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EZETA TELLS IT.

Story of the Battle of Santa Ana.

CHARGED THE ENEMY ALONE.

His Men Were Too Dazed to Follow.

PANIC SEIZED THEM FOR ITS OWN

His Eyesight Failing as the Result of a Wound Received in the Onward Rush.

General Antonio Ezeta was building castles—maybe not in the air and certainly not in Spain—in his rooms in the California Hotel yesterday afternoon. He sat in an easy chair at one of the windows in deep conversation with Gonzalo Quesada, one of his counsel, while the cooling breezes from the bay served to make even the sweltering afternoon bearable. Out in the anteroom the exile's companions-in-arms were whiling away the time pleasantly enough, apparently undisturbed by the fact that they were an international issue. General Bolanos, next in command to Antonio Ezeta, sat on a cane-seated chair and watched with great interest a checker contest in progress between his colleague, General Colocho, and a deputy United States Marshal, the latter of whom was getting decidedly the worst of it. On the lounge Lieutenant-Colonel Cienfuegos, barely 25, was stretched out at full length. El Capitan Bustamente was having a day dream apparently to his liking, as his face was one pucker of beatific smiles.

General Ezeta had done two things during the morning which helped to while away the monotony. The first was to be photographed with his legal counsel, Messrs. Rubens and Quesada. Secondly he had purchased a pair of gold-rimmed glasses for his suddenly failing sight. And as he toyed them around the index finger of his right hand he thought of the bullet wound in his head which had hastened their use. From the wound to the scene of its reception was a natural retrospect. His eyes flashed as he took it and his hand shot up and tore off the black silk cap which concealed it.

Right on the top of the head in a line with the right eye the bullet which had nearly ended his life and had certainly changed his fortune had torn its way through the thick black hair and the yielding scalp, stopping not till it had splintered the skull and left the warrior's brain exposed to view. It is nearly healed now and the black hair is growing over it, but it is doubtful if the first effects, which are now noticed in the weakened vision, may not be the forerunners of more serious ones.

That wound was received at the battle of Santa Ana on May 3 last and the impressions made on that day of failing fortunes must have been very vivid judging from the manner of General Ezeta as he told the story of the battle. No such connected or intelligible story of that sanguinary struggle has ever been given, and yesterday was the first time the lips of the Salvadoran military leader had been unsealed concerning it.

A strong nervous dilation of the nostrils and an occasional burning glance of the deep black eye were the only signs of the excitement within, otherwise his manner was coolness itself, somewhat accentuated by the straw slippers worn by the narrator.

"At 7 o'clock in the morning," Senor Quesada interpreted for his principal, "May 3, I was at four leagues from Santa Ana with the army. I ordered General Colocho to march with 500 men by the flank; Colonel Costello had the left wing and General Bolanos with myself in the center with the cavalry. We had 2000 men, with light batteries on the wings and heavy Rosenberg artillery in the center. Gutierrez had 7000 men.

"At 9 o'clock fire from the enemy broke on the left wing about 200 meters from the line of battle of the center. About this time I received a dispatch from General Colocho saying he had met the enemy also and asking for re-enforcements. I sent him 100 men under Captain Chica, who died afterward in the engagement. By the time the re-enforcements had reached Colocho General Salgaro attacked him with 1000 men and was repulsed, General Salgaro being shot and killed.

"And," here the general's face lit up, "several telegrams were found in Salgaro's pockets from the Government of Guatemala, telling him that General Gutierrez could have more men from Guatemala and all the guns and ammunition he wanted."

By the time he reached this part of the narrative, the soldier blood became apparent, and the story of the fray flowed so rapidly from his tongue that Counsel Quesada had not time to explain it as he went. General Ezeta was plainly in the saddle again, his sword in hand, cheering his men.

About half an hour after the firing became general, and the two centers of the armies met with a crash at Barranca del Bejuco. Generals Bolanos and Ezeta broke them on their side as General Colocho executed a magnificent flank movement. The enemy was forced to retreat to the second line of defense, which was at a little place called Los Quesadillos. The slaughter at this time is estimated at 400 on both sides.

Retiring at this juncture to prepare dispatches to be telegraphed to President Carlos Ezeta, stating the success that had been gained, the soldiers missed Ezeta and began to murmur that something had happened. The enemy's troops had reformed, too, at this time and were advancing. An aid was dispatched to General Colocho to leave the left wing and come to the support of Bolanco to check the advance. Seeing Colocho going up the enemy made a rapid flank movement and Ezeta's center weakened. Seeing his men about to retreat, leaving their artillery, General Ezeta made one supreme effort to avert the panic.

Spurring his horse among his men he drew his sword and called upon them to follow him. He turned his horse in the direction of the enemy and dashed ahead. Looking backward he saw but few following and, becoming seized with a fury, he rushed headlong to meet the foe alone. He reached with his disengaged hand for his kepi, to rid himself of its weight, when he felt a numbness in his head, a stream of blood in his eyes and he toppled off his steed. A bullet from one of the enemy's guns had laid him low. It had cut off the top of the index finger of his left hand, pierced his kepi and crashed into his skull.

In a moment, however, he regained consciousness and tried to arise. He failed and failed again and as he listened he could hear the trample of the oncoming charge. Aid was at hand, though, and with the assistance of two officers he was placed on another horse. He ordered General Bolanos to charge the enemy, while he managed the retreat of the artillery. This retreat, almost wounded to death as he was, he conducted to Coatepeque and there resigned the command to Bolanos.

That is General Ezeta's story of the last great scene of conflict in which he was engaged. It was told, toward the end, rapidly, as if he was again in the action and there was a touch of despair in his voice as he reached the point where he described how his men refused to follow—a touch of that despair that he must have felt at the time.

For twenty-one days afterward he was confined to bed and then began the journey, the attempt to join forces with Carlos and the train of misfortunes which led to the embarkation at La Libertad, the detention on the Bennington, the arrest and the present imprisonment.

The exiles are taking things easy enough, and no one could gather from their demeanor that they are worried as to the outcome. They really are not. They claim, and their counsel for them, that international law and the facts are on their side, and they do not feel any doubt but that the Government at Washington will take their view of it in time. Awaiting that happy period of deliverance, General Ezeta has gained a very favorable impression of San Francisco from his walks to the courtroom and from his eyrie in the California. He imagines the city is cosmopolitan, and promises himself the pleasure of verifying that impression as soon as circumstances will permit.

Meanwhile the warriors' camp in the California is pleasantly situated, and the exiles pass the hours away as gently as possible, and no one looking at them casually would imagine that the hands which so softly assure the welcome that the lips express ever guided armies to deadly battle. They have, as history shows, and are only another link in the chain which convinces that the hand of steel ofttimes is cased in softest velvet.

And the photograph is one of General Ezeta's ways of showing his appreciation of the efforts of Messrs. Rubens and Quesada in his behalf. He insisted that they should all three be taken in a group, and so it was done. Both the counselors are young men, but both have made their marks in the law, particularly in international cases, and General Ezeta is probably fortunate in having secured their aid.

Attorney Quessada. Antonio Ezeta. Attorney Rubens.

FOR EASTERN CREDITORS.

A Verdict Is Given Against a Local Ice Company.

A verdict against the Consumers' Ice Company of San Francisco for $17,415 27 damages was returned by a jury in the United States Circuit Court yesterday.

The plaintiff in the case was A. B. Meader, trustee for the benefit of creditors of the Blymyer Ice Machine Company, a Cincinnati firm.

For a long time past this suit has been pending in the Circuit Court. It appears from the evidence that the Consumers' Ice Company ordered an ice manufacturing plant for $34,000. About half the money was paid though the machinery was rejected for some reason. Then a suit at law for $18,488 76 damages for not observing the contract was commenced, and after a prolonged legal contest a verdict for nearly the full amount was given yesterday.

Judge Beatty of Idaho sat in place of Judge McKenna and accepted the verdict.

The Material Was Not Paid For.

An action was begun in the Superior Court yesterday by Blyth and Trott against Sarah Hoffer and Benjamin L. Wallace to recover $551 due for lumber and material furnished in making alterations by Wallace, as a contractor, in the building owned by Mrs. Hoffer, on the southwest corner of Turk street and Seymour avenue, or in default of payment to have the judgment for that sum as a lien upon the property.

DAYLIGHT BURGLARIES.

The Hayes Valley Gang Has Resumed Operations.

George Sandow of 210 Waller street and his family spent Sunday afternoon in Golden Gate Park. When they returned to their residence they found that during their absence it had been broken into and thoroughly ransacked.

The contents of bureau drawers and trunks were scattered on the floor, and a careful selection had been made from the parlor and dining-room. The burglars did not apparently want clothing or any bulky articles, but confined themselves to jewelry and money. Mr. Sandow estimates that about $200 worth was stolen, including a number of wedding gifts. He feels the loss of these more than anything else.

An examination showed that entrance had been effected by breaking open one of the windows in the [illegible] of the house.

The police were notified of the burglary, but so far they have been unable to find a clew to the burglars.

Three or four months ago a number of daylight burglaries were committed in Hayes Valley, and the police are inclined to believe that Sandow's burglary was done by the same gang. They are led to this belief by the fact that in every case the stealings were restricted to money and jewelry. It is supposed that the members of the gang are thoroughly conversant with the neighborhood, but they are clever enough to cover up their tracks.

FOR OUR STREETS.

J. D. Phelan's Hints to the Merchants.

He Suggests to Their Association Several Practical Lines of City Improvement.

F. W. Dohrman, president of the Merchants' Association, is in receipt of a lengthy communication from James D. Phelan containing numerous valuable suggestions for the improvement of the city.

The author expresses himself as being heartily in accord with the reform movement originated by the association, and says that in view of his having given much thought to the subject while visiting cities in Europe, he feels capable of judging what improvements are possible at home.

His first suggestion is with regard to the sewer system. In this connection he believes that money could be saved and the best results be secured by entering into an arrangement with Waring, the engineer, who has made a special study of this subject, by which he would come to San Francisco, study the subject and report a practical plan for a sewer system, which could be carried out under the supervision of the local engineers.

In regard to telegraph and other wires Mr. Phelan suggests that all companies using the same should be compelled to put them underground in a conduit, if possible. The longer this is delayed the more expensive it will be on the part of all concerned, and the stronger will be the opposition on the part of corporations which will necessarily be put to some expense.

He further holds that all obstructions on the sidewalks, including newsstands, bootblack-stands and advertising boards, and merchandise exposed by storekeepers in cases or otherwise, should be removed.

He here calls attention to the recent experience of San Jose in this respect. By ordinance the City Council required this to be done. Merchants objected, but it was done nevertheless. Now the merchants agree that they made a mistake in offering any objection, for the improved appearance of streets inviting people to walk abroad is to their advantage and benefit.

He believes that San Francisco should not depend on street-sweeping machines or work periodically done to keep the streets clean. Scavengers should be employed to keep the crossings and roadway clean every hour in the day. In other cities, he says, men go about with hand carts sweeping and shoveling up the debris and carrying it away. This has never been tried here. Merchants should not be allowed to sweep the dirt of their stores into the street, which is now done.

The writer also calls attention to the secret of fine boulevards, such as make attractive many of the Eastern and European cities.

In closing he calls attention to the fact that San Francisco, by reason of its splendid climate, should be a great winter resort, and it would be if the city fathers had a proper care for these considerations—the comfort and the pleasure of citizens and visitors, and the beauty and adornment of the metropolis of the Pacific.

JOHN F. LOHSE DEAD.

A Prominent Pioneer Passes Away at Belvedere.

John F. Lohse died at his residence at Belvedere early yesterday morning after an illness of over three months. His death resulted from kidney and other internal troubles which attacked him toward the end of spring and rapidly undermined his health, until the complicated disorders confined him to his bed. The end was not unexpected, so his family were around him when he passed away.

Mr. Lohse was born in New York City seventy years ago. After some years of experience in business houses of his native city he came to San Francisco in the bark Rising Sun, arriving here September 12, 1849. Sixty enterprising young men, who organized the Rising Sun Association, sailed together on the vessel, and one by one they died until only Lohse was left. Now all of them have passed away.

In California Mr. Lohse worked in the diggings at Hangtown, now known as Placerville, and in 1851 came back to San Francisco and opened a store at Merchant and Sansome streets. In 1857 he visited New York, but returned shortly afterward and made this city his home. He married Miss Emma Charrnand of New York in 1847, who survives him, with two daughters, Mrs. R. C. Hall of this city and Miss Jessie Lohse, and two sons, Charles S. Lohse of Contra Costa County and Santiago Lohse of the City of Mexico.

Conspicuously identified with many public proceedings in the earlier days of San Francisco's history, he became a familiar character, known to a large number of friends as "Uncle John." He was a life member of the Society of California Pioneers and since 1864 was secretary of the California Powder Works.

The remains will be taken to San Rafael this morning, where funeral services will be held at 11 o'clock.

NOT A SAFE DEPOSIT.

What Befell a Stranger's Cash on the Barbary Coast.

Charles Muller, a bartender employed in a saloon on Kearny street, near Washington, was arrested last night on a warrant charging him with embezzlement. The complaining witness is F. D. Bailey, who, according to his own story, must be a very simple-minded countryman.

Bailey alleges that he went into the saloon for a cooling drink Sunday night and offered a gold piece in payment. The bartender had to open the safe for change, whereupon a thought came to Bailey that it would be just the place to leave his money over night. Accordingly, he says, he passed $35 over the counter, and it went into the safe.

When Bailey called for his money yesterday Muller declared he had left none there, and still insists that there is no truth in the story.

Part twenty-six of "Picturesque California" is devoted to several parts of the State. The country around Santa Barbara gets attention as well as that adjacent to Menlo Park. The coast of Mendocino County is given considerable space.

The Boys' Brigade.

To-morrow evening an excellent musical and literary entertainment will be given in Opera Hall, South San Francisco, under the auspices of the Thirty-third San Francisco Company, Boys' Brigade. In addition to two company drills, the first under the command of Lieutenant Jones of the Twenty-fourth Company, and another under the command of Lieutenant A. J. Morrison of the Thirty-third Company, there has been prepared an excellent programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental selections and recitations.

Populists to Ratify.

The People's party will hold a ratification meeting this evening to ratify the nominations on the municipal ticket. A meeting of candidates was held yesterday afternoon to perfect arrangements. E. M. Wardell, chairman of the State Central Committee, has been selected as chairman for the occasion, and invites all nominees on the State and municipal tickets to sit on the platform as vice-presidents.

SOO AND JHARNY.

Korean Diplomats Visit Seal Rocks.

THEY ARE HIGHLY PLEASED.

Bella Baya and Charlie Ross Sang for Them.

THE INTERPRETER WAS IN A FIX

Danger of His Becoming a Casus Belli Averted by an Accident to the Soprano.

Two little, slant-eyed men in curious flowing robes sat on the rails of the balcony at the Cliff House yesterday and flirted with the seals. They were Ye Yang Soo, the Korean Minister to Washington, en route home, and his factotum, Jharny Bong Whan. Their hats were double-deckers, and the coat of Jharny was a sort of combination Prince Albert and Ulster, with duster effects.

Soo was clad in satin brocade, with golden spoons on a green ground, and looked scrumptious. His sparse gray whiskers had that Galwegian droop which is characteristic of content, and the phantom of a smile, which is all Korean etiquette permits, was fixed on his face.

Soo's dignity more than his anatomy was bruised by his encounter with the mining man in Wyoming, who mistook him for a Chinaman, and early yesterday afternoon, drawing about his frame his most costly and least diaphanous robe, he expressed to Jharny his desire to see the sights. At the same time he requested his teetotum to carefully observe if any black and blue spots were traceable through the drapery. They were not, and Jharny's return was soon followed by that of one of T. D. McKay's interpreters.

About 1:30 o'clock they climbed into a hack, the blinds were drawn to keep out the gaze of the curious, and they were soon at Sutro Heights. All the efforts of the interpreter to interest Soo in the statuary, the grounds, or the owner's candidacy for Mayor fell flat. The eremitic diplomat only yawned. Jharny, who hopes to be one some day, yawned in a second-hand sort of echoey way which was very grating.

In despair the interpreter at last bethought him of the seals. Down the grade he took them without saying a word, across the road, through the curio shop, which contained nothing so curious as themselves, and onto the balcony of the Cliff House. The interpreter pointed at the rocks. The visitors looked down and could see only the water lashing up against the wet sides. The interpreter pointed again, and again they looked. This time they were rewarded. The nose of Ben Butler, the oldest denizen of the rocks, appeared. His shiny body soon followed, and as his full length was spread on the rocks the Koreans pointed at him and cried out in glee.

In an instant more noses followed in the wake of Butler and the Koreans became frantic in their expressions of delight. Losing all regard for etiquette, dignity or the aggravating bruises one might have received at a miner's bootheel, the Korean Minister clambered onto the railing. Jharny followed instanter, and both extended their hands for the glass which they knew the interpreter carried. Over the rails swung the feet of Soo and over went those of Jharny. The glass was passed to the Minister, and for the next minute his eyes were bulging close into the lenses. Smile chased smile over his cheeks and rippled beneath his beard, and little chuckles of delight followed each other in rapid succession. And Jharny smiled and chuckled and—fidgeted. He wanted a peep through the binocular, but etiquette forbade and he had to grin and bear it. Then Jharny was afraid of losing his job.

But while the Koreans were in an ecstatic delight, the seals seemed suddenly to be taking an intense interest in the proceedings. Ben Butler rested his wrinkled old nose against the highest point of the rocks and yelped first as if his life depended upon it. Then the dowagers of the happy family joined in in their shrill treble, followed by the tenors and sopranos of the young fathers and beautiful mothers. Even Charlie Ross, the only boy seal soprano, who is quite a high salaried performer, joined in the chorus.

The highly decorated costume of the Korean Minister had evidently done its work. Ben Butler had never been known to act so strangely before and, later on, one of the bystanders was heard to remark that the spoons on Soo's robe might have called up pleasant recollections. At any rate the amphibians were singing, or barking, in the merriest kind of chorus, never seeming to tire and always at the Koreans. And Soo hung on to the binocular and chuckled, and Jharny fidgeted so much more that the interpreter was forced to rush in and hire him a pair of glasses to keep him from jumping overboard. Then Jharny settled down to gaze in rapture on the scene, the chuckles which followed expressing the joy he felt and was not feigning.

An hour passed, the seals disporting, the visitors watching them steadily, while the chorus had given place to all kinds of solos. The interpreter was in despair. He had no authority to compel his charges to come in out of the stiffening breeze, and he relished not the prospect of becoming a casus belli, or something equally horrible, by letting them remain with the chances of consumption. He waited for something favorable to turn up. His despair deepened into unutterable woe when Bella Baya, the Patti of the seal family, struck up an aria. His charges were fairly entranced. There was no chance of their moving while Bella sang or kept in sight. But the vanity of Bella soon settled the question the interpreter could not. After flirting distictly with Soo, from whom she no doubt expected flowers, she seemed desirous of emulating the Italian diva. Perched on the highest point, which Ben Butler had relinquished, she sang like a swan, scaling easily the most difficult vocal flights. She became confident she could outdo Patti. She did. She suddenly slipped from her perilous position, and, striking the sea with an undignified kerflop, vanished. The rest of the family followed instantly, and Soo and Jharny, after gazing wistfully on the holes they had made, were persuaded hotelward.

Last night Soo refused to be seen, but his secretary stated that he was indisposed and would not sail on the China to-day. When asked about the unceremonious handling of his superior on the train in Wyoming his eyes turned up like those of the fish in comic pictures, but his lips denied the story.

Jharny will be a first-class diplomat some day. He has the secret of looking one thing and saying another.

BELLA BAYA STRUCK THE HIGH C.

"WALKED THE PLANK."

Three Policemen Fined—Victory for the Bella Union.

Three patrolmen "walked the plank" at the meeting of the Police Commissioners last night. Ernest F. Bode was charged by Sergeant Reynolds with insubordination and fined $20. John Fleming had to answer to a charge preferred by Sergeant Hanna of neglect of duty and was fined $10. Edward Bellingham, according to Sergeant Birdsall, was not patrolling his beat when the Sergeant wanted to find him and he was called upon to pay a fine of $10.

At the meeting of the Commissioners two weeks ago an application by John F. Brender, bookkeeper of the National Brewery, for a liquor license for the Bella Union on Kearny street was refused. At that time Attorney H. L. Gear and Michael Flood, representing the Anti-Dive League, opposed the application. Last night Carroll Cook appeared before the Commissioners with a bill of sale by Ed Foster to Brendel and a petition signed by twelve property-owners in the block asking that a license be granted. The petition was received and referred to experts to determine the bona fides of the twelve property-owners. Meantime permission was given to sell liquor in the theater, and if the petition is all right the Commissioners will have no other recourse but to grant the license.

MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING.

Frank Klingerfuss Wounded in the Neck at 502 Bush Street.

A mysterious shooting affray occurred about 3 o'clock yesterday morning at the Baltimore House, 502 Bush street. At least there is an apparent desire on the part of the man who was shot to say as little about it as he possibly can.

The man is Frank Klingerfuss, a cracker-baker, and he lives at 1103 Montgomery street. His statement is that George Rodney, a friend, got him to accompany him to 502 Bush street to see a sick friend. While there some one fired a shot at him. Who it was he professes not to know.

The landlord of the house says he was startled by hearing the report of a pistol, and on searching for the cause he found Klingerfuss lying in front of room 37. No one else was to be seen.

Mrs. George Howard, who occupies room 37, says she was awakened by the pistol shot in front of her room. She heard no noise or quarreling prior to or after hearing the shot.

Klingerfuss was taken to the Receiving Hospital, where it was found that the bullet had gone through his neck, inflicting a flesh wound, which was dressed. He asked that Lena Melcher, 128 Tenth street, be sent for, as he was engaged to be married to her. She came and remained with him till he was taken home in a hack, about 10 o'clock yesterday morning. He told her that he did not know who shot him or why he was shot.

Detective Gibson was put on the case, but failed to obtain a clew as to who fired the shot. Gibson says that 502 Bush street is a notorious resort for thieves and bad characters generally.

CORRECT AS TO TIME.

Rev. J. H. Allen Discourses on Biblical Prophecies.

Rev. J. H. Allen is giving a series of lectures at the German Lutheran Church on Mission street. The lecturer endeavored by means of solar and lunar time, counting 365 days for a solar year and 355 for a lunar year to prove that the prophecies of the old and new testaments are correct as regards time. Last evening Mr. Allen took some of the prophecies of the old testament and by use of his mathematical arrangement showed the Bible as correct. He does away with the chronological method of reckoning time and thus he claims that he avoids a great amount of confusion. To-morrow evening he will take up the prophecies of the new testament and treat them in like manner at the close of each meeting. A short revival service is conducted and is meeting with great success.

Died From Alcoholism.

Patrick Allen died at the Receiving Hospital yesterday afternoon. He was taken there last Wednesday suffering from alcoholism and since then remained in a comatose condition till his death. Until recently he ran a grocery and liquor store at 19 Natoma street. He was a man about 55 years of age. The body was removed to the Morgue.

400 CUT PLUG, Best Smoke of All.

DRY GOODS.

Hale Bros. [INCORPORATED] 937, 939, 941 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

"December and May"

Are not wedded in this store. It's all fresh young blood that you'll find here. OUT GO all the novelties this week which were bought for summer trade. IN COME carloads of goods bought for the Fall and Winter trade. We carry no goods over from season to season. That explains THE PRICES THIS LAST WEEK OF THE CLEARANCE SALE. We've bought more Dress Goods for the coming season than any other merchants on the Coast. That explains the other low prices given herewith.

Clearance Prices

(See last Sunday's papers for more complete list).

FLANNELETTES, 12½c kind, light colors ... 8c yard	VEILING, black or colored, fancy mesh ... 10c yard
SILK STRIPE GINGHAMS, 45c kind ... 25c yard	LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS, worth 3 for 50c ... 8½c each
ZEPHYR GINGHAMS, 25c kind ... 15c yard	FRENCH BASTING COTTON ... 1½c spool
UNBLEACHED CANTON, 8½c value, 6c yard	DRESS SHIELDS, large size ... 9c each
FANCY FLOWERED SWISS, a pretty 25c a yard curtain material ... 15c yard	FINE JAPANESE FANS ... 10c each
CHENILLE PORTIERES, 3 yards long ... $2 35 pair	LEAD PENCILS, nickel and rubber tips ... 1c each
BROWN MIXED COTTON SOX ... 10c pair	WHISK BROOMS, (15c size) ... 6c each
MEN'S WOOL HALF HOSE ... 16⅔c pair	LADIES' PERCALE WAISTS, ruffle over shoulder ... 35c each
MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS (unlaundered) ... 35c each	LADIES' COTTON VESTS, Jersey ribbed ... 25c each
MEN'S MUSLIN GOWNS (heavy quality) ... 59c each	INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S VELVET AND EIDER-DOWN BONNETS, 25c each

New Fall Dress Goods.

FANCY TWO-TONED CHECKED CHEVIOTS, 36 inches, all wool, heavy quality, in many pleasing color combinations, such as golden brown and black, green and red (new shades)	45c Yard	NOVELTY SUITINGS, Jacquard patterns, on whipcord ground, new French effects, plain colors, new shades of blues, browns, reds, green, gray, etc.	$1.00 Yard
TWO-TONED JACQUARD NOVELTY, 38 inches wide, all wool. This is a domestic product, in perfect imitation of this season's Paris and Berlin patterns; seven combinations	50c Yard	FANCY WOOL AND MOHAIR SUITING, 46 inches wide. The new patterns woven in mohair look like silk; one of the most beautiful fabrics yet received; indigo blue and black only	$1.25 Yard
PLAIN COLORED JACQUARD SUITINGS, all wool, 44 inches wide, the newest colorings and Jacquard patterns, worth 90c or $1, marked	75c Yard	SOUDAN SUITINGS, 38 inches, two-toned effects, two patterns, each in a dozen lovely colors; the wool threads have silk effect	75c Yard

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

These last three days of the great sale will be devoted to selling of we don't know how many THOUSANDS OF REMNANTS, the natural accumulation resulting from weeks of bargain giving. We are marking them now Every department represented. See particulars in next Thursday's papers.

A Smart Judge

Of good values in FURNITURE would find it hard to criticise this CABINET and the price, $19.50, solid oak, French bevel mirror, combination desk and library case.

Not what you want? Then we'll find it sure on one of our 5 floors—"South-of-Market-St." prices on all.

INDIANAPOLIS FURNITURE CO., FURNITURE AND CARPETS, 750 Mission St. BET. THIRD AND FOURTH.

SCIENTIFIC BERTELING OPTICIAN 427 KEARNEY ST

Is THE VERY BEST ONE TO EXAMINE YOUR eyes and fit them to Spectacles or Eyeglasses with instruments of his own invention, whose superiority has not been equaled. My success has been due to the merits of my work.

Office Hours—12 to 4 P. M.

SUNSET TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO. New Telephone Offices Opened. PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH SAN LUIS Obispo, Templeton, Paso Robles and all intermediate points. We have just extended our long-distance metallic copper lines to the above points, and have established the following switching tariff between San Francisco and San Luis Obispo:

Half minute ... 50c
One minute ... $1 00
Each additional 10 seconds ... 5c

The time will be charged from the time the conversation between the two subscribers actually commences, recorded upon our office ticket by a time-clock stamp in addition to a stop-watch, giving the number of minutes and seconds until the conversation ends. Non-subscribers' tariff 10 cents in addition to each of the above rates.

The mail is quick, the telegraph is quicker, but the long-distance telephone is instantaneous and you do not have to wait for an answer.

JOHN I. SABIN, President.

TRADE N.B. MARK

THE STANDARD SHIRTS ASK NO ODDS

From any rivals that come across the mountains, but stand on their own merits. There are NONE BETTER—quality, style, fit, finish and price all considered. That it is made at home—by your fellow-citizens, is an additional claim on your patronage.

Up-to-date dressers and patriotic citizens, ask your dealers for

STANDARD WHITE AND PERCALE SHIRTS

SECOND-HAND HORSE-CARS

AND LOCOMOTIVES WANTED FOR SOUTH America. PETER BACIGALUPI, Phonographic Arcade, 946 Market (Baldwin bldg).

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