man, do you really think more protection would be good for us out here?

S. C. R.--No, I don't.

F. C. R.--Then why are you for McKinley?

S. C. R.--Oh, they're just howling for him back East, and we can elect him.

F. C. R.--But that will be bad for our State, eh?

S. C. R.--Of course, but we can't think of that in a Presidential year, cau we?

F. C. R.--Certainly not. Let a Democrat be elected? Good Lord!

S. C. R.--You bet. Hang California and hurrah for McKinley!

F. C. R.--Hurrah for McKinley!

BOTH TOGETHER--Hurrah for McKinley!

When the visiting hotelmen were in this city the conversation turned one evening to a discussion of California wines, and more particularly the champagnes. Many of the gentlemen were of the opinion that France alone could produce a brand of a really superior quality, but one of our best known clubmen, who felt a bit piqued at the slight cast on California, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of Paul Masson's "Special Dry" and one of his "Extra Dry," and then left it to the judgment of the visitors to decide whether their former statements were not erroneous. The men sampled the wines and looked at one another as connoisseurs do when they find a good thing. When told that it was a California wine, Santa Clara County at that, they were inclined to disbelieve the state-

ment, and the clubman (whose name is withheld) so far forgot himself as to burst into an oath. How the matter would have ended is questionable had not a Boston man remarked that such an explosion could only be due to the exhilarating quality of the Masson wine, and immediately ordered more. The new bottle came, and with it the information that half a million bottles were consumed annually. Only the very best grade is manufactured, and it has become so popular that all the officers on the large steamship lines will have no other on board. Of course, these facts changed the flood of opinion, and many of the hotel managers ordered cases of the wine to be sent to them in the East. Coope & Pippy, who are the agents, and who have just moved into their new quarters under the Palace, say that this will do more to advertise California wines in the East than anything yet attempted.

Whenever a stranger of importance comes to San Francisco and his friends wish to give him a thoroughly first-class dinner he is always taken to the Maison Riche. The chef there is a past grand master, so to speak, and the dishes he creates are worthy the gods and their friends, the epicures. The lunch served there is by far the most perfect of any in this city.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

The best things in Japanese art come to Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market street. His store is patronized by all art lovers.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered
Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a
small wineglassful, before meals, of the cele-
brated

Peruvian

Bitters

Hopkins' Stockton Excursions.

The popular weekly steamer excursions to Stockton inaugurated last summer by George W. Hopkins, will be resumed for the season on Saturday next. Excursionists take the California Navigation and Improvement Company's elegant steamer, T. C. WALKER, at 5 P. M., Saturday, from Washington-street wharf, arriving in Stockton Sunday at 5 A. M. Returning, leave Stockton at 5 P. M. SUNDAY, arriving in San Francisco at 6 o'clock Monday morning. The most enjoyable trip out of San Francisco and cheaper than staying at home. Round trip tickets, including transportation, meals, rooms, carriage drives, baths, view of the country from the Court House dome, etc., etc., only \$4. Tickets can be had only upon application to GEO. W. HOPKINS, General Manager, 30 Montgomery St.

Johannis.

was used exclusively at the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding breakfast. Owing to its excellence it is the preferred table water at the best resorts, hotels, clubs, etc,

AUSTRALIAN SALT BUSH, (*Atriplex Semibaccatum*.)

The Forage Plant for Alkali Soils.

The tens of thousands of acres of alkali lands in California may be made productive and profitable by planting Salt Bush.
For further information, address

Seedsman and Nurserymen,
TRUMBULL & BEEBE, 419 and 421 Sansome street, S. F.



It is a matter much to be regretted that every time an American girl weds a foreigner, the daily press should herald forth the fact as though a most notable event had taken place. Why is not the same interest taken in a good healthy American bridegroom? Because the tendency of fashion is towards Anglomaniya, and to be even remotely related to the wearer of a title is considered of more moment than aught beside. Our girls, whose hearts beat in craving for such conquest, should reflect on several things: First, foreigners, whether of title themselves or connected with nobility, do not, as a rule, marry unless there is "money" in sight. To be sure, every girl hailing from America—especially California—is credited with being a Yankee heiress, but in nine cases out of ten the young man (or his relatives for him) ascertains the fact. Then again, the "family estates" so frequently alluded to in newspaper articles descriptive of these international matches—if any estates there are—belong to the head of the house, the wearer of the family title. The estate (!) of a younger son in Ireland is quite apt to be on a par with a villa at Colma station on the San Jose railroad. The ignorance displayed by newgatherers is often pitiable, as, for instance, last week the Examiner wrote of Mrs. Yarde-Buller as being married to the Hon., etc., etc., eldest brother of Lord Churston! when most people know it is the elder brother who possesses the title. Of course, it is absurd for our free and enlightened people to care for such things, but it is imperative for those who write for the reading public to be accurate and reliable in their knowledge of whereof they write.

* * *

The poor *paters* of San Francisco are to be consoled with, for assuredly a wail will go up from the family circles, and girls of seasons (more or less in number) will clamor for a trip to Europe right away, where relations of titled people are lying round loose for some enterprising American to capture. All this worry to the paternal heart is the result of Miss Josephine Delmas' recently announced engagement to a young Irishman scarce two years her senior, whose chief merit—according to the daily papers—lies in the fact of his cousin being a nobleman. When will this silly Anglomaniya worship of titles cease in our own free country, and when will our pretty native daughters learn that a good true-hearted American is the peer of any foreign duke, marquis, or earl?

* * *

There is no cloud without a silver lining, goes the proverb, and surely the popular Collier family has proved the truth of it, as since the dreadful calamity in Lake County they have been showered with affectionate attentions by friends on all sides. Every one likes the Colliers—the sweet charm of Mrs. Collier, the stately grace of Miss Sara, the bubbling wit of Miss Dottie, and the pretty winning ways of Miss Quita, all combine to render them favorite guests wherever they go.

* * *

The success of our own Donald de V. was so great in the Rivarde concert that his friends are urging him to come out as a professional. Certainly Graham far outshines the would-be "artists" who have of late been posing as something extraordinary, and would do credit to any concert programme.

* * *

The many friends of a most popular belle and equally favorite beau of the swim, are fearing that the recent disastrous fire may somehow delay the "announcement," which every one has been predicting and anxiously waiting for.

* * *

The swim is already heading for the country and seaside resorts. Del Monte appears to be the favorite, and no one is surprised to hear it. One is always so well looked after down there that one almost hates to come back to the city.

"I say, girls, it pays to be chums with army chaps, and don't you forget it," was the very gushing outburst of a pretty bud on the Alameda boat last Saturday. "Just think of having the Presidio band and so many button beaux. Yum, yum!" Truth to tell, the belles and beaux alike had a good time at Miss Ethel Cohen's picnic, which was a charming affair, and Lieutenant Davis bringing the military band was not the least factor in its success.

* * *

Rumor says that Charlie Baldwin will astonish his friends in California by an importation of a thoroughbred filly of great beauty, in the near future. Let us hope she may not be renowned for speed as well, if, as the rumor hints, it is a bride the bandsome Charley is to introduce to his friends in California.

Of all the whiskies kept on hand,
The one pronounced the best,
Is called the Keystone Monogram,
Superior to the rest.

Before a man goes out to dine
A glass of this will give
A better taste to all the wine,
And make it good to live.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.



Very Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Market street. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

Indianapolis Furniture Co.,
750 Mission St.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

CORNER ELLIS AND LEAVENWORTH STREETS

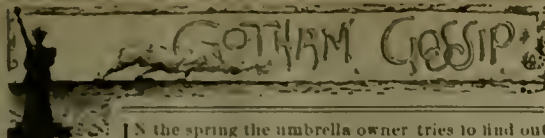
WILL REMOVE May 1st to 24 GEARY ST.

MOVED.

COOPE & PIPPY,

Agents for Paul Masson Champagne, Ben Lomond Mountain Wines, Schramsberger Wines, Vin del Rey Sweet Wines and Brandies, California Olives, also selected brands of Imported Wines and Brandies, have moved to

623 Market St. (Under Palace Hotel). Call and See Us.



In the spring the umbrella owner tries to find out which is his;

In the spring the soda fountain lightly turns to thoughts of fizz;

In the spring the wailing feline howls with more discordant cry;

In the spring the housewife's fancy turns to thoughts of rhubarb pie,

In the spring

Hail gentle spring! is the correct thing, I suppose, but it is such a joy that one can not avoid burst of song. The trees are abloom, the small parks are glowing with tulips, and Central Park is a very bower of young green foliage. The Riverside drive is more than crowded on these lovely mornings, chiefly by bicyclists, however, and most of them make for Claremont, which is doing a rushing business. I was breakfasting there the other day, and the place was crowded. Billy Littauer rode up on a rattling little polo pony. Herinann Oelrichs had a party of men at a table near by, Jimmie Winslow, the yachtsman, in bicycle togs, was near a window overlooking the river, and the ever lovely Lilian Russell, with her young brother, both in cycling clothes, were not far away. It was all very cheerful.

The European exodus continues. Mr. and Mrs. William Oothout were among the outgoing voyagers on the Transatlantic line last Saturday, and Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Spreckels sailed yesterday on the Teutonic. The great Paderewski has also left us for his beloved France, and does not intend returning until 1899. His generous gift to aspiring composers in this country caused a burst of gratitude both great and sincere, and lent an especial interest to his departure. Mr. William Steinway, one of the trustees of the gift of ten thousand dollars, the interest upon which is to be used for three annual prizes for three composers, is so interested and enthusiastic that he proposes to suggest immediate competition, advancing himself the necessary funds until all formalities connected with the deed of gift are finally settled. Paderewski's admirers must bold themselves responsible for many an attack of *mal de mer*, since they simply filled the saloon and the artist's own cabin with most beautiful, and (at sea) painfully fragrant blossoms.

Mr. J. L. Hanson, the well-known banker of Los Angeles, is here at the Holland, and Senator Stewart has been in town for a few days, full of silver and eloquence.

Mrs. Ruth Abbey had an audition at the opera yesterday, and I understand that every one, from the artists to the managers, were enthusiastic over her superb voice and its admirable training. As both Mrs. Abbey and her teacher, Mrs. Bella Thomas Nichols, are ex-Californians, this news will be of interest in San Francisco. Mrs. Abbey is unusually dowered by nature, as she has youth, beauty, presence, dramatic force, and a voice which is said to be phenomenal. I understand that she will make her debut in London. Madame Calvé is one of her most ardent admirers.

By the way, the Paderewski craze is equaled by the Calvé frenzy. Two entertainments have been given during the week at which Madame Calvé has received. The mere announcement of her presence has been sufficient to attract crowds, who were ready and willing to part with their dollar and a half or two dollars for the mere pleasure of looking at her or touching the hem of her garment. In Miss Ely's school on the Riverside drive, Calvé, enthroned in a chair of state, sat for two hours yesterday, and smiled upon the hundreds who thronged the place. She did not sing, nor did she give one of her inimitable recitations. In fact, she did nothing, but Mount Holyoke Seminary is the richer to-day by many a dollar. Madame Calvé sails on the sixth, accompanied by Madame d'Hardelot, and I understand that Mrs. Abbey will go on the same steamer.

Captain Dillenbeck gave a dinner and card party to the officers of Fort Hamilton a few nights ago. Among the guests known in San Francisco were Lieutenant Clermont Best and Lieutenant Charles Justin Bailey, and Captain Cotton from Governor's Island.

Mrs. J. W. Brown, with her son and daughter, has returned from Asheville, North Carolina, and has reopened her house in Madison avenue.

Mr. J. R. Lake has met with a bereavement in the death

of his grandfather, James Rich Steers, who was celebrated in the yachting world for having built the yacht America, and sailing her to victory, bringing over the cup which English yachtsmen have in vain essayed to recover. He was a man of prominence in the community and an inventor of no mean reputation. He died suddenly at the advanced age of eighty-eight years.

Commander and Mrs. Clover are again in town at the Fifth Avenue. They are faithful to the old hotel, where Mrs. Clover, with her father and mother, lived so long as a young girl.

Colonel and Mrs. Best leave in a few weeks for their summer home in Newport.

New York, April 30, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

Japanese art is sought everywhere. The bronzes and vases to be had of Geo T. Marsh, 625 Market st., are the finest that can be procured

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL,
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

Now Open.

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Peremptory

Auction Sale,

Wednesday, May 27th,

At 12 O'clock M.,

SAN FRANCISCO

Pioneer Woolen Factory,

Without limit or reserve. Seven 50-vara lots at the head of Van Ness avenue, opposite the Black Point Reservation. Three brick and one frame building. One four-story brick factory building; 64x383 feet.

Send or call for circular, with all details and descriptions.

Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., Auctioneers.

218-220 Montgomery St., Mills Building.

PACIFIC COAST

**Business Directory
For 1896**

Now ready for distribution.

Price, \$5.00.

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HAZELTON
HEMME & LONG
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PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments.

735 Market St.



Ingrates Who Injure the State.

The fact that the Golden Butterfly mine, of Butte County, has been closed for reasons best known to the management has afforded an opportunity to wreckers who happen unfortunately to have the privilege of airing their jaundiced opinions in the press, to take a malicious fling at Major McLaughlin, who has been mainly instrumental in letting the world know that such a property was in existence. The tone of the original article, which has been bandied about from one malcontent to another, is suggestive of failure, with the sneering complaint embodied in it, that many thousands of dollars in British coin have been disbursed in Butte. This is the usual return which a public spirited and enterprising mining man may expect from a class of ingrates, who are always ready to ignore any material benefits which may accrue to the community at large, unless they directly and personally profit by the transaction. If there is any man in Butte County who should be recognized as a promoter of its best interests at home and abroad, it is Major McLaughlin. The money spent there under his direction will aggregate many thousands of dollars, running up into the hundreds of thousands, if the truth were told. He has opened mines, planted orange groves, built irrigation ditches, and given the county a place in history as the site of one of the great engineering feats of the century, and all for what?—to have a set of pariahs snarling at his heels in a hungry rage of jealousy. But in this respect he is no more the victim of base ingratitude than Captain Nevills, to whose efforts Tuolumne owes so much. Travelers through that section come back surprised and disgusted at the unfriendly disposition evinced toward a man who has proved himself ready to foster and back financially any project favoring the development of that section of the State. The State at large can thank the Rawhide and its manager for initiating the boom in gold mining, from which so many people are now reaping beneficial results. The respectable element in both counties should, for their own sake, if nothing else, see to it that a stop is put to the present condition of affairs, which reflects seriously upon their respective communities. If they do not desire to check the inflow of capital altogether, the practice of abusing people liberally inclined that way, and of throwing every obstacle in their way, must be stopped. The hungry rush made at every mouied man who appears on the horizon can be accounted for by the period of starvation just ended, but it is an ill-advised method of sustaining confidence, which it has taken so long to work up to the point of investment. There will be a chance for all to make money in the mining business if the hogs do not cut too much of a figure in the programme. As for the Golden Butterfly mine, the NEWS LETTER is in a position to inform those who are so maliciously disposed toward it and its management, that the close down is only temporary, and, furthermore, that it was not occasioned by any default in the property itself, it still being estimated of sufficient merit to continue the investment of more coin, which, like the last, will be provided in London.

A Boom in Mining Stocks.

There is every reason to believe that the wave of speculation which for some time past has been sweeping westward from Europe, has at last struck San Francisco. During the week an excitement broke out suddenly on Pine street, which has been gradually increasing with the steady inflow of coin to the market. The advance was due in the first instance to a strike in the Chollar portion of the Brunswick lode, following upon the important development of ore in the Occidental. Chollar has been the king-pin of the market, and its strong and steady strides to the front have brought other stocks up at a rate which has surprised the bear element as much as any one else in the business. It is now said that work will again be taken up in the lower levels of Con. Cal.-Virginia, where there is considerable ore available for extraction. There is every indication of lively times ahead on the street in the near future.

Mining Gold By the Mile.

Mining men along the mother lode will breathe easier now that the Prince Poniatowski has sailed for London. He has left a few properties for the diversion of less ordinary mortals, and for this there is cause to be thankful. Most men would find their hands full with the management of one property of sufficient importance to warrant the investment of capital, but nothing short of the earth seems to satisfy this budding genius in the line of mining promotion. Fancy the capital which will be necessary to open up fifteen miles of the mother lode. It cost Colonel Hayward nearly a million of dollars to make a mine out of the Utica. Nearly the same amount was thrown down the New Loudon (now Lucille) to prove that it was not worth anything. Hundreds of thousands have been spent upon the Rawhide, Kennedy, and a dozen other productive and valuable mines, and yet we have a veritable tyro in the business snipping off a few miles of territory as though there was nothing to do but kick the crust off, and begin shoveling out bullion by the car load. Grant thought he had a walk-over when he tackled the chief iniquity of a life time of fiascos in the notorious Union-Gold, but it wound him up, and a few more besides, after half a million in gold had been tumbled down the shaft. The crop of suckers in London is just short enough at present to warrant the belief that this bonanza lay-out will meet with a pretty chilly reception, as it ought. The leading financiers in that burg have little to learn now about California, as most of them have confidential agents here, and, besides, the glamour of the tittle will not prove so overpowering as perhaps some people may imagine. With a single good prospect, this adventurous promoter might have stood a fair chance of success, which cannot be looked for in the task he now undertakes. It could scarcely be more Herculean had he effected a bond upon the entire stretch of the famed belt of mineral, extending for over one hundred miles.

A Complimentary Notice For Mining Promoters.

The miners of California seem at last to be awakening to the fact that the professional promoter is not what he cracks himself up to be. The State has been cursed in years past by these carpetbaggers, who have the science down to a fine point of talking very large upon an empty stomach. The State Mining Journal pays its compliments to the class this week in a few timely words which we are pleased to reproduce for the benefit of our readers, as follows:

"The Pestilential Promoter is denounced by the press all over the mining districts of the State, as the persistent enemy of the pure-minded prospector. And it is with good reason that he is so denounced. When the prospector with much toil and labor, and after many weary trappings, has found a mine, and desires either to sell it or to engage capital for its development, the promoter comes to the front, and threatens to blacken the character of the property if he cannot get control of it. He is like the traditional dog in the manger; he cannot eat the hay himself, and will not, if he can help it, let any one else have it. If miners would unite in refusing to treat with such as cannot be well vouched for, the professional promoter, who seeks to rob both sides, would soon pass out of existence.

The Land Where Truth is Libelous.

The London Capitalist, in commenting upon a criticism in the NEWS LETTER, of the weak stand taken by the press of the British metropolis in exposing the swindling schemes operating here and elsewhere, gives a rather startling reason for silence which has so often been misconstrued. It says:

"The London papers would be willing enough to ventilate the subject if it could be done without risk of penalties under the law of libel. It would be excellent copy. But facts are too difficult to be got at. The victims and their friends prefer a discreet reticence rather than submit themselves to the withering scorn of superior intelligence. The rogues know all this well enough, and so with them seed time and harvest come round in regular rotation, while the silent sufferers put up with the canker which feeds upon their vitals like the worm in the bud.

This is a beautiful state of affairs certainly. No wonder that high-handed robbery flourishes in a land where, not so many years ago, it was a hanging matter to steal a sheep. The law which will allow a thief to snap his fingers in the face of his victim, because it would be libelous to expose his nefarious acts, is only fit for the flames.

John Crier

"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

WHEN a State is so rich in great men that they can gather by the thousand at the Capital, it is not to be expected that any newspaper of the metropolis of that State can say anything about anything in less than four pages, written by forty correspondents specially commissioned to annihilate space. But what a restful thing it would be to live for a while in a State so poor in great men that the newspapers of its metropolis would feel justified in uttering themselves in columns merely. The man who has read half of what any one of the San Francisco morning dailies has printed about the Republican Convention should have a cinch on the Superintendency of the Home for the Feeble-Minded, or, failing that, an engagement as a freak on Sutro's Midway.

PROFESSOR Putzker, of Berkeley behind Oakland, has assumed a modesty somewhat strange in a thick-skinned, hairy Teuton. He promised some admiring ladies to expose a professional witch by the light of Hegel and Schopenhauer, but at the last moment was forced to crawl out of his bargain, fearing that he might lose his dignity. May his beery blood boil within him! Does he not know that intelligent people in this country have more respect for the clown in the circus who earns his living honestly than for the man who must hide his ignorance, even from the young, by bidding them watch a book instead of his face? Dignity! Even Diogenes knew better than to expect that of a Professor.

A FRENCHMAN is proverbially crazy, but the doctor who rejoices in the mellifluous name of Bourgoignon, at the French Hospital, is possessed of assinnity enough to satisfy ten relays of Government mules. This genial killer of healthy men caught his wife reading a telegram which contained "a thousand kisses," and slapped the lady's face, probably to remind her of his own way of administering them. A divorce is the result, and the doctor is free to loose his vengeance on his patients in the good, old-fashioned way.

MRS. Tunnell informs the public that she is all right herself, assured of a support and in good spirits, but that "poor Mattie will never be the same light-hearted girl again." Yes, to be thirty-one or two years old, to have had one divorce, one liaison with a clergyman, and to be rolled around by the newspapers for six months or so, must have a tendency to deprive a lady of her virginal bloom, even in Congregational circles.

WHEN Southern California comes up to Sacramento, as it does occasionally, to meet the Republican party, there is usually very little of the party's goods and chattels left behind when Southern California departs. The citrus belt has a large appetite, knows what it wants, and left modesty, as well as its other lung, in the East. The State is about the only thing that Southern California is willing to divide.

ASA Fisk, the usurer, offered a teamster two-bits for saving his life in a runaway a few days ago. Had the teamster only allowed the old Shylock to go to perdition, instead of saving him to bleed honest folk, he would have been entitled to a pension for life.

THE esteemed Call having put on bloomers, and drawn the editorial fan in support of the great cause of woman suffrage, we trust that hereafter no newspaper will be so rude as to smoke or use bad language in her presence.

WHEN such a roar can be raised for such a man as McKinley, there is no need to be worried about the country. Happy is the land whose politics are little, and as empty of serious meaning as the interior of a bass drum is of solid matter.

THE local Hungarians are displeased because their consul, Mr. Korbelt, chose to absent himself from the Magyar festival for political reasons. Had he been forced to absent himself immediately afterwards, it is to be presumed that they would have been overjoyed.

A WOMAN Suffragist applied
On high for an improvement.
"O give me something new," she cried,
"To heighten up my movement."

The simple angels did a stir.
You bet Pete made 'em hustle.
And finally they brought to her
A little patent bustle!

NO business man would give an employee letters of recommendation had he been dismissed for incompetence, blackguardism and general immoral conduct. Dr. C. Overman Brown has been ostracized by the respectable members of his church for the above offenses yet has now been recommended by them to some innocent Eastern flock. For the sake of Christianity local Congregationalists should have refused to have anything to do with him, thus making him earn his bread by other methods than by preaching.

A NENT the divorce suit pending between Supervisor Benjamin and his wife, the papers regretfully inform us that it is to be entirely of an amicable nature, and that the charge of desertion offered by him will not even be contested by the fair defendant. This simplifying of divorce proceedings would result in a premium being placed on Hebrew Supervisors in the matrimonial market were it not for the fact that the average lady prefers to have a little newspaper notoriety along with hers.

"COLONEL" Stetson is to the front again with her wretched sex questions at the Congress of Undesirable Women. The "Colonel" is apparently mad upon this one subject, only her unreasoning sisters cannot appreciate the fact amid the general lunacy prevalent. In a case like this, one absolutely craves the return of Ambrose Bierce, whose ability to deal with her case is universally recognized.

"WOMAN and Government" was the subject discussed by the emancipated ladies at the Woman's Congress last Monday. The remarks made about the one were as uncomplimentary as those made about the other, and the brute men who were present went away vowing to keep the reins in their own hands for a few years more, at least.

THE Methodist clergy of this city have suggested that the first verse of their hymn, 769, be tacked up over the door of the new First Congregational Church. The words, which are as follows, will be considered very appropriate, especially by the ungodly:

"How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!"

D R. C. C. O'DONNELL is about to run for Coroner again. Not content with mutilating the living, this buffoon now wishes to lay his hands upon the dead. If the "Doctor" persists in his purpose it might be well to apply a coating of tar and feathers to his skin to prove if its thickness is natural.

A LAWYER must be pretty bad to incur the enmity of a fellow thief. Lawyer Monteith refuses to associate with Lawyer Kowalsky, yet these gentlemen do not refuse to associate with themselves. Love makes the lawyer apparently as blind as it does the mother.

THE Examiner has been devoting so much of its valuable space to McKinley that it is to be presumed it has been subsidized. There are 30,000 reasons for believing this of our moral contemporary.

DOCTOR Williams, of Plymouth Congregational Church, preached a sermon last Sunday on the folly of despising small things. It was probably a covert plea for a better treatment of the clergy.

THE Examiner presented its readers last Sunday with a picture of twelve lusty baboons—probably a fancy picture of the different heads of departments.

THE First Congregational Church was closed last Sunday, and as a result the Devil is said to have hanged himself from sheer ennui.

MAYOR Sutro and Parson Brown were alike in one respect—they were both interested in a questionable Tunnel.



A Book of the Week.* This book professes to "aim at rescuing hypnotism from the clutches of the charlatan, and of presenting it in its natural form to the world" to which "it properly belongs."

This claim is strengthened by the admission that the conclusions drawn from the experiments, supposed to have been made by the author, are based on the works of such men as Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D., Lecturer on Psycho-Therapeutics in the Illinois Medical College of Chicago, and we are assured that "the human being of ordinary intelligence who reads the expositions here given will see that there will no longer be anything 'miraculous' in the effects produced" by hypnotism. In fact the book aims at disrobing this therapeutic saporific of the "wonderful," and it tries to put it before us as a simple, harmless, and valuable addition to medical science, and one that is not as dangerous in the hands of designing people as is generally supposed. And entering at once into his subject, the author tells us that, "barring idiots, almost every man and woman is a hypnotist." The fact that few people know this is, he explains, because they have "not been educated up to it." Then he asks, for instance, how many of us pause in life and enquire the meaning of the "subjective and objective" as applied to the mind, and, in order to understand the book, it is necessary that we should explain what this is. The objective mind, then, is one's everyday working mind; the subjective is the mind of the soul, which is working when we are asleep. Hypnosis, he explains, "is the state in which the subjective consciousness is uppermost, and the objective consciousness has gone to sleep." From this it will be seen that it is the unreasoning, uncritical attitude of the mind of the hypnotized person that leads him to accept as truth anything which the hypnotist tells him. The subject operated on knows that water is not wine, that potatoes are not swords, and that he is not a frog, as he may declare himself to be, but he says, and does, as the operator desires, knowing all the time the difference between right and wrong, and retaining a clouded assurance that what he is doing, or saying, is not true or right.

So long as the subject never loses the moral sense, "no matter how often he may be hypnotized, or what he may be told to do," must, if true, rob hypnotism of half its terrors; and there is no good reason to believe that this is not true, and that beliefs to the contrary are popular fallacies. In fact you can, says the author, no more "make the hypnotic think wrong when in the trance state than you can when awake, and the more repulsive the suggestion the stronger is the resistance." And all this is illustrated by numerous instances which came under the notice of distinguished physicians, which the author recounts with clearness, and sustains by scientific detail. This is, to some extent, comforting, particularly the assurance that the subject knows the difference between right and wrong, but it is still more comforting to be told that people who are hypnotized do not commit crimes at the bidding of the hypnotist when the spell is broken. If we accepted the reports of crimes which were supposed to have been traced to hypnotic influences we would here discredit Mr. Flower's statement, but when we are reminded that many of those crimes which were said to be "traced to hypnotism" were ultimately found out to have had no connection with hypnotism at all, and that, on the shallowest of evidence, the reporters built a theory which made their reports more interesting, as it gave them an air of witchcraft, we are willing to accept Mr. Flower's statement with less hesitation. "Newspapers understand that to connect the mysterious name of hypnotism with a murder is to give it an interest which lifts it above the level of an ordinary crime and makes the details eagerly sought after by a credulous public," the author tells us, and this fact, no doubt, accounts for some, if not all, the instances in which hypnotism was supposed to be the primary factor in the perpetration of crime.

But if hypnotism cannot make the subject think wrong, neither can it help in the detection of crime. It cannot make

a man tell the truth, and the subject will lie as fluently in the hypnotic state as in ordinary life. In fact, according to Mr. Flower, hypnotism is nothing but "self-delusion, and yet the laws which govern it are as fixed and unalterable as the laws which govern the motion in the waking state." On the whole this book is reassuring. It appears to bring hypnotism out of the fog in which such follies as Trilby are calculated to keep it. There is an analytical sense pervading the book that will commend it to thoughtful minds, while its general tendency will be towards good. It hits the "professors" and "charlatans" hard, and it ridicules the idea of mediums being able to tell one's physical condition by the telepathic process. The author does not explain all there is said to be in telepathy, and when he tells us that mind-reading is simple "muscle-reading," we can only guess, as he does; and yet this book appeals to our common sense, and puts the results of scientific inquiry more clearly before us than anything we have read on the subject before. If he can succeed in making the criminally inclined understand that they cannot use hypnotism for their evil ends, he will do good, and as he has promised us another book on the subject, we hope he will, in his next work, clear up some points which to us appear somewhat doubtful in the work before us. However, this book will do good, and if its conclusions can be scientifically proved, the world will be relieved of what, at one time, promised to be a danger to society. That hypnotized persons can be made to do wrong has been proved by the great French scientist—Charcote—who made his subject steal, but if the moral consciousness always remains uppermost it is evident that the pilfering is nothing but the obedience of the physical to a stronger will. This, if true, will be a welcome addition to our knowledge of therapeutics, and this book has set us thinking in that direction.

* "Hypnotism Up to Date." By Sydney Flower. Charles H. Kerr publisher, Chicago.

"Gyp" is not a writer whom we could recommend to young girls. Her brilliancy does not atone for her lack of that moral obligation which we believe writers owe to society. But in her last work, "Those Good Normans," we are glad to see that "Gyp" does not surrender herself to that abandon which characterizes so many of her works. And yet, in "Those Good Normans," there is as much pungent persiflage as ever fell from her pen. Her banter is pre-eminently jolly, and the way she describes *les nouveaux riches* who, having made their millions, retire to Normandy, and there cultivate the *noblesse*, is dexterous, and, at times, it becomes high art from the most critical of literary standpoints. She stings the vulgar and the coarse, but she does it with a light-hearted irony, although in some passages she slaps the painted and rouged face of society with a "smack" that makes one feel as if they heard the noise of a *claqueur*. Rand, McNally, & Co., Publishers. Chicago and New York.

We wonder at Harper & Brothers lending the name of their house to such a book as "Venezuela, a Land Where It Is Always Summer." From beginning to end this book is full of errors, while the writing is mediocre, and altogether unworthy of the imprimatur of so great a firm. How can Harper Brothers explain away the fact that they publish a book about Venezuela in which the Spanish phrases display an ignorance of the Spanish language, and in which the alleged facts are at variance with truth. For instance, "El Diario de Caracas" is not the leading paper in Venezuela; on the contrary, it is scarcely known, for "El Tiempo" is, by far, the most important paper in the country. This is only a sample of many misleading statements in the book, and, beyond some descriptions of the valley of the Orinoco, and some others of Caracas, the book contains nothing of merit.

The May Traveler is one of the most entertaining numbers of this widely circulated monthly we have ever received. The illustrative work especially is to be commented upon, equalling in point of finish the best that the East can produce. The cover picture, "A Summer Reverie," is most charming.

The May Forum contains interesting articles on the Cuban Question by Senator Lodge and John Bassett Moore. Another interesting subject is "The Attitude of the West Towards the East," by E. L. Godkin, which is a brilliant analysis of the present political situation.

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine has been investigating Shakespeare, and, if we are to believe what he says, the immortal bard was indebted to Italian novelists for many of his plots. He says that *Cymbeline* and *All's Well That Ends Well* were taken from Bocaccio's *Decamerone*; *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* from Florentine's *Pecorone*; *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Twelfth Night* from Bandello, and *Measure for Measure* and *Othello* from Gerald's *Ecatommiti*. No doubt the old Italian writers were fine workmen and ingenious storytellers, and, if we are to accept this writer's view of it, we must come to the conclusion that Shakespeare simply clothed their creations in the flesh and blood of perennial humanity. Who will be the next to throw some light on this subject?

The Whitaker & Ray Company, of San Francisco, and George Routledge & Sons, London, will issue Joaquin Miller's new book of poems, "Songs of the Soul" shortly. This volume is the result of the poet's ten years' hermit-like meditation on the "Heights." The cover is from a design suggested by the poet himself—the Sierra snow-plaut on a dove-colored background.

AN ART STUDIO.

MR. CHRIS. JORGENSEN, the well-known artist, has moved into new quarters at 131 Post street. His studio is now one of the most commodious and well-lighted in this city, and although not entirely "fixed up" yet to suit his tastes, is nevertheless as comfortable as mortal man could wish. In a little while the finishing touches will have been given to it, a weapon here, a palm there, a dainty piece of color in this corner, and a delicately molded statuette in that, and then the studio will be ready for the reception of visitors. Not all of Mr. Jorgensen's canvases are at present on their easels; the ones exhibited, however, are well worth a visit. One of the best is called "True Christian Charity," a large oil commenced when the artist was in Italy. The picture depicts an old priest dispensing food to the poor of the village after the school-children have finished their little feast. The whole thing is a wonderful study and shows great skill. The studio is rich in water colors. Many of these are Italian studies, and every one of them exhibits a mastery of technique we have seldom seen displayed by any other artist in this city. Atmosphere especially is well treated, and perspective, in which so many water-colorists are wanting, is perfect. Mr. Jorgensen has at present four portraits on hand, which, however, are not yet far advanced enough to be criticised. Some of his work will be exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition which opens to-day. Mr. Jorgensen's out-door classes meet Mondays and Thursdays, and he proposes to provide models twice weekly for his indoor pupils.

THE annual election of officers of the British Benevolent Society resulted in the affairs of the association being placed in the hands of the following well known gentlemen: President, W. Doxey; Vice President, J. H. Wallace; Second Vice President, Stanhope Dickenson; Honorary Secretary, Rev. W. Bolton. Nearly three thousand people received aid last year; the organization is rapidly increasing in membership, and the outlook for the coming year is everything that can be desired.

JOHAN A. Stanly, E. W. McKinstry, J. C. McKinstry and H. W. Bradley have entered into a law partnership under the name of Stanly, McKinstry, Bradley & McKinstry. Their offices will continue to be at No. 4 Sutter street. Judge McKinstry and his son have taken the place in the firm left vacant by the death of the late R. B. Hayes.

When a lady is through with her shopping, she naturally wishes to know of a place where she can enjoy a nice light meal or a first-class dinner without any inconveniences such as abound in many restaurants. Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, is universally known to be the best place in this city. The cookery is excellent and the attendance perfect. All the leading functions in this city are catered to by this well known house.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.



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336 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)
Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market street

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PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Berger's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Berger, Proprietor.

Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.

Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.

Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.

Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.

Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan

The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12.50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.

—A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.



EUGENE FIELD.—SARAH K. BOLTON, IN LITERARY WORLD.

I LISTENED last night with moistened eyes
To a story old, yet new;
A lady sang to a crowded house
The song of "Little Boy Blue."

And I thought how the hand that wrote it out,
And the heart that sung the song,
Lay cold and mute in a narrow grave,
In a sleep that is lone and long.

He, too, has left, not his toys, but his pen,
And the songs he would have sung;
He has left a country of mourning hearts
That he died while life was young.

Not died—for his words go on and on,
And move us to smiles and tears;
Thrice blessed he who can take his rest,
Yet live through the coming years.

LYRIC.—LONDON SOCIETY.

What shall I do with your love-lighted eyes,
Eyes that are looking and longing for me?
Red, rosy mouth that laughs and then sighs—
Sighing for kisses, and laughing for glee.
Know you not aught of the pleasure that stings?
Why do you tempt me to dally and play?
Have you not heard that the Love-god has wings,
Folding them only a week, or a day?

Lovers are kind in the summer, you know.
But what of the winter; its wind and its rain?
Know you love's lesson?—the shiver, the glow,
Moment of rapture, aeon of pain.
What shall I do with you, fair little flower?
Spare you or pluck you, leave you or stay?
Take you with me to be glad—for an hour?
Or leave you alone to be sad—for a day?

THE OPIUM-SMOKER.—ARTHUR SYMONS.

I am engulfed, and drown deliciously,
Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
Golden with audible odorous exquisite,
Swathe me with ceremonies for eternity.
Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night.
I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory,
Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
This crust of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair;
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.

WHEN THE SINGER IS DEAD.—ROBERT L. STEVENSON.

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them;
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are caroled and said,
On wings they are carried,
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies,
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And, when the west is red
With the sunset embers
The lover lingers and sings,
And the maid remembers.

HOPE.—JOHN KEATS, TO HOPE.

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare hearth of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Evans' Ale

is the best,
the purest,
most wholesome,
most healthful

Drink to be found.

Full of Life,
Never flat.
Bright and Sparkling,
No sediment.
Rich as Cream,
No false fermentations.
Bottled at the brewery by
most improved methods.

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Hudson, New York.

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD,
San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland



ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Overman Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of May, 1896, an assessment, No. 75, of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

5TH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 25th day of June, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

GEO. D. EDWARDS, Secretary.

Office—414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Savage Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on Friday, the First (1st) day of May, 1896, an assessment, No. 89, of Twenty Cents (20c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 50, Nevada block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

3D DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday, the 23d day of June, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Alta Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Gold Hill Mining District, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of May, 1896, an assessment (No. 53), of Ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

9TH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday, the 30th day of June, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

Jno. A. Stanly. E. W. McKinstry. J. C. McKinstry. H. W. Bradley.

STANLY, McKINSTRY, BRADLEY & McKINSTRY,

Attorneys-at-Law,

No. 4 Sutter St., S. F.

OFFICES TO RENT.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING, S. E. corner California and Montgomery streets.

Two electric elevators, electric and gas lights, heat; also janitor's services free. Apply to

A. E. Buckingham, Room 2, Safe Deposit Building



DEAR EDITH: Taffetas are very much in favor at present, owing probably to the way they blend with the shot and flowered silks one admires and uses so much. There is also another popular combination of shot silks, with a surah which shows one shade of the changeable fabric dotted with silk of the other tint. For example, a reseda and old-rose shot silk is combined with a rich lustrous surah of a soft inignonette shade thickly dotted with old-rose; and another gown of velvet and green changeable surah is made up with a stem-green taffeta sprinkled with silk dots of a lovely heliotrope shade a trifle less rosy in tint than the violet in the surah. The round-waisted bodice has spreading revers of green velvet lined with violet surah and bordered with an edge of heliotrope, amber, gold, green, and pale mauve bead passementerie, with stock collar and sleeve trimmings to correspond.

Over in Paris the latest thing is the loose jacket, which has been seized on as a relief from the monotonous cape, and promises to be one of the principal expressions of *chic* for the summer. It is a little longer than the waist and quite loose all round, and is plain or plated according to the material or the taste. It will be seen oftenest as part of serge and flannel gowns, since these have always a jacket, but it is made also in taffeta and lace as part of elaborate afternoon dress with delicious effect.

Stripes still continue to be the favorite design in both silk and cotton goods, and they also form the ground of many flowered patterns. They are of all widths, beginning with hair lines. Also in great favor are checks, which run from pinhead size to inch blocks, and to grounds barred with lines much farther apart. A similarity exists in the designs of cottons and silks, and, with some reserves, they are made up in much the same manner. The skirts of all striped and checked material are cut in a particular way.

High collars have given place to ruches, of which one sees all "sorts and conditions" in the shops. Some are made of alternate double stripes of black and white tulle several inches broad, and plaited very full in the center. Bows of black satin ribbon are added at the back or sides and fasten in front. Black and colored net, embroidered with cream lace, is also used; and very stylish ruches are made of black chiffon with a satin edge gathered to a ribbon band, and wide enough to fall fully ten inches on the shoulders. Black satin bows or bunches of violets decorate these.

Some pretty waists I have seen lately were made of black net, effectively decorated with applique designs of eury grass lawn embroidered with white. One also sees grass lawn gowns with a little coat bodice of green silk, with a flowered stripe, which is very effective and handsome.

The old-fashioned garter is really going gradually. It is rather a pity, because with its *chic* bows, dainty knots of lace and jeweled buckles, it gave a pretty finish to the stocking. The new suspender garter can be ornamented just as easily, as the buckle is about the same, and therein the ornamentation lies. I saw a very pretty pair belonging to a friend of mine last week which had plain yellow gold buckles engraved with sprays of eglantine. The elastic was covered with bright yellow ribbon for luck, and the edges finished with two full frills of very narrow black lace. Another pair was made of the shade of purple so much used now, and finished at the edges with a quilling of green baby ribbon and green bows. The huckles were plain silver hearts, with the monogram on them. Of course, the suspender garter is healthier, but one misses the less complicated one of the past, all the same. **BELINDA.**

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

New
Spring
Styles and
Novelties

Now on Exhibition.

An Early
Inspection
is Cordially
Invited.

See daily papers
for Special Offerings.

McDermott & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Harloe's

Headwear beats them all.
Headquarters for Native
Sons.

237 KEARNY ST.
Phone Red 361.

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods
have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novel-
ties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order
a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

BEST SUITS ON EARTH

Made to order at

\$15 and upwards.



J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery street, Room 6.
Formerly in Crocker Building.

J. R. SMITH & CO.,

230 BUSH ST., and Room 7, Rotunda,
Mills Building.

(W. HALL, Successor).

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Will make garments to order at great reduction for cash.

J. R. SMITH, Manager.

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

Imperial Photographic Studio.

724, 726 and 728 MARKET ST. (1st Floor),
Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.

Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.



"I fear my wife does not love me," said the young man, moodily. "Last week, when I had such a cold, she didn't offer to do a thing for me." "Young man," said the elderly one with the camphorodorous flannel around his neck, "you don't appreciate what a treasure you have won."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you think they will get along nicely when they are married?" "I am sure of it. I took care to find out shortly after they were engaged." "How?" "I gave several whist parties and arranged that they should play as partners. They never quarreled once."—Answers.

Philosophical Widow—Yes; I am fully reconciled to Harry's death now. In fact, I am happier than formerly. FRIEND—Oh, how can you say it? Widow—Why, they say the dead we have always with us; and that's more than I had when Harry was alive.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wallace—I could settle all this woman's suffrage agitation in two minutes. Mrs. WALLACE—Oh, could you, indeed? How would your giant intellect set to work? WALLACE—I'd make voting compulsory. Then they wouldn't want to.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Could you spare me a little money this morning, dear?" said she. "Really," the brutal husband replied, with a harsh, dyspeptic laugh, "judging from the biscuits I thought you had more dough to burn."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Gen (inspecting a suite of rooms to let)—Ah, this is a nice, roomy cupboard; intended for the wardrobe, I suppose? LANDLADY (indignantly)—Sir, that isn't a cupboard; it's the drawing-room!—Tid Bits.

Mr. YEAST—I remember, in the olden days, when we went to church the women would be put in one place and the men in another. Mrs. YEAST—I guess the next world will be conducted on that plan, too.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fair Patient—You are the only physician of all I've consulted who hasn't advised me to go to Europe. Doctor—They can afford it. They've got more patients than I have.—Fliegende Blätter.

Maude—I saw you at the opera last night! MABEL—You don't say? Where on earth did you sit? "Directly in front of you?" "Indeed! I didn't recognize your voice."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" asked Uncle Joe, as the fire alarm sounded. "No, dey's ringin' for water," replied Roadside Jim, with a complacent smile.—Washington Times.

First Chicago Citizen—Is Pluggins very tough? SECOND CHICAGO CITIZEN—Tough? Well, I should say so. He expects to be elected alderman of the ward next year.—Buffalo Express.

"What do you play over at Mr. Badger's, dear?" "Just poker, my love." "Well, that's all right. I never feel uneasy unless I think you're playing cards."—Chicago Record.

Gus De Smith—I hear that your mother-in-law is dangerously ill. COLONEL YEINGER—She is a very sick woman, but she is not as dangerous as when she was well.—Texas Sifter.

"Scribbs, why do they always give a dead poet a marble bust?" "That is to match the marble heart they give him while he's alive."—Chicago Record.

The Overland Limited,

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. HUGH AND SANSONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....\$1,582,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; St. Louis—Boulevard's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,302,327
Ouarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631
ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.
Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWWILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Brugulere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSONE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits Issued.
S. G. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
O. B. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

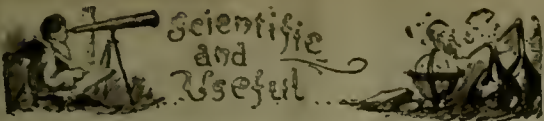
N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
10 STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



LIGHTNING FLASHES.—M. Pilschikoff, in describing recent photographs of lightning, names three types of flash—band lightning, tube lightning, and water-spout lightning. The first two he found to occur in all storms, the third he met with once only. From the measured width of the band lightning on photographs, and the computed distance, he estimates the actual widths to be from about fifteen to eighty yards.

THE BANNER OF CORTES.—The standard which the Spanish conquerer of Mexico, Hernando Cortes, used in his march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, almost four centuries ago, is preserved at a little church in the capital of the State of Tlaxcala. It will shortly be removed to the City of Mexico, to be placed in the Museum of Artillery, along with other historical relics.

AN ENGLISH INVENTION.—An Englishman has invented an apparatus called the "Theatrograph," which throws enlarged kinetoscope pictures upon a screen. The long film is passed in front of a light, with an instant's pause at each picture, the light being cut off during the interval of motion. The scene is thus presented continuously in life-size.

HYDROPHOBIA IN PARIS.—At the Pasteur Institute in Paris, 1520 persons were treated last year, of whom but two died, the smallest proportion yet attained. In ten years 17,337 persons have been inoculated, 85 of whom died. Nearly a third of the patients last year came from Paris and its neighborhood.

A CURE FOR A COLD.—As an inhalation, turpentine has proved of great service in bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, and other throat and lung affections. If you have a cough sprinkle a little on a handkerchief and hold it to your mouth and nose for a few minutes, breathing the vapor, and note the relief.

SOME CIGARETTE FIGURES.—Government figures show that nearly 4,000,000,000 cigarettes were manufactured last year, which was 436,000,000 more than was made in 1894. The production of cigars fell off over 25,000,000, but 4,181,000,000 were made last year.

A USEFUL LIFE PRESERVER.—Should you ever fall into the water you can save yourself by using your felt hat as a life preserver. Place the hat upon the water, rim down, with your arm around it; press it slightly to the chest, and it will hold you up for hours.

COLORS AT A DISTANCE.—A red object is not nearly so visible at a distance as one of white. A red globe a foot in diameter can be perceived clearly only a distance of 8000 feet, and a blue globe a little further.

A NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Many of the German hospitals treat consumptive patients by an exposure to cold air, which is said to quiet the cough, and otherwise proves beneficial to the system.

TO UTILIZE THE SUN.—Sir Robert Ball, the eminent English scientist, thinks the time is near at hand when people will construct machinery that will be worked directly by the heat of the sun.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—The electrician of the Maharajah of Dolphur, Dinshar Pestonjee Ghadially, claims that the X ray was known to Hindoo theosophists hundreds of years ago.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.—A London physician prescribes a hair cut as a cure for headaches. He claims to have met with great success in his treatment of nervous headaches by this method.

Nothing can surpass a good whiskey. The hotel men who visited this coast unanimously said that the J. F. Cutter Bourbon sold by E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, was the best they had ever tasted. Their opinion is worth much, for they have probably sampled all the different varieties. Connoisseurs approve of this brand, and ask for it before all others.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.

Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa;



It bears their
Trade Mark
"La Belle
Chocolatiere"
on every can.

Absolutely
Pure.
No Chemicals.

BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS.

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

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JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital..\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Hermann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

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Wm. Babcock
Adam Grant

S. L. Abbot, Jr.
O. D. Baldwin
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H. H. Hewlett
A. K. P. Harmon
J. B. Lincoln.

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



It is said that the Bretons contemplate the erection at Nantes of a Pantheon for the celebrated men born in Brittany. Subscriptions have been started, and a list of ninety-six Breton celebrities has been made out. Among them are Abelard, Descartes, Alexander Dumas, Paul Ferval, Frorou, the pamphleteer; Lamennais, the preacher; Lesage, Ernest Reuan, Jules Simon, Emile Souvestre and Jules Verne.

—Edwin A. Abbey, who has been made an associate of the Royal Academy, is now about 43 years old. He is of medium stature and muscular physique, and his hair, mustache, and eyes are brown, the latter looking through gold rimmed spectacles. His jaw is broad, his nose large, and his forehead rather low. Although he gained his first great repute as a draughtsman, he excels not only in pen and ink, but in water color, oil, etching, and pastel.

—The British Consul at Ispahan states that next to the cultivation and weaving of silk, the most important industry in Persia is the production of *henna* and *reng*, two dyes used from ancient times all over the East in the adornment of the person. They are applied to the nails, hands, feet, and hair, and in Persia the venerable gray beard is a rarity, for it is dyed bright red or black. The leaves are pulverized in mills worked by camels.

—Tarlaro, a little island in the Mediterranean, is the smallest republic in the world. It is situated about seven and one-half miles from Sardinia, is only one and one-half miles across, and has only fifty-five inhabitants. The President is elected for six years; no public official receives any salary, and women have the same voting rights as men.

—The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposed to be equal to that of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific Ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

—According to the latest statistics the public debts of the European nations aggregate \$23,320,000,000, or about \$64 per capita for the whole population. The heaviest per capita indebtedness, \$160, is in Portugal. France comes next with \$135. England's rate is about \$106. Switzerland's is the smallest—\$5.

—The Yellowstone National Park contains several "bottomless holes," which are, according to geological authorities, dry geysers. Into one of these, known as "Hell's Back Door," 10,000 feet of line, with a weight attached, has been lowered without touching the bottom.

—Gerald Massey, at one time one of the most popular of English poets, is seriously ill. He has recently suffered great domestic sorrow by the death of his only son, a young man of great promise, who recently went out from England to an appointment in Nova Scotia.

—Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," lives in Oxford, and is a deacon of Christ Cathedral. He stammers, and that is why he never became a clergyman. His real name is Dodgson, and his chambers in Tom Quad are said to be the finest in Oxford.

—Charlotte Corday's skull is believed to be in the possession of Prince Roland Bonaparte. It was probably procured from Sanson, the executioner, and was originally sold with documents establishing its authenticity.

—The South Africa Company, controlled by Cecil Rhodes and his associates, owns a territory larger than France, Germany, Austria, and Italy combined, or five times the area of California.

The finest quality of ladies and gents outing goods are to be had at John W. Carmany's 25 Kearny Street. Shirts and a specialty.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlhender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 401 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.

Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 816 California st., S. F.

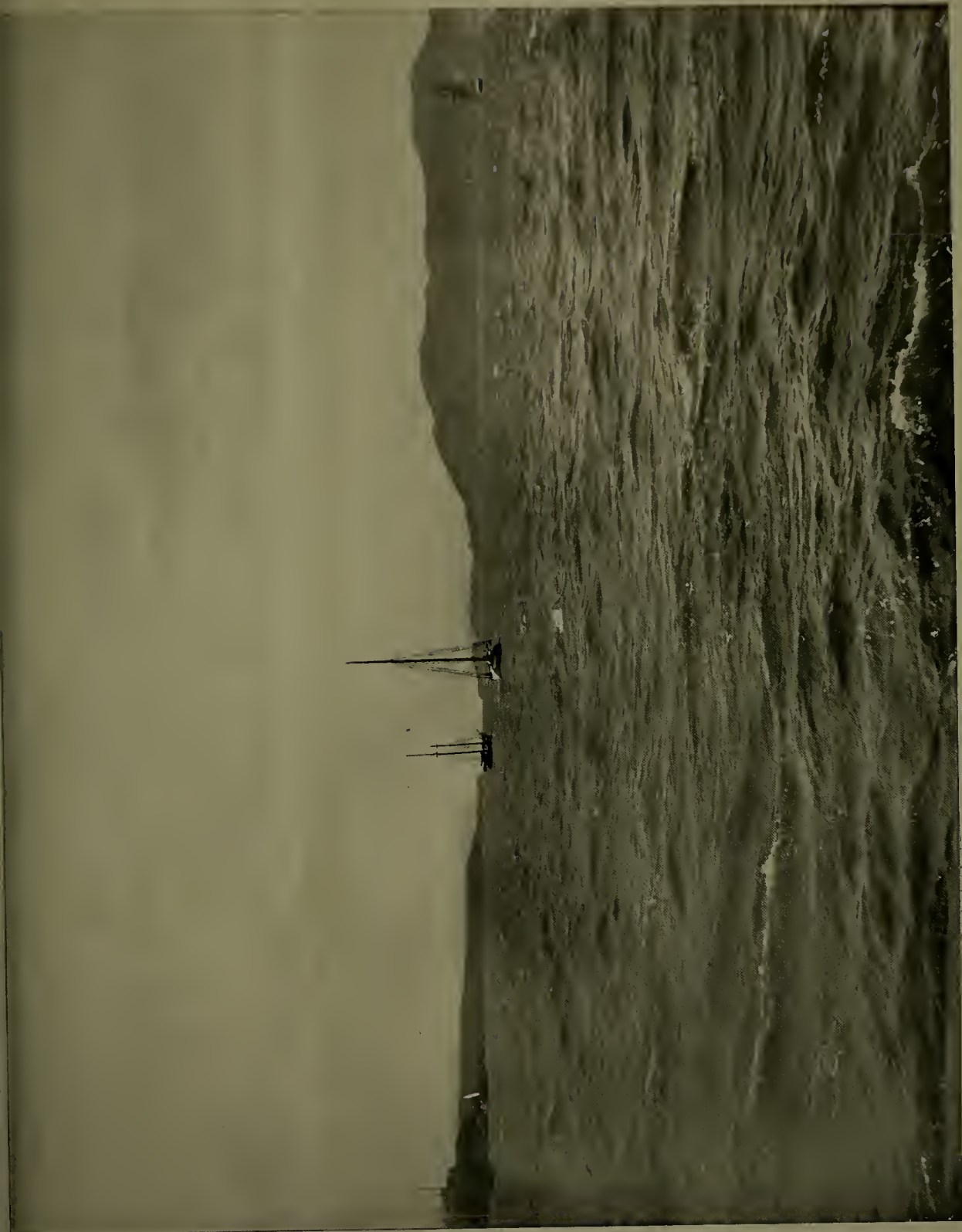
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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

EDITORIALISMS.

A WOMAN Suffragist is capable of bearing anything—save children.

THE Greeks did the next thing to being victorious. They accepted defeat like gentlemen.

THE adoption of the metric system is greatly to be desired owing to its simplicity and convenience.

PERSON should be made a capital offense. The whole community is endangered by the actions of one man.

WE do not wonder at the Buckleyites denouncing Cleveland. Such men would denounce themselves for a drink.

IT is to be hoped that the City Hall Directory will prove of service to the innocent in search of an honest man. We fear though, that the designer entertains the old-fashioned prejudice against the people in the city tawks.

SOME thirty-eight new attorneys were admitted to practice last week. There would be no show for honest men at all if divine Providence did not balance matters with an ever increasing number of young doctors.

NEARLY all the pictures of the politicians in Sacramento depict these gentlemen taking a little something at the bar. How is it the ladies were not invited to participate in the jollifications? A Woman Suffragist should not mind taking a drink occasionally for the good of the cause.

THE Chinese are liable to be giving us as much trouble in the near future over the suffrage question as are the negroes to the Southerners. Whether horn in this country or not, a Chinaman can never understand American ideas and for that reason alone he should be refused recognition at the polls.

JURORS are entitled to fees for their services while attending on criminal cases. Under the present system, men whose business may be endangered by their absence, are called away at a moment's notice and some compensation is certainly due them for acting in a capacity as foreign to their inclinations as it is to their interests.

THE Socialists appear to be having a cold time of it in London, where they are even unable to pay for the hire of their hall. If such people would only get in and work occasionally and earn an honest penny, they might do more good than by sitting on their thumbs and waiting for the millennium to come.

JUDGE Wallace is once more entitled to the thanks of the community for imposing a five years sentence on a man convicted of forging a cheque for \$125. Forgery must be stopped and severe punishment is the only way to do it. Whether his Honor is a capable lawyer or not is immaterial; he is a good judge to have and for that we are duly thankful.

THE introduction of pennies on this coast may help to arouse in our merchants a proper understanding of the present business situation. The days of '49 are no longer with us, and profits of ten per cent. on small investments can seldom be realized. When business men come to accept these facts and do business as it is transacted in the East, being content with small returns on their money, the Pacific Coast will witness a healthy and lasting boom. The pennies may help it along.

THE proposed plan of international arbitration for settling all disputes between nations, as proposed by the New York State Bar Association, is theoretically an exceedingly good thing. Practically, however, it is not worth much, as where vital issues are at stake no self-respecting country will submit to the judgment or dictation of another. The undertaking should nevertheless be attempted as it shows that intelligent men are averse to war and in time their influence may make itself felt among other and less spiritually advanced people.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

LYRIC.

A victim I to one disease
That mocks the doctor's art;
No gentle fancies flock to please
A melancholy heart.

The bees will shun the blossoms raped
By ruant winds or rain;
Shall Love abide in shrines dark-draped,
And sing his songs in vain?

For Love is young, not patient he;
Though blind he loves the light.
He fears the place where grief may be
As sunflowers fear the night.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THERE will be a chance for someone to make some money on May 27th when Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. will sell the land and property of the San Francisco Pioneer Woolen Factory at auction. The location of the property makes it very desirable and in the hands of a live man it could be made to pay good returns. We have often wondered why the place has not been turned into a large pleasure resort before now. It is to be hoped that somebody will grasp the present opportunity and do so.

Mining Flotation
In London.

The Kootenay and Cariboo mining syndicate, with a capital of £5,000, and the Summit Flat Gold Mines, Limited, with a capital of £150,000, are two of the latest Western American enterprises to appear in the London market.



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SOCIETY amusements of the present week have been quite varied in character; minstrel parties were quite a fad, and it is so long since a really good company of darkies has visited us they have been much enjoyed. On Tuesday evening the Lecture Club met at Mrs. Selden Wright's to listen to a lecture on music. At the Century Club, on Wednesday evening, Mrs. Frances Edgerton was the chief star of a large assemblage, her paper on "Portia, the Perfect Woman," being received with much applause. Thursday was the popular one of the week. Miss Hilda Newman gave a concert with the assistance of Dr. Gilbert Grabam and Miss Evelyn Henry. The Baroness Meyerinck was "at home," the guest of honor being Herr Anton Schott, the Wagnerian artist; and Bishop and Mrs. Nicbols held a reception at the Occidental Hotel between the hours of eight and eleven p. m., at which the new Bishop of Los Angeles and the visiting clergy of the diocese, here on convention duty, were chief guests. There was a large attendance of members of the different city churches, and the occasion was an extremely enjoyable one to all. "Aunt Jerusha's Tea Table" was the title of an entertainment which took place yesterday at Mrs. Ahearn's, under the auspices of the Francis Wilard Temperance Union.

There have been many prayers offered up that the weather shall be pleasant to-day for the opening festivities of the Pacific Yacht Club, at Sausalito, which will include dancing and feasting among the pleasures of the occasion, and a very jolly time is anticipated.

Prominent among recent dinners was the one given by Mrs. Darling at her pretty cottage in the Presidio grounds, which was in the light of a farewell to Colonel Young, who has gone with the cavalry under his command to Yosemite. Yellow and red were the colors used in decorating the table, and the affair was a most pleasant one.

Another charming dinner will be the one to be given at the Cosmos Club to-day, in honor of Mr. John Cunningham, who, with his family, is on the eve of departure for Europe, and his fellow members take this means of wishing him *bon voyage et bon retour*. Mrs. Watson's tea last Saturday was one of the pleasantest of the season; the floral decorations were extremely pretty and the rooms crowded with guests all afternoon.

The Army and Navy have been participating in several pleasant gatherings of late. The dance at Fort Mason, which was confined strictly to "the service," was a charming party, and at Mare Island there was a tea and dance on board the Monadnock last Saturday, which was greatly enjoyed by a large number of guests, many of the officers and ladies from Benicia barracks being among them. Life at the Navy Yard is very pleasant just now. Several ships are there, including the Philadelphia, and others are expected every day. Button beaux are always favorites, and the loss of them is greatly felt in social life, and while the return of the Philadelphia will in a degree, for a while at least, compensate for the loss of the boys in blue from the Presidio, at that delightful post their departure is sadly felt, while among the belles of the city there is great bewailing. There was a large exodus of the button beaux for the Yosemite last Monday, where they will camp during the summer months, and it is said a number of society folk will also try camp life in the same vicinity during that period. To be sure the Philadelphia is at Mare Island, but that is not like being down the coast, for her officers can easily reach the city from the Yard whenever required for any special occasion.

In spite of the weather, which was far from being what was expected and hoped for, the Fabiola fête in Oakland last Saturday was fairly well attended. The crowd was good humored, the display of flower-decked vehicles most beautiful, while the grand stand full of gaily dressed spectators was indeed a sight to behold. The hurdle races by

the B'lingbamites, of whom only three put in an appearance, was not one of the least attractions of the day, and the bicycle parade was very pretty and much admired; and the booths, which were attended by lovely maidens in charming costumes, did a rushing business. Mrs. George Fairchild took a prize in the two-horse vehicle class with a very pretty conception in pink and white. The carriage was completely blanketed with pink rose geraniums, and was drawn by two handsome white horses harnessed in pink satin. It was occupied by a party of young ladies and gentlemen in white outing suits, and they triumphantly carried off the red silk banner presented them.

There have recently been several pretty home weddings. One was that of Miss Annie Woodworth and Louis W. Lovey, which took place last week at the home of the bride's mother, where the rooms, under the artistic fingers of Miss Mary Bates, presented a beautiful appearance. The bridal bower, placed in the bow window, was composed of snowballs and foliage, and here Dr. Stebbins tied the nuptial knot. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Marshall Woodworth, wore a robe of white corded silk trimmed with lace and orange blossoms; Miss Lita Woodworth, as bridesmaid, was gowned in light blue brocaded silk. Clarence Musto supported the groom as best man. A handsome supper was served later in the evening, and Coronado has been the scene of the honeymoon.

The Samuel-Despres wedding was another pretty home ceremony. The bridal canopy underneath which it was performed by the Reverend Jacob Nieto was of lilies, snowballs and orange blossoms, with a large wedding bell hanging in the centre. Miss Leila Samuel was maid of honor, and Samuel Despres his brother's best man.

Another pretty wedding took place at 2126 Vallejo street last Tuesday evening when Miss Emma Moore was married to D. Paul Elder amid a large gathering of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Horatio Stebbins, Miss Alice Moore being maid of honor and R. B. Elder the groom's best man.

The Church of *Notre Dame des Victoires* was the scene of one of last week's weddings, when Miss Marie Louise Schweitzer was the bride and Frank S. Kelley the groom, and the Rev. Father Doran the officiating priest. The bride looked beautiful in her robe of white brocaded silk trimmed with rich lace; a diamond star gleaming in the folds of her tulle veil confined it to her coiffeur. Miss Albertine Schweitzer, who was maid of honor, wore a gown of pale Nile silk and carried a bouquet of red roses. Thomas Kelley was best man. After the church service a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents, and later the happy pair left town for Del Monte.

Recently announced engagements include those of Miss Kate Landers and John J. Kendricks, with the wedding to take place next month; of Miss Lyda Thompson and William L. Dudley Jr. with June 9th set as the date for their marriage, and of Miss Edith May McLelland of Oakland to Dr. George E. Bushnell, which was formally announced last Monday. Miss Harriet B. Tayler, also of Oakland, is another prospective bride, and the groom elect is J. Alexander Young.

Miss Bessie Younger is expected to arrive about the middle of June to officiate as bridesmaid to her friend, Miss Claire Tucker, and it is quite on the cards that her own marriage with Burns McDonald will take place before her return to Europe, where Mrs. Younger purposes remaining another year.

Mr. Horace Fletcher, who has been the guest of the Kruttschnitts during his stay, has been much entertained since his arrival by his old friends in San Francisco.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe has gone East on a visit to her daughter Millie—Mrs. Sewell—and will be absent a greater part of the summer. Horace Platt is also among recent Eastern departures, called suddenly to New York by the death of his brother-in-law, Andrew Wesley Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday last.

The following San Franciscans are registered at the St. Denis Hotel, New York: C. Gerhart, W. B. Glidden, J. G. Wooley, H. Ward, Mrs. W. L. Pierce and daughter, R. B. Hewes.

The members of the Young Ladies' Auxiliary gave a charming entertainment at Harmonie Hall in Alameda a few nights ago. The programme opened with a series of living pictures entitled "The Magic Mirror," wherein beauty and grace vied with one another for supremacy. Accompanying the tableaux was a poem written by Miss Helen Wiggin and read with much feeling by Mrs. Langstroth. Delightful musical numbers were rendered and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Miss Maud Russell as "Kitty Winks" and Miss Mamie Gibbons as "The Little Rebel" captured the hearts of all present and the entertainment came to a pleasant conclusion about the witching hour of midnight.

A polo match between the Riverside and Burlingame Teams will be played at the Burlingame Club Grounds this afternoon. A special train, direct to the grounds, will leave Third and Townsend streets at 1:45 p. m., returning about 5:30 p. m. A large attendance is expected as "society" is going down in a block.

THE SAN JOSE ROSE CARNIVAL.

WE have heard much about the wonderful flower festivals of the South, but that of San Jose easily extinguishes the light of all the others. Probably we are prejudiced in favor of the latter city—it being easier of access and nearer to our hearts. And yet so many Southerners visited the San Jose festival and pronounced it so perfect that we are inclined to think our praise is brought forth by the appreciation of its incomparable beauties, and not through any mere feeling of neighborliness. For the past two days San Jose has been a paradise, redolent with the perfume of beautiful flowers, and its streets have been thronged with a galaxy of girls and women unsurpassable in feminine beauty. Love and Laughter—twin gods ever attendant upon Beauty—have sparkled in the eyes of every one, and it is safe to say that the soft song of Sorrow has for a while been still, and will not be heard again until the festivities end to-night.

San Jose's success is not to be wondered at. Live men and intelligent women can work wonders when they start in to do it; and when their efforts are so ably seconded by numberless little children—as the San Jose children have done—their success is doubly assured. The Carnival will end to-night in a blaze of glory, and the people who witness it will feel all the more assured of the fact that California is the only place in the world wherein to live one's life and await the beck of the mighty-winged Angel of Death.

ON Tuesday, May 12th, Easton, Eldridge & Co., the auctioneers, will sell some very choice residence property situated in various portions of the city. One most desirable residence to be disposed of is situated at No. 1016 Green street, near Jones, and consists of a charming eight roomed, bay-windowed house, with a handsome garden and outbuildings. The residence is in first-class condition, and is just the place wherein to establish a comfortable home. The other property is distributed over Pacific Heights, Oak street, Haight street, Precita Heights, Mission District, Golden Gate avenue, Ashbury Heights, and Cortland avenue. All of the property is most desirable, and it is expected the figures in each case will run up to quite a substantial amount.

THE new officers of the Sorosis club, elected a few days ago, are as follows: President, Mrs. William B. Carr; first vice-president, Mrs. George J. Bucknall; second vice-president, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody; third vice-president, Mrs. H. E. Huntington; fourth vice-president, Mrs. J. C. Stubb; recording secretary, Mrs. W. R. Eckart; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. M. Chretien; treasurer, Mrs. W. Manning; directors, Mrs. D. J. Murphy, Mrs. M. J. McDonald, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. I. S. Belcher, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. M. R. Higgins and Mrs. Richard Rising.

There is nothing so invigorating to the system as the Russian Bath, which includes the famous "Needle Shower." This can be enjoyed at the Lurline Baths, corner of Bush and Larkin streets and is recommended by the leading physicians of this city. The cost of the same is only fifty cents, which sum allows the bather to enjoy the privileges of the swimming tank afterwards.

THE weekly Saturday excursions to Stockton, instituted by George W. Hopkins, are proving so popular that the demand for tickets is often beyond the supply. As a proof of the popularity of this gentleman, we can state that last year, at one of the excursions he was conducting, his treatment of the excursionists was so well appreciated that they presented him with a written testimonial which contained the signatures of some of the most prominent people in this city. If you wish to see Stockton, join one of his parties and you will not miss any of the sights.

PEOPLE are already beginning to leave for the resorts, and Vichy Springs is coming in for its fair share of them. The scenery of the surrounding country is unexcelled, and the warm and cold springs are so beneficial as to have long been world famous. The springs are still in charge of old Wm. Doolan, which of itself is a guarantee of good treatment.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From May 9, 1896.	Arrive
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*8:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*3:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1:45 P
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	18:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
19:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	11:45 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:08 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:35 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		10:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	7:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*8:00, 8:30, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
‡Sundays only.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE BRIDE'S LETTER.—JUDGE.

Dear Helen, you will be surprised
To get a note so soon—the first
Bridal edition, unrevise—
And scribbled at my very worst.

I've hut a pencil, as you see,
A leaf from Harry's diary torn,
And then I'm writing on my knee
And feel a little bit forlorn.

We're on the train still. I'm alone;
Harry is in the smoking-car
These last two hours. My time's my own;
But Helen dear, how strange men are!

Three days ago—time quickly flies—
And yet it somehow seems like years—
Since all the kisses and good-byes,
And all the trembling hopes and fears.

Of course he likes to smoke, but then
You always used to say, you know,
Women were different from men,
Ah, yes, indeed! I find it so.

Most of my dreams seem disarranged,
Of course I'm happy—only life
Looks altered now—the world is changed
I can't believe I'm Harry's wife.

And yet I know I am, for here—
What tiny thorns one's wreath may
marl!

I'm sitting quite alone, my dear,
And he—is in the smoking-car.

TO MY LADY'S SIDE COMBS.

VON DER SMITH.

With amber's warm translucent gleam,
With moonlight chill of pearls,
Small, dainty combs how bright you beam
Amid her clustering curls.

The rebel ringlet close you hold
Behind her rose leaf ears,
And hear the flattering story told
That, with bent head she hears.

The fringed lids hide her eyes from sight,
Her face is turned away;
Ah, jewels cold with mocking light,
Is it in vain I pray?

Upturned to mine are her dear eyes,
All rumpled are her curls,
While on the floor, unheeded, lies,
The chilling gleam of pearls.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet
And finished her hiscuits and tea.
Then picked up a spider
That sat down beside her
And counted his an-tenn-ae.

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TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30
4:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at
11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50
and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00,
6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45,
3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55
and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00,
6:35 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park,
same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Novato,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
3:30 P M	9:30 A M	Petaluma,	6:05 P M	10:10 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
7:30 A M		Fulton,		
		Windor,		10:10 A M
	7:30 A M	Healdsburg,		
3:30 P M		Geyserville,	7:30 P M	
		Cloverdale.		6:15 P M
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Pleta, Hop-	7:30 P M	6:15 P M
		land, Ukiah.		
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Guerneville	7:30 P M	10:10 A M
3:30 P M				6:15 P M
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Sonoma,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Sebastopol.	10:40 A M	10:10 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M		6:05 P M	6:15 P M

Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pleta for Highland Springs,
Kelseyville, and Lakeport.

Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs,
Blue Lakes, Laurel Del, Upper Lake, Booneville,
Greenwood, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal,
Westport, Willits, Capella, Pomo, Potter Valley,
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For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports,
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fourth day thereafter.

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and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

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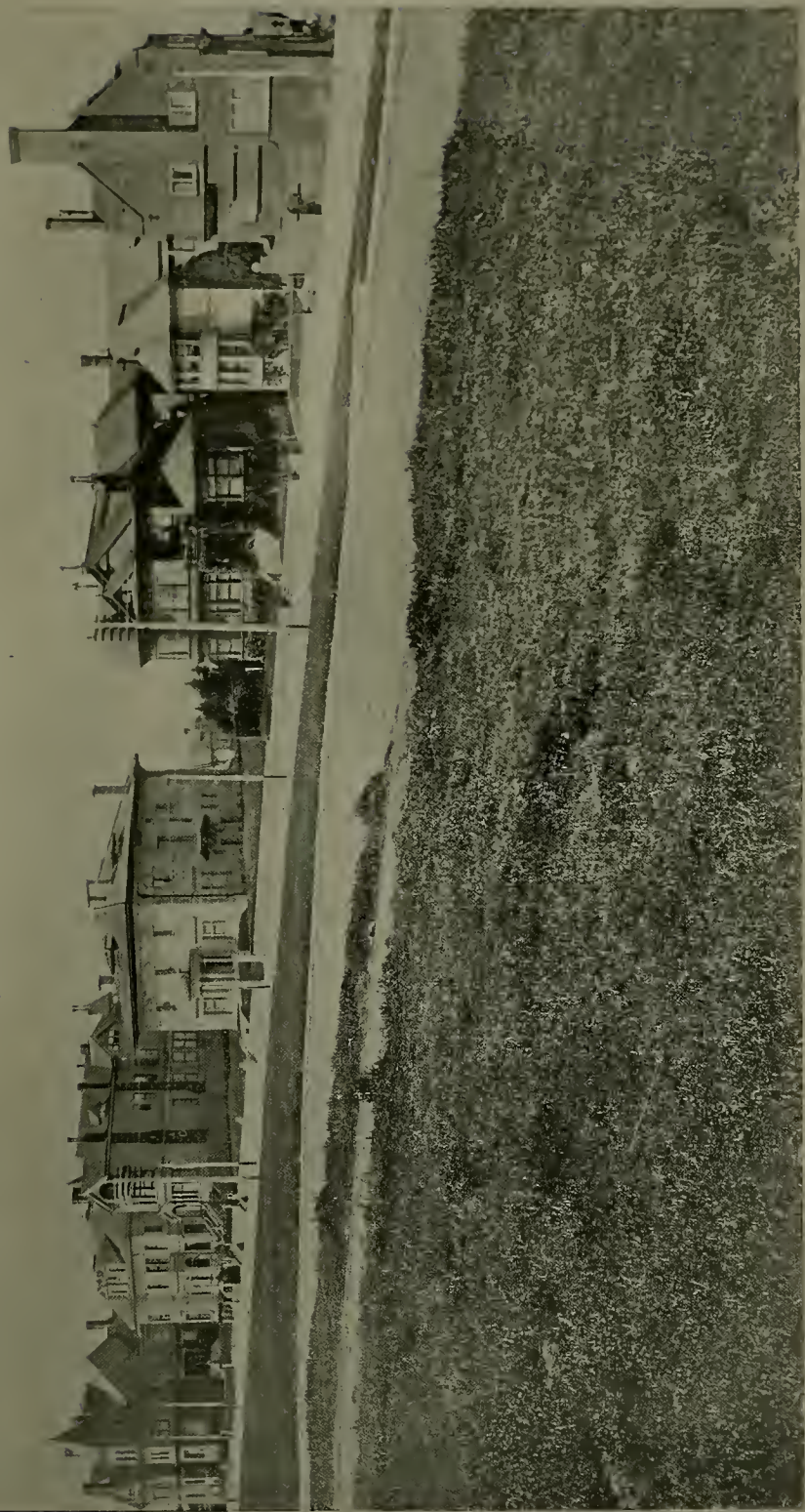
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BELGIC.....Thursday, May 28, 1896
COPTIC.....Monday, June 15, 1896
GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 2, 1896

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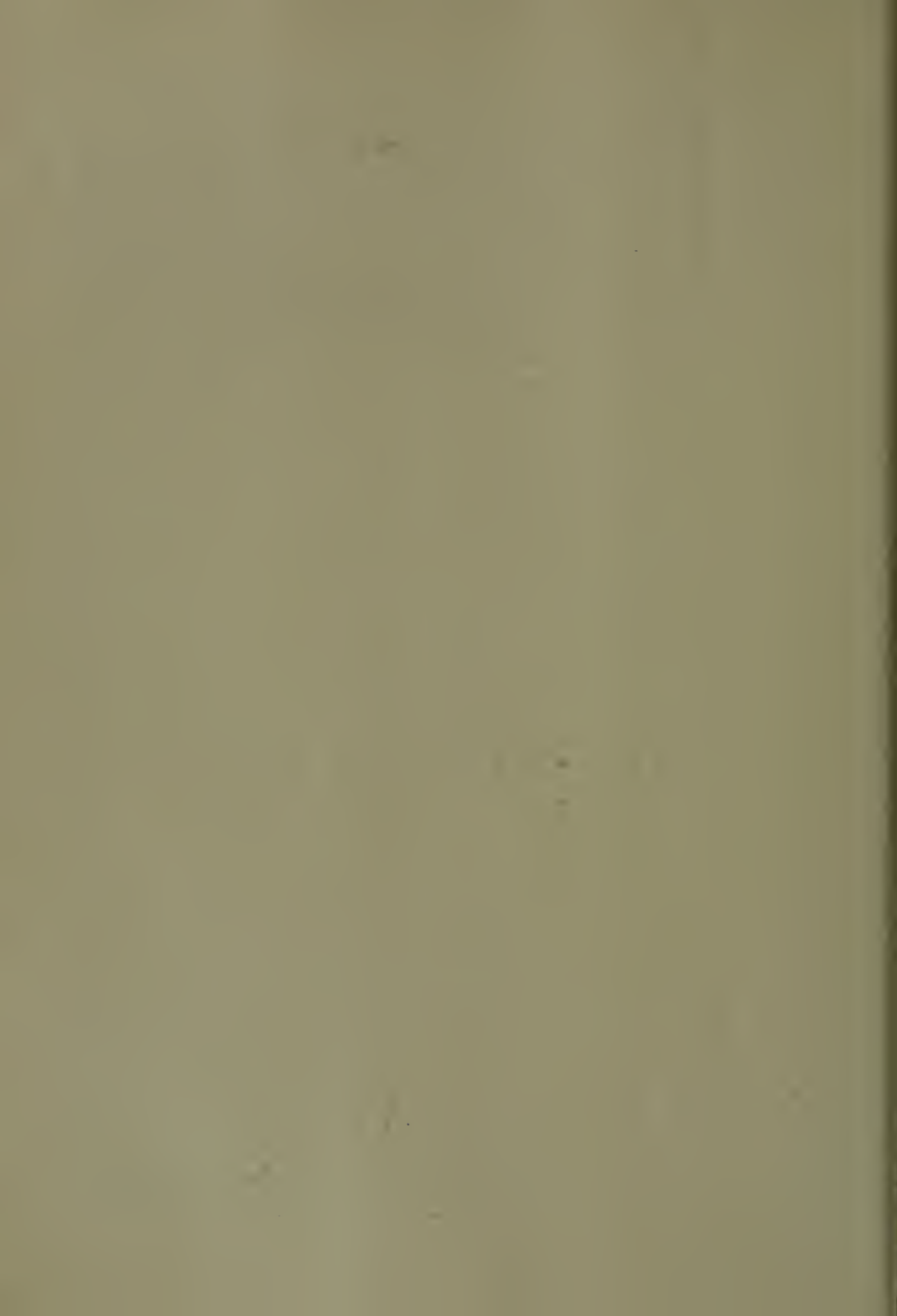
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SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



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THE "most important" wedding of the society reporter is always the one that has the most money in it. Money is steadily becoming the measure of every thing that society holds most dear.

LABOR Commissioner Fitzgerald is in trouble with the workingmen. Labor ever bites the hand that feeds it, and antagonizes its best friends in a way that affects no stomach but its own.

IT is rumored that the Examiner has ready for publication a new story, entitled "Fair Treatment," by the author of "The Mill of Silence," and that a prize of \$30,000 will be offered for the best interpretation of the mystery.

IT is argued that a party candidate for U. S. Senator should be named in State convention, as a means of preventing legislators from selling their votes. The delegates to a convention, as a matter of course, are above suspicion.

THE State Board of Highway Commissioners seems to be making good progress in the agitation it has excited for the employment of jail prisoners in county roadwork. It is better for all concerned that these offenders should not eat the bread of idleness.

ANDY Clunie, posing as a champion of purity and political reform, is a spectacle for gods and men. It is noticeable that the youthful statesman's efforts are all turned in a certain direction, but it would be uncharitable to suppose that he has any desire to be placated.

A CABLE binding America with Hawaii, Japan, and Siberia has long been a necessity. Both Japan and Asiatic Russia are places of importance to-day, and telegraphic communication may be the means of opening them up to important commercial enterprises.

ONE of the effects of the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn will probably be to enlarge the powers of the Tammany organization. Now that New York has become the second city in the world, both in area and population, the opportunities there for political plunder are more dazzling than ever.

"IT was hush money Dr. Brown was paying," declared Mrs. Davidson, in the lecture that failed to draw. "And through it all I preserved my silence. I waited God's command to speak." No one can doubt the word of this truly excellent woman, but it is an odd coincidence that she did not hear the voice of the Lord so long as the hush money held out.

SUPERVISOR Hirsch of this city declares himself opposed to the granting of franchises for electric roads over county highways. He thinks the electric lines should be required to buy their own rights of way, as the steam railroads do. This policy would prevent the construction of electric roads, even where such lines are now earnestly desired by the public.

IT is to the credit of the Sacramento daily and evening journals that they all refrained from mentioning in their columns the late unfortunate scandal in that city. Journalistic decency in California is apparently confined to the interior press, and the proprietors of our local dailies could well afford to retire to the country and strive to regain the honor they long have been strangers to.

FIVE hundred dollars is not sufficient to fit up and furnish accommodations for the insane in the prison hospital. It is little less than shameful that a city of the size of San Francisco should not have a suitable building for this purpose. Tax payers would willingly grant money for that purpose if they knew that their earnings would be applied to the purpose in hand.

THE fire alarm whistle on Stevenson street is the cause of much complaint among business men and others in the city. The nuisance can only be abated by the appropriation of enough money to provide for a fully paid fire department, and this, judging by the manner in which Supervisors juggle away the public funds, is an expense the people are not willing to incur.

OUR contemporary, the Sacramento Bee, is again being sued by a merchant of that city who claims \$50,000 from the owners for publishing a news item about him some years ago. Seeing that the man himself considers so large a sum necessary to patch up his reputation, we think it would be better for him to get out of the city, as the community would benefit greatly by his absence.

THERE need not be much doubt as to McKinley's "managers" having promised that California should have a Cabinet office, in case the delegation from this State to the Republican National Convention should help to nominate the Ohio man. It may turn out that they promised two Cabinet offices for California's support. What is one such office, where there are so many aspirants to political distinction?

PROFESSOR Powers of Stanford had the boldness to tell the Woman's Suffrage convention that he saw "nothing to gain from woman's possession of the franchise, and quite as little to fear." If this be the correct view of the matter, by all means let the dear creature have the ballot, providing she wants it. It's a small price to pay for peace with honor. Otherwise, woman may not rest satisfied until she not only gets the ballot but also takes it away from tyrant man.

"KID" Thompson, who is to be hanged next week at San Quentin, enjoys the distinction of being the first man sentenced to death under the provisions of the new State law making train robbery, or attempt at train robbery, a capital offence. Thompson narrowly missed a new trial, the Supreme Court standing four to three against him on appeal. This new law is a wet blanket on a once promising industry.

VERY little attention has been paid in Congress this session to the Nicaragua canal matter. But now that the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce has ordered a favorable report on the amended Mahon bill, it is to be hoped that the measure will be pushed through without further delay. It calls for construction under the supervision of the corps of engineers of the U. S. Army, and in accordance with plans to be drawn by that body.

THE TRUE DEMOCRATIC POLICY.

THE Democratic party of California has a special duty to perform this year. The Republican party has made the local issue by marching *en masse* into the encampment of the American Protective Association. The bosses of the order were on open view at Sacramento, the commands of the order were obeyed by the Republican State Convention, and without any apparent reluctance that body passed into the possession of the A. P. A.

Thus the question of a religious test in California politics has been boldly raised. There was no public necessity for the raising of it. The only Republican excuse is that the A. P. A. is an organization strong in numbers, and that alliance with it means votes. The party has sought and will obtain all the advantage that is to be derived from the friendship of the A. P. A. Therefore justice, as well as political policy, requires that the Republican party should be made to bear all the disadvantage of the connection. Hence the Democracy, if it have competent leadership, principle and common sense, will at its State Convention declare war upon the Republican party as the partner of the A. P. A., and willingly accept battle with that society, which stands for bigotry and proscription.

The A. P. A. is a good deal more than the enemy of Roman Catholics. Its original purpose was to antagonize the Irish who sought office on the ground of race and religion, but the A. P. A. has passed far beyond that single primary object. It now takes the position that whoever is not for it is against it. Opposition to it by citizens of the Protestant religion, and of no religion, is even more offensive to its sensibilities than the opposition of Catholics. A sense of power has made it insolent, and greedy, too. Besides turning bully, it is grabbing for the offices. In both its exclusive religious ideas and its enlarged political activity it is about equally objectionable. There should be as little room in our politics for self-seeking secret societies as for the religious bigot. In all its aspects the American Protective Association has become as thoroughly un-American as any association of voters could be.

By declaring war upon the A. P. A. the Democratic party would, of course, call to its side every Catholic in the State. The Democratic party has as good a right to bid for Catholic votes as the Republican party has to bid for A. P. A. votes. But that is a subordinate consideration. A strong, aggressive and unconditional repudiation of the religious test in politics would earn for the Democracy the approval of every man of genuine American instincts. And such men compose the great majority of the people of this State, as of every State in the Union. In fighting for the constitutional rights of the Catholic the fight will be made for the constitutional rights of everybody else. It is simply a case of hoisting the stars and stripes and marching against the un-American band of bigots who have run up an orange banner of their own, and attempted to substitute it for our national flag.

The Catholics of California are suffering terribly under the persecution of the A. P. A. But nobody who is not a Catholic feels particularly sorry for them. There can be no effect without a cause, and our brethren of Rome have brought this thing on themselves. They are merely undergoing the unpleasant, but salutary, experience of being forced to swallow their own medicine. The good that the experience is doing them is apparent to everybody. There never yet was a religious sect which felt the hand of oppression that didn't awaken to the virtue and beauty of toleration and learn the language of liberty. So we see that our Catholic neighbors have become intensely patriotic and the most fervent pleaders for the right of every man to worship God in his own way. Religious persecution has become in the mind of the chastened Roman Catholic of California a hateful and a shameful thing. And to the apprehension of the contemporaneous Catholic the person who asks for office on the score of his birth-place or his faith is a disgrace to mankind, who should be drummed out of the camp of modern civilization. The A. P. A. has not lived in vain.

But it is time the A. P. A. should die. It has served its legitimate end, and transformed itself into the very thing it was born to abate—the religionist in politics. Every intelligent citizen who regarded it as a vile cure for a vile

disease—and this sort of citizen outside of it was its real strength—now perceives that having driven the office-bunting Roman Catholic Irishman from the field the A. P. A. has stepped into his vacated place. And a Protestant A. P. A. "doing politics" because he is a Protestant, is no more agreeable to the American mind than is an Irishman "doing politics" because he is an Irishman and a Catholic.

The Democratic party will have to enter upon this ugly war whether it likes to do so or not. The Republicans have taken the un-American side, and nothing is left for the Democracy but to espouse the cause of the persecuted. Real Democrats will not ask for a better cause, since the principles involved go to the foundations of the republic. No religion in politics, entire separation of Church and State, equal rights for every citizen—that, surely, is a platform as soundly Democratic as the party could have were Thomas Jefferson alive to draw it up.

War upon the A. P. A., which is now the Republican party in California; war, open and without quarter—such is the logical Democratic policy as forced by the situation.

The McKinley Boom Will Shrink. Months ago the NEWS LETTER predicted that Major McKinley would be without competitors for the Republican Presidential nomination by the time the National Convention met. We turned prophet because we saw the state of the Republican party clearly. Its dread of the monetary issue moved it to cast about for a pretext to shelve it for another four years. The one thing on which the masses of Republicans are agreed is protection. McKinley's name stands for high duties. Therefore, it was inevitable that he would be taken up and presented as the country's savior, the Moses to lead it out of hard times by raising custom house taxes and increasing the cost of the necessities of life.

The scheme has worked well up to date. In the preliminary skirmishing the country has been swept by McKinley. But McKinley as a candidate before the Republican party for the nomination is one thing, and McKinley as a candidate for the Presidency another. The campaign in his interest will, of necessity, be a shouting one. Hurrahing, brass-banding, and the avoidance of rational argument are to be relied on to carry him through with a rush. That would be good tactics if the election were to take place early in July instead of early in November. But a campaign lasting five months cannot be conducted on the hurrah plan. The human lung and the human brain are not to be kept for that long space at the mass-meeting tension. Blaine was a bigger man, a better man, a more magnetic man than McKinley, and the enthusiasm for him was all real, and not two-thirds simulated, yet Cleveland beat Blaine.

There are a discouraging number of grown men in the United States who feel happy when politicians, with the help of drums and bonfires, do their thinking for them; but, on the other hand, there are hosts of citizens who do not disdain to use their heads, as well as their ears and larynxes, in politics. So, in our opinion, the McKinley boom is a squab boom that is larger now when just out of the shell than it will be at any other period of its existence. The good sense of the thoughtful among the American people is against him and his preposterous doctrine that high taxes are the egg which, when sat on by the Republican hen, will give us the chicken of prosperity.

Wait and see what will become of the McKinley boom. It is bogus and must shrink. Wait and see what it will look like three months from now. The better-class Republican has a brain as well as a voice, a fact that the managers of the party have chosen to overlook.

A Mercenary Fraud. The Democratic party of California would not be the loosely organized, often divided, and frequently defeated thing it is if it enjoyed the guidance and support of a first-class daily newspaper in the metropolis of the State. Of the six dailies printed in San Francisco not one is Democratic. One occasionally pretends to be, but that pretense is never made for the benefit of the party. The Examiner goes into the Democratic paddock whenever it sees anything to be made there, and leaves it the instant the prospect for profit on the outside is more promising. It is a strictly business

concern. Had young Mr. Hearst, ambitious of distinction, bought a saloon instead of a newspaper, and conducted the saloon on the same principles which he has applied to the management of the Examiner, that saloon would have been a success, and its success would have imported no more for the moral welfare of the community than the success of the Examiner imports for the political welfare of the Democratic party.

By keeping the truth in mind—the truth that the Examiner is run altogether for its proprietor's benefit, and not at all for the Democracy's—Democrats will spare themselves the pain of those rages they fall into when the Examiner declines to forego Republican favor by being Democratic. It is out for circulation, advertisements, and income. Everybody is now aware that, while it was lifting up its gentle anti-railroad voice to charm the anti-monopoly subscriber, it was drawing down a monthly subsidy of \$1000 from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Similarly, it lagged behind its party in the assault of eight and four years ago on the trusts and other rich fruit of the protective system. And to this day no man knows how it stands on the monetary question—whether it is for gold or silver. The Republican State Convention met at Sacramento the other day, and formally enlisted in the army of the A. P. A. The Examiner has refrained from saying one word as to that proceeding, about which every Democrat in the State is thinking. Protectionists have nickels as well as free traders, silver men as well as gold men, Republicans as well as Democrats, A. P. A.'s as well as Catholics, and the thing for which the Examiner lives is nickels. Where they come from doesn't matter so long as they reach its till. The paper is as devoid of public spirit and of enthusiasm for Democratic principles as any rounder who lives off the party by hanging on to it for his own sake, and selling it out when he gets a chance. It finds it profitable to pretend to be Democratic, for so it can please the Republicans by betraying the Democracy. Whatever it possesses, including its editorial columns and its party connection, is on sale, at wholesale and retail.

Were there a good Democratic newspaper here—not an organ, but a newspaper as faithful to Democracy as the Republican newspapers are to Republicanism—it would be a power for cohesion and a formidable weapon of political war. Suppose the party had in San Francisco a paper like the New York Sun, for instance; does any one imagine the Republican party could desert to the A. P. A. intrenchments and have nothing said about it? That silence of the Examiner's gives the measure of its concern for Democratic interests, and, in all ways, it is equally destitute of solicitude for everything save its receipts.

One of these days a real Democratic newspaper will appear in San Francisco, and when it does the Democrats of California will be pleased to send the remains of the Examiner on ice to its thrifty owner in New York. It is the heaviest load, among the many heavy loads, that the Democratic party of this State has to stagger under, for it is a fraud, and the lowest kind of a mercenary fraud at that. The sell-out to the Southern Pacific was thoroughly characteristic; that was the Examiner all over.

Sordid Cruelty of the Newspapers. A citizen of Sacramento, a man of wealth, good repute, useful to the community, and apparently happy in his domestic relations, made the discovery the other day that his wife was unfaithful. He behaved with equal discretion and mercy. Instead of killing the woman and her paramour and making a great public scandal, he remembered the feelings and welfare of his children, some of them daughters and nearly grown. So he gave the unchaste wife money and sent her to her people in a distant city, and prepared to depart with his boys and girls to Europe, where, he hoped, they would be safe from learning of their mother's shame. To seek a divorce was a duty, and he sought to do it with as little publicity as possible.

Surely no matter could be more strictly personal than this. In no way did the wreck of the man's home, his private grief, possess any legitimate interest for strangers. Yet while the unhappy husband and careful father was finishing his preparations to go away with his motherless children, the newspapers of this city blazed out in many columns, topped with shouting headlines, proclaiming to all the world what the man was endeavoring to conceal for

the sake of his boys and girls. If their hearts have not been broken and their young souls wounded and poisoned by the knowledge that their mother is a wanton, it is not because the press of San Francisco has not done its enterprising best to force the knowledge upon them.

Custom is the warrant of the newspapers for doing this sort of thing. That an event has occurred and that the curiosity of the multitude would be gratified by being told of it—that is the whole gospel of the news merchant. He respects no rights of privacy, considers not at all the pain that may be caused or the harm done by publication. The bleeding pride of men, the reputations of women, the future of children, these count for nothing. The public is ready to buy news, and the news merchant therefore triumphs over everything in order to get it to sell.

Custom cannot even excuse, let alone justify, this cruel, unmanly intrusion upon personal griefs, this heartless trading in happenings that should be respected as family secrets. It is custom, but it is none the less outrage. The press has no right to deal in such wares. The fact that it does deal in them habitually, and that the practice is so well established that it is accepted as inevitable, proves only that the press has successfully usurped the privilege of doing wrong for gain. The Sacramento instance is exceptional solely in the accident of the conspicuousness of the persons involved. Every day tragedies of the home with which the public has no more concern than with any other event in a citizen's household, are exploited by the press. No home, conspicuous or obscure, is safe. The press licenses itself to poke itself in, note-book in hand, wherever there is strife or sorrow that arises from sin. And the press is wholly sordid in the performance of this double function of Paul Pry and village gossip. Its one motive is nickels. No wonder the press is neither respected nor liked by people who are themselves worthy of being liked and respected.

A Progressive Preacher. There are so few preachers of broad calibre in this State that the NEWS LETTER gladly points the finger of commendation to one whenever and wherever he appears. The Rev. Edward Davis of Oakland, by his defense and Christian-like treatment of Robert Ingersoll, proves himself to be a different man to the average minister we have with us. After comparing his utterances with the idiotic and fanatical teachings of Talmage—the cheap-john of American pulpit oratory—one feels refreshed and invigorated as after a bath in a clear, cool stream on an over-warm day. There are few clergymen to-day willing to join hands with Mr. Davis in his treatment of the atheist, for which he should be duly glad, as the hand of the average parson contaminates. We know of few divines willing to preach from their pulpits that “dishelief, because of some abnormality of spiritual senselessness, will not be punished by damnation;” even if there are a few who recognize the justness of the creed they know that the desire of their congregation is for hell's fire for the infidel with a mighty small chance of forgiveness. Mr. Davis will probably be censured by many of his own people for his broadmindedness, but the few who read of him and his utterances in the daily papers will have a good word to say for him.

Better Roads for the Park. Much inconvenience is being caused to wheelmen and other pleasure seekers on foot and in carriages by the dust from the roads in Golden Gate Park. It is of such an adhesive kind as to destroy one's clothes after a few “haptisms,” and is so penetrative as to cause continual annoyance to persons delighting in cleanliness of body. These impediments to thorough enjoyment of healthy recreation could be done away with by discarding the material used at present and substituting in lieu thereof the crushed granite manufactured at Folsom. This article could be delivered right at the entrance of the Park, and would prove its serviceability after a very few months of trial. The present roads would form a first-class foundation for this new material, and it is safe to say that its adoption would elicit the thanks of thousands of people because greatly adding to the general beauty of the Park. The Commissioners have been so untiring in their efforts to bring about beneficial changes that it is to be hoped they will also interest themselves in this matter.

When The Railroad Went Out of Politics.

Owing to political exigencies it begins to look as if Congress will bring the present session to an early close and that, in consequence, the railroad funding bill will be put over until December next. Although it is desirable that the vexed question should be disposed of at as early a date as possible, it perhaps is as well, all things considered, that it should go over to the calmer season that always follows a Presidential election. At this particular time demagogic clamor feeds upon the excitement of the impending political struggle and finds, or thinks it finds, its advantage in assailing large material interests. No large question ever has been, or probably ever will be, settled at a session immediately preceding a Presidential election. The political barometer is then too sensitive, and Congressmen too anxious as to the way the cat may jump, to permit of any decided action being taken that might afford an unscrupulous opponent, an occasion out of which to make unfair political capital. When the great issues of the Campaign are settled and danger of immediate misrepresentation over Congressmen, as well as the public in general, will be in a better frame of mind to deal with a sober, serious question like that of prolonging the life and usefulness of our great transcontinental railroad.

It is to be hoped, and we think it may be believed, that when Congress meets again, the terms upon which California's railroad facilities are to be continued will be considerably modified. This coast is a producing region and needs to have transportation charges fixed at the lowest possible point. This can never be done if the capital cost of the railroad to its managers is enhanced to the highest figures they are willing to stand rather than lose their property. The road must be made to pay or it cannot be run. Whatever it pays it must earn. Obviously the less the exactions imposed upon it in its settlement with the Government, the less it will require to demand from its patrons. The railroad managers stand towards the Government in the position of toll gatherers. They are hereafter to collect the tolls, and, less the cost of management, are to pay them over to the Government. There are very strong and special reasons why the patrons of the road should not be called upon to pay all that the road may have cost the Government. It was undertaken as a war measure and rushed through without regard to cost. It unified the country, put an end to Indian wars and conferred upon the Union other advantages for which the Union ought to pay. To exact the last pound of flesh from local patrons is to force a hard settlement upon our people that is unworthy of the Nation. We believe that better terms can and will be had.

Much was at one time said about "taking the railroad out of politics." It was said that if only that were done the politicians would keep their hands off, and treat the road fairly. C. P. Huntington was taken with these promises and one of his first official acts as President of the road was to issue instructions to give the politicians a free hand. The result, which this journal predicted at the time, we now see. California's Senators and representatives for the first time on record are almost a unit in favor of "anything to heat Huntington" and that whilst they are beating California at the same time. In the end they will heat themselves.

The Trades Unions And The Railroad.

The Railroad is the largest employer of labor in this State. The Southern Pacific gives steady work all the year round and the best wages going to an average of about fifteen thousand men, which means something more than bread and butter to perhaps seventy-five thousand men, women and children; to say nothing of the butchers, bakers, dry goods men and others who live by supplying the wants of that seventy-five thousand. Cripple the railroad as an employer of labor and distress throughout our hordes would follow. Yet, marvelous to say, the Trades Unions of the Coast have just been busy passing resolutions tending to accomplish that very thing. They favor tying the railroad up with foreclosure proceedings and interminable litigation. In the presumed interests of labor the railroad is to be maimed and crippled and a condition of industrial chaos instituted. The men who

built the Central Pacific and who, first and last, have spent hundreds of millions for labor are to be ousted from control, even though nothing better come of it than the deluge. It must be confessed that this is all very disheartening to the true friends of the working man who believe in his education upwards into harmony and concert of action with that capital which gives direction and productive power to his labor. If he is unwise enough to strive to pull down the house in which he lives about his ears what good is to be expected of him? It should be noticed, however, that it is not the railroad employees themselves who are joining in this crusade. They do not appear to be dissatisfied. It is the demagogues who run the politics of the Trades Unions who are posing as enemies of the railroad. That is at once the weakness and mischief of Trades Unionism. It falls into the hands of designing knaves. It is senseless for labor to make an enemy of its largest employer.

A Revolution Without Fuss.

True it is that not all great reforms come accompanied by sounding of anvils and firing of cannon, else there would be jubilation all over the United States just now at the successful accomplishment of one of the greatest political revolutions our country has ever experienced. By a scratch of the pen, as it were, the civil service has been emancipated from the thrall of politics and the spoils system overthrown. No fewer than 85,000 offices have been placed upon the classified list and hereafter their occupants will be removable only upon cause assigned and proven. This virtually includes the whole civil service, only a few special offices being omitted from the classification. Henceforth officers of the Government will be servants of the public in fact as well as in name. Owing nothing to political wire-pulling they will be free to give their whole time and ability to the public service. Their tenure of office depending alone upon good conduct and efficiency they will have the highest possible incentive to do well. No corrupt boss or tricky politician will hereafter own the public service to its undoing, and henceforth a man may hold an office without being a rascal. Party Conventions, and National Congresses will no longer be swayed by the greed of patronage, but will be free to bring an honest judgment to bear upon the conduct of public affairs. The National Capital will be spared the humiliating spectacle of every four years being made the feeding trough for hungry animals from all over the country. The inciting cause being largely removed, there ought to be no more Conkling episodes or Garfield murders. For this beneficent reform Grover Cleveland and the Mugwumps are entitled to all praise.

The United States Of Great Britain.

The die is cast and the federation of Great Britain with her self-governing colonies is making such progress that its final accomplishment is no longer in doubt. Ere long an already existing Empire will take on a new form and thenceforward be known as the United States of Great Britain. The long maturing but now almost ripe condition of public opinion throughout the Mother country and her dependencies, justifies the conclusion that imperial federation is not far off. George III. and Lord North lie moldering in their graves, but the warning of their experience goes marching on. There will be, in consequence, no provocation for revolt in the Colonies and no cause for sundering kindred ties in these more happy days. So shrewd a statesman as Joseph Chamberlain sees that the time for action is approaching and he accordingly hastens to lead what he sees is a swelling procession. Speaking at a dinner given by the Canadian Club, in London, the other day he said among other things "that the response which England's recent peril had evoked from all parts of the Empire imposed upon Statesmen the duty of utilizing so loyal and imperial a sentiment. How could that be done? The first step he thought was the establishment of a customs Zollverein. What was wanted was to secure for colonial producers the benefit of the home market, and this he thought could best be done in the manner provided by the United States precedent which secures free trade within the limits of the Union." English Statesmen will have to come to it. A large and growing party already favors it.

The Woman's Congress. The Woman's Congress is a thing of the past—as were most of its antiquated members. Pachydermatous and pachydactylous ladies, ladies thin and ladies stout, sat peacefully side by side for one whole week without indulging in personal remarks or casting aspersions upon the virtue of a neighbor whose chief fault lay in the possession of a beautiful face instead of a spick-and-span but somewhat erratic mind. The vices of men have been most righteously condemned, the virtues of women have been loudly extolled, and the Sisters of Unebarity have returned to their respective homes fully determined to assail the masculine stomach by indigestible pies and bad cooking after having failed to conquer him by rhetoric and reason. The Congress has nevertheless been of service. Some few women, whose exteriors are not yet hardened and in whose interiors there still remains a slight idea of the meaning of true womanliness, erept from out the hall with heads down-cast and the resolution to go and sin no more. It is safe to say that by next November these wise virgins will either be in love or will have entered the holy state of matrimony, and so will naturally forget all about the indiscretions of the past few days. For the others—the pachydermatous and barren females whose veins are filled with vinegar instead of with rich human blood—we must with due Christian resignation prepare ourselves to see them stalking across the bosom of this beautiful and fruitful land for a few months more. By degrees, an all-wise Providence will remove them from our midst and in the peace which will ensue we shall forget that the State has ever been desecrated by their presence, or that a few women ever reverted so far from the original and natural type to such vulgar and pity-inspiring monstrosities.

The Alms House Again. The Almshouse affair is not ended yet. Superintendent Weaver has been ousted from his position by the Board of Health but is now proving that the appointees made by the Board are thoroughly incompetent and should be removed as well. Mr. Weaver was unaware of his legal power to remove these men, thinking that it lay entirely with the Board. The appointments, however, give one a fair insight into the way things are conducted by this select body who think more of their own interests and those of their friends than of the interests of the people who employ them. In the course of the next few weeks some interesting disclosures will doubtless be brought to light which may make it necessary for us to request the Grand Jury to look into the matter. Mr. Weaver can be assured of the sympathy of all respectable people in his present persecution and it is to be hoped he will carry his dismissal to the highest Courts before giving in. The Almshouse should be removed from politics. Only by so doing will the public be assured of efficient service by the men elected to fulfill the important duties attached to it.

THE weekly Saturday excursions to Stockton, under the able management of George W. Hopkins, are proving most popular. If you wish to see Stockton and the sights of that charming and enterprising city you cannot do better than join Mr. Hopkins and go along with the party under his care. The excursions will get you back in the city early on Monday, so that no time will be lost from business.

OLD San Franciscans will be much interested in the sale of the San Francisco Pioneer Woolen Factory property, which takes place by auction on the 27th inst. The land could be made to pay a fine income if it fell into the right hands, and we trust it will. The view is splendid from thereabouts, and it is possible that a recreation grounds may be started there. Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. will conduct the auction.

The very latest things in ladies' and gents' spring goods to be had of John W. Carmany, furnisher at 25 Kearny St.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlhender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.



AT AUCTION

TUESDAY, May 19, 1896,

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638 Market Street.

By order of the S. F. Gaslight Co.

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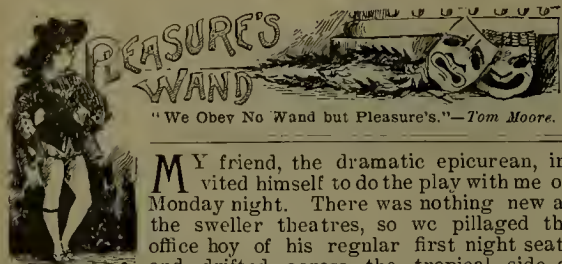
N. B.—The California Title Insurance and Trust Company will issue policy of insurance to each purchaser for the amount of the purchase price for the sum of \$25 for each 25-foot lot.

This property is located in the present growing portion of our city, and certainly has the brightest outlook for investors of any section. Business men, capitalists, investors, and speculators should examine this property, for it certainly presents an elegant opportunity for one and all to obtain a large percentage on the capital they may invest.

Easton, Eldridge & Co.,

638 Market Street.

Auctioneers.



"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

MY friend, the dramatic epicurean, invited himself to do the play with me on Monday night. There was nothing new at the sweller theatres, so we pillaged the office boy of his regular first night seats and drifted across the tropical side of Market street to the Grand Opera House. There is nothing so restful and needful to the confirmed theatre-goer as an occasional blast of out-and-out melodrama—of course, providing he sees it fired off before an audience tried and practiced in the sport. So it was that to better key ourselves up to the tension of the piece—to become a part of the cheers, jeers, laughs, hisses and whistles that pronounce judgment on play, player and scenery—to enjoy, as it were, a touch of the *big life* at Morosco's, we deserted the office boy's cherished orchestra chairs and clampered up the thousand and one stairs that lead to the gallery. And in very fact it was a sight for the gods. The gallery benches, piled one on top of the other, it almost seemed, so precipitous was the decline from the rearmost seat to the front rail, were black and creaking with their burden of critical, intent masculinity. Below, the family circle projected enough for us to see in the crowded intermingling of men, women, youths and infants the application of its title. The dress circle, hanging directly beneath, did not so well live up to its name; but it, too, so far as we could see, was packed like the proverbial sardine. And away below, vast, vague and distant, was the ground floor, the aisles cutting clean, thin lines between the solid blocks of minute humanity. Facing the depths below us was the stage, and the players—fat-headed, thick-shouldered little people, they appeared, with no legs to speak of, and voices so near and articulate that every word they uttered might have been spoken in our ears, with such clarity and distinctness was the sound carried.

The villain said he'd "drag her through the mire;" the gallery hissed like the steam escapement from twenty boilers; the "kid herder," as the gods call their ticket taker, custodian and "chucker out," yelled for order, heating with his hamhoo club resonant blows on the back of a hench. Then all was silent again. "There's nothing like a bit of a noise to keep 'em quiet," said the herder, approvingly.

It was a melodrama; neither a very good one nor a very bad one, but just an ordinary melodrama, with the scheming villain who thinks aloud and takes the whole broad world into his confidence, and the brave hero who feeds the hungry, heals the sick, defends the attacked, slogs the villain, kisses the heroine, and performs all the sterling feats that tradition and public trustfulness permit. Of course there were others: the old salt with the briny, deep voice; the aristocratic heroine with an impediment in her birth right; the frock-coated old gentleman, good and true; the soubrette ambitious to be an actress; the light-hearted lover of the soubrette, who bursts into song and dance; the tramp who has seen better days; the character man's assistant villain, and a host of eloquent and animated scenery. Such is *The Cross Roads of Life*. Yet to look down on perhaps three thousand people thrilling to the worn, old heroic speeches, and huzzinga the canvas train as it comes just a second too late to be derailed, and to think that these people see fifty-two melodramas of this sort every year—does it not prove the ever youthfulness of the melodrama? And, after all, from melodrama to the romantic is not such a big jump, and the over-educated, unhealthy-fed patron of the "problem" will have many a refined modification of *The Cross Roads of Life* in his menu of the season to come.

George Lask, of the Tivoli, is as clever a fellow as ever staged an opera, thoroughly modern in his methods, quick to save the faltering and finely perceptive of color and

form in his ensembles, but he has missed an opportunity of being dazzlingly up to date in *Fra Diavolo*. He should have taught Zerlina something new in the way of disrobing herself. For more years than any of us can remember Zerlina has unhooked her little skirt, kicked off her slippers, tenderly extracted her maidenly legs from their silken stockings, and in the coy confines of an elaborate chemise, piled into bed. All of which a lady of extensive family, experience and respectability tells me is by no means holding the mirror up to nature. Zerlina, she says, can take off her skirt in the same old way if she so chooses, she can kick off her little number fives, but she must sit on the floor to pull off her socks, and any hygiene-respecting maiden could not go to her dreams in the same chemise that has clasped her fair form during the day. I can appreciate bachelor Lask's delicacy in not attempting to coach Miss Marchi in all the realisms attendant upon a convincing performance of the little every night details in a young lady's life, but in these days of *Orange Blossoms* and *Pilar-Morin* the public has learned to look for naturalism, even in comic opera.

Notwithstanding these little irregularities *Fra Diavolo* has run a deservedly good week at the Tivoli.

There are a few good things and a lot of vulgarity at the Orpheum this week. Ransone's song about the little piece of string should be quarantined, and Wood and Shepard's musical act is old enough and dead enough to be interred, notwithstanding they are two of the cleverest fun-makers in the country. But the crowd goes just the same, and the "Petaluma Band" plays on.

Scarcely a week passes that I do not find in the European exchanges flattering accounts of Californian singers abroad. Young O'Sullivan's success in *Shamus O'Brien* is now famous the musical world over. The latest news is of Percy Jackson, son of Colonel J. P. Jackson, of this city, whose basso is reputed phenomenal by critical Paris. Young Jackson is now studying the operas under Bouhy, and has already achieved no little distinction for his Mephisto.

Besides the *School For Scandal* on Saturday night, Ada Rehan and Daly's players are to give us two new plays on their opening week, which begins Monday night at the Baldwin. *The Countess Guicki*, billed for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Saturday matinee, is a new comedy by Von Schonthan, dedicated to Miss Rehan and adapted by Mr. Daly. *The Two Escutchons* is also a new play. It will be given on Thursday and Friday. Following is a partial list of Daly's company: Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Edwin Stevens, Edwin Varrey, Hobart Bosworth, Frederick Truesdell, George Clarke, Herbert Gresham, William Sampson, Henry Gunson, Sidney Herbert, Charles Richman, John Craig, William Hazeltine, George Wharnock, Robert Shepard; Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Miss Maude Winter, Miss Sybil Carlisle, Miss Marie St. John, Miss Helma Nelson, Miss May Young.

The new Frawley Company will begin its season at the Columbia Theatre, on Monday evening, June 1st. For their opening week William H. Crane's success, *Brother John*, will be presented here for the first time. The company this year includes Daniel Frawley, Maclyn Arbuckle, Harry Corcon Clarke, George W. Leslie, Wilson Enos, Walter Clarke Bellows, M. C. Thompson, George Bosworth, H. S. Duffield, Thomas Philips, Frank Worthing, and Tyrone Power. Among the women are Blanche L. Bates, Margaret Craven, Hope Ross, Phosa McAllister, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Lansing Rowan, and Gertrude Elliott and Maxime Elliott, late of the Daly Company.

Amy Lee and Frank Doane come to the Columbia on Monday night in *Harum Scaram*, a farcical comedy said to be replete with cues for laughter from the audience. Miss Lee is the soubrette, and brings, it is said, many new songs and dances with her role. Doane's work is an eccentric comedy character.

The recital to be given by Mrs. Eunice Westwater, the contralto, takes place on Tuesday night at Native Sons' Hall. Mrs. Westwater will be assisted by Miss Gruenhagen, violinist, and Signor Martinez, pianist.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been operitized, and will have a big production at the Tivoli next week. There are to be negro dances, a cake walk, a banjo seneca on the levee, and no end of "way down South" entertainment. It will be the first time that "Uncle Tom" has been done with a musical setting in San Francisco. Gilbert and Goldie and Josephine Gassman are specially engaged in addition to the full strength of the Tivoli company.

Another Hoyt success and an old friend, *A Trip to Chinatown*, comes to the California next week. Hoyt is said to have an exceptional company for his bright little musical comedy this year. Harry Conor, the original Welland Strong; Geraldine McCann, George Bean, Patrice, Madeline Lack, Aldrich Libby, Arthur Pacie, and the inimitable Frank Lawton are among the prominent.

Edmund Collier's third week at the Grand, which commences Monday, will be devoted to the historical tragedy by Conrad, *Jack Cade*. Collier is said to do good work with the "Bondman of Kent," and Morosco's big company will, doubtless, give him the same excellent support that characterized *Virginia*.

Our American Cousin, the play that gave Sothern's Lord Dundreary to the world, will be the Alcazar's attraction next week. Clyde Hess is to play Dundreary, and Leonard Grover, Jr. and the snug little company there are sure to give the old comedy a seeable performance.

Mrs. Noah Brandt and her pupils, assisted by Miss Lotta Musto, soprano, and Noah Brandt, violinist, will give a recital this evening at National Guard Hall, Ellis street, near Van Ness avenue.

The pupils of Madame Julie Rosewald will give a vocal recital at Y. M. C. A. Auditorium to-day at 3:30 p. m.

Primrose and West's great show is billed at the Macdonough, in Oakland, for Monday and Tuesday nights.

Yaw and her sky-high note will be here June 5th.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week shows seven beautiful residences on Jackson street, between Scott and Pierce streets, facing on Alta Plaza. Most of these residences are the homes of some of the most charming widows San Francisco lays claim to. In the first house on the right of our picture resides Mrs. James N. Brown, relict of the son of Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California. Mrs. Brown is a daughter of Irving M. Scott. The other houses are occupied respectively by Mrs. Mary A. Forbes; Mrs. George W. Bowers; Mrs. Augusta K. Gibbs, relict of George W. Gibbs; James Haber; Wm. H. Talbot, and Albert Gallatin.

THE many guests who patronize the Hotel Vendome will be pleased to hear that the premises have lately undergone thorough renovation, so that now the building is as good as new without losing any of its old-time charm. Manager Snell is kept pretty busy attending to his mail containing enquiries for quarters. A first-class orchestra has been engaged to furnish delightful music during the season, and as Saturday dances are to be a new feature at the Hotel, guests there will surely have a delightful time. It is stated that there will be a larger number of the elite staying at the Vendome this season than ever before and a glance at the accommodations of the hotel incline one to give credence to the statement. Already a large party of society folk have been there over the Fiesta period and a great number have remained there, while many more are booked for the near future.

"Have you tried the latest bath?" said a prominent doctor the other day. "I speak of the celebrated Russian bath which includes the 'Needle' Shower. It is very beneficial to the system and I recommend it to all my patients." The Lurline Baths, corner Bush and Larkin have added this new bath to their perfect accommodations. The price is only fifty cents which entitles the bather to the use of the swimming tank as well.

Of course you have heard about El Campo. Nearly everybody goes there on a Sunday to spend an enjoyable time picnicking and indulging in pleasant games. Rowing, fishing, bowling, in fact all sorts of recreations are there. The refreshments are of the best, and a delightful band furnishes sweet music all day.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

Monday, May 18th. Every evening, including Sunday. The oldest girl in town. A new dramatic comedy.

MISS HARUM SCARUM.

Comedy, sentiment, melody. Bright and catchy musical numbers. New and novel effects. Interpreted by comedians who are known as the leading exponents of polished comedy on the American stage, including AMY LEE and FRANK DOANE. Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c. June 1st: The new, great FRAWLEY COMPANY.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Monday, May 18th. For three weeks

MISS REHAN.

Accompanied by AUGUSTIN DALY'S CO. REPERTORY: First week, three nights, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday matinee, the company's latest success, THE COUNTESS DUCK. Thursday and Friday, THE TWO ESCUTCHEONS. Saturday evening, classic revival of Shakespeare's comedy, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Monday night, May 18th, and all the week, including Sunday, and only matinee Saturday. HOYT'S merriest skit,

A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

Harry Conor and the company selected for the Australian tour.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Last week of "The Cross Roads of Life" Monday evening, May 18th, third week of America's popular tragedian, EDMUND K. COLLIER, in the historical drama,

JACK CADE.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING,
Proprietor and Manager

Every evening. An innovation into the realms of opera. Regal operatic production of the famous story of life among the lowly,

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Splendid cast: beautiful scenery; the lovely music of the south; characteristic negro dances; correct dresses; the levee banjo strummers; clever specialties; novel effects. "Marks, the donkey, and the bloodhounds."

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

To-night and during the week, magnificent

NEW ATTRACTIONS.

A marvelous bill throughout. WOOD & SHEPARD, FIELD & LEWIS, JOHN W. RANSONE, and 14 celebrated artists.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America.

Monday, May 18th, the comedy,

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS.

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra. 25c.

Native Sons' Hall.

Mason street, between Post and Geary.

Tuesday evening, May 19th, SONG RECITAL by

MRS. EUNICE WESTWATER, (Contralto)

Assisted by MISS CHARLOTTE GRUENHAGEN, Violinist; SIGNOR MARTINEZ, Pianist.

Tickets, including reserved seat, 50c. Now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny streets.

El Campo, The Popular Bay Resort.

Now open every Sunday during the season. Music, dancing, bowling, boating, fishing, and other amusements. Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c.; children, 15c., including admission to the grounds.

The steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:40, and 4:40 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

HAZELTON
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PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments

735 Market St.



THE engagement of Miss Belle McKenna and Peter Martin will rob our garden of girls of one of its choicest blossoms. It is a noteworthy fact that three of the handsomest girls in society are those who have been chosen as brides by the corresponding number of well known society men this season. This illustrates forcibly the fitness of things where youth, beauty, wealth and social position are mated and not, as is too often seen in the world of fashion, money allied to vulgarity and youth to age. Mr. Martin is to be congratulated upon winning charming Miss McKenna, who will make a most graceful young matron and preside with tact over his home.

The girls are all buzzing over the delights of marrying a millionaire, and not only a multi-millionaire but young, good-looking and amiable. "Lucky Haunah," say they. "Lucky Walter," say the men; so for once in our social history everyone is pleased and nothing but kind comment on the Hobart-Williams wedding is to be heard on all sides. The lovely bride and her lovely gifts are still the topic of the hour. Apropos of weddings if rumor prove correct it will be on the cards for a young B'lingamile of Hibernian ancestry to reverse the order of things (as they happen in general) and instead of a scion of a titled family marrying one of our 'Frisco girls, in this instance rumor says it will be a titled bride imported by the young Millisian. Talk about way up sensations! Would not that be a top knot for Burlingame? Society awaits the materializing of the rumor with impatience.

All title worshippers among our wealthy set should utilize the recent announcement of the impecunious state of the Marquis of Donegal, as he may literally be called another Irish peer going begging. What a chance for some of our rich widows and millionaire girls to buy nobility, for although the Marquis himself is married, no doubt he has cousins by the score who would jump at a rich American.

Gossiping tongues began to wag afresh of late, when Jim Phelan went to the San Jose Fiesta and Miss Laura was already there. Everyone says "what a good match it would be," and yet it sort of hangs fire. The young lady who is always May, (even if the mouth changes) had a devoted attendant in Tara McGrew, and her turnout won a prize; the vivid red of its floral adornment was a striking feature of the parade.

The polo field at Burlingame on Saturday last was alive with the "new woman." Three of them on the box seat of as many coaches held the ribbons and toolled four-in-hand teams as well as any man could have done. Mrs. Tobin in particular won many expressions of admiration, her long sinewy arm and strong grasp being of great use to her in her skillful management of the horses.

"It is a shame for so eligible a *parti* as Dr. Tevis to be so insensible to the charms of the pretty buds," said a guest at the recent wedding, and the remark was an apt one. Handsome Harry, as the girls call him, is a favorite with all, but seems as difficult of capture as a humming bird. In fact his taste appears to be for married women's society, as already he is assuming the *pose* of a veteran beau.

Going to a swagger rural fête is very charming no doubt, and the affair itself delightful; but the young people who enjoyed it all should remember that their fun ought to have been kept within the bounds of the beautiful grounds, etc.

A ferry boat is scarcely the place for screams of laughter, loud talking, excursions to pilot houses, etc. For where the public are on-lookers young girls cannot be too much within the bounds of conventional propriety.

One of the *on dits* of the swim goes that Fred Webster is going to try very hard to send back an "announcement" to his friends in California. He went over to Europe on the same steamer with the young lady whom gossip assigns to him in future, and so we may hear of a match being arranged for the fall.

On dit, that another great matrimonial alliance is on the tapis. This time Charles Baldwin is said to be the lucky man, and the young lady is—well, a little expectation will do you no harm, and so her name for the present will remain concealed. It is wonderful, though, how large weddings often bring these affairs to a climax, even in dreamy San Rafael.

The Keystone Monogram Whiskey has long been considered one of the very finest brands on the market. It can be taken at all hours of the day, and will have a marked tonic effect upon the system. The leading physicians endorse its qualities, and the oldest connoisseurs pronounce it perfect. So many whiskies are sold to-day of inferior quality that recommendations like these will certainly have a marked influence upon the sales.

Instead of making a trip to Japan, visit Geo. T. Marsh's store at 625 Market street. He has the finest assortment of art goods in the city.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.



Very
Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Marketstreet. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from

the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

Indianapolis Furniture Co.,
750 Mission St.

Strozynski's. Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.
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The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

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COOPE & PIPPY,

Agents for Paul Masson Champagne, Ben Lomond Mountain Wines, Schramberger Wines, Vino del Rey Sweet Wines and Brandies, California Olives, also selected brands of Imported Wines and Brandies, have moved to

623 Market St. (Under Palace Hotel). Call and See Us.

BERLIN LETTER.

EASTER and spring have just come, and with them all the new bonnets and gowns, making the churches look as gay as the windows of the florists. But the styles the German girls affect are so ugly! Everything they wear must be "practical" and of such a color that it can be worn both in the daytime and the evening, in the country or the city. An American girl can be told on the street from at least two blocks off, even though she may be wearing her poorest clothes. She has a style and independence of her own that puts every German girl very much in the shade, and this is really not prejudice. A woman's class has been added to our Fencing Club, though so far only a few have joined. Mrs. Charles de Kay is the most enthusiastic member, both she and her husband being lovers of all sports; in fact, she was one of the first women to ride the bicycle in Berlin. Mr. de Kay is the President of the Fencing Club. On the House Committee are Earl Granville, of the British Legation, Herr von Brand, the floor manager of the Kaiser's court balls, and Mr. Jackson, Secretary of the American Legation. About a week ago a very private exhibition was given, chiefly to show the ladies how easy and attractive the sport is. After the entertainment ices and coffee were served to the guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and Miss Rutter, their niece, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman and Miss Dooly, of San Francisco, Mrs. Willard and her son, who writes such charming tramp stories for the Century Magazine, Miss Lampray, a promising young violinist from St. Paul, and others. Miss Dooly is quite the helle of our colony. No one entertains so delightfully here or so hospitably as her mother, and they have lived here for so long that their friends extend far into the very best German society, as well as in the American.

Just now the court life is very quiet, on account of the absence of the Royal Family, who are coasting around the shores of the Mediterranean. The German people are very much irritated when their Kaiser travels so much, for as they have higher taxes now than they did during either his father's or grandfather's reign, and no war is being carried on, they feel that they are merely paying his traveling expenses. The Kaiserin is very much loved by every one, as she endeavors to set a shining example to the German *hausfrau*, rising at six in the morning, then taking a walk with her husband for an hour in the lovely Thiergarten, coming home to breakfast, and spending the rest of the day superintending the meals—even the cooking of them—and attending to her children and to her household, as if she were unable to afford any other housekeeper. Very rarely will the citizen of Berlin take off his hat to the Emperor, unless the Empress or the children are with him. The lack of freedom here is very much chafed against, for at the slightest disrespectful word about the Government or even a whistle of the song "Du bist verrückt, mein Kind," the Polezei is there, ever ready to drag you away to dungeons dark and deep.

The Empress Frederick is very much disliked—first, because she is English, and secondly, because she has had all the shops closed on Sunday. She, in spite of her reputation for stinginess, some years ago gave the English people a lovely piece of land in the garden of the Mout-Bijou Palace whereon to build an Episcopal church, to which she now goes regularly every week. There is an American church here, but only the Presbyterian service is held, and so the little English church is always crowded with our countrymen. The most enthusiastic worshiper is a Chinaman, Tuen Ha Tee, who though wearing a queue and dressed in many colored robes, is a most devout Christian. He married an Englishwoman, and is now, but for his dress, like a perfectly civilized white man. Every month or so, little "conversaciones," as they are called, are given by the church committees, at which there is a little dancing, little music, and even less supper. The Chinaman is quite the beau of these evenings, dancing and flirting—always picking out the prettiest girls—to his heart's content. Another beau of the "functions" that are given here is the little Japanese ambassador. He is a most charming man, and his wife is one of the daintiest, prettiest little women I have ever seen. She is more attractive than her husband, for one cannot help thinking, as he is serving a plate of ice cream, that he really would make a magni-

ficent waiter, and you would rather have him in that capacity than in any other.

Yesterday Mrs. Jackson gave a beautiful breakfast to the Misses Uhl, daughters of the new ambassador. It seemed as if the girls were gathered from all over America—Miss Dooly and the Misses Ames from San Francisco; Miss Montague, Oakland; Miss Borrowe, Portland, Or.; Miss Mann, Miss Kate Gordon, and the Misses Lampray, from St. Paul; the Misses Uhl, Washington; the Misses Boise and Miss Rutter from New York. After the delicious served breakfast, Miss Uhl, who is an accomplished pianist, played a little melodie of Paderewski, and Miss Gordon, whose marvelous voice has fascinated all Berlin, sang till she was hoarse.

This week Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, *née* McCutcheon, who have been traveling in the south with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wood, are expected to arrive and to make a short stay here. Very soon the great fair will be open, and then Berlin will be full.

Berlin, April 14, 1896.

A MUSICAL STUDENT.

The Maison Riche has the best equipped banquet hall in this city. All the large functions are held there and the accommodations for guests are perfect in every respect.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

For fine French cabinets go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.

St. Denis

Broadway & 11th St.,
NEW YORK.
Opposite Grace Church
EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms \$1.00 per Day and Upwards.

In a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON.

THE
HOTEL RAFAEL,
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

Now Open.

For the season, under the management of

CAPT. C. B. JOHNSON.

Write now for rates and rooms.

Vichy Springs.

3 Miles from Ukiah.

The Terminus of the

Mendocino County, Cal.

S. F. & N. P. Railway.

The only place in the world of this class of waters, where the bath tubs are supplied with a continuous flow of Natural Warm Water, direct from the springs. Situation, location, and scenery not surpassed. The only place in the United States where Vichy Water is abundant. The only

Natural Electric Waters, Champagne Baths,
Springs Numerous, Baths Unequaled.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco.

EVANS' ALE



A Farcical Mining Scheme.

The hog in mining is, if anything, more destructive and more obnoxious in every particular than the four-footed invader of a potato patch. It takes a time like the present to develop the species, and before their miserable, selfish career is run they manage to blast the prospects of the entire district which they infest, and work themselves out at the short end of the horn in the long run. The attempt to grab fifteen miles of the "mother lode" is a hogging game. We made a few remarks about the scheme last week, and the following extract from a letter written by a gentleman located within the boundaries of this effort to establish a nickel-plated principality on the Pacific coast, will show how the matter stands along the line of this carpet-bagging raid:

"The last issue of your valuable journal has been the means of causing a number of residents here, who perhaps have never perused its columns before, to read it. Many of them here, who are desirous of disposing of some hole in the ground at ridiculous figures, are the ones who cry the loudest. Let me say in conclusion that the condition of mining in this county at present does not justify this great hue and cry, and I am glad to see that one journal on the coast has the moral courage to come out and brand all attempts to foister upon an over-confiding public worthless properties."

Not having permission to use the writer's name in this instance we withhold it, simply saying that his word carries weight in many a community in this State besides San Andreas, from which he now writes.

Barnato is Now in the Shade.

In regard to this fifteen mile grab proposition of the Poniatowski syndicate, no one can afford to take the matter seriously. It is so utterly ridiculous that no one but a "tenderfoot" could even contemplate the proposition. It out-Herods Herod in this part of the world, and even the biggest schemes ever hatched on this continent cannot conceal a mischievous twinkle of the eye when the subject crops up in course of conversation. Barney Barnato himself could not begin to handle more than a mile of this lode, with all the immense capital with which he is accredited. Does the stranger, who is only known here by his marriage into a wealthy and highly respected family in this city, think that any local engineer of repute, recognized as such by the mining magnates of the Pacific Coast, can be found to pass favorably upon such a ridiculous proposition? Is he aware that to prove every one-eighth of a mile of this territory, supposing for an instant that a ledge ran through it from end to end, as undoubtedly an attempt will be made to prove—the mother lode is held responsible for many brilliant promises—it will take at least \$500,000. Practical experience of successful miners has proven this to be a fact, and one-half the failures are due to lack of capital. In short, the new Napoleon of finance must be prepared to put up about \$60,000,000. He may be able to do this, but we doubt it, and will continue to doubt it until satisfied that he has the Bank of England, the Rothschilds, Barnato, and a few more financial notables in the old world at his feet, prepared to howl down to the new star in the far West, rising now with a magnitude that would have knocked the old Magi silly had the astral phenomenon over Bethlehem assumed similar proportions.

Warnings Which Have Saved Gold.

The respectable individuals who take exceptions to the NEWS LETTER's distrust in Princes, founded, as it is, on Biblical writ, must be under the titular influence which has a strange effect at times upon loyal Americans of the flunkey and snob despising class. As for those who are in on the deal with his "uihs" they can rest assured that the rather empty honor of a connection beginning and ending with the union of names upon a mining bond, is about all they will make in the transaction. The NEWS LETTER came in for a fair share of abuse in the same quarter some years ago, when the Union-Gold rascality was in full blast, but the result in that instance, as well as in fifty others since then, which can be called up in witness to show that this paper was right and its de-

famers wrong, carries considerable weight among people abroad, who have learned by experience that for the past fifteen years no one can point to an error of judgment upon any scheme criticised in this column. In every case an opinion has been expressed without fear or favor, and when investors have been warned to keep out of any enterprise, those who followed the tip were the ones to save their money. We say now that the Poniatowski proposition is a farce. Here it would not be worth powder and shot, but of course abroad there may be some one to whom the advice to keep their hands off will prove timely, at least until they investigate the matter through some unbiased person in this city, free-born, and unlikely to be swayed by the "titular influence."

The Alaska Mill Burned.

It is with regret that we announce the loss of the fine mill belonging to the Alaska Company, of Pike City, Sierra County, which was destroyed by fire a few days ago. It is a most unfortunate thing at this particular time, the ore developed being of such a quality that the success of the undertaking was assured. Luckily there was some insurance on the plant, although the \$15,000 will not go far to replace the works, which were worth at a conservative estimate \$50,000. It is the universal opinion in the neighborhood, from what we can learn, that the fire was the work of some incendiary, and every endeavor is now being made to trace the crime home to the perpetrator and the instigators. The mill is a total loss. As the people now backing the Alaska are possessed of means, it is not likely that a loss of this kind will prove more than a temporary inconvenience. It is not pleasant, however, to labor under the disagreeable suspicion that there are incendiaries at work in the neighborhood. For this reason it will be hoped that the criminals will be run down in the present instance, and punished severely enough to make them an example to other evil-doers of this dangerous class. A long rope and a short shrift is the best way to stop crimes of this kind, and the community which takes this sure and speedy method of getting rid of a "fire-hug" will find many willing to condone any technical offense against the majesty of the law.

Another Chance for New Trial.

With every new verdict issued in the Hale & Norcross case, the more it becomes apparent that the Honorable Judge of the Superior Court is just badly enough mixed up on that question of milling returns, sluices, tailings, discounts on hullion, and all the other matters which go to swell the science of ore reduction. The reason is quite patent to disinterested people, who followed enough of the evidence on the subject on both sides to discover that, without exception, the witnesses were woefully ignorant of data essential to the business of millman. They might know how to run a mill, but it was certain they could not explain it. Besides showing an indecision as to the basis for a verdict which would have justified a refusal to render any, a mistake is made in the present decision regarding the fineness of Comstock bullion, which is placed at 1000 fine. A little over 800 fine is more correct. However, it matters not; a few years more will possibly wind up the litigation by the judgment dwindling out of sight entirely, at the rate the damages are being cut now on reference to the lower court.

The Comstock Market Booming.

People who followed the NEWS LETTER for weeks past must have made money. On top of the advance in Occidental came a general movement in the market predicated in an important strike on the 200-level of the Chollar-Brunswick ground. No work has been done for some days past in this drift which shows fine ore, but when it begins again, next week, lively times may be looked for on the street.

Fire Insurance Affairs.

Affairs on the street and in fire insurance circles are beginning to take a brighter aspect for the companies. The various managers seem to be gaining wisdom through the rough experiences of the past eighteen months, and there is every possibility that a new combine will be effected in the near future. A meeting was held a few days ago which resulted in the different representatives of large companies, with one exception, coming to some sort of an understanding.

Town Crier

"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE Woman's Congress sat a whole week, and listened to papers enough to fill an ash-barrel, and talked, and talked, and talked until the fair members were, to put it just truthfully, jagged with their own loquacity. Yet of all those voices that talked for an entire week about woman, not one was raised to say what should be done about the female—and she really does exist, though it may be impolite to say so—who is not chaste. There was not a voice to tell girls that when virtue is gone nothing worth having is left. Since consideration of politics has the effect of diverting the female mind from appreciation of the paramount importance of maintaining the sex's point of honor, perhaps it would be just as well to keep the too exciting and engrossing ballot out of feminine hands.

PHOEBE Couzins' voice has been heard from. It comes up from somewhere in the South, and its splintered end is aimed at the Severance person, who said something unpleasant about Miss Phoebe at the Woman's Congress. Just what the Couzins understands herself as meaning to say is not easily ascertained by reading her yell in the newspapers, but it is obviously as revengeful in intention as a militant hen. Viewing Miss Couzins' talent for bad rhetoric and capacity for eloquent incoherence, it is astonishing that she has lost her place among the suffragists. Perhaps her coy confession that she loved the late Senator Fair with a pure and unmercenary tenderness—the revelation that, though nearly a hundred, she still possesses a heart that can throb—accounts for her having been read out of the party.

"THE Republican platform," says the Call, "is broad enough for all to stand on—Republicans, Democrats, and Populists." That being so, the duty of the situation is perfectly clear. Let us, brethren of the opposition, disperse and go quietly to our respective homes. But before doing that let not any of us neglect to step up to Major Shortridge, give him a dollar, and tell him to send the Call, which, as we have heard, speaks for all. When it comes to solving a complicated political puzzle that worries the whole great American republic, the Major is the man for the hour. Subscribe for the Call, and the country will be safe.

THE homeopathic doctors have been holding their session at the Palace Hotel during the last few days. The allopathic members of the fraternity congregated in force last Wednesday night, armed with scalpels, hoping to waylay their rivals on their way home. Chief Crowley, however, got wind of the movement and had the news spread that the City Hall had caved in, and that fifty people were hurried in the ruins. The allopaths, scenting blood from afar, made a rush for their supposed prey, and the homeopaths were saved. A live policeman is to be imported from Ireland and presented to the Chief as a testimonial.

NEGUS McNab, the Menelek of the local Democracy, who routed the Italian forces under Signor Buckley, has his hands full with the Junta. A Junta is a hard thing to keep in order, and unless you grab it by the throat, throw it down on its back, get your knees on its breast, and bite pieces out of its countenance between your yells for the police, it is liable to make trouble for you. But the chances of escape for the Junta this time are not good. Negus McNab is Scotch, and when he gets his grip on anything it is apt to remain his.

SHOULD the female suffrage amendment to the constitution carry at the next election, the great and immediate need of California will be more saloons. We draw this inference from the fact that nothing ever sprung on San Francisco has had so powerful an influence in driving men to drink as the Woman's Congress.

THE TOWN CRIER does not set up to be a statesman, so he throws it out only as an individual and amateur opinion that this McKinley boom is a large bluff on a Jack high, indulged in by jackasses.

THE Shouting Sisters have a find
In Stanford's teacher Griggs:
A man who kills the youthful mind—
In short, a Prince of Priggs.

Please God the knave may find a wife
Amongst that noisy crew,
And so may lead a better life
And learn of something "new."

UPON hearing that Chinese passengers arriving at this city were to be treated to a bath before landing, Mayor Sutro immediately applied for the contract, offering to use the patent "Sutro Serviceable Soap" only, and to personally superintend the ablutions. This may be all very well for the Mayor's private interests, but we hold that some consideration is due the city whose servant he has the pleasure to be. His Honor should be satisfied with cleansing the City Hall until he retires from office.

THE Reverend gentlemen of the California Sabbath Association (Limited) who are so interested in the moral welfare of this city and State could achieve much good by ordering every minister to close his church on a Sunday and go out upon the hill tops and there indulge in picnics with his parishioners. Our divines are getting musty and until they clean out their own lungs instead of the pockets of the people they will never be drawing cards in California.

THERE is some talk among Catholics about buying up the First Congregational Church and turning it into a Catholic place of worship. It would take the energy of twenty such able and honest men as Father Yorke to purge the walls of their stains and the atmosphere of its tainted smell. If this project goes through we shall be forced to sever our connection with the Church.

JUDGE Seawell's decision that our city and county officers are only elected for two years and not four, may have been well meant, but it was nevertheless unfortunate. Men who have only two years to devote to theft are liable to be greedier than those who can leisurely settle down to a four years' enjoyment of such privileges.

PARSON Brown was a drawing card at the California Street Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday. He modestly sat in a back pew but the church was full of the godly. It is suggested that the Brown troupe be hired out by churches with impoverished coffers as a means of bringing shekels to the offertory.

IT is stated that Dr. C. Overman Brown is undecided as to his future movements. He is probably waiting for the Lord to provide him with a fat living, an easy going congregation and a new Mattie Overman to initiate into the mysteries of the Sunday School.

PARSON C. Overman Brown should settle in South Dakota and attend to the spiritual welfare of his own family, many members of which, it is said, are growing up with very vague notions of man's duty towards his neighbor.

PROFESSOR Powers states that women need pockets more than they do political rights. We object. They get away with our small change quickly enough as it is and pockets would only be an incentive to further theft.

SENATOR Mahoney's failure to obtain recognition at the dog show should not cause him more than temporary uneasiness. Every dog has his day and the Senator will doubtless have his in the near future.

NOW that the Spaniards have expelled an "Examiner" correspondent from Cuba it is to be hoped that the local authorities will take the hint and close up Black Mail Hall on Mission street.

MRS. Davidson states that through all her tribulations God made her sing in prison. After being let into this little secret one is apt to question the theory of divine mercy after all.

THE Rev. Barton W. Perry is about to travel through Europe on a wheel. It is refreshing to find one minister who is willing to exercise other muscles than those of his mouth.

WE are still being treated to pictures of Durrant. Memorial services would be more to our taste.

TALBOT Clifton will not be missed in this city. His creditors were paid in full.



A Book
of
The Week.*

Some years ago William T. Hornaday, the naturalist, wrote a very interesting and instructive book, in which he described his experiences among the forests of India, Ceylon, Borneo, and other remote parts of the East. Our recollection of that book is that it attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and the impression left on us, after reading it, was that it was a well written and scientific work, blending descriptive powers with the details of the naturalist's study in such a way as to heighten the interest in the one and lighten the study of the other. The book was, too, we believe, a great success, and the world of letters came to look on the author as a man who could tell a story well, and at the same time give us the results of those scientific researches which would enable us to read the lessons "written in each flower" in the wilds of Eastern solitudes. The name of this book was, if we remember rightly, "Two Years in the Jungle," a title which prepares the reader for the character of the work—nature in its wildest moods, associated with science and adventure. Since then we have always remembered William T. Hornaday as a naturalist-hunter, and when we saw his name to another book, we naturally expected that he had continued to write on a subject with which he was familiar, and through which he had made a good reputation. But here came our first disappointment, for we now find that William T. Hornaday has blossomed into a novelist. To be sure the naturalist breaks out here and there in this new work of his, but it is not obtruded, and the little there is of it is not overladen with scientific detail. Indeed, the book before us is a sociological study, and its title, "The Man Who Became a Savage," gives Mr. Hornaday an opportunity of taking his civilized man to the old haunts in Borneo, and there allowing him to gradually lapse into the wild and untutored state which we call "savagery," but which Mr. Hornaday's book would have us believe is a condition superior to our own. The subject, however, is not new. It has been written thread-bare, and man is never tired of telling mau how happier, indeed, how superior, the savage is to he who weighs the earth, harnesses the lightning, finds the X-ray, and surrounds himself with the refined customs and usages which "tone" society, and, by upward heavings, raise the cultured few above the vulgar many. "The Man Who Became a Savage" is, then, a novel with a purpose, and like many other novels of its kind, it contains just that atom of truth on which some people are so fond of building monuments of fiction. We have no wish to expose the plot of Mr. Hornaday's work in all its details, and thus deprive him of the result of his constructive genius, such as it is, but in order that our readers may have an intelligent idea of the character of the book, it is necessary to say something about its plot as well as its purpose. It was very easy for Mr. Hornaday to find a hero who was disappointed in life, and, more, or less, disgusted with our civilization. The Life of Carlyle would have furnished him with ample material under this head, and Lecky's book on democracy, just published, would have added many of the dissatisfied to the list. Mr. Hornaday's hero does not, however, remain content among the civilized ones at all, and so he hies himself to the Dyaks of Borneo for comfort and consolation. There are men, no doubt, who would cheerfully give up the pleasures of table napkins and the use of knives and forks for the customs of our savage English ancestry, and they, rightly, perhaps, believe that bare feet are more conducive to comfort than razor-toed shoes, but we find it difficult to believe that any sane woman living would give up her dream of an Easter bonnet or her bicycle for the society of savages in the land of bead hunters. And yet Mr. Hornaday makes his civilized hero and his wife abandon the good things of the world about them in the United States and hie them to Borneo, where they lead the life of savages among the savages. And here we are presented with a picture of the "honesty" and "chivalry"

among the Dyaks that reminds us of Cooper's Indians, Longfellow's Hiawathas, or similar fairy tales. The picture is well drawn, but oh, how unreal. It shows us the Dyak of fiction, the ideal savage, the model man, while in reality, those who know the Dyak best know him to be a treacherous, dirty, murderous ruffian. In fact, does not Mr. Hornaday, in his "Two Years In The Jungle," picture the Dyak as a low order of man? We cannot, indeed, write positively on this point, but our recollection of his book is that he does. It is all very well to tell us of the advantages of simplicity of life, and how, as we approach nature and life in the natural state, man becomes happier. This is, no doubt, to some extent, true. The less we know the less we want, and so, reasoning by analogy, the dog should then be happier than the man. No doubt civilization has its disadvantages, but Mr. Hornaday must remember that the savage does not enjoy the delights of that solitude which the author pictures, for that enjoyment is the result of the intelligence developed in the civilized state. That Mr. Hornaday understands the Dyak better than we, does not warrant him in attempting to make us believe that the Dyak is our superior in honesty or fair dealing, or that civilization, when weighed against savagery, is found wanting in all that is calculated to make men happy. The living Christian world gives the "purpose" of this book a triumphant denial.

* "The Man Who Became a Savage," by William T. Hornaday. Peter Paul Co., Buffalo.

In one of our recent issues we quoted the Dial as having said that Mr. Hall Caine was a literary "burglar." Our contemporary now reminds us that that was made a mistake, and that the word used by it was "bunglar" and not "burglar." Or in other words, the Dial wishes to be understood as believing Hall Caine to be more of a literary botch than a literary thief. We publish our contemporary's opinion, but we cannot agree with its conclusion: Hall Caine has a weakness for melodrama, and he exaggerates sentiment, while his primitive characters are too emotional, and yet he has a fine poetic imagination, and much constructive ability. Where in modern fiction do we find a more touching episode than the heroic devotion of Danny Faile in "She's All The World to Me?" His "Manxman" has, no doubt, many faults. Its characters are, in places, tiresome, noisy, and primitive, but then the interest is well sustained even to the painful but illogical finish. We fear the Dial has been too severe.

"The White Virgin," by George Manville Fenn, is a novel of the intermittent kind. It is caloptic in its brilliancy and in its dullness. Here and there we are attracted by flashes of good dialogue and well written descriptive scenes, and then again we are wearied by uninteresting tittle-tattle. It is an English story in which some of the characters are strained and some are natural, and, take it all in all, it does not give us a fair insight into true English character. The "Major" is indeed a somewhat typical English officer, a man who knows nothing of business, and whose dealings are punctilious in their high sense of honor, but, after reading the book, we are not particularly impressed for good or evil, and we put the book down with a feeling that we have read a story—nothing more.

"Pretty Michal," by "Maurus Jokai," is marred by being too pedagogic. The supercilious vein in which it is written might, indeed, be overlooked were it not that the author parades the dictionaries of the languages with startling frequency. That the book is brilliant, in places, is undeniable, but there is more of the dashing reportorial style in some of its pages than the finish of the cultured writer. "Maurus Jokai" can write well; so well, indeed, that we hope some day to read something from his pen that will attract more attention than "Pretty Michal," although this book is sure to find many admirers with all its faults of pedagogy and hysteria.

The Philistine for May is full of choice literature, and is one of the bright and most entertaining little magazines upon our table.

Vin Pasteur,

The greatest nerve tonic—Coca and Noix de Cola. Prosser Bew Drug Company, Alameda, Cal.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

THE WAY IT ALWAYS ENDS.

CUPID leaning o'er a wall
 Spied a maiden, fair and tall,
 Dressed in bloomers, shirt and tie;
 Chide the maiden was, you bet,
 In her hand a cigarette
 Which she puffed in Cupid's eye.

"Silly boy," the maiden said,
 "Ne'er shall I so lose my head
 To become a slave to thee;
 Should a lover seek my hand
 He must clearly understand
 Love has naught to do with me."

"Silly maid," said Cupid then,
 "Dost thou think that decent men
 E'er will care for thee like this?
 Thou must quickly change thy ways
 Or a maid thou'lt end thy days—
 I ponder well on that, my miss."

"Faith, I won't stir," said the maid.
 "Thinkest thou I am afraid
 All alone to go through life?
 I am of the chosen few
 Who are known as sisters new—
 I shall ne'er become a wife."

"But, a moment since, you spoke
 Of a sweetheart! Faith, I choke!"
 Chuckled Cupid all amiable.

"How your rosy lips now pout,
 For you've left the secret out,
 O my maiden, wait awhile!"

So the maiden (whom I know)
 Waited for a month or so;
 Then like other women dressed.
 Finally there came a man
 Who did love her, and she ran—
 From him? No, towards his breast!

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE GUILD OF ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

THE pictures exhibited by members of the Guild of Arts and Crafts are interesting and, in many cases, charming specimens of oil and water color work. Chris. Jorgensen has some delicate Venetian sketches and one large oil, all of which are well handled and speak well for his mastery of technique and color. Amadee Joullin's few sketches are all clever and unique; Jules Pages' "Nude Study," although somewhat scraggy and tender, is also worthy of mention. The same artist exhibits a head of a man apparently sleeping off the effects of a fit of intoxication, which is not a cheerful subject, but which is well handled. The erratic Willis Polk has two sketches, which fortunately are hidden behind the door, and as few people have the energy or the desire to move it, the sketches are consigned to a fortunate oblivion. The figure studies exhibited by A. F. Mathews are all good examples of such work. The quality lacking in Mr. Gamble's work is more than made up for by its quantity and the lavish use of color. C. D. Robinson has attained high excellence in purple and blue-grey effects—his landscapes all being tempered to these hues. J. Reed Dickinson exhibits a good portrait study and "A Dream," which consists of numerous ladies and gentlemen in various styles of negligé and underwear, reclining in lazy attitudes in some unfrequented spot of the Yosemite Valley. Ernest Peixotto contributes some of his delicate sketches in black and white—too few, in fact, to be properly appreciated. The water colors of Mr. Pissis are also first-class. Charles Rollo Peters, who lives in Monterey and who swings his brush as Corbett swings his right arm, is too much addicted to the use of crimson paint to do more than attract the attention of the uninitiated. His sketches exhibited are rich in the griminess of the works of the old masters, but there the comparison ends. Joseph D. Strong has some good Samoan sketches and some original wash drawings of Joaquin Miller and his mother, all of which are worthy of recommendation. Mr. Strong is now illustrating for the Call, and is endeavoring to elevate the art department of that esteemed journal from the kindergarten stage into the realm of real art.

A fine assortment of dinner sets at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.
 Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

I. S. VAN WINKLE & CO.'S NEW QUARTZ MILL.



Interior of a Four Kinkhead Quartz Mill Plant equal to 20 stamps, supplying four 6-foot concentrators in operation at Virginia City, Nevada. Capacity, 40 to 50 tons every twenty-four hours through 40-mesh screen.

Much interest has been shown of late among mining and milling men in the exhibition of the Kinkhead Quartz Mill given by I. S. Van Winkle & Co. at their iron warehouse, 413 Market street. This mill has been called "The Poor Man's Mill," seeing that the cost of the plant is only about one-fourth that of stamps and the working expenses fifty per cent. less. The mill has been crushing waste rock at the Con. Virginia mine for the past two years and has proved its serviceability in every respect. The lowest grade ores can be utilized, and the hardest rock is ground to pulp without any trouble. It is couched that this mill will revolutionize mining, as it will enable every miner at an outlay of only \$1000 for the mill to open up operations.

Peremptory

Auction Sale,

Wednesday, May 27th,

At 12 O'clock M.,

SAN FRANCISCO Pioneer Woolen Factory,

Without limit or reserve. Seven 50-vara lots at the head of Van Ness avenue, opposite the Black Point Reservation. Three brick and one frame building. One four story brick factory building; 64x383 feet.

Send or call for circular, with all details and descriptions.

Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., Auctioneers.

218-220 Montgomery St., Mills Building.

When you go to the mountain or seashore, the burglar remains in town!

The New England Burglary Insurance Co.

Of BOSTON, will make good any loss by burglary of household or personal effects, and damage to property resulting directly from a felonious entry during occupancy or absence. The company not only indemnifies for LOSS and DAMAGE, but its methodical, untiring pursuit of burglars, rendering capture almost certain, tends to keep those criminals away from insured premises, through fear of consequences, thus exempting the home from molestation and the person from consequent physical danger. Arrests for burglary in San Francisco for the past five years as compared with the number of fire alarms for the same period:

BURGLARY ARRESTS—	1891, 333	1892, 43	1893, 376	1894, 431	1895, 420.
FIRE ALARMS—	414	34	497	471	445.

Rates and any additional information that may be desired will be furnished on application to

O'KELL, DONNELL & CO., General Agents Pacific Coast.
411 California street, San Francisco.

EVANS' ALE



IT is good to see an organized effort being made to secure decent roads in this city for wheelmen. The San Francisco Cycle Board of Trade has mapped out a plan to bring about the above desirable condition, and the officers have the good wishes of both wheelmen and pedestrians alike. In every city of the Union some street improvements have taken place, brought about by just such action; but here in San Francisco we still suffer from our wretched old cobble roads, left in their present disgraceful state, presumably so as not to hurt the feelings of numerous teamsters and beer wagon drivers. The teamsters and the drivers of beer wagons are good enough persons in their way, but if they persist in driving over cobbles then they should be relegated to certain South of Market street roads and should not be allowed to stand in the way of up-town progress. In all the larger cities of Europe heavy teams are forbidden in large thoroughfares and the same law should apply here. The wheelman, it appears, is the one who will bring about the change.

NOW THAT the season for traveling is commencing many will doubtless wish to take their machines with them on their excursions abroad. To ensure them against damage by salt water and the moist sea air the wheels should be covered with vaseline before crating. The steamer charge for taking each wheel across the Atlantic is \$2.50. That tourist will be happiest who has the least luggage on his wheel. All necessary baggage can be packed in a large sized dress suit case and sent ahead by rail, week by week, during the trip. Beside his bicycle suit he will need a business or traveling suit and, if he has many friends abroad, also a black cutaway, or, better yet, a dress suit. If he is a stranger in a strange land dress suits are a useless incumbrance, for they will be seldom needed, and even then can be hired. A change of flannels and golf stockings and several negligé shirts, with the usual linen and toilet articles, complete his outfit. A small waterproof bag will hold all articles needed between stations when separated from one's baggage.

WOMEN riders are considered excellent risks in accident insurance. All the insurance people are strong advocates of bloomers, holding that when women are dressed properly for the wheel, there is comparatively little danger of their being injured, as they are much more cautious than men. The amount of money paid to women during recent years, is much less in proportion to the number insured than that paid to men.

There has lately been organized in Westfield, Mass., an insurance company which will insure bicycle riders against all manner of accidents which may be met with while riding their machines. The idea is a good one and should be patronized by every rider, as accidents are liable to occur at any moment and to the most experienced of riders.

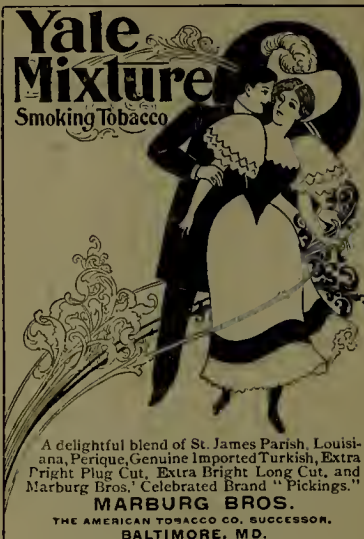
THE annual relay race between the Sacramento and Stockton wheelmen was won by the former last Sunday. The course lay between the two cities, the start being made from Sacramento and the doubling up occurring at Stockton. Official time: 5 hours and 28 seconds.

THE twenty-five mile relay race between the cyclists of the Alameda High School and those of the University Academy, on Sunday, was won by the Academy men by just two minutes. Time: 1 hour 18 minutes.

Chas. W. Leopold, of 39 Post Street, is the most fashionable florist in this city and attends to the necessary decorations for the swellest functions. He has ever the choicest cut flowers in stock and can provide the most beautiful pot plants on very short notice. His windows, alone, speak of his possibilities in the floral line.

Japanese bronzes and vases are the best mementos of San Francisco a tourist can take away with him. Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market St., has the best.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Berger's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Berger, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House, 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 6.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
\$30 A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano, Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

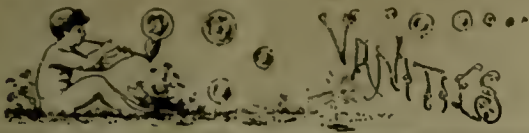
Dividend No. 31, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Wednesday, May 31, 1896. Transfer books will close on Thursday, May 14, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELTON, Secretary.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED.—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

EVANS' ALE



DEAR EDITH:—I have seen some very pretty styles of tea gowns this week. One which is simplicity itself is cut rather low in the neck, so as to expose the throat to full advantage, and falls straight from the neck band to the floor. It is fluted so as to give a series of straight vertical lines from neck to the hem of the skirt. It hardly touches the floor in front, but behind is cut so as to form a train of about two and one-half feet long. It is brought in so as to fit rather loosely at the waist. The sleeves are very large Bishop patterns, brought in at the upper wrist and trimmed with a heavy fall of lace, which reaches almost to the knuckles. Around the neck is a very large and deep lace collar, which in front reaches the bust and on the shoulders descends almost to the elbow. The gown is light, cool and sensible. In its best form it is made of crepon, but fine silk crepe produces equal, if not better results.

The veils are being worn much shorter than they were, only just reaching to the chin, and are tied up on the hat, not at the back of the hair. This is much more becoming, as it prevents the folds that are too apt to occur, and which are so unbecoming. With the broad-brimmed hats it is comparatively easy to arrange the veils, but with a small hat or bonnet it is always necessary to put in a double pleat in front, a little fullness, to prevent too much strain across the nose and eyelashes. Very few colored veils are worn; when solid colors—that is, in chiffon—are worn, there is a small dot of the same color woven in the material. Occasionally there are to be seen veils, black with fancy dots, trimmed with white Valenciennes lace. This is a becoming fashion, but it is not considered so smart as the all black.

The present styles of skirts are not entirely without godets, but are quite as often gathered as plaited. They are made somewhat less flaring, without losing anything of their cachet, and are much less cumbersome than the skirts of the past season. The gathers or plaits are, as formerly, carried to the sides and back, the front describing a tablier that is frequently trimmed down each side.

As regards throat and shoulder decorations, fashion is in extremes. For evening wear the Medici collar is often of very pronounced type, and elegantly elaborated with mock jewels and sequins, rich lace, points and hand-wrought embroideries. Capes, berthas and fichus are all made with an excessive amount of trimmings around the neck and shoulders, and huge lace and chiffon boas supply in many cases the something-and-nothing that is needed to distinguish outdoor from indoor dress. The latest display of shoulder capes shows models challenging the powers of the best descriptive writers. Every possible elaboration is bestowed upon them, and frequently as many as six different materials and half as many colors go to the completion of a single small cape—the new models being very much abbreviated, very frilly from throat to lower edge, and formed of velvet, lace, chiffon, silk passementerie, embroidered gauze, insertion and ribbon.

It is said that the present season will see the end of the bloomer costume for women who ride a wheel. The leading dressmakers of London, Paris and New York have set the seal of their disapproval on the bloomer costume, and, therefore, its days are numbered. Already the effect of the condemnation is noticeable. Society women have ordered costumes in which the bloomer has no part, and the women of lesser note will not be slow in following their example. Whether the girls here will live up to the decree or not, it is hard to tell. I for one most certainly shall.

BELINDA.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

New
Spring
Styles and
Novelties

Now on Exhibition.

An Early
Inspection
is Cordially
Invited.

See daily papers
for Special Offerings.

McBrien & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Harloe's

Headwear beats them all.
Headquarters for Native
Sons.
237 KEARNY ST.
Phone Red 361.

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods
have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novel-
ties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order
a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

BEST SUITS ON EARTH
Made to order

\$15 and upwards.



J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery street, Room 6.
Formerly in Crocker Building.

J. R. SMITH & CO.,

230 BUSH ST., and Room 7, Rotunda,
Mills Building.

(W. HALL, Successor).

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Will make garments to order at great reduction for cash.

J. R. SMITH, Manager.

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

Imperial Photographic Studio.

724, 726 and 728 MARKET ST. (1st Floor),
Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.
Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.



A very high-toned club man recently entered a restaurant, and, thinking the waiter's hands showed evidences of uncleanness, abruptly said to him: "Waiter, do you know what water is?" "Savin yer prinsine," instantly returned the waiter, "but ye're the third gentleman this day that's shown his ignorance of that same biverage."—Boston Courier.

"Prisoner," said the judge to the convicted bigamist, "stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed on you?" "I throw myself upon the indulgence of the court," exclaimed the prisoner, nervously. "Is a life sentence possible? Both ladies have mothers."—Town Topics.

City Lady (in the country)—I get so impatient for the news out here. The mails are so irregular. OLD FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER—La! So they was in my young days. Ye couldn't trust 'em at all.—Milwaukee Illustrated News.

Bobbs—I was at a spiritualist's seance last night and had a talk with my dead wife. SLOBBS—Weren't you skeptical? BLOBBS—I was at first, but when she asked me if her halo was on straight I was fully convinced.—Philadelphia Record.

A.—How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher? B.—Pass! She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked the poor girl things that happened before she was born.—Tit-Bits.

"Major Bluffton does a great deal of talking about himself and his experiences. He is a very commonplace man." "Still, his stories have the merit of being true." "Yes. They are too true to be good."—Washington Star.

First Boarder—Wonder why we have such tough steak all the time? SECOND BOARDER—We have tough steak because our landlady is so tender-hearted that she cannot bear to pound it.—Boston Transcript.

"That fellow Danvers, at the head of the table, is a deep one." "Nonsense! What makes you think so?" "Why, he has already drank his sixth bottle, and is apparently not half full yet."—Detroit Free Press.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you? SHE (softly)—But they are artificial. He—Ah, yes; but you'd never know it.—Washington Town Talk.

Milson—Haven't you gone to housekeeping yet? NEWLY MARRIED MAN—No; we are waiting to save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding presents.—Philadelphia North American.

Lady (who has a sick husband)—Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband? DOCTOR (absent minded)—No, madam. Not until he gets well.—Texas Sifter.

He—Is that your daughter in the parlor, singing? SHE—Yes; she's only killing time. "Well, she ought to have no trouble doing it with that voice."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Here, waiter, take away these oysters. They are bad." "I know, sir; but we have given you two more oysters than you called for to make up for it."—Tit Bits.

Tippie—Didn't you have an *affaire de coeur* with young Cadley? SIBYL—No. I found out what he was. It was an affair de cur.—N. Y. World.

If you wish to prolong your life indulge in a glass of first-class whiskey regularly before meals. It heightens the appetite and fixes up the system. Of all the brands in this city, the celebrated Argonaut brand is the leader. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St., are the sole agents for this Coast and supply everybody with it.

Just imported. A fine selection of haccarat globes for piano and banquet lamps at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of the Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; St. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,802,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President; J. E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON, President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonner. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Sellman & Co. 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILLIENTHAL }

EDITORIALISMS.

SAN Francisco's Fiesta should out-rival that of any other city in the State.

DR. C. Overman Brown has agreed to preach in a hall in this city for \$2000 a year until a new church can be erected for him. Special accommodations for ladies.

THE Rev. Dr. Quale of Kansas is to be commended for his public declaration that the Christian Endeavor organization made itself ridiculous by offering a concerted prayer for the redemption of Bob Ingersoll. The pious enterprise certainly failed to demonstrate the efficacy of supplication in such cases.

THE Women's Political Equality Club of Alameda has begun well. It has resolved that no bouquets shall be worn at club meetings, in the hope that this reform will induce gentlemen to attend, and thus make the sessions of the club more interesting. Let the good work go on. Down with the high hat.

MR. H. C. Bunner, the editor of Puck, who died a few days ago, will long be remembered. The world loves the humorist as it loves the lover and the poet. All three endeavor to lift the shadows from the world's sad face, and to add one sweet note to music that is ever becoming harsher and more discordant.

WE are glad to hear that the convicts in the State Penitentiary at San Quentin are to be deprived of their opium. That they ever had it speaks badly for the management of the institution; that they will not have it in future shows that the authorities are by degrees learning how the ruffians under them should be treated.

IF the daily papers would only cease filling their columns with the nonsense written by unhealthy suicides the mania for suicide would soon die out. A suicide desires notoriety as a healthy woman does affection, and by refusing it to him in his live state there would be less chance of our having to bear the burden of his subsequent burial.

GENIAL Jim Barry (may his kind increase!) is being victimized by a correspondent who wishes to know whether "anthrax" is confined to unbelievers in the Single Tax and Senator Tillman. So far as we know, the disease makes a specialty of fool correspondents who imagine that a weekly journal exists merely for the dissemination of their own driving communications. Give us your fool's name, Jim, that we may laugh over him when work is done.

GOVERNOR Budd is an upright man, and an excellent one as Governors go. His mouth may be larger than his hands, in that he often promises more than he can properly fulfill, but otherwise he is kind of heart and easily influenced, especially by corrupt politicians. It is a matter of general wonder how his Excellency in all that is inestimable came to give Martin Kelly his way about the Almshouse after giving over to him the patronage of the Harbor Commission. With his spacious mouth the Governor should find no difficulty in answering this question.

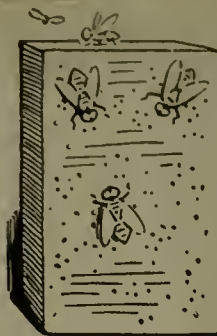
OAKLAND fares well in the river and harbor bill, receiving an appropriation of \$741,000, under the continuous contract system. Of this sum \$75,000 is made available this year, and the remainder is assured. The Sacramento and Feather rivers get a quarter of a million for debris barriers, but trouble is likely to arise between the miners and farmers over the objects of this appropriation. San Pedro secures \$392,000 for her "inner harbor," and the much vexed question of a deep-water harbor for Los Angeles is turned over to a new commission, which is to finally determine the matter.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.



"Well,"

said the bright woman who had asked for Pearlina, to the grocer who wanted to sell her some imitation of it, "whether you do sell more of these other things or not, there must be something in Pearlina which makes the flies avoid it. I notice that all the Pearlina packages are clean and fresh.

All the others are fly-specked!" This is a true story. Everything is true that we print about Pearlina. The thing in Pearlina that keeps flies off is its popularity. It doesn't stay on the shelves long enough to become soiled. When women want washing made easy, without any risk of harm, they must have Pearlina. 427

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President, J. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.

JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier (Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooley, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 528 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord
Wm. Babcock
Adam Grant

S. L. Abbott, Jr.
O. D. Baldwin
W. S. Jones

H. H. Hewlett
E. J. McCutchen
J. B. Lincoln.

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



THE CRADLE SHIP.—LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

WHEN baby goes a-sailing and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed to sea!
Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep,
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers asleep!
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she
When baby goes a sailing and the breeze is fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;
The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!
So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,
So hard a-port, we're not the sort to see a dolly down;
And then, you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea
When baby goes a sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,
When that wee ship 's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace!
For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep
Dream memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

PILGRIMAGE.—THOMAS KYDD, IN GLASGOW WEEKLY CITIZEN.

I count not life by length of years—
A harping drone of weary notes—
But by this rosary of tears
And glowing hours and greater thoughts,
And crystal truths in silence sought
By alchemy of common things.
And in this rosary inwrought,
Which at my pilgrim girdle swings
By every gentle air that blows
With music from some tender string,
As pioneering Fancy goes
Through lonely lands adventuring,
For these the highest God I praise,
As living hours and unalloyed,
Content that all my other days
May pass to time's abysmal void.

KEAT'S LAST SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hning aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart
Like Nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores—
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

TIME.—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, FROM "STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS."

Do you wish me, then, away?
You should rather bid me stay;
Though I seem so dull and slow,
Think before you let me go!
Whether you entreat or spurn
I can nevermore return;
Times shall come and times shall be,
But no other time like me.
Though I move with leaden feet,
Life itself is not so fleet;
And before you know me gone
Eternity and I are one.

THE ANGELUS.—FREEMAN E. MILLER, IN THE NEW BOHEMIAN.

Two peasants, homeward from the field of toil,
Hear holy music in their hasty quest;
Their longings leave the sorrows of the soil,
And sweetly wander in the vales of rest.
Not theirs the Knowledge that is Guilt and Grief;
Not theirs the Doubt that drives their God away:
Behold! In trustfulness of fond Belief,
They bow their heads and lift their hearts to pray.

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JENNIE.—FRED EWERSON BROOKS.

"The sweetest lass in all the land
Is Jennie, Jennie, Jennie!"
Said Robin as he held each hand,
Too many, many, many!
'Twas in the lane, the fence was high;
There was no room to pass him by;
He held my wings, I could not fly;
Not any, any, any.

"How many sweethearts have you, prny,
Sweet Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?"
The rogue within me bade me say—
"Not many, many, many!"
But when I found it grieved the youth,
I could no longer hide the truth,
And said, not many was, forsooth,
Not nny, any, any!

He said: "And would one sweetheart be
Too many, many, many?
Could you accept of one like me,
My Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?"
Let others think whate'er they may,
When Robin took my heart away
I had no heart to tell him nay,
Not any, any, any!

Although I never said he could
Take any, any, any,
He did just what I thought he would—
Kiss Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?
My lips were closed, I could not add,
Nor count the kisses of the lad,
And yet I hardly think he had
Too many, many, many.

THE CIVIL ENGINEERS' CONVENTION.

CALIFORNIA has lately been favored with many visits by prominent bodies of Eastern business men and individuals, all of whom have returned to their homes willing to speak well of the glories and hospitalities of this State and so advertise us in an honorable manner and in the way we most desire. Mr. Depew had only good things to say of us; the hotelmen were sincerely sorry to exchange our glorious climate for that of their own less genial States, and other travellers from near and far have come and departed, regretting only that their stay could not have been of longer duration. One of the most important visits to this State, however, is still in prospect, and it behooves the press and the people of California to see that the gentlemen who will shortly be our guests, and who will be gathered from all over the country, do not go away with other than the kindest feelings for us. On June 29th the Civil Engineers' Annual Convention will be held in Academy of Sciences Hall, this city having been honored as the meeting place for the first time in the history of the association. The Society is one of the largest in the world, embracing in its membership all branches of engineering. At the convention to be held here, business matters will, of course, be talked over; but the chief object in view is to show the visiting gentlemen as many of the beauties of the State as possible in the five days allowed them. They will arrive by the Central line, will travel north by the Shasta Route and will then return East by way of the Canadian Pacific. It will thus be seen that Northern California will receive more attention than the Southern portion of the State. It is to be regretted that the time at the disposal of the visitors is not longer, as we would gladly have had them take in the various cities in the South as well. It is to be hoped, however, that after partaking of the hospitality which will be showered upon them everywhere, they will find it desirable to favor us with a visit next year again and will then be able to make a more extensive visit through the entire State. The daughters of resident members of the Society have made preparations to ensure them a pleasant social visit and we feel sure the public will do its best to welcome them as well. The local Committee of Arrangements consists of Col. George E. Gray, Chairman, an honorary member of the Society; George H. Mendel, W. C. Curtis, James D. Schuyler of Los Angeles, and W. B. Story, Chief Engineer of the Valley Road.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

ONE of the greatest auctions ever held in this city will take place next Tuesday, May 19th, at noon, when Easton, Eldridge & Co. will sell at their salesroom, 638 Market street, the old property of the San Francisco Gas Light Company, consisting of forty-one lots fronting on First, Fremont, Beale, Howard, and Natoma streets. This property is situate in the very heart of the growing portion of the city, and will double in value in a few years. It is a thoroughly safe investment and one which some of our leading capitalists or business men should jump at.

THE San Mateo Leader, a bright and breezy journal, has entered upon its eighth volume.

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EVANS' ALE



THE Hobart-Williams wedding, about which society has been more or less exercised ever since the engagement was announced, has come and gone, and, for the past week, the talk of drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and clubs has been what a lovely wedding it was in every respect. Surely the fair bride must have been born under a lucky star, for even the weather paid homage to her charm. After days of threatening skies and blustering winds, the wedding morn dawned bright and clear, and all nature seemed to unite in gladness over the happy event. The picturesque cottage home in San Rafael, where the bride has lived from childhood, was chosen as the locale for the nuptial ceremony, owing to the extremely delicate health of her mother, Mrs. Williams, which cause also necessitated limiting the number of guests, which were narrowed down to near relatives and most intimate personal friends of the bride and groom. Inside the house was a wealth of floral adornment, pink being the dominating hue; but it was in the library, where the marriage ceremony took place, that all decorations were focussed. The large square window was draped with fish net thickly studded with locust bloom, which was carried to the ceiling in a canopy effect. Large masses of ferns and La France roses formed a background, while clusters of pink hydrangea were arranged at the sides. Amid all this bloom and fragrance a white satin *prie dieu* was placed for the happy pair to kneel upon while receiving the nuptial blessing. Promptly at the hour of noon the strains of the wedding march, from the musicians stationed upon the balcony, proclaimed the approach of the bridal cortege; the sliding doors into the hall were thrown open, and enter the pretty bridesmaids, sisters of the bride and groom respectively. Miss Juliet Williams and Miss Ella Hobart, who led the way, followed by the beautiful bride, leaning on her grandfather's arm, to the bridal bower, where the groom and his best man, Harry Stetson, stood awaiting them with the officiating clergy, Bishop Nichols and the Reverend Mr. Hartman. It did not take long to tie the knot, and the first act of the newly married pair was to kneel beside the invalid mother's couch and receive the maternal blessing. Then general congratulations and good wishes from the guests followed. The bridal robe was of white satin, trimmed with tulle and duchesse lace, the fleecy tulle being confined to the coiffure by a sunburst of diamonds, the gift of the groom's sister, Miss Ella Hobart. The maids were costumed alike in white *mousseline de soie*, trimmed with Valenciennes lace over slips of pink silk. The wedding breakfast was served in the dining room, the decorations of which were also in pink, with foliage of palms and ferns. Roses and satin ribbon were used to divide the space assigned the bride and groom at one end of the bride's table, where orange blossoms were in evidence, with the large wedding cake in the center. Here were seated the bridal party, the youthful friends of bride and groom, and General Forsythe. At the other table, which was decked with roses, ferns, and pink satin ribbons, sat Bishop Nichols and Mr. Hartman, the grandparents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Neil, and the *dames de compagnie* of Miss Hobart and the Misses Williams, Miss Vassault and Miss Finley. There was much merriment mingled with the feasting, especially when the bride's cake was cut, and Miss Jessie Hobart was found to possess the lucky piece containing the ring. To Miss Juliet Williams fell the bride's bouquet when it was tossed in the air as the bride went up stairs to change her dress for leaving her old home. Soon she reappeared, attired in a jaunty blue suit and sailor hat, looking the picture of happiness. The young couple departed in a dog cart amid a perfect shower of rice and a pink satin slipper thrown by Dr. Tevis. The guests viewed the presents, which were displayed in the drawing-room, and were numerous and costly, and at half-past three a special train carried them citywards, the newly married pair having taken a tug to

escape the gaze of the curious crowd on the ferry-boat, and, upon arrival in town, Mr. Hobart drove his beautiful young wife down to San Mateo, where, at his villa, the boneymoon will be spent.

Next Thursday, the 21st, will be the wedding day of Miss Josephine Delmas, whose marriage to Mr. Lionel Kenny will be very quietly solemnized in London that day.

Mrs. Whittell, who recently gave such an elaborate luncheon party at her handsome new residence on Nob Hill, supplemented it with an equally elaborate dinner party on Monday last, though the guests were confined to half a dozen of her intimate friends. Among other notable dinners of late were those of Mrs. Carroll Cook; of Mrs. Martin Regensberger, which was a pink dinner in honor of Mrs. Yerkes, of Chicago; of Mrs. Homer King, at which Colonel and Mrs. Spicer were chief guests, and of Mesdames Martin and Donahue in honor of Monsignor Nugent, at which Archbishop Riordan was also present. Another dinner given by these ladies was the medium chosen for announcing the engagement of charming Miss Belle McKenna and Peter Martin, son of one of the hostesses.

Among other recent pleasant gatherings were Miss Gertrude Van Wyke's tea, at which all the guests were the buds of the younger set; and Mrs. Dennigan's card party last Tuesday evening, eighty guests participating in the games.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Osborne Coobey and Dr. Robert Willis Smith. The wedding will take place in the fall. Another announcement is that Miss Carolyn Boyan is engaged to Mr. Armand Solomon. Both parties are well known in musical circles here.

Among society pleasures announced for to-day are the reception at the University Club, which will last from four o'clock until midnight, and the annual Skull and Keys play at Shattuck Hall in Berkeley this evening. There will also be a "merry-go-round" party to-day at the residence of Mrs. Columbus Waterhouse, 2213 Howard street, for the benefit of the Second Unitarian Church; there will be a handsome luncheon in the afternoon, and the evening will be devoted to dancing.

It goes without saying that society will flock to the Baldwin next week, and for Monday evening especially theatre parties will be numerous to welcome back Ada Rehan and the Daly Company, after its two years' absence from San Francisco. A number have been arranged for that night, when the pretty little theatre will truly blossom like a rose, as it is whispered that roses are to be the conspicuous flowers of the occasion.

And now the sweet girl graduate is coming on the *tapis*, and school commencements and graduating exercises are soon to be heard in the land. Next Tuesday evening the Van Ness Seminary will hold its commencement exercises at Golden Gate Hall; and on Thursday evening those of the Irving Institute will be held at Trinity Presbyterian Church, on Capp and Twenty-third streets.

At the old rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sutter street, the Lady Managers of the Nursery for Homeless Children will give luncheons on Thursday and Friday next, between the hours of 11 and 2, and it is hoped that all who can attend will do so, and thusly help along that very deserving charity. On Saturday evening the ladies of the Forum Club will give a reception in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel.

Entertainments across the bay have been increasing in number of late, and run the gamut of everything enjoyable in that line. In Oakland there has been Miss Hattie Kitt-ridge's pink luncheon of twenty guests; Mrs. Prentiss Selby's young people's dinner for Miss Edith Selby, at which thirty guests were seated, and the Schilling juvenile party. At Berkeley Mrs. Palmer's dancing party had two hundred guests; Mrs. Garber's yellow dinner had fourteen; the Misses Ardley's dance was entirely composed of young people, and Mrs. K. Y. Easton's tea was in honor of Miss Cullen. To-day the Encinal Yacht Club will cruise to San Mateo, where there will be a dance to-night, the return trip to be made to-morrow, and on Thursday evening next will give a dance at their club house in Oakland.

Society was drawn in opposite directions last Saturday. B'lingham claimed the ultra-fashionables to see the polo match, which was won by the home team, dancing finishing up the pleasures of the day. At Sausalito the dance at the Pacific Yacht Club house, to inaugurate the opening of their Yachting season, was a brilliant affair and greatly enjoyed by a large number of guests from town. San Jose attracted a large contingent of San Francisco's fashionable folk to the fiesta, which was such a brilliant success in the Garden City last week. A large party went down from Burlingame, and some of our best known belles and beaux were among those who enjoyed the pleasures of the Carnival.

A good woman gone to her rest, and another of our popular "old set" hostesses among the missing in society's ranks, were two of the remarks heard when the death of Mrs. William T. Coleman became known last Tuesday. Though not an early day resident, Mrs. Coleman might be said to have been linked with some of the most stirring events of San Francisco's history, as the widow first of one of the members of the early day banking firm of Page, Bacon & Co., and secondly of that foremost man of the times, whether as President of the Vigilance Committee or as millionaire, merchant and popular club man, William T. Coleman. Mrs. Coleman was a charming hostess, and her house was a delightful one to visit; and while always hospitable to a degree, since the death of Mr. Coleman she led a very retired life, her last public appearance being at the marriage of her son Robert to Miss Alice Simpkins a couple of years ago.

The many friends of Mrs. Antonia Florencia Rothwell will be grieved to hear of her death, which occurred Tuesday last. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandman and wife of J. Percy Rothwell. In her death the community loses an accomplished woman and her relatives a beloved daughter and wife.

The southern counties are to be the gainers by the loss San Francisco is to sustain of two of its popular young ladies. Miss Mamie Burling's sweet face and gentle personality will be greatly missed at all the gatherings of the swim, in which she is so great a favorite, but it has been decided that Coronado is to be the future locale of Mrs. Burling and her family. Miss Lily Lawler is the other young lady who will soon be among the missing, with her future home at Bakersfield.

Recent Eastern departures include Miss Eleanor Wood, who expects to return about the 1st of July. Colonel Fred Crocker, en route to Paris for the purpose of bringing home his children, who have been there at school for a year past. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, whose absence will last until the middle of July at least; Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Miss Clarke, who leave to-day. Dr. and Mrs. Middleton left last week for Salt Lake, where they will make a brief visit.

Summer resorts have already been selected by quite a number of our city folk, and, ere long, the hegira will begin. Among the first who go to San Rafael will be Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Mollie, who leave next week; the Von Schroeders have named the first of June for their fitting thither, and the J. J. Crooks went over to the Hotel Rafael yesterday, where they will remain all summer. Blythedale will claim Lieutenant and Mrs. Lyman and the A. B. Moulders; the Joe Tohins will occupy the cottage of Mrs. A. Page Brown, at Burlingame. Mrs. J. R. Jarhoe will spend the summer at Concha del Mar, her lovely home at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, who are at present in New York, may decide to remain away all summer. Miss Helen Boss and Miss Crockett have also arrived in New York.

People have been leaving for the Del Monte in great numbers during the week and the outlook is that Society will make that resort its favorite headquarters this season.

Senator Frank McGowan came down from Eureka a few days ago and has been staying at the Lick House.

Mrs. and Miss Flood left for New York in their private car yesterday, and will stay at the Alhambra.

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The members of the San Francisco Boys' Club are entitled to much praise for their untiring efforts in behalf of the boys of this city. Much good work has been done in a quiet, unostentatious way, and as the affairs of the club are in a prosperous condition, the continuance of its usefulness is assured. From May 21st to May 23d inclusive, a bazaar is to be held in the hall, 740 Bryant street, at which will be sold useful articles made by the Mothers' annex to the club, and also many things produced by the boys themselves. It is to be hoped that everybody will take an interest in the bazaar, so as to further encourage the managers and their able assistants in their good work.

On May 25th the Literary Association of St. Matthew's School, San Mateo, will give its sixth annual reception. Dancing will be indulged in, and a very enjoyable time is anticipated.

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EVANS' ALE

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Leave. | From May 3, 1896. | Arrive

*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Almaden Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	*8:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:30 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1:45 P
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*8:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
10:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	11:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
*8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

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From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip B).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00, and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, *1:00, 2:00, *3:00, 4:00, 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
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And whether you write on rural affairs,
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For if you go splurging over a page
When a couple of lines would do.
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
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So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To tatter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—
Boil it down.

"Oi seen Finnerty, the day," remarked Mr. Dolan, as he came home. "Did ye, though?" responded his wife. "An' phwat did he say?" "He shpoke av me chances for gittin' into office." "Oi notice," he says, "that ye're doin' wondrous in the loine av a political home." "Phwat did ye answer?" "Oi told 'im 'iy shpell that last worr'd." "Why?" "Because oi couldn't tell anythin' be the way he pronounced it. An' if he hod spelled it 'h-u-m' there'd hov been thrubble roight thin an' there."

"There was a girl behind me at the theater last night," she said, indignantly, "who must be a dreadfully selfish, disagreeable creature." "What makes you think so?" asked her mother. "She had on a hat that was simply a monster in size." "Well—your own hat was not small. You insisted on wearing your new one, you know." "Yes. But nobody who sat behind that girl got a chance to see it."

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SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays.	Week Days.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.		Fulton,		10:10 A. M.
		Windor,		
3:30 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	Healdsburg,	7:30 P. M.	
		Geyersville,		6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Cloverdale.		
3:30 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
		land, Ukiah.		6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma,	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skags' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day, Lleras, Gravelly Valley, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M., May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports. at 9 A. M., May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stoppage only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., May 5; steamer "Coos Bay" 10 A. M., May 13

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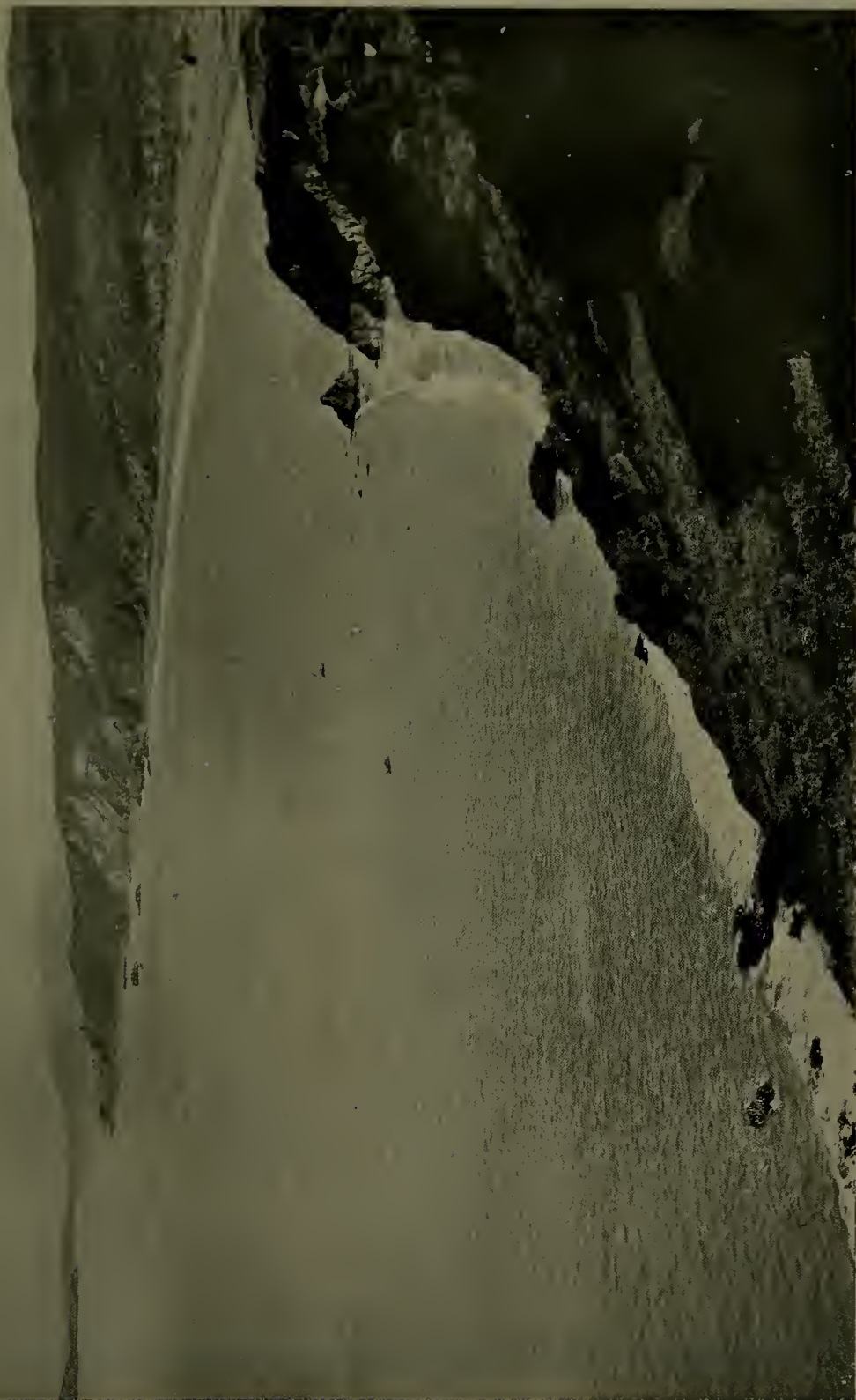
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BELGIC. Thursday, May 28, 1896
COPTIC (via Honolulu) Monday, June 15, 1896
GAELIC (via Honolulu) Thursday, July 2, 1896
DORIC. Tuesday, July 21, 1896

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SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1896.

Number 21.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 606-608-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

IT is announced that Buckley is "out for free silver." There can be no doubt of that. But, incidentally, it may be remarked that he is also out for free gold. In fact, in the language of "de push," Buck, as of yore, is "out for the stuff," and it is 16 to 1 he gets it.

"INTERNATIONAL bimetalism" is a convenient refuge for the gold monometallists who are afraid to show their colors. It is perfectly safe to advocate what nobody believes can be brought about. This idea has no terrors for the gold men, and serves to soothe the silverites.

THE published correspondence between Gregory of Sacramento and the fair widow of Red Bluff indicates that he made love with a view to business, and that she did the business with an eye to love. It seems to have been another case of a confiding woman duped by a plausible schemer.

THE movement for a public park in the Mission deserves every encouragement. That populous part of the city is entitled to more recognition than it has received from our Boards of Supervisors. We cannot have too many parks. The effort to secure a High School for the Mission is likewise commendable.

D. R. DILLE was entertained by the officials in Hawaii, and since his return he has proclaimed his belief that the Hawaiian Government is the best on earth. It is, indeed, doubtful whether any other Government would have discerned so much merit in the reverend doctor, a consideration which is entitled to great weight.

THE bloody finger-marks left by the murderer of Mrs. Langfeldt may serve an important purpose as a means of identification. It is to be hoped that the police are alive to the fact that no better clue to the criminal can be had. Galton's elaborate work on finger marks shows how small is the chance of error where such means of identification are employed.

OHIO Democrats are diligently working up a presidential boom for ex-Governor James E. Campbell, as the only man that can beat McKinley. That is like Ohio. Perhaps the Buckeye State would like to name the candidates for second place as well as for first. It is to be hoped that no false modesty will prevent Ohio statesmen from seeking nominations for Vice-President.

CALIFORNIA has scored a point in the rejection of the Oregon "graystone" as building material for the ferry depot. The Colusa sandstone, accepted for this purpose by the Harbor Commissioners, has been shown by careful tests to have superior merits. It does not fuse under intense heat, nor crack when suddenly cooled by immersion in water. Its grains are small and of uniform size, making a very compact rock. This State has abundance of excellent building stone, including marble and granite, so that there is no occasion to go beyond her borders for such material.

SHAKESPEARE'S ideal woman had a "soft, low voice," not well suited for the platform. But he was very far from being up to the woman suffragist ideal of the perfect man. He certainly gave no heed to the subjection of woman, and it is a matter of record that when he died he left his wife his "second-best bed."

THE nickel-in-the-slot machines constitute one of the most pernicious evils of the hour. They awaken in the young mind the gambling instinct and are profitable only to their proprietors. The best way to get rid of them is to tax them out of existence. Not until this is done should parents feel that their children are beyond temptation to acquire a habit which may prove most disastrous to them in later years.

THE farmers of California should make a better effort to get out of the wheat rut. Sticking to this one crop, year after year, has been the ruin of thousands. Land values must continue to decline unless a better system of agriculture be followed in this State. The soil and the climate are suited to better things than growing wheat at the prices that have of late years prevailed, and there is small chance for an improvement in these rates.

IT is a great mistake of the advocates of woman suffrage to assume, as they commonly do, that the time required to cast a ballot is all that is called for by the responsibility of the voter. To vote intelligently demands much patient study of public questions. Few men do their duty in this respect, but this is no reason why women should have another grave responsibility added to those they already bear. The suffrage is not a boon but a burden.

THERE is much talk of a divided Democracy in the coming Presidential campaign, because of the silver issue, and it is freely predicted that there will be two Democratic tickets in the national contest. But in spite of all the wrangling, the probability is that the two factions will unite against the Republicans. Democratic dissensions have been likened by an old campaigner to the midnight squabbles among the cat tribe—the result being more kittens.

GORGEOUS spectacles, and an imposing display of pomp, have marked the coronation ceremonies of the Czar. But through all the glitter and parade stands out the cold fact that this proud emperor is the personal representative of a most odious and hateful despotism. There is much blind loyalty among the ignorant millions of his subjects, but the Russian press is gagged and fettered, and there is no freedom of speech anywhere in the Czar's dominions, among either the high or the low.

THE movement being made to bring about speedier trials for young boys before the Superior Court Judges, thus taking them away from the demoralizing surroundings of the County Jail, is worthy of meeting with a full measure of success. No boy is so callous as to be absolutely impervious to proper correction if taken charge of in time; but if he remains in the company of older and hardened criminals, who take delight in bringing others down to their own level, there is little chance of starting him anew upon the right road. If immediate trials cannot be brought about, then a separate department of the jail should be maintained for youthful offenders alone. To let them wait for months under present conditions is merely another way of educating them for the gallows.

MCKINLEY AND THE A. P. A.

THE Republican party, wherever it has descended to coquette with the A. P. A., is already receiving its earned punishment. In California the capture of the State Convention by the organization has made it certain that the Democrats will take the other side and accept the foolish invitation to a battle on the issue of religion or no religion in politics. The Republicans will lose on that issue, and deserve to lose. The suffering which the public men are undergoing who have bowed to the A. P. A. moves no hearts, whether these men are near us or far away.

Witness the plight of Major McKinley of Ohio, who wants the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and in order to get it is willing to endorse or reject any opinions on any subject, from free silver to transubstantiation. A committee of the A. P. A., which had as its chairman our own Hudlesou of California, waited on the Major on May 14th and cross-examined him as to his view of the loathly Catholic. The committee reported to the Supreme Council, in session at Washington, that "the interview was satisfactory." Thereupon the ban of the order was removed from McKinley. This was gratifying to the Major, so far as it went, but while he had a large appetite for A. P. A. votes, he desired also to retain Catholic support. This double appetite led the Major into conduct which is likely to have the beneficial result of producing a schism in the A. P. A., for a wing of the Supreme Council has hoisted the banner of rebellion, and dissents violently from the approval bestowed on McKinley by the main body. The rebels give their reasons, which in part are these:

Whereas, Major McKinley did on May 14, 1896, to a committee of the National Advisory Board, in the city of Canton, O., state that he heartily approved the principles of the A. P. A., and on the following day gave an interview to the press denying that he had met such a committee, thus giving the lie to the report of the committee, which was composed of honorable and truthful gentlemen.

That looks bad for the Major, especially as everybody will believe it, the dodging is so eminently characteristic of the statesman who has been on both sides of the monetary issue at the same time, and remains astride of it now. More unlikely things have happened than the defeat of McKiuley in the convention would be. He is a trimmer, and a successful trimmer has to be an exceedingly clever man, which the Major is not. He has fawned sufficiently on the A. P. A. to excite the ill-will of the Catholics, and now he has exasperated the A. P. A. by his double-dealing, intended to placate the A. P. A.'s enemies. Thinking himself astute enough to deceive both, he has deceived neither. And should he be nominated he will not have the courage to come out and take the consequences of a decided attitude. Consequently he will be in danger of getting a Catholic knife driven into his right side, and an A. P. A. dagger plunged into his left side on election day. Worse than that, the great body of Americans, who detest the bringing of religion into politics and have only contempt for a coward, will be apt to give vent to their feelings at the ballot-box.

The only safe ground for a public man to take respecting this question of religion is the manly ground. He has but to do his American duty in order to practice the most sagacious policy. Every real American feels only loathing for bigots, no matter what the sectarian badge they disgrace themselves by pinning on. Frank repudiation of the A. P. A. and all its works is the right stand, and the prudent stand, too.

The squirming of McKinley, the agonies he is undergoing in the sight of the nation because of his shifty dealings with the brainless proscriptionists of the A. P. A., ought to be a warning to all politicians, big and little, of whatever party. The Major is an abject figure, and if the Republican convention were not so near, his chances for the nomination would diminish as rapidly as his respect for him. He is the tight-rope dancer of American politics, and he has not brought the art of balancing to perfection.

An Innovation at Berkeley. The Christians, or Campbellites, have raised a fund of \$60,000 for the establishment of a divinity school in connection with the State University. The students will be drawn from among the undergraduates of that institution. No

money, for the present, is to be spent on buildings. A Professor will be installed as a tenant of one of the State's spare class-rooms, and the truth, as it is according to the sect, inculcated. This is an excellent idea, far better than the ordinary practice of thundering from the pulpit at the "infidel teachings" of the University. Every denomination is at liberty to open a seminary at Berkeley. The churches could surround the great school where history and science are given some chance, and administer each its special theological antidote for the poison of secular knowledge. But why the churches should be afraid of the State University, as it is now conducted, it is difficult to understand. Professor Le Conte, who has the department of biology, is a Presbyterian, and draws his evolution as mild as he can and still retain any standing in the scientific world. Professor Howison, the holder of the chair of philosophy, was formerly a Congregational preacher and last week stood up before a gathering of orthodox clergymen in this city, and made a confession of faith that satisfied them. President Kellogg also spent his youth in the pulpit, and would not willingly offend respectable sensibilities for the world. Nevertheless the clergy are forever inveighing against the University as a concern that takes youths and transforms them from devout Christians into politely sneering Agnostics. Since the desire of the faculty, or holy synod, is all against such results, the blame must be laid on what the students learn in the way of facts and use their own minds to think about, in spite of their conservative instructors, who, doubtless, prudently keep their private opinions to themselves.

The example of the Christian church will, it is to be hoped, prove contagious. And when the State University shall be environed with Campbellite, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Catholic, Mormon, Theosophical, and Spiritualistic seminaries, perhaps the people will insist that in the University itself a chair of theology shall be set up—a chair occupied by a man qualified to tell the truth to the students who may be confused by so many outside and inspired teachers. Such a man, informed in biblical criticism, familiar with the researches of Reuss, Renan, Huxley, and others who have studied the Scriptures to learn all that may be actually known about them, and not merely to support doctrine, would be of immense service, though perhaps not exactly in the way the supporters of the seminary annexes might desire. However, it will not do to let the theological seminaries bluff the people's University altogether from doing its duty, which is to teach what is known, and not what good people would prefer to be true, without having means of really knowing whether it squares with truth or not. A keen interest in the basis of religious belief would be stimulated by the seminaries, and a more useful study for the young who are receiving a liberal education is not to be named. It has the valuable effect of settling their minds early about matters which worry the half-instructed all their lives long.

A Society of Mediæval Bats. The NEWS LETTER has before remarked that the American Protective Association contains within itself the poison that will kill it, and the past ten days have

gone a long way toward confirming that opinion. The Supreme Council has been in session at Washington, and has there said and done things which cause the intelligent to wonder what manner of men these are who set themselves up as authorized to catechise candidates for the Presidency of the United States on the head of their religious beliefs and church connection, and to warn the great political parties of the republic that the favor of the order is necessary to their success at the polls. The managers of the organization seem to be fools as well as bigots. They actually were guilty of the folly of giving to the newspapers the address of their President, a hold-over from the sixteenth century, named Traynor. In his address this intellectual contemporary of Torquemada calmly said:

"Some go so far as to take the position that a member of the order possesses the right to determine for himself the question of the loyalty or disloyalty of any Papist postulant for office, and to reserve for himself the right to persuade others to vote for said Papist."

Such presumption as that in an American citizen cannot, it appears, be tolerated in a member of the A. P. A., which makes a specialty of upholding the sacred cause of

American liberty. Troglodyte Traynor sets forth the true doctrine thus:

"Such a contention is not only absolutely untenable but highly dangerous. The candidate for admission to the A. P. A. voluntarily renounces the right of private judgment in this essential when he becomes a member of the order."

There's freedom for you. And the A. P. Aist, we understand, conceives it his foremost duty to be at deadly enmity with any man who renounces the right of private judgment in religious matters and avows allegiance to the Pope of Rome. The freemen of the A. P. A. may believe what they please in theology, this side of being Catholics, but in politics, we learn, they are bound to have no minds of their own and to vote as they are bid.

The attitude of this grotesque association toward citizens of the Catholic faith is thus authoritatively defined by Traynor:

"The keystone of the A. P. A. is the fact that a Papist, no matter how liberal nominally, is not a consistent citizen of the United States. Entire renunciation of the Papist must precede the applicant's acceptance by our association as a candidate worthy of its support."

This sounds like a burlesque, but it is serious, official. An order capable of holding such principles in secret would be amazing enough, but that there should be in the United States, in the year 1896, an order of large membership capable of avowing such principles, proves how great a work the schoolmaster yet has to do. Rome at her mediæval worst was never more intolerant, more stupidly hostile to the right of the individual to the use of his own mind.

Publicity is the agent that will cause the poison in the A. P. A. to become active and lethal. American good sense will revolt against an order so strangely out of harmony with the genius of republicanism. And, besides, men with brains of the size and quality of those leading and composing the A. P. A. cannot possibly continue to act in concert. Such rancorous imbeciles, such narrow and violent bigots, are bound to fight among themselves. The A. P. A. will split into parts whose quarrels one with the others will consume their malign energies and destroy the whole un-American outfit.

The Populist The Almighty made the Democrats, the Convention. Devil made the Republicans, but nobody can be found willing to claim responsibility for the Populists. These gentlemen, who are neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring, have been airing their mouths in Sacramento to the general discomfort of the citizens and the amusement of intelligent men in general. What they have accomplished we fail to see; what they wanted to accomplish it is questionable whether they themselves ever knew. A raid on the United States Treasury and the confiscation of private property was apparently the one tangible idea owned in common. This, combined with the universal wish that an extra allowance of hands had been vouchsafed them to accomplish their purpose the quicker, constituted their platform. Country editors who are afflicted with Populism as children are with measles, and growing pains, or whose subscribers are farmers and others still in the kindergarten stage of political experience, will probably take umbrage at our remarks. We shall attempt, however, to live down their displeasure, and in the meantime will continue to pray that light come to them, and that they be penitently gathered back to the folds of the old parties wherein all respectable citizens are enrolled—occasionally twice over.

Mandate Of The National Conventions. As the time approaches for the assembling of the National Conventions, momentous considerations at once flash before the thoughtful mind. Probably never before were graver issues awaiting popular determination. In the midst of financial and commercial depression such as our people are unaccustomed to and unprepared for and that has harassed their minds and disturbed their judgments, they are about to apply such remedies as they deem likely to prove effective. The outlook at present is that McKinley, a higher tariff and silver, will be linked together as the antidote for all our ills. We think it a barren prospect. It is not claimed by anybody that there is a single industry

languishing for want of a higher tariff, whereas thousands of people are complaining that the cost of living is rendered too great by reason of the excessive charges of protected trusts. Protection to establish an industry is one thing, whilst a tariff to enable it to extort largess from a too generous people is quite another. It is hard to see how higher taxes, and dearer living will leave more money in the people's pockets. Then, as to the general acceptance of the 50 cents silver dollar, it is true to say that if the people of the United States find this a better way to pay debts, old as well as new, they will have made a discovery hidden from the experts of all nations and have demonstrated, to their own satisfaction, if to nobody else's, that the virtue of honesty is not always its own reward. As to McKinley's personal qualifications for the high office to which he hopes to be elected, it is safe to say that no man of his limited caliber has ever yet been elected President of these United States. Of this, his speeches supply abundant evidence. All this whilst the country never had greater need of a financial leader like unto Alexander Hamilton or Albert Gallatin. Although California Republicans, like those of most Western States, have declared in favor of silver and the cheap dollar in payment of all debts public and private, we cannot see how that can be made the policy of the party as a whole. A split would seem to be inevitable. It would be, if politicians were not what they are. A platform that can be read both ways may be constructed to bridge the chasm that separates the two wings. Meanwhile, the Democrats appear to be hiding in the woods chewing the cud of reflection. Their present trouble is that they have neither a man nor a policy. It is on the cards for them to change that before November.

Dr. Dille On The Hawaiian Government. Dr. Dille has been all the way to Honolulu and had a good time. On Sunday evening he told his congregation all about it and among other things

said: "The Government there is a missionary regime. Every one in office is a descendant of the pioneers in religion. I think it is the purest, best administered Government on the face of the earth. It is honestly and wisely handled. The natives cannot call a worse name now than 'missionary' and to them everybody who wears a boiled shirt and washes is such." That is what Dr. Dille thinks it right to say after rubbing shoulders a few days with his missionary brethren of the islands. Had his stay been long enough and his opportunities good enough, he would have found it impossible, without consciously falsifying, to make any such statements about either the Hawaiian natives, or their missionaries. As a matter of fact, there does not exist a cleaner or better washed race than the Hawaiian. They love the water and almost live in it. The spotless whiteness of their linen attracts the attention of visitors at first sight, so that either Dr. Dille did not reach Honolulu, or he says the thing which he knows is not. Then again, it is not true that either the missionary pioneers, or their descendants, have been pure or honest in their public or private treatment of the natives. On the contrary they, as a rule to which there have been too few exceptions, have been false, fraudulent, and ungrateful robbers of a too confiding people. The whole history of Hawaii proves that. Nay, more; the condition of the people to-day demonstrates it. Originally the natives owned everything. To-day they have neither lands nor government, nor even taro patches for subsistence, nor huts for shelter. The missionaries, who came without purse or scrip, now own everything. Rich, and fat, and sleek they lie by day, and lie by night, and lie from the very lust of lying, and, perhaps, because they have little else to do. He is no true friend of missionaries who invites attention to their Hawaiian history.

The Californian Fiesta. To sneer at the fiestas which have become an annual feature of Californian life, to hint that there is more real estate than poetry in them—that is easy. It is quite true that the festivals have their business side, but what of it? This is a commercial age, and to make money honestly is an honorable occupation. The advertising of a State's resources is quite as legitimate as the advertising of a merchant's wares, and the tasteful dressing of show windows

is one of the recognized forms of calling attention to the goods in the store. The fiestas stimulate local patriotism, and do the further good service of creating community sentiment, a form of sentiment which has been conspicuously lacking in California, and from the want of which the State has suffered in many ways. The festivals are new things now, and betray some of the signs of manufacture, but they are true grafts, nevertheless, and will grow. In the next generation custom will have incorporated them into the life of the State, to which they will give a characteristic quality and distinction. San Francisco is preparing to inaugurate an annual festival of her own. It will, naturally, differ in most external aspects from the flower shows of the interior, but in essentials it will be the same. At last are we realizing how blessed a possession the climate of California is, and are assimilating ourselves to it. Under our mild skies we have remained Eastern men and Europeans far too long. It is time we became Californians. The fiesta fashion is indigenous, which is its transcendent merit. It is a sign of a real State development of the very best kind.

What San Francisco's fête is to be like nobody as yet can say, but the aim should be to make it original, thoroughly Californian, and San Franciscan. We have the old Spanish life for a starting point, and there were color and action enough in that to supply a fine basis. The artists should be called into consultation. They are the men better qualified than any others to give direction to the plans. And everybody else should stand ready to do his individual best to help.

Fighting the Charter. The politicians, one and all, are as busy as bees in organizing opposition to the proposed new charter. Meetings are being held in the suburbs that are generally well attended and ably addressed, and undoubtedly the propaganda that is on foot is making converts. Heretofore the fights against the many charters that have been abortively proposed have not been of this aggressive character. Ward managing and wire pulling in the corner groceries have hitherto proved sufficiently effective. It is something new for the taxpayers to show themselves and make an open fight. They evidently think it necessary or they would not do it. Unquestionably they ought to be encountered on such a free and fair field, and put to flight. That can be done, and badly needs doing. The proposed new charter will bear public examination and discussion, whereas the thing of shreds and patches, called the Consolidated act, under which we are now living, and under which we must continue to live if the new charter be defeated, is so utterly unsuited to the present wants of this great city that not one good word can be said for it. It ought to be wiped off the statute book, with its thousand amendments, without delay. The politicians have doctored it, and tinkered it, and made it what it is. It is such a puzzle as it stands that even the Supreme Court is often at a loss to say what it means. Each session of the Legislature adds to it and makes it worse, and we hear of still more disastrous amendments in contemplation. There ought to be a new charter, if only to take away from the Legislature this baneful power of interfering with our city's affairs. The taxpayers should take the matter in hand, organize and agitate until the city has a government worthy of the name.

California's Chances. The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, said some mighty good things about this State and its possibilities in his speech last week. He pronounced it one of the natural purveyors of luxuries to all the civilized world, and advised our reaching out for new markets the world over. That should not be a difficult matter if we only start about it in the right way. Every county in this State has its own specialty, producing something excellent, the like of which in quality and quantity cannot be equaled by producers elsewhere. No soil is as productive as ours, and the climate is good enough to ripen anything, from a heart to a pippin. But foreign markets are not likely to be opened to us if we keep up our foolish shouting for protection and continue our demands for the closing of the gates against foreign raw materials. By so doing we merely antagonize the people whom we should make friends of. What

California wants is free trade, and a powerful lot of it, too; that alone will start up business and will cause a bealthy demand for all sorts and conditions of men to come here and look after it. Instead of a million and a half of people we ought to have ten millions, and it is safe to say that with proper markets for our products we should soon have them. We are moving slowly, however, in the right direction. The days of booms are over. A State must rise or fall on its own merits, and our merits are lasting ones. Some day, when near-sighted people and self-interested politicians are relegated to the back seats, and other men with the interests of California at heart take the helm, we shall begin to achieve all the things our well wishers pronounce us capable of. It may take a little time; but in the meanwhile we have the country, a number of capitalists willing to invest their money with us, and a race of men known for their indomitable energy and perseverance in all things. The outlook for the future is, therefore, not a depressing one, and we can well afford to wait until circumstances are favorable for us to get in and go clean to the top of the world's ladder.

How It Works. The panting eagerness and consuming thirst of the female sex is longing for, and reaching out after, the privilege of suffrage, is well illustrated by the tally sheets of the recent election for trustees of the Mechanics' Institute. The names of seven hundred women appear upon the membership roll. Of these seven hundred unadmitted slaves, every one of whom was entitled to a vote, just sixty-one availed themselves of the long-sought privilege of the elective franchise. The remaining six hundred and thirty-nine were content to leave the selection of trustees to the "tyrant man." It cannot be alleged that fear of contaminating associations acted with deterrent effect upon the "stay at homes," as the election was held amid the storied archives of the Institute, in the very chambers to whose scholastic hush and intellectual atmosphere they were accustomed by daily visitations. The plain, unvarnished truth of the matter is that the women whose names appear upon the membership rolls of our libraries, who love to frequent their quiet nooks and corners and hold sacred converse with the master minds of all times, are not of the class of women who organize the annual earthquakes known as "women's congresses," but belong rather to that gentle sisterhood to which we look for the preservation of the sweet traditions of the home circle and the apotheosis of true womanhood. Should the suffrage amendment be adopted, the Colonel Stetsons, the Reverend Pshaws, and the Amazonian Brigade generally, will be very much in evidence at the polls; election day will be exhibition day *par excellence* with the *demi monde*, and "sowt o' Market street" may be depended upon to double the vote of Martin Kelly's boodlums. But womanly woman will, as in the extreme case of the library election, where embarrassment and publicity were reduced to a modicum, be conspicuous chiefly by reason of her absence.

Better Roads. We call the attention of people interested in better roads to the fact that our jails and prisons are at present overloaded with useless scoundrels who could well be made to labor in return for their bread and butter. Whereas the county roads are all in fair condition, those leading out of the city are wretched affairs, dangerous to wheel, vehicle, and pedestrian alike. This could all be done away with by organizing the prisoners into gangs, each under the supervision of two or three armed guards, and keeping them steadily employed on the roads in proper succession from six in the morning till six in the evening. Property owners would be saved much expense, as would also the city, and the unfortunate men themselves would be taught to seek their living by honest measures instead of by becoming a burden upon our shoulders. Folsom is turning out crushed granite in sufficient quantities to fix up every road or street in this State; and if the Supervisors would only pass an ordinance whereby the services of prisoners could be utilized, and the Judges in convicting would sentence the men to labor on whatever roads needed most attention, San Francisco would soon have the most beautiful and well-kept outlets of any city in the Union.

San Francisco's Fiesta. It behooves every man, woman, and child to do their utmost to make a success of the Fiesta to be held shortly in this city. San Francisco is known the world over as a centre of giddiness, gaiety, and girls, and it is our duty to see that our reputation suffers not in any respect, but rather that it is added to by the festivities. The sombre grayness so apparent in this city when evening fog or skies hang over us must for the time being be dispelled, and the day's bright color must be extended far into the night. That it will be a success is a foregone conclusion. We have done our best to help along the beautiful Fiestas of our sister cities, and they will extend the glad hand of friendship to us, and will send expectant sightseers by hundreds to participate in the proceedings. The different Fiestas have done more good in introducing the different cities to one another than anything ever devised before. This is all as it should be, and we are glad to see San Francisco fall in line so as to play hostess to visitors from the State over. Setting aside the social aspect of the question, the business view presents itself, and here again one sees that only good can accrue from the movement. Our business men are hard workers who enjoy to the full whatever pleasure the gods may throw in their way. And when that pleasure is combined with a fair amount of profit they enjoy it all the more. In this case the gentlemen who are the backbone of this city, from the largest wholesale merchant down to the smallest storekeeper, will be able to thoroughly enjoy themselves, knowing also that money is coming into their coffers as well. As for the festivities and attractions themselves, we feel safe in asserting that no city has as many and varied opportunities of giving visitors full value for their money as has San Francisco. It would even pay Easterners to come here and see a sight such as they will never have seen before and which will doubtless be the crowning event of the year. In the hands of competent gentlemen, with the co-operation of our charming and beautiful women and the hearty support of everybody else, the San Francisco Carnival will be something to be remembered for a lifetime, and which will be spoken favorably of in the most distant quarters of the globe. Get your armor ready.

A Western Victory. Not only San Francisco, but California generally, will rejoice at the splendid record made by the battleship Oregon on her trial trip. The Union Iron Works has once more surpassed itself and every Californian has a right to feel proud over the fact. Some of the finest warships in our navy were constructed on this coast, to wit: the Charleston, the San Francisco, the Olympia, the Monterey, and now the Oregon. All of these ships have received laudatory notice from naval authorities the world over, and all of them speak highly for the shipbuilding industry of the West. Taking all this into consideration we do not think it likely that California will ever be overlooked when it comes to letting out contracts for such boats. The success of the Oregon, moreover, will prove a good advertisement for us with the Chinese and Japanese Governments, both of which may build ships at any moment, and will now be more likely to give us a chance than ever before. By its fine shipbuilding the Union Iron Works has done more to boom California than anything we know of, and is deserving of great credit and the universal wish that it will be most extensively patronized when good work is necessary.

German Recklessness. It is more than probable that in the near future England will find it necessary to administer a severe rebuke to Germany for her interference in South African affairs, and to put an end to the many covered attacks being made upon British supremacy in that country. There is but little good feeling between the two nations, and a war would be undertaken as eagerly by the one as by the other, and a greater bitterness would prevail than does between Germany and her natural enemy, France. France has only Alsace-Lorraine to regain; Great Britain, on the other hand, sees Germany year after year making greater inroads into her commerce and ever seeking to wrest from her the position of purveyor to the world generally, and barbaric nations in particular. That this will ever be accomplished cannot for one moment be entertained; Germany, nevertheless,

has done England much damage in this way, and is cordially hated in return for it. Where, in the event of a war, Germany would get sufficient means for the maintenance of an army of over one million men, besides a third-rate navy, is an interesting question, and one which few financiers or diplomats have proved capable of solving. Few of the European powers to-day, except France, are in a good financial condition, and that country is said to be hoarding for a possible war herself, so that neither she nor Russia could be looked to for aid in that line against their mutual enemy. It is for this reason that Great Britain is to-day so immeasurably superior to the other nations opposed to her, and why, in any war with Germany, she would have no difficulty in more than holding her own. We expect to hear of a severe rebuke being administered to Berlin from Downing street during the next few weeks, and unless the caution is heeded, Germany may possibly be partitioned up as was Poland before her.

A GREAT PARADE.

It is not often that a street parade is so perfect in its every detail as was that of the hutchers last Wednesday. Its success was doubtless due to the masterly management of Grand Marshall Henry Miller, who came up from Gilroy to take charge of it. Over twenty-five hundred men took part in the great procession, but Mr. Miller handled them like a regiment of soldiers, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell. Much attention was given to the beautiful silver-mounted saddle belonging to Mr. Miller. This and the bridle were chastely entwined with flowers. His horse also attracted very much attention. This animal was one of the finest in his stables, and is of very good blood. After achieving such a success here, it will readily be understood why Gilroy is so proud of its townsman and why the thousands of people who spent an enjoyable time on Wednesday should wish that he might take charge of every procession to be held here in the future.

THE New Model Typewriter, sold by the Pacific Introduction Company, 119 Bush street, is a little beauty. The cost is only \$10, and the large number in use in this city goes far to prove its superiority over the other machines on the market.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

<p>For Sale</p> <p>AT A BARGAIN</p> <p>\$2500</p> <p>Cash.</p>	<p>Finest View in the City.</p> <p>An eight-room House and Lot 45x120 feet, 1016 Green St., bet. Jones and Leavenworth, at a bargain. \$2500 cash, balance on mortgage. Address owner, 606 Merchant St.</p>
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TO take *The Countess Gucki* as a literary product, irrespective of its graceful performance by the Daly Company, would reveal only a stein of mild, bloude German mirth, frothing wholesome, Vaterland frolicsomeness, and offering copious cheer to lovers of honest family fun. Played as Daly's people play it, with all the contour and finish of a splendidly organized ensemble, staged with beautiful unostentation, and costumed like a dream, the weakly little comedy becomes an animate picture, of such dexterous distances and potent tones that one realizes the humbleness of the subject only when the curtain is down. Then it is to reflect on the cleverness of players who can make such an entertaining much of nothing.

Though Ada Rehan has aged a dimple or two since last I saw her (and she was not a two-year-old then), she is still a big remove from the estate of "old lady" roles which critic Alan Cohen Dale thinks nature is so well ripening her for. All her old elasticity and swing are there; her dear, familiar arms droop with the same subtle expression; her neck and shoulders incline chummily towards the audience when she walks down to the centre of the lights, and her songful voice skips merrily from octave to octave to the accompaniment of her dancing eyes just as in the old days when there was no star in the Daly company. And so it should be. Gucki is a trifling part to play, and who can give it the delightful evanesence of the superb Rehan? Who else can so tactfully trifle with the bleeded volatility and endearing womanhood of a woman like Countess Gucki, aged say,—well anywhere between forty and thirty?

To the crisp American mind, von Schonthan's comedy is not witty—not even orchestrated into Daly English. But the "von" knew what Daly's players would do with his work. He knew Rehan's springy gait just as he knew Daly's sure head for staging and for all the intricate "business" that keeps action in a play. So he drew a Rehan lady; an impudent, fascinating young devil for her to quarrel with deliciously; an old General whose heart is true through ten years separation, and when he meets his idol of a decade past with a love still fond and burning, it is only to be routed by his handsome devil of a nephew. Besides these, Schonthan sketched in some comedy relatives. Daly did the rest.

Ada Rehan, of course, wraps Gucki in her warm magnetism and, no matter what she says or does, it is real comedy—exquisite comedy with little bursts of tenderness bejeweling it. Rehan has studied reams of such roles and she stands alone in making them palpitatingly dear and human—to the playgoer.

Charles Richman is the impertinent lover, and in the brief months since we saw him unused and unhonored at the Columbia Theatre he has become fairly Dalyized. He is a fine fellow for inches and looks; excellently sized to woo Rehan, and he graces his handsome costumes as no leading man of Daly's ever did before. But his acting does not ring clear and true. There are method and effort visible in his work that must be surfaced over ere he fully earns his spurs.

I am not going to reminisce on old Tivoli days, or *The Major's Appointment*, or in any way review the brilliant career of Edwin Stevens. It is enough to say that he is a credit to us, Mr. Daly and himself, and that he plays the General (not much of a part, by the way), with the effortless art that marks an actor tried and finished. So it is with James Lewis,—a comedian to the very marrow of his quaint little bones—as the Court Councillor: an unobtrusive role, but oh, how ineffably artistic is the acting! And Mrs. Gilbert, she has even less to do as the councillor's wife; but you may be sure she does that little well.

I shall not go further with the excellent cast, but I must chronicle that Augustin Daly, the original moulder of the

concave actress, the first fashioner of leading men with the seductive blink, the renovator, burnisher and immortalizer of Shakespeare, the missionary of American actorial art in Britain, the discoverer of Dutch fun and the manager of the most famous band of players in America, appeared on the stage of our Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. Mr. Daly's appearance was characteristically brief; deftly dignified and at the special request, as it were, of fashionable and expensive San Francisco, who lured him into view with a glad, resonant haud and did not, God be praised! call upon the good mau for an oration. Daly is a refiner of plays and players, a stage general illustrious the world over, and he does not have to trot out before the footlights with a mouth full of smile and a hat full of talk to draw the selected multitude to his performances. Whatever he has to say, or look, is expressed by his disciples. I grieve that my pen has been so sorely pushed in the more immediate offices of *Pleasure's Wand*; I could not employ it more cheerfully than in echoing the cry of the critic throughout the land in a three column exegesis on the horrible things which might have happened to stageart without its Saviour Daly.

There are no new faults to be found in *The Last Word*. It is just as commonplace a comedy as ever, and only the mustered efforts of the Daly company can hold an audience until the last curtain. To be sure, it is not quite so savory of the Teutonic malt and cheese as *Gucki*, for its motif is serious, and Germauy is never so German as when it hursts into vast, obvious mirth. The seriousness of von Schonthan's earlier work was profoundly impressed on the Baldwin audience on Thursday night. Laughter was not at all, smiles were rare, and applause reluctant, except when Rehan threw herself into a solo passage and lifted the gloom by sheer force of her remarkable personality. Vera was the pulse of the play; when she was on the stage it breathed some life. When she was absent, all the smooth ladies and all the smooth gentlemen of Mr. Daly's company could not induce a single spark of real animation. Even Lewis acted bored and perfunctory as Alexander Airey. Richman's Harry Rutherell was the old-fashioned, conventional leading man, with the usual mournful accompaniment of slow music to accentuate him. The Secretary was in cold storage—in fact, frozen rigid, as George Clark acted him, and not even the warm brotherly affection of the Professor, nor that pathetic story of Vera's about papa and the sick child, could thaw his marble heart so that one could imagine it heating under his ribs. Maybe he was sulking because Vera directed her little Sunday School story to the audience, instead of at the back of his cold, grey head. It wasn't just the thing to do. Miss Nelson and Miss Carlisle evidently have opinions of their own about plays and parts; so who will blame them for not enthusing over Winny and Faith Rutherell? Rehan alone was blithe and happy—her part was not such a bad one and she was sure of doing it well. But, like the company and the audience, I sighed for what was to have been—*The Two Escutcheons*.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has been done into almost every tongue and form, from Scandiavian to Sanscrit, from Ethiopian tragedy to Bowery farce, until there seemed to be no further possibilities for Mrs. Stowe's abolitionistic epic. But if you go to the Tivoli you will find Tom, Eva, Topsy, Marks, and all the familiar characters doing opera, and very acceptable opera at that, with a bright book by the erudite George Lask, and appropriate music by all the master composers of the land, from Harrison Millard to the man who wrote "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay." There is a wealth of sunny Southern atmosphere throughout the performance, an old-fashioned cake walk, and a drove of joyful banjo strummers, who, considering they are mostly from the Tivoli chorus, deserve a cake each for the skillful manner in which they pluck their merry instruments. It takes a big cast to give *Uncle Tom* in its new form, and in both the straight characters and the specialty parts it is fittingly filled. Josephine Gassman does one of the best Topsy's I have ever seen, and she sings a coon song better than any one we have had since May Irwin. The Tivoli needs hadly a clever soubrette. I hope Miss Gassman will remain.

Miss Harum Scaram, at the Columbia, is a hybrid of melodrama, farce, and song and dance, loosely put together to frame the specialties of Amy Lee and Frank Doane. Rather a morbid way of having a good time, it seems to me, and trying to the company, which, though not of exactly the Augustin Daly standard, is good enough to have a fling at a better play. Miss Lee would do a charming ten minute turn in the variety, but her voice grows shrill and her hard work wearies one in a three-hour play. Frank Doane wears better; he knows the trick of not overdoing his exhilaration. If *Miss Harum Scaram* must be played, it should be scissored enough to give the players a chance. In its present shape there is a continual rush on the stage that leaves no opportunity for even the mere business of entrances and exits.

* * *

Hoyt's brisk little musical farce, *A Trip to Chinatown*, is being exceptionally well done at the California. Frank Lawton, the human flute, and one of the most absorbing convolutionists who ever did eccentric dance, is back in the cast, whistling and jiggling away with all his old-time zeal. Harry Connor plays Welland Strong, as only he can play him, and Miss Geraldine McCann, though she sings badly, makes a gingery, dashing widow. It is a snug little organization throughout, and I hope the antipodean reception will be as cordial as that extended by the large audiences at the California Theatre.

* * *

I heard two of Mrs. Westwater's songs, "Oh, For a Day of Spring," by Leo Steru, and a polka song by Arditi, on Tuesday night, at Native Sons' Hall. The first was sung monotonously; the upper notes were choked cruelly, and the lower tones, which when full and true so beautifully celloize the contralto voice, were vague and unconvincing. The polka was destitute of life and imagination, and executed laboriously. It may have been that I struck Mrs. Westwater's most unfortunate numbers, or perhaps the scant dotting of listeners in the big auditorium took the spirit out of her singing. At all events it was a cold, dreary performance.

* * *

Jack Cade was once one of the greatest lung developers on the stage. It is so long since we have had it played here that Collier's revival of the old classic melodrama at the Grand has been almost in the nature of a novelty. Collier plays the part in true heroic fashion, and Morosco's company support him in sympathetic spirit.

* * *

The old, old story of crowded, but happy, humanity at the Orpheum. Le Clair, the female impersonator, seems to be the new favorite, though some of the held-over people give him close competition.

* * *

Leonard Grover Jr. gives a really good characterization of Asa Trenchard in *Our American Cousin* at the Alcazar, and Clyde Hess makes a fair try at the famous Dundreary rôle.

* * *

A Midsummer Night's Dream, with all the original scenery and musical effects that made such a triumph in London and New York, will be presented by Ada Rehan and Daly's company on Monday night at the Baldwin, where it will play the Saturday matinee and every night excepting Thursday (which will be given to another performance of *Guchi*), and Saturday (the only time of *Love on Crutches*).

Mrs. Charles Woolrich sailed from New York during the week, en route for Paris, where Miss Woolrich is seriously ill with typhoid fever. Latest information is to the effect that Miss Woolrich's condition is improved, which will alleviate the anxiety of her many friends in this city. Miss Woolrich was making a tour of Europe with Mrs. Bradbury when attacked with the fever.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will repeat its concert of two months ago. For sweet charity again, of course—this time the Little Jim ward of the Children's Hospital. All society is expected at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday night. Mrs. Oliver Perry Evans will be the vocalist, and Miss Gruenhagen the violin soloist.

Miss Harum Scaram continues another week at the Columbia, after which the new Frawley Company opens a long season. *The Two Escutchons* has been selected for the opening week, and the entire town will turn out to see the much discussed play, the old favorites and the new celebrities.

Another historical melodrama at the Grand next week. Edmund Collier will present John Stone's American Indian play, *Metamora*.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has taken so well with the Tivoli audiences that it will be continued until further notice.

Little Lord Fauntleroy will be put on at the Alcazar next week with little Gus Levick in the name part.

After Sunday night's performance of *A Trip to Chinatown* the California will be closed for three weeks.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Monday, May 25th, second week of

MISS ADA REHAN.

under the management of Mr. Augustin Daly. Five nights and Saturday matinee, sumptuous production of Shakespeare's *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*. Saturday night, *LOVE ON CRUTCHES*. Third week, Twelfth Night, School for Scandal, London Assurance, The Belle's Stratagem and The Honeymoon, The Taming of the Shrew, etc.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Monday, May 25th, one more week, every evening including Sunday,

MISS HARUM SCARAM

Comedy, sentiment, melody. Bright and catchy musical numbers. New and novel effects. Interpreted by comedians who are known as the leading exponents of polished comedy on the American stage, including AMY LEE and FRANK DOANE. Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, and 75c. June 1: The new, great FRAWLEY COMPANY.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager.

You want to see the regal operatic production of the favorite story,

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

the lovely music of the south; characteristic negro dances and cake walks; the levee banjo strummers; beautiful scenery; splendid cast.

Next opera, Dellinger's lovely opera, *LORRAINE*. Look out for our midsummer spectacle, *A TRIP TO THE MOON*.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

Last week of "Jack Cade" Monday evening, May 25th, last week of America's popular tragedian, EDMUND K. COLLIER, in the historical drama,

METAMORA.

Matinees Saturdays and Sundays.

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Next Monday—more noted international attractions.

PAPINTA,

the sensation of the East; LE CLAIR and LESLIE, MLE. CARRIE, and a magnificent company.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Grover's Alcazar. The Palais Royal of America.

Monday, May 25th, for one week,

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra, 25c.

HAZELTON
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Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments

735 Market St.



A HANDSOME, fashionably attired, self-possessed young man was before Judge Hehhard a few days ago upon an accusation of insanity. Several relatives and acquaintances testified that the young man was a dangerous lunatic and imagined that every one hut himself was demented. During the whole proceeding the subject of the examination sat listening with evident interest, his face wreathed in smiles of confidence in his ability to disprove what his accusers were saying, and occasionally sneering at some particularly exasperating hit of testimony.

"Do you comprehend the purpose of this proceeding?" asked the Judge when all of the witnesses had testified.

"I would certainly be insane if I did not," replied the accused. "This is a legal examination as to my sanity, and your Honor is listening to the testimony in order to arrive at a just and judicial conclusion."

"Yes, that is true. But what do you think a just conclusion would be after listening to this evidence."

"Insane, of course, if you intend to hear but one side of it. I would suggest, if I may, that your Honor withhold your decision until you have inquired into the motives that prompt the evidence. If they cannot be questioned, then in justice to me, the accused, hear my evidence."

"Certainly; hut do you helieve this to be a conspiracy against you?"

"No; I helieve the witnesses are honest and truthful, hut mistake my condition."

"Don't you think that at times you are subject to delusions or hallucinations?"

"Does your Honor helieve I am an expert in mental diseases?"

"No, no; of course not."

"Then my opinion would have no weight with you."

"This young man appears as sane as I am," declared the Judge. "He is discharged from custody."

"Thanks, your Honor," replied the young man with a courteous bow, "for my discharge—not for your ultimate conclusion; for if I were not saner than you I would not be permitted to be at large. You're as crazy as a hed hug, else you would have seen at a glance that all these people here are lunatics. I have studied this question for eight centuries, and I cannot be mistaken. I am an expert, hut you are so crazy you could not see it."

The young man still wonders why he was led away by the authorities after he had been discharged.

Ex-Judge Levy does not helieve in dream hooks, he has no confidence in "signs," and he has never professed any ahiding faith in fortune-tellers; hut he had a little experience a few days ago that he likes to relate as a remarkable coincidence at least.

For some weeks he has been worrying considerably over a large estate that is involved in litigation. The annoyance was due to the fact that he has something more than an attorney's interest in it. The other day he walked into a Market-street business house, and dropped a nickel in the slot of a machine that delivers a ready made fortune and grinds out some music. The drop of his nickel was followed by a musical jingle and a small card, on which his fortune was printed. He picked it up and read:

"A mystery is about to be solved. Large estates are to be divided. You are interested."

The Judge is anxiously waiting to see if it will "come true."

Captain L. H. Turner was entertaining several of his fresh water friends on salt water yarns the other day. About the best story of the lot is the one upon which he has bestowed the title of "The Ship with Two Ends."

"You know," commenced the Captain, though he would have been offended if any one of his listeners had admitted that he did know, "the Gulf of California, near its northern extremity, is full of shoals, covered by the deposits from the Colorado river. The channels are narrow and crooked,

and a skipper has got to be pretty tolerable careful or he'll hang up to dry on a sandbar.

"Well, an old sea captain—a gouty old fellow named—named—oh, never mind his name. Anyway, he was the captain and gouty. He thought he knew every channel that a ship ever sailed through, and nobody could tell him anything. As a matter of fact his mate knew a whole lot more about the Gulf than he did.

"Well, on this particular day the captain was at the wheel and the mate was forward watching out for shoals. He saw one and the ship was sailing straight for it.

"I think you'd better ease her off a little, captain," he shouted.

"Look a-here, young man," replied the captain, 'you tend to your end of the ship, will you, and I'll tend to mine.'

"A minute later the captain heard the clatter and rattle of the anchor chains and the vessel came to with a crash.

"What in the devil are you doing?" demanded the captain, as he rushed up to the mate.

"Well, captain, I saw a shoal ahead, so I anchored my end of the vessel. You can do what you hamed please with yours."

Major J. F. Smith, the attorney, was playing in a sociable game of cards at the Press Club the other evening. None of the players mentioned the name of the game, but it was certainly a game in which much depended upon the physical condition of the players, for one was commended for being flushed—at least when he said he had a flush another remarked: "That's good," though it might have been a hectic flush. Another player remarked something about Pat being full, and a third concerning some one who was straight.

Another peculiar feature of the game was that they used little celluloid discs of various colors as counters, or token money, or something or another. Upon these counters was the head of a very ugly hut very intelligent looking hull dog. The Major suddenly stopped, dropped his cards on the table, picked up one of the little discs, and gazed at it so long and earnestly that the other players stared at him in surprise. Then he rubbed his hald head and ejaculated:

"Well, I'll be hornicahoohered!"

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired one of the players, solicitously.

"I would like to know what confounded scoundrel has been taking liberties with my photograph," ejaculated the bewildered Major.

The ladies are now all perplexed for a plan
To find without error the ideal man;
Of course he must eschew hot drinks and late hours,
But go in for weak tea, and music, and flowers;
On Sundays, church over, parade in the Park;
And never remain at his club after dark;
Be ready at all times to carry a shawl,
And come at some dowager's heckon and call.
This may be all right for the ladies' ideal,
But we own to preferring the man who is real.

A strange tale in connection with Mr. Daggett, of the Mint, has come to light, or rather is told as a verity. The Superintendent has done more political hebeheading than any man who was ever in authority under Uncle Sam. The legend goes that he had an ingenious mechanic construct him a miniature guillotine, and that when he had determined that a hatch of objectionables should go, he wrote their names on a number of paper dolls, drew them from a hat, and the one that came up was put under the toy, and off came his head. This was Mr. Daggett's evening amusement, and the next morning the fellow who had been executed in effigy received his notice to quit. Furthermore, they say that some of Mr. Daggett's intimate friends used to make of this pastime a sort of banking game, and het on the next victim, giving Mr. Daggett, the hanker, the odds.

Amid the orange groves just now our Christopher doth rest,
The heavy weight of politics ta'en from off his honest breast;
But still, alas, the truth remains, while Buckley doth exist
He'll plot to hold the party in the hollow of his fist.

Sir Henry Heyman, violinist to the defunct monarchy of Hawaii, is a lover and connoisseur of Burgundy. His wine is always brought on the table in a basket so the must will not be disturbed, and is pushed as carefully around as if it were some royal Hawaiian baby entrusted to the care of the titled fiddler. They played a joke on Sir Henry at the Bohemian Club at the Tuesday lunch. He ordered his Burgundy, but when it came on the table he was called to the reception room by a prearranged scheme. Meantime some changes had taken place in the cradle. The bottles had been exchanged and a plebeian red ink bottle introduced instead of the true juice, and turned label down. Sir Henry passed the bottle, sipped his own wine and smacked his lips.

"That does not seem to me quite as good as usual," remarked one of the sharers of the violinist's hospitality.

"Nonsense, man, your palate is off," rejoined the host; "that Burgundy has the true bouquet," and he drained his glass.

Then a cruel brother, Edgar Mizner by name, displayed the label, and the distinguished violinist bowed his head and wept at the depravity and ingratitude of man.

* * *

Mrs. Isabella Martin, who will go on the stage, has struck an article of landlord in New York quite different from the San Francisco breed. Here this fearless Boadicea ruled her creditors with an iron hand, dared them to single combat, "sporting her oak" when they besieged her castle, and had her supplies taken in at the rear windows. Mrs. Martin's house on Van Ness avenue was a regular fortress. A stout chain held the front door, and the visitor had to hold parley with the sentinel before gaining entrance. It was a case of "your name and purpose Saxon stand." But her confinement in a dark room in a New York flat indicates that the fiery spirit of this heretofore dauntless lady has been somewhat tamed, and that, like the blind poet, she has "fallen upon dark and evil days." She possesses a fair amount of dramatic talent, and might play Clytemnestra as well as Lady Macbeth.

SONG.

MEN wish that they were older but I would younger be,

Aye, younger by a dozen years or so;

Because there is a maiden who has placed her trust in me
As the ladies did in knights of long ago.

The maid is of the fairest

And her beauty of the rarest

And the love within her bosom is the love the angels know.

God knows I would be younger, in my hopes and in my years,
Just to linger for a moment by her side;

Just to see a sweetheart's glances, just to kiss away her tears
As they slowly ebb'd and flow'd with Sorrow's tide.

For the dust is softly falling

O'er my lips grown faint with calling

In the night-time and the daytime all unanswered for their bride.

When the maid is somewhat wiser will her thoughts revert to one
Whom she loved as might a rosebud love its thorn?

When she finds my light is fading e'er my task is half-way done
Will she dwell upon my bosom as the Dawn?

When she learns that fame and glory

Come to poets but in story

I fear that she will leave me and will think of me with scorn.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE SALA MEMORIAL FUND.

A FUND is to be raised in London for a memorial to the late George Augustus Sala in recognition of his long and distinguished career. The proceeds will be devoted to the erection of a monument over Mr. Sala's grave, and to aiding his widow. Friends and admirers of the distinguished journalist are invited to aid the movement with subscriptions. Cheques should be made payable to the Duke of Abercorn, London, and will be acknowledged by the Honorable Secretary.

The banquet hall of the famous Maison Riche is one of the very finest in this city. The largest and most fashionable functions can be held there and the service is perfect in every respect.

If you wish perfect specimens of Japanese bronzes go and see Geo. T. Marsh's collection at 625 Market Street.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian

Bitters

Hopkins' Stockton Excursions.

Moonlight Trip.

Everybody says "It's the finest trip in the State for the money."

The popular weekly excursions to Stockton by steamer have been resumed for the season under the management of George W. Hopkins, and are unquestionably the most delightful trip out of the city. Leave Washington-street wharf at 5 P. M. Saturday, Returning to San Francisco 6 A. M. Monday. Round trip, including meals, fare, rooms, carriages, baths, etc., only \$4. Tickets can only be had of GEO. W. HOPKINS, General Manager, 30 Montgomery St.

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Johannis.

As a table water it is unsurpassed.

—London "Hospital Gazette."

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Two electric elevators, electric and gas lights, heat; also janitor's services free. Apply to

A. E. Buckingham, Room 2, Safe Deposit Building



MATRIMONIAL possibilities are forming items of all kinds in the atmosphere of the swim. Those who profess to know say that yet another of the swagger set will make an announcement at an early date, the gentleman being the one to do so this time, and that the name of the bride to be will take away society's very breath with astonishment. *Apropos* of rumors regarding Cupid's work, one is heard in musical circles anent the robust German tenor and the teacher of the vocal art who dwells on a hill. What a harmonious combination that would be!

* * *

The capture of Oriental-eyed Charlie Baldwin in the matrimonial net has been the topic of the past week, and society at large has talked itself hoarse over the engagement. Every one supposed the fair lady in the case would make friends with her old adorer and friendly ties between the two families be still further drawn. But we are truly told it is always the unexpected that happens.

* * *

It is devoutly to be hoped that those of our fashionables who are deeply dyed in with Anglomania will not follow the fad started by the American Duchess of Marlborough and go in for snake charming. That our fair dames and demoiselles are alike adept in the art of charming snakes in the grass is an established fact, but to have these slimy creatures lying around loose, ready for a soft hand's petting, is quite another thing.

* * *

The young folks are unanimous in declaring that if all marriages turned out as happily as the Harry Babcock's there would be no occasion to pronounce them failures, which goes to prove that it doesn't make a bit of difference which has the advantage in years—the man or the woman—if they are both sensible, well educated, and fond of each other.

* * *

It is interesting to note how the bicycle craze of last year is dying out, if not quite dead, among our society people. The danger of a broken limb, sprains, or battered noses, is not an alluring one, and so many well-known people have been more or less injured by their wheeling, the fad has grown faint with our swell set.

* * *

"It is all very well to rave of your buds," said a New Yorker at a recent dinner party on Nob Hill, "but from my observation I should say the most charming girls you have are those of more seasons than one, to whom experience has given an added grace of manner and mind," and he was what Bertha calls "dead right."

* * *

What a lively winter it will be next season!—so many young matrons in society. It is safe to predict that Mrs. Walter Hobart will take the lead, and society may be sure a brilliant social season will result. What a good time for the fresh crop of buds! Even the older girls will have lots of dancing.

* * *

"Is Jennie Blair going to marry Ed. Greeaway?" asked witty Ethel at the University Club reception, "and do you believe that the other Ed. will carry off the beautiful bride's sister?" As the questions were asked off-hand, any one is privileged to answer them. Who can?

* * *

Miss Julia Crocker has a big fit of disgust on, say her girl friends, and can't be happy in San Francisco, so she is off again, this time for a tour through Europe.

* * *

Society gossip goes that a matronly bride is in high dudgeon at being threatened with retirement from the glitter and ruck of military life.

Importation orders for Split Second Watches, placed last fall, are now arriving, and will be sold at cost of importation. A. Hirschman, 113 Sutter street.

It was somewhat amusing to note the different dailies in their efforts to outvie each others' reports of the Hobart-Williams wedding. For instance, one account said the groom's traveling costume consisted of a sack coat and low-cut patent leather ties!

* * *

The women are saying it is more than likely that Walter Dean will make it up with the queenly Emily, and a match may yet result in that quarter. However, others again declare that Walter does not banker after a mother-in-law.

* * *

The jewelers of our city are in great glee over another wedding in the Hobart family, which will call for more costly presents. It will be "a time to try," not "men's souls," but friends' purses.

The greatest curse a man can suffer from in this life is a weak appetite and loss of desire to cultivate one. A glass of the Keystone Monogram Whiskey will soon bring you to your senses, and teach you that life is worth living after all. There is hardly a private house in the East where this brand is not kept, and it is recommended by physicians and sporting men alike. If you suffer from lack of appetite or dyspepsia, give it one trial and you will never regret it.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

The Golden Eagle Hotel will be the headquarters of the delegates to the Democratic State Convention, which meets at Sacramento Monday, June 15 h.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



Very Stubborn

on the part of some people to insist on believing that no high-class goods are sold south of Marketstreet. A five-story building, filled to the brim with modern furniture from

the world's best makers, is what we offer you at prices that will astonish those of you who have been buying at the "Big Street" stores.

We are showing this spring the most elegant and extensive line of Novelties—unique patterns and quaint conceits—ever shown in the Furniture World.

Indianapolis Furniture Co.,

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Strozynski's.

Leading Hair Dresser.

Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices, "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Laveillere style. Open Sundays.

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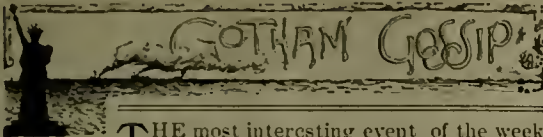
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For particulars, address W. de JUNG, Principal.



THE most interesting event of the week was the opening of the promenade concerts, vaudeville, and café in the Metropolitan Opera House. The directors having rebelled against the use of bicycles in the theatre, it required a certain amount of prudence on the part of the managers to cater to the popular craze without exciting the ire of the capitalists who govern the Opera House. The concert, with seventy-five men under Seidl, was a great success. Some of the music was popular, but I know nothing which more sustains Seidl's reputation as a humorist than the fact that at a popular concert (smoking allowed, which means a lot) he played the Bach-Gounod Meditation ("Ave Maria.") A very stirring number of the programme was a vocal waltz, "La Calve," sung by the Young American Chorus Girls, who made themselves so prominent during the season. They were dressed in Spanish costume and sang with great spirit and *verve*. Another feature was the waltz song, "Wheeling and Wooing," when the electric lights being turned on, all other lights out, thirty-two young women on wheels made their entrée, dressed in gray and rose color as shepherds and shepherdesses. They rode the Racycles, the wheels which are the latest fad of cyclists. Each wheel was decorated with colored electric lights, while above the handle bar rose a May-pole adorned with flowers and an electric light concealed amongst them. The manoeuvres were exceedingly graceful and pretty, and the tumult in the audience showed the popular enthusiasm for wheels. In fact, it made such an impression that the continuous performance shows have made a bid for a duplicate bicycle ballet in its summer garden performances. So much for wheels.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and her sister, Mrs. Van Bergen, are in London, after Mrs. Atherton's several months stay in Nottinghamshire. As she is not writing at present she has an opportunity of seeing and being seen by her numerous friends, and is apparently enjoying herself extremely. Mrs. Brooke has returned from her visit to her sister in Demerara, and is again at her London home, where she expects to entertain her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay, during the season. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Gilson are in Paris at the Continental, where are also Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Neustadter and Gilbert Luce.

Madame Vincente Dominguez (Helene Murphy) sailed with her husband on Saturday for their new home in Paris, Senor Dominguez's diplomatic services having been transferred to the gay capital. They spent a few days in New York at the Waldorf before sailing, and were entertained by Mrs. Jordan Mott at dinner on the eve of their departure. Harry Gillig left on the same steamer, and will meet "Mrs. Harry" in Paris, returning early in June in company with his charming wife. Colonel and Mrs. James Elverson Jr. (Mrs. Elverson was Miss Eleanor Mayo) were also among the departures last week.

Miss Frances Jolliffe and Miss Eugene Ferrer will both have reached you before this letter. Mrs. John Sime leaves town in a few days for her country house at Waterford, near New London. Mrs. E. B. Crocker opens her Larchmont home this week. Frank Unger is now at Larchmont. Willard Barton is in town. Mrs. Hearst is at the Waldorf. Mrs. Leland Stanford is at the Fifth Avenue. A daily paper announces that she is accompanied "by her daughter" (?)

Preparations are being made for the intercollegiate lawn tennis match for the championship. Many men are fixing their hopes on young Driscoll of San Francisco, a student at Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Miss Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Liebes, Miss Tzucowsky, Mr. and Mrs. Tuckerman, and Mr. Grace, all of San Francisco, are in Paris.

There is a rumor current in New York that a very sensational divorce suit is about being brought. Both parties to it have lived in San Francisco, and their marriage was said to be the result of a passionate attachment of many years standing, during which time the lady had been married and widowed. They have been looked upon until re-

cently as unusually congenial, and the divorce rumor has startled their circle of friends. Still another story of divorce comes from London, in which all those concerned are Californians. The marriage caused something of a sensation, owing to the general impression that the bride was not in the least susceptible to masculine charms, being so absorbed in music that nothing, aside from her art, appealed to her. The most sympathetic pianist, if not the most brilliant in San Francisco, she married a man who cared little for music—which is often the case. He is a charming fellow, witty and cultivated, and well known in the literary world on both sides of the water. It is to be hoped that rumor has told false tales of this pair, and of the other, too, for that matter; but I refer especially to the second, as a child blesses that union.

Miss Grace Cole, who has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Gregory McLaughlin, at Larchmont, has gone to Washington on a visit, and will return to Larchmont for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Goodsell have gone to Bensonhurst for the summer.

New York, May 13, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week gives a superb view of a portion of the Bay of San Francisco. In the foreground, beneath imposing cliffs covered with delightful and ever verdant shrubbery, can be seen Baker's Beach, dear to the heart of picknicker and fisherman alike. Fort Point can be seen in the distance and behind it the mighty slopes of Angel Island. A railroad along the top of the cliffs in the direct foreground runs to the Cliff House, which is situated a few miles to the extreme left of our cut. The city lies over towards the right.

THE PRETTIEST PLACE IN MILL VALLEY.

A LARGE, well-furnished house to rent in Mill Valley for four or six months, with stable accommodations if desired. Address, G. T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

X-Ray Hams.

The recipe for curing these Hams was obtained from the German scientist, Gotjen, by McEnnis & Co., of St. Louis, who are amongst the oldest and most progressive pork-packers in the world. The cure of these Hams imparts a peculiar and fascinating taste, the flavor of which hovers around the palate, thus creating an appetite with people who cannot relish ordinary food. Ask your grocer for them and if he cannot fill your order send to THOMAS LOUGHRAN, Agent, 221-223 Clay street, San Francisco.

Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market street, has the best assortment of Japanese art goods in this city.

When through with her shopping a lady cannot do better than step into the Maison Riche for a light luncheon.

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Desirable Stocks

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Large or small lots. Call or correspond.

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MINING,
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and OIL
STOCKS.



An Active Mining Market.

Times have changed for the better on Pine street, and an opportunity again offers for money making in that direction. The best feature of the market is that there is merit behind it, which insures a continuance of the activity for a long time to come. Prices have advanced sharply upon discoveries on the Brunswick lode, following the important ore development in Occidental, to which is due in a large measure the changed situation in the stock business. Some people are inclined to belittle the Occidental mine now that Chollar, Curry, and Norcross are beginning to loom up, but in this they make a mistake; for the character of the ore is identically the same in all cases, with the quantity to show for the time being in the ore, as well as the quality, which recommends itself in the others. It matters little where the ore may be found, so long as it is in evidence. That is what tells in the long run, and the bears will find it hard to depress values when forced to play against merit. The action of the market so far has been limited to the North and Middle mines, and the fluctuations have been wide enough to enable dealers to turn in a few dollars to the credit of their bank accounts. The indications are, however, that the movement is, so far, only in its infancy, and lively times may be anticipated for some time to come, with rising prices all along the line. This is a fitting subject for congratulation among all classes of this community. The stock market alone can put money in circulation and keep it moving. By shaking out the dollars concealed for years in old stock-pings and the other secret hoards of the thrifty misers with whom the town is gorged, a benefit is derived by dealers in all lines of goods, and commerce beams prosperous once more. So far the work done in Chollar on the Brunswick lode is immaterial on the 200-level South drift. A most important and interesting strike has been made, and that is all that can be said. But it corroborates the statements that the Brunswick lode is prolific in mineral, based on the find in Occidental, and that in itself is sufficient to interest all the financial aid required to make an old-time market.

The Rawhide Richer Than Ever.

Latest news from Sonora is to the effect that the Rawhide vein is running solid from the 900-level down, and richer than ever on the 1000-level, which is now being opened up. As usual, the ledge carries the rich streak in it which has made the mine famous the world over for its extensive and continuous development of a character of ore which beggars description, without running the risk of being charged with Munchausenism. The App mine is turning out even bigger than the Rawhide, and, as the plant there will soon be complete, the property will be heard from before long. The Whiskey Hill Mine, purchased recently conditionally by Boston people, is apt to develop into a good mine with the expenditure of money enough to take a shaft down 1000 feet. This is more than can be said of the Santa Ysabel, owned by the same parties, which has never yet given any indications of being worth the powder spent in opening it up. The statement that the mill will start up on this gem of the promoter's art may be correct some time after it is built. Up to date the contract for this has not been let, a rather surprising condition of affairs, in view of statements appearing from time to time in Boston papers.

The Merced Mining Scandal.

The Engineering and Mining Journal, of New York, is exposing the inwardness of the scheme by which the old Cook properties at Coulterville, in Mariposa County, floated for something a little over \$150,000, were boomed to a figure which placed a valuation on the property of from \$6,000,000 to \$6,500,000. The Journal goes very fully into figures to show that from a two months' run of the mill the average yield of the ore is only some \$3.49 per ton, allowing 90 per cent. for the sulphurets. It is also charged that a Captain Palmer, Captain Couch, and a Mr. Coram, said to be promoters of the company, and directors, sold out their stock while it was about \$47 a share. These gentlemen are invited to make public the

original expert reports on the property, and to give information as to the disposition of the \$666,667 cash which was paid into the company. The News Letter protested against the inflation of the shares of this company some months ago, and against the outrageous attempts made to bull the stock by certain Boston papers. So far as any remarks at this end were concerned, the intention was simply to protect other California interests which were likely to suffer from the collapse which was inevitable. If the Boston people feel disposed to father such a scheme they can pay the piper for aught any one cares on this side of the Rockies. They were cautioned in due form to protect themselves; now they can accept the situation as gracefully as possible. California will only have another channel closed in the future for mine propositions, which perhaps is just as well if the State and the industry is to be scandalized by such exhibitions as that made in this New York paper in its issue of the 16th inst. It is only the old, old story, however, in mining promotion, and as such those who are likely to be the most affected by the results are those with other properties which they might be desirous of presenting before the Boston and New York public as an investment. We will await the outcome of the charges made by our Eastern contemporary, which may force an enquiry of some sort where the blame will be saddled on the responsible parties.

Valley Men Turning Miners.

Sacramento is about to enter the arena in competition with the mining counties in an effort to fall in line for the loaves and fishes which are now going around among those engaged in an industry which has been well nigh ruined by the efforts of people residing in this swamp hole on the Sacramento. In this hot-bed of the anti-debris malcontent, it is now proposed to inaugurate an exploration company for the experting of mines. It is safe to say that it won't number among its experts the individuals who for years past have been working so hard against the mining interests of this State. In any event the auspices under which this concern starts out are not favorable for its success, and little confidence will be placed in opinions emanating from such a quarter. Can any good come out of Nazareth?

Hawaiian Planters After English Gold.

nevertheless, that the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company has been forced to seek a loan of \$750,000 on the London market. A subscription list has just closed there, with most favorable results, for £150,000 of first mortgage five-and-a-half per cent. twenty-year sterling debentures of £100 each, with half yearly interest coupons attached. One would think that this was a city of paupers, from the difficulty experienced in raising such a paltry sum as this on such unquestionable security, and yet the stock of the Commercial is well held here by people who would not have to pinch themselves very much to raise the amount among themselves. It is true, indeed, that some very funny things happen in the world—in this part of it especially.

Prominent Experts Kept Busy.

All the more prominent experts in town, and there are not many included in this category by the News Letter, have been kept busy of late. Among recent arrivals from the interior is Colonel J. B. Low, who reports matters lively around Butte County. Professor Thomas Price just returned from Nevada County to start on another trip to Calaveras County. So it goes, showing, however, that the people abroad are not inclined to put up money on the word of every one who claims the right to place M. E. after his name.

New York Rather Mixed on Gas.

The acetylene "gas" process is giving the New Yorkers no end of an opportunity for gossip, particularly in regard to the alleged payment of the Equitable Gas Company of \$500,000 for the privilege of using the process, and the sudden drop of the Electro-Gas Company's stock to \$300 per share. The Daily Financial News goes the length of publishing an interview with a shrewd gas man, in which he brands the payment of this big sum as practically a theft of the money. It is suggested that a suit be brought to set aside the transaction on the ground of fraud. They evidently do not like the new gas in that part of the country.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou!"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE noble horror which the Examiner has expressed at the outrage of having the stone for the pedestal of the Grant bust cut by convict workmen shows the value of strict discipline in our penitentiaries. If the inmates of San Quentin and Folsom were allowed by their keepers to subscribe for the daily newspapers, we should have been denied the priceless boon of the Examiner's lofty eloquence concerning the leader of the victorious armies of the Union, and the kind of workmen that should be allowed to chisel the rocks of his monuments. On the other hand, the trades unions are at liberty to subscribe. It is to be regretted that this cheap and nasty kind of demagoguery, the nickel-plated sort, can't be made a penitentiary offense.

THE Examiner is a slave to principle. Under no circumstances can it be made to say one word about anything involving the public interest if thereby it would risk the loss of a single subscriber. Should Brother Hudlesou and Father Yorke some dark night simultaneously fall upon the editor and pounce him for the glory of God and the good of their respective causes, the Examiner (after sending him home in a hack) would publish an impartial and calm report of the incident, with illustrations, and have an editorial on the cowardice of the British in South Africa.

PRESIDENT Murphy, of the First National Bank, has a love for the nickels which is absolutely unbecoming in a gentleman of thick Hibernian ancestry. Together with Asa Fisk, rumor has it that he will start a pawnshop in conjunction with the First National Bank. The sight of this worthy couple haggling with their impecunious relatives over an overcoat or a pair of patched pants will be more natural than elevating. The one good thing about it all is that Asa will soon be on his uppers himself.

SHOULD Professor Griggs, of Stanford, resign his position, take to drink, riot and general evil courses, winding up in violent crime, the judicious would comprehend and forgive. At the very outset of a bright career to be claimed by the Rev. Anna Shaw as the Ideal Man, fit to mate with the New Woman, is a fate equally singular and dreadful. But we urge Professor Griggs to be strong, strong and patient, and fervent in prayer. He is young and may hope to live it down.

IF you should see a young man in faultless attire going up Pacific avenue, preceded by a full brass band and followed by a regiment of reporters and artists recruited from the daily newspaper offices of the city, you need have no doubt about his identity and business. He is a member of the Four Hundred on his way to propose marriage to a young lady, the figures of whose dowry are painted in red, white and blue on the large flag which waves from the staff surmounting the family mansion.

THE brethren are rousing themselves again in behalf of a Sunday law which shall insure the misery on the Sabbath of all who do not enjoy going to church. That's right. True piety before everything. But the movement will not excite popular enthusiasm till Dr. Brown and Brother Colburn are in the forefront of the battle.

THE Call has sinned. It may try to conceal the sad fact by maintaining a sullen silence, but in the end it will see the necessity of doing the only thing which can assure to it happiness below and salvation hereafter. The Call must go to confession, receive absolution from Father Yorke and cluh with the Monitor.

IT is refreshing to know that at least one Judge is not susceptible to flattery, viz: Judge Wallace. In this case, however, we imagine it is largely due to the fact that His Honor knows little about the ways of lawyers and less about the law he administers in large doses as does a drug clerk patent medicine.

OWING to our lack of intelligent detectives the Almighty has seen fit to favor the city with an extra allowance of murderers and their confreres—the policemen.

IT is satisfactory to know that a divinity school is to be opened at the University of California and that the eminent Professor Jefferson of Virginia is to fill the freshly upholstered chair. The Bible has been sadly neglected in California. Newspaper men and the lights of the legal profession find pleasure in its pages, but other intelligent people have long given it up. The University needs something to live it up and if Professor Jefferson is only half as pugnacious as the average divine the smoke of battle will soon hang over classic Berkeley.

ADOLPH SUTRO, Mayor of San Francisco by the grace of God and the help of "de push," was extremely annoyed when General Barillas was unable to visit him at his residence. A large gathering of notables had been invited to meet him, including Gavin McNab, Andy Clunie, President Murphy and the Rev. C. Overman Brown, all disguised as gentlemen. The statuary had been discreetly draped and a magnificent spread ordered from a restaurant,—for all of which, we suppose, the city will finally pay.

A TESTIMONIAL was tendered to the Rev. J. George Gihson at the Emmanuel Baptist Church on Monday evening. After appropriate exercises the Reverend Jay was presented with a miniature helmy and a photograph of his friend Durrant. Owing to the extreme modesty of the young divine the ladies present were requested not to remove their gloves and the bare walls of the room were hidden by magnificent draperies.

THE whisker covereth a multitude of sins and since the literary Rahhi Voorsanger has seen fit to dispense with his hirsute appendages we shall probably become as well acquainted with his chin as we have with his cheek. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; it remains to be seen whether Providence is also interested in the welfare of the human goat.

SO many women gain notoriety by going through the mud that we fear Leila Adair (pronounced by the Examiner to be "a remarkable woman") will hardly achieve lasting fame by her diving excursion last Saturday. Had the woman waded through the records of the Examiner's private history she would have found much more of interest to the public.

A "NECK or nothing" committee should wait on F. F. Young, the steward of the Lord, and give him an opportunity to attend to the affairs in the spiritual world instead of fleecing people on this terrestrial globe. A good cowhiding by the husband, were he present, might be of some service; in his absence, however, the committee would be just as good.

VIRGINITY appears to be a necessary qualification for honorary membership in the Woman's Congress. An exception has, however, been made in the case of "Colonel" Stetson of Chicago, about whose sex there seems to be no little doubt, and in whose favor a point has been stretched based upon the precedent of the Immaculate Conception.

HOW a messenger boy happened to be walking fast enough to fall over the edge of an elevator shaft is a matter passing human understanding. The boy must have been asleep. No earthly inducement we know of could make one commit so rash a deed.

WHEN Barnett did open his *lettre de cachet*
Which fixed his career at the Mint;
He worked with his mouth in a vigorous way,
But it did him no good, so he went.

DR. DILLE has returned to San Francisco with new hinges to his mouth. The fellow is as hard as a plague of vermin. We have to scratch ourselves at the very thought of him.

GAVIN McNAB proposes to be a Moses to the Democracy. Look out, gentlemen; he may set up the sign of the three gold halls and sell you out for what he can get.

A WOMAN may talk of the manly ideal—
Good manners and well-rounded shins;
But the man she loves best is the one with the "real,"
For dollars will cover all sins.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY is said to be out of politics once more. Like a thief's hand in another man's pocket, he is no sooner out than he is in again.



A Book
of
the Week.*

We do not like the title of Joaquin Miller's last book of poems. There is something about the four words: "Songs of the Soul," that displeases us. Of course, there is more of the moral and emotional of man's nature in poetry than there is in prose, and, on that ground, we should not object to the soul singing to us in sentiment and feeling, and yet we cling to our objection. Technically we are afraid that Joaquin Miller could pull our objection to shreds, but even then the remnants would cry out our opposition. We do not, of course, object to the word "soul" being used either in poetry or prose. Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, and all our great poets have used it. And yet withal that it appears to us that the words "Songs of the Soul" sound more like the frothing of a poetaster than the melody of a poet such as we know the song-bird of the Sierras to be. Joaquin Miller is not a poeticle. He is neither immature nor inexperienced. There is no pitiful rhyming to be found in his works, and he does not need the hysterical title page to tell the world of the good things within. Nor does it require an expert of poetics, that branch of criticism which deals with the nature and laws of poetry, to point out the beauties of the "Songs of the Sundown Seas" or the "Shadows of Sbastia," and it is for that very reason that we would prefer a plainer title for the book before us. But here the critic's duty almost ends. We could carp and cavil, perhaps; we could be captious and over-exacting, too, but there is so much in this book of poems that pleases us that we prefer to leave the rancorous criticaster to pick out the faults, if he can, while we enjoy its beauties. Poetry may be defined as that one of the fine arts which has for its object the creation of intellectual pleasure by the use of imaginative and passionate language, which is generally, though not necessarily, formed in regular measure. Accepting this definition as true, then surely Joaquin Miller gives us poetry in this book, and such poetry as, we believe, has never been surpassed by his pen. Faucy the thought and illusions produced by looking over the Pacific Ocean and up to the heavens, as we read in his "Sappho and Phaon":

Such room of sea! Such room of sky!
Such room to draw a soul-full breath!
Such room to live! Such room to die!
Such room to roam in after death!

* * * * *
Where kings of thought play chess with stars
Across their board of blue."

Or in his closing verse, as he says:

"Yon star-strewn skies he hnt a town,
With angels passing up and down.
'I leave my peace with you.' Lo! these,
His seven wounds, the Pleiades
Pierce Heaven's porch. But resting there
The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
Her silver rocking-chair."

Here we have true poetic ideas and imagery, in every line of which we find something possessing the qualities or beauties of poetry, allied with the spirit, grandeur, and noble manifestations which are inseparable from belief in the living God. Indeed Joaquin Miller owes a great deal of his best, and certainly his loftiest, inspiration to his strong belief in the God-commissioned Christ, and no scoffing atheist need look to the poet of the Sierras for sympathy. With him, God is Love, and the measure of His praises pervades the poet's works like "incense kindled at the muse's flame." And as "Sappho and Phaon" closes with a religious text, so does "Sunset and Dawn in San Diego" open with a prayer, and there we find this piece of description:

"A hermit's path, a mountain's perch,
A sandaled monk, a dying man—
A far-off, low, adobe church,
So far, its spire seems but a span
Below the hermit's orange-trees
That cap the clouds above the seas,"

It would not be fair to Joaquin Miller to tell the story into which this description is woven like the interlacing of filaments, but we can, at least, add that it is weird and characteristic. For national poetic inspiration, however, his short poem, "Columbus," will attract the most attention. It has only five verses, but each verse is a gem in itself. It depicts the trembling mate dwelling on the difficulties and the dangers of the unknown seas they are going through as he appealingly asks Columbus what he shall say to the men who are mutinous, and Columbus answers each difficulty by replying: "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!" when at last:

"Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world: he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

It may be "a bold thing," as the author tells us in a foot note, "to sing by one's own great seabank instead of abroad," but, after all, does not California supply a theme at once romantic, marvelous, fanciful, and extravagant? With few exceptions, "The Songs of the Soul" are associated with this wondrous land of ours, and yet who will tell us that familiarity with the theme has bred indifference, or that Joaquin Miller has not succeeded in clothing the every-day world around us with beauties which lend it additional charm, interspersed, here and there, with a poetic philosophy about which we can fancy we could almost bear the rustle of an angel's wing.

* "Songs of the Soul," by Joaquin Miller.

Bret Harte's new story and Jerome K. Jerome's latest piece of fiction have both been secured by The Ladies' Home Journal for immediate publication. Jerome's story is called "Reginald Blake, Financier and Cad," and sketches an incident in fashionable London society. Bret Harte calls his story "The Indiscretion of Elsbeth," and pictures the romance of a young American who falls in love with a German princess, masquerading as a dairy maid.

London Truth wonders why it is that the best books make the worst dramas. It answers the question itself by saying that the art of the novelist is to delay his secret; the art of the dramatist is to betray it. Truth should, however, remember that time is a factor on that point, for the dramatist is obliged to reveal in an hour what it may take a day to read.

"Against Human Nature" is one of the most delightful love stories we have read for some time. It is a story of marriage for duty, and not for love, but the way it turns and proves that duty is the foundation of love, and then—well, then the story is too good to be told in detail, and there we must leave it.

We are indebted to Mr. George T. Marsh for a charming little monthly entitled "The Far East," published at Tokyo. The book, which is full of interesting articles on Japanese topics, is entirely gotten up by natives and speaks volumes for their intelligence and knowledge of book craft.

Max Nordau says that "Alfred Austin is, perhaps, the most perfect incarnation of Anglo-Saxonism in literature." And so once more Max Nordau places himself in opposition to the great majority of the world of letters.

The London Publishers' Circular tells us that five novels are issued every twenty-four hours, six histories or biographies each week, and two educational books and one volume of sermons each morning.

The New Bohemian comes to us with all the evidences of prosperity. We look on this magazine as no longer an experiment, for with journalistic instinct, we see "success" marked on every page of it.

The "Red Badge of Courage" is being severely handled by critics in the East for its bad English. This is the same exception that we took to the book when we reviewed it some weeks ago.

Godey's Magazine for June is as full of good things as ever. The subscription price is only \$1 a year, which is certainly little enough for the amount and quality of matter given.

THISTLE DOWN.

King Menelek's fondness for journalists proves that he has not had many dealings with San Francisco newspapermen.

The New York "new women" are attempting to get on the police force. We always understood women to have a strong antipathy against the club.

An Eastern artist spent two years and \$5000 painting a picture of Hades. He probably wished to get somewhat used to the place before going there.

The German Emperor is said to have had twelve minutes' conversation with Ambassador Uhl last week. We can borrow a quarter in as many seconds when we are so inclined.

In Oakland a piano will be the means of bringing about a divorce in the near future. Matrimony may be one grand, sweet song, but it does not always do to have an accompaniment to it.

The Honorable Much Mentioned Estee has not yet decided on what office he will run for in the coming campaign. Seeing that the matter will end with the running it really does not matter much, either.

The erratic Sacramento Bee, the Catholic organ of Northern California, for some reason best known to itself, does not wish to be classed among the decent journals of that city. Granted willingly.

Although we are greatly incensed at Sacramento for not having killed off a few Republicans last week, the good people of that city are now entitled to our sincere sympathy. The State Populists have met there.

It is stated that arrests have been very frequent in San Jose of late owing to the presence of our Supervisors in that delightful city. Needless to say, crime has considerably fallen off in this city during the same period.

According to latest reports the army of Chile is said to number four hundred thousand men. Three hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine of these are officers, and the remaining man is presumably a cook.

Dr. Ambrosewyzk, of Oakland, had a misunderstanding with a reporter a few days ago, and indulged in a torrent of Russian abuse. His teeth were blown out of his mouth into the newsgatherer's face, causing his death. No arrest and no flowers.

The Canadian House of Commons during the debate on the schools question, sat for 129 hours, and with the exception of a brief intermission allowed each evening for dinner, the talk was ceaseless. We doubt whether the women will ever be able to break this record.

A Boston maid lately bestowed a chaste and classic kiss upon a young man's lips and they were immediately frozen together. The case is attracting much curiosity among medical men, and it is intended to ship the patient to San Francisco to see if one of our fair charmers cannot remedy the evil.

A wild Irishman in Chicago, yclept O'Connor, has organized a band of twelve hundred imbeciles to fight for the cause of Cuban freedom. If such men would only devote their superfluous energy to bettering affairs at home they might be of some service in the world. We are heartily weary of this everlasting braggadocio.

The irregularities of the East are beyond human understanding. A lady in Indiana lately presented her husband with six healthy heirs at one hatching, and now another lady in Lexington, Ky., adds to the world's misery with a boy blessed with a heavy shock of hair and two rows of teeth! Californians would be inclined to doubt the latter story were it not remembered that Lexington is responsible for Colonel Breckenridge.

The Lurline Baths, corner of Bush and Larkin streets, have lately added the Russian Bath with the celebrated "Needle" Shower to their already perfect service. This latest bath is recommended by all physicians. The price for the same is only half a dollar which entitles the bather to a swim in the tank afterwards as well.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

The best styles in spring goods to be had at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny St.



So Easy
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with

"Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoes,

Many Styles—high or low cut. Men's; ladies' Pratt fasteners secure laces without tying. Price, black, \$3; tan \$3.50. Ladies' covert cloth knee boots, \$4.50 to \$8. Sold by all shoe and sporting goods dealers; sent prepaid if your dealer hasn't them. Look for trade mark on heel. Descriptive booklet free.



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(MAKERS)
CHICAGO

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Central Eureka Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Sutter Creek, Amador County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 16th day of May, 1896, an assessment (No. 1) of Three cts. per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 9, 330 Sansome street, San Francisco, California, or at the First National Bank of Oakland.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

23d DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on SATURDAY, the 18th day of July, 1896, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. A. M. VAN BOKKELLEN, Secretary.

Office—Room 9, 330 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, rooms 35 and 36, third floor Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 1ST DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1896 at 3 o'clock P. M.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 35 and 36, third floor Mills building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Alaska Commercial Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Alaska Commercial Company, for the election of trustees and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, No 310 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal., on

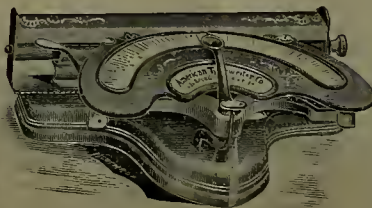
WEDNESDAY, the 10th DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

at 1 o'clock P. M. MAX HEILBRONNER, Secretary.

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PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



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Work as good as any done on a \$100 machine. Over 10,000 references. Agents wanted

Pacific Introduction Company,
119 Bush St., Room 6.



A COMMITTEE has been formed in Liverpool to raise funds for the erection of a memorial to Mrs. Felicia Hemans, who was born in that city in 1793. Her tomb in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, is marked with a small stone, and a tablet erected by her brother in St. Asaph's Cathedral is inscribed: "To the memory of Felicia Hemans, whose character is best portrayed in her writings."

—By the death of George Richmond the English Royal Academy loses one of its oldest members, though his decease will create no vacancy among the forty, as he had been for some years on the list of honorary retired academicians. In early youth he saw the life guards return from Waterloo, he had met Beau Brummell, sketched "the brave old Duke of York" and had known William Blake.

—M. Piet de la Fauderie, a well-known French stamp collector, has just sold two Mauritius stamps of the "post-office" variety for the sum of 33,000 francs to Mr. Morse, the well-known English electrician, who, between his hours of scientific labor, is a stamp collector. The day after the purchase of these two stamps Mr. Morse was offered 44,000 francs for them.

—The floating theatre, a large steamboat containing a stage, auditorium and ample apartments for actors, will soon begin its annual tour down the Mississippi, playing at all the river towns. A Chicago man has successfully managed this unique playhouse for many years, and a steam organ is a newly added attraction to lure the workers on the levee.

—"There are two things the world will probably remember about Gladstone," says the St. James's Gazette, "when his oratory and his personality are forgotten. One is his extraordinary power of concentration upon the subject in hand, the other is the fact that he takes thirty-two bites to every mouthful of food."

—Mr. Swinburne is about to make a new departure, having put into rhyme the story of Balen in Sir Thomas Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur," the source of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." He is said to have clung as closely to the original as Tennyson did, so that the comparison of their work will be interesting.

—Tolstoi's hands are large and rough, like those of a laborer, and do not look as if they were ever used for writing. A recent visitor from Vienna found him living and working in a room provided with only the most necessary furniture and without anything to adorn the walls.

—The eight European universities which have the largest number of students are Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Naples, Moscow, Budapest, Munich and Athens.

—The rare china owned by Queen Victoria is said to be worth \$2,000,000, and forms one of the most complete collections in the world.

—According to a musical journal, there are 244,000 women in London learning music.

—Sir Arthur Sullivan realized over \$50,000 from the sale of the "Lost Chord" alone.

—England has three-hundred large deer parks, the largest of which is Windsor.

The Overland Limited.

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The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 333-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.
Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



DEAR EDITH:—I hear that many dressmakers are using their influence against the coming gowns to be made with panniers—a style we hear considerable of and one among a few of the advance Parisian styles for autumn. The panuier is really an improvement to at least two types of women—the extremely slim, straight, up-and-down women lacking hips, and those overhressed with them. The first are greatly improved in appearance by panniers, and the very broad woman can cover this defect with these draperies, modifying the fashion to suit her own individual requirements. If we wish an example to predispose in favor of pannier effects, we have only to study the dainty figures on Dresden china and the Watteau devices charmingly painted on costly faus, and what modern mode in gowning shows us anything half so attractive? Panniers are decidedly more becoming than the now popular short, hobby, frilly hasque bodice, which looks ridiculously abbreviated on a tall woman, and is disfiguring and absurd on a short, stout one.

Grenadines appear this year in more attractive patterns and qualities than ever before. Many have their black or dark grounds strewn with gay Dresden designs; others are satin barred in rich Jacque red colors, with hits of bright blossoms woven between the bars. Others, again, are striped with velvet, watered silk, or empire garlands, or there are stripes of black satin or velvet, alternating with pink, old rose or mauve chine stripes. These goods are very diaphanous as to texture, and are made up over black satin, black moire or plain gay colored taffeta, to suit individual tastes.

Dainty waists are made of dimity woven in Persian patterns of pink and green and lavender tints beautifully blendid. The correct stiff collar is white linen for all kiuds of waists, but if this is not becoming to the wearer, a choker of Dresden ribbon or any pretty shade of silk may be substituted.

Night dresses and white skirts are the most elaborately trimmed articles of underwear to-day. The trimmings are fine Valenciennes, Maltese and Cluny lace. Point de Paris lace is much used, and torchon is always in order, only it must be very fine to be fashionable this summer. Wide collars, either pointed to the waist in front or cape shape, appear on the edge, or deep sailor shape, appear on the nightgowns, and yards of lace and insertion are used to trim them. Fine lawn is the material, except when white or colored wash silk is used, and then the gowns look like wrappers. Bishop sleeves are the favorite shape, but puffed elbow sleeves with a frill of lace falling below are also popular for summer use. Gowns shirred in at the waist line and tied with ribbon are very pretty, especially in silk, when they are worn for bed-room breakfast gowns. Chiffonette, which is a thin material made of raw silk, is very desirable for nightgowns, to be worn in very warm weather, as it is cooler than any other material. Something more than a nightgown and quite as comfortable is the matinee gown. It is made of fine white lawn with a fitted sacque bodice, deep cape, and wide flounces on the skirt, trimmed generously with lace insertion, edging, and blue ribbon bows.

Among the useful and pretty materials to be used for entire waists, insertions, sleeve puffs, plastrons, blouse-fronts, etc., are the new Huguenot puffings by the yard, that are variously made of mousseline de soie, organdie, grass-linen, Brussels net, Swiss muslin, linen lawn, chiffon in plain effects, and in combination with lace and embroidery.

BELINDA.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1332 Market street.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

New
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Novelties

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An Early
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Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.

Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.



"There are a great many incongruities in the world," remarked the Judge. "That's so," assented the Major; "but what particular incongruity were you thinking about?" "I had in mind the excessive mortality among the French Immortals."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Magistrate—You're charged with stealing some diamond studs. Have you anything to say? PRISONER—Well, yer worship, the card on which was the studs was marked "collar studs," so I took it as an invitation an' did collar 'em.—London Fun.

"Harold, dear, why were you so very noisy this morning? You waked me with shouting. I don't like to be roused so. I wish to sleep until I wake naturally." "Yes, but, mamma, isn't it natural to wake up when you hear a noise?"—Life.

Fare—What's the legal fare, cabby? CABBY—The legal miser's fare is a shillin', the mean man's fare is one-an'-three, an' the genelman's fare is one-an'-six. (Aggressively). Now, which are you, guv'nor?—London Fun.

"One of my fiancé's letters is lost." "How do you know, when you have got so many?" "Why, I have kept count of the kisses he has sent me, and there should be 2,000,000, but there are 1000 missing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The doctor had presented his bill, and it was large. "Humph!" said Skinflint. "This is a pretty big charge." "No doubt," retorted the doctor, "considering the value of the life I saved; but it goes."—Harper's Bazar.

Magistrate—Is the prisoner known, constable? CONSTABLE—Yes, he's well known to the police, your worship. PRISONER (savagely)—Garn! I ain't on speakin' terms with none o' yer!—London Fun.

Weary Walker—Say, were you ever tarred and feathered? JOHNNY RESTFUL—Yes, once. WEARY WALKER—How did you feel? JOHNNY RESTFUL—Like a bird.—Harvard Lampoon.

Mrs. Millyuns—Has the count asked you for any money yet? MR. MILLYUNS—No. MRS. MILLYUNS—That looks strange. You don't suppose he's bogus, do you?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

She—Your wife reminds me a great deal of my sister who is in Australia. HE—She reminds me a great deal of her first husband, who is Lord knows where.—Pick-Me-Up.

"The duke's marriage to the American was a bitter pill for his family to swallow." "That is the way with medicine for impoverished blood."—Detroit Tribune.

Stranger—Well, boys, how did the game go to-day? BOYS—We lost. STRANGER—What have you got in that bundle? BOYS—The umpire.—Buffalo Times.

Clara—Is he bashful? MAUDE—Dreadfully so. I may have to urge him to kiss me. CLARA—Aren't you afraid you will scare him away?—Truth.

Mistress—Mary, I don't approve of your entertaining your young man in the kitchen. MARY—Well, mum, he's too shy to come into the parlor.—Life.

"But you certainly ought to consider the wishes of your parents." "Why should I? They didn't marry to please me!"—Harlem Life.

Bikes—Her nose turns up awfully. SIKES—Well, her noes turned four men down last week.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bacon—Those birds filled me with delight. EGBERT—Were they on toast or in a cage?—Yonkers Statesman.

"I tell you, I am in the habit of saying just what I think." "Dear me! Is that all?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Vin Pasteur,
The greatest nerve tonic—Coca and Noix de Cola. Prosser Bew Drug Company, Alameda, Cal.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of the Bank of California; CHICAGO—First National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draws DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Weaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt, Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—8 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguiera, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

GEORGE W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

EDITORIALISMS.

THE best way to stop leaks in the city funds is to abolish the Supervisors entirely.

NOW that a doctor is getting in his deadly work on local politicians there is some hope for the Democracy.

FEW intelligent men are opposed to Woman Suffrage. It is the average Suffragist herself who will give the movement its quietus.

LABOR may consider Eugene V. Debs a desirable candidate for the Presidency. Respectable people, however, would prefer to see him on the gallows.

IN their search for the ideal man, the woman suffragists seem to have overlooked Mayor Sutro and his wonderful whiskers. Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again, for anything short of a dime.

THE services of Parsons Brown and Colburn should be secured for the Carnival to be held in this city. The spectacle of these two creatures yoked together, with a good stout partition between them, would heat anything Chinatown could ever produce.

THE indications are that the next Mechanics' Fair will be unusually attractive and complete. Although the exposition is yet a long way off, many applications for space have been received. These are gratifying signs of a healthful activity in trade and manufacturing.

ON Monday next Queen Victoria will celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of her birthday. The whole world over, men and women will breathe their good wishes and prayers for the lady whose virtue, kindness and wisdom entitle her to the love and respect of all.

ANDY Clunie, who is said to have experienced a strange tickling in his palms of late, wished to draw attention from the fact that he was on the delinquent tax list by agitating reform in the Assessor's office. The ways and wiles of the reformer, like those of the Chinese, are, indeed, peculiar.

AFTER deluging us with accounts of Blanthier's nobility, the newspapers have to inform us that the man was a deserter and a fraud. It might be well in future to remember that an aristocrat, however poor, will always prefer to remain in his own country, and that when he leaves it there is sure to be some good reason for his doing so. We are too much given to hero and title worship in California, and the sooner a halt is called to it the better.

DR. T. J. Barnardo, who may properly be called "the father of London's waifs," seeing that he has some five thousand little ones under his care, is making an earnest appeal for more funds to help him carry out his charitable work. Besides Englishmen, there are many Americans in this city who will remember this institution in their past visits to London, and who will doubtless be willing to help it along to the best of their ability. Address, 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.

THE Reverend Dr. Pattison, of Chicago, is a preacher of the "progressive type." In giving our Presbyterian Ministerial Union some points on church matters, he declared his faith in the virtues of advertising. It would pay, he said, to insert church advertisements in the amusement columns of the papers. He also advocated popular music in the churches as a means of drawing the unsaved to God. These are excellent suggestions. The agencies of the devil have long had a keen appreciation of the advantages of advertising, and the preachers should not hesitate to compete with them in the same way. In the course of time, free lemonade and ice-cream in the churches may help to beguile sinners unto salvation and the contribution box.

Marquis Yamagata once said that of all the liquids he had ever tasted the Argonaut brand of whiskey was the best. In fact the Marquis considered it to be immeasurably beyond all others and recommended it to his officers. The agents for this Coast, E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street state that the sale of this special brand grows larger each year.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

The old way

says you must

"handle with care, and don't shake the bottle."

Why



That's not the way with

Evans'

for you can Turn it upside down and drink it all,

Because there is no Sediment.

MOVED.

COOPE & PIPPY,

Agents for Paul Masson Champagne, Ben Lomond Mountain Wines, Schramberger Wines, Vin del Rey Sweet Wines and Brandy, California Olives, also selected brands of Imported Wines and Brandy, have moved to

623 Market St. (Under Palace Hotel). Call and See Us.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. [S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President. JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. [Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 58. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heinkeken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord S. L. Abbott, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin E. J. McCutchen
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—302 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—LONDON PUBLIC OPINION.

AH, well-a-day! the years are sped,
Nor youth, nor hope, nor love remain,
And opportunity has fled
That never will occur again.
The saddest of all thoughts, I ween—
It might have been, it might have been!

When youthful passion fired the blood
With high ambition's bright desire,
I seized not fortune at the flood,
And tended not the sacred fire;
Nor made an effort to retain
What now I'd give the world to gain.

Oh, present joys, how passing sweet!
Oh, pleasure's cup, so rich and rare!
When time speeds by on flying feet,
How fell, how dangerous ye are!
For we are prone to drink too deep,
And lull our hearts and minds to sleep.

For youth is short and quickly sped,
Ambition is a tender flower,
And happiness, once lost, is dead,
And love may perish in an hour.
But long the retrospect, I ween—
It might have been, it might have been!

REST.—FATHER RYAN.

My feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way was wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

APRIL.—MARY MITCHEL, IN N. Y. LEDGER.

Oh! April is a dainty dame,
She wears the sweetest dresses!
Her eyes are like the still blue flame,
And sun gold are her tresses.
Her wee, wee feet are soft and fleet,
Her form one barely guesses.
Oh! April is a dainty dame,
And wears the softest dresses!

Oh! April is a dainty dame,
Of all the year-child faces,
Hers never stays an hour the same,
She has so many graces!
Her smile or sigh, it is so shy,
Half hidden in budding mazes,
For April is a dainty dame,
And wears the finest laces.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1826

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F.

The Banjo.

Ashton P. Stevens.



STUDIO: 24 Montgomery street,
Room 8. Pupils prepared for Stage,
Concert, or Drawing Room. A Special
Class for

teachers who wish to perfect themselves in the Banjo's harmony and technic

OBITUARY.

HENRY D. BIGELOW, who expired at St. Luke's Hospital last Tuesday after a lingering sickness, had at one time the best opportunity of becoming one of the leading newspapermen of the Pacific Coast. That he did not achieve this distinction was only due to the fact that it was his nature to help others before helping himself. Had he been of a less genial disposition, less prone to linger by the wayside in the enjoyment of the moment's pleasures, less willing to listen to the sorrow of every unfortunate who might be in need, and less willing to give his last nickel towards alleviating the distress of others, he would have been a success. He understood too well the hardships of life and preferred to dodge the blows by the easiest method and help others to do the same. For many years and up to the time of his death, he had been a favorite member of the *NEWS LETTER's* staff, and his contributions, many of which were signed, were much appreciated for their delicacy of touch, clever portraiture and unoffending satire. He had travelled the world over and, at one time or another, had been employed on the leading journals of America and Great Britain. His memory was remarkable, his stock of anecdotes and personal reminiscences absolutely inexhaustible and his style of relating them deliciously simple and comprehensive. Amongst high and low, the men in broadcloth and the men in rags, he counted his friends, and those who will miss him will be many. In certain respects he resembled the late Robert Louis Stevenson, possessing his childlike simplicity of character and geniality of disposition combined with an old man's knowledge of the sad ways of the world. If there be a heaven, it will be peopled with just such as he—men in whose wearied hearts dwelt Pity and Charity; whose hands were ever ready to clasp those of an unfortunate on the road, and whose lips were ever kind. And if there be no heaven, and the quiet grave is the little lodging place wherein we may rest eternally after the long and fruitless battle, he will not be forgotten. For he will still live in the hearts of many men.

It would be impossible to say too much for the new bicycle track at Central Park. Wheelmen from all over the State who have visited it have pronounced it to be without an equal anywhere. The management is all that can be desired, minute attention being given to the smallest details. The races held here last Saturday came off very successfully and those to be held to-day will doubtless be as fortunate. San Francisco should be proud of possessing so perfect a track and should help the managers along by patronizing it whenever possible.

A NUMBER of prominent people who wish to spend an enjoyable time on a short pleasure trip join the Hopkins' Stockton excursion parties, which leave this city every Saturday evening. The trip by moonlight is most romantic, and Mr. Hopkins sees that no excursionist ever wants for anything. The most interesting features of Stockton are taken in, and San Francisco is reached again on Monday morning in good time for business.

ON the 27th inst. one of the most interesting auctions ever held in this city will be conducted by Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., when the property of the San Francisco Pioneer Woolen Factory will await the fall of the hammer. This property is one of the most desirable in the city, and in the hands of some energetic capitalist with an eye to business could be made to bring in handsome returns.

THE second bench show of the Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, at the Tabernacle in Oakland, has given much satisfaction to fanciers and visitors alike. Many of the dogs exhibited were past prize winners and well merited the praise bestowed upon them. The attendance was large and the outlook for future shows is bright in the extreme.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

A FINE VIEW OF THE BAY.

A MOST desirable eight-room residence, handsomely furnished, and with all modern improvements, is for rent by Baldwin & Hammond, 10 Montgomery street. The house is surrounded by a lovely garden, and the location is choice in every respect.

IT would be a great convenience to bicyclists and others who take their early morning ride through the Park, if the Japanese tea garden there were opened at an early hour, say at 7 a. m. At present there is no place where refreshments of any kind can be obtained, and we feel sure that the patronage would be sufficient to amply repay the proprietors for any extra trouble they might be put to.

THERE is a possibility that the coming festivities of the Russian coronation may be attended with disaster to the personage chiefly interested. The grave can properly be called the Russian monarch's only resting place.

THE Commencement Exercises of the Irving Institute held in Trinity Presbyterian Church last Thursday were most charming. The recitations and musical numbers were ably rendered, and the attendance was fashionable and large.

THE Downieville Mountain Messenger is one of the oldest Republican journals in the State, being forty-two years old. It has lately started upon its forty-third volume and has our best wishes for future success.

THE Tuolumne Independent is now under the editorial and business management of Mr. G. A. Helmore, formerly of the Call staff. The new editor has our sincerest wishes for success.

IF you wish the lawyers to get your property when you die, make a will in favor of your heirs.

The only place for a lady to get a good luncheon when through with her shopping is at Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street. English muffins a specialty. Mr. Swain furnishes dinners at many of our largest functions, and cannot be excelled as a caterer. His pastries and confectionaries equal those of the most celebrated establishments in Paris, and find especial favor with the fair sex.

FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa;



It bears their
Trade Mark
"La Belle
Chocolatiere"
on every can.

Absolutely
Pure.
No Chemicals.

BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS.

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.



SOCIETY still lingers in town, and, while here, it follows that it must amuse itself, which it does in various ways, though luncheons and dinners are apparently the most in favor. Among those of recent date were the dinners given by Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Crocker, and Mrs. Hager; and the luncheons at which Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Henry Coffin, and Mrs. Montford Wilson have presided, to which may be added the stag breakfast, given at the University Club by Warren Olney, on Friday last, which was a very elaborate affair. Among other gatherings, not quite of a gastronomic character, were the musicale at Mrs. Goewey's on Friday evening, at which Herr Anton Schott was the honored guest of the evening; and the dance given by the Misses Stern, on Monday evening, in their pretty floral-adorned rooms on Van Ness avenue, supper in both instances being served about midnight.

The Baldwin has been the scene of innumerable theatre parties, followed by suppers, this week, with the prospect of that most pleasant little form of entertaining one's friends continuing during the entire engagement of the Daly Company. Those on Monday evening were both numerous and large, and the suppers which were given by Mrs. Hager and Mrs. Harvey would have done credit to a ball.

The first ladies' reception, at the University Club last Saturday afternoon and evening, was a very pleasant affair, its very informality making it the more enjoyable, and all who could in any way gain admittance to the pretty rooms were present. There was music and refreshments, chit-chat, and a pleasant time for all, and the next annual reception will be one of the events of the year to look forward to. Another of last Saturday's successes was the garden party in Oakland, given at the residence of Mrs. Webb Howard, in aid of the North Oakland Kindergarten. Miss Maud Howard, who was the "head and front of the affair," was ably assisted by the lady patrons of the school, and a most delightful affair it proved to be, and very largely attended. On Thursday next Mrs. Rivers gives a garden party and tea, at her handsome home on Hayes street, for the benefit of the new church building of the Sacred Heart parish. Sweet charity being on the tapis at present, Golden Gate Hall will, no doubt, hold a good audience next Thursday evening, when that favorite organization, the Saturday Morning Orchestra, will give a concert in aid of that popular charity, the Little Jim Ward of the Children's Hospital, when Mrs. O. P. Evans will be the vocalist of the occasion.

Of course the sensation of the week has been the announcement by Miss Ella Hobart of her engagement to Charley Baldwin, being almost totally unexpected, at least by the majority of her friends. There are too few charming people in San Francisco society already, and the chances of losing even one of them is always regarded with positive dread; so that a great source of congratulation to Miss Hobart's friends is the fact that she has made choice of a Californian for her future, and thereby the probability of keeping her whereabouts is looked upon as a certainty, whereas, had she wedded one from the East or Europe, the reverse might have been feared. Among other recently announced engagements is that of Miss Jennie Wheaton, of Oakland, and Dr. B. N. Childs.

The Drinkhouse-Rossi wedding will be celebrated on Wednesday evening next; and Tuesday, June 2nd, and Grace Church are the time and place named for the marriage of Miss Emma Huntsman and W. G. Dutton.

Summer society weddings are rather exceptional in San Francisco, and therefore the summer of '96 will be one to date from, as among those already certain to take place during the next few weeks are the nuptials of Miss Ella Hobart and Charles Baldwin; Miss Belle McKenna and Peter Martin; Miss Emma Butler and Lieutenant Lopez

to whom Mr. Schwerin is to be best man. It is, therefore, more than likely that but few will make any of the summer resorts their permanent headquarters this year, as the coming weddings will necessitate the being in town of those who rank as fashionables. San Rafael appears to be coming to the front as a locale for society weddings, the Hobart-Williams, Ely-Koenig, and Dean-Winston nuptials all having been solemnized there within the last two weeks; and now preparations are being made for the wedding of Miss Alice Gerstle and J. B. Levinson, which is to take place at the Gerstle's San Rafael villa next month.

Miss Jennie Catherwood has returned from her Southern visit, and is with her mother, Mrs. Darling, at the Presidio, where she gave a pink tea last week, nearly all her guests being of the military persuasion.

Miss Claire Ralston is also once more at home after a long visit East, and was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Amy McKee, in Oakland, as a welcome home to this most charming young lady.

The tea which Mrs. George Howard was to have given to-day has, greatly to the regret of her friends, been given up, owing to the recent family affliction. Mrs. Stafford, who was such a favorite in San Francisco young society as Miss Nellie Gibbs some years ago, has been on a visit to her mother, Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs, and will remain some time longer at her old home.

Our helles have not only been deprived of a number of their button beaux already by their departure to Yosemite and Sequoia Park, but the probabilities are that many of those who have been so popular in our society for seasons past will soon be but a memory merely, that is, should there be a change in quarters of the First Infantry, as at present talked of. One thing is sure, however, and that is that Lieutenant Smedburg will not only be absent in camp all summer, but early in the autumn goes East, where he has been ordered to report at West Point in August, and hence many lamentations are heard among the fair sex. The presence in the harbor of so many of Uncle Sam's war ships has been much appreciated, and the boys in blue have been very welcome guests ashore.

Those who have country homes are commencing to seek them in spite of the backwardness of the season. The Eyres are again in residence at Menlo Park, the Parrott family at their several cottages at San Mateo; the R. D. Fry's have gone to their Napa ranch, and the Henry Crockers to their villa at Cloverdale. Mrs. A. B. Butler has decided upon Berkeley as her summer quarters.

The Eastern and European begira continues, and this week we have lost Miss Julia Crocker, who accompanied her sister, Mrs. Fred Greene, abroad; and Mrs. Phil Lillenthal, who will, however, not go beyond New York, where she will visit the Seligmans this summer. Mrs. McLaue Martin will soon be on the wing to Paris, where she purposes remaining several months. The Keeneys and Blakemans will desert Santa Cruz this summer in favor of resorts further down the coast, first Santa Monica and then Coronado, between which places the summer months will be spent. Del Monte has been selected by Mr. and Mrs. Jerome, Miss Marie Laue, and Miss Jennie Catherwood among others as their summer locale.

The Graduating Exercises of the pupils of Miss Lake's school, held at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium last night, were most satisfactory. A very large and fashionable audience listened to the proceedings with much interest.

Dr. Luella Cool, who went to Central America a year ago, has made quite a reputation for herself in Guatemala. She is a plucky woman, and her many friends will be glad to hear of her success.

A reception was given to Miss Clara McChesney last Thursday by the members of the Sketch Club at their quarters on Montgomery street.

The Del Monte is rapidly filling up with society folks. In fact, it seems to be the favorite resort this season, and one scarcely wonders at it.

Mrs. Chas. E. Trevathan will leave for New York on the 1st of June to join her husband, and will make that city her future home.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

WHEN the people of Calaveras reflect that fully one half of the capital now invested in our mines comes through the suspension of silver mining, they may say that there is such a thing as carrying sympathy for others a little too far. While we believe that the free mining of silver would be better for the country as a whole, we know that it is much better for this country to have it restricted. We have not lost any silver mines, but we have found a heap of gold bearing ledges. It is foolish to reap the benefits of others' misfortune, but it is unmanly nature to be selfish.—Calaveras Prospect.

—A careful study of Senator Tillman's oratorical efforts creates the suspicion that if there had never been Sam Jones in religion there never would have been a Senator Tillman in politics. Tillman is very much Sam Jones and water—with a great deal of water.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

—Declarations in favor of international bimetalism are all very well as the expression of a wish that is generally entertained; but practically speaking, they mean nothing, because international bimetalism under present conditions is simply an iridescent dream.—Colusa Herald.

—Some one has evolved the theory that as the jackass seems to be the apotheosis of foolishness he must have been the first animal to learn to work. Maybe. It sounds plausible.—Los Angeles Herald.

—“Mines will not be taken in exchange for meals or lodging in this hotel,” is a familiar notice at Cripple Creek.—Bodie Mining Index.

—Tillman is rapidly pitchforking himself back into that obscurity from which he recently emerged.—San Jose Mercury.

THE way society folk have been flocking down to the Hotel Vendome is said to have been unprecedented in the history of this charming resort. Word comes to us that the entire institution has been renovated from the top of the tallest turret reaching into the dreamy blue sky down to the very basement. There are very few rooms vacant, and those already taken are occupied by some of the leaders in the San Francisco *haute monde*. The beautiful weather of the last few weeks has helped to bring forth flowers innumerable, and the neighborhood of the hotel is a veritable Paradise. A new feature in life at the Vendome is that every night during the season music is played by a first-class orchestra, specially engaged for the purpose. The management thinks that with all this guests should certainly be able to enjoy themselves, and we most heartily concur. Another attraction to guests is the fact that the genial Dan Murphy, who has been clerk at the hotel for so many years, still fills this responsible position. So many former guests have been made comfortable by his attentions, that this fact in itself is an inducement to others to make the Vendome the hotel of their choice.

THE Emporium on Market Street is at last completed and is to be opened to-day for the inspection of visitors, and on Monday for the transaction of business. San Francisco is rich in imposing buildings but not one of them can compare with this enormous pile, a World's Fair in itself, where everything will be on sale, from a paper of pins to the latest and most complicated electrical machinery. The illuminations in the building are alone worthy of inspection, everything is up-to-date and nearly everything is already taken. The great business venture will be watched with interest, as its success will be an inducement to other people to invest much money in like concerns with us.

“Seavey's”

ammoth Sale of Millinery is worth your while to attend. See their stock and prices. 1382 Market street.

1000's of “cigar ribbons” in endless varieties at Gerona Cigar Store, 400 Montgomery street.

Sunburn and Freckles removed by “Cream of Orange Blossoms.” In tins, 60c. Pacific Perfumery Co., San Francisco.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

THE May number of the Santa Clara is to hand, and is as bright and breezy as ever. If the women in this State who waste their energies howling for the suffrage had only one-half the brains Carrie Stevens-Walter possesses, we should be more inclined to grant them political equality. In the meantime they had better read the Santa Clara and acquire knowledge from one who combines wisdom with true womanliness.

THE Stockton Record, as live a journal as any in the State, states that there are no strings on McKinley. The Record is probably unaware that the string is around his neck, and that he will shortly be suspended by it.

FINEST VIEW IN THE CITY.

FOR SALE.—Eight room house and lot, 45x120 feet. 1016 Green street, between Jones and Leavenworth. At a bargain—\$2,500 cash, balance on mortgage. Address owner, 606 Merchant street.

Just imported. A fine selection of baccarat globes for piano and banquet lamps at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From May 3, 1896. | Arrive

*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	8:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	8:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	4:45 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Mendota, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
8:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
8:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*3:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*8:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1:45 P
7:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	18:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
19:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	11:45 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		8:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	7:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	i Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	f From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 3:30, 4:00, 15:00 and *8:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:30, 10:30 A. M.; 11:20, *1:00, 2:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

J. JOHNSON, IN LANCET.

He must not walk his rounds for fear his patients think him poor,

And dearly do they love to see a carriage at their door;

And if his horse is fat, "He must have little work to do,"

And if he lean the reason is, "He starves the poor old screw."

Should he call upon his patients every day when they are ill,

His motive plainly is, "To make a great big Doctor's bill;"

If he visits them less frequently—thus less'ning their expense—

The chances are he'll be accused of willful negligence.

He must work all day and half the night, and never say he's tired,

For the public look upon him simply as a servant hired,

And should he take a holiday, he'll find, when he comes back,

Some patients have resented it by giving him "the sack."

Concerning money, he must seem indifferent to be,

And folks will think he practices from pure philanthropy;

When we hear about him boasting of the guineas that he earns,

We wonder if they all appear in his income tax returns.

About his own afflictions he must never say a word;

The notion of a doctor being ill is so absurd And when, perhaps from overwork, he's

laid upon the shelf,

His sympathizing patients say: "Physician, heal thyself."

THE NEW LULLABY.—TOWN TOPICS.

Hushaby, babykin, hushaby, dear, Mamma is absent, but papa is here;

Mamma is busy downtown in the shop, Working for baby, and working for pop.

Pull at your bottle—a counterfeit boon— But ma will be home with the genuine soon.

Close for daddy each pretty blue eye; Hushaby, babykin, hush-a-by;

Hushaby, babykin, hushaby dear; Ma—and her appetite—soon will be here;

Pa has a custard and omelet to make; The chicken to draw, the biscuits to bake;

If they be tardy, she'll quarrel with me, And maybe go off on a terrible spree.

So close for daddy each pretty blue eye; Hushaby, babykin, hush-a-by.

RECIPROCITY.—"Hubby, dear, I can't wait to tell what I am going to buy you!"

"Darling wife, what is it?" "Well, I'm going to get you a silver card tray, a bronze

Hercules for the mantelpiece and a new Persian rug to put in front of my dressing

table. What are you going to do for me, Tootsy?" "I've been thinking, Jane, and

have about concluded to get you a new shaving brush."—Boston Post.



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SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DEPARTION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Novato,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M	
3:30 P M	3:30 P M	Petaluma,	6:05 P M	10:10 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M		Fulton,		10:10 A M	
		Windor,			
		Headshurg,			
	7:30 A M	Geyersville,	7:30 P M		
3:30 P M		Cloverdale.		6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Pieti, Hop-	7:30 P M	10:10 A M	
3:30 P M	3:30 P M	land, Ukiah.		6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Guerneville	7:30 P M	10:10 A M	
3:30 P M	3:30 P M			6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Sonoma,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M			10:10 A M	
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	Sebastopol.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieti for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Days, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Port Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 1, 27, and 25th of each month thereafter.

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BEIGIC (via Honolulu).... Thursday, May 28, 1896
COPTIC (via Honolulu).... Monday, June 15, 1896
GAELIC (via Honolulu).... Thursday, July 2, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu).... Tuesday, July 21, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1896.

Number 22.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 606-608-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 903 Bayce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

THE organization of a Chinese parlor of Native Sons is not hailed with enthusiasm by the Caucasian members of the order. There is something of a satire on the entire organization in this new development.

THE Examiner is terribly shocked by alleged undervaluations of street railroads for the purposes of taxation, but its anxiety for full valuations has not yet been extended to fast printing presses and other equipments of daily newspaper establishments.

WHAT with Inspector Dockery, who strengthens the cows with tuberculin, and the well-meaning milkmen who weaken their delectable fluid with invigorating water, it is difficult to see how disease germs still continue to exist in the milk we give our infants.

REPRESENTATIVE Johnson deserves much praise for his bill demanding protection to our forests. Unless something is done to stop the wholesale destruction of young timber, within the next twenty-five years we shall have to import our wood from the East.

SIX victims is a pretty good record for a beginner. It only remains for twelve intelligent citizens to adjudge the man insane, and thus give him an opportunity to make away with a full dozen next time. Verily, there is strength in numbers—especially from a murderer's standpoint.

THE terrible tornadoes of the present month, in the Mississippi valley, are strong incentives to migration from that storm-cursed region. No doubt thousands of longing eyes are turned towards California, where cyclones are unknown. Sympathize as we must with the afflicted, we cannot forget the proverb regarding the "ill wind."

AS was to be expected the charges made by the German heirs against Jesse Sheldon Potter that he was in conspiracy with Henry Miller, and demanding his removal as Executor of the Charles Lux estate, have fallen through. The matter has been amicably settled, and Mr. Potter is to be reinstated just as if no proceedings for his removal had ever been had.

THE Prohibitionists have been falling out with one another over the silver question. It is not easy to see what connection can possibly exist between rum and free silver, and a man cannot well be two different sorts of crank at one and the same time. If the Prohibitionists are to maintain their party organization, they must be careful to stick to their one idea.

IT is not impossible that the free silver delegates in the Democratic national convention will be sufficiently numerous and foolish to get a free coinage plank into the platform, "by an overwhelming majority." Some of them say that such action will ensure the nomination of a Presidential candidate in sympathy with their views. It is certain, however, that such a candidate, on such a platform, would be overwhelmingly defeated next November. The East, which has the votes, cannot be induced to accept a free silver man for President.

DISAPPOINTED gold-seekers returning from Alaska renew the warning that it is no place for a poor man. The prospector who goes to that inhospitable region should be sure of money enough to enable him to get back. But with such resources, the wonder is that he should go there at all, when California affords so much better opportunities for his toil and energy.

A RECENT decree prohibits German officials from petitioning the Government, unless the petitioners take the same view as the Government. This is a curious illustration of the arbitrary tendencies of Emperor William's rule. But, as the order applies to the office-holders only, it will excite little concern among the people.

THE latest attempt at a boycott in this city must excite disgust among sensible people. It seems to have no basis whatever in reason. Trade unionism makes itself ridiculous and contemptible when it is used in this way as the vehicle for petty spite. If there is anything that the logic of experience should have taught the American workingman, it is the folly of strikes and boycotts.

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court, that the sugar bounty is not in violation of the federal constitution, will probably encourage the erection of more beet sugar factories in the State. California has been proved to be exceptionally favored in the conditions suited to profitable production of the sugar beet, and our farmers are sorely in need of more remunerative uses for their lands than the growing of wheat and barley.

SAN FRANCISCANS during the week have experienced something of the heat that prevails all summer in Sacramento, Fresno, Los Angeles and the interior generally. These rare visitations of high temperature should serve to make our people the more grateful for the regular sea breezes that distinguish San Francisco as the coolest city in the United States during the summer season.

SALT LAKE has a sensation as hideous in its ghastly details as was that of the Emmauel Church murders in this city. And in this later case the crime is attributed to a preacher, which to many minds makes it a shade more horrifying than the atrocities committed by the Sunday school Superintendent Durrant. However, preachers at best are but men, and some of them are scarcely that.

AN interesting report comes from New York, to the effect that a new motive power has been discovered for the operation of street cars, and that it will soon be put in use on Broadway and other streets of that city. If it be true that electricity and traction cables are both to be superseded, by compressed air or some other novel application of force, it will prove a remarkable illustration of the wonderful progress of invention in these days.

IT is said that the Chinese army is to be reorganized, and that big guns for Chinese fortifications are to be immediately ordered. This indicates that the Government of China has learned something from the late war with Japan. But it is to be feared that the Chinese mind and character will have to undergo some sort of revolution, or renaissance, before any high degree of military or naval effectiveness shall be reached. There is no reason, however, why we cannot put in bids for the armament.

THE SILVER LUNACY.

DEVOTION to principle is a fine thing, but bigoted adherence to prejudice is not, yet both produce phenomena in politics that are hardly to be distinguished from each other. If the dispatches may be believed, the Democratic party is on the eve of a grand split on the money question, the like of which has not been seen since the ruinous break up of 1860. We read that the gold men, if they get control of the National Convention by ever so narrow a margin, will enforce the two-thirds rule as to all the proceedings, and that the silver men will, thereupon, bolt. We read that, if the silver men preponderate, they will have none of the two-thirds rule, but adopt a 16 to 1 platform by majority vote, and that the gold men will bolt. We read, also, that the National Committee is controlled by the gold men, and that it will prevent the seating of silver delegations appointed by State Conventions which have instructed them to leave the National Convention should a gold platform be adopted and a gold candidate nominated. In short the situation, as pictured by the newspapers, presents two fierce factions, each of which is determined to have everything it wishes or else abandon the party.

We shall believe this when we have to, and not before. It will take more than the testimony of a row-loving daily press to convince us that the Democrats of the United States have lost their political senses. Among the leaders there is, unquestionably, a wide divergence of opinion on the monetary issue, but it is to be presumed that these leaders, for the most part, have convictions, and not "sentiments" merely. If that be so, they will not be impervious to reason, and out of mere chagrin at being overborne in a convention fling out of the hall shouting that the Democracy and the country may go to the deuce. The financiers who are minded that way are of the variety who know nothing about finance except what has come to them in newspaper scraps, and who think with their tempers instead of their heads.

The business of a national convention of a great party is not to fight battles and win crushing victories within its own limits, but to ascertain the mind of the party as a whole on current questions, and then frame a platform accordingly. It needs must be that in a country so vast territorially as this that there should be antagonistic interests, and disagreeing prejudices with which geography has more to do than anything else. It is inevitable that a party platform should be a compromise. And the lesson of history is that sane, fruitful politics consists of compromise. Though the Democratic party is at outs with itself on the subject of gold and silver, there are plenty of important matters on which it is at one. These points of agreement should be set forth with the boldness that unity warrants, and then on points of disagreement there should be give and take. The despised, but always practiced "straddle" is justified by experience. It is, in effect, a truce of God, during which each side is free to exercise its American privilege of trying to bring over its opponents to its way of thinking. Parties that fly to pieces when variety of opinion arises are the ephemera of politics, and the Democratic party has lasted a long while. It is better that the financial question should wait rather than that the Democratic party should be disrupted. There is no sacrifice of principle involved in this view. When one has real devotion to a principle he, for the sake of the triumph of that principle, is willing to wait as well as to fight.

The NEWS LETTER regards the popularity of the demand for free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 as a craze which has been bred by hard times. The multitude do not know what is hurting them, and they are ready to believe that anything pointed out to them is the sole cause. More cranks and demagogues have recently declaimed against sound money as this prime source of evil than against any other established institution. The attention of the multitude has been caught, and hence the uproar. The craze will pass away, and when it has done so we expect to see the Democratic party standing its ground in unimpaired vitality. The men of brains and common sense who have a voice in the direction of the party's affairs at this moment will, we believe, have the practical wisdom of good politicians, and throw a tub of compromise to the free silver whale. Only time is needed to cure this epi-

demio of lunacy, this devotion to finance by countless thousands of nobodies who know no more about finance than they do about the precession of the equinoxes.

It Has Ceased to Be a Joke. The Democratic State Convention, which is to assemble at Sacramento on June 16th, will have several important duties to perform, and one of them that ought

to give it pleasure will be to put its foot down on this woman suffrage nonsense. The Populist and Prohibition conventions were probably sincere in approving the proposed amendment, but nobody acquainted with the leaders, or in touch with the rank and file, will give the Republican party that credit. It was in their case a bit of buncombe, perpetrated half jestingly, on the theory that, while no votes were to be lost by it, some might be gained. The Republicans are now realizing their mistake. Their endorsement has been taken seriously by large numbers of people. The Germans in particular are zealous in the protection of their American right to amuse themselves socially as they please, and to them woman suffrage implies interference with the private life of the citizen. The Germans, of course, are not alone in this view. Women are the strength of the churches, and the clergy are their shepherds. With respect to the manners and morals of other people, the pulpit is of an iron sternness. Give women the ballot, and we should see them flocking to the polls under the lead of the brethren to vote for prohibition, Sunday laws, and other legislation based on the hypothesis that the world's greatest need is that it should be formed on the model of a Puritan village. That is the clerical ideal.

The incorporation of a suffrage plank in the platforms of three parties removes the thing from the domain of humor. The Democratic party, by a declaration against the amendment, can do two good things—insure the amendment's defeat and win many votes for the party out of gratitude.

The proportion of women who wish to vote is small, but those who do desire the ballot have a capacity for making a noise that bears no just relation to their numbers. Though they are in one way amusing, in another they are a pest, for they spread discontent among women and unfit them for the cheerful discharge of their duties as wives and mothers. For the sake of women themselves, leaving other considerations aside, the Democratic party of California should give its great influence against these voluble female agitators and their unsexing amendment.

Will there be a Bolt from Both Parties? The end of the National Conventions is not in sight yet. No, not by a great deal! He would be a wise man who at this time could foretell what that end is

to be. Two things are plain. First, that silver is to be the real issue, and that both of the old parties are hopelessly divided over it. The only money there will be in this campaign will come from the mine owners and the protected trusts, and as they have pooled their issues there will be one fund. In Republican districts they will help Republicans, in Democratic strongholds they will subscribe money to the Democrats, and where the Populist has a chance they will befriend him, but everywhere and always they will be for the silver dollar and a higher tariff. But what the conventions will do is another thing. It looks as if there must necessarily be a bolt in both the old parties. In the Republican Convention there is a decided majority for retaining gold as the standard money of final redemption, but there are about one-third of the convention who declare they will bolt any such platform or any candidate who will not pledge himself to sign a free coinage silver bill. Fifteen States have so far been heard from as having elected delegates to the Democratic Convention, and the gold men have but a very slight majority, which, however, it is believed will be enlarged when New England, Pennsylvania, and New York are heard from. Altgeld, Boise, and other leaders declare that they will bolt if the coinage of the white dollar is not made free and unlimited at the old ratio. Thus we reach the conclusion that two bolts are inevitable. What will happen then? Naturally the silverites will come together. That would seem to necessitate the union of what would be left of both the old parties. Well, worse things than that have happened in politics.

Catholic Injustice. Father Yorke, the editor of the Monitor, is a devout man as well as a very clever one, and it is only natural that he should feel strongly on

the subject of the American Protective Association, which is committed to the detestable policy of ostracising Catholics from politics and boycotting them in business. It is also natural that he should be indignant at the daily newspapers of the city, which, with the single exception of the Bulletin, will not say a word in condemnation of this un-American secret order lest they lose some A. P. A. subscribers. But it seems to us that Father Yorke in selecting the Call for his special animadversion, as if it were a peculiar sinner, does not deal justly. By denouncing it in the Catholic organ he brings up against it the hostility of his church for conduct which is no more hlameworthy than that of its contemporaries. Indeed, the Call can plead necessities which do not exist in the case of the Examiner, for instance. The Call is a Republican paper, Mr. Spreckels is a Republican leader, and the Republican party has been captured by the A. P. A. To require the Call to denounce that order is to ask the paper to abandon its party and Mr. Spreckels to retire from leadership. For were Mr. Spreckels to do as the Monitor demands, what would become of his influence in Southern California, where a Republican and an A. P. A. are one and the same thing? Suppose the Call were to invite Father Yorke to denounce his church and its members for their activity in politics, and call on him to devote the Monitor to the exhortation of Catholics who have made use of their religion in politics, what would Father Yorke do?

The Examiner is profiting largely at the moment by the Monitor's attacks on the Call. Yet the Examiner is the meanest enemy the Catholic Church has. Being Democratic, it would be doing merely its party duty were it to arraign the Republicans for their surrender to the A. P. A. In not doing this it is a traitor to the Democracy and false to its responsibility as an American newspaper. Mr. Hearst is not, like Mr. Spreckels, engaged personally in politics. He has none but a sordid motive for maintaining silence on a vital question of the day—a silence that disgraces him as a journalist and a man. Nevertheless the Examiner, with Father Yorke's help, is gaining subscribers and nickels at the Call's cost. This is not fair. Neither is it wise. When the Monitor has smoked out the Examiner and compelled it to say whether or not it is a lackey of the American Protective Association and a foe to religious equality, it will be time enough to hait the Call for standing by its party, and to torment Mr. Spreckels because he is not disposed as a leader to commit political suicide.

Have at the Examiner, Father Yorke. There is your true quarry. Threaten it with the loss of five or six thousand Catholic subscribers, and it will fall on its knees, cross itself, and beg absolution with chattering teeth. Make the Examiner do its Democratic duty, and then with some grace the Call may be castigated for being steadfast in its regard for what it deems Republican interests.

A Proposed Spiritual Investment. The small sum of \$30,000 is wanted to induce the Society of Christian Endeavor to hold its next international conference in San Francisco. A portion of this money has been already raised, and we trust the remainder will soon be contributed. It is not known just how many Christian Endeavorers will attend the conference, but the number must reach up into the thousands. On several accounts it is extremely desirable that California should have the advantage of the presence of these good young men and women. Of course no great and immediate material benefits are to be expected from the selection of San Francisco as the scene of their collective singing, praying, and preaching. Were it an international assemblage, equal in numbers, of Masons, Odd Fellows, Grand Army men, brewers, batters, politicians, commercial drummers, or other secular persons, our contribution of \$30,000 would be in the nature of hait to catch ten or twenty times that sum. Such persons, when they take a holiday, are disposed to forget thrift and go in for an expansive time. The Christian Endeavorer, on the other hand, travels about to set an example, not to waste his substance. He does not put up at a hotel, for a resident brother takes him in. The saloons profit nothing by him, for saloons are

his abhorrence. He likewise disapproves of the theatre. And he avoids the restaurant, not because he has conscientious scruples against the restaurant, but for the reason that he classes economy among the highest of Christian virtues. The street car lines will gain by the conference, but not the hack companies, and only those stores which deal in the necessities rather than the luxuries of life, will get increased custom. And during the stay of the Endeavorers these establishments will do well to mark down the prices of the necessities.

In subscribing the \$30,000 San Francisco need expect to get little or none of it back, but that should not withhold the contributing hand. The moral influence of the conference will be great, not only directly but indirectly. To have with us, if only for a week, thousands of young men who, besides being chaste and pious, neither drink, swear, smoke, play cards, go to the theatre, dance, keep late hours, or needlessly spend a dime, cannot but improve the tone of the community. More than that, it may be anticipated that when this powerful order has been informed that Christianity has sunk to such a point among us that persons like Dr. Brown, an adulterer and perjurer, and the Rev. Colburn, arrested in the Park for an unnatural crime, can get pulpits and congregations, it will lift its official voice in horror, and do something toward repairing the hattered moral standard of the local churches.

By all means let us have the conference of the Christian Endeavorers. The town won't make money by it, but for its soul's good San Francisco couldn't make a better investment.

Cheap Car Fares. A comfortable and speedy car ride of nine miles can be had for 5 cents in San Francisco. That is from the Ferries to Ingleside. Again, a ride from the Ferries to the Cliff, six miles, can be had for the same sum. We helieve this to be the very cheapest transportation, all things considered, that can be found anywhere. Yet the cry is for cheaper fares and agitation is on foot to promote that end. Whilst we do not see how rides to the Park and beyond can be made cheaper, we think the present uniform charge for all distances very inequitable. Why should the working men who crowd the south side of Market street pay as much for a ride of one or two miles, as pleasure seekers do for a ride of nine miles to the race track? The former are daily customers of the roads, whilst the latter are only occasional ones. Then again, why should the business men, clerks and others occupied East of, say, Montgomery street, pay daily as much to catch the Oakland boat as is paid for a ride all the way to the Cliff? The inter-State commerce act makes it a crime to charge as much for a short haul as for a long one. Why is not the principle as applicable in the one case as in the other? Should not pay in all cases be regulated by the amount of service rendered? It is a simple question of arithmetic. If a comparatively small business between the city and the race track or the Cliff be worth but five cents a head, what is the enormous business between Montgomery street and the hay, or between the Mission and the down town workshops, worth? On a basis of that kind this matter will have to be settled some day. The present plan was adopted when a nickel was not much esteemed, but times have changed since then.

The Chance of A Lifetime. Owing to the depleted condition of the German treasury the present Emperor has never had the pleasure of a coronation. It is said that he has been casting envious eyes at the Moscow celebrations and that if the jewels and property belongings can be hired at anything like a reasonable figure, Berlin will in the near future be the scene of a pageant never before witnessed in that highly moral metropolis. It seems to us that some enterprising city in the United States could well afford to put in a bid for the ceremony, thus offering an attraction which would draw thousands of people from all quarters of the globe and would do more to legitimately advertise our enterprise than anything ever attempted before. To begin with, a good round sum would be promised the Emperor for his participation in the scheme. A free passage across the Atlantic, and free transportation and hotel accommodation would be great inducements to him, and,

with the addition of a little sack of good American dollars thrown in, would most certainly bring him to time. In case the Russian jewels were not obtainable, we could certainly find enterprising jewelers enough ready and able to manufacture them and loan them for some slight remuneration. Many of our wealthy people, in fact, would willingly lend theirs in consideration of seeing their names in the society columns of the daily papers and for the further pleasure of knowing that they had contributed towards the adornment of Royalty. Coronation robes could also be made to order and the Emperor would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were real goods and not old garments used on countless prior occasions. We certainly have men enough to perform the ceremony. Even if it were necessary to import the real article a little additional expense would not tell in the long run and the returns would certainly justify the outlay. San Francisco would be as good a place as any for so imposing a ceremony as the coronation would be. We have plenty of rich merchants who would willingly contribute a few thousand dollars when they saw what large returns they would get for their money. Our Carnival time is moreover approaching and a coronation would really be a fitting annex thereto. The Moscow festivities were graced by the presence of Li Hung Chang, but we have Chinatown behind us and an imposing and highly ornamental police force to throw in as well. When it is remembered that the Emperor has \$250,000 worth of orders and usually wears \$150,000 upon his shirt-bosom at a time it will readily be seen that we should have something to show the people for their money. There is not one man in this city (except President Murphy of the First National Bank) who would not willingly pay four hits for a seat on a Grand Stand during the ceremony and two hits extra for a private hand shake with the monarch afterwards. The festivities would have to be extended over a fortnight, but what of that? Every man in the country would be here and most of them would never want to go back afterwards. It behooves California to act quickly in this matter. Chicago or St. Louis will grab at the idea and then the game will be up as far as the Pacific Coast is concerned. It is to be hoped the press will help us advocate the measure and that proper advances will be made by the responsible parties to the ambitious young monarch, so that he may see fit to sign a contract at a very early date.

A Disgrace to the City. Considering the enormous amount of money spent on the City Hall, and the time taken in completing it, the sanitary condition of the place is disgraceful. The corridors are badly ventilated, dark, and dirty; the wretched little court-rooms, wherein a certain kind of justice is doled out with hungry fingers, are little better; and the prison in the basement is not fit for the housing of wild beasts, let alone unfortunate human beings. The atmosphere in this lower portion of the building is poisonous in the extreme, and the plumbing everywhere is so much in need of repair as to be absolutely useless. As far as the judges and their parasites, the lawyers, are concerned, the present state of affairs matters little; but it behooves us as Christians to think of the prisoners, and to attempt to do everything in our power to mitigate the punishment they have brought upon themselves. A City Hall should be a city's most imposing building, and one which would attract the attention and admiration of all visitors. Ours, until we devise means to improve upon the system under which it is run, is merely a sty on a somewhat magnificent scale. This should surely be changed, even if it causes discomfort to the pigs inhabiting it.

Trade With The Orient. For more years than we care to recall the NEWS LETTER has earnestly advocated the cultivation of closer commercial relations with all the great countries bordering on the Pacific, and especially with China and Japan. In that direction lies the surest hope for San Francisco's future. It is there, if anywhere, that we may expect to create markets for just such things as we can produce. And with due cultivation what illimitable markets they would be! There are located in the countries just across the ocean from the Golden Gate about one half the entire human family. Unacquainted with the greatest developments of civilization,

they are nevertheless rapidly acquiring civilized tastes and wants. They have only to become familiarized with the many good things that California produces in order to need them very badly. Australia found that out less than three years ago. She sent an agent to open a free exhibition of her products and with results so satisfactory that the Japanese have established a direct line of steamers connecting Yokohama with Melbourne, and already the Australasian colonies look upon Japan as one of their foremost customers. The same thing is measurably true in regard to the commerce they have succeeded in opening up with Hong-Kong, Calcutta and Cape Town. To-day we are killing fine fat horses for their flesh, whereas Australia is selling hers in India at from \$150 to \$300 each. We should look to the East, rather than to the West, (if we may thus vary the points of the compass) for our best future customers. There are no Rocky Mountain ascents, nor Cape Horn storms to impede the crossing of the mild Pacific. Cold storage steamers, such as are in use in other parts of the world, would quickly deliver our perishable goods in Yokohama and Hong-Kong, and at very low rates. The recent utterances of Ministers Denby and Dunn in this connection are interesting; not that they reveal anything that is new, but that they stamp with official authority much that is old to readers of the NEWS LETTER.

The Czar Of All The Russias. Amid the most impressive ceremonies Nicholas II has been proclaimed Czar of all the Russias. Visitors from all over the globe paid homage to him and his beautiful spouse, and the world has the satisfaction of knowing that the greater part of the one hundred million people composing his subjects are apparently satisfied with their ruler, as they did not attempt to spoil the proceedings by the occasional exploding of a bomb or a well delivered dagger thrust. Things are changing rapidly for the better in Russia. The people are becoming enlightened and the ruling classes less oppressive in their dealings with those beneath them. The present Czar is able to walk about the streets of his capital without guards, and nihilism exists chiefly in the minds of young students, among the uneducated lower classes, and the dissatisfied Poles. It is however, still in existence and like smoldering fire may burst forth into fiery blossom from its hiding place at any minute. For a Russian monarch to die in his bed is indeed a privilege. Whether Nicholas II will do so remains yet to be seen. Owing to his leniency towards political offenders and the reforms he has instituted which will materially reduce the burden of taxation upon the poor, there is some small chance of his doing so. Religious or political fanaticism can, however, accomplish much evil at very short notice; and until the barbaric savagery, so apparent in every Russian beneath his exterior polish, becomes extinct, we shall not cease to look upon the Czar as a doomed man whose removal from the scene of action is only postponed pending a proper opportunity to safely do so.

As To Medical Confidences. Police Judge Conlan takes a different view of the sanctity of medical confidences from that which has just been settled by the English Courts. There it was held the other day that knowledge that came to a doctor in his medical capacity was sacred. For ignoring or forgetting that fact an eminent physician, Dr. Playfair, was mulcted in heavy damages. Indeed, our own Supreme Court in the case of Dr. West held as did the English Court. Yet Coroner Hawkins and Judge Conlan appear determined to over-rule these two higher authorities. Coroner Hawkins the other day asked a medical witness "what he had treated a patient for." To which the doctor replied that he "must respectfully refuse to answer any question pertaining to anything that happened between my client and myself as physician." The Coroner abused and threatened imprisonment but to no purpose. Finally the doctor was taken before Judge Conlan on a charge of contempt, and the hearing fixed for Monday next. The information the Coroner sought was not needed to promote public justice, and he will likely have to pay for his unwarranted action. Judge Conlan ought to have dismissed the case without a continuance.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from Russian Hill, Looking Northeast, Goat Island in the Distance--

Mixed Local Politics.

Never before in the history of this municipality has the contest for the spoils been so mixed and uncertain as now. At the coming election there will be at least five tickets in the field, which, under the Australian ballot law, is not in itself an unmixed evil. There is good in having worthy names on the ballot, no matter by whom placed there. In that case, a well-informed and a well-intentioned voter (a combination, by the way, not too often found in one man) need not throw his vote away or cast it for a candidate accustomed to ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. But it is, unfortunately, true that a very great many of our people have failed to become educated up to the true intent and spirit of the existing ballot law. Under it the ballot is intended to be exercised as a sacred trust. In perfect secrecy the voter is given an opportunity to make an absolutely independent choice, and, if he has a proper regard for all that the electoral franchise in a Government like ours means, he will be duly independent, and, therefore, patriotic. But one trouble with many a voter is that he, or his relative, or his friend is a taxeater, or is bent upon becoming one, and casts his vote for his Boss—*i. e.*, for himself—and not for the public good. Such voters carry primaries and make Bosses. Then there is another class of voters—very numerous, very earnest, but, unhappily, very mistaken—who make of a party name in local politics a sort of fetish worship, and vote for their idol, right or wrong. The greatest rascals that have ever attained to office in this city have been branded with the "regular" brand. The present "solid eight" in the Board of Supervisors contains about as many Democrats as Republicans. Yet all too many voters take a list of party nominees into the polling booth, and stamp their crosses as it directs. Thus party nominations become unduly important, and need to be reckoned with. The sheep who follow a bell-wether may be foolish, but they are numerous, and must be counted. Hence the Junta men, the Buckleyites, the A. P. A.'s, the Populists, and the Spreckels and anti-Spreckels Republicans are one and all-important in their way. They vote as sheep herd in flocks. Yet we are constrained to believe, as we hope, that the education of the past few years has given us a numerous class of thoughtful, independent voters, who will hold the balance of power and profit by the divisions in the camps of the wire-pullers, tax-eaters, and ringsters generally.

Only a Congressman Howard should not be held accountable for his ridiculous arraignment of the President. His being a Populist places him beyond the pale of reason. No surprise would be evinced were he to demand the annexation of the moon, the distribution of all moneys in the Treasury, or the painting of the Liberty statue a brilliant red. Were it not for such assinine leaders, whose discordant brays resound the country over, and whose beels are ever kicking at the shins of indulgent masters, the Populist party would attract no more attention among intelligent people than does the Prohibitionist. Populism may justly be termed one of our seven plagues, and we must patiently await the time until it shall please Providence to remove the curse and its attendant vermin from amongst us.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week gives our readers a delightful view of Telegraph Hill and the surrounding neighborhood, inhabited chiefly by the Mexican, Italian, and Spanish residents of the city. In the old Plaza, seen in the foreground, congregate on a summer's evening hundreds of black-eyed and dark-skinned men and women and enjoy the dulcet strains of mandolin and guitar, accompanying the song of some deep-voiced singer. It is one of the most historical portions of the city as well as the most interesting.

Ill Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

Instead of making a trip to Japan, visit Geo. T. Marsh's store at 625 Market street. He has the finest assortment of art goods in the city.

AN OUTING IN PLACER COUNTY.

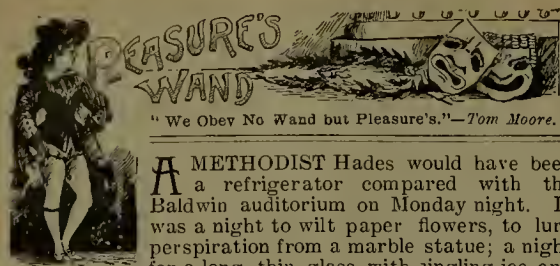
ONE of the pleasantest trips for a summer's vacation, either camping or otherwise, is up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains above the little town of Forest Hill. The stage ride from Colfax to Forest Hill is one of the finest in the State, especially over the line run by F. K. Powell & Co., who represent the Forest House at Forest Hill. The new four-horse stage built by this company is most comfortable, and is driven by Mr. F. K. Powell, a jolly and most experienced driver. The road is in first-class condition and the scenery along the American River is grand. The view from Cape Horn shows what imposing scenery there is in this portion of Placer County. On arriving at Forest Hill, the passengers are well taken care of at the Forest House, which is well kept and under the management of Kavanaugh & Thomas.

Besides the wealth of scenery in Placer County there are numerous mines all of which are noted for the enormous amount of gold taken therefrom annually. Among those which the sight seer can visit are the Mayflower, the Orono, the Eureka and others. At the Mayflower, Mr. A. D. Gassaway, the Superintendent, is always very glad to take visitors through the mine and will explain its every detail to them. The Mayflower is a well paying property. One hundred men are at present employed there and the outlook is in every way favorable. It is the largest drift mine in the State and is also the best equipped in machinery of any. There are several gravel channels on the property, two of which, the Mayflower and the Orono, have been extensively worked, the former for a distance of two miles. The gravel contains much blue cement and is in places remarkably rich. Overlying this and about 150 feet above is a second stratum which was found to be very rich in adjoining claims. The company is running a new tunnel—the object being to open up the upper stratum. There remains yet about 6000 feet to be worked of the Orono, only 2000 feet having so far been touched. This channel has just been opened from a point from which it can be worked very economically. The mine has a twenty-stamp mill, steam being used in the summer and water in the winter.

Further up in the mountains will be found the noted Eureka Drift Gravel Mine which is under the management of Mr. F. Chappellet Jr. This property lies adjacent to the famous Hidden Treasure mine at Sunny South, from which upwards of \$1,500,000 has been extracted from the ancient river bed at that point. The Company working the mine formerly owned 2,600 acres, but more land was ultimately acquired so as to enable rich channels to be worked so that at present 3,600 acres are controlled. At the point of present operations on the Clara ground, it is estimated that it will be necessary to drive ahead at least 1800 feet before cutting through the south rim and tapping the channel beyond. The Clara tunnel site possesses excellent advantages. It is located in El Dorado Canyon, through which flows a steady stream during the driest part of the year, while the distance from the tunnel level to the river affords a magnificent dumpage. A feature of this property and one of considerable importance, is the fact of there being a large amount of splendid timber on the company's land and close to the present workings. Upon the property dwellings have been erected, and whatever roadways were necessary have been constructed.

On the road between these mines will be found a number of road-houses, but the camper and the traveller will always find it to his advantage to stop at the Main Top Hotel, where excellent refreshments and a comfortable room for the night can be obtained at a very reasonable figure. Mr. T. F. Haney, the proprietor, is a very delightful and accommodating personage and is known to be one of the best raconteurs in the mountains. The scenery from Main Top is superb and campers who go by this route to Lake Tahoe will make one of the most delightful trips in California. Besides that they will have the opportunity of inspecting some of the most famous gold mines of the State.

A smooth individual named Howell has been canvassing the mining districts for the Mining Journal. Many complaints are heard from people who have paid their money (demanded in advance) yet have not received the paper.



"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

A METHODIST Hades would have been a refrigerator compared with the Baldwin auditorium on Monday night. It was a night to wilt paper flowers, to lure perspiration from a marble statue; a night for a long, thin glass with jingling ice and virescent mint—a night on which, had dear, ebullient, May Irwin been on the stage, with a syphon in one hand and a loaded tumbler in the other, concocting one of her care-dispelling interior decorations, the 1,074 heavily clad gentlemen in the orchestra seats would have uplifted to a man and hung as many parched mouths and thirsting throats over the footlights.

Unlike my co-laborers of the morning journals, I had, so to speak, time to burn, and the stately tread of Mr. Daly's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with its cool, gurgling music, dewy sylvan scenes, and soothing, low temperature gave me an occasional fifteen winks, delicious and dreamful, which added no little to my midsummer night's enjoyment.

For a hot evening it was just the play. Only my horror of provincial vanity keeps me from believing that the immortal bard presaged a San Francisco springtime—and Augustin Daly—when he wrote it. Mr. Daly knows our far West—just as he knows the East, the South, the North; the high heavens above (where the Daly company will spend its final vacation) and the depths below (where bad actors get their last roasts). Moreover, he knows the thermometer and its relations to the theatre. So, on Monday night he pressed the soft pedal, he turned low the lights, he lulled the tempi into dreamy, rhythmic indolence that kept apoplexy from his players and conflagration from his audience. He even turned on a little Grecian moon of bluish palor which made the stage appear as realistically chill and comfortable as did the wind machine blowing through the window in *Countess Guicki*. From a scenic standpoint it was marvelous. The press agent's eloquent adjectives were pale and puny to herald such a carnival of stage garniture. I doubt me if the combined efforts of Henry Irving and David Henderson could produce better stage pictures.

The acting was regulated, to a large extent, by the weather—excepting, of course, the Helena of Ada Rehan, who could, I soulfully believe, make a go of Lady Macbeth in the hottest sands of the Sahara Desert. Helena was everything that is grace and music. Never have the Rehan arms been fuller of life and exquisite expression than were Helena's. Never have the Rehan shoulders straggled more superbly, nor the Rehan head graced its staunch pillar more regally than did Helena's. And her rich, downy voice, so potent with melody and meaning—every breath of it was true to the poetic fancy of the lines.

I wish I might say half as much for the other ladies. Gallantry and a susceptible heart must not for the moment be mine, while I say that Miss Carlisle's Hermine, and Miss Winter's Titania, and Miss Nelson's Oberon will need tuning before they convince an audience of normal temperature. A little less of the heavenly choir style of reading, and their songs will be sweeter, better understood, and worthier of Mr. Daly.

Richman went to the other extreme, laughing the same robust laugh that follows him through all plays with the tenacity of Mary's little lamb or John Drew's blink, and in every way deporting himself in too candid and worldly a manner for the child of a poet's fancy. Operatizing is a bad thing in the drama, but Richman needs just a bit of glad songfulness to place Demetrius in key with Daly's imaginative scoring. Theseus was quite tragic as Clarke presented him, but coldly tragic, and without much flexibility. Craig's Lysander I have forgotten absolutely—so it could not have been very bad.

It is, I understand, Mr. Daly's wish that the play scene be treated from the modern comedian standpoint, where every humorous character acts with obvious consciousness of how funny he is. The Athenian amateurs, so far as I can make out from a plain, un-Dalyized volume of Shakespeare, were in deadliest earnest—and therein lay the fun of their performance. Bottom, Quince, Flute—in fact, all six of the stage-struck artisans—in Daly's production were widely awake to their own comicality, but I must confess that they brought no end of mirth out of their scenes. Bottom, as Lewis plays the role, is unutterably comical—even more so than were the two score of Bohemian Club men who fell in a swoon at "Weaving Spider's Come Not Here," set to the music of a composer who is not even an honorary member of the Club.

Every time I see *The School for Scandal* I fairly throb to burst into glittering eulogy over the sublime Sheridan, to take his comedy line by line and wax extatic and voluminous over the precious satire, the pungent wit, and the fascinating brutality with which he mirrored the *high life* of his day. But, alas, scores of abler pens than mine have embalmed the wonderful comedy, and all that is left me is to take Mr. Daly by the hand, thank him for his expeditious scissorings and transpositions, and confess that last Saturday night's performance was a delight and an education, and the best thing that he has given us, thus far, this season. Rehan's Lady Teazle is diet for dreams. Restless, volatile, enthrallingly weak and fragrantly human, it marks a standard for the role in the long memory of famous characterizations that I am cultivating against the time when I become, encyclopaedic, erudite and vast with comparison like Brother Meltzer, William Winter and our own Peter Robertson.

Charles Richman, who is emerging from the big boy soubrette stage in Mr. Daly's actorial incubator, gives a rattling good performance of Charles Surface. His laugh, the laugh of rude health and exuberant youth, is timely and fit in this instance, and he wears his fine wardrobe bravely. I dare say in another season we shall be able to forget that Richman ever beheld the acting of that overposed namesake of a cheap smoke, Robert Mantell.

Papinta, with scarfs, skirts, mirrors, and calcium, dances away at the Orpheum in beautiful defiance of our sultry, summer weather. She is a wonder, and I hope for Mr. Walter's sake that the thermometer may take a drop in time for him to realize a profit on the stupefying sum he pays for her dances. Even the inducement of cool beer was not strong enough to draw the usual immense audiences to the Orpheum during the first half of the week.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, in the hands of Master Gus Levick, has been such a winning little fellow—so manly, direct and artless—that the play will continue another week at the Alcazar.

On Monday night the Frawley opening will witness, perhaps, the largest and most fashionable audience that the Columbia has known since the opening night. It heralds the return of old favorites and four new players of note: Maxime Elliott, Frank Worthing, Tyrone Powers, and Harry Corson Clark. Sydney Rosenfeld's adaptation, *The Two Escutcheons*, is the play for the opening week. It comes with the stamp of New York approval, and Miss Elliott is said to be the handsomest woman on the stage as the American Widow—so it looks in every way like a brilliant opening. New scenery, lavish costuming, and everything that goes to make up a bright atmosphere in a theatrical production are promised.

The outlook for the stock season to be inaugurated at the California Theatre on Monday, June 15th, is most brilliant. The organization will include the cream of stock company players, and the management have secured for presentation a series of the strongest successes of this and past seasons. For the opening week we are to have Arthur Wing Pinero's comedy drama, *The Home Secretary*.

Miss Margaret Craven will be tendered a benefit shortly at the Auditorium, by her legion of friends, when she will present *Frou Frou* with excellent support.

Augustin Daly has certainly arranged a strong and enticing repertoire for the third and last week of Miss Rehan's engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, commencing next Monday night. The week will open with a grand revival of *The Twelfth Night*, in which we will once again see Rehan as Viola. It will be repeated on Wednesday night. *The School for Scandal* is announced for Tuesday night, and for the special matinee on Wednesday afternoon. The great double bill of *The Bell's Stratagem* and *The Honeymoon* will bring out an immense audience on Thursday night. *The Taming of the Shrew* Friday and Saturday nights and at the Saturday matinee.

Uncle Tom's Cabin ends its brief run at the Tivoli tomorrow night. Josephine Gassman has been retained, and will make her debut in legitimate comic opera in the name part of *Olivette*, which is announced for one week, to be followed by Dellinger's romantic opera, *Lorraine*, introducing Marie Millard to Tivolians. Miss Millard is the daughter of the late Harrisou Millard, the composer.

Carrie Roma ends her engagement at the Tivoli with Sunday night's performance. Her work has been admirably artistic and thorough during her brief season at the Tivoli, and I regret that the greater glory of the East summons her away.

Encouraged by the warm reception given Mrs. Eunice Westwater by her friends at her song recital on Tuesday evening, May 19th, she contemplates giving a series of recitals next musical season.

La Loie, her hillyowy skirts, her myriad of calcium lights, and her army of stage assistants will be at the Baldwin early in July.

THE number of society folks who have left the city during the last few days for the Hotel Vendome is unprecedented. As soon as the news got abroad that the Hotel had been renovated from top to bottom people began to storm Manager Snell with letters requesting him to set aside suites for them. The Hotel looks absolutely new to-day and a new attraction has been added for the pleasure of guests in the shape of a delightful orchestra which furnishes music every evening. The Vendome is just the place for a man to go from Saturday till Monday. It is easy of access and guests are so well looked after there that they always regret when the time comes for them to take their departure.

THE annual dinner given by the British Benevolent Society in honor of the Queen's birthday was a success in every sense of the word. Consul-General Warburton, presided, and was ably assisted by William Dooxey, Vice-Consul Moore, R. B. Forman, and W. B. Chapman. The guests present numbered some fifty. The Rev. W. W. Bolton responded to the toast, "The British Benevolent Society," and with combined wit and wisdom showed the society to be in good financial condition and steadily increasing in membership.

MOSCOW was ablaze with illuminations during the festivities attendant upon the coronation of the Czar. A great number of the people visiting at the time were foreigners, which probably accounts for the statement that never before has so much champagne been drunk in the great city as during the last few days. The orders for Pommery Sec could hardly be filled, which shows that even the Russians know a good thing when they taste it.

A FINE VIEW OF THE BAY.

A MOST desirable eight-room residence, handsomely furnished, and with all modern improvements, is for rent by Baldwin & Hammond, 10 Montgomery street. The house is surrounded by a lovely garden, and the location is choice in every respect.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

LYRIC.

WITHIN my room at shadow-tide
My dear love often lingers;
She lays my pipe and pen aside
With, oh, such dainty fingers.

I watch the lights within her eyes,
I stroke her fragrant tresses;
She gently soothes my weary sighs
With kisses and caresses.

Yes, she is mine; and yet I feel
So lonely, oh, so lonely;
Away each moment she must steal—
She's mine in fancy only.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE "Palmetto," which has just been opened at No. 322 Ellis street, is destined to be one of the most fashionable establishments in the city. The house, which has just been finished, is complete with every improvement for comfort and sanitation. The large and commodious apartments are elegantly furnished, and available single or en suite. The proprietress, Mrs. A. J. Calhoun, has a large acquaintance among the best people of the State, with whom she is deservedly a favorite.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Monday next, June 1st, third and last week of

MISS ADA REHAN.

A series of brilliant revivals. Monday and Wednesday evenings, TWELFTH NIGHT; Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; Thursday evening, only time, double bill, THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM and THE HONEYMOON; Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, TAMING OF THE SHREW.
Monday, June 8th: MR. NAT C GOODWIN, in "In Mizzoura."

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottloh & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

Commencing Monday, June 1st, Every evening, including Sunday; matinees Saturday. Return of the popular favorites, the

FRAWLEY COMPANY.

For the first time here, THE TWO ESCUTCHEONS, a rare, delightful comedy from the German. First appearance of MAXINE ELLIOTT, FRANK WORTHING, GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, HARRY CORSON CLARKE, and the leading members of the great Frawley Company. Magnificent stage mountings, elegant costumes. Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.
Monday, June 8th: BROTHER JON.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and Manager

One week only. Commencing Monday, June 1st. Every evening. Audran's favorite opera comique,

OLIVETTE.

The success of two continents.

Next opera: Dellinger's romantic work, LORRAINE. First appearance of MISS MARIE MILLARD, prima donna soprano; re-appearance of MISS LOUISE ROYCE, the favorite soubrette.
Look out for A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

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The sensation of the city: Papinta, McAvoy & May, Lizzie B. Raymond, Golden, Chalfant, and others.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Grover's Alcazar.

The Palais Royal of America

One more week of the popular

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

Prices: 10, 15, 25c. Reserved orchestra, 25c.

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PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments

735 Market St.



THE announcement that W. R. Hearst will soon return to this city from New York has again caused a commotion in the Examiner office. Mr. Hearst's appearance is always fraught with forebodings and fears of a general "shake up around the shop," but this time it is not so much what Mr. Hearst will do and how he will do it that is responsible for the anxiety and general feeling of unrest that pervades the office, but rather what he will look like.

Will Mr. Hearst appear smooth shaven? Will he wear a mustache or will he have a Boulanger beard? Those are the burning questions of the hour, and to be on the safe side every employee, from the apprentice reporter up, is turning out a full beard and carefully hoarding three nickels for a lightning change at a second's notice.

Some weeks ago it was announced that Mr. Hearst would be in San Francisco within a week, and those who had seen or heard of the reproduction of his latest photograph in an Eastern publication hastened to the barbers. A census taken by the office boy showed that exactly eighteen men who had worn varying styles of hirsute adornment for years appeared clean-shaven. When Mr. Hearst arrived—horror! he was growing a new mustache, and eighteen men hurriedly applied vaseline and other hair restoratives to their smooth faces. The next week they came out from their hiding places with stubby mustaches and met Mr. Hearst—clean-shaven again.

But they have profited by their experience and are not to be caught napping again.

Willie Kittle of the Country Club, who is one of the best shots and keenest sportsmen of that organization, is fond of shooting black brant. Now, Tomales bay is the only place on this coast where the brant are found, and the hunters get off at a little station called Hamlet, some ten miles beyond Point Reyes. Shortly before the close of the season Mr. Kittle was out in his boat and made a good bag of brant. He had a waggish companion with him, who, failing to bring down the lofty-flying brant, turned his attention to bagging shag. The brant is black, with the exception of a white patch near the tail, and is not unlike the shag in appearance. The joker put his shag in a bag, and when Mr. Kittle hung up his string on the steamer San Rafael homeward bound, cunningly substituted the shag for the game birds.

"What sport did you have, Will?" asked Mr. Woodward of his brother sportsman.

"Oh, a few brant," replied Mr. Kittle; "they were not flying well," and they walked aft to inspect the string. Mr. Kittle's astonishment at seeing a bundle of vile shag hanging where he had left his royal brant almost lifted his hat from his head.

"Why, those are shag, Will," said Mr. Woodward, wondering.

"By heavens, this is some diabolical miracle!" gasped Mr. Kittle. "I left brant, and how the transformation occurred only the Evil One can explain."

He walked forward to make some inquiries, and when he returned the brant were there and the shag had disappeared. Then the truth dawned upon him, and the bold, bad joker was dragged to the bar and there made a full confession of his offense.

Since that accomplished diplomat, Consul George Hall, returned from Constantinople, his friends have noticed a change in his demeanor. A sort of tender melancholy seems to pervade Mr. Hall—a gentle air of sentimental retrospection. Considering that Consul Hall's visit to the Sublime Porte was eminently satisfactory, and that he is shortly to be elevated to the highest rank that a foreigner may aspire to, and wear a crescent glittering with diamonds and pigeon blood rubies, this sadness was incomprehensible. At last the truth leaked out. Mr. Northrope Cowles, who is himself a knight of the Ottoman Empire, dropping hastily into Mr. Hall's apartments the other

day, found the Consul earnestly contemplating a colored photograph. Seeing Mr. Cowles, Mr. Hall hurriedly set the picture aside.

"George," said Mr. Cowles, earnestly, "there is something on your mind. Can't you confide in your old friend and brother diplomat?"

The Consul looked sadly at his friend and passed him the photo. It was that of a rarely beautiful Oriental maiden, arrayed in the costume with which the Midwinter Fair has made us familiar.

"Ha!" said Mr. Cowles, "is she the Sultan's? I see it all. You were admitted to the seraglio and mashed her."

"No, Northrope," rejoined Mr. Hall, with tears in his voice, "she belongs to the Grand Vizier. She is positively the only woman I ever loved or ever can love. But the Grand Vizier would not part with her for her weight in pearls, and so our paths must lie apart."

Such is the sympathy in the Bohemian Club for Mr. Hall's unfortunate attachment that no one talks of love when he is near.

The night before Mayor Sutro left for the East "The Banjo-Eyed Kid" went to the telephone and rang up Sutro Heights.

"Is Mayor Sutro there?" he asked.

"Yes, but he is in bed," came the answer.

"Tell him I want to see him."

"Who are you?" inquired the voice at the other end of the wire; rather hoarsely.

"Tell Mr. Sutro that Mr. H. E. Huntington would like to speak to him on important business before he goes East."

"All right, sir; certainly, sir; I'll tell him, sir."

The hoarseness had left the voice and it was very deferential.

"Take a seat—er—I mean hold the wire, sir—begging your pardon—and the Mayor says he will be here in a moment, sir. He won't keep you waiting a minute sir," was the next message "the kid" received. It was less than thirty seconds till he heard:

"Ah, hem! How are you, Mr. Huntington. I'm glad to see—er—hem—to speak to you, sir. Don't you think you had better come out to de heights and see me? I t'ink ve can adjust our little differences gwickler and safer dot vay."

"Ob, no," replied the pretended Mr. Huntington, "I just wanted to know how you would like a couple of hard-boiled eggs."

It is really too bad that there was no phonograph to catch the Mayor's reply.

Like the little birdie, singing on the tree,

Coos the hotel syren, "come, oh come, to me,

"We have shady pathlets, hammocks in the shade,

"Shady little nooklets just for lover's made.

"Daily from the city very nice young men

"Come to take the ladies strolling through the glen,

"All the season's dainties from the tree and ground,

"Cherries, peaches, berries, on our board are found."

To his voice they hearken, to the gay "resort"

Flock and plunge intensely into all the sport,

And are passing merry, full of fun until

Comes that ghastly parchment—the summer boarder's bill.

Police Judge Joachimsen returned from the country Saturday night, and brought with him a beautiful walking stick he had cut up in the mountains. It had a very curious natural crook, and the peculiar ashy-green color of the bark glistened and gleamed through a light coat of shellac. Naturally it attracted a great deal of attention when the Judge took his afternoon promenade on Market street. It is doubtful which his friends saw first, the Judge or the stick, but they got hold of both at about the same time.

"Hello, Judge, what's this!" they all asked.

"A stick I cut up in the mountains," replied the Judge to all inquiries. "I don't know what kind of wood it is—just a shrub that seems very plentiful."

The Judge and scores of his friends have since learned what kind of a stick that was. It was poison oak.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

DECORATION DAY.

UPON their graves lie summer blooms,
The fragrant rose, the lily fair,
Are placed upon the warrior's tombs
By tender hands with loving care.

But better than the perfumed wreath—
The well won wreath, the soldier's bays,
Shall be to those who sleep beneath,
The glory of their country's praise.

No more is heard from East to North,
The call to arms throughout the land,
As every hamlet musters forth
Its portion of that patriot band.

The mother fair her first-born kissed,
And bade him hasten to the fight;
The bride her soldier boy caressed,
Nor spared him from the cause of right.

Those were heroic days, indeed,
One mighty purpose spurring all;
No factious thought, no clash of creed
Between men and their country's call.

The student laid aside his book,
The lawyer marched from court and brief,
The farmer's lad his musket took,
And left unbound the harvest sheaf.

And how they fought, and how they died,
How gallantly they met the foe,
How charged and conquered, side by side,
In forest depths, and river's flow,

The history of those gloomy days.
That story tells a brilliant page,
A page illumined by glory's rays,
To live through every future age.

And now their comrades, battle-scarred,
Who stood with them, the flag beneath,
Their valor and their truth reward,
As they those honored graves enwreath.

What is the lesson, then, they teach
By those sweet offerings? Is it not
In act more eloquent than speech
That loyalty is ne'er forgot?

That those who love of country hold
Beyond all things, shall ever find
Their names in honor's list enrolled,
Their memory green in every mind?

And though the war drum throbs no more,
And battle-fields with wheat are sown,
Though healed for years the nation's sore,
And liberty enjoys her own;

This stern, strong purpose lives as then,
By blood baptized, in those grim wars,
From veins of true, undaunted men,
This truth eternal as the stars:

That never, when the land demands
Its sons to leave the home and hearth,
Shall there be lack of patriot bands
To hattle for the nation's worth.

What is that worth? A sacred trust
From father handed down to son,
And sanctified by soldiers' dust,
Since liberty's first reign begun.

And meet it is to keep alive
Those memories; that we may say:
"Be yours the task to fight and strive
To-day, as those of yesterday."

To-day the land with peace is filled,
No cannon rends the summer air,
To-day the bugle call is stilled,
Prosperity rules everywhere.

But yet again may rage war's tide,
The trumpet shrill may sound again,
And youth and veteran, side by side,
Be summoned to the mustering.

And we, who stand beside those graves,
Have only but a common thought,
They'll die if needs, the flag to save,
They'll fight as their brave fathers fought.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered
Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a
small wineglassful, before meals, of the cele-
brated

Peruvian

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Everybody says "It's the finest trip in the
State for the money."

The popular weekly excursions to Stockton by steamer have been
resumed for the season under the management of George W.
Hopkins, and are unquestionably the most delightful trip out of
the city. Leave Washington-street wharf at 5 P. M. Saturday,
Returning to San Francisco 6 A. M. Monday. Round trip, in-
cluding meals, fare, rooms, carriages, baths, etc., only \$4.
Tickets can only be had of GEO. W. HOPKINS, General Mana-
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Two electric elevators, electric and gas lights, heat; also janitor's services
free. Apply to

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PARKS

MMUSLIN and mus-taches are much in evidence at the popular Del Monte these warm days. The male heart is always captivated by summer dresses, probably because a girl thus attired resembles an angel more than at other times. Flirtations galore are going on, and not a few engagements may be the result.

Those exemplary maidens who have undertaken the care of one hundred and fifty youngsters, are surely doing a better work than constant tea and cotillion *devoirs*. Miss Betty Ashe and her sister spirit, Miss Griffith, have always been known as the intellectual type, "the woman who exalts, etc," but who ever dreamed that charming Miss May Hoffman had leanings towards instructing youth into the mysteries of "pies and tings."

"It is always a feast or a famine with the Crocker family," said a member of society yesterday. "Sometimes there are but one or two of the large connection here, and then again all its galaxy of stars are with us." This would seem to be correct, as not only the George Crockers and Alexanders, but Colonel Fred and his family will be part of our social world this summer. Mrs. George Crocker's daughter, Miss Rutherford, will be one of the belles of Del Monte.

'Tis said Miss Ella Hobart is going to make her wedding a brilliant function; but society fears it will not be a church affair, thereby limiting the guests at the ceremony to the intimate few of relatives and personal friends. However, if it be an evening wedding the guests can wind up the reception with dancing, and that would be a godsend indeed to gaiety lovers in this woefully stupid time of the year.

Gossip declares it to be the intention of D. O. Mills to give an elaborate *fête champêtre* at his beautiful villa at Millbrae, during the time of his residence there this summer, with his daughter, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, to matronize the affair. As may be imagined, society is hoping such may be the case.

Another of the rich Newhalls captured! George is the only one left single now, and what a strife the girls will have—in feeling, if not in action—to win this popular society beau's favor the coming winter.

Mr. W. S. Jones has re-entered the ranks of social entertainers, his preference of late being dinners for young folks. The old gentleman is very kind to young people, and delights in surrounding himself with them.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," says the old proverb; which saying seems likely to be illustrated in an international marriage arranged to take place recently.

Rumor says Tarie McGrew has changed his allegiance from the dark eyed girl to the graceful blonde. Can it be that possible perspicacious thousands has any weight in the change?

A rumor is afloat that Mrs. Hattie Crocker-Alexander, who is due at Del Monte in the late summer, will bring a bewildering array of toilettes from the land of the White Czar.

What hair pulling there would be if the Examiner should start our men into sketching their ideal woman! How many would designate Susan B. or Sister Shaw?

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

NO SAFER OR MORE EFFICACIOUS REMEDY can be had for Coughs, or any trouble of the throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

THE SUMMER GIRL.

She's out in all her fleecy stuffs, straw hat and dainty curl, To storm the hearts of plastic youth, the charming summer girl; She'll wander on the yellow sands, defiant of the heat, She'll trip across the brawling brook, and show her ankles neat, She'll sit on the veranda despite the matron's frown, In quick and strong flirtation with the last new man from town, She'll tell him all the gossip, chatting far into the night, Who's a prig, and who's a darling, who's a stick, and who's a fright. There is no mistake about her, she's a gem, a priceless pearl For a fortnight's sharp flirtation, the giddy summer girl.

THE demand of the newspapers that all witnesses be compelled to testify, though they criminate themselves, shows ignorance of the policy of the law. Such a requirement would often defeat justice by preventing witnesses from coming forward who might otherwise freely testify. It would also directly promote perjury, and to no good purpose.

FINEST VIEW IN THE CITY.

FOR SALE.—Eight room house and lot, 45x120 feet. 1016 Green street, between Jones and Leavenworth. At a bargain—\$2,500 cash, balance on mortgage. Address owner, 606 Merchant street.

JAPAN might prove a desirable market for our red-wood if some enterprising shipper would only go to the trouble of introducing it there.

Messrs. Sherwood & Sherwood are the agents for the Keystone Monogram Whiskey, one of the most celebrated of our whiskies. Its effect is electrifying and beneficial, as it helps a jaded appetite and soothes the nerves irritated by a hard day's work. Professional men especially partake of it, and derive much benefit from a small glass taken just before meals. No table is complete without it, as it is in use everywhere.

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MRS. John Martin, of San Francisco, has been having "troubles of her own" during the last few days. She has been living at "The Mystic," a private hotel in Thirty-ninth street, a house much affected by Californians. Two days ago an opposite neighbor saw a bottle thrown from a window of this house, and, running out, picked up the broken glass and found a note within signed "Isabella Martin," and imploring police protection, saying that the writer was detained a prisoner in her apartment. The finder summoned Mr. Lederer, of the Casino, and they called a policeman. Parker, the proprietor of the hotel, denied the statement, but it was subsequently said to be true. He asserted that Mrs. Martin had not paid her bill, while she retorted that she was ready, willing, and, in fact, anxious to pay, if he would but state the amount and release her. Parker's language was so extravagant that the unfortunate Californian widow became hysterical. She was advised to send for a lawyer and to remain where she was until the following morning. So she had the comfort of sleeping upon bare springs, even the mattresses having been removed from her bed. Yesterday morning she went out to attend to some business, and on returning, accompanied by Mr. Lederer, again tendered the amount of her bill, to which nine dollars had been added since the previous evening. She meekly inquired why, and was seized by the excitable proprietor and hurled down the six stone steps of the building, falling full-length upon the stone pavement. A suit for fifty thousand dollars damages will be entered to-day by Howe and Hummel, and Mr. Parker may find life far from pleasant for a time. Since the interesting will proceedings in San Francisco, Mrs. Martin has been studying for the stage, and expects to make her debut as a comedienne in Elmira, her birthplace, on the 17th of June. She has been working hard under George Lederer's direction for some time, and is encouraged by his judgment and advice. Her object in attempting a dramatic career is to obtain funds to continue the fight for her son's inheritance.

Yesterday I met Alfred Seligman in Broadway, looking the picture of health and prosperity, a condition of things conspicuous in that very successful family.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with Miss Carlisle, are in Paris, where are also Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seeley and Fred Webster. Mrs. Bradley, of San Francisco, is at the Hotel Gerlach. Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker have closed their house in Fifty-fourth street, and have taken a villa at Southampton for the season. Mr. and Mrs. "Chimmie Fadden" Townsend are at Avenne-on-the-Sea, a very pretty resort, neither too quiet nor too gay.

Miss Heleu McDowell, who was always very prominent for her works of charity as well as socially in San Francisco, has taken up a new interest in life, and was appointed yesterday by the Mayor one of the School Inspectors for the coming year. Mrs. Louis Tiffany, Miss Callender, and several other society women, are in the newly appointed list. An effort is being made to induce Professor Daniel Coit Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins College, of Baltimore, and formerly President of the University of California, to accept a prominent position in the Public School system of New York, it being proposed to create for him a chair of pedagogy. There is an animated discussion going on on this subject.

The sudden and tragic death of Clifford Schmidt shocked his wide circle of friends and admirers. With his wife and child he had left home for a day or two in the country. On the trolley car his satchel slipped from his grasp, and as he leaned over the side of the car to capture it, his head struck a telegraph pole. Concussion of the brain caused his death a few hours later. Although he has lived so long in the East, I am sure he was warmly remembered in San Francisco, where by many he was considered the most talented of his gifted family. He was very popular here, both as musician and instructor, while his genial personality won for him many sincere friends.

J. J. Valentine is at the Holland House on one of his periodical business trips. That Hostelry shelters also Sir

William Gordon-Cumming and Lady Gordon-Cumming. Her ladyship was Miss Garner, of New York, and she is connected with many prominent New York families. Sir William is sufficiently well known through his record for bravery and other things in India, and through his unfortunate experience in baccarat a few years ago in London. They were married very shortly after the happy conclusion of the baccarat investigation.

The marriage of Miss Augusta Brown, the beautiful and clever daughter of the late J. W. Brown, is announced for the seventeenth of June. The happy man is Hugh Fleming—young, handsome and rich—a Yale man, with a fine social position, and belonging to a distinguished family. And what more can one ask? **PASSE-PARTOUT.**

New York, May 21, 1896.

MUCH interest is being taken in a picture by Carl von Perbandt, entitled "Sunset at the Golden Gate" on exhibit in the studio of Rupert Schmid. By some special process a wonderful luminosity has been given to the light effects in the picture and it is this new color treatment which is causing much talk among connoisseurs. Only the artist and Mr. Schmid know the secret of this discovery which may some day revolutionize painting by enabling the artist to accomplish that which has hitherto been impossible—the portrayal of sunlight.

THE Avery medal for the best oil painting in the Art Students' Exhibition, was awarded this year to Miss Marian Holden. The picture was perfect in every detail, and much satisfaction has been expressed at the way the award went. Miss Holden is a talented young artist, and it is to be hoped she will persevere and make a name for herself.

If you wish to prolong your life indulge in a glass of first-class whiskey regularly before meals. It heightens the appetite and fixes up the system. Of all the brands the celebrated J. F. Cutter brand is the leader. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St., are the sole agents for this Coast and supply everybody with it.

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Lively Times On Pine Street.

The croaking element on Pine street is getting rapidly thinned out. New blood is pouring in with the revival in business, and speculation promises to be active for many months to come. The Brunswick lode has fulfilled all the hopes of its promoters, and now the very men who were the most forcible in condemning the purchase of the ground are its firmest supporters. The Hale & Norcross company for one, which signaled the advent of its new management by a rather curt withdrawal notice from the combination, has just concluded a new treaty with the other companies at work there, preparatory to the resumption of mining in the shaft, which is sunk on the dividing line of the ground with Chollar. Had it continued on the lines of the old management, the credit might have been due to it for the new find. As it is, Chollar has a rightful claim to the honor of a discovery which may be fraught with more significance in the future than anybody now may imagine. With the settlement of a fair division of expense between the Chollar, Potosi, Savage, and Norcross, comes a change in the control of the several Brunswick locations which have been hitherto under the direction of Superintendent Kerwin. In the future the gentleman will continue in charge of the two incline shafts, and the mines at the North End, while Superintendent Graham will take Chollar, and Mr. Cronan Hale & Norcross.

The Magalia Mine in Bonanza.

The "cold feet" gentry who indulged in all sorts of uncomplimentary remarks about the Magalia mine, near Oroville, at the time when the project was offered upon the market, in an effort to raise the capital necessary to open up the property at depth, are in bonanza. This will be very unsatisfactory news to the crop of soreheads who have cursed this city with their silurian principles and actions for the past quarter of a century. Any enterprise, no matter what its merit might be, has been subjected to the malign influences of the harpies, and either obstructed or killed entirely out of the most selfish motives. Had they been personally interested in the Magalia scheme on a basis which would not cost them a cent, other people putting up the money to make the mine a success, a different tale would have remained to be told of the effort at that time. However, the required financial aid was forthcoming, and the outcome proves that every word in the original prospectus was not only true, but free from any attempt at exaggeration. In speaking of the Oroville mines, we might add that the Golden Butterfly mine will start up again at once, the little hitch in the title having been satisfactorily disposed of. So much for another attempt to injure the mining industry.

A Showy Mining Property.

Superintendent Treadwell, of the Red Hill mine, near Nevada City, was in the city during the week visiting some friends. He had with him for their special inspection a number of samples of the gold taken out at different points in the mine. The exhibit is something wonderful, and any one favored with a glimpse at it, will wonder why people talk about Cripple Creek and other localities when chances for such fine discoveries are to be found at home. When Messrs. Vauderbilt and Depew were here Mr. Treadwell, who is an old friend of the latter, gave him a sight of treasure, and opened the eyes of both gentlemen to the fact that gold mining in California was as yet in its infancy. This property belongs to a Scotch company, and it is not for sale, so no one can claim that the samples are selected for advertising purposes. Mr. Treadwell should be prevailed upon to place this exhibit somewhere in town available for public inspection. It would attract a crowd any day on a leading thoroughfare. The best of it is that this bonanza comes from a property which at one time under another management, it was thought would not pay.

The Pioneer People at Outs.

There is trouble in the camp of the Pioneer Mining Company in Boston, over the disposition of stock issued for promotion purposes. The firm of Cox, Bickford & Co., representing the syndicate which originally floated the property upon the market, is asked to turn over to the plaintiff, representing Pierre Lambert, the engineer who reported upon the mine, 10,000 shares of the capital stock or its value, estimated at \$80,000. The firm charges fraud as its reason for not turning over the stock, claiming that the stock was not used supplementary to the cash paid to the owners for their property. On the other hand, the plaintiff wants either the shares or that a receiver be placed in charge of the property. It would be rather disagreeable for the present shareholders of this company to have their interests jeopardized by proceedings in court, with which they are in no way connected. They hold the mine under a clear title, free from responsibility of any kind in the way of commission notes on the sale. That would seem to be an extraneous matter, beyond their control, and for which it would appear strange were they held responsible. The mine at last accounts was doing well, and making a good return upon a fair capitalization. At millions, of course, it is a very different thing viewed from the standpoint of a legitimate mining enterprise.

The Withdrawal of the Phoenix.

The action of the managers of the Phoenix, of Brooklyn, in re-insuring its entire Coast business in the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, does not augur well for the successful result of the negotiations now going on for the purpose of forming a new local combine. At least this is the opinion of the more conservative business men, cognizant of the fact that the general manager of this big concern has been on the Coast for some weeks past, and an interested attendant at all the recent meetings of the local agents. It is believed that had he seen any prospect for the ultimate bridging over of existing difficulties, so that some agreement could have been reached, that the Phoenix would have continued in business at the old stand. The loss of the Phoenix will be felt on the Coast, where its reputation has always been of the very highest. Following the retirement of the company from the field comes the dissolution of the agency of Brown, Craig & Co., the announcement of which was made in the NEWS LETTER some weeks ago. Homer Craig will go over to the Pennsylvania, the new general manager of which is Thomas Edward Pope, formerly assistant general agent of the Aetna.

A Mining Exchange At Los Angeles.

The interest in the development of California mines has grown to such an extent in Los Angeles, that during the week an Exchange was opened, under the name of the Los Angeles Mining and Stock Exchange, to facilitate business. The opening was attended with much enthusiasm, and it is safe to say that like every other enterprise of magnitude undertaken by the wide-awake people of this progressive city, it will be a pronounced success from the start. The Exchange announces that its policy will be such as to in every way encourage legitimate properties. It also proposes to maintain a complete bureau of information of mining in the southwest portion of the State, and a fine collection of minerals from this section is now on exhibition in the rooms of the Exchange.

The Mining Exchange A Failure.

The leading spirits of the New York Mining Exchange have decided to abandon the enterprise. There may be a new body of men who will take a bold and endeavor to build it up again, but at present it is found impossible to get enough support from the old body of members to raise \$4,000, or \$100 from each of the forty members, to run the Exchange on close economical lines.

A Mexican Mine Abroad.

The new Mexican Rosario Company has just been brought out in London for the purpose of acquiring the mines and assets of the old Rosario Company. This property is in Zacatecas, near Nieves. The mine has been reported upon by Mr. John Nevin. The capital is fixed at £50,000, in 200,000 shares.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE attention of the ladies who are leading in the campaign for the emancipation of Woman is respectfully called to a case of gross oppression in Los Angeles. A rich widow in Brooklyn, New York, exercised her God-given right to do as she pleased, and it pleased her to bestow her affections on a handsome Evangelist, whom she at once appropriated and brought out to California with her, paying all the expenses like a lady. She was overseeing the building of a nest for herself and mate at Los Angeles, the other day, when another woman appeared, and by force and violence robbed the widow of her Evangelist. Such is the state of our laws, their cowardly discrimination against the physically weaker sex, that the widow is barred from all legal redress. Such is man-made law. It is true that the female robber is the Evangelist's wife, who followed him all the way from Brooklyn, but that does not alter the fact that an intolerable invasion of personal liberty has been committed—a crime of the sort that the ballot in the hands of Woman would make an end of.

THE new church which that good and injured man, Dr. Brown, has started, will languish, being without the moral support of anybody, unless novel attractions can be devised to draw the public. A judicious step would be to commission Miss Overman and Mrs. Tunnell as deaconesses. And Deacon Morse is not too old to learn a few jig steps, nor Deacon Dexter to acquire skill on the banjo and with the bones. An introductory performance each Sunday before service, with a skirt dance, perhaps, a comic effort at forensic oratory by Advocate General Woodhams, some jests of the right Congregational flavor by the end-men to make the ladies blush and giggle—a few little things of this sort on the Sabbath programme would enable Brother Brown to hold the boards, and get a salary for a few months anyway. Otherwise he will be a dreary failure, for Brother Brown suffers under the disadvantage of having no brains.

HAVE you a leg that you can tie in a true lover's knot? Have you an eye that turns red, white and blue after dark? Have you a skull fixed on hinges that can be lifted and show the brain alive and well? Have you a lady acquaintance weighing ninety-five pounds attached to a tumor weighing 125? Have you a dog that barks through his nose and wears a food-seizing hook at the end of his tail? Do you know anybody whose heart is located under his right arm, whose toes are talons, whose beard is three yards long, whose sex is doubtful, and who can lift a loaded freight car and run a mile with it in three minutes? If you are so fortunate as to be able to answer these queries in the affirmative, you will bear of something to your advantage by communicating with the editor of the Sunday Examiner.

"COUNTESS" Wachtmeister, upon whose brawny shoulders has fallen the shroud of the unmentionable Blavatsky, is one of the latest she-craiks we have been burdened with. The newspapers, the newsboys, and the excessive use of beer and beef are responsible, in her mind, for the evils of to-day. Is there a "Count" attached to this lady? If so, we request him to fetch her home before it rains.

ON Wednesday night Dr. Brown held a prayer meeting, and prayed that this city might come to be known as a city of righteousness where it had formerly been known as one of wickedness. The Archangel Gabriel, to whom the message was entrusted, is said to have died of laughter before reaching his destination, and Parson Brown is still in the dark as to the Almighty's intentions.

WHEN Mr. John Elliott, of New York, delivered his address at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on "The Hiding Places of Men," the hall was absolutely packed by leading women in the suffrage movement, thus showing that Brute Man is somewhat in demand after all.

IN the excitement over Blauther let us not forget the feast we possess in Durrant. A bird in the jail is better than two in Mexico.

AFTER the Democratic State Convention has jumped on the A. P. A., and the A. P. A. gets the Republicans to hire brass bands for "American" processions, and the Y. M. I. turns out on parade with the stars and stripes overhead, and the little red school-house on a float, there will arise a loud demand from ordinary citizens for a doubling of the police force of San Francisco until after the election. Free fights and riots may redound to the glory of God and the triumph of the true religion, whatever it may be, but the public peace is of some value, too.

IF you see a man with his hat on the back of his head, his face very red, and his vest unbuttoned, sawing the air with both hands and bespattering his auditors with saliva, you don't need to listen in order to feel pretty sure that he's a student of the science of finance, who is confident that his calm judgment is adequate to the reform and management of the monetary system of his country. It's a sixteen to one bet that you'll make no mistake if you act on that assumption, and cross to the other side of the street.

THE honeyed voice of the Call invites young men who will cast their first Presidential vote this year to join a Republican League Club so that they may properly study the campaign from start to finish. Better would it be for the young men to join a Democratic club, where they will certainly learn the first principles of politics. They should not forget the song of the Walrus and the Carpenter.

CORONER Hawkins, who sits on dead men because he is not man enough to sit on live ones, has cohabited with cadavers for so long that he forgets his duty towards gentlemen. For his attempt to bully a doctor into betraying professional confidences, this ghoul in broadcloth should be flayed by both press and public. It is to be hoped that Judge Conlan will start the ball rolling.

THAT Salt Lake clergyman who has gone from his field of usefulness, leaving behind him the bones of a woman or two in the furnace of the church, is being harshly spoken of by the secular press. Resolutions of sympathy are in order, and likewise an offer from the Reverend Mr. Goodwin to the afflicted brother to occupy the Goodwin pulpit for a Sabbath.

THE Rev. Mr. Waresawink is of the belief that the condition of the Jews would be bettered were they converted to Christianity. After the reverend gentleman has become acquainted with Christianity as it is taught and practiced by the divines of the Pacific Coast he may see fit to alter his views of the question.

WITH the grace of God and the assistance of the Prosecuting Attorney, the eight strikers accused of murdering C. A. Mars last March will be swung into eternity in a bunch. After a chain, there is nothing like a good stout rope to bring such fellows to their senses.

D. R. CASE, whose particular sheep belong to the Methodist Episcopal denomination, is of the opinion that the use of tobacco is filthy and entirely unnecessary. The same remarks, more often than not, apply to the brethren, but we have to put up with them, Doctor.

A SMOOTH Jew, who borrowed \$200 of a forty-two year old widow, was compelled by Judge Campbell to marry the woman on the spot. God's teeth! The Judge will lose all his friends among "de push" if he continues to inflict many more such sentences.

COULD we choose between leprosy and Dr. Dille, we should undoubtedly take the former. We should certainly get rid of it after death, but the doctor, unfortunately, we shall ever have with us.

PARSONS C. Overman-Brown and "Nigger" Colburu are to start revival meetings out at the Park. The Park police will be on hand to see that the revivals are conducted according to law.

WHEN the Almighty deprived Buckley of his eyesight, He endowed his fingers with the power of vision instead. They reach out for the sack with the pertinacity of bloodhounds.

THE Examiner has been somewhat clean of late. We fear, though, that its purity is merely that of the fallen woman deprived temporarily of the power to be indecent.



A Book of the Week.* Mr. Lecky's book will attract a good deal of attention among thoughtful minds the world over. It will find many bitter opponents and many hearty supporters. The

subject of "Democracy" is of course a very old one. De Tocqueville, Laveleye, Scherer, Mill, Maine, and many others have attempted to analyze its ingredients, forecast its results, and forewarn mankind of its dangers. But it is well to remember that all, or nearly all, the perils predicted to follow in the train of "Democracy" have vanished as "Democracy" has become an established fact among the peoples of Europe and America. The calamities predicted by De Tocqueville, in particular, have not come to pass, and Mr. Lecky has, we are glad to see, profited by the experience of others, and his danger signals, while many, are not as numerous as those of his mistaken predecessors. But the range of enquiry in this book is immense. All modern forms of Democracy are laid under contribution to illustrate theories. European Catholicism, Sunday legislation, gambling, intoxicating drinks, marriage laws, divorce, education, the military systems of the continent, socialism, trades unions, the laborer question, women's rights, and nearly the whole range of modern legislation are considered with philosophical care and fulness. And after reading all Mr. Lecky has to say on these subjects, we notice that his book is not an indictment against Democracy as a political institution, but that he merely criticises its shortcomings, and gives us a frank proclamation of the disillusion of its apostles. And one of those "disillusions" is that as popular government is not always representative government, the lowering of the franchise causes the deterioration of Parliament, Assemblies, and Congresses. This fact is undeniable. The British House of Commons, for instance, is no longer the "first club in London." It has lost its "tone," since it has become more representative of the many and less like the few. All this we grant, but does Mr. Lecky mean to tell us that because the "tone" of Parliament is lower than it was that that fact furnishes an argument for the failure of democratic institutions? Do not the Reform bills of '32, the abolition of the Corn Laws, a free press, the many Education Acts, the many good Land Acts, Jewish Emancipation, Non-Conformist Emancipation, and all the uplifting measures that have followed the extension of the franchise, more than compensate for a lowering of the "tone" in the House of Commons or a deterioration in the manner of the people's representatives? As for our part we think Mr. Lecky is, on that count, all wrong. The history of the British House of Commons before, and since, the Reform Bill of '32 gives Mr. Lecky an answer on this point, and one that will dismiss his conclusions to the nursery.

We admit, however, that there is a danger in manhood suffrage, as Mr. Lecky points out. There is the danger of that "longing of the ignorant and improvident to rob the thrifty, to undermine the security of contract and property, and, wherever law and liberty stands in the way of them, to blot them out." We admit, too, and with shame, that the spoils system, boss rule, a questionable judiciary, legislative corruption, and municipal rotteness have all followed in the train of manhood suffrage in this land of ours. No doubt the demagogue is abroad in this Republic, and that the logical end of his vapoing about "millions" would be anarchy and ruin. Very well, all that is granted, but let Mr. Lecky look backward for one hundred years, and let him tell us how the aristocracies then ruled the nations, not even for the alleged benefit of the million, but for the privilege of the few; and, if he does, will he tell us whether the people were better off under the rule of the Georges than they are to-day? And if there is a change for the better, what has caused this change but the rule of the "common people," the triumph of Democracy over aristocracy and privilege? There is, and always will be, we believe, enough of educated property holders in this and other democratic countries, to stem the rush of the

baneful and poisonous demagogues who would subvert liberal institutions to the rule of the ignorant and the irresponsible. Those people may go thus far and no further. Already the indication of alarm is abroad in this country. The respectable element of Americans cannot much longer remain idle, once the demagogue becomes too powerful. The people are sound at heart, and if they are aroused by the fear that the Republic is about to "shoot Niagara," then we will, in all human likelihood, see the result of the education of the masses in the purification of the political atmosphere about us. That democracy is the perfection of government we do not believe, but rather that perfection is more likely to be approached through democracy than through class rule. We admit to some apprehension of the mob, but that apprehension is more or less speculative, while the experience of the world proves that we have no reason to look back with satisfaction to the certainty of the evils of class legislation. Society, education, the love of liberty, law and order will, we believe, protect us from the mob, and for that reason, we do not fear democratic institutions, which secure the greatest happiness to the greatest number, although we confess that even democracy wants to be carefully, very carefully, watched.

* "Democracy and Liberty," by W. H. Lecky.

"The Incubated Girl" is one of the most original, and revolting, stories we have read for some time. It is uncanny and disgusting. It is the life history of a girl who is hatched from an egg, after a scientist had discovered, in an old tomb in Egypt, a papyrus containing the directions how to evolve the organic from the inorganic—how, in fact, to chemically construct a child. There is some genuine fun in the book, alternating with the terrible, and the book is, as a whole, an artistic success, but the book makes one's flesh creep, and one recoils from the heroine, who at last is destroyed.

Ex-President Harrison's articles have proved such an enormous success with *The Ladies' Home Journal*, adding over 100,000 to the circulation of the magazine, that the series will be extended beyond the original limit. The ex-President has now reached the treatment of "The President's Official Family" in his series, describing the relation which each Cabinet member holds to the President. Then he will show "How the Senate Works," and "How Congress Legislates,"—each in a separate article.

An article of great contemporary interest in *Scribner's* for June is Henry Norman's vivid picture of the present condition of affairs in the most crucial point in all European politics—the Balkan Peninsula, where a half-dozen little Principalities are the buffer between the great Powers of Europe. A few months ago Mr. Norman made a visit to this region, and this article is the first presentation of the impressions then gathered of Roumania, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria and Montenegro.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is, without doubt, one of our best American writers of short stories. His characteristics of the dude and the street arab are capital, and now in his "Cinderella and Other Stories" we have a good story called "The Reporter Who Became King." He does not, indeed, in this or in any of his novels add to our stock of wisdom, but this story is full of movement, imagination, and humor.

"Mister O'Ryan" is an Irish story of the anti-Nationalist type. We recognize many of the characters as being essentially Irish, but its political faith is too biased to please any one except the lovers of anti-Home Rule opinions and their kindred spirits.

The Boer's side of the controversy, now being waged about the South African Republic, is well given in "Boer and Uitlander," just published in London. It is a plainly written narrative, but it puts the arguments for the Boers forcibly and well.

After a careful study of Julian Hawthorne's \$10,000 prize story the reader will see that the merits of the work are its suspense finely drawn out to the end, abundant and varied incident, and briskness. These are the qualities young authors should cultivate in order to succeed.

The Life and Letters of Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes is favorably reviewed by the Dial.

Ev'ry Month for May is out, and the announcement of the contents bills it "Better than the Best." This is true of it in almost every feature, and its bid for popular success is an admitted fact if the improvement in each succeeding number counts for anything. The feature of the number is a waltz arrangement of Paul Dresser's "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" undoubtedly the most popular song of the present day.

In the June Forum Björnsterne Björusou—the distinguished Norwegian author—concludes the review of "Modern Norwegian Literature" in an article even more brilliant and interesting than his previous one, and Professor Wm. G. Sumner, of Yale, has written a very timely and important article entitled "The Fallacy of Territorial Extension."

The June Ladies' Home Journal is exceptionally interesting and attractive—both in its literary and pictorial features. The front cover, in perfect harmony with the fragrant sentiment of the month of roses, is a Salon painting by M. Albert Aublet, a celebrated French artist, in a decorative frame of striking beauty.

FOR WOMEN WHO WHEEL.

THE New York Sartorial Art Journal contains the following interesting remarks anent bicycle costumes for women:

In taking up cycling attire for women we wish first of all to launch a protest against those abominable modern cycling garments, the bloomers.

Don't wear them! Don't make them! Don't have anything to do with them! for of all the monstrosities of this day a woman with a tightly laced waist and with limbs encased in baggy bloomers is the worst.

Skirts are made nowadays of such design and length as not to hinder the free movements of the rider's limbs, so on that score there is no reason for complaint. It is much better, from an artistic point of view, for a woman to wear knickerbockers than the hideous bulging bloomers, which no woman who has good taste will wear.

The short skirts of last season would blow up when the wearer pedaled fast or coasted down hill, even though knickerbockers and leggings were worn underneath, which exposed the rider to some mortification. This, however, is done away with by the increased length worn to-day.

Regarding accessories to women's cycling attire there is not much in the way of novelty to chronicle. The fourteen-button tan kid boots remain very popular, with now and then a high lace boot and a high French kid boot in evidence.

Some women wear knickerbockers and golf stockings underneath their skirts, and some, in hot weather, wear low Oxford ties, the high lace button boot being rather warm.

Shirt waists will, of course, be in vogue as soon as the warm weather strikes us, and the high handed turned-down collar, worn with a club tie, will be popular. A new thing for women's use in cycling furnishings will be the riding stock, which will be used either with shirt waist or jacket. It will fold twice around the neck, like a man's riding stock, though it will tie in the form of a bow instead of an Ascot. The tie proper in both the women's and men's articles will be of a material to match the shirt or shirt waist. In mentioning women's cycling hats we can only say that there is such a variety of headgear for cycling that it would be an impossible task to enumerate and describe all of them.

It is enough to say that the Tam-o'-Shanter and the Tourist form of hats, neatly trimmed, and of a color to match the suits worn, and a black straw sailor, will be proper and most effective.

Almost any kind of a stout glove goes well for cycling, although there are various special designs of cycling gloves on the market.

Japanese bronzes and vases are the best mementos of San Francisco a tourist can take away with him. Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market St., has the best.

Ladies cannot do better, when through with their shopping, than to step into the Maison Riche for luncheon.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.



Spring Valley Water Works,

516 California St.,
San Francisco.

Sealed bids will be received at the Secretary's office of the Spring Valley Water Works, 516 California street, up to 12 M., on the first day of June, next, for any part of five thousand (5,000) shares of the stock of the company, in lots of not less than ten (10) shares.

All stock allotted on said bids will be ready for delivery on the 11th day of June following, and must be taken and paid for on or before the 15th of said month.

All bids must be accompanied by a deposit of five (\$5) dollars per share, in gold coin or certified check.

No bids will be entertained at less than ninety-nine (\$99) dollars per share. By order of the Board of Trustees,

PELHAM W. AMES, Secretary.

San Francisco, May 21, 1896

Desirable Stocks

Splendid opportunities for investors.
Large or small lots. Call or correspond.

MINING,
AGRICULTURAL
and OIL
STOCKS.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,

415½ Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal

Stocks and bonds negotiated.
Agents: Olinda Ranch Co., Bailey Oil Co.

GEORGE MORROW & CO., (Established 1854).

HAY AND GRAIN
Commission Merchants.

39 Clay St. and 28 Commercial St., S. F.
Branches at Bay District, Ingleside, and Third St. Hay Wharf.
Telephone No. 38.

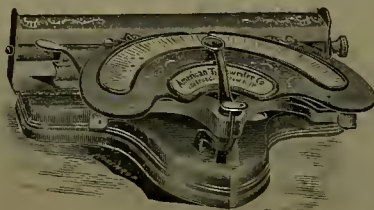
DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1.25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3.50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

Pacific Towel Company.

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1.50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1.6 months 6 clean roller towels each week. \$1.25 per month



American
\$10
Typewriter.

Work as good as any done on a \$100 machine. Over 10,000 references. Agents wanted

Pacific Introduction Company,
119 Bush St., Room 6.



PLIGHTED.—OINAH MARIA MULOCK-CRAIK, IN LOVERS' YEAR BOOK.

MINE to the core of the heart, My Beauty I
Mine, all mine; and for Love, not duty—
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for Love's sake, as mine to thee.
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys;
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please,—just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden
Give to a few friends hand or smile,
Like a generous Lady, now and awhile,
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, My Own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed—
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them, too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side of Heaven—
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee,

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world for the world's sake—
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, One.

WHEN THE SLEEPY MAN COMES.—CHARLES C. O. ROBERTS, IN CENTURY.

When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes,
(O, weary, my dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies,
(So hush-a-by, weary my dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
(O, weary, my dearie, so weary!)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one,
(So hush-a-by, weary my dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-Boy town;
(O, weary, my dearie, so weary!)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down,
(So hush-a-by, weary my dearie!)

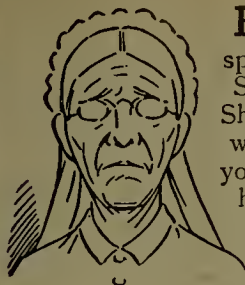
He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings,
(O, weary, my dearie, so weary!)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things,
(So hush-a-by, weary my dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,
(O, weary, my dearie, so weary!)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way lane,
(So hush-a-by, weary my dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby wherry
(O, weary, my dearie, so weary!)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting ferry,
(So hush-a-by, weary my dearie!)

THE CAMPER.—E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Night 'neath the northern skies, lone, black, and grim:
Nought but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven and him.
Of man no need has he, of God, no prayer;
He and his Deity are brothers there,
Above his bivouac the first fling down
Through branches gaunt and black, their needles brown.
Afar some mountain streams, rock-bound and fleet,
Sing themselves through his dreams in cadence sweet,
The pine tree whispering, the heron's cry,
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.
And blinking overhead the white stars keep
Watch o'er his hemlock bed—his sinless sleep.



Her Appearance

speaks louder than words. She doesn't use Pearline. She's worn out with hard work. Household drudgery, you can see, has told upon her. Possibly you are a woman who is going the same way. Now these are days when such things needn't be, for most women. Labor savers are all around you, and, for woman's work, Pearline heads the list. Take advantage of the hints of science. They are broad enough to the bright, and they help the lowest kind of work as well as the highest. In every sort of washing and cleaning, let Pearline help you. Beware of imitations. 423 JAMES PYLE, New York.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Berge's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop.
Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 428 Montgomery St. H. K. HJUL, Prop.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROA
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval; any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Neuhaus & Co., 115 Kearny, up-stairs. Suits to order \$12 50. Overcoats, \$10. Pants \$4 and upwards. Samples by mail.
A perfect fit guaranteed.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best

J. A. W. Lundborg, Dentist,

336 POST STREET, Rooms 2-3. (Opposite Union Square)
Telephone 2275, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

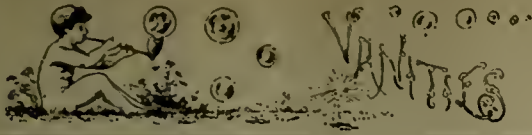
Dentist.

400½ Post St., San Francisco.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 223 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



DEAR EDITH: How little attention is given to shoes and stockings compared to the balance of one's dress. And yet, they constitute very important additions to one's costume and should be carefully attended to. For evening wear it is now the style to have the slippers made of the same material as the gown itself, a piece being sent to the shoemaker for that purpose. High heels are only used on slippers, and then the exaggeratedly high ones are not permitted. The toes of these slippers are not so pointed as they were, the vamp is short, and tiny huckles or embroidery in steel or pearls are the only ornamentation. Open-work silk stockings the same shade as the gown are worn with these slippers. Patent leather slippers and black silk stockings, and bronze slippers with bronze silk stockings, are in fashion, but are not considered dressy enough to wear with light brocades and satin, and are instead relegated to semi-toilette. To wear with summer dresses the low shoes or ties of Suede are to be worn, while black patent leather and tan and russet ties will again be seen. These are made with long vamps, and, excepting in the Suede, with common sense heels. The care of the hoots and shoes is made quite a point of now. There are lasts for every pair, and as a rule the hoots and shoes are made to order. In fact, much more attention is paid to being well shod these days than was formerly the case, in the days when women did not walk so much as they do at present. The plaid golf stockings seem a little loud, but it is considered quite smart to wear them with tan shoes when bicycling. By the way, what stockings or shoes to wear bicycling is a question that puzzles many women. With the light costumes the tan shoes and the canvas leggings look very smart; with the dark costumes black shoes and black leggings are the best.

As for gloves, the four-button glace kid and the mousquetaire are preferred for summer ordinary every-day use. The Suede mousquetaire in the different tan shades are for rather more dressy use. For evening wear the light shades of tan, white, and black glace are very much the fashion. The Biarritz glove, which has no buttons at all, and which is worn a size larger than other gloves, is a comfortable one for hot weather, as it pulls on, and there are no buttons to give an uncomfortable tightness around the wrist. For bicycling there is a heavy dogskin glove, which also must be a size larger than the ordinary walking glove. The all-white stitched glove with four buttons is still in fashion for wear with silk gowns in the afternoon, and bids fair to continue for some time.

French cashmere, soft as silk and lending itself to most graceful, classic lines, is much favored for teagowns and all kinds of dressy house toilettes. Fayette and silk-warp Henrietta cloths are likewise favored, and the garnitures are guipure and Renaissance laces, narrow gimps, satin ribbons and swansdown.

Hats and bonnets made of zephyr straw coarsely plaited and in many colors, are very much in evidence. The self-colored straws are less vivid in tone than they were last year. Indeed, few self-colors are seen save those in black, the majority of the fancy plaits being composed of straws dyed in various dainty colors, and the effect of such plaiting in mingled tones is bright and pretty without being the least aggressive.

BELINDA.

"Have you tried the latest bath?" said a prominent doctor the other day. "I speak of the celebrated Russian bath which includes the 'Needle' Shower. It is very beneficial to the system and I recommend it to all my patients." The Lurline Baths, corner Bush and Larkin have added this new bath to their perfect accommodations. The price is only fifty cents which entitles the bather to the use of the swimming tank as well.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

The very latest things in ladies' and gents' spring goods to be had of John W. Carmany, furnisher at 25 Kearny St.

OUR GREAT
MIDSUMMER
CLEARANCE SALE

Begins Monday, June 1st.

EVERYTHING AT A
TREMENDOUS
SACRIFICE

See Daily Papers for Particulars.

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Latest Spring and Summer Goods
have arrived.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS. Many novel-
ties in Imported Wear. Shirts to order
a Specialty.

622 Market St., (Up stairs, opposite Palace Hotel) San Francisco

BEST SUITS ON EARTH

Made to order

\$15 and upwards.



J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery street, Room 6.
Formerly in Crocker Building.

J. R. SMITH & CO.,

239 BUSH ST., and Room 7, Rotunda,
Mills Building.

(W. HALL, Successor).

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Will make garments to order at great reduction for cash.

J. R. SMITH, Manager.

You Must Look Neat.

Suits Cleaned
and Pressed **\$1.00**

Bay City Clothing Renovatory,

Suits called for and delivered.

20-24 Geary St., Easterbrook Bld'g,
Rooms 19-20-21. 'Phone Main 5850.

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

Imperial Photographic Studio,

724, 726 and 728 MARKET ST. (1st Floor),
Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.

Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.



The old hen flew from her nest and cackled loud and long. "When eggs are 9 cents a dozen," said the old rooster, eyeing the performance with languid disapproval, "it is a ridiculous exhibition of vanity to make all that fuss over one egg."—Chicago Tribune.

A—Among my dearest treasures is the watch my father carried when he was a young man. B—Would you mind letting me see it? A—Certainly not; but it is temporarily in the possession of my—er—father's brother.—Odds and Ends.

Leighor—I suppose by this time that baby of yours is a wonder. PROUD FATHER (enthusiastically)—You bet! Why, he says so many bright things we don't have to use any gas in our house.—Philadelphia American.

Professor—What's the difference between idealism and realism? 'Varsity Girl—Idealism is when you contemplate matrimony. PROFESSOR—Yes, and realism. GIRL—You get that afterwards.—Judy.

Grace—Why do you start so? FRANK—Did I understand you to say that your father is failing? GRACE—Physically, I mean. FRANK—Oh, all right! I was afraid it was something serious.—Odds and Ends.

Mills—I tell you, Bagley's wife was his saving, after all. If it had not been for her, he would have filled a drunkard's grave. BILLS—How so? MILLS—She had him cremated.—New York World.

She—You said I had a face that would stop a trolley car in the middle of the block. HE—I did. It takes a mighty good-looking woman to get a conductor to do that. Indianapolis Journal.

He—You should not worry so much about dress. Set your mind on higher things. SHE—I had set my mind on higher things than you seem willing to buy for me.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Bacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening, is a self-made man. MRS. BACON—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I wish," said the inoffensive man behind the woman with a big hat, "that creature's bonnet was somewhere else." "In your mouth, for instance," answered the assailed.

"And did my predecessor not find a place in your hearts?" asked the new missionary. "Well, the next thing to it," answered the savage, guardedly.—Detroit Tribune.

"Little Johnny opened his drum yesterday to find where the noise came from." "Did he find out?" "Yes. When his father came home the noise came from little Johnny."—Life.

Scholar—There are a few things I would like to have you run over with me, professor. MUSICAL PROFESSOR—All right. I'll go and get out my tandem.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Anything good in new plays this season?" "Yes; 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with Uncle Tom caught in a folding-bed and Eliza getting away on a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Marie—Why does Miss Passionquill call her book of poems "Meadow Grass?" ESTELLE—I suppose she had a presentiment that it would remain uncut.—Town Topics.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Messrs. Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,302,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President; E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt, Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguiera, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS—New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. ROSENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

GEORGE W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$8,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....\$3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

EDITORIALISMS.

IN one respect the Women Suffragists are superior to their more attractive sisters. No man has ever yet quarrelled about one of them.

THE rotund Miss Shaw claims to be in favor of free silver. It remains for the suffragists, or any one else, to produce a woman who is not.

JUDGING by some of the advertisements in the local daily papers, we should not be surprised to learn that systematic infant murder is not entirely restricted to London.

A POLICEMAN named Johnson, feeling a necessity for action, belabored his mother-in-law with a club. This man should be promoted, if only for the sake of appearances.

CALIFORNIA material should be used whenever possible in the construction of Californian buildings and the State institutions should be ordered to draw their supplies from the same local sources.

AN Oakland lady was baptized in a bath-tub the other day. Nothing short of a swimming tank would take away the sins of some of the San Francisco fair we are acquainted with.

ASSESSOR Siebe has ever been considered an honest and capable man in the administering of his duties. Mr. Clunie's attack upon him appears to have been made from purely personal motives.

SPORTSMEN who are interested in bench shows should pay an occasional visit to our police courts. They will there behold more judicial terriers than respectable citizens care to pay the salaries of.

THE stricter the laws against the exclusion of Chinese, the more we shall love those we have among us. It is for this reason that we believe in keeping as many of these gentry out of the country as possible.

A SOUND whipping administered by an able-bodied policeman would soon put a stop to the crimes being committed by youthful offenders. It is hardly just to imprison them, as in most cases they know not what they do.

THE Board of Health is to be congratulated upon having acquired the services of Garrett McEnerney as attorney. It is to be hoped that the first thing Mr. McEnerney will do will be to advise the Board to disband. It is worse than useless.

THE Secretary of Agriculture made the remark that California is not very far from Paradise. We have an idea that could Mahomet visit us and see our beautiful Californian girls, he would go the Secretary one farther, and assert that this is Paradise itself.

JUDGE Bahrs should have clubbed the twelve immortal asses who acquitted Leon Meyers, instead of simply lecturing them. In such cases a bunch of thistles could appropriately be presented to each man before he retires to let the wind blow down his hairy ears.

THE hairy women and the hairless men have been holding their spiritualistic pow-wow at Golden Gate Hall during the week. The mediums of the city received a little free advertising, and a few fools had their pictures in the papers. Otherwise no harm ensued.

MISS Anna Shaw is of the opinion that the Noisy Sisters should study for the ministry. The average male parson is enough to fill us with a supreme disgust, but when emotional women are admitted to the pulpit it will be time to close the churches or turn them into sectarian "Turkish tea" resorts.

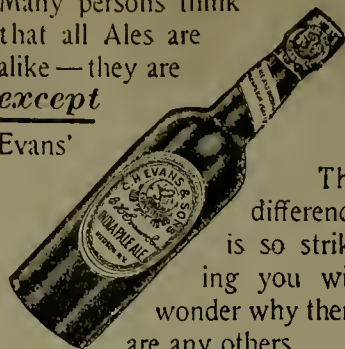
DR. CRANZ, who got into an altercation with another doctor on the Oakland ferry last week, made a remark which has occasioned no little surprise among his friends. A reporter approached him after the battle with the remark, "A woman, as usual, Doctor?" "No, sir," replied the saw-bones, hotly; "only my wife."

The Golden Eagle Hotel will be the headquarters of the delegates to the Democratic State Convention, which meets at Sacramento Monday, June 15th.

Just imported. A fine selection of baccarat globes for piano and banquet lamps at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary St.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

Many persons think
that all Ales are
alike—they are
except
Evans'



The
difference
is so striking
you will
wonder why there
are any others.

It's EVANS' method of bottling as well as
brewing that makes the distinction.

MOVED.

COOPE & PIPPY,

Agents for Paul Masson Champagne, Ben Lomond Mountain Wines, Schrammberger Wines, Vinodel Rey Sweet Wines and Brandies, California Olives, also selected brands of Imported Wines and Brandies, have moved to

623 Market St. (Under Palace Hotel). Call and See Us.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruse, George H. Eggers, O. Shoemann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST. MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord | S. L. Ahhot Jr. | H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock | O. D. Baldwin | E. J. McCutchen.
Adam Grant | W. S. Jones | J. B. Lincoln.

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

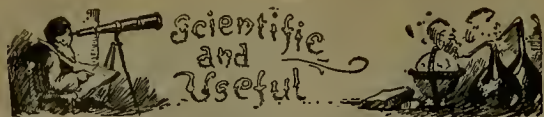
WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning flour and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



A POWERFUL GUN.—The great 100-ton gun, used in the Italian navy, with a 550-pound charge of powder throws a projectile weighing 2020 pounds at an initial velocity of 175.15 feet per second. It communicates to it, therefore, a live power or kinetic force of 92,597,000 foot pounds. The thrust exerted by the gases due to the ignition of the powder lasts less than a hundredth of a second. The force produced is seventeen million horse-power.

A SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—A French store keeper lately had his premises painted red. He was immediately prosecuted by three tradesmen whose stores were opposite his, a milliner, a jeweler, and a silk merchant, who claimed that the reflection of color from the premises across the street made it impossible for their customers to properly tell the hues of the articles they wished to buy.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.—There will be an immense field for scientific investigation when the great Trans-Siberian Railway is opened next summer. The traveler and explorer can then proceed by rail to the banks of the Yanesi, at a distance of 3057 miles from St. Petersburg, and will have facilities for navigating the great rivers running northward.

THE ENGLISH FLEET.—An expert in England states that if Great Britain were to put all her warships in commission there would be necessary to man them 40,000 of the 52,000 petty officers and seamen of the navy, leaving but 12,000 to man the 300 and more remaining vessels of all classes in the navy. This would leave 200 vessels unmanned.

THE GERMAN TORPEDO SERVICE.—The German navy is said to be superior to the British in its torpedo service. In order to get on an actual equality with Great Britain, Germany must first secure 19 battleships, 30 first-class cruisers, 50 second-class cruisers, and 170 third-class cruisers.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.—It is more than possible that Brooklyn may in the near future substitute horseless carriages to carry the mail instead of the wagons at present in use. The postal authorities are said to be much in favor with the idea.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.—A Vienna exchange announces a new and wonderful substitute for common brittle glass. This substitute is said to have all the properties of common glass, except that it is flexible. It is made largely of collodian wool.

WHERE IVORY IS FOUND.—Africa is the great ivory producing country of the world, 75,000 elephants being slaughtered annually therein. In the great Congo basin there are still supposed to be some 200,000 elephants, but the number is rapidly decreasing.

LONGEVITY OF THE RACE.—Married people live longer than single, and those who have to work for their living will usually outlast those who do not. People of middle size live longer than those of large or small physique.

HYGIENE OF THE FEET.—Grave diseases of the throat and lungs often are caused by inattention to the covering of the feet. Warm socks and dry, easily fitting boots will save many an expensive doctor's bill.

A STRANGE FIND.—A "viking" ship recently discovered in East Prussia is estimated to be 1000 years old, and appears to be of the same type as those that carried the Normans to England.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St.

San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 413 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.89
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653.65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

The Banjo.

Ashton P. Stevens.



STUDIO: 26 Montgomery street, Room 8. Pupils prepared for Stage, Concert, or Drawing Room. A Special Class for

teachers who wish to perfect themselves in the Banjo's harmony and technic



THE EASTERBROOK BUILDING, 20-24 Geary Street.

THE EASTERBROOK BUILDING.

SAN FRANCISCO is rapidly acquiring imposing and modern new buildings in the business quarter. The Easterbrook Building, situate 20-24 Geary street, and running through to Morton street, is a good example. Although by no means an old building, it has undergone a thorough overhauling in every respect, and can now boast the same modernity as the Emporium, just opened.

To bring all these changes about, The Builders' Art. W. T. Veitch & Bro., the Oakland contractors and builders, were appealed to. Their office is at 1164-1166 Webster street. After looking at the Geary street premises they soon saw how they could best be remodeled. As a result of their efforts the stores below and the office rooms on the above stories have been entirely renovated, new fronts have been put in the stores, the skylights enlarged, enabling a flood of light and warmth to penetrate every corner of the building, and new floors have been laid on the lower story. New sidewalks have been laid on Geary and Morton streets, improved cement floors make a dry and useful basement, the entrances to the stores are handsomely tiled, and the wainscoting and flooring of the building up to the first floor is of the most beautiful marble. The ground effect can therefore be better imagined than expressed; we can only say that it is as handsome as that of any building in the city. The plumbing has been entirely overhauled, and is now as sanitary as can be. The locks to the different rooms are of the most approved pattern, and all hall doors are furnished with the latest chipped glass, thus securing privacy as well as beauty of effect.

The building is provided with one of Cahill & Hall's direct electric elevators, ensuring safety and speed. Its equipment is complete with all modern safety devices and runs smoothly and noiselessly. The grillwork around the shaft is handsome in the extreme. The building is also provided with hydraulic sidewalk elevators, which are convenient for the owners, but the passenger elevator is a thing by itself, and we do not wonder at the fact that all the larger buildings to-day are provided with this same economical pattern.

All of the interiors of the rooms have been entirely overhauled, cleaned, tinted, and in some cases provided with handsome wall paper. James Duffy & Co., who have removed from Market street to this building, No. 20, did this work, and it speaks for itself in every particular.

The entire exterior and the interiors have been repainted, and now present an extremely handsome appearance. The color is white, matching harmoniously with the marble finishings on the first floor and entrance, and is the work of E. H. Black, 120 Eddy street, who has painted some of the largest buildings in this city. The work is first class in every respect and is above criticism.

Dr. Victor G. Veckl, the well-known physician and surgeon, has his offices on the first floor.

Mr. Strozynski, the well-known ladies' hair-dresser, has moved from his Ellis street quarters to this building, where he has opened a commodious and stylish establishment easy of access to ladies while down town. Mr. Strozynski is recognized as an artist in his particular line of business and can not be approached by any ladies' hairdresser in this city. He is patronized by every lady in society and his creations for dinner or ball effects have made him justly famous. Moreover, he has the distinction of being the only American coiffeur who was presented with a prize at the great Paris Exposition, his work there causing much comment even among the Parisians, who are considered the greatest connoisseurs of the art of beautifying the person. It is hardly to be wondered at that after capturing so great a place as Paris Mr. Strozynski should have gained the confidence of so many ladies in our own city.

J. Alfred Kinghorn-Jones, who imports the finest west of England cloth direct from the mills, is located on the fourth floor. Mr. Jones has paid as much as \$3000 in duties alone during the past eleven months, which will give one an idea of the amount of goods he sells in this city, all of which are high

class in every respect.

S. Bernard & Co., merchant tailors, will be found on the third floor, rooms 19-20-21. This firm does so much of the tailoring work for society and business men that they are too well known to need much praise. Their work always gives satisfaction, as fit and general workmanship is always guaranteed.

Mr. J. R. Sundberg, a well-known and popular merchant tailor, moved into this building a short while ago. His office will be found in room 5, and he is said to have one of the finest stocks of imported cloths in the city, and he guarantees a perfectly fitting suit to those who patronize him.

In the list of California young business men there are none who have gained a higher or more respected position in the San Francisco advertising field than the members of the firm of Wilder & Co. In close touch with many of the leading business men of this city, and always up-to-date and progressive in their ideas, they have developed a field of usefulness that may be regarded as almost exclusively their own. As planners, designers, and placers of all kinds of advertising, they occupy a commanding position in the business world. Their new quarters in the Easterbrook building have been especially prepared to meet the requirements of the increasing business they have been of late called upon to direct, and they have unquestionably the largest and finest offices of any firm of advertising specialists west of Chicago. Every facility for handling a large business has been provided, and as they have on file all of the Pacific coast journals, a comprehensive plan of advertising can be marked out for intending advertisers at very short notice.

Lewis & Fowler, who will be found in room 34, fourth floor, make a specialty of a fine pair of trousers for \$4. Finest suits and overcoats made to order, and a perfect fit is always guaranteed.

Mr. E. S. Goldsmith, who was formerly at 26 Montgomery St., has removed to room 14, this building, and is now better prepared to do first-class work than ever. As a card and seal engraver, Mr. Goldsmith is without an equal in this city. The wedding, visiting, and business cards he turns out are works of art, and the prices charged are reasonable in every respect.

The R. T. Kennedy Company have moved their stock of beautiful black dress goods to this building, and are now prepared to show them off to greater advantage than ever. The latest styles have just arrived from the East.

H. O. Deuss occupies room 13 on the second floor. He is a practical and experienced watchmaker and jeweler, his work being of the highest order, while his prices are exceptionally moderate. He charges, for instance, only seventy-five cents for mainsprings and casesprings, which are fully guaranteed. All his work is done at a correspondingly low price. He has been a practical watchmaker for over twenty-five years, has been connected with the leading watch manufactories in this country, and has given many important improvements to the trade.

The San Francisco Blue Print Company has moved from the St. Ann's Building to room 33, fourth floor, in this building, and is prepared to do all kinds of blue print work on paper and cloth, black prints, draughting and tracing.

Mr. B. E. Henriksen, who is the oldest architect in San Francisco, having been in business for twenty-nine years, has his office in room 43. He has erected many of our largest buildings, and is at the head of his profession.

J. N. Brittain has a fine assortment of watches and jewelry on hand in front window of store No. 20. His watch repairing is guaranteed, and his charges are as moderate as any one can desire. His stock of silver novelties is especially choice. J. Edward Warren is Resident Agent for the building, and has his office in room 38, fourth floor. The building has only been opened three months, yet three-fourths of the offices are already rented, and the others will soon be so, under his efficient and accommodating management.



THE rather unexpected advent of the hottest "hot term" of the year so far had rather a depressing effect upon society; even the theatre party languished in the face of all there was to enjoy, and it was not until our delicious breezes were again with us that our people felt like themselves once more. It is, however, late in the season to look for much more entertaining to be done in town except in the lunch and dinner line, and these will continue to be given more or less for several weeks yet.

Miss Jennie Blair's recent bud luncheon can claim the distinction of having been the handsomest entertainment of the kind given in San Francisco this season. Miss Lucas, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Hager, was guest of honor, and to meet her eighteen of our fairest maidens were bidden. Beauty roses were used in adorning the rooms; pale green and white the dominating tints of the lunch table, which was lavishly spread with silver, the souvenirs for the guests being also small silver slippers placed beside each plate. Mrs. Joseph Austin's pink luncheon was one of the pretty functions of last week. Another was the luncheon given on Saturday by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, complimentary to Miss Jennie Catherwood, after which the entire party took in the matinee at the Baldwin. And yet another was the silver wedding anniversary dinner of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Splivalo on Sunday.

A very elaborate affair was the reception given by the Forum Club in the Maple Rooms of the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening. All the rooms were used for the entertainment, and between music, dancing and feasting, the elegantly gowned ladies and their male escorts had a most pleasant time of it. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms and flowers, and the programme of vocal music was among the best rendered at any of the season's gatherings, while the number of guests present more than comfortably filled the rooms.

Banquets have been rather in order of late, as besides the one given in honor of Queen Victoria by her loving subjects in San Francisco, one on a most elaborate scale was given by the Directors of the Union Iron Works at the Pacific-Union Club to commemorate the great success of the battleship Oregon. Two visiting strangers of distinction who have been with us of late have also come in for a share of the good things of the table—Sir Henry Deering, who reached here from Mexico in time to take part in the "Queen's dinner" at the Palace on Saturday, and General Barillas of Guatemala, who has been the motif for several handsome dinners since his arrival. The latter was the guest of honor at a reception given by Mrs. Isadore Schwartz, at her residence on Clay street last Friday evening, and on Tuesday of this week was guest of honor at a dinner given by Captain and Mrs. Johnson at the Baldwin Hotel. General Bacheider, Chief Quartermaster, U. S. A., has also been paying San Francisco a visit this week.

Among charitable affairs this week were the Rivers tea on Thursday and the Saturday Morning Orchestra concert at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening. The annual bazaar of the Lick Old Ladies' Home will be held at that institution on Saturday next. The great charity event of the year so far, the other side of the bay, was the production of *As You Like It* in the Thompsons' beautiful grounds in Alameda on Thursday, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange and Relief Society of Alameda. Out of town entertainments include Mrs. Bromwell's card party in Oakland last Friday, in honor of Miss Luella Williams, at which fifty charming young maidens were gathered; and Mrs. John S. Dickenson's tea in Sausalito on Saturday, which was a very pleasant affair.

The closing days of May have been well-filled with weddings, and the month of June promises to be very prolific

of them. Tuesday, the 2nd, has been selected by Miss Jennie Cheeseman and Lieutenant Schocmacher, whose nuptial knot will be tied at the home of the bride, and he a very quiet ceremonial; and also by Miss Emma Huntsman and W. Greyson Dutton, whose marriage vows will be exchanged in Grace Church at the hour of noon. On Wednesday, the 3rd, a wedding will take place in Elmira, New York, which may prove of interest to Californians, inasmuch as the groom, Elwood Crocker, was formerly a resident of Sacramento. The bride-elect is Miss Elizabeth Slee, of Elmira. The wedding of Douglas Tilden and Miss Bessie Cole will be solemnized in Oakland on Saturday next, and Wednesday, the 10th of June, is to be the wedding day of Miss Mollie Hunter and Shafter Howard, the ceremony to take place at Newport, R. I.; the groom's mother and sister will be present thereat. On June 24th, in Sacramento, will be wedded Miss Lucy Upson, who, during the Crocker regime in San Francisco, was such a frequent guest here, to Louis Hauchette, who is almost equally well-known in this city. July's chief ceremonial will be the nuptials of Miss Ella Hohart and Charles A. Baldwin, and, if rumor may be relied upon, the festivities will be of a very elaborate description.

Surprises appear to be the order of the day in the engagement line, and the last one was when the announcement was made of Walter Newhall's engagement to Mrs. Ainsworth, of Los Angeles, because it was generally supposed that one of San Francisco's fair maidens held first place in that gentleman's fancy, if not in his affections. News has reached San Francisco of the engagement of charming Miss Minnie Casey, who, during the period of her father, Colonel Casey's, station at Benicia, was a frequent visitor to and welcome guest at society's functions in this city. The name of the lucky man is Lieutenant Davison, at present stationed in Texas, where the wedding will take place in September. Miss Alice Kinzie, late of the Presidio, is to be maid-of-honor to the bride.

One of the most delightful Anglo-phobiasms which has reached here is the "house party," and already many of our swim who are lucky enough to own country homes are making dates with their different friends, following the English fashion of saying when to come and when to go. The only rural settlements of rich people at Menlo and San Mateo have, hitherto, been exclusive and selfish; but now fashion (and Burlingame) has changed all that, homes are to be opened to friends, and merry pastimes provided. Mrs. Will Tevis, at Bakersfield, has opened the season already and following close upon it came the first house party of the bride and groom, the Walter Hoharts, at San Mateo last Saturday. To be sure, the guests comprised only those who "assisted" at their wedding, but it was a jolly crowd and thoroughly enjoyed itself, and gives delightful promise of what may be looked for at their hands later on. Mrs. Osgood Hooker, nee Goad, at Sausalito, is another young matron who will entertain thusly during the summer, and the fall season at B'lyugham, when all the old habitués are in residence, will fairly blaze with beauty, and fashion, and fun.

School affairs continue to form a leading feature in life hereabouts at present. The closing concert of the term was given at Mills' College on Tuesday evening, and drew a large attendance from the city. Trinity school was busy with its examinations, etc., during the earlier part of the week, and on Wednesday evening the commencement exercises, distribution of prizes, medals, and so forth, took place in the school hall, which was prettily adorned with flowers and garlands of green. The exercises proved very interesting to a crowded assemblage, and on Thursday evening the annual dance took place. Mme. Ziska's reception for the class of '96 will be held to-night at her residence on Van Ness avenue. The festivities at the closing of Hoitt's school at San Mateo last Saturday were of the most varied character, occupying the greater part of the day, and including musical and literary exercises, luncheon, field sports, etc., and winding up with dancing in the evening amid pretty decorations of green and gold, the colors of the school. On Wednesday evening of this week the Glee Club of the Girls' High School Alumnae gave a concert at Kohler & Chase's Hall, under the direction of Mme. Von Meyerinck.

Our butterflies of fashion are about to take wing for their summer locales, and daily one hears of new selections being made. Castle Crags will class among others, Mrs. I. L. Poole, who is very fond of that mountain resort. To Del Monte go the Hagers, including Miss Lucas, Brugieres, Crockers, Casserleys, Horace Hills, Adam Grants, A. J. Popes, D. T. Murphy, Simpkins, Tubbs, Santa Marina, Catherwood, Harveys, Paysons, George Howards, and a host of others. The Hotel Rafael visitors will include the Rosenstocks, Tevises, Folgers, Rosenbaums, Boardmans, Nuttalls, Von Schroeders, Mrs. Schmiedell, Fred Tallants, etc. The Louis Slosses are already occupying their cottage at San Rafael. The W. H. Mills, Miss May Phelan, A. S. Baldwins, Bates, Hookers, and Hoopers, are booked for San Mateo. Mrs. Page Brown has taken a cottage at Santa Cruz for the summer. The Will Tevises expect to spend several weeks at Santa Monica, where the Lesters will also be in residence. Colonel and Mrs. Kimball are among the guests at the Vendome.

Miss Minnie Houghton is on the eve of departure Eastward, where she will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley, at the different watering places. The George Whittells and Joe Cunninghams are already gone and are at present in New York. Joe Grant has been visiting Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh at their beautiful home in Northamptonshire, England. Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Rutherford are to pass the summer in California and will probably be here in about ten days. The Alexanders will also be here later in the season to spend some time at Del Monte. Mrs. Low and Miss Flora are expected to arrive within the next six weeks. Mrs. S. J. Murphy and Miss Ethel are already en route homeward after an extended absence abroad.

Captain and Mrs. J. J. O'Connell gave an informal reception in honor of Commander and Mrs. Howison of Mare Island Navy Yard at their delightful Angel Island quarters last Tuesday. The house was decorated with the infantry colors, whilst the stars and stripes floated from the vine-covered verandas. Captain and Mrs. O'Connell were assisted in doing the honors to their distinguished guests by Miss O'Connell. Her guests were Miss Devereaux and the following officers and ladies of Angel Island: Dr. and Mrs. Pope, Dr. Rosenan, U. S. M. H. S., Captain Mans, Captain Starr, Lieutenant and Mrs. Rowdrez, Lieutenant and Mrs. Binns, and Lieutenant Wilcox. Commander Howison is to take command of the new battleship Oregon, and the O'Connell reception is but one of many charming affairs being given in honor of the gallant officer and his accomplished wife.

Last Tuesday Miss Gertrude Sullivan was married to William E. Bridge, the well-known proprietor of the St. Lawrence Stables, lover of good horses generally, and a prominent member of the local Commandery of Knights Templar. The ceremony, which was a very pretty one, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 825 Polk street, and was performed by the Rev. J. Meiler of Healdsburg.

Some disappointment has been expressed that the D. O. Mills-Whitelaw Reed party should make such a brief stay in California after leading their acquaintances to expect a longer visit from them. They leave to-day for the home of their delight in New York, and it may be a long time ere we see them this way again.

The commencement exercises of the young ladies attending the Dominican College, at San Rafael, took place last Thursday. They consisted of many delightful vocal and musical selections, and were much appreciated by a large and fashionable audience.

NOW is the time for the Eastern traveler to look Californiawards instead of in the direction of Europe. Our glorious weather has just started in, our watering and summer resorts are all in full swing, and preparations are being made for the greatest carnival the State has ever known.

THE PRETTIEST PLACE IN MILL VALLEY.

A LARGE, well-furnished house to rent in Mill Valley for four or six months, with stable accommodations if desired. Address, G. T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

WHY ENGLAND IS HATED.

LODGE'S explanation of the hatred of England cannot be depended upon, because each politician of the Lodge school who feels it explains it in a different way, so as to help his own hobby. Some hate her because she is "grabbing;" others because the upper classes "dress for dinner" and have "table manners," which only seven senators are said to possess; others because Englishmen have such a drawing accent; others because she is not on a silver basis; others because she lends so much money to the poor man and expects to be repaid; others because of the regularity of the Cunard steamers; others because her navy is bigger than ours; others because of Lord Dunraven, others because of the scarcity of ice in London and the hadness of the London water; others because there is not more rumpus about the English finances; others because of her free trade villainy. There is a miscellaneous assortment of reasons out of which each politician takes his choice, and there is a small lot of politicians who hate her peremptorily, and decline to give any reason.—N. Y. Post.

ONE of the city dailies has seriously remarked that Baron La Grange, recently arrived from Paris, "stopped a month in Colorado, while on his way here, to study up the silver question." This would be much like going to Grass Valley or Angels Camp to investigate the merits of the gold standard. What unusual opportunities Colorado affords for a study of himetallism remain to be made plain.

UNEQUALED.—LIFE.

There's many a new sensation found
In the popular sport of "wheeling,"
But queerest of all, when far from home,
Is that "punctured tired feeling."

FATAL CIGARETTES.—Several cases of deaths arising from smoking cigarettes made of tea leaves have occurred in London. The habit is said to be growing rapidly among women.

Visitor (hearing the piano in the next room)—Is that your daughter? She appears to be playing with only one hand. GENTLEMAN OF THE HOUSE—Yes; her fellow is probably playing with the other.—Boston Transcript.

She—So she wouldn't have you? HE (gloomily)—No. SHE—Wasn't her father on your side. HE (more gloomily)—No—hehind.—Pick-Me-Up.

She—Is your wife's new cook Irish? HE—I presume so. She's a home ruler.—Globe Democrat.

Sunburn and Freckles removed by "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 60c. Pacific Perfumery Co., San Francisco.

COOPER & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

PHOTO MOUNT and CARD M'FG CO.,

N. W. Cor. Clay and Sansome Sts.

Dealers in Card Board,
Manufacturers of
Photo Mounts, Cards
of all Descriptions,
Embossing, Ragged
Edging, Etc.

ARTISTIC

Souvenirs, Programmes,
Menus, Labels, and
Show Cards, Etc.

Electrohouse

The modern oxygen cure for disease.

Watson & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents:
124 MARKET ST.
Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. | From May 3, 1896. | Arrive

*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Callistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	†7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Callistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

†7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	†8:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Houlender Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden Express, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1:45 P
†7:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	†8:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
†9:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	†11:45 P
†10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
†11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	†7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE.	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
†11:00 A	FITCHBERG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	†1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
†11:15 P		†12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market Street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 3:30, *4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*3:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:20, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
†Sundays only.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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NIGHT COMES SOFTLY.—L. C. D.

Night comes slowly, softly down,
Touches lightly field and town
Where the wind is roaming.
Poppies smile and nod their heads,
While the hush of evening spreads
In the early gloaming.

Softest breeze goes loitering by,
Crickets chant a lullaby

To the day that's sleeping;
Roses' breath, just like a prayer,
Floats upon the slumb'rous air,
Love's sweet silence keeping.

Angels, stooping, whisper low—
While the stars swing to and fro
And the skies are hending—

"Peace, dear hearts, and sweet good-night,
Happy dreams till dawn's new light—
With the night descending."

WOMAN.—COMMERCIAL APPEAL.

The glance from her eyes is a net for the feet;

Her laugh is as wine, the sense grasping;
And her arms are made solely so lily-like sweet,

To prison man's soul in their clasping.

Who can shun her, though knowing that death and doom yawn?

Who harks, when she smiles, to an omen?

There is naught that is stronger since the world's primal dawn

As the weak, subtle beauty of woman!

THE REASON.—N. Y. DISPATCH.

You ask me why this rose has bloomed?
Because my lady kissed it.

To what sad fate 'twould have been doomed,
If her fair lips had missed it.

She wears it on her snowy breast—
A red heart to my seeming.

That kills my slumber with unrest—
The vision of my dreaming.

It would have been a blighted bud,
If her fair lips had missed it;

But it is filled with my heart's blood,
Because my lady kissed it.

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SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:56 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:25, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DEPARTURE.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.		Fulton,		10:10 A. M.
		Windor,		
		Healdsburg,		
	7:30 A. M.	Geyersville,	7:30 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.		Cloverdale.		6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.	land, Ukiah.		6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.			6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.		10:40 A. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sonoma Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cauto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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CORPIC (via Honolulu).... Monday, June 15, 1896
GAELIC (via Honolulu).... Thursday, July 2, 1896
DORIC..... Tuesday, July 21, 1896
HEIGIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, August 8, 1896

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NEWS LETTER
California Advertiser.



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THE defence of insanity would scarcely deceive anybody in the case of murderer Dunham. For such a cold-blooded wretch the only appropriate treatment is "a short sbrift and a long halter."

IN the past five years the population of London increased by two hundred thousand—about two-thirds the population of San Francisco. The vast city keeps growing steadily, and her trade is as steadily expauding.

SARAH Bernhardt has been telling the Parisians that woman makes law in America, as well as giving tone to society and setting the fashions. In this view of the case the agitation for woman suffrage would appear to be wholly superfluous.

THE initial operation of the State Rock Crushing Plant will take place at Folsom State Prison to-day. Governor Budd, the State Board of Prison Directors and the Commissioners of the Bureau of Highways will be present besides many of our leading citizens.

RECENT experiments encourage the hope that man will some day be able to safely navigate the air. The flying machine is no longer a mere emblem of folly. But the indications are that the cost of aerial transportation, under the most favorable circumstances, will be large in proportion to the results achieved.

McKINLEY'S silence on the financial question is perhaps a token of his obedience to the behests of his political "managers." But it is far from the course that a man of brains and force of character would adopt under like circumstances. Keeping mum may help to secure the Republican nomination, but it will not win votes at the polls.

IT has been suggested that a good and durable pavement for Market street could be had by bedding small basalt blocks in concrete, and filling the interstices with melted bituminous rock or asphalt, poured in hot. This, it is urged, would combine the advantages of durability and noiselessness. It is certain that a change of some sort is greatly needed on that thoroughfare.

THE familiar Edison incandescent lamp throws out but little heat in comparison with a kerosene lamp of equal illuminating power, and yet the inventor says that 95 per cent. of the electric energy used by the former is dissipated in heat, leaving only five per cent for utilization in light. If his new lamp, as is claimed, converts the entire electric energy into light, it must effect a great economy.

THE Washington dispatches which connect the name of our Senator Perkins with the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency are flattering to that favorite son. But, with several of our other distinguished citizens slated for Cabinet positions under McKinley, it might look greedy were California also to be represented on the national ticket. Besides, Senator White is talked of as a possible candidate for the Presidency.

EDITOR McClatchy of the Sacramento Bee is in trouble because of his published attack on Superior Judge Catlin of that city, aent certain judicial proceedings. The newspaper man referred editorially to the Judge as a "czar," and plainly declared that his Honor had lied from the bench. This indulgence in "contempt" may have unpleasant consequences, but the editor has enjoyed the satisfaction of speaking his mind on the subject.

MANY people are wondering how much the Supervisors got for allowing the disgraceful exhibition of prize-fighting at the Pavilion. It was seemingly a clear case of favoritism, as had it occurred in any saloon the police would immediately have interfered and arrested the participants. Pugilists should either be forbidden to fight in the city, or else they should be allowed perfect liberty to disgrace us when and where they please.

THE irrepressible pulpit idiot has been asking all over the country, "who was responsible" for the tornado that took hundreds of lives at St. Louis, and whether God did not design the "visitation" as a "warning" or a "punishment" to the wicked. But sensible people have ceased to pay heed to this sort of drivel. And our State Board of Trade has pointed out the obvious lesson of the terrible wind storms in the Mississippi valley. It is, "Come to California," where such calamity-makers are unknown.

IN the Senatorial debate on the bill to prohibit the issuance of bonds of the United States, without further authority of Congress, Allison manfully declared his opposition to the free coinage of silver. His straightforward declarations on this topic, despite his Presidential aspirations, entitle him to respect and honor. Allison, however, is a consistent bimetalist. He was one of the ablest and best informed of the delegates sent by the United States to the last International Conference on the money question.

THE charms and wouders of the high Sierras of California are but little known. The great range has several tremendous chasms equal to the Yosemite, and scores of glaciers, with snow-clad peaks almost innumerable. It is only about twenty years since John Muir discovered the Black Mountain glacier, in the Merced or Tuolumne region, and others of like interest and beauty, including those on Mt. Shasta. When will Californians learn to appreciate the unsurpassed majesty of their mighty mountain scenery, and to make themselves acquainted with its marvels before going to Europe in search of the sublime and the beautiful in nature?

IT is sincerely to be hoped that Congress will be able to consider the Mineral Land bill before it adjourns, as, with its amendments, it is not likely to meet with any opposition. Mining people all over the State are anxious to have it settled, as the question of mineral or agricultural land has long been an annoying one. Senator Tiley L. Ford, who for the last four months has been in Washington attending to the interests of the miners, and to whom their thanks is justly due, expresses surprise at the delay occurring, and is doing his best to interest influential people on the ground to get the bill through before adjournment. The hydraulic mining clause in the River and Harbor bill was also the work of the Senator, and the appropriation gained by him to be spent in the construction of dams, has done much to win for him a larger share of popularity than usually falls to the lot of man.

MCKINLEY, THE REPUBLICAN JONAH.

MAJOR MCKINLEY will be nominated at St. Louis. There is not one chance in a thousand against that. But if the convention were to be held at the end of July instead of in the middle of June, the Major would have no chance at all. Thoughtful Republicans already see that a mistake has been made, but the party is so fully committed to McKinley that there is not time between now and the 16th inst. to abandon him and concentrate on anybody else. The impetus of the late boom will carry the Major through the convention—but after?

That is what causes thoughtful Republicans to feel anxious. McKiuley is not a richly various personage. He is a man of one idea, and stands in the public mind only for that. Unless the country can be roused for another fight on the tariff, the Major will be bereft of his ewe lamb, and represent nothing save his own and his party's desire to wiu. Since the shouting for McKinley filled the air and sent back thunderous echoes from the quaking firmament, signs have appeared that shake confidence in the tariff issue as a vote-winner. It was to avoid facing the financial question that the Republicans put forward the Major. The masses were to be carried off their feet with a concerted yell for "protection, prosperity, and patriotism," but even with alliteration's artful aid that whoop seems to have no great lifting power. The masses have got it into their heads that they want free coinage of silver, and, whether the politicians like it or not, the financial issue will be the dominating one of this Presidential campaign.

Should the Democrats adopt a silver platform and nominate a silver candidate—as seems extremely likely—what will the Republicans do? McKinley is a tariff candidate only, and with the money question being forced by the opposition, he will be as inappropriate, as incongruous, as burdensome as a mulatto presiding over a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The sound-money Republicans of the East regard the Major with aversion and distrust as a silverite, while the silver-mauiacs of the West and South abhor him as a gold-hug who is on terms of criminal intimacy with Wall street. Sound-money Democrats, if sufficiently in earnest to bolt their party should it pronounce for free coinage, would certainly be too much in earnest to go over to the Republicans and vote for such a straddler as McKinley.

As things are shaping themselves, large desertions from both parties will occur this year. The blood of the voter is up, and not up on the tariff, but silver. Had the Republicans a sound-mouey candidate about whose opinions there could be no doubt they would, in the event of a bolt of the gold-men at Chicago, win the support of great bodies of Democrats. But rather than give their hallots for a Republican dodger, such Democrats will prefer an out-and-out silver-man of their own political household. At the most they will stay away from the polls. And ardent silver Republicans, as well as ardent gold Republicans, will enjoy driving the knife into the Major.

A month ago the NEWS LETTER predicted that the McKinley boom would diminish with time. The process has begun and is going on rapidly. By the end of August judicious Republicans who do not use their heads for drums and heat them with the stick of blind party enthusiasm, will wish that McKinley had been caught in a cyclone at or about the beginning of March, 1896. It is too early, of course, to put on the robes of the authoritative prophet, but we should say that the defeat of McKinley in November is well within the limits of the possible. He is a small man and a shifty oue, who is incapable of inspiring real enthusiasm. His dubious positiou as to silver, his stubborn refusal to open his lips on the subject, displays the Major as he is—a politician who desires to hold only such views as will lose him no votes. Show him a large group of voters, and he will try by cooing to win their favor without forfeiting that of those who are hostile to them. Witness his coquetting with the American Protective Association. Part of the order is for him and part against, and each part quotes the Major in support of the claim that he is a friend or an enemy of the A. P. A. Such a man is not suited to meet the exigencies of a campaign like that which is opeuing. It is a time when candidates cannot count on having solid parties behind them, and when

they must depend for success upon their straightforwardness, their willingness to stand or fall with their convictions. It is had weather for trimmers, and Major McKinley is a trimmer through and through. The Republicans, who can't now avoid nominating him, are in all likelihood destined to find him a Jonah, and a Jonah that they will not be at liberty to throw overboard when the storm of party strife rages.

The Agony Point Of The Campaign.

We notice that most of the independent journals of the East are of opinion with the NEWS LETTER that a bolt from both the old parties on the silver question is almost inevitable. The Ohio straddle, which really means gold, will probably be adopted at St. Louis, unless, indeed, the gold men insist upon a stronger declaration in their favor. The course of Senator Teller and those acting with him, will then be in no manner of doubt. He is pledged to a bolt unless the Convention goes for free coinage of the white metal at the ratio of 16 to 1. As he goes so go the delegates of at least six States. The Democrats are in even a worse plight, because more evenly divided. Whichever wing is in a majority the other must bolt. The days of compromise on this burning issue are over. There can be but one standard with which to measure values and that must be determined now. Every sane man knows that free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, in payment of all debts public and private, means silver monometallism. Under the law discovered by Gresham it is established that the cheap dollar will always drive the dearer one out of the country. No man will pay a debt with 100 cents when he can pay it with fifty. Now that this issue has been so squarely raised there cannot be a business revival or prosperity until it is settled. If it were conceivable that the cheap dollar men could win, we should look for the greatest panic followed by the longest business depression this country has ever experienced. But they cannot win. It is not possible that any party can succeed when all the stable interests of the country are arrayed against it. But if the silver Democrats and silver Republicans join forces whilst the gold Republicans and gold Democrats each put up separate tickets of their own, the situation would be dangerous. There should be but one gold party as there would be but one silver one. If this should lead to the permanent disintegration of both parties, so much the better. They have long since outlived the purposes for which they began to be. New times and new issues have arisen which demand new party combinations. That is the condition which will presently confront the country and it is a most serious one. It should be remarked in this connection that there can be no enactment of any new tariff, unless there be a union of Republican and Democratic forces in the Senate; and this whilst the revenue is falling short of the expenditures by something like \$100,000,000 a year. It is a desperate plight, brought about by the Silver Senators handing themselves together to vote for no tariff until a free coinage bill is passed. Desperate gamblers from the mining camps, they are playing high, with the interests of the country as a stake. The patriotic men of both the old parties will have to get together.

An Outrage on the Cloth.

A most painful incident occurred recently on a ranch near Folsom, where the Rev. Mr. Meek had taken refuge. The Rev. Mr. Meek, in the course of a sermon delivered from the pulpit of the Methodist church of which he was pastor, referred to one of the ladies of his flock as a "painted woman," and otherwise gave verbal evidence of his pious disesteem for her. Then he departed for the ranch of a brother. Thence he was followed by the husband of the painted lady, who got him into the barn and punched the clerical countenance till it was ensanguined and shreddy, the constable looking on and saying it did him good to see it. Brother Meek has testified his disapproval of this response to the spoken word by shaking the dust of Folsom from his feet and seeking a wider and less exigent field of usefulness.

Nothing but condemnation, severe and unqualified, can be expressed for the action of this Folsom husband. It was hasty and ill-judged. Under no circumstances can the individual citizen be encouraged to resort to violence in re-

prison for injury. This is a Government of law. Besides, the person of an ecclesiastic should be inviolate. If a preacher is to be thumped like a common man when he deserves it, the sacred profession cannot but lose in dignity. Thoughtful persons will ever be ready to make allowances for the clergy. They are accustomed to an irresponsibility of speech which deprives their language of ordinary weight, and few take seriously what comes from the pulpit in these days, when a man of God must be sensational in order to be heard. Were the Folsom beating to be justified by the press, it might be erected into a precedent and make the preachers' calling one of great danger. The brethren of late, especially on the Pacific Coast, have, to employ the phraseology of the secular, been going it. If, when a brother falls into sin—by pulpit denunciation of a sister, or, as much more frequently happens, by inducing her to share his contempt for an important commandment—the husband, father, or other male relative, is to be allowed to wound, maltreat, and disfigure the pastor, what is to become of the peace of congregations? What chance will the gospel have to spread if the spreaders thereof are (again in secular phrase) done up?

We of the laity should ever remember that the shepherds set over us are subject to peculiar temptations. They are men like unto ourselves, yet are privileged to an intimacy with the other sex which seems often to destroy in the shepherd's mind respect for the fairer, and softer, and more reverent half of the race. This failure in respect is, unhappily, not reciprocal, for the less the dear pastor thinks of the sisters, the more, apparently, they think of him. It is in their nature to worship, and their pastor is nearer and more real, somehow, than their Heavenly Father. Not our blows, but our prayers, are due the harassed saint who in an idle moment forgets that the All-Seeing Eye is on watch.

It is true that the Folsom husband could not, in the present incomplete state of the law, look to it for adequate vengeance. But if the courts have no fit penalties for gross insults and other wrongs to women, there is a happy medium between an appeal to a jury and a ruffianly assault on one in holy orders. The Lord provides for all things, and, in his infinite mercy, he has furnished man with neighbors and an ample, cheap, and easily accessible supply of tar.

The Impiety of the Missionary Idea. The conference of Christian collegians at Cazadero closed with an extraordinary discourse delivered by the Reverend Sherwood Eddy from the summit of Pole

Mountain, the youthful brethren sitting around on the rocks and drinking the words of wisdom in with the Sah-hath air. The discourse was extraordinary in that, while its purpose was to fire zeal and make missionaries of the collegians, it presented a most discouraging picture of the state of the world. Brother Eddy passed the nations of the earth in review, and sized up their spiritual condition. "Within Mexico's borders," he said, "dwell ten million human beings, eight million of whom have never seen the inside of a Bible." Venezuela has the population of Michigan and only one missionary. Ecuador possesses as many inhabitants as Kansas, and has no missionary at all. Central and South America contain 36,000,000 souls, of whom 30,000,000 "are yet unevangelized." Africa has three people to this country's one, and "fewer missionaries than are among the 7,000,000 negroes of our own South." There are more missionaries in the city of New York than in all India. In China 1400 babies are born every hour, the population is five times that of the United States, and only one in every 400 has heard the gospel preached. "I will sum up in a few words," said the surveyor of Pole Mountain. "One-half the people of the world never heard of Christ, and there are more heathens on the globe to-day than ever before."

The lesson drawn from these astonishing facts by Brother Eddy is that more money should be added to the countless millions that have been spent in efforts to spread the gospel, that other armies of preachers should be sent to reinforce those who, during many generations, have gone into dark lands with Christ's offer of salvation. But is this the true lesson, the lesson which God-fearing, reverent souls should derive from these appalling facts? Were it Heaven's will that all the world should be of one

faith would it not have been Christianized long ago? It lacks but four years of two thousand since Jesus was born at Nazareth. Two thousand years is a mighty stretch. Providence itself, if minded to accomplish any purpose in human affairs, could not ask for more time than that. If Christ's command to go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature has not been completely obeyed, it has not been the fault of his followers, for they have shown a fervor in the work that has brought upon them the charge of folly—and worse, for it is written that he who provideth not for his own household is no better than the infidel. Christ himself expected success, and success within a brief space, for he predicted the coming of the millennium before the generation of which he was one had passed away. Heaven has ordained otherwise. If, as Brother Eddy states, there are more heathens now in the world than ever before, the conclusion forces itself upon the unregenerate intelligence that the Almighty prefers variety to sameness, and is as well satisfied with Buddhists, Mahomedans, Jews, Pagans, and agnostics as He is with evangelical Christians, and has set His face against the conversion of mankind to one system of theology. This being so, Brother Eddy's advice to the collegians to hie them abroad with tidings of great joy, that give the heathen no joy to hear, is nothing short of impious. They can employ their spiritual strength and intellectual force more profitably at home. If the heathens of their own land—the savages of civilization, the slaves of poverty and vice—do not attract them and hold out the prospect of maintenance, there is always plenty of wood to saw.

Interesting To The Canning Industry. The canning industry of the State is already very large and is bound to assume really vast proportions. The question of obtaining the material with

which to manufacture the cans is therefore of great interest. We now send away all too much money for foreign tin. Congress tried to prevent this by high protection to the native product, but with only limited success. Now, however, it appears that we are about to dispense with the tin altogether. A cheap, plentiful, and efficient home substitute for it has been found. Wood pulp is said to be the coming material for the manufacture of all sorts of utensils required in the canner's business. Its use will do away with the danger of occasional poisoning which now results from the employment of metal. It is claimed that it can be made so perfectly air tight that the present large percentage of loss to the canner through taint occasioned by the admission of air, will be avoided. Wood pulp vessels can be painted in imitation of oak, walnut, maple, cherry, or any other desired color, and are susceptible of all sorts of ornamentation. They are oil, and water proof, will not expand or contract, and will stand much rough usage. Best of all, when they have served their purpose they may be burned, and that is the last of them. Our people will be glad to bid a happy adieu to the Cornish tin monopoly.

A Baptist Minister. The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, who leads his sheep to heaven by the Baptist route, and who was the original of the famous novel, "God's Fool," has returned to San Francisco from Chicago—there probably being enough hogs in that city to more than fill the demand. Mr. Henry is the man who became desperate in his merited oblivion some years ago, and achieved notoriety by lending his jaws to the popular cause of indecency. They were powerful factors and achieved far more than the divine's arms, unaccustomed to labor of any kind save that of supplying said jaws with food, could ever have accomplished. In one respect this community is to be congratulated upon having acquired his services again. Along with the Rev. C. Overmau-Brown and the Rev. "Nigger" Colburn, he will constitute such a trinity of sanctity that no other city in the world will be able to produce its equal. There may be a few people here whose shoulders are not decked with the mantle of grace and who would prefer his absence to his company. To them we would suggest that they exercise good Pagan forbearance, remembering that even as he was led to leave his fellow animals in Chicago, something may yet occur to attract him to a larger and more profitable trough elsewhere.

The Gory Hand. It is time for law abiding citizens to rise en masse and demand that an end be put to the terrible epidemic of murder at present prevalent in every quarter of our country. No man, woman, or child is safe from the hand of the murderer. He may strike anywhere with full immunity, or at least with enormous odds in his favor of cheating the gallows by the aid of an unprincipled attorney and a judge who allows himself, for political reasons chiefly, to be badgered by his inferiors into subjection. Every week we are shocked by the recital of some awful crime which would better heft the Dark Ages than these days of supposed enlightenment and progress. There is hardly a street in one of our cities that has not received a bloody baptism or witnessed some ghastly deed, the perpetrator of which is still at large. The prisons already are overloaded with fiends, in human shape and with a devil's ingenuity, who have managed to keep the rope from coiling around their necks, and who are still permitted to desecrate with their breath the fragrant air of God. Unless something is done to stop all this, assassination and murder will become things of daily occurrence in every community. If, with all our boasted advancement and superiority to older countries, we cannot protect our citizens, and if our judges and lawyers are to remain mere tools necessary for the absolution of criminals, then our civilization is a wretched farce, and we shall continue to merit the contempt freely bestowed upon us by citizens of other lands whose lives, at least, are secure. Mere talk will not help us to change the present disgraceful state of affairs. The times demand strong measures, and if the laws, as they are understood at present, cannot help us, then the laws must be reconstructed so that they may be serviceably administered. As a first step, we recommend that the arguments of criminal attorneys—attorneys as criminal in their methods as they are in their instincts—be done away with; and that we return to the healthy old Mosaic law of "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Only by ensuring capital punishment to the murderer can we keep him from staining his hand with the blood of his fellows. It must be made clear to him that the plea of insanity, like that of hypnotism, has no standing before the law, and that under any and all circumstances *a life must be paid for by a life*. Only by so doing will the murderer gradually be rooted out from among us; only by so doing will we be able to live without the constant fear that a member of our own family may not be the next victim to the awful carnival of blood.

A Blow At Trade's Union Terrorism. A judicial decree based upon common law principles, which are as applicable in this country as in England, has recently emanated from a noted

English judge, which strikes sore discomfiture at the Trades Unions and their evil practice of boycotting. The Federated Trades had "blacklisted" the names of several non-union men in the employ of the Messrs. Trollope, a large building firm in London, and thereupon a boycott against the firm and its non-Union men was instituted. Suit was brought to restrain the boycott and to obtain damages for what it had already done. Mr. Justice Hawkins held that it was a clearly illegal proceeding amounting to a conspiracy to unlawfully interfere with the right of another to earn his bread and that it therefore struck at his very life. He granted a restraining order, and left a jury to assess the value of the damage already done, which, after trial, it fixed at \$2,500. It was a righteous decision all round, the law of which cannot too soon be applied in this country and in our own city. The right that most needs affirmation in these United States at present is that of the free man to sell his labor when, where, and upon what terms he pleases without let or hindrance from any one, and, in so doing, to receive adequate protection from the law. He has not always received it from our popularly elected courts, which have often demonstrated that they feared the Trades Unions and cared more for vote getting than the equal protection of all before the law. Judge Maguire owes much, if not all, of his popularity to-day with the Trades Unions to his bold deliverance whilst on the Bench that boycotting was entirely moral, defensible, right and legal. The case in which he so held was one of the worst of its kind. A highly skilled mechanic had had a quarrel with certain

members of the union to which he belonged, inspired, it was believed, by his capacity to do more work than they. He was expelled, blacklisted, and driven from one position to another until it became impossible for him to obtain work. Had he moved elsewhere he would doubtless have been followed and persecuted in the same way. So that practically it came to this:—that he was to be driven off the face of the earth through no fault of his own, but because he happened to be a more expert workman than his fellows. Yet a judge, reckoned honest as times go, decided this to be just. We are all supposed to be haters of tyranny in this country, yet we fall down before and make obeisance to countless Trades Unions, which, as tyrants, have no equals outside of Russia and Turkey.

The Railroad And Its Enemies At Washington. We are told by the veracious correspondents of the Examiner that they have beaten Huntington out of everything this session at Washington.

And by the way, it is singular journalism for the participants in a fray to be themselves the reporters of it. It is hardly the way to supply the first essential of a good newspaper, namely reliable news. In this particular instance it may be that the Examiner's readers may be deceived thereby, but it is plain that the Examiner's editorial writer is not; for when we turn to his column we find him bitterly lamenting that Huntington has obtained pretty nearly all he asked for. He is right. The Hearst-Sutro combination really helped the railroad by demonstrating the unreasonableness and had motives of their opposition. Unable to answer practical questions and unprepared with any alternative proposals of their own, they were a weariness to members whom they tried to influence, until at last the chairman of the committee on railroads asked in disgust: "What do you Californians want?" Of course they couldn't tell him. They knew they were there to beat Huntington, but it did not do to say that right out in meeting, but Congressmen understood it all the same. As a consequence Mr. Huntington gained support that he had not previously received. An appropriation was made for the long standing claim of \$1,750,000 for the carriage by the Southern Pacific of war material and mails. A contract was made with the Navy Department to do its carrying business for a period of years. Over three millions of dollars were voted for the construction of a harbor for Southern California at Mr. Huntington's instance, which was a larger appropriation than all those combined which were obtained by our Congressmen and although the location of the harbor has been left to an independent Board, there is no doubt but that in the end right will be done. The funding bill received a favorable report and will be passed early next session. All this is well, because it inures to the benefit of California.

The Mill of Silence. Whatever the Examiner can do in its news columns to create dissensions among the Democracy it does sedulously, and in its editorial columns it has never a word in behalf of the party. It is silent on the silver question, silent as to the indorsement or non-indorsement of the National and State administrations, silent as to the A. P. A., silent as to everything in which Democrats are interested and need leadership. The Examiner occupies in politics the place held in business by the nickel-in-the-slot machine. It works only in the interest of its owner's pocket, and its one principle is to get coin—coin from anybody and everybody, from anywhere and everywhere. The dime of the workingman and the bribe of the corporation are equally acceptable to the Examiner, which is the Buckley of the dailies.

Privileged Communications. The NEWS LETTER has ever held that all communications between a patient and his physician should be confidential.

Without the assurance that his case will be so treated, a patient is likely to withhold important information concerning his disease and the results would be had both to society and himself. We have also advocated that a physician who divulges such matters should be liable to heavy penalties in the way of fine and imprisonment, and that laws should be passed enabling the Courts to have jurisdiction in the matter. A case has, however, lately come to our

attention where a physician, Dr. Kuhlman, in the course of a coroner's inquest, was asked a certain question relating to his treatment of deceased whose death certificate he had signed. The answer to this question, which was absolutely necessary to the Coroner's proceedings, and which would have entailed no breach of confidence on the physician's part, was nevertheless refused by Doctor Kuhlman, who held it to be "privileged information." We have no hesitancy in condemning such conduct. When the interests of justice are at stake a doctor should be compelled to answer the questions put to him by the Judge or officer conducting the preliminary inquiry. Should he deem it necessary, the information could be imparted only to the presiding official, but in all cases it should be readily given whenever desired. We are inclined to think that Doctor Kuhlman has brought his punishment upon himself by lack of judgment, and we trust the example made of him will prove of benefit to others who may be placed in a like position.

Disgraceful Proceedings. The disgusting, disgraceful, and disorderly conduct indulged in by members of Company L, First Regiment, N. G. C., last week, while in camp at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, should be brought to the attention of the Governor, who should disband the riotous crew composing it. During one whole night these gentlemanly blackguards amused themselves by shooting at a house occupied by ladies, and otherwise intimidating them by drunken yells and disorderly conduct. Other ladies complained of the insulting language to which they were subjected, and one man received severe injuries by the firing off of a rifle near his face. The press has not given sufficient publicity to these disgraceful proceedings, which make the National Guard worthy the finger of contempt. For our part, we shall continue to protest until some action is taken by the officials in command, or until a proper apology is tendered through the medium of the papers to the unprotected persons who were insulted.

Taxing the Telephones. A tax upon the nickel-in-the-slot telephone boxes would be nothing less than an outright imposition and a weight around the neck of honest enterprise. All over the city people benefit by this improvement, saving themselves numerous nickels and getting efficient service at a less cost than is charged in any other city in the world. The nickel-in-the-slot telephone is not a gambling device. The Telephone Company already pays its just proportion of taxes, and to class it along with illegitimate concerns is outrageous. It looks very much as if the action of the members of the License and Order Committee, who decided to recommend that a tax of \$3 per quarter be levied on each box, was brought about merely for the purpose of bleeding the Company unless it saw fit to cross some itching palms with silver.

CHALLENGE TO COLBURN.

To the Rev. Colburn, pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, San Francisco: It is months since you were arrested in Golden Gate Park for an unprintable crime and taken to jail in the patrol wagon through the public streets like any other criminal. The charge against you was dismissed because the Park Commissioners thought morals would be better served by letting you go than by permitting the scandal of a prosecution and trial. You have not sought to prove your innocence. You have made no charge against the arresting officer, and he is still on duty. What have you to say for yourself, Colburn? Are you content to be known as a sexual psychopath? If you can clear your name, or even raise a doubt of your guilt, why are you silent?

To the Congregation of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church: Are you devoid of moral sense, of rudimentary regard for human decency, that you continue to listen to the preaching of Colburn while he stands with dumb lips under an accusation so foul that it cannot be named?

Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market street, has a new stock of Japanese bronzes and vases which will well repay a visit.

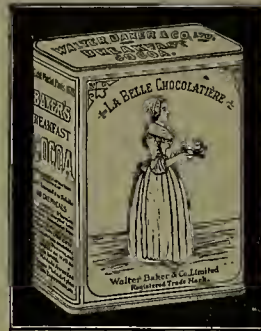
Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is up to the queen's taste.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa;



It bears their Trade Mark "La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.

Absolutely Pure. No Chemicals.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

Made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

Hopkins' Stockton Excursions.

Moonlight Trip.

Everybody says "It's the finest trip in the State for the money."

The popular weekly excursions to Stockton by steamer have been resumed for the season under the management of George W. Hopkins, and are unquestionably the most delightful trip out of the city. Leave Washington-street wharf at 5 P. M. Saturday, Returning to San Francisco 6 A. M. Monday. Round trip, including meals, fare, rooms, carriages, hats, etc., only \$4. Tickets can only be had of GEO. W. HOPKINS, General Manager, 30 Montgomery St.

ON WHEELS.

G. & S. AXLE GREASE.

HOME PRODUCTION.

Coburn, Tevis & Co., 107 Front St.

OFFICES TO RENT.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING, S. E. corner California and Montgomery streets.

Two electric elevators, electric and gas lights, heat; also janitor's services free. Apply to

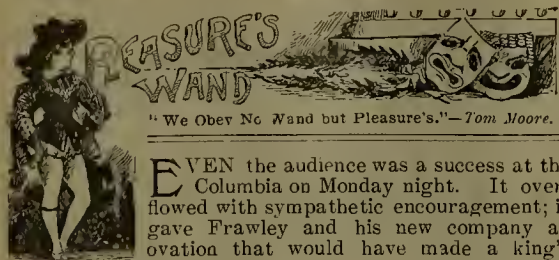
A. F. BUCKINGHAM Room 2, Safe Deposit Building



American \$10 Typewriter.

Work as good as any done on a \$100 machine. Over 10,000 references. Agents wanted.

Pacific Introduction Company, 119 Bush St., Room 6.



"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

EVEN the audience was a success at the Columbia on Monday night. It overflowed with sympathetic encouragement; it gave Frawley and his new company an ovation that would have made a king's crown tighten, and it seized upon every cleverness of *The Two Escutcheons*, and all the agreeable art with which it was acted. At the close of the third act Mr. Frawley toed the lights and extended a reciprocal glad hand. In oratory simple and earnest, he approved of the people who approved the new play and players. Incidentally, he said that in the future his aim would be to produce new plays in San Francisco, and afterward take them to New York and show that august metropolis how we put on such things in the far west. And, think I, if the new plays equal *The Two Escutcheons*, and the acting is up to the mark of that of Monday night, New York will throw its golden nose over the Frawley head, and poor little San Francisco will have to be content with an annual summer visit. It is an old trick of New York's to make success out of successes; and she permits her fads to do the country towns only when she has a surfeit, or when the dog days drive her to the roofs. Look at London and Paris. Already New York has numbered them among the provinces.

We also know a good thing now and then when we see it, even when it is our own; and we have a wonderful climate. But managers and actors are not always engaged in the pursuit of health, and I'll wager the folding opera glass that Augustin Daly gave me last week, against Samuel Friedlander's diamond stud, that Frawley's new organization winters in New York.

The Two Escutcheons comes from the German, but it has been filtered through the pen of Sydney Rosenfeld, who is a master in the idiom of our tongue, and no end of a stage tactician. So there is vivid action, conceivable fun, not entirely of the obvious sort, and a vein of sportive satire in this diverting little comedy. The satire, however, is not pronounced enough to have been the motive of the play. Rather, it is the natural result of a humorous view of the conditions that create themselves when a blood-proud family is allied by marriage to the lineageless millions of self-made America. The lines are bright and to the point. They are not scintillant, and I do not remember an epigram happening in the entire play. What impressed me most was the crisp tone of flippancy, the smooth harmony of effortless wit. It attested better than anything else the extent of Rosenfeld's Americanizing.

The marriage of a Chicago pork packer's daughter to the son of a long-lined German baron is the means of transporting the Chicago parent to Berlin. He has the traditional little hunch on his chin, he talks through his nose, he glories in the statistics of his business enterprises—in fact, he is as accurate a misrepresentation of the self-made American hustler as you will see on the stage. He finds wide expression of the mirth that fills the Chicago soul in intricate convulsions of his legs, elaborate caresses of his chin whisker and that expansive familiarity so dear to the heart of him who caricatures the pork princes of America. This is the one character in the play that is stupidly conventional. And this, I think, is largely due to Harry Corson Clarke's interpretation. Clarke is a good character comedian—even the mistake of Thomas Foster cannot conceal that. But it is from the porcine effigy which he holds aloft at the end of the third act that he takes his inspiration. Only once does he realize the rough dignity, the strong humanity that belongs to the character, and that is when he feels how much happier everything would be had he not come to Berlin; and with a touch of ineffable pathos, the pathos that is inseparable from true comedy, he decides to go back to the country that sees in him something to honor and respect. This scene was a bit of real art—the rest was misapplied huffonery.

Two more dissimilar fathers-in-law than Thomas Foster and the Baron Von Wettengen were never seen in stage-land. The Baron has ancestors. Their noble Germanic eyes ever gaze upon him, their brave Teutonic voices are always in his ears. When he sees the father of the girl his son is to wed and discovers that this breezy Westerner is daily responsible for the slaughter of thousands of greasy pigs, he suffers anguish, humiliation, degradation unspeakable. The marriage ceremony is over ere he rises to prevent it. Then his misery is a thousand-fold keener than before. The eyes of his ancestors glower upon him from dim old canvasses by day. At night, armed with a gory cleaver and necklaced with a string of clammy sausages, the original Von Wettengen appears to make fantastic torture of his dreams. Oh, how he suffers! It is Pork versus Pedigree. And at last both Pork and Pedigree weary of the battle, and each concludes to steal away in the night and leave love's young dream unbroken. They meet in the darkened drawing-room. Need I tell the immensity of the comedy situation, dilate on the artful way in which it is worked up, or relate the entrance of the bride and groom, who were also bent on stealthy departure? No. It is not my province to novelize the play, and besides, I commenced this paragraph solely to say what a tremendous characterization Tyrone Power makes of the Baron. It is the best study in character that I have seen since Frank Mayo's Pudd'nhead.

What need either to dwell upon the saccharine bliss of the lovers, the fascination, tact, and loveliness of the American widow, or the charm of the devil-may-care officer with his debts, reformation, and eventually his love for the widowed fair. Will it not suffice even him who has not seen the comedy to know that they play the old, sweet game with all the ardor and spirit of originautors?

Maxine Elliott is a beauty. I purposely avoid delving into mythology for a simile of her type; and she will thank me, I know, for not saying that she resembles a lady friend who lived on Olympus, just as she will forgive my conviction that no woman has sufficient histrionic ability to keep pace with her looks. Her Mrs. Stevenson is well balanced, femininely companionable, and beautifully unobtrusive, but it is not magnetic. It does not telegraph tingling tidings adown my vertebrae.

Frank Worthing is a revelation in naturalism. It would be hard to find an actor better posed, freer from conventional tactics, or more charmingly authoritative than is he in Captain Von Vinck. If you, too, *Pleasure's Wanderer*, have learned to loathe the sprightly leading gent, with his heaving assinnity, his aggressive joyfulness, and his epicene gush of goo, see Worthing. He will give you a new interest in the theatre, for he is an artist from the top of his hat down. And such actors are as rare as green violets.

Gertrude Elliott has not the fortissimo beauty of sister Maxine, but she is remarkably sympathetic—I nearly stumbled upon that gorgeous expression, temperamental—and her Mary Foster is ingenued with grace and color. And Daniel Frawley, the man who brought us this array of brilliants, plays Rudolph, the Baron's son; not so badly either, considering that nature intended Mr. Frawley for an easier and less laborious life than that of an actor. However, the new Frawley people are a big success, and with the wealth that the season will bring him, T. Daniel can afford any number of bright young men to do his stage work while he counts up dividends, smokes the shapely perfecto of Havana, and reads the contemporaneous records of dramatic achievement—in which, I predict, his company will attain high rank.

Who does not love *Twelfth Night*? I, for one, can read it and tune myself to its dainty measures when all other melody has for the moment lost its charm—when brooding Hamlet, bloody Macbeth, and love-sick Romeo are too intense, too exacting, too meaningfully to soothe the smart of commonplace, mundane friction. I can even smile happily over the hard's little jokes—with which he took such frightful pains—and Shakespeare, you know, is not half so funny as Sheridan, or even Mr. Hoyt. And as for *Twelfth Night* on the stage, I would even go to Morosco's to enjoy it. In spite of my adoration of the poem and my willingness to be content with it under any circumstances, I have a griev-

ance: Never have I beheld a young Viola. Rose Coghlan gave us a spacious, maternal Viola last year at the Columbia; and now Rehan, with all her warm art, her voice of sweetest reed and her poetic intelligence, she far from satisfies my hunger for the Viola of lissome youth. I wonder if, like Juliet, Violas have to double their advertised age before they bring out all that is in the part?

Daly's production was as admirable in scenic taste and detail as was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Lewis's Sir Toby was ideal, and the glacial Clarke became quite an animate Malvolio, but I pined for Steveus in the role. It is said to be one of his best, and I should have found pleasure in comparing it with Dixey, who plays the most artistic Malvolio I have ever seen.

* * *

Love on Crutches is the cleverest Dutch fun Daly ever naturalized. How well it has lived in the memory of San Francisco theatre-goers was patent by the crush in the Baldwin last Saturday night. But it is disenchanting to see the Rehan of to-day in the trying garb of modern youth. And it is absolute cruelty to set handsome young Richman at making love to her. One does not notice the discrepancy so much in the costumes of a bygone age—Rehan is still a matchless Lady Teazle—but clad in the relentless fashion of the day, and side by side with fresh, peachy youth it is a spectacle pathetic. Mr. Daly is kinder to his scenery. Not for a heavenly crown would he put a wrinkled, faded drop against bright, new wings. Ada Rehan is a great actress, and if the dramatic literature extant does not afford roles compatible with her years, Daly should turn the play-makers loose on plays that would not jar chronologically with his star. Or else he should insist on Richman in gray whiskers.

* * *

Josephine Gassman has not done well with Olivette. She has had no education in the legitimate comic opera, and her methods and singing find a happier field in the less exacting work of musical comedy. Her Topsy was exceptional. Her Olivette is crude and misconceived.

Next week the Tivoli company sings *Lorraine*, a romantic comic opera by Dellinger, with a cast augmented by Marie Millard and Louise Royce.

* * *

Nat Goodwin—at whose name every American feels a glow of love and pride—comes to the Baldwin on Monday night with one of his most successful plays, *In Mizoura*, by Augustus Thomas, who wrote *Alabama*. Goodwin has a serious role in this new play, and one that has added greatly to his fame wherever he has presented it.

The big attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Edison's vitascope, for which Gustav Walter has secured the exclusive show rights for California. The pictures shown by this amazing machine are similar to kinetoscopic views, but full life size. It has been an immense card in the East.

Margaret Craven is to have a testimonial at the Auditorium on Friday night. *Frou-Frou* has been selected for the play. Miss Craven, supported by the best available talent in the city, should give an entertaining performance of the famous play.

Brother John, an American comedy-drama written by Martha Morton for Wm. H. Crane, will be the Frawley Company's bill at the Columbia next week. Leslie, Arbuckle, and several members of last season's company are in the cast, together with the new people.

The Columbia will by no means have the stock popularity all to itself this summer. Herbert Kelcey and a strong company open the California on Monday week. Cut rates, too.

Augustin Daly has always been partial to Californians. Miss Dora Duncan, a San Francisco girl, leaves us to become a member of his company.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Napa Soda cures sick Headache. Napa Soda counteracts Malaria.

WHERE BUSINESS FLOURISHES.

THE lie is given daily to the calamity croakers, who assert that trade is falling off in this city, and that hard times are ever with us, by the enormous crowd of people, ladies especially, one sees about the corner of Market, Jones and McAllister streets, where J. J. O'Brien & Co. are holding their annual summer clearance sale. The sale came somewhat earlier this year than is usual, and many ladies have expressed their approval of this house for so doing. They are now enabled to make their purchases before leaving town for the season, and can participate in a cut in prices which is not often seen in this city. The goods being disposed of are of the very finest, and beautiful bargains, dear to the heart of every woman, can be found in every department.

Connoisseurs in California.

The Paris Figaro a short time ago complimented Californians on their discrimination of taste and their preference for fine wines, and refers to the large importations of Pommery Sec into California. According to recent importations Messrs. William Wolf & Co., the Agents for Pommery Sec, are again heading the list, as in previous years by a large majority. This is so much more surprising as it is an accepted fact that Pommery Sec has its largest custom among the refined and aristocratic classes of Europe, and is by no means shipped in large quantities to the United States regardless of quality. The management of the Pommery establishment never catered to masses by the adoption of the so frequently applied system of sacrificing quality, to price, but in their aim to produce a high grade and pure champagne of unexcelled properties succeeded in securing that recognition for Pommery Sec which this brand now receives on the part of the really fastidious all over the globe.—Pacific Wine and Spirit Review.

The most fashionable florist in this city is Chas. W. Leopold, 39 Post street, whose choice stock of flowers attracts the attention of all passers. The season's flowers will ever be found in his store and he will also obtain the most select pot plants for you at the shortest notice and at a reasonable price.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

Again, "Town Talk."

FRAWLEY COMPANY.

The most perfect dramatic organization in America. And now comes another delightful comedy, BROTHER JOHN. William H. Crane's greatest success. For one week only, commencing Monday, June 8th. Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Monday, June 15th: THE CHARITY BALL.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors.

Next Monday, June 8th, appearance for a limited engagement only, of the distinguished comedian,

NAT C. GOODWIN,

Assisted by a capable company, presenting Augustus Thomas' (author of "Alabama") masterpiece, IN MIZZOURA. A genuine comedy-drama, bright, breezy, brilliant.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, June 8th

A BILL OF WORLD WONDERS.

Edison's latest marvel, the VITASCOPE: life-size pictures become things of life and action. ALMA HERZOG, from the Conservatory of Music, Dresden, Germany. HAYES & POST, acrobatic comedians and world's champion high kickers. THE MARIMBA PLAYERS, from the ancient city of Antigua, Guatemala. And all the favorites of last week. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

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Every evening. First presentation in this city of Dellinger's melodious romantic comic opera,

LORRAINE,

a story of court and camp. Stirring finales; beautiful numbers; superb ensembles; first appearance of Miss Marie Millard, prima donna soprano; reappearance of Miss Louise Royce, the favorite soubrette. A perfect production in every detail. Look out for THE TRIP TO THE MOON.

Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

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EX-SENATOR Patrick Reddy never tires of detailing the manifold beauties of the country around Independence, Luyo County. To be sure that little village is so far out of the world that it is generally considered inaccessible to any living creature having less stamina than a Rocky Mountain packmule, and its very existence is sometimes questioned, but there is where Mr. Reddy spent the best years of his life.

"Yes, sir," says he, "you can stand in the streets of Independence, almost baking with the intense heat, and look up 10,000 feet into the regions of perpetual snow. A day's climb and you are in a freezing climate."

It makes no difference that the ordinary mortal does not care to hake or freeze. The Senator will not permit that fact to detract an iota from the enthusiasm with which he describes it.

"And they have the most wonderful hot mineral spring there that I ever heard of," continues Mr. Reddy. "It is an infallible cure for rheumatism. I have seen men so crippled up that their limbs were tied in how knots and they had to be carried to the spring in a blanket, and after wallowing in the hot mud for a week go away turning somersaults up the road."

"One man came in there on an old gray horse, and it was hard to tell which was in the worse condition. The man had rheumatism and the horse had spavin, ring bone, wind galls, and was knee sprung. The old man camped near the spring, and snoozed away the days in the warm mud like a hog, while the old horse waded around and nipped the grass. Two weeks later the man was cured, and when he started home the horse ran away with him. The brute had waded around in the mud till he had cured all of his ailments, and thought he was a three-year-old again. Fact."

"It is strange what trifling cause will change the whole course of a man's life," remarked Judge W. P. Lawlor. "If any one had told me a few years ago that I would ever be practicing law in San Francisco I think I would have placed an accusation of insanity against him. As it is, I am indebted to a stubborn old horse for the change in my conditions."

"A few years ago—it won't do to be too exact—I was living in Lake County, doing little or nothing of anything except living. One very hot, sweltering day in midsummer, I decided to take a swim in a creek near the little town in which I resided. My old horse appeared to be uncomfortably warm, for he had left the fresh green grass for what little shade a manzanita bush offered, and was fighting off flies and looking as miserable as only a dejected old horse can."

"I threw a bridle on the brute, mounted, and rode down to the creek. He was so lazy that I had to keep thumping his ribs with my heels to keep him on a walk, and then he grunted and groaned at every step. I tried to ride him into the water, but he refused to hudge after he reached the bank of the creek. I whipped and kicked him till I grew tired. Then a novel idea occurred to me. I would strip, cut a whip, and steer him in where he would have to swim, and we would get a bath together."

"It worked beautifully. A good willow stick forced the old fellow, grunting and complaining, into the water. He swam across once and back again. Then without a moment's warning he halted, and away he went with me on a run down through the main street, like Lady Godiva without her hair. I left town that night, and haven't been back since."

John McFadden is responsible for the following story which Hon. J. J. Coffee relates as his experience with a cyclone on the plains of Nebraska. Since the St. Louis and other disasters in the East of late this experience will not come amiss.

The Judge came to California by mule team across the

plains, and at that time the Indians were not as gentle as they are now. Aside from the small arms carried by the company they had a cannon. One day, while resting on the prairie in Western Nebraska, they saw a storm coming from the south and they began to prepare for it. As it came closer they saw a dark funnel-shaped cloud moving steadily toward them. Cyclones were not common in those days, but the Judge knew that whatever it was it meant mischief, and he concluded to destroy the force of the whirlwind if possible. So he wheeled the loaded cannon and pointed it directly toward the strangely-shaped cloud, which was now at pretty close range, and touched it off. The ball perforated the cloud and instantly he saw a lot of chairs, a lounge, several dogs, cats, chickens, violins and bird-cages drop to the ground. It broke the force of the storm, saved the camp outfit, and provided enough furniture to fit up a small cottage, with chickens, cats, dogs and a variety of hric-a-brac for ornamentation. It is understood that the Judge is an aspirant for a seat on the Superior Court bench.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is justly indignant at the description in last Sunday's Examiner of his *res domi*, and has been raked fore and aft by the joshers of the Pacific-Union Club. "Here comes Tevis to luncheon," says Mr. Alvord. "Say, Tevis, will nothing less expensive than an English mutton chop, at \$1.50 the chop, satisfy your luxurious appetite?"

"Nay, nay," says Joseph Quay, "Tevis wants fish to-day. Let him have some pompano at \$2.50 per pound."

"Nonsense," interpolates Mr. Brugiere, "this is the Tevis day for beef. Hey, there, steward! a filet for Mr. Tevis at \$4 a cut."

To these things, showing his brilliant teeth, doth the much aggrieved capitalist angrily respond:

"If," he says, wrathfully, "the writer of these d—d lies had crept under my table to feed upon the crumbs thereof, I would freely have forgiven him. But to represent me, a philanthropist and economist, as devouring mutton chops at \$1.50 each, pompano at \$2.50 a pound, and Montruchet at \$7 a bottle, is a vile and most cursed slander. The ruffian that wrote that article," continued Mr. Tevis, hotly, "is some hrowsing starveling on the unsavory fare of a cheap restaurant, who has chosen to excite his gastronomic imagination at my expense."

Nevertheless the "chaff" continues, and the steam hear scribe who has written of white hurgundy will be masacred if he ever comes within the orbit of Mr. Tevis' wrath.

Oh yellow sands of Monterey, the days are close at hand,
When many a fond flirtatious pair upon your breast shall stand,
When under summer parasols, gay lovers shall recline,
Where "heart" shall rhyme with "never part" and "mine" with "only thine."

Upon those broad and yellow sands shall many a waist be pressed,
And many a pretty vow of love by faltering lips confessed.
Then comes the day of parting, a cold shake of the hand,
And fancies, once realities, as shifting as the sand.

The midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club are set for August 22nd. Albert Gerberding will be the sire of the serious part of the performance, and Tony Hellman takes charge of the low jinks. Under the new management the club is swinging hack into its old genial groove, and the owl heams upon many old members who absented themselves from the rooms during the last regime. Dr. Chismore, the President, is the best type of the true Bohemian, there is a good Directory, and a feeling of general contentment all along the line. William Greer Harrison has again come into the fold, and it is needless to say that his reception was most enthusiastic. All things considered, the Bohemian Club, financially and socially, was never in a better condition than it is at present.

Superior Judge Sauderson had just finished his work of examining the insane, and was on his way to luncheon, when he sighted Judge Murphy.

"Hey! you criminal Judge!" he called. "Come, go to luncheon."

"If you were a civil Judge I might go with you," retorted Judge Murphy. "Besides, you are the insane Judge this week."

Some men are born to be lucky. Fate strikes here and there recklessly, mostly knocking



Dr. Joseph Pescia.

men down, but occasionally she gives one an approving pat on the back and sets him above his fellows. This time the fortunate individual is a member of the Italian colony here, and there is much rejoicing among the sons of the sunny South. Dr. Joseph Pescia, who is known as a jovial good fellow as well as a brilliant physician, has assumed the onerous duties of Italian Consul in the place of the Chevalier Francesco Bruni Grimaldi, who has gone back to *la patria*. The doctor has more than once refused political honors, which is a great point in his favor, although one feels assured he would prove "the noblest Roman of them all" if he went to the Legislature or Congress. He did once act as Supervisor, and did his duty well. After marrying one of the fairest damsels in the matrimonial market, one of Miles D. Sweeney's daughters, who brought to him a *dot* which was as big as his own fortune, he became recognized as "solid," and is to-day one of the most prominent members of the colony on the Pacific Coast. One thing is certain, and that is that the Italians have an able man to look after their interests for them. A great banquet was given in his honor at the Commercial Hotel last Wednesday, at which all the most prominent Italians in the city were present.

James Alva Watt, the attorney and politician, has lost all faith in the elasticity of his nether limbs. He fancied he had had his leg pulled during the last two years till it had become as flexible as rubber and less vulnerable than a copper-covered pile, but he made a mistake, and the result is that he is limping painfully about on a cane.

It was in this wise that Mr. Watt was undeceived concerning the character of his limbs: He was out enjoying a sail on the bay off Sausalito last Monday evening. When he attempted to dock his naphtha launch he found he was going into the railroad company's wharf with a speed that threatened damage to the launch or the piling, so he threw out his leg as a fender. The bow of the little craft was splintered, but the fender was not. Still, it was damaged enough to put Alva in the dry dock for repairs.

Home from the stream with never a prize,
The angler lies, the angler lies;
Of the basking trout, its pranks and its size,
The angler lies, the angler lies.
His good wife opens her wondering eyes,
While the angler lies, the angler lies.
His babe in the cradle fretfully cries
At the angler's lies, the angler's lies.
Those who know the temptation are loth to despise
The angler's lies, the angler's lies.

Frank Powers, the attorney and litterateur, created a sensation by appearing in Judge Slack's court one morning last week in a bicycle suit. Worse still, he walked into court with his cap on and all of the raps of the bailiff could not make him remove it.

Judge Slack was unphussed at such conduct on the part of Mr. Powers, who had never been disposed to be contumacious, but on the contrary always excelled in the courtesy and respect due the courts of justice; so instead of taking summary proceedings for contempt, he sought a personal explanation in chambers.

"I took a spin out to the Cliff on my wheel this morn-

ing," said Mr. Powers, "and becoming tired and heated, refreshed myself with a salt water bath. To prevent stiffness and soreness from my exertion I decided to take a rub down with some alcohol and witch hazel I had in my tool bag."

Powers stopped, sighed, thoughtlessly tried to remove his cap, and winced as his scalp raised with it.

"Well?" said the Judge, inquiringly.

"Well, I got hold of the pneumatic tire cement bottle by mistake, and every rag is cemented on me as tight as my skin. I had business in court and I had to attend to it, Judge."

The last reports were that Mr. Powers was taking his clothes off with a rasp.

An old-timer wandered in from the mountains during the early part of the week, who had been staying at the Mountain View Hotel, up in Colfax. He happened to find an old paper containing an account of the row at the Baldwin Hotel some weeks ago, and sniffed with supreme contempt. "Bah!" he ejaculated, "talk of your midnight escapades, they ain't in it with the ones old Stoakes heads up yonder. In broad daylight, too, mind you. I guess the Baldwin's roughs go up there to recuperate, because the people who stop there are all so tough that when Stoakes gets hard up for food and fries one, you can't tell the difference from his ordinary steaks. Yes," continued the old man, slapping his trowers dejectedly, "a close acquaintance with him proves more beneficial to his till than to your pocket, and I'd advise you to stay away."

Ladies, when through with their shopping, should step into the Maison Riche for a delicious lunch.

If you wish to see the finest Japanese goods call on Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

After a night with the boys, for a clear head, drink Napa Soda.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian Bitters

Belting Packing Hose



"Gold Seal"
Brand,
The Best Made.



"Pioneer"
Brand,
Medium Quality.



"Badger"
Brand,
Excellent Quality.



"Anvil"
Brand,
Fair Quality.



"Conqueror"
Brand,
Fine Quality.



"Obelisk"
Brand,
Excellent Quality.



"Elk" Brand,
Good Quality.



"Neptune"
Brand,
Medium Brand

Rubber-Lined COTTON Hose "Eureka" Brand, Best Quality.

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THE PARK LODGE.

The Building
and
Its Designer.

In the Park Lodge, situate at the Stanyan and Fell street entrance to the Golden Gate Park, Mr. Edward R. Swain, of the Crocker Building, has given us a piece of architecture beautiful in conception, original in design, and one well worthy of gracing so magnificent a place as the park *par excellence* of the world. Mr. Swain was determined to construct a building such as the people of the city might be proud of and which would last forever. And he has given it to us in the Lodge you will see the next time you ride out on your wheel or go to hear the music rendered by the Park Band on a Sunday. It would be hard to find a name covering the style of architecture resorted to in the building. The early Californian covers it about as nearly as can any, although the lavish use of solid stone, with the trimmings of heavy Redding sandstone, would make it more modern in style than is usually understood by the above term. The projecting eaves and big brackets, however, belong to that especial school, and are so prominent a feature as to entitle it to be classified as such. The floors of the porches are substantially covered with red fire tiling, the roof is of terra cotta tiles, and the graceful entrances are of Lespe stone. The stone throughout is laid in broken ashlar with pitched

tendent, Mr. McLaren, and also has capacious store rooms where tools, implements, seeds, and all such Park belongings are kept when not in use. This part of the building is one story, with a large attic on top, and the different rooms are elegantly furnished and finished in oak, mahogany, ash, and curly redwood. The other part of the building, consisting of two stories, with attic and basement, is to be occupied by the Park Superintendent as a residence, and is an absolute dream of beauty. The rooms are airy and well supplied with light, and as comfortable as the art of man can make them.

Mr. McLaren has been Superintendent of the Park for so many years that he is a part of it. He has always acted in harmonious concert with the Commissioners and has ever done his best to keep it up to the top notch of perfection in every respect.

The Park
Commissioners.

Joseph Austin is one of the gentlemen entrusted with the safe keeping of the Park. He is as well known in business circles in this city as he is in society, having occupied for many years one of the most responsible positions in the gift of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. About six years ago Mr. Austin was appointed Park Commissioner, and from that day to this he has been untiring in his efforts to have such improvements made in the grounds as shall keep them continually in the lead of



John Rosenfeld.



Joseph Austin.



Irving M. Scott.

THE PARK COMMISSIONERS.

faces. The stairways leading to the two areas are surrounded with handsome bronze railings, which gives to the rear view as finished an appearance as pertains to the front; and by means of bronze gratings, wrought in unique pattern, not the imitation, either, perfect light and ventilation is assured in all parts of the spacious basement. Our illustration gives a good front view of the structure, nestling among great trees, and altogether as beautiful a structure architecturally as has ever been designed in San Francisco.

The Lodge consists, properly, of two buildings adjoining and communicating. The one contains the commodious room occupied by the Park Commissioners for the transactions of their weekly business meetings; the office of the Secretary, Miss Bloch; the office of the Surveyor, Mr. Harrison; the office of the well-known and genial Superin-



Superintendent McLaren.

such places all over the country. The additions to the conservatory are due to his advocacy, as well as many other features which are enjoyed by the people who find their daily pleasure in the Park. To indulge in a little piece of personal gossip, it is stated that Mr. Austin is so painstaking in his endeavors to properly fulfill his duties that every morning, before going down town, he drives through the Park on a tour of inspection, and never allows any irregularity to escape his attention or go unnoticed. In this he is ably seconded by Mr. McLaren, the Superintendent, to whom the Park has become merely a large garden and who knows every inch of its driveways and beautiful walks.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is another Commissioner who has proved his devotion to the Park, and whose first consideration is how it may be improved. When the question came up to build a new Lodge he saw the desirability of having it constructed of lasting material, which would only become beautified by age, and which would not have to be renewed every twenty years or so at an additional expense to the people. There were some persons who would have erected a cheap structure at a small expense, which would, however, have proved pretty costly in the end; but Mr. Scott advocated the erection of a substantial building at once, and we are glad that he did. We have now a building worthy of its surroundings, and which will be admired by our Eastern visitors as they ride through the Park. It is not only a Lodge, but rather a monument to the city, that we behold in this structure, and in future years people will be very glad that a parsimonious policy did not prevail when it was constructed. As President of

the Union Iron Works, and being interested in nearly every undertaking started in the interest of California. Mr. Scott is one of the most prominent men on the Coast; but although he has done much to win the gratitude of the people of this city, we cannot think of anything that entitles him more to it than the magnificent structure we are here writing of, the erection of which is due to him and his fellow Commissioners.

Mr. John Rosenfeld, the third Commissioner, is a well-known wheat dealer, ship owner, and merchant, and is considered one of the most brilliant grain operators in the country. He has engineered some of the biggest wheat deals on the Coast, and was among the first to establish the local wheat board. Through his enterprise California grain first came to be shipped in quantities, and his name is now known from Liverpool to Yokohama. Mr. Rosenfeld is as much interested in the Park as in business, however, and lets no opportunity go by for doing some good in the position he fills. He is a man of conservative tendencies, but he always sees things with the eye of an artist and acts quickly whenever he wishes to make some alteration or improvement likely to meet with the approval of the people. The Commissioners act in perfect harmony; there is no rivalry between them, and their only thought is that the people shall be properly represented and that the money expended shall go on works of a monumental character rather than mere temporary edifices.

A Handsome Appearance. The handsome appearance of the exterior of the Lodge is mainly due to the prolific use of basalt stone in the building. This is the first time that stone quarried in San Francisco has been used in any large structure. The quarry is at Twenty-sixth and Douglas streets, and belongs to Gray Bros., whose office is at 316 Montgomery street. This basalt stone is harder than granite and stands more compression. It looks better and is rapidly becoming a most popular material in stone work. Its use is recommended for all structures where durability as well as beauty is desired, and coming from San Francisco it should be extensively patronized.

Durable Sandstone. The sandstone used comes from the California Sandstone and Contracting Company's quarry, near Redding, Shasta Co. This stone was recommended and selected by Colonel Lee for the handsome Presidio gate-way and admits of the most delicate carving. According to Professor Hilgard's analysis, it is hard and compact and very lasting. Many tests have proved that it cannot be destroyed by the strongest acids and is altogether one of the finest stones known. J. C. Moffat, Builders' Exchange, 40 New Montgomery street, who is the manager for the Company, says that the demand for the stone keeps all hands busy at the quarry.

Modern Brick And Terra Cotta. The elegant and finished appearance of the porches and other back outlets appeals to one's artistic sense immediately. The flooring of the same, which will last for ages, of such fine quality is it, was furnished by the firm of John D. McGilvray & Co., whose large establishment is on King street, between Second and Third streets, and who have attended to such work upon our largest buildings. They also did the brick and terra cotta work upon the mantels, and it has been worthily pronounced without an equal.

Neat Sidewalks. The neat appearance of the paths around the Lodge is due to the fact that they were finished with the finest asphalt, thereby gaining grace and durability. Gravel walks soon take on a soiled look, besides being damp under foot in wet weather; but a good asphalt sidewalk does away with all these inconveniences. The sidewalks were put down by J. S. Jackson, whose office is in room 215, Crocker Building, and whose Alcatraz Asphalt is in use in many of the large basements of our houses and in the garden walks around them. In this case they add greatly to the general finish of the entire structure.

Elegant Interiors. The interior of the building is as handsome as that of any we have seen in this city and speaks highly for the capabilities of J. R. Tobin, whose office is in the Builders' Exchange, 40 New Montgomery Street, and who undertook

this delicate and responsible work. The finishings of the dwelling, dining and sleeping rooms, as well as those of the kitchen and less conspicuous apartments, are beyond criticism. Taste is apparent everywhere, down to the smallest detail. The work around the hallway, and the plain and ornamental plastering, could not be excelled in this city. This plastering is all patent fireproof, is extensively used in all larger dwellings and buildings, and is a specialty of Mr. Tobin's.

Comfortable Temperature. The building can be heated throughout by the direct and indirect system of hot water with Bundy radiators, thus ensuring a comfortable and equable temperature in every room. Messrs. W. W. Montague & Co., of 309-317 Market street, did this work, and it is needless to say that it is perfect in every detail. The system is in use in all the larger buildings to-day as well as in many residences. The handsome tile floors and wainscoting in the lavatories and bath-rooms, and the delicate fire-place work, was also put in by this firm and is above criticism.

Dainty Woodwork. All the interior woodwork and general carpentering work was done by J. F. Logan, 621 Mission street, and attracts the attention of all visitors.



COMMISSIONERS' ROOM.

A Dream In Tintings. The tintings in the different rooms are a dream of fairyland. Blue, green, olive, crimson, cream and other colors vie with one another for supremacy. The work was done by Thomas Dowling, 615 Mission street, who also did the fine leather work in the Commissioners' room and the studded hurlap in other parts of the building.

Sanitary Plumbing. The plumbing and gasfitting is perfect in every detail and as modern as James E. Britt, of 7 Eighth street, could make it. Mr. Britt, besides having done many large buildings in this city, also attended to the Mendocino Asylum, and many other large buildings in the interior, and such work should be recommendation enough to keep him busy.

The Golden Eagle Hotel will be the headquarters of the delegates to the Democratic State Convention, which meets at Sacramento Monday, June 15th.

For sickness of stomach drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

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The Merced Mining Scandal.

The Union-Democrat, of Sonora, one of the brightest mining papers published along the mother lode, in commenting upon the article recently published in the NEWS LETTER upon the Merced mining scandal, says that the general opinion prevails among the most prominent operators and promoters that the policy of the Merced Company has done more to injure mining and cause suspicion in the minds of investors than all the other wild-cat schemes promulgated here in a generation. The unscrupulous manipulators, according to our contemporary, "had the advantage through the success of their Montana properties, of a strong position before the Boston public, and they did not fail to work it for all it was worth. It seems about time that Tom Couch would consider the proposition of going to South Africa. There are lots of Americans at Coulterville who wish he was going further south, and to a warmer climate than Africa."

The Law Courts Should Intervene.

Judging from this nice send-off from a respected representative of a neighboring community, just close enough to keep in touch with affairs at Coulterville, this Mr. Couch, the Merced Company's manager, must have won the hearts of the people during his stay there. He was evidently a choice selection, on the principle of "like master like man". Whatever he may have been before, he has now earned a reputation which will stay with him for life; and it is questionable whether the money he made by dropping out at the top notch of the inflation of the stock will be all profit in the long run—in other words, if the game was worth the candle. As for his superiors, it is not mere newspaper criticism which will suit their case. If there is no law in America which can reach them, and, while forcing them to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, consign them to safe keeping behind the walls of a penitentiary, where they can never again rob confiding investors, the sooner the courts of justice are closed and the country turned over to bandits the better. Decent people will then recognize the necessity of protecting themselves, with the result that thieves of this class will be suppressed in short order, and effectually at that.

A Clean Sweep of the Mine.

We are now informed that Mr. Bigelow, one of the principal owners of the Merced stock, has expressed in an interview reported in the Boston Transcript his thorough disgust at what he terms "the manner in which the legitimate business of the company has been constituted to conserve the interest of the greedy speculators, whose position on the inside enabled them to fleece the public and depreciate the value of the property." It is about time he has been forced to recognize these facts. The NEWS LETTER over a year ago drew the attention of Mr. Bigelow and his fellow shareholders to the unwarranted inflation of the stock and the dangers which threatened in the way of an inevitable collapse. Invariably no heed is paid to such warnings until too late, when it is found that the trusted manager, promoter, or expert has got in his work, and succeeded in feathering his own nest at the expense of the silly-billies who require to have sense punched into their thick skulls with a club. Mr. Bigelow and his friends have been thrown down hard, but their bids for sympathy will fall upon deaf ears. They were entirely to blame for the misconduct of the enterprise, and while they pay the penalty, it may be consolation to know that Couch, Palmer, and Coram are in clover. This precious trio are now to be removed, and a new Board of Directors will be elected, with an experienced mining engineer at the head of affairs, who will make a clean sweep at the mine. For all of which let Coulterville rejoice. It speaks volumes for the patience and forbearance of its law-abiding people that the last regime did not wind up with bloodshed and the torch. In a less orderly community the high-handed methods of the company's representatives would have resulted in a breach of the peace, which few people acquainted with the true situation would condemn.

The Pine Street Mining Market.

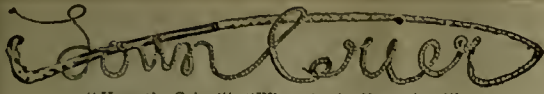
A strong undertone characterizes the market on Pine street, owing to the general revival taking place in mining, caused by the new developments of ore on the Brunswick lode, following the discoveries in Occidental. As might naturally be expected, Chollar has been the center of attraction ever since, with great activity in Norcross, which owns the adjoining ground, with indications that the ore is leading in that direction. Owing to the lack of air the facilities for working have been rather hampered, occasioning some delay of late, but by to-day the work of exploring the Chollar find, and cross-cutting in Norcross fifty feet south of the Savage, on the 200-level, should be well under way. The success of these operations will be reflected from time to time in the market. Occidental should soon strengthen up, owing to the fine appearance of the formation now being encountered in extending a southerly drift on the 750-level to encounter the downward extension of the ore cut above on the 650-level. The North End stocks have been fuming up of late, both Con. Virginia and Ophir being in good demand at higher prices. The Savage mine is looking well, and the time is coming when Gould & Curry will respond to the possibilities resulting from cross-cuts which will be run on the Brunswick as soon as ventilation can be effected. The South End stocks are still quiet, but they will likely join the procession in due time.

The New Chollar Ore Discovery.

So far all that can be said of the new Chollar development is that it is of vast importance, equally as much as that which first heralded the existence of the Comstock to the early locators of Ophir. It indicates, beyond peradventure of a doubt, that another highly mineralized belt is located within the lines of Brunswick locations, and the future alone can demonstrate its extent and value. This is enough to justify the investment of capital, and to create a new feeling of interest in this wonderful mining section of the West. The history of the Comstock is still fresh in the minds of the people here, who cannot but remember that the bulk of the wealth represented in the representative buildings of this city came from this source. In addition, activity in the market leads to a general revival in all other kinds of business, putting money into circulation and stimulating the demand for real estate. In this respect too much cannot be said for the new find, which was the most fortunate thing that could have happened at this particular time. It can only be hoped that it will develop in magnitude as depth is attained, and that it may prove another Comstock.

A Covert Attack On Our Bankers.

The demand made this week upon all banks working under the jurisdiction of the State Bank Commission, for a report of their condition on March 2nd, has caused no end of caustic comment in financial circles of this city. The Commission in this case obeys the mandate of Governor Budd, and very properly inserts in its notice to the banks a copy of the official instructions to themselves, and the authority quoted by the Governor for this very strange and unusual exercise of his functions as Chief Executive. Taking into consideration that the date fixed for the statement is the same as that on which the Assessor receives the sworn bill of particulars, upon which he levies an assessment for taxation purposes, the proceeding of the Governor seems most peculiar, to say the least. It is only reasonable to presume that his action is instigated by some designing party or parties, with an ulterior object in view which can be more readily surmised than discussed. Mr. Budd should consider for a moment that banks are public institutions, which are not to be trifled with lightly, and that in harassing them he is harassing the commercial element in the community, which will not take very kindly to such unwarranted interference upon his part with affairs which do not concern him. It is rather early yet to decide accurately at what the Governor is driving, but his action does not look right in a person holding such a high and honorable position. If acting under advice, all that can be said is that in the quarter from which it emanates they must hold a very strange idea of a Governor's duty.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

WHEN Father Yorke gets through with the daily newspapers of this town the TOWN CRIER would not give a cigarette for the chances of salvation of any one of the proprietors. They are a hard and sinful lot, your reverence, and you are quite right in using your influence with Satan to open a new and particularly hot Journalists' Addition for their reception. But let there be some mercy shown. They are, after all, friends of the Devil, and if he is permitted to follow his own kindly instincts he will supply the Addition with fences for them to sit on, so that homesickness may not be joined to their other tortures.

DEAR, dear, but the combination of being at once a Democrat and a resident of Oakland does seem to produce an effervescent temper. If Governor Budd had the courage to do his duty he would summon the Hon. Billy Foote, the Hon. Bill English, the Hon. John Daggett, the Hon. Frank Moffatt, the Hon. Bob Fitzgerald, and the Hon. John P. Irish to the executive presence, up tilt the gubernatorial eye, and say, "Brethren, we shall open these harmony proceedings with prayer," and then pull a gun to keep them from fighting one another for the privilege of being first to address the Throne of Grace.

IF anybody in San Francisco is minded to strangle a woman or cut her throat, he has only the penalty of his own disapproval to fear. Bianther and the unknown murderer of Miss Harrington, and the fiend who left a path of death behind him in Morton street, are apparently as safe from the police as if they had presented the women with bouquets instead of coffins. A San Francisco detective who should detect anything of importance would probably lose his place under charges of being a disturber of harmony in the force.

GENERAL Coxey, late commander of the vanished Industrial Army, is here. So is Louis Gronlund, the Socialist, so is the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, the personal enemy of the Pope of Rome. And they are all talking, God help us. San Francisco is not in the cyclone belt, so in order to be up with the St. Louis procession we generate our own wind storms. The tide of emigration sets toward Missouri.

WESLEY Lewis is said to have been discharged for intemperance from his position as sexton of Grace M. E. Church, of which the Rev. Colburn is pastor. There are those who suspect that Mr. Lewis' arrest on a charge of outraging a girl is a scheme to recover the good-will of Brother Colburn's congregation, and procure reinstatement in his job of looking after the study and help, and things.

PROFESSOR Corbett is with us again, and Professor Fitzsimmons is somewhere on the other side of the earth. It may be Californian partiality, but we are disposed to believe our champion's denial that it was remarks of his hustling Eastward in search of the Australian that inadvertently struck St. Louis.

"NOW," says Gavin McNah, addressing Congressman Maguire, "I've renominated you, and you don't like it, but what are you going to do about it? The record's made, confound you, and you cannot afford to go back on a friend." McNah is a statesman with a large head and a long smile.

THERE was much profane swearing, dancing, and Sabbath breaking in St. Louis before the cyclone, yet the occasion has not been improved by the pulpit, as was the Chicago fire of 1871. Orthodoxy has lost its grip and grown cowardly.

MAYOR Sutro—our Wandering Jew—has delivered himself of his monthly quantum of nonsense in the Funding Bill. We are afraid the old Sutro Tunnel inequities rest heavily upon his breast, and that his conscience keeps him in a continual state of nightmare.

IT is hard to see why a man elects to die by the suicide route when, by the payment of a small fee, he can accomplish his object legally with the aid of a doctor.

DR. "Gustavus Adolphus" Siebert of Chicago, who curls his hair with au iron, and who wishes to be parted from his better quarter because she can put away ten cocktails at a sitting, did a wise thing by coming here for the divorce. We have not many women whose staying abilities equal those of the fair Christine, and we shall be glad to help release her if she will only stay and make life bearable for us.

THE TOWN CRIER is open to receive contributions to help pay the Rev. C. Overman-Brown's salary until the Lord shall see fit to send him a solid cheque. Not being connected with any church we are not inclined to debauchery and riotous living. Contributors can therefore rest assured that the money will be handed over (at the end of a pole) to the weedy parson.

COMMONWEAL Coxey intends spending several days in the city so as to give his jaws a rest. The Populists are falling over one another in their attempts to welcome their leader, and many presents are being made him. One gift, however, which is a very necessary one—good carboic soap—is painfully conspicuous by its absence.

IT is to be hoped that the six young divinity students, who have decided to preach in heathe lands, are healthy specimens of Californian manhood and do not run to grizzle and bone. Epicureanism is a feature among savages to-day, and if the young men suit their taste it will be a good advertisement for the State.

THE Rev. John Quincy Adams Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln Henry is billed for a few nights at the Metropolitan Temple. The reverend huffoon acquired a new mouth while in Chicago, and will open it in this city for the first time. People in the front row are recommended to go provided with disinfectants.

THE poor dead listened wearily to the services preached above them last Saturday; but when Dr. Dille opened his well-ventilated mouth one of them was heard to remark: "It's lucky we ain't up there, Bill; they fight with different weapons nowadays."

SIGNOR Foli, who travels upon his past reputation, says that San Franciscans are savages. The statement was probably brought forth by the fact that he was not here to make money. In London, the Signor is the hutt of all musical critics.

THE Post of Wednesday had a sensational account of the expulsion from the Olympic Club of a champagne agent. Is it possible that Roederer has the effect of hardening the tongue and softening the brain?

PRESIDENT MURPHY, of the First National Bank, is said to be so mean a man that he will never allow his doors to remain open lest a draught might pass through them without his making something on it.

LOOK out, gentlemen! The apothecaries' convention is over and the poisoners are in unity. Unless you would die a sudden death, stand in with the doctors who only kill you by inches.

THE Examiner informs us that an iusane man in Rutherford, N. J., considers himself a locomotive. This is almost as humorous as the Examiner's assertion that it is a moral engine.

THE Bronkes, who are seeking a divorce at the large hands of Judge Campbell, have finally come to the conclusion that they were Broncos.

ACCORDING to the Call the Holy Ghost had a feast at Oakland last week. It probably consisted more of spirits than anything else.

"COLONEL" Watkinson, presumably of the U. S. A., was thrown twice from his horse in one day. Comment is unnecessary.

JUDGE Wallace has of late years been unable to look at himself in a mirror for fear he might fine himself for contempt.

BENEATH this stone lies Corbett, strong of jaw; God closed his mouth, and so he fights no more.

WHEN will cards be issued for Durrant's hanging?

MURDER will out. Look out for Durrant.



A Book of the Week.* The name of Friedrich Nietzsche is well-known among the literati of Europe. He ranks as a philosopher of the lighter kind, and his theories were very much in evidence

during the discussion on Nordau's "Degeneration." As a philosopher, however, Nietzsche does not interest the world at large. In all he ever wrote we do not remember one idea of his that had not been thrashed out by other minds long before he came upon the scene. He tells us that civilization is decadent, but others have been telling us that for centuries. He says the psychological standard of Spencer and the English school is all wrong in its application of the Darwinian philosophy of the survival of the fittest, when applied to the evolution of the human race, but that, too, has been told us over and over again by others. It may be wrong, as he contends, for man to be running after moral and intellectual perfection, and that our true, and happiest, destiny is in getting closer to nature—descending to the savage state, and developing our natural instincts for fighting and stealing. All this may be so, but then it may not, and there we leave it, because we do not wish to challenge this "greatest of modern philosophers," as his admirers call him. Such is not our purpose in this review. What we wish now is to call attention to what Nietzsche says on another theme, and that is his opinion of Wagner. And our object in reading what this "great philosopher" said about Wagner was to ascertain how the great composer stood in the estimation of the philosopher, and, to our surprise, we find that Nietzsche regards Wagner as the most decadent of all villainies and immoralities, and that he calls the great composer's orchestrations "brutal and artificial." He prefers *Carmen* to anything Wagner ever composed, and, when we read this view of the case, we felt like pitching the book out of the window. Think of a "philosopher" in his senses writing such stuff as this:

"The artist of the decadence—that is the word. And it is here that my seriousness commences. I am not at all inclined to be a quiet spectator, while this decadent ruins our health and music along with it. Is Wagner a man at all? Is he not rather a disease? Everything he touches he makes morbid. He has made music morbid. A typical decadent who feels himself necessary with his corrupt tastes, who claims that it is a higher taste, who knows how to make his depravity be regarded as a law, as a progress, as fulfillment. And nobody defends himself. Wagner's power of seduction becomes prodigious, the smoke of incense steams around him, the misunderstanding about him calls itself gospel; it is by no means the poor in spirit alone whom he has convinced."

Does not this look like envy—hate! Does not its excess defeat the object the writer has in view. Here we have spleen, wrath, denunciation, but not analysis. What will the thousands of Wagner's admirers, the people who have sat for hours listening to the beauties of Wagnerian music, say to this "philosopher's" view of the great German who has thrilled the musical world with the weird beauty of his compositions? As for our poet, we feel like recommending Nietzsche to take the Keeley cure or some other supposed, or real, specific for nervous debility. But if Nietzsche does not please us in one respect, he does in another. Differing from him as we do, we cannot but admire the holdness of some of his passages, absurd as they may seem. Here for instance:

"Wagner and Beethoven—that is a blasphemy, and in the end an injustice even to Wagner. He was also, as a musician, only what he was in other respects. He became a musician, he became a poet, because the tyrant in him, his stage-play genius, compelled him to it. Wagner was not a musician by instinct. He proved that himself by abandoning all lawfulness, and—to speak more definitely—all style in music, in order to make out of it what he required—a theatrical rhetoric, a means for expression, for strengthening attitudes, and for suggestion. * * * Wagner never calculates as a musician from any kind of musical conscience; he wants effect, he wants nothing but effect."

There is, however, one thing we cannot account for, and that is that all this was written by a man who was, at one

time, a devout Wagnerian, and yet here we see him as a virulent, bitter, frothy, and extravagant critic. But, fierce as all this abuse is, there is, at least, an analytical spirit in the following:

"Some one always wants to be saved in Wagner's works; at one time it is some little man, and another some little woman, that is the problem. And with what opulence he varies his leading motive! What rare, what profound sallies! Who was it but Wagner taught us that innocence has a preference for saving interesting sinners (the case in *Tannhauser*)? Or that even the Wandering Jew will be saved, will become settled if he marries (the case of *The Flying Dutchman*)? Or that corrupt old women prefer to be saved by chaste youths (the case of Kundry in *Parsifal*)? Or that young hysterics like best to be saved by their doctor (the case of *Lohengrin*)? Or that even married women are willingly saved by a cavalier (the case of *Isolde*)? Or that the old god, after he had compromised himself morally in every respect, is finally saved by a free-thinker and immoralist (the case in *The Nibelung's Ring*)? Admire especially this last profundity. Do you understand it? I take care not to understand it.

And so our philosopher goes on slashing at Wagnerian morality and melody page after page. But, good reader, there is a pathetic sequel to add to all this, and one that gives Nietzsche's work a peculiar interest, and it is this. His opinion of Wagner was written before the author was sent to an insane asylum, from which, however, he was happily released, and so he is again in the world, but, we believe, although now at liberty, he writes no more.

* "Friedrich Nietzsche." Macmillan & Co.

The June Arena opens its 16th volume, appearing in a new dress. It is an unusually strong number, opening with a paper by Rev. Samuel Barrows, D. D., on "The First Pagan Critic of Christian Faith and His Anticipation of Modern Thought." Justice Walter Clark, LL. D. of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina, contributes an instructive and delightful paper on Mexico. Another paper of special merit, on "Bimetallism," appears in this number by A. J. Utley. Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor of The Arena, writes in a most captivating manner of Whittier, considering him in the aspect of a "Poet of Freedom," and giving many of Whittier's most stirring lines. A fine portrait of the Quaker Poet forms a frontispiece of this number. Students of the higher metaphysical thought of our time will be deeply interested in Horatio W. Dresser's paper entitled "The Mental Cure in its Relation to Modern Thought." These are by no means the full quota of the strong attractions of this brilliant number of America's great progressive, reformative and liberal review.

"A History of the Warfare of Science With Theology in Christendom" is a revival of an oft-told tale. It is an up-to-date book, and the author holds to the belief that science has not to conform to religion, but religion must conform to science. Man did not "fall," the author says, but he "ascended." Christians will close the book with no less confidence in the God-Man than they had before opening it. God is a mystery; the finite can understand the infinite. That answers all.

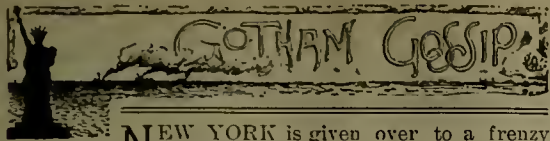
"The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth." The world has always been prepared to listen to anything, no matter how vivid, about the courtships of the "Virgin Queen." And this book shows up the immodest flirtations of Queen Elizabeth in a way that will not surprise the student of history. Of course she proclaimed her innocence of immoral acts on her death bed, but it would have been better for her memory if her general conduct through life supported her assertion as she was tottering to her grave.

"Subscriber."—Last week we gave a short review of "The Incubated Girl," recently published in England. Now a "Subscriber" asks us if it is not all "a joke." "Subscriber" had better answer the question himself by reading the book, which he can order through any respectable bookstore.

"The Diary of a Japanese Couvert" is a record covering a period of eleven years from 1877 to 1888. It is a book that will interest the missionary, and being written by a Japanese it has the aroma of the Orient imbedded in the belief of the Occidental world.

Jackson's Napa Soda gives a refined complexion.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.



NEW YORK is given over to a frenzy for parades. Not content with naval parades, militia parades, coaching, bicycle, and tandem parades, we have been treated to the "White Wings" parade—no less than the procession of street cleaners, with their brushes and spades, their push carts and department wagons, and the great Colonel Warring at their head. The men were all attired in white duck, and the gallant Street Superintendent scorned not a similar attire. With all the jeering and derision flung at Colonel Warring, it cannot be denied that his methods have transformed New York from a very filthy to a very clean city. He does not, contrary to general opinion, bestow his attention upon the fashionable quarters alone, but Pell, Mott, Doyer and Division streets are now as clean as Fifth avenue. The city's mortality has therefore been greatly reduced. A recent ordinance of the Board of Health will also aid in keeping down illness. It is now a crime for any one to expectorate in any public conveyance or vehicle, and most excellent is the law.

The news of the terrible tornado in the West had scarcely been read in the morning papers before a Cimmerian darkness fell upon New York. A fierce storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, had raged for the greater part of the day, and it was feared that we were to be victims of a similar awful experience as the one that has turned St. Louis into a place of mourning. But now, at twilight, there is a beautiful clear sky and no suggestion of atmospheric disturbance.

Mrs. and Miss Flood are in New York, and the latter was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Miss McAllister, daughter of the late Ward. On one of the few fine nights we have had I saw the George Crockers dining at Claremont. They have changed their minds about going at once to Southampton, and intend leaving for California the first of June. I fancy a summer there among all their old friends will be more diverting than the quiet life of Southampton. Tom Williams and Jack Follansbee were dining not far away with DeWolf Hopper and his pretty little wife, *née* Edna Wallace, and were a very jolly party, while Louis Stern and Joe Silverman were near by, dining with a large party of friends. Young Willie Brown expects to leave for Texas immediately after his sister's marriage, intending to try a ranching life. Mrs. Brown thinks seriously of making a trip to California. Mr. W. W. Belvin has been lying ill at the Gerlach for the past week, but thanks to his charming wife's devoted nursing, he is on the road to recovery. I see the great J. B. Haggin every now and then in the Park. He looks lonely driving about in a very beautifully appointed Victoria, but perhaps he likes solitude. Livingston Gilsou is reported from Paris, where are also Maurice Casey and his sister, Miss Katherine Dillon, and Miss Cosgrove. Rafael Joseffy, the great pianist, and his family, sailed on the North German steamer a few days ago, the first time the celebrated Hungarian has left these shores since his arrival in America twelve or thirteen years ago. The divine Sarah sailed on Saturday, and took with her one Miss Ray Brockman, a Californian girl of dramatic aspirations, to whom the tragedienne has taken a marked fancy. Theodore Wores is giving a tea at his art studio in the Carnegie Building this afternoon in honor of some friends from Japan. Mr. and Mrs. James Lake have left town for a visit to friends at Larchmont. The opening of the Larchmont Club will be on Saturday, when the ceremony of going into commission will be celebrated with the *éclat* dear to the hearts of yachtsmen. The absence of the Commodore, Harry Gillig, is a grief to the members, but his other self, Frank Unger, will be there. Willard Barton is a recently elected member of the club.

New York, May 27, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

The best equipped banquet hall in this city is doubtless that of the Maison Riche. The largest functions are held there, the service is all that can be desired and the accommodations perfect.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda with your claret.



ANNUAL MEETING

Bodie Cons. Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bodie Cons. Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

at the hour of 10 o'clock P.M. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Thursday, June 11, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M.

M. E. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Mono Gold Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 37
Amount per Share.....	10 cents
Levied.....	June 2, 1896
Delinquent in office.....	July 6, 1896
Day of sale of Delinquent Stock.....	July 27, 1896

M. E. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment.....	No. 23
Amount per Share.....	15 cents
Levied.....	June 2, 1896
Delinquent in office.....	July 7, 1896
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	July 28, 1896

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

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PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



THE way our buds are being captured by the beaux argues well for society. Certainly that fashionable element does not consider marriage a failure from the oft-recurring announcement of engagements in the swim of late. The recent one made public of Chauncey Boardman and Miss Mary Mercado is a most pleasing one to chronicle, both of the young people being extremely popular in their set; and, as neither wealth nor advancement in worldly position is in question on either side, it may be claimed to be purely a love match, ensuring a charming, modest, ladylike wife to the young man, and a steady, well-mannered, good business man for a husband to the young lady. And what surer basis for happiness can a young couple start with in life than the respect and esteem of their friends? So the happy pair are receiving the hearty congratulations of their numerous friends, and deserve them.

It is causing a good deal of comment to their intimates to hear the surprise expressed by the outsiders, who all, more or less, anticipated that Mr. Boardman's choice would fall on a popular blonde of *distingue* appearance who is an inseparable friend of Miss Mercado. However, the insiders know that this very lovely young lady will, in all probability, make another fellow happy ere long. A gallant son of Mars (with a godlike cognomen), is credited with being the lucky winner of this real prize in the matrimonial lottery.

If any doubt existed as to the deep interest felt by one of our society men in a young lady who has been a great favorite in fashionable circles for several seasons past, it was dissipated when the news of the St. Louis disaster reached here. The young lady in question is at present in that city, and 'tis said his nervous anxiety in regard to her welfare was pitiable, and successfully "let the cat out of the bag."

Society tongues have been wagging furiously of late over the *menage* maintained in the Western Addition by a prominent disciple of Blackstone. But what can be expected? If a woman goes thousands of miles away from her husband and stays there, it is but a natural sequence that, in the words of Tom Moore, he will "make love to the lips that are near." History repeats itself.

Speaking of California beauty, a well-known club man remarked the other day: "Nowhere could you find two lovelier girls—direct contrasts as they are—than Miss Ida Gibbons and Miss Ethel Cohen. Any city would be proud to claim these native daughters, for their beauty, breeding, and brightness is undeniable." And there was a murmur of assent from the luncheon table guests.

It is quite probable that San Francisco will have a visit from Miss Edith Newlands, the eldest of the late Senator Sharon's granddaughters, and co-heiress with her two sisters of her mother's share of his estate. Although born here, the young lady has been educated in the East, and recently made her debut into society in Washington, D. C.

The Brownies will have to look out for their laurels as Jack Barnes, having graduated, will now enter society as a full fledged member of the young beaux; and, as the girls say, "Jack is such a darling; a perfect chip of the old block." Everyone who knows the General understands language can no further go.

Everyone who has been fortunate enough to be among those who have enjoyed the newly-married Hobarts' hospitality is saying what a very delightful host and hostess this happy young couple make. The San Mateo villa is the abode of ideal marital bliss, which radiates on all within its circle.

Fixing the date and details of the Hobart-Baldwin nuptials has proved as great a tangle to the Examiner as solutions of prize stories, evidently; for the variety of times and places, and so forth, which the dailies have given out, indicate a bewilderment of mind on the subject.

Gossip is rife over a possible engagement, the declaring of which will be a sensation in society. It is not fair to the young lady to give her name until she elects to make it public herself, but Dr. Harry Tevis is the happy man whom gossip assigns as being captured.

The girls are all intent on summer pastimes, and the ripple of their chat is of tennis, golf, and coaching. This, of course, pertains to Del Monte and Burlingame. Sausalito is the place for boating, and San Jose for trips to Mt. Hamilton.

Sausalito is meditating a water fête which will rival Belvedere's Venetian Night. The idea is said to be an all day affair, with dancing and fireworks for the evening. A regatta, in fact, with a swagger *dejeuner*, etc.

The Presidio will likely furnish a candidate for holy—not orders—matrimony in the near future. It has been talked about for more than a year, but this time it looks as though it were going to materialize.

"Poor Harry Stetson" is what the girls say; but those who know that young man declare he will give society a surprise ere long, for a heart is most easily caught in the rebound, as all the world knows.

Can it be true that Allan Bowie is going to pluck the lily from its parental stem? Rumor says so, with great insistency; but what will the matronly friend have to say about it?

Del Monte is filling up with the swagger set, and a lot of people have changed their plans, and intend making that delightful resort their headquarters for the season.

General Weyler, the Spanish leader, was sarcastic, to say the least, the other day when the Government corvette captured the blockade runners from Florida. "The only excellent thing about crew or cargo," he remarked, "is that beautiful consignment of twenty cases of Keystone Monogram Whiskey, which by a horrible mischance might have reached the Rebels!"

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

Do you drink? Then mix Jackson's Napa Soda with your tippie.

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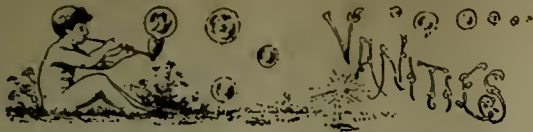
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The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.



DEAR EDITH:—Chief among the hues most used in combination with others this season are pink with green and heliotrope, green with purple, deep purple with sailor blue, fawn with red, pale reseda and yellow. Fashionable as such color blendings are, they prove anything but becoming or attractive to behold, especially on women of sallow complexion, and these seem most apt to select them, or else it is the disastrous effect of the trying mixture on the majority of faces. Many "neutral" women can wear most becoming cream serge or soft white flannel; neither need they eschew pale tints of fawn, silver blue, brown, beige, reseda, and the like, but they must choose with discretion. The depth of tone that is favorable to one woman may prove unbecoming to a sister between whose complexion and her own the difference is but slight. A good-sized piece of material and its trimmings placed near the face is a better method of deciding than the advice of a friend.

Some lovely waists I have seen lately are made of blurred chine. One I liked most was made of silk with a cream white ground, plaided with strips of deep blue, with a blurred blossom in the center of each square in pinks and greens. This is made with a hertha of lace, the soft stock and the crushed felt being of light sage green velvet. The combination of blue, green and pink is quite chic. Of later fashion, but no prettier, is a silk waist made of foulard silk handkerchiefs having a dark green ground and small scattered palm leaves in different colors. This is made with a yoke back and front of plain green silk draped with butter colored guipure, the bright border of the handkerchief square forming a ruchelike heading round the yoke. The double border shows on the outside of each sleeve. Belt and collar are of the border.

Many of the new summer waists are made so that they can have an added basque or not, as is desired. A charming waist of cream-colored silk hatiste dotted with cerise is made up over cerise silk, the full taffeta puffs of the sleeves holding out well, the soft drapery above them of the dotted hatiste. Below the cherry-satin felt is an adjustable basque formed of deep oval medallions of lace edged with narrow guipure laid over knife plaitings of cerise silk. This can be taken off at pleasure. A neck trimming of the lace and silk matches this basque.

Ribbons of all widths, flowered, striped, and plain, are a conspicuous feature of trimming on thin gowns this season. Bands of ribbon extend over the shoulders and down either side of the front of the skirt, with bows at the end. Wider ribbons are used to face revers and form pointed epaulets over the sleeves. Bows of ribbon are on the shoulders, at the waist, and neck, and fasten down the center of the shirt-sleeve puffs with great effect. Especially new, too, are the wide gauze sash ribbons, satin edged and patterned all over with soft flowers.

The newest belts are hand-painted. They are made of ribbon belting and fasten with beautiful buckles. One I saw in a Sutter street jeweler's window is of white ribbon belting, painted in a careless design of huttercups. A hand-painted miniature framed in gold forms the buckle. Another, equally pretty, has festoons of tiny pink rose-huds painted on white ribbon belting, and is fastened with a wonderfully beautiful buckle representing a full blown rose made of varying shades of pink enamel. The style is very becoming to a graceful girl and it is to be hoped will long continue the fashion.

BELINDA.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1332 Market street.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

For 35 years Jackson's Napa Soda has led all mineral waters.

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MIDSUMMER
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TREMENDOUS
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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Berger's Restaurant, Academy Building, 333-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Berger, Proprietor.

Bay State Oyster House. 15 Stockton & 109 O'Farrell. N. M. Adler, Prop. Montgomery-St. Coffee and Lunch House. Good coffee and fresh eggs a specialty. Cream waffles. 426 Montgomery St. H. H. HJUL, Prop.

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Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPY BROS

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Dr. Thomas L. Hill, OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.

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Miss Caroline Shindler, Soprano. Vocal Culture. Hours, 1 to 3, 2416 Clay

CANDIES.

CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 233 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



IN Paris the manager of a clipping bureau whose agency reads all the papers of the world, recently made a calculation as to who is oftentimes mentioned as a public character. Napoleon I stands first, although this is probably in consequence of the passing fashion of things Napoleon that set in some time ago. Then comes the Emperor of Germany, then Prince Bismarck and in the fourth place Mr. Gladstone.

—One of the most remarkable botanical curiosities in the world is in the possession of Mrs. Le Clerc, of Quebec. It is a potted American Beauty rose bush, whose flowers have perfume only from midnight until daylight. During the rest of the twenty-four hours they are perfectly odorless. The fragrance begins to exhale precisely on the stroke of twelve.

—Every American President has had from three to thirty-two towns named for him. Thirty cities and towns were named after Alexander Hamilton, and there are thirty Clintons, twenty-four Websters, twenty Bentons, thirteen Calhouns, seven Clays, nineteen Quincys, twenty-one Douglasses, and twenty Blaines.

—The Empress Frederick of Germany will spend a large part of the next two years in England. She will become, it is said, the tenant of Ditton Park, the late Duke of Buccleugh's beautiful old place near Windsor, now belonging to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Ditton is a beautiful house, surrounded by magnificent grounds.

—Antonio de Navarro, husband of Mary Anderson, has an interesting collection of photographs of his wife in a room in their home at Tunbridge Wells. They represent her in all the parts she has played, and Mr. de Navarro has arranged them to make a frieze around the entire room.

—President Kruger, some years ago, accepted an invitation to open a new synagogue at Johannesburg. After a few preliminaries, he announced, in his loudest voice, to the amazement of all present: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I declare this building opened."

—John Ruskin is evidently near the end of his life. His memory is gone completely, and he imagines that he is in danger of starvation. He has given away enormous sums during his long life, and it is a fact that his generosity has left him comparatively poor.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie, who is still engaged on her memoirs, uses a pen-holder that is set with diamonds. This was employed by the fourteen representatives in signing the treaty of peace of Paris in 1856, and was presented to the ex-Empress as a memento.

—The royal family have never given up the custom of wearing crape. Queen Victoria has always worn it, and when her majesty and any of the princesses have attended the funeral of relatives they have worn crape veils almost to the ground.

—Paul Verlaine, in addition to a bust in the "Poet's Corner," of Luxembourg Gardens, is to have a similar honor paid to him at Nancy. Possibly Metz, where Verlaine was born, will follow suit.

The Overland Limited,

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Jackson's Napa Soda is an antidote to Heartburn.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA AND JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
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DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, San Francisco.

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N. W. COR. SANSONE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London.
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Paid Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

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N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



"Why," thundered the magistrate, "did you beat your wife with a rocking chair, breaking three of her ribs?" "To amuse the baby," faltered the culprit. However, he was not able to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that such was his purpose, and sentence was accordingly pronounced.—Detroit Tribune.

Workman—Mr. Briggs, I should like to ask you for a small raise in my wages: I have just been married. EMPLOYER—Very sorry, my good man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our workmen outside the factory the company is not responsible.—Loudou Tit-Bits.

The lawyer laid aside the story of Edison's life and looked lazily out of the club window. "What a lot of money there is in patents," he said at last. The inventor looked up in surprise. "Sure," he replied. "The trouble is to get it out."—Chicago Post.

"Consider the humble porous plaster," said the Cumminsville sage, after his heart had been warmed by a good five-cent cigar. "Everybody turns his back on it, yet look what success it achieves by close application."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Binn—So you prefer a little sister to a brother, do you, Maidie? LITTLE DAUGHTER—Well, papa, if it's just the same to you, I think I'd like to have a little white rabbit with pink eyes better than either.—Vanity.

"How can you say that Japson is not a bright, capable man? Why all of his friends say that he is one in a thousand." "Yes, but the trouble with Japson's friends is that they belong to the same thousand."—Brooklyn Life.

"Why does she call her bonnet a poem?" "I don't know, unless it be in order to take advantage of the poetic license." Charity, in the meanwhile, was covering sins up to and including its full capacity.—Detroit News.

Miss Peachblossom (to her brother)—What do you think is the most stylish color for the bride? BROTHER JIM—Well, I don't know much about style, Sis, but for myself I should prefer a white one.—Vanity.

He—You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money. SHE—Quite true, but it takes money to buy them.—Texas Siftings.

Louise—Harry, I hate to ask you, but tell me, do you snore in your sleep? HARRY—Sometimes, darling; you know an active business man doesn't get time to snore when he's awake.—Tit-Bits.

"Wanter flip pennies, you four-eyed kid?" asked the rude little boy. "With pleasure," answered the Bostonian infant. "Will you choose the obverse or reverse?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"How on earth can Bardy stand the strain of nursing that old uncle of his as he does? He must have a wonderful will power mustn't he?" "His uncle has that."—Harlem Life.

"Johnnie," said a neighbor, "is your father at home?" "Yes," said Johnnie, "he's out in the pig pen—you'll know him 'cause he's got his hat on."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Faintheart—Do you think it would be safe for me to approach your pa on the subject? MISS FAIRLADY—Oh, perfectly; he has the gout again.—Texas Sifter.

"Is the young man to whom Miss Songster is engaged musical?" "Oh, yes, indeed. You ought to hear him chant her praises!"—Detroit Free Press.

Storage For Valuables.

During the summer months the CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY receives on storage at low rates in its fire and burglar-proof vaults silverware, furs and valuable property of every description. It also rents steel boxes at from \$5 to \$150 per annum. Conveniences for its patrons are unsurpassed. Office hours, 8 to 6 daily. Corner Montgomery and California Streets.

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There is no second."

When You
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You'll
know you
have the best
Ale or Stout.

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The Model
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Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, George H. Eggers; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rate.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



BY THE HEDGE.—GEORGE E. BOWEN, IN CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

OVER the same old road, sweetheart, that we strolled in the long ago,
I was wandering once again, alone, where the sweet wild-roses glow;
And I pause by the hedge to whisper, dear, to the blossoms so pink and fair,
A poor little faded sorrow, love, there's nobody else to share.
Summer with all its joy, sweetheart, is out on the old highway,
But the breezes sigh as they pass me by and unto the forest stray;
Wistfully sigh the breezes, love, as they pass me standing there
By the old hedgerow where the roses glow, and nobody seems to care.

Standing alone by the hedge, my love, I am lost in a pensive dream.
I am floating away through the summer day where the old-time roses gleam;
The roses that shared our secret, love, the roses that smiled as fair
As the promise true we were glad to view, with nobody else to care
Over the dear old road, sweetheart, in the shadowy cool of day
Come the echoes low of the long ago, the tenderest things to say;
And I smile again as the twilight glows, and banish my long despair
With a thought of you that is sweet and true, and wonder if you will care.

Something of other days, sweetheart, the breezes are singing low.
Something that thrills the roses, love, and lends them a brighter glow;
Something that soothes the restless pain I have patiently learned to bear
Through the eodless days on the old highways, where nobody seems to care.

THE SANDMAN'S COMING.—LIZETTE W. REESE, IN INDEPENDENT.

As soon as the yellow sun is down
And the bolts are fast on the door,
With his sack of sand he rides into town—
With his sack of sand before.

He fills a hand with the shiniog thing,
And over the dusky grouod,
As a sower scatters the seed in spring,
He scatters the grains around.

Past he rides to the wharf and the ships,
Past to the foot of the hill;
Ever a finger is on his lips,
And his horse's hoofs are still.

He gallops up through the old York lanes
And down through Rosemary street;
Like seed he scatters the glistening grains,
And they leap up tall and sweet.

Tall and sweet in swaying rows,
Straight into bloom they leap;
Behold him, behind him, wherever he goes—
The violet blossoms of sleep.

AT DAWN.—SYLVIA LAWSON COVEY.

Night shadows fly. The air is crisp and sweet
With orange fragrance. Golden apples gird
The waxen whiteuess of new buds just stirred
By zephyr's finger. See him, winging fleet
To where the roses at the house-roof meet—
That feathered joy, the jocund mocking-bird!
Such songs ecstatic day hath never beard,
Rippling across wide fields of springing wheat.
And still she lingers, loth to rise and fold
The curtainiog mist from off the mouotain snows;
Flushing with pink the granite gray and old.
Ere long she stoops to paint you opening rose.
Now from the pale clouds the pearl tints fade away.
The garden lies in morning's garish ray!

THE HIDDEN LUTE.—ADA IDDINGS-GALE, IN THE LOTUS.

My heart's a lute deep hidden,
And winds of memory
Across it blow unbidden;
It answers tremblingly.
And little songs, awaking,
Go floating on the air,
While all the strings are shaking
With longing and despair.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

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Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St.

San Francisco, Cal

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Assets, \$3,000,000.

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Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,032,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

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Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

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OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

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UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

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PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

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Ashton P. Stevens.



STUDIO: 26 Montgomery street,
Room 8. Pupils prepared for Stage,
Concert, or Drawing Room. A Special
Class for

teachers who wish to perfect themselves in the Banjo's harmony and technic

ILLUSION.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
And "Where are the people, O
Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'er-
head—
And the dead whom once I knew!"
"That was a dream," God smiled
and said:
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky
o'erhead—
There was only Myself and you"
"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
Meeting YOU here this way?
"For I have sinned, I know full well:
And is there heaven and is there
hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"
"Nay! those were hut dreams," the
great God said:
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear,
or sin;
There is no you—you never have
been—
There is nothing at all but me!"
—The Chap Book.

DELUSION.

WITH APOLOGIES TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
Me and God in space above,
And nobody near to see:
I fill my lungs with the wind's
strong breath,
And call aloud to my old friend
Death.
"You never will conquer Me."
"For Me and He are one, you
know,
We run in a tandem team;
And men may laugh at my passion-
ate verse,
But what care I? I care not a curse,
For life is a misty dream."
"They don't exist, though they think
they do;
'Tis I alone who am.
Just I and God, and I come first
(He'd get ahead if He only durst!)
And so I don't care a—."
"They think they are," but 'tis only
Me—
Me, Mine, Myself and My.
Poor God looks on, but is mighty
dumb;
For I've shattered the yarn of king-
dom come,
And nothing is left—but I!
THE MORALIST.

THE EXAMINER'S METHODS.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER—Sir: Your readers may be inter-
ested in the following item concerning the Exami-
ner, in which it is plainly shown how fraud is perpetrated
by that paper without possible redress to the defrauded:
The Examiner word contest was inaugurated on the 1st of Octo-
ber, 1895. In the opening announcement of it, a prize of one thou-
sand dollars (\$1000) was offered to the person making the nearest
guess at the exact number of words contained in the issue of the
Examiner for Sunday, October 20, 1895. All guesses were to be in
the latter's office by midnight of Friday, October 18, 1895. After a
great deal of careful and painstaking work on my part—counting all
the words in pages of various previous papers—I formulated my
guess as 213,164, and mailed the same to the paper's office. Two
persons saw me do this, and also saw the address and contents of
the same. On November 2, 1895, announcement was made that the
exact number of words in the contest was 213,165, and that Miss Lois
Hatch, of Yuba City, had won the prize with a guess of 213,167. I
immediately wrote to the Examiner, claiming the prize, and sending
my proofs. Having received no reply by the following Friday—I
was at that time living in Stockton, Cal.—I came to the city and
called upon the Contest Editor of the Examiner, who denied having
received any communications from me whatever. I immediately
had a post-office tracer put on the letter, and in about two or three
weeks a report was made that the letter must have been delivered.
I wrote to Miss Hatch to ascertain if she was in any way connected
with the Examiner, and received the reply that it did not make any
difference if she were or weren't. I again went to the paper's office
and asked for my rights in the matter which were refused, whereupon
I asked for the proofs I had sent them, which was also refused. If
you think it desirable, it would be a good idea to somewhat spoil the
present "Will She Guess It" affair. You have probably noticed
the fact that the paper has refused to receive any registered or
special delivery letters. Anything you can do in the matter for
me will be greatly esteemed. Very truly,
ONI LOMAX.

THE LOOKER-ON came in just as we were going to
press and demanded that we hold back until he furn-
ished just "one more story." It is to the effect that Mr.
R. H. Pease, the Vice President and Manager of the
Goodyear Rubber Company, has been appointed sole agent
for the Pacific Coast of the United States Rubber Com-
pany. Mr. Pease is well known to society and cluhdom
in the city, and we feel sure that they will all congratulate
him upon this extensive addition to his fold.

WE regret to hear that ex-Mayor L. R. Ellert has
tendered his resignation as Manager of the California
Title Insurance and Trust Company. Mr. Ellert may
justly be considered one of the most popular business men
in the city, and he has ever been most obliging in fulfilling
the duties which devolved upon him. He will still continue
his connection with the company, however, being one of the
principal stockholders in it.

THE Sacramento Bee is pleased to consider itself the
champion of all religious sects, from the Praise God
this ways to the Praise God thats. This is just as it should
be. Sacramento is only two stations removed from Hades;
Fresno, if we remember rightly, holding first place of
honor. The Bee may some day stand in need of the
prayers of all sorts and conditions of men to keep it from
being consigned to its original owner—the Devil.

A TIGHT check and a strong curb may make your horse
hold up his head, hut, depend upon it, it should make
you lower yours!

WE are glad to see that the pay of letter carriers is
likely to be increased. The men work hard and
faithfully and are entitled to proper remuneration.

THE jinks to be held in the Press Cluh rooms to-night
will be one of the events of the season. Judge Hunt
will be Sire, and a first-class entertainment is promised.

THE PRETTIEST PLACE IN MILL VALLEY.

A LARGE, well-furnished house to rent in Mill Valley
for four or six months, with stable accommodations if
desired. Address, G. T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by
giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations.
Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your ad-
dress to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a
cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co.,
214 Kearny street.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your
children while teething

[The only advice we can give our correspondent is to let
the Examiner's money-making schemes severely alone in
future, just as he would any other "sure thing" game.
The Examiner has been held up to the ridicule of respect-
able people so often, and has shown itself to be so indecent,
so unreliable in its very indecency, and so unscrupulous in
the very unreliability of its indecency in all things, that
people who patronize it in any way are in reality as culpa-
ble as is the sheet itself.—Editor NEWS LETTER.]

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est things in gents' furnishing goods.



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Many Styles—high or low cut. Men's; ladies. Patent fasteners secure laces without tying. Price, black, \$3; tan \$3.50. Ladies' covert cloth knee boots, \$4.50 to \$8. Sold by all shoe and sporting goods dealers; sent prepaid if your dealer hasn't them. Look for trade mark on heel. Descriptive booklet free.



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JUNE, besides being the month of roses, promises to be the month of weddings this year, and as such it was certainly opened auspiciously. Tuesday seemed to be the day specially set apart for them this week, and from noon until late at night the sound of wedding festivities was to be heard. First on the list comes the quiet home ceremonial which united Miss Jennie Cheeseman and Lieutenant Schoemacher, and which took place at noon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mortou Cheeseman, on Pacific avenue, the Rev. Dr. Foute officiating. There were neither bridesmaids nor groomsmen, and relatives and a few intimate friends only were present in the prettily decorated rooms to hear the vows exchanged, and then the party adjourned to the dining-room where a handsome breakfast was served, the newly-wedded pair departing later in the day for Del Monte, where their honeymoon will be passed.

Grace Church, which is one of the most cheerful in the city for daylight weddings, looked remarkably attractive on Tuesday morning, when it was the scene of the marriage of Miss Emma Huntsman and Greyson Dutton. Pink and white has been so much the fad for weddings during the past year or more, it was quite refreshing to see the change back again to white, which, with green, were the dominating tints on this occasion, from the church decorations to the bridesmaids' gowns. Palms and white roses were used in profusion in dressing the chancel, altar, etc., amid which gleamed innumerable lights. The four ushers, Messrs. Garduer, Mendel, Dutton and Smith, headed the bridal cortege as it entered the church at noon to the strains of the Lohengrin Chorus, the groom and his best man, Harry Dutton, awaiting them in the chancel, where the Rev. Mr. Walk performed the ceremony. The fair bride looked charmingly in her beautiful robe of *moire en traine*, her fleecy veil quite enveloped her tall figure, and she carried a bouquet of bride's roses. She was given away by her mother, Mrs. Huntsman, who wore an elegant gown of purple silk trimmed with black lace. Miss Genevieve Dutton, as maid-of-honor, and the four bridesmaids, Gertrude and Mollie Dutton, Louise Young and Lulu Huntsman, were gowned alike in white organdie over white silk, with green ribbons at throat and waist. They wore Leghorn hats trimmed with white tulle, roses and green leaves, and carried bouquets of white roses and maiden-hair ferns. After the church service, which was very largely attended, the relatives on both sides were entertained by Mrs. Huntsman at breakfast at her residence on Sutter street. The northern portion of the State was selected by Mr. and Mrs. Dutton for their honeymoon trip.

Probably the most elaborate of Tuesday's weddings was that of Miss May Harley and Livingstone Jinks which was also a home service. Miss Mary Bates had transformed the Harley residence on Scott street into a bower of bloom with palms, sweet peas, roses and other flowers and it was in these lovely surroundings at half-past eight p. m. that Dr. Hemphill performed the marriage ceremony. There were no attendants to either bride or groom, but a large assemblage of guests were present and after congratulations had been offered there was dancing and then an elaborate supper. White satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, was the robe of the bride, and the tulle veil was held in place by pearl pins, the bride also wearing a pearl necklace, the gift of the groom.

There were several weddings on Tuesday afternoon. At one of them the bride and groom were Miss Alice Creanor and James Tunstead Burtchall, and their nuptial knot was tied by Judge John Hunt beneath an umbrella of pink and white sweet peas suspended in the front parlor of the Creanor residence on Harrison street. The bride wore a gown of white brocaded silk trimmed with duchesse lace, and some very handsome diamond ornaments, and after the *dejeuner* which followed the ceremony Mr. and Mrs.

Burtchall departed for Lake Tahoe for their honeymoon. Another bride and groom were Miss Leah Gerst and Ignatz Lowengraft, which ceremony was, owing to the illness of the bride, very quietly performed by Rabbi Voorsanger at the home of the Gersts on McAllister street. The wedding robe was of white satin and point lace, a spray of orange blossoms confining the tulle veil to her hair. A third of the afternoon weddings was that of Miss Gussie Jacobs and Julius Heyman, who were united in marriage by Rabbi Voorsanger beneath a canopy of smilax and white roses in the parlors of the bride's parents on Van Ness avenue. The bride, who was attended by Miss Tillie Whitman as maid of honor, was costumed in white satin trimmed with lace and orange blossoms. A banquet was served to over one hundred guests after the ceremony, and then there was dancing until a late hour.

And still another society engagement is announced, and the young people are being made the recipients of warm congratulations. In this instance the bride elect is Miss Mary Mercado, and her *futur* Chauncey Boardman, one of the well known beaux of the younger set, and while the date for the wedding has not been decided upon it will probably take place in the early winter.

This has, aside from weddings, been rather a quiet week socially. Both the Baldwin and the Columbia were the locales of numerous theatre parties on Monday evening, possibly the latter house having the lion's share of them to welcome back the Frawley Company. There have been some dinners, one given by Mrs. Willis being spoken of as charming; several luncheons, one of which was at Burlingame; a euchre party at E. B. Poud's, and another at the Gwins; and a small tea.

The great event of last week was the reception and dance given at Mare Island by the residents of the Navy Yard as an adieu to Captain and Mrs. Howison, quite a number going up from the city to participate. The sail loft was beautifully draped with the flags of all nations, inter-mingled with a profusion of the flowers for which the Navy Yard is famed, and brilliant with electric lights and Japanese lanterns, the effect of the *ensemble* being extremely pretty. Dancing was the order of the evening, followed by supper; then more dancing until daylight was close at hand. Another pleasing button affair was the banquet of the U. S. Naval Academy graduates given at the University Club, at which Admiral Beardsley presided.

A remarkably enjoyable out-of-town musicale was given at Casa Madrone, in Sausalito, on Friday last, by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church. It was, in a degree, an out-of-doors affair, and the music was good, the refreshments greatly enjoyed, and the weather pleasantly cool. Music seems to have filled a large space in recent entertainments, and Herr Schott, as chief guest, continues to be in great demand. The recent musicale at Mrs. H. E. Huntington's was one of the pleasantest of the month, and Herr Schott was most obliging in the number of selections which he sang.

A very pleasant gathering of last week was the "at home" given by Madame Ziska, at which she entertained a large number of guests with a musical programme, interspersed with recitations by her pupils, the graduates of the occasion being the Misses Alice Cohen and Lillie Schwabacher. The young ladies of Miss West's school gave a dance as a finale to the school term at the Institute, on Friday evening, which was a very delightful little party.

There has been another depletion in the ranks of Army beaux at the Presidio, through the departure on Monday last of those who are to do guard duty in the Yosemite Valley this summer. Their first camp was made lively by a visit from those they left behind them; a number of ladies were of the party who came to give them a pleasant send-off on their march.

Santa Monica appears to be a chosen haven by many of the elders of our swim as a resting place for the summer, and during July quite a number of San Franciscans will be found there. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and family purpose spending several weeks there, and will be joined by the Will Tevis's during their stay. Mr. and Mrs. Alvord will go there direct upon their return from "doing Alaska," and others are making preparations for an early fit thither.

The floral fête, over in Alameda, one of the few really delightful cities on the Pacific Coast, was a success from start to finish. The weather was a bit cloudy, but that only helped to keep the flowers as fresh and beautiful as the girls who graced the proceedings with their presence. The out-of-door performance of *As You Like It*, given on the grounds of Captain Thompson, was one of the events of the season. About three thousand people were present, and not a murmur was heard anywhere. The members of the Shakespearean Club were in the cast, and helped make the performance a success. Especially to be commended were the efforts of Mr. Abe Leach, Maud Russell, and the charming Miss Elliot, of whom we prophesy the world will some day surely hear. When we hold our Carnival, we hope the Alamedans will come over in a hunch, so that we may give them some slight return for the pleasure their own fête afforded us.

Mrs. Carmichael Carr's friends in San Francisco, who parted from her with so much regret, are charmed that her adieu was not a final one. She expects to return to California within three months from now, and resume the musical treats which the "Pops" have proved to be, and which our music lovers have come to regard as necessities. Apropos of music, one of the returns of the week from the East is Mrs. Martin Schultz, who has been warmly welcomed by her hosts of friends here, after a year's absence in New York. Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock are among recent arrivals from abroad, this being the lady's first appearance in California.

Mrs. Joe Eastland is occupying her quaint villa in Mill Valley, and will remain there all summer. Dr. and Mrs. Middleton have returned from their visit to Salt Lake. The new commandant, Kirkland, has arrived to take charge at Mare Island. Captain and Mrs. Howison are at the Occidental, where they will remain until the *Oregon* is ready for commission.

A most delightful affair was the Childrens' Dancing Party, given by the popular O. A. Lunt, at Harmonie Hall, Alameda, on Tuesday afternoon. The dances consisted of the Trilby dance, the Highland Fling, the Tambores dance, the Cachucha, and various waltzes, plain dances, and a well-executed german. Mr. Lunt certainly has the faculty of adding grace to the children under his tuition. Their deportment is in every way bettered, and they gain an easiness of carriage and style that will be of great service to them some day. The entertainment was enjoyed by quite a large and fashionable audience.

A delightful dramatic reading was given last Wednesday by Mademoiselle Delacarte, a pupil of Dupont Vernon, Professor of the Paris Conservatory.

Society folk will be glad to hear that Miss Lucy May Jackson, daughter of Colonel John P. Jackson, has just returned home after an absence of three years, during which time she graduated from Ogontz school for young ladies, an institution in the vicinity of Philadelphia. She has made the tour of Europe, and spent the last year in Boston under the best musical instructors.

A most delightful entertainment was given last week by the Balfre-Moore Club in honor of Tom Moore's birthday. Besides a delightful musical programme, many interesting papers were read, chief of which was one on Longfellow by a fellow scholar and poet, Mr. John McNaught of the Morning Call. The audience was large and much appreciated the intellectual feast provided by President Bannerman.

Cards have been issued for the marriage of Mr. Shafter-Howard and Miss Mary Francis Hueter, which will take place at Newport shortly. The young couple were engaged some years ago, but the engagement was broken off. Now everything is all right again, and the bells will ring.

A musicale was given by the blind pupils of the Deaf and Blind Institution at Assembly Hall last night and the anniversary exercises will be held at the same location next Tuesday afternoon.

COOPER & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a tonic—builds up the system.

The latest arrivals from San Francisco at the St. Denis Hotel, New York, are: E. Perry Slossou, Mrs. J. Alexander, Miss R. Alexander, Robert Alexander, H. T. Raymond, L. Grace.

A reception will be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion to-night in honor of the Union Iron Works.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Windels have gone to Alameda for the summer.

When you are a victim to that "tired" feeling and feel at outs with everyone, the best thing to cure you is a glass of first-class whiskey. The Argonaut brand is the best of any in this city and the sales, according to E. Martin & Co., the agents, at 411 Market street, speak well for its popularity. The leading physicians in the city also are unanimous in recommending it to their patients.

Sunburn and Freckles removed by "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 60c. Pacific Perfumery Co., San Francisco.

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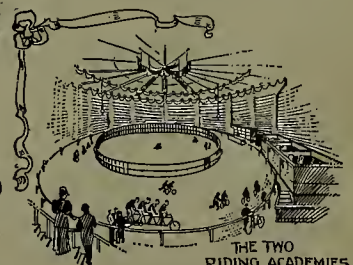
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave. From May 3, 1896. Arrive

*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, Sundays excepted Oroville.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo.	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.	8:45 A
1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.	*8:00 P
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	*7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo.	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.	*7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations.	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.	5:50 P
*8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only.	*1:45 P
7:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations.	18:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, San Jose, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.	7:05 P
19:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	11:45 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.	5:00 P
11:45 A	Palo Alto and way stations.	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.	7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE.	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK.	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG.	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO.	11:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
9:00 P	From Niles.	9:45 P
11:15 P		10:50 P
		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).
*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 3:30, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, *1:00, 2:00, *3:00, 4:00, *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.
†Saturdays only.
†Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE MONK.—CLAUDE F. BRADON, IN THE FLY LEAF.

We were gay fellows, all of us,
And christened him "the Monk."
He sat among us silently,
His wine was never drunk.
He heard the music passionate,
But did not join the dance,
Unmoved, he saw white arms and throats,
Unloving, caught Love's glance.
I asked him why he cared to live,
"Because," responded he,—
"I like to watch these pictures
Of the things inside of me."

HUMILIATING.

"It's humiliating," said the man with the long hair and the far-away look. "Mighty humiliating. But I've done it before, and I suppose my pride can stand another jolt."
"What do you mean?" asked the policeman in whom he was confiding. "You see, I'm a poet. I write real poetry, I never stop this side of six pages, and my epics are so much like 'Paradise Lost' that a whole lot of people can't tell the difference. I cling to art for art's sake, I do." "Well, what's your humiliation?" "I've got to go around to a fellow that scribbles doggerel and sells it and horror another dollar."

AFTER SUNSET.—ARTHUR SYMONS.

The sea lies quieted beneath
The after-sunset flush
That leaves upon the heaped gray clouds
The grape's faint purple bluish.
Pale, from a little space in heaven
Of delicate ivory,
The sickle-moon and one gold star
Look down upon the sea.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.—LEOS MERCURY.

Scene—Scotch farmhouse. Time, Sunday morning. Tourist (to farmer's wife)—Can you let me have a glass of milk, please? (Milk is produced and consumed.) Tourist (taking some coppers from his pocket)—A penny, I suppose? Farmer's Wife—Man, dae ye no think shame o' versel' tae be huyin goods on the Sawth? Tourist (repeating the coppers)—Oh, well, there's no harm done. I'm sure I'm much obliged. But won't you have the money for it? Farmer's Wife—Na, na; I'll no tak' less than saxpence for breakin' the Sawth.

—Mince pies are first mentioned in 1596 as in common use at Christmas times. Culinary authorities declared that they might be eaten as early as December 14th. They were made of nutmeg, mixed with raisins, cloves, allspice, nuts and any other indigestible stuff that happened to occur to the mind of the manufacturer.

—It has taken the ingenuity of a London woman to transcend all previous efforts of either sex to crystalize the intangible and turn the emotions into a source of revenue. She has consolation for sale, sympathy packages, so to speak, at so much a pound. Her advertisement reads: "Sympathy offered to those who are in trouble and have no one to whom they can tell their sorrows. Interviews by appointment."

LOVE.—JOHN KEATS.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust.

OCEANIC S.S. CO. HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA. 6 DAYS TO HONOLULU BY S.S. AUSTRALIA.

S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June 16, at 10 A. M.
S. S. "Alameda," sails via Honolulu and Auckland, for Sydney, Thursday, June 25th, at 2 P. M. Line to Coolidge, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 111 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTIN'TION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Novato.	10:40 A M	8:40 A M	
3:30 P M	9:30 A M	Petaluma.	6:05 P M	10:10 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M		Fulton.		10:10 A M	
		Windor.			
		Headshurg.			
	7:30 A M	Geyersville.	7:30 P M		
3:30 P M		Cloverdale.		6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Pleta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P M	10:10 A M	
3:30 P M	7:30 A M	Guerneville.	7:30 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M	Sonoma.	10:40 A M	8:40 A M	
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	
7:30 A M	7:30 A M		10:40 A M	10:10 A M	
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	Sebastopol.	6:05 P M	6:15 P M	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geyers; at Pleta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cato, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

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DORIC.....Tuesday, July 21, 1896
BELIC (via Honolulu) Saturday, August 8, 1896

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Powell Street, from Sutter Street, Looking North.

Taber Photo.





SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



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NO true lover of horseflesh will inflict agony upon his steed by the use of a mouth-wracking check and curb. The war heing waged upon this barbarity hy Life should he taken up by journals all over the country.

ACCORDING to census expert Potter, the manufacturing industries of this country are in a fair way to be ruined by the competition of Japan in our own markets. As yet, however, England seems to he' getting along well enough, though admitting all manufactures free of duty.

THE popularity of the Prince of Wales in England seems to be due less to moral considerations than to his charming affability of manner and other social qualities. Millionaires, especially, find him approachable. His Royal Highness is a good horrorer, and always short of money.

OWING to continued ill-health, General Dimond has again tendered his resignation as virtual head of the National Guard of California. This action, although absolutely necessary, will he looked upon with regret, as no officer has worked harder to promote the efficiency of that organization than has he.

THE successful operation of the rock-crushing plant at Folsom gives promise of material improvement iu roads and highways. It is to he hoped that the good work will be steadily continued. The next step in the movement for better roads should be the utilization of jail labor, in all the counties of the State.

ONE effect of the free silver agitation is to prevent further investment of British capital in American enterprises. Very naturally, Englishmen are shy of putting in good money where they may eventually he compelled to realize on a silver basis, thus suffering a depreciation of something like fifty per cent.

A GENTLEMAN from Australia says that a corps of hushmen or "black trackers," as he calls them, would speedily run down a murderer such as Dunham, hy following his trail where even bloodhounds might he at fault. A better suggestion would be that of employing Apache scouts from Arizona—the best trailers in the world.

THE Free Press Defense Association, organized in 1890, and which remained in existence until the Legislature passed a law ensuring the right of private citizens and the press to criticise and comment upon the actions of the judiciary, should immediately be called together again. The press is the mouthpiece of the people, and we have yet to learn of an American mouth that will wear a gag.

THERE is merit in the suggestion that the State should maintain some sort of police or detective organization for the capture of fugitive criminals. In the absence of such a constabulary, murderers readily escape pursuit. Merely local effort, such as that of a Sheriff's posse, is in many cases insufficient. And though every sheriff and chief of police be notified, there is lack of unity and harmony of action, such as is needed to cover all avenues of escape.

THE British residents in this city are justly incensed at the manner in which their deceased countrywoman, Miss Mayne Worrall, was hurried iuto her grave in a style better befitting a pauper than a young lady of family and means. The deceased was a stranger here, and is, therefore, more entitled to our pity. We trust that the British Consul will make enquiry into the matter, and will see that some fitting mark of respect he paid her even at this late hour.

THE decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of Treasurer Mulligan of Healdsburg, that a public officer is not responsible for public money stolen from his possession, has excited unfavorable criticism in some quarters. It is true that the decision may encourage some treasurers to rob themselves, but yet it would scarcely be fair to hold an innocent man responsible for the crime of others. There may have been grave doubts in Mulligan's case, but nothing was proved against him.

NOW that the vacation question is being discussed the NEWS LETTER may he permitted to remark that San Francisco is America's best summer resort. The people who are fortunate enough to have their homes here may thank their stars that they escape heat in summer without travel and without cost. If the bracing coolness of our summer months were known as widely as it should he, every day in July or August would bring in hundreds of refugees from the sweltering heat of the East.

THE "statesman" who professes his readiness to "obey the dictates of his party in all things," or who is "ever ready to subordinate his private judgment to the voice of his party" may be set down as a thorough going demagogue. The only reason for devotion to party is that organization is necessary to secure the triumph of principles. To subordinate principle to party is mere political subserviency. What this nation needs is more independent voters—more men who are free from the slavery of blind partisanship.

AS a means of remedying the undervaluation of property in this city, for purposes of taxation, the Call suggests the organization of a "taxpayers' league, to watch the coming assessment." Unfortunately, the taxpayers, as a body, are tax shirkers. Nobody who has taxable property wants it assessed at its full value. It is only unfair discrimination that gives cause for complaint. But taking everything into consideration, assessments are about as fairly distributed in this city and county as in any other city or county in the State. Undervaluation is everywhere the rule, the policy of each county heing to pay as little as possible into the State Treasury.

A WASHINGTON dispatch announced the other day that the Secretary of Agriculture had received from South Africa a number of seeds of the silver tree. And it was remarked that an attempt would he made to "introduce" the tree in "Southern" California, although, so far as is known, it had not been successfully cultivated in Southern Europe. The Department of Agriculture may he surprised to learn, what is the fact, that a fine specimen of this tree flourishes in Golden Gate Park, and annually bears a heavy crop of seeds. The silver tree is indigenous only to the table lands back of the Cape of Good Hope. Its leaves have a satin-like texture and a beautiful silvery hue. They are so firm and imperishable that pictures may be painted upon them.

THE REV. COLBURN.

THE Bulletin, which among all the daily papers of the city evinces the least fear of offending the prejudices of the unintelligent, sent a reporter with last week's NEWS LETTER among the members of the Rev. Colburn's congregation to ask them what they had to say respecting this journal's challenge to their pastor. This challenge was one that it ought not to have been necessary to issue. More than three months ago the Rev. Colburn was arrested in Golden Gate Park for an offense too horrible for particularization. He was trundled to the City Prison in the patrol wagon and locked up, but had what seemed the good fortune to be discharged next morning by Police Judge Low, not on the determination in the reverend prisoner's favor of the question of his guilt or innocence of the hideous accusation, but because the Park Commissioners refused to prosecute. Their reason for mercy was the belief that it would be better to spare the public a degrading scandal than to send them to trial. The NEWS LETTER asked on Saturday last, as it had frequently asked before, why the Rev. Colburn had not brought proceedings against the arresting officer, or taken the other steps to clear his name which would suggest themselves to an innocent person. We quote from the Bulletin's report:

"A leading member of the Rev. Colburn's church was seen to-day. He said the relations existing between the Rev. Colburn and the people of his church were of the most pleasant description, and the repeated slurs upon the pastor had no effect upon the people of the church. They were convinced of his innocence of the charge as made by the Park police, and nothing the newspapers could say or do would cause a change of opinion."

This indifference to facts, which would be a shame to men who respect their heads, appears to be a matter for pride with church people. We have seen how impervious to evidence were, and are, many of the brethren and sisters of the Rev. Dr. Brown, who has been removed under journalistic pressure from the Congregational pulpit for adultery, perjury, subornation of perjury, and intimidation of witnesses. Those who are of the household of faith seemingly claim for themselves the right to maintain a private code of morals. Under this code it is more sinful to admit the force of the most damning facts when they tell against a pastor than it is for the pastor to commit offenses which are held by worldly men and women to be infamous. That such a code should be confessed by any portion of a civilized community is a fact that would be startling were it not familiar. Experience, however, accustoms mankind to most things, and it has inured the unregenerate to the psychological phenomenon under notice. It is understood now that when a pastor falls into sin, however gross that sin may be, his flock, instead of bringing him under reprobation and correction, will rally round him as if he were a victim of wauou and malignant persecution. In precise proportion as the proofs of his turpitude become convincing are those who bring forward the proofs hated and exclaimed against by the brethren. One of the disadvantages of being in a state of grace is seemingly to be bereft wholly of the power to reason. Another is a remarkable obfuscation of that sense of right and wrong which is commonly held to be one of the marks which distinguishes man from the lower animals.

We have had it demonstrated that it is useless to call on the Rev. Colburn to take those measures for freeing himself from the shame of an accusation that any ordinary man would rather die than remain under for one unnecessary day. We have also had it demonstrated that his congregation, like himself, is insensible to shame. But the history of the Brown case shows that a whole denomination is more pervious to public opinion than a single congregation. Grace M. E. Church may be willing to sit under the ministrations of a man who can exist comfortably and draw a salary while he is regarded by the public as a sexual psychopath of the sort for whom the laity have a physiological abhorrence and the police kicks and clubs. But are the Methodist Episcopal clergy of California satisfied to tolerate as a member of their body in good standing the Rev. Colburn? Are they willing to have their place in the moral scale fixed at a point where mere masculinity will not approach so near as to touch them with a ten foot pole? We don't know, and we don't particularly care, for the NEWS LETTER gives thanks to its Heavenly Father

that it has no official part in the moral responsibilities of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But morals have claims to which no journal, no normal man, can be indifferent, and Brother Colburn is much too much. Though his brethren of the Methodist Episcopal pulpit may think that the good of the faith may require silence and inaction as to his alleged offense, which would get him lynched in a smaller and ruder community, the secular press is responsive to public opinion, and ere long the other newspapers will be compelled to do what the Bulletin has done and take notice of Brother Colburn: His protection hitherto has been the exceeding vileousness of the charge against him. But that cannot avail when so much attention has been given it. Either his innocence must be established or he will have to go. Were he out of the church he might have to go to jail, but as he is in holy orders, the most that can be hoped for is that he will be made to quit the city.

Our Religious Policy. For nearly forty years the NEWS LETTER has waged battle against religious imposters, and has done its level best to rid the

city of many sham disciples of Christ by flaying their backs and otherwise holding them up to the ridicule of the community. While the daily papers have been silent as to the dangers arising from the presence of such creatures in the pulpits, we have ever sought to call the attention of the people thereto, and in plain Anglo-Saxon at that. It is the NEWS LETTER's way never to mince matters. The hypocrite in the pulpit can do more harm than can the uneducated agitator on the street corner, for, being clothed in the garments of the Lord, a certain amount of weight is given to his words which, of themselves, would otherwise pass unnoticed. The average preacher to-day is a man who has denied Christ, and who has presumably been denied by his master in return. Christianity has to him become secondary to Churebianity. A few there doubtless are who follow in the footsteps of the gentle Nazarene, whose lives are one continual sacrifice, who ever attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the needy around them, and who believe with an old-time faith in the God who thundered from Sinai. For such men we have ever had the most unbounded respect. By them, the work we have undertaken, and for which unthinking people occasionally censure us, will ever be understood and appreciated. For the others we still have, as we ever have had, supreme contempt. The world is as much in need of religious teachers to-day as it ever was. But, while everything else has apparently progressed, the average parson has chosen to remain among the fogs of mediævalism, his only aptitude for progress being made clear by his rapid acquirement of new vices. This is not as it should be, and it is for this reason that the clerical shoulders have so often been subject to castigations from our hands. The work has not been to our taste, but we have been actuated by the desire to do right, and, as our arm is a strong one, we hope yet to achieve ultimate success. The day is not far off when a Dille, a Colburn, a Brown, or a Henry, will be driven from the company of respectable men and their places taken by others whose example will inspire the ungodly with respect and the godly with true piety. And when that day does come, we shall point with pride to the active part we have taken in the proceedings, and will joyfully lay our little club aside, promising, however, to pick it up again and wield it as of yore should occasion ever prompt us to do so.

The Freedom Of

The Press.

The Legislature of 1891, by an almost unanimous vote, and in response to public sentiment, passed what is known as the Barry Contempt Law, limiting the power of judges to punish for contempt. That law reads as follows:

"No speech, statement or publication reflecting upon or concerning any court, or any officer thereof, shall be treated or punished as a contempt of such court, unless made in the immediate presence of such court while in session, and in such a manner as to actually interfere with its proceedings."

James H. Barry, editor of the Star, had been summarily convicted of contempt of court, for having, in an article published in his paper, criticised the action of a corrupt and contemptible Judge. He was not given an opportunity to prove his charge, and was denied his constitutional right of trial by jury. The press, in thunder tones, de-

nounced this judicial usurpation and defiance of a citizen's rights, and the people, with one acclaim, in mass meeting and everywhere, demanded that the Legislature should pass such a law as that we have above cited. It seems, however, that it will be necessary to pass a constitutional amendment to protect the right of citizens to freely criticize the acts of judges, who are elected as public servants, but, in too many cases act as if they were responsible to no one—not even to God.

Judge Catlin, of Sacramento, has, with one stroke of his pen wiped out the Barry law—or thinks he has. Editor McClatchy, of the Bee, published a report of certain proceedings in the Talmadge vs. Talmadge divorce case, which report this wondrous Judge declared was false. The Bee, replied, maintaining that what it said was true, and expressing contempt for a judge who would utter or sustain an unmitigated falsehood. Thereupon, Editor McClatchy was dragged before the court for contempt. He offered, by several witnesses, to prove the truth of the matters contained in his publication, but was denied the right. After a farce of a trial, before his accuser, he was ordered to pay a fine of \$500.

If the rule laid down by Judge Catlin should prevail—which it never can if the people are vigilant—such a thing as free speech and a free press will be impossible. Judges will be above all criticism. Even if known to be guilty of malfeasance and bribe-taking, it would be dangerous to make the charge, for the accused could drag his accuser before him and fine and imprison him. That "no man ought to be a judge in his own case" is a maxim of law, and Catlin's course in acting as accuser, judge and executioner was a mockery of justice. It was more. It was tyrannous, corrupt and infamous and a crime for which, in our judgment, he should be impeached. It was not intended that the powers of a court should touch upon the liberty of speech or of the press. Section 9 of Article 1, provides that "Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain and abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

The people, in adopting the Constitution, did not deem it necessary for the maintenance or protection of the courts to confer upon them or Judges the arbitrary power to summarily punish a citizen for freely expressing his opinion. It was not designed to make a Judge an autocrat and invest him with powers as absolute and despotic as those of the "Czar of all the Russias." When one step in the direction of suppressing the freedom of the press is allowed to be taken unchallenged, it will be much easier to take another. Therefore, it is a solemn duty to make a mighty protest against Judge Catlin's outrageous trampling upon constitutional rights. This is not Editor McClatchy's fight, but the fight of all the people for the very foundation principles upon which this Republic rests—without which there can be no such thing as free speech or a free press—without which so-called "liberty" would be but a trembling, conservative and manacled slave. Let the voice of the press be heard!

A Conspiracy Verily, Uncle Sam's children are often
That is easily humbugged. Here is this thing of
Still Working. the so-called McKinley boom, for instance,

that has been so adroitly managed by tricksters behind the scenes that it has deceived whole hosts of our people. They imagine that it originated entirely with the masses and that it was quite a spontaneous movement. Bahl! It originated many months ago at a meeting in Philadelphia of representatives of the protected Trusts, and arrangements for its consummation were effected in Washington during the following week at sundry conferences held between the men from Philadelphia and some thirteen silver Senators. There was no great secrecy about what was going on at the time, but our people were not thinking much about Presidential matters then, and so the machinations then set on foot and since so successfully launched upon a guileless public, attracted but little attention. Yet it remains an historical truth that this "wonderful outburst of public sentiment"—this "marvelous boom" was conceived then and there, and is the result of the tactics of a combination between protection and silver. A conspiracy was then set on foot that is still

working and that will continue to work until after the ballots are counted in November next, when it hopes to enter into possession and enjoy the fruits of its labors. The Trusts saw that they could not re-enact the McKinley tariff, with or without enlargements and no matter what the result of the election, unless they could secure the votes of the Silver Senators. That led to the Washington visit which the Manufacturer's Journal referred to at the time in these words:

"A committee of ten, representing two hundred and twenty-five manufacturers and eight hundred millions of dollars of capital invested, and having for some of its more important members, Thomas Dolan, James Dobson and Hamilton Disston of Philadelphia, were in Washington last week to consult with the silver Republicans of the Senate with reference to a programme of combined action for revolutionizing the Republican party by uniting the issues of bimetalism and protection. The movement is understood to be hinged upon the McKinley candidacy for the Presidency; the McKinley managers understanding that they are not to allow any of the local conventions they can control to make any decisive utterances against silver; so as to have all the business of the National Convention well in hand when the time comes for the combination to act."

There is a world of meaning in that paragraph. Read between the lines it explains the McKinley boom, and lets us into the secret of as grave a conspiracy as was ever hatched against the well being of the State. Appearing in an inspired and friendly organ, it was doubtless intended at the time as a hint to the protected industries as to how the cat was jumping. Innocent looking at that time, it has a dastardly appearance now, and will call for a deal of explaining before the campaign is over. It is clear that a combination of mine owners and protected Trusts have paid for the music to which all too many humbugged people have been dancing.

The State Within a few days the Democrats of Cali-
Convention. fornia will meet at Sacramento to formulate their beliefs and policies for the Presidential campaign. There is every indication that the party will speak with judgment on most of the subjects which interest and divide the people. It is safe to assume that the platform will endorse in general the National Administration and commend in its entirety the energetic administration of Governor Budd. We are sure it will speak for the intelligence of the State respecting the odious and un-American combination made by the Republican party with the American Protective Association. And we think there is not the slightest danger of such a folly as the approval of the woman suffrage amendment would be. But there is, unhappily, the very greatest danger that the party will be carried along by the popularity which the movement for the free coinage of silver has attained. Until recently there was ground for the expectation that the good sense of the party would save it from committing itself to the craze which has swept over so many States within the past few weeks, but now the epidemic is here, and it is to be seriously apprehended that the Democracy of California, which is in reality composed for the most part of men who have formed no fixed opinions as to the merits of either the gold or silver monetary standard, will be presented to the country as being on fire with enthusiasm for the silver cause.

If the Convention shall be so susceptible to outside passing whims as to yield to this silver hallucination, it will lay up vengeance for the party and ill for the State. For the craze is, like all such crazes, transitory. Knowledge and sense must, in the nature of things, triumph ultimately in the domain of finance over ignorance and emotion. California hitherto has had the credit of being intellectually superior to the rural States of the Middle West, which are the home of the cyclone in politics as well as in nature. The Republican Convention misrepresented its party when it committed it to the 16 to 1 heresy, but the Republican party here is not likely to suffer much, for, being without earnestness, it will, with a little creaking of its joints, turn about and support McKinley, no matter what the St. Louis platform may be. But the Democratic party of California is of a different spirit and battles enthusiastically for whatever it writes on its banners. Its greater ardor is owing to the circumstance of its being usually in the minority, and self-seekers and feeble men feel no drawing toward minorities. Hence, if there is to be a fight for

free silver here it will be made by the Democracy, and when the fight is over and lost, on the Democracy will rest the discredit of the assault upon honest money.

The NEWS LETTER urges the Democratic Convention to keep in mind that there will be other campaigns after this of 1896. In order to ride upon what seemed the popular wave the National Democratic Convention of 1864 declared the war for the preservation of the Union to be a failure. The battle of Gettysburg soon gave the lie to the declaration, and it was many years before the party paid in full for its demagogical blunder. So the memory of this silver madness will plague the Democracy in the time to come. The Democrats of California ought to have the foresight to avoid taking a share of the responsibility. Better that there should be no financial plank at all in the Sacramento platform than that it should cater to the Populists and the silver miners, who want the monetary system of the country arranged with an eye single to the promotion of their industry. Better still that in California the historical party of sound money should declare for sound money again when so many other States are scudding away before a preposterous gale which will blow itself out within a very few months. In that course is present safety and the assurance of honor and trust of the people hereafter.

A Year For Independence. This is a year in which the independent voter may be of incalculable service to his country. The independent voter is the citizen who cares little for party names and a great deal for what parties represent. Whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, he considers it his duty as such to vote against his party when it departs from its principles. The straight-outs denounce him as a deserter and traitor; he takes the ground that it is not he who has left his party, but his party that has left him. For the straight-outs he has that profound contempt which a man of sense can't but bestow upon the brainless or the dishonest. It is the independent voter who will, in all probability, elect the next President.

Signs may fail, but at this date everything justifies the belief that the Republican National Convention will nominate McKinley on a gold platform, or a straddling one which will practically amount to about the same thing. On the other hand, it will be surprising if the Democrats do not put forward a free-silver candidate on a 16 to 1 platform. There is much loose prophesying of bolts on either side, and no doubt they will occur, but just how formidable they will be cannot be told until they happen. The average Republican and Democrat has a marvelous capacity for convincing himself of the wisdom of the party platform and the excellence of the candidate. The partisan mind is built that way. Each side, after the nomination, will set about the customary whoop-up, and the bulk of either party will be carried along in the old way for the ticket.

As the party of free silver, the Democrats will stand a good chance of getting the support of the Populists, of the more earnest silver Republicans, and of the discontented elements of the country. With an undoubted gold man on an undisguised gold platform, the Republican party would draw to itself a multitude of sound money Democrats, and receive the solid backing of the conservatism of the Union. But with McKinley as the nominee, gold Democrats will be in a painful quandary. He is a straddler. He has spoken for silver and spoken for gold, as he has thought it proper to do either. The prevailing sentiment of his party is now for the gold standard, and he will lean that way. But he is an incurable trimmer, and, in order to keep a hold on the silver States, it is not unlikely that his powerful influence will be used at St. Louis to procure a juggling financial plank. The gold wing will rely upon private assurances that his silver leanings are for campaign use only, and that, once in the White House, he would have no friendship for unsound money. This will be so generally believed that he will get many votes from gold men who would withhold them did they credit his silver expressions thrown out for Western consumption. If sound money Democrats go over to him, it will be on the principle that he can be trusted as an unscrupulous politician to break faith with the silver men.

It will not be plain sailing for the independent voter, but before the campaign is very far advanced, things will clear

up considerably. The instinct of conservative men will guide them. Though nothing better offers than a choice of evils, they will make their power felt, as they always do when the masses go crazy.

Were the Republican party generated at this time by statesmen capable of perceiving and grasping a great opportunity, McKinley, late as it is, would be thrown overboard, and a man of known sound-money principles and sterling character nominated on a courageous gold platform, about which there could be no misunderstanding. Then the Republicans, as against a silver-mad Democracy, would deserve to win.

Australasian Federation. The project of Australasian federation is making progress on its way to final accomplishment. The Federal Enabling bill has been approved by the four colonies of Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania, whilst Queensland is expected to fall into line as soon as her new Parliament assembles. Western Australia and New Zealand will likely remain out for the present. The Enabling bill provides for the popular election of ten delegates by each Colony. These delegates are then to convene and frame a Federal Constitution based on the conclusions of the Sydney Conference of 1892. When a constitution has thus been drafted there is to be an adjournment for six months for the purpose of allowing the draft to be discussed by the press and public and to permit of suggested amendments being sent to the Convention. The delegates are then to reassemble and finally revise the proposed Constitution, which will then be referred to a popular vote of the people of the different Colonies. If accepted by the people of any three or more Colonies, it will go to the Imperial Parliament in London for final ratification, which is assured in advance. The people of the agreeing colonies will then enter into federation with each other upon much the same principle as the union of our own States. It will therefore be seen that Australasian Federation is almost *au fait accompli*. Ere very long the larger question of Imperial Federation will come up. It is forging into prominence every day. Circumstances often make men, and in this case they are making an Empire. English statesmen are the principal obstacles in the way. There must be either a give and take policy or there will be colonial independence within the next decade. The colonists are broader minded and less selfish than the insular exclusives of Downing street, and will not accept all crow whilst England takes all turkey.

Winning Commerce. There begin to be signs of life in the erstwhile valley of dry bones. Front street is rubbing its eyes, the Chamber of Commerce is thinking of following its resolutions up with action, and all commercialdom is posing in an attitude of readiness to do something. The splendid location of San Francisco's harbor, and the marvelous trade possibilities with the vast populations around the Pacific Ocean, are considerations which are beginning to dawn upon the commercial mind at last, with all the force of new discoveries. The thoughts expressed by our business men at the great banquet given in this city more than a quarter of a century ago, when Anson Burlingame came with his Chinese treaties and offered us the trade of the Orient, have had a slumber that has been long and deep. In all that time if they have betrayed vitality anywhere outside of the columns of the NEWS LETTER, we confess we know not where it has been. It is idle now to inquire why this should have been so. It is more agreeable, as well as profitable, to labor to hasten the great awakening that seems almost upon us. Any work done in that direction is good work; the very best that lies ready to the hand of our best citizens at this time. As has been pointed out in these columns time and time again, California should look around the mild Pacific and not across the Rocky Mountains for her future markets. In the milder zones around the commerce-inviting ocean that confronts us, dwell one-half the inhabitants of the entire globe, all or nearly all of whom have use for just the kind of food products that California yields with a certainty and abundance known nowhere else in all the wide world. It is not too much to say that with an intelligent cultivation of trade possibilities all of California's productions from the soil could with-

in ten years be profitably disposed of in markets bordering on the Indian and Pacific Oceans. That would mean business and plenty of it. It would mean the sale of the tens of thousands of lots now awaiting purchasers on this Peninsula, it would mean the crowding of our harbor with ships, principally steam vessels built at our own yards, and it would early render San Francisco in fact as well as in name—the Queen City of the Pacific.

That is all true. California, moreover, is now ready for just such a building up process. She has mastered the art of raising, manufacturing, and hauling a vast variety of commercial products. She has, in many other things beside wheat, reached an era of over-production, and of cheap over-production at that. It is doubtful if anywhere else outside of the rice fields of China and India, an equal amount of muscle-creating, and brain-sustaining food can be purchased for as little money. She has reached the stage at which new markets are absolutely indispensable to her future progress. We point the finger of unerring certainty in the direction in which those markets are to be created. The questions arise as to what we are doing and propose to do in this connection. The Chamber of Commerce has a live man at its head and he is moving it to take steps to send an agent to Japan to see what can be done in that direction. That may prove a good thing to do, if undertaken and carried out in the spirit in which Australia made so great a success of a like effort. But there are many and greater moves than that to be made before a fair inroad into the markets of the Orient can be said to have been accomplished. The hopeful sign is that local commercialism is apparently undergoing an awakening to the importance of this subject, which wants taking hold of in dead earnest and pushing for all it is worth.

Bleeding The People. The Chronicle's exposure of the way things are being run in the City Hall by the thieves clothed with temporary authority is enough to make honest citizens go there in a body and whip the officials out as did Christ the money changers from the Temple. In every department expenses have been steadily rising and there is nothing apparently to show therefor except the swelling pockets of the dividers of the spoils. Every Board of Supervisors appears to be worse than the preceding one and the public must bleed more profusely to pay for the maintenance of the city under its direction. It remains to be seen whether the tax payers are willing to allow this disgraceful state of affairs to continue, or whether they will act upon the information laid before them by our watchful and enterprising contemporary and will demand the appointment of a committee of live business men to investigate the charges and bring the offenders to justice. Affairs here to-day are as bad as they were in New York two years ago, but people here are apparently so apathetic that the robbers know they can steal with immunity and without fear of prosecution. The Chronicle has given the facts; we trust there is manhood enough among the men of the city to digest them and put a stop to the ways of the plunderer forever.

As To Our Medical Schools. A full, true, and particular account of the inwardness of our many—too many—medical schools would be an interesting document. It is a fertile field that, singularly enough, seems to have escaped the all-searching eye of the Daily Sensational. We leave to it the abuses of the dissecting rooms and the scandals arising from the co-education of the sexes in this peculiar profession. What we are more concerned about is to know whether the State is licensing educated physicians or medical quacks—which? We have something more than a suspicion that two of our medical schools are unadulterated quack manufactories. We know that they were originally designed for that purpose in order to get around the law, and the appearances are that they are serving that purpose to this day. We know, furthermore, that there is reason to believe that the two remaining and more pretentious schools are sadly failing to impart a sound and thorough medical education to the young men and maidens to whom the State has empowered them to grant a license to practise the most sacred as well as the noblest of the professions. The reasons to believe that are: (1) the incompetency of certain of the in-

structors, (2) the obvious ignorance and lack of mental equipment of many of the recent graduates, and (3) the persistent refusal of the respective faculties to agree to a practice, common elsewhere, of submitting their candidates for graduation to the examination of an independent Board. They themselves insist upon passing upon the thoroughness of their own handiwork; and, naturally enough, it is declared to be all thorough. Diplomas issued in that way can have no permanent standing in the medical world. In Massachusetts the State conducts an independent examination of all who present themselves once a year, and it alone issues the necessary license. That is precisely how the NEWS LETTER years ago endeavored to have the law framed in this State. But the quack manufacturing industry was too strongly entrenched, and at the appearance of a sack legislators weakened. San Francisco last year graduated about 200 young medicos without question. In Massachusetts the total number who presented themselves for examination was 41. The Springfield Republican is responsible for the statement that 20 were unable to satisfactorily answer the question "what is appendicitis?" and were not passed. Our medical schools need an overhauling.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week will give our Eastern readers a good idea of the great cable car system for which this city is justly famous, and which traverses the face of San Francisco in all directions. A rear view of the residence of the late Senator Stanford will be seen at the top of Powell street. This is one of the most stately mansions in the city, and is occupied by the widow of the deceased. Next to the Stanford residence will be seen the turrets and towers of the Hopkins Institute of Art Building.

SEEING that the police cannot find the many murderers hiding in this large city of 300,000 inhabitants, why not put them to work catching the tramps infesting Buena Vista Park? Such men should be made to work on our city and county roads.

An Ounce Of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Do you drink? Then mix Jackson's Napa Soda with your tippie.

SEEN—

The TROCADERO?

IT IS UNIQUE. TROCADERO WILL SURPRISE YOU.

Eat, Drink and be Merry at "THE TROCADERO."
A little Paradise: "THE TROCADERO," 300 yards from the
Ingleside, Corbett Road, near the new race track.

ERNEST DOELTER, Proprietor and Caterer.

Stylish Suits.

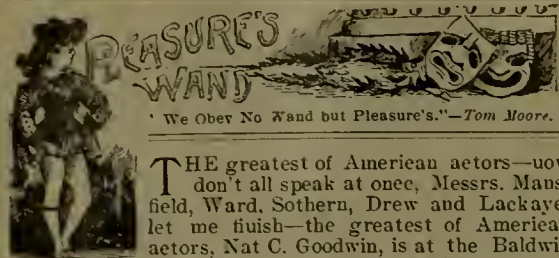
The Most Stylish and Elegant Suits
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SAMUEL MEYER. B. J. BURR.

B. J. BURR & CO., Successors to
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MERCHANT TAILORS,

At 224 Sutter Street, North Side, West of Kearny.



'We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

THE greatest of American actors—now don't all speak at once, Messrs. Mansfield, Ward, Sothorn, Drew and Lackaye; let me finish—the greatest of American actors, Nat C. Goodwin, is at the Baldwin Theatre in a true little play by an American author, in which he has the strongest part that he has ever played in San Francisco. Not so much to celebrate Nat Goodwin's supremacy do I publish this, but rather to sooth my slumbering townfolk. A tranquil mob avoids the Baldwin this week. Rows of red plush chairs yawn eloquently. My mind's ear harks over the footlights. Is that Blanche Walsh chirping "I told you so?"

In classifying painters according to their greatness, Ruskin divides them into three orders, and ranks least of all those who represent the passions and events of ordinary life. Even this third order is subdivided, and for him who depicts brutalities and vices without the motive of high moral there is no specified rank—only a certain order in the abyss. I, a student, who see stage plays to study life, haunt studio and gallery to find nature and search books for the human voice, turned to Ruskin's "True and Beautiful" for a graceful classification of Augustus Thomas's play, *In Mizoura*. It is not in the book. I cannot recollect it to the first degree of a third order any more than I can view the Passion Play as of the highest, or the Bible as the noblest work of fiction.

In Mizoura is a simple tale of simple folk, uninvolved and surely told. A story homelier, more unobtrusively truthful than even its locale, Pike County, Mo., demands. Written as it is, with one distinct character in the foreground—that of Jim Radburn, the sheriff—there is unique identity to all the parts tributary to this, which, according to the dramatic scheme, must, and does, dominate and centralize the play. They are of one type, these lesser characters: the tired type of rural Missouri. People who take their toil complainingly, yet reach moderate industry and thrift to the accompaniment of lazy protest and seeming shiftlessness. All of a type they are, but never monotonous, for there is distribution of characteristics through the ineffably clever blend of local color.

Under the roof of Joe Vernon, the wheelwright, most of the play takes action. It is Joe's daughter Kate whom Radburn loves—has loved for years—has, unknown to her, paid her tuition at college, and for whose sake he sacrifices his sheriff's duty. Joe is burly, lazy, grumbling and hard working; just as are his wife and younger daughter, Elizabeth (who did not seek a higher education). There are vast differences in these kindred personalities. Elizabeth lazies whenever she can, which necessitates on her mother's part a continual vigilance amounting almost to bustling tyranny. Counter irritants to one another, as it were, they go through life, each responsible for the other's activity—which at best is mild and fraught with much tired dialect. Joe, on the other hand, is of the largely fatigued. A man of many inches, drawing in gait, speech and thought, lavishly whiskered and good-natured, because it is the least laborious of all dispositions. He takes a hard life easily, deceiving himself, no doubt, as many a man will, with the little mannerisms of indolence, so that a deep breathed interval is lazy content and a pipe of plug-cut a prince's luxury.

Such tones as these make up the ground in Thomas's picture of Jim Radburn, the red-haired sheriff of Pike County.

I said before that this is the strongest acting Goodwin has ever given San Francisco. It is only a memory of the great dead that refrains me from pronouncing it the strongest acting ever given in San Francisco. Dramatic review at its best is but the impression of one man. At heart every one is more or less a critic—only some are favored to talk in type.

This work of Goodwin's impresses me as nothing has

done since the last memorable visit of Edwin Booth. We do not all, with Ruskin, estimate the art of man by the loftiness of his subject. Radburn is a plain little man with red hair. He chews tobacco, wears his boot tops on the outside, and wots little of the prescribed grammar of his tongue. Moreover, he is a hero; not the hero of tragic blank, nor the elaborate conqueror of melodrama, for he is as untheatrical and sincerely ineloquent as the unconsciously brave can be. In a word, a hero without heroics, who meets danger without a pose, endures renunciation without the solace of heartbreaking speech. Radburn's environment is humble, his lines beautiful only for their simplicity, and often their absence, when an expression, a gesture, will better tell the meaning. It is never Nat Goodwin, the comedian, whom we see; there is no manner of the actor, no consciousness of the audience and its riveted gaze—only Radburn, the sheriff, living out the homely adoration, the quiet bravery, the unostentatious sacrifice, and, at last, the happy content of his life. This is Goodwin's character of Radburn, and if, by a player's skill, it is lifted to a flesh and blood creation, who so narrow as to grudge the rank it takes in dramatic art?

A drama of character, Thomas calls the play, and very good character people Goodwin has surrounded himself with. Ethel Browning's Elizabeth is particularly real, and Joe Vernon and Mrs. Vernon are thoroughly in the atmosphere of the play. Blanche Walsh makes an indifferent Kate; she seems to dislike the part as much as Kate did her lowly surroundings. I hope that Australia will not take the negro quintette as representative of American jubilee singers. It is a libel on darkey melody.

I am beginning to believe in those little good luck stories about the thirteens and the Fridays that were so long a feature of the Frawley Company's advance notices. Frawley's lucky star, it seems, is ever watchful, and never did it serve him better than by indisposing *Brother John* for the season's opening night. Had *Brother John*, instead of *The Two Escutcheons*, met the first audience, it would have taken a month of Mondays to have boomed the company up to where it stands now. The new Frawley company is too well balanced an organization to waste itself upon a one-part play, particularly when that play is deadly dull in plot and cheap and hackneyed in characters. How Crane ever made a go of *Brother John* is a mystery, despite his famous ability for heroizing middle-aged gentlemen with yahoo voices.

Arbuckle plays *Brother John*, and for a man who has the whole play to himself, I don't see the necessity of voicing the part so loud. Never in my life have I heard such peals from Arbuckle's mighty organ. Beside him Leslie, Frawley, Clarke and Power sound like little tin whistles. At long distance I doubt not Arbuckle gives a fair performance of the lungful hatter, but from my station in the orchestra it struck me as too Wagnerian for such a commonplace little comedy.

Lorraine is a decidedly musical opera. It has not much of book, and the dramatic action is often slow; but the music is of excellent quality, and the orchestration is gracefully treated. Marie Millard, the new soprano, and the return of an old Tivoli favorite, Louise Royce, give revived interest to the cast. Miss Millard makes a winning Madeline. Her voice, while not a powerful one, is fresh and liquid, and there is a decided charm in her girlish presence. Miss Royce, in the costume of a young nobleman (which becomes her immensely) carries the role of Olivier with her old-time dash and spirit. The remainder of the company is well up to the mark. *Lorraine* runs another week at the Tivoli, where it should do well with its new music and people.

Edison's wonderful vitascope, Papinta's dances, and the many brisk specialties at the Orpheum have made a prosperous week at that popular music hall. Among the new features for next week are the Marlo-Dunham family, the great aerialists; Lawrence and Harrington, "Bowery Spielers," the first team, it is said, to introduce Bowery character on the vaudeville stage; and new vitascopic views.

De Mille and Belasco's great success, *The Charity Ball*, will be played by the Frawley company next week at the Columbia. The play has long been a favorite of the Lyceum Company's, and with the exceptional body of players at Frawley's disposal it should be given a stunning performance. *The Charity Ball* has been such a success throughout the length and breadth of this country, that reference to its plot is unnecessary. It is one of the most popular plays that has emanated from the united pens of David Belasco and the late Henry C. De Mille.

Another important theatrical event is the big star cast dramatic stock company which opens its season at the California Theatre next Monday night, with R. C. Carton's great Lyceum Theatre success, *The Home Secretary*. The cast will include Herbert Kelcey, William Beach, J. T. Sullivan, Nick Long, Effie Shannon, Olive Oliver, Winona Shannon, and others. It is promised that Carton's drama will be staged sumptuously, and nothing spared to make a brilliant production of the play that has been such a success in New York.

Since Edison's kinetoscope there have been innumerable attempts at animated views. The latest of the successful experiments was a play read to an accompaniment of stereoscopic views, on Monday night, at Metropolitan Temple. Miss Carrie Louis Ray read the play (*Miss Jerry*, by Alexander Black), while two hundred and fifty pictures were reflected on the canvas. The unique entertainment was quite a success.

Nat C. Goodwin will commence the second and last week of his engagement at the Baldwin on Monday evening, once more presenting Henry Guy Carleton's brilliant comedy success, *A Gilded Fool*, in which Mr. Goodwin appears in his famous and delightful portrayal of Chauncey Short.

A FORTUNATE PURCHASE.

IN connection with J. J. O'Brien & Co.'s great sacrifice clearance sale, mention of the phenomenal success of which was made last week, that enterprising firm has just placed on sale a gigantic special purchase of ladies' imported capes which is attracting universal attention. This purchase comprises a prominent importer's entire stock, which was secured by Mr. O'Brien's New York representative for spot cash at a tremendous discount from cost of importation. It embraces all the newest and most stylish shapes in lined and unlined garments, and includes many exquisitely beautiful novelties in lace-trimmed and braided effects, all of which are offered at just about half what they would ordinarily sell for. The crowds who daily attend the sale will thus be enabled to secure a stylish, up-to-date outer garment at actually less than the original cost of the material from which it is made.

THE performance of *As You Like It* given at Alameda by Mrs. Melville Snyder was a great success. Miss Georgia Elliot, who acted the part of Rosalind to perfection, is a pupil of Mrs. Snyder, which accounts for her natural and graceful bearing and the capable way in which she read the lines. Mrs. Snyder, who is at present at 514 Sutter Street, is making arrangements to occupy a larger house which will enable her to take resident pupils in the dramatic art. Her coaching is the most perfect in the city.

BY the death of Miss Kate Field, who expired at Honolulu on May 19th, the world is robbed of the services of an earnest, talented and broad-gauge newspaper-woman. She will be as much missed by those who knew her only through her work as by those who were favored with her personal friendship.

If you want a really good thing for that "tired feeling" after the day's work is over, try some of the famous Cutler Bourbon whiskey. It is the best appetizer on the market, and has a place in every home. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, who are the agents for this coast, state that the sales during the warm weather have been unprecedented.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

For 35 years Jackson's Napa Soda has led all mineral waters.

Hopkins' Stockton Excursions.

Everybody says "It's the finest trip in the State for the money."

The popular weekly excursions to Stockton by steamer have been resumed for the season under the management of George W. Hopkins, and are unquestionably the most delightful trip out of the city. Leave Washington-street wharf at 5 P. M. Saturday, Returning to San Francisco 6 A. M. Monday. Round trip, including meals, fare, rooms, carriages, baths, etc., only \$4. Tickets can only be had of GEO. W. HOPKINS, General Manager, 30 Montgomery St.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Third week, and the climax of them all. Commencing Monday, June 15th,

THE CHARITY BALL.

The great New York Lyceum Theatre success by San Francisco's "Home Organization," THE FRAWLEY COMPANY. The most perfect dramatic organization in America. Magnificent scenery. Beautiful costumes. Popular prices. Monday, June 22d: HIS WIFE'S FATHER.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Next week, Monday, June 15th, second and last week of

NAT C. GOODWIN,

and his company presenting Henry Guy Carleton's A GILDED FOOL. Monday, June 22d: John Drew, in "The Squire of Dames."

California Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors

Announcement extraordinary. Commencing Monday evening, June 15th, special summer season at special summer prices. A good reserved seat on the lower floor for 50c. Star Cast Dramatic Stock Co., under the direction of L. R. Stockwell. Opening play, exquisite production of the New York Lyceum Theatre success,

THE HOME SECRETARY.

To be followed by "The Grey Mare," etc. Prices, 15c to 75c. Matinees 25c and 50c.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, June 15th,

NOTABLE ADDITIONS

To a strong bill. The MARLO-DUNHAM FAMILY, the world's greatest aerialists; LAURENCE & HARRINGTON, the Bowery Spellers; MEERS BROS.; THE VITASCOPES; 28 All Star Artists.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING. Proprietor and Manager

Last nights of the musical triumph, Dellinger's romantic opera, LORRAINE. The greatest success since the productions of "Nanon" or "Amorita." Look out and see the brilliant operatic spectacle.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Our summer spectacle, next week.

Popular Prices 25c and 50c

HAZELTON
HEMME & LONG
BROWN & SIMPSON

PIANOS

Pianos to Rent and sold on Installments

735 Market St.



American
\$10
Typewriter.

Work as good as any done on a \$100 machine. Over 10,000 references. Agents wanted. Pacific Introduction Company, 119 Bush St., Room 6.



A NICE-LOOKING, neatly attired old gentleman with snowy hair and beard, is as prominent a figure on the Oakland ferry boats as he is in the insurance world. Lately the old gentleman's health has evidently been failing him, for all winter, rain or shine, he always passed the time on the boat by walking to and fro on the upper deck. Though the weather has been very pleasant for the past month, he has never once indulged in his morning constitutional, but is always seen sitting in a certain corner in the cabin near a very pretty girl, who also has a liking for that particular corner.

Another indication of ill-health is the cough the nice old gentleman has developed. It is not a hoarse, rasping, bark-from-the-tomb cough, but is little more than a series of sighs. Still, it is calculated to attract attention. The pretty young woman has noticed it several times, and, when her sympathetic eyes turned toward the sufferer, they invariably met his.

Morning after morning the old gentleman occupied the same seat, and as often was the young lady to be found in her favorite corner. The cough did not improve. In fact, it became persistent.

One morning last week the young woman glanced up from her novel when she heard the familiar cough, and the old gentleman, though he has one foot in the grave, smiled bravely. She smiled, too, then hastily wrote a note, thrust it in a tiny package she carried, and, as she left her seat and walked by the nice old man, dropped it in his hand. He opened it eagerly and read:

"I think these drops will help grandpa's cough."

They must have done so, for he has resumed his morning walks on the deck.

Jack Fanning, the champion wing shot, who breaks more consecutive blue rocks than any sportsman on the Coast, left for the East a few days ago, vowing that he would never shoot on this Coast again.

At the last shoot of the Lincoln Club, at Alameda Point, he broke almost every disc thrown into the air, and was telling the envious sportsmen in attendance that it had become almost impossible for him to miss them.

"I'll wager a bottle of wine that you can't break one at thirty yards, known trap and angle, and I'll give you both barrels," offered Merton Allen, President of the Inanimate Target Association.

"I'll take that," accepted Fanning, promptly.

He threw a couple of shells into his gun, took his station, and the trap was sprung. Bang! went Fanning's first barrel, but the disc sailed on. Bang! went the second, but still it did not fall. The crowd gave Fanning the laugh, and he never suspected that the "bird" he had shot at was made of plaster of paris, and almost indestructible.

"Well, I'll give you a chance to get even," said Allen. "I'll bet a box of cigars you can't break a bird under the same conditions at sixteen yards."

That was the regulation distance, and Fanning jumped at the offer. Allen wound up an automatic paper butterfly, and put it in the trap. Away it went, and Fanning banged away with both barrels. Still it did not drop, and, throwing down his gun, he vowed he would never shoot in California again.

When Mr. Slater, the Connecticut millionaire of New London, was here in his yacht, the "Eleanor," he got into an unpleasant snarl at Menlo Park in regard to a hotel bill. It was finally settled under protest, and then Mr. Slater sailed away for Alaska. From that remote region comes a tale which illustrates how extremely fond the multi-millionaire is of the business end of a dollar. One of the sights of Sitka is the old Greek church. It is stored with paintings and antiquities of the most interesting character. There is no fee charged for inspecting the church, but it is customary with tourists to deposit a small coin in the poor box. Mr. Slater, with his party, took the

church in among the other sights, and the millionaire dropped a coin in the box.

Upon his return to the "Eleanor," Mr. Slater discovered that he was short just ten dollars, and was horror stricken. There could be no doubt but he had slipped in the gold piece instead of half a dollar. There was not a moment to be lost. He at once dispatched his servant with the dismal tidings to the cicerone of the church and demanded nine dollars and fifty cents change. Mr. Kostromitoff, whose father used to be Russian Consul in this city, sent back the ten dollars, with many thanks for Mr. Slater's intended donation, assuring him that the poor of Alaska could live without any portion of Mr. Slater's millions.

The members of the Press Club are filled with indignation at the adventure of Miss Agnes White, who, disguised as an insipid-looking young man, obtained admission to their high jinks on Saturday. May the Lord have mercy on her soul if ever, through the accidents of life, she should run athwart Judge Hunt's legal hawse. His Honor, though one of the most gallant men on the coast, is most bitter in his denunciation of this rash and intrusive female. The "clever comedian" who spent just one hour making her up, had better keep dark. If his identity is ever divulged, he will have to surrender the stage for the pulpit, for the critics will keep on his trail. John Donnigan, of the Examiner, declares that he noticed something peculiar about this young party the moment she entered, and that he invited her to the punch bowl. She sipped the mixture in a mincing sort of way, quite unlike the good resonant swallow of a genuine Press Club *habitué*. Then her description of the jinks, which might have been bright, was clumsy. So on the whole she would have done better to have retained her skirts and stayed at home.

When the merry wedding bells are ringing, and the blushing bride and gallant groom advance up the aisle to take the solemn vows which are to make them one, the heart of the reverend gentleman who ties the knot is not always easy. Because, sad to say, there has grown up a wicked and dishonest custom here of the "best man" pinching the fees which the groom hands him to bestow upon the parson. Indeed, there have been cases among people, in high places, too, where the entire sum has been confiscated. Dr. Stebbins was handed an envelope one day which, when opened, disclosed two tickets for the matinee. "And to make the matter worse," said Dr. Stebbins, "they were not for front seats, either. However, the conscience stricken defrauder of the church wrote on from New York later, enclosing a fifty dollar bill, and declaring that the matter was all a mistake." Another good man, Dr. Foute, united a Swedish couple, and was informed by the groom that the Swedes considered it unlucky to pay the clergyman's honorarium on the marriage day. The gallant swain carefully took the Doctor's address, and protested that he would forward it to him next day. It is hardly necessary to say that he never heard of the twain again.

Julius Kahn visited the Morgue last Monday to view the body of Jack Parker, an old acquaintance of his who had died very suddenly the evening before. Julius had a very bad cold, and as he stood gazing down on the marble features of his old friend, he gave two or three hollow coughs that made Coroner Hawkins start.

"Say, Julius, you want to do something for that," said he. "If you don't you will soon be where poor old Jack Parker is. That's an awful cough."

"I know it is," replied Julius with a shake of his head, "but don't you suppose poor old Jack would be d——d glad to have it?"

Len D. Owens, the advertising man, is one of the best dressers in San Francisco, and for that reason, if for no other, his friends were surprised to see him hurrying along Market street the other day with his pantaloons, from the knees down, slit into ribbons. At first glance one would have been undecided whether to lay the damage to a six-horse street sweeper or a barbed wire fence.

"What's the matter, Len?" inquired Billy Golcher.

"You look as if you had been hunting birds' nests in a red haw tree."

"Shall I kill him or not?" shouted Owens, grimly.

"Tell me about it first and kill him afterward. Who did it?"

"That confounded pup of mine. You see, I have been giving that pointer a little exercise mornings and evenings by running with him. This morning I had an important business engagement, and was late getting dressed. When I started on the run for the car that dog thought I wanted to play, and took me by the trowsers' leg. I kicked at him with one foot and then the other one, finally with both, but he dodged all, and every time I started for the car he had hold of my leg. Finally I had to take him along like an Oregon boot, till I got on the car, and then I got rid of him by slinging him as far towards home as I could. I'll break him of that by putting red pepper in my trowsers next time."

Len's friends are waiting for the time when he uses the pepper.

* * *

"Now, sir, is it not a fact that you were intoxicated at the time of this occurrence?" demanded Attorney George Knight, by way of inaugurating the cross-examination of the principal witness in a damage suit.

"No, sir, it is not," replied the witness angrily.

"You were perfectly sober?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"That's strange. How did it happen?"

"Because I don't drink."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you do not indulge in periodic debauches?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Oh, you don't mean to tell me that, eh? Then you do go on periodic sprees?"

"Well, I don't now. I used to."

"Is it not a fact that you were just recovering from the effects of a prolonged debauch when this accident occurred?"

"I had been drinking a few days before," the witness admitted.

"Ah, did you ever have the jim-jams?"

"Oh, you know how that is yourself, Mr. Knight."

The attorney scowled fiercely, and demanded in savage tones:

"Did you ever see purple dogs with green tails and tin caps hauling red wagons loaded with yellow lizzards?"

"No—uo, sir, I can't say as I ever did."

"Then you're not in it. That's all."

* * *

Frank Coffin, the clever young tenor, took a car on Market street the other day and found it filled, with the exception of one seat, which he promptly occupied. He was so husily engaged in humming over a new piece of music that he did not observe the good looking young woman who entered the car immediately behind him and stood near the car door, clinging to a strap and swaying to and fro with every jolt of the car. If he had seen her he would certainly have vacated the coveted seat with a smile.

The young lady, however, was not to be overlooked. She handed the conductor ten cents, held up two fingers, and pointed toward Coffin. As the conductor passed along, the singer held up a nickel.

"The young lady standing up at the other end of the car paid your fare," shouted the official loud enough to attract the attention of every one in the car.

"Eh—yes—beg your pardon," stammered Mr. Coffin, as he suddenly discovered that the car was so hot he would have to sit outside.

* * *

A picture just placed on exhibition in Gump's Art Gallery will be a delight to art lovers. It is by Carl Herpfer, and was bought for Messrs. Gump by their agent in Munich after seeing it in the Munich Exhibition. It is seldom one sees in a painting the various human emotions—pleading, sorrow, love, determination—so accurately depicted, while all the detail, the drapery, rugs, furniture, etc., of the Louis XV room, are perfectly executed. We know of but three paintings in this city by Herpfer, and they are owned by A. P. Hotaling, Claus Spreckels, and Louis Parrott, all masterpieces. This new picture is well worth a visit to Gump's.

As you drive through the Park along the Ahns House road, down toward Ingleside, you will see a sign at the entrance of a pretty driveway between long rows of eucalyptus trees, which reads "Trocadero." Far away from the world, down in a lovely cañon which one would scarcely believe could be found on this peninsula, is the most romantic and pretty place imaginable. Ponds containing ecrevisses terrapin, and frogs, and surrounded with lilies, hundreds of rose hushes in full bloom, numberless pretty walks winding among the shrubbery and flowers make the place a veritable garden of Eden. Every one who has in years gone by visited the Pacific Yacht Club, knows Ernest. He is a prince of caterers, and is now the proprietor and caterer of The Trocadero, where, with the assistance of a capital chef, a breakfast, lunch, or dinner—such as the old gourmets of the Yacht Club can appreciate—is readily furnished. Should you not care to drive out or make the trip on your bicycle, the electric cars will land you at the Ingleside, and a short walk of two hundred yards will bring you to this ideal spot for a day's rest.

* * *

There is one man in this city who has kicked Jim Corbett, and who still lives to tell the tale. It happened thus: Many years ago, when the champion was a pupil at the old St. Ignatius College on Market street, he stepped out of line, and Professor Florence McAuliffe kicked him. Yes; the pedagogue brought his right foot in contact with the yet undeveloped muscles of the champion in embryo. The Professor shudders when he remembers this, and wonders how large the reward should he to-day to induce him to repeat that kick.

* * *

Those nights in June, those nights in June,
Young lovers float beneath the moon
In Belvedere and Sausalito;
They play the mandolin, and float
Far off from shore, and from the note
Of hull frog, toad, and starved mosquito.

A chunk of cheese, sardines, and beer,
(For times are hard, and wine is dear),
And those are viands quite nutritious;
A dozen kisses for desert,
Another hour to row and flirt,
Oh, life has nothing so delicious.

* * *

Rufas Way, who was Art Commissioner at the New Orleans Fair, is now located here. A good specimen of his work is now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's Art Gallery. The painting represents a Beach Forest in Autumn. The sheep and autumn leaves are excellently executed. Miss Bender has a painting of Roses at the same gallery—the best work this talented young lady has yet given us.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered
Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a
small wineglassful, before meals, of the cele-
brated

Peruvian

Bitters

AUSTRALIAN SALT BUSH, (*Atriplex Semibaccatum*.)

The Forage Plant for Alkali Soils.

The tens of thousands of acres of alkali lands in California may be made productive and profitable by planting Salt Bush.
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TRUMBULL & BEEBE, 419 and 421 Sansome street, S. F.



MARITAL engagements seem to be epidemic in the social world at present, and revive the old proverb about in the spring a young man's fancy turning to love, so frequently are they announced. Every one expected pretty Aileen's engagement, and Charlie is such a popular chap congratulations are due on both sides. If Dame Rumor speaks by the card several more of our pretty maidens are on the brink of taking the matrimonial plunge, prominent among them being charming May Belle Gwin. They say, too, that Walter Dean has "returned to his muttons," and that the queenly Emily is more plastic than of yore. Gossip goes on to declare that Colonel Fred Crocker is likely to import a bride, and the girls are all on the anxious seat as to the truth of it, for no more popular *parti* exists in our society than the gallant Colonel, unless it be Jim Phelan.

The girls say they are saving their energies for the preparation of their swellest gowns for Del Monte, and every one is anticipating a season of much brilliancy at that queen of summer resorts. The Hagers are sure to keep things lively, and they are to spend the entire summer there. Then the "shoot" will draw the usual brilliant crowd, added to which one is sure to meet delightful people in the tourists from Europe and the East, who flock to Del Monte the whole summer through. The number of society folk who have taken up their quarters at this hotel is phenomenal and speaks worlds for the good management and attention shown guests there. When one has once stayed there, the chances are, to use a betting phrase, ten to one that no other resort will succeed in winning you from its shady groves.

A story is going the rounds among the girls to the effect that a young man of the swim, who has always been looked upon as a decidedly heavy fellow "in the upper story," as Bertha says, astonished an avenue belle upon whom he was calling the other evening by remarking (while chatting about the morning wedding of that day) that the bride's chances of happiness were greater than usual from the choice she had made. "How's that?" queried his hostess. "Why, don't you see," was the answer, "there's a *lasting* quality in all with a Shoemaker?" The girls say they were paralyzed.

Who can deny the oft-heard declaration that the hospitable sister widows, Mesdames Peter Donahue and Eleanor Martin are proficient in detail as to the fitness of things, after the elegant luncheon of last week in honor of the future bride of young Martin, fair Miss Belle McKenna, who with her prospective bridesmaids sat at a table where the favors were spoons! and gold spoons at that.

What is the matter with the Presidio chaps that they sort of hang fire? In the beginning of the winter season army officers were so pronounced in their attentions to our pretty belles, every one felt sure that two or three military weddings would result. But with the spring time all this seems changed; even the Angel Island heroes are backward in coming forward—a true paradox.

That very delightful young lady of society, Miss Laura, is credited with having classified the men of the swim as prizes and blanks. A witty young matron who is her great friend was curious as to Jim Phelan's position—whether he had been drawn as a winning number—but was not informed as to that.

"What a difference one sees in families to be sure!" was a remark made at a young ladies' luncheon the other day. "Just look at those cousins, for instance. Chauncey has made a big success with *Sweet Marie*, while Minthorne can't get *Sweet Alice*, *Ben Bolt*, try as he will."

Rumor says Ross Valley is to furnish a bride for the near future, and the old dame (the young lady's grandma—not Rumor) is reported as being charmed with Ethel's selection, for although "green wood," she regards the prospective groom as well-seasoned timber.

"How quiet Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels keeps!" is the frequent remark heard in society. Certainly it proves that a girl can be on the go from morning till night, then settle down quietly when married, old bachelors' growls to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is safe to assume that soft-eyed Helen Andross will have one of the prettiest weddings of the year. The bevy of pretty girls to be in the bridal cortege alone ensures that result.

On dit, Miss Romie Wallace has now undertaken the study of Horace; but her friends say it is a dry subject for the vacation days.

A report has been current for some time that Messrs. Jones, Bonny, and Marye are about to endow a home for aged gentlemen.

A London Epicure.

Earl De Grey is not only a statesman, but an epicure, and is on the famous restaurant committee of the "Savoy," that famous hotel and restaurant on the Thames embankment. This nobleman emphatically endorses Old Saratoga, a pure Rye Whiskey, which has now become famous in Europe. He claims that it is the gem of American Whiskies, and proves his appreciation by electing it his favorite drink.

Removal Notice.—Mr. S. Strozynski, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has removed to 24 Geary street, near Kearny. Popular prices. Telephone 5697.

Of all the banquet halls in the city that of the Maison Riche is undoubtedly the finest. The accommodations are perfect and the service excellent, and the largest functions can be held there.

Jackson's Napa Soda gives a refined complexion.

RUBBER HOSE AND BELTING.



"Gold Seal"
Brand,
The Best Made.



"Pioneer"
Brand,
Medium Quality.



"Badger"
Brand,
Excellent Quality



"Anvil"
Brand,
Fair Quality.



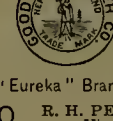
"Conqueror"
Brand,
Fine Quality.



"Obelisk"
Brand,
Cotton Hose.



"Elk"
Brand,
Good Quality.



"Neptune"
Brand,
Cotton Hose

Rubber-Lined COTTON Hose "Eureka" Brand, Best Quality.

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO., R. H. PEASE,
577 and 579 MARKET ST., S. F. Vice-Pres. and Manager.

Strozynski's. Popular prices, equal to others; no imitating. All original styles, varied to suit the features. Competent artists employed; no apprentices. "Bernhardt" wavers, to wave hair without burning; "Eau Broux," to restore grey or bleached hair to natural color. Latest styles in modern Bangs, particularly Louis de Lavelliere style. Open Sundays.

24 GEARY ST. (Near Kearny.)

Telephone No., Main 5697.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

GENERAL M. L. BARILLAS.

THERE arrived in this city a short while ago a man whose name and actions are now a part of history and of whom it may be said that

"he snore for liberty
When God himself seemed dumb."

This gentleman was General M. L. Barillas, ex-President of Guatemala, who, with a select party of friends is indulging in a rest after a long and arduous political career. We saw the General at the Palace Hotel, and could distinguish the soldier at a glance. A short, powerful body, graceful and erect as a pillar, a well formed head and a grizzled face wearing a look of determination—such were the chief features which impressed themselves upon us as we paid our respects to him. Where the soldier is, there the gentleman will also be found and the General could not have been more affable in receiving us in his own home than he was in his apartments in our own city. He is a man of about fifty-six years of age and there are few men who have had such an eventful career as his. His birth-



General M. L. Barillas.

place was the little city of Quezaltenango, and from his earliest infancy he took pleasure in being in the free air, riding dangerous horses and practising with pistol and rifle. All of this stood him in good stead; for when the revolution of 1867 broke out, he and his father and brothers joined the patriot Barrios who was determined to overthrow President Cerna and the clerical influence which dominated him and kept back the country's progress. Barillas was appointed to a captaincy in the army and by his executive ability, clear-sightedness, good judgment and bravery soon attained the rank of General. Through all his life he has been known for his persistence and has never yet swerved one inch from the path he laid out for himself. Difficulties were mere incentives to attainment in his case. Barrios was at the head of affairs in 1893 and considered General Barillas to be his right-hand man in all things. He was therefore appointed commander of the Occidental division of the army with head-

quarters at his old birth-place of Quezaltenango. Some time prior to all these achievements he fell in love with Guatemala's richest and most beautiful heiress, who, it is said, brought to him a further fortune of over four million dollars in flocks and lands. Some years later the General was elected Second Vice-President of the Republic, the man ahead of him being Alexandro Sinibaldi. When Dictator Barrios returned from his tour of the world of which everyone has heard, he conceived the idea of consolidating the Central American States under one Government. To enforce his ideas he equipped an army of fifty thousand men and started immediately. But, unfortunately, Salvador made resistance and at the battle of Chalchuapa the Dictator received a bullet wound which removed him from the stage. Sinibaldi was the rightful successor to the dictatorship but was entirely dominated by the General of War, Barrundi, to whom he resigned his pretensions. Barillas, however, determined to stand up for his rights, gathered together an army of six thousand men and descended upon Guatemala. Barrundi had intended proclaiming himself in that city, but Barillas stated that he had an army of fifteen thousand men at his beck and call and was thereupon proclaimed President. Being of a generous disposition he retained Barrundi as Minister of War. For seven years he held office and was wise and honorable in his administration. He made few enemies and his private fortune was ever at the disposal of his friends, his enemies or the Republic. He later went into partnership with the manager of a large Guatemalan Bank and nearly doubled his fortune. After resigning office, the General went to live on one of his estates. He is accounted the largest coffee planter in Guatemala, and his residence is a perfect palace and one of the best equipped in Central America. He entertains in a princely manner and San Francisco will miss him when he departs for his own more tropic clime.

There is more art in hair dressing than man would dream of. Ladies know this. That's why Goldstein & Cohn, under the Phelan Building, are kept so busy whenever there is a special function at which society wishes to shine.

Jackson's Napa Soda is an antidote to Heartburn.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

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Now Open.

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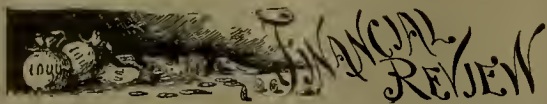
Write now for rates and rooms.

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The Pine Street Mining Market.

A series of ups and downs on a large scale has given dealers an opportunity to make money in the local mining market during the week. The fluctuations have been rapid and wide enough to make it next to suicide for small monied people who dabble on a small margin. The most active stocks on the list have been Chollar, Potosi, and Norcross, the prospects on the Brunswick locations having directed the attention of the public to the chances for new and important ore developments. Of course there are many who feel satisfied enough with their prophetic ability to decry the possibilities for the existence of anything of value in the Brunswick, not a few of these irresponsible prognosticators having no definite knowledge of the mines. Belonging to the class which never neglects an opportunity to block the path of progress, the revival of business on Pine street permits them to pose in their favorite role as obstructionists. That the city might benefit somewhat by the freer circulation of money cuts no figure with the silurians, who seem to live up to the idea that the world must either go in accordance with their say so, or take a side track. Every town has a certain proportion of these wreckers, but San Francisco can complain of more than her share, to her cost. The same people can always be depended upon to fight every improvement, and to throw cold water upon anything in which they can not personally profit. The extraordinary vitality of the market just now overcomes all puny efforts of the clique, and it is only a matter of time until the strength and activity in mining shares will put it out of their power altogether to work any injury whatever.

Prospects for Ore on the Brunswick.

After the delay, which was to be expected in getting into good working shape, an attempt has been made to exploit the ore find in the 200-level, south drift in Chollar-Brunswick. Instead of attacking the face where work had been stopped after the ore had been carried in for a few feet, the drift was swung off to the west before striking south, with the intention of skirting the ore body, which finally would be sought at intervals with cross-cuts. The results here are still in doubt, as they might well be for an indefinite period should the ore cut in the drift turn out to be the apex of an ore body. At this writing a drift will be started from below, on the 300-level, to penetrate the region where a downward extension might be looked for, if the ore lives at that depth. This is the most sensible way of proceeding for the safety of shareholders, as it gives a speculative value to the stock, which will fluctuate lively while the drift is being carried in. There was some talk about the Chollar ledge having been cut in Norcross, but, so far, this is mythical. It would take time to prove the theory, with chances that, if ore ever should be found, it would be something new. In the meantime the "reform" officials have taken steps to keep conditions to themselves, and it is said that even Mr. Kerwin, the old superintendent, has had the door closed on him. This is something that was not expected from the professions of the manager, who was, according to his official organ, going to keep the stockholders posted on every turn in the situation at the front, with the intention possibly of giving every one the same chance to get rich. The idea is such a novel one in the art of mine manipulation that the world at large will eagerly await results, and the development of a new Utopia, through the possible agency of a Brunswick lode bonanza. Summed up, the chances for an ore development on this new mineral belt are good, and the future development of the district will inaugurate a new era of speculation, involving a freer circulation of money and more general prosperity. On the Comstock, Savage, Con.-Virginia, and Crown Point are looking well. At the same time light marginal trading should not be undertaken if the safety of an open account is an object with traders.

COLONEL W. J. Sutherland, the well-known mining man, is again able to get about, after his recent accident, which at one time threatened very serious results.

The Candelaria Camp Livening Up Again.

The Candelaria Waterworks and Milling Company, Limited, completed the repairs on the pipe line and the laying of new pipe on May 1st. They are now building a new reservoir above the town so as to have an increased supply of water for the working of the low-grade ores in the Holmes mine and the tailings at Bellville. The water line has been fully repaired and the water tanks cleaned out and enlarged, and everything is being put in a condition to have the tailings of the company quickly worked. The Holmes mine and the Georgene mine have secured a belt of new ground in the district, carrying about \$20 in gold to the ton. In old days the ores were worked for silver only, and the fact is established that all the tailings and the low-grade ores carry about \$2.50 per ton in gold. The fact that gold has now been found in large quantities, assures Candelaria a place in the leading gold camps of the coast.

A Profitable Tailing Contract.

Peck Brothers, who have been running tailings from the Morgan and Mexican mills for some time past, have been making money. The amount of hullion produced has always been a matter of guess work, but these are the figures: Out of 11,569 tons worked in three months, from January 1, 1896, \$42,238.13 was netted. Of this amount they have paid into the county treasury a hullion tax amounting to \$330.40.

A Short-lived Insurance Compact.

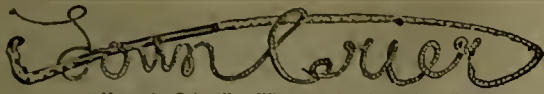
While the combine among the insurance companies of the Pacific Coast can truthfully be said to exist, there is no question about its practical inutility. One defection follows another in the ranks of the leading companies, and, strange to say, not a few of the withdrawals were ranked at one time among the most ardent supporters of the organization. The proposition is a most difficult one to handle to the satisfaction of every one, owing to the suspicion which exists between the fraternity as to the genuineness of the protestations of loyalty to the provisions of the compact. It must be admitted that an association of the kind is the only salvation of the business, and without one the chances for money-making are very slim, and, as it is, complaints about dull business are heard upon every side. From all appearances, the difficulty of arriving at any kind of an amicable agreement is greater than ever. This is to be deplored. Local managers are pretty tired of hazardous risks at next to nothing rates, and salaries are being cut down all along the line. Agents in the country are also having a hard time making a living, and growl whenever the companies they represent refuse to take a risk at a very inadequate rate. For the sake of all parties we hope things will improve.

A Salve for Wounded Honor.

After months of haggling over side issues and beating about the bush, the Boer Government has succeeded at last in working into a position where it could hield its victims pecuniarily to good advantage. It will cost John Hays Hammond and his three companions \$125,000 each to claim the right to freedom. The penalty is a heavy one, but the gentlemen can all afford to meet the demand, as exorbitant as might be expected in the demands of such a set of brigands. If Mr. Hammond leaves the country to return to the haunts of civilization again, he will be doing his captors the worst possible service to which they are entitled. He can be congratulated, however, upon his escape from the toils of these latter day savages, with whom a life among the Zulus would be highly preferable.

A Checkmate for The Worthy Governor.

The banks of this city have resolved to file the statements which were demanded by Mr. Budd, for the reason that they did not care to be bothered with fighting the unusual proceeding. This will, of course, be conceded the easiest way out of the difficulty, although the attorneys of several of the larger concerns were quite ready to knock the underpinning from beneath the Stockton sage in short order. The order can now pass into history as one of the innumerable vagaries which have signalized the present reign.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

WILLIAM T. WALLACE.

UPON his bench this ponderous jurist sits—
A hungry sheep upon a bag of wool;
He suits each sentence to the prisoner's "pull"
And tears the law that masters him to bits.
With noisy throat, and dull unpolished wits,
And clawing hoofs that ne'er can be too full,
He holds his court—a mirth-provoking hull
Within whose nose a ring of metal fits.
Things must have come to a most pretty pass
When one who is both sheep and bull and ass
Can hide his skin beneath judicial ermine.
God speed the day when men, not beasts, shall be
Elected judges; then, perhaps, we'll see
This Wallace "scratched," along with other vermin.
H. V. S.

JUDGE Bahrs, whose lack of brains is partially compensated for by his length of limb, and who, on account of his figure, occupies among the judiciary a position equivalent to that of drum major to the Devil's Own Guards, was severely reprimanded by the Cycle Board of Trade for making too prominent a display of his ignorance of the law he was elected to sell. We trust that his Honor (or what remains of it) will read up and do better next time.

THE Rev. V. Marshall Law, commonly known as the Wild Ass of Oakland, thinks that one hundred and thirty of the one hundred and forty Christian sects existing to-day are absolutely useless, and that the ten remaining are sufficient to cover all needs. We beg to differ. If Divine Providence would rid us of the wretched preachers who cause so much dissension we could very well get along with only one. For all of which let us pray.

MISS Isadore Foote was announced to dive seventy feet at Sutro Baths last Saturday afternoon. The idea of a girl making so high a dive attracted a large crowd. The diver, dressed in a bathing suit, such as women wear, performed the feat, but the next day the discovery was made that it was a Sutro fake. The diver was Mr. Roger B. Cornell, employed in the Baths. Anything to catch the nimble penny.

FATHER Yorke, who killed Henry, the Baptist, in fair fight some months ago, has now breathed new life into his wretched carcass and enters once more into deadly combat with him. For this we are forced to censure him, for we would gladly stay rid of the creature. Religious controversies are not becoming in daily papers, either. They lower the tone of the press—God help it.

IT should not be so difficult to find appropriate patterns for the mosaic glasswork to adorn the inner dome of the City Hall. Twelve pictures representing Mr. Sutro at different stages of his career would be interesting as well as instructive. The twelfth would be a gallows, but what of that? Ahsalom and Haman ended their lives that way, and no one thinks any the less of them for it.

"HOW shall a man spend eternity?" asked the Rev. "Dr." Colburn in his last Sunday's sermon. We suppose that the Doctor will put in a greater part of his time wandering around the shady groves of Paradise in sweet communion with colored tonsorial artists, trying to dodge the far-seeing eye of the omnipresent Policeman.

HONEST citizens are advised to look well after their property during the next two weeks or so as no lamps are to be lit on the streets after dark. The Supervisors have many ways of juggling other people's belongings into their possession.

ONE thing in favor of the New Charter is that the expenditure of public moneys will be subject to constant scrutiny. This will be good news to everybody—save the Supervisors.

THE Chronicle speaks of a young woman who has passed a seaman's examination as "the first woman mate." Nonsense. We had one years ago—our wife.

THE Rev. Dr. Wendte claims that there is room for millions in California and wonders why so few come. If the Doctor could only persuade a few of his clerical brethren to take to the woods for a few months, we think a large number of truly pious people would venture out here. At present, however, they fear our parsons almost as much as they fear their own Eastern crooks, and one hardly wonders at it, either.

THE virtuous old ladies who will again attempt to cleanse the daily papers of filthy sensationalism can count upon our aid should they ever find themselves in need of it. The Town Crier, who is also old, and therefore passing virtuous, has long viewed their degeneracy with sorrow, and will willingly aid in protecting the virtue he can, alas, no longer assail.

NOW that the Fire Department is to take part in our coming Carnival, Martin Kelly has promised to trot his old engine out from its hiding place and enter it in the procession. Chief Sullivan being hard up for horses, we suggest that Dr. Kuhlmann harness it to it instead. The difference between the Doctor and a mule is so slight that few people will hardly notice it.

THE Examiner, with its accustomed enterprise in small things, treats us to a picture showing how Acting Mayor Taylor signs official documents. For all of which we are truly thankful as we had an idea that his Assistant Honor wrote with his feet or with that larger and less dignified instrument—his mouth.

THE Woman Suffragists are about to descend upon Dr. Fitch in a body because he proved them to be as lacking in intelligence as they are in interest. We regret the predicament the Doctor has placed himself in, but will promise to attend his funeral out of respect for his opinions.

AT the last meeting of the Buckley General Committee, Andrew Clunie delivered himself of an oration, fell down the steps leading to the platform, and wrenched his ankle. The next time he so misbehaves himself it is to be hoped the sorry knave will break his pate.

NOW that a huxom young widow has entered the embalming field, Death has been robbed of half its terrors. A widow usually has her own way with us while living, so we see no reason why she should not take charge of us when we are dead as well.

THE Rev. Dr. Dille, who boasts so often of having marched under Old Glory but is very careful not to state in which direction, is still airing his ignorance about Hawaii. Will some good Methodist oblige us by sitting upon his mouth?

THE soiled linen of the prisoners is to be allowed to accumulate because there is no money in the Prison fund to pay for it. That of our "best families" will, however, continue to be laundered—through the columns of the daily press.

FARMER Osborn boasted of having made love to "Miss" Lillian Ashley in a cemetery. Does not the fool know that even the dead men made fun of his conquest?

SOME patriotic poet will make fifty dollars out of the Fourth of July this year. For the same figure the NEWS LETTER offers to publish it and hear all the blame.

THE woman who left a baby on a doorstep last week is at least human. There are thousands in this city who dispose of them by other and less natural methods.

SINCE Commonweal Coxey partook of a hath last Wednesday, the labor organizations have deserted him in a body. The indiscretion has cost him dear.

WHY not take the roof off the City Hall entirely? A little fresh air would certainly do no harm and might occasionally kill off a few of the Judges there.

SOME crank has been writing threatening letters to Secretary of Agriculture Morton. Can the Rev. C. Overman-Brown still be up to his old games?

DURRANT has already cost us some \$2,500. The authorities should now huy him a nice black suit and then close the account forever.

HOW much did the Examiner pay that New York female to play the spy at the Press Club jinks last Saturday?

A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION

By Grant Allen.



AH, he was a mean-spirited heggar, that fellow Sibthorpe! As mean-spirited a beggar as ever I came across. Yes, that's who I mean; that's him; the fellow as was murdered. I s'pose you'd call it murdered, now I come to think of it. But, Lord, he was such a mean-spirited chap, he wouldn't be enough to 'ang a dog for!

"Charitable," eh? "A distinguished philanthropist!" Well, I can't say as I ever thought much of his philanthropy. He was always down on them as tries to earn a 'onest livin', tramping about the country. Know how he was murdered? Well, yes, I should think I did! I'm just about the fust livin' authority in England on that there subject.

Well, come to that, I don't mind if I do tell you. You're a straight sort of a chap, you are. You're one of these 'ere politicals. I a'int afraid o' trustin' you. You're not one of them as 'ud peach on a pal to 'andle a reward o' fifty guineas. And it's a rum story too. But mind, I tell you what I tell you in confidence. There's not another chap in all this prison I'd tell as much to.

I'd always knowed 'im, since I was no higgar nor that. Old fool he was, too; down on public-'ouses an' races an' such, an' always ready to subscribe to anything for the elevation of the people. People don't want to be elevated, says I; silly pack o' modern new-fangled rubbish. I sticks to the public-'ouses.

Well, we was dead-heat that day. Liz' an' me had tramped along all the way from Aldershot. Last we come to the black lane by the pine-trees after you've crossed the heath. Loneliest spot just there that I know in England. The Gibbet 'Ill's to the right, where we 'ad that little brush one time with the keepers. Liz sat down on the heather—she was dead-heat, she was—behind a clump o' fuzz. An' I lay down beside 'er.

She was a good 'un, Liz. She followed me down through thick and thin like a good 'un. No bloomin' nonsense about Liz, I can tell you. I always liked 'er. And though I did get into a row with her that mornin' afore she died, an' kick 'er about the ribs a bit—hut, there, I'm a-digressin', as the parson put it; and the jury brought in "Death by misadventure." That was a narrow squeak that time. I didn't think I'd swing for 'er, 'cause she 'it me fust; but I did think they'd 'a brought it in somethin' like manslaughter.

However, as I say, I'm a-digressin' from the story. It was like this with old Sibthorpe. We was a-lyin' under the gorse bushes, wonderin' to ourselves 'ow we'd raise the wind for a drink, for we was both of us just about as dry as they make 'em, when suddenly round the corner, with his 'at in his 'and, and his white 'air a-blowin' round his 'cad, like an old fool as he was, who should come but the doctor. Liz looks at me and I looks at Liz.

"It's that bloomin' old idjit, Dr. Sibthorpe," says she. "He gave me a week once."

I 'ad my knife in my 'and. I looks at it like this, then I looks at Liz. She laughs and nods at me. 'E couldn't see neither of us behind the bush of fuzz. "Arst 'im fust," says Liz, low; "an' then, if he don't fork out—" An' she drew her finger so, right across her throat, an' smiles. Oh, she was a good 'un!

Well, up I goes an' begins, reglar asker's style. "You ain't got a copper about you, sir," says I, whinin' like, "as you could give a pore man as has tramped, without a bit or a sup, all the way from Aldershot?"

'E looks at me an' smiles—the mean old hypocrite! "I never give to tramps," says 'e. Then 'e looks at me agin.

"I know you," says 'e. "You've been up afore me often."

"An' I know you," says I, drawin' the knife; "an' I knows where you keeps your mouey. An' I ain't a-goin' to be up afore you again, not if I knows it." An', with that, I rushes up, an' just goes at him blind with it.

Well, he fought like a good 'un for his life, that he did. You wouldn't 'a thought the old fool had so much fight left in him. But Liz stuck to me like a brick, an' we got him down at last, an' I gave him one or two about the 'ead as quieted him. It was mostly kickin'—no blood to speak of. Then we dragged him aside among the heather, and covered him up a little bit, an' made all tidy on the road where we'd struck him.

"Take his watch, Liz," says I.

Well, would you believe it. He was a magistrate for the county, and lived in the 'All, an' was 'eld the richest gentleman for ten mile about; but when Liz fished out his watch, what sort do you think it was? I give you my word for it, a common Waterbury!

"You put that back, Liz," says I. "Put that back in the old fool's pocket. Don't go carryin' it about to incriminate yourself, free, gratis, for nothing," says I; "it ain't worth sixpence."

"'Ave you his purse?" says she.

"Yes, I 'ave," says I. "An', when we gets round the corner, we'll see what's in it."

Well, so we did; an', would you helieve it, agin, when we come to look, there was two ha'penny stamps and a lock of child's 'air; and, s'elp me taters, that's all that was in it!

"It ain't right," says I, "for people to go about takin' in other people with regard to their wealth," says I. "'Ere's this blooming old fool 'as misled us into s'posing he was the richest man in all the county, and not a penny in his purse! It's downright dishonest."

Liz snatches it from me, and turns it inside out. But it worn't no good. Not another thing in it!

Well, she looks at me, and I looks at her. "You fool," says she, "to get us both into a blindfold scrape like this, without knowin' whether or not he'd got the money about him. I guess we'll both swing for it."

"You told me to," says I.

"That's a lie," says she. Liz was always free-spoken.

I took her by the throat. "Young woman," says I, "you keep a civil tongue in your 'ead," says I. "or, by George, you'll follow him!"

Then we looks a'one another again; and the humour of it comes over us—I was always one as 'ad a sense of humour—an' we hysts out laughin'.

"Sold!" says I.

"Sold!" say Liz, half cryin'.

An' we both sat down again, an' looked at one another like a pair of horn idjits.

Then it come over us gradjally what a pack o' fools that there man had made of us. The longer I thought of it, the angrier it made me. The mean-spirited old black-guard! To be walking around the roads without a penny upon him!

"You go back, Liz," says I, an' put that purse where we found it, in his weskit pocket."

Liz looked at me an' crouched. "I daren't," says she, cowerin'.

She was beginning to get frightened. I took her by the 'air. "By George!" says I, "if you don't—" An' she saw I meant it.

Well, hack she crawled, rather than walked, all shiverin'; an', as for me, I set there on the heather an' watched her. By-an'-by, she crawled hack. "Done it?" says I. An' Liz, lookin' white as a sheet, says, "Yes, I done it."

"I wasn't goin' to carry that about with me," says I, "for the coppers to cop me. Now they'll put in the papers, 'Deceased's watch and purse were found on him untouched,

so that robbery was clearly not the motive of the crime. Get up, Liz, you fool, an' come along on with me."

Up she got, and come along. We crept down the valley, all tired as we was, without a sup to drink; an' we reached the high road, all in among the bracken, an' we walked together as far as Godainning. That was all. The p'lice set it down to revenge, and suspected the farmers. But, ever since then, every time I remember it, it makes me 'ot with rage to think a mau of property like him should go walking the roads, taking other people in, without a farden in his pocket. It was the biggest disappointment ever I had in my life. To think I might a swung for an old fool like that! A great philanthropist, indeed! Why, he ought to 'a' been ashamed of himself. Not one blessed farden! I tell you, it always makes me 'ot to think of it.—Vanity.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

ONE of the most wonderful inventions of the age is doubtless the Hunt Loom Attachment, which will shortly be used exclusively by every mill in the world. The cloth turned out by the use of this loom is absolutely free of faults; the usual great waste of filling thread is done away with, ensuring an enormous saving in the cost of weaving alone, and finally one person can tend twenty or more looms with this invention attached. At present one man is only able to attend to four or five looms. A loom running steadily with the new attachment will be able to weave 100 yards where it only wove 60 yards heretofore. And the loss of time which was so great an item formerly will also be done away with. Experts all over the country have carefully studied the invention and have pronounced it faultless in every respect and guaranteed to save an enormous amount, both in money and labor. To manufacture and place the same on looms will not cost to exceed \$10 per loom, in many cases it will even run less and it may be adjusted to any of the looms at present in use. The Hunt Loom and Fabric Company was organized last July and a well-known business man, Mr. Samuel J. Hendy, of the Hendy Machine Works, was elected President and D. M. Seaton vice-President. The object of the Company was to promote this attachment so that every loom running in the world should utilize them. This object is rapidly being realized. To prove that it is a paying concern and that people cannot do better than invest in it, we would state that the stock which stood at \$2.50 in October last now sells at \$4.00. There is no doubt but that the invention will revolutionize cloth making as it will save the producer from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. in the cost of weaving. The attachments are to be sold at a price which will net the Hunt Loom and Fabric Company about \$20 per loom. It will be seen therefore that the profits of the Company will be as large as those of any concern on the Coast. Only 20,000 shares will be sold as working capital at a par value of \$10 and we have no hesitancy in stating that a handsome dividend is in prospect for investors. People who are interested in machinery and in the future of the State should call upon the officers of the Company, who will be found at No. 24 Montgomery street, and who will show them two looms running with the new attachment at 139 First street.

Miss Bud—No woman is worth looking at after thirty
Miss Elder—Nor worth listening to before. "Gad! They are both right."—Life.

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During the summer months the CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY receives on storage at low rates in its fire and burglar-proof vaults silverware, furs and valuable property of every description. It also rents steel boxes at from \$5 to \$150 per annum. Conveniences for its patrons are unsurpassed. Office hours, 8 to 6 daily. Corner Montgomery and California Streets.

The Golden Eagle Hotel will be the headquarters of the delegates to the Democratic State Convention, which meets at Sacramento Monday, June 15th.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Dividend No. 32, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Saturday, June 30, 1896. Transfer books will close on Saturday, June 13, 1896, at 12 o'clock M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

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A Book
of
The Week.*

Richard Le Gallienne is a young English poet of whom we hear a good deal these days. He has written a few volumes in prose and verse, and he has succeeded in keeping his name before the reading public in magazines and newspapers until it has become something of a household word. He has been as persistent as a book agent, and the result has been that the name of Richard Le Gallienne is as familiar to the English-speaking literary world as a very oft told tale. And while as an author he takes rank among the amateurs, yet his ambition mounts high enough to clip an eagle's wing, and one cannot read his works without being impressed with the belief that he imagines himself favored among the few favored authors of the day. And in his last book, just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., all his weaknesses crop out with measured regularity. He writes about "Retrospective Reviews," and he calls his book "a literary log," a collection from his own critical composition which has appeared from 1891 to 1895, and from the beginning of the book to the end it is crowded with insolent and arrogant stupidities. For instance, he begins by telling us that "criticism is the art of praise," and that the "critic is a man whom God created to praise greater men than himself, but who, by a curious blindness, has never been able to find them." Richard Le Gallienne no doubt thought this definition of the critic something novel, but it is "as old as the hills," as they say in "the sister isle"—Ireland. In fact, we challenge the admirers of the author to quote a single original idea, a new thought, or a classic sentence from the book before us. Even when he leaves the literary gnats and flies after the literary eagles he fails to give us a single sentence worth remembering to tempt us to pause and enquire. He tells us, indeed, that Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel and Other Poems" is poor in invention, a statement that was made in a score of papers at the time the poem was published, but which has never been accepted as true by our best critics, the men to whom criticism is *not* "the art of praise." But impertinent as Mr. Le Gallienne is in many of his critiques, his platitudes cover pages and he appears to see them not. What, for instance, could be more insipid and illogical than the following:

"However great a poet's genius may be in other ways, his work cannot but suffer by a lack of invention, for thus it loses that infinite variety, that perpetual slight novelty which it is the business of invention to impart."

Just fancy a poet without "inventive" faculties—that is without imagination or fancy—for Mr. Le Gallienne admits that one is dependent on the other. But listen to what our author says about Byron:

"What is one really to think of Byron? Probably the first step towards answering that question would be to read him, for in the truest sense, and with one or two exceptions, he seems never to have been read at all. * * * From the first he had the women on his side, and, as a rule, women are the makers of literary reputations."

* * * The fact is that Lord Byron's works were sold because all the women in England were secretly in love with him. He was a beautiful, passionate, interesting outlaw from society—in fact, the beau ideal of a romantic stage hero. * * * Plenty of women still exist who, without having read a word of Byron's poetry, cherish a sneaking regret that they were born so many years too late; just the same way as a tradition of Lady Hamilton still haunts and teases the masculine mind."

All this is old, very old, and not true. Mr. Le Gallienne should have qualified his language, and, instead of trying to make us believe that there are, mentally, no chaste women in England, he should have told us the truth, and said that there were some, mentally, unchaste ones. It may be true, as the author says, that the difference between the sins of Shelley and the sins of Byron was that one sinned "like a doctrinaire" and the other sinned "like a gentleman," but Mr. Le Gallienne is too dogmatic to be accepted when we are in doubt. In fact, this undersized poet knows too much for a man who gives the world so little that is good. He is too sweeping, and, when he

attempts to cover so wide a range of literary criticism as Shakespeare, Dante, William Morris, George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and many others, and does it all with a sledge hammer and a whitewash brush, then we put the book aside with a feeling that he "puts it on too thick," whether it be coated in censure or in praise. But Mr. Le Gallienne is "smart," and he will deceive the public. He has acquired the knack of putting a book together in such a way that people who are not familiar with the trick will think him a man of much ability. And that it is a knack, or a trick, in such men, every newspaper worker knows. It is a faculty men acquire, by long experience, of dressing other people's views up so that they will be almost as good as the original, and not easily distinguishable by the first text. It is here, and here only, that this much vaunted writer excels. He is not a deep thinker; he cannot construct a good plot; he has never proved himself capable of writing interesting dialogue; in fact, he only uses other men's brains and dresses up the "ole clo'" of literary experts, and then puts them on the market as "better as new." It is a trick, and, in his case, a more or less successful one.

* * * Retrospective Reviews," by Richard Le Gallienne. Dodd, Mead & Co.

After the Russians had occupied Siberia and passed over to this continent, they kept on down the Coast, along the Pacific Ocean, and finally occupied a part of California until the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823. They succeeded in establishing themselves at Fort Ross, "on a piece of table land about one hundred feet above the ocean," situated in what is now Sonoma County, and remained there about eleven or twelve years. Their numbers were something less than two hundred all told, including some Alut Indians. An interesting account of this Russian settlement is now published in a pamphlet which comes to us from R. A. Thompson, Santa Rosa.

Stephen Craue is being severely handled by some recent critics in the East. Collier's Weekly says that his books are written "in defiance of all the rules and principles of style, construction, and even grammar," and that "he does not know the difference between singular and plural, nominative and adjective." This is severe, but it is just what we said when we reviewed "The Red Badge of Courage." Yes, but after all Stephen Crane understands human nature, and there is where his power lies. Mr. Howells says that "Maggie, A Girl of the Streets," is the best thing Mr. Crane ever wrote.

"Names and Their Histories" is a book that explains, philologically and geographically, interesting names whose origin or etymology has been ascertained, and then to trace historically the changes which have taken place in their forms of geographical significance. Thus the names of America, Austria, Scotland, Africa, Peru have different meanings now from those which they originally possessed, and the history of such extensions and transformations is one of the author's objects. The book is interesting for this and other reasons.

One of the last stories written by the late H. H. Boyesen will be published in Scribner's for July. It is entitled "In Collusion with Fate," and is a charming love-story, the action of which takes place on an ocean steamer. The frontispiece of this most interesting magazine is from a painting by Walter Gay. The picture suggested a remarkable dramatic story, which appears in this number, by Mr. Gay's cousin, the well-known author of "Day and Night Stories," T. R. Sullivan.

Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" is brilliant and interesting, but it is not artistic. The author puts words of yesterday, even newly coined words of to-day, into the mouths of the people of Joan's time, and this spoils the book. It is thrilling, powerful, and full of description, but this putting of new words into the mouths of people who never heard them is not worthy of the author of "The Innocents Abroad."

People interested in the development of "Mind Training" should read Catherine Aiken's book on that subject. The results shown are remarkable, and the methods adopted are well worth being studied. The book is based on the theory that the teacher needs descriptive psychology far more than metaphysical psychology, and she makes a strong case in support of her theory.



DEAR EDITH:—A conspicuous garment this summer will be the blouse and everyone will be wearing it, often without any regard being paid to appropriateness. It is well to suggest that women, both slender and not so slender, look well in the cross-over variety, to fall low at the left side; other women, particularly those who are thin in figure, appear to better advantage in the very full blouse with flaring bretelle effects or elaborate shoulder trimmings from front to back. As nearly all the fancy waists and blouses this summer are tucked inside the dress skirt, with some sort of belt above, great care is necessary in order to make the waistbands fit snugly and evenly; and to be so secured as to conceal all signs of dissolution, pretty little clasp pins have been manufactured in pure silver which hold the waist and skirt band securely together. Evidences of this lack of care were not infrequently observable even on handsome street dresses before this useful and ornamental trifle was sent forth. The cross-over or serpentine bodice owes half its continued popularity to the fact that it does away with possible unsightly divisions about the waist, even without the aid of the silver fastenings.

The dainty cape still holds its own against the innovations fashion would introduce. The smartest shoulder capes are formed of black Brussels net or mousseline de soie over silk or satin, with appliques of rich lace as a finish, and the edges are completed by a pinked out frill of glaze silk or satin matching the foundation. A full ruche of net or mousseline de soie edged with rows of tiny satin ribbon is carried around the neck and very often down the front.

The most serviceable hammock dresses and similar easy gowns for sultry summer days are made of creponette, batiste, dotted and flowered Swiss muslin, and soft undressed mulls. Most of the gowns have blouse fronts neatly belted or ribbon bound, with Eton fronts beyond. Some of the gowns are all in one like a Princesse dress, but fastened up the left side, with yoke effect at the top of the waist portion in front and a rather narrowly plaited Watteau back. A Queen Anne puff, with fullness dropping to a lace frill at the elbow, is used for these dresses. On other gowns that fasten at the back picturesque bretelles or capes extend over the shoulders, or there is a simple but dainty Marie Antoinette fibu of the dress fabric finished with a lace-edged frill of the same, with a falling ruffle to match round the slightly open neck.

For cycling and utility costumes generally cravenette is a very popular material. It is water-proof and at the same time devoid of the unpleasant rubber odor of most waterproof fabrics.

Thin grenadines, etamines and canvas goods in silk and wool made up over black, white or colored taffeta silk form some of the most stylish dress-costumes of the coming season. Silk-warp etamines in sage green gray, pale brown or reseda are much used for brides' traveling dresses, and the most effective costumes are made up with plain gored skirts and the bodice portion trimmed with cream-white silk or satin, bordered with rows of bandsome gimp.

Any woman who contemplates going to Europe this summer will be glad to know that the prettiest and best stuff for a steamer night wrap is French flannel. It is soft and fine as satin, warm and washable, and very beautiful in both colors and designs. The colors are delicate as are silk colors, and this spring the shops show a number of very lovely Parisian patterns besides the usual stock of stripes and spots. Some even have Dresden bouquets and pompadour effects.

BELINDA.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1332 Market street.

For sickness of stomach drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

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Dr. Sage—You are troubled with headache and you do not sleep well. Evidently what you need is exercise. What is your occupation? PATIENT—I'm a wood sawyer. DR. SAGE—Well—er, suppose you do not grease your saw for a week or two.—Boston Transcript.

"A child," said the oracular young person, "can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." "There's one satisfaction," said the man of family; "he can't ask very many of 'em without getting sent to bed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sympathizing Neighbor—The hurglars seem to have carried off about everything of value in the house. It's too bad. HOUSEHOLDER—Yes, but it might have been a great deal worse. They didn't wake the baby.—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Oldgirl—I see by your advertisement that you want girls for your ballet. THEATRICAL MANAGER (viciously)—Yes, madam; have you a granddaughter who would like to go on?—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Bondstock—My husband says that we must economise; all his securities are dropping lower every day. MRS. MALAPROP—Mine are all right, I know. I keep them in a safe deposit vault.—Pick Me Up.

"Ah, me," aspired the poet as he finished a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows, "what would be the condition of a country without women?" "Stag nation," softly responded the humorist.—Boston Courier.

Dukane—The Prince of Wales is said to have lost much of his interest in horse racing. GASWELL—I hear that he has lost a great deal of his principal in that way, too.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"What is that disagreeable odor?" asked Nero; "holy smoke!" "Your highness has guessed it the first time," said the court attendant. "They are burning a few early martyrs."—Minneapolis Times.

Mr. Pepper—I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act. MRS. PEPPER—No; but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats.—Tid Bits.

Britisher—What do they mean by "European plan" at your hotels? AMERICAN—You pay for everything you get? BRITISHER—I don't see anything particularly European about that.—Puck.

Father—Johnny, come open the door for your poor, tired father; your mother locked me out, and I want to get in. JOHNNY—Well, she's locked me in, and I want to get out.—Harper's Weekly.

"Why does Major Pepper make such a noise when he puts his contribution in the plate?" "Oh, as a military man he's accustomed to the clatter of alms."—Detroit Free Press.

Yeast—Which do you think is the luckiest day of the week on which to be horn? CRIMSONBEAK—I don't know. I've only tried one.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Artist (exhibiting sketch)—It is the best thing I ever did. THE CRITIC (sympathetically)—Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you.—Tid Bits.

Mortense—That Mr. Still never opened his mouth once all the time I was talking to him. HATTIE—Didn't yawn once, eh?—Yonkers Statesman.

"Are yoursure the jurors are all strangers to one another?" "Oh, yes; we picked twelve men who live in the same row of flats."—Chicago Record.

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BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

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BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
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BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894).....3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

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Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

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AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits Issued.

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THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

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Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000

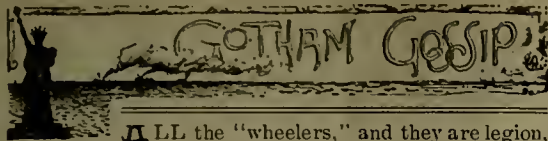
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
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ALL the "wheelers," and they are legion, are in a hubbub of excitement in preparing for the bicycle parade, got up under the auspices of the Evening Telegram, which to-morrow night will give New York a carnival aspect. It is believed that thousands will be in line and many startling costumes are promised. It is intended to make it a gala night, and there is no doubt that the streets will be lined with spectators. It is astonishing how universal is the bicycle fad. From every quarter of the globe come orders for wheels. Lillian Russell's is, as you have of course heard, a gorgeous thing of gold, and Tiffany has just sold to a Hindoo prince a silver wheel with the handle bars encrusted with precious stones.

Still, the horse is not yet dead, and the lovers of racing congregate at the different courses day after day, and scorn bicycles and laud the equine, in which your correspondent is thoroughly in sympathy. The Brooklyn Handicap had the usual mixed throng of spectators, and from the "swells" to the gamins, from the *grandes dames* to the ladies of the *petit monde*, there was no lack of noisy enthusiasm.

The recent cool and refreshing nights have been of immense benefit to the Park restaurateurs. The pretty little Casino in the Park is the only place where one can dine out-of-doors. The terrace holds perhaps forty tables, and with the colored lights sparkling from the grass and the flower beds, the gay summer gowns of the women, the hum of conversation and light laughter, one may almost imagine himself in the Champs Elysées if he tries hard. The cool avenues of the park are thronged with bicyclists, and too often the red light, meaning "keep off," is visible from some especially dark and bosky nook, where sentimental riders have betaken themselves for a romantic, if not always conventional, interview. The park police are kept busy seeing that there is not too long a linger now and then.

The roof gardens are in full swing, and it is astonishing how differently the entertainment is regarded this year by artists. Many who would formerly have thought it beneath their dignity to appear at the vaudeville entertainments now look upon roof engagements as entirely desirable. On the Casino roof such well-known artists as Marion Manola and Jack Mason are now appearing. The roof garden restaurant of the Hoffman House is very disappointing. It is small and noisy, and the few palms here and there look lonely. But the view is fine, the orchestra excellent, the cuisine unexcelled, of course, and *la vie* is all that can be desired in a spectacular way. All of these open air places interfere materially with the theatres, which are resignedly contemplating the dull season.

Another aspirant for dramatic honors, by the way, sailed for Paris a few days ago in company with Madame Sarah Bernhardt. She is a Miss Ray Blockman, and hails from San Francisco. She has been playing small parts in Madame Bernhardt's company.

Mrs. and Miss Woolworth, Miss Wolf, Mrs. Kauffman and family, William Clark, and Mrs. Bernheimer are among the Californians in Paris. Mrs. Charles Wehh Howard is at the Muenchinger King cottages in Newport, where she has come for her son's marriage to Miss Mollie Hunter, the celebration of which will take place on the tenth of this month.

I saw Frank Johnson a few days ago. He is stopping at the Holland House, where Mr. and Mrs. Whittell registered last week.

Miss Muriel Atherton, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's pretty daughter, will leave for California on the seventeenth. Mrs. Messer, formerly Miss Louise Holladay, has returned to England from Demerara, and with her two children expects to go to California to visit her mother. Mrs. Will Dargie is still in New York, but expects to go to New London for the season. I am told Mrs. James Lake has gone to New London to visit Mrs. Sime at her charming country house there.

New York, June 5, 1895.

PASSE PARTOUT.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is up to the queen's taste.

Hints or Kicks? Which?

Happy experience, coming from hints—or a sad one from kicks. As to cleanliness, if you want the happy experience, take the hints that Pearline gives. Use Pearline for all kinds of washing and you have ease and economy. Is there a hint in the fact that hundreds of millions of packages of Pearline have been used, and the sale increases? If you want sad experience, take the old way with soap, and rubbing and scrubbing. That's hard for you, and for the things that you wash. It's all rub, rub, rub. 429 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Pacific Towel Company.

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Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week. \$1 25 per month

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

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WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



COMEDY.—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THEY parted with clasped hands
And kisses and burning tears.
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years—
Met as acquaintances meet:
Smiling, tranquil-eyed;
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.
They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life,
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.
Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt, it appears;
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
And once he had known her tears.

LOVE'S HERITAGE.—WM. M. BRIGGS.

Bend o'er me, blue as summer skies,
The azure splendor of thine eyes,
And smile with lips whose murmur tells,
Like lingering sound of far-off bells
O'er shining seas, that thou for me
Art skies and sound and summer sea!
Skies that contain the sun, the moon,
The stars, the birds, the winds of June;
And tones that, swelling far and near,
Bear more than music to mine ear;
And sea, above whose changeless hue
The sun is bright, the sky is blue!
Art thou my star? Sweet love thou'rt more
Than all that ever twilight bore.
Art thou my song? Dear love, from thee
The whole world takes its melody.
Art thou—nay! what can words impart
To tell one dream of what thou art!
Thou art my all; I know that love
Rains from the deepening dome above
In silver dewdrops, that the earth
Receives with hushed and solemn mirth;
So thou—all seasons linked in one—
Art flower, and bird, and breeze, and sun!

GAIN IN LOSS.—A. L. M.

What wrong, I pray, is possible for thee
To do my life? True, thou may'st idly slay
The love that waits not on thy yea or nay,
But it will rise to purer heights and be
More perfect through the pain thou gavest me.
The mortal dies that the immortal may
Escape the bonds that hold but to betray.
Love knows not Love indeed till Love is free.
That which we peril heaven itself to gain,
And lose in gaining, we through loss shall find
Diviner for the cleansing fires of pain;
And Love unbound, and seeking not to bind,
Rises above the selfhood that was slain,
A god no longer sensuous and blind.

REMEMBER.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand;
Nor I half turn to go, yet, turning, stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me, you understand.
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
But, if you should forget me for awhile
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

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INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Assets, \$3,000,000.

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

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Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,400.41

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BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

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OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

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Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

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Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,

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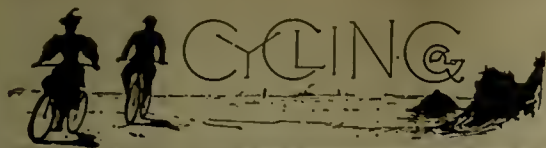
The Banjo.

Ashton P. Stevens.



STUDIO: 26 Montgomery street,
Room 8. Pupils prepared for Stage,
Concert, or Drawing Room. A Special
Class for

teachers who wish to perfect themselves in the Banjo's harmony and technic



WHO says the bicycle is doomed and that the "craze" is dying out? Let him read up and be wise. Instead of dying out the sport is ever becoming more popular, and if the project for the monster racing circuit to be held on the Pacific Coast only comes off, the wheel will receive an impetus sufficient to keep it going for years to come. Let every wheelman talk whccling, crack up his particular wheel, and make non-riders wheel into line, and then all will be "vera weel."

Experientia docet. A good wheel with a bad tire is somewhat worse than a buggy without a horse. You think you can go but you can't. The Vim tire is one of the kind best calculated to get a wheelman's dander up quicker than anything else. It is punctured by anything harder than ordinary dust and when repaired looks like a bosc pipe defaced by warts. The company selling this execrable tire supplies an apparatus wherewith to fix it up when it becomes damaged, but what of that? If you take our advice you will get a good tire in the first place and will fight shy of the Vim.

WOMEN riders will be glad to hear of the great improvements which have been made in skirt-guards of late and which are so superior to those manufactured a few years ago. Instead of the heavy wire, in nearly all the machines a fine cord has been introduced, of silk or linen, which is fastened to eyelets in the rim of the wheel guard and then drawn tightly to the axle, reaching over only a quarter of the wheel. The cord was sometimes woven in hammock mesbes, fashioned in some bright color, and gave pleasing suggestions of costumes which the rider might wear.

THE following wise sayings appear in the Medical Record and are well worthy of consideration: Cycling is said to greatly mitigate the symptoms of hay fever, relieving the eye irritation and keeping off the paroxysms of sneezing. If one cannot ride with the mouth closed, the point of the tongue should be pressed against the upper front teeth, so as to break the force of the inspired air and make it warm. Violent cycling tends to produce hypertrophy of the heart.

OVER in Vienna, where the people live by rule and cannot go to bed without police permission, all bicycle riders before being allowed to ride on the public streets, are required to pass an examination. They are required to ride between boards laid on the floor without touching the sides or edges of them. At the word of command they must be able to dismount either right, left or backward. Until the rider passes this examination satisfactorily a license to ride on the public bigbway is refused him.

AN expensive drop-frame wheel was manufactured recently that fetched \$850. It was sold to an English gentleman, who wished it as a present for his wife. The frame and forks are richly overlaid with silver open work; the ivory handles are decorated with silver, and jade knobs at the ends. Parts of the equipment are a solid silver cyclometer, a silver watch and bell, and a solid silver lamp with cut crystal side lights. The mud guard is silver mounted and strung with finest silk.

THERE are at present on the market two devices by which the rider can tell at what speed he is traveling at any given moment. One of these keeps a little bell ringing while the speed is kept up to a certain point, which may be pre-determined. The other shows constantly the speed which is being traveled, anywhere between one and three minutes to the mile.

PUT not your faith in the New Woman, but cleave with body, heart, and soul unto one of the old variety. We are not infallible, but on this subject we are wondrous wise.

The finest things in Japanese art goods are to be had of George T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

After a night with the boys, for a clear head, drink Napa Soda.

OBITUARY.

THE many friends of Captain J. N. Knowles, of Oakland, were exceedingly sorry to hear of his death, which occurred last Wednesday afternoon. His illness was but of short duration, ending finally in apoplexy. The end came at his own residence, and while he was surrounded by the loving members of his family. The Captain settled in California about twenty years ago, being the agent for several Boston ships. His seafaring career was most romantic, and he was known from one end of the globe to the other. Of late he was interested in whaling enterprises, and was identified with the Arctic Oil Works for many years. He was also a trustee of Dr. Samuel Merritt's estate, and a Director of the Coutra Costa Water Company.

THE June Forum contains a dozen articles of more than usual interest and timeliness by as many distinguished writers. The leading article is contributed by Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, who for many years has advocated the election of United States Senators by popular vote and who has lately introduced a bill in the Senate to that effect. In his Forum article he makes a powerful and convincing argument in favor of the proposed change in the present system of choosing Senators—which he considers unrepresentative, undemocratic, and vicious in all respects—and he contends that if the individual voter has any interest in being represented by a United States Senator, he should be permitted to vote for him directly and not vicariously.

THE Boers of the Transvaal are the descendants of the Dutch or Holland colonists who first, of all Europeans, made a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. Their colony was founded in 1650, and prospered until 1795, when it was taken by the British during the war with France. At the peace of Amiens, 1802, it was given back to Holland, but was subsequently retaken, and in 1814 was formally ceded to the English. The descendants of the Hollanders knew no other home than South Africa, and did not wish to go to Europe; but not liking the company of the English, they moved, first to Natal, then to the Transvaal, or country beyond the River Vaal, where they now are.

AN emergency hospital should be erected right away in the Park. Accidents are of daily occurrence there and such an institution is an absolute necessity.

THE PRETTIEST PLACE IN MILL VALLEY.

A LARGE, well-furnished house to rent in Mill Valley for four or six months, with stable accommodations if desired. Address, G. T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

Napa Soda cures sick Headache. Napa Soda counteracts Malaria.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.



Turn it
Upside Down:

It Won't Hurt It.

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom. Drinkers of Evans' India Pale Ale know that and do not hesitate to drain the bottle.

When two years old it is properly bottled by experts and will keep in any climate.

Sold Everywhere.
Brewed and Bottled by

G. H. EVANS & SONS,

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Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.



THERE does not seem to be much, apart from weddings and engagement announcements, to occupy the attention of society this week. The swim is commencing to depart from town in appreciable numbers, and soon festivities at the different resorts will be in order—in fact, at some of them they have already begun. Dinners, luncheons, and theatre parties are about all one hears of as being indulged in by those members of the social world who are still in town. And the arrival of Judge and Mrs. Field, accompanied by Mrs. Condit Smith gives promise of an unlimited number of gastronomic affairs while they are here, as both ladies have numberless friends in San Francisco, whose delight it is to lunch and dine them whenever they visit California.

One of the most charming of the brides-elect, pretty Miss Belle McKenna, is being fêted by her friends, in anticipation of the event which may result in depriving them of her. The Martin-Donahue lavender and pink luncheon was a very elaborate and very delightful affair, and much enjoyed by the twenty young ladies who were the guests that afternoon. Another charming entertainment, given in honor of Miss McKenna, was Jim Phelan's theatre party at the Baldwin. There were a dozen guests, who after the play enjoyed a supper in the red room of the Bohemian Club, Mrs. Osgood Hooker acting as the chaperone of the party.

Miss Helen Wagner gave a pretty yellow luncheon to a number of her young friends at the residence of her sister, Mrs. E. A. McCarthy last Saturday; Mrs. E. J. Coleman's card party was in celebration of the natal day of her mother, Mrs. Gwin, and Mrs. George Boardman's young people's dinner was in compliment to her prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Mary Mercado. A very enjoyable concert and ball was given at the Savoy on Tuesday evening by the Spanish residents of the city, whose guests of honor were Admiral Monasterio and the officers of the Mexican man-of-war *Zaragoza*.

Among prospective pleasures is the golden wedding anniversary celebration of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs, which will take place on Wednesday evening of next week at their home on Post street. Mrs. Stafford, who has been spending part of the winter and spring with her mother, has delayed her Eastern departure to assist her in the duties of the pleasant occasion.

Reception Day at the Children's Hospital last Friday was more than well attended; there was an actual crowd present to inspect and admire the "Little Jim" ward, which was that day thrown open to them. The cots, especially the memorial ones, were positively tempting in their purity and beauty; and the whole building, particularly the play room on the upper floor, gives promise of happiness to the little sufferers who are to be housed therein. There was music, and refreshments served by attractively costumed young ladies of society, as well as the young nurses under course of training at the hospital, and the entire affair was a great success.

This has been another week of weddings, Wednesday being especially prolific of them. On Tuesday the Cole-Delano wedding, which took place at the home of the bride on Webster street, in Oakland, was one of the events of the week there. Another Oakland wedding was that of Miss M. L. Thompson and W. L. Dudley, of Stockton, also a home ceremony; while in town Miss Anita Williams Bannahan and John A. Stanton were united in marriage.

There was a pretty church wedding at St. Luke's Episcopal Church at noon on Wednesday, the contracting parties being Miss Florence Hammond and Stanley Adlerly. Wednesday evening's weddings included those of Miss Alice Bonner and Arthur Pawson, which was solemnized at the Locan residence on Post street; the

Rev. Mr. Miel tied the nuptial knot; Miss Stella Locan was maid-of-honor, and Arthur Wallace best man to the groom; of Miss Helen Nicholson and W. J. Parker, followed by a reception at Mrs. Lee's on Geary street; of Miss Emily May Cogswell and John Sammi at the residence of Dr. Cogswell on Clay street. In the East, Shafter Howard and Miss May Hunter were wedded at Newport, R. I., and Karl Kellogg and his cousin, Miss Anita Lyon, at Oswego, New York. While some interest is felt in San Francisco regarding this latter marriage, because the groom is not quite unknown hereabouts, it may not be so generally known that the bride's mother was in her girlhood a resident of San Francisco, and as Miss Annie Pardee, a popular belle in our early day society.

One of Thursday's weddings was that of Miss Frieda Siebe and Werner Stauff, which was solemnized at the home of the bride's father on Sacramento street. Among next week's weddings will be that of Miss Alice Russ and George N. Habernicht, which will take place at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, on Eddy street, on Tuesday evening. The 30th of June is the date set for the marriage of Miss Helen Andross.

As before stated in this column, the Hobart-Baldwin wedding is to be the society event of July, and being a summer ceremony, it has been decided that it shall take place in the country. Therefore, pretty little St. Matthew's Church, at San Mateo, has been selected for the nuptial service on the seventh of July, and that it will be made beautiful with Flora's choicest blossoms goes without saying. Intimate friends of the happy pair will be conveyed thither by special train, and the breakfast afterwards will be given at the Hobart cottage at San Mateo.

While society is to be deprived of an autumn wedding, to which it had been looking forward, by the breaking off of the engagement between Miss Emma Butler and Lieutenant Lopez, the indications are that there will be plenty of others to take its place about the time named for that ceremony. Engagement announcements are now of almost daily occurrence; they have ceased to cause more than a ripple of surprise when made known to the friends of the interested parties. First in importance among those announced this week is that of Miss Aileen Goad and Charles McIntosh, both being such well known and popular members of our young society. Miss Maud Argues, of San Jose, who is not quite unknown to San Francisco's elite, is another of the Garden City's pet maidens who will soon become a matron, Dr. Irving Frasse having wooed and won her. From the East we hear that one of our beaux, Horace Pillsbury, will ere long return with a bride in the person of Miss Lizzie Taylor, of Boston.

Colonel Guenther of the Fifth Artillery, who has recently been promoted and relieved from duty at Fort Alcatraz, will, with his sister, Miss Guenther, spend his leave of absence at the Sandwich Islands, sailing thence by the next steamer.

The summer resorts are ready for their visitors, and quite a number have left town this week. Del Monte is already filling up with its regular summer guests; Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Simpkins, and Mrs. de Sauts Marina, who always spend their summers there, arrived during the week, and on Monday next the Hager party is expected, among many others. The W. I. Kips and their daughters, the Misses Clementina and Mary Kip, have gone to San Rafael for the season, as well as Mrs. E. B. Colemau. The Sabins are occupying their villa at Mountain View; the Kruttschnitts have taken the Crocker-Carolan cottage at Burlingame. Mrs. Boggs and Miss Alice will pass some time in Napa Valley. Miss Juliet Williams, who is to be one of Miss Hobart's bridesmaids, is the guest of the Misses Hooper in Napa. Mrs. C. P. Eagan will soon leave town for Paso Robles, whence Mrs. John D. Spreckels has already gone for a few weeks, and where Mrs. Center has also taken herself for a short visit. Mrs. William Burling and family have taken up their residence at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd will pass the summer months, and entertain largely, at "Casa Boyd" near San Leandro.

Sunburn and Freckles removed by "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 60c. Pacific Perfumery Co., San Francisco.

Gay times are ahead for the Hotel Rafael, which is ever assuming a more beautiful appearance. Society folk are flocking thither even as the swallows flock southwards, and by the end of the month it will be pretty well crowded with the fair and the fashionable. The weather is delightful over there now and the evenings can be spent either upon the verandas or in the surrounding grounds, and the sound of music and laughter is heard everywhere. No wonder the place is called the gem of the summer resorts. Nature helps to make it so, and there you are! There was a rumor afloat to the effect that the rates had been raised under the new management, but it is denied by the manager, Captain C. B. Johnson, who assures all enquirers that such is not the case, and that parties wishing to engage rooms by the month can still do so at very advantageous terms. He also says that after August 15th rates will be reduced twenty per cent, as an inducement to patrons to continue their stay. The hotel is going to remain open during the winter, which will doubtless be much appreciated, as even in that season San Rafael is a most delightful place.

There was a regular begira Eastward last week of well known people. The Antoine Borels, who left rather hurriedly, will extend their travels to Europe, where they will remain for the benefit of Mr. Borel's health for a lengthened period. General Dimond also goes abroad for his health, and is accompanied by his son, Harry Dimond. Besides these were the M. H. de Youngs; Colonel and Mrs. Trumbo, Sam Shortridge and Mrs. Foltz. Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker and the Princess Poniatowski have gone to New York to meet the Prince upon his return from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon sailed from New York on Tuesday, and will join in Paris Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Schmiedell, recently arrived from their trip round the globe.

Among recent arrivals are the S. J. Field party from Washington City, Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Miss Kittle, and the George Crocker party. Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie are looked for in about two weeks, and Mr. John Mackay is also coming on one of his periodical visits to California. Dr. W. J. Younger will be home again next week, and his many friends here will no doubt be sorry to hear that there is a strong probability of his transferring his residence from San Francisco to New York.

The prettiest country place you will find anywhere is George Marsh's lovely home in Mill Valley. On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Marsh entertained Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly at their abode, and a delightful day was passed.

Hamilton W. Gray, the well-known contractor and mining operator, leaves for St. Louis and Chicago. It is whispered by the knowing ones that he has made a big clean-up on the market.

When Ada Rehan heard of the sad death of Miss Worrall at the Palace Hotel, she was the first to send flowers to be placed on the bier of the poor girl who had died far from home and among strangers.

Mrs. Ketchum, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Little, of Alameda, arrived from New York on Friday last, the 12th, to spend the summer with her parents.

Dr. Byron Haines and family and Mrs. A. Baker, of the Hotel Pleasanton, are bound for Honolulu on the Peru, expecting to be gone for several weeks.

Latest arrivals from San Francisco at the St. Denis Hotel, New York are: Chas. S. Greene, James P. Brown, W. A. Concoley, Loyal L. Wirt.

A FINE VIEW OF THE BAY.

A MOST desirable eight-room residence, handsomely furnished, and with all modern improvements, is for rent by Baldwin & Hammond, 10 Montgomery street. The house is surrounded by a lovely garden, and the location is choice in every respect.

Japanese bronzes and vases of the finest quality are to be seen at George T. Marsh's, 625 Market street.

Ladies will be able to partake of a delicious lunch at the Maison Riche, after their shopping is done.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda with your claret.

A QUESTION seems to exist in the minds of the Supervisors as to whether insane patients are human or not. Some of these gentlemen are said to be in favor of having the unfortunates handed over to the dogcatcher, to be made away with on dark nights.

SENATOR Stephen M. White's Presidential boom is the latest political surprise. The discussion, however, seems to be confined to Los Angeles.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY—Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From June 7, 1896.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis.	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Colusa, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff.	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo.	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore.	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers.	*9:00 P
*1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	*7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton.	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo.	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations.	10:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.	5:50 P
*8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.	*11:20 P
*11:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	*7:00 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	*1:30 P
7:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations.	10:30 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations.	7:05 P
10:40 A	Palo Alto and way stations.	11:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations.	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and way stations.	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose, Pacific Grove and way stations.	*9:40 P
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*8:00 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.	6:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.	8:35 P
*11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.	*7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A	MELROSE.	9:45 A
9:00 A	SEABURY PARK.	10:45 A
10:00 A	FITCHBURG.	11:45 A
*11:00 A	SAN LEANDRO.	12:45 P
2:00 P	and	1:45 P
3:00 P	HAYWARDS.	4:45 P
4:00 P		5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:40 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles.	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
*11:15 P		*12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:20, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning.

P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted.

*Saturdays only.

†Sundays only.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

‡ Saturdays and Sundays for Santa Cruz.

§ Sundays and Mondays from Santa Cruz.

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INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT THE SPHINX.—In reply to questions regarding my excavations at the Sphinx and the finding of a portion of the Sphinx's crown, I have merely to state that the stone crown or cap of the Sphinx was originally (in all probability) ten feet broad and twenty high, with a stone stem seven feet long, which, fitted in the perpendicular hole in the head of the Sphinx to keep it in place. On the portion found is the disk of the sun (which was probably in the centre of the crown), three lotus flowers, the horned serpent and other carvings, all painted red.

The square perpendicular shaft inside the Sphinx measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet across and 40 feet deep, with passages running from it north and south, used in ancient times by the priests worshipping the solar god.

GEORGE E. RAUM.

Paris, May 12, 1896.

RELICS OF LOUIS XVI.

A collection of historical relics, mostly bequeathed by Clery, Louis XVI.'s valet, to his son and by him to his daughter, who lately died, was sold last week at Rouen. It is believed that the most interesting objects were bought for the Emperor of Austria. The shirt worn by Louis XVI. the day before his execution realized 2,800fr.; the napkin used by him at his last communion, 1,950fr.; a coat worn by the Dauphin in prison 2,050fr.; his waistcoat 1,025fr.; a key made by him, 520fr.; Princess Elisabeth's headdress, 980fr.; Marie Antoinette's knife used at the Conciergerie, 857fr.; fragment of the beam of her cell, 105fr.; locks of hair of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin, 750fr., 910fr., and 750fr.; and hair of the Princesse de Lamballe, given to Clery by Marie Antoinette, 200fr.

EUROPEAN POPULATIONS.

The European Economist publishes some facts with regard to the growth of population in the various countries of Europe during the decennial period of 1885-95. The aggregate increase was 29,922,800. Some States have advanced greatly. For example Russia added 12,510,800 to her existing population; Germany, 4,522,600; Austro-Hungary, 3,502,200; Great Britain, 2,452,400; Turkey, 1,100,000; and France, 67,100.

—By the death of George Richmond the English Royal academy loses one of its oldest members, though his decease will create no vacancy among the forty, as he had been for some years on the list of honorary retired academicians. In early youth he saw the Life guards return from Waterloo, he had met Beau Brummell, sketched "the brave old duke of York" and had known William Blake.



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S. S. "Alameda," sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, June 25th, at 12 P. M. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

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WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 2, 1896		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:30 A	7:30 A	Novato.	10:40 A	8:40 A	
3:30 P	3:30 P	Petaluma.	6:05 P	10:10 A	
5:10 P	5:00 P	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P	6:15 P	
7:30 A	7:30 A	Fulton, Windsor.	10:10 A	10:10 A	
3:30 P	3:30 P	Headshurg, Geyersville.	7:30 P	6:15 P	
5:10 P	5:00 P	Cloverdale.	7:30 P	6:15 P	
7:30 A	7:30 A	Pleta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P	10:10 A	
3:30 P	3:30 P	Guerneville.	7:30 P	10:10 A	
5:10 P	5:00 P	Sonoma, Glen Ellen.	10:40 A	8:40 A	
7:30 A	7:30 A	Sebastopol.	10:40 A	10:10 A	
3:30 P	3:30 P		6:05 P	6:15 P	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pleta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Utsal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M. June 2-27, and 25th of each month thereafter.

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COPTIC (via Honolulu).... Monday, June 30, 1896
GAELIC (via Honolulu).... Thursday, July 2, 1896
DORIC..... Tuesday, July 21, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, August 8, 1896

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

Looking Down the Ocean Beach from the Cliff House, Showing Pier of Lurline Baths.

Taber Photo.



SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1896.

Number 25.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 606-608-613 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

HAD there been Supervisors in the days of the Creation there might never have been any light.

THE coming Carnival will be a good thing for this city. It will help business along and will give us a few days of solid amusement as well.

THE California delegation to the St. Louis Convention seems to have distinguished itself chiefly by its hickerings. In this respect, however, it has ably represented the prevailing tone of California politics.

IF it be true that rich gold mines are to be opened in the neighborhood of Port Arthur, that part of China may soon be overrun with "foreign devils." Chinese exclusiveness might receive, in that event, a fatal blow.

HIGH taxes make low dividends in the savings banks. The property-owners will all feel the effects of the extravagance that prevails in municipal affairs, but they look in vain for the benefits that should flow from the increased revenue of the city.

MCKINLEY with gold sauce is an unpalatable dish for free silver Republicans. But nearly all of them will bow with submission to "the wisdom of the party," as expressed in convention—especially those who hope for office.

IT is safe to say that before Garrett A. Hohart of New Jersey was mentioned at St. Louis for the Vice-Presidential nomination, not a thousand persons on the Pacific coast had ever heard of him. The political idea seems to be that any sort of stick will do for the second place on the national ticket.

EVEN the bitterest grief has its consolations. The Supreme Court of Texas, whence come many curious decisions, has just declared that a verdict of \$2,000 was not excessive in a case where a hereaved father sued an express company for damages in delaying the transportation of his son's remains.

SHOULD Samuel M. Shortridge decide to run for the Senate, we think his prospects for winning would be very bright. He stands well with the Republican Party, and can be considered a representative man all round. The success that has always attended his efforts is not likely to forsake him in his new undertaking.

FOR some unexplained reason, our State conventions are commonly held at Sacramento. The roasting that the delegates received this week, one might suppose, would make them swear never to attend another such gathering at the capital in midsummer. Sacramento is well enough for winter sessions of the Legislature, but San Francisco, of all places under the sun, is the place for summer conventions. Some day a national convention will be held here, and the delegates will be delighted with our weather and with the treatment they will receive at our hands.

HERVEY LINDLEY'S prominence as a Republican leader is gall and wormwood to Harrison Gray Otis, of the Los Angeles Times. The able editor has often vigorously denounced Lindley in print in relation to the Whittier Reform School scandals, and now Lindley is chuckling in glee because he has "knifed" Otis at St. Louis.

IT appears that when Governor Budd took office there was a deficiency of \$604,556 as a heritage of the Markham administration. This has been wiped out, and a reduction of State taxation to about 43 cents on the \$100 is promised for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1896. This is an excellent showing, and will go far to commend Budd's administration to the taxpayers.

THE single-tax fad is being industriously worked in San Francisco at present. Its advocates have arranged with one of the dailies for a certain quantity of space—presumably at less than "fair treatment rates"—and in these hired columns the gospel according to St. George is zealously proclaimed. For all this, the notion seems to be making little progress. It will certainly cut no figure in the approaching campaign, from any point of view.

THE strike of the Columbia river fishermen has been productive of so much lawlessness that a regiment of Oregon militia has been called out to restore order and preserve property. The usual intimidation of non-union men has characterized this strike, and several fishermen have been killed, presumably at the hands of union men. Of course the fishermen who have remained idle for two months, in the hope of compelling the cannery to raise the rates for salmon, have been the chief sufferers, and the strike is a flat failure.

THE late destructive fire at Merced was one of many examples of the dangers attending the use of cheap kerosene. A thoroughly good burning oil is not explosive at ordinary temperatures, and may be regarded as perfectly safe in a good lamp. But every night millions of dollars worth of property, not to speak of the danger to life, is put in jeopardy through the reckless or ignorant use of unsafe kerosene. Some system of inspection, or regulation of sale, should be provided, to put a stop to this great source of danger of fire in our towns and cities.

THAT the charge of perjury against Assessor Siehe would be dismissed was expected by all intelligent people. As a public officer, he acted according to the dictates of his judgment, and that is all the law requires. The Board of Equalization has the power to look into such matters, and has the power to order assessments raised or lowered when deemed necessary. Recent events go far to prove that the charges made against Mr. Siehe were actuated purely from personal motives, and we are glad that no further injustice has been done a faithful and efficient official.

OF all forms of the silver delusion, that which insists upon the free coinage of "every ounce of the white metal produced in the United States" is perhaps the most irrational. The choice of a standard of values has nothing whatever to do with the idea of protection. To discriminate in favor of American silver would be to confess at the start that silver is not at a parity with gold, whatever the ratio adopted. It should be plain enough to the duller comprehension that if silver be over-valued in this country's coinage, the gold would naturally and inevitably go ahead, where it could be used to better advantage.

MCKINLEY AND SILVER.

MCKINLEY'S record shows him to have always been a pronounced silver man. It is the one subject on which he has always maintained a consistent firmness. As long ago as 1873 he backed up Bland, the silver leader, and resisted the pleadings of Garfield, Sherman and other Ohioan friends to 'go slow on that question.' One of the ablest and most respected Republicans of the day, Ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri, thinks it necessary at this late day to enter into a long but strained defense of, or rather apology for McKinley's stray from the right path. Mr. Henderson says that McKinley's earlier aberrations on this subject were joined in by Carlisle, Blaine, and other great men, and ought not now to be counted against him. The only necessary answer to that is that he is a present candidate for the Presidency, and that the silver men hold the balance of power in the Senate, which makes the temptation to go wrong in the same direction again exceedingly powerful. We do not, or, at least, we ought not to elect men Presidents who swerve from the right in order to catch votes. But coming down to more recent years, Mr. Henderson says that "all the foolish things Mr. McKinley said about silver were not said for silver, but for the tariff and to gain support for it." If that plea in extenuation he accepted for all that it is worth, it amounts to this:—that whilst leader of the Republican party in Congress, McKinley was willing to assist in debasing the currency, if not in bringing on national bankruptcy, by agreement with the silverites, in order to procure such a very high tariff as would satisfy the protected trusts that had found the campaign money then as they are doing now. Marvelous to say, this is the plea which Mr. Henderson brings forward for electing Mr. McKinley President of the United States! Any such combination was utterly disreputable. It was the basest act a man could commit against the Government, short of levying war against it. Furthermore, there is indubitable evidence that he would do it again, if he had a chance, and that he means to do it again the first chance he gets. It is so agreed in the bond. A combination, of which McKinley is the figure-head, was formed three months ago, and is at this moment running the Republican Campaign. One of the first acts of the new Congress will be to pass a high tariff, with Mr. McKinley's hearty approval, and by such means as may then be necessary and available. Without the votes of the combine such a bill cannot get through the Senate. The combine knows this, McKinley knows it, and the party leaders know it, yet they would bargain to bankrupt the country, rather than join with a few Democrats to maintain the money of the Nation equal to the best. It is not the kind of outlook that the necessities of the times demand, but it is the political situation which, in fact, now confronts the country.

Major McKinley's Chances. As was to have been expected, the Protection bubble has been started on its upward flight, and McKinley has been placed in nomination for the Presidency by his leather-lugged, brass-throated and bullet-headed followers at St. Louis. For many months his supporters have been shouting themselves hoarse, and otherwise expending the energy they would do well to store up for future occasions. The first nails have probably been hammered into his coffin by the dissatisfied silver men, and we doubt whether the friends he may win over to his side will offset their loss. We have ever held that McKinley enthusiasm was of a short-lived variety; being a hollow drum himself, the sound the Major emits is not calculated to inspire for longer than the moment, and the enthusiasm he may awaken in the breasts of rational citizens is of a very dampened nature, and liable to give indigestion. It is for these reasons that we have predicted that McKinleyism, under the most favorable aspects, would die a natural death after floating about for its allotted time. Since Mr. Cleveland's last powerful and patriotic message to the people—a message full of inspirational thunder, and warranted to awaken confidence in the breast of every American citizen—the chances of the Democratic party have been materially strengthened. Along with the better class of people in this country, the people who believe in working for the nation's prosperity, and who are opposed to anything

approaching jingoism, we have ever hoped that Mr. Cleveland would allow himself to be put in nomination again. The chances for this appear to be small, although his election would be assured. Seeing, however, that he may not enter the fight, his action will have much to do with helping along any other sound money candidate the Democratic Party may put in the field. As soon as this is done the cry will be "So much for McKinley!"

A New Issue Between The Parties. In one important respect the Republican National Convention has proved a surprise. Instead of a straddle on the financial question, it has given the people a positive condemnation of free silver and an unmistakable declaration for the preservation of the existing gold standard. This action has sent protection to the rear, and has challenged the Democracy to a new issue. McKinley is far from being the logical candidate on a platform of this sort; for, although he has not been a champion of free silver, he is in no way identified with the opposition. However, if the Democracy accepts the challenge, as it doubtless will, the silver issue will be sharply defined, and the success of the Republican ticket would be, not a triumph for the outworn theory of protection, but for sound finance. The bolt of Republican delegates from Colorado and other silver States is an indication of the breaking-up of party lines under the pressure of the silver question, a disintegration which should be welcomed as the beginning of a new life in our national politics.

The Sacramento Convention has this week squarely pledged the California Democracy to free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, has denounced the insufferable A. P. A., indorsed both Cleveland and Budd in a perfunctory fashion, opposed refunding, and ignored woman suffrage. As the Republicans in State Convention declared for free silver, they will doubtless endeavor to fight the local campaign on the tariff issue as much as possible. The Democratic Convention deserves credit for its open rebuke to religious bigotry and intolerance, and for refusing to be talked into a hollow declaration in favor of petticoats at the polls. The snubbing administered to the Buckley faction is also praiseworthy.

A Declaration Against Free Coinage. The speech of Chairman Fairbanks, before the St. Louis convention, had at least the merit of a straightforward and clear-cut declaration of policy on the all-important subject of the money standard. It was openly opposed to free silver. But in other respects the address did not rise above the ordinary partisan level. To say that the tariff policy of the Democratic party was responsible for the drain of gold from the Treasury and for the deficiency in revenue, was an unworthy juggling with the facts. Everybody knows that the deficiency has been mainly due to the annulment of the Income Tax by the decision of the United States Supreme Court. And it is equally undeniable that the drain of gold is a direct result of the silver agitation, which has impaired confidence, both at home and abroad, in the preservation of the present standard and of the parity of our gold and silver coinage. Mr. Fairbank's wail over "reciprocity," which he declared had been "stricken down" by the Wilson bill, is almost grotesque to those who have perceived in that policy a thiuly disguised approach to free trade with the neighboring countries of North and South America. But as a whole, the speech is redeemed by its strong and intelligent declaration on the subject of finance. In this, the Chairman but anticipated the declarations of the party platform.

The Outlook For Chicago. In a multitude of counsellors there is said to be wisdom. If that be true the forthcoming Democratic Congress at Chicago ought to go down to history for the profundity of its deliberations and the wisdom of its conclusions. For certainly no conclave of men was ever before so beset with such a multitude of advisers eager to tell it what to do, and what to leave undone. About every second man you meet is full of a programme for Chicago. For ourselves, we prefer the man, who "speaking by the card" can tell you what Chicago *will* do. Senator Brice of Ohio is a man of brains and experience, thoroughly

versed as to the inside management of Democratic politics, and knows every wire that is laid to control things. Things are going to happen, he says, that are not to his liking, but thinks them inevitable. He says there will be found to be a majority of 100 for the free coinage of silver, but that this will not result in a bolt. There will simply be such an abstention of Democratic voters at the coming election that the party will be crushed. He thinks that a silver plank will not even save the silver States to the Democracy. The white metal men understand the bargain that has been made, and believing that the Republicans are going to win anyhow, propose to stand by it. Chicago will proceed under the settled conviction that the combine between McKinley, protection and silver will prove too much for any possible opposition at this time. Senator Brice says his party is simply paralyzed and is being allowed to drift under the leadership of the cranks, of which Boise, Altgeld, Penoyer, Bland and Tillman are fair samples. Several of the Southern States it is said, will give their electoral votes to the "combine," as the McKinley forces will come to be known as the campaign proceeds. All this is bad, very bad, but the unexpected often happens in politics. If the Democrats should adopt an honest money platform and place either Whitney of New York, Pattison of Pennsylvania, or Russell of Massachusetts upon it, they would have a fair chance to win, and if they lost in such a square, honest fight, they would render their party impregnable four years hence. In such a contest they would be joined by hundreds of thousands of Republicans, who would come to stay. The silver craze is only a temporary one, and is bound to soon pass away. Moreover, it is better to be right than to be President.

A Warning from the President. The statement of President Cleveland's views on the political situation, made for publication in the New York Herald, comes as an opportune warning to his party. He points out the danger of pledging the party to free coinage of silver, and expresses his belief that it would bring the Democracy to defeat at the polls. This is all set forth with admirable good temper and moderation, and the President disclaims any desire to control the policy of his party. But will the warning serve to restrain the Democracy from what appears to be the inevitable declaration for silver? It is scarcely to be hoped that any such restraint on the action of the Chicago convention will result from the Presidential counsel. There has been no doubt as to his position on the subject. No statement of his views was needed. Nor can any one regard this deliverance as in any sense a threat or prediction of defection from the Democratic ranks. And yet, with a Republican platform straight-out for a gold standard, opposed to a Democratic declaration for free silver, the tariff question being retired to the background, what would Cleveland do? Should he bolt, it would be a tremendous blow to his party. At all events, the Democracy will certainly receive no help from the President should it make free silver an issue of the campaign.

Judicial Buffoonery. It is time that the buffoonery displayed by certain judges gracing, or rather disgracing, the judicial bench, should be brought to an end. Because brilliant lights of the bar have in the past allowed themselves to occasionally enliven the dreary proceedings of the Court, it is no reason why dull-witted jurists—elevated to their responsible positions either by chance or illegal methods—should seek to cover with wordy horseplay their scant knowledge of the law. The judiciary all over the civilized world, save apparently that in the city of San Francisco, is made up of men able to command respect and to add dignity and grace to a profession demanding the highest intellectual ability man is capable of. True wit is akin to wisdom, and is therefore not out of place in the halls of justice; but the misfortune with our judges is that their standard of humor is not a very high one. In England, upon entering a courtroom, one feels that one passes into the very presence of Justice—the personality of the judge is so overshadowed by that which he represents that it is lost. But here it is different. The personality, usually an offensive one, of the judge, is painfully apparent; it forces itself upon you like the odor from

an offensive drain, and one often expects to see a tongue thrust mockingly into the judicial cheek and hear his voice break forth into peals of derisive laughter. The judiciary should also be censured for permitting so much and so offensive cross-examination of witnesses after questions in a certain line have once been ruled as out of order. Because the instincts of a lawyer naturally lead him to find amusement in hear-baiting, it is no reason why he should indulge his tastes at the expense of harmless men and women. A judge may be of the people, but he should also be above them, and the atmosphere of a courtroom should be as sacred and impressive as that of a church. At present it is a mere place of recreation for the criminal classes awaiting their own convictions, or a public theatre where ladies and gentlemen (God save them!) can quench their thirst for morbid and salacious details. San Francisco has many lawyers of refinement and ability, standing high in the legal community, who must feel acutely the present disgraceful state of affairs, and it is to them that we look for the change which must soon be brought about if our courts are not to fall into disrepute entirely. The days of '49 have long passed away. If certain of our judges are not aware of the fact the sooner they are taught it the better. The dignity of the courts must be maintained, even if we have to hurt the feelings and pockets of a few offenders by doing so. And when such men, who apparently are more worthy the clown's calico than the ermine, shall be removed to make room for others better able to fill the positions they disgrace, then the people will once more have confidence in the law and respect for the judges who propound it.

The Intemperance of a Prohibitionist. The Reverend John Stephens, pastor of Simpson Memorial Church, distinguished himself last Sunday evening by the intemperance of his address on "The Cup of Devils." To his bigoted mind any use of wine constitutes a form of drunkenness, which is perhaps the explanation of his preposterous assertion that "the drunkards of San Francisco are to be found on Nob Hill." He denounced the wine industry of the State, and the efforts made to extend it. About the only true thing that this preacher is credited with saying is that prohibition can never be brought about by the Prohibition party, which, he believed, would poll fewer votes next November than ever before. If fanaticism ever takes a more disagreeable form than this of prohibition, we would be puzzeled to find it. No wonder that the doctrine is losing ground. Contrary to the dictum of the Reverend Stephens, education does tend to keep men from drink; that is, from drinking to excess. The great temperance reform of the present century has been simply through the influences of education and refinement, which have discouraged drunkenness. As a matter of fact, intoxication is rare among gentlemen in these days, and is generally condemned as disgraceful. And it is undoubtedly true that the use of light wines and of beer have tended to promote true temperance. Thus our California wine-makers are doing much to make the nation more temperate, as well as furnishing means for the better enjoyment of life.

Worse Than Useless. Will the members of the Grand Jury kindly tell us what good they have accomplished during the last six months? The columns of the daily papers, as well as those of the NEWS LETTER, have repeatedly been filled with articles which certainly demand investigation but which have systematically been ignored. Public officials have been charged with wastefully expending the city's money, and of having enriched themselves thereby; creditors of the city have been defrauded of moneys due them without any notice having been given to their just complaints, and private citizens have been accused of most degrading and criminal offenses without any investigation having been made into their conduct. Of especial importance is it that the reckless expenditure of public moneys receive immediate attention. The Supervisors are nearing the end of their term of office. No one doubts their ability to disburse the funds in the City Treasury, but it might be judicious for the Grand Jury to somewhat look into their methods of doing so. For such duties were the members impaneled, and by not doing so they will lay themselves open to severe criticism, if not to open censure.

One Way to Lower The Tax Rate.

If all the money be raised that the officials say is absolutely indispensable, it is certain that San Francisco's tax-rate for the incoming municipal year will amount to \$3.25 in every hundred of assessed value. This is independent of license taxes and other sources of income. Verily, San Francisco is being badly governed at a frightful cost. Such taxes amount to almost confiscation of rents. If the pressure be not abated, taxpayers will look around them for relief. A great deal of income can be obtained from the control and employment of certain public utilities. There is money in many kinds of franchises that have perhaps been too generously passed over to the present use of not a few ungrateful people. These can always be resumed, under certain conditions, by the granting power. That very thing the most progressive cities of Europe are now doing. Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester have municipalized nearly all their public utilities, giving better service at lower rates, and, at the same time adding considerable profit on working to the municipal rates. The process has gone on with great rapidity in Amsterdam, Holland, during the past year. The Water and Telephone Companies have been forced to sell out to the city, and the gas company has been notified that its franchise will be withdrawn after another year. The stoppage of the street railways, with a view to purchase, is threatened by the municipality, which, it is expected, will come into possession of them at about actual cost price. British and other capitalists are being warned to go no deeper into enterprises that are sure ere long to be condemned to public uses. We do not, for the present at any rate, advocate this plan for San Francisco. But there is a great deal in it that is suggestive. If certain people will shirk taxes and join forces with tax-eaters, a way may be found to reach them.

A Small but Merited Subsidy.

One of the few things the expiring Congress has done better than any of its predecessors is the granting to the Spreckels Australian steamship line a subsidy for carrying the United States mails between San Francisco, Honolulu, Apia, Auckland, and Sydney, of \$80,000 per annum. A daily contemporary that, in this instance, permits its personal feeling to override its sense of the value of foreign commerce, pronounces, in displayed head lines, that it is "A Big Subsidy." Pshaw! It wouldn't pay for two out of the twelve round trips which the steamers are required to make annually. In point of fact, it is not an adequate payment for the actual services rendered. To carry this country's mails to the different places named twelve times a year involves a steaming distance of 172,800 miles per annum. So that the subsidy amounts to only about 45 cents a mile. We pay vastly more than that to many of our stage mail routes. New Zealand and New South Wales, until the times grew so hard, paid four times \$80,000 per annum to maintain the San Francisco service. Although tardily and not too liberally done, the right thing has been initiated at last. It will have an excellent effect in the Colonies.

What is Contempt Of Court?

The petty courts are much inclined to exaggerate their powers of punishing for alleged contempts of court, and the pettier and the less worthy of respect they are, the more inclined to tyranny they are in this direction. The fact is, those courts have no power in the premises, except such as is conferred upon them by statute law. They pretend to say otherwise, but they know better. When the well-known Barry act was passed, Judge D. J. Murphy was the first to lead off with the statement that he would pay no attention to it, as the power to restrain contempts was necessary to and inherent in all courts. But our courts are the creation of a constitution which strictly limits their powers in the premises. It declares that they shall have power to punish as contempts only such acts as the Legislature may define to be such. In pursuance of that section of the fundamental law, the Legislature passed an act embracing quite a long list of contempts and subsequently added thereto the so-called Barry statute, which, by the way, is a copy *verbatim et literatim* of the existing United States statute upon the subject.

Some years ago that court attempted to bring a newspaper correspondent before it for constructive contempt, i. e., for contempt not committed in its presence, or obstructive of its business. Congress quickly came to the aid of the correspondent, passed an act identical with the Barry law, and the court has ever since abided by it. That is conclusive as to what the highest appellate court in the land would do if a Murphy or a Catliu were appealed from, as they ought to be. Should the opportunity occur, the NEWS LETTER will not shrink from making the fight. It never was intended, and is a monster usurpation of power for courts to make their own laws and then act as judges, jurors, and executioners in their own cause. The fact that judges do is the best evidence that they ought not to be on the Bench. There are some queer fellows there and striving to remain, of whom it will be necessary to speak without restraint before the next election is over. We hear of two who are claiming the Republican nomination because, as they say, they are sure of election, having bought the A. P. A. endorsement. More in good time.

The Shadows of the Invisible.

A late number of L'Illustration, published in Paris, contains a striking X-ray picture. The contents of a sealed letter are revealed, the writing showing plainly through the envelope. This application of the new method of photography suggests a train of interesting possibilities. It appears that the contents of any letter may in this way be discovered without breaking the seal. Some centuries ago this would have been regarded as either miraculous or the work of the devil; not long since science would have declared it absolutely impossible. But impossibilities of the last generation are realities to-day. The veil is being lifted from the mysterious, and one by one the secrets of nature are being laid bare. Just as the wonder-working cathode ray reveals in shadowgraphs the form and outline of hidden things, so in the world of thought and spirit the white light of truth is penetrating the mists of superstition and ignorance, until even the origin of life itself seems to be dimly bodied forth. Each living thing is to the eye of science an aggregation of protoplasmic cells, and now certain individualities in cell life, formerly undreamed of, are being discovered and traced. There may be mind in all matter, for all that we positively know to the contrary, and each new development of microscopy hints at stranger things yet to come. Even among men of science there are those bold enough to say there is no such thing as lifeless or inert matter. And may there not be, all about us, a world of spirit to which the key is almost in our hands, though as yet unsuspected and undiscerned?

Where, Oh! Where Is The Dollar Limit?

In Buckley's time no party could win, and no man be elected to office unless pledged to the dollar limit. Now the city and State tax amounts to \$2.25 and the city's expenditures have gone from \$4,500,000 to \$6,500,000 per annum. If the "Blind White Devil" was the sum of all the iniquities, the jobber of jobbers, and robber of robbers, that we all believe him to have been, what, in the face of those figures, must the ins of to-day be? That we submit as a nut for the tax-payers to crack at the coming election. It is demonstrable that the city is to-day receiving less value for the taxes it pays than at any previous time in its history. Then again, it is true that the small property holders bear an undue share of the burden of satisfying the present scrub lot of tax-eaters. This is suicidal policy for the city in more ways than one. It renders houses tenanted, retards building operations, and leaves outside lots almost unsalable. Through no fault, probably, of his own, but because of a faulty system, the Assessor is unable to accurately reach many assessable values, but the small property owner, with his home and his household goods, is always in sight and amenable to the tax-eater's cinch and the tax collector's sale. In November next we are going to elect a Legislature and a new set of officials and pass upon a new charter, all of which are matters of practical and pressing consequence. Yet hosts of our people are preparing to waste their strength upon A. P. Aism, Buckleyism, Juntaism and the like. The spillomen will make no such mistake.

The Prospects for Refunding.

Since his return from Washington, Senator Perkins has expressed the opinion that the bill to refund the obligations of the Pacific railroads will be passed by Congress at the next session; that is, if it can be brought to a vote in the Senate. But he says that a combination of ten Senators would be sufficient to prevent its reaching a final vote in the upper house. And he seems to believe that such a filibustering effort will be made to defeat the popular will, which is indicated by the sentiment of the majority in both branches of Congress. The people of the East, so far as they are interested in the subject at all, look upon the refunding question as a purely business matter. They sensibly take the ground that the Government should deal with the railroads in a way to ultimately recover both principal and interest, in preference to an extinguishment of the debt through foreclosure proceedings. This is precisely what a second mortgage creditor would be glad to do in a private business transaction were the security not more than sufficient to satisfy the first mortgage. And such is the position in which the Government finds itself. Moreover, in this instance the Government might find it necessary, for a time at least, to undertake the operation of the roads, a contingency that the public could scarcely regard with anything short of apprehension. The other horn of the dilemma—of allowing the roads, under a foreclosure sale, to pass into the hands of a Vanderbilt syndicate, is scarcely more pleasing to contemplate. If the Central Pacific is to remain in private hands, it is to be hoped that its management will be at all times Californian. Under its present control the road is operated with a sound knowledge of California interests, and rates of freight are adjusted with an intelligent view to the highest possible development of the industries and resources of this State.

The Bicycle and The Churches.

It is said to be in contemplation to appeal to the next Legislature for a law to suppress bicycle riding during the customary hours of holding divine service on Sundays. It is claimed that it disturbs the worshipers in going to and returning from the sacred services of the house of the Lord. Moreover, it appears to be true that large numbers of the young men and women who attend the Sunday schools at once take to the wheel instead of going to hear the pastor's sermon. It is no doubt a very shocking state of things from a pastor's point of view, and one, by the way, that says little for his influence. The remedy he would apply says still less for his knowledge of human nature. If churches want to put the bicycle into the hands of pretty nearly every man, woman and child in the city, they will go ahead and get the proposed law passed; or sue out an injunction compelling the Board of Health to stop its use at those hours as a disturber of the peace or as a creator of nervous disorders; or surround the way of getting it with the greatest possible difficulties. The manufacturers would no doubt join them in any one of the movements suggested. It will be better for them to let the bicycle alone. In time its use will find its normal growth and conform to such healthy public opinion as the clergy may succeed in creating. That will certainly be better than forcing its use upon rebels against coercion, which by nature we all are.

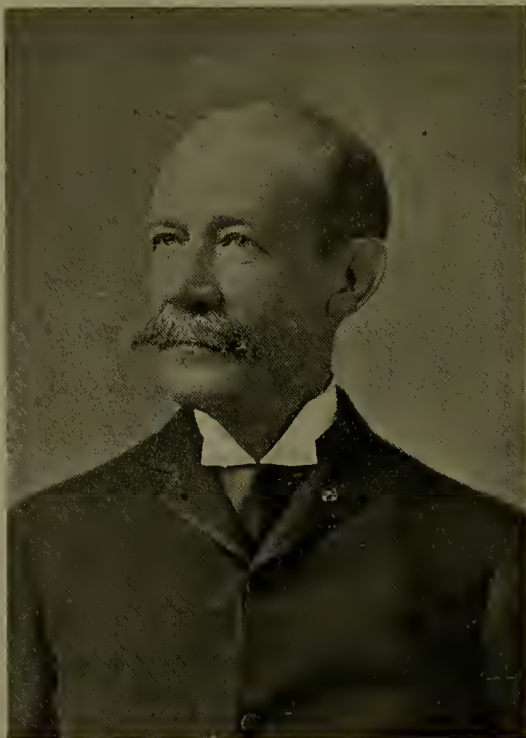
PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week gives a charming view of the ocean beach in the vicinity of the Cliff House. Nowhere in the world is there a beach as beautiful as that of San Francisco, and on Sundays it is literally covered with happy children and pleasure seekers enjoying the ozone and the sunshine. The pier seen in the foreground holds the pipe that carries fresh salt water to the tanks of the Lurline Baths, the most perfect of their kind in the city.

NEXT Saturday, the 27th instant, an excursion will be run to Murphy Station, Santa Clara County, where an auction sale will be conducted by Easton, Eldridge & Co. of the famous Murphy Estate. This estate consists of 350 acres of fine land, suitable for homes and fruit orchards, and will be disposed of in ten-acre tracts. The property lies between San Jose and the Stanford University, and is most desirable.

DEATH OF GENERAL W. H. DIMOND.

GENERAL W. H. Dimond, who died on the 18th inst. in New York, after a prolonged illness, was one of our most influential and conspicuous citizens. Having long been the virtual head of the National Guard of this State, and having given that organization his continual attention, he had made himself so popular among Californians that his name is known to every one. He was born in Honolulu, and came to California in 1867. He then became connected with a large mercantile house in this city, doing banking, shipping, and general commercial business. The firm's name was changed to Williams, Dimond & Co., in 1880, and exists as such to-day. The deceased was a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was at one time the Department Commander of the



General W. H. Dimond.

military order of the Loyal Legion. In 1886 he was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination on the Republican ticket, and was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. President Harrison appointed him Superintendent of the Branch United States Mint, in this city, and, in his official capacity, he made as many friends as he did in his private and business life. General Dimond resigned his position as Commander of the National Guard when he left for the East. He was at one time President of the local Chamber of Commerce and was a Park Commissioner for the period of three years. He will ever be remembered as an efficient officer, a courtly gentleman, and a good citizen.

PARK Commissioner John Rosenfeld returned from an extended tour of the East last Wednesday evening. Mr. Rosenfeld is much improved in health, and expresses gratification at escaping from the extreme heat prevalent in the States he visited.

"How did you like Bernhardt?" "Tremendously." "Do you understand French?" "Not very well, but I can take it in more easily than Irving's English."—Harper's Bazar.

Ladies can enjoy a most delightful lunch during shopping hours at the Maison Riche. The cooking is of the very best and the attendance perfect.

Jackson's Napa Soda gives a refined complexion.

THE SILVER QUESTION AND HARD TIMES.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER,—*Sir*: As an American writer has recently said in a comparison of the Past with the Present, not only are we disposed always to look upon the Past as a somewhat Arcadian period—a period in which life and manners were better and more genuine than they now are,—and as a sort of Golden Era when compared with the Present,—but there is usually a sense of reverence, of filial piety, connected with it. Like Shem and Japhet, approaching with averted eyes, we are disposed to cover up with a garment the nakedness of the progenitors; and the searcher after truth, who wants to have things appear as they were, and does not believe in the suppression of evidence, is apt to be looked upon as a personage of no discretion and doubtful utility.

A two and a half month's absence from the State has prevented an earlier reference to Mr. Scott's rejoinder in the May Overland, to A Layman's comments on the statements, inferences and conclusions in the "Hard Times" series of articles. The article referred to abounds in errors, but the minor ones will be passed over, because the more important are all that A Layman has time to deal with.

In the number of the Overland mentioned Mr. Scott says:

"Charity suggests that Layman may be 'mad.' If he be so, it would, in view of his utterances as to the power of Government to create value by statutory enactment, seem the acme of hyperbole to say 'much learning doth make thee mad!'"

And he otherwise disposes of A Layman's views with a breezy assertion not unlike that displayed by Mark Twain when he told an audience that he had selected for discussion a subject with which he was not familiar so that he might treat it unrestrainedly. As who should say:

"I am Sir Oracle supreme and infallible—

And the things I don't know, those things are not valuable."

As to the power of Government to create value by legal enactment—*fiat*—A Layman's conception of which Mr. Scott thinks so feeble—amongst economists of distinction it is accepted as an axiom that law cannot create value, and no international bimetalists even, of repute, claim that power for Government; they admit the contrary, but contend that Government can set in motion economic forces that will control value by controlling supply and demand. Thus in regard to silver upon the theory of general concurrence by the powers of the world. Archbishop Walsh in his book on International Bimetalism says: "While legislation cannot directly give value to a thing, it can do so indirectly—it can set up a demand which is one of the factors of value;" and Prof. Andrews, in his "Honest Dollar" says that "while law cannot control value independently of supply and demand, it can set free an economic force which will largely control supply and demand themselves." They distinctly declare that unlimited free coinage by any one Government would be disastrous. I have hitherto sufficiently shown that coinage does not operate as demand in its economic sense—which implies a destruction of the material involved, but is simply a hoarding of the metal. And it is certain that every attempt of Government to confer upon money a value at variance with the commercial value has proved futile through all time. If my conception of this fact indicates lack of learning I am nevertheless in noble company—Oresme, Copernicus, Gresham, Locke, Newton, Liverpool, Franklin, Morris, Hamilton, Jefferson,—and for the views of a statesman of the present generation, I will quote the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, of New York. Said Mr. Conkling in discussing the legal tender act of 1862:

"But passing from the constitutional objections to the bill, it seems to me that its moral imperfections are equally serious. It will of course proclaim throughout the country a saturnalia of fraud, a carnival for rogues. But surmounting every legal impediment and every dictate of conscience involved, viewing it as a mere pecuniary expedient, it seems too precarious and uncompromising to deserve the slightest confidence. I do not believe that you can legislate up the value of anything any more than I believe you can make generals heroes by legislation. The continental congress tried legislating values up by resort to penalties, but the inexorable laws of trade, as independent as the law of gravitation, kept them down. I do believe that you can legislate a value down and that you can do it by attempting to legislate it up."

I have no desire to commit Mr. Scott to something he

does not believe in. If he is not in favor of the independent, unlimited free coinage of silver by the United States, I misconstrue his articles. If he is I do not, and am not alone. The construction placed upon them is shared by others familiar with the subject. If he is for free coinage and only objected to the ratio I named,—16 to 1,—what ratio does he favor? Within the century the commercial ratio has varied from about 15 to 1 to 34 to 1. Can a ratio be made which will measure all values and all debts and all credits on the basis of a fluctuating value like that.

As to the concurrent use of gold and silver in the United States from 1687 to 1873, which Mr. Scott alleges,—if there was any appreciable current use in this country of either gold or silver in the 17th century, I have not found it recorded in history. Wampum, ware-house receipts, etc., were currency, beaver skins, corn, tobacco, rice, etc., were money of redemption, and pounds, shillings and pence the money of account or book money,—and so continued until well on into the 18th century. Mr. Jefferson, in 1805, discontinued the coinage of the silver dollar provided for by law in 1792, because depreciated foreign coins expelled the American coin, and for over thirty years not a dollar was issued. Our currency was either the paper of State banks, fractional coins, or depreciated foreign silver coins. The ratio of silver to gold 1792-1805 drove gold out of circulation, and the depreciated foreign silver coins in turn drove the United States silver coins out. Here we have the Gresham law in duplex action. Hence Mr. Jefferson's order of 1805 to discontinue the coinage of silver dollars. For the baneful effects of depreciated money in the United States see McMaster's History of the American people, wages, and prices of commodities from 1770 to 1800. In Great Britain by proclamation and mercantile concurrence gold became the money of commerce in 1717, and has remained so for 180 years.

Mr. Scott reiterates his error regarding gold and silver that:

"A greater production of one or the other, did not affect the parity established between them * * * and that from time immemorial gold and silver worked together harmoniously," and of A Layman's statement, that:

"Gold and silver never have circulated freely, concurrently and indiscriminately as coins at fixed ratios under unrestricted coinage." He asserts that it "seems random and in conflict with the facts."

On page 526 Mr. Scott says:

"In 1834 on account of the greater cost attending the coinage of silver than gold of equivalent value, Congress made the ratio of silver to gold, 16 to 1."

What is Mr. Scott's authority for that statement? It was the failure to circulate concurrently that caused the change to gold. The Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the subject reported as follows. The first report of 1831 says:

"That there are inherent and incurable defects in the system which regulates the standard of value of both gold and silver; its instability as a measure of contracts and mutability as the practical currency of a particular nation are serious imperfections, while the impossibility of maintaining both metals in concurrent, simultaneous, or promiscuous circulation appears to be as clearly ascertained."

"That the standard being fixed in one metal is the nearest approach to invariableness, and precludes the necessity of further legislative interference."

The second report of 1832 says:

"If both metals are preferred, the like relative proportion of the aggregate amount of metallic currency will be possessed, subject to frequent changes from gold to silver and vice versa, according to the variations in the relative value of these metals. The committee think that the desideratum in the monetary system is the standard of uniform value; they cannot ascertain that both metals have ever circulated simultaneously, concurrently, and indiscriminately in any country where there are banks or money dealers, and they entertain the conviction that the nearest approach to an invariable standard is its establishment in one metal, which metal shall compose exclusively the currency for large payments."

That is to say, standard money, money of commerce. This conclusion is impregnable.

Congress, in the acts of 1834-7, designed to make the ratio such that gold would remain in this country, whether under it we could keep silver or not. This is familiar history. The object of this change was distinctly stated, especially by Mr. Benton, who said:

"To enable the friends of gold to go to work at the right place to

effect the recovery of that precious metal which their fathers once possessed: which the citizens of European kings now possess; which the citizens of the young republics to the south all possess; which even the free negroes of San Domingo possess; but which the yeomanry of this America have been deprived for more than twenty years, and will be deprived forever unless they discover the cause of the evil and apply the remedy to its root."

The official reports of French Government Committees subsequently investigating the subject for France, were as follows. I extract from Professor Laughlin:

"An official document issued by the French Government in 1872, says that in 1808 the circulation in France was only about eight million francs of gold and two million of silver. In 1838 the whole of the French circulation did not include over five per cent. of gold out of the total circulation of forty millions; that is silver had driven out gold, because they were not at a parity.

The same document says that since the law of 1803 France has had no gold monetary circulation during the period before 1850. Up to that time silver was our sole monetary circulation, but after the gold discoveries of California and Australia gold took the place of silver in the general monetary circulation of the country.

Again, in the report issued by the Minister of Finance in 1869 it is stated that in 1843 out of fifty-three million francs then possessed by the banks, only one million francs were gold. This metal had disappeared from 1803 to 1843, because it had enjoyed a premium which reached at that time $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent."

There are numerous references of the same kind to show that not in France was there a concurrent circulation of gold and silver, for the reason that the two were not kept at a parity. Every student of our own monetary system knows perfectly well that the same was true of the United States.

Says General Francis A. Walker, the ablest international bimetalist in the United States:

"We flatly deny that bimetalism necessarily involves the concurrent circulation of the two metals. There is some reason to believe that the French statesmen of 1803 really expected that concurrent circulation would result; but no bimetalist nowadays makes the concurrent circulation of the two metals in the same country a necessity of that system."

Says ex-Secretary of the Treasury John Sherman:

"The two metals, as metals, never have been, are not now, and never can be, kept at par with each other for any considerable time at any fixed ratio."

As already stated, even the bimetalists do not claim that the two metals did or would circulate simultaneously, concurrently, and indiscriminately. Mr. Scott's quotation of the law of 1792 fixing ratios only serves to make more manifest the weakness of his position. Gold was driven out from 1792 to 1834; standard silver was driven out in 1834, until Government coinage began in 1878. Not only was the law of 1792, as others of like character passed in the United States, futile, but those of Europe also; and in Europe they had been issuing similar kingly decrees for five hundred years, every one of which was as impotent as every other.

Alongside of Government or legal ratios there is always a commercial ratio that governs the purchasing power of money.

San Francisco, June 16, 1896.

A LAYMAN.

(To be continued).

THE St. Helena Electric Light and Power Company was incorporated, on June 11th, with a capital stock of \$50,000. The Directors are all well-known business men, viz.: John Leechman, capitalist, 508 California street; A. E. Brooke Ridley, of the Seimens and Holske Electric Co., 10 Front street; L. Grothwell, real estate, 2018 Van Ness avenue; W. H. Bingham, Mayor of St. Helena; Geo. E. Colwell, attorney, Napa. Such names guarantee the reliability of the concern.

Wm. E. Gladstone is rapidly failing. He has been recommended to try the famous Argonaut brand of whiskey which tones the system better than any other. Physicians all over the world know its qualities and recommend it. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the agents for this coast and furnish our leading homes with this delectable liquid.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is undoubtedly the finest in the city. The accommodations for guests are perfect and the service is excellent. Needless to say, the cooking will appeal to all bon viveurs.

For sickness of stomach drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

THISTLE DOWN.

It may correctly be asserted that the New Woman's enlarged sphere applies to her head.

The Maher-Slavin fight has been postponed for fifty years so as to allow the pugs to get their second wind.

It is strange that a man should kill his aunt for his watch. We could understand it were his uncle the victim.

The Associated Press forgot to give us the name of the crauk who attempted to kill Corbett. The man is entitled to a peusiou.

A man who died in St. Louis insisted upon having his umbrella buried with him. Probably he hoped that it might rain in hell.

A telegraph dispatch from Santa Rosa is headed "From Prison to a Courtroom." We hope the prisoner will not suffer any by the change.

The Methodists of Cleveland, Ohio, are about to start a Church Insurance Society. When divines go into business the Devil orders fresh coals for the fire.

Salt Lake bids fair to out rival San Francisco in clerical sensations. Parsons Brown and Colburn must not let us lose our reputation as easily as all that.

A leading woman suffragist in Denver was kicked in the jaw by a refractory horse a few days ago. The horse's leg was broken and the lady is now being sued for damages by the owner.

The Christian Endeavorers are planning to carry Christ's message into the dark places of the National Capital. They should have done so before our representative ruffians disbanded.

Stockton is famous for its cranks. A farmer whose wife eloped from him twice pursued the couple to this city hoping to effect a reconciliation. Are wives as scarce as all that in the floury city?

It is said that Alfred Austin always has himself announced as the Poet Laureate whenever he attends a function of any description. That is all right. He probably knows it to be absolutely necessary.

There will doubtless be many people who will claim that the murders at Campbells were instigated by the Pope of Rome, seeing that the victims were members of the A. P. A. and the murderer presumably a Catholic.

There is some consolation in knowing that a deputy sheriff employed in hunting Dunham nearly succeeded in shooting one of his own companions. The killing of one sheriff or two deputies would fully compensate the escape of a murderer.

Mark Twain is said to have visited the imprisoned members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee and found them in excellent spirits. Nothing is said regarding the condition the alleged humorist left them in. We can draw our own conclusions, however.

The ladies of San Jose have clubbed together to hire a number of manhunters whose duty it will be to trace Dunham. What is the matter with these fair women of the Garden City? We have ever accounted them the most proficient hunters of male game in California.

The finest things in the way of Japanese bronzes and vases are to be had of Geo. T. Marsh at 625 Market street.

Do you drink? Then mix Jackson's Napa Soda with your tippie.

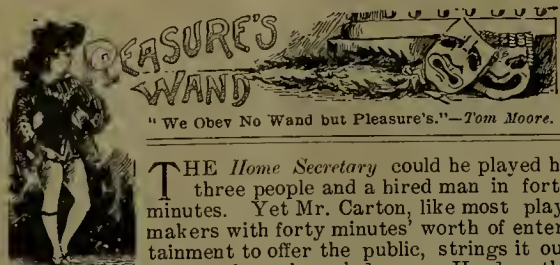
SEEN

The TROCADERO?

IT IS UNIQUE. TROCADERO WILL SURPRISE YOU.

Eat, Drink and be Merry at "THE TROCADERO" A Little Paradise: "THE TROCADERO," 30 yards from the Ingleside, Corbett Road, near the new race track.

ERNEST DOELTER, Proprietor and Gaterer.



THE *Home Secretary* could be played by three people and a hired man in forty minutes. Yet Mr. Carton, like most play-makers with forty minutes' worth of entertainment to offer the public, strings it out into a three hours' drama. He does the usual thing in the usual way, and gets the usual results. He adds, and adds, and adds, and the public yawns, and yawns, and yawns, and when the point of his play is finally developed it falls on an audience henumbed and apathetic, in the same sweet frame of mind as a dinner guest who at six o'clock arrives on the *prae prandiae* hustlings of an eight o'clock feast.

One of these days some bright young dramatist will see the weakness of addition (if I may be allowed the paradox). Also he will discover the beautiful possibilities of subtraction, and out of his snug remainder fashion a play which will fulfill the present mission of the drama—comfortable diversion. The tedious hours of a human life are legion. We do not need the play to teach us patience.

Mr. Carton has a good story trailing the end of *The Home Secretary*. Not infantly new, the episode of the pre-occupied husband, the self-annointed martyr-wife, the sympathetic third person of opposite sex, the eventual misunderstanding, explanation, and once more two hearts that beat as one—not much nearer than the Christian era, but of oft-proven dramatic interest and excellent tear provocation for mixed audiences.

This weepy, mossy hit of an old tale is all that Carton had to tell. He told it with skillful despatch in Act IV. Then, working backward, he proceeded to append a series of conservative anti-climaxes. He evolved the ingenue and her soubrette young man, the fantastic character gentleman who makes funny faces at himself, the worldly woman, who wears rich garments and converses with anybody about anything, the drawling idiot of the military who is unerringly usual—even to the point of being a Captain, and many others besides, who do and say more or less than in no possible way connects itself with the story. In truth, I believe that had not Mr. Carton been interrupted by the overture, he would have dragged the very scene daubers from the paint frame and given them all fat parts to speak.

For days previous to Monday night's performance at the California I had no end of whisperings in my ear about *The Home Secretary*: It was a play for expert audiences, it would pass over the heads of a seventy-five cent house; it bristled with artful modernity; it was set with sparkling epigrams. So I went early—quarter after eight—(two hours too early, in fact), and, after reading this touching appeal on the programme: "In the final act the audience is respectfully requested to remain seated until the fall of the curtain," I remained seated until the last—until Miss Shannon turned low the lamp, and Mr. Kelcey lifted his varnished head from his immaculate cuffs, and happiness reigned in the household of the *Home Secretary*. It took me some hours to accomplish this. I held my ears high and I wore an opera glass. But neither my ears nor my eyes perceived the artful modernity or dazzling epigrams floating over the heads of the six-bit Philistines (who, by the way, were typically first night, and unmistakably swell, and moderately intelligent, I should say, judging from the way they did not enthuse over Carton's play). I heard tired voices from the stage drawing: "There's nothing so certain as uncertainty," and other kindred scintillations. But I did not need a muffler on my auditory nerve or a goggle over my eye to save those valuable organs. Mr. Carton's dialogue is as brilliant and intoxicating as cold soup. I don't believe he wrote *Liberty Hall*. It must have been Bacon.

I can imagine with what joy Herbert Kelcey plays The

Secretary. He had a part of the same sort in *The Wife*, and I know for a fact that every night, before he appeared in that servant girl's delirium, he placed a vial of prussic acid in his waistcoat, and made a fresh will, and a last request, supplicating Dan Frohman to fire every copy of the play into the crematory with his remains. Kelcey is an artist. But the hypnotic Dan has Frohmanized him too often. He wearies of being a high-bred, pure man, the idol of daughters, mothers, and grandmothers. And, now that the Lyceum Company is a thing of the past, I'll wager that Mr. Herbert Kelcey is looking for a character part where he can bury his breeding and looks in whiskers and an old coat, and be a regular devil. In the meantime, under all that suave, restrained acting of the Secretary, his sleek patent leathers are tingling for the coat-tails of the man who wrote the part.

The Home Secretary is an unfortunate introduction for Stockwell's players. How much of an injustice it is to them I cannot say until I see them in something else. Had the Frawleys opened in *Brother John*, who could have prophesied their brilliant execution of *The Two Escutcheons*? It is very hard to find the good points of an actor when he is playing a tiresome, unnecessary part; and as the playing of tiresome and unnecessary parts has been the chief occupations of Stockwell's people this week, I will not expand on the various characterizations.

Before I turn to the more hopeful theme of Nat Goodwin's *Gilded Fool* I want to applaud Effie Shannon for her tactful, expressive work in the last act. I never suspected this gleeful ingenue of well-balanced seriousness. I want a word, too, about William Beach, who, believe me, really acts Lecaile worse than the exigencies of the third person rôle demands. It is sad enough for a man to be an anarchist without being a bad actor—both of which misfortunes oppress Mr. Beach. A social outlaw less pectoriloquial, less of the farmer type, with a touch of *savoir faire*, would be more in keeping with an environment illumined by Mr. Kelcey. I remember last year at the Columbia, during *A Woman of No Importance*, Maurice Barrymore saying to Mr. Beach: "A well-tied tie is the first important step in a man's career." Mr. Beach has yet to take his first step.

I like to see Nat Goodwin play *A Gilded Fool* as I like a man who, raised to fame, does not go back on his old friends. Yet I know that Goodwin's art finds the completeness of its expression in characters stronger, more intensely individual than is this gracious creation of Henry Guy Carlton's. In *Mizoura*, I am afraid, has spoiled me somewhat for the lighter vein of Goodwin. I still appreciate it at its full value, and I know how unique is its position in the world of comedy. But I have seen him play a serious character as can no other actor of to-day, and if my admiration of his *Gilded Fool* is tempered with impatience, it is only because I feel what the future holds for such a man. And there is no reason why Nat Goodwin's future should not begin now.

Apart from the sentiments I hold regarding Goodwin's rank as the foremost of American actors, and the work that is before him ere he lights his generation with histrionic achievement, I enjoyed immeasurably his part in Carlton's comedy. It is a far cry from Missouri to New York, from the homely surroundings of Jim Radburn to the fashionable environment of *A Gilded Fool*; and, while Goodwin's versatility spans the stretch lightly and easily, the ability of his companion players is not so agile. They need acclimating. The Missouri dust is on their shoes; its languid dialect haunts their speech; even the presence of Blanche Walsh does not give them the pose of real society.

In a few days Nat Goodwin will board the steamer that is to carry him to far Australia. There, to a land newer, more undeveloped than our own, and at the farthest end of the earth, he takes the highest dramatic art of America. We of California, the prodigals of purse and appreciation, were to have sped him hopefully on his voyage. Instead, we have even barred the gates to his return.

The Charity Ball is as deft a play as Belasco and De Mille ever made for a Frohman audience. It has a story dear to the tearful, Laura Jean Libby soul of the gallery,

and yet it is told with such discreet theatricalism, such well-appointed exaggeration, that the tried play-goer who knows all of its little tale, becomes absorbed in spite of himself. A parlor melodrama, I should call it, rather English of invention, but typically American in its heroics of the heart. A play for the people, that reached the people, and a success always—because it has never been out of the hands of players keen to perceive the humorous, cautious not to over-climax, and who moderate and dignify its super-sentimental tendencies.

What interested me particularly in the Frawley Company's performance of this familiar drama was the originality of Worthing's John Van Buren, and the astonishing sympathy and unaggressive strength with which Miss Bates acted Phyllis. Worthing is an actor in a thousand. Like Nat Goodwin, he seems to presage the art of a new century, wherein (I devoutly pray) actors will forswear bugging the footlights and leering audienceward, together with the accent and gait which is of neither christian, pagan, nor man. Miss Bates, who heretofore has displayed emotion only in the guise of hysteria, seems to have been born again, so completely are her usual methods obliterated in her work of this week.

Miss Elliott's most admirable quality, so far as the season shows, is tact. In her Ann Cruger there is tact, delicate and timely, and a gentle womanliness unassuming and unfeigned, that makes the character very real. It seems natural to see George Leslie bubbling through the embryonic Alexander the Great, a part which fits him closer than his snowy wigs. There is infinite gladness in Leslie's soul, and his brisk, staccato tongue and his pert rotundity are faithful servants to proclaim it. Clarke's characters are improving each week. He makes the Judge a most plausible old remnant. Frawley, too, comes up a good pace with Dick, and Miss McAllister's Mamma almost atones for the exposure of last week.

* * *

Despite the demand for big-class vaudeville in the Eastern roof gardens, Manager Walter continues to bring bright and novel attractions for each week's bill at the Orpheum. The Marlo-Dunham family are marvelous in their aerial horizontal bar act. They continue next week, when a number of new specialty people will grace the bill. The Stewart sisters, parodists; Watson and Dupre in comedy sketches; Bimbo and Tebi, burlesque magicians, and Lillian Western in a musical act. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays as well as Saturday and Sunday.

* * *

After a season of seven months in New York, John Drew comes to the Baldwin for a week's engagement, commencing Monday night. The play will be Carton's *The Squire of Dames*, in which comedy Drew made a big success in New York. The company is an excellent one, numbering, besides Maude Adams, Annie Irish, Ethel Barrymore, Harry Harwood, Arthur Byron, Gladys Willis, Louis Baker, Frank Lamb, and Herbert Ayling.

Offenbach's melodious spectacle, *A Trip to the Moon*, will have an elaborate presentation at the Tivoli next week. George Lask is said to have brightened up the hook with no end of timely quips, which, together with much new and gingerful music and picturesque dances, should assure a brilliant run for the popular spectacle.

Lord Chumley is announced for next week at the Columbia. Frank Worthing will play Chumley. The entire Frawley company appears in the cast. A curtain-raiser will also be given, *The Silent System*, in which Miss Elliott and Mr. Frawley have the important roles.

The second week of Stockwell's players, at the California, will be devoted to *The Gray Mare*, a favorably known comedy by Sims and Raleigh. Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, John T. Sullivan, William Beach, and Olive Oliver are among those in the cast.

The Columbia Dramatic School has a matinee at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday. Two new one-act pieces by Miss Ellis Yates Graut and W. Greer Harrison are to be played by the students.

The Diorama of Inferno, an ingenious arrangement showing Dante's famous work in action, is on exhibition at 532 Kearny street, and is well worth a visit.



YALE MIXTURE
IS A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE, but its fragrance pleases the ladies.
A box of this tobacco makes a most welcome BIRTHDAY GIFT to husband, brother or —
CAN BE PROCURED IN ALL SIZES
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California Theatre.

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Proprietors

Next Monday, June 23d, second week of L. R. Stockwell's company of players, including Mr. Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, and others. One week only.

THE GREY MARE.

An original comedy in three acts by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh.

NOTE THE PRICES: Entire lower floor, all reserved, nothing higher, 50c. and 75c.; Balcony, 50c. and 35c.; Gallery (reserved) 25c.; Gallery, admission, 15c. Matinees, 35c. and 50c.; no higher. Monday, June 23rd: A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated)
Proprietors

Next Monday, June 23d, limited engagement, one week only, of

MR. JOHN DREW

And his American company, under the management of Charles Frohman, presenting his latest and most brilliant success, *THE SQUIRE OF DAMES*, by R. C. Carton, author of "Liberty Hall." Direct from engagement of seven consecutive months in New York this season.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast.
Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees
and Managers.

Fourth great week. San Francisco's home organization, THE FRAWLEY COMPANY, the only perfect dramatic coterie of players in America. Commencing Monday, June 23d,

LORD CHUMLEY,

By De Mille & Belasco. Another Lyceum Theatre success.

New scenery and costumes.

Monday, June 23rd: HIS WIFE'S FATHER.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.
Proprietor and Manager

Every evening, commencing Monday, June 23d, scenic production of the brilliant operatic spectacle,

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Filled with honest fun; lovely songs; graceful dances; magnificent costumes; gorgeous ballets; startling effects; a pleasant trip for young and old.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, June 23d,

MORE GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

BILLY VAN, the great minstrel; LILLIAN WESTERN, Instrumentalist; BIMBO & TEH, Burlesque Magic; the STEWART SISTERS, Dances and Original Songs.

NEW DEPARTURE. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS.

Beginning with next week, there will be three matinees each week at the Orpheum, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part Reserved Seats, 25c.; Balcony, 10c.; Opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

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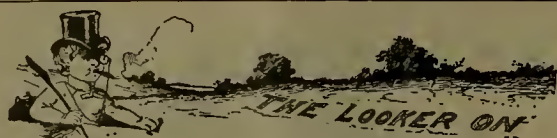
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A PROPOS of the Fourth of July poems which are now pouring into the Literary Committee, there was one celebration "way back" when Arthur McEwen was chairman of that important body. George H. Jessop, the well-known author and dramatist, was engaged by the committee to write the poem of the day. It was understood, though not specified in the contract, that Mr. Jessop was to receive \$50 for his work. Times were hard, and paths were rough with Mr. Jessop at this period of his literary career, so he drew from his friends against the anxiously anticipated compensation.

The poem was a good one, and was received with great commendation. Then came the question of the bard's reward. A member of the committee moved that Mr. Jessop be paid \$50 from the literary fund. Then did Mr. McEwen assail the proposition that the poet was actuated by the prospect of filthy lucre. His muse was free and untrammelled. It would be an insult to Mr. Jessop to make this ode to the bird of freedom a monetary transaction. And the best of the joke was that Mr. McEwen was thoroughly sincere, and honestly believed that Jessop's fine feeling would be hurt by a tender of the coin.

When Jessop heard of McEwen's speech and its result, he was simply furious. Jessop never forgave him, and lamented for many moons the lost fee. Mr. McEwen, however, still lives.

* * *

Mr. Buckley, the bad shepherd, got a knock down blow in the election of Frank Gould as Chairman of the Democratic Convention:

There was great dissension in the late Convention
When all of us lambs showed up in force,
There was Jim O'Brien, McNah defying,
And Horace Platt, just a trifle hoarse.
Mr. Young, the lawyer, a tip-top sawyer,
And Andy Clunie were likewise there.
With blazing faggot for the foes of Daggett,
And Sammy Braunhart much the worse for wear.
When Colonel O'Byrne rose to do his turn
The whole flock bleated, and looked out for fun.
Loud the Colonel bellowed, and was quickly followed
By that hand speaker, young Peter Dunn.
But not awaiting their conuivating,
By Foote and English we were hadly fooled,
They stole our thunder, they pulled from under
Our plank of silver, and gave us Gould.

* * *

A stranger walked into George W. Grayson's office a few days ago, introduced himself as a mining man from Mexico, produced some rich ore, and told of the fabulously wealthy ledge he had discovered.

"I struck one little vein that is almost solid gold," said he, "and all I need to get at it in good shape is about \$1,500. Now, Mr. Grayson, couldn't you—"

"That vein reminds me of the rich strike I made once in early days," said Grayson. "I had run a tunnel into the side of a mountain about 3000 feet without striking anything, and was still tunneling, when one day at a stroke of my pick I revealed a ledge of solid gold about eighteen inches wide, and I don't know how deep. I was standing there looking at it in silent wonder when I suddenly heard a rumble, and I knew the tunnel was caving in. I started to run, when an immense boulder fell, struck my crowbar and drove it into my left side. It was very sharp and its point struck my heart, but my heart was so hard that it broke the crowbar."

"Didn't it hurt you?" asked the stranger, feebly.

"Yes; killed me dead, sir. I've had the marble heart ever since. Good day, sir."

* * *

It is very refreshing in this age of deceptions to find anything in business which bears the unmistakable stamp of genuineness, honesty and fair dealing. One reads the sign, "Two bags of peanuts for 5 cents," and when he pays his nickel he gets two bags half filled. "Apricots 25

cents a basket," reads the placard, but the purchaser finds a wad of newspaper in the basket and a dozen apricots on top. A man walks along beside a fruit-laden wagon shouting: "Bananas, 10 cents a dozen." On inquiry you learn that the little, half-decayed fruit under the seat is sold at 10 cents a dozen, while the big, yellow bananas piled up in sight are 25 cents a dozen.

Before the new potato season had fairly opened every produce dealer in town had picked out the smallest in his stock of last year's spuds, washed them up and placed them on sale as "New potatoes, 2 cents a pound." One dealer, on Sansome street, more honest than his fellows, put a placard over the same kind of potatoes he exhibited, which read: "Renovated potatoes, as good as new, 1½ cents a pound."

An Oakland bootblack deserves special mention as an honest man who would not deceive his patrons. When he first went into business six years ago, he put up the sign: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has two small children." Each succeeding year found him deserving of more sympathy, for he kept amending the sign until it read eight small children. A few days ago Joe's bootblack stand was locked up for a whole day, and the next morning he confided to the butcher's boy that his baby had died. His first work was to amend the sign so that it might not mislead the public, and it read: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has seven small children." Then, so as to avoid being placed in a false position before the public, he added with his finger and shoe blacking: "One he die."

* * *

Colonel O'Byrne, the attorney and politician, was once appointed to defend a man charged with murder, and against whom the evidence was most convincing. Two eye witnesses to the tragedy testified that they saw two men quarrelling in the middle of the street, when one suddenly drew a knife, stabbed the other, and fled. They positively identified the accused as the murderer, enabled to do so by the fact that, when he struck the fatal blow, the rays of a full moon were shining directly in his face. At the trial they testified most positively, and conviction seemed absolutely certain. The defendant swore he was not at the scene of the murder, and knew nothing of it; but still he could not establish an alibi. When Colonel O'Byrne introduced in evidence an almanac which showed that there was no moon on the night of the murder, the prosecution wilted and the accused was speedily acquitted.

"My fee will be \$500," said the Colonel, after the trial.

"Isn't that pretty steep?" argued the late defendant.

"No, not for saving a man's life, and when you take into consideration the fact that I only get \$100 out of that."

"Why, did you bribe that jury?"

"No, sir, do you think I would trifle with justice in such a manner? No, sir; I had to pay \$400 to get that almanac printed."

* * *

Colonel Merritt, the insurance man, is inclined to be profane. He acquired the habit along with his military title, that is, he just picked it up. Naturally the Colonel's four-year-old son picks up such oaths as are dropped around the house and stows them away for future use. The result is that a display of his precocity usually results in much mortification and embarrassment. Mrs. Merritt protests but the Colonel only laughs.

The other day the boy called down stairs to his father:

"Pa! Oh, pa!"

"What is it, son?"

"You're a d—d old fool."

The next moment Mrs. Merritt had hold of the youngster, administering a mild correction with the back of a hair brush.

"Don't whip him, Mary," shouted the Colonel. "He doesn't know any better."

"He knows too much," retorted Mrs. Merritt and the Colonel is wondering if she isn't more than half right.

* * *

Beware, beware, oh millionaires, of sweet and winsome syren, Their glances have a fatal sting more deadly than cold iron; They'll dally with your tresses gray, they'll sip your sparkling nectar.

You'll treat the dame, and wonder why the wine does not affect her; And then comes on the damage suit, detectives, scandal, may be; To crown the job, and make you sick—a charming little baby.

I say "fawncy" for "guess," and I "rawther think"
 I've modeled myself on the English plan:
 A river I designate as "the drink,"
 Like every well-bred Englishman.
 I ride "to hounds," and I follow the hare
 With a leash of greyhounds, I call it "a course;"
 But of all my possessions, my choicest care
 Is centered, I swear, in my dock-tailed horse.
 For others may course the hare with hounds,
 And any intelligent parrot gang
 May be Anglo-maniac, without any bounds,
 And revel in genuine Cockney slang;
 But I depend on an English fad,
 And I prate of "beather," and "burn," and "gorse,"
 And I mark my fellow dudes grow mad,
 When I boastfully talk of my dock-tailed horse.
 Though I see the poor animal stand in the sun,
 Pestered with flies, I do not pause
 To reflect that I have bereft him of one
 Great source of defense made by nature's laws.
 My pride is flattered; I feel my purse,
 Which has bought me the right to this suffering beast;
 And for vanity's sake I offer him up,
 Helpless and dumb, to the insect's feast.
 * * *

Wm. M. Madden, the Prosecuting Attorney of Judge Low's department of the Police Court, paid San Quentin a visit one day last week. While passing through the main yard of the prison, a convict suddenly confronted him and commenced cursing him with most picturesque oaths. "You are responsible for this," almost shrieked the frenzied criminal, as he tore the striped shirt off his arm. "Well, if I am responsible for your condition," drawled Madden, "I must congratulate myself on having done a blamed good job," and he walked on.
 * * *

No man who has not rested overnight in any of the valley towns, Fresno, Sacramento, and Merced preferred, can form an idea of the vast intrinsic value of a San Francisco fog. It covers over the sun-baked sufferer like a garment, and steals with delicious coolness through his veins. It dissipates the intense weariness that arises from the broiling, baking atmosphere of the valleys, and makes him a new individual.

Not all the zephyrs from the soft west sighing,
 Laden with perfumes of the fairest rose,
 Can soothe the anguish of the mortal frying
 'Neath ardent suns, clogged eyes, perspiring nose;
 So faint, he fain would wallow as the hog,
 As one delicious breath of ocean fog.

AN appeal is being made to business men and others of this city for some \$24,500 to enable the International Christian Endeavor Convention for 1897 to be held in San Francisco. In 1895 the Convention met in Boston, and the delegates numbered about 55,000. It will readily be seen that the arrival of such a vast number of people here will certainly do much to stimulate trade, and will also cause numberless visitors to make our State their home after once comparing it with the East. Seeing that \$100,000 was readily secured for the National Republican Convention, we think that so small a matter as \$24,500 should be guaranteed without any effort being made to secure it. Many of the most prominent and influential of our citizens are endeavoring to have the Convention meet here, and Mr. William H. Crocker, President of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, has consented to serve as treasurer. This will ensure the money contributed being placed to proper purpose, and will of itself help to interest many moneyed people in the movement.

THE Northern Assurance Company, of London and Aberdeen, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Boyd and Dickson. This firm already represents some of the largest companies on the Coast, and may now be considered one of the strongest in the city. Both gentlemen are well-known, and have an established reputation for settling fire losses in a very expeditious manner.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

Peruvian Bitters

Are You

Fond of

FIREWORKS?

We put up assorted boxes for children, including Fire Crackers, Torpedoes, etc., for \$1, \$2, and \$3.

We make a specialty of Lawn displays; assortments for \$5, \$8, \$12, \$20, and upwards.

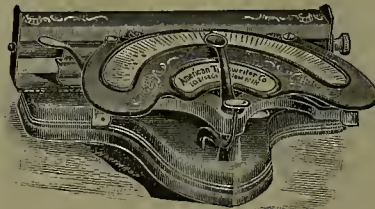
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 577 and 579 MARKET ST., S. F. Vice Pres. and Manager.



The Pioneer Mining Scandal

Pierre Humbert, James M. Brazell, and Hugh McDonnell are mixed up just now with one another over the detention of 20,000 shares of stock by Cox, Bickford & Co., the brokers who brought the company out which purchased the old Pioneer Mine, formerly owned by the Fair estate and A. E. Davis. A suit has been brought to recover this stock, and in the discussion Humbert seems to have got over into the Cox, Bickford camp, leaving Brazell and McDonnell to settle the matter as best they can. On their side, McDonnell is quoted as follows, in a Boston contemporary:

"The whole thing in a nutshell is simply this: The promoters of this mine agreed to give Pierre Humbert 20,000 shares of stock as his commission for bringing out this mine. The promoters then went and bid in the property direct, and claim Humbert has no title to his commission. The California courts will sustain the claim that he is entitled to this commission, part of which I hold, and I will see that this stock sells at 25 cents within ten days.

"The Pioneer mine is no more located on the mother lode than I am. The lode stops at the American river, and this property is located ten miles north of the American river. They have exhausted all the pay ore in sight, and they will have to drill through 2,000 feet of solid rock before they can again find the vein which will yield them any gold at all. I have come here with my trunk and camped down. Bostonians will know more about California mines before I get through. Merced is on the mother lode and is all right. It is a good property, and worked on a large scale will pay handsomely."

Some Conflicting Statements of Fact.

In regard to the receipts for the stock now in controversy, Mr. Humbert says that the one which has shown up in Mr. McDonnell's hands is one that he gave some time since to a California man who is now dead, and he characterizes the whole business as a piece of persecution. Mr. Brazell gets back at Humbert in turn, and charges that the statement made by him relative to the Pioneer receipts is an absolute falsehood, and that he sold them to McDonnell. Furthermore, that the receipts for 20,000 shares were to cover the commission of Humbert and himself, and were delivered to him by Mr. Humbert last September. McDonnell offered to bet that what he said about the ore was correct, and wagered \$1000 that the mine is not on the mother lode. Strange to say, in view of all this talk and feeling on both sides, the suit is brought in the name of Pierre Humbert. McDonnell, it is said, offered to take \$1 per share for the stock which he demands, although it was quoted at \$6 in open market. Mr. Brazell, apparently, does not agree with his partner, McDonnell, on the "mother lode" proposition, as a letter is quoted from him written in April, 1895, wherein he tells Mr. Humbert "that there is no doubt but that this ledge is the mother lode, the same that passes through Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne, and loses itself in the granitic rock of Madera and Fresno counties. In this Western ledge there is the infallible sign, viz: the existence of mariposite, which, as you know, is found on the mother lode, and nowhere else in the known world, and then only where contact exists."

A flat-bottomed scow is anchored in the Sacramento river for the purpose of dredging for Golden Sand. covering any gold contained in its sand by a new application of the dredger idea.

The sand will be pumped up and washed, the pump being so arranged that nothing larger than an 8-inch boulder can be hoisted. The capacity of the pump is between 900 and 1000 yards of sand per day, and gross returns are figured up on a basis of \$2 to the yard of sand handled. The enterprise is handled by private capital.

A Marysville Power Plant.

A big power and water company has just been formed in Marysville, and the work on the dam on the Yuba will begin at once. The company will commence business with the right to 70,000 inches of water, and, in addition, will own over twelve miles of ditches already in use, with clear title to her rights of way for sufficient ditches to supply a large area east of Marysville. The capital stock of the company is \$2,000,000.

The Pine Street Mining Market.

Business on Pine street during the week was not so active as it might have been, and dealers are disappointed thereat, in view of the fact that conditions at the mines favor more life in the market. Prices have, however, been strong in the middle shares, notwithstanding a decidedly weak feeling in the North End shares, where Con. Virginia wilted for a time like a faded lily on the old weatherworn announcement that gas had been encountered in the workings. The scare, however, did not last long, and the stock quickly rallied under purchases of people who religiously make a point of taking on this stock on every break of the kind. The feeling on the street is one of the utmost confidence in the situation at the front, and a good trading market can be looked for after the midsummer holidays have passed. In Chollar (Brunswick) south drift, on the 200-level, there is a much better showing of ore than might be understood from the official letters, and the indications are that the section of a ledge now being cut is somewhere pretty near its apex. This is much better even than if the ore was working the other way toward the surface, with only the chance for a couple of hundred feet of country until the grass roots would come in. The drift on the 300-level is now being driven in through Norcross ground as rapidly as possible, with the chance of cutting into new matter at any time after the region where the old ore above might make in its downward extension should it pitch in that direction. There are many who favor the idea that the Potosi mine, in the south of Chollar, will benefit eventually by the discovery, and much of the stock has been bought recently on this account. Still further north on, the Brunswick work is progressing in ground owned by Con. Virginia, Curry, and Savage, and some changes for the better are looked for in a short time when cross-cutting begins at different points. The South End shares have not moved much as yet, but dealers who favor that end of the market are sanguine that they will be heard from before all is over.

The Magalia Looming Up.

It is not the worst kind of a recommendation when an old-time enemy of a proposition flops over the fence and expresses an error of judgment in a manner which carries conviction of sincerity. A Marysville contemporary, which sided with the malcontents who vented their ill-tempered spleen in a spirit of selfish jealousy on the attempt to float the Magalia property in this city some time ago, now displays a more liberal frame of mind in quoting the latest report from the Oroville Times, on the condition and prospects of the mine, as follows: "The shaft in the Magalia mine in the old Pershecker works was emptied of its immense body of water on Saturday without an accident. The work of taking out some of the coarse gold from the ancient channel will soon begin. This will give a new impetus to matters on the ridge. Everybody connected with the mine is well pleased, as the work of sinking the shaft has been a long and arduous one. The deposit in this mine is known to be rich and extensive, and now that it is in a condition to be worked there is no doubt that it will pay better than ever." "All things come to those who wait," it is said, and events are gradually proving that the statements of merit made at the time by Major McLaughlin were substantially correct, while at the same time they place the enemies of the scheme in a poor light.

Another Quest For British Gold.

The Jumper mine, a location of some promise in Tuolumne County, in the vicinity of the Rawhide, is about to be offered in Great Britain, where the prestige of its wealthy neighbor will doubtless be drawn upon for all it is worth in aiding the new venture. While the Jumper, of course, may be a remarkably fine prospect, the fact that it lies within easy distance of a bonanza mine should not be allowed to cut any figure in dealing with the merits of the property as an investment. Nothing follows in mining from mere contiguity of location, and some of the finest mines in the world have blossomed out in the midst of as big a set of wild-cats as ever were set adrift among a speculative community. Sensible people in buying a mine now-a-days pay for what is in sight, and take into consideration the expenses of future development and the chances for and against ore. The time for buying a pig in a poke is gone by, and it is a good thing that it has.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE sinewy Suffragists will receive little sympathy for the snub that has been administered them by the gentlemen representing the Democratic Party. Democracy has openly pronounced itself in favor of home cooking, home comforts, and old-fashioned motherhood—for all of which one should be truly thankful. There is nothing in God's world so desirable as a good wife, and it is to be hoped that all misguided women will now determine to mend their ways, and will concentrate their attention upon the capture of some lone and lovable male, wilting in the modest seclusion of bachelordom.

THE TOWN CRIER is a bicyclist. In a misguided moment he was invested in a Vim tire—a wretched thing placed upon the market by the Boston Woven Hose Company. It is so rotten that it leaks without a puncture, and a puncture is the easiest thing this tire can get. As a direct result of this imposition he is laid up with an enlarged head; and, although his modesty bids him shrink from relating his own experiences, he feels that it is his duty to do so in the hopes that other wheelmen may read them and be warned thereby.

DOCTORS Sweeny, McNulty, O'Donnell and several others of the same variety doubtless find that it pays to advertise their proficiency through the columns of the daily press. There are also numerous so-called "Medical Institutes" that call attention to their quack nostrums by the same means. One does not doubt the power of these gentlemen to kill off their patients as rapidly as Providence may deem expedient.

WE pray Thee, Lord, to send us light
Because we cannot see at night.
Our Supervisors are to blame—
They rob the public without shame.
They love the dark, because to steal
'Tis necessary but to feel.
And so, dear Lord, please light our lamps
And save us from these thieving tramps.

THE pure in heart of the First Congregational Church are planning to re-open the old church on Post and Mason streets. The soiled in mind and body, however, are determined upon having a new edifice in a better location. The ungodly must not laugh at the mixed state of affairs among these pious people. "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

ASWARTHY Swede, who preferred suicide to living an honest, if laborious, life, stated in his farewell letter that Americans were a set of robbers and cutthroats and that we would all go down to damnation. For all of which this swarthy Swede expressed most boly joy. It may be of some consolation to know that the scoundrel is now paving the way thither for us.

NOW that a chewing-gum girl has managed to get her picture in the Examiner by ordering a piano-tuner about at the point of a pistol, we suppose that numberless young females will spring into notoriety by the same route. Much as this is to be deplored, we shall look leniently upon them if they will only kill one of the scoundrels occasionally.

THE charming creatures who will preside over our coming festivities should be neither queens nor empresses. Seeing that they are to have absolute control over us, we suggest that they be dubbed Supervisoresses. The title will cover a multitude of sins.

WILL Sheriff Whelan inform us why the keep of a parrot while under his care should amount to \$1.00 a day? Probably it was a Buckley bird and entitled to as much consideration as a lamb would be.

THE Beulah Park Evangelists should be treated to a coating of tar and feathers. Such vermin cause more annoyance to respectable people, and lead more innocent children astray, than is generally known.

WHEN a woman wishes to prove her love for a fellow she marries some other man.

THE owner of a boarding house in this city has threatened to kill a boarder for making love to his wife. Does not the knave know that the laudlady, if she be passing pretty, is always considered fair game, and that the wily boarder fattens on her lips while his fellows grow thin at her table? The fellow knows so little that he must be a professor in disguise.

MRS. Sprague, the heiress of the Donahue fortune, objects to the expenditure of a paltry \$25,000 on a fountain to be erected in memory of Peter Donahue. This parsimonious widow may some day find herself in a position where she would gladly avail herself of a drop of water to cool her tongue. It is to be sincerely hoped that it will not be forthcoming.

NOW that Boss McKane of New York has been converted to Christianity by the Salvation Army, it is to be hoped the local organization will attempt to save our own Boss Buckley. Heaven without the "Blind White Devil" in it, would be as uninteresting as the New Testament with the Crucifixion left out.

ALTHOUGH the report has been given out that Buckley is done for, it will be well for honest people to keep an eye upon him until the Devil comes to fetch his own. Mr. Buckley is not so much a personage as an epidemic, and, as such, may break out again at any moment and without any warning.

THE Rev. Gibson, of belfry fame, will sojourn for some weeks in the East along with his secretary. Durrant will fill his pulpit until his return. Ladies may be accommodated with pews by addressing the Rev. C. Overman Brown, who will satisfy all demands as expeditiously as possible.

THE Rev. Olive Miller, who is billed as the pastor of the Church of the Most Holy Spirit, states that God's hand is ever in the cyclone. We are inclined to doubt it, because this reverend ass is still among us. At any rate we cheerfully suggest to the Almighty that he try again.

NOW that the City Prison has been cleansed, we trust that the Supervisors will keep away from it. Quite a number of these ruffians could well be incarcerated there, but, out of pity for the other prisoners, we trust they never may be. What say you, Mister King?

THE Los Angeles editors who fought with knives last week should be exhibited by Sutro out at the Cliff House. The TOWN CRIER is passing brave himself; but then our office door is locked.

THE Assistant Mayor calls this city a "swindler." Mayor Sutro, who by the help of Buckley and the Almighty is permitted to misrepresent it, will now be heard from in his own defence.

BAA, baa, Buckley,
Have you any pull?"
"Yep, my plug-ugly,
Two hands full."

GOVERNOR Budd has proved his wisdom by keeping out of the Corbett-Sharkey embroglio. His Excellency has enough fights of his own to attend to without worrying over ours.

WHAT is the use of all this information concerning Blanthers' past? If the detectives and the police will only inform us concerning his present, we will attend to his future.

A POOR jeweler committed suicide last Sunday night. He was interested in the glowing accounts of the precious stones in his Father's mansion and wanted to investigate for himself.

THE Rev. John Stephens states that the drunkards of this city are to be found on Nob Hill. Since when, pray, have the ministerial wolves been located there?

THE CRIER terms political conventions
Expensive courts for personal contentions.

REGISTRAR Hinton awoke last night after a slumber of several months' duration. Politicians please note.

SOCIALISM is said to be the only solution for the unemployed. What is the matter with prussic acid?

DAILY PAPER: "Clunie sees Fraud." Probably he looked at himself in the mirror.



A Book
of
The Week.*

No American writer has been more faithful to the delineation of American life than W. D. Howells. To properly understand him, however, it is necessary to read all his works, and not to judge him by a single volume. And, if we do this, we shall find that his characters are more intelligent than emotional, more practical than passionate; in fact, that they are typical Americans who move in the world around them like every day, matter-of-fact people. He does not place before us the old "type" of New Englander, the man with the "nasal twang" and the "goatee," but he brings us in contact with the American of to-day, the man with an extended sphere of observation, more developed reasoning powers, and deeper sympathies than those who preceded him. Taken singly, his strongest works are, perhaps, written under the title of "A Modern Instance," in which he mercilessly represents a conspicuous type of American and his subtle interpretation of this type is clear and cold, with nothing extenuated or set down in malice. It was, however, through "Their Wedding Journey," that Howells first became widely known to the public; although "A Traveler from Altruria" added many warm admirers to his already extensively clientele. Of his vivacity in portraiture, his humor and wit, it is unnecessary to speak, for his severest critics have never questioned them; but, even at the risk of being considered hypercritical, we think he would add somewhat to his fame if he avoided such tattered and attenuated expressions as "so to speak" and "as it were." Those terms belong to the age of the shaky oratorical phrase: "If I may be allowed the expression," and Howells would come more up to the ideal standard if he did not use them. And yet we find it hard to fall out with the great New Englander who draws the flickering lights and shadows of New England life as skillfully and as truly as an artist's pigments could make them, and who chronicles the joys and sorrows of life so accurately between his chapters.

In his last book, "A Parting and a Meeting," Howells gives us a book in which drollery and delicate tenderness are mingled in a way which, to our mind, makes this book one of the most captivating the author has written. The story is one of love and Shakerism, a subject not new to the author, a story in which a young man leaves the girl he is engaged to marry and enters the "angelic" circle of the Shakers. Then the girl marries and passes her life until she is sixty in the humdrum surroundings of her home. Meanwhile, however, she became a widow, and now, in her comparative old age, she determines to hunt up the lover of her youth, and she hies her to the Shaker settlement where she once more sees the lover of her teens. And here we have an exquisite piece of character drawing as the old man and the old woman wonder if the toothless, wrinkled, shaky old bag-of-bones before them can be the same gay and handsome beings who loved and wooed so many years before! But with keen perception, Howells pictures the old woman as still animated by the flickering fires of a sentimental past, for her love had been "her whole existence," but the man had become mummified in the peaceful monotony of his life, and he failed to exhibit even a dying spark of the old fire that had stirred his blood in the long ago. He told her, indeed, that he was Roger who loved Phoebe, but he told it in a way that proved his heart to be as if of adamant, and to him the past was a dead past in sentiment and feeling. And as we draw near the end the pathetic tenderness of old Phoebe's words, and her sorrowful meeting with the lover of her youth, touch the well springs, and just as we were about to feel the "lump rising in the throat," then this master mind of a New Englander turns on the laughing gas, and we close the book with a smile when a less brilliant writer would have us leave it with a sigh. The book reminds us that life is "something that oscillates like a pendulum between a smile and a tear."

* "A Parting and a Meeting," by W. D. Howells.

"My Confidences."* The world of letters wants a new Macaulay to administer the lash to the critics who write puffery. And if we had such a writer we would have been spared a good deal of disappointment and some nervous excitement as we read Mr. Locker-Lampson's much-lauded book, "My Confidences," for a more extraordinary scrap-basket of senile prattling has never been puffed and praised by the critics of the press. The book has been lauded above the chimney tops, its commonplace account of the author's infancy, its ordinary statements about his grandparents, its fourth-rate theological prattle, its valueless philosophy about life and society, and its account of how the author spent his time in the rather priggish public service of England, all have been received by the English press as if possessing special notes of merit and entitled to special praise. And why? Well, we believe simply because Mr. Locker-Lampson, one way or another, was considered "a nice fellow," and he made himself popular with the critics, for on no other ground can we account for this praise. Otherwise, why should this book, with its first 150 pages of frivolities, gossips, flabby dissertations on religion, and inane views of other people's opinions, receive a welcome from the English critics of the hour? We give it up, unless, indeed, the author captured the critics by treating them well, and they, good souls, acted on the too good theory of "Do not speak ill of the dead." But what are we to think of a man who makes an ill-advised jest about a great author's work, and that, too, in the presence of the great author himself, and is then surprised that the great one did not like it? And yet this is what Mr. Locker-Lampson did with Thackeray, while the world of letters knows that the greatest writers England has produced—Dickens, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold among the rest—were intensely sensitive about the critiques on their books. And yet this book of Mr. Locker-Lampson's has some merit. The first part of it is, indeed, rubbish, and should be skipped over just as one rushes past a mud heap. Whatever merit the book has commences when the author tells us something about people whom he met—Landor, George Eliot, and many others of the great ones of his day. And although he had the bad taste to offend Thackeray, yet his account of Thackeray's character is really good, and some things he tells us about Dickens appear to be new, but on the whole the book has a great deal of valueless matter, and we put it away with a belief that it was not worth the time spent in reading it. But if any of our readers are tempted to look it over, we advise them to skip the first 150 pages—that is, if they wish to escape tittle-tattle only fit for the nursery.

* By Frederick Locker-Lampson.

The Atlantic monthly for June contains, among other verses, the following lyric by Mr. Stoddard:

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW.

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!
There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die.

"Poker Stories," by John F. B. Lillard, is an entertaining collection of good stories told by statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, commercial travelers, bankers, actors, editors, millionaires, members of the Anauis Club, and others. Our only objection to the book is the "cuss" words it contains, and we opine that it is possible to play poker without swearing. But on the other hand, all the stories are supposed to be true, and some of them are good enough to have survived many repetitions during the last decade, or before. Francis P. Harper, New York. 50 cents.

The re-publication of Captain Marryat's works will be a welcome addition to the revival of classical literature of fifty years ago. Like Stephen Crane, Captain Marryat wrote bad English, and he could not construct a plot, but then, think of his style, lucid, simple, and vigorous, breathing the spirit of the sea, with all its genuine humor and descriptive power as well. It almost makes one feel young again to remember the gusto with which we read "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," or "Poor Jack." And yet we doubt if Captain Marryat turned out better sea stories than our own Dana and Melville. Indeed W. Clark Russell, the English writer of sea tales, says that Dana and Melville were the greatest writers of sea stories that ever lived, and we rejoice to know that the works of the latter are being extensively read again.

Here is a beautiful, but not perfect, little poem by a writer named Cameron Rogers. It has been brought to light by Edgar Saltus, and it contains much real merit:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

"Oh, memories that hless—and hurn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross."

The Examiner continues to nauseate its readers by publishing the late "Bill Nye's Comic History of England." There is a loathsomeness about this work which cannot but disgust every one who has eyes to see its vulgarities and coarseness, and the cultured readers of the Examiner must wonder at that paper for publishing it at all.

"Yeki; a Tale of the New York Ghetto," is said to be the most powerful description of the Russian Hebrew, living in this country, that has ever been published. It is by a new writer and his work is said to be far superior to Zangwill's. Only the advance sheets have been seen so far.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is to get about twenty-four cents a word for the magazine and syndicate rights of his new story. This will make \$12,000 in all. The book rights have not yet been disposed of.

There are published in this country nearly two thousand novels a year. Of these a hundred live three months, fifty six months, and two reach the ripe old age of one year.

\$12,500 have been subscribed for the Burns' exhibition to be held in Glasgow this summer. This is only half the amount guaranteed.

T. S.—We are of opinion that, except Swinburne, there is not to-day in the entire world of letters one great poet.

THE firm of Brown, Craig & Co., which was dissolved when the Phoenix Insurance Company withdrew from the Pacific Coast, has now been re-established by Ed. Brown & Son, the agents for the Svea Insurance Company of Gothenburg, and the American of Philadelphia. Both gentlemen are well known in insurance circles.

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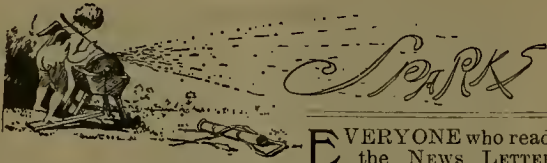
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EVERYONE who reads the NEWS LETTER, and their name is legion, at home and abroad, knows that it is ever ready to note the evil of the times in society as well as in outside circles, and they will confess that one of the most striking faults of the day is the license allowed young people in their conversation (?) in what is termed "our best society"—meaning the wealthy and influential members of the social world. To borrow the phrase of Lord Alcazar, "it is shocking, positively shocking," to know of what is tolerated in polite circles. Where is the breeding and refinement among young men and women whose talk is suggestive, if not openly indelicate, oftentimes trenching upon ground supposedly unknown territory to the debutante bud? Yet how coolly the soft cheek remains unmantled by the maiden blush, its place taken by "a perfect yell" when some witticism (save the mark!) is indulged in by the daring Brownie of the period. When will our lovely maidens realize that a girl is never so attractive to men of culture and intellect as when robed in the purity of gentleness and modesty, which rebukes familiarity and vulgarity of speech as well as action.

One of our summer resorts has a big handicap in the presence at the hotel of the garrulous old dowager who dilates so freely on everyone's family skeleton except her own. But she got a dose of her own medicine the other evening after dinner, when she was enlivening a group of listeners with details of the broken engagements of this and that girl. At length a blonde matron sitting near chipped in with the remark: "Did any of the men commit suicide as the surest way to avoid marriage?" They say the old lady was rendered speechless and simply glared!

What a blessing it is in some cases that no scientist has as yet discovered a method of seeing as long a distance as one can hear. As for example, what a spectacle it would be to see at one end of a wire a swagger wedding in some European capital and at the other end a threatened foreclosure of the family home of one of the "high contracting parties." Truly, "where ignorance is bliss," etc., applies to bridegrooms sometimes, it would seem.

B'lingamites are looking forward to a perfect blaze of glory when the Crockers and Scotts once set the ball rolling. It would seem that the beautiful bride of Walter Hobart is more partial to domestic pleasures than general hilarity, and the house parties of this happy young couple are spoken of as being small and confined to personal friends and relatives, but thoroughly delightful all the same.

There is a good deal of quiet speculation being indulged in at the summer resorts of the swim as to who will be the leading bud in next season's debutantes. Some say Miss Florence Breckenridge, Miss Susie Blanding and Miss Kate Salisbury are booked for first place; others assign leading honors to Miss Helen Wagner, but that the incoming crop of belles is a promising one all agree.

Shakespeare is the authority for the remark, "What's in a name?" but they say that stockbroker George T. Marye can vouch for it that there is a good deal of annoyance in a name sometimes, as ever since his cousin's suicide he has been the recipient of astonished looks from people meeting him in the street and overhearing others saying: "Marye has killed himself."

San Rafael's season of society folk is in full swing, and from now on until after the tennis and ball on the Fourth there will be fresh arrivals daily at the hotel and cottages. Once the national holiday is over society will fly to other places, chiefly to Del Monte, where a long array of fashionables are already in evidence.

The weather is just delightful down at Del Monte, and the hotel is nearly full from basement to attic. Never since the hotel was first erected have there been so many applications made for quarters by intending guests. "Society" seems to be congregating there like bees about a hive, and honey and money—young girls and old ones—divide the attention of numberless swagger drones.

Since Burke Holladay's connection with the railroad magnate things are getting lively on the "Heights"; grading has begun, making the family residence more approachable, and one of the absentee daughters will soon be here on a visit to her family, when a series of entertainments will be given, it is said, at the old homestead on the hill.

Apropos of what rumor is saying, there is one afloat that Mrs. Hager is meditating an *al fresco* entertainment at delightful Del Monte, which is to eclipse all previous efforts on this hospitable lady's part for originality and elegance. It goes without saying that it will be a grand affair.

A somewhat sensational report has been started in London that H. R. H. of Wales is very bent on making a trip to California! Think what a convulsion of nature—human nature—would result from such an event as a visit to the coast by the Prince!

Gossip says that the moonlight has been a great factor in the enjoyment of the girls over in San Rafael, and many are prophesying a matrimonial announcement in the near future between a season's bud and the son of a wealthy sire.

THE PRETTIEST PLACE IN MILL VALLEY.

A LARGE, well-furnished house to rent in Mill Valley for four or six months, with stable accommodations if desired. Address, G. T. Marsh, 625 Market street.

The Keystone Monogram Whiskey has long been considered one of the very finest brands on the market. It can be taken at all hours of the day, and will have a marked tonic effect upon the system. The leading physicians endorse its qualities, and the oldest connoisseurs pronounce it perfect. So many whiskies are sold to-day of inferior quality that recommendations like these will certainly have a marked influence upon the sales.

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Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

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DEAR EDITH—The prevailing styles in sleeves are prettier and more artistic and becoming than anything we have had in years, for they are the happy medium between the huge grotesque balloons just passed into oblivion, and the long, straight, overtight sleeves whose tortures still haunt us. The choice in shapes at present is almost unlimited as to the style of arranging the upper portion of the sleeve; frills, bell puffs, draperies, points, caps, slashed effects, etc., all prevailing among models for summer gowns.

Among the dainty French novelties of the season are Sabran vest fronts of bead-wrought or spangled mousseline de soie, chiffon and cream-white net. They are laid in folds such as a Parisian hand alone can arrange, and some have pretty girdle and yoke effects formed solely by the manipulation of these folds and fine plaitings. These vests are to be worn with the bolero jacket, which has taken another lease of life, and is the rage abroad, as well as many others of the very short styles that are called variously the Mess, the French Guard, the Eton, the Zouave, and the Russian shape with square instead of rounded fronts. The little Spanish model, however, is the leading favorite, and with it is worn a high ceinture or girdle, that fashion decrees shall be made of black satin ribbon. But leaving this very popular accessory aside, the vest and the bolero are especially charming for youthful wearers over skirts of Pompadour silk, flowered organdie, accordion-plaited crepe de chine, shot and flowered taffeta or grass linen made up over silk that matches the lining of the silk or velvet bolero in tint.

The rage for things purple increases daily. From purple hats we have gone to purple gowns and purple gloves; we even see tints of purple in dainty parasols; all we have left are the shoes and lingerie not yet invaded. As fetching and wholly alluring as the purple hats are, not every one who will may wear them; it is an infinitely trying color, horribly unbecoming to a pale face, but making the pink-cheeked girl bloom like a rose. The astute milliner schemes to alleviate the sharpness of the tint next the face by facing the hat with cream color, or some soft white stuff, or even with yellow straw.

Crossed corsages and many pretty fichu effects appear upon some of the dainty and most poetic creations of French genius. Very many of the newest corsages for slender matrons and young women are hooked up the back, the front portion draped from side to side, trimmed with a V-shaped plastron that is edged on each side with a coquille of lace or is bordered with narrow ribbon or insertion, and has a large jabot of lace or some rich design reaching from neck to belt.

To add to the general confusion of the modern and antique in present fashions, designers are at this moment experimenting on double-skirted effects which the Empress Eugenie introduced in her day of glory. The fashion began by a trimming placed on the skirt to simulate an overdress, then came the actual overdress, and this is what we are now threatened with. We already see the overskirt outlined by rows of narrow gimp or ribbon, gathered frills of lace or of the dress material, but whether the genuine double skirt be adopted is a matter now discussed along with the question of the again threatened hoopskirt and its first cousin, the wire bustle or French tournure.

BELINDA.

Sickness Among Children

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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CANDIES.—Don't leave the city without a box of ROBERTS' Best.

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It is essential at the SEASHORE.
It will PROTECT the COMPLEXION.
It removes PIMPLES and ROUGHNESS.
It makes the SKIN FAIR and BEAUTIFUL.

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"The difference," said Asbury Peppers, though no one had asked him, "the difference between a bicycle pump and an anti-prize fight law is that one is used to blow up the tires and the other is used to tie up the blowers." Whereupon the serious boarder told him that he ought to go on the stage, or, if the stage was not available, to go on the next train.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I don't think I want a cyclopedia," said the woman of the house, "but if you have got any nice books for children—" "Great Scott, madam!" exclaimed the unblushing book agent. "We use this cyclopedia for a children's book at our house altogether. They sit on it at the table."—Chicago Tribune.

"How can you treat me so?" she asked, with intensity. In a sudden burst of confidence he explained. "Soaked my ring," said he. For a moment she seemed to be considering. Sighing, she took another plate of vanilla.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Gadd—How is your girl, Mrs. Gabb? MRS. GABB—Well, she's abominably dirty. She spoils everything she cooks, and she's lazy and impudent; but she has one good quality rarely met with. "Indeed, what is that?" "She stays."—Ex.

"My family," said Miss Antique, "came over with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower." "Did they really?" exclaimed Hicks. "How very interesting! And were you seasick?"—Harper's Bazar.

"Did you go into society in Philadelphia?" "Yes." "And how did they kill time there?" "They don't kill it. They just sit down and wait for it to die a natural death."—Washington Star.

Aunt—Why did you stare at that gentleman so rudely, Ethel? LITTLE ETHEL—Oh, he's a drefful man; he never goes to church or nothing. I heard father say he was an acrostic.—Sketch.

Mr. May—What character will you assume at our masquerade ball? MRS. MAUD—I think I shall impersonate my maid. I would so like to have my husband enjoy himself, you know.—Truth.

Clint Onstreet—What on earth made Biker get such a loud suit of clothes? KOHLSPRING—As a matter of economy purely. They will save him buying a bicycle bell.—Buffalo Times.

"I have some burning thoughts," said he.

The editor was cruel.

"We never yet," said he, "have let subscribers pay with fuel."

—Washington Star.

Customer (reading bill of fare)—Oysters! H'm, oysters are not considered good this month. WAITER—Quite right, sir, but ours were left over from last month.—Odds and Ends.

Mistress—Look here, Jeanette; you have brought me two shoes for the same foot. MAID—How strange! This other pair are both for the same foot, too.—Sketch.

"Did he look like a bicyclist?" "Oh, dear, no; not in the least. Why, he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort."—Chicago Record.

"I think bicycles ought to have a patron saint." "Yes, and Old Nick would do for you fellows who want to scorch all the time."—Chicago Record.

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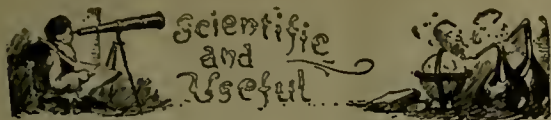
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AN EXACT PENDULUM.—Observations made on the pendulum of the Paris Observatory, which is kept 90 feet under ground, with a temperature that varies 1-100th part of a degree at most during the year, show that it is not quite proof against the variations of atmospheric pressure. It makes an error of one-third of an oscillation in 12,000,000, and it is proposed to remedy this error.

A DEADLY WEAPON.—Italy has a new magazine rifle, which holds only six cartridges, but can be filled and discharged in fifteen seconds. The bullet has an outside covering of German silver with a case of lead, hardened by antimony, and will go through a brick wall three feet thick at a range of a quarter of a mile. The bore is 0.256 inches and the trajectory is so flat that the rifle can be fired up to a range of 650 yards without using the folding sight, which is set for as long a range as 2,200 yards.

ABOUT ROENTGEN RAYS.—Roentgen has published some new facts about his rays. He finds that all solid bodies can generate them, the only difference being in the intensity, the greatest intensity being produced by platinum. He finds that the insertion of a Tesla coil between the Ruhmkorff coil and the ray-producing apparatus is very advantageous, and that the X rays and the air traversed by them can discharge electric bodies.

PATENT STATISTICS.—During the last 25 years the entire number of patents granted in the world has been 1,213,388, of which 759,346 were granted outside of the United States and 454,042 within the United States. No other country reports even half so many patents registered as the United States. Next to us comes Great Britain, which during this quarter of a century has granted 171,746 patents.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.—Distemper is a highly infectious fever, and if your dog is valuable you should consult a veterinary if possible. A mild laxative may be necessary; strengthening food, such as beef tea, broth, bread and milk, may be given in alternation. Quinine in some form in a little wine is beneficial, and good nursing is important. Keep the affected dog or dogs away from other dogs and visitors.

READING OLD COINS.—To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, has become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire; when red hot place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.

A CLEVER DEVICE.—A New Haven man has invented a device which will show to the motorman of an electric car, at a glance, the speed at which his car is running. The object of this invention is to protect street railroad companies from violations of ordinances regulating speed. When the car attains the maximum speed for which the device is set, an alarm bell is rung.

BLOTTING-PAPER SUIT.—The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting-paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of his morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

CLEANSING THE AIR.—The air, after a heavy snowfall, is usually very clear, because the snow, in falling, brings down with it most of the dust and impurities, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear.

Instead of a trip to Japan, go and see Geo. T. Marsh's collection of Japanese art goods at 625 Market street.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

For 35 years Jackson's Napa Soda has led all mineral waters.

Use Richardson & Robbins' canned and potted meats for picnics.

BEHIND THE BARS.—MARY MC NEIL SCOTT IN "LOTOS."

Is ever sky so blue, or field so gay
To bird or poet, who may roam at will.
As to the caged thing whose heart must fill
And drain itself a thousand times a day—
With memories that it cannot sing nor say—
But if it live at all, must utter still?

Oh! vanished hours; when on the pine-set hill
In balu, and sun, and flowers, I lightly lay,
Not knowing I was happy. Gad! it seems
To measure all our blessedness by grief,
And yet, to me, the memory of such dreams—
The very tears that bring their own relief—
Thrill with a tenderness more keen and dear
Than all I felt when I was happy there.

A FINE VIEW OF THE BAY.

A MOST desirable eight-room residence, handsomely furnished, and with all modern improvements, is for rent by Baldwin & Hammond, 10 Montgomery street. The house is surrounded by a lovely garden, and the location is choice in every respect. Rent low to responsible parties.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Jackson's Napa Soda is an antidote to Heartburn.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

John H. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,588 59. Guaranteed Capital...\$1,300,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruse; Second Vice-President, A. C. Heineken; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

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INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

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NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



PAINT ME A PICTURE IN MUSIC.

DR. WILLIAM COLBY COOPER, IN THE NEW BOHEMIAN.

0 PAINT me a picture in music, my sweet,
 For thou hast the deft, inspirational skill
 To limn, at thy pleasure, in echo, the fleet,
 Evanishing shades of a blush or a thrill.
 I'd have a remote of reverberant gloom,
 Toned hitherward with an indefinite haze
 Of sighs, melting out toward a desolate tomb—
 In colors the saddest thy minor can phrase.
 Paint a vision of beauty to dazzle the soul,
 For once it was real, and shone but for me—
 A woman, whose charms in magnificent whole
 Compelled all things else, else her own destiny.
 Let her be on a couch with her warm, eager arms
 Enfolding her first-born—do this with thine art;
 Then paint, in sound's tenderest, touchiest charms,
 Her first mother-smile, with her babe next her heart.
 "Too sacredly subtle" for thy grand art, even?
 Canst give me the moaning, and fever, and pain
 Of a saint falling back to her Father in Heaven!
 Try that, oh, my darling, and try it again?
 Then picture the sob, left in her last kiss
 On thy velvety cheek, if thou canst. Ah, me!
 In some other world, maybe—never in this,
 Will such music-mastery be given to thee.
 My picture must float from the soul of a saint,
 In the beautiful, dreamful and mystic Above,
 For never the skill that is human can paint
 The measureless depth of a mother's sweet love!

LULLABY.—GRACE MITCHELL; IN MIDLAND MONTHLY.

Birds in their nests are softly calling,
 The dew is falling, the day is done.
 Over the hill come night winds creeping,
 To lull thy sleeping, my little one.
 Far in the sky gleams the golden crescent,
 With motion incessant she swings on high—
 A golden hammock for angels' swinging,
 While softly singing a lullaby.
 "Then swing slow, sing low,
 Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep;
 Breathe low, breezes blow—
 Zephyrs that bring on drowsy wing
 Sweet sleep."
 Down in the grass, the folded clover,
 With mother-leaf over, lies warm and deep.
 Stars in the blue that lightly hover
 Shine brightly over, to guard thy sleep.
 Come, happy dreams, from your home in heaven
 This midsummer even, and hover nigh,
 While baby and I in our hammock are swinging
 And softly singing a lullaby.
 "Then swing slow, sing low,
 Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep;
 Breathe low, breezes blow—
 Zephyrs that bring on downy wing
 Sweet sleep."

BONDAGE.—OWEN INNSLEY.

"And this is freedom!" cried the serf. "At last
 I tread free soil, the free air blows on me."
 And, wild to learn the sweets of liberty,
 With eager hope his bosom bounded fast.
 But not for nought had the long years amassed
 Habit of slavery; among the free
 He still was servile, and disheartened, he
 Crept back to the old bondage of the past.
 Long did I hear a hard and heavy chain
 Wreathed with amaranth and asphodel,
 But through the flower-breaths stole the weary pain.
 I cast it off and fled, but 'twas in vain;
 For when once more I passed by where it fell,
 I took it up and bound it on again.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
 SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
 Assets.....3,192,001.69
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,400.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, 501 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,
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BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$5,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F.

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

Imperial Photographic Studio,

724, 726 and 728 MARKET ST. (1st Floor),
 Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.

Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.

AN INTERESTING PIECE OF LOCAL HISTORY.

IF you take the cars and ride out along the bay towards the Cliff House, you will pass on the way a little green spot surrounded by thick hedges, known as the Italian cemetery.

The cemetery is well kept, the graves are tastefully decorated with flowers, and the paths scrupulously clean. In 1878 the city authorities decided to lay apart a large tract of land for the use of private societies who might wish a place wherein to inter their dead. They decided upon donating this site, which, at the time, seemed far remote from the city, and never likely to be called into use. The first societies to benefit by the gift were the Improved Order of Red Men; the Slavonic Mutual Benefit Society; the Christian Chinese; Scandinavian, and French Benevolent Societies, and the Congregation Shereth Israel. In 1879 the Italian Benevolent Society took up a claim, as did many others during 1880. In 1881 the St. Andrew's Society and Caledonian Club received a beautiful site, and numerous Chinese benevolent associations, to the number of a dozen or so, also took up land. The "Potter's Field," containing some twenty-four hundred graves, mostly unmarked save with a rotting board, is trodden under foot by the heathen as they scramble, like so many monkeys, to their own strange looking burial grounds.

In 1890 the Italian cemetery first spoken of was started, and in 1894, the last we have heard of, the Japanese colony also entered their dead in the race, and have now a little lot adjoining that of the sons of Bonnie Scotland. Ideal as the location is, it remains little better than a dreary wilderness, dependent upon Nature for whatever beauty may fall to its share. Although nearly twenty years have elapsed since these societies, many of them composed of wealthy and influential men, took up the land, absolutely nothing has been done to any portion of it save to surround the respective lots with rotten and ugly little white palings. Exception must be made in the case of the Italian, the German Benevolent, and the Hebrew cemeteries; but the others are a disgrace. The St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies, for instance, are powerful organizations, and have enough money in their treasuries to hold outings and give many entertainments. Their lot, however, is a wretched mass of weeds and thistles, the graves are marred by the ugly and cheap boards around them, the ground is not even brokeu, and one almost expects that if the dead could rise they would even prefer returning to life sooner than to stay amid such poverty stricken surroundings. Much charity is dispensed by these Scotch societies to their countrymen in distress, but they should also think occasionally of their dead. We suggest that the next man who applies to them for relief be furnished with spade and shovel and a handful of seeds, and be told to labor for his alms.

The lot used by the Coast Seamen is as bad as the others. But in extenuation we can say that this body of men has not a large sum of money in its treasury to draw upon. Nevertheless, we think that, by clubbing in with the other Orders, a man might be hired for a very nominal sum who would gradually beautify the whole spot and make it worthy an occasional visit by others than dead men.

The Board of Supervisors has refused to close these cemeteries, although their presence is certainly very detrimental to the growth of the city. We would suggest, then, that the respective owners of lots be compelled to put them in order and keep them so. Proper hedges should be erected around the entire area, roadways and paths should be laid out and flowers planted everywhere. The land should really be taken up by the Government or converted by the city into a boulevard for the people; but seeing that this cannot apparently be done, it remains for the wealthier societies who utilize it to improve it, and so make some slight return for the gift that cost them nothing.

—There are only two survivors in France of Napoleon's Grand Army, and one of them, M. Baillod, was recently decorated by President Faure with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Baillod is 103 years old, and still reasonably active, though after Waterloo he was discharged from the army as a consumptive.

THE PETER DONAHUE BEQUEST.

JUDGE Angelotti deserves much praise for the stand he has taken on the Donahue bequest matter. The late millionaire's will provides that \$25,000 should be devoted to erecting a fountain in this city to the memory of his father, but his widow, who has certainly inherited enough to satisfy any ordinary person, demurred over the charitable bequest, and wished the sum cut down. The Judge made the following pertinent remarks ament the bequest, with all of which we agree: "I regret very much that those who are benefiting by this estate cannot see fit to agree upon the erection of this fountain. It is the only thing that is designed by the testator to perpetuate the memory of Peter Donahue, and it does seem to me rather hard that people who are profiting by the bounty of this testator should see fit to oppose this legacy. I cannot, I really cannot understand it, gentlemen." It seems strange that the heirs, who will receive over \$1,000,000, should object to allowing so small an item as \$25,000 to be expended on a memorial, useful as well as ornamental, in memory of their benefactor. Such conduct is miserly in the extreme, and as such should be denounced. For over six years Mr. Charles F. Haulon, the attorney for the estate, has been seeking to have the testator's wishes fulfilled, and his tireless efforts in that behalf are praiseworthy in the extreme.

—If Turkey should go to war the man who would direct her forces would be Gazi Osman Pasha, the famous defender of Plevna, now fifty-eight years old. He has fought in any number of engagements and is covered with glory and medals.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is up to the queen's taste.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa;



It bears the
Trade Mark
"La Belle
Chocolatier's"
on every can.

Absolutely
Pure.
No Chemicals.

**BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS.**

Always ask for **Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa,**
Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent on term deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1896.
Office—533 California street, cor. Wehh **LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.**

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 32, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Saturday, June 20, 1896. Transfer books will close on Saturday, June 13, 1896, at 12 o'clock M. **E. H. SHELDON, Secretary**

Weak Men and Women Should use **DAMIANA BITTERS**, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



GAY doings in the city are becoming beautifully less as days go on, and people realize that the summer is actually here at last. Departures from town are increasing in number every week, and our residence streets are wearing that desolate look that indicates the absence of fashion until "after the Fourth," at least. Still, there are a goodly number yet within our gates, and those who are in town must do something to make life enjoyable, so, as a consequence, both the California and the Columbia fairly bristled with theatre parties on Monday night, society still in town turning out in large numbers to welcome the new comers, as well as to admire those only comparatively so, and suppers were, of course, as numerous, some of them both elaborate and large. An entertainment was given on Monday night, also, at Odd Fellows' Hall, in honor of the graduating class of the Polytechnic High School, at which there was music, recitations, etc., followed by dancing; and on Wednesday evening the social event of the week was the golden wedding anniversary celebration of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs, at their home on Post street.

"An Afternoon in the Greenwood" is the title which the lady managers have bestowed upon the garden party which will be given in Sleepy Hollow, at Belvedere, to-day. It is to be for the benefit of the Church Building Fund, and the entertainment will include music by the military band, refreshments, etc. Another *al fresco* fête will be held this afternoon in the grounds of St. Matthew's Church, at San Mateo, which promises to be a very fashionable affair; there will be a dramatic and musical programme by Mrs. Edgerton, Miss Connell, and others, music by the San Mateo band, refreshments, and dancing in the evening, when the grounds will be lighted by electricity.

Society suffered a disappointment this week in that St. Luke's Church was not the scene, as anticipated, of Miss Claire Tucker's and Philip William's wedding. Although a home ceremony on Monday evening, it was an extremely pretty one; the entire house was charmingly decorated by Miss Mary Bates, pink and white being the dominating tints. Palms, white satin, St. Joseph lilies, and pink sweet pea blossoms were the component parts of the little altar where the marriage vows were exchanged, the Rev. Mr. Moreland officiating, and a stringed orchestra furnishing melody during the ceremony and afterwards. The bride, who was given away by her mother, wore a handsome robe of heavy white satin trimmed with Duchesse lace, a spray of orange blossoms in her hair holding her fleecy tulle veil in place, and for ornaments a string of pearls around her throat, from which depended a lovely pearl cross. It was an old engagement that Miss Bessie Younger should be maid of honor to Miss Tucker, but she is at present in Europe, and her father did not deem it best that she should take the long trip hither by herself. So, in her stead, that duty was performed by Miss Maie Tucker, her gown being of white silk and organdie, with a haud bouquet of sweet pea blossoms. Emmanuel Heller was the groom's best man. After the ceremony an elaborate supper was served, and the happy pair are speeding towards the Sandwich Islands to pass their honeymoon, having sailed thence on Tuesday last.

There have recently been several departures from the pink and white wedding fad of the season, and another one was the yellow and white wedding of Miss Alice Russ and George Habenicht, which was solemnized on Tuesday evening at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. Miss Bates had charge of the decorations, which were of date palms, ferns, Bermuda lilies, roses, and cereopsis. Yellow satin ribbons and wax tapers, and the large, white satin kneeling cushion was embroidered in old gold.

The ushers, Messrs. Thierbach, Von Rhein, Dodge and Nichols, had no easy task finding seats for the crowd of guests who filled the church, and to the strains of the

Lohengrius Chorus they headed the bridal cortege as it entered the church soon after half-past eight. After them came the four pretty bridesmaids, the Misses Bessie Roden, Eva Herold, Ernie Habenicht and Evelyn Beudel, gowned alike in white organdie over yellow silk, with yellow satin trimmings; then Miss Lulu Habenicht, as maid-of-honor, in white organdie over white silk, and white satin ribbons, and finally the brunette bride and her father. Her costume was of white satin trimmed with point lace and embroidered with pearls, a diamond crescent confined her tulle veil to her coiffeur and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The groom and his best man, A. J. Laug, awaited the party at the altar where the Rev. Dr. Beuhler made the twain one flesh. The reception which followed was held at the Hotel Savoy. There was an elaborate supper and dancing until a late hour.

One of the pretty weddings of last week had Miss Jennie Wheaton and George Childs for bride and groom. The Rev. Dr. Chapman tied the nuptial knot at the home of the bride's family in Oakland, Miss Millie Wheaton officiating as maid-of-honor and Dr. E. C. Love as best man.

There were two interesting announcements of engagements made at the close of last week; those of Mrs. Minnie Mansfield Wood and Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., with the 25th of July named as the date for the marriage; and of Miss Adele Perrin and William Park, of Mobile, which means that the bride is to be lost to San Francisco society in future, as was her sister, Mrs. Robinson, now of Kentucky. The wedding will, however, take place here some time in the autumn.

Suspense is at an end as to which of our lovely maideus are to officiate as bridesmaids at the weddings of the near future. Miss Hobart has selected Miss Tessie Hobart, Miss Mary Eyre and Miss Florence Mills as her attendant maids, with Miss Juliet Williams as maid-of-honor. Miss Williams also appears in the list of those chosen by Miss Belle McKenna, the others being Misses May Hoffman, Romie Wallace, Cora Smedburg, Mamie Thomas, May Belle Gwin, and the fair bride-elect's sisters, the Misses McKenna.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Kronberg celebrated their silver wedding at their residence, 1614 Pink street, last Sunday, and were the recipients of many tasteful gifts from their numerous friends.

The season has opened in earnest at Burlingame, and dinners, luncheons at the club house, as well as coaching parties, are of daily occurrence. The report that Talbot Clifton meditates a return to the delights of that suburban retreat has been received with conflicting emotions by dwellers thereabouts; though to the majority of the club the news is no doubt welcome, for he certainly managed to keep himself very much in evidence while there, and made things lively wherever he happened to be. The Will Crockers and Poniatowskis are looked for ere long, and the Frank Carolans, he having departed for Chicago to escort his wife home; and the Henry Scotts will soon be enlivening that little settlement.

Santa Cruz is *en fête* this week with its water carnival and other attractions, of which the Philadelphia and the Mouadnock form no inconsiderable items. The crowd in attendance has been very large, and all have pronounced the spectacle a beautiful one. Next in line of festivities comes the fête at Monterey on the 7th of July, until which time the men-of-war will remain thereabouts so as to take part in it, and it goes without saying that at that particular period Del Monte will not only be a delightful place to be at to take it all in, but that it will be crowded.

Sau Rafael is in great form this summer. The regular residents are all occupying their homes. Many cottages have been taken for the entire season, and the Hotel Rafael is already more than well filled. Mrs. Dick Carroll and Miss Lizzie leave for San Rafael to-day and Miss Romie Wallace next week. The Thomas's will occupy the Barber cottage; the Henry Bothins, the Dibblee cottage in Ross Valley; the Millen Griffiths, the Kittles, and the Wm. Babcocks are all in residence, and house parties are to be a popular form of entertaining and more generally the rule than ever before. Among others are the Elliott McAllisters, John F. Bigelows, Sidney M. Smiths, Mrs. Curry and Miss Francis, etc.

Del Monte's guests include the Hagers, Perry Eyres, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Daisy Van Ness, Mrs. Jas. Carolan and Miss Carolan, the Walter Deans, Geo. Howards, Russ Wilsons, Paysons, Casserleys, etc. At Santa Cruz are the Jim Keeneys, Paul Jarboes, and Mrs. Willie Ashe. The R. P. Schwerines are faithful to San Mateo, where they always spend their summer; Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Shreve and Miss Bessie, the R. J. Woods and the Hookers, are among the guests at the Vendome.

The W. F. Goads are spending the summer at Sausalito, where they have taken a cottage, and there also are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellicott. Mrs. Clark Crocker is at Castle Crags for the summer. Miss Jennie Blair and her brother have been enjoying life at Bartlett Springs this week. Mrs. Henry Crocker is occupying her villa at Cloverdale. Mrs. Will Tevis and family have taken the Jones cottage at Santa Monica, and have already arrived there from Bakersfield. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd will pass the summer at their farm in Contra Costa County. Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd are at Casa Boyd, San Leandro. The Martells are at their ranch near Mountain View. Robert Coleman and family at Burlingame; also Mrs. Newhall and her son George. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eells are settled for the summer in Ross Valley; the Eldridge Durbrows in Mill Valley; Mrs. H. E. Huntington and family go to Lake Tahoe; Mrs. E. Martin is paying a brief visit to Washington, D. C. Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie will leave New York for home to-day.

Miss Adie's School, 2117 California street, opens up again on August 3rd, and extensive preparations are being made for the reception of the new and old students. Miss Adie is a principal who believes in teaching children by being kind to them, and thus interesting them in their lessons, and the efficiency and deportment of her pupils speak well for her methods.

Mrs. George D. Strickland (daughter of Arpad Haraszthy), was apprised on the 17th inst. of her husband's sudden and dangerous illness at Medea, Pa., and left for that city on the same date.

PURE MILK.

THE preservation of milk in its natural state, so that it would keep for an indefinite period, would seem to be an impossibility. This is what the Point Reyes Creamery Company, under the Russell process, is now doing, however. We tasted milk this week that had been bottled for twenty-one days, and was as sweet as fresh milk, while the cream was richer than that usually obtained from your milkman. The Point Reyes Company has been supplying its bottled milk in such quantities to residents of Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco that it has caused quite a stir among the dairymen, whose trade it has materially cut into, and every endeavor has been made across the bay, for this reason, to injure it. The company, knowing this, gave a sample to Dr. John C. Spencer, Bacteriologist to the State Board of Health. This is what he says:

San Francisco, February 17, 1896.

POINT REYES CREAMERY COMPANY—Gentlemen: The sample of bottled cream left me by your representative for examination, with the statement that it had been subjected to a patent process intended to cause the same to remain perfectly pure in its hermetically sealed jar indefinitely, shows the following results: The cream is absolutely germ free; it contains absolutely no admixture of chemical ingredients as preservatives; it conforms to all the standards required of pure and wholesome cream.

After being repeatedly opened and exposed during three days it remained perfectly sweet, and wholesome, and palatable.

Yours very truly, JOHN C. SPENCER, M. D.

And this is what Mr. Dockery has to say:
Health Department, City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

San Francisco, February 27, 1896.

POINT REYES CREAMERY COMPANY—Gents: The sample of cream left in my office to be tested I find pure.

Yours respectfully, JAMES P. DOCKERY, Milk Inspector.

Such indorsements as these—they have hundreds at their headquarters, 413 Pine street—prove conclusively that their product is absolutely pure, and they have a most valuable and useful discovery.

Sunburn and Freckles removed by "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 60c. Pacific Perfumery Co. San Francisco.

COOPER & CO., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

A GREAT BRIC-A-BRAC SALE.

THE creditors of the Oriental Trading Company are evidently in need of funds. At all events they have placed in the hands of Charles Eastman, the Auctioneer, the immense stock of this company at 419 Kearny street, and commencing next Monday at half past ten o'clock, and again at 2 p. m., and continuing at these hours daily, the largest sale of Japanese High Art Goods ever held in this city will take place, on the premises. The Oriental Ocoo Rugs, Elegant Screens, Bronzes, Canton Curios, Old Satsuma Ware, Kaga, Kochi, Cloisonné, Awata, Bishu, Ivory and Wood Carvings, Ancient Musical Instruments, in the aggregate amount to \$25,000. Such an opportunity for ladies to obtain choice Bric-a-brac is seldom offered in any city, and as the highest bidder will get each article offered there is no doubt that there will be many delightful bargains.

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"



'96 STERLING ROADSTER.

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Buy one with a REPUTATION—one that won't break down when you're ten miles from home. Don't lean to "fads"; they are not substantial. THE STERLING has been on the market five years. We guarantee it for one year, and also

GUARANTEE OUR TIRES for the same period. Replacements made at OUR OFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO. The STERLING costs \$100. If you want to know more about it, send for our art catalogue, mailed free to any address, and you will buy the

Sterling Bicycle

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"

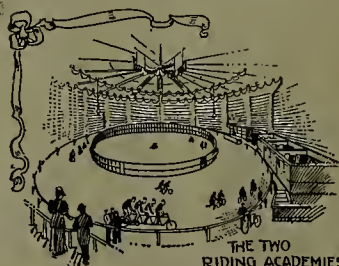
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WM. V. BRYAN, Manager Pacific Coast Branch.

NOW IS A CHANCE
TO BUY THE BEST
BICYCLE MADE *

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Reduced to \$59. New
and guaranteed for one
year.



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Thos. H. B. Varney Rambler Biclorama,

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Park Agency: The "Wheelery," corner Page and Stanyan Sts.

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The Most Stylish and Elegant Suits
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SAMUEL MEYER. B. J. BURR.

B. J. BURR & CO., Successors to
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At 224 Sutter Street, North Side, West of Kearny.

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The modern oxygen cure for
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Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From June 7, 1896.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Ruissey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
*8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Yuba, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	9:00 P
*1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Rosa Route, Atlantic Express, for Marysville and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	12:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	11:30 A
1:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:00 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
7:30 A	Sunday Excursion from San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	1:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
9:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	11:30 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and way stations	10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose, Pacific Grove and way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:38 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market street (Slip S).	
*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 12:00, 13:00, 4:00, 15:00 and 6:00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.	
*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, 1:00, 12:00, 3:00, 14:00 5:00 P. M.	

A for Morning.	P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted.	†Saturdays only.
†Sundays only.	
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.	
† Saturdays and Sundays for Santa Cruz	
† Sundays and Mondays from Santa Cruz	

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

A RONDEAU OF LOVE.—A. L. M.

They were but mortals—common clay—
Until, one strange, sweet, solemn day,
(Expound the mystery who can?)

A swift thrill thro' their pulses ran.

A look like lightning in its play

Flamed thro' their souls with vivid ray,

And God descended in their way,

When she, a woman, he, a man,

Awoke to love.

And all the world, erewhile so gray,

In rainbow splendors round them lay,

For each the universal plan

Held Eden in its magic span,

And heaven came down to earth when they

Awoke to love.

SAFETY OF EARTH BURIALS.

It is frequently stated, says Loudon Public Opinion, that burial is an act fraught with danger to the living, and especially is this thought to be the case when the bodies are those of persons who have died of infectious diseases, a common belief being that disease microbes may be carried from graves downwards into wells, and thus affect living persons. There are, however, no grounds for this view, as observations have proved conclusively that soil is an excellent filter for microbes, and that water which has passed through a stratum full of disease germs is quite free from taint if it afterwards passes through a few feet of garden soil. Dr. Losener has lately conducted a number of experiments, the results of which go to support the view that earth burial is quite safe. He has buried carcasses infected with the microbes of various diseases, and has determined how long these germs lived under such circumstances. The microbes of typhoid fever lived ninety days, while those of cholera survived only twenty-eight days. Similar results were obtained with other disease germs, and in every case the earth close beneath the bottom of the hole containing the infected carcass was found to be free from microbes. The gist of the whole matter is, therefore, that disease germs do not survive ordinary interment for very long periods, and that they are not carried to our water wells and springs if the burial is properly conducted.

BUBBLES FROM BALZAC.

—Death is the chrism of genius.
—Happiness is the god of fools.
—Women who get over their follies are getting over their love.
—Nothing so resembles the divine love as hopeless human love.
—It is always wise with a woman to get some good out of a mystery.
—To many persons Paris is a disease, sometimes several diseases.
—Success rejuvenates men whom successive struggles have kept alive.
—Love, after giving more than it has, ends by giving less than it receives.
—The human feeling of the courtesan who loves has a greatness in it which brings her back among the angels.

BUSWELL GO.,

Bookbinder, Paper-Ruler, Printer and Blank Book Manufacturer.
516 COMMERCIAL ST., S. F.

OCEANIC S.S. CO.

HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA.

6 DAYS TO HONOLULU

BY S.S. AUSTRALIA.

S. S. "Alameda," sails via Honolulu and Auckland, for Sydney, Thursday, June 25th, at 2 P. M. S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Saturday, July 11th, at 10 A. M.
Line to Coalgrader, Australia, and Capetown. South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:30 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

Week Days.	Sundays.	In Effect April 2, 1896.	ARRIVE IN S. F.	Week Days.
DEST'N.	Sundays.			
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Norato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.
		Fulton,		
7:30 A. M.		Windsor,		10:10 A. M.
		Headshurg,		
	7:30 A. M.	Geyersville,	7:30 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.		Cloverdale.		6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Pieta, Hop-	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		land, Ukiah.		6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guernville	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:15 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.		10:40 A. M.	10:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Fomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Boonerville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cauto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 3, 13, 18, 28; July 3, 13, 18, 28.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altiata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 2-27, and 25th of each month thereafter.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents,

No. 10 Market street, San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf at FIRST and BRAN-
NAN STREETS, at 3 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and
HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with
steamers for SHANGHAI.

OPTIC (via Honolulu), Monday, June 20, 1896
GARLIC (via Honolulu), Thursday, July 2, 1896
DORIC, Tuesday, July 21, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, August 8, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's
Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View of Presidio, U. S. A. Reservation, from Upper Road Looking East.

Taber Photo.



SAN FRANCISCO News Letter

California Advertiser.



Vol. LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1896.

Number 26.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT, 606-608-610 Merchant street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

BALLOON ascensions are merely another form of gambling, and should be prohibited by law.

THE freedom of the press must be upheld. Let the Free Speech Defense Association be called together, and our judges reminded that they are but public servants.

NOW that the Republicans have pronounced for protection and fight, let Democrats go in for prosperity and peace. With such a platform McKinley will quickly retire into his barrel.

WHEN Senator Sherman, of Ohio, asserts that during the three years of the McKinley tariff bill the revenue decreased from a surplus of \$180,000,000 to a deficit of \$16,000,000, it seems very strange that the people should be led to such an extreme of enthusiasm for McKinley and his high protective tariff.

THE tone of San Francisco has been considerably lowered by the disgraceful exhibitions of prize-fighting at the Mechanics' Pavilion. In the name of decency, and for the sake of the city's good name, we demand that they be prohibited entirely. This is a civilized community, and the wishes of decent men and women should be respected.

THE policemen who parade the Oakland ferry boats of a Sunday are worse than useless. The roughs, knowing that their disorderly conduct will be winked at, apparently take pleasure in making themselves obnoxious, and insult the passengers with impunity. Unless the officers can protect them, we suggest that Chief Crowley order his men to remain on shore. Their presence on the boats is a farce.

AFTER many years of trial Canada has repudiated the policy of protection. The elections this week throughout the Dominion have resulted in the complete overthrow of the Conservative Party, and the incoming Liberal administration will have a clear working majority of at least sixty-eight votes in the House of Commons at Ottawa. The Manitoba School question figured to some extent in the campaign, but the main issue was the tariff.

EX-Secretary Whitney takes a highly favorable view of the prospects for an international bimetallic agreement, under which the commercial nations of Europe could unite with this country in the remonetization of silver. But he points out that the free coinage of silver, by the United States alone, would have the effect of preventing such an agreement, because the foreign powers would be relieved to see us bearing the whole burden, which now rests partly upon them.

ALATE dispatch from Buenos Ayres declares that much ill-feeling has been excited there by the reciprocity plank in the Republican platform adopted at St. Louis. The message declares that the threat of discrimination will cause this country a loss of trade with all South American republics, and that none of them will have anything to do with such an arrangement. This is the natural effect of a policy that treats foreign trade as though it were a thing to be guarded against rather than invited.

THE jingo spirit displayed in the Republican platform will do much to keep foreign investors from sinking their money in this country. And then we complain about hard times!

WE have occasionally found it necessary to censure Judge Wallace and to question his knowledge of the law he propounds so dramatically. As a friend of nervous citizens, however, and a foe to the misguided footpad, he is without an equal. In this respect we wish there were more like him.

IT is very peculiar that of the four largest cities of the State, Los Angeles is the only one in which a daily Democratic newspaper is published and sustained. Whether it is because Democrats will not support them, or whether they are not properly conducted, is the question. San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento should each support one at least, but every effort in that line has ended in failures. Will some one please explain why this is so?

JAPANESE manufacturing capacity, of which we hear so much just now, is of a purely imitative sort. Some time ago a dynamo was sent to Japan from the Union Iron Works in this city. The machine was taken apart and used as a model for the construction of others of the same sort. All the Japanese imitations reproduced the name of the Union Iron Works. The same fidelity of reproduction, even to the maker's name, has been observed in the case of a Baldwin locomotive, used as a pattern in a Japanese machine shop. Surely American originality and inventiveness have nothing to fear in competition with the labor of Japan.

THE great vice of political discussion is the fallacy which the logicians refer to as *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.—that because one thing antedates another the relation of cause and effect must exist between them. Thus the stock argument of our protectionists is that the United States have prospered under a high tariff, and that, therefore, protection is the cause of our prosperity. It is now argued with about as much reason, because Mexico is prosperous with free silver, that free coinage is the source of that prosperity. It would be quite as logical to urge the adoption of *tamales*, *frijoles*, or *tortillas* by the United States, on the ground that Mexico has thriven under their benign influence.

WHEN an attorney has succeeded in saving a large estate from bankruptcy, and has devoted all his time and energies for many years to the interests thereof, he is most certainly entitled to proper compensation therefor. For over six years Attorney Charles F. Hanlon has labored for the Douahue estate, in New York, in San Francisco, and in British Columbia. He was the means of saving \$1,000,000 to it in one fight alone, and has successfully coped against some of the leading lawyers of this country. Such services should most certainly be adequately rewarded, and the attempt on the part of the heirs, who owe their wealth to his untiring efforts, to cut his fees down, is a sign of ingratitude and stinginess pure and simple. Considering the enormous amount of work done, which was more than that done by all the different administrators and attorneys in the Blythe matter, and the fact that Mr. Hanlon's private practice netted him \$20,000 a year before he took up this case, it would appear that his demand for \$25,000 for each of the first three years and \$5,000 for each of the last three is in no way excessive. Good service demands good remuneration.

IS THERE ANYTHING IN SIGHT TO BEAT McKINLEY?

THAT is what a large number of people, probably a majority, are now asking. They like a real contest, and a fighting chance on both sides to win. A dead sure thing is nobody's game, except, perhaps, that a few not very reputable gamblers are rather given to "sport" of that sort. With that kind of people the general public are "not in it." The question for the moment is: Have Mark Hanna and the other "dead sure" men of the combine made things so secure for the campaign that nobody in sight can beat McKinley? The American people can do a mighty lot of thinking in four and a half months. They are much given to a second thought, which is generally a sober one, and invariably stuck to. That sober, second thought has not been reached yet. Some advance toward it will be made within a month after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention, but the final goal will not even be in sight until the ides of November are here. That the McKinley men are not as sure as they pretend to be will presently appear. Halls and music will be hired in every city, town, township, and village throughout the length and breadth of the land, and orators of every degree—from Chauncey Depew and W. H. L. Barnes to King McManus and Long John Wilkins—will be employed to make the welkin ring with plaudits of the great, the glorious, and the tremendous "Bill" McKinley, who for more years than we can remember trained as sub-lieutenant under old John Sherman in Ohio politics, which accounts for their being as alike as two peas in their manner of playing fast and loose with the silver question. Sherman has become a millionaire on a Congressional salary, and, doubtless, will keep his pupil posted as to "how to do it."

Then hundreds of thousands of dollars will have to be spent in illuminating the great American sky from Maine to San Diego, and from the Yukon to the Gulf, and even more hundreds of thousands of dollars will be paid by somebody or other for the painting of all the aforesaid (high license ones and all) cities, towns, townships, and villages red. Why the need of all these halls, hands, fireworks, orators, and other exhalants, if the day of coaxing and wheedling the popular vote is over, and nobody in sight can beat McKinley? Ah! For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the politicians are peculiar, but not always past finding out by people who take the trouble to read between the lines, or to look below the surface of things. One hard fact is worth a whole column of bragging. As for instance—there is more import in the way in which the Protected Trusts are pouring out money like water, than there is in anybody's boast that the fight is all over.

"On what meats hath this our Caesar fed" that he hath become so strong and invincible? Nowhere and in no capacity has Bill McKinley exhibited brain power, strength of character, or force of will entitling him to take rank on anything like equal terms with the leaders of his party. He has all along been to them in public life what he was in time of war—a mere major to their generalship. "Old Rozey" used to say that McKinley came near buying a substitute, and that, if he had succeeded, the country would have been served. Garfield said in well-known company that "if McKinley had been endowed with as much judgment as loyalty he would have made a soldier." Old and cold John Sherman, when Secretary of the Treasury, trusted McKinley with a delicate bit of diplomacy with the House Finance Committee, which he so bungled that the reserved old Senator "cussed" for at least once in his life, and hurled out that "his colored porter would have mauaged the thing better." These things are, or were, as well known around Washington as any fact in life.

"Our next President, sure," is known at home and abroad as "Bill." We know but one sense in which the word has any meaning. As a piece of paper on which the drawer or indorser promises at a given date to pay a certain amount of money, it is as meaningful, and as forceful a word as there is in the language. It is probable that the sobriquet "Bill" was given to our hero at first as a mere boyish nickname, but that it was finally made to "stick" because it became known that he had indorsed more bills with less ability to pay them than any man in the United States. He gave out that it was a friend who had beguiled him into signing "accommodation paper."

If that were true, it should not weigh much with a people about to elect the treasurer and head financier of the nation. In that office he will be much tempted to sign many papers that will be quite accommodatory. But as a matter of fact, McKinley was a sleeping partner in the firm whose state of insolvency he well knew, and he indorsed the bills to delude the bank, and without having a cent to make good the promises on their backs that he had signed. Yet upon that record we are told that "Bill's election is dead sure!" Perhaps it may be, and perhaps it will be surer still, if that were possible, when all that is known is published in regard to why and how those bills were taken up and paid by the very Protected Trusts that have caused their Bill's nomination already, with "a dead sure" election to follow.

Mr. McKinley's one success is in attaching his name, purely by accident, to a monstrously high tariff, that during its year of existence did not bring in the required revenue, and which, if re-enacted to-morrow, would not nearly meet the requirements of the Government. But times have been hard, and would, to a demonstration, have been harder had Harrison and his policy governed four years longer. But a hastily judging people always blame the existing administration for existing ills. History generally sets these things right, and as sure as that the day follows the night, and as certainly as public truth in the end conquers falsehood, so certainly will history do justice in the premises. It will set the stamp of nobility to the name and fame of Grover Cleveland, and will demonstrate that in a succession of most trying situations he was as faithful and as able as Abraham Lincoln was in others. Strange to say, this journal predicted at the time of his second inauguration that Mr. Cleveland "would leave the White House under a load of calumny, yet have been right all the time, and be recognized everywhere within six months as the most popular man in the United States." At that same time we predicted "that a half-hearted, purposeless Congress would ruin his administration," and certainly it did its best in that way. Yet withal, Mr. Cleveland could now be elected for a third term, and he *will be* four years hence. Meanwhile the man of many Bills can be defeated, and we should say will be, if only we had as much confidence in the men who will go to Chicago as we would like to have. Silver cannot win even in several of the so-called silver States. Cleveland could carry New York and most of New England, and Pattison or Russell would make a close fight.

Free Coinage Explained. Free coinage means the conversion of bullion into coin at the Government mints, for all comers, without charge.

In other words, the owner of a given quantity of silver bullion could take or send it to the nearest mint, and receive in exchange therefor as many silver dollars as could be made out of it, of the standard weight and fineness. To illustrate: Bar silver is now quoted at 69 cents an ounce, troy, and at that price one hundred ounces may be bought for \$69. This is pure silver, and the so-called standard silver dollar contains 371.25 grains of pure silver, which, with 41.25 grains of alloy, makes up the total weight of 412.5 grains, nine-tenths fine. So that, with 480 grains to the ounce, there is silver enough in one hundred ounces to make 129 silver dollars, and a fraction more. Discarding the fraction, this exchange would net a profit of \$60 to the operator, for, in the place of \$69 with which he purchased the bullion, he would have \$129. On a million ounces of silver, bought at the same rate, or for \$690,000, the net gain would be \$600,000, in round numbers. Very naturally, the silver miners are anxious to bring about free coinage. So long as the bullion price of silver remained below \$1.2929 an ounce, which is its par value with gold, at the ratio of 16 to 1, silver could be converted into more dollars at the mint than it would bring in the open market as bullion. In fact, with so easy a way of making money at their disposal, it can scarcely be supposed that the mine owners would sell any silver as bullion until the price should rise to par, or \$1.2929 an ounce. Having a good thing, it would be no more than human in them should they make the best of it.

But the advocates of free coinage of silver, at 16 to 1, declare that the speedy effect of this would be the rise of silver to par, or something near it. And they insist that

silver would be worth \$1.2929 an ounce to-day, were it not for its demonetization by this country in 1873. That demonetization, so called, consisted in dropping the silver dollar from the list of coins in an Act of Congress relative to the mints. They argue that as fast as silver has fallen in price the purchasing power of gold has increased to an equal degree. And it is at least a coincidence that the prices of wheat, corn, cotton, and other commodities have greatly fallen since 1873; generally, though not always, keeping pace with the decline in silver. To explain this branch of the subject, however, would be to open up a wide range of facts and argument. It may be said, in passing, that good authorities generally confess to some degree of appreciation in the purchasing power of gold, due to the demonetization of silver by the United States and all the nations of continental Europe, not to mention India, which closed her mints to the free coinage of silver only a few years ago.

At this time, we believe, Mexico is the only country in which there is free coinage of silver. In all other civilized nations silver is used as money, but nowhere else is it coined on private account. And, though the Mexican dollar contains more silver than our own, it is worth in this country and abroad no more than its hulk value, which is now about fifty-five cents. The reason why our own silver dollars continue to circulate at par with gold is because it is the declared policy of our Government to maintain this parity of value between our gold and silver coins and every other form of legal tender. The silver dollar is legal tender to any amount, the same as gold.

It is supposed to be generally understood that the ratio of 16 to 1 means that sixteen ounces of silver shall be equal in value to one ounce of gold. That is the present proportion, by weight, between the gold and the silver dollar of the United States. The free and unrestricted coinage of both metals, and their equality as legal tender money, without limit, in payment of all debts, public and private, constitutes what is known as bimetalism or, less properly, the double standard. The single standard of gold, or gold monometallism, has been practically in operation in this country since 1873, for the reason that there has been no free coinage of silver, on private account, since that time. The purchase of silver bullion by the Government, either to be coined or stored away in vaults as a basis for the issue of silver certificates, did not constitute bimetalism. There is, in fact, no actual bimetalism in the world to-day, though for seventy years, between 1803 and 1873, it was maintained in France, at the ratio of 15½ to 1.

The question now before the American people is not simply that of a choice between the gold standard, on the one hand, and bimetalism on the other. It may be assumed that there is a majority in favor of bimetalism by international agreement. That would mean the opening of the mints of Europe and of India to the free coinage of silver, as well as those of this country, upon an agreed ratio. In that event, there would be no inducement to dump foreign silver upon us. And it can scarcely be denied that silver would rise in value to the parity established by international agreement. The issue that has been forced upon this nation is whether her mints shall be thrown open to free coinage of silver, at 16 to 1, while the commercial or bullion ratio is about 30 to 1 throughout the world. It would appear to be inevitable that the immediate effect of this policy would be the retirement of gold from our circulation. Gold would, naturally, go abroad, or be hoarded, and the result to be apprehended would be a swift descent from the gold to the silver standard. The cheaper money would surely drive out the dearer, in accordance with a well-known financial law deduced by long observation and experience. This is a consequence not to be regarded without alarm. The withdrawal of five hundred or six hundred millions of dollars, in gold, from circulation, would cause a dangerous contraction of the currency, so that a panic would be apt to follow. And, in view of the fact that nearly all existing debts, in the form of notes and mortgages, are by special contract payable in gold, it is not clear how the "debtor class" can be benefited by a change to the cheaper money. Still less is it to be supposed that men who work for wages or salary will be helped by a change that would not be likely to increase their earnings, however much it might tend to raise prices, and so enhance the cost of living.

Is this not Repudiation? Our eccentric contemporary, the Examiner, is hardly responsible for what it says from day to day, so that nobody expects it to be consistent for twenty-four hours together. Yet, considering its birth and parentage, it is something more than passing strange to find it openly arguing for financial repudiation. But then, the friends on the money side of the concern always draw their bills receivable payable in United States gold coin, just as Senator Stewart does, who further provides that his bills payable are to be liquidated in United States coin. Of course, there is a difference of fifty per cent. between the two. "Buy 'em when they are low, boys, and sell 'em when they are high," used to be the Pine street advice of James R. Keeue. The reverse of that is now urged on our foreign creditors by the capitalists controlling the Examiner, which quotes the London Times as saying the other day that "speculators in the railroad stock market yesterday were disappointed that the public did not come in, as had been hoped, on the mere announcement that a gold plank had been included in the national Republican platform. A definite declaration, expressed in a vote of the people of the United States, followed by appropriate legislation, we are sure would result in a great change in the attitude of European capitalists." That is to say, if the aforesaid capitalists were assured of receiving back one hundred cents on the dollar they would be ready to make more liberal loans at cheaper rates. That is natural enough. Yet our contemporary favors repudiation in these terms: "The question with Americans is whether it is to their interest to perpetuate a system which enables European holders to prosper at their expense." That is to say that it is a question with our people whether they will pay their debts or repudiate one half of them. That this is plainly the meaning intended this further sentence shows: "European capitalists have no right to complain of any policy on our part which might have a direct or indirect effect on the market value of our corporation securities." That is to say that in our financial transactions with them they have no right to complain of our repealing the moral law in our own interests. It is to be hoped, and, we think, may well be believed, that the masses of our people are more honest than certain pretended exponents of their opinions.

Patriotism vs. Jingoism. The Republican party has made its usual appeal to the gallery by clamoring about the rights of this country over those of other nations, and by waving the Monroe Doctrine flag in the face of Great Britain. The average citizen, incapable of understanding international issues except in a very superficial manner, is readily gulled by the expression of such sentiments. Jingoism is, to him, another word for patriotism; and the assertion that we alone have any right to the earth, being by the grace of God, the great American People, is something which appeals to his vanity if not to his better judgment. It is certainly humiliating to think that so many of our citizens are just emerging from the stage of short dresses, and that with their first knickerbockers they are manifesting the desire for trouble which is so prominent an evil in the average small boy. People of this order would willingly plunge this country into war, and then find some way of blaming the Democratic party if the results happened to be disastrous. It is satisfactory, however, to know that there are also millions of people who are not hereof of reason and who can still be patriots without a necessary accompaniment of political hombase and rhetorical rot. Such people are aware of the fact that we have enough to do to keep our own affairs in order without meddling in those of other nations. Should our country ever be endangered, or should necessity ever demand it in any way, they would spring to their guns at a moment's notice, and fathers, husbands and sons would willingly face shot and shell before permitting one foeman's foot to desecrate the land or one insult to the Stars and Stripes to go unavenged. That is true patriotism. But this other, this jingoism, which consists of frothing at the mouth and shaking empty hands at an invisible enemy, will only bring contempt upon us. For that reason it should be frowned upon by every intelligent man and woman who loves peace and prosperity and whose first thought is the Nation's honor.

Corruption and Inefficiency. The present Board of Supervisors of this city is earning the reputation of general inefficiency and mismanagement.

It would be charitable to say that nothing worse than recklessness and folly have characterized its expenditures of the money of the taxpayers. But if there are any citizens who admire the Board for its honesty, or for its freedom from all suspicion of corruption, they have failed to parade their faith in the public prints. Yet there are a few good men in the Board, whose conduct has been in marked contrast to that of the working majority, otherwise known as the "combine." As a body this Board of Supervisors will be chiefly distinguished in local history for the financiering which has imposed upon the city two weeks of darkness, in order that some paring might be temporarily effected in the gas bills. Meanwhile waste and extravagance have been the rule in all departments of the city government. Only the footpad and the burglar call the city fathers blessed. There are whispers of misdoings that the Grand Jury would do well to investigate. A hint of the way in which city business is done for the benefit of a favored few, with incidental "commissions" for those in a position to exact it, was given in the legal proceedings begun the other day to prevent the payment of \$20,000 to a certain Improvement Company, on account of work alleged to have been done on the Folsom-street boulevard. It is plainly charged, in connection with this matter, that the Board acted not only illegally but also in open discrimination against another paving company not favored by the majority of the Board. This is but one instance of many that might be named. No wonder taxpayers are eager for a new charter, or for any sort of radical change that may possibly afford relief from the boodling and incompetency which have for so many years characterized the affairs of the municipality. Now that the period of the usual final "clean-up" is approaching, if, indeed, it is not already upon us, the public may well wonder what fresh exasperations are in store. Perhaps they should be thankful that the lights have not been put out for the entire summer, instead of for a fortnight only. From this point of view the Supervisors may deserve praise on the score of moderation. Meanwhile the Grand Jury may direct a few X-rays of investigation upon the dark places in the records of the Board's proceedings. A shadowgraph of its inner financial framework would doubtless interest, if not edify, the long-suffering taxpayers. Even the reign of the Silurian and the Dollar Limit is felt to be preferable to that of the Boodler and the Tax-eater, with the attendant evils of high taxes, bad pavements and dirty streets; extravagance and waste everywhere, and efficiency nowhere.

Apprehensions of Foreign Trade. There is something almost ludicrous in the alarm affected by our Republican newspapers over the prospect of increased trade with Japan. The able

editors of these publications are so steeped in protection doctrine that they see in a cargo from a foreign port nothing but a menace to American industries. A trading ship, in their eyes, is a dangerous invader if it come laden with products of foreign labor, all of which is, of course, "pauper labor." It would please these gentlemen, however, to see ships sail out of this port, bearing away to distant lands the products of our orchards and vineyards, of our fertile fields, our mines, and our workshops. An export trade from San Francisco, with money coming back in payment for shipments, would fill their idea of a long-felt want. But as for return shipments of merchandise, that is something not to be tolerated. And yet it is a very old law of trade that commerce cannot be wholly one-sided. No nation, if it can do better elsewhere, will buy much from any country that takes little or nothing in return. Exchange of commodities, in fact, is the very life of foreign trade. The chief reason why San Francisco does not grow rapidly is because our absurd tariff system is a barrier to traffic with the outer world. It even imposes tribute on imports of coal, for the benefit of a few mine owners, though everybody knows that cheap fuel is one of the most crying needs of our manufacturing industries. The present Wilson tariff is repressive of foreign trade, being only a little less onerous than the McKinley tariff of odious memory. Our local Republican statesmen, however, are too much concerned

for the protection of the New England calico mills, against possibilities of competition from Japan, to see for this seaport any opportunity for trade and development from the new life that is stirring in the Orient. The greatest of oceans is at our doors, but the enterprise of our merchants is paralyzed by the dogma of so-called protection. Despite all the shouting over the pretended need of protection for our raisins, prunes, oranges, lemons, and some other products, the fact remains that not one man out of twenty, or one industry out of twenty, in the State of California, receives any benefit whatever from the tariff, either directly or indirectly. It operates merely to keep us in perpetual bondage to Eastern manufacturers and producers, to the hindrance of the foreign trade that should be San Francisco's by right of her unsurpassed maritime position.

Quack! Quack! The daily papers have long contained the advertisement of a certain "Doctor" Sweany, who is chiefly interested in curing (?) the diseases of men. A short time ago, a gentleman residing in Pleasanton was induced to visit this practitioner, mainly, as he states, owing to the fact that his advertisement showed him to be a man of "frank and open countenance," with "luxuriant whiskers depicted on the face." Upon arriving at "Doctor" Sweany's office he was met by a certain, or uncertain, "Doctor" Cook, rigged up so as to look like the aforesaid picture, and who represented himself as being Sweany. For the cure of his disease, a fee of \$100 was demanded of the patient in advance, and he was then sent to the American Drugstore with a prescription for which a further sum of \$183.50 was asked—that being the amount considered necessary for the medicine. Upon the patient's refusing to pay this exorbitant sum, the druggist pocketed the prescription and could not be induced to return it. Application was then made to "Doctor" Sweany, alias Cook, for the \$100 paid him in advance. This was also refused, and now the gentleman from Pleasanton will take the matter into the courts and seek to bring the offending parties to justice. Such is a summary of the case as it stands at present. It is the conviction of many people that this "Doctor" Sweany, or whoever may represent him, is a "quack" of the vilest and lowest description—a man who gloats over the misfortunes of others and bleeds them of their ultimate dollar without doing anything for them in return, and that his advertisement, which appears in many parts of the country at the same time, is merely a lure for the gullible. Farmers and the like should remember that appearances are deceptive and that Providence doubtless had reasons for hiding the "Doctor's" face behind such luxuriant foliage. There are laws enough in effect to bring a "quack" to justice, but the pig-headedness of the average jurymen is a factor in his favor, and he usually gets off without the punishment he so richly merits. He can still, however, be flayed by the press.

Nobody's Fault, As Usual. On account of somebody's gross negligence, a house collapsed in this city last Monday, and several people were either killed or maimed for life. Whoever was responsible for such careless work should be made to pay indemnity to the families of the deceased, or else should be sent to jail for life. The Fire Wardens are also to be severely censured for their negligence in not properly informing themselves of the condition of the building. We understand it to be one of their duties (for which they are well enough paid, God knows) to thoroughly inspect every structure being moved or undergoing extensive alterations in this city. They should watch this work until it is completed. Houses are being moved along our thoroughfares every day, and all sorts of crazy attempts are made to remodel others. All of this is fraught with danger to people on the streets and in the adjoining buildings, yet the entire responsibility is left to an ignorant contractor, whose only concern is that he make money on the job. When too late, and human life has been unnecessarily sacrificed, a great cry goes up to heaven for a few hours, and then the tragedy is forgotten. Better would it be for us to appoint an efficient and industrious inspector, whose sole duty it would be to prevent like accidents from occurring in the future.



**A Book
of
The Week.***

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was a great dramatist, a fairly good poet, a member of the House of Commons, and a "wit." He had no profession, no means, and no status beyond the doubtful position of an M. P. For nearly the whole of his life he lived by his wits and the stage. His father was a disappointed actor, and the lives of both father and son were ear-marked with squabbles, impecuniosity, and reckless extravagance. Lord Dufferin, who is one of the great diplomats of the day, is the great-grandson of Sheridan, and it was, of course, to be expected that he would defend the character of his ancestor. He is not, indeed, the author of the two volumes of the "Life of Sheridan," now before us, but he has written a preface to the book, and there is evidence in its pages to prove that he read the proofs before the work was given to the world. And in the preface of this book Lord Dufferin tells us that Thomas Moore's "Life of Sheridan" is not accepted by the descendant of the great dramatist as just or accurate. Here are his words:

"Moore, who professed to be Sheridan's friend and admirer, and to whom his papers were entrusted, committed the fatal fault of planning his Memoirs on too large a scale. Having got half way through his book, he allowed six years to elapse before finishing it. By this time it had become an unwelcome burden, as he notes in his diary, and this is too evident from the somewhat ungenerous and snb-acid tone in which he continued it."

It is, no doubt, very proper for Lord Dufferin to thus take up the cudgels for his forer, but when he undertakes to convince us, as he does on another occasion, that Sheridan did not win respect and recognition because he was poor and improvident, then we challenge the statement and venture to believe that this is only true in part. Men with no more at stake in England than Sheridan had, and that was none at all, succeeded in forcing their way to the highest positions in the land. This is true of Lord Mansfield, Lord Shelbourne, an Irishman like Sheridan, Lord Brougham, and Lord Campbell, all of whom were contemporaneous with the great-grandfather of Lord Dufferin. But they succeeded because they had professions and were successful in their work, while Sheridan failed because he had no profession, and only his "wits" to depend on for a living. Nor must we forget that Sheridan arrived in London after having made a run-away match, about which there were many questions at the time, and it was hardly likely that he would be well received under such circumstances. True, his debts were considerable, all things taken into account. It was not much for an M. P., and the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, to owe £5,000 when he died.

"Though owing little," Lord Dufferin says, "he owed that little to a great many people, who were themselves needy, and who filled heaven and earth with their complaints. Had Sheridan, like Fox, Pitt, Burke, and many a contemporary, owed vast sums of money to persons of his own degree, we should have heard little of these obligations."

This is a fair defense and a true one. Pitt, Fox, Burke, and even Canning squandered money with wilful extravagance. Pitt was reckless in the profusion of his giving what did not belong to him; Fox spent thousands on gambling and its attendant evils; Burke speculated; and Canning bribed at elections and spent money in sacks-full in electoral contests. Yes; but they did not owe their servants, or their work people, or the small tradesmen, while Sheridan's debts came within the scope of the halliff's work, and herein the sins of the great dramatist overwhelmed him in the eyes of the world, while the sins of the others are passed almost unnoticed. But if we accept this defense of Sheridan, we cannot accept the "Life" of the great dramatist as given by the author, Mr. Fraser-Rae. To our mind the work seems feeble; there is an evidence of literary ability, and the author goes off into all sorts of subjects, which have little or no bearing on the work he undertook to give us. The book is an attempt to make Sheridan appear better than he was, and that is not

the only mistake the author makes in the volumes before us. What, for instance, does he mean by attempting to impose the customary nonsense about Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage with the Prince of Wales? Has not that affair been exposed to the satisfaction of the world before this, and is it not a fact that she was old enough to know, and that as a matter of fact that she did know, that that marriage was illegal and fictitious, and that it is nonsense to talk about her having been "deceived?" Mr. Fraser-Rae's sentimental outpourings about her is so much rubbish. But, as for Sheridan, this book will be interesting because it puts his character, and his career, in the best light. And, in this respect, it is different from anything that has been hitherto published. It is not a question of the genius of Sheridan that is at issue, but a question as to his character, and we have read so much that was unfavorable about him, that this book is welcome as a champion of the other side.

*"Life of Sheridan." By Mr. Fraser-Rae. Henry Holt & Company. New York.

"McKinley's Masterpieces" is the name of a little volume of speeches made by the Major, and the author says that "William McKinley stands high among America's greatest orators." In a review of the book the Nation says that McKinley's oratory is "wooden," and characterized by a "dead level of monotony." It ridicules the statement that McKinley is a great speaker, and after nearly three columns of a review of McKinley's speeches, it pronounces him a quoter of phrases and a miserable failure in all things that go to make a great speaker. His one strong point, the Nation says, is that he is brilliant at "cramming down the throat of the people some fact they already know," and one that the world acknowledges and accepts.

Last week we said that we believed Swinburne to be the only great poet living. At that time we had not read his last poem, "The Tale of Balen," but, now that we have struggled through that production, we are obliged to say that we are disappointed. Compared with his earlier works, "The Tale of Balen" is like water after wine, ashes after flame, or indifference after love. The tale itself is abundant in strife and gore, and it retains its metrical facility to the end, but where is the bounding, untamable, irresistible spontaneity of youth, or the Grecian joyousness that once marked Swinburne's lines? Gone, all gone, but let us hope not for ever.

We have just received one of the most charming books ever issued on Samoa. It is entitled "Talofa, Samoa. A Summer Sail to an Enchanted Isle," and the many delightful colored illustrations throughout prove that the title is not a misnomer. Charles S. Greene, the author, is well up in his subject, and writes in such an enchanting manner that we would gladly lay the pen aside and make a trip to see the beauties he tells us of. For a summer vacation Samoa is just the right place, as the facilities for getting there are most convenient.

Godey's Magazine keeps improving as the months roll away, and, considering the price, ten cents a copy, Godey's is one of our most interesting exchanges. In the number for July the article on "The Land of the Shah" is timely and interesting; while "Stage Thrills Up To Date" is a well-deserved rebuke to "lurid" melodramatists, who exhaust the category of horrors in their efforts to present startling occurrences in their stage pictures.

The Dial says that Mark Twain's "Maid of Orleans" is "a gorgeous failure." It quotes several pages in which it points out Twain's use of modern Americanisms by the author, and this was one of our chief objections when we gave a short review of the book. These blemishes are too evident to be overlooked.

If you wish to prolong your life indulge in a glass of first-class whiskey regularly before meals. It heightens the appetite and fixes up the system. Of all the brands the celebrated J. F. Cutter brand is the leader. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St., are the sole agents for this Coast and supply everybody with it.

John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street, has the finest and very latest things in gents' furnishing goods.

Jackson's Napa Soda is an antidote to Heartburn.

THE SILVER QUESTION AND HARD TIMES.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER:—*Sir:* Recurring to the Silver Question and the "Hard Times" articles, which "A Layman" discusses from a purely historical and economical standpoint, Mr. Scott says: "From 1687 to 1873—one hundred and eighty-six years—our country employed both the silver and the gold dollar, equal one to the other as a standard of value and redemption money." Where did the gold dollars come from previous to 1785? Pounds, shillings, and pence were our money of account up to that date, two years after the independence of the United States was acknowledged. And it is estimated that at the time of the Revolutionary War there was not \$1 per capita of gold and silver in the country. As to the circulation of gold and silver in Europe at a parity, if Mr. Scott were familiar with his subject he would know that in the larger commerce of Europe and the world the two metals passed by weight and not by tale. That is, they were subject to the mercantile value of money as they are now in international commerce.

Mr. Scott, with all the naïveté of Coin's Financial School, says: "During a period of 186 years the commercial ratio of silver to gold was never below 14.14, nor above 16.25." This is a variation of 14 per cent. Inconsiderable it was not. It was always easily sufficient to exclude from current circulation one or the other metal in the United States, as well as in France and elsewhere. But no matter what the ratios were, the metals would not, never have, and never will, circulate freely, concurrently, and indiscriminately as legal tender coins under unrestricted coinage, except momentarily when crossing each other in their oscillations. Why? Because always and everywhere since the dawn of civilization commercial ratios have governed the coinage ratios in the purchasing power of coins, and the undervalued coin always goes to the melting pot, is hoarded or exported, while the over-valued is forced into circulation. Again why? Because there is a margin of profit in such disposition—brokerage. This is the Gresham law. To quote the Duke de Noailles on the "Future of Bimetallism":

"Who would not revolt at the idea of decreeing the obligatory equivalence of two constant quantities of wheat and oats, of cotton and wool, or iron and lead? Under such conditions no honest transaction would be possible, each of these several products being affected, respectively, by dissimilar and variable rises and falls. The force of solidarity of the products would cause inevitable injustice in exchanges. Why should an obligatory equivalence between two determinate weights of gold and silver be more practicable or more legitimate?"

"Value knows its own laws and follows them despite kindly decrees or legal enactments." This was the reason why Great Britain followed the Petty theory in her legal action in 1815, subordinating silver, and why the United States in 1853 and 1873, did the same. This reason for our legislation in 1853 was publicly stated in Congress by Dunham of Indiana—because the only feasible bimetallism is gold as standard—silver as subsidiary or auxiliary. (But the latter is justifiable and efficient only to such an extent as the people will actually use it—beyond this it is a waste of capital.) Alexander Hamilton said:

"There can hardly be a better rule in any country for the legal than the market proportion. The presumption in such case is that each metal finds its true level according to its intrinsic utility in the general system of money operation."

Hamilton also declared that if the two metals at any time were separated the more valuable one must be the standard, for the reason that the fluctuations would be more likely to attach to the inferior, and he endeavored to adopt as the legal ratio the then commercial ratio between the two in the market of the world. To use his exact language:

"As long as gold, either from its intrinsic superiority as a metal, from its rarity, or from the prejudices of mankind, retains so considerable a pre-eminence in value over silver as it has hitherto had, a natural consequence of this seems to be that its condition will be more stationary. The revolutions, therefore, which may take place in the comparative value of gold and silver will be changes in the state of the latter rather than in that of the former."

In discussing monetary matters Thomas Jefferson said, as all the world's statesmen have said before and since, that the question of the difference between the value of gold and silver as money was purely a commercial ques-

tion. It did not depend on legislation, or the fancy and taste of men, but on commerce, which regulates the price of commodities, and that "the whole art of Government consists in the art of being honest."

Some of the national steps for adopting gold as the standard of value, so far as expert or scientific consideration is concerned, have approximately been as follows: Prior to the year 1871 the countries that used the gold standard were Great Britain and her colonies, Portugal, Turkey, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic—Great Britain in 1816 (resumption of specie payments 1821) though gold, because of its efficiency had by choice been the money of commerce for a century previously. Of twenty powers represented at the International Monetary Convention at Paris, 1867, all (including the United States) favored the gold standard, except Holland. France's movement really began in 1853-57, when she advantageously exchanged a large volume of silver, \$300,000,000, for gold. The subject was discussed by Bosredon, Chevalier, Levasseur, and other French economists, Levasseur declaring that gold had made itself the standard, and that France should make the law conform to the fact. In 1868 and 1869 two committees declared the superior efficiency of gold. The Imperial Commission of France, appointed in 1869, says:

"On the general market silver tends to depreciate, while gold is asked for. More than 500 millions in silver five-franc pieces are already accumulated at the bank of France, and the public is no longer willing to receive these heavy pieces. Thus silver appears to be falling into disfavor and we must hasten to demonetize it if we do not wish to be left the last to be encumbered with the inconvenient metal."

The German economist, Dr. Soetbeer, began to discuss the question in 1863 and reported to a congress of German economists in 1868, upon which Germany one year later decided in favor of gold. The United States of America omitted the silver dollar from coinage in 1873, though it had not been in use for forty years. Denmark, Sweden and Norway entered a gold standard union in 1876; Holland in 1875; Finland in 1877. In 1873 Belgium suspended free coinage of silver; the other states of the Latin Union—France, Switzerland, Italy, etc.—following in January, 1874; whereupon the Economist Francaise said: "*It is a step toward the abolition of a law which after seventy years experience had been found to be effete in theory and prejudicial in action.*" Russia discontinued free coinage of silver in 1876. The report of the special commission of the upper house of Austro-Hungary said, 1879, that it became clear as long ago as the decade 1860-1870, when Europe was becoming saturated with gold, that this was the only metal fitted to be the standard of nations of advanced civilization. "*Gold was dominant and the standard of value in all trade on a great scale as early as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, even though silver was then the standard in all domestic exchanges. In every age there is some metal dominant in the industry of the world, which forces its way with elemental strength in the face of any public regulation, and in our day gold is that metal.*" Italy limited silver coinage in 1883; Persia, Roumania, and other countries later on, say 1887; later still, Chili. All this, too, despite the various monetary conventions,—the U. S. Commission of 1876; the International (Paris) Conventions of 1878 and 1881; the independent Paris Convention in 1887; the Royal Commission (London) 1887; and the International Convention (Brussels) 1892. Here, then, notwithstanding these six monetary congresses within thirty years after France's conclusion that gold was the best standard of value because of its greater stability, utility, and efficiency, we see all the important western powers, including the United States of America, Canada and Australia, on the gold standard basis; that is to say, those peoples that transact more than 70 per cent of the commerce of the world and whose Governments control 70 per cent of the world's population. This cannot be regarded as caprice, nor as the result of conspiracy, but is a natural gravitation toward greater efficiency in money. Says one of the best economic writers of to-day: "The gold standard has made its way in the world not only without design on the part of individuals but in spite of the strenuous resistance of almost all the men who busied themselves with the subject." So far as I have read, the changes have all been from silver to gold and there is no case on record of a change from gold to

silver. Whether these changes were wise or unwise, they were made and the United States, alone and unaided, cannot undo them. "It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us." If silver as standard money, is now going out of use in a natural way we cannot stop it and the attempt to do so can only involve us in trouble. Moreover this change is only a part and parcel of the vast—incalculable—economic change that modern invention and productivity have wrought within thirty years. "The productive appliances of modern invention have put in operation forces the magnitude of which we have not yet learned how to estimate, which we are not yet able to control, and the drift and final outcome of which we are unable to forecast. The expansion of productive force and mechanism has been so gigantic as to carry our capacity of output beyond our capacity of appropriation. The effects of these new conditions have been unforeseen; and we have sought to protect ourselves against their consequences, when they have appeared, by extemporized expedients, regardless of fundamental economic principles and of the maxims which experience has shown to be wise and safe under any and all conditions." Of this more anon.

"Layman" said in substance that the independent, unlimited free coinage of silver by the United States would be especially disastrous to wage earners and depositors in savings banks. Mr. Scott remarks "Layman seems to conjure up a fallacy and then cries out against the creature of his own imagination" and Mr. Scott asserts that "the country demands the remonetization of silver." The State Conventions favoring silver—including the California Republicans and Democrats—have named the ratio of 16 to 1. At this ratio it would be silver monometallism, with a 50 cent dollar and as to the status under such conditions, "Layman," being a gold standard Democrat, of the straightest sect of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland will offer Republican testimony: Said Senator Sherman of Ohio, in the United States Senate, February 27th:

"I believe in the use of both metals to as great an extent as is possible, at the same time maintaining their parity. In this country to-day the laboring man receives a dollar equal to gold worth 100 cents. But with free silver dollars the laboring man would be cheated of one-half of his dollar. The people are beginning to understand this. They are beginning to learn that free silver coinage means cheating the creditors out of one-half their dues. The maintaining of both metals as money should be such that each would be equal to the other. That would be true bimetalism. The adoption of free silver means silver monometallism, with half depreciated silver coin."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania, is reported in the Iron Age for May as follows:

"Q. Do you attribute the great depression and panics that have occurred in the last few years to the agitation for a reduction in the standard of value?

"A. I do. All other causes combined have not affected the country to the extent that this has. It is fundamental; nothing is settled unless this is settled, and no genuine prosperity is possible. Capital at home, equally with capital abroad, has become alarmed. It has run into its hole, and will not come forth to embark in enterprises which create prosperity until it is settled that the American people borrowing \$1 in gold will return \$1 and not seek to defraud their creditors by returning a dollar worth only fifty cents."

Said ex-Senator Platt of New York, in the Sun of May 11th:

"The people of this country have had enough of the attempt to force fifty cents worth of silver into circulation as a dollar. They have suffered incalculable losses as the result of twenty years of that policy. Every business man knows that the line has got to be drawn sharply and distinctly against every public man whose words threaten the country and its business interests with any further debasement of the currency or with any more of those losses and sacrifices which have followed every effort to force silver upon the country."

Mr. Marvin Hughitt of Illinois, said, at Chicago, May 30th:

"There can be no broad business development while the outlook of business men cannot go further than the gold reserve of the United States Treasury."

"Until we can look beyond that there is no need of expecting any widespread improvement in general business. The indications in some ways seem to be most encouraging to those who are looking for an early settlement of the currency question."

"When such States as North Dakota and South Dakota declare emphatically for a gold standard, there is reason to believe that we are getting through the process which a country with a govern-

ment like ours must go through from time to time, that we are coming to our senses."

"On the other hand the Democratic party in this great State of Illinois appears to be dominated by men who want to pay their obligations with 50 cent dollars."

In March the Secretary of the National Transportation Association of America spoke at Chicago as follows:

"Anything less than sound money, good everywhere on earth for its face, as the basis of our promise to pay, is either a fraud, a subterfuge, a financial cowardice, or a deliberate attempt to conceal the truth, or to stifle the financial conscience of the nation by shouts and appeals of demagogues, whose constituents pretend to fancy that fifty cents worth of something will buy a hundred cents worth of anything."

Says Mr. Murat Halstead:

"The silver controversy is unworthy the intelligence and the integrity of the American people. This free coinage of silver policy is a poor, shabby half-way proposition. It is a 50 cent repudiating dodge, or it is sheer craziness. If it does not mean to settle at 50 cents, on the dollar, what is it fit for? Outside of this country, in the gold countries no one advocates what we call free coinage. Such madness of misinformation is not conceived of elsewhere."

In consonance with the foregoing views the Republican party, in National Convention assembled at St. Louis, June 17th, declared as follows:

"We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved."

"All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States and all our money, either coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

What is the present or existing gold standard? Although the revised statutes and statutes at large direct the issue, and prescribe the uses, more or less limited, of several kinds of currency, to but one do they assign the office of a standard. To but one dollar do they assign the function of a unit of value. The function of a gold dollar as the unit of value, is, therefore, unqualified and unquestionable. Its value is the unit of value. Its measure is made the only measure. To that measure every other dollar must conform, while other dollars exist, and this law of Congress stands.

San Francisco, June 22, 1896.

A LAYMAN.

(To be continued).

Japanese bronzes and vases are the best mementos of San Francisco a tourist can take away with him. Geo. T. Marsh, 625 Market St., has the best.

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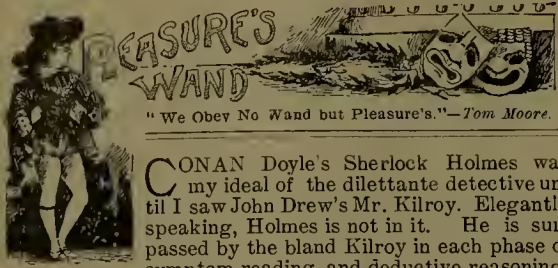
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"We Obey No Wand but Pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

CONAN Doyle's Sherlock Holmes was my ideal of the dilettante detective until I saw John Drew's Mr. Kilroy. Elegantly speaking, Holmes is not in it. He is surpassed by the bland Kilroy in each phase of symptom reading and deductive reasoning. Conan Doyle's hero lacked the prophetic instinct. He invariably arrived in time to view the remains, inspect the empty jewel casket, and scent the clew. Mr. Kilroy, on the contrary, comes early. His sniff is a forecast. His presence precludes all possibility of crime or disaster, averts the anticipated, disarranges villainy, and enforces innocence. Moreover, Kilroy is the true dilettante, since he works for pleasure rather than for profit. He is a teacup Hawkshaw who abides in sweldom. Where else, forsooth, would you find Mr. Drew and Mrs. Drew's smart raiment, and Mr. Drew's smart company?

The Squire of Dames is really a brilliant comedy. After *The Home Secretary* I wonder how Carton came to have his patronymic under the title, even in the capacity of adapter. Perhaps he affects versatility, and singled out Dumas for a little difference. I thank God for that little difference. But unbelievable as it seems, Carton has Anglicized Dumas exquisitely (I wish some one had done as much for that dreary piece of last week). That the comedy is full of action, dramatic situations, and deft climaxes, is of course, no fault of Mr. Carton's. But he is responsible for the English that makes incisive epigrams of Dumas's cunningly inverted aphorisms. Also for the old English conception of the American girl—a caricature of the firecracker sort which was very popular in London until the influx of new blood made in hard to scratch an American heiress without finding an English duchess. However exaggerated Miss Zoe Nuggetson may be, my pride and patriotism are more than mollified by the Gibsonesque swing and beauty that Miss Barrymore personally lends the role. Besides, Carton squared himself by the American farce-comedy conception of the British peer: Lord Eustace Chetland totters on the brink of song and dance.

In this snug little comedy John Drew makes of Mr. Kilroy a rational Quixote, with all womankind for his Dulcinea. He is a self-appointed guardian of the chastity of women—the women of his world. The episode of the play is Sir Douglas Thorburn's infatuation for Mrs. Dennant. This is rapidly verging toward an affair, when Mr. Kilroy scents danger, espouses the fair lady's virtue (much against her will) and returns her to the arms of Colonel Dennant, from whom, by way of explanation and justice, she had separated herself upon discovering a drab stain on his past. The piratical Lothario will hardly applaud Kilroy's zeal as befitting a man of the world; but the larger community of the securely wed and contentedly virtuous will highly approve.

I do myself.

John Drew has the responsibility of being the most fashionable actor in the country. As Mr. Kilroy he lives up to it. Better still, he lives up to the bright, clean art that has given him his thoroughbred individuality among our comedians. He is at his usual excellence. It is Maude Adams who surpasses herself. I have laughed at her graceful humor, sorrowed at her small woes, and even sympathized with her cameo jag in *The Masked Ball*. Now I thrill to her emotional acting of Mrs. Dennant. I do not like Mrs. Denuant's character, not theatrically speaking, of course, but from the standpoint of pure and jealous man. She is too eager to fill her heart with masculinity while grieving over the Colouel's tinted past. But I am thoroughly in sympathy with the heartsick recklessness, the blind abandon with which a woman of Mrs. Dennant's temperament would meet such a crisis. And it is thin praise to say that Miss Adams realizes every shade of the

emotions which racked poor, weak little Mrs. Dennant's heart and head. Only one thought worries me: Nat Goodwin (may the waters be oiled for his safe journey) has turned serious and eclipsed his comedian self; now Miss Adams develops feelings, nerves, and a life-sized heart that bewilders me. I want to know how far this transmogrification is to extend. I do not want to live if Billy Crane and Papa Mansfield stop the comic and make me weep my young life away.

I did not weep at the California Theatre. I only laughed and had a thoroughly happy evening over *The Gray Mare*, as clever a bit of farcical comedy as has happened in England in many a day. British solidity is not such a heavyweight after all, if it is only applied discreetly. In the present instance a comedy is made live and plausible by confining it to the characters, incidents, and dialogue strictly vital to the story. Every man or woman in the cast belongs there. Every line in the book is necessary to the smooth progress of the story. An American farce comedian would have interpolated a wooden leg, a brass band, a quire of popular songs, and sixty-seven climaxes. Messrs. Sims and Raleigh were not associated with an actorial intelligence office when they wrote *The Gray Mare*.

I have but one fault to find with Stockwell's production, and that does not include any animate portion of the company. It is the stage setting. There is no excuse for the arch of a painted door looming above a property mantel and fireplace. Such misfits make fun for an audience that was never intended by the playwrights. However, this did not seem to jar the players to any visible extent. They were in happy accord, and gave a very fluent performance, glad, I have no doubt, for a chance to atone for last week's unfortunate bill. Even Beach, in the comfortable garb of middle-aged eccentricity, was a potent figure in the picture.

There are several lines of parts which are particularly adaptable to Herbert Kelcey, and no one knows better than he which these are. Kelcey is one of the few actors who do not think that, with a fair chance, they could run the dramatic gamut from Sir Toby to Macbeth, from Romeo to Lear. Kelcey is invaluable in drawing-room pieces; he has an air, a fine sense of the subdued, and his voice can be tuned to an artificiality that is inseparable from the modern epigram. Also, he can affect the urbane stupidity of the man impervious to humor, dead to his own comicality. And in such a part as Sir Richard, in *Rebellious Susan*, the man of the world in his finer aspect, a squire of dames, if need be, such as Carton, with all of France at his disposal, could never draw—in such a part as this Kelcey is the bright particular over the heads of Drew, Barrymore, and all the impressive society gentlemen of our stage. John Maxwell, who did not ride the gray mare, but said that he did, is of the urbanely stupid. He makes an entire comedy out of the complications arising from a badly told lie. And never for a moment is he conscious of anything but his personal inconvenience. He even looks grieved when the audience applauds. The comedy was upon Kelcey's shoulders, and he bore it without a smile.

I should like to go farther down the cast (particularly to Winona Shannon's French maid, who was more than delicious) but the life of a dramatic critic is not all music, sunshine, love and flowers. The Columbia has troubles of its own this week which I am forced to diagnose.

Frank Worthing, besides being a student of his art, is an actor born. He is a disciple of the true, and I feel confident that he will play an important part in the dramatic chronicles of the next decade. This week he has been luxuriating in one of the experiences inevitable to stock work. Chumley is not a rôle to be grasped in a week's rehearsals. There is a deal of tricky ingenuity necessary to make him the irresponsible cotton brain that Sothern gave us. And *Lord Chumley*, as a play, is not worth a sitting without Sothern in the cast. At least that is the impression I gathered from the performance at the Columbia. If I were big Tyrone Power I would hunt out the man who cast me for a French villain and give him a touch

Jackson's Napa Soda is a tonic—builds up the system.

of Celtic muscle-reading and shillelagh massage. Power can be Dutch when occasion demands, and even Scandinavian, Hebrew, and Populist. But Freuch—nevare!

The curtain-raiser was delicately given. Worthing is eloquent in pantomime, and Miss Elliott finds her own in comedy. I never saw Miss Elliott more stunningly handsome. I can foresee her pathway strewn with kangaroo hearts.

A Trip to the Moon, with Offenbach's haunting music, George Lask's *fin de siècle* version of the book, Fest's extravagant scenery, and the ballet headed by Adele Varcellessi—to say nothing of the entire Tivoli company in the cast—is as pleasant a three hours' journey as one can take these biting nights. The spectacle has been staged sumptuously throughout its many scenes, and if the moon is as *bizarre* a place as Fest insinuates, there is no need of all good Americans going to Paris when they die. Miss Millard, Miss Royce, Hartman, West, Rafael, and all the favorites are in the presentation. The ballet is in splendid form. Lots of it, too.

At the Orpheum it is the same old tale of an exceptional variety programme and houses crowded to the doors. A great bill is underscored for next week; the chief attraction is the return of the Rossow Brothers, the midgets who were such a sensation when the Hopkins combination was at the Orpheum.

Anthony Hope says the ideal title is one which tells you something, and, at the same time, stimulates a desire to know something more. Martha Morton hit off beautifully in *His Wife's Father*, which she wrote for Crane. The Frawleys play this father-in-law piece next week at the Columbia.

A novel entertainment, consisting of Spanish dances, music and songs, by leading artists, will be given at Native Sons' Hall next Thursday evening, under the management of Professor Lombardero. Frank Coffin will be one of the singers.

Sydney Grundy's *A Bunch of Violets*, a great feature of Beerbohm Tree's repertory, will be given at the California next week by Stockwell's players. Kelcey will play Tree's rôle of Sir Phillip Marchant.

The Baldwin Theatre will be closed for a month after John Drew's performance to-night. It re-opens with the Empire Theatre Company.

ON PLEASURE BENT.

THE scenery along the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway is very beautiful at this season of the year, and well repays the slight expense of a pleasure trip. In fact, the country in that neighborhood is as charming as any in California, and is at present, owing to the lovely weather, especially attractive. Some of the finest and most famous mineral springs are along the line of this road, and hunting, fishing, and camping parties invariably turn their faces in that direction whenever they wish fine sport or enjoyment. Stages connect from all the different stations with the interior, and the heavy travel to all the Lake County resorts goes via this route. More impressive scenery cannot be seen anywhere than in the counties of Marin, Sonoma, and Mendocino, through which this line passes. Through beautiful vineyards, laden in due season with luscious grapes, larger than those of Hungary or Southern France, through miles and miles of chicken ranches, hop fields, or mighty forests, the train dashes until the eye wonders how it is that California has been blessed with so many charms. President A. W. Foster travels up and down the line regularly and gives his attention to the smallest details. All of this has made the line popular with tourists and pleasure-seekers, and makes it one of the most extensively patronized in the State.

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Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

The very latest things in ladies' and gents' spring goods to be had of John W. Carmany, furnisher at 25 Kearny St.

Do you drink? Then mix Jackson's Napa Soda with your tippie.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR illustration this week consists of a delightful view of the Presidio, where our country's defenders pass their time in drills, dances, and other innocent and useful pastimes. This is one of the most beautiful localities in San Francisco. The wind-tossed wastes in the foreground are safe from the desecrating hands of the builder; and reeds, trees, and wild-flowers grow everywhere in profusion and lure the soft caresses of the sea mists. In the centre of the bay is Angel Island, and towards the right of our picture will be seen Fort Mason, or Black Point, where more soldiers meekly await the trumpet's long-deferred call to battle.

If there is one beverage more popular than any other it is good old fashioned cider. Refreshing, without being intoxicating, it is always looked forward to at all seasons of the year, and especially during the summer months. The finest brand of this liquid is doubtless the J. W. Monroe Apple Cider, which is absolutely pure and made from the best apples California can produce. John Butler, 7 Sutter street, is the general agent for this brand.

For sickness of stomach drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

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The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Fifth week of the great success of THE FRAWLEY COMPANY, Commencing Monday, June 29th. A delightful comedy, in four acts, entitled

HIS WIFE'S FATHER

The most successful play of the year. A whole year's run in New York. Every member of the superb company. New scenery. New costumes. July 6th—THE WIFE.

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Next Monday, June 29th, continuing for one week only. Matinee Saturday. The success of New York and London,

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A drama of sterling merit, intense interest and brilliant dialogue, by Sydney Grundy, author of "Sowing the Wind." A great cast. Beautiful stage mountings. A complete and worthy production. July 6th—THE IDLER.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, June 29th. Note the additions to a strong bill,

Carl--ROSSOW BROS--Franz

The most interesting midgets alive. Comedians and athletes: The Fredericks Troupe, the 5 demon athletes; The Marimba Players, from Guatemala; The Four Maisanos, eccentric musicians; Watson & Dupree, in comedy sketch; Billy Van, Stewart Sisters, Lillian Western, and others. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part. Reserved Seats, 25c.: Balcony, 10c.: Opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

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Crowds at each performance to see our summer spectacle,

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Great cast; grand ballet; magnificent costumes. Monday evening, July 6th: Opening of the Grand Opera Season, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs. Repertoire: ROMEO & JULIET, RIGOLETTO. Entire Eastern company. Enlarged orchestra; augmented chorus.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c



"AT my first appearance on the stage," said Ferris Hartman, the comedian, "I brought down the house. I was captain of the supers in a piece which called for a desperate hand-to-hand conflict between French and English armies. I was the General in command of the French army, and, after making a most desperate defense against overwhelming odds, it was my fate to meet defeat, receive a mortal wound, fall over, and die with the defiant shout, 'Vive la France!'"

"Every employee in the theatre, from the call boy up, cordially hated the stage manager, but the concentrated hatred of the whole company was nothing to the bitter, uncompromising enmity of the property man. He never lost an opportunity of annoying the stage manager, and more than once a rough-and-tumble fight was narrowly averted. We had never rehearsed in uniform, and not one of us could tell an English grenadier from a French zouave, so the first night the property man gave the French army the English uniforms, and the English the French toggerie."

"I took the uniform with the most gilt on it, and dashed into the fray. We fought all over the center of the stage, surging backward and forward, stabbing and thumping the air for all we were worth. The stage manager was jumping around in the wings shouting excitedly:

"Soak it to 'em, boys! Fight like the devil! Keep it up! Bully! Get in there."

"Suddenly every English soldier dropped dead."

"Great God!" shouted the frantic stage manager. "You've killed the wrong army. Get up and fight it over!" "Up sprang the dead, and the conflict was resumed with increased ferocity. After a brief struggle the right army was all killed off, and I fell back dying in my English uniform, shouting, 'Vive la France!'"

A decidedly pretty young woman entered the office of the Board of Supervisors, and in an agitated voice said:

"I want to see the Mayor, please."

"He is not here. You will probably find him down stairs in his office," explained a clerk.

"No, sir, I've just been there. Are any of the Supervisors here?"

"No, not one."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" She was on the point of bursting into tears.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" inquired the clerk, sympathetically.

"I want Love——"

"Very sorry, Miss, but I'm awfully busy just now. Excuse me," said the clerk, hastily.

"Love is my dog. I must have him."

"Oh—um—I see. I don't think he is here."

"No, I know he is not. He is in the horrid Pound—poor little dear."

"How long has he been in the Pound?"

"Three days. How much does it cost to get him out the first day?"

"Just \$2.60."

"And what will it be the second?"

"Twenty cents more."

"And what will poor little Love be the third day?"

"Soap—no dog."

They carried her tenderly out into the cold air.

Two enterprising exploring parties have left the city this week—Father Bolton and Mr. Laing to invade the fastnesses of Vancouver Island, and Hugo Toland and Edgar Mizner to camp on the Berkeley hills and make a collection of the fauna and flora of that region. The latter expedition has secured the services of an experienced guide, and will prospect that wild and rocky country that lies between Piedmont and Mills' Seminary. They will be armed to protect themselves against the bands of savage Oaklanders which pow-wow on the Sabbath among the squirrel-infested mountains.

Walter Mansfield, the Board of Trade attorney, and a friend were trout fishing up on the Big Sulphur in Sonoma County a few days ago. They had been whipping the stream nearly all day with indifferent success, when they reached a particularly promising riffle. Mansfield's friend, who was a mere tyro at the art of fly casting, whipped his line out behind him, preparatory to dropping his fly in the riffle, when he felt it catch on something, and then he heard a yell from Mansfield.

"Hold on there!" shouted the attorney, as he tried to pull the hook out of his right ear. "I'm not taking a brown hackle to-day."

A committee from the Grand Jury called on a city official the other day and asked to see his books and accounts.

"Don't keep any," he replied.

"You don't keep any accounts?" repeated the amazed Grand Jurors in chorus.

"No; don't know how."

"Don't you know, sir, that it is a misdemeanor not to keep accounts of your official transactions?"

"Yes; and I know it is a felony to keep accounts and keep them wrong."

The Apollo Sausalito, Counselor Reed, and the Apollo Belvedere, Mr. H. W. Newhall, are now entered into a friendly contest for the apple of manly beauty. The Apollo San Rafael, Harry Wise, is anxious to be classed in the race, but Harry is too slight in the legs to sustain the large head with its vast deposit of brain matter, so he is not a favorite by any means. The laurel crown will be awarded by the Arabian Gipsy who peddles glass beads and tin jewelry along the Sausalito bund.

"What, banished back to Ravenswood, to cultivate the vine! No, thank you, no," said Christopher, "that is not in my line. The juicy grapes I love the best are in San Francisco. Within its bounds I hope to reap the harvest that I sow. This may be a poor year for crops, the weather's somewhat cold, Those Junta wolves have made a dash and got into the fold; They may boast of the Convention, and having caught the town, But on our walls the legend hangs, 'Chris Buckley will not down.'"

Two sedate and well-dressed gentlemen visited the Brazilian camp at Waldo Point this week and moved observingly among the Gipsies. The fortune tellers found them generous in the matter of crossing their palms with silver, and they posed without objection before the camera which one of the party carried. Those distinguished strangers were Albert Gerberding and Vanderlyn Stowe taking notes for the Gipsy part of the Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks.

The Bohemian Club has paid its last assessment to Mr. Simeon Wenhan for the new club house, the misfit club house which was built to order, but never occupied, and is now out of debt. The social room has been very handsomely renovated and decorated by Bruce Porter, and is now one of the swellest club apartments in town. Under the new directorate club affairs are in a flourishing condition.

What, a lady to spar with Jim Corbett!

A new star come into the orbit

Of bag punching, sweating, hard training and petting,
And putting up coin as a forfeit.

You're not made, dear, for slapping and slugging,

But only for kissing and hugging,

Much better to stay, far away from the fray,

Than to undergo smashing and lugging.

Mr. Charles Josselyn has returned from the East with a number of startling attractions for his Redwood City theatre, the Alhamhra. A game of golf on the stage by a band of trained monkeys will be one of the curtain raisers. Mr. Josselyn intends to show the people of Redwood City that he is, if anything, a real wide-awake stage manager.

After dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti-Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable. Indigestion fades before it.

When you are selecting a wedding present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

A few days ago an evening paper published the splenetic ravings of an irresponsible stranger, sojourning in this city, who sought to besmirch the character of General Barillas—a gentleman whose name has passed into the pages of history for his gallant actions in the cause of Guatemalan freedom. Certainly the name and fame of the General should entitle him to protection from attack by an unknown individual who has been arraigned before the bar of Justice, and we must condemn the journalism that permits such vituperation to reach the ears of the public. Some weeks ago we had occasion to review the career of our distinguished visitor, and knowing full well the many qualities that go to make him a soldier and a gentleman, we cannot let this slanderous attack go by unnoticed. This Zenon Posadas is, we are reliably informed, a social outcast in his own country, and has, according to his own statement, been behind the bars of a prison. This fact should be enough to show his irresponsibility. With much braggadocio he states that he would like to "meet" the General. With what we know of the General's conduct on the field of battle, we are assured that the large-mouthed Zenon Posadas could get all the satisfaction he desires by a walk of a couple of blocks in the direction of the Palace Hotel. In fact, it is very strange that this Posadas, who is so anxious, according to his own utterances, to meet General Barillas, and upon whom he is so desirous of reeking vengeance, should hold his mighty temper in check, and not go after the object of his hatred. It is easy to see that he lacks the spirit of a true Hidalgo of Spanish blood and the strength of character of a soldier.

THE YALE EIGHT AT HENLEY.

THE Yale eight entered for the Grand Challenge Cup for eight oars at the Henley-on-Thames regatta has already begun to practice, and is being watched with great interest by all lovers of aquatic sport. They are a very heavy set of men, and row what is known as "the Bob Cook stroke." This is modelled on the stroke in use at the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and in the United States is considered a very long stroke. But Mr. W. B. Woodgate, one of the best British amateur oarsmen and scullers of his day, and one of the greatest authorities on rowing in England, has been carefully observing the work of the Yale crew, and says that their stroke is only long by comparison with that of other American colleges; it is shorter than that of Eton, the London Rowing Club, and the colleges of the two great English universities. He thinks that the Yale crew is not yet perfectly together, but that the men use their slides very well. The Grand Challenge Cup course is one mile and 550 yards, and the quickest time in which it has been covered is 6 minutes 51 seconds, the average time since the introduction of keelless boats and sliding seats being about 7½ minutes. The Yale eight is supposed to have adopted the British tactics of practicing openly and of taking no pains to conceal times; it is said to have covered the course in 7 minutes 35 seconds. This is by no means bad time, and need not at all discourage the well-wishers of the American college; especially when it is remembered that in no sport are time tests so deceptive and untrustworthy as in rowing; for wind and stream are factors that cannot be allowed for with exactitude. There is a generally entertained idea (partly due, perhaps, to Richard Harding Davis's cheerfully erroneous statements on the subject) that the Henley course is a very one-sided one, and that, while a boat which gets the Berks station has great advantages, the boat which gets the Bucks station labors under several disadvantages. This was so formerly, but since the course has been rearranged, is true no longer. Now only two boats start in a heat, instead of three as formerly; and, the course being staked out, neither boat can stick close in shore to get shelter from a wind blowing across the river.

The Yale men have gone down a little in weight lately, but are still ten or twelve pounds heavier per man than the Leander crew, which is considered their most dangerous competitor. The average weight of the Leander men is not quite 160 pounds, while the Yale men average 171 or 172 pounds.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade is up to the queen's taste.

Good Appetite

Is restored and the disordered Stomach and Liver invigorated by taking a small wineglassful, before meals, of the celebrated

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We put up assorted boxes for children, including Fire Crackers, Torpedoes, etc., for \$1, \$2, and \$3.

We make a specialty of Lawn displays; assortments for \$5, \$8, \$12, \$30, and upwards.

Special designs, portraits, and suggestive effects in fireworks made to order.

We are the only makers on the coast, and you can save money by buying direct from us. Descriptive catalogues and prices furnished on application.

California Fireworks Co.,

Salesroom, 219 FRONT ST., Up-stairs.
Bet. Sacramento and California St.

Telephone No.
Front 38.

Notice to Shipowners.

FROM AND AFTER JULY 1, 1896, the Spring Valley Water Works proposes to undertake the delivery of water at such wharves in this city as are supplied with its hydrants. Written applications for water are to be made at the water office, which the Harbor Commissioners propose to erect on the sea wall, between Howard and Mission streets. Ships lying in the stream will be informed at the above office, at the time of making such applications, from what hydrants their water-hoats will be supplied. Reasonable notice must be given in all cases, and applications will be filled at the earliest convenience, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 5 P. M. daily. Sundays and holidays excepted, unless specially contracted otherwise. By order of the Board of Directors.

PELHAM W. AMES, Secretary.

AUSTRALIAN SALT BUSH, (*Atriplex Semibaccatum*.)

The Forage Plant for Alkali Soils.

The tens of thousands of acres of alkali lands in California may be made productive and profitable by planting Salt Bush.

For further information, address

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TRUMBULL & BEEBE, 419 and 421 Sansome street, S. F.

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Rubber-Lined COTTON Hose "Eureka" Brand, Best Quality.

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO., R. H. PEASE,
577 and 579 MARKET ST., S. F. Vice-Pres. and Manager



Improved System of Mine Promotion.

The mining promoter is having a hard time of it in California just now. The owners of properties have these itinerant carpet-baggers sized up pretty well, and instances are on record now of the wily promoter having been caught in his own trap, meaning some dollars out of his pocket. A short bond is only granted now, and even then some assurance must be given that there is money available to carry on the proposed arrangements. The proposition most favored is a working bond with the privilege of purchasing at a certain figure, governed by the prospects in the mine. This is a fair deal for everybody, provided the agreement is lived up to by all parties. There are no end of inquiries for "going concerns," and the gentlemen with millions at their back still tumble over one another in the hotel corridors in a vain search for anything that can be scraped up under this head. The "going concerns" of to-day are, however, owned by men who prefer to mine for the money than to live on promises which have rarely yet been realized in the past twenty years of mining history in California. The carpet-baggers will soon, it will be hoped, be forced to leave for some other profitable camping ground.

Some Genuine Trades Going On.

On the other hand local experts of prominence are kept busy in following up the investigations of agents now on the lookout for suitable investments for English and French capital. This is another sign that the bitter experience in the past has done good in the way of convincing foreign capitalists that the most prudent course in the long run is to have one of the leading experts in this city pass upon anything which the traveling agents may approve. The men coming in here now from those quarters seem a better class of people than the double-dealing and ignorant scamps who formerly posed as representatives of outside investors. Some fair-sized transactions are pending in Calaveras and Amador counties, and an inspection is now being made of a promising gravel property in Plumas for some British people. There is every reason to believe the sale of the old Crown Point mine, of Grass Valley, is a go, and the price paid, some \$50,000, shows how ideas have changed of late in view of the figure asked the last time the property was offered abroad. It takes a great deal of baggling now to put a deal of any kind through, and prices are cut to the lowest notch by the careful buyer. Money can also now be had here to work properties in the interest of owners for an interest in their mine, work being carried on under the supervision of the person putting up the money, with the right to call a halt at any time when appearances were considered unfavorable for the development of ore. This is a scheme which can be highly recommended for fairness and efficiency in guarding against any serious mistakes. On the whole the mining industry is prospering on a safer business basis than ever before.

Golden Feather River Mines.

If any one deserves success it is the company now operating the mines on the Feather river above Oroville. Year in and year out they patiently labor on, hoping that fortune may at last reward them. Of course, considerable gold has already been taken out since the enterprise was inaugurated, but not in the quantities which might have been expected had the working situation been more favorable. Last year's financial returns ran behind any of the previous annual exhibits, the deficit being in the neighborhood of \$11,000. This was under the new management. It is said, however, by way of explanation, that the poor returns were in consequence of the company having worked that portion of the river-bed worked thirty years ago by the Cape Union people. That was the report made at the annual meeting held in London last month. It was stated at the same time that the prospects were good for the early resumption of work in the river-bed this year in a quarter which it is hoped will prove highly remunerative.

Lively Times On Pine Street.

Dealers in mining stocks whose accounts were not well protected were in jeopardy during the week, if they managed to escape being swept out of existence altogether. There was not a genuine bear movement in the market. Two or three stocks affected by local causes sent the ball rolling on the down grade, and weak margin accounts did the rest. Savage was one of the most severely depressed stocks. A threatened fight for control led a good many people to invest in the shares with the expectation that they would be bought up at higher prices by one or other of the contestants. The affair was settled and a rush to get out began, and instead of the investors milking the inside they got milked themselves. Of course they are very mad at this, but if they look at the matter from a philosophical standpoint they will recognize the triteness of the old saying, that what is "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Possibly, if they had pulled the other fellow's leg, he would have enjoyed a season of blasphemy on their account. And so it goes. It takes two sides to make a market, and everybody cannot make money in the game. Con. Virginia took a tumble, although outside of the old yarn about gas, there was no reason to assign for the break. As usual, as the kingpin led, the other North End shares followed, margins were uncovered, and the innocents played in hard luck again. Had it not been for the stability of old Chollar, which steadied in the neighborhood of \$2.70, it is just possible that the entire line would have sold down in the cents. This would have suited a great many people, who are getting tired waiting for some cheap Brunswick shares. They are likely to keep waiting, too, for some time to come. Gould & Curry suffered, too, but not nearly as much as Occidental, which went to pieces at one time under heavy sales of dealers, who were forced to sacrifice their holdings to protect their accounts. The approaching holidays had much to do with the decline, as at the first sign of a set back old-time dealers immediately dumped out everything on the principle that "no one ever heard of a market 'round the Fourth of July." Some interesting work is now commencing on the Brunswick, and it may be that signs will fail this year. In any event the man with a few shares of such a stock as Chollar in his pocket paid for, is apt to be in a more comfortable fix some of these fine mornings than the chap that has none.

Fire Insurance Matters Quiet.

Little is said at present about the insurance combine. There is always hope that the one now in existence may yet be knocked into practical working shape for the benefit of all concerned. Something of the kind is badly wanted on the street just now, and the big companies must recognize this fact better than any one else. The struggle for business is growing fiercer daily, and the expenses run along in face of the profits, which are light in any event. The managers are honest enough in the belief they express that only under a combine can business be made to pay, and still not a few are content to remain aloof for the reason they assign that it is impossible to bolder a number of the fraternity down to any agreement, even if it is signed in black and white. If such is the case, it is apparently useless to expect any settlement on a permanent basis. The whole affair looks very much like biting off one's nose to spite the face. Outside of the fire lines, a branch of the business which insures against burglars is doing a large business. The idea, which is quite new here, seems to have "caught on" with merchants and others. In England, where it has long been in existence, it is quite a success, and, owing to the large number of burglaries here, and the inefficiency of the police to capture the thieves, it will doubtless become very popular in time.

A Welcome Visitor Expected.

It is highly probable that before very long Mr. John Hays Hammond may return here on a visit, during which he will pass upon a scheme now suggested to prominent London capitalists. Outside of the professional engagements, there are many personal friends of Mr. Hammond who will be glad of an opportunity to congratulate him upon his safe delivery from his South African troubles. It would be still more pleasing news to learn that the talented engineer had returned to make his permanent home on the Pacific Coast, where a wide field exists for his valuable services.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

WITH his red right hand, Judge Campbell knocked out the doughty O'Brien, and the man who calls his Honor a fakir now had better put his props up quick or the Judge will land on his smeller. This is really the best way to preserve the dignity of the police courts. It is difficult to conceive the awful state of affairs that would exist if the clerk of a police court were more muscular than the magistrate. The scales of Justice would not be worth the balance of a junk shop. The clerk's frown would have more weight than the evidence of the prominent citizen, and the exemption from corporal punishment would be considered ample reward for the Judge's clemency. But with men of Judge Campbell's stripe all things are different. He can thump his clerk at will, and when satiated with gore, knock the wind out of the hailiff as a digestive.

A HOUSE falls and crushes the life out of a few unfortunates. And, of course, no one is to blame. The contractor puts it on the architect, and the architect puts it on the laborers, and the laborers transfer it to the jack-screws. There it will rest. Really, the only people we seem to take real good care of here are our murderers. By the way, talking of murderers, was there not a young fellow named Theodore Durrant convicted long, long ago of ravishment and slaughter? Lives he yet, and is he fat? It sounds like ancient history to take a turn at that lumhering and rusty crank of the broken down machine, Californian Justice.

HARRY Wise is going to the Chicago convention from Marin County. Mr. Wise found the voters of the hilly region across the bay more plastic than those of this side, and therefore moved with papa, and is now a Marinier. That Mr. Wise will be a power in the councils of the Democracy goes without saying. This young gentleman made a record for wise saws and modern instances at the Sacramento convention, which will last as long as the foundations of the Capitol. To make a gentle pun, Harry is a wise child, and the Collector rates him next to Henry Clay, and a peg or two below Daniel Webster.

A PROFOUND and consoling hope pervades the community that the religious controversialists have laid down their arms, and that the rattle of dogmatic musketry will be heard no more. Merciful heavens, what a siege we have had of it! The Pope, the Jesuits, the convents, the A. P. A., and even old Martin Luther himself—all dragged into the fray. Fostered by the cunning dailies for the sake of the nickel, the thunder of quotation, assertion and refutation became deafening. May the pitchfork of Jack Satan penetrate the cuticle of the next disturber that would attempt to set that unsavory kettle upon the fire again.

NOT to be behind the times, the TOWN CRIER applied the famous relic of St. Anthony to his enlarged head, which, as readers may remember, was caused by the hursting of the wretched Vim tire on his hicycle. The swelling is much decreased, and he now adds his endorsement to that of Father Slattery and the other holy fathers who spoke so eloquently about the little hone last week.

THE young married lady who horse-whipped a German at the baths last week should be severely censured. We do not know what motives the Teuton had for performing his ablutions at this season of the year, but they were doubtless good ones, and he ought to be encouraged in overcoming old-fashioned prejudices.

DR. GAVIGAN, the prominent local politician, has abandoned the practice of medicine and intends returning to his old profession of the law. In other words, he will devote the balance of his life to studying out a defense for the many fatal mistakes he may have had the misfortune to commit.

A POLICEMAN has been charged with heating his wife. We don't believe it. A fellow with so much energy in him could never get on the force.

MAN is a processional animal and delighteth in vain shows. Mark Hanna, being aware of this weakness, has ordered that all good (?) Republicans shall adopt pampas plumes as the McKinley flower and shall parade as often as possible. The sight of numerous citizens thus decorated marching about our streets, and howling for Protection that protects from Prosperity, may not be edifying, but it is at least very human.

THE TOWN CRIER polished his teeth last Sunday eve and went to hear Dr. C. Overman Brown treat the goats of his flock to spiritual pap. He left as the plate was being passed around, and met a thin, shadowy-looking individual also making for the door. A feeling of comradeship inspired the CRIER to ask this refugee his name. "I?" said the poor thing, wearily, "I am the Holy Ghost!"

NO wonder the rahhle delights in watching the proceedings in our police courts. When Judge Conlan, foaming at the mouth, shrieks loudly for a gun, and Judge Campbell plants his mighty left on Colonel O'Brien's optic, the imaginative hoodlum may hopefully expect to witness a battle royal with knives at no very remote date. Probably that is why such men are elected to office.

THE New Woman was properly reuked by Manager Groom for wishing to witness the Corbett-Sharkey prize-fight. Such spectacles are all right for men, but the home is the proper sphere for the Rev. Anna, Susan B., and their disciples. Domestic troubles, interesting and numerous as they are, should satisfy the female heart.

A "DR." James McLean, who studied hotany in Australia, and thereupon set up as a physician, has been sued by a dupe for obtaining money under false pretences. This city is full of such quacks, and the airing of their affairs will afford interesting reading some day.

AN ex-policeman was arrested by an active (?) member of the force for stealing milk the other day. There appears to be some truth in the old saw that only a thief can catch a thief, after all. The man deserves arrest for his dissipation.

IT is said that bats are in great demand in the South Sea Islands. The Tenderloin District is full of them, and a small fortune, besides the thanks of the community, awaits the man who will ship them down there.

THE Religious Editor of this high-class family journal assassinated a man last Wednesday for offering him a twenty-verse Fourth of July poem. Body can he had by application to the Business Manager.

SPECIAL inducements offered to suicides in Golden Gate Park. Grassy lawns, shady trees and moonlight effects, and no interference from the Park Police. Eastern papers please copy.

SINCE when has Registrar Hinton been appointed night watchman out at the City Hall? It is rumored that he has been seen in one of the corridors at the hour of 4 A. M.—asleep, presumably.

THE men who flock to see a prize-fight are on a level with the women who go to see the Rev. C. O. Brown and the Rev. Colburn. Both exhibitions are indecent and should be suppressed.

EIGHTY doctors from the East have descended upon us, like carrion upon desirable food. The health returns have not yet been made out, but they can be anticipated.

"BEWARE of the Dog," says the Rev. Dr. Case. And then he wonders why the members of his congregation keep away from him!

THE white rhinoceros is nearly extinct. President Murphy, of the First National Bank, is, however, still with us.

MUCH Mentioned Estee is again looking for a job. If he gets it, we fear it will only be a put-up one.

BENEATH this slah Boss Buckley lies;
God closed his hands but ope'd his eyes.

MATTIE OVERMAN'S trunks were marked "C. O. Brown." Disgraceful!

THE Vim tire is so rotten that a blade of grass will cut it to pieces.



AN ABSENT-MINDED ADVENTURE

By Chauncey Perke

THAT singular mental condition, commonly known as absent-mindedness, may be properly termed a psychological phenomenon. Psychology has an explanation of its process, but that is all. The power producing it still awaits definition and analysis by any human knowledge. The will of a person seems to possess the action of the mind, causing one part to direct and control the movements of the body in an intelligent though mechanical manner, while another part of the mind is wholly absorbed with the consideration of something not apparent to observation. Like a certain professional student of science, who, while obviously pursuing his profound investigations, walked into his bedroom in mid-day, pulled down the shades, carefully locked the door, took off his clothing, and went to bed, before he became conscious of what he had done.

The adventure I am about to relate, though perhaps a more ordinary illustration of the phenomenon, is quite unique in the ludicrous consequences that followed.

In the summer of 1890, while in command of the American ship *Starlight*, I made the port of Marseilles, where I was detained several weeks. Immediately on my arrival I became the guest of an old friend, who, with his family, had been living in that pretty French seaport for several years. His residence was one of the many attractive villas that fringe the banks of the bay, from which the picturesque city rises in pleasing eminences. The pleasure of my sojourn was greatly enhanced by the presence of two other shipmasters, who were also the guests of my friend at the time of my arrival. One of them, a Captain Morrow, was like myself, enjoying the full swing of a life of single blessedness. I was invited to share with him his sleeping apartment. The remaining guests were a Captain Harrison and his wife. Our host's family consisted of a wife, a daughter still in her teens, and an unmarried sister-in-law whose spring and summer of life had long since given place to decidedly autumnal shades. We were a merry party, and the respite from the duties and responsibilities of navigation for a few weeks only was keenly enjoyed by the sea-faring portion of the household. Abandonment to pleasure occupied the hours and days. The resources of such a town for amusement were numerous, and we went the rounds of them repeatedly, without a thought of their palling on our hilarious tastes. Our companionship ripened quickly, and was characterized by a jovial free handed familiarity peculiar to people of our calling. My room-mate, Captain Morrow, occasionally indulged in an evening stroll about town alone, invariably returning late and decidedly mellow. Our apartment was a front room on the second floor. The maiden sister-in-law of our host and his daughter occupied a room together on the third floor directly above us, and, as it subsequently appeared, their bed-chamber, and that which was assigned to us, were furnished precisely alike, and were of the same size and general appearance. Captain Harrison and his wife were located in a room adjoining our own, and, fortunately for us, as will appear, connected with ours with a folding door. The second and third floors of the house were reached by spiral stairs with similar and convenient landings. One evening I had gone to my room earlier than usual. The moonlight was streaming in, and I prepared for sleep without the aid of any other light. Captain Harrison and his wife had also retired to their apartment, and my room-mate had gone out pleasure-seeking early in the evening. I had settled myself for sleep on the side of the bed nearest the wall, and was dropping off into slum-

ber when the door opposite the landing quietly opened, and in walked, not my room-mate, but, *mirabile dictu*, the ancient maiden lady of the family, our host's sister-in-law, without a light! A genuine ghostly apparition could not have proved a greater surprise to me. My first thought was that she had come to our room on some errand believing that its occupants were absent, spending the evening together. But what a delusion! She immediately proceeded to disrobe. Imagine the spectral ghastliness moonlight would produce while enveloping the sinewy form of such a creature. Comprehending the situation I was paralyzed by the thought of its probable crisis, for I saw that in a very few moments she would innocently become my bed-fellow, despite anything I could prudently do to prevent such a catastrophe.

Some natures are so largely imbued with a detective sense of the ludicrous, that the most appalling scenes, occasions of the most solemn gravity and painful dilemma fail to render this sense inoperative. The droll, the comic, the humorous, will invariably be discerned and appreciated no matter how somber or exciting the circumstances. Although I was profoundly anxious to maintain an almost breathless quiet, that my identity should not be discovered, and although I perceived myself approaching that awful extremity of being imprisoned in my own bed by this superannuated spinster, with no possible chance of escape until she was sound asleep, still I had forgotten for a moment the torture of these experiences as I beheld the thoughtless intruder, while in the act of disrobing, deliberately remove a wig from her bald head, take out of her mouth a double set of artificial teeth, pluck from its socket an artificial eye, and place these three adjuncts of her "make up" on the toilet table. The effect of these removals on her appearance beggars description. The restraint it imposed on my risibilities was misery in the extreme. The reader can better imagine than I can describe, how this dismantled would-be room-mate literally took herself apart piece by piece, and garment by garment, before she finally stretched her shadowy proportions by my side. Of course, the cause of her thus appearing in our room was easily apprehended. In a fit of abstraction, or absent-mindedness, rather, she had stopped at the first landing of the spiral stairway instead of the second, and as she was without a light, save that of the moon, and as her own room was a duplicate of ours in location and furnishing, her delusion was not disturbed by the mistake she had made. Partially hidden by the bed-curtains, she had mistaken me for her niece. I saw that my only chance of escape, was to patiently wait until she was asleep. At last when I heard her snoring at the rate of ten knots an hour, I knew that my time had come, and that I must put forth every effort to get out of the room without awakening her! With extreme caution I slowly crawled from my position, and with great difficulty stepped clear of my unconscious companion to the floor. Woe to me had I awakened her. The possibility of such a danger occurring forced the perspiration from every pore of my body. Her screams would have aroused the entire household, and the most horrifying difficulties and perplexities would have confronted me. After I had reached the floor in safety, and had hastily but noiselessly slipped into my clothes, I could not resist the temptation to take a rapid survey of the sleeping beauty before I took my departure from the room. There she lay, fully six feet of her prone on her back, her bony arms stretched across the snow-white couch, her hairless pate sunken in the pillow, her under jaw hanging hungrily, her thin bloodless lips wide asunder, her cheeks showing deep cavities, caused in part by the removal of her teeth, and her respiration operating through her nasal organ with labored, soniferous effect. The palor of the moonlight rendered the spectacle appalling. I took it all in briefly and retreated from its weird fascination, fearing that I might become spellbound if I lingered too long.

Softly closing the door behind me, it flashed into my mind to enlarge the joke and make my rightful room-mate a participant. I knew that he would return after an evening of generous indulgence, and the kind of reception he would give the new occupant of his room and bed, promised results that would render my experience tame in the comparison. The anticipation of the part my chum, Captain Morrow, was to be made to take in this thrilling encounter from which, thank heaven, I had just safely emerged, could not be enjoyed alone. I must let others in to the secret in time to witness with me the *finale*. Knocking at the door of the room occupied by Captain Harrison and his wife, I found they had not yet gone to bed, and was invited to enter. I described to them what had just befallen me, and how I proposed to continue the escapade of the maiden lady, who had most innocently caused me to beat a hasty retreat from my own apartment. So convulsed were they with mirth, that I had great difficulty in restraining them from betraying my purpose by their almost uncontrollable explosions of laughter. They entered, with great zest into the plan to get Captain Morrow into the scrape also. Accordingly we unlocked the door connecting their room with ours, and placed it ajar, so that we could observe without discovery my room-mate's encounter with his sleeping intruder whenever he should arrive.

Fully an hour and a half passed before we heard his heavy tread upon the stairs. As soon as he entered his room, we saw that his condition was ripe for fun. He had evidently been imbibing quite freely. His face was wreathed in smiles and his manner was comic. The moon was now high in the heavens and its light shone full and bright across the carpet and on portions of the wall, making everything within sufficiently distinct for the eager eyes that were watching intently from Captain Harrison's room. Hiccupping occasionally, my room-mate began to divest himself of his clothing and throw it across a chair. After taking off his coat and vest, he happened to glance carelessly towards the bed. Something there arrested his attention. The sleeper had changed her position a little, since I had left her, so that now her head was more concealed by the bed-clothes. Captain Morrow did not suspect that anybody other than his chum was there, but he thought I had deliberately gone to sleep occupying his side of the bed, instead of my own place. This apparent liberty that I had taken seemed to arouse the humorous in him, and he proposed to punish my supposed assurance in his own way, and by what he conceived to be a sort of practical joke. Walking up to the side of what he supposed was the form of his slumbering room-mate, and being, for obvious reasons, too oblivious of detail to discover his mistake, he took firm hold of the shoulders of the unfortunate female, and jerked her by main strength from the bed to the floor, shouting with laughter at the same time and exclaiming, "you old rascal you *would* turn in on my side of the bed, would you?" Human language is entirely inadequate to describe the scene that followed. The baldheaded, toothless woman, lay sprawled upon the floor, aroused ruthlessly from her sleep as if by an earthquake or explosion, her solitary eye glaring like a tiger at bay on her presumable foe. He, meanwhile, with hair erect and eyes dilating, and a countenance pallid with dismay and horror, stood before her thoroughly sobered and too paralyzed to move. The tableau was superlatively unique and comic. After the poor woman had sufficiently recovered from the shock such summary treatment had given her, she poured forth such a broadside of volcanic invectives into the intruder's ears as to cause him to tremble and shake in his shoes. He came into thorough possession of all his faculties under the terrific fire his own apparent blunder had drawn upon his head. But he did not yet comprehend the situation. Of course, he surmised that an awful mistake had been made; and quite naturally, too, he thought that he was the perpetrator of it. He supposed that he had with unpardonable carelessness and stupidity entered the apartment of the aunt and her niece, rather than his own. Accordingly he lost no time in attempted apology or explanation, but snatched his clothes from the chair and rushed up the stairs into what he most certainly believed to be his own room.

But alas, for the discomforted mariner! He was in a

worse predicament than if at sea without chart or compass. He had certainly lost all of his bearings and was rushing into the jaws of another catastrophe. In hot haste he bounced into the unconscious presence of our host's daughter, where the astounded maiden lady below should have been. The young girl was quietly sleeping on the inner side of the bed, and thinking that she was his room-mate, with a feeling of great relief that he had finally reached the place where he belonged, he thankfully took off the remainder of his clothing and jumped into the bed. But this last act of what I may call the serio-comic drama nearly destroyed Captain Morrow's sanity. Having experienced this indescribable climax of his plight, he thought his reason had deserted him. For instead of finding himself safe at last beside his legitimate bedfellow, he was again in some other person's apartment and had awakened to terror and mortal fear another unprotected female. The girl, aroused by the Captain's impetuous flight, and finding not her aunt, but a man in her bed began to scream at the top of her voice. How the now thoroughly affrighted Morrow ever found sufficient strength to escape from this final dilemma was indeed a wonder. The only thing that saved him from lunacy was the sudden recognition of the fact that the woman, number one, was the cause of the trouble and not he. With cold perspiration standing in drops on his forehead, my room-mate started on his second flight. Suspecting that any attempt to again ascend the stairs might precipitate another, and, perchance, a worse feminine horror, he wisely concluded to retrace his steps. On his way down he passed an apparition that disappeared up the stairs like a flash. His first thought was that another mystery had been let loose upon him. But as the object passed him, he thought he saw a sinister glance from a blanched face. He thought he recognized it, and when he had reached his own quarters, he was positive; for after cautiously peering in, he found that his first victim had vacated the apartment, and that it was she he had met on the stairs hurrying to her own room. My companions and I had laughed so violently and so continuously at the success of my plot, that we were actually sore from head to foot. When it is remembered that we were obliged to repress our mirth, the reader can imagine what an immense task we had to accomplish. To have let my room-mate know, or even suspect, the part that I had taken in the ordeal he had just encountered, would, I believe, have cancelled our friendship, and perhaps have jeopardized my personal safety. I was therefore obliged to wait quietly in Captain Harrison's room until my friend was asleep. Then, procuring a light, I went noiselessly to the outer door of the room and entered. While preparing to sleep, my chum partially awoke and drowsily said: "Is that you, Frank, where in thunder have you been?" To this significant inquiry I carelessly replied that I had been out and just returned. He turned over and was soon lost again in deep slumber. The next morning I awoke rather late. But when I opened my eyes, the first object I saw was Captain Morrow seated on the floor partly dressed. In front of him was placed the water pitcher, on the top of which he had arranged the wig of the absent-minded invader of our sanctum. Just below the wig he had placed her teeth, and between them he had carefully poised an orange and her eye. And there Morrow sat, shaking with laughter at the sight. In reply to my amused inquiry he gave me a graphic account of the night's adventure, never suspecting the hand I had taken in the incident. As we were about to leave the room and join the family at the breakfast table, a gentle knock was heard at the door. It proved to be our host's daughter, who blushing asked, with a roguish smile, "if there was anything in the room that did not belong there?" Bursting with laughter my companion pointed to the picture in front of him, with its various adornments. The girl made a dive for them, and then scampered from our presence as fast as possible. We saw nothing more of her that day, and as for her aunt she never made her appearance again during the remainder of our visit.

The Maison Riche has the best equipped banquet hall in this city. All the large functions are held there and the accommodations for guests are perfect in every respect.

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DEL MONTE, dear, delightful Del Monte, so many of its original leading lights will re-light the hotel. Miss Emily Hager and Miss Flora Low, Miss Daisy Casserley and Miss Fanny Loughborough will all be there. Surely no place in California is better calculated to repay one for the outlay of wardrobes and the expense of one's holiday than this lovely place. Every moment of the time spent there is full of pleasure. Among the agreeable people one meets are distinguished tourists from all over the world, as nobody considers a visit to California complete without a trip to Del Monte. Why has not some poet immortalized the hotel in rhyme? It is known from Paris to Milpitas, and people who have once stopped there are never satisfied until they go again. As I write these words, I long to lay down the pen and hie to the groves where heaux and helles abound, and the quiet crash of the surf lulls one to sleep.

Ever since the Goad-McIntosh engagement was made public, society dames have been prone to consider little hilly Sausalito as a good field for marriageable daughters. The truth is there is less ceremonial in the life there, a *sans gêne* which is very alluring, and then the girls look so fetching in their natty shirt waists and sailor hats, which is good enough attire for all day long. Then the rambles up the glen, the boat rides by moonlight, either in a launch or pulling an oar, all make a fellow sentimental whether he will or no. The hammock under a shady tree is so much more simple and is less alarming than dress parade on the veranda of a leading out-of-town hotel where beauty and fashion congregate, that a man is captured before he knows it. It takes a seasoned old hachelor like Claude Terry Hamiltou to withstand all these temptations to commit matrimony.

Wilcox and Joyce were the only soldier heaux who thought the "Sleepy Hollow" at Belvedere worth a visit apparently, as they alone showed up from the neighboring military post, much to the disappointment of the ladies in charge, who had calculated upon an influx of bright huttons. Some one suggests that at future affairs of the kind there should be a tent for juggling, and the festive "Willie," as the huds call him, be requested to do coin tricks and card ditto for the enlightenment of the crowd.

"What a shame it is for Tom Bergin to be so selfish as to keep that big house on Jackson street without a wife to preside there," said a matron of the Irish set the other day. But Tom is no worse than Jim Phelan, Dick Tohin or Joe Grant, all of whom (if rumor speaks aright) are averse to Hymen's chains.

Our girls have had a real loss in the departure of Tarn McGrew for Corea, as it is a possible thing that this young heau may remain there for a period of years. *On dit*, a well-known pretty helle was asked if she would be willing to share his exile! She replied in the negative.

It is almost a foregone conclusion that another of the Catherwood family will join the Army; and every one unites in the opinion that, if the daughter is as happy in her choice as the mother has been, a most delightful result will be attained.

If what rumor says is but half true, it would seem that money covers a multitude of sins when a man wants to wed a pretty girl in society; and, no matter what defects there may be in his moral character, gold will fill in the deficiency.

People are wondering if the honeymoon of a happy couple of the near future will be spent at the cottage at Santa Monica; or if the previous occupant still being in residence there would preclude such a thug.

It is generally considered by charming Miss May Belle Gwin's girl friends that a certain big house now in the course of erection would be a fit setting for so lovely a jewel; and they go on to say that, while there are lots of nice fellows in society life, the one credited with being her devoted swain is *wittier* than most.

There is a startling rumor afloat regarding the matrimonial idea of a leading member of the Cotillion Club. It *would* be a sensation, sure enough.

All this talk about the "Money Question" or Protection vs. Free Trade, is nothing compared to the question of your own constitution. Such questions invariably settle themselves, but your constitution, unless attended to in time, will settle you. The only way to fix it up after a hard day's brain work and make it able to appreciate an evening of recreation and a night of "cool, sweet sleep," is to take some Keystone Monogram Whiskey when work is done. Settle that question first.

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DEAR EDITH—Odd shapes and odd garnitures are in great demand, leading the milliner to show her ingenuity in producing striking models. The Tyrolean shape is a favored one for weddings. A white chip has the Tyrolean crown wound round the top with white ribbon with a high bow on the side and a branch of cherries. The most unique bridesmaids' hats lately worn were of white panama straw, laden with white ostrich feathers and draped with white tulle, while beneath the back rim was arranged a branch of yellow oranges and foliage. Shirred white muslin hats, trimmed with ribbon bows, are quaint and appropriate. Effective hats have the high crowns of blue or pink satin, embroidered with silver sequins. Anything, everything to give the idea of great novelty; this seems to constitute the picturesque in millinery just at present.

Among the new designs in waists one finds that three out of every five have distinct and prominent points of resemblance to the Louis XV and the Louis XVI styles. One to wear with a skirt of royal purple grosgrain was of a delicate chine design in lilac and green tints. It was open in front over a white armure vest with tiny pockets and pearl buttons. There was a kerchief of white mull tied in a knot on the breast. The revers were faced hack with white armure and embroidered in elegant pompadour design in faint-colored tints. The fronts of the hasque were sharply pointed and the rest fluted very full. The gigot sleeves had neat upturned cuffs of white, embroidered to match the revers.

Roman striped silk waists are other fancy waist novelties recently noted in a day's tour among new fashions. These are hight and gay. The colors stand out clear and sharp in distinction from the hlurred chine silks, which are also popular. There has always been a fascination in the mingling of the clear reds and blues, known as Roman stripes, and these silks certainly make very charming waists to wear with black skirts.

Dressy effects are sought after in carriage costumes. Fine light colored alpacas, beautifully made with lace and velvet, are most prominent for this purpose. The spot alpacas are most desirable, as they allow of such charming color combinations. Thus, a blue gray alpaca, shot with rose, is trimmed with water cress green velvet and a deep ecru lace. Black and white striped silk dresses were popular last summer for driving purposes and will be this. The most effective are made up with black chiffon and Honiton applique. Canvas gowns now take precedence in all the stores. A very charming model is ecru colored, made up over rose silk and trimmed with ecru lace and olive green velvet ribbon.

New neck-scarfs he tied in soft bows at the throat, separately, or completing large Vandyke collarettes or collars, are variously named the Incroyable, the Alsatian, and the Sans Gene. They are made of very sheer India mull, tulle, silk, net, plain and fancy chiffon, in delicate tints, and of point d'esprit. The scarfs are finished with ends of very handsome lace, and when tied in bows are nearly as long as the ends.

Dress skirts are cut slightly shorter than those of last season, but they are quite as full from the knees down, and fit the figure closely on the front and sides below the waist.

Panama hats trimmed with morning glories, daisies, hawthorn blossoms, and lilacs, are among the useful things in millinery this season, and they are very pretty with thin gowns.

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Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.

"Seavey's" have an immense stock of hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, etc., and are selling everything in millinery lower than any other house in this city, 1382 Market street.

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"This is so sudden," said Eve. "I do not want you to think me mercenary, but what are your financial prospects?" Adam drew himself up a little and said with the quietness of true greatness, "I own the earth." The rest is history.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Before they build any more skyscrapers in this town," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, picking his way gingerly across the muddy street, "my opinion is that they ought to pay a little more attention to scraping the earth."—Chicago Tribune.

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than a million eggs." "It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from the farm.—Indianapolis Journal.

Country Patient—I didn't expect that you would call again before to-morrow, doctor. Doctor—Well, you see, I had to visit another patient in the neighborhood, and I thought I might as well "kill two birds with one stone."—Pick-Me-Up.

Wrangles—Well, Adam was a lucky man. Barker—In what particular way? Wrangles—He didn't have to prance around the garden like a blamed idiot holding Eve on a hundred-dollar bike.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spanish General—We must fire a fresh volley. His Secretary—But, sir, we've already exhausted all the explosives contained in the Spanish dictionary. The General.—Then begin on the foreign languages.—Truth.

A judge, in sentencing a prisoner, said: "Do you know that for these repeated breaches of the law it is in my power to sentence you for a term of penal servitude far exceeding your natural life?"—Sketch.

Miss Anteck—Do you suppose Eve had any desire to vote? Mr. Slimmer—But she couldn't, you know. Miss Anteck—Why not? Mr. Slimmer—She was paired with Adam.—Philadelphia Press.

"I'd give my life for you!" said the love-struck feline to his mate. "That wouldn't be much of a sacrifice," replied his companion, "you'd hardly miss one life out of nine."—Yonkers Statesman.

Lyter—You are still continuing your efforts in literature, they tell me. Writer—Yes. Lyter—What are the returns? Writer—Unanimous! Everything I send out is returned.—Ex.

Aunt Susan—He was a bad man, and I'm afraid he has gone to the hot place. Nephew George—Oh, well, aunt, he won't mind it; he's used to scorching, you know.—Ex.

"Mrs. Beverly always does her hair up in such a beautiful twist." "Yes, but it reminds me of the rumor that her father once kept a pretzel bakery."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Foreflat—This being so poor is terrible, isn't it? Mrs. Topfloor—Indeed it is. If we could only afford it, I would have nervous prostration to-morrow.—Truth.

"Don't you think that 'Charity' is a queer title for your new hook?" "Not at all. Charity begins a tome, you know."—Philadelphia North American.

He—Even the undertaker was overcome with grief. SBE—Was he a relative? HE—No, but the deceased was the only doctor in the town.—Ex.

"My," said the freckled boarder who came late to breakfast, "I wish I had my wheel kit here; I'd pump up these muffins."—Chicago Record.

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THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

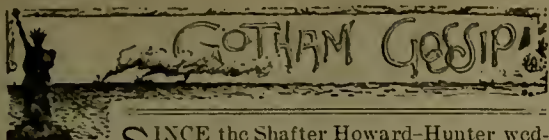
N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. W. Sellgman & Co., 21 Broad Street. The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }



SINCE the Shafter Howard-Hunter wedding at Newport, which was the culmination of a courtship of long standing, no wedding has occurred in New York for some time of such interest to Californians as the marriage to-day of Miss Augusta Brown and Hugh Neeley Fleming. The bride is a daughter of the late William Brown, formerly a prominent broker in San Francisco, and one of the most popular club and society men of your city. His beautiful wife is remembered in San Francisco not only for her charm as a hostess but also for her lovely voice, and, above all, for her gracious personality. Miss Brown, or rather Mrs. Fleming, resembles her father's family, and is a tall and aristocratic blonde. Her husband is dark and very distinguished in appearance. The wedding was celebrated in the presence of only intimate friends at the family home, 1315 Madison avenue, at noon yesterday, the seventeenth of June, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr. Kittredge. Miss Grace Wetherbee, in a lovely gown of cream brocade, was maid-of-honor, and Ward Chamberlin best man. The bride wore heavy white satin absolutely covered with magnificent lace, her mother's gift. No jewels adorned her, and her tulle veil was caught with natural orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white sweet peas and lilies of the valley, and pendant from it were at least fifty streamers of narrow white satin ribbon caught in lovers' knots with clusters of lilies of the valley. There was a wedding breakfast, a feature of which was the "loving cup"—drunk from a beautiful specimen of Lobmeier glass. An orchestra enlivened the occasion. Among the guests were Mrs. Haff and Miss Edna Haff, Mrs. James Lake, Mrs. Bella Thomas Nichols, Mrs. Stewart (nee May Fargo) with her husband, Dr. Stewart, and her lovely little daughter Natalie, Mr. and Mrs. Gove (Mrs. Gove will be remembered as Miss Minnie Webster), Ned Reuling, Harry Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherbee, Paul Loiseaux, and others. The bride and groom departed this afternoon for Atlantic City, and will return to New York before making their final move for Erie, their future home. Mrs. Brown looked exceptionally handsome as she gave her daughter away, but many of the guests were sympathizing with her as she enacted the rôle of both father and mother to her daughter.

Mrs. Haff, by the way, as well as Harry Hall and his wife, have taken a cottage at Pelham Manor for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Gove are living in Brooklyn, Mr. Gove being attached to the "Cincinnati." Mrs. Stewart, who was such a belle as May Fargo in San Francisco several years ago, is absolutely unchanged, and it is hard to realize that it is nine years since she married.

News from Paris announces the arrival of Paul Waterhouse and the departure of Mrs. Kate Jungen for Berlin to visit the family of her husband, Lieutenant Carl Jungen. She will not return to America for several months.

Senator Stewart (and his whiskers) are at the Holland House. Stanley Dexter and family have gone to Oyster Bay for the summer. There are many rumors afloat anent the Belvin ménage. I can only say that I have seen them together within ten days, apparently beatifically happy, as they have always been. Harry Gillig is on his way across the broad Atlantic, and will be followed in a week or ten days by "Mrs. Amy," his very attractive wife.

The hunting set here is very much agitated by the report of a divorce between Luis d'Onatinia and his wife, formerly Miss Cooley, daughter of Colonel Cooley of the Westchester County Club. Young Onatinia was supposed to be the successor in the dude line of Berry Wall, but he is really a very good chap. I believe that incompatibility is the cause, or assumed cause, of their separation.

Miss Kittle, Hugh Tevis, and W. Littauer are among recent arrivals at Toronto.

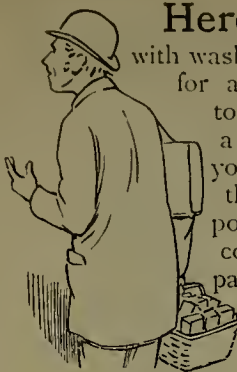
New York, June 18, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

Instead of making a trip to Japan, visit Geo. T. Marsh's store at 625 Market street. He has the finest assortment of art goods in the city.

Ladies cannot do better, when through with their shopping, than to step into the Maison Riche for luncheon.

Here's the Peddler,
with washing-powder. "Prizes," too,
for any woman brave enough
to use it. Reckless—that's
a truer word for her, when
you think of all the harm
that cheap, inferior washing-
powders can do. When you
consider the ruined clothes,
paint, etc., that you're risking,
wouldn't it seem cheaper
to buy these trifling
"prizes," for yourself, if
you want them? **Pearline**
isn't peddled, doesn't give any prizes. It is a
prize in itself. **Pearline** is manufactured only
by James Pyle, New York.



430

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President, | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Well, Fargo, & Co., or Exchanges on City Banks. When opening accounts send signatures.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
John J. Valentins.....President | Homer S. King.....Managers
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooley, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Chesney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,588 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; Vice-President, Edward Kruss; Second Vice-President, A. C. Heineken; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann; Secretary, George Touray; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Kruss, George H. Eggers, O. Shosmann, A. C. Heineken, H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, H. L. Simon, Ign. Steinhart, Daniel Meyer, Nic. Van Bergen, Emil Rohte. Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Alvord | S. L. Abbot, Jr. | H. H. Hswlitt
Wm. Babcock | O. D. Baldwin | E. J. McCutchen
Adam Grant | W. S. Jones | J. B. Lincoln.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 18 GEARY STREET.

Incorporated.....November 24, 1889.

ADOLPH C. WEBER.....President
ERNST BRAND.....Secretary

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warshouss for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

Thess warshouss are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warshouss. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—203 Sansoms St., over the Anglo-California Bank.



PHANTOMS.—JEAN INGLESIDE, IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

THEY come from the land where our dead selves sleep

In the dust of the vanished years;
Their faces bring back life's summer time,
When the days flowed on in a low, sweet rhyme,
And the eyes were undimmed by tears.

There's a beautiful strain of a sweet refrain
Floats out on the tremulous air;
There's a kiss on my brow—the sign and the seal
Of a love and a trust unbetrayed; and I feel
Their shadowy hands on my hair.

And our face glows with a sweeter grace,
And the lips have a smile more rare;
For the light that glows in her starry eyes
Was caught from the sunlight of Paradise
That threaded the gold in her hair.

Their faces are pages whereon I read
What passed in those olden times;
A chapter of joys and a chapter of tears,
An episode haunting the weary years,
And the mockery of wedding chimes.

Sweet day-dreams of youth that were never fulfilled;
Good counsel a mother gave;
A prayer of faith and a whispered vow;
A ring, and a kiss on a stainless brow;
A tear, and an ivy-grown grave.

But the vision is fading; the angel stands
With his hand on Memory's door;
I stretch out my arms for a last caress—
I fold to my breast but the emptiness
Of shadows that fall on the floor.

IF WE HAD THE TIME.—RICHARD BURTON,

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face

With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so;
It might be then I would see my son!
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

GROWING OLD.—LOVER'S YEAR BOOK.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care,—
The crow's-feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark brown hair.
My wife looked o'er my shoulder;
Most beautiful was she;

"Thou wilt never grow old, my Love," she said,
"Never grow old to me."

"For age is the chilling of heart;
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first we heard
The sound of our bridal bell!"
I turned and kissed her ripe red lips:
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my soul, my Love, my Faith,
I never seem old to thee!"

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. - - - - San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 45 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Fireman's Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1702.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

Established 1825

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653 65

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

C. A. HOWLAND.

(Established 1875.)

GEO. M. LONERGAN.

Imperial Photographic Studio,

734, 736 and 738 MARKET ST. (1st Floor),
Bet Kearny street and Grant ave., S. F.

Carbon Plates a Specialty. Lightning plates for taking Children.

AFTERMATH OF THE CONVENTION.

THE hydra-headed shepherd may now return to the culture of the grape and fig in his Ravenswood vineyard. Yet no pirate that ever sailed the Spanish Main showed more cunning and desperation to again assume the control of the Democracy than this blind man of destiny. Divested of the Buckley delegation, the convention at once became decent and harmonious. The wasp's nest was removed, and the harmless bees got to work building combs to be filled in the future with delicious political honey for good Democrats who may deserve it.

The tall, spare figure of Collector Wise, accompanied by the small, spare figure of his son Harry, was a noticeable feature in the crowd. Mr. Wise, Mr. Pond, and Mr. Phelan formed a select junta to keep the silver plank out of the platform. But they might as well, with the exception of Mr. Phelan, who is a delegate, have remained at home, for the plank with the 16 to 1 business went slap into the very bowels of the Democratic platform.

Superintendent Daggett of the Mint was a sorely disappointed man. He had led the Federal push to defeat in his attempts to knife Judge Maguire for delegate-at-large to the national convention. But the blade was not keen enough, and broke off the moment it touched the Judge's invincible armor.

Jere Lynch just reveled in the smothering of his ancient enemy, Buckley, and whistled "His Lodging is on the Cold, Cold Ground," as he strode back to the Golden Eagle after the victory.

The election of James V. Coleman as a delegate-at-large to the Chicago convention gave universal satisfaction. The old war horse, "Billy" Foote, who was himself elected, was warm in his congratulations. Mr. Coleman presents the rare character of a capitalist being opposed to the encroachments of capital, and an advocate of silver remonetization.

One of the oddest incidents of the convention was the nomination of Mr. Foote, the son of a slave owner, and himself an ex-officer of the Confederate army, by a colored man whose ancestors had worked in the cotton fields, and been bought and sold down in Mississippi.

Governor Budd's enforced absence in Stockton was a matter of much regret to the united Democracy in convention assembled. The Governor is suffering from a sprained knee, and was forbidden by his physician to move.

The hungry maw of Sacramento was opened wide to gobble the dimes, dollars, and nickels of the delegates. Even the gamins caught the infection, and during the hot spell made a palm leaf fan trust, and sent prices up.

The absurdity of permitting women to present their claims to suffrage before any body of men who have political business to transact was exemplified on Wednesday evening when the Rev. Anna Shaw and Susan B. Anthony were granted the privilege of addressing the delegates. Chaos reigned for a full hour afterwards, and the business of the convention was most unpleasantly delayed.

Sam Rainey, sleek and perspiring, was "doing politics" all the week, but what for, or who for, was not apparent.

MR. Frank S. Johnson, of the Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company, has returned from his trip East, bringing with him several new and valuable agencies. This company now represents some of the largest Eastern firms, and, with his indefatigable energy, Mr. Johnson will, doubtless, be enabled to materially increase his already large business.

LOVERS of baseball will have the pleasure of seeing Jim Corbett show what he can do in that line at the Presidio to-morrow.

Storage For Valuables.

During the summer months the CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY receives on storage at low rates in its fire and burglar-proof vaults silverware, furs and valuable property of every description. It also rents steel boxes at from \$5 to \$150 per annum. Conveniences for its patrons are unsurpassed. Office hours, 8 to 6 daily. Corner Montgomery and California Streets.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Jackson's Napa Soda gives a refined complexion.



A PIPE OF
YALE
MIXTURE
after a long run on the wheel is most refreshing. The blend is delightful.
A 20Z TRIAL PACKAGE
POSTPAID FOR 25 CTS.
MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY SUCCESSOR.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Paraffine Paint Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Paraffine Paint Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 116 Battery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, the 15TH DAY OF JULY, 1896,

at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, July 11, 1896, at 1 o'clock P. M. R. S. SHAINWALD, Secretary.
Office—No. Battery street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with June 30th, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five one hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.
Office—536 California street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and sixty one hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after July 1, 1896. CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.
Office—101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending with June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Office—33 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32-100) per cent on term deposits and three and sixty one hundredths (3 60-100) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1896. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
Office—532 California street, cor. Webb

GEORGE GOODMAN

Patentee and
Manufacturer of

Artificial Stone

In all its branches

Schillinger's Patent]

SIDE WALK and GARDEN WALK a specialty.

Office: 307 Montgomery street, (Nevada block) San Francisco

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.
PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 223 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



SCHOOL days are ended for the time being, and now Hurrah! for the country is the cry all over the city. The exodus from town is later this year than usual, but now it seems to have begun in earnest, and as a result social affairs in the city have been reduced to a very low ebb. As yet, however, one does not hear of any remarkable activity at any of the resorts with the exception of Santa Cruz, which was one continual whirl of gay doings all last week. Del Monte and Sau Rafael are the places most patronized by the swim, and from both pleasant items will doubtless soon be numerous. The absence of Mrs. Martin in the East, and the illness of Mrs. Peter Donahue has prevented those most hospitable ladies from being first on the list of Mrs. Field's entertainers, as has hitherto been their fate. It has therefore fallen to Mrs. Willie Gwin to claim that distinction this summer, and on Saturday last she gave a charming euchre party, at which Mrs. Field and her sister, Mrs. Condit Smith, were the chief guests, to meet whom nine other ladies were bidden, thus making, with the hostess, a company of twelve. Several other ladies, including Mrs. Tevis and Mrs. E. J. Coleman, have entertained the strangers in a quiet way since their arrival from Washington.

Monday evening, as seems to have been usual of late, had the lion's share of the gatherings of the week. All the theatres produced new attractions, and parties were observed at all of them. Minerva Parlor, of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, gave a grand banquet in the Native Sons' Hall, at which one hundred ladies were seated, their guest of honor being Mrs. Mary E. Tillman, Grand President, and toasts and speeches were plentiful and, in the main, interesting.

Yesterday the residence of Mrs. Mills, on Broadway, was the scene of a bazaar and tea given by the Orinda Parlor of the Native Daughters, in aid of their flag fund. There were a variety of attractions in the afternoon, and in the evening a good musical programme was rendered.

The Delmas-Kenny wedding took place in Loudon last Saturday, and, according to latest accounts, San Francisco is to welcome the young couple in the course of a few weeks. It is also said that Mrs. Delmas purposes accompanying them on their honeymoon trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Rutherford arrived in Sacramento from the East in time for the Upson-Hanchette wedding, which took place at the Upson residence, in that city, on Wednesday last.

The spring of 1896 has been a remarkable one in our social world, inasmuch that hardly a week has passed without the announcement of one or more engagements of greater or less importance; and the present week has supplied its quota in the announcement of Miss Amy Requa's engagement to Captain Long, of the Army. The recent appointment of the groom-elect as Quartermaster at the Presidio gives assurance to the friends of the bride-elect that marriage will not necessarily rob them of her (as has been the case so often when our belles have wedded Army men), for some time to come at least, and, therefore, it is doubly a source of congratulation.

One of the surprises of the week came in the announcement of Miss Janette Harper's engagement to Richard Wallace, which became public property only the day before their wedding. It was a surprise, because the groom had been regarded as such a confirmed bachelor, and quite impervious to the charms of the fair sex. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. S. Greer, on Hyde street, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a limited number of guests, mainly relatives of the high contracting parties. The wedding may be termed a pink and white ceremonial, the house decorations, which were very elaborate, being in those tints. The maid of honor, Miss Sarah Harper, was gowned in pink satin, trimmed with white, and the brunette bride looked charmingly in a robe of brocaded white satin, trimmed with point lace and pearls. Little Carrie Purecell, Mildred Nelson, and Ruby Canham in white, blue, and pink respectively, acted as flower-bearers. Judge James Coffey supported the groom

as best man, James Burling gave the bride away, and the Reverend John Hemphill tied the nuptial knot. A handsome supper followed the ceremony, and on Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Wallace departed for the southern part of the State to pass the honeymoon period.

The pretty wedding of Miss Clara Stowbridge and William Kingsbury, of the John Swett Grammar School, was quite a romantic one, being the happy climax to a love affair extending from the period of the bride's schooldays. The ceremony took place on Tuesday evening at the Central M. E. Church on Mission street, the Rev. Dr. Dille officiating. The church decorations were confined to the reading desk, platform and organ; in front of the pulpit was erected a bower of smilax, the top of which was a floral umbrella with ribs of white ribbon. The effect was novel and artistic, and here the bridal party stood while their vows were being exchanged. To the strains of the Lohengrin Chorus the bridal cortege entered the church at half-past eight o'clock, the ushers, Dr. A. M. Flood, C. T. Bolts, Dr. F. G. Canby and J. A. Percey, leading; then followed the maid-of-honor, Miss Jessie Stowbridge, and then the bride and her father. The groom and his best man, Henry L. Haehl, were already at the bower, and it did not take long to make the happy pair man and wife. The bridal robe was of white brocaded satin, trimmed with pearls and lace, the veil fastened with a brooch of pearls, the gift of the groom. The maid-of-honor wore cream-white nun's veiling trimmed with ribbon. A bridal reception followed at the Stowbridge residence, on Bartlett street, where the decorations were profuse and beautiful; and a delicious supper was served later. The wedding presents were very numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury are making a bridal trip through the southern counties.

Mrs. Ketchum, of New York, who, as Miss Nellie Little, was such a favorite in society on both sides of the bay, is visiting her parents, Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Little, at their home in Oakland. The Will Crockers and the Poniatowski's have returned from their visit to Gotham, as well as Mrs. Flood and Miss Jeunie.

General Forsythe took quite a party with him on his trip to Yosemite, among the ladies being Miss Cora Smedburg, Miss Jennie Catherwood, and Miss Marjorie Young, of the Presidio. Mrs. and Miss Foreman have gone to Alaska for a month's visit. Ed. Greenway is expected back from Portland next week. Tarn McGrew sailed for the Orient last week, with an indefinite period named for his absence. R. P. Schwerin is in New York on railroad business.

Deer Park is to be a muchly sought locale next month, and, 'tis said, accommodation thereat will soon be difficult to obtain, so many are bespeaking it. Among those at Castle Crags are the Willie Howards, from San Mateo, the Clarke Crockers, Fred Tallants, Goeweys, Homer Kings, Clinton Wordens, Mrs. Towne, etc. The Irving Scotts and the Gwins are expected there next week. Paso Robles is to be the headquarters of Judge and Mrs. Field, where are already so many of San Francisco's swim. The Popes have taken a cottage at Menlo Park for the summer; the Merrills one at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Frank Pixley is domiciled at her pretty cottage in Marin County for the summer, as was formerly her custom, but omitted for several years past.

Among the San Francisco folk benefiting by the soda and magnesium springs at Duncan's Springs are: Mrs. John Butler and Miss Butler, Mr. and Mrs. K. Meussdorfer, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. M. Lange, and Mrs. W. D. Scurlock and daughter. The charming valley and the grand mountain scenery, as seen from the hotel, is one of the most inspiring of sights, and the delightful weather being enjoyed there at present will doubtless draw numerous other people to the Springs.

A big benefit will be tendered little "Bob" Mitchell, the funny negro comedian, at Native Sons' Hall next Wednesday night. Young Mitchell broke his spine a few weeks ago, and his many friends have decided upon this method of showing their sympathy for him. A large attendance is promised.

Miss Aida Logan and Mrs. H. A. Waldron have gone to Santa Cruz.

Napa Soda cures sick Headache. Napa Soda counteracts Malaria

SAN RAFAEL.

DEAR NEWS LETTER.—I have been promising myself the pleasure of a chat with you from the different reports which I shall "take in" in my outing, and begin with a screed from San Rafael, (as so many society people do). The most conservative person must confess that, for the fun-loving girls, life at this sleepy burg is deadly dull. The hotel is fairly full of fashionable people, but the difficulty lies in lack of beaux: in default of others, the married men have to take upon themselves the task of amusing the girls, and, were it not for Baron von Schroeder, I don't know what the dear creatures would do. He gives them drives in his coach, goes out cycling, is ready to dance, chat, or bowl, while his agreeable wife looks on complacently, and joins the merry groups whenever so inclined. During the day time the women sleep, read, and idle around: after luncheon they exchange visits with the cottagers, and it was quite a pretty sight the other evening to see a bevy of charming girls, all gaily attired, chatting together on the broad veranda as carts and buggies drove up with fresh additions to the crowd.

The arrival of sprightly Miss Ethel Cohn and practical Miss Lizzie Carroll was hailed with delight by the Kip sisters, already domiciled at the Rafael. Miss Mamie Thomas had come over from their cottage, and Mrs. Henry Bothin drove a party of friends from Ross Valley at the time. The arrival of the evening train is always eagerly watched for by the women, and is the event of the day, especially on Saturday, when many go over to town in the morning for the trip back with an agreeable escort.

Ed. Greenway's departure has been mourned over by the girls, who hoped he would have managed evening dances for them; but he is said to have expressed himself as to its being "ghastly" trying to bring conviviality to life there. Even the daylight card parties for old ladies do not flourish as of yore, the chief factors in them, Mesdames Hort and McCoppin, being both invalids and absent from the parlor. All are looking forward hopefully to the festivities promised for the National holiday, and house parties are already being formed by those who have taken residences in the valley. A large contingent will go over to town for the special train to bear them to the Hobart-Baldwin wedding on the 7th, on which auspicious occasion it is whispered an announcement will be made that will astonish society. It takes a good deal to do that nowadays, however.

The stroll over to the Club House is greatly enjoyed by the girls who love to play bowls, whether with a ball or by means of a stick from a bowl. This latter form is much in favor, and, after the game is over, one sits on the balcony with a congenial companion to chat with between, not exactly drinks, but sips. Of an evening, after dinner, it is quite the thing for those who have traps to go driving, and, for those who are not so fortunate, to accept invitations from the lucky ones. At present there is too limited an amount of gossip afloat to warrant my sending it; but, when the glorious Fourth dawns, it will no doubt bring many items in its wake. Till then, adios, JULIA.

San Rafael, June 25th, 1896.

IT has been next to impossible to keep the crowds from congregating before the windows of the well-known Black Goods House at No. 22 Geary street. Within the last few days a new consignment of the finest dress goods and black silk brocade has been received, and is being disposed of at extraordinarily low prices.

The many patrons of Swain's Restaurant, at 213 Sutter street, will be glad to hear that the proprietors have concluded to establish a regular "Table D' Hote" dinner between the hours of 5 and 8 p.m., for which the charge will be \$1.00. This innovation has been running for the last few days, and is meeting with great success. The excellence of the cooking, the perfect attendance, and general feeling of homelike comfort pervading this fashionable restaurant are features known to everybody.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

After a night with the boys, for a clear head, drink Napa Soda.

Sunburn and Freckles removed by "Cream of Orange Blossoms." In jars, 6c. Pacific Perfumery Co. San Francisco.

COOPER & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market St.

Fineness in tea depends upon three things: where it was grown, when it was picked, and how long ago it was roasted.

Nobody wants to drink coffee roasted in Java, and yet nobody on the coast except us has tea-roasting machines.

Fine tea, pure tea, fresh tea—that is *Schilling's Best*. Your money back if you don't like it.

A. Schilling & Company,
San Francisco.

San Francisco & North Pacific Railway 4th of July Holidays

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Very low special rates to all points on this road and greatly

Reduced Rates

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B. J. BURR & CO., Successors to
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MERCHANT TAILORS,

At 224 Sutter Street, North Side, West of Kearny.

Johannis.

is conceded to be the finest table water
ever imported.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

ANNUAL MEETING

Overman Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Overman Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal., on

THURSDAY, THE 9TH DAY OF JULY, 1896,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P.M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, June 11, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M.

GEO. D. EDWARDS, Secretary.

The modern oxygen cure for
disease.

Electrohoise

Watson & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents:
124 MARKET ST.
Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From June 7, 1896.	Arrive
*8:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:00 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	10:15 A
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45 A
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	†7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Merced, Berenda, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	11:45 A
5:00 P	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:15 A
5:00 P	Vallejo	11:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	†7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

†7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and principal way stations	13:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
†4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	†13:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1:30 P
†7:30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	18:35 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and principal way stations	7:05 P
12:47 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	†1:30 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Sallaa, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose, Pacific Grove and way stations	9:47 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	Saa Jose and way stations	†7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE.	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK.	11:45 A
†11:00 A	FIREBRICK.	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO.	†1:45 P
3:00 P	HAYWARDS.	4:45 P
4:00 P		5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
†11:15 P		†12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

‡ Saturdays and Sundays for Santa Cruz.

§ Sundays and Mondays from Santa Cruz.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

A well-known Londoner has been giving the St. James Gazette an account of the fashions that will prevail among well-dressed men during the coming year. He bases his information on an interview with the tailor who makes coats and trousers for the Prince of Wales and his august son, the Duke of York, tempering the ideas of the knight of the goose and shears with the wisdom of his own experience. The cutaway coat, it seems, will be much more worn by Englishmen than it has been heretofore, and both it and the frock coat will be worn open, with silk facings. Beyond this there will be no notable change in men's fashions.

—Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,

From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

— Time so complained of,
Who to no one man
Shows partially,
Brings round to all men
Some undermined hours.

— "Resolve to be thyself; and know,
that he

Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DOGS IN LONDON.—Of the 9074 dogs taken to the home at Battersea, London, since the muzzling order came into operation, 8501 were completely abandoned by their owners. Of this number 7538 were intrinsically so worthless that they were first of all deprived of life by confinement in the lethal chamber, and then cremated; and of the remainder only 257 managed to find purchasers, at prices varying from \$2 40 to \$25.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.—The reflection from a flash of lightning travels nearly 1,999,000 times faster than the sound of the report. That is the reason that the thunder is generally heard several moments after the flash is seen.

DAYBREAK.—THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

In vain

Ye call back the Past again,
The Past is deaf to your prayer:
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

—When a woman comes to repent of her weakness, she passes, as it were, a sponge over her life and effaces everything.

—The wounds of self-love become invincible when the oxide of silver gets into them.

George Morrow & Co.,

(Established 1854.)

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Commission Merchants.

39 Clay St. and 28 Commercial St., S. F.
Branches at Bay District, Ingleside, and Third St. Hay Wharf.
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HAWAII, SAMOA,
NEW ZEALAND,
AUSTRALIA.

6 DAYS TO
HONOLULU
BY
S.S. AUSTRALIA.

S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Saturday, July 11th, at 10 A. M.
S. S. "Mariposa" sails via Honolulu and Auckland, for Sydney, Thursday, July 23th, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7:35, 9:35, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		Is Effect April 2, 1896.		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DEST'TION.	Sundays.	Week Days.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Novato.	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.	
9:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma.	6:05 P. M.	10:10 A. M.	
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
		Fulton.			
7:30 A. M.		Windsor.		10:10 A. M.	
		Healdsburg.			
	7:30 A. M.	Geyersville.	7:30 P. M.		
3:30 P. M.		Cloverdale.		6:15 P. M.	
7:30 A. M.		Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	7:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:10 A. M.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.	
3:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	
7:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Boqueville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. June 3, 13, 18, 25; July 3, 13, 18, 25.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports at 9 A. M.; June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 2-27, and 25th of each month thereafter.

Ticket Office—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

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NAN STREETS, at 3 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and
HONGKONG, connecting at Yokohama with
steamers for SHANGHAI.

GAELIC (via Honolulu)....Thursday, July 2, 1896
DORIC.....Tuesday, July 21, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, August 8, 1896
GOETIC (via Honolulu), Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1896

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's
Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

