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himself to remedying 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 again 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

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 tollgate, where we paid the toll and got a ticket which entitled us to pass through the second tollgate, at the intersection of Steiner 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 fish and mussel man mortgaged his property and lost it in time. 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."

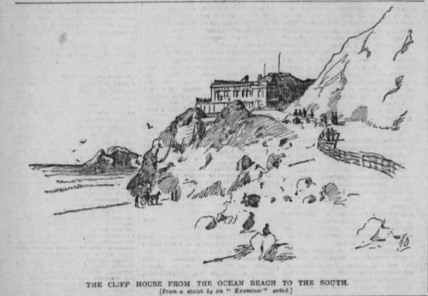
In 1870, about one year after the old California Theatre was opened by John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, Dion Boucicault came to the Coast to present "Arrah-na-Pogue," and the season was a great success. The actor and playwright, then an old man, would never acknowledge it and always acted if he 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

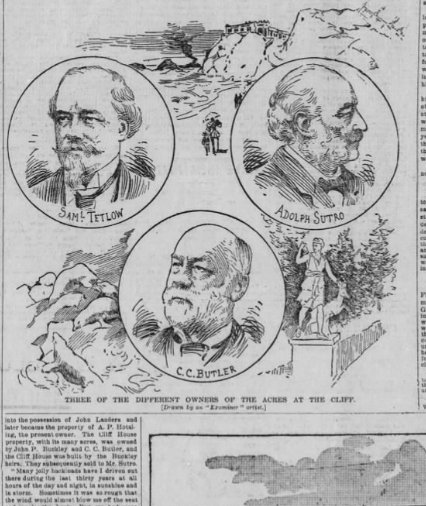
fun. McCullough, like all Californians, did not like the imputation, and arranged a "small party" for him. Six other friends were invited and the crowd went to the Cliff House in a four-in-hand.

A CLIFF-HOUSE SUPPER.

An elegant supper was served and eight friends of the opposite sex helped the "youths" dispose of the costly viands, for which Foster collected $1,600. This did not satisfy the host. He had provided another surprise, and when the party started at daylight for the city an invitation to breakfast was accepted, which was served at the old Hammam baths on Dupont street. The building was closed to all outsiders, and the breakfast was served



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.]

Sutro, the man who had successfully fought Ralston and Sharon and had dug a tunnel under the Comstock lode. The sum paid 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 same house that Merchant built and Tetlow improved was enlarged by Sutro and to-day it is his residence.

Sutro next 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 Fares 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 as far-famed as the Cliff, or any spot that was an equal attraction 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 no place like it elsewhere."

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

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 prizes 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, and I say it on 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 in which he now lies in a semi-comatose con-

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 custody of a stalwart mountaineer, driving up the main thoroughfare of this little city about noon to-day, broke in upon the usual quit of Christmas and occasioned a great deal of excitement throughout the town. As soon as it became known that Lawson had been

Spoken.

Dec 24—33 miles W N W of Point Reyes, sealing schr Bowhead, with 112 sealskins; reports loss of one boat

Movements of Transatlantic Steamers

LONDON—Arrived, Dec 25, stmr Maine, fm Philadelphia; stmr Massapequa, fm Baltimore; stmr Capnaconda, fm Boston, via Queenstown.

QUEENSTOWN—Arrived, Dec 25, stmr Teutonic, fm New York.

COPENHAGEN—Arrived, Dec 25, stmr Venitia, fm New York.

Importations.

YAQUINA BAY, per Homer—13 bdls dry hides, 1 cs coffee, 7 sks sugar, 13 sks oysters, 10 sks salt, 7 bbls beef, 7 bbls butter, 16 bxs dried fruit, 76 cs 3 bxs salmon, 269 sks wheat, 4212 sks oats, 19 sks potatoes, 252 sks bran, 1572 sks flour, 37 bdls green hides, 18 coops chickens, 1 bdl pelts, 4 rolls matting, 11 pkgs mdse, 10 rolls leather.

Annie Taylor
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Life in Danger.

Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Effects a Permanent Cure.

"I was suffering from heart failure and at times my life was despaired of. Physicians were of one opinion; that there

Was No Permanent Cure,

and could give me only temporary relief. I bought three bottles of different preparations, but might as well have taken so much water so far as realizing any good. I shortly afterward read about Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla and bought a bottle. That was eight months ago. I have taken in all six bottles up to the present time and I am permanently cured. I never felt better in my life and gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." ANNIE TAYLOR, care of Mrs. Shiebel, 202 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Hood's Pills are hand made and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. per box.

DR. McNULTY.

CUT THIS OUT.

FOLDING BEDS!

J. F. WEBER & CO.

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