

DETECTIVE KLINE IS POSITIVE.

Says That the Franklin
Burglar Was Pittsburg
Jack.

CAPTAIN LEES' THEORIES

They Would Read Well in a
Novel by De Boisgobey or
Gaboriau.

BUT DON'T FIT IN REAL LIFE.

The Head of the Detective Bureau
Vouches for Riley's Honesty, but
Has Detained Him.

The story in yesterday's CALL of the discovery by Private Detective Henry Kline of the identity of the Franklin burglar created a great sensation.

It was a declaration that if Kline's story be true the police had not only failed to discover the identity of the burglar killed by Butler Miller in the Franklin house, but had been actually duped by one of his pals, who was presented by Captain Lees' private secretary with a suit of clothes, and by another admirer with a pair of shoes and a hat.

Captain Lees advocated the charming French theory, which would make excellent material in the hands of Gaboriau, or De Boisgobey, that it was not possible for the dead burglar to have got into the Franklin residence without the co-operation and connivance of Butler Miller; that he was decoyed into the house and killed by Miller for the purpose of making the butler a hero in the eyes of his master. The theory went on to the effect that after having murdered a poor, inefficient tramp in cold blood Miller deliberately shot himself in the neck in order to furnish evidence of the terrible struggle that had taken place.

This is a very easy way of wiping a crime off the slate. It involves no further work on the part of the detectives and fills the world with wonder at the astuteness of one greater than Vidocq. But the coroner's jury happened to be composed of matter-of-fact business men. They were not jugglers with fine-spun theories, and they actually believed that the bullet which entered Miller's neck more than an inch from his jugular had been fired by the dead man, and they rendered a verdict accordingly.

Every reader of THE CALL will remember the murder of Miss Harrington on Ellis street about a year ago. The murderer was never found. Captain Lees had a theory in that case also, but the testimony didn't fit it. The theory, however, wiped that crime off the slate and allowed the detective department to repose in peace.

If Kline's story be true, the dead burglar was identified at the Morgue by one more than one of his associates. Mr. Kline sticks to his statement. Last night he gave the following additional version. He said:

"I carefully looked over the articles in the newspapers every day for the leading criminal topics, and my attention was attracted by the peculiar theory set up by the police as to Miller's alleged double-faced work. I accordingly went to the Morgue for the purpose of viewing the remains of the man who had been so simple as to be made a victim of the butler's game.

"At once recognized the body as that of a man whom I had met at a meeting of the Salvation Army a short time before, and to whom I talked about times around the streets. From what I knew of the man, I at once doubted the correctness of Captain Lees' theory implicating Miller. Having received a point or two from persons who had known the dead man, I entered upon an investigation of the case.

"Captain Lees was told of the identification of the body in the Morgue as Pittsburg Jack, and he appeared at that time to believe that the identification was correct. After further investigation I discovered the intimate association of the deceased and the two men as narrated in yesterday morning's CALL.

"These facts I laid before Captain Lees and he laughed at the proposition. He insisted that no two men whatever were seen about the Franklin house on the night of the shooting, and that there was nobody there 'but that damned butler,' to use his own words. He insisted that Pittsburg Jack was nothing but a harmless hobo, and had never served time in any penitentiary.

"When I first spoke to Captain Lees about the matter he said that he would wire to the East and make inquiry about the dead burglar, but up to the 20th of March he had heard nothing in reply, as I understand, and as I believe, he claims to have learned from old-timers here that there was no such man in Jefferson City, Missouri, in 1881 and 1882.

"Notwithstanding this denial time and investigation will show that 'Pittsburg' was there and that he was the man killed by Miller. I have learned that Pittsburg Jack drifted into San Francisco about four months before he was killed, and was seen and recognized here by more than one man who knew him and his two companions at the same time. He has a record back East, and that published in THE CALL is correct. Riley lives in this part of the country. He has been under arrest several times, but was never held so far as I have been able to learn.

"These three men were chums, and had been together for days before the attempted burglary. On the night on which 'Pittsburg' was killed they were not in their accustomed haunts, and upon their reappearance after the affair Riley and Hayes explained the reason for 'Pittsburg's' absence.

"No, they can prove no alibi. The sa-

loon man whose place they frequented cannot go back on what he has already said—that they were away from his place on the night of the shooting. He will not be likely to swear either way, though he has already committed himself.

"There is no mistake as to the identification of Pittsburg Jack. In addition to his strongly marked and easily recognizable features there were other marks which could not be mistaken. One of these was a bit of tattooing in blue ink on the inside of his left arm consisting of the letters 'M. O. D.' with a sunburst above and a double bracket below. Such work is rarely if ever done on a sailor's arm.

"He never had been a sailor and he was not a hobo, as will be shown in due time. I fully expected the result of my investigation to be laughed at and discredited by the police, but that does not alter the facts. 'The police went away off at the start, and took great pains in trying to establish the fact that Miller was not only a double-faced traitor to his master but a murderer besides. One of the papers said that the police had woven around him a web of circumstantial evidence that would require a good deal of proof to rebut.'

The statement made to the effect that Riley had left his picture with Kline before leaving was incorrect. THE CALL did not get the picture from Kline.

Detective Kline has been served with a subpoena to appear in Judge Low's court this morning.

"Captain Lees and 'the upper office' were not at all pleased with the story of the Franklin burglary which appeared in yesterday's CALL. He denounced it as a fake, just as he had laughed to scorn the story which came to him with a story that Ivan Kovalev and his gang were the murderers of the Webers. But it turned out that the man was right, and afterward Captain Lees took all the glory and asked for \$500 reward for Kovalev's conviction of murder in the first degree.

The captain yesterday said that he would afford Private Detective Harry Kline the opportunity of proving his allegations in court.

He thought enough of the story, however, to detain 'Handsome Riley' until Private Detective Kline shall have had an opportunity of making a complaint against him.

Riley called at the Southern police station yesterday morning and offered to surrender himself. He was advised to go to police headquarters to Captain Lees, and he at once did so. He will be detained, Captain Lees says, until Kline either proves or disproves his charges against him.

"It is not true," said Riley, yesterday, "that I testified at the inquest that I had been a tramp for fifteen years. I am an architect by profession, and came to this City in 1887, and worked for four years for Charles Mau in Oakland. Afterward I worked for Southfield & Colburn, on Kearny and California streets; Clinton Day; James Seader, Sacramento, and W. H. Vaughn. I left Vaughn's employ July 4 last, and since then I have been drinking, which has been my only fault.

"It is not true that I am a criminal. I have been twice arrested for vagrancy within the past year, but each time the charge was dismissed. I have been living with my parents here right along, and it was my mother who advised me this morning on reading THE CALL to surrender myself.

"I never heard of 'Pittsburg Jack' till I read it in the newspapers and never saw any one who knew such a person. I have known Hayes about six months and first met him in a saloon where they sell cheap beer and give a free lunch. I never knew Hayes to be arrested for any crime, but he was once arrested for begging. I never heard of him being a criminal from the crowd we associated with and he was never looked upon as a crook.

"I never went to Franklin's office and never saw him till at the inquest. I also never heard of Hayes being at Franklin's office.

"Kline says I gave him my picture. He does not tell the truth. I never saw him in my life. The only picture of me that I know to be in existence is in the possession of a girl to whom I was engaged to be married five years ago. It was taken when I worked for Mau in Oakland.

"About the Franklin burglary, I did not know anything regarding it till I read it in the papers. I can prove that I was in bed at home at the time the burglary was committed."

"The whole story," said Captain Lees, "is a 'fake' from beginning to end and I will give Mr. Kline the opportunity to bring forward his proof. I will detain Riley meantime and will subpoena Kline to appear in court and substantiate his charges."

"About a week after the burglary I received information that this man Kline knew something about the dead man, and I sent Detective Wren to find out what he knew about him. Acting upon the information Wren got from Kline and his brother-in-law, I wrote on February 24 the following letter to the Warden of the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo.:

Herewith inclosed find photos of a burglar killed while burglarizing a residence in this City on the 14th inst. I am informed that under the name of Clark—think his right name was something like an inmate of your penitentiary and was discharged in 1885 or 1886, that he worked in the harness-shop when a man named Strauss had the harness-making contract. Please investigate at your earliest convenience and inform me of results.

"Not receiving an answer I wrote again and received the following letter from Warden Pace, which is dated March 24:

Inclosed we hand photos sent us. We do not keep pictures of prisoners, hence have nothing to compare with. Employees who have been here over twenty years fail to identify him either from photos or description from the clipping sent us. Unless the description we send him we cannot help you.

The description referred to is as follows: Thomas Clark, aged 23, nativity, California; occupation, barber; height 5 feet 3 inches, hair black, eyes gray, complexion dark, weight when received 109 pounds; no whiskers; received March 10, 1885; crime, larceny from a railroad car; sentence five years, from March 4, 1885; discharged under three-fourth law December 4, 1888. General remarks: None and face slightly pitted from smallpox; India ink marks on back of left hand, shield on inside of left arm, woman's head on muscle of right arm.

"Now, the dead burglar was a man 5 feet 9 or 10 inches tall, fair complexion, fair hair, was not pitted with smallpox and the marks on him were entirely different from those on Clark. That disposed of the idea that he was 'Pittsburg Jack.'

"Four or five days ago this man Kline

called upon me and asked if I had heard from the Warden. I told him I had and that the dead burglar was not 'Pittsburg Jack.' He asked to see the correspondence and I declined. Next morning General Salomon, Franklin's attorney, called upon me and asked to see the correspondence. I showed it to him and he said, 'That settles it, the man was not Pittsburg Jack.' The visit of Kline and the visit of General Salomon next morning led me to think that Kline was in the pay of Franklin.

"I never took so much pains in my life to have a man identified as I did with the dead burglar. I got my staff to take every crook in the City to the Morgue to have a look at him, but not one had seen him before. I made Detective Bainbridge and the clerks in the office go through the State Prison books and they could find no trace of any such man. Policemen were sent to look at him, but none of them knew him. He was never in the penitentiary here and was not known here, and I don't believe the man was a thief.

"Now about Hayes. He was kept in the City Prison at his own request till after the inquest. After the inquest I instructed Detective Wren to take him to a hotel, to stay there until further orders. He was there a week, when he disappeared. Gibson and Wren met him on Market and Kearny streets the night before he disappeared and he never said a word to them about leaving the City. He never evinced any disposition to go, and I am satisfied some one outside of the police department, who had an interest in getting him out of the City, was at the bottom of his disappearance.

"There is not the remotest evidence against either Riley or Hayes in connection with the burglary, but I will make Mr. Kline swear to a complaint against him so as to give him a chance to bring forward his proof that they were the burglars. I don't believe Hayes is a crook.

"It is said that after the trial 'Hayes' showed up with \$15 and a new suit of clothes, and he declared positively it all came from Lees'. That is false. I never gave Hayes a cent, and the clothes were an old suit and a hat Hayes got from Otto Heynemann, my clerk, Captain Robinson giving him a shirt and a pair of shoes. He was in such a tattered condition that something had to be done before any hotel would take him in, and Heynemann kindly offered to give him a cast-off suit.

Detective Wren, who saw Kline, as instructed by Captain Lees, said: 'Kline did not pretend to know the dead man, but told me that the man, who was then working at the Parrot building, thought he recognized him as a man who had done time in the Missouri penitentiary, who was known as 'Pittsburg Jack.' His right name was Dougherty, although he was known there as Clark from Pittsburg. Kline also said that he had talked with the man in the Salvation Army barracks on Pacific street.

"I went to see the brother-in-law, and asked him if he knew the man on the slab in the Morgue. He replied that he looked like a man he had done time with in the Missouri penitentiary, whose name was Clark, and who worked in the harness-shop under Strauss. He said the last time he saw him was two years ago in Los Angeles, and the man in the Morgue looked like him. I felt positive he did not know the man, and so reported to Captain Lees."

Captain Lees has correspondence in his possession showing that Frank J. Miller, Franklin's butler, was born in Thomaston, near Waterbury, Conn., and that his real name is Frank J. Heifer. A man named Miller was married to one of his sisters. The captain hinted that there might be some interesting developments yet regarding the matter.

DONE ALL ON THE QUIET.

La Societe Francaise de Bien-
faisance Mutuelle
Elections.

Fifteen Committeemen and Three
Physicians Elected and There
Was No Row.

The members of the French Hospital and Benevolent Society, known as La Societe Francaise de Bienfaisance Mutuelle, yesterday held an election of officers and members of the committee of administration and of physicians to serve during the coming year.

While there are more than 3000 members in the society only 555 votes were cast. Some thirty-six ballots were irregularly made out on the vote for committeemen and were thrown out. The same was done with sixty-six ballots illegally cast for physicians. This left 245 as an actual majority to elect either committeemen or physicians.

The old officers of the hospital were re-elected and so were all the committeemen who served last year.

The following are the successful candidates: Committee—Sylvain Weill, P. Cames, O. Bozio, J. Deschamps, Jean Bergez, J. Cuenin, E. Messager, E. A. Lemoine, F. Fagotier, A. Ortion, L. Carraire, A. Roos, L. Boqueray, F. Queyrel and J. A. Bergier.

Raoul Chartrey, who has a strong faction behind him, made a hard fight to get in as a committeeman but he was badly beaten, running nearly 300 votes behind. His defeat is accepted as a rebuff to the aggressive element who has heretofore attempted to control the society.

The physicians were elected as follows: Dr. de Chantreau, Dr. G. Gross, Dr. Kaspar Fischl.

Italian-American Republican Club.
The Italian-American Republican Club was organized last evening at Alpine Hall, Powell and Union streets. The following officers were elected: E. C. Palmieri, president; Faust E. Mascherini, first vice-president; G. Taconi, second vice-president; E. Cadena, third vice-president; L. G. Rabbo, fourth vice-president; G. Cuneo, fifth vice-president; V. Bardellini, sixth vice-president; G. Cadanoso, treasurer; F. N. Belgrano, recording secretary; G. Benatti, financial secretary; Executive Committee: George Valerio, L. C. Pistolesi, R. Ciccchini, John Sanbuck, L. A. P. Zappanti, Carlo Molinari, A. Galli, Joseph Merani, S. Calori, A. Quilici, G. Cuneo, A. L. Bacigalupi, G. Malpede, E. Batio, E. C. Palmieri, F. N. Belgrano, G. Cadanoso.

Addresses were made by Gregory Valerio, L. G. Rabbo, E. Cadanoso, Joseph Merani, F. N. Belgrano, Faust E. Mascherini and others. The membership roll was signed by 157 enthusiastic Italians of North Beach.

Dr. Griffiths on "Ghosts."

Dr. Allen Griffiths delivered a lecture on "Ghosts" before the Theosophical Society last evening at Red Men's Hall, 350 Post street. There was a good attendance and at the conclusion of the lecture a number of questions touching the subject of the lecture, some of theosophical theme, were asked and answered.

Dr. Griffiths held that, aside from the hallucination and vagaries of the imagination that form the basis of many ghost stories, there were unquestionably many authenticated cases of occurrences which have been called supernatural, but which can be explained by a knowledge of natural laws and forces.

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PRETTY NURSES WHO ENJOY LIFE.

Their Indignation Vented
Against Miss Patton's
Order.

A FIGHT THE OUTCOME.

Dr. Stable Sees No Wrong in
Nurses Going to Theaters
With Internes.

THEY DO NOT NEED WATCHING

But Miss Patton Insists That Propriety
Demands Earlier Hours and
Less Escorting.

When Chauncey Depew remarked, after crossing the Oakland Ferry and registering at the Palace Hotel, that he had not seen a pretty woman since his arrival in California, every one knew at once that he had not visited the City and County Hospital and seen the nurses of the training school there. There are twenty-seven of them. Some have the melting brown eyes and long drooping lashes of the gazelle, with complexion just dark enough to show that fatherly old Sol had kissed them. Others have bewitching eyes as blue as California's summer skies and cheeks and lips of strawberries and cream. No wonder so many sick men get well when the cold moisture is wiped from their brows by hands so soft, so white and so dainty.

The internes are fine-looking young gentlemen, but there are only thirteen of them, an unlucky number when it is considered that there are twenty-seven nurses—just twice and one too many to go around. Such an unnatural condition of things must be expected to provoke discontent on the part of the lone and left fourteen.

Some months ago Miss Patton, superintendent of the training school, heard that of the prettiest nurses were being escorted to and from the theaters by the aforesaid internes, of whom Dr. Rummle and Dr. Hull are the flower. Dr. Rummle, however, denies that he is an escorter. Now, while there is nothing wrong in going to the theater and having a good time, and while the integrity of the pretty nurses is above suspicion, Miss Patton thought that the outside world might not look upon the matter in the same light, because theaters seem to be connected with wine, beer, oysters, tamales and late suppers. Again, the hospital is so far out and the cable-cars are so slow that on several occasions some of the theater parties did not return to the hospital until long after midnight—say 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning.

This of itself, while perfectly innocent and meaning no harm, was looked upon by Miss Patton as not the proper thing. She reasoned naturally that it might lead to gossip by outsiders which would reflect more or less upon her management. Hence she made an order to the effect that the practice should be stopped.

The order came very near causing a riot. The nurses and internes, at whom it was aimed, protested indignantly. They construed the order as a reflection on their integrity. They said that they were of age and knew how to take care of themselves; that they were ladies and the internes gentlemen, and that so long as they behaved themselves as ladies and associated themselves with respectable people it was not the affair of Miss Patton how they enjoyed life after working hours. They voted her to be a hateful old maid.

Miss Patton, who is one of the most successful and conscientious superintendents on the Pacific Coast, was not to be moved either by indignation or reproaches. The dreamy brown eyes and the beaming blue ones of the pretty girls under her charge had no hypnotic effect upon her. She was inexorable and refused to rescind the rule.

In the midst of their disappointment the putting girls and frowning internes found an ally in Mrs. Stable, wife of the superintendent of the hospital. She did not think that they required to be watched. Dr. Stable, the superintendent, did not interfere. In response to a request for advice he said that he could not see anything wrong in a hospital nurse being escorted to or from the institution by her brother, for instance, or some other girl's brother. He could not understand how any one could see any impropriety in a nurse getting into a streetcar in which an interne happened to be sitting and being escorted home by him. He declared that he would not allow in the institution a nurse who required watching.

Having received encouragement from such high quarters, and from the additional fact that Miss Patton's order had not been signed by the superintendent or the Board of Health, some of the young women availed themselves of their rights to do as they pleased during their off hours.

Dr. Rummle and Dr. Hull were very indignant over the Patton order. The former declared solemnly that he had never gone out with any of the nurses, and yet he is the best looking of all the internes. Dr. Hull's language regarding Miss Patton's order was so strong as to lead to the suspicion that he was a frequent attendant at the theaters.

It is understood that Misses Doedt, Nelson and Morgan, the prettiest nurses in the institution, are the leaders of the moral revolution against Miss Patton's order, while Misses Beasley and Pierce, equally as handsome, champion Miss Patton's side.

The hospital people are divided into two hostile forces, and much bitterness of feeling prevails among the anti-Patton faction. Dr. Stable, while not condemning the order, except indirectly, stands neutral.

The bad feeling culminated a day or two ago in a lively fight between a clerk and one of the internes, the cause being gossip, but the details have not been made public by the hospital authorities. Dr. Stable promptly suspended the offenders, and the Board of Health will be asked to decide upon the merits of the encounter.

Dr. Stable, when asked yesterday as to the internal dissension, so to speak, replied that he thought the newspapers were too sensational about the matter. He paid a compliment to Miss Patton's ability as head nurse and superintendent of the training school.

She had given complete satisfaction. Nobody had made any complaint of her,

and if any should be made it would be forwarded to the Board of Health. She had been acting in that position for more than a year and he had never heard anything against her management. He had found absolutely nothing that interfered with the efficiency of the hospital. If anything was wrong, he said, somebody in the training school would make complaint. He had no hesitation in saying that the training school was more efficient under Miss Patton's management than it had ever been before.

"The young women realize that we will maintain discipline," he added. "The Board of Health will support any and every official in doing his or her duty. No one has ever told me of any personal dislike toward Miss Patton, and nobody has complained of her. She is not a dictator, and no nurse can be dismissed except by me."

"Those who have complained about Miss Patton's orders are irresponsible persons. We don't watch any of the nurses and we have no nurses that need watching. When a nurse needs watching she will be discharged. Miss Patton and the nurses and the internes have been misrepresented in the papers. There is nothing in those stories."

Despite Dr. Stable's making light of the matter and disposing of it with a pooh-pooh, it is evident that he stands on a volcano of pent-up nurses and internes, liable to burst forth at any moment. The fight in the office the other day was only a premonitory puff of smoke out of the crater.

THEY SAW THE BIG SEALS.

Vanderbilt and Depew Visit the
Cliff House, Suto Baths
and Heights.

Scientific Floriculture in the Park.
A Plant That Deprives One of
the Power of Speech.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and Chauncey M. Depew may, on their return East, say that they have seen California, for yesterday they saw the Seal Rocks, the Cliff House and Suto Baths, and any one who does not see these cannot say he has seen California. It was expected that they would visit Golden Gate Park and call upon the Mayor at his residence at Suto Heights, but there was disappointment as to the latter. President Austin of the Park Commissioners waited in vain for them, and the Mayor did not receive them, as he had been informed in reply to an invitation telegraphed to them when they were in Los Angeles that want of time would prevent them from accepting.

Yesterday morning the two distinguished visitors and their traveling companions attended divine service at Grace Church, and Mr. Vanderbilt deposited \$100 on the plate as an Easter offering, while Mr. Depew dropped two new crisp \$20 bills.

In the afternoon they were taken in a closed carriage through the park and driven to the Cliff House. They were shown over the new structure, and then they took a peep at the seals and were afterward conducted to the baths, where they were met by Colonel T. P. Robinson, to whom they expressed regret that time would not permit them to visit the Mayor. They expressed the hope, however, that he would give Mr. Suto their compliments. While they were examining the baths Mayor Suto entered the building, and there was an introduction and a pleasant general talk, after which the visitors accepted an invitation to see the baths in all their detail of operation. They spent nearly an hour in the place, examined the engine-room and the source of supply from the ocean, after which Mr. Vanderbilt said: "This is wonderful; it is magnificent. There is nothing that for grandeur approaches this in the world." And Mr. Depew added, "There is but one Cliff House and but one Suto Baths in the world."

The party was then driven over Suto Heights and shown the entrance to the Golden Gate as seen from that point, but declined to leave their carriage to enjoy the Mayor's proffered hospitality, urging lack of time, as they had to hurry to their train.

They were then driven back through the park, catching glimpses of it as they were hurried through. On their return to the hotel they declared that the park was a most magnificent one, and their visit to the ocean had been one of the features of their trip.

At 6 o'clock they were taken to their train and started for Sissons to obtain a view of Mount Shasta. They will then return to Sacramento, and from there start eastward over the Central Pacific.

"Since the notes appeared in THE CALL about the 'caricature plant,'" said H. H. Holbrook, superintendent of the Golden Gate Park conservatory, "any number of people have visited this place to inquire for the plants, and during the fine days they crowded around them discovering the strange figures that may be seen on each leaf."

Mr. Holbrook has a number of wonderful and interesting plants and flowers that he delights to talk about. "Here," he pointed to a creeping plant reaching under the roof of the conservatory and covered with beautiful blossoms, "is a remarkable plant, it is the Rangoon creeper of India. Those beautiful clusters of flowers that you see open in the morning and then they are a pure white, but as the day advances they assume a delicate rose tinge, which increases gradually as does the blush of a maiden's cheek as a maiden and as the day wanes they take on a deep crimson hue that then never changes. That other creeper with those bell-shaped, large yellow flowers is from Brazil and is called the Allamanda Schottii. It is the most beautiful of all creepers. Then there is the fragrant Stephanalis over our heads, that is one of the most delicate of blossoms."

"Here," said the superintendent, pointing to a number of plants in pots that no one would spare a moment to look at, "is a wonderful growth. It is the Dufschia Nobilis, or the dumb cane of Brazil. The remarkable feature of this plant is that any one who bites one of its stalks is almost instantly bereft of the power of speech. Is the loss permanent? No; the juice that flows when an incision is made touches the lips and tongue and causes an inflammation which lasts three or four days, during which time the victim is unable to utter a word."

During the week the following contributions have been made to the Park Museum:

From J. H. Neff of Colfax, the head and horns of a caribou from British Columbia; Mrs. W. H. Voorhees of this City, a pioneer caribou skin badge; President Austin of the 1856; J. L. Bardwell of this City, a very rare piece of white coral from Korea, an alabaster cup, a dozen very old coins, an obsidian used by the Aztecs; Edward Clouston, Norwalk, Los Angeles County, ostrich plumes and eggs; H. H. H. of this City, a young sea otter; W. F. Wehl of Athens, N. Y., a collection of eggs from Gainsville, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mayer, a case of stuffed birds.

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