

## UP IN A BALLOON,

And Soon Afterward Down Into the Bay.

## AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

The "Eclipse" Rises Nine Thousand Feet in the Air and Drops Her Three Passengers Into the Water.

A big, fat bag, inclosed with a netting of half-inch cord, swayed lazily to and fro in Central Park yesterday, and about noon the nucleus was formed of an immense crowd that desired to see the bag soar aloft and explode and murder some of its passengers. A large canvas tube led into the bag from the street gas main, and as the monster balloon continued to swell it tugged viciously at the ropes that anchored it to earth, or, more literally speaking, to a lot of sand bags and old cast-iron junk. The balloon was the new "Eclipse," recently built here by Professors Van Tassel and De Mars, professional aeronauts, and yesterday was the monster's trial trip. Although not the largest balloon in the world, as advertised, the "Eclipse" is undoubtedly a very large air-ship, and bestows credit upon the wine firm projecting it as an advertisement for their vintage. An invitation was sent to some five reporters to accompany Van Tassel on his aerial flight, but a tendency to

ECONOMY IN GAS  
On the part of some interested party unknown, the supply of gas before the bag was more than three-quarters full, and, consequently, had considerably less carrying capacity than was originally intended. The Professor looked the respondents to his cards of invitation over, and after the first glance rejected one as being too young. Turning to another, he remarked, "Your mother was here, and gave me strict orders not to take you on; that settles you." Then he said that the balloon was new, not thoroughly dry, and the gas was bad, and on these accounts not more than three persons could make the ascent. He, himself, would be one; a very tall young Government employe, named Dunlap, would have to be another, because he was interested in the balloon. "For the third, I will take a reporter, but want him to be light and nervous as possible. You," (turning to the last of the representatives) "have been up before, and look as though you possessed the latter qualification; how much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and seventy," confessed the scribe, whose salary was so much larger than that of his confreres. "The balloon was better fed and in better condition physically."

"I'm sorry," remarked the professor, "but that is forty-five pounds more than I can stand."

MR. EUGENE HAIN  
Was the next pencil candidate, and being fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to only weigh 104 pounds, he was accepted without further parley. A round, rosy, plump, pretty young woman was among the disappointed candidates for a peep into heaven, she having had the promise of a front seat from the earliest inception of the "Eclipse." When firmly informed that it was impossible for her to go she shed a few pearly tears, looked mad enough to bite a nail in two, and then suffered herself to be led away by her young man, who was evidently highly elated as she was disconsolate. At 2:45 there was a faint breath of air from the east, and the murky atmosphere promising favorable conditions aloft, the Professor hooked on his basket and prepared to get under way. Hain and Dunlap climbed in, the former retaining many sympathies for the good-bye hand shake over the side as he sharpened a pencil and opened a new note book. Then the bags were cast off, while a score of willing hands grasped the guy ropes, and moved the monster further towards the centre of the lot, so as to clear the ground of spectators. The Professor, after a brief survey of the crowd, adjusted his anchor, and after securing a firm grasp on the valve rope, announced himself as ready. The

GUY ROPES WERE GATHERED IN  
Until the Eclipse was bound to earth by but a single line. The Professor's knife hovered over this carefully for an instant while the Eclipse reared and pitched like a ship in a heavy sea. Then the bright blade slid through the taut strand, and the monster crashed out a loud "good-bye," and with a bound like that of a frightened animal, the balloon darted aloft to a height of about 100 feet. Then the speed slackened, and the ascent was steady and graceful. From the first the direction taken was about two points south of west, many eyes, as an unwelcome bath in the Pacific were numerous and sympathetic. A part of the basket's contents were several thousand advertising cards, which it was Mr. Dunlap's duty to distribute from various altitudes until they could no longer be discerned on leaving the basket, and the time required for them to come fluttering into the sight of the mortals on earth was several minutes. At the height of what appeared to be about

HALF A MILE,  
A different current was reached, and the course of the balloon shifted to southeast. When the change occurred the balloon was over the southern edge of the Park, and from there it sailed over the bay in a course that gave the aeronauts a good bird's-eye view of Black Point and Alcatraz. The bay was crossed at an altitude of nearly a mile, and a rapid drop about the middle of the hour caused the Professor to dump out a bag of sand, which formed a cloud through which the Eclipse could be plainly seen rising to a more comfortable height. Then the course was again changed, and for nearly an hour the aeronauts hovered over the hills to the eastward of the town, as the various currents drifting east and west, as the various currents of air inclined, apparently looking for a landing place. As the sun declined the "Eclipse" was finally lost sight of altogether from this side, and rumors were rife concerning the fate of her passengers. A report was received from the passengers on the 5-o'clock boat from Sausalito, to the effect that the voyagers descended in the hills back of the town, but this was contradicted by later word from the *Tiburon's* passengers, who asserted that the "Eclipse" had dropped into Raccoon Straits, near the Angel Island shore, and that at the time of their rescue the aeronauts were being rescued by small boats.

THE RESCUE.  
The closing experience of the aeronauts was exciting, and sufficient close to death to make life interesting. About 4:30 the balloon was hovering over the water in the vicinities of Alcatraz and Angel Island, being blown first to one and then to the other, and gradually getting ready for a sudden fall into the water. Early in the day the tug *Albatross* had gone out on a pleasure cruise with "Jim" Brazill, "Jack" Mahoney, Miles Finlan, "Bart" Thompson, Richard Kelly of the Justice Mining Company and J. Ross Jackson. They had run in to Sausalito, and the party were in the Pacific Yacht Club-house when they saw the balloon fall rapidly towards the water, then strike and drag. The pleasure party ran to the tug and called on Captain Charles Brown to make all haste to the rescue. Captain Brown opened the furnace doors, threw in a box of hams, a paper of matches and several cords of pitch pine, and in short order the tug was speeding along, and the wrecked balloonists. A number of soldiers had also set out in a small boat from Angel Island. When the tug came up Van Tassel and Dunlap were in the basket, half the time in water, and Hain had climbed into the rigging. All three had taken off their outside clothing, leaving only their underclothes and being ready to make an expected swim for life. The tug got alongside, and spent some time in getting the gas out of the air-ship, which, with its recent occupants, they brought back to the city after dark.

UNDESERVED PARDON.  
Governor Stoneman has granted a pardon to Joseph H. Victor, who was convicted by a jury of indecent conduct at his window in sight of the young ladies of Head's Business College, and sentenced by Judge Webb on the 18th of September to six months in the House of Correction.

## A NOBLE CHARITY.

## Annual Meeting of the Young Women's

Last evening the annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the Unitarian Church, Rev. Dr. Stebbins officiating. The several officers of the Association presented their reports, which showed the Association was thoroughly organized, had done a very great deal of quiet but effective charitable work and was well equipped to continue its efforts for good in the future.

Mrs. J. Sloane, the Secretary, gave a succinct account of the work and proceedings of the Association for the past year, with a brief history of the organization. The report stated that there were 25 honorary, 39 life, 21 sustaining, 105 annual and 43 monthly members, whose contributions and dues, with donations and collections, sustained the organization. The lady spoke of the pleasant work of soliciting and collecting and hoped hereafter the Association would be supported by subscriptions. The daily press was heartily thanked for its aid, which the Secretary stated to have been invaluable. The "Stranger's Home" was a success, and though it is in debt, interest amounts to less than a rent charge would be. The diet kitchen had accomplished much good, which could scarcely be appreciated by those not acquainted with its workings. It was for the aid of the sick and helpless, irrespective of race or religion. The most popular of the kitchen was the contribution of Henry Miller, of the great cattle firm. During the year, 59 strangers found shelter, and there are 7 occupants at present. The kindergarten was also a pronounced success, and inculcated good in the neighborhood. The work of the Industrial Committee in furnishing sewing to the unable to go out for it had done good, and their labors were commended. The labors of the Relief Committee had been astonishing, the relief aid extended having given families and individuals places to stand until able to maintain themselves. In all 668 persons were assisted materially, of whom 264 received money and 328 were furnished sewing and places for work. The sewing school had accomplished wonders, and was again open and the children show what a power the school exerts. The training class and Sunday School of the Association were likewise doing well. Alice D. Van Winkle, Treasurer, submitted the following report: Receipts—Balance on hand, 1883, \$885.08; from members, \$794.55; Benish Club, \$97; Magee lectures, \$250.75; donations, \$2,221.65; collections, \$201.44; Relief Committee's collections, \$921.70; advertisements in annual report, \$194; miscellaneous, \$15.31. Total, \$5,124.43. Disbursements—Salaries, \$1,852.50; rent, \$100; house and kindergarten expenses, \$245.17; Industrial Committee, \$359.81; Sewing School, \$171; Relief Committee, \$1,034.75; building fund, \$1,022.43; interest and insurance, \$942.43; annual report, \$101.50; miscellaneous, \$24.43. Balance on hand, \$870.84. Total, \$5,124.43.

At the conclusion of reading the reports, Dr. Stebbins made a few remarks referring to these documents, and asked for aid to the Association.

WASHINGTON IN EMBROIDERY.  
One of the most interesting works of art which the approaching holidays and the hope of patronage during the festive Christmas season have brought into prominence just now in San Francisco, is a statueque representation of Washington done in embroidery by the inmates of the Catholic Magdalen Asylum of this city, under the supervision of the Sisters of Mercy, which may be seen in the showwindow, No. 727 Market street. How the cunning art of embroidery can be brought to such perfection, and needlework be made to glow on living canvases in blending colors and innumerable shades in a mystery that passes the comprehension of the mere male intellect. Certainly, no painter's brush has been more faithful to the imperial physique and lofty composure of Washington than are the nimble fingers of the Magdalen embroiderers. The "Father of his Country" in sable shades and resting on his sword, the scabbard of which is wrought in bright metallic beads, looks the uncrowned monarch of his race, the kindly lineaments being reproduced with singular fidelity. The embroidered picture is a copy of an original oil painting in the possession of one of our San Francisco families, and will shortly be raffled to pay off the debt on the institution.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.  
A most miraculous escape from death was recorded yesterday, when Nettie Henderson, a girl of seven years, residing at 211 Union street, fell from a 250-foot high rock on the north side of Telegraph Hill and sustained only a few bruises. Nettie, with some dozen childish companions, was playing at the foot of Alta street, which ends at the bluff, and in running away from one of them in a game of tag, she unconsciously stepped too near the edge, and went falling down the jagged rocks to the level below. She was picked up by J. Lindsey and R. W. McFarland, who found her covered with blood and with her clothing in tatters. They hurriedly conveyed her to the City Receiving Hospital, where a cleansing sponge removed sufficient dirt and blood to let it be seen that not a bone was broken, and that her injuries consisted of a dozen slight cuts and some bruises. Her miraculous escape is accounted for by the fact that the bluff is a series of terraces, and her general fall was cut up into many, averaging about eight or ten feet each.

ATTEMPTED ROBBERIES.  
John Tracy knocked C. H. Larsen down in his Mission yesterday, and was going through his pockets, when Officers Moore and Mahoney arrested him for attempting a robbery. Larsen was badly bruised, and his clothing was nearly torn from his body.

About 4:30, Hugh Doyle, a Telegraph Hill rounder, stood up a man named Clifford, at the corner of Montgomery avenue and Kearny street, and attempted to search his pockets by threatening immediate extermination in case of resistance. Officer Conboy ran up and attempted to take the active footed into custody, but Doyle broke and ran into Jackson street, his footsteps being considerably accelerated by a whack from Conboy's locust. Finding that he was being distanced, Conboy took a shot at the fleeing robber, which had the effect of summoning Officer Sullivan, to whose long legs Doyle fell an easy prey.

TILDEN AND HENDRICKS CLUB.  
At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Tilden and Hendricks Club yesterday, at the rooms of the California Democratic State Club, it was decided to hold, on December 17th, a Louis justification and banquet, in honor of the election of Cleveland and Hendricks. Prominent Democrats and Independent Republicans throughout the United States will be invited to participate. The following committees were appointed: On Arrangements—L. J. Jones and Henry Shelton; Toasts—J. Craig, Daniel Hanley, Dr. Louis Bush, Jos. W. Reay and S. S. Bamberger; Invitations—Geo. Norris, Hon. Louis F. Holtz, Wm. Dunphy, Gen. Thos. J. Clunie and Henry Schwartz. Price of tickets, \$5; non-residents free. The annual election of the officers of the club will be held this month.

Sudden Deaths of Women.  
A woman, about 30 years of age, named Mary Devine, who was taken to the City Receiving Hospital on Saturday afternoon suffering from the effects of a bad spree, died suddenly in that institution at 2:15 p. m. yesterday. An autopsy will be made at the Morgue to-day.

At noon yesterday Mrs. F. M. Meyer, residing on Sixth street near Bryant, was returning from church, and when about turning into Sixth street from Mission, she dropped to the ground in a fainting condition. She was carried into an adjacent drugstore and a physician summoned, but all his efforts were in vain, death occurring ten minutes after the attack commenced.

Will Go to Washington.  
At a meeting of the Board of Officers of the Third Regiment, N. G. C., held yesterday, it was resolved to send a detachment of seventy-five men, properly officered, to take part in the inauguration of President-elect Cleveland at Washington, on March 4th next. Already enough money has been subscribed to make the expedition certain to come off.

Still Alarm.  
At 9:45 yesterday morning there was a still alarm for a fire in the Clipper Hotel, East and Market streets, caused by a bed being set on fire by the pipe of a smoker. The damage was slight. The alarm was sent in by Special Officer John Fitzgerald.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Solemn Services to the Memory of Leland Stanford, Jr.

## MAGNIFICENT FLORAL ART.

Grace Church Thronged to Listen to the Last Sad Words of Stricken Love—The Memorial Sermon of Dr. Newman.

The memorial services of Leland Stanford, Jr., were held at Grace Church, corner of Stockton and California streets, yesterday forenoon, with impressive ceremonies. At an early hour friends and acquaintances, and many persons inspired by curiosity, began to assemble about the church, and by the time the doors were opened, an immense throng had gathered, requiring a detail of police at each door to keep back the anxious, struggling crowd. The seating capacity of the sacred edifice was entirely inadequate to the demands made upon it, and notwithstanding the fact that many seats were placed in the aisles, a large number of persons failed to obtain even an entrance, but stood on the sidewalk during the entire services. A costly memorial-service book, printed in the most exquisite taste in black, silver and gold, with knottings of white satin ribbons, and containing all the regular service, with hymns, chants, etc., was presented to every person in the church, and hundreds were distributed to the multitude outside.

THE DECORATIONS  
Were the most elegant, appropriate and costly that have ever been witnessed in this city, and were triumphs of the florist's art, made possible by the generous benefice of Nature. The chancel of the church was entirely occupied by the floral pieces, the largest, most beautiful and striking being a double arch, springing from the centre. It was composed of smilax, maiden-hair, japonicas, St. Joseph lilies, immortelles and cloth-of-gold and white roses. The arches, emblematic of a chancel, met to the front and another at the rear, were connected by bars of smilax, and graceful streamers of the same, forming a maze of shining green and snowy white, most pleasing and appropriate. Under the crown of the arch, formed of white daisies, trimmed with smilax, were the words

In Memoriam.  
LELAND STANFORD, JR.  
Surrounding the same arch was a large crown of golden immortelles capped with a daisy cross of daisies. Under, and suspended from this arch, was an anchor of maiden-hair, white roses, St. Joseph lilies, tuberoses, etc. Beneath the arches was a massive cross composed of white camellias, white roses, tuberoses and maiden-hair, intermingled with bright scarlet flowers, all framed in a graceful border of smilax. At the foot of the cross was a large bank of various hot-house flowers, including tuberoses, cloth of gold eucharis, japonicas and St. Joseph lilies, all framed in a deep border of smilax. In the centre, in large letters of violets, were the words:

"AT REST."  
At the left the lectern was draped with a wreath of the same flowers, with the word "Rest" worked in violets in the centre. At the right the pulpit was almost hidden in a wealth of smilax and white flowers, embraced in which was a passion cross of white camellias, St. Joseph lilies, tuberoses, etc. White roses surrounded these elegant floral pieces were graceful palms in all varieties and sizes, some of which were of the growth of trees. Between these palms were various choice and rare plants and flowers, a whole combining to make the chancel of the church a perfect bower of floral beauty and fragrance.

THE MOURNERS.  
Who were seated in the centre of the auditorium, were Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Ariel Lathrop, Charles Lathrop, Daniel Lathrop, Henry Lathrop, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, and Jerome Stanford. The music for the occasion was solemn and impressively affecting, being rendered by the choir of the church, composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, soprano; Mrs. C. G. Catron, alto; Mr. Walter Pampallio, tenor; Mr. Arthur Mesmer, tenors; Mr. H. M. Bosworth, organist.

The services were presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, assisted by [R. C. Fouts, Rector, and began with an organ voluntary, Chopin's, "Funeral march," one of the most beautiful and solemn of that great composer's creations. This regular order of service of the Episcopal Church then followed, the choir rendering the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and also "When the Gathering Clouds around I View," "O Eyes That are Weary" and the "Doxology." An eloquent and touching address was made by the Rev. J. P. Newman, Pastor of the Madison-avenue Church, New York, and who was private chaplain to ex-President Grant during his famous tour of the world. Following is the full text of

THE MEMORIAL SERMON.  
The long funeral march is ended. At home at last! not to the elegant mansion adorned with all that art can create and wealth procure; not to the dear room, where the departed had slept and at last could suggest, and ever hereafter to be consecrated place; not to the friendly greetings and happy society of those who loved and were loved,—but to the grave!

From the banks of the Arno, from the snows of the Alps, from the vineyards of France, from the docks of Liverpool, over the ocean, across the continent, the precious dead has been borne by paratral hand, that have laid his body in his favorite tomb. He loved so much, with hopes blighted, with prophecies unfulfilled, with plans unaccomplished, yet with the serene smile of a life well lived, and shall ever be esteemed a success, and that without a parallel in the annals of American youth. Throughout all that solemn journey the sacred treasure has been watched with the vigilance of deathless love. Day by day, whether on land or at sea, abroad or at home, around all that is mortal of the beloved dead, father and mother have waited and prayed, and lived the past and thought of the future, and crowned the casket with flowers, symbols of a love which death could not conquer and a hope which the grave could not destroy. Like a mother's love, the survivors, tomb, they would be near the form they loved so well. But the last rites must now be performed; "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," now spoken. This was a sorrow without a relief.

DESPAIR WITHOUT A HOPE.  
A night of anguish without a morning of joy, if death ends all. But riding triumphant over death, and conquering the grave, the living soul comes to the disembodied spirit. At home at last, not to the strife and toils and probations of this ever-changing life, but to the pure joys, the higher achievements, the deeper peace of the life to come. Never before in the history of this country or that of any other land has the death of a youth of sixteen years, and a life of but a few years, produced a sorrow so deep as the death of Leland Stanford, Jr. On the day of his death there was sent forth, as on the wings of lightning, this sad but Christian message: "Our darling boy went to Heaven this morning." That message flashed from beautiful Florence to the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, over whose historic waters the departed had glided many an hour; to Athens, where he had lingered amid its classic memories; to Rome, home of the Pontiff, whose benediction he had received; to Paris, where he had passed so many hours amid its glories of art; to London, in whose vast museums, he had recalled the mighty past; that message thrilled the deep waters of the Atlantic, over whose restless bosom he had three times crossed in safety; that message traversed the great continent to your Golden State, where his happy childhood was the promise of a noble youth and that youth the prophecy of the grandest manhood. When that message was received, poets sought their harps in mournful numbers and sang their saddest elegies, editors viewed with each other in touching panegyrics, ministers of God offered the

CONSOLATION OF RELIGION.  
Citizens who chanced to meet on your streets while the solemn influence and were amazed at the inscrutable Providence; hundreds of telegrams and letters conveyed expressions of deepest sympathy to the bereaved, and that night mothers pressed their darling boys to their bosoms and fervently prayed that they might be spared to them.

Whence the secret of this deep emotion? It is unsearchable. Like a star as brilliant as the sun, it has lived and died and is forgotten. Do you tell me that his father is one of the foremost citizens of this great Republic; that his creative genius has made your State great; that his honorable life is the pride of the commonwealth; that his vast possessions command public respect? Do you tell me that his

mother, refined, gifted, cultured, pure and full of charities, is more than a Roman matron whose happy domestic life has excited your admiration and whose high social position is both influential and beneficial? Do you tell me that his noble fortune had made the devoted father a savior; that nature had been partial in the bestowment of her rarest gifts; that Providence had ordained his birth in some golden hour; that circumstances beyond his control had made him what he was, and stripped of these he would have been as many others are; that no pains had been

SPARED TO ENRICH  
His mind under the most competent tutors; that his receptive years had been spent in foreign lands; that his young intellect had been polished by contact with the noblest of his race; that the title unfolding of his character had been watched with the parental care only bestowed upon a prince?

True, thrice happy true; but all these facts, extraordinary as they are, are inadequate to discover to us the charm of his young life. Others have lived as long and died as young, blessed with parentage as worthy, with endowments as great, with circumstances as possible, with tutelage as competent, with vigilance as constant, yet failed in life to make an impression so deep and deep. We must look deeper and search for the secret of the secret of his power over us, and scan with greater care the purposes of Divine Providence for the sources of the charms of his life.

Nature had highly favored him for some noble purpose. Although so young, he was tall and graceful of some Apollo Belvidere, with classic features some Master would have chosen to chisel in marble or cast in bronze, with eyes soft and gentle as an angel's, yet dreamy as the visions of a seer; with broad forehead—house of a radiant sun. Who could see this face and not love it; see and ever forget it? He reminds us of the beautiful Joseph, "a goodly person and well favored." That body was the abode of

A MARVELOUS MIND.  
Clear as crystal, clean in all its garniture, quick to perceive, strong to grasp, tenacious to hold—capable of indefinite expansion.

Think of a youth of sixteen speaking his English in purity; conversing with the thoughtful German and the vivacious Frenchman, with native facility and accuracy; that he should decide upon the mysteries of the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments; think of him in the studios of Duran, of Bonnet, of Meunier, expressing his likes and dislikes of renowned works of art; that in these great masters of the past he should find a mirror for his own future; that in the conversation of such men as Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir William Jenner, Baron Rothschild, Dr. Schlemann and General Sir Cresswell, and asking or answering questions; it was the reproduction of Christ among the doctors at the age of twelve. Think of him offering to prove the truth of the Pythagorean theorem, that contrary to the accepted theories, think of his capacity and taste, manifested in his study of the famous Rosetta stone, which kindled his passion for antiquarian research, and foreshadowed his future career as an archaeologist. And behold such a youth, pencil in hand, absorbed with delight standing in the British Museum, whose vast treasures of art have been examined from the buried cities of the world; standing in the source where in the renowned past and illustrious present, meet in all the wonders of ancient and modern art; standing in the Vatican, where Pheidias, Apelles, Michelangelo and Raphael, the divine, live forever in the creations of their pencils and their chisels, and recall him wandering amid the entrancing ruins of Athens, ascending the Acropolis, to meditate

IN THE PANTHERON;  
Mounting the *Bema*, where Pericles had spoken; entering the cave of the Pythia where Socrates had died for immortality; reverently pausing on Mars' Hill, where Paul had preached "Jesus and the Resurrection"; and lingering with strange delight in the temple of Eleusis, where the Angel of Death kissed his cheek into a consuming fever, and how pure and lofty and beneficent his artistic taste in one so young! To turn aside from all the monuments of the past, to Nelson's column, Trafalgar Square; from Wellington's Mausoleum, in St. Paul's; from the Royal shrines in Westminster Abbey, and prefer the Albert Memorial monument, both for its execution alone and purpose in the design of which the four corners of the earth meet in harmony, whereon are men and women—illustrations in Art and Science, and states, and churches, and religions, and in the glory of which the heart of the wife is more conspicuous than the crown of the queen. In all this early intellectual superiority, he reminds us that the history of heroes is the history of youth. At eleven Bacon was studying on the law of imagination; at twelve a student at Cambridge; at sixteen expressing a dislike for the philosophy of Aristotle; at twenty the author of defects of universities; at twenty-one admitted to the bar; at twenty-eight appointed Queen's Counsel Extraordinary. He made us of the tender and eloquent Pascal, who, at the age of sixteen, published a treatise on "Conic Sections"; at seventeen suggested the hydraulic press; at twenty anticipated by his inventions the work of

GALILEO AND DESCARTES.  
And at twenty-four was an authority in higher mathematics. He reminds us of Grotius, who entered the University of Leiden at twelve; at fourteen published an edition of "Marcus Capella," which disclosed his acquaintance with Cicero, Aristotle, Pliny, Euclid, and other great writers; at fifteen was an attaché of a Dutch embassy to Henry IV; at sixteen was admitted to practice; at twenty-four was Advocate-General of the Province of Holland, and at twenty-five was an authority on international law. He recalls to us Gibbon, who was in his Latin at seven; a student at Oxford at fifteen; a lover of Locke, Grotius and Pascal at seventeen; and at twenty-five had acquired the scholarship, gathered the materials, and formed the plan of that great history which has won for him the name of a name. He brings to mind our own Hamilton, who entered college at fifteen, was an orator at seventeen, a political writer at eighteen; at twenty on Washington's staff; at twenty-five a legislator, and at thirty-two was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Nay, more, his early mental promise was like that of Washington, of Pitt, of Whitfield, of Raphael, of Agassiz, in their early manhood; and had Leland Stanford, Jr., lived as long as these did, his name would have been as great and his life as useful to mankind.

But deeper than the intellect, and mightier in giving tone to all that he has said and did, was his beautiful character, whose elements were blended in harmony, like the colors in the rainbow. Serious yet buoyant, reverent yet independent, gentle yet firm. He loved the true, the good, the beautiful. His was a blameless youth. His angel over his head, the face of the Father in Heaven. He yielded to the good spirits sent to minister unto him. God was in all his thoughts. He fulfilled the second Proverb, "Remember now the Creator in the days of thy youth." He realized the inspired psalm, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early, shall be saved." He responded to the divine request, "My Son, give me thy heart."

HIS FIERY BUT NOT A SHAM.  
A form or a spasm, but a state, a life, an act. No marvel that his final love was fresh every morning, no marvel that he was more than a son to his parents—he was their companion. He was as an angel in his mother's sick-room, wherein he would sit for hours and talk to all her fears, and cheer her hope of returning health on every step of the Scala Sancta in Rome. And it was his pride and delight to be with his father, to converse, to learn, to play. Nor was his tender love limited to his parents. Philanthropy filled his whole being. He thought of others, he cared for others, he gave to others. He had the rare power to make others feel that he belonged to them. He endeavored to do those who knew him and those who met him admired and loved. Unselfish in his pleasures and his plans, he was in no danger of envy and violence from the laboring classes, as are some rich and brilliant young men whose selfishness provokes the poor to wrath, and the son of toil to contempt. He was a man of peace, he was content to own private charities to the suffering poor; he devoted liberal things. His young imagination dreamed of a museum of art and of antiquity to illustrate the progress of civilization. He conceived the collection, and the thoughtful antiquarian had planned for a museum that should rank with the metropolitan collections of the Old World, and what a museum his genius and wealth would have created for San Francisco, wherein he would bring the sculptured works of the masters from Athens and Rome, the obelisks and many sarcophagi from Egypt, the human headed lions and cuneiform tablets from Babylon and Nineveh, and whatever was illustrative of the social, political and religious life of Jerusalem, of Continental Europe and of

OUR NATIONAL HISTORY.  
What an educational force of immense value that would have been to the oncoming generations, made familiar with antiquity by the works of art and public spirit. Such was the noble purpose of this remarkable youth, which is another proof that life is worth living, and that the purpose of a man is to do good. He was a man of peace, he was content to own private charities to the suffering poor; he devoted liberal things. His young imagination dreamed of a museum of art and of antiquity to illustrate the progress of civilization. He conceived the collection, and the thoughtful antiquarian had planned for a museum that should rank with the metropolitan collections of the Old World, and what a museum his genius and wealth would have created for San Francisco, wherein he would bring the sculptured works of the masters from Athens and Rome, the obelisks and many sarcophagi from Egypt, the human headed lions and cuneiform tablets from Babylon and Nineveh, and whatever was illustrative of the social, political and religious life of Jerusalem, of Continental Europe and of

What these possibilities never to be realized? Shall death cheat mankind out of so much promised good? Shall inexorable fate laugh to disappointment the beneficent purpose of a God? Shall death end all? Is the good that a man would do interrupted by his bones? Is the grave the channel of all that is kindly and wise and noble in our nature?

LIFE IS A WEB.  
Time is a shuttle, man is a weaver. The future is born of the present—nothing is lost. Ideas are immortal. Continued on Eighth Page.

## A Hold on Tramps.

Yesterday, Officers Harper and Mahoney started from the Harbor Police Station with the intention of ridding the water front of the tramp element. They succeeded in finding four of them on East street, between Sacramento and Commercial, and brought them to the Harbor Police Station. One of the men had amnesia on his arm and wrist, in order to create sympathy for a supposed injury to these members; another, who undoubtedly possessed strength enough to command good pay on street work, was discovered hobbling along on crutches, as if one of his limbs had been run over by a locomotive, whereas, upon examination, it was learned that nothing but laziness ailed the fellow.

## SOLD AT LAST.

Those Moorish cabinets which were offered at half-price by the California Engraving Company, Nos. 220 to 226 Bush street, are all gone. In their place are new and rich designs at much less prices.

The Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky., have awarded I. W. Taber, the photographer, of this city, the highest premium for "The best photographic portraits and views taken by the instantaneous process."

Cachet blanc  
réserve.  
Deutz & Geldermann,  
EXTRADRY. AY-CHAMPAGNE.



CABINET  
GREEN SEAL  
Deutz & Geldermann  
AY-CHAMPAGNE

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.  
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

PIPER "SEC"  
AND  
PIPER HEIDSICK  
CHAMPAGNE.

IT IS SOLD  
In every city and town of the United States, from Maine to Texas—from New York to San Francisco.  
By every Wine Merchant of prominence, in every hotel, club and restaurant in use at the table of every family, and commands a sale by reason of its superior excellence.

GERMEA  
FOR BREAKFAST.

THE MOST PALATABLE, NUTRITIOUS and Economical Food ever introduced.  
A Necessity for the Rich! A Luxury for the Poor!  
Cooks thoroughly in less than fifteen minutes.  
For sale everywhere.

JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,  
Sole Agents, San Francisco.

Canton Insurance Office, Ltd.,  
OF HONGKONG.

CAPITAL.....\$2,500,000  
Insures Hulls (either by the year or voyage), Merchandise, and Commissions to and from all parts of the world.  
Policies made payable at any of its numerous Agencies. All its Policy-holders participate in the yearly BONUS paid by this Company, which affords unusual inducements to those who wish to effect Marine risks.

PARROTT & CO., AGENTS,  
306 California Street, San Francisco.  
HENRY H. NAGLE, MANAGER.

THE DOSS  
FOR SALE BY  
PACIFIC SAW MANUFACTURING CO.  
17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., S. F.

BREEZE & LOUGHRAN,  
217, 219, 221, 223 CLAY STREET  
NOW RECEIVING  
WHITTAKER'S  
STAR HAMS,  
New Cure—Both Naked and Covered.  
They possess the MOST DELICATE FLAVOR and are TENDER, JUICY, Delicious and Appetizing. Also, CHESNEY & SONS,  
Celebrated CANNED SUGAR CORN. Superior to any other brand. Ask your Grocer for them.

FALL STYLE HATS  
Now Ready and Manufactured by  
HERRMAN  
THE  
HATTER.  
The Largest Hat Store on this Coast!  
332 & 336 KEARNY STREET  
Bet. Bush and Pine sts., San Francisco.  
Steam Factory connected with the Establishment, at No. 17 Balboa street. Send for Illustrated Catalogue—mailed free. ad2-3m-1p-13487v

L. MEININGER,  
NOTARY AND COMMISSIONER,  
No. 306 Montgomery Street  
Opposite Nevada Block. (fcs ipo)

## SPECIAL NOTICE

IN ORDER TO REDUCE OUR LARGE STOCK OF

FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,

French Clocks, Silverware, &amp;c

We have concluded to deduct a liberal discount from every article we sell. The goods comprise all the

## LATEST NOVELTIES

In our line and will remain marked as heretofore, in plain figures, from which the discount will be allowed.

An examination of our prices and the quality of goods will satisfy purchasers that we are selling lower than any house on the Pacific Coast.

This inducement is offered especially

FOR HOLIDAY TRADE!

LOUIS BRAVERMAN &amp; CO.

119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Store Open Evening During December.

A Most Acceptable Holiday Gift to Friends East.

Pure Zinfandel Cereals  
AND OTHER  
CHOICETABLE  
WINE.Gladhart & Co.  
GROWERS AND DEALERS IN  
CALIFORNIA WINES & BRANDIES.530 WASHINGTON ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
Delivered from Our New York Agency if desired. Send Your Orders Early.Cooks thoroughly in less than fifteen minutes.  
For sale everywhere.

JOHN T. CUTTING & CO.,  
Sole Agents, San Francisco.

Canton Insurance Office, Ltd.,  
OF HONGKONG.

CAPITAL.....\$2,500,000  
Insures Hulls (either by the year or voyage), Merchandise, and Commissions to and from all parts of the world.  
Policies made payable at any of its numerous Agencies. All its Policy-holders participate in the yearly BONUS paid by this Company, which affords unusual inducements to those who wish to effect Marine risks.

PARROTT & CO., AGENTS,  
306 California Street, San Francisco.  
HENRY H. NAGLE, MANAGER.

THE DOSS  
FOR SALE BY  
PACIFIC SAW MANUFACTURING CO.  
17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., S. F.