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2 THE EXAMINER, SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1894.

himself to remodeling the evils which had driven Chambers to Oregon. He conceived the idea of a grand avenue to the Cliff, and proceeded to organize a company to build the road. A charter from the Legislature was necessary. Mr. Butler did not desire to meddle personally with anything so dangerous as a legislature. So Sharon he intrusted his business to an agent while he took a trip East. When he returned he found that the necessary charter had been obtained and also that he had a partner in the ownership of the 160 acres.

Senator Buckley had given much attention to the passage of the charter. When it was obtained he owned one-third interest in Butler's tract. The deed had been given by the latter's agent. It is not to be understood that Senator Buckley was given his interest in the land because of any assistance from him in securing the charter. He paid cash for it.

Point Lobos road was immediately transformed into a beautiful avenue, 120 feet wide and paved with red rock from Central avenue to the Cliff. While Butler was building the road he was also building the Cliff House. Even before the road was finished people who drove out to the beach found at the bluffs accommodations which J. G. Foster had provided, together with the refreshments which have always been an adjunct to the delights of the Cliff.

The Cliff House was finished and Foster was Butler's tenant. The ruthouse was built a short distance north from Central avenue. Many swarms of fine road horses pass a mouthful sun for toll. Many others was hired horses thought that a drive to the Cliff House was not complete without an attempt to dash past the entrance and evade the payment of toll. But the toll paid interest on the investment and the cost of repairs until the city laid out a road through Golden Gate Park and charged nothing for its use.

Finally the control of the road passed into the hands of the Park Commission.

AN EDINBURGH'S MANNER.

About this time came an Englishman named Merchant. He had lived on the white cliffs of Dover, and had grown so accustomed to an ocean view that he could not be happy without one. He wanted to buy a piece of land near the Cliff House and build a villa to cost $50,000. He was a friend of Senator Buckley, and the Senator wanted to sell him a part of the 160 acres. It was right in line with Mr. Butler's plans to have a mansion at the cliff, as he hoped some day to have Nob Hill filled up boldly and put down on his bluffs overlooking the sea. So the sale was agreed upon. Instead of building a mansion, however, Merchant erected a re sorable little dwelling, and there he lived.

Samuel Tetlow bought Merchant's place and dispensed generous hospitality to all who passed his way. He sold to Adolph Sutro, the man who had successfully fought Baldwin and Sharon and had dug a tunnel under the Comstock lode. The villa part was much less than James Lick had previously offered for the property, but Lick was then on his death bed and the sale to him was not made. Sutro bought the property, and Chambers' Potato Patch, Butler's Strawberry Hill, Merchant's mansion and Tetlow's Eagle Nest became Sutro Heights. The man who built Chef Merchant built and Tetlow improved was enlarged by Sutro and to-day it is his residence.

Sutro soon purchased the one-third interest of Senator Buckley, who had died, and later acquired Butler's two-thirds interest, and thus the 160 acres originally pre-empted by Chambers came into the possession of the present ruler of the domain.

REMINISCENCES.

The Gay Fates That Mr. Berry Used to Drive to the Cliff.

When Captain Lees, chief of the detective force, was told last evening that the Cliff House had been destroyed by fire, he said he knew of no resort on the coast that was so far-famed as the Cliff, or any spot that was so equal attention to tourists from all parts of the globe.

"Under the management of Captain Foster," said Captain Lees, "it became world-famous, and travelers from abroad would inquire how to reach the Seal Rocks before they were fairly settled in their hotels. There is an place like it elsewhere."

James L. Berry, generally known as "Hard Luck Jimmie," the oldest hack driver in this city, said: "I used to drive to the old Ocean Beach House and the Lake House in '76. There was no Cliff House then, but a little shanty at the foot of the cliff, owned and occupied by an old man, who lived there with his family. His children were born there. He had always a supply of fresh fish and mussels ready for my passengers.

"I drove a laundry wagon for nine years before I got into hack, and went out on the road very often, two or three times a week. The Ocean Beach House was then the place to stop, and they had a bulletin-board there indicating fish and tide, and at low tide we would always drive to the little house at the foot of the cliff to take a meal with the old man.

BEFORE THERE WAS A CLIFF HOUSE.

"There was no Cliff-House road then, nor was the road built by way of Geary street. We drove out by way of Bush, and at the corner of Bush and Jones streets was a toll-gate, where we paid the toll and got a ticket which entitled us to pass through the second toll-gate, at the intersection of Stelzer street. At the Masonic cemetery we paid a second toll and got a ticket which was a pass for the gate at Fifth or Seventh avenue, where the new French hospital now stands. The old fort and mount was mortgaged his property and lost it to him. It passed when they got there. If a fellow would pay $50 for a hack load and another fifty for their breakfast and a few dollars for appetizers, he would be considered crazy, but that was nothing in those days."

In 1870, about one year after the old California Theatre was opened by John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, Dion Boucicault came to the Coast to present "Arrah-na-Pogue," and the season was a great success. The actor and playwright, then an old man, would never acknowledge it and always acted if he did not feel, as that he was still a young blood. Nothing was too high for him.

He often informed his friends that San Francisco was a quiet and dull place for...

THE CLIFF HOUSE FROM THE OCEAN BEACH TO THE SOUTH.
[From a sketch by an "Examiner" artist.]

THREE OF THE DIFFERENT OWNERS OF THE ACRES AT THE CLIFF.
[Drawn by an "Examiner" artist.]

into the possession of John Landers and later became the property of A. P. Hotaling, the present owner. The Cliff House property, with its many acres, was owned by John P. Buckley and C. C. Butler, and the Cliff House was built by the Buckley heirs. They subsequently sold to Mr. Sutro.

"Many jolly hackmen have I driven out there during the last thirty years at all hours of the day and night, in sunshine and in storm. Sometimes it was so rough that the wind would almost blow me off the seat and capsize the hack. But we had great times out there. It was not an unusual occurrence to have an impromptu dance at the 'Cliff' any night when a large number of friends met there. The house was nearly always open, especially from Saturday till Monday morning.

"I remember one night, some twelve years ago, when a ship drifted against the rocks, right under the shade of the Cliff House. She was powder-laden, her cargo became ignited and an explosion followed which tore the ship to atoms and wrecked the Cliff House and sheds and everything around it. How it happened nobody ever learned, but fragments of the ship's belongings were strewn all over the beach.

THE ORIGINAL BUILDING.

The original house had been built piecemeal, first the sheds and then the part where the bar was, and the other portions were added later. After the explosion the house was rebuilt, larger and better than before.

"Captain Foster knew how to keep a house. He had been baggage master on the steamers from New York by way of Panama to this port—that's how he got to be acquainted with me—and when he took hold of the Cliff House he did the business. He used to pay $2,000 a month rent, and there was lots of money in it at that. The travel was so great that Mr. Gates got rich on the tell alone. After Foster, Steele & McCrum got the house, and of late Wilkins has been running it.

"I don't get the fine loads to the Cliff nowadays that I used to. The cars carry passengers cheap; the crowd goes out for a nickle, and they don't spend any money

HIS LIGHT IS BURNING LOW.

Lord Randolph Churchill Surely Sinking to the Inevitable End.

NO HOPE FOR THE ONCE GREAT MAN

A Consultation of Physicians Offers No Assurance of Recovery—Death Believed to Be Imminent.

NEW YORK, December 27.—It seems like the cruel irony of fate that at the very time when Christmas bells all over the land were ringing out their message of hope and good cheer one who only a few years ago held almost in his grasp the richest prize of English political and social life was lying feebly and unconsciously battling for existence, says the London correspondent of the Herald. There is, I am sorry to say, not a ray in an honest authority, no hope that Lord Randolph Churchill will ever leave the room to which he returned day before yesterday after his weary and fruitless wanderings in search of health, and from which he now lies in a semi-comatose condition. Occasionally he rouses himself, or rather is roused, to take a little nourishment, but he immediately relapses into a heavy unnatural sleep which is one feature of his case. In constant attendance on him yesterday were Drs. Keith and Bramwell the former of whom accompanied him during the whole of his recent journey around the world.

When I saw Dr. Bramwell yesterday afternoon all he would say was that the patient had passed a quiet and he hoped a restful night, but this his condition was undeniably critical. Later I saw Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph Churchill's brigade-faced son, whose devotion to his father is touching in its persistence. He added but little to the doctor's bulletin, but insisted that the diagnosis was an incorrect attack, as is generally believed, but merely general paralysis. To this point he constantly returned. "I expect," said he, "Dr. Robson Roe will arrive from Paris by the evening train, and as I advised he will hold a consultation with Drs. Keith and Bramwell."

To this consultation the family evidently looked hopefully forward. Dr. Roe was the physician of Lord Randolph Churchill for many years and understood him as does no one else. At 9 o'clock Dr. Roe drove up to the house, but the result of the consultation, which was made known shortly before midnight, is hardly reassuring. It was to the effect that the patient is suffering from general paralysis and is in a highly critical condition.

I feel bound to add that I am assured on high medical authority that, judging from obvious symptoms, the disease can be no other than locomotor ataxia. Inquiries were made at Grosvenor Square every minute of the day, and while I was present yesterday afternoon a message arrived from the Prince of Wales, while I was told that the Queen already had sent a most kindly word of sympathy.

At 3 o'clock this morning it was announced that Lord Churchill was sinking.

Catastrophe From Quarantine.

PHILADELPHIA, December 26.—A special to the North American from Chester, Pa., says that 3500 steerage passengers of the steamer Seaforward, which was recently detained off the city on account of the death of a passenger from smallpox, are now in a terrible condition. Many are in the most abominable filth and privation. In an interview to-day one of the passengers said that a petition complaining of the food was signed by 2500 of them, but the officials in charge suppressed it.

Santa Claus Sore-Head.

COLUSA (Cal.), December 26.—In the First Baptist Church here to-night Christmas exercises were being held. The Rev. Gilbert Dibble, pastor in charge, was in impersonate Santa Claus, and was covered with cotton and wearing a mask. Some women, his entire caught fire. Persons near threw him to the floor and finally succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not until he was badly burned. It is thought he will recover. There was a mad rush for the door, and the exercises were declared off.

The London Post and Chronicle, in their editorial columns this morning strongly endorse the position of argument in the Southern States and regard a reciprocity treaty as desirable.

In a fight at Moorehead, Kentucky, John Wimmer killed Henry Tyree with an ax.

LOOKING DOWN FROM SUTRO HEIGHTS ON THE CLIFF HOUSE AND THE SEAL ROCKS.
[From a sketch by an "Examiner" artist.]

CAPTURE OF DESPERADO LAWSON.

The Belleview Rancher Who Tried to Kill His Wife Overpowered by a Mountaineer.

THE PRISONER IS IN MADERA JAIL.

After Wounding the Woman Saturday Night He Shot Himself, but Failed to Inflict Mortal Injury.

MADERA, December 25.—James Lawson, who shot and seriously wounded his wife at a dance at Belleview, near this city, last Saturday night and fled, has been captured and is now in the County Jail. It was at first reported that Mrs. Lawson was dead, but later advices showed that she was still alive.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of James Lawson in the society of a valuable ranch, driving up the main thoroughfare of this little city about noon to-day, broke in upon the usual quiet of Christmas and occasioned a great deal of excitement throughout the town. As soon as it became known that Lawson had been captured a large crowd gathered near the Sheriff's headquarters to catch a glimpse of the man who has but lately made himself notorious by shooting and killing his stepchild but a few short weeks ago by mistaking it for a wild animal, as he claimed, and then made such a desperate attempt upon the life of his wife.

"I don't deny it," said Lawson, as he looked on the assembled spectators, at the same time pointing to a gaping hole in his shirt, from which the blood was slowly oozing from a ragged wound in his right side. Lawson presented a ghastly appearance, as he had not shaved since the day of the tragedy, his long hair was wild and disordered and wild appearance, the result of his struggle with the mountaineer, who at his wife's request had followed him to the ranch and overpowered him after he had shot himself in the right side, showing that the shots fired at him on the morning of the attempted murder had not, for almost their mark. He was helped out of the conveyance, but upon gaining his feet was strong enough to walk across up the flight of stairs to the Sheriff's office.

LAWSON HAS ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Lawson was then taken into a room to be dressed, but he would not allow any one would say nothing for some little time. He crouched over the stove, shivering from the effects of his wounds and the cold ride he had just made, and evidently forgetting everything else in the thought that he was out of the cold, and in a good, warm room.

County Physician Brown and Dr. Reid were summoned to examine the prisoner's wounds. In response to questions put to Lawson by some of the spectators present and heed, he said that immediately after trying to kill his wife at the dance he had gone to the ranch, where he had accomplished his deadly purpose, he had turned the revolver upon himself with suicidal intent, that the bullet had entered his head just over the right ear, but judging in the shock had failed to penetrate far enough to be fatal.

"I shot myself," said Lawson, "that as long as I was living over I might well finish myself at the same time. But those confounded butchers pieces are so good, as to didn't do the work. I fired my last load into my head after shooting my wife, but finding that it wasn't going to kill me I started to the house to get my rifle and shoot myself, and I couldn't get the load out, so I tried to knock the hammer back with a knife, and while I was doing that Dick came back with a gun and I ran away."

The latter statement seeming rather inconsistent with the remark that he was seeking death, one of the bystanders asked him why he did not face Dick and fight it out to the death.

"I don't mind killing myself," replied Lawson, "but I don't want any one else to do it."

"They can only kill me by shooting me through the head," said Lawson, when the physicians proclaimed his wounds serious and serious.

Lawson has the stoicism of an Indian, and manifests no emotion for the murder-ous attack on his wife. His calm, furtive, sullen, animal looks have just about convinced the people of this vicinity that he is either insane or crazy.

James Cruz, the man who brought Lawson to Madera was interviewed by an Examiner reporter.

THE CAPTOR'S STORY.

In regard to the capture he said:

"After the shooting last Saturday night I started out to hunt Will Lawson, who lives on his ranch, about twenty miles from Belleview, thinking that Lawson would make for his home and that I might be able to take him. I arrived at the house at 9 o'clock Sunday morning and told the people I was to take any possession a shotgun I found in its cabin, for I expected that though he subsequently go to the farm he would add this to his formidable array of murderous devices.

"On my return to Belleview I met Officers McKinney and Weiss on their way to the ranch. I had just left and told them it was no use to go there, as I had covered the ground and Lawson was not in that part of the country. That evening I arrived at Belleview and put up for the night in a room there.

"I was awakened early several hours when I was summoned by Samuel Dalton, who resided near the ranch and told me that Lawson had just fired a shot at him at Mr. Kennedy's house, where the wounded Mrs. Lawson was lying. At first I would not believe it, for I did not think that Lawson was so near, but when I had seen the man myself I was after a while I succeeded in getting to the house and saw if there was any trail in the storehouse. On my way to the house, it was now about 4 o'clock in the morning, I met Mr. Kennedy's two little children, who told me to hurry up as Lawson was in the house.

THE FUGITIVE OVERPOWERED.

"I quickened my steps and going around to the rear of the house found a hole, which I judged had been made by a bullet fired by Dalton at Lawson, and could see his rather tying upon a pallet upon the floor inside. Mrs. Lawson, who was lying upon a bed above with her face to the wall, turned her head and said that Lawson was in the house. With one hand on my rifle I stepped to the door inside, with the handle of the pistol showing from beneath it.

"I commenced that by slowly opening the door I could surprise Lawson, and if I was quick enough I could shoot him. I succeeded in so doing, and as I gave way before me, I made a run for it. I fired my rifle at him, and at the same time pushing in, fired out at the south. When he found I had him, he kneeled and pitied for his life, saying that he was sorry and that he was to where I had put my team up for the night, and as soon as I could get ready, started with him for Madera."

Lawson's preliminary examination will be fixed at an early date.

Wreck of a Passenger Train.

NORFOLK (Neb.), December 25.—Train No. 1, L. & N. through passenger train to New Orleans, was wrecked near Brentwood, nine miles south of here. The train ran into some odd cars. The engine was demolished and D. C. Stannard, engineer, and his fireman were both badly scalded.

Damages for an Undelivered Message.

BIRMINGHAM (Ala.), December 26.—In the Federal Court at Huntsville Mrs. Ida Sims, widow of Robert C. Sims, who was shot and killed by the Shelton boys at Stevenson several months ago because of his alleged conduct toward Annie Shelton, has been awarded a verdict of $15,000 against the Western Union Telegraph Company because of the company's alleged failure to deliver to Mrs. Sims a message warning her husband that the Shelton boys were after him. Judge Bradley set aside the verdict as being excessive. Mrs. Sims sent the telegram from Scottsboro to Stevenson, whither Sims had gone by private conveyance to take the train. Two Shelton boys overtook him at Stevenson and shot him to death.

Killed by a Fractious Cow.

NATRONA COUNTY (Colo.), December 25.—This morning Mrs. Carrie Moon went out to milk a fractious cow. As she did not return as soon as usual, her children went out and found her lying under the cow dead, the cow having kicked and stamped her to death. Mrs. Moon was a widow. Mrs. Price, of Boise, has been appointed executrix of the will of her husband, who died a few days ago.

Ruth Hing, an Ohio Friend, went to the home of A. J. Bryant at Canton, Ill., last night and Mrs. Dempsey put a pistol against the side of her head. She is dangerously wounded.

Colonel Sol Palmer, one of the oldest lithographers in the country, died at St. Louis last night, aged 74.

ADDITIONAL SHIPPING NEWS.

Jacksonville.

TUESDAY, December 25.

Stmr Pasadena, Roberts, 74 hs fm Fort Angeles, etc, pass and mdse to Hayes & Adams.

Stmr Alliance, Nelson, 12 hs fm Coquille Riv, pass and mdse to C J Hendy. Sank 4 in Bar Rating, Peterson, 104 tn fm Gaspar, 140 ft lumber to Gaspar Mill Co.

Sailed.

TUESDAY, December 25.

Stmr Comet, Nilsen, —.

Newport.

Dec 24—20 miles W NW of Point Reyes, sailing well bound, with 132 seamen; reports loss of 1 seaman.

Arrivals at Ferndale-ville Monday.

LONDON—Arrived, Dec 25, ship Melos, fm Portland; ship Brynmawr, fm Port Blakely; ship Andrew Welch, fm Queenstown.

LIVERPOOL—Arrived, Dec 25, ship Wanderer, fm New York.

COPENHAGEN—Arrived, Dec 25, ship Valdis, fm New York.

Fernandina.

YAQUINA BAY, per Homer—12 hds dry hides, 1 bx 1 pkg mdse, 1 bx 1 pkg sundries, 1 bx 1 pkg 1 bx 1 pkg mdse, 1 bx 1 pkg mdse, 1 bx 1 pkg mdse,