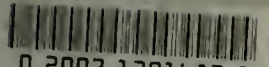


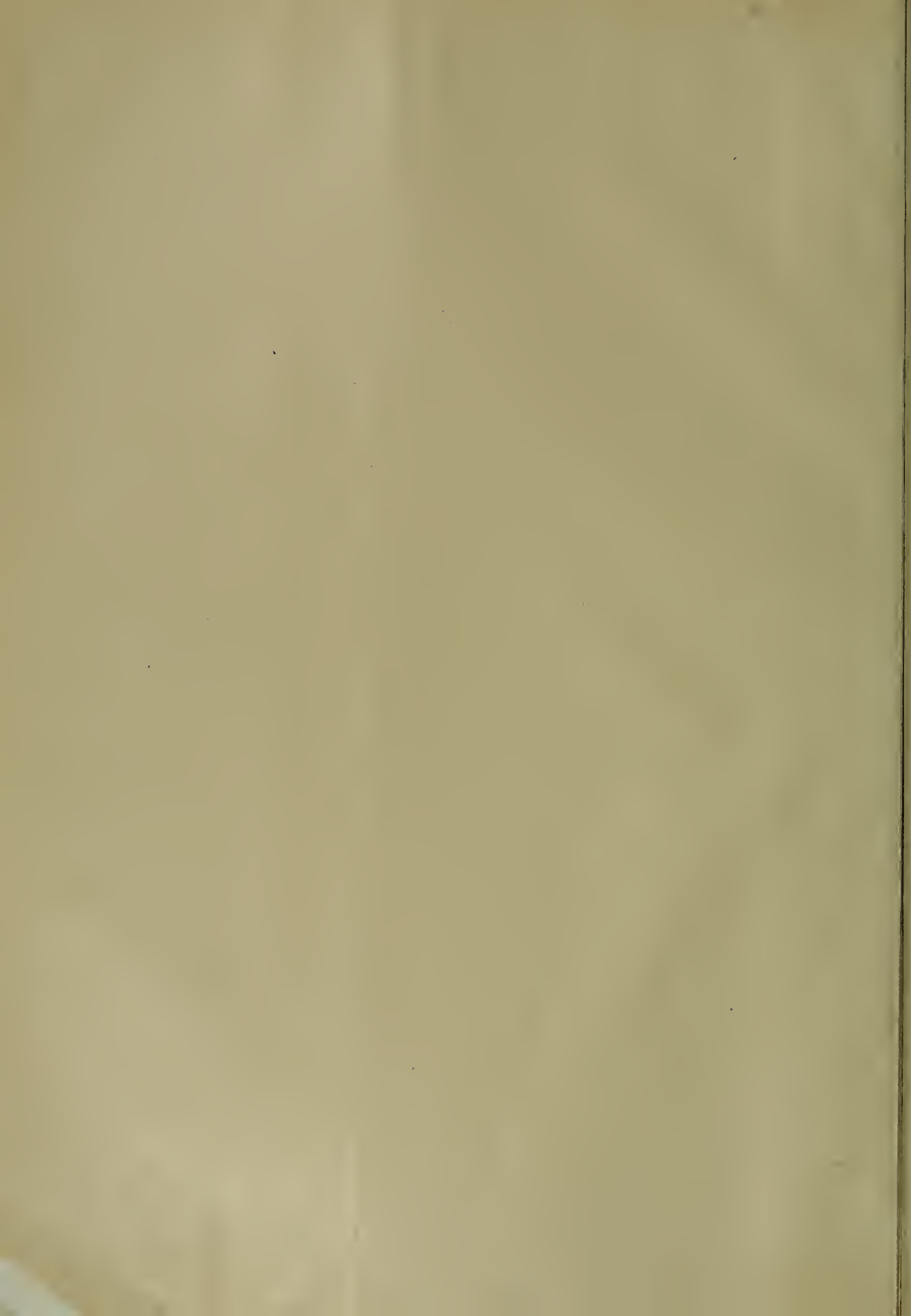
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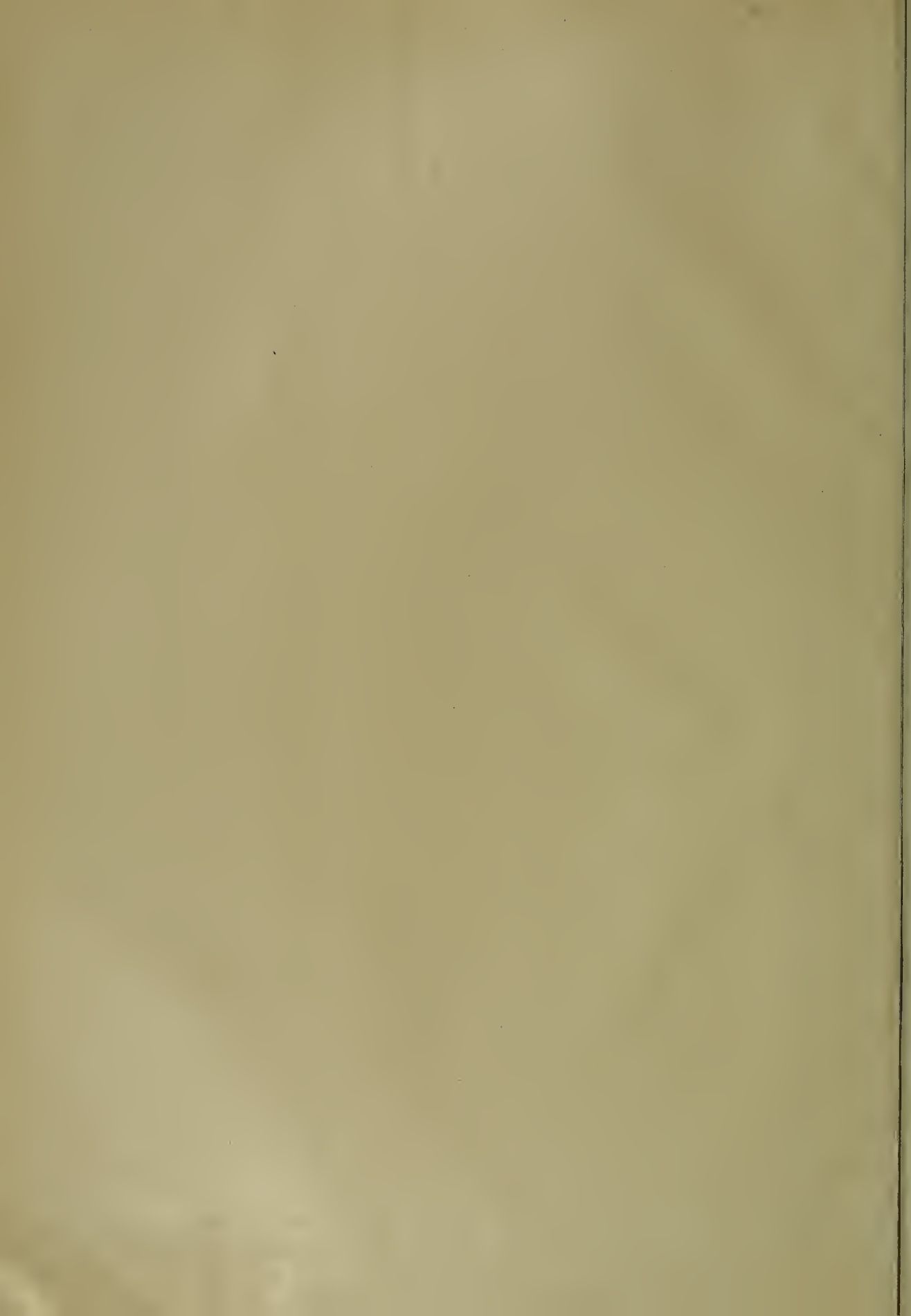


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SAN FRANCISCO
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NEWS LETTER
California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 2, 1897.

Number 1.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
tion and advertising rates.

THE New Year is greeted hopefully by many a man who believes it cannot bring him worse luck than he had in 1896.

THE excommunication of Tolstoi by the Holy Synod of the Greek church may be expected to have about as much effect as the famous ban laid upon the jackdaw of Rheims.

GOVERNOR BUDD favors some radical changes in the laws relative to the commitment of insane persons, and to the management of the State asylums. It is high time for some remedial legislation in this respect.

THE late train-wrecking in Alabama, with its awful loss of life, indicates not only the necessity of making this atrocious crime punishable with death, but also the need of a rigorous enforcement of the penalty. A due regard for the safety of the public makes this imperative.

REAL estate men say, with good reason, that there was never a better time than this for investment in San Francisco. Property has suffered a downward tendency for three years past, but the indications are now decidedly favorable for a general improvement in this regard.

ACCORDING to reports received by the State Board of Trade, more people are coming into California this winter than for many years past. This is gratifying intelligence. With this immigration of homeseekers, and improved prices for wheat, land values should rise and there should be a general return of prosperity.

THE learned gentlemen who attempt to substitute reason and analysis for authority and faith, as foundations for the Christian religion, merely create alarm and uncertainty where before there was serene, if unthinking, confidence and belief. It is but a step from the so-called "rational" Christianity to complete agnosticism.

ATREATY of arbitration between England and America, if agreed upon as reported, will rank as one of the most notable achievements of the present Administration. It may not be an absolute safeguard against war, but it gives to both countries assurances of a long continuance of their present peaceful relations.

THERE is bitter complaint in Germany that the aristocracy have a monopoly of official positions in the civil service, as well as in the army and navy. The mutterings of discontent among the masses, and the rapid growth of socialism and democracy, indicate that the imperial Government is more in danger from the German people than from its foreign enemies.

THE experiment of rural mail delivery is shortly to be tried in a district of Santa Clara county, by order of the postal authorities. Should the results be satisfactory, farmers and fruit growers in all well populated localities will, we hope, be afforded the same facilities. They are entitled to all the conveniences the Government may be enabled to furnish.

IT is not always wise to give advice about making money, but to those who are seeking a profitable rural industry it seems perfectly safe to recommend the cultivation of the orange in suitable localities of Northern California. The fruit matures so early, in the foothills of this division of the State, that it comes into market in November, thus securing to the grower much better prices than can be had for the bulk of the Southern California crop.

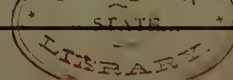
NEWs comes from Berlin that three hundred German factories have resumed work, in consequence of the election of McKinley. This is rather curious. His victory, the Protectionists assured us, would reopen the mills and factories in this country—not in Europe. The explanation may be that the German manufacturers expect to sell goods in America, despite the tariff, and to get their pay in sound money.

THE low price of silver has led to increase of gold mining in Nevada, where many promising auriferous properties are being developed. It is of course well known that a large percentage of the Comstock bullion has been gold, but Nevada has been generally regarded as identified with the one great mining interest of silver. In the future, however, it may be that her output of gold will exceed that of the white metal.

THE darkest blot in the history of California politics is undoubtedly the treachery of U. S. Senator George C. Perkins towards the Hon. James C. Waymire, in not exerting his influence to secure for him, as California's representative, a position to McKinley's cabinet. Judge Waymire has hosts of friends in this State who had hoped to see him thus honored in return for his invaluable services to his party. A better man could not be found, and that he has been turned down by the delegation at Washington goes far to prove that Senator Perkins is unaware of the desires of the party he is supposed to represent, and with which he is expected to be in accord.

IF such sensational journals as the Examiner could be believed, a large part of the business of the American courts consists in invalidating laws on the pretense that they are unconstitutional, the true reason being that the acts in question do not suit the judges. There is very little foundation for such sweeping strictures. It would be wholly useless to have written constitutions, unless their terms are to be enforced, and necessarily this power can be exercised only through the courts. If judges are not to follow their honest opinions, and are to be governed by popular sentiment of the clamor of newspapers, our constitutions would better be abolished altogether.

THE grave charges preferred by Mr. Frank Schmidt against those in authority at the City and County Hospital, and accusing certain doctors there (whose names are unfortunately unknown) of improperly treating and insulting his wife while undergoing an operation, must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Not only the press of this city, but also all reputable practitioners, should demand that the matter be looked into immediately and that the guilty parties, if convicted upon investigation, receive commensurate punishment. The City and County Hospital has long been little less than a disgrace to the city, and if it be true that defenceless women are insulted there, then the whole management must be changed. As taxpayers, we have a right to demand it.



Truth About Our Farmers. The Bryanite orators during the late campaign worked the country into almost sadness over the condition of the Western farmers. On the highest official authority, we now know that there was more fiction than fact in the oratory of that time. The report of the Secretary of Agriculture, just issued, tells us that seventy-two per cent of the farms in the United States, occupied by their owners, are absolutely free from mortgages or other incumbrances, and that three-fourths of the borrowings have gone either for the purchase of farms or their improvement. The West and South, he shows, are comparatively free from mortgages, and that it is the older and poorer farms along the north Atlantic that are in debt. This is particularly true of New Jersey, which, in proportion to its farm values, carries a greater burden of indebtedness than any other State in the union. The recent claims that the farmers are almost universally in debt, despondent and suffering, the Secretary declares to be without any foundation, a belittlement of agriculture, and an indignity to every intelligent and practical farmer. The tillers of the soil, he says, are not mendicants, nor wards of the Government, to be treated to annuities, but the representatives of the oldest, most honorable, and most essential occupation of the human race, upon which all other vocations depend for subsistence and prosperity. Farmers are proverbially grumblers, and as such, too frequently mislead people not over familiar with their ways. Most of them have a snug little sum put away to meet any emergency, and with those who have not there is no need to waste sympathy. The man who has a farm fairly well stocked is about as securely and certainly provided for as any man can be in this world. He can live on his own, even though he see not a dollar of money. City life has its charms for men who like excitement, more or less unhealthy, but for sober satisfaction and true comfort the life of the husbandman is much to be preferred. Nowhere else in this wide world are his lines cast in more pleasant places than in this fair California of ours.

Who Shall Be Our Senator? The loyalty of Californians to deserving Californians is proverbial. This is probably due to the fact that, as a rule, Californians are hard workers, and struggles that culminate in success are ever respected. Few of our leading men were nursed in the lap of luxury; nearly all of them have swung themselves into prominence by continued application. With our young men to-day this is as much a truth as it was of their sires in the days of '49. And the young men are the Jones, especially in politics, who are to the fore at present. In the Republican party there are many young men worthy and able of taking a position beside the Honorable Stephen M. White in the United States Senate. It only remains to be settled which one is most worthy of being sent there.

We run through with pride the recognition extended in the past to such men as Sargent, Miller, Williams, Felton, all men of strong individuality. Then comes Perkins, who has been honored as Governor and Senator, but has always filled his positions with indifference, and has never been bold enough a statesman to carry the confidence of his whole State. He has always had about him a little clique or private combination that he makes use of, and whom he has always repaid with some small place, or, more frequently, with a promise unfulfilled. In the last campaign he was unmindful of the pre-eminent and all-absorbing consideration that was McKinley and Hobart, and almost lost the State to the Party by getting up dissensions in trying to pledge the various County delegations to him for United States Senator. In little or nothing did he advance the cause of the general ticket, either by personal effort or by contribution. In the last, as in other campaigns, he withheld himself, to use a common expression, to see which way the cat was going to jump, before he became active. Whenever he thought that the Republican party would be successful, then with a great hurrah and fuss and feathers he suddenly appeared upon the scene, and attempted to convey the impression that he had been doing everything necessary to carry the whole campaign.

By singular contrast, we can name numbers of men who have been unselfishly devoted to the Republican party,

and who for years have served it in season and out of season, and who served it best when success seemed most doubtful. They were stimulated by the very possibility to their best efforts on account of impending defeat, and all for the love of party without the hope of reward, save the pride of party success. We recall a few instances of men who were not only prominent in the last campaign, but also in the campaigns of the last fifteen years. George Knight, General Barnes, General Chipman, Samuel M. Shortridge, Judge Carpenter, Frank Coombs, Colonel John P. Jackson, Judge James A. Waymire, Henry C. Dibble, Colonel H. I. Kowalsky, Hon. Frank McGowan, and others too numerous to mention. All of these gentlemen have labored unselfishly for the success of their party. And when a party has so many prominent men, such as those whose names we have just mentioned, and whose loyalty to the cause has gained them the love of the entire party throughout the State, we naturally look to the selection of one of their number as the man whom the party can best afford to appoint to do it honor as against the selfish cormorant who seeks to honor himself. Some of the men we mentioned, we think, are justly ambitious and should be recognized, and if the members of the present Legislature should see fit to honor, for instance, the Honorable Samuel M. Shortridge with the position of United States Senator, this State of California would feel that one of its brainiest and manliest representatives had been justly chosen. We purposely select the name of Mr. Shortridge because we have heard him spoken of for this position, and because California would have in him a champion and a defender after her own heart, and one equal to the best talent now occupying like positions from other States. But whoever the Legislature selects, whether one of the gentlemen just mentioned or some other worthy person not yet spoken of, we will feel that it has done much towards striking down a selfish and unworthy man. We feel forced to say in conclusion that no matter who votes for the Honorable George C. Perkins for United States Senator, that there is one man more than others who cannot vote for him and yet maintain his self-respect, letting alone holding the esteem of his friends and neighbors. That man is Judge James A. Waymire.

The Writing On The Wall. It behooves the merchants of this city to bestir themselves if they do not wish to see what little trade is still theirs diverted by the more enterprising cities in this State. We refer more especially to the city of Los Angeles, which is rapidly becoming a rival to San Francisco in more senses of the word than one. That the rivalry is friendly makes it none the less dangerous. A city rises in importance according to the amount of business done in its limits. Its progress is determined by the enterprise and success of its individual merchants. Commercial apathy means ultimate ruin. The NEWS LETTER, while having the interests of all California at heart, is mainly interested in San Francisco and would gladly see it maintain that supremacy which has hitherto been accorded it. We repeat, however, that our title to this supremacy is being undermined by the sister city above mentioned, and unless our business men bestir themselves the commercial laurels may not much longer be ours. While our merchants sit in their dusty offices and complain about hard times, those of Los Angeles are busy attending to business or engaged in drumming it up. While five houses in nearly every one of our blocks are empty and idle, new buildings, imposing and substantially constructed, are springing up everywhere in the sister city. The general feeling about the place is one of energy and bustle and those who complain are usually the idlers found in every community. A message is being writ upon our walls. Will our merchants decipher and understand it in time? Or are they willing that the days of this great city, so rich in glorious possibilities, should be numbered?

There all the Honor Lies. It was a well-earned honor which has just been tendered the Hon. Alexander K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, in the form of a public dinner, upon his completion of half a century's continuous labor in the field of journalism—a testimonial gained by the most arduous work and most faithful public service. Colonel McClure is secure in the

title of the Nestor of Pennsylvania journalism. Indeed, no living editor exceeds his length of service in this country, except Mr. Dana of the New York Sun, and he by only two or three years. Few, living or dead, have completed fifty consecutive years in the same profession. Colonel McClure was born in 1828, and is therefore not an old man yet. His life work was begun by the establishment of a country newspaper in Perry County, Pennsylvania, in 1846. He has lived in a period of the greatest historical importance, and of stupendous achievement in all lines of progress, which gave wide scope to his great ability. The friend and co-worker of Lincoln, of Grant, of the great war Governor Curtin of his own State, and of all the noted men of his time, Colonel McClure and his paper have accepted the full share in the struggles of the nation in war and politics. It was natural, therefore, that Governors, Senators, Congressmen, and public servants generally, should have met to honor him and testify their appreciation of his character. Officers and individuals, policies and parties, have risen in their turn, left their imprint on the pages of history, more or less indelibly, and have passed away since he began the career which has brought him fame and honor, but his paper still remains, a power in our national life, and an evidence of the pre-eminence of his calling over mere politics. One note in his eloquent speech of acknowledgment is the key to his success, and voices a sentiment worthy of the attention of every journalist. He said: "I have long held that the responsible direction of a widely read and respected newspaper is the highest trust under our free Government. I do not thus speak of it to claim for it honors that may be questioned, but to present the oppressive responsibilities which rest upon those who are to-day educating a nation of seventy millions of people under a Government where every citizen is a sovereign, and where the people hold in their own hands the destiny of the greatest republic of the world." Great thoughts are in those few words. The general adoption of their timely suggestions by those who control the press would raise the moral tone of the nation by leaps and bounds. Long may the genial Colonel live to set an example of clean, sturdy, patriotic journalism before his brethren of the pen.

A History-Making Epoch. One who reads the news of the world from day to day, with its gradual movement here and there, scarcely realizes the momentous changes which are taking place. But let him sum up the events of a few years and add those which are transpiring, and he must be impressed with the fact that we are living in a rapid, history-making period. Looking no farther back than the Chinese-Japanese war, let us see what events of importance the short space includes merely in the world's political history. To begin with, we note the development of two Oriental nations into important powers; the absorption of Formosa by Japan, and the independence of Corea. Russia's desire for a better foot-hold on the Pacific, and her jealousy of Japan are prophetic of still greater changes in that region in the near future. It may culminate in a seizure of Chinese territory or a war with Japan, or both. The French are practically forced out of Egypt, and the Sudan is rapidly falling under English rule. Southern and Central Africa are being explored and colonized, while the Madagascar of the Hovas is already a French possession. The concert of Europe has declared that Turkey must sink to the level of a ward of the Powers, with a continual threat of dismemberment hanging over her. The troubles of Spain are no small item in the general shaking up. Cuba, so long her much-abused colony, may try her hand at self-government. The Pearl of the Antilles might have been a polished pearl to-day, instead of the rough gem she is, if her fate had been in the hands of a more progressive power than Spain. The Philippine Islands are another proof of the same truth. There are 1400 of the islands, large and small, with an area of 115,000 square miles. They have a splendid climate, and are capable of vast development. They have belonged to Spain for three centuries, and to-day Spain cannot report their flora and fauna, their geological formation, nor even their population. She may now lose them—it is to be hoped she will—and when she does there will be a lively scramble for them, with Russia and Japan foremost in the race. Spain her-

self is threatened with revolution at home, and may yet become a Carlist Republic. The fate of Hawaii must soon be settled through American influence. Will it be a Republic, one of the United States, or a county of California? One of these three conditions seems to be its destiny. Before 1900, all the impending changes we have noted must be worked out, with others, perhaps, which have not yet given evidence of their coming. When they are complete, what a stirring history can be written of the comparatively peaceful decade with which the century closes!

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MEN WHO POSE AS MINING PROMOTERS.

MINING is again a popular fad in San Francisco, and for the time being every one who can make a connection of some kind with a movement which suggests the possibility of cleaning up a rapid fortune on a magnificent scale does so. Report has it that money is being made in the business, and this is enough to change the occupations of a large portion of the community which never proposes to let a chance escape to make a dollar, provided the chance does not involve any pecuniary outlay upon its own part. All that has to be done now, according to the views of many, is to get control of a piece of mining ground for a nominal sum, and in turn dispose of it to some stranger, who later on is inveigled into the bargain by the promoter whose services have been enlisted for the occasion.

During the coming year it is fondly expected that an army of men in search of California mines will invade the State. This belief is established beyond doubt in the minds of many by the millions which have been changing hands daily of late in mining transactions. It doesn't matter that the bulk of the sales are merely on paper. They loom up large, and that is enough to excite the acquisitive soul hungering after a wealth which has been too long coming in the past. To meet the demand for mines, every hole in the ground from Siskiyou to San Diego has been inspected, and old records have been burnished up in a manner which dims effectually that portion hearing upon failure in the past. If good intentions count for anything, the entire ownership of the State in everything which pertains to mineral deposits will change hands during the coming twelve months.

In order to facilitate matters, new mining companies are now being incorporated at a rate which is astonishing. The incorporators represent all classes, and consist in the main of men who know as much about a mine as it is likely to do about them. The weaving spider, however, is behind each and all of these apparently innocent-looking little associations of honest citizens. The man of affairs controlling the destiny of schemes launches with an airy capital of floating millions, which it is proposed to solidify into cold, hard coin of the republic under the fostering manipulation of the master mind.

A motley crowd, it would appear, were the various occupations of new mining corporations segregated. All trades are represented, and for that matter every walk in life, no matter how humble it may be. Shares take the form of a lottery ticket with the promise of fortune on an equally elaborate scale. A few of the companies represented start out with a *bona-fide* intention of seeking this fortune by legitimate work, and with chances for success in their case, while the others base their hopes of profit solely upon a sale to some liberally disposed buyer.

The so-called promoters of mining sales here and in all the leading markets of the old and new world are alive to the situation. Voluminous correspondence goes on between them, the objective point in all cases being to provide alluring bait for the trap set for the unwary investor. The latter does not know, of course, that when it comes down to million dollar propositions California, even with all her store of gold, cannot produce more than half-a-dozen mines of the class, and that when they are marketed the itinerant peddler will not be engaged in the sale. For this reason he proves an easy victim to the alluring tales of ready-made bonanzas which do not exist, and turns his fortune over as plunder to the promoter and his clique of assistants.

This city is simply alive with these sharks. Montgomery street is lined with them from early morning until the shadows fall and the mining offices close as a matter of economy in gas bills. Their game is the man from London or the East, the sleek, well-fed looking heavy-weight, who poses as confidential man of world-renowned banking firms. A nod from this great man to one of the hungry-eyed parasites waiting to get an audience, is enough to bring down upon his head an anathema maranatha strong in feeling as it may be in invective.

These imported accessories before the fact in the slaughter of innocents abroad, like any other class of financial operator, can be summed up as good, had, and indifferent, with the good, as usual, in a very hopeless minority. The men of the latter type are difficult to reach.

They are out of range of the mob, and keep there as much as possible. When you meet them you find a gentleman, and one who is well versed in every detail of the business in which he is engaged. He does not find it necessary to air his strong connections abroad, but any statements he may make, or arrangements, can be depended upon.

The pompous, arrogant, self-sufficient, and loud-talking representative of the class can be safely catalogued indifferent. He has just brains enough to make a thorough-going ass of himself, and not enough to make him dangerous to any one but himself. He knows all about mining, and can afford, from his lofty perch of superiority, to sneer at anything which does not suit his views or meet with his approval. This type of promoter is over plentiful just now; mostly foreign; is short-lived, however, fortunately, and apt to get mad at a moment's notice, and kick himself out of the State by mistake, to the satisfaction of all who happened to come in contact with him.

The "had" promoter, as he is now in evidence, is a suave article. With a record for villainy in the past, this species is looked to for the assistance which experience promises in carrying out some nefarious operations. A sneak of the lower order, he can be depended upon just so long as it pays to be true to any side. Mean enough for a spy, tout, or any other qualification of low-class rascality, involving doctored reports, salted mines, with a bogus reputation as a mining expert, the smiling sycophant rubs shoulders with honest men, a living example of unjailed corruption, an offense to public decency and morality. Knowing absolutely nothing of the mining profession by practical experience, and caring less, the sole forte of this predatory scamp is a brazen effrontery which imposes upon his victims, who, carried away by plausible statements of profits in store, only awaken from a spell cast over them to find they have fallen a prey to the slick confidence operator. Sometimes the "had" operator gets involved in the toils of law, but Justice invariably finds him a raw customer to deal with, and he is set free to pursue his way to a fortune which, when attained, is salve enough for a conscience unaffected by the finger of public scorn.

The less harmful type is the gentlemanly-garbed individual of professedly scientific attainments, who comes here backed by a syndicate ready to invest millions upon his word. Some of this class have money supplied them from some quarter, which enables them to travel about in good style, and perfect their education, if inclined that way, by inspecting mines. This very nice position ends, of course, when the mistake is made of approving a property and suggesting its purchase. But, on the other hand, not a few of the class are impecunious, and the first chance for employment affords an opportunity to demand money for expenses. A poor chance is, however, afforded in this State for a game of that kind just now, the honest mine-owner being more interested in raking in cash than in paying any out.

Another hatch of the syndicated advance agents is backed with money by what are known as development companies. The soft point with these gentlemen is a desire to get a showy mining property for a comparatively small sum of money, which will stand inflation for stock-jobbing purposes on the other side—of the Rockies or Atlantic, as the case may be. The elastic proportions of a property of this class is to be gauged entirely by the amount of ore which can be figured up in evidence as a standard for possible dividends in the future. In this way a mine bought at a premium of \$500,000 is widened out to a couple of million when it reaches the dearly beloved who provide the necessary funds. The investors in a case of this kind take the chances, it might be added, and the promoters the coin.

In view, therefore, of the vast number of irresponsibles attracted to the business temporarily, it will be wise for the owners of valuable mines to be careful with whom they deal if they intend to take advantage of the opportunities now offering in the market. In the hands of any of our old-time mining men of good repute they are safe. But with strangers, the man who objects to having his credentials scrutinized, and who is unknown, by letter or otherwise, to local hankers or men of prominence, should be ignored, no matter how tempting the proposition he may advance.

JOHN FINLAY.

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY CITRUS FAIR.

THE possibilities of California are being gradually discovered. Last week a grand Citrus Fair was held in Fresno, in which all the counties, from San Joaquin to Kern, were represented in the exhibit of citrus fruits. The Fair was an out-and-out success, and has attracted much attention on account of the fine exhibits made by some of the leading firms of this State. Every county in the San Joaquin Valley was handsomely represented in citrus and other semi-tropic fruits, and a majority of them in great abundance.

The possibilities of this great valley are varied and immense. Fresno County made the first advance in raisin culture, and has kept well to the front. It has become universally recognized as the "Raisin Center." This county has raised and shipped more raisins during the past ten years than all the balance of the State combined, and California is the only State in the Union where they are produced.

Among the many exhibits of raisins, that of the Eagle Packing Company, winner of the first premium at the Columbian Exposition, under the management of Noble Brothers, was most prominent. This firm is responsible for much of Fresno's fame abroad, and one cannot wonder at it, when confronted with such an exhibit of raisins, packed in a variety of excellent styles, and bearing an artistic "Bird of Freedom" as a trade-mark.

Marshall & Wilson, of the Fresno Nursery, were also to the front, with their name and business exquisitely inscribed in dried fruits, on a background of raisins, with a large fruit cross, in imitation of variegated marble, in the center of the design. It bespeaks the quality of their products, and will be sent to the Hamburg Exposition.

A fine display was also made by Serapian Bros. of dried fruits, citrus fruits, and raisins. They are extensive growers, packers, and shippers of these products, and of figs. Their enterprise was illustrated, two years ago, in the starting of overland mule transportation to San Francisco, in opposition to the railroad.

Another handsome exhibit, and one which attracted much attention, was that of the St. George Vineyard. The St. George is one of the oldest, largest, and best appointed wineries in the State, and the wine produced there is rapidly becoming a favorite, owing to the undeviating qualities of purity and general excellence.

The Citrus Fair has done much to advertise California in a legitimate manner, and its promoters deserve a large amount of praise for the untiring energy they displayed, and which has made of the Fair an unqualified success.

ONE of the public benefactors of Los Angeles has lately been visiting this city. This gentleman is Mr. G. J. Griffith, who gave that city what is probably the largest park in the world, as it comprises over 3000 acres. The park lies one mile north of the north line of Los Angeles, and is an absolutely ideal spot. The gift was a most generous one, as the land is worth a fortune in itself. Mr. Griffith, however, is a gentleman whose enterprise has made him the possessor of millions, and this last gift will gain for him the love of an entire city. One stipulation made with the gift is that no car line running to the park shall be allowed to charge more than five cents for each trip. It will thus become the most popular of all the recreation grounds of beautiful Los Angeles. It is to be hoped that Mr. Griffith will be permitted a long life to enjoy the popularity he has so justly earned.

Eastward Through The Rockies.

The traveler, tourist, or business man is wise when he selects the Rio Grande Western Railway "Great Salt Lake Route" for his route to the East. It is the only trans-continental line passing directly through Salt Lake City, and in addition to the glimpse it affords of the Teuple City, the Great Salt Lake, and the picturesque Salt Lake and Utah Valleys, it offers the choice of three distinct routes through the mountains and the most magnificent scenery in the world. Double daily train service and through Pullman and Tourist sleeping cars between Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, and Chicago. Mouday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, of each week, Pullman Tourist cars are run from Los Angeles to Boston via Chicago, without change.

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For Bilious and Nervous disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. **THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.** This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

Weak Stomach

Impaired Digestion

Disordered Liver

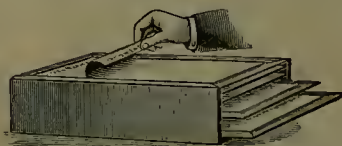
they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes.

25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.

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Be sure LAWTON & CO. S name is on the directions for use.



NO leader of cotillions, manager of private theatricals and frequent diner-out is more popular in society circles than big Ray Sberman who a few years ago, in addition to his social accomplishments, was the football idol of the State University. During part of the Christmas holidays he was a guest at a Marin County house party. On the morning fixed for his return to the city, while wearing a new suit of tweed, made expressly for this visit and somewhat hurriedly put together, he had the misfortune in vaulting over a fence, to split open a long seam in his trousers. The only other costume he had with him was his evening dress, and he could not very well travel homeward in his swallow-tail coat, especially as he was to accompany two young ladies, who were also guests at the same house. During his college days Ray had in emergencies, learned to use his needle, so hurrying to his room, he gathered together the ends of the rent and sewed it up as best he could. This amateur expedient served its purpose so long as Sherman remained in a standing position. But, having neglected to insert a piece of cloth in the rent, when he took his seat in the carriage to be driven to the train, he was horrified to bear an ominous report like the breaking up of a glacier in the spring.

"What's that?" asked one of the startled girls.

Ray knew only too well that the long seam had reopened, but he tried to look unconscious and suggested that it was probably the effect of the rain on the trees. He had no overcoat to cover the weak spot in his armor, so he had to stand up against the wall of the little railway station and when the party boarded the train, Sherman backed away from the train with the politeness of a Chesterfield of the old school. That trip to town was a memorable one to the wretched Ray, and aged him more than the invention of forty new figures for the German. His misery was partially alleviated when on the ferry he fortunately encountered a friend, whom he forcibly despoiled of an overcoat to hide the cause of his woe. The worst of it all was that the girls somehow discovered the cause of their escort's unhappiness and the story was too good to keep. They smile now when Sherman boldly turns his back and walks calmly away from them.

* * *

One peculiarity about Willie K. Ball, the art connoisseur and society favorite, is his delight in accomplishments which are usually deemed purely feminine. He uses the needle and the crochet hook deftly, and frequently presents to admiring lady friends samples of his skill in fine sewing and embroidery. As may be imagined, these idiosyncracies do not generally endear Ball to men at first glance, although he has a wide circle of intimates whom he periodically invites to entertainments at his rooms. He gave a holiday card party, at which a dozen men were present, and when the throats of all were parched with many cigarettes, his historian relates that Ball produced a one quart bottle of beer, while two dozen eyes anxiously followed the movements of the host. Placing the bottle on the table with a bang, Willie turned to his guests in a spirit of true hospitality.

"See here," he said. "This is Christmas week, and you fellows don't get home until you drink every drop of that."

* * *

"Peck" Eppinger is chiefly remarkable for the good times he has, and the young merchant obtained his *soubriquet* in the gay Bohemian circles which he frequents. He celebrated one particular night of the holidays in right royal style, and every individual who crossed his path quaffed champagne at "Peck's" expense. His culminating act of entertainment was the scattering of gold coins among the scrambling crowd who surrounded his carriage as he started from one resort to another. As he was about to depart, a policeman thoughtlessly appeared on

the scene, and as "Peck" considered this intrusion a personal reflection, he displayed such forcible resentment that the cop uninvited entered Eppinger's carriage and accompanied him, despite his protests, to the nearest police station. After the little matter of bailing him out had been accomplished through the offices of a faithful friend, the latter ordered the cabman to drive directly to the Eppinger home. "Peck" objected so strenuously to this arrangement that his friend was constrained to break "Peck's" walking stick over its owner's head, which discipline reduced the festive Eppinger to as meek a state of compliance as could be desired. With an aching head and an indistinct recollection of the manner in which he had received his injuries, on the following day "Peck" sought out his good Samaritan and requested his company to police headquarters.

"What do you want to go there again for?" asked the astonished friend. "Haven't you had enough? You take my advice, and give the police a wide berth."

"Oh, I am going to prefer charges against the cop," replied "Peck."

"What for?" was the disgusted query.

"For clubbing me over the head in the carriage," rejoined "Peck," innocently, rubbing his head with a tender hand.

It is reasonably certain that the Police Commissioners will never be called upon to investigate that particular charge of clubbing against the patrolman.

* * *

Governor Budd has never been suspected of possessing a forgiving spirit, and it is his boast that he forgets an injury only when he has repaid his enemy with liberal interest. He has squared up most of his debts of malice, but he sorrowfully admits that there is one big account upon which he still occupies the wrong side of the ledger. During the gubernatorial campaign two years ago, nothing caused Budd so great perturbation as the "Nancy" cartoons drawn by that cynical artist, Clarence Webster. Budd never encountered the artist, although when the bloom is on the rye, he has frequently expressed in ferocious language a strong desire for a personal interview with Webster in a sealed apartment. At a holiday dinner given in San Francisco, the Governor was seated next to a mild-looking, spectacled gentleman, who proved a most entertaining table companion. The Governor had failed to catch the name of his neighbor, who told quaint stories with the dry wit which has given the artist-humorist high rank as a *raconteur*. As the dinner ended, Budd expressed his gratification at meeting his witty companion, and begged to inquire his name.

"Webster," demurely replied that gentleman.

"And your business?" continued the Chief Executive of the State.

"Newspaper artist," said Webster, with imperturbable gravity. Noting Budd's savage look of interrogation, he continued serenely: "Yes, I drew those cartoons you are thinking about."

The Governor's face was a study. He felt he had been caught in a trap, and that some courtesy had been squeezed out of him under false pretences. He turned the famous Stockton purple hue and almost foamed at the mouth. He struggled with himself for several minutes, and then exploded.

"Well," he finally roared, banging his fist upon the table, "I suppose it's a case of every man to his trade, but I'm damned if I like yours!"

* * *

Oh, wonderful figures have they—
These nymphs of the flying ballet!

To see them o' nights

In their neatly filled tights

Is worth all the fee that we pay.

As an ocular vision they seem

A beautiful flesh-and-blood dream,

But nobody knows

What those tights would disclose

Should the tell-tale X-ray on them gleam!

The handsomest calendars for 1897, besides all other kinds of stationery, are to be had of Cooper & Co., the Market Street stationers. This firm only carries the finest qualities of such goods and if you buy there you will be assured satisfaction.

As odd a Christmas gift as ever left this State was sent East last week by Mr. Alfred V. La Motte, who owns a large vineyard at Glen Ellen, and also writes articles on horticultural topics at his office in this city. He dearly loves a practical joke, and, in his time, has played some pretty pranks at the expense of his friends. Mr. La Motte is much interested in immigration, which he labors hard to promote, and, incidentally, it may be stated that he is one of the best-informed men in the State on California's resources and possibilities. In the furtherance of his plans to attract desirable settlers, he writes many letters to Eastern residents. One of his correspondents seemed to have an insatiable thirst for information about California, and, as soon as Mr. La Motte had answered one batch of questions, along would come another series of queries, with hypercritical comments on the facts as they were sent to him.

Mr. La Motte became very tired of his correspondent, realizing that he was simply wasting his time. The climax came when the Eastern man wrote recently, asking if it were true that Californians were preyed upon by particularly vicious fleas. La Motte replied that this was a big State, inhabited by big people, and turning out big products, with fleas of proportionate size to the magnificent dimensions of everything else. He had just found on his ranch a ground insect two inches long, resembling the flea in form, but of quite different habits and pursuits. The Mexicans call it "the deer killer," from a legend that, when deer sleep, it bores into their ears and causes death. For his correspondent's better information, he forwarded this formidable-looking insect as a specimen of the California flea, attaching it to a bit of cardboard labeled "with the compliments of the season." Mr. La Motte chuckles to himself as he pictures the horror of his correspondent at sight of the mammoth "flea." This object lesson probably constitutes the closing chapter of that correspondence.

* * *

At the recent Horse Show, many curious eyes peeped into the stall of the brown broodmare, Tone, winner of first prize in her class. Horsemen accorded her the close inspection and homage due "the mother of a record-breaker," for Tone has earned that enviable distinction and a lasting place in turf history as the dam of Agitato, 2:09½, holder of the world's record for three-year-old pacers. Agitato's brilliant campaign on the Montana and California circuits is a matter of great pride to John F. Boyd, owner of Tone, and, from all appearances, Mr. Boyd will continue to produce such racing phenomenons. His "Owyhee" (by Charles Derby, 2:20) also a blue-ribbon winner at the show, went through the circuit last summer without losing a single heat, and took a record of 2:24, becoming, thereby, the champion two-year-old trotter of the Pacific Coast for 1896. Among the pacers at the exhibition, Mr. Boyd's two-year-old, "Kawookum," attracted general attention. He is brother to the great Diablo, who had a record of 2:09½ as a four-year-old. In the yearling class, Mr. Boyd exhibited the most promising youngster of the year, royally bred and perfectly proportioned, viz., Goodway, a bay colt by Steinway, and brother to Charles Derby, the sire of Diablo, Owyhee, and Kawookum. Barring accident, he will add to the laurels already won by Oakwood Park Stock Farm. The blue ribbon in the two-year-old filly class properly went to Oakwood Belle. She appropriately takes her name from the farm, and a more stylish Miss never walked in aristocratic horsedom.

John F. Boyd's mining career, a part of the State's successful history, bids fair to be surpassed by his horse-breeding operations. On his Oakwood Park Stock Farm, in Contra Costa County, are horses rich in the most valued blood lines of the standard-bred trotter; lines that make the production of an Agitato or a Diablo, reasonably certain. These blood lines, too, are found transmitting their qualities of speed and stamina to the superb style of the carriage horses, bred by Mr. Boyd.

Of all the banquet halls in the city that of the Maison Riche is undoubtedly the finest. The accommodations are perfect and the service excellent, and the largest functions can be held there.

The most elegant neckwear of the season is to be had of John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street. All late importations.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

Bitters.

THE	THE
California Hotel	Hotel Rafael
Absolutely Fireproof.	Open all the year. Only 50 minutes from San Francisco.
San Francisco . . . Cal.	San Rafael . . . Cal.
Two modern, exquisite, home-like first-class hotels, both under personal supervision of Gen. Warfield.	
R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.	

BRUSHES

For barbers, hakers, hoothlacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, hook-hinders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc.

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And all other opiate habits cured speedily and effectively or money refunded. Ladies treated privately at home.

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Merchant Tailor
121 Montgomery Street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY, Telephone, Bush 12.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 23 Powell St., opp. Baldwin Hotel.
BRANCH: 11 Taylor street, near Golden Gate avenue.
LAUNDRY: Twelfth St., bet. Folsom and Howard, S. F.
All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Orders left at office will receive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Pacific Towel Company

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

Try the SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY,

Office, 33 Geary street. Telephone Main 5125.
Oakland Office—864 Broadway. Telephone Main 655.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

Weak Men and Women

Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



The Book For the last four or five years Mr. I. Zangwill
of will has contributed to the Pall Mall Maga-
The Week* zine a department entitled "Without Pre-
judice," in which he has commented on men,
women, life, manners, and literature. Such of these com-
ments as do not depend upon the books, plays, or pictures
of others, he has gathered together into this volume. In
the course of these essays he is humorous, witty, sarcastic,
caustic, paradoxical, and heterodoxical, but never dull.
Though he uses the phrase "without prejudice," he does
not wish it to be understood that he has no positive con-
victions. He very truly says that to the common man
every strong statement that does not tally with his own
invertebrate ignorance seems to be a prejudiced one;
whereas on the lips of a man of intelligence and culture it
is the utterance of conviction upon good grounds and
mature reflection. Prejudice is an unreasoning pre-
possession for or against a thing or person; postjudice is
something quite different. Open the book where one will,
one is struck by the insight and level-headedness everywhere
displayed. Among other aspects of this wide and wicked
world Mr. Zangwill has carefully observed table-turning,
spirit rapping, the planchette, and other phenomena of
"Borderland," and analyses them in a clear and convinc-
ing manner. He makes it plain that, though he may now
and then have yielded to these "intellectual whoredoms"
(to borrow an apt phrase of Mr. Mallock), he has never
permitted his will or his intelligence to be debauched by
them. Like most clever men, Mr. Zangwill is not averse
to raising the hair of the hyper-pious by taking an ancient
and venerable maxim and standing it upon its head. To
this another very brilliant man—Oscar Wilde—was much
addicted, and many amusing examples of this tendency
are to be found in his volume of essays entitled "Inten-
tions," but with Wilde paradox making had become a
trick and degenerated into a mannerism. In Zangwill's
writing the paradox merely flashes across the page
like a streak of forked lightning, startling us by its
sudden glare. On pages 140 and 141 of this volume is a
letter addressed by Zangwill to Wilde parodying the
latter's style, in the course of which he says: "I say these
things to make it quite clear to you that I speak to you
more in anger than in sorrow. You are much too im-
portant to be discussed seriously, and if I take the trouble
to give you advice, it is only because I am so much
younger than you." All who are familiar with Wilde's
style will acknowledge this to be an excellent imitation.
In a little two-page essay on "The Franchise Farce" our
author falls foul of the capitalists who defend bribery on
the ground that universal suffrage is so great a menace
to the safety and well-being of the community that it be-
comes necessary to nullify it by universal corruption. He
justly says that to enfranchise the negro and then to
render his vote nugatory by false counting is to set up a
double standard of morals, which infects the whole nation,
and spreads into every department of the national life.
The kind of corrupt thinking thus engendered was very
clearly shown at the recent Presidential election, when
millions of voters proved their willingness to repudiate
half of the nation's debts, and spend the nation's money in
buying silver from its producers at twice the market
value. The remarks "Concerning General Elections," "In
Defence of Gambling," on "Art in England," "Love in
Life and Literature," are all lively, attractive, and full of
suggestion. Zangwill seems to have quite shaken off all
prejudice (in the unfavorable sense), and to see things
straight and clear, in their true relations: he does not
seem to be the victim of excess of patriotism, race-feeling,
bias for or against revealed religion, or any form of un-
reason whatever. Like all persons of intelligence and in-
sight, he is at heart an aristocrat, that is, he thinks that
the foolish people are, at present, in a terribly over-
whelming majority all around and about us in the wide
world, and that it can never be right that the foolish
should rule the wise.

* Without Prejudice. By I. Zangwill, New York: the Century
Co. Price \$1.50.

In an essay on "The influence of names" Mr. Zangwill
elaborates an ingenious theory that a large proportion of
eminent writers in English have an "r" in their names.
If you run through the authors' names that come into
your mind you will be surprised how often the fateful "r"
appears. Among dead novelists alone think of Thackeray,
Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, Charles Reade, George
Eliot (Marian Evans), Bulwer Lytton, Charlotte Bronte
(Currer Bell), Trollope, Disraeli. Kate Douglas Wiggin,
having acquired the necessary "r" by becoming Mrs.
Riggs, has published her first long story, "Marm Lisa,"
in which she manifests an intimate acquaintance with
kindergarten work, and much sympathy with young
children. Mrs. S. Cora Grubb, the foolish, ignorant,
hysterical creature, who attends to everything but her
obvious duties, and hemuddles her pate with cheiromancy,
astrology, theosophy, Christian science, Edenism,
hypnotism, spiritualism, and every vain thing imagined by
the incurably feeble-minded, is capitally drawn. The
poor, half-idiotic Lisa, under the fostering care of
Mistress Mary and her kind assistants, is rescued from
her mental darkness, and in the crowning episode of the
book displays positive heroism. The story is well written
and the interest is sustained to the very end.

Marm Lisa, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin & Co.
Boston and New York. 1897. Price, \$1.

It is amusing to observe the ideas of propriety enter-
tained by the editors of different magazines. In the
November issue of a certain five-cent periodical there
appeared a cut of Miss Cissy Fitzgerald from a photo-
graph by Sarony of New York, in which that sprightly
young person appears with her right leg gayly thrown
over her left, incidentally displaying a good deal of black
stocking and white lace. In the December issue of
another five-cent magazine appears a reproduction of the
same photograph, with the offending limb and the shock-
ing lace cut off, but still showing the skirts thrown up.
Yet probably both these editors would readily enough
press past the doorkeeper of the theatre to see the
actual leg (to say nothing of the vivacious Cissy's wicked
wink), from the reproduction of a picture of which as a
magazine cut one of them at any rate shrinks. Again: a
popular ten-cent magazine famous for its reproductions of
photographs of actresses, and of pictures displaying the
female form as nearly nude as possible, recently sent back
to us as "hardly proper for reproduction" some photo-
graphs of South Sea Island women, which were after-
wards reproduced in a 25-cent magazine devoted to the
cause of home education, edited by a Doctor of Divinity,
and contributed to by some of the best known writers of
the day.

Messrs. Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett have con-
solidated themselves into a publishing firm, and are about
to issue "Seen and Unseen; or the Monologues of a Home-
less Snail," a collection of songs by a young Japanese
gentleman named Yone Noguchi. He is a graduate of the
University of Tokio, and was for some time secretary to
the Editor of a Tokio magazine. He has written articles
in his own tongue on California scenery, and has edited a
newspaper for his countrymen in this city. Much of his
time in California has been spent upon Joaquin Miller's
ranch, where he rambles, dreams, and writes. The new
firm intends soon to issue a "hi-weekly" review, to be en-
titled "Phyllida, or the Milkmaid," and to be devoted to
literary topics, short essays, and the doings of town and
country. Whether we are to expect the periodical to ap-
pear once in two weeks, or twice a week, it is impossible
to say. The term "hi-monthly" involves the same ambi-
guity, but in that case it is easily avoided by the use of
"fortnightly," which can mean nothing else but once in
fourteen nights.

Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, author of a pleasant, gossipy,
if rather gushing little book describing visits to several
cathedrals in the West and South of England, is about to
publish a volume, the scene of which is laid in that curious
and little known region, the Broads of Norfolk. The book
is to be published by the Macmillan Co., and adorned with
many sketches by Joseph Pennell. It will, doubtless, pre-
sent an interesting picture of a remarkable part of old
England, that is full of quaint characters.

"Washington's Prophetic Vision of the Coming War," issued by the Golden Gate Promoting Company, is an account of how San Francisco was saved from being destroyed by the Japanese fleet. The *deus ex machina* is General Sir Patrick McDermott of the British Army, who lets fall from flying machines little original packages of high explosives upon the decks of the enemy's battleships. We do not know exactly what the company which publishes this *brochure* intends to promote, but that it is not the writing of good English may be gathered from a single sentence describing the condition of San Francisco in 1899. "The affiliated colleges and the great Sutoro library were now attended by the studious youth, and the vanity fair, the mental acrobat, and the beautiful display of the lovely sex." How a library can be attended by a fair, and a college by a display, is not clear. For the rest the production is poorly and inaccurately printed, and contains many minor errors and absurdities.

A calendar for 1897 has been prepared by N. W. Ayer & Son, the newspaper advertising agents, of Philadelphia, which is the most useful of the many we have seen thus far. The dates are printed in large type and can be read across a room, and its general handsome appearance makes it worthy a place in any library or office. For the sum of 25 cents this calendar will be sent, securely packed, to any address in the country.

The Christmas number of the Los Angeles Capital was a beauty in every sense of the word. It reflects much credit upon those in charge, and will undoubtedly be appreciated in other places besides Los Angeles.

THE successful transmission of electric power from Newcastle to Sacramento, a distance of thirty miles, is one of the most notable events of the month in California. At Newcastle the electric energy is generated from the water power of the South Yuba Canal Company. A few years ago such long distance transmission of electricity for power purposes was regarded as wholly impracticable. Now that the contrary has been abundantly demonstrated, the prospect is that with improved appliances and increased knowledge of electrical phenomena, much of the water power now idle will be employed to advantage in this way.

MOST of the efforts to set aside wills, upon the ground of undue influence, prove abortive. It is a sound principle of the law that undue influence is not to be presumed unless unfair advantage has manifestly been taken of some relation of trust and confidence by the beneficiaries of the contested instrument. If men and women are not to be allowed to do with their property as they may see fit, wills would better be abolished.

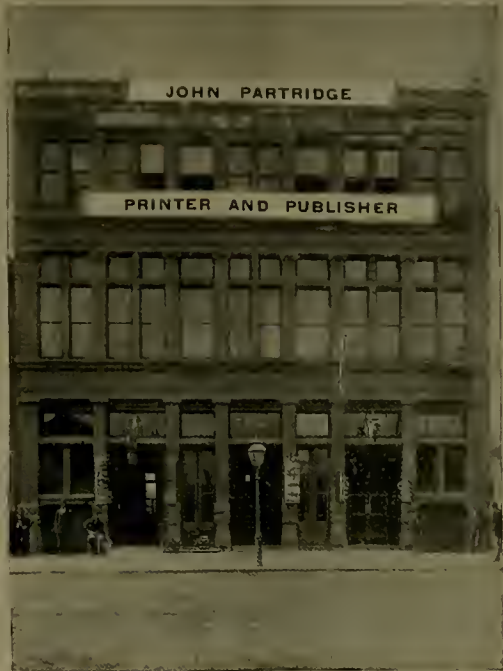
IT is related that a Jew and a Christian once argued with each other so candidly, as to the merits of their respective faiths, that at the close of the discussion the Jew became a Christian and the Christian a Jew. This has been regarded as a joke, but Professor Howison insists that a certain learned Rabbi is in reality a Christian, while, on the other hand, the Rabbi is equally positive that the Professor's so-called Christian philosophy is nothing more than Judaism. Thus extremes meet.

NOWHERE in the world will be found so beautiful a Park as to that to which we can lay claim. Our illustration this week shows one especially picturesque spot in it, the Huntington Falls, with its placid lake sheltered from the wind, where one can enjoy an hour's boating. The dreamy beauty of the place must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Ideal Champagne.

With due deference to the well-known fastidious proclivities of California Champagne consumers, Messrs. Moët & Chandon, who, as is well known, are the largest vineyard owners in the Champagne, have concluded to ship henceforth their renowned "White Seal Grande Cuvee" to this Coast. This brand is celebrated as a great favorite among the select circles in London and other large cities in Europe, it being a clean and deliciously dry wine, and the "White Seal Grande Cuvee" is also bound to become popular here with people of a discriminating palate.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy street.



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COPPER PLATE
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No trouble to make estimates. **JOHN PARTRIDGE,** 42-44 STEUART ST. San Francisco.

TELEPHONE NO. MAIN 1634.

Head Golds,

Catarrh, dry mucous membranes, soon yield to the treatment of the famous **DR. MCKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE.**

BE CONVINCED FREE.

To show that Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure gives instant relief and continues to drive away the cold or catarrh, 7 free trials per week will be allowed you if you call at the

Baldwin Pharmacy,

(Edwin W. Joy),
Market and Powell Sts.

Call for free treatment of Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Alta Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of December, 1896, an assessment (No. 54), of five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

18TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 8th day of February, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. E. JABOBUS, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

PROF. A. LOISETTE'S ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY SYSTEM.

The last, most complete and perfect edition.

MIND-WANDERING CURED. SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES.

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"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

HERE is a Paris correspondent's account of the Divine Sarah in a new measure of immortality: "*Lorenzo the Degenerate, or Lorenzoaccio de Medicis* is from first to last, as given at the Renaissance, *un article de Paris*. I mean the characters, for the accessories are purely Renaissance and Florentine. Perhaps it is as well that whim and fancy should predominate in the personations—or rather personation, for there is but one player in the drama, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. She is stage manager, star, everything; the others are merely well-broken-in foils. Musset's drama has been so adapted for her as to be a monologue, broken by answers or observations to serve as rests, or bring out more clearly the drift of the play. During these pauses for the title-role, Lorenzo glides stealthily into corners. Lorenzoaccio is neither he, she, nor it, but an oblique, enigmatic third-sex being, who never shows himself plainly until the drop-curtain scene. And then one feels that one only knows about a few of his vices. The rest are still his own secret. In this part Sarah Bernhardt is a curious creature—interesting, fascinating, though slightly sickening. There is a good deal of the leopard or the panther in her graceful ways and remorseless ferocity. She is through and through corrupt and immoral; but no more conscious of her state than if she were a feline of the desert.

"It is marvelous how a single player can fill the four acts, and in a drama with a chief character who is all dissimulation. There are only here and there a few outbursts of genuine feeling. The revelation of the scheme in which the whole plot lies is less than gradual. If there were passionate outbursts and thrilling by-play, the drama would miss its mark. Besides, Lorenzo is not only an Italian, but a Florentine. He would not let his own mother divine his thoughts. When soliloquizing, he remembers that walls have ears.

"Another of the difficulties surmounted is having to wear a single costume from the beginning of the first act to the close of the drop-curtain scene. I think Sarah Bernhardt plumper than she used to be. The make-up of her face gives her a striking resemblance to Sir Henry Irving, with a something that reminds one of Sardou. Her ambition is to out-Irving Irving in a transposition of his Hamlet to the key of Lorenzoaccio, and by keeping close to him—without exactly copying him—in plastic poses, get-up, expression, mannerisms, and the show of an all-absorbing personality. Mme. Bernhardt is a she or third-sex Irving, or a transubstantiation of Sir Henry, whimsical, curious, amusing in a subtle way, and by no means caricatural. The hair of the great actress this time is cut short, in the Florentine sixteenth-century fashion, but clusters round the forehead. The doublet fits like a jersey, and the haggly shorts have a petticoatish air akin to knickers, though they do not descend farther than half-way to the knees."

* * *

I do not feel myself in the proper mood to grapple with the theatrical past of '96. The Christmas shows have lost me my balance and authority. I joy in a spectacular present glittering with sleek, shimmering seraphim. There are heavier pens than mine to make statistics of the dead. Out of a town full of ballets, I choose the Orpheum for my flowers. There the hallet bids fair to carry the holiday spirit some weeks into the new year. It was a tremendous undertaking for Manager Walter, engaging these fifty or more dancers and their directors, in addition to the otherwise expensive show billed, but the venture has been a success from every standpoint, and it is, perhaps, the best advertisement the Orpheum has ever had. Whatever little irregularities in the lights and the dancers, which may have marred the opening performance, are now, happily, nowise in evidence. Kiralfy has instilled immeasurable ginger in the girls; they dance with splendid enthusiasm, even wildly at times, and yet there is discipline, surety, and a well-balanced picture in the ensemble.

The flying hallet is, of course, a question of mechanism and effects, and of more interest as a novelty than as a serious phase of hallet work, but it enhances illusion, and gives graceful sky effect to the stage picture.

Ahachi and Maschand do a remarkable acrobatic turn, and the three Misses Dunbar, besides assisting in the hallet, still sing their coster songs, and expose their little spectacular panties.

* * *

Jack and the Beanstalk has made a surprisingly big hit at the Tivoli, where, from all appearances, it will be continued several weeks to come. There are less gags than usual, and more crisp music, and the transformation scene is of particular brilliancy and beauty. All the favorites and several new people are in the cast.

* * *

The popular Frawleys have put in a busy holiday week with three of their last season's plays, *His Wife's Father*, *The Great Unknown*, and *Men and Women*, all of which have been reviewed in earlier issues of the NEWS LETTER. Sunday night's performance of *Men and Women* closes the Frawley engagement at the Columbia.

* * *

Denman Thompson's rural classic, *The Old Homestead*, comes to the Baldwin Monday night. I have not seen the cast, but the press-agent says, "it is the strongest that has ever enacted this pretty ideal of New England life; and its musical features, being rendered by a selected choir of twenty trained voices, adds greatly to the charm. By playing at the Baldwin *The Old Homestead* not only offers luxurious seats and surroundings to the average theatre-goer who loves this old play, but it will give society in general, and country-club people in particular, a delightful picture of rustic life."

* * *

Next week the bill at the Orpheum will be further strengthened by four new acts, prominent among which is Hallen and Fuller, in a comedy sketch, *An Artist and His Model*. The first-mentioned name is that of our old farce-comedy friend, Fred Hallen, of Hallen and Hart fame. The second is Mollie Fuller, his wife. The other new people are: Miss Anna Caldwell, singing comedienne; the two Bostons, English eccentricities, and Charles Wayne, late of Lillian Russell's company, in a monologue.

While it may be disclosing some of the many surprises Mr. Joseph Murphy has in store for the Columbia patrons, I cannot resist publishing in full this little prose poem, which I have just received from his press agent:

Let any blasé patron of the theatre who remembers seeing Joseph Murphy in his Irish play, *Shaun Rhue*, ten or a dozen years ago, see the same actor to-day in the same play, and he will probably leave the theatre when the curtain comes down on the last act, and not before. More than that, he will find his way homeward, meditating and wondering how it is that Mr. Murphy has retained his youthful good looks, his graceful legs, and nimble feet, and his sweet, strong, manly singing voice. It is a conundrum that can only be answered by proving that it is true as stated, just as Mr. Murphy presents the proof each time he appears as Larry Donovan and Shaun Rhue. The rendition of the song, "A Handful of Earth," by Larry, while kneeling at his mother's grave, after having been driven away from his home, is a benediction.

Mr. Murphy will commence a fortnight's engagement at the Columbia on Monday, presenting for the first week *Shaun Rhue*. The regular popular prices of the Columbia will prevail.

AS we go to press news comes to us of the death of Joseph B. McCullagh, editor-in-chief of the St. Louis Daily-Globe Democrat. Mr. McCullagh worked his way up from a reporter to the responsible position he occupied at the time of his death. He had been ailing for some time and for the last few days had edited his paper from the sick room. A more able all-round newspaper man never lived, and the excellence of his paper was largely due to his untiring efforts.

THE late J. Ross Jackson, who expired in this city last Wednesday, was one of the best known newspaper men on the Coast. Of late years he had retired from active journalism but still kept in touch with his old associates, by all of whom he will long be mourned.

THE PLEASURES OF RUIN.

TO the philosophical mind—and it is really marvelous how philosophical one can become under adversity—there are certain compensating advantages in the state of ruin, which, if not quite so intense as the pleasures of Hope, or Memory, or Imagination, do much to reconcile us to the change in our circumstances. The first feeling is one of extreme relief that the whole thing is over and we are out of suspense. The smash has come; writs and attachments have blossomed into sheriff's officers and the auctioneer, whose fell and inexorable hammer has made short work of our goods and chattels; our wealthy friends have said just what we expected, and Brown, who used to look dinners and twenty-dollar pieces at us whenever he met us before, now crosses over to the opposite side of the street. The cheap lodgings in the shady neighborhood have become stern and ineradicable facts, and we can look about us at last and endeavor to make the best of the position. But now you have a newly-acquired sense of freedom, to which, perhaps, you have long been a stranger. It is no longer a question whether you shall die at Delmouico's or the Maison Riche, but in all probability the choice will lie—if your taste still inclines to the French menu, of the *diner de jour* of six courses for twenty-five cents, or, if your fancy lies more in the American style, one of the popular-price restaurants, three dishes for a quarter. No longer will the varying merits of chicken gumbo, or turtle soup, salmon mayonnaise, and aspic of lobster, truffled turkey, and oyster stuffed capon come between you and your night's rest. Again, your present circumstances are such that you are no longer harassed by the touters for subscriptions, male and female, and, therefore, you find it needless to discuss the comparative merits of the claims put forward by the friends of the Cannibal Islanders for Worcestershire sauce, or by the friends of the Mayor of Milpitas for a drinking fountain, to be placed in the plaza in honor of that distinguished grocer and municipal chief.

When you go to the theatre or opera you are no longer compelled to pay fifty or a hundred per cent. for the privilege of receiving your ticket from an agent, and you go to the gallery, where, if the peanuts and lager beer are a bit of a nuisance at first, you soon get accustomed to it; at any rate, you are permitted to hear the play without being bored by one of Brown's "good stories" during the *prima donna's* chief aria, or while the eminent tragedian is giving some fine piece of declamation.

In fact, you discover sources of gratuitous amusement which indifference has, hitherto, hidden from you. Instead of the sojourn at B'lingham or Del Moute, you enjoy yourself with the attractions at the Park, at Sutro Heights, or a five-cent ride to Ingleside, and a stroll along the Alameda from there to the beach, or, if your fancy takes you across the bay, a day at Leona Heights, where you can enjoy the fresh air, which you will come to think as pleasant as at Santa Cruz or at other resorts you may have been in the habit of visiting at a much greater distance from the city.

But the time when you do really enjoy the "Pleasures of Ruin" is when that exquisite moment comes—which it will, sooner or later, when a temporary, or it may be a permanent, change in your fortunes takes place. If you are an author, your book has found a publisher; if an artist, your picture a buyer; or some one pays up an old debt, or some distant relative mentions your name in his will. Whatever it may be, the keen appreciation of the benefits we formerly enjoyed, which our vicissitudes have taught us, and the knowledge we have acquired of the dingier side of nature, give a remarkable zest to our return to a brighter life. And if a man has good health and spirits he will find that it is as true that "hope springs eternal in the human breast" as that when things are at their worst they mend; and, if he be of an extra-hopeful disposition, he will welcome the increased depression of his fortunes as a sure forerunner of a change of luck.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers. Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

THE sentiment of the Irrigation Congress in Arizona was practically unanimous that the arid lands of the great West must be reclaimed. This idea has often been repeated of late years. The great difficulty in the way of its accomplishment is the lack of water. But it is proposed that Congress cede the arid lands to the States, respectively, and that loans from the National Treasury, or of the National credit, to the extent of a million dollars to each State, be made for the purpose of reclaiming the ceded lands. It is a great scheme, with magnificent opportunities for jobs.

THE improvement of our navigable rivers, by means of dredging, debris dams, levees, cut-offs and other means, with incidental aid to hydraulic mining, is to be one of the most important matters before the Legislature this winter. The Sacramento river, in particular, calls for attention. It should be practicable, at this late day, to unite upon a scheme advantageous to all concerned.

IF, as Congressman Loud contends, it costs the Government from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000 a year to carry serial novels and "sample copy" newspapers in the mails, there is need of amending the postal laws. The carriage of mail matter at a cost of twelve cents a pound, with a charge to the public of only one cent, would appear to be bad business.

CHICAGO is reaching out energetically for the trade of Cuba. It might be well for San Francisco to put forth a little effort in the same direction.

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Sunday night, Jan. 3d: Last time Palmer Cox's "BROWNIERS." Beginning Monday, January 4th, Denman Thompson's famous play,

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The original Old Homestead Double Quartette. Select company of twenty-three players Wonderful electrical effects.

Columbia Theatre.

The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

One week. Commencing Monday, January 4th. Special engagement of the legitimate Irish comedian, JOSEPH MURPHY, supported by his New York Stock Company, in the companion drama to "Kerry Gow," entitled,

SHAUN RHUE,

Introducing Mr. Murphy's world-famous song, "A Handful of Earth." Reserved seats, nights, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1; matinees, 25c, 50c, and 75c. January 11th: KERRY GOW.

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, January 4th. A brilliant opening of the New Year.

HALLEN & FULLER,

America's comedy Sketch artists; the Two Bostons, grotesque comedians; Anna Caldwell, singing comedienne; Charles Wayne, America's premiere eccentric; Nilsson's aerial ballet and Kiraly's grand opera ballet, and a great vaudeville show. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Tivoli Opera House.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Our holiday spectacle,

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

The King, the Queen, Jack, the Cow, the Giant, the Fairies, the Goddesses, the Mortals. Seats now on sale.

Next opera—THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Ingleside Track.

The only perfect winter race track in America

PACIFIC COAST JOCKEY CLUB.

Racing from December 28th to January 9th, inclusive. Five or more races daily, rain or shine; first race at 2 P. M.

Take Southern Pacific trains at Third and Townsend streets depot, leaving at one o'clock P. M. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission street electric line direct to track.

The Pomery Sec Stakes, Tuesday, December 29th; the California Oaks, Thursday, December 31st; the Shrieve & Co. Cup, Friday, January 1st.

W. S. LEAKE, Secretary. A. B. SPRECKELS, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1896. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 30, 1896, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1897. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.



The house of Rothschild is about the best advertised and the most badly abused firm in Europe. The name alone, like that of the Old

The Expansion System Again at Work.

Lady of Treadneedle street, is the synonym for financial solidity the world over, and, in connection with man or institution, a sufficient sponsor for millions. Five out of every ten of the grandees who land in this town with a bounce and swagger in miningdom manage to have it leak out in the early stages of the game that they expect the homage due to agents of the great European financiers, who in this way are held responsible unwittingly by innumerable shortcomings and absurdities, about which they are never likely to learn unless by sheer accident. Like the Rat-catcher to Her Britannic Majesty, it is easy for any one to pose as agent on the lookout for a mine for the Rothschilds. Like all bankers and financial men of standing abroad, they are approachable on business matters minus the ceremony attached to an interview with newly-gilded gingerbread in more modern communities, and it only requires money to tap a wire at any moment; so that, unless it comes to an actual showdown of credentials, it is a difficult matter to detect the fraud who may have the courtesy of a correspondent from this widely-respected firm without being upon friendly, let alone confidential, relations with it. These remarks are suggested by the way in which the firm was dragged into the Iron Mountain deal this week, in an utterly unwarranted manner.

Evolution of a Golden Butterfly.

The story referred to goes on to tell the good people of California about a tremendous deal which has just been concluded here, involving the payment of \$5,000,000 by the Rothschilds for the Iron Mountain mine of Shasta, which is accredited with being a copper deposit of more or less magnitude, according to the manner in which the description impresses the reader. The reason ascribed for this exciting move on the part of the London bankers is that they believe gold is about to be dethroned to make room on the top perch for copper. This whoop-up, with its 1800 additional men at work attachment, has been occasioned by the fact that some changes are about to be made in the construction of the English company which transformed the old Iron Mountain mine of Squaw Creek by purchase, some two years ago, into the Mountain Mines, Limited, of Keswick, California, with head offices at No. 3 Lombard street, London, E. C. The Mathesons of London were the prime movers in the enterprise, and the connection of the Rothschild house is due to its business relations with this firm in the control of giant copper-producing mines in Spain. The new company has expended a large sum of money at Keswick (named after a director of the company), probably in the neighborhood of \$500,000, erecting smelters and constructing a railroad. The property cost, at the outside, \$250,000, in the first place, of which the original owners only got in the neighborhood of \$150,000, the balance being paid out to make a couple of promoters comfortable for life. This runs the total cost of the ground and works up to \$750,000, or perhaps a little more—within \$1,000,000 in any event.

Copper Crowned Metallic King.

These figures are small, ranged alongside of those of the new Mountain Copper Company, which has now absorbed the Shasta mines and property of the Mountain Mines, furnishing an object lesson for the former owners of the old Iron Mountain and other mining men of California of what the British promoter can achieve when he starts in. The share capital of the new concern amounts in round numbers to \$6,250,000, including the purchase price of what is described as the New Jersey Metal Refining Works, situate at Elizabeth, in the State of New Jersey. This must be a gigantic institution of its kind, judging from the fact that, allowing the exceedingly liberal estimate of \$1,000,000 for the Keswick property, the sum of \$5,250,000 is involved in the purchase of its plant. As an industrial enterprise, the promoters, who are evidently

wise in their generation, will doubtless have little difficulty in raising the money they ask, eliminating as they are in a position to do, to a certain extent at least, the chances of mining. In view of the facts, however, it is difficult to recognize any warrant for the local announcement that the Messrs. Rothschild had invested \$5,000,000 in the purchase of the California mines. The tendency to exaggeration in all matters pertaining to mining at present is not calculated to benefit the industry. It creates a bad impression abroad among people who know the true facts of the case, and disturbs confidence among investors.

A Cautious Market For Gold Mines.

Mining operators of all degree in this part of the world had better disabuse their minds of the idea that London and Paris are ready to fall over head and heels in love with anything they may feel disposed to hurl at the natives. Who ever tells them so may mean well, but he does not know more than the law allows about the situation in either city. As a matter of fact, investors are more than ordinarily cautious in both of these burghs, and merit alone is sufficient to attract even investigation. Paris is absolutely dull for all mining investments, the indifference of buyers being due entirely to the actions of promoters in forcing business beyond the sustaining power of the market which is now suffering from a bad attack of indigestion. London promoters are loaded down temporarily with industrial ventures, which are now the fad, so that little is done in foreign mines beyond arranging for a coup or two in spring, when it is thought the public can be trusted to absorb a few shares which promise a fair working profit. At present, efforts are limited in this line to working off a few stocks of small concerns in Scotland and the provinces.

A Local Mining Development Company.

The Pacific Coast Mining Agency Company has blossomed out during the week, in the object of carrying on the purchase and sale of mines on an elaborate scale. The names of the men who stand sponsor for the reputation of the concern are well-known in the manufacturing and financial world, and in this respect the proposition is above reproach. The only trouble likely to arise is that the other manufacturers of mining machinery in this city may feel that their business prospects are jeopardized by a formidable rival of this kind, which is not making a new departure of the kind for the good of its promoter's health. If all the varied business interests connected with the mining industry get banded together in cliques to control the situation from the grass roots up, as well as down, we will have some lively times in town. The mine-owner certainly will not be the loser in the competition for trade, if the promoter does. In Horatio Beveridge the new company has a manager who understands the ropes, with foreign connections which should prove invaluable.

Business Dull On Pine Street.

The tone of the market on Pine street is steady, notwithstanding that the disposition of operators is bearish in the extreme. The holidays may have something to do with the dullness in trade. At any rate it is a valid excuse, and, it can only be hoped, a correct one. Ore is being extracted from the Chollar-Brunswick without much being said about the matter, the management evidently appreciating the fact that deeds, not words, must speak in the future. The proposition to start in at American Flat is again afoot. It is a pity that some of the big men in the business cannot be induced to take the initiative in the unwatering of mines in this district, which have always been handicapped by lack of proper attention. Work in this direction would likely be much more profitable than grubbing about upper levels on the Comstock.

Los Angeles Fire Underwriters Combine.

If the insurance men of this city are unable to arrive at an arrangement whereby they can pool their issues at a profit to all, the fraternity down South proposes to do so in self-protection. Strange to say, they have come to San Francisco to find out how to do it, and have already succeeded pretty well in accomplishing the desired results.

Edwin Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE Examiner has fallen all over itself with righteous horror at what it pleases to declare is personal malignity, wanton cruelty, and inhuman persecution on the part of Mr. Vining, in causing the arrest of one Albert Chou, a newsboy, and has thrown itself into the breach with the rare heroism that invariably distinguishes that highly moral journal when it can get a little free advertising by posing as a friend of the down-trodden and afflicted. According to his portrait in the sheet in question, Albert is rather a tough specimen of his kind, instead of the innocent, abused young hero depicted by the facile pen of a space writer in mortal terror of losing his job. Doubtless the youthful Albert deserves punishment in some form, but is it not rather more than he deserves to be defended by the Examiner?

"ANXIOUS Correspondent" bombards this office with queries as to whether the Mrs. Lease who got mixed up the other day in a shooting scrape with her husband, on account of the attentions paid her by another man named Woods, is the silver-tongued Mary Yellin of Populistic and petticoated fame. No, it is not the same. To begin with, Papa Lease is too well trained to become mutinous, and domestic cares weigh too heavily upon him to keep tab on his wife. Besides, no man, unless he were drunk, would dream of making love to a rampant stump speaker like Mary. So far as she and her ilk are concerned, however, it would be a good idea for civic peace if they would all take to the Woods.

"WHAT is justice?" howled the speaker of the evening at the meeting of the Socialist Labor Party one night this week. Justice, my wild-eyed bomb-thrower, is the power that is supposed to reach out and gather in criminals and disturbers of the peace, and were its laws in active operation in this city, it would be short grass and dry pickings for you and others of your ilk. We all know what Justice is, but cannot always locate her in San Francisco.

A BURGLAR with long, hushy whiskers, choked a Fulton-street housekeeper into insensibility the other day, but we do not agree with the detectives now working on the case that the unknown thug was a well-known Police Court Judge on a Christmas spree. Innocent men have before this been the victims of purely circumstantial evidence. The TOWN CRIER has frequently warned the Judge that his reckless extravagance in whiskers would get him into trouble.

LOUISA Worthington, who has already had three trials, is now attempting the threadbare insanity dodge on a fourth one. The Susie Martin case has probably given the murderess fresh courage to renew her battle against justice. A few wholesome life imprisonments and hangings would have a highly beneficial effect upon the morals of this pistol-practicing community.

SEVERAL more newly-fledged attorneys have been admitted to practice by Supreme Court decree. When the number of lawyers in the city is taken into consideration, it is hardly surprising that they throng like vultures around an estate, and pounce with tiger-like clutches on the wills of the departed. The situation, after all, must be a desperate one. Even a lawyer has to live.

TWO policemen having been dismissed from the force for drinking while on duty, the question now arises as to what we shall do for them. The TOWN CRIER suggests that they be assigned to editorial positions on the Examiner. Their weakness will be their best qualification for the job.

OKLAND is going to raise potatoes *a la* Pingree. We wish her success. Her crop of fossils and cranks has been so prolific that there is no reason why the succulent and life-saving spud should not flourish there.

IT does not require the wisdom of a seer to prophesy that W. H. T. Durrant will die of a peaceful old age.

JAKE RUDOLPH, the miscreant who goes about peppering people with hot lead from a loaded gun carried conveniently for that purpose, and who claims that he does not know what he is doing when he is drunk, should be given several years behind the bars as an inducement to sobriety. Excuses should not serve you, Jake; the chestnut plea you always make is nothing but a time-worn fake.

IT is singular that in trying to clear up the mystery surrounding the suicide of a despondent cigar-maker this week, the detectives have laid no stress on the fact that the unfortunate man just previous to his demise had been seen smoking one of his own cigars. As up to that moment he was in the best of health and spirits, subsequent events are transparent as crystal to the TOWN CRIER'S mind.

NOW that the holidays are o'er,
The great Examiner will cease
Its generous (?) free-ad uproar
About the "gaunt wolf at the door;"
And leave, unnoticed, as before,
The poor, to starve to death in peace.

WALTER HYDE, of Alameda, has invented a machine that rolls him over hourly during the stilly watches of the night. If Mr. Hyde would only invent something, now, that would roll some of San Francisco's unesteemed citizens over in the night, and keep them rolling, to a point, say, about half way between the water front and Goat Island, he would be canonized as a public benefactor.

JUDGE Slack issued an order this week, compelling a recalcitrant husband to pay his wife six dollars per week for her support. Any man who has a wife capable of existing on six dollars weekly, and who does not appreciate the blessing, ought to be punished by taking unto himself one who will make six hundred fly, and then cry for more.

AFTER all, there is not so much of a novelty about that dancing cow at a local playhouse. The TOWN CRIER has seen some terpsichorean cavortings and gyrations at the private entertainments of some of our local "aristocracy" (Lord help us!) that would put that interesting and conscientious hovine quite to the blush.

PERHAPS the easiest and best way to rid ourselves of Chinese cheap labor is to encourage the continuance of bloodshed in Chinatown until the last pigtail is laid low. If they kill each other off, we shall be quite relieved of responsibility, and will be the better for their disappearance from our midst.

"WATCH night" was generally observed according to annual custom throughout the city on New Year's Eve, but the light-fingered gentry who relieve us under cover of darkness of our time-pieces keep "watch night" unobserved, according to nocturnal custom, the year round. Watch out for yours.

THE Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, at its last meeting, discussed newspapers in all their phases. Probably the subject was treated from the standpoint of the reader. It certainly could not have been from that of a newspaper writer.

BERKELEY'S arc lights have been snuffed out, but the intellectual lights that shed effulgence through the craniums of Berkeley's brain-laden faculty shine on and on with undimmed luster and no extra charges to tax payers.

WHATEVER else may be said to the disparagement of the Farallones as a place of residence or a site for a grammar school, it cannot be asserted that the locality is insufficiently ventilated.

CONSIDERING the fact that \$10,500 is but a drop in the bucket of money needed to put the County Hospital into proper sanitary condition, would it not be better to abandon the structure at once to the rats and bats.

WITH its street illuminations nightly overhead, and its cobbles always under foot, San Francisco may now justly claim the distinction of being the best-lighted and worst-paved city in these United States.

BENEATH this stone lies Asa Fisk.
He died 'cos business was not brisk.

IT is indeed a dull day in San Francisco when a will is not disputed.



SOCIETY does not seem to have "enthused" to any great extent over the holidays this year, as the entertainments have been neither numerous, nor large in size. To be sure, there have been theatre parties and small dinners, but with the exception of the Club dances, terpsichore has not made the showing usually looked for and expected during the holiday season proper.

The Christmas Eve dance of the Fortnightly Club was one of the pleasantest of the winter so far. The hall had a very pretty Christmas dressing of evergreens, holly and red berries, intermingled with mistletoe, and the attendance of beaux and belles was unusually large, all entering into the spirit of the affair with zest. To Miss Genevive Goad fell the honor of leading the cotillion, which she did with the assistance of a trio of young beaux of the club, and acquitted herself charmingly, some of the figures danced being both original and pretty.

The cotillion given by Miss Jennie Moore on Christmas night was a brilliant gathering. The whole upper floor of the San Francisco Verein Club was given up to the use of the young hostess and her guests, the decorations of the ballroom being in ferns, palms and light berries. The gowns worn by the young ladies were remarkably handsome, the young hostess, who led the cotillion with Jesse Triest, wearing a lovely costume of pale green satin combined with lavender. There were five figures danced, and the favors consisted of fans, *bric-a-brac*, jewelry, etc. An elaborate supper served at midnight, after which there was general dancing until the early morning hours.

On Saturday night Howard Adams and Miss Gertrude Bates led the cotillion of the Saturday Evening Club at Lunt's Hall. The figures were all new, as was the music to which they were danced, and the entire affair was a very pronounced success.

Miss Jean Hush was the leader of the Leap Year cotillion of the Oakland Friday Night Club, which took place at Ebel Hall on New Year's Eve, the last Leap Year dance that will be given for eight years!

The dinners of Mrs. Joseph Ehrman, Dr. Herzstein and Mrs. M. Schweitzer, the latter at the Cliff House yesterday, were in honor of Miss Helen Schweitzer and her fiancée, Samuel Steifel; Miss Olga Triest's entertainment was in the form of a dance. The dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter was in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of their wedding, at which were seated upwards of thirty of their intimate friends. Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck's recent tea was in compliment to Miss Jones.

The wedding ceremony of Miss Rose Fehheimer and Alfred Lilienfeld was performed by Rabbi Voorsanger at the home of the bride, on Broadway, last Tuesday afternoon. Miss Anna Liebenthal and Miss Edith Greenbaum were the bride's attendants, and the guests were limited to the relatives of the contracting parties, owing to the recent sad affliction in the bride's family.

On Thursday Grace Church was the scene of the marriage of Miss Bessie Younger and Burns McDonald, the Rev. Dr. Foute tying the nuptial knot at the hour of noon, amid lovely floral surroundings, in which pink was the dominating tint, and in the presence of a very large number of the friends of the young couple. Miss Maud Younger officiated as her sister's maid-of-honor, the Misses Lucille Younger, Francis Curry, Julia Crocker, Mae Tucker, and Kate Clarke forming a bevy of pretty bridesmaids. Duke Baxter supported the groom as best man, and Messrs. Herbert Younger, Ed. Greenway, George Cameron, Frank Owen, Sam Buckbee, and Dr. P. L. Brown appeared as ushers. Following the church service a wedding breakfast for the bridal party was served at the Palace Hotel, and the honeymoon will be spent in the southern part of the State.

The marriage of Miss Helen Schweitzer and Samuel Steifel will be solemnized next Tuesday at noon at the Schweitzer residence, on Leavenworth street. The fair bride has selected the Misses Belle Gerstle, Cora Miller, Alice Greenebaum, and Agnes Brandenstein for her attendants that day, and Miss Clara Joseph will officiate as maid-of-honor.

A number of engagements have been announced since the last issue of the NEWS LETTER, prominent among them being those of Miss Julia Crocker and Samuel Buckbee; Miss Alice Ames and Arthur Allen; Miss Anna Hobbs and Lieutenant Frank Ferris, U. S. A.; Miss Mattie Ehrman and Albert Frank; Miss Mattie Shainwald and Leo Mayers, Miss Mollie Hutchinson and Ernest Piezotto, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston's friends are congratulating them upon the engagement of their son, Louis Ralston, to Miss Louise Summer, of Utica, New York. It was at a dinner given by Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon last week that the announcement was made of the Ames-Allen engagement, the understanding between the young people, while existing for more than a year past, only now being made public, and the wedding will, 'tis said, be an event of the *april's* Lenten season.

The Concordia and the San Francisco Verein Clubs both gave dances on New Year's eve. Mrs. Rounseville Wildman's tea was the chief society event of New Year's Day, and it is with regret that her friends hear of her intended departure for Mexico. Mrs. Wildman is so indefatigable a hostess she will be indeed a loss to the social world, so it is hoped her absence will not be a very prolonged one.

The New Year's amusements at Burlingame this year combined a pigeon shoot in the morning, a steeple chase in the afternoon, and then another drag hunt, with finally a dance at the Club House in the evening.

Among the pleasures that society has in prospect are the dance of the Monday Night Club at Golden Gate Hall, next Monday evening; the cotillion of the Friday Night Club, at Odd Fellows' Hall; the game of football, which will be played at Central Park next Saturday between the Army and Navy teams, and the team from the University Club, which promises to be a decidedly society affair; and the Army cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club, which will be danced on the evening of the 15th of January, at Lunt's Hall, Lieutenants Kilburn and Nolan dividing the honors as "leaders."

January is to be a month of "at homes," many of our hostesses sending out cards for certain afternoons during the month, as, for instance, Mrs. Beede, who is residing with Mrs. Rounseville Wildeman, has named Tuesdays during January; Mrs. Smedburg, Wednesdays; Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Will Barnes, and Mrs. Webster Jones, Fridays during the month.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, who has been at Coronado Beach for the last six weeks with her children, has been joined by Mr. Johnson, who is now spending the holidays at this resort. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will open up their summer home in San Rafael early in March.

Miss Daisy Doud will shortly leave for the Farallones, where she will instruct ten little children whose homes are on that lonely island. Miss Doud has many friends in this city, all of whom will wish her success when she starts upon her mission.

The ladies of Sorosis have issued instructions for next Monday afternoon to meet and listen to Mr. Frank Lincoln, the renowned entertainer. Mrs. H. E. Huntington will provide the programme.

The best way to buy anything is to borrow it first.

Get a package of *Schilling's Best* tea of your grocer. He pays you your money back if you don't like it.

That's our way of lending.

Dr Younger, who came from Chicago to attend his daughter Bessie's wedding, will leave again on his return on Sunday afternoon, and it will be some time ere San Francisco sees him again. Mrs. Younger will remain here a few weeks longer ere she joins her husband in the Windy City, and later the entire family will sail for Europe, where the marriage of Miss Alice Younger and Baron Nugent will take place at Vienna, in June. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Robinson anticipate a trip to Europe, leaving here early in February; Douglas Dick is now in Scotland, whither he has gone on a brief business trip.

A farewell pink luncheon was given to Mrs. John J. Husband by her sister, Mrs. Dr. Byron, Haines at the beautiful Haines residence in Belvedere on Wednesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Husband leave this week for London in which city they will make their home. At the dinner fourteen covers were set, among those present being, Miss Cosgrove, Miss Patricia Cosgrove, Miss Charlotte Cunningham, Miss May Reis, Miss Lillie Reis, Miss Kathryn Dillon, Miss Vesta Jordan, Mrs. H. L. Read, Mrs. James Russell, and Mrs. Frank Dickson.

The beautiful and imposing ceremonies at the late Kate Field's funeral will long be remembered by all those who witnessed them. To Mrs. Highton is due the credit for the artistic and perfect manner in which the ceremonies were conducted. She instigated the good work and saw that it was carried through to a successful conclusion. Not only this State, for whom she acted, but the journalists of the world are indebted to her. She has proved herself to be a loyal friend, indeed, to the departed.

Miss Maud Ingles Francis, who has been studying in Paris and Dresden for the last five years, returned to this Coast to assist as bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Cora Goodrich of Los Angeles. Miss Francis is a sister-in-law to J. Schroeder by marriage and is now a guest of her brother-in-law and his wife at the California Hotel. In three or four weeks Miss Francis expects to return to her home in Peoria, Ill.

Clarence Eddy, the famous organist who lately visited this city, was entertained at a dinner party on Saturday evening last given by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Mills at their residence, 2800 Jackson street. After the dinner Mr. Eddy attended the High and Low Jinks given at the Bohemian Club and left for the East on the following morning.

Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder, the well known teacher of vocal music, has moved her studio to 2517 1/2 California street between Steiner and Pierce streets. Few of our teachers are so universally liked as is Mrs. Snyder. Her method of teaching dramatic elocution is most thorough and many of her pupils now occupy prominent positions on the stage.

The members of Ignatian Council No. 35 Young Men's Institute are perfecting arrangements for their annual party to be held on Friday evening, January 22nd, at N. S. G. W. Hall. This event promises to eclipse all former affairs given under this Council's auspices.

Mrs. J. W. Coleman and Miss Jessie, Miss Florence Ives, Mrs. James Phelan, Mrs. Frank Sullivan, and Miss Ada are all at home again after long absences in the East and elsewhere.

Captain and Mrs. W. A. Nevills have been spending the holiday season in town, and are domiciled at their apartments in the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Verdenal have been visiting their daughter, the wife of Colonel Forsyth of Fresno, during the holidays.

The second of the Ehrman-Frank engagement receptions will be held at the Hotel Richelieu to-morrow.

The Union League Club will give a ladies' reception on Friday evening next, the 8th of January.

"He called me dear." "That doesn't prove anything. Gas is dear."—Washington Capital.

Max Abraham, the Caterer, 428 Geary street, has had his hands full during the holiday season. Mr. Abraham attends to banquets, dinners or luncheons and by retaining him you can be assured of satisfaction in every detail. He is patronized by all society and is recognized as the Prince of Caterers.

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TWO A. M. IN A BROWNSTONE.

By FELIX MONTAGUE.



TWO o'clock!

The deep toll of the city clock startles the black silence that bangs over the city like a pall. The muffled cathedral chime, as it reverberates through the ballway, sounds like the hollow sepulchral voice of death. Black shadows flit nervously over the mosaic floor. The dim light flares up for a moment; then gloom and quiet. Silence as profound as death.

A heavy silken portière quivers, moves. Two dark glistening eyes peer up and down the hall. Softly the dark object steals from behind the portière, and, with tread as still as murder itself, passes under the dim light at the foot of the stairs. There, pausing, listening, it breathlessly peers up the gloomy stairway.

The intruder mounts the first step, listens. Takes the

second, listens again, then the third and fourth, and, growing bolder, climbs stealthily to the top of the flight. Not a sound. Peering through the darkness, the noiseless visitor glides cautiously to a door, a door at the end of the corridor. The door is ajar, and the deep regular breathing of the sleeper may be heard. The dark object is now in the moon-lit room. All is quiet save the regular breathing. Then comes a grating sound from the room. The breathing ceases. The bed springs squeak. The grating sound is quiet. The silence is intense.

Suddenly a sharp report, a shattering of glass, a curse. A white-robed figure rushes madly across the corridor after the dark object. A missile is hurled at the intruder racing down the stairs. It misses, and thumps and bumps against the banisters. Doors in the upper corridor fly open. Voices cry: "What's the matter?" The white-robed figure answers: "Oh! a rat, and I've broken a mirror. D—n!"

OUR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

NEW Year's gifts, New Year's gifts,
Please come, all attend,
The NEWS LETTER proffers its New Year's gifts
To every faithful friend.

For Wally Hobart a little dog,
And a little huntsman, too,
With a little voice and a little horn
To wind a view—halloo.

For Mayor Phelan a little whip
With a lash with a little sting,
To lay it on when occasion calls,
And scourge the cunning ring.

To Frank McCoppin, whom all men like
Because he's honest and square,
Some better luck with a boh-tailed flush,
And success when he draws to a pair.

To Charlie Josselyn so *debonair*,
Who dresses in excellent taste,
A chance to the club with joy declare,
"By the Lord, I have found my waist."

To Billy Barton, the exile, back
From the frozen and stormy East,
Some sort of fabric to hide from men
The sight of his Bowery vest.

To Donald Graham, whose neckwear doth
With the rainbow's tinting vie,
A something to dazzle in color and glare
The latest London tie.

To Porter Ashe a little book,
Which circulates on the sly,
And the title upon this little work
Is simply: "The Art to Guy."

To Lansing Mizner, fat, honest boy,
Who knows not deceit or guile,
A gift to make life more complete,
A well-worn property smile.

To Mayor Sutro a picture wild
As a maniac's wildest dream,
Of purposes smashed and intentions foiled,
And its title: "What Might Have Been."

To Harry Dimond a carpet fine,
A rare Oriental mat,
To replace in cunning and high design
The one that was spoiled in "The Flat."

To Charley Baldwin the needed knack
Of how to handle the reins,
To Follanshee a better hat
Than the one he wears on the plains.

To Jere Lynch a little book,
Familiar to little folk,
And of use to all; whose title is,
"Good French as She is Spoke."

To Sammy Rainey a brief request:
"Since you own us, Sammy dear,
Go light, go light, the times are tight,
Don't squeeze us too hard this year."

To Jimmy Hamilton, actors' friend,
Of Napoleonic mold,
The Thespian ribbon, the Lodi cross,
And the *fleur-de-lis* in gold.

To Peter Donahue, rosy and young,
Whose complexion never pales,
A nice medalion, on ivory done,
Of his friend the Prince of Wales.

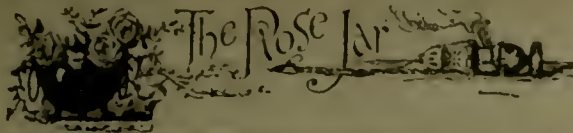
To James M. Thompson, the hold cashier,
Mill Valley's cowboy king,
A pistol whose ring is true and clear,
And a Bowie that hath a sting.

And more than we enumerate,
Gifts to the kind and true;
With warm hands and hearts elate,
Our friends we give to you;

We give, and wish you all God-speed
Throughout the coming year,
To cull the rose and shun the weed
While will mirth o'er masters care.

The clouds are speeding from the sky,
And, rising calm and clear,
We see and hail prosperity
To mark the glad New Year.





THE OLD FLAG — H. C. BUNNER, IN SCRIBNER'S.

OFF with your hat as the flag goes by
 And let the heart have its say;
 You're man enough for a tear in your eye
 That you will not wipe away;
 You're man enough for a thrill that goes
 To your very finger-tips—
 Ay! the hump just then in your throat that rose
 Spoke more than your parted lips.
 Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
 And show him the faded shred—
 Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
 If death could have dyed them red.
 The man that bore it with Death has lain
 These twenty years and more;—
 He died that the work should not be vain
 Of the men who bore it before.
 The man that bears it is bent and old,
 And ragged his beard and gray,—
 But look at his eye fire young and bold,
 At the tune that he hears them play.
 The old tune thunders through all the air,
 And strikes right in to the heart;—
 If ever it calls for you, boy, be there!
 Be there, and ready to start.
 Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
 Uncover the youngster's head!
 Teach him to hold it holy and high,
 For the sake of its sacred dead.

MY LITTLE GIRL.—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, IN TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

My little girl is nestled
 Within her tiny bed,
 With amber ringlets crested
 Around her dainty head;
 She lies so calm and stilly,
 She breathes so soft and low,
 She calls to mind a lily
 Half hidden in the snow.
 A weary little mortal
 Has gone to slumberland;
 The Pixies at the portal
 Have caught her by the hand:
 She dreams her broken dolly
 Will soon be mended there,
 That looks so melancholy
 Upon the rocking-chair.
 I kiss your wayward tresses,
 My drowsy little queen;
 I know you have caresses
 From floating forms unseen;
 O angels, let me keep her
 To kiss away my cares,
 This darling little sleeper
 Who has my love and prayers.

WHEN GRAN'MA WAS THERE.—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

The old house seemed to brighten with a pesceful, lovin' light
 A-drivin' out the shadders t' the bosom o' the night;
 The look o' calm contentment on her face, so soft 'n fair,
 Made ever'thing 'pear better—when gran'ma was there;
 The beams ud come a-creepin' through the mornin' glory vine,
 'N' golden rays o' sunshine about her head 'ud twine,
 Tell they made a perfec' halo with the silver in her hair,
 A-dancin' 'n' a-bethin'—when gran'ma was there.
 Ever'thing got quiet, with a kind o' pure delight,
 'N' put us all to smilin' when her face come in sight;
 There 'ud be a lovin' quiver in the little rockin' chair,
 Jes' like it was happy, too—when gran'ma was there.
 'N' now the little churchyard holds a saddened charm for me,
 I never go a-near it but I pause beneath a tree,
 Whose boughs 're allus sighin', with the faintest breath o' air,
 A-sorrowin' 'n' a-sayin' that—gran'ma is there.

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 ness of glass, when applied to
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In response to many inquiries from all parts of the country about the Railway and Dock Construction Company

The officials hereby give full information in regard to the company, its business and prospects.

The company offers 20,000 shares of stock for sale in lots to suit purchasers at \$20 per share. The par value is \$100 per share—full paid and unassessable—stockholders have no individual liability whatever. The company has no indebtedness of any kind—is in solid financial condition—and, as there are no bonds nor mortgages, all the earnings go to the stockholders.

The adoption of this Company's system of construction by the United States Government, or any Foreign Government, or by any one of the large cities in America or Europe will cause the stock to rise above par (\$100) immediately.

The most conservative investors, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, have bought this stock and confidently predict it is sure to pay large dividends and sell at over \$200 a share as the Railway and Dock Construction Co. commence business under much more favorable conditions than did the Bell Telephone Co., whose stock rose from about \$10 to over 200; or the original Edison Electric Co., whose stock rose from 45 to \$3000 a share, or the many other companies owning useful inventions whose stocks rose rapidly in value while paying large dividends to the alert original investors.

Many prominent men in banking, railway and financial circles and other expert judges of stock values predict that this stock will pay large dividends and will sell at over \$200 per share for the following reasons:

The Railway and Dock Construction Company controls all the rights, titles, patents and interests in and the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell the new indestructible piles that do away altogether with the millions of wooden piles heretofore used everywhere, which only last a short time, as alternate moisture and drying and the marine worms soon destroy the wood, and leave a deceptive shell, incapable to sustain a load that requires the full strength of the original pile. Old wooden piles must be continually replaced at great expense.

Nothing can compete with the indestructible Pile in the construction of piers, docks, bulkheads, sea-walls, foundations for bridges, lighthouses, jetties, breakwaters or other improvements in rivers, harbors or on the sea coast.

This pile is an absolute necessity in railway trestlework, as it guarantees safety, and it will last forever, and there is an enormous demand for it.

One defective wooden pile derailing a train causes a loss of many thousands of dollars in lives and property destroyed.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. The great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Estimated earnings from this one source of profit will pay \$7 per share annual dividends—this is equal to 35 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at present price of \$20 per share.

Other and larger sources of profit will come from contracts now in view, viz:—

In place of the old wooden docks, covered by temporary sheds, which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company will build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

Private owners of dock property as well as dock officials in the numerous cities are becoming aware of the great advantage of using the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of building indestructible piers to make a solid foundation, upon which large buildings can be erected, from which they can get big revenues for rentals, etc.

\$27,000,000 have already been expended in improving Southern harbors and their approaches.

In projects now under way over fifty million dollars will be spent in improving navigation in rivers, bays, etc., throughout the coun-

try on jetties, breakwaters, and other work in which the indestructible Pile is a great necessity.

The city of New York is spending \$5,000,000 a year improving the city water front.

In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

The U. S. Senate Committee have recommended the expenditure of eighty million dollars for the protection of our seacoast. About ten millions a year will be spent during the next eight years.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance of the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$6,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston: they are simply loose rock dumped into the water. Each jetty is about 4½ miles long and forms a continuous pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet wide at the top above the water. The Railway and Dock Construction Company build indestructible jetties of the same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

The "St. Louis Critic" strongly advocates the adoption of this company's system of indestructible jetties to deepen the Mississippi at St. Louis.

To provide additional funds to execute some of this work, the company offers 20,000 shares to the public in lots to suit at the low price of \$20.00 per share in order to have the stock quickly taken. There are no salaried officials. The money derived from the sale of stock, when not used in profitable construction work, remains in the company's treasury.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction is coming into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

As the business in sight is too large for this company to handle alone, the subsidiary companies now being organized in the principal States each pay a certain amount in cash and one-third of their capital stock into the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s treasury. In addition to large sums in cash the company will receive about \$20,000,000 in securities in this way, on which dividends will be paid from the earnings of the subsidiary companies. These dividends all go to the holders of Railway and Dock Construction stock.

With a large surplus and an ample cash working capital the company will hold assets of \$200 per share for each share now offered at \$20 when all details are completed.

Application will be made to list the shares on the stock exchange.

Owing to the financial depression and uncertainty before the election the Railway and Dock Construction Company would not accept numerous contracts for work amounting to about three millions of dollars. They were offered first mortgage bonds in payment but the bonds could not be sold at that time in New York or London at satisfactory prices. English bankers are now negotiating to place a large block of Railway and Dock Construction stock and apply for an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and profitable. Among them are

Among the stockholders are:
Geo. W. Dunn, Esq., president of the company, head of the banking house of George W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 20 years as a careful level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, vice-president, ex-Senator, Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., counsel for the company, Temple Court, New York; Engene Harvey, Esq., second vice-president, banker, Drexel building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanbrough, Esq., Kingston, N. Y.; George D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, N. Y.; W. R. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Wilson, Esq., secretary; M. Hoff, assistant secretary; George B. Shelhorn, Esq., receiver, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co., Richmond, Va.; Jacob Deyo, cashier, Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; S. J. Gifford, Dunkirk, N. Y., and several rich and influential railway and political magnates who will have seats in the Board of Directors later on.

Address all applications for stock and remit for the number of shares wanted to the Financial Agents of the company, Messrs,

GEO. W. DUNN & CO.,

2 Wall St.,

New York.

by check, draft, money order, registered letter or by express; or have the stock sent by express C. O. D.

The right is reserved to reject any application for stock, and to allot only a part of the shares applied for, and to advance the price without notice.

HOW WE MISSED OUR
CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By John P. Albro.

PROBABLY no portion of the wide-spreading Rocky Mountains excels the Bitter Root Range, which stretches along the Northern boundary of Idaho nearly to the Yellowstone Park, in inaccessibility and the wild grandeur of its scenery. Snows, almost eternal, cap its lofty summits and linger in its shady narrow gorges long after the surrounding country bathes in summer heat. It is a picturesque though difficult region for railroading but, notwithstanding the expense and labor, necessity has compelled more than one transcontinental line to brave its perilous passes. I had been mining, with my partner Howard Mindou, all the summer of 189— on the western slope of one of these passes. We had been moderately successful. Christmas was approaching and the cold and snow had begun to interfere with the season's work. Not only that, but a natural longing to spend the holidays at home with friends induced us to shut down our little mill and seek a more congenial climate. We were delayed in starting and as the passenger train ran only once a day and was reported indefinitely late on account of storms, we decided to take the freight train which passed our little station eastward bound in the evening. Packing up our little store of accumulated wealth, we hoarded the caboose of a lumber train. The train was made up, besides the caboose, of twelve cars heavily loaded with lumber from Puget Sound, drawn by a huge Mogul engine much in vogue on those difficult grades. We were soon in the mountains happy to have a respite from our rough toil and in the anticipation of Christmas joy which we knew awaited us. The train toiled painfully up to the crest of the grade. Better time might be expected and in that we were not disappointed. We had barely traveled a mile when the speed attained attracted our attention as well as that of the conductor and rear brakeman, our only company. Soon the flying rocks and trees, and the swaying of the car showed that the sober limit of freight train travel was being far exceeded. The conductor showed uneasiness and got up, staggered his way to the door and opened it just as through the crisp air came a wild screech from the engine for brakes. The engine could not hold the train. We were all aroused to the situation in an instant. The conductor sprang to the front brake and twisted the wheel in desperation. Howard and I together reached the rear platform and put our combined strength to the task of setting the brake there, while the brakeman climbed the lumber cars in front, jumping from one to the other as fast as he could turn the brakes. We were now going at an incredible speed. The wind of our movement rushed through the open doors so fiercely as to nearly sweep us from our feet. The cars in the long train were weaving from side to side as they struck the sharp curves and the light caboose at the end rocked with a violence that threatened to throw it from the tracks at any moment. The train was so far beyond control that the brakes had no apparent effect, for the wheels slid along the glistening rails as though they were ice and our train a brand new hob sled. The conductor had gone forward to help the brakemen, and Mindou and I, our usefulness at an end, climbed into the little lookout on the roof to watch what was going on ahead. The sight was not one to encourage dreams of Christmas pleasures. The great mass of the runaway train was thundering down one of the most perilous inclines known in the Rockies. The descent itself was but a part of the danger. One must imagine the abrupt curves round which the flying monster rushed with half the wheels apparently in the air, the jagged rocks which lined the route ready to make kindling wood of any car that left the track, and the yawning ravines, a hundred feet in depth or more, open mouthed to receive us, in order to appreciate our situation. We had run five miles from the summit and knew that Devil's Gulch was just ahead. Could we pass it in safety? Around the projecting point ahead it lay, and we gripped each other's hands and set our teeth to await the awful issue. Our eyes

were riveted upon the engine. It shot a round the curve and struck the straight track over the gulch. Rolling like a ship in a storm it still held to the safe path. Car after car followed suit, until the middle of the train was reached. On the sixth car the rear brakeman was straining at the wheel. The pace was too much. The car and the one behind it shot out from the curve and plunged down the terrible abyss. We closed our eyes expecting to go the same road in our turn. We heard the despairing yell of the brakeman and the dull thud of shivered cars against the rocks below which told of his awful fate. The coupling had broken and we were still on the track. The gulch was passed but equal dangers lay ahead, magnified by the fact that our train was now in two wildly careening sections. We saw the fireman wave his hands in warning to us to save ourselves, and saw him jump into a mass of snow and rocks, against the mountain side. The head brakeman quickly followed his example. We saw them lie stunned and helpless as we thundered past, and learned afterward that they escaped alive but both sadly crippled. Car after car from our decimated train fell by the wayside until only two remained ahead of the caboose on our section, and only one was still with the engine. The conductor had scrambled back to the caboose. We held a hurried consultation and decided to stick to the car. Fifteen awful minutes passed in similar suspense; minutes, anyone of which might be our last. At the end of that time we had reached the plain and the long level track ahead aroused a hope of safety. The speed was slackening noticeably, but a rod on the engine had broken loose and was piercing the boiler at every turn of the drivers. It was suddenly jolted from the track a few hundred yards ahead of us and lay with its nose in a ditch in a cloud of escaping steam, and we were at last brought to a halt by crashing into it. Beyond a few bruises we found ourselves unhurt, but the engineer, brave and faithful to the last like so many of his calling, was found scalded to death by the escaping steam. Mindou and I ate our Christmas turkey on New Year's day that year, with many a sigh for our less fortunate companions, thankful for our lives, determined that henceforward passenger trains would be good enough accommodation for us.

No finer stock of Jewelry and Silverware was ever exhibited in this city than A. Hirschman, No. 10 Post street, (Masonic Temple) has on exhibition, and his prices are most reasonable.

A delicious luncheon is served for ladies at the Maison Riche during shopping hours.



USE **HERCULES** GAS, GASOLINE, and OIL ENGINES.
Best to buy and cheapest to operate for Mining, Milling, Pumping, Hoisting, and all Stationary and Marine Work. All sizes and styles from 1 to 200 horse power.
3000 in use. Catalogue free. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS
Office: 405-407 Sansome street, S. F.



EVERYONE in our city seems to have had a joyous Christmas; even the poor were more generously remembered than ever before, and society—well, society always has a good time. The girls had heaps of pretty presents and the men enough ties and handkerchiefs to last indefinitely. There are whispers of several new engagements to be announced at the opening of the New Year. One of two sisters and two brothers will not very much astonish society, as things have been pointing that way for some time past.

* * *

How many of us will start in the New Year with innumerable good desires, good resolves, and good intentions, and alas! how many will have hilt their hopes on sand and their string of good intentions turn to be a mere thread broken by the first pull at it! A few pretty huds have confided their set purpose to us, and they are so earnest, too. Miss Helen Wagner is going to be as good as good can be, going to church every Sunday, and joining some charitable society to help the deserving poor. Miss Clemmie Kip is going to give up theatre parties; Miss Mary Kip to abjure making conquests; Miss Caro Crockett is going to give half her pocket money to the poor; Miss Helen Hopkins will do without one pair of gloves a month from her allowance, and devote the same to some worthy charity; Miss Kate Salisbury will knit a pair of wristlets for some deserving old man; Miss May Belle Gwin will stop breaking hearts; Miss Ethel Cohen will not be so general in her fascinations, but settle on one; Miss Gertie Foreman will study the map of South Africa; Miss Cora Smedburg will not pout once during the year; Miss Marie Zane will find a key to her affections. These are a few; more later on, when the girls announce themselves.

* * *

The news that Dr. Harry Tevis meditates making Bakersfield his future home has created quite a ripple of disturbance among his fair friends in the city, for who is a more popular member of society than the handsome young doctor? However, the profession which he has chosen is overstocked in the city, and they say he is ambitious of doing good work in it, so will devote his professional labors to the rural districts and enjoy the social side of life at his brother Will's. Mrs. Will Tevis is very fond of large house parties, and our prettiest belles never refuse an invitation to make one of the bidden thereto.

* * *

Gay doings are still the order of the day at the snug Hotel Rafael. The climate of San Rafael is anything but wintry, and many of our leading society folk appear to appreciate the fact as they are still to be found there. Manager Warfield makes the comfort of each guest his own business, and that all are well looked after goes without saying. New Year's Day was celebrated in good old-fashioned manner by the guests there assembled.

* * *

The B'lingham "hunt" was not the success hoped for by the *habitués* of that swagger settlement. Possibly, the holiday ties of town, the unsettled state of the weather, and the newness of the thing may, in a measure, account for this, and people say that the next affair of the kind will be a howling success. *Qui vivra verra.*

* * *

It is considered a coincidence by the society girls that two of their number—Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Alice Ames—should have signalized their return from European travel by a resolve to settle down in the quiet path of domestic life.

* * *

Little Lady Hesketh—Flo' Sharon—seems to have settled down into English country life, her absorbing pastime being hunting. Californian friends who have been in her vicinity say her old home and its associations have quite lost all charm for her.

To Physicians and the Public:



In Cases of 1 Dozen Bottles.

Of perfect and reliable purity, unequalled for MEDICINAL and TABLE use, and GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS. This wine is invaluable as a restorative for the invalid.

For sale by all the Leading Dealers and Grocers.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,

Sole Agents

314 Sacramento St.

Going out of Business.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 4th

\$125,000

CLOAKS,
SUITS, etc.

The entire stock to be sold during next 30 days at a TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE

ARMAND CAILLEAU,

Cor. Geary St. and Grant Ave.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

ANNUAL MEETING. Bullion Mining Co.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bullion Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, on

THURSDAY, THE 14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, the 12th day of January, 1897, at 12 o'clock M.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 11, 331 Pine street, S. F., Cal

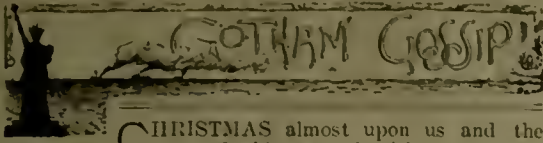
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WOOD-WORKING AND IRON-WORKING MACHINERY.

PARKE, LACY & CO.,

21 and 23 Fremont Street, San Francisco.



CHRISTMAS almost upon us and the ground white enough with snow to satisfy even the most gloomy dreaders of a green Christmas. It is very beautiful and most inconvenient. One can scarcely get about and for all excepting the favored few who dwell in the midst of things, the shops display in vain their tempting wares. There is nothing very new in Christmas decoration this year, nor in holiday gifts; but where so much is beautiful there is no necessity for anything new. But year by year the drain upon one's pocket-book becomes more and more severe for the veriest trifles are of an extravagance in price appalling to think of. In accordance with the sentiment that Christmas means a competitive race in lavish if not reckless expenditure, the fashion of flower-giving is at its height, and as nothing soars higher in price than orchids and violets, these are *par excellence* the choice. They may not be sent, as of old, in a simple card board box, but must be enclosed in a gorgeously painted case, fastened with yards of broad ribbon, or else sent in crystal or porcelain vases, whose appearance will at once indicate their foreign manufacture. Thus are all save the rich excluded from the pretty custom of flower sending. Tu bon-bous it is the same; but he whose purse will allow him to echo his heart's sentiment with the jingle of coin may express his Christmas hopes in "sweets to the sweet."

The bicycle shines forth more radiantly than ever, and there are special departments in all the stores for the sale of everything that can in any sense be associated with the royal master of the road. A sensation has been caused by the engagement in a big shop of Choynski, the Californian pugilist, as the manager of the "athletic goods department," and one paper humorously suggests the possibility of his giving lessons in knock-down blows to all exasperating or tiresome purchasers. The suggestion is picturesque.

We have had a true social sensation this week in the raid made by Captain Chapman, of the "Tenderloin Precinct," upon Sherry's, the exclusive and fashionable restaurant in Fifth Avenue, where many not of the Four Hundred, but of the still more conservative One Hundred and Fifty, are wont to gather. The occasion was a dinner given by Herbert Seeley, grandson of the late P. T. Barnum, to his brother, who is soon to marry. As is very often the case nowadays, the dinner guests were diverted by a vaudeville show—skirt dancing, banjo-playing and that sort of thing during the evening. An agent from whom the talent was not engaged announced to the Police Captain during the afternoon that an indecent entertainment was arranged, and that his own daughter had indignantly and with tears told him that she had been asked to dance in the altogether. This is the Captain's explanation why he burst in upon a peaceful dinner party when absolutely nothing improper was taking place, and where his arrival was naturally resented. Result—a cataclysm in society and threats of all sorts of revenge from the Gallic Sherry.

An amusing afterpiece to this tempest has been played in New Rochelle, where the members of the New Rochelle Yacht Club gave a smoker, with vaudeville, a few nights ago. Lena Routt, one of the dancers at Mr. Seeley's dinner, was a dancer at the smoker, and since the raid all the wives and sweethearts of the New Rochelle yachtsmen have made life agreeable for their present and future lords, and I am told that one man has gone so far as to make out an affidavit before a notary that the smoker was respectable. This, it is stated, he intends as a Christmas gift for his wife. And, by the way, I heard only this morning of an odd Christmas gift which the wife and daughter of a wealthy Harlem merchant are making to the head of their family. It is a pledge not to drink for one year, signed by the mother, and a similar pledge for six months, signed by the daughter; neither of the women is addicted to drink, but both admit that they find abstinence difficult.

Society is in its very whirl at present. There was a pretty wedding yesterday, when Miss Duncan, a grand-niece of John C. Calhoun and a niece of Mr. Thomas Addis

Emmet was married at Dr. Emmet's residence. The most Reverend Archbishop of New York performed the ceremony, and a wedding breakfast, limited to relatives, followed. Miss Eugenie Ferrer, an intimate friend of the family, played the wedding music.

Amadee de Guerville, well-known amongst you for his work as Japanese war correspondent and later as lecturer, was married to-day to Miss Laura Spraker, who has youth, beauty, and wealth. De Guerville has made hosts of friends for himself amongst the best people in New York.

Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair were the only two Californians who graced the Patriarchs' Ball. Mrs. Oelrichs I saw at the opera not long ago, very beautiful in pale blue satin, and more animated than I have ever seen her.

Henry Scott and family are at the Holland House. "Jack" Wentworth, of Sacramento, at the Albemarle. Miss Ida Scooffy has just returned to New York, and will leave for California almost immediately after Christmas.

"Joe" Redding leaves to-morrow to spend the Christmas holidays with friends in New Hampshire, but will return before the New Year.

December 23, 1896.

PASSE PARTOUT.

The most beautiful things in Japanese bronzes, ivories, tapestries and curios are to be had of G. T. Marsh & Co., 625 Market Street. Such things are rapidly becoming rare and only in a few places can the genuine article be obtained at a low cost.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

Ostrander Repeating Gun Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works or factory—36 New street, East Boston, Mass.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No. 5), levied on the 23d day of August, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAME.	No. Certificate.	No. Shares.	Am't
C. A. Macomber	405	500	50
"	406	500	50
A. H. Brawner	119	600	60
"	120	600	60
"	121	300	30
"	190	500	50
"	209	500	50
"	210	1,000	100
"	211	1,000	100
W. P. Ray, U. S. N.	123	1,000	100
Mrs. Elizabeth Carter	194	500	50
"	311	500	50
J. M. Helm	164	600	60
"	258	301	30 10
"	260	155	15 50
W. H. H. Hart	416	1,000	100
M. W. Kirwan	434	1,000	100
Catherine S. Whiteside	204	1,000	100
George H. Hoover	389	50	5
W. S. Zellin	213	250	25
Mrs. Mary Mearse Galt	179	1,000	100
John A. Wright	430	105	10 50
Geo. O. Davis, Trustee	435	200	20
"	436	200	20
"	437	100	10
E. P. Cole	397	500	50

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 23d day of August, 1896, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 216 Bush street, rooms 50 and 51, City and County of San Francisco, California, on

THURSDAY, THE 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale,

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

Office—No. 216 Bush street, Rooms 50 and 51, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896,

at the same time and place.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, October 22, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1896,

at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, November 19, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company on the 18th inst., the sale of delinquent stock was postponed until

THURSDAY, the 14th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, Dec 28, 1897



DEAR EDITH: It is evident that the latest method of fashion in Paris is to have the bodice and skirt both of one material, relieved, of course, with any amount of color in the very ornate and elaborate decoration. This style, however, does not seem to interfere with the reign of the still popular separate waist.

We are gradually growing accustomed to the present styles, and learning to live up to them. Parting from our full sleeves was a terrible wrench; but the sacrifice is accomplished, and we have found means of obtaining the same effects. Bows of ribbon placed rather low on the shoulder, frills and ruffles that stand out like a coxcomb, give that style of width across the shoulders which is invariably becoming. In Paris, coat-sleeves are made quite plain, and the ruffled sleeve is either surmounted by a wide bow and elegant drapery or two or three frills. The Louis Seize sleeve is plain at the top, all the fullness coming in at the elbow. Sometimes a double set of frills forms two fans, one on each side of the arm. Endless top draperies are indulged in, and if the skirt is of a gossamer material, it is a pretty idea to have five or seven little frill flounces for the top of the sleeve. Many of these flouncings are edged or bound with satin or velvet *bebe* ribbon, black velvet being used to trim vivid pinks or ambers, whilst apple-green, or turquoise, or even poppy-red, would be trimmed with white satin *bebe* ribbon. Indeed, ribbons are still greatly in favor. A rather wide ribbon does duty in short loops for a basque, and decorates the fronts of bodices in a new Prince of Wales bow, forming three loops at the top (like the Prince's feathers), and two below. The real butterfly bow, when properly made, is a perfect finish for the back of waist and neck, but it requires skillful banding. The center must be rucked or gathered to imitate the butterfly's body, and the side loops carefully arranged like the lovely insect's wings. Ribbons, like everything else, must be judiciously used, for they can make or mar the dress. Inch-wide velvet ribbon may be turned to advantage in a hundred ways, and nothing can be prettier. Belts of it wind three times round the waist, securely fastened by fancy pins, and bretelles of the same are fastened by rosettes with a brilliant paste center over the shoulders. On the skirts, graduated widths are used in five or seven rows—they begin narrow, gradually widening as they reach the hem. Or they are made into a trellis-work, unless Vs or a Greek design is preferred.

Velvets are extensively used in combination with silk and wool; chameleon and illuminated shadings, raised and sunken designs, plaids and stripes are all seen—in fact, the patterns and color combinations are as varied as those of the silks.

Trimmings are greatly used, even skirts being ornamented with passementerie or embroidered bands. Wide passementeries are noticeable in jet and colors for trimming boleros and waists; narrow colored beaded gimps in garnet, brown, and green are in demand. Made-up satin and velvet revers in a combination of embroidery, lace, and beads, are a pretty addition to bodices or jackets.

BELINDA.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 64 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

No restaurant in this city is better known or more justly popular than is Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter Street. The restaurant is patronized by our leading society folk and is the best place in town to obtain a meal perfectly cooked. Should you be ordering pies, or pastries, or such delicacies, ring up Swain's by telephone and your order will receive immediate attention. A special feature is the \$1 dinner between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Grand Annual
Midwinter
Clearance Sale



Now in Progress.

Everything at a
Prodigious
Sacrifice.



See Daily Papers for Particulars.

J. D. Sullivan

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FINE FURS
and
SEALSKIN
GARMENTS

to order. Remodeling and repairing at prices far below those of any other furrier on the Pacific Coast. All work guaranteed.

AD. KOGOUR,

FASHIONABLE FURRIER

5½ Kearny Street (Up-stairs),

Opposite Chronicle. Formerly cutter with Revillon Freres, Paris, London, New York.

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

The most perfect beautifier the world has ever known; instantly transforms the sallowest complexion into one of peerless beauty, and imparts the natural freshness and bloom of youth; it defies detection, will not rub off, lasts a day, and is perfectly harmless. Endorsed by prominent physicians. Price, 50 cents and \$1: large size sent prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price. Manufactured only by

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET,
San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

MANZANITA.

GREAT peace be unto you this Christmas-tide,
 The ways are many and the world is wide;
 Rest thee a while this crucifix before,
 And let your heart of bears' keep open door!
 So shall the Christ-child enter unaware
 With lips of beneficence and shining hair.

Oh, mirth-abounding, good saint Santa Claus,
 Make thou our Christmas, let who will our laws!
 Lead thou each wanderer to some hearthstone wide,
 That none be lonely on this Christmas-tide,
 Or if one dreams of home in passes gray,
 Drop by his side this manzanita spray.

Ripe berries red, what tender thoughts ye bring
 Of holly, home and heaven's transcendent King,
 Who, toiling, trod Judean sands alone,
 That each might keep glad Christmas with his own;
 Peace, peace on earth, good will to warring men,
 Ring, happy bells, forever and again!

Good friends, sweet friends, this time of joyous cheer,
 Dispelling distance brings your faces near,
 And welds what scattered links of love below,
 Within the regnant yule log's ruddy glow;
 But ways are many and the world is wide—
 God's peace abide with you this Christmas-tide.

ANNIE HERBERT.

MR. Edouard Cucuel, whose charming articles and sketches descriptive of life in Paris have so often appeared in the NEWS LETTER, is at present visiting his parents in this city. Some years ago Mr. Cucuel studied in the San Francisco Art School, and then accepted a position on the Call, his illustrative work even in those days attracting much attention. He left San Francisco, however, and studied in Paris for four years, becoming one of the most popular and able of the little circle of American students there. His clever sketches appearing in several of the leading Parisian dailies brought him into considerable prominence, and he is now a valued member of the New York Herald's staff. After his vacation the young artist will return to that city, followed by the good wishes of hosts of friends on this Coast.

THE feet of the Four Hundred must needs be well shod. So indeed must the feet of anyone who makes pretense to gentility, and it is a matter of note that the style of my lady's shoe (and of man's too, for that matter) changes oftener than the fashion of her sleeve. The custom maker of fine footwear seems to be the only salvation for the ultra fashionable, and J. M. McNulty, of 139 Post Street, is the "Redfern of the Foot" for San Francisco Society. He came from Thomas' of London, and, to quote himself "makes shoes for the best people here and the best that come here." He makes his own lasts, imports all his stock, and needless to say, the quality of his work is above criticism.

ONE of the most charming calendars for this year is entitled the Joaquin Miller Calendar, published by the Whitaker and Ray Co. of this city. The calendar is delicately illustrated with Californian flowers and contains some good specimens of the verse of America's greatest living poet. It is just the thing to send to your friends as a memento of this State.

Are You Going East?

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, Santa Fe Route, is the coolest and most comfortable summer line, owing to its elevation and absence of alkali dust. Particularly adapted to the transportation of families or large parties, owing to its Pullman palace drawing room and modern upholstered tourist sleepers, which run daily through from Oakland to Chicago via Kansas City. Ticket office, 644 Market Street, Chronicle building. Telephone Main 1531.

Have you been out to Leona Heights yet? If not you have missed one of the simple pleasures of life. Commodious electric cars run there from all parts of Oakland and Alameda and the round trip is only fifty cents. There is a good restaurant on the grounds, but no bar. This precludes the appearance of any roughs on the premises.

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

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INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,000,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
 Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
 Assets.....3,192,001.69
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St. B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY. Established 1826

Capital, \$2,250,000 Total Assets, \$6,854,653.65.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,

No. 316 California st., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.



The Doctor—Mrs. Briggs has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once. HIS WIFE—What is the matter with the boy? THE DOCTOR—I don't know; but Mrs. Briggs has a hook on "What to do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.—Collier's Weekly.

"Have you been able to catch the Speaker's eye?" asked the first lady Member of Parliament. "Have I?" rejoined the second M. P. "Well, rather; I wore my navy blue hongaline with the heliotrope sleeves, and the Speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me."—Pearson's Weekly.

"What do they mean by 'salting a mine,' popper?" asked the small boy. "Is it anything like salting meat?" "No, indeed," answered Mr. Bittwuntz. "When a man salts meat, it is because he wants to keep it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Hark!" cried the long-haired magazine poet, "how the people cheer me—how they recognize genius!" "You are mistaken," whispered his wife; "they think you're a football player!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Mudger feels sure his new 'Romeo and Juliet' will make a hit." "What are the high lights?" "Juliet dives off the balcony in her bloomers and they escape on their wheels."—Chicago Record.

"Waddington, I notice you don't talk much when you dine out." "No; it takes all the brains I can muster to work things so I won't come out with an oyster fork for my after-dinner coffee."—Chicago Record.

He—When I was a child, don't you know, I fell off my rockin' horse and was knocked senseless. SHE—Oh, what a pity you weren't treated for it at the time. It's too late now, I suppose.—Fun.

"It is no mere figure of speech to say that that man is actuated by a stern sense of duty." "Who is he?" "He manages the rudder on one of the ferryboats."—Detroit Free Press.

Dawson—What is your business, may I ask? BOORISH STRANGER—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business. DAWSON—Ah! You failed, I see.—Odds and Ends.

Fuddy—I wonder how Cramer came to marry that Burley woman? DUDDY—Perhaps he had to do it in payment of an election bet.—Boston Transcript.

"Brassy, I thought you wuz to be captain of the Cyclone football team?" "I wuz, but me mother cut me hair when I wuz asleep."—Detroit Free Press.

Maud—What is the height of your ambition, dear? MARIE (blushing)—Oh, something between five and a half and six feet.—Tit-Bits.

Bender—Miss Styles asked me to call again. FENDER—Oh, indeed! What firm are you collecting for now?—Yonkers Statesman.

"That couple in the next flat seem fond of each other." "Yes; he lets her try to shave him."—Chicago Record.

Tommy—Oh, paw! MR. FLAGG—Well? TOMMY—How can a solid fact leak out?—Indianapolis Journal.

"His life is an open book." "Yes; he never closed accounts."—Chicago Journal.

The Overland Limited,

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNEY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.
DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo, & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895 \$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 1,575,631
ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$6,250,000
John J. Valentine President | Homer S. King Manager
H. Wadsworth Cashier | F. L. Lipman Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 528 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund \$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895, \$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

DIRECTORS.

B. A. BECKER President
EDWARD KRUSE Vice-President
DANIEL MEYER 2d Vice-President
H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Nic Van Bergen, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter.

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222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord S. L. Abbot, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
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Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco

You Must Look Neat.

Suits Cleaned and Pressed **\$1.00**

Bay City Clothing Renovatory,

Suits called for and delivered.

22½ Geary St., Easterbrook B'ldg.,
Rooms 19-20-21. Phone Grant 158.

The Banjo.



Ashton P. Stevens.

STUDIO: 28 Montgomery street,
Room 8. Pupils prepared for Stage,
Concert, or Drawing Room. A Special
Class for

teachers who wish to perfect themselves in the Banjo's harmony and technic

NEW YEAR RUMORS.

I've heard that during Ninety-Seven
 This town will boycott all the papers
 That love a lie; and put, thereby,
 An end to journalistic capers;
 Will hang, with rope that will not break,
 The fiend that perpetrates a fake.
 I hear that ministers will preach
 Once more their sermons from the Bible,
 Nor for fat salaries beseech.
 (I really hope this isn't libel).
 The rumor, too, is growing rife
 That every man will love his wife.
 Nay, more, that Benedicts will scorn
 To quote that chestnut old, moss-carried,
 About the club where, night till morn,
 All innocently they have tarried,
 But stay in their domestic lives
 Each blessed evening of their lives.
 These are queer things, I will admit,
 To gain authenticated rumor,
 But I've not told you all of it.
 A signed death-warrant to the bloomer
 Will soon be filed away, I hear,
 Among the archives of the year.
 One more reform. When winter days
 Have melted into torrid summer
 We shall not have to dodge the gaze
 Of every idiot new-comer
 Who made the air around us blue
 With "Is it hot enough for you?"
 They're saying, too, that all our girls
 Until they've reached the sere and yellow
 With wrinkled brows and corkscrew curls,
 Will never love a richer fellow.
 I might believe the rest of it;
 But this last New Year rumor? Nit!

THE PHILOSOPHER.

LOOK to your laurels, Southern California! Fresno has thrown down the gauntlet as a producer of the golden lemon and orange, and has backed her claim to recognition by a successful Citrus Fair. The favored fruits of the "frostless belt" are now as an aureole around the head of the Raisin Queen. Long live Fresno! Long live the grape! The grape helped the Fair to succeed. Instance the magnificent Pagoda of the St. George vineyard, whose luscious wines brought home a medal from the Atlanta Exposition. The choice vintages from "Maltermoro" were beautifully displayed by Manager John H. Markham, of the Fresno Branch, and the report of its success is recounted with pride at the branch cellar, 123 Market street, in this city. It is a well-known fact that all the wines from the St. George vineyard are absolutely pure. Adulteration is an unheard of thing, and, figuratively speaking, it can be said that the wine goes direct from the grape to the bottle. This is one of the prime reasons why these wines are so popular among connoisseurs. The Burgundy put up at the St. George Vineyard is as palatable and delightful a wine as any person can desire. It is really surprising that so excellent a wine can be produced here in California.

THE partnership formerly existing between S. E. Dutton and John Partridge, under the firm name of Dutton & Partridge, has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Partridge has purchased the entire business, and will continue as a Stationer and Bookbinder, at 306 California street. Having also a thoroughly equipped printing office of his own at 42-44 Steuart Street, Mr. Partridge will undoubtedly secure for himself a fair share of the city's trade in this particular line. The work turned out under his personal supervision is the best that can be procured, and his prices are as reasonable as those of any other first-class house. Orders for Printing, Lithographing, Bookbinding, Stationery, etc., may be left at either office and will receive immediate attention.

The late Senator Faironce said of the J. F. Cutter old Bourbon Whiskey that it was the finest ever manufactured. The Senator was a good judge of such things and his opinion holds good even to-day. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the agents for this delectable liquid and furnish our leading houses with it.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$500,000

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE..... 60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
 BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C., Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
 NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMARARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital..... \$3,000,000 00
 Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)..... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-Pres't
 ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
 S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Ass't Cashier I. F. MOULTON..... 2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
 DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL..... \$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, 5 in Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
 L. I. COWOILL, Cashier. ALLEN KNIGHT, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguieres, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co., Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth, Philadelphia—Drexel & Co., Chicago—Continental National Bank, St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank, Kansas City—First National Bank, London—Brown, Shipley & Co., Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SOTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital..... \$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital..... \$2,000,000
 Reserve Fund..... \$350,000

HEAD OFFICE..... 58 Old Broad Street, London
 AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
 C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital..... \$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER..... President
 W. E. BROWN..... Vice-President
 G. B. W. KLINE..... Cashier
 DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized..... \$5,000,000 | Paid Up..... \$1,500,000
 Subscribed..... 3,000,000 | Reserve Fund..... 700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
 The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
 IGN. STEINHART } Managers
 P. N. LILIENTHAL }

NEVADA WAREHOUSE AND DOCK COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS..... PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning foul and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-Californian Bank.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From Nov. 7, 1:00 p. m. 1896, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times to and from San Francisco.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table listing train routes and times for Santa Cruz Division, including Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and way stations.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table listing train routes and times for Coast Division, including San Jose and way stations, Almaden Wednesdays only, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations, San Jose and way stations, Palo Alto and way stations, San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, San Jose and way stations, San Jose and Way Stations, San Jose and principal way stations, San Jose and way stations, San Jose and way stations.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table listing train routes and times for San Leandro and Haywards Local, including Melrose, Seminary Park, Fitzhburg, San Leandro, Haywards, and runs through to Niles.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8). *7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, *5:00 and *6:00 P. M. From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway. *3:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 11:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. F for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. †‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. †††Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

CANTEEN YARNS.

A MEMBER of the military band at a certain barrack came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not so bad. A slight irritation, nothing more. You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk of renewing the trouble by using your throat, though, so I will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave."

Armed with the surgeon's certificate, the handsman obtained his two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end, when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The handsman saluted.

The surgeon recognized the face and stopped.

"How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly.

"It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon.

"You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you handle in the band?"

"The small drum, sir," said the musician.

A good story has been going the rounds of a Dorset battalion of volunteers. An officer in attendance at a shooting competition noticed two of the men firing with anything but William-Tell-like precision.

Approaching them, he angrily exclaimed: "You fellows don't know the way to shoot; lend me a rifle and let me show you."

"Bang," and the target was missed.

A broad grin overspread the faces of the two privates, but the officer was equal to the occasion.

Turning to the first, with a frown upon his countenance, he remarked: "That's the way you shoot, sir." A second attempt, and a similar result.

Turning to the other, he continued: "And that's the way you shoot, sir."

A third shot, and an "inner" was fuked.

With pardonable pride the officer returned the rifle, triumphantly, adding:

"And that's the way I shoot!"

The men ever since have entertained a very high opinion of him as a marksman.

—London V. S. Magazine.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F. Lists destinations like Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah, Guerneville, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol with departure and arrival times.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedohn Heights, Hulville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. K. RYAN, Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 10, 26. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 26, 30, and every 5th day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Dec. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M., Dec. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 26, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Dec. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M. For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The company reserves right to change steamers or sailing dates. TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, No. 10 Market street, San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. BELGIC.....Tuesday, December 29, 1896 COPTIC (via Honolulu).....Saturday, Jan. 16, 1897 GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897 DORIC.....Tuesday, February 23, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

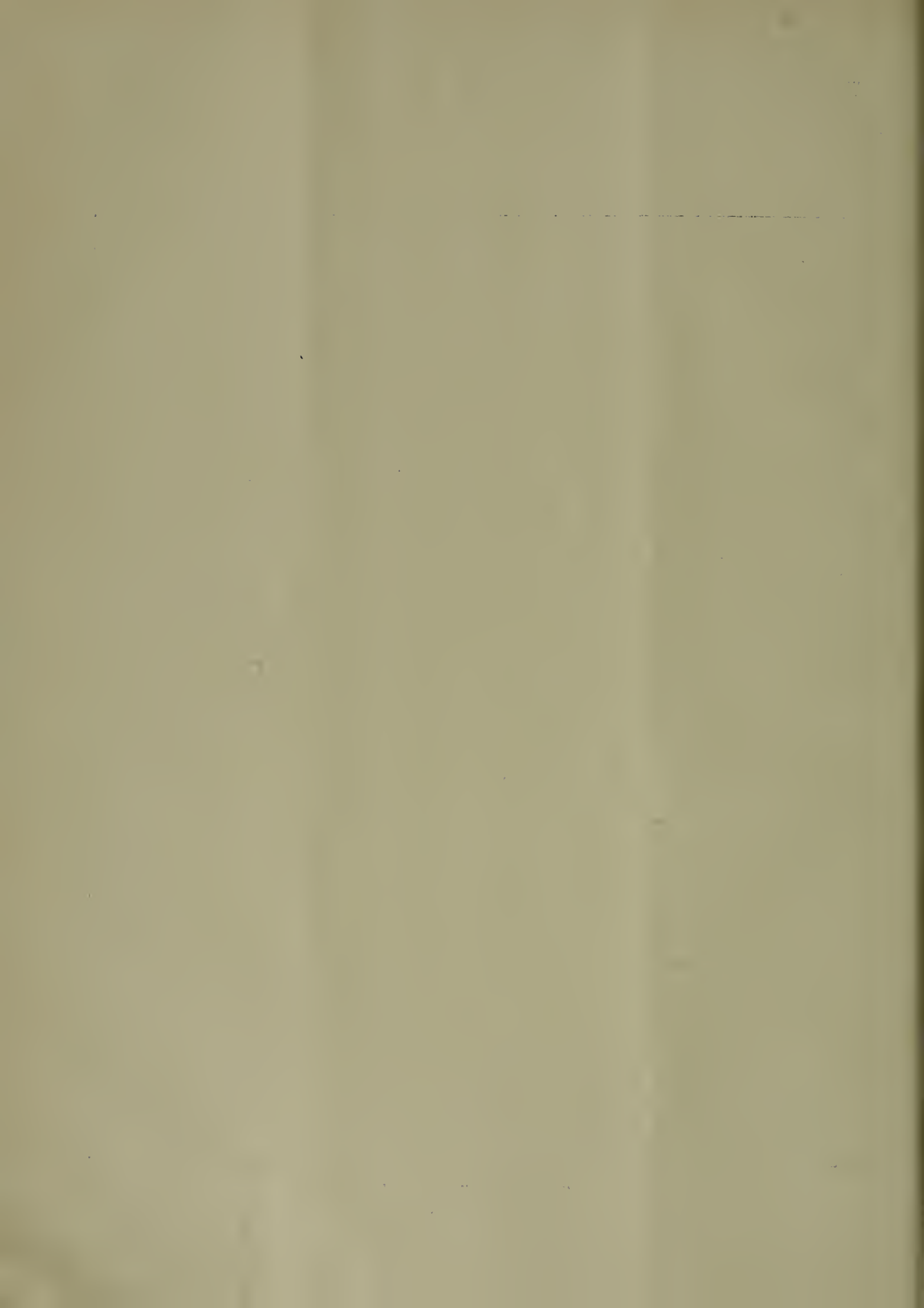
Advertisement for OCEANIC S.S. CO. HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA. 6 DAYS TO HONOLULU. S. S. "Zealandia," Thursday, January 7th, at 2 P. M. S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, January 26, at 2 p. m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

SOLID SILVER 4 cents. This is a Gentleman's Scarf Pin or Ladies' Stick Pin, two inches long, we only show the top. The double heart is solid sterling silver warranted 925-1000 fine. Sample by mail Four Cents in Postage Stamps. Address, LYNN & CO., 48 Bond St., New York.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St., San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.



MR. SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE;
Candidate for United States Senator.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1897.

Number 2.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54, Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

MAYOR Phelan commences work with the good wishes of every honest and intelligent citizen.

JUDGE Sanderson, in stepping down from the Bench, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty conscientiously and well.

THE sugar plantations of Cuba are said to be well-nigh destroyed, but the harvest of lies from that troubled island was never more abundant than at the present time.

CALIFORNIA is over supplied with poker-playing farmers and kid-gloved fruit growers. More downright earnest work is needed in the country, and less sitting upon the fences waiting for the "home-seeker" to come along with a pocketful of money.

MILLIONS of dollars are expended by tourists and health-seekers in Southern California each year. With proper advertising, suitable hotels and other inducements, this part of the State would likewise profit largely by the entertainment of travelers and visitors.

THE Health Officer at Berkeley does not receive the support of the local school directors in his efforts to enforce vaccination. These gentlemen are strangely deficient in knowledge. A certificate of vaccination should everywhere be insisted upon, as a requirement of admission to the public schools. This rule is strictly followed in San Francisco.

IN one respect, at least, Santa Clara sets a fine example to many other counties in this State. No less than two hundred and fifty miles of her roads, outside of city and town limits, are systematically sprinkled. The plant for this purpose, including ninety miles of pipe line, has cost \$150,000. This is one of the reasons why Santa Clara has such good roads, and why her lands command good prices.

NO less than seventy-two applicants for admission to the bar underwent examination this week before Commissioners of the Supreme Court. Most of these misguided young men would earn a better living by following the plow than they are likely to enjoy for years to come in their mischosen profession. There are too many lawyers now, and not half of them can fairly be called successful.

THE wholesale removals of deputies and other public servants, with each administrative change in the City Hall, is one of the evils of the spoils system. A number of experienced and capable men have recently been dismissed, merely for the purpose of rewarding political henchmen. While this practice continues, there is small encouragement for any deputy to perfect himself in the duties of his position.

THE report of the Code Commissioners contains many good recommendations, the adoption of which by the Legislature would serve to clear up and improve the existing law of the State in relation to various important matters. None of the proposed amendments has, so far, excited much opposition. The Commission seems to have done good and careful work, and its report justifies the appropriation for this purpose.

PRESIDENT Dohrman of the Merchants' Association well says, in reply to Dr. Stallard, that the methods of governing foreign municipalities are not applicable in this country. The chief reason is that politics here prevents the election of officials for their personal merit, the nominations being, with few exceptions, controlled by corrupt bosses. Concentration of power in the executive head has proved to be the best course for American cities.

IN the absence of a duty on anthracite, commonly known as hard coal, its importation has steadily increased at this port. Ten years ago, the yearly imports here scarcely reached two thousand tons; last year they amounted to about ninety thousand tons. This coal comes from Swansea, Wales. Its admission, free of duty, is obviously a distinct benefit to our consumers, but, curiously enough, Congressman Lond is said to have been urged from California to have a protective duty put upon anthracite. This might help Pennsylvania, but where would be the gain to this State?

ASSEMBLYMAN Cntter proposes an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that the death or disability of a juror, during the trial of a civil or criminal case, excepting capital offenses, shall not interfere with the rendering of a verdict, so long as three-fourths of the original number of jurors remain in the box. It also allows three-fourths of the original number of jurors to give a verdict in all criminal cases less than capital, as now in all civil cases. This amendment would cure serious defects in the existing jury system. It should be adopted.

THE British system of municipal government consists in the selection of a large administrative board, with no concentration of power. This has worked admirably in such cities as Glasgow and Birmingham, which are models of good government. But party politics cuts no figure in the choice of aldermen or councilmen abroad. Here the selection of a satisfactory governing board is not to be expected under the present political system. For this reason it has proved best, in American cities, to concentrate power as much as possible—particularly in the hands of the Mayor.

NOW that the new Board of Education and the Grand Jury have determined to investigate affairs appertaining to the School Department, there is every chance that many of the glaring abuses permitted under the old Boards will be stopped in short order. The over-employment of teachers and substitutes, the result in many cases of a pernicious system of favoritism, is apparently the most glaring. By cutting this list down considerably and confining it within reasonable limits, much money will be saved to tax-payers, and a just return of services will be demanded of those remaining and receiving full and adequate remuneration.

EXPERIENCE has shown the folly of making laws against usury. Such enactments were long ago shown to be injurious to borrowers, and merely an obstruction to enterprise and business. Exorbitant rates of interest are justly condemned in the popular mind, but yet more harm is done by legislative attempts to check the gains of money-lenders than by leaving capital to offset the risks of loans by the charge demanded for the use of money. The rate of interest is always proportioned to the supply and demand for money, the security afforded, and various other conditions. Laws never have controlled it, and never will.

THE LAW-MAKING BODY IN SESSION.

CALIFORNIA'S Legislatures have never been things of beauty, much less joys for ever. As a matter of fact, they have too often been ugly, corrupt, festering ulcers upon the body politic. Their members have formed "combines" to extort blood from everything that would bleed, and their methods have been shamelessly confessed in open court, but without anybody being punished. Every material interest that could be harassed by legislation cunningly devised for that purpose, has been compelled to purchase immunity by a liberal distribution of largess among hungry members. Legislators go to Sacramento at the beginning of every session with their grip sack stuffed full of "cinch" hills, supplied them, in many instances, by rascally lawyers who, in the course of their practice, have learned how this, that, or the other interest may be led. The nursing of these measures until they accomplished their purpose, has occupied the time and attention of members to the exclusion of all considerations of public usefulness. It has been as if the Legislature were designed as a mere gouging instrument for the use and benefit of needy and seedy politicians. An army made up of members, lobbyists, *attachés*, and hangers-on, manages to live from year to year, God only knows how, upon the things that can be picked up around the Capitol at every session. These evils have of late years gone from bad to worse. In earlier days, an outward show of decency was preserved, but when Boss Buckley's reign began, all pretenses to honesty were thrown to the winds, and scandalous bargainings, corruption, and licentiousness ran riot around the legislative halls. It has hardly been possible to exaggerate the condition of affairs. Not a tithe of what happened was ever told, yet more than enough has time and again been revealed to cause good citizens to blush for their so-called representative men. To the shame of this great city, which elects over one-fourth of the whole Legislature, its delegations have usually been the very worst in the pack. Once upon a time, the country members could be depended upon to neutralize the evil machinations of the city delegates, but, as evil communications corrupt good manners, so it came to pass that little dependence could be placed upon enough members to constitute a majority. The Capitol became a place for the purchase and sale of things that ought to be above all price, and California's Legislature became a byword and a reproach among men. Good citizens heaved a sigh of relief and thanked God when each biennial session came to an end.

Is this bad history to repeat itself in regard to the Legislature now in session? There are grounds for both hope and fear. The hope springs from various considerations. In the first place, quite a number of men of ability and character are members of this Legislature, and, whilst they do not constitute a majority, it may well be believed that this little leaven will cause an elevation of the whole. The last election was an earnest one, that betokened a quickening of the public conscience. It would seem to follow that members elected under a revived condition of public spirit would necessarily share in the more earnest convictions of their constituents. Public opinion is not as quiescent as it used to be, and we do not believe that the doings at Sacramento of recent years would now be tolerated. Members will do well to take account of the better spirit of the times, and govern themselves accordingly. A bad record will now bring more odium than formerly. As the members generally realize that fact, they will, it may be presumed, be more cautious. Those who hope for future political preferment will be more than cautious to eschew evil; they will be mindful to be aggressive for the right. If they can return home with the proud consciousness of duties well and faithfully performed, they will be rare exceptions to the general rule of recent legislators, and may rest assured of their ultimate reward at the hands of a grateful people. At the same time, it is to be regretted that there are already grounds for fear in the number of bad hills announced for introduction. All the old cinch hills appear to have been resurrected, and a majority of them are in the hands of members of the San Francisco delegation. The signs indicate that there is already another "combine," or the hope of one. It cannot too soon be ferreted out and exposed; a consideration which forces upon us an expression of a hope that the dailies will be faithfully

and adequately represented at Sacramento this winter. They have not always been so represented. A few sessions ago, a majority of the correspondents were found to be on Buckley's list of sinecurists, and at no time have the dailies been represented by sufficient reportorial strength. It is not enough that a long and dry detail of the routine business should be given. Each daily would find more interesting and useful work to do by detailing two bright reporters to watch the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain of the lobbies in both Houses. It is there that happenings occur in which the public are most interested. It is there that "scoops," which so delight the heart of the managing editor, are to be made.

The less disturbance by threatened legislation this session the better. The State is not conscious of suffering to any extent by reason of having too few laws. It will not realize that it has lost anything if not another enactment is added to the statute book this session. In fact, we have already too many laws, and could well dispense with not a few of them. In that respect we are governed too much. He should be esteemed the model legislator who best exposes and prevents the passage of bad hills. As times go, the more ignorant and impracticable the member, the more ambitious he is to add something to an already too plethoric statute book. This fallacious idea cannot be too soon abandoned. If the Legislature would at this session cut down its appropriations to the necessary expenses of the various institutions of the State, levy a rate proportioned to this wise economy, and then adjourn *sine die*, it would deserve better of the people of California than any Legislature it has ever had, and would live in the memories of men, as well as in the pages of history, as an exemplar and an ideal to representative bodies generally. Without a doubt, our people would wish that it should so do, could they be consulted. If the life of the session must be prolonged to the full sixty days permitted to it by law, let that life be as uneventful as possible. Our people desire to be let alone in their present well-doing, and have no need of heroic laws, anyway.

The The contest now on in Sacramento over the Senatorial choice of the United States Senator should Contest. attract the attention and interest of the people of California to an unusual degree, on account of the elements which enter into it, and the lines upon which it is being conducted by the respective candidates. It has been some time since talent, ambition, youth, brains and eloquence have engaged in a contest for the high office of Senator against wealth, age and mediocrity before the California Legislature, and the spectacle of a comparatively young man who possesses the former entering the lists with one who is generally notable for the latter, may well excite the interest of every citizen.

The career of Samuel M. Shortridge in California, which, through years of gradual growth in public esteem has finally led up to an assertion of his claims upon the office of U. S. Senator, is one which should awaken admiration in the mind of every man who himself has strong and noble ambitions for the attainment of honor and the achievement of success in life.

Mr. Shortridge came to California a poor boy, compelled from his childhood to labor for a livelihood and an education. He worked among the miners of Nevada County until he could earn enough money to go to school. He then attended the public schools and passed through all their gradations until he had fitted himself to teach in the schools in which he had been taught. He thus obtained the means which enabled him to attend a law school, and to gratify his first ambition for a professional career.

The expanding of his natural talents and acquired attainments during this struggle for an education and preparation for a calling, awakened in his mind a new and a nobler aspiration. He felt himself capable of becoming an orator, and began to display a power of moving the minds of men through his eloquent and thoughtful discussions of public affairs. The possession of this talent in a marked degree suggested to the mind of Mr. Shortridge and to his many friends the idea that there was a proper forum for their display, and aroused his ambition to attain, sooner or later, a seat in the United States Senate. For the past several years this ambition has been one of the fore-

most objects of the rising young lawyer's desire, and he has trained all of his faculties to fill the office with honor and credit to himself, and to the people of California whenever they should deem it fitting to place him there. By deep studies of public questions and of the art of eloquent expression, by wide reading of the best literature of all ages, by close and thoughtful observation of the current of public affairs, and by constant exercise of his abilities as a public speaker, Mr. Shortridge has so thoroughly prepared himself to fill the high office of United States Senator that no honest and impartial judge of his attainments will deny his eminent fitness for the place. The many friends of Samuel M. Shortridge, throughout the State of California, realize that the time has come when his years of service to the Republican Party should have their proper recompense and when his talents and matured powers of thought and expression should be given a proper sphere. They believe that the time has come in the nation when its Senate should cease to deserve the reproach of being a club of millionaires, and should become a council of statesmen. They deem it especially fitting that California which has done more than its share in bringing upon the Senate the former reproach should make a present attempt to restore to it the latter virtue. It is for this reason that the candidacy of Samuel M. Shortridge for the Senate is growing daily in favor and strength before the State Legislature, and is meeting with widespread approval among those who possess a proper conception of the kind of man a Senator should be, and who believe that the State of California would honor itself by selecting one of its foremost representatives in culture and in eloquence to fill the place.

The Governor's Message. Governor Budd's message to the legislature is a long, clear, forcible document, brimfull of useful information and valuable suggestions. A careful reading of it leaves the impression on one's mind that our Governor is strenuously endeavoring to do his duty to the whole State, and that he is bringing to the performance of that task an active temperament, quick perceptions, and considerable executive ability. Not in many years has such a man occupied the gubernatorial chair. He fits the times, and the times suit him. A spirit of retrenchment and reform is abroad in the State, and it is apparent that Governor Budd is in close touch with it. As results of his occupancy of office, taxes are being materially reduced, and this whilst greater efficiency is being maintained in all branches of the public service. Every institution and department has been bettered by the Governor's earnest and intelligent supervision. His recommendations, which are numerous, appear to be all well considered, and are calculated to make for better and more economical government. If our legislators would throw aside the thousand, or more, bills they propose introducing, and assiduously devote themselves to giving effect to the Governor's suggestions, they would find work enough to do for this session, and would make a record in advance of any legislature the State has ever had. Now is the time for the press of the State to be earnest and vigilant in expressing and enforcing public opinion. Our law making body must not be permitted to forget what the people have demanded. Nothing is clearer than that the people desire a low tax rate, and, for the rest, to be let alone to recuperate. The Governor has shown how this can be done, and his lead ought to be followed. The State has been generous to the point of extravagance, and its Government is now practically a vast-eleemosynary institution. It should run its different institutions on strict business principles, which it does not do when it pays twice as much for supplies in one place as it does in another. There should be one purchasing agency for all. Managers and Superintendents should have as little to do as possible with contractors. The Governor's suggestions as to changing the incidence of taxation will cause discussion, but he is right in saying that reality ought not to bear the whole burden of government.

New Light On Funding. The opponents of refunding in Congress are beginning to perceive that there are more difficulties in the way of the Government foreclosing its liens than they had supposed. Senator Pettigrew, having a grievance against the Union Pacific

road, has been one of the most loud-mouthed opponents of refunding in every shape. But recent contact with his constituents has furnished him with new light. His eyes have been opened to the fact that the Union Pacific's main line would be of little value without its feeders and side lines. The latter yield more than one-half the total revenue of the whole system, and are not covered by the Government's lien. The Senator now wants the Government to buy the control of the side lines. It appears that there are securities in the market of the value of \$10,000,000 which it would be an advantage to buy up, and the Senator wishes Congress to vote the necessary money. Thus a question comes to the front which the anti-refunders have all along studiously avoided. They could not be induced to say, because they did not know, of what use the main lines would be to the Government, or to anybody, without their equipment, terminals, feeders, side lines, etc. The Southern Pacific Company could drop the Central out of its system to-morrow and yet carry on its business pretty much as if nothing had happened. The Government would have a road-bed from Ogden by way of Niles to San Jose, but that is all, except the great debt it would then have to either pay off or renew. For our own part, we cannot see why Mr. Huntington, or any of his associates, need care what becomes of their offer to assume the Central's debts and furnish further security, if time be granted them. The Government has nothing to foreclose worth foreclosing, whilst they have nothing to lose the loss of which would harass them overmuch. We can see, however, and that very plainly, that it is of the greatest consequence to this city to maintain its one direct line to Chicago, and, to that maintenance, its terminals and feeders are indispensable. Los Angeles and the Southern counties generally would be benefited by the abandonment, or even the crippling of the Central Pacific. The line to Salt Lake City would in that case, and in that only, be built, and the port of San Francisco would either be shut off from direct connection with Chicago, or suffer competition with a better route to either San Pedro or Santa Monica. The Central Pacific, by itself, is nothing; as a part of a great system, it is the best available guarantee of the continued supremacy of San Francisco as a commercial *entrepôt*.

Loans to the Farmers and Other Producers. There is a redundancy of idle money in San Francisco that would soon find safe and profitable employment if only it were sought in the right direction. Because it takes less time and trouble to investigate the title and value of a city lot than it does those of a back country farm, the disposition has been to loan too much on the one and little or nothing on the other. Sound policy would dictate an opposite policy. To make San Francisco permanently prosperous, there is now a pressing need to develop the country tributary to her. That is the way in which great cities are built up. Vacant city lots yield nothing, and of residential houses this peninsula has enough for the present requirements of the existing population. It is well to light up the streets we have, to add betterments to our highways, and improve down-town places of business, but there is little profit in adding to the number of tenanted houses. Money that is invested in dead property is an injury to borrower and lender alike. whereas money placed in productive and profitable enterprises fructifies, increases, gives employment, and, in the end, multiplies homes in this city in the very best way possible. In many of our older States the value of country securities is so well understood that their owners borrow money cheaper than it can be obtained on city realty. Secretary Morton, in his last annual report, makes this abundantly clear. In seventeen States the average rate of interest on farm mortgages is less than that demanded on city residential property. In Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, and Alabama the interest exacted of farmers is less than that required from owners of other realty. The difference varies from one-half of one per cent. to one and one-half per cent. Investors invariably prefer the productive borrower to the one who has city property that may be productive or not, just as it may happen to find a tenant. The Secretary points out

that country land values have increased in the last decade, showing that there is no diminution in the security held. We are not belittling city values, but pointing out the surest way to increase them. Build up the country, increase the number of people who produce something, render the employment of capital and labor productive, multiply the transactions of our middlemen, enlarge our industrial population—accomplish all these things by lending a helping hand to country development, and then, as surely as effect follows cause, the Queen City of the Pacific will prosper as never before.

The Mayor's Inaugural. Mayor Phelan's inaugural address has the right ring about it. He speaks with that certainty, clearness, and force that can only come from full and exact knowledge. He renders it obvious from the start that he is well equipped for the creditable discharge of even more onerous duties than those which he is permitted to perform under the existing laws of this municipality. The pity is that the new charter was not ratified at the same time with the election of a Mayor so pre-eminently qualified to put it into successful operation. As it is, it will not do to expect too much from Mayor Phelan. Great as his capacity undoubtedly is, and good as his intentions are, he can accomplish but little under his present grant of powers. Nearly all he can do he has done, in pointing out intelligently and well the nature and extent of the practical reforms which the Board of Supervisors alone has the power to carry into effect. There can be, and there must be, lower taxation, and greater efficiency in the public service. It will always remain a marvel that during the hardest times this city ever knew, the very highest rate of taxation was needlessly imposed, and borne by oppressed taxpayers with a submission worthy of a better cause. A rate of \$2.25 on the hundred, yielding a total of \$6,896,872, was an intolerable burden that would have resulted in a general refusal to pay in a less law-abiding city than this. When to this is added the sum of \$1,630,513, derived from licenses and other sources of revenue, it must be conceded that for a city practically out of debt, the burden of taxation is shamefully too great. If the newly-elected Supervisors take kindly to the well-considered suggestions of the Mayor, he and they working in harmony together will give San Francisco a better municipal administration than it has known in many years. If the Mayor has but little power to do much of either good or evil, the Supervisors are abundantly endowed with the capacity to do either or both. In these days of much civic pride, it will go hard with them if they do not find a way to do less of evil and more of good than their predecessors of unhappy memory.

Reform the Electoral College. The Baltimore American has taken up the question of the inconsistencies in the electoral vote as apportioned among the States, with considerable warmth and much reason. In studying the election returns, The American is impressed with the fact that Maryland cast 250,841 votes, and South Carolina 88,938 votes, on November 3rd last. And yet Maryland has only eight votes in the electoral college, while South Carolina has nine. In other words, each elector in the former State represents 31,355 voters, and in the latter only 7,723. "Where is the justice?" inquires The American. Though the whole country knows why it is so, the question is a very pertinent and timely one, and is by no means answered in the flip-pant reply of the Charleston News and Courier that "they appear to have reduced ballot-box stuffing to a science in Maryland." It has not been charged, and there is no reason to believe, that Maryland's vote was a dishonest one. The State had a population of 1,042,390 in 1890, and, considering the natural increase, the vote cast would be about one for every five of the population, which is the usual estimate throughout the country. The vote was unquestionably normal, and fairly represented the will of the whole people. The census of 1890 gives South Carolina 1,151,149 inhabitants. We do not know what increase there may have been in the last six years, but, upon the figures given, South Carolina cast, or at least counted, only one vote for more than sixteen of the population. San Francisco cast nearly as many votes with only about one-

third the number of inhabitants. The normal colored vote of South Carolina, if honestly counted, would be twice the vote that has been returned to the whole State. If this condition affected alone the State in which it obtains, the matter might be left to its inhabitants for solution. But when the vote of a man in one section equals the vote of more than three men in other sections of the country in the selection of national officers and representatives, the wrong becomes too serious to pass unnoticed. If the present method of electing Presidents is to continue, the votes in the electoral college should be apportioned upon the votes cast at the previous Presidential election. There is the justice for which The Baltimore American justly clamors.

A Suggestion From The Dead. Hawthorne's advice that only aged men be sent to battle is worth consideration at this present moment. He may not have foreseen the present Cuban situation.

His prophetic glance may not have rested on the aged Senators who are so permeated with martial valor, but we recommend to these elderly gentlemen and to the country at large that his suggestion be followed. It will be especially attractive to the Senators themselves. It offers them an opportunity to close their public careers in a blaze of glory. History would enshrine their deeds for the perusal of remotest posterity. Accounts of their prowess on the tented field would fix their names indelibly in the rolls of fame, while their jingo resolutions will be soon forgotten. Spaniards are notably an impulsive, impressionable, superstitious race, and when they beheld battalions of hoary-headed wraiths advancing upon them, must surely surrender at discretion. The war would end without carnage. It would be the next best thing to arbitration, and far more satisfactory than the "good offices" they propose. When Cuba was pacified, those of our ancient and honorable champions who did not catch the yellow fever, and those who did not prefer the climate of the ever faithful isle for their rheumatism, might return to receive the plaudits and the pensions of their grateful country. It would be no small advantage, too, to allow the young and vigorous men to remain at home and continue the active development of our resources. This should not be overlooked. The sooner it is carried out the sooner we shall be relieved of the humiliating spectacle now presented by the Senate, and the better it will be for the United States, the Cubans, the Senators themselves, and in short, all concerned except, perhaps, the Spaniards.

The City And County Hospital. The Board of Health has done well in taking a firmer grip on the management of the City and County Hospital.

Heroic action was necessary, and it must be conceded that there is not a little heroism in a member of the Board, having a good private practice, personally taking hold of the management until it can be placed upon a creditable footing. We notice that it is proposed to spend over \$10,000 in improving the plumbing and sanitary condition of the Hospital, and no doubt the proposed improvements are urgently needed, if the building is much longer to serve its present purposes. As a matter of fact, it ought long since to have been supplanted by a newer and better structure, and we know of no more pressing obligation upon the New Board of Supervisors than that of making provision for such a Hospital as this City and County ought to have. If we begin to patch up the old building now, we shall have to keep on patching it until more money is expended than would provide a new and adequate structure. It is not alone the sewers and plumbing that are out of order; the floors are rotten and ought to have been removed long since. They have threatened collapse for many a day past. Erected in 1869, when Dr. Beverly Cole was chairman of the Supervisors' Health Committee, the building was only intended as a make-shift from the start. It has seen service far too long. Cold, draughty, and badly arranged in every way, the time has fully arrived when a new building should be provided. A City and County Hospital is the greatest, the most useful, and the most necessary of the city's charitable institutions. We could have done far better without a new Hall of Justice than without a new Hospital.

AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, January 6, 1897.

THE Legislature "has come," and this, the thirty-second biennial session, promises to be the most important held for several years. In fact, more important measures will come up for consideration than most people have any idea of, and, after the Senatorial question is decided next week, both houses will settle down to work, and work they must, unless the members wish to stay in Sacramento more than the Constitutional time—sixty days—at their own expense. It is only right to say, however, that both houses have already evidenced a laudable desire to get down to work, and in this regard the Assembly has made a better record than the Senate.

The economical trait is largely in evidence in both houses, and the lists of *attache's* have been carefully pruned, and many disappointed office-seekers are now homeward bound, some on foot and some otherwise. That reminds one that there were missing this year many of the old-time place-seekers, who bob up serenely each recurring session. Of course, some of them are dead, but usually there has been any quantity, if not quality, of new material to take the places of the missing ones. The female place-seeker is, the Lord be blessed, few in number—and, by the way, greatly improved in personal appearance. This year they can be classed as few, young, and, to all appearances, decent.

The colored contingent is here, though, in large and black numbers, and every Afro-American eluh in the State has representatives on the ground who are willing to take any kind of a job for any kind of a *per diem*, and a goodly number have been provided for—of course, after members' sons, brothers, wives, and daughters have been properly looked after.

In this regard it may be said that more legislators this year have provided for their families, who are here with them, than ever before—a fact that their patronage-seeking constituents will not forget when they run for office again, as most legislators generally do.

The Senate is really composed of some very bright men and any quantity of oratorical ability. In fact, when silver-tongued Wolfe, Dickinson, Stratton, Seawell, La Rue, Doty, Brauhart, Bert, Morehouse, Flint, Bulla, and others, less silver-tongued but as valuable, get in action, one wonders whether the few who are not orators can, with the four walls of the Senate chamber also considered, stand the pressure.

To be Presiding Officer of the Senate requires more ability and tact than most people would imagine. Although,

generally speaking, the Senate is a dignified, and, at the same time, considerable body, at times it requires a sharp, wide-awake and determined chairman, and from every indication, Lieutenant-Governor William T. Jeter is happily the combination of all these qualities, and it is safe to say is one of the most capable and satisfactory Presiding Officers the Senate has had for many sessions. Although, in the appointment of committees, Mr. Jeter is of opposite political faith from the majority of the Senate, he has already by his fairness and consideration, won the respect of the majority, and

has made friends who will not fail to recognize his qualities. Mr. Jeter, it will be remembered, was the Democratic nominee for Lieutenant-Governor two years ago, and next to Governor Budd and Supreme Judge Temple, who were elected, received the highest vote on the ticket. Upon the death of Lieutenant-Governor Millard, Governor Budd chose Mr. Jeter to act as Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Jeter lives in Santa Cruz, and has for twelve years served the people of both his county and city in public service.



Lieutenant-Governor Wm. T. Jeter.

Senator Thomas Flint, Jr., who was returned to the Senate by his admiring and appreciative constituents, was chosen unanimously President *pro tem.*, and when Lieutenant-Governor Jeter is not in the chair, will be called upon to preside over the Senate. By the way, Senator Flint is no longer susceptible to the smiles of the bewitching maiden, he having married a lovely Vermont lady a few weeks since, and Mrs. Flint is here with her distinguished husband.

Frank J. Brandon, the always efficient and, because of his efficiency, indispensable Chief Clerk of the Senate, was retained in the position. There is no man behind the desk more capable and more familiar with legislative procedure than Mr. Brandon, and his knowledge is always a great help not only to the Senators themselves, but to the presiding officer in particular.

The Assembly is always, probably because numerically larger, and therefore mentally weaker, inferior both in personal appearance and individual ability than the Senate. True, there are some very bright men in that body—yea, some very able men, but there are a large number of what one of the pages calls "nits"—a term both descriptive as to ability and personality. The "nits," however, are never heard of except—if on the Republican side—they forget to provide a job for some constituent, who tells his tale of woe again and again in the favorite gathering place in said Assemblyman's district, and so they do little harm, except drawing their pay. The San Francisco delegation—well, they are all here, and for obvious reasons are bunched up together on the left-hand side of the Assembly chamber. The country members have among them a number of reformers, who, with their panaceas in the shape of legislation for social, financial, and other evils, will have to be tolerated, because they were elected, till the end of the session.

Frank L. Coombs, of Napa, was elected Speaker, and will make an efficient one. S. J. Duckworth, Chief Clerk of last session, was chosen to succeed himself.

The youngest member, and one of the ablest, is A. W. North, of Yolo, who will make a record for himself.

Later, I will send you some photographs and something about some of the more prominent of our law-makers.

PEG.

The Patriarchs' Ball.

This ultra-fashionable affair was removed this year from Delmonico to the Waldorf, and was exceptionally magnificent. The toilets were superb, the music sublime, and the menu a masterpiece of culinary art, interspersed with claret, Moet & Chandon champagne and Jobannis Water.

The latest and most elegant things in gent's furnishing goods are to be had of John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny St.

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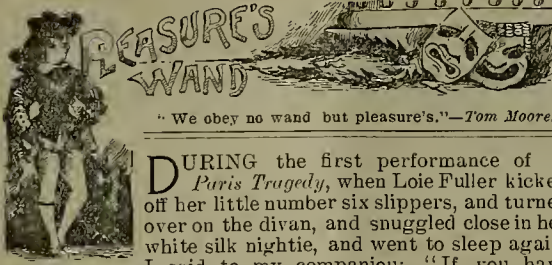
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"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

DURING the first performance of *A Paris Tragedy*, when Loie Fuller kicked off her little number six slippers, and turned over on the divan, and snuggled close in her white silk nightie, and went to sleep again, I said to my companion: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

I foresaw Miss Fuller's fluish.

Learning that Mr. Peter Robertson was to take La Loie in hand, and cut her pantomime to the dimensions of thirty minutes, I waited writing until I had seen a revised performance. This happened on Saturday afternoon, and I felt then as I had felt before, that Miss Fuller's part of *Madame*, in *A Paris Tragedy*, could be better acted by any fifteen-per-week actress from Morosco's or the Alcazar. Mr. Robertson's editing merely curtails the time it takes Loie Fuller to show an audience the sort of a stage lady she would have been without the illuminated petticoats.

I am too sincere an admirer of Loie Fuller's genius in silk and calcium not to deplore this dull, sickening thud upon an art that defies her at every point. She has neither the facile gesture, nor the fleet, fluent facial expression, nor yet the gift of alert, suggestive magnetism for legitimate pantomime. Even in her own sphere of the dance she shows little, if any, personality: there is a tremendous execution art power which moulds mechanism into glorious dance-pictures, giving them the throb of life and color of all radiant nature; but little of the artist's personality is felt with these. Loie Fuller is to her dances very much what Augustin Daly is to *Ada Rehan*—and, I daresay, in pantomime quite as strange and woeful a spectacle as Mr. Daly would be playing the part of *Viola*, in *Twelfth Night*.

Miss Fuller used to instruct the critics. Now the critics will breathe some mild, pedantic whispers to Miss Fuller. *A Paris Tragedy* is programmed "from the French." I advise Miss Fuller to keep it as far from France as possible. She does not act in French. Carrying coals to Newcastle is a lucrative business compared with carrying this quality of pantomime to Paris.

* * *

When I am an old, old man, with dangliug whiskers and doddering anecdotes, every season or two will find me hobbling toward a performance of *The Old Homestead*, and writing a paragraph about it afterwards. Of this I feel sure. *Trilby* may be buried a thousand fathoms deep, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* pass into peaceful oblivion, and Bernhard grow middle-aged, but that dear, old, till-doomsday classic of the barnyard will jog on forever. Fleishy problems have come and gone, flariug melodramas have burned themselves out, kid gloved melodrama has sprung a renaissance on us under the polite euphemism of "romantic" without securiug permanency for any one play, farce-comedy and hair-oiled boarding-house society drama are vanquished in a season—but *The Old Homestead*, incontestably commonplace, uncompromisingly obvious, and irredeemably pure, skips lightly over the graves of its contemporaries, and year by year welcomes a new posterity.

I cannot tell you why this play lives, why it has survived twenty changes of cast, and now, in the hands of inglorious road players entertains you and me at the Baldwin Theatre. I used to know when I was wiser and younger, but somehow I must give it up now. It would be infinitely easier for me to write why Ibsen (of whom I know comparatively little) is not popular in England, than why Thompson (whose play I know backwards) is foreverlastingly a success in America. Not hearing any clamors for Ibsen exegesis, I will return to *The Old Homestead*, which has already helped me over considerable space on a dull theatrical week. The old play takes on no fine citified airs because it is playing at the Baldwin. The double quartette sings well, and the cast throughout is most convincingly rural and economical.

Charles Wayne is the particular, transcendent luminary of the four new features on the Orpheum bill. He does not say this himself; he is modestly typed as a "premier eccentrique"—but don't mind that. Mr. Wayne has such amazingly complicated legs that it would be impossible to print them in any language but French. However, nimble legs are only the beginning of his fascinations; he is skillful at song, jests jovially, and his person is dainty and picturesque. He was once in comic opera, but when that business fell into the hands and feet of tumblers and contortionists, he reformed, and went into vaudeville. The transmogrification is perfect: now he articulates in understandable English, his gags belong to this end of the century, and his pyrotechnic dancing is full of novel figures. Charles Wayne is a very entertaining person from the top of his beaver down.

I am disappointed in Hallen and Fuller. In abridging and modifying their skit to what they trustfully believe is the level of an Orpheum hit, they have landed low—leaving, in fact, very little that is either new or diverting. Hallen's sportive tailoring is just as smart and refreshing as it was in his palmy farce-comedy days, and Mollie Fuller soubrettes in the old, usual way, and they both sing and dance airily in conventional music hall style. But somehow I expected more of their fifteen minutes—a brisk duel in repartee, an infectious song or two, and a real uue joke—and I didn't get it.

The Two Bostons are redeemed by the cleverness of their trained dogs. In the tongue of a more refined Boston, they are not worth beaus without them. Bar the dancing of the longer and leaner, which is a good bit of grotesque work, their fun is loud, coarse and obesely British; one line in particular is too stupidly and caudally vulgar even for vaudeville. But the dogs are chaste and clever, and well worth seeing, even at the expense of listening to their masters.

* * *

I missed hearing Miss Caldwell's songs, but I caught Rosner and his band in the act of playing some *Faust* music. It was beautifully done. He's a great little man, that Rosner; he has address, and piquancy, and magnetism, and authority, and humor, and circumstance, and lots of other things which most variety leaders have not.

* * *

Joseph Murphy was at home, being ill, when I called at the Columbia Theatre Tuesday night to see *Shawn Rhue*, and his brother John played the part. It's a great thiug to have a brother John—particularly if you are Joseph Murphy, and he looks like you to the very picture, and speaks the same rich, verdaug Irish-American. A less conscientious management than that of the Columbia would have made a deep secret of Joe's illness, and then John would have had a week of being not only Larry Donovan, but his millionaire brother besides, for, outside the pockets, they are as alike as two peas. But Mr. Friedlander was over in Oakland Tuesday night, and Mr. Gottloh would not hear of the deception when I proposed it. So somebody made a speech, and John went on as plain John, and served Larry up in choice, Irish style. There are lots of good democrats in the cast: Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Daley, Mr. Gorrein, and Miss Farrel; and what the others lack in nativity they make up in simulation.

ASHTON STEVENS.

* * * * *

The Old Homestead runs another week at the Baldwin, with an extra performance on Sunday night. A big musical sensation is on for the week following: Lillian Nordica, in company with Sofia Scalchi, Barou Bertrald, J. C. Dempsey, and Luckstone, the pianist, will give a series of three concerts. An act of *Stiegfried*, one of *Faust*, and a scene from another opera (it is to be hoped Wagnerian), are to be sung in costume, besides miscellaneous song readings. It is possible that Hinrichs and the symphony orchestra will be engaged for these concerts.

The Orpheum promises a big musical novelty next week, in the Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra, which comes direct from Europe under the direction of Matus. Lieut. Noble, ventriloquist, will also be a new attraction. New marches and new aerial gyrations are being rehearsed by the ballet.

This press agent of Joseph Murphy's is a prose Brown- ing. Listen to what he says of next week's bill at the Columbia.

So long as Irish plays shall continue to attract the attention of those who love the snug little island just this side of St. George's Channel, just so long will *Kerry Gow*, with Joseph Murphy as Dan O'Hara, retain its evergreen freshness and its thrillingly attractive story. The Irish blacksmith may show his comical dilliance as he interviews his sweetheart's father, night after night, until the "new woman" upsets the habit and renders such scenes a memory; he may make horseshoes and put them onto the horse until motor vehicles annihilate the equine species; and he may send his trained carrier pigeons from the race track to the Drew farm, until Old Erin abandons the jaunting car for the trolley and its tracks of steel; but it is doubtful if ever he finds an audience that tires of the story, its songs, its dances, and its delightful scenery.

Jack's beanstalk has taken on another week's growth. An influx of new songs, dances, and specialties bids fair to keep it green and growing in the Tivoli for several weeks to come. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is now in the smoothest running order; the many spectacular features are skillfully handled and most of the cast has improved since the opening week. West's Irishwoman and Little Jack Robertsou's Puck are big hits, and of course Hartman is enjoying boundless popularity.

The Rev. Haskett Smith, M. A., author of numerous entertaining volumes of travel in the Holy Land, is at present lecturing at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, on the Orient. The lectures are illustrated by magnificent pictures and views, and the entertainments are proving exceedingly popular. The Rev. Smith will give his last lecture next Monday night on "Egypt." The lectures are delightful, and well worth listening to.

MERITED RECOGNITION.



George R. Fletcher

FEW of the Improvement Clubs of this city have done so much good for their respective districts as that of Point Lobos. The club consists of energetic gentlemen who are determined to make the Richmond District one of the most beautiful in the city. How much they have accomplished will be seen when one compares the Richmond District of today with that of a few years ago. The officers of the club, however, say that to George R. Fletcher, their untiring President, is due the greater part of the praise for all that has been accomplished. He

has twice held this important position, and a few nights ago he received a most handsome diamond badge in recognition of his valuable services and leadership. Did every improvement club in this city have such a leader, San Francisco would be the gainer.

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If you have not been to Leona Heights yet, you have missed one of the prettiest of excursions. Commodious cars run there from all parts of Oakland and Alameda. The round trip is only fifty cents and as there is no bar on the grounds no roughs ever resort there of a Sunday.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

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The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON.

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The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers

Second and last week of the legitimate Irish comedian, JOSEPH McILHLY, supported by his New York company, in the greatest of Irish dramas, the

KERRY GOW,

played by him with unparalleled success in all the principal cities and leading theatres of America. "A comedy drama without an equal." Presenting not only realistic pictures of life and love in the Emerald Isle, but an everyday tale in every land. January 18th: "The Devil's Auction."

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Select company of 23 players. The great double quartette. Novel electrical effects. Last performance Sunday January 17th. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 18th: LILLIAN NORDICA operatic concert.

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Next week, the SECOND EDITION of

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

The King, the Queen, Jack, the Cow, the Giant, the Fairies, the Goddesses, the Mortals.

New songs! New dances! New skits! Seats now on sale.

Next opera—THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum.

San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

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HUNGARIAN COURT ORCHESTRA,

Under the direction of P. K. Matus, the most famed clarinet virtuoso in all Europe. Another European novelty, Lieutenant Noble, Europe's greatest ventriloquist; Hallett & Fuller, Chas. Wayne, Annie Caldwell, the two Bostons, Abachi & Masand; continued success of Nilsson's aerial ballet and Kralffy's grand opera ballet; new costumes, new scenery, new marches.

The famous Hungarian Orchestra will play in the Orpheum Annex every evening after the performance in the theatre.

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c. any part.

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The only perfect winter race track in America

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Racing from December 28th to January 9th, inclusive. Five or more races daily, rain or shine; first race at 2 P. M.

Take Southern Pacific trains at Third and Townsend streets depot, leaving at one o'clock P. M. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission street electric line direct to track.

The Panmory Sec Stakes, Tuesday, December 29th; the California Oaks, Thursday, December 31st; the Shrieve & Co. Cup, Friday, January 1st.

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AN ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPH.

ONE of the most pleasing evidences of San Francisco's progress is the building of stone residences instead of those of frame. True, we have many superb houses constructed of redwood, but, architecturally speaking, they are unsatisfactory. No matter how elaborate they may be, they lack the substantial appearance of either stone or brick structures. The departure of W. F. Whittier is a commendable one, and his recently completed home will for a long time be a pride to the city. It is located at the corner of Jackson and Laguna streets, high on the slope of the hill, and its rear windows command the broad sweep of the bay. Built of red sand-stone, on a foundation of lighter hue, and roofed with dark red tiles, reminiscent of old mission days, it appears massive in contrast to its wooden neighbors, yet every detail of curves, cornices, windows, and ornamentations, are pleasing to the eye. The marble entrance leads to an interior in keeping with the outward magnificence. The house will long stand as a monument to the ability of the architect, Edward R. Swain. His success in this instance marks the beginning of a new era in San Francisco architecture.

Sandstone as an Aid to Art.

To obtain soft outlines and artistic decoration is impossible with wooden materials, and even with most varieties of stone, but in the Arizona Red Sandstone a quality of texture is presented which admits of the most delicate carving. The architect has taken full advantage of this quality to give expression to his finest decorative conceptions. The warm, rich color of the stone is so uniform that no streaks or blotches mar the beauty of the structure. The Whittier building is a source of pride to Clinton J. Hutchins, agent of the Arizona Sandstone Company, whose offices are at the Builders' Exchange. The Arizona Sandstone Company is one of the most enterprising in this particular line of business, and has done much toward beautifying this city by the construction of handsome edifices.

Cutting Down a Hill.

One of the difficulties in building on our hills is the securing of a proper grade. The Whittier lot was admirably prepared for the foundation by contractors Warren & Malley, who at present are grading and leveling the site of the old Bay District race track, and also filling in the Fair estate property at Harbor View.

Art and Utility In Modern Appliances.

No residence in these days can lay full claim to elegance unless its appliances possess the highest degree of art and beauty, in addition to their necessary utility. In this respect, the Whittier home stands without an equal. The J. L. Mott Iron Works of New York, reputed leaders in their line, furnished all the bath-tubs, porcelain lined, and artistically decorated with various designs; the lavatories made of Italian statuary marble; their celebrated jet "Primo" water closets; decorated Cauldon China Basins, and Bidets' and Imperial Porcelain Ware for the kitchen sinks, and laundry tubs. In fact, these details are perfect. The New York firm has an office and show room, No. 27 Flood building, where M. S. James, their Pacific coast representative, is ever ready to show their goods.

A Residence Elevator.

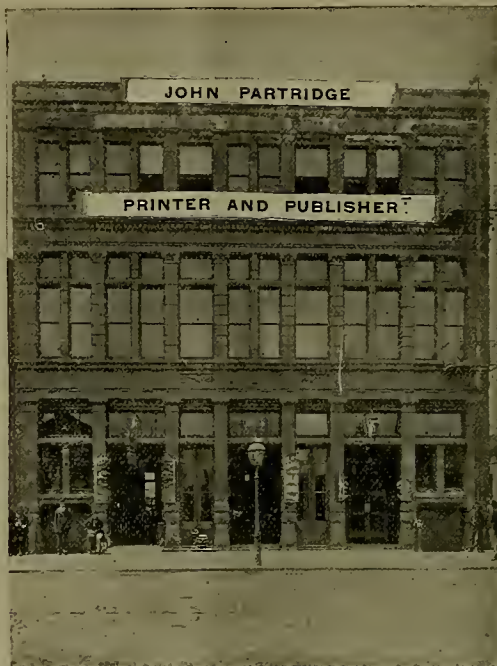
Footsteps should be saved in large houses. This mansion is provided with a passenger elevator, installed by the Cahill & Hall Elevator Company, of 214 Mission street. It is a hydraulic ram elevator, noiseless and smooth running, and though primarily intended for passenger service, is of sufficient capacity to raise pianos and furniture. The firm has a number of similar elevators in other prominent residences.

Glory of Rich Coloring.

No small responsibility rests upon the painter of magnificent houses. The conception and application of rich coloring and delicate tints, with full regard to harmonious effect is, in the Whittier house, a decided compliment to the ability of Thomas Downing, of 615 Mission street.

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The interior woodwork is probably the leading evidence of luxurious finish, and illustrates the high class of work turned out by Fink & Schindler, of 1309-1315 Market St.



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ANNUAL MEETING. Spring Valley Water Works.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Works will be held at 12 o'clock M. on

WEDNESDAY, the 13th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the office of the President of the company, 508 California street, San Francisco, for the election of Trustees and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

PELHAM W. AMES, Secretary.

Office: No. 503 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Pacific Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company will be held at the office of the company, room 14, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, the 19th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

W. HANSON, Secretary.

Office: 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, the 20th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Monday, January 18, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M.

San Francisco, January 2, 1897. E. L. PARKER, Secretary. Office: Room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.



ARTISTIC HOMES OF CALIFORNIA.

Residence of W. F. Whittier, Northeast Corner Jackson and Laguna Streets, San Francisco.

Edward R. Swan, Architect



THE old adage says it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. This seems to be exemplified in the fact that the buds are congratulating themselves so heartily over the marriage of Miss Emma Spreckels, because it has removed that charming, heavily-dowered young lady from the ranks of belle-dom, and thus left more chance for their own conquests. Now that Miss Spreckels has become a bride, there remain but two very rich California heiresses—Miss Fair and Miss Flood. The former has turned her pretty back upon San Francisco in favor of New York, and the latter (say her intimate friends) has given up society, and intends to lead a life of single blessedness for aye. Weddings, however, continue in our fashionable world. Miss Lizzie Carroll and Will Whittier have decided upon February for their wedding, and that of Miss Alice Ames and Arthur Allen will come soon after. If rumor may be relied upon, there will be another wedding in the Boardman family ere long, the bride a popular belle.

Sad, pearly tears are bedimning the eyes of some of our fairest women of society that handsome Colonel Lovell has departed for Philadelphia without so much as engaging himself to one of them. "The dear Colonel" has been voted one of the "best catches of the season," and many a pretty belle has had delightful dreams in which he figured as a loving bridegroom. And now, for some unexplained cause, he has suddenly departed for the East without fixing any date for his return! It has been whispered, since his departure—that a previous engagement made in Philadelphia, with Miss Gussie Van Tonne, the wealthy banker's daughter and heiress, bound the "dear Colonel's" heart and affections to such an extent that he was prevented from succumbing to the luring charms and languishing sighs of our dainty belles. Possibly the good Gods will, in a pitying mood, send another Adonis to replace Colonel Lovell, in the hearts and affections of the disappointed darlings.

The guests at the Hotel Rafael are unanimous in declaring that never were holidays more delightfully spent than were those at that charming place. Cozey fireside stories, agreeable card parties, delicious fare, and congenial companionship, made the time pass swiftly by, and the Christmas and New Year jollities were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

There is a whisper in the air that one of the features of this season will be the bachelors' ball, to be given at one of the large halls by the men of society as a compliment to their lady friends. That it will be a brilliant success, should the whisper prove true, goes without saying.

The last fad among our girls is "spouting"—in other words, the pretty creatures have taken furiously to theatricals, and if the craze continues, society may reasonably look for some amateur performances, possibly for a pet charity, before the winter is over.

Dame Rumor asserts most positively that the venerable beau, W. Scott Jones, is seriously considering taking unto himself a wife—a very charming lady, whose social triumphs began at the nation's capital many years ago.

The new army beaux of the Third Artillery are proving very popular in the swim, and, the girls say, are all good dancers. The next Fortnightly will test the powers of these martial heroes, as it is to be an army and navy cotillion.

Japanese curios are sought after the whole world over but in no place can such rare ones be obtained as in San Francisco. The visitor to the store of G. T. Marsh & Co., 625 Market Street, will obtain the best obtainable at very reasonable prices. The store is well worth a visit.



Going out of Business.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 4th

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A Book of the Week.* William Wornum, the narrator of this story, is a son of the village tailor, a law practitioner in the Superior Courts of Oconee County, and the brother of Jane. William

tells of the simple life of his native village in a pleasant sympathetic manner, and keeps the reader's interest unflagging until he is swept into the matrimonial net and brought to the end of his memoirs. "Sister Jane" is a hard-featured, quick-tempered, sharp-tongued woman, with few of the charms of the sex, except the inconsistency that never deserts it. Yet she has an honest heart withal, and forms shrewd and for the most part correct judgments about her neighbors and acquaintances, who stand in considerable awe of her. Free Betsey, the enfranchised negro woman who tells fortunes by the cards, Grandsire Johnny Roach, Uncle Jimmie Cosby, the revivalist preacher, full of stirring words, and Jincy, the lover of birds, squirrels, and every furred and feathered thing that dwells in the woods—all these are quaint characters, drawn with graphic and artistic touch. Mary Bullard is a charming girl, with whom William has been on intimate terms ever since they were boy and girl together. William, however, is a slow lover, and it takes him a provokingly long time to discover that he is over head and ears in love with Mary. But at last he takes the plunge, makes a declaration, and is at once accepted. Colonel Bullard, the great land-owner of the village, and Mrs. Bullard, his wife, are the most shadowy figures of the story; and people accustomed to the lines of demarcation in British society will wonder how an uncommonly pretty and attractive girl, daughter of a Colonel and man of property and social standing, could possibly be on terms of the greatest intimacy with the son and daughter of the tailor of their own village. We do not know where Oconee county is, but evidently the social distinctions of that region are few and inconsiderable, and are, doubtless, correctly portrayed by Mr. Harris. Some exciting events happen in the village: a child is lost, the Colonel's brother becomes a wanderer over the face of the earth, pulling up at last in California—that wild and woolly region to which the Easterner sends all his scapegraces. The brother and the lost child meet and become fast friends; later, they turn up in their old home, the one a rich man and the other a handsome boy. The story is well told, and the author evidently understands the kind of life he pictures for us. The volume, like all issued from the Riverside Press, is accurately and clearly printed, and the cover is pretty and tasteful.

* Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances, a narrative of certain events and episodes transcribed from the papers of the late William Wornum by Joel Chandler Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1896. Price \$1.50.

Mrs. Earle, in the course of investigations for her books on colonial history, found it necessary to ransack many old diaries, family histories, and court records. Thus she accumulated a considerable quantity of notes that were not used in any of her published volumes. Such of these notes as refer to the quaint (and happily now obsolete) punishments in vogue in former days, she has collected in this book, which she dedicates to "All curious and ingenious gentlemen and gentlewomen who can gain from acts of the past a delight in the present days of virtue, wisdom and the humanities." Scattered through the volume are curious illustrations, printed on parchment-like paper in brown ink, showing the bilboes, the stocks, the ducking stool, the pillory, and other ingenious instruments of confinement and torture. These illustrations are not so bad as one might infer from the name of their designer—one Hazenplug. We should like to see Anna Shaw and some others of her tribe to be treated to the same punishment as Ann Boulder, who, in or about the year 1652, was ordered "to stand in irons half-an-hour with a paper on her breast marked PUBLIC DESTROYER OF PEACE." And we think it would do the Rev. C. Overman Brown, D. D., (*Decies Damnatus*, or ten times damned)

good to be made to walk round Union Square barefooted, clad only in his shirt, and carrying a large faggot in his hand. At any rate, if it did him no good, it would make us "feel good" to see him thus doing public penance.

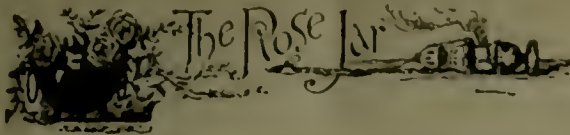
Curious Punishments of Bygone Days, by Alice Morse Earle. Chicago. Herbert S. Stone and Co. 1896.

At the exhibition of the Book and News trade in London in October of last year the Macmillan Company was awarded the gold medal for general excellence in book manufacture, including printing, illustrating, binding etc. The firm, which originated, we believe, in the English University town of Cambridge, now has houses in London and New York, and also in Australia. Lately the firm has published two handsome volumes on "The Castles of England, their story and structure," illustrated with full-page plates and many smaller pictures. Owing to the facts that no foreign foe has for many centuries effected a landing on English soil, and that there has been no civil war since the struggle between the Cavaliers and the Round heads, the mediæval castles of England are in splendid preservation. Windsor, Arundel, Warwick, Belvoir, Shirburn, and many others, have been lived in continuously since they were built, and form the most picturesque and delightful residences that can be imagined. Out of the six hundred stone castles of England five hundred remain to the present day, and this sumptuous work aims at recording all that is known about them. The first volume of the work was to have been brought out in November, 1896, but we have not yet seen it. These volumes include only the castles of England; those of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, will be treated of in other books. The wealth of associations and romantic incidents gathered about these historic castles is astonishing; a single grand stronghold like that of Warwick is worth a whole continent like Australia. To know the lives of its various owners is to know a large part of the history of England.

In an article entitled "The Brewing of the Storm" in the December issue of The Forum, Professor Goldwin Smith makes some valuable comments on the late Presidential election. Among other things he says that the great immigration of poor laborers into the United States has tended to produce two clearly marked classes, that of capitalist employers, and that of factory workers. The latter are naturally discontented, and, under the influence of agitators, become the easy victims of socialist and anarchistic schemers of all kinds. Protectionism is responsible for another batch of evil consequences. Capitalists of all sorts learn to look on the public exchequer as a vast grab-bag, out of which everyone tries to get as large a share as possible; workpeople learn to look to legislation, and not to their own skill and industry, to raise their wages. When a hundred different branches of industry are protected, the silver producer cannot see why his industry should be unprotected; accordingly he besieges the doors of the legislative halls, clamoring for a measure compelling the nation to buy his silver at twice its market value. Hosiers, batters, grocers, bootmakers, brickmakers, dealers and manufacturers of all kinds join in the scramble. All this confusion of ideas is worse confounded by men like Henry George and Edward Bellamy, who, without political, economical, logical or other training, scatter broadcast over the land the wildest notions and the most reckless dogmas.

A second edition of the late John Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps" has been issued by Messrs Longmans, Green & Co. It is a charming book, written in a simple and pellucid style that makes even difficult things plain. Professor Tyndall was an enthusiastic and adventurous mountain-climber, whose observations on glaciers and their formation will be interesting to any person who lives in a country where glacial effects are to be seen, and will give him a clearer idea than he ever had before of their origin.

The Christmas Herald, published by Hugh Murphy and Frank P. Scully of this city, is a bright little paper, full of choice reading matter eminently suitable for the family circle. The Christmas number, consisting of twenty-four pages, was well worth the small price asked for it.



BOHEMIAN UPS AND DOWNS.—AFTER FIELD'S WASHINGTON.

'W AY up in a garret high,
Just a few feet from the sky,
Dwell I in Bohemia.
What care I for aught below?
There have I nor friend nor foe!
Pity I the struggling throng
While I live my life of song
Up here in Bohemia.

'Tween my teeth my briar-root—
Best of friends, since almost mute—
Rare thing in Bohemia;
Upward as the thick smoke curls
What care I for simp'ring girls?
Love is weak; my pipe is strong;
Why for love, then, be the song
Sung here in Bohemia?

Off my little songs fall flat,
Hungry? What care I for that,
Fasting in Bohemia?
Put my only coat in pawn,
Live on that and still sing on;
Puff my pipe and think I've dined—
Barmecidal feasts I find
Often in Bohemia.

Haply then my rhymelets take,
With a check my fast to break,
Feast we in Bohemia,
'Round the corner of the block,
Sign o'erhead a crowing cock,
Mug of beer and sandwich fine;
What care we how nabobs dine,
Feasting in Bohemia?

Friends have I, some three or four—
Quite enough, for who has more
In or out Bohemia?
With them joy is always young,
Grief is but a song that's sung;
Live we, laugh we debonaire,
Skies are bright and winds are fair
Always in Bohemia!

AFTERWARDS.—JOHN E. HEALY, IN LONDON WEEKLY SUN.

Did I love you, little girl,
Once in other days?
Was the world the place wherein
All the golden ways
Led to you, and all the birds
Only sang your praise?

Did I love you, little girl?
Was it you whose eyes,
Twice a dozen months ago,
Lit the Arcadian skies
Where we walked with summer-time,
Happy and unwise?

Did I love you, little girl?
Are you sure 'tis true?
Was it for your shrine I plucked
Rosemary and rue?
Was my pastoral queen of love
You—and only you?

Did I love you, little girl,
Not so long ago?
Can such sudden ebb succeed
Such a passionate glow?
Still I dream of linked lips;
Tell me, was it so?

Did you love me, little girl?
Could such sorrow be?
Have I locked your simple heart
But to lose the key?
God forgive me, little girl,
If you weep for me!



Head Golds,

Catarrh, dry mucous membranes, soon yield to the treatment of the famous DR. MCKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE.

BE CONVINCED FREE.

To show that Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure gives instant relief and continues to drive away the cold or catarrh, 7 free trials per week will be allowed you if you call at the

Baldwin Pharmacy,

(Edwin W. Joy),
Market and Powell Sts.

Call for free treatment of Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure.

You Must Look Neat.

Suits Cleaned and Pressed **\$1.00**

Bay City Clothing Renovatory,

Suits called for and delivered.

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Draining the American Flat.

A proposition is now under way at Virginia City which should merit the support of every one who deals in the local mining share market. Its success will mean the renewal of activity in the Nevada mines and in speculation in this city. The American Flat ledges, which were neglected in years gone by and submerged at the water level in the craze for everything on the Comstock, are now attracting attention. Some of the leading men in the business are now determined to drain this wealthy district by extending the Sutro tunnel through the district at a depth of 1100 feet, the distance to be covered being about a mile and a half. This would tap the old Rock Island, Baltimore and Knickerbocker ledges, which paid handsomely down to the water level, where the companies had to stop work falling the money necessary to put in the machinery required to handle the water. The right people are back of the enterprise now, and it will be hoped that the coming year will see the work well under way, and nearing its consummation. The absurdity of a policy which threw millions down the Comstock shafts, completely ignoring every other mineral deposit off the main lode, is now apparent, but it has taken a siege of dull times to convert the victims of a delusion which has cost them dearly.

California Gold Mines.

The mining fever is spreading badly in the community, and if the dollars are pouring in at the rate they are going down on paper, the town would be packed with the chariots of another batch of the newly enriched, while the beggars would do the grandee act on horseback. A fair sample of the rapid enhancement of mining values, and the enlarged ideas of the promotion class came under notice of local mining men during the past week. A new million dollar proposition cropped up in the street, hatched in the fertile brain of a new arrival from over the border. Running the game down, the owners were finally located, who held the property at \$700,000, a drop of \$250,000 when the commissions were stripped off the deal. The property in question is a water-logged concern which could have been pulled in a year ago for \$8000. The present owners obtained a working bond on it for \$50,000, drained the ground and put up a mill. It is now awaiting the foreign tenderfoot, who can take the entire bakery for \$700,000, if bought direct. This is a fair sample of the estimate placed upon the intelligence of the coming mine buyers, who, if posted on their business, must feel highly flattered.

The Pine Street Market.

Business in the mining market has been dull during the holiday season. Prices have been low, and the shares devoid of the buoyancy which attracts investors. The mines, however, hold their own remarkably well. The last official letter from the Chollar-Brunswick Mine would have created a stir on the street some years ago. The high grade of ore opening up above the 200-level is a surprise to the friends and supporters of the "streak and bunch" theory, which has destroyed the confidence of the public in the new find. The showing, in face of this unfriendly work of street-scalpers, is better than the Comstock ever made in its infancy, but this is overlooked by people who follow blindly any lead which happens to suit their ideas for the time being. There is a prospect now for more activity in the market, and higher prices are anticipated by dealers in all the leading shares.

It is amusing to learn at this stage of the game that the old Kennedy mine is destined to outrank the Utica. It ought to have opened up a little better in its younger days to attain such a degree of eminence. At its depth, there might possibly be more millions in a sale if the right class of purchaser could be dug up.

MARK Sullivan, a well-known and capable young mining man of Madera County, has accepted the superintendency of the Savannah Gold Mines at Grub Gulch.

A Voice From Westralia.

The following letter arrived in the last Australian mail from Kalgoorlie. It may interest some of our California readers in so far as the paragraph on the famous Comstock mine is concerned. The balance relating to the Paddington Consols will be Greek to most of the boys and girls on Pine street, although some may catch the point where it bears on Charley Kaufman:

MINING EDITOR NEWS LETTER—As the mystery with which the Paddington Consols invest their property is becoming somewhat notorious on these fields, a short account of Mr. Jas. C. Dwyer may enlighten the public.

I have learned that Mr. Dwyer first distinguished himself in the mining circles of California in the early '70s. Through the influence of Mr. Chas Patton, a director in the Yellow Jacket Company, Mr. Dwyer secured a contract to sink winzes, drive drifts, etc., in the Yellow Jacket Mine, on the Comstock Lode. Mr. Dwyer fulfilled his contract in six months, clearing £9,000. In the process of his work he discovered the Yellow Jacket bonanza, and, according to his agreement with Patton, to give him alone information of the mine, he was enabled to purchase shares at low prices, and sell at the highest. He thus cleared £60,000, while his friend profited to the extent of £400,000.

When the public knows this it has the key to the situation, which is that Mr. Kaufman could not have made Mr. Dwyer his manager unless manipulation was intended. Yours respectfully,

CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Kalgoorlie, W. A., Nov. 10, 1896.

A Prosperous Financial Concern.

The phenomenal financial growth of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society continues. Every annual report shows an increase in its assets, which have now reached a point close to \$40,000,000, placing the bank in the front of financial institutions of its class in the world. The exact amount of its credits on December 31st last was \$37,207,801.74. Of this sum no less than \$26,190,549.14 is represented by promissory notes secured by first mortgages on real estate, the bulk of which is city property. United States bonds of the value of \$4,696,355.84 are held by the bank, and in addition \$1,890,866.68 in miscellaneous bonds, consisting of such gilt-edged securities as Market-street Cable 6s, Spring Valley 4 per cents, Sutter-street 5 per cents, and Omnibus 6 per cents. The real property owned by the bank in the city and county of San Francisco is valued at \$827,223, including the palatial office building of the corporation. The cash in its vaults amounts to \$3,093,342.95, exclusive of the reserve fund amounting to \$2,682,099.12. The deposits in the Hibernia have largely increased during the past six months, showing the confidence reposed in its financial solidity and good management by the public.

Local Stocks in Good Demand.

The members of the local Stock and Bond Exchange continue to do a large business in the better class of securities, showing that money is not scarce with investors. An attempt to boom the powder list on the strength of a reported combination, has fallen rather flat, owing to the fact that the public failed to appreciate the situation as delineated by the schemers at the back of the little job. While conferences have undoubtedly been held looking toward the consummation of a compact, they have been arranged entirely by the smaller companies who would not object to assistance from those who are better fixed financially than themselves. To arrange a compact of the kind, concessions will have to be made which are not altogether palatable to some of the concerns which, for all the business now going on, have enough to do to keep their heads above water.

Siskiyou Mine Looming Up.

The extensive gold mountain known as the Quartz Hill property at Scott Bar, Siskiyou County, has just been examined by a party of mining experts, who have carefully investigated its value and merit, and pronounced it one of the most extensive, if not the largest, gold-bearing quartz deposit in California, favorably located for working on a large scale; at least eighty stamps should be erected to begin crushing. M. F. Campbell, who was one of the party of experts that last season examined this mountain, has accompanied this last party as one of the experts. He found the cross-cut run into the mountain, showing new reserves, and felt highly pleased with the results. Siskiyou county can claim in Quartz Hill a most valuable property.

Down Letter

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
 "One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

OWING to the fact that an Examiner theatrical critic made the announcement in headlines last Tuesday, "A Treat at Morosco's," serious inconvenience was caused to pedestrians, and traffic for several hours interrupted in front of the Mission street play house. The news had spread among the free-lunch fiends with lightning rapidity, and the thoroughfare was blocked for a quarter of a mile by a thirsty throng, a large proportion of which swarmed that way from the neighborhood of the City Hall. It was an unhappy error, and should not occur again.

LANGTRY, the somewhat soiled Jersey lily, has a husband who does not propose to be snuffed out of sight by a California divorce court, and who indignantly denies the assertion that he has been supported all these years from the proceeds of his erstwhile companion's income as an actress who has basked in the blistering smiles of royalty. It is indeed unusual to record the fact that a San Francisco divorce suit is to be contested. Mr. Langtry's next move will be watched with interest.

THE Reverend W. D. P. Bliss of Boston has delivered a lecture in choicest Bostonese at the Turk street "Temple," on "Socialism," the Reverend J. E. Scott assisting in the entertainment. Surely we have enough preachers who do not preach, without importing them from the Hub or any other portion of the effete East. What we want is sweet surcease from such noisy divines as Will Do Politics Bliss and Jaw Exerciser Scott. We devoutly wish none others would apply.

JAMES Patterson, Jr. has toyed with the X-ray, and now is a sadder and a wiser man. In his bubbling enthusiasm for science, he has come near immolating himself upon the altar of his devotion to its experiments, and has succeeded in burning enough holes in himself to give him a slight idea of what the hereafter will do to sinners. There is really no need nowadays for a man to roast himself in this fashion. The dailies should not be deprived of their prerogatives.

THE unfortunate falling out of Librarian Peterson, of the Oakland Free Library, with his better half, is much to be regretted. When men of sedentary occupations come into conflict with their spouses, what is to be expected of men whose daily occupation leads them into the path of temptation—such as the clergy, the police, and the holy company of merchants? Mr. Peterson should have kept his marital muddle a secret.

WITH hungry look and itching hand
 Each new Assemblyman doth stand
 Beside the man who hold the sack
 And hopes to bring a portion back.
 Not oft these fellows get a chance
 To fill the pockets of their pants;
 The sooner done, the sooner oer,
 Please God, they'll trouble then no more.

HIS Excellency the Governor is to be congratulated upon having delivered himself of so voluminous a message as that presented to our legislators at Sacramento. Whether these latter can read or not, and in most cases their ability to do so is questionable, a proof is given to the world that Mr. Budd can write. We may be taxed for the printing of the stuff, but that is only an item, after all.

SEVENTY-TWO applicants are clamoring for admission to the legal bar of this State. It is now in order to increase our Almshouse accommodations at once. Poverty is no crime, and we cannot sit by unfeelingly and see our fellow beings starve, no matter how deeply we deplore their lack of judgment.

IT is not surprising that society girls should yearn for the exciting life that accompanies a stage career. The **TOWN CRIER's** sympathy is wide 'em. Three pink teas and sky-blue-yellow luncheon would send him into delirium tremens, yet a girl is expected to endure such things and thrive, from season to season.

A **CHEERFUL** heart at present going on out at the Masonic Convention. A gent man with the suggestive name of Bore is stirring the members up to attempt the ousting of the present officers. What the dead men say to the rumpus crowd or above their heads can easily be imagined. It may give them some satisfaction, however, to know that their more boisterous brethren will soon be caught by the heels and hurled into the Great Pit themselves.

BRIUM, the tame brown bear who escaped from his owner and spent the holidays in the fields near Ingle-side, learned to drink whiskey during his absence, and now insists upon a cocktail every morning before breakfast. There is no truth, however, in the rumor that he is one of Swin's bears, being put in training for the editorial sardnet. He is educated beyond the requirements of such a position.

THE ladies of the Educational and Industrial Union are making arrangements to appear in a body before the Supervisors to demand that the City Hall be given over to members of their own sex for purification. Whether the Supervisors will survive this onslaught or not remains to be seen. Some of them, we understand, are exceedingly tough men and can be relied upon to bear the brunt of the visitation. We shall watch for the result with expectancy.

IT is to be hoped the Legislature will not turn a deaf ear to the petition of the workmen of San Francisco that they be granted free soap as an inducement for them to perform their weekly ablutions. Mr. Sutro having kindly placed his baths at their disposal for one day in the week, we feel assured that the condition of the horny mouthed son of toil will be materially improved during the year 1897.

HARRY F. Mann and his wife sought the friendly shelter of the Receiving Hospital this week for the salving of wounds received in a fight, over a pair of shoes, with a shoemaker. The toe of a boot has frequently done active service in altercations, and old shoes have from time immemorial been the price of midnight slumbers, but the appearance of footgear as a bone of contention smacks of novelty.

THESE Mothers' Congresses that meet,
 Some methods new will teach, it may be,
 But all the same it's safe to say
 That in the old, old-fashioned way
 Their slippers will come into play
 When they proceed to spank the baby.

IN case the boodle being distributed at Sacramento might prove too powerful a lodestone for the **TOWN CRIER**, he has been chained to the **NEWS LETTER** safe (empty) and will not be granted his liberty until the last of our self-conscious Solons has retired to his inglorious hamlet to blow in his portion of ill-gotten gain.

AN unfortunate street sweeper, who was run over by a team on Market street, intends suing the owners for some \$30,000. How comes this particular individual to estimate himself at so high a figure as \$30,000? Willie Hearst comes no higher than that.

A **MAN** cannot expect to have the daily newspapers record the fact that he has a cold in the head, or has sneezed three times in succession, until he has become a multi-millionaire. Such distinction is reserved alone for the rich.

THE easy manner in which several budding politicians presented their Bills in the Assembly goes far to prove that they have all had more or less experience with that fiend in human guise—the dun.

SOME Eastern philanthropists are publishing a journal entitled, "What to Eat." The **TOWN CRIER** has scratched himself bald over the question: "How To Get It."

WHEN a man is said to be "on trial for his life," the statement bears a literal significance in San Francisco. It takes a lifetime to reach a verdict.

HOW is it that little Willie Hearst has not pitched his tent at Sacramento? Surely he is aware of the presence of a sack in that most holy of cities.

NO wonder it has been so cold of late in San Francisco. All the hot stuff is assembled at Sacramento.



DEAR EDITH: The popularity of lace as a garniture is well maintained. One can hardly say that it is more popular than ever, for the climax of its popularity was attained long ago. The combination of lace and fur is a conspicuous feature of winter fashions. The fur shoulder cape, with its complement of many sable or mink tails, is further ornamented with a fall of very costly lace. Some of the high rolling fur collars or collars lined with fur, have folds of lace laid between the collar and the neck. There are cravat ends of lace which are allowed to hang straight, or otherwise are softly knotted beneath the chin.

Many of the chestnut, Havana, and nasturtium shades have acquired new beauty this season, and are greatly in evidence, and among certain high-class modistes and tailors all the rich browns, fawns and grays are more used than any other colors for elegant, day costumes. Next in favor are the handsome silk-and-wool mixtures, the basket-cloths and boucles in black and colors.

The Scotch tweeds for winter show great variety in design, and for utility uses are made with good-length coats and seven-gored skirts. Costumes of richly-colored tailor cloths have natty jacket hodies made double-breasted over the chest and cut out slightly on the very lower portion to show the points of vest made of white cloth, Suede kid, or decorated velvet or satin. These give uncommon style to the gown.

Military scarlet and rich Danish red are undoubtedly very fashionable colors for children this winter, among these being scarlet cloth coats and Tam O'Shanter caps to match. Entire suits of this brilliant color are brought out both for the small men and maidens, and smart little blouses are made variously in combinations of red and white, red and blue, scarlet and green, etc., some braided, others finished with straight lines of gold, white, or black cord. Plum color, rich brown, and soft fawn shades are likewise used on stylish and picturesque suits, and corduroy and velveteen with trimmings of handsome Irish crochet lace are in great vogue. Pretty lace sets of wide collar and deep cuffs are added to fancy velvet costumes for both boys and girls.

It is very smart to make the dress match the revers. These, if of red, are in tone with the deep red dress. If of gray satin, they match a gray gown, and if of white, they are worn with plain black. White broadcloth skirts are considerably worn. They tone toward gray, and are very pretty.

To meet the requirements of the new style of hair-dressing, many hats have strings which cross at the back and tie at the left side. Flowers and rosettes are not so generally seen beneath the brim, but rest on strings at the back midway between the neck and the hat. The prominent jug-handle style of coiffure is now wholly *passé*. The center coil comes closer to the head, and often the hair is carried to the top of the head, and arranged *en Pompadour* in a series of soft puffs, braids or coils, arranged in some original fashion that best suits the face. It is quite the style to again part the hair on the left side and wave it on both sides of the parting. A few women who admire classic modes are arranging their tresses *à la Grecque*. This is always a most trying coiffure. BELINDA.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers, Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

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Gold Medals, Paris 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States. MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John Street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



"Wilson has a most unhappy way of expressing himself." "He told me he was going to propose to that charming grass widow from Chicago." "He did, but his clumsy effort to be off-hand and easy spoiled it. He had read these allusions to Chicago divorces until he thought they were true." "What did he say to the widow?" "He asked her if she was engaged for her next wedding."—Washington Star.

"What kind of goods, ma'am?" asked the salesman. "I think," replied the young woman who had just bought a wheel and was about to order her first riding suit, "you may show me some of your early fall styles."—Chicago Tribune.

"Nan, we are going to have individual communion cups in our church." "How lovely!" "Yes; and won't it be charming when we have individual clergymen—one for every girl in the parish?"—Chicago Record.

Sexton (from the vestry room)—Dr. Blank—Dr. Blank—the church is on fire. DR. BLANK (from the pulpit)—Very well, William; I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation.—Harper's Bazar.

Ambling Anderson—I see by de papers dat de new t'ousand-dollar notes is badly printed on hum paper. FACETIOUS FARRINGTON—Is dat so? It's funny I ain't noticed it.—New York World.

Nursegirl—I lost track of the child, mum, and— "Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" NURSEGIRL—I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum.—Pearson's Weekly.

She—It requires six things to make married life happy. HE—Indeed! SHE—Yes; the first is a model husband. HE—And then? SHE—The other five consists of money.—La Caricature.

"Angel cake," said the married man, who refused to permit the use of his name, "is so called because it would require an angel to eat it without suppressed profanity."—Puck.

Deacon Black—How did you like it down at Bloomtown? REV. WHITE—I tell you, they're wide awake down there! "Oh, then you didn't preach for them?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Della, don't you feel bad about separating from your husband?" "Oh, horribly, Julia; you see, I have his name embroidered all over my autograph pillow."—Chicago Record.

"Do you enjoy novel reading, Miss Belinda?" "Oh, very much; one can associate with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."—Chicago Record.

"The apple crop is enormous this year." "Yes, and they say that apples are brain food." "Well, they didn't act that way on Adam and Eve."—Chicago Record.

Duzbey—I understand that Mrs. Buzbuz had begun divorce proceedings. DOOBEY—On what grounds? DUZBEY—South Dakota.—Roxburg Gazette.

"What makes you think that Oldy is an honest man?" "Because I heard him tell his wife that he stayed out all night to play poker."—Detroit Free Press.

Somebody asked a girl what she would do if she had a mustache on her upper lip. "If I liked the man I'd keep quiet," said she.—Ex.

"Is there any English equivalent of 'raconteur'?" "Well, 'hore' fills the bill in some places."—Puck.

Adolphus—I've half a mind— KATE—There Dolly, don't exaggerate.—Boston Transcript.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

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RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Nevada Restaurant, 417 Pine st. Private rooms; meals 50c. LOUPEY BROS Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Thomas L. Hill, OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

BOILER-MAKERS.

P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street. Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

PRINTING AND RUBBER STAMPS.

Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

CANDIES.

Latest English Pear Drops. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

VEHICLES

Latest style Victoria, only used a few times; also, three-seated drag, 500 Golden Gate Avenue.

INDIA OPIUM CURE,

B. D. KIMMIS, Proprietor. Room 1, Columbian Building, 916 Market Street, S. F.

OPIUM, MORPHINE and COCAINE

And all other opiate habits cured speedily and effectively or money refunded. Ladies treated privately at home.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY, Telephone, Bush 12.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 23 Powell St., opp. Baldwin Hotel.
BRANCH: 11 Taylor street, near Golden Gate avenue.
LAUNDRY: Twelfth St., bet. Folsom and Howard, S. F.
All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Orders left at office will receive prompt attention. Work called for and delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Try the SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY,

Office, 33 Geary street. Telephone Main 5125.
Oakland Office—884 Broadway. Telephone Main 658.

United States Laundry,

Office: 1004 Market St., near Baldwin. Telephone, South 4-2-0.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



WHEN the news reached this city that there was a bog moving in Ireland, and that Ireland itself was slowly, but surely, creeping towards California, there was immense excitement among the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It was proposed to appoint a delegation which should comprise the most prominent members of the Order, to sail out through the Golden Gate and greet the "Ould Sod," somewhere in the vicinity of the Farallones. The moment this geographical wonder became known in political circles, there was a wild rush for places on the committee. Of course, it was understood that the chairman of this committee might aspire to any office in the gift of the State, backed up by this augmentation of the Irish vote. One of the most serious considerations accompanying the reception of Ireland was how the new Hibernians were to be accommodated on the police force. It was felt all around that it would be a dangerous thing to deny them this office, to which their accident of birth entitled them. This difficulty was solved, however, by the clever suggestion of Judge Tooby that it might be necessary to establish trochas in every county to check the invasion of the potato-bug, and that the new and stalwart fighting material the old country would bring, would be admirably adapted for this purpose. It would be impossible to move the Land of Sorrows in through the Golden Gate, and, therefore, some position off the western shore, not too remote from the Cliff House, would have to be chosen. A committee on ways and means will undoubtedly provide for the running of a line of steamers between Ireland and the ocean beach. A small fee of admission will be charged those who want to make temporary visits to the land of their birth, and those who, having heard so much about Ireland, will be anxious to inspect her mountains and rivers, her ruined abbeys, and the lakes of Killarney. The graves of her patriots will be shown to tourists, and huge markets for the sale of shamrocks and black-thorn sticks will be established. Whether the "land of the free and the home of the brave" will be annexed to the United States is a matter which will have to be decided by the party now in power. It is more than probable, however, that the people of Ireland themselves will insist upon a king, and the turmoil that must follow the presentation of the members of the Irish royal families which are scattered all over the surface of the globe, will afford some nice practice in riot drill for the new police force. Again, it will be a matter of importance to the revenues of this State whether the native "potheen" whiskey can be admitted free of duty or not.

The death of J. Ross Jackson has been the immediate cause for the revival of many anecdotes concerning his doings, the recalling of some of the witticisms for which he was famous and examples of his keen and clever repartee. His wit was spontaneous, so much of the point and piquancy is lost in a subsequent narration. His humor sparkled but never burned, and there was no malice in his chaffing. He was accustomed to say that he could never see the point of a joke until the gas was lighted, but when evening came and good cheer abounded he was the life of every party. After others had dropped by the wayside or disappeared under the table, Jackson always remained master of himself. In this respect he was counted one of the wonders of the town. He liked to hear a good story and to tell one even at his own expense. One favorite anecdote was an account of how his wife beat him at a famous game of billiards. The Jacks were among the guests at a Gilroy house party and the weather gathered all the company around the long green table. Ross was an expert player and had instructed his wife and daughter in the game until they, too, had attained a degree of proficiency of which he was proud. Mrs. Jackson confided in the others that she would take "a rise out of her husband and at the same time beat him on

the string." On pretense of giving him a new variety of cocktail concerning the ingredients of which he was pledged to ask no questions, she made him a concoction of mescal and bitters. He was given a drink after almost every shot and being unused to the terrible beverage, it soon had its effect. All the guests geyed Ross about his play. "Why, I can beat you myself," said Mrs. Jackson, tantalizingly.

Jackson smiled indulgently at what he considered her woman's conceit.

"Well, I will play you a game for twenty dollars," she said.

Ross thought this a good chance to recoup himself for a spring bonnet and joyfully assented, so confident of winning, that he insisted the stakes should be deposited with a gentleman present. By this time the effect of the mescal was such that his aim and vision became defective and he lost the game by a good many points. He was terribly chagrined and it was several days before anyone ventured to enlighten him as to the direct cause of his defeat.

On another occasion Jackson was entertaining a ranchman who at his home drank nothing but good old Bourbon, to the influence of which he was impervious. Ross ordered a gin fizz and the countryman without the least idea of what the beverage was like said he would take the same. The farmer thought the "Jim Fizz," as he called it, must be a temperance drink so mild did it seem, and he had a number in rapid succession. In answer to his inquiry, Ross told him the drink was named after James Fizz, who had invented it.

"Who is this Jim Fizz?" asked the rancher with growing enthusiasm. "I would like to make his acquaintance."

Ross quizzically eyed his friend, who was in a fair way to become gloriously inebriated.

"You had better look out for him," he warned. "Jim Fizz does up every one who sticks to him."

In the matter of cravats, Edward Eyre is at once the pride and sorrow of the Produce Exchange,—a mingling of joy and envy. He is exceedingly fastidious concerning his neckwear, always adorning himself with the latest product of the haberdasher and it is a matter of principle with him never to wear the same one on successive days. His friends say he keeps a necktie journal, wherein is recorded the date of wearing a certain cravat, which after one day's use is carefully laid aside not to reappear within two months. The men on the floor of the Call Board planned a surprise for Eyre which materialized just before Christmas Eve. They desired to see him so thoroughly equipped that during 1897 he would wear a new tie every morning in the year and all the bulls and bears made contributions so that the total numbered 365. Every donor to "Eddie's necktie stocking," as it was called, chose his own samples and a big grain sackful accumulated at the Produce Exchange of these weird specimens. The cravats constitute a fantastic collection and if Eyre pays his friends the compliment of wearing their gifts, he will be a brave man, but an unhappy one. The loudest colors and most flashy patters procurable are in the assortment which includes all the freak styles known to the furnisher, from a red and green muffler to a yellow shoe-string.

When Francis & Valentine's place was in the claws of the fire fiend; when the flames were tearing the place to pieces, and the water tower from aloft was pouring down a glorious stream of water, up the tottering staircase darted an individual with the fire of heroism in his eye. He did not come to rescue any woman lying appalled and stricken by the peril of the situation. It was not his part to gather in the orphan child neglected by its mercenary nurse. The stream from the water-tower came pouring down the stairway, and in the face of danger, of fire and water, this heroic lad unscrewed the telephone from the wall and fled the ruined building, bearing under his arm the type of his allegiance to that most useful article. He had faced the fire and breasted the rushing stream, and won from the very heart of the conflagration the telephone box.

Following are some of the things the **LOOKER-ON** confidently expects to see at the close of the year: Father Yorke and John P. Irish swapping jokes over a bottle of good wine and shaking dice to decide which of them shall pay for the cigars, Charles Shortridge and Swinerton riding a tandem bicycle in the Park; Mr. Sutro demolishing the plaster monstrosities at "The Heights," Durrant a pew-opener in a fashionable church; Talbot Clifton back from Europe, and buying more horses from Dan McCarthy; Miss Anna Shaw married and rocking a cradle; Mayor Phelan with the scalps of a "Solid Seven" at his belt; William Greer Harrison tramping from the "Sierras to the sea;" Joaquin Miller with his hair cut *à la Pompadour*; the "oldsters and the youngsters" of the Pacific Union Club united in the bonds of love and harmony; the "long aud the short fellows" who do all the footpad business captured by the police; large poster pictures and bigger type in the dailies; "Long Green" Lawrence engaged in geological pursuits at Folsom, examining quarries, etc.; the "short bit" financial infamy abolished; Judge Campbell's whiskers shorn down to the roots; Colonel Dan Burns keeping an cigar store; women's hats left with cloaks and umbrellas in the dressing rooms of the theatres; and all the ehurehes harmonious.

OBITUARY.

THE death of Thomas J. Shackelford removes from our midst one of our brightest and most prominent attorneys. He came to California in the early days, and settled in Tulare County. In the early sixties he was elected County Clerk of that county, and subsequently served a term in the Legislature, and two terms as Secretary of the State Senate.

George W. Meade. Another prominent Californian, Geo. W. Meade, expired this week in Los Angeles. For a time he was largely identified with the raisin-packing industry at Fresno, and did much for the towns of Santa Barbara, Riverside, Santa Rosa, Redlands, and elsewhere. At one time he was a leading commission merchant in this city, and built the Meade Block on Drumm street.

George Haas. The funeral of George Haas, the well-known eandy manufacturer and dealer, took place on Tuesday at Cypress Lawn Cemetery. Imposing ceremonies were held at the Masonic Temple, the deceased having been a Knight Templar. Mr. Haas was born in Germany, but came to this Coast as a boy.

THE semi-annual report of the City and County Almshouse, submitted to the Board of Health by Superintendent E. A. Reddy, is most satisfactory in every respect, and speaks eloquently for that gentleman's management of the institution. The inmates are well cared for, and all seem pleased with their surroundings, although the expenditure is considerably within the appropriation allowed. The suggestions of Superintendent Reddy for further improvements will undoubtedly receive the attention of the Board.

PROFESSOR Dupuy, the popular French lecturer, resumed his course of instructive lectures Thursday last, and will continue them every Thursday.

Are You Going East?

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, Santa Fe Route, is the coolest and most comfortable summer line, owing to its elevation and absence of alkali dust. Particularly adapted to the transportation of families or large parties, owing to its Pullman palace drawing room and modern upholstered tourist sleepers, which run daily through from Oakland to Chicago via Kansas City. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Telephone Main 1531.

Viewing the Senatorial fight now in progress in Sacramento, and hearing the noise of the battle from afar off, it is safe to say that no matter upon whom the Senatorial mantle of California falls, that statesman will drink **Keystone Monogram Whiskey.**

A Sovereign Remedy.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "**Brown's Bronchial Troches**" will give effectual relief.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

Bitters.

W. H. RAMSEY,

Successor to **REEVE & RAMSEY**

Merchant & Tailor

121 Montgomery Street,

Opposite Occidental Hotel.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

Ostrander Repeating Gun Company. Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location o works or factory—36 New street, East Boston, Mass.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No. 5), levied on the 22d day of August, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAME.	No. Certificate	No. Shares	Am t
C. A. Macomber	405	500	50
"	408	500	50
W. P. Ray, U. S. N.	123	1,000	100
Mrs. Elizabeth Carter	194	500	50
"	311	500	50
J. M. Helm	184	600	60
"	258	301	30 10
"	280	155	15 50
W. H. H. Hart	416	1,000	100
Catherine S. Whiteside	204	1,000	100
George H. Hoover	389	50	5
W. S. Zellin	213	250	25
Mrs. Mary Mearse Galt	179	1,000	100
John A. Wright	430	105	10 50
Geo. O. Davis, Trustee	435	200	20
"	436	200	20
"	437	100	10
E. P. Cole	307	500	50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 22d day of August, 1896, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 216 Bush street, rooms 50 and 51, City and County of San Francisco, California, on

THURSDAY, THE 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale,

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
Office—No. 216 Bush street, Rooms 50 and 51, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896, at the same time and place. **M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.**
San Francisco, October 22, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1896, at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal. **M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.**
San Francisco, November 10, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company on the 18th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

THURSDAY, the 14th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897, at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal. **M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.**
San Francisco, Dec. 28, 1897

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company on the 6th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

WEDNESDAY, the 27th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897, at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco Cal. **M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.**
San Francisco, January 6, 1897.



THE New Year was very merrily ushered in, not alone by the crowds who, with tin horns and oil cans in hand, made night most hideous upon the streets for several hours, but at the homes, where jollity reigned and toasts were drunk to the prosperity which 1897 is to bring us. There were two grand affairs at two of the clubs—the Concordia and the San Francisco Verein. The latter club always gives an entertainment on New Year's Eve, and this year, besides the usual ball, there was an excellent vaudeville performance, in which negro specialties, serpentine dances, Japanese, Irish, and Freuch delineations were given; Mrs. William Greenebaum, the Misses Jennie Moore, Alice Greenebaum; Hilda Gerstle, and Alice Friedlander, Julius Kahn, Jessie Triest, and Manfred Brandenstein took part. It was greatly enjoyed and vociferously applauded. Then followed dancing, an elaborate supper, and then more dancing, so the New Year was several hours older ere the festivity came to an end.

Miss Dorothy Hermann was the belle of the Concordia hall. This most popular and beautiful young lady was prettily dressed in white chiffon, trimmed with pink roses, and was the recipient of much favorable comment.

New Year Eve dances were not, however, confined to the clubs, an especially pleasant party being given by Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn, at her home on Clay street, where terpsichore was the chief feature of the evening's pleasure and a merry supper a delightful *finale*. Another pleasant gathering was the progressive euchre party given by Mrs. J. W. Duttou, when the game, at which some lovely prizes were won, was followed by a handsome supper.

So much for town. In the country, house parties were the rule, and those who have homes of their own down San Josewards had each a number of friends to help them hasten the passing, and welcome the coming year. The Hunt at Burlingame last Saturday was successful enough to greatly please the promoters of the sport, who are confident that it is here to stay, and that time will but increase its popularity. The polo contest on Sunday was also a good one, the Benedicts carrying off the laurels from the Bachelors, who vow the next one shall not be won from them.

Two of the most untiring of our hostesses made their friends welcome early in the year, Mrs. Rounseville Wildmau's tea on New Year's afternoon proving one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind given this winter. Possibly the reflection that it was a sort of *adieu* of the hostess induced the large attendance of her friends, and it was very reminiscent of old-time New Year's calls to many of them, save that it was not men alone who called with good wishes, but that ladies were largely in the majority. Mrs. Wildmau was assisted by a whole bevy of charmingly costumed young ladies, who were most assiduous in their attentions to the guests.

Mrs. Jewett chose the second of January for her delightful entertainment, and, on Saturday evening, her pretty rooms were tastefully arranged with Christmas greens and red berries, and filled with friends who enjoyed a most unique evening's pleasure, one of the items being a distribution of gifts by lot, some of which elicited much amusement, and all were much admired. Music and supper were among the other pleasures of the affair.

Of the myriad of pink and white weddings which have been so much of a fad for several seasons past, none have exceeded in beauty of detail the ceremony of last Tuesday, when, at the hour of noon, Miss Helen Schweitzer became Mrs. Samuel Steifel. The marriage took place at the Schweitzer residence on Leavenworth street, where, on entering, the hall presented a beautiful appearance with its artistic arrangement of palms, calla lilies, and white tulle; but the most charming effect was in the long parlor to the left of the hall, which resembled a vast conservatory with its wealth of blossoms, shaded from pale pink to

crimson, green foliage, etc. Here, before an improvised altar of pink and white embroidered silks, whereon gleamed innumerable pink tapers amid masses of pink roses, Rahhi Voorsanger tied the nuptial knot. The pretty *petite* bride's costume was of white tulle over heavy white satin, a wreath of orange blossoms and fleecy tulle veil, and the bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Clara Joseph, who officiated as maid-of-honor, wore a gown of white *mousseline de soie* over white silk; the Misses Cora Miller, Alice Greenebaum, Agnes Brandenstein, and Belle Gerstle were gowned in pink *moire*, and all the young ladies wore black velvet Gainshorough hats and plumes. Two pretty little maidens, Edith and Florence Guggenheim, acquitted themselves charmingly as flower girls; Joseph Scherburg supported the groom as best man. After the ceremony, and congratulations had been received, the company proceeded to a tent which had been erected on the lawn, where a sumptuous wedding feast was served, and later in the day the happy pair departed on a honeymoon trip, prior to their longer journey Eastward to their future home in New York.

The first sensation of the New Year came in the announcement of Miss Emma Spreckels' marriage to Mr. Thomas Watson, which was a surprise to everybody. The new brownstone mansion on Van Ness avenue, which is rapidly approaching completion, has been regarded as a fitting home for so charming a young lady as Miss Spreckels was thought to be by society at large, and the query which is being discussed by it is, will she still preside at the festivities which are hoped for and expected when it is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels? In other words, will she live with the old folks or in a home of her own? In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Watson are the recipients of many congratulations, and the good wishes of all who know them.

This has been a week of club dances and club entertainments. The Monday Night Club opened it with the second of their enjoyable dances at Golden Gate Hall, at which the attendance was large, and a charming evening was spent. On Wednesday evening the third dance of the Assembly Cotillion Club came off at Lunt's Hall, when Mr. Yanke, as leader, introduced several new and pretty figures in the cotillion. Thursday evening the Thursday Night Club had a dance at Lunt's Hall, and last evening the third of the Friday Night cotillions was danced at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mr. Greenway leading with Miss Caro Crockett as his partner. As usual, the arrangements were excellent, the decorations pretty, the figures danced charming, and the supper delicious. It is agreed on all sides that the cotillion of the season will prove to be the one danced next month, at which a number of surprises are promised in the shape of lighting the hall, etc. Great things are also expected at the next meeting of the Friday Fortnightlies next week, when it will be the long talked-of Army and Navy night. The cotillion of the Saturday Night Club, which was the closing event of last week, was on rather a larger and more formal scale than their usual parties, and proved to be most pleasant. General dancing was first in order, then came the cotillion, which was led by Howard Adams, the figures being all new and original, the favors consisting of fans, bou-hons, etc.

The theatres have not been neglected this week, though theatre parties have not been generally given during the holidays. Now, however, a large number are being arranged for the engagement of Madam Modjeska; an added zest to the pleasure of seeing that popular actress is the fact that both Mrs. Francis Edgerton, who is such a society favorite, and Miss Francis Jolliffe will make their *début* in the profession they contemplate adopting, Mrs. Edgerton appearing as Queen Elizabeth to Madam Modjeska's Mary, Queen of Scots.

The most economical tea is tea that tastes the best and does most good—if it doesn't cost too much.

Schilling's Best doesn't cost much—your money back if you don't like it.

Sorosis was at home last Monday afternoon, when the club gave a reception at which Frank L'ncola was guest of honor—Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt the only other *hombre* present. Christmas decorations were of course in order; vocal and instrumental music, recitations, etc., were on the programme, which was arranged by Mrs. H. E. Huntington, after which there was Russian tea and unlimited chat. The ladies of the Century Club, who are ever in the van when novelty is the prime factor, opened the New Year last Thursday evening with a unique entertainment at their club house on Sutter street. It was entitled "An Indian Evening," and the decorations were of a character to correspond with that idea, being curios of all kinds, trinkets, and pictures of Indian life. The speakers of the evening were Miss Ina Coolbrith, Miss Grace Hudson, whose paintings of Indian puposes are so realistic and so much admired, and Dr. Hudson, who contributed many of the curious and beautiful baskets which adorned the walls of the rooms.

Mrs. Geiselman's yellow tea last Saturday afternoon was for the *début* of her daughter Grace. The decorations were in yellow, acacia blooms taking a prominent place; the young *débutante* and her assistants were all gowned in white, with yellow sashes and corsage bouquets, and during the afternoon a very large number of guests were entertained, the festivities being prolonged by the young people until a late hour in the evening. Mrs. James Newlands was also another recent tea hostess; her guest of honor, Mrs. Allen of San Jose. The chief guests at Mrs. Michler's University Club luncheon were Mrs. and Miss Brown of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Younger, who has been detained here by the illness of his daughter Alice, filed that role at the banquet given by Dr. and Mrs. Clyde Payne, the other guests being medicos also.

Mr. S. H. Friedlander leaves to-night for Portland, Oregon, on business connected with the various enterprises of his firm. Mr. Friedlander will be absent for ten days after which he will return to devote his time to the interests of the Carnival of the Golden Gate.

The installation of the officers of the Franco-American Lodge to-night at Odd Fellows' Hall, will be celebrated by an invitation ball. The grand march commences at 9 o'clock. No return checks!

The wedding of Miss Bertha J. Hart and Mr. I. W. Cahen takes place January 17, 1897. Only the immediate family will be present at the ceremony.

The Fred Sharons and Miss Lena Blanding are said to be on the eve of a return to California.

NO champagnes are so rapidly coming into favor today as the "Haraszthy Brut" and the "Haraszthy Dry" brands. Not only are they well patronized here, but they have proved themselves universal favorites in Europe, owing to their unsurpassable qualities. At several exhibitions the wines have been awarded the highest prizes and their popularity is ever on the increase among connoisseurs. The drinker of good wine is ever on the lookout for an improvement, and in these brands he will find it.

"Our Society Blue Book"

For the season of 1896-97 is now ready for delivery. It contains the names, addresses and reception days of most of the prominent families of this city and other points on the Coast. Also lists of members of the most prominent Clubs with their business addresses.


San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc. Price Five Dollars. C. C. Hoag, Publisher. Trade supplied by HARTWELL, MITCHELL & WILLIS, Successors to Dodge Bros, 225 Post St., and 107 Montgomery St.

Of all the many preparations patronized by ladies as complexion beautifiers none is so universal a favorite as Camelline. It is absolutely harmless and its merits are endorsed by some of the best known women of the present day. Having tried it once, none other will ever give satisfaction. Wakelee & Co., the well-known druggists, originated this boon to ladies.

Max Abraham, the Caterer, 428 Geary street, is the man to go to if you wish all the worry of a banquet taken off your hands. Mr. Abraham is patronized by our leading hostesses and by securing his services you can be assured of success.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The King of Pills is Beecham's—BEECHAM'S



"I like the small package of Pearline," a lady says; "it does two washings." Then she admits that she has been using soap with her Pearlinc—all unnecessary. If you don't put in enough Pearlinc to do the work easily and alone, you bring Pearlinc down to the level of soap, which means hard work and rubbing. If you use enough Pearlinc, the soap is a needless expense, to say the least. Use Pearlinc alone as directed.

2½ cts. a Wash

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and two-tenths (4 2/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1897.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Office: 101 Montgomery street, cor Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending with Dec. 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

Office—33 Post street, San Francisco, Cal. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank.

Dividends on Term Deposits at the rate of four and one-fifth (4 1-5) per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum for the half year ending December 31, 1896, will be payable free of taxes on and after January 2, 1897.

S. L. ABBOT JR., Secretary.

Office: 222 Montgomery street, Mills Building, San Francisco

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with Dec. 31st, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one hundredths (4 26/100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty five one hundredths (3 55/100) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

Office—526 California street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending Dec. 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4 2) per cent on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3 5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Office—532 California street, cor. Webb

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1896. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 30, 1896, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1897.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

THE THE

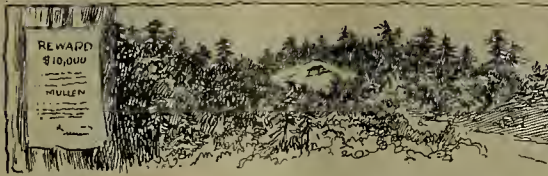
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R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.



The HILL-TOP FARM

By Elizabeth Gelbeiding.

"PEARS ter me thet Adsom's would be the best way ter git there." The speaker was the last of many who had drawled out an opinion. The person addressed, a tall muscular Englishman, gazed at the circle of faces before him. He was slightly puzzled. He had taken advantage of a holiday to travel the one hundred miles intervening between San Francisco and Cloverville, in search of timber land which he had purchased several years previously without having seen it. His arrival in Cloverville had been the cause of considerable excitement. Twenty-five miles off the railroad in California means comparative barbarism, and there was an unmistakable out-of-the-world flavor about the place. The natural advantages of the little settlement were of the finest. Every afternoon a gentle breeze blew inland from the west, so punctually that its advent was as much looked for as the rising or setting of the sun. In spite of these advantages the hamlet had not grown perceptibly in forty years. The high range of hills which separated it from the railroad—symbolical of civilization and the world—seemed to guard it with a conservative jealousy that opposed progress in any form. The hotel, which with the blacksmith's shop, one store and three saloons, comprised the business portion of the town, was most primitive. Harraden ate a wretched dinner and was glad to leave the dining room for the office,—a bare room, unfurnished with the exception of a cast iron stove and a few hard chairs,—where he propounded a few questions to mine host.

During the conversation he was conscious that faces were peering in at the windows and figures were slipping into the room. Before long every male inhabitant of the village from half grown boys to tottering old men surrounded him in a hypnotized circle.

"I calc'late the best way would be by the P'int Sand road," drawled an old man in faded blue denims. "Ef Cat Crick and Moss Crick jine on your land, it'll be 'bout eight miles right up Clear Crick ter git to it. I come here in '45," he added with a touch of pride, "and I calc'late I ought ter know this section pretty thoroughly."

"Eight miles," George Harraden repeated. He turned to the first speaker. "And you say it is five miles to the place on the top of the mountains, and two miles beyond to the land?"

"'Bout that, I call it, from Adsom's." The oldest inhabitant gave a sniff of disgust. In the opinions expressed the distance had varied from three miles to ten.

Mr. Harraden arose. "I'll walk it by the mountain road and ascertain the correct distance," he said.

"Better tell him suthin' 'bout Adsom, then," an old man suggested to the host. The latter nodded and explained.

"You see, Adsom's hen queer fer some leetle time. Jest wheels, I say. He aint zactly crazy, though folks thought so at oue time and went up there ter git him fer ter shet him up. They found him a plantin' corn, as sane as any of 'em; and sence then folks hev let him alone. But he has sort of spells like when he's most an idjit. Jest sets 'round queer like, or gits up on the highest pint of laud he's got, when he sees anybuddy a-comin'. I think it's livin' on nothin' much 'cept coffee that's done it. Ef you strike him when he's feelin' all right, why, like enough, he'll show yer the way ter your property. But ef he's queer yu jest keep right on past his house—the waggin road stops there—but there's a trail what runs past the sody spring and Dobson's old house. It runs 'long the ridge a ways and then drops down to the crick on t'other side."

"Is there anyone living in Dobson's house?"

"No, nor aint been this ten year. Yer see 'twas one of them houses jest built ter file a homestid claim on the land, and then left. You can't miss the place where the cricks jue. Don't know as anyone hez seen old Adsom lately. Ike!" he called to a faded personality that, apparently,

was glued to the door post, "hevn't seen nothin' of Adsom lately, hev yer?" The faded personality shook its head. "Hevn't seen anyone who hez, hev yer?" Again the shake of the head in scared pantomime.

"I wuz up thar," a small voice piped. The owner was a slip of a boy, tow headed and forlorn, but possessed of a pair of keen, bright eyes.

"You wuz, Eh? When?"

"Went over thet thar way a-fishin' last week."

"Waal, yer seed Adsom then, I reckon?"

"No. I reckoned I didn't want ter, neither."

"Why not? Aint afeared of thet harmless old critter, be ye?"

"Waal, I went inter the house 'n he wasn't thar, but I see suthin' thar thet made me git out pretty quick."

As if by one impulse the little group closed in around the speaker. Curiosity was written on the faces. The boy enjoyed the situation and was in no haste to draw it to a conclusion.

"Waal waal, youngster, tell us what 'twas you see!" said his questioner impatiently.

"I see," the boy began with impressive slowness, "I see a-lyin' on the table a San Francisco paper not more'n two days old, and old Adsom's specs covered with dust a-hangin' up on the wall."

The questioner smiled incredulously. "Fer a youngster, you allus were a good hand ter yarn it," was his comment. "Reckon you wouldn't mind yarnin' 'bout the date of the paper. Anyhow, Adsom's queer."

"He aint queer enough ter read without his specs," remarked the landlord. "But you couldn't miss the trail ef you tried," he added turning to Harraden, "'cause it's the only one there is."

Thus directed George Harraden set forth. With his long English stride he soon left the village far below him as he climbed the first rolling spurs of the ridge. There was something quaint about the place in spite of its crudeness. There was a charm which the railroad town, for all its boasted daily connection with the city, could never possess. The scattered shake houses, with their mud and stick chimneys and dooryards gay with poppies had a charm of their own.

The road became steeper as he ascended. When it turned he could get an occasional glimpse of a patch of pale green far above him on the summit, that he knew marked Adsom's oat field. This spot was a little to the south from his position, and he began wishing that he could reach the top of the ridge directly above him. He fancied that, could he do so, he would be able to see the junction of the two creeks on the other side. A rough life in Australia and South America had bred a contempt for heaten tracks, and he soon struck upward through a grove of madrone and redwood. A sudden sharp pitch brought him to the top, where, as he had thought, he could view the country on both sides. A few yards southward brought him to the edge of a slope and he threw himself down under a tree to rest.

Directly below him, not a hundred yards distant, was the little mountain farm house surrounded by its tiny orchard and grain fields. The place was a gem. There was a coziness about the way in which it nestled in the little hollow; yet it commanded a view on one side of the houndaries of half a dozen counties.

"It is the embodiment of peaceful rest, this breezy, hill-top little farm!" George Harraden exclaimed. "One could live here and let the world go by." And then he began to speculate, inconsistently, on the dull life of the owner. His former idea that the early settlers of California were all millionaires was somewhat shaken. "Fancy a man's coming here in '45, getting land for the trouble of taking it up, and being poor to-day!" he said to himself in wonder. The thought was barely expressed he-

fore a figure appeared in the doorway of the house. It was that of a man, spy-glass in hand, who seemed to be scanning the country in the direction of Cloverville. Harraden fancied from his movements that he was carefully surveying the road by which he had come. The man advanced to the edge of the porch and Harraden could not but note the elasticity of the youthful figure, which belied the stock of stow white hair. "A few minutes more and I'll go down and make his acquaintance," he said to himself, lazily. "I must have a drink from that spring which I know bubbles, crystal clear, under that willow by the porch."

Suddenly, the man disappeared in the house. When he returned he no longer held the spy-glass, but in its place was a revolver.

After carefully cleaning and loading the weapon, he placed it in his pocket and, grasping a hoe which leaned against the porch, he ran like a deer to the steepest part of the cornfield. Harraden watched this performance with considerable curiosity. "Some one is coming, evidently," he concluded.

Presently there came in view a lean country boy riding a mule bareback. He hallooted to the old man several times before the latter gave any sign of having heard. "Aint seed a stray black heifer hereabouts, hev yer?" the boy shouted. Adsom shook his head and went on hoeing industriously. Harraden noticed that his back was bent and that he limped painfully when he moved a few steps. The boy turned the mule's head and returned the way he had come. Adsom hoed on for a few minutes and then he sprang down the hillside and entered the house. There was something so queer about the man's actions that Harraden resolved not to disturb him. He could see the trail leading along the ridge, and he decided to make his way to it through the timber.

It was beautiful in the wood. With his English ideas it hardly seemed possible that it could be Christmas. The redwood had put forth pale green tips from all its outspread leaves. Clusters of the scarlet berries of the toyones,—the Christmas berry of California,—contrasted beautifully with the gray boughs of the buckeye. The brilliant red bark of the madrone shone as if freshly varnished, and the darker red of the manzanita gleamed like old mahogany. The sun was warm in the open spots where it shone on the young green grass. It was not winter. In California one season masquerades as each one of the four in turn. Was it fancy that made Harraden turn several times with the feeling that he was being followed? He saw nothing, yet the idea that a shadow slipped along behind him from tree to tree, recurred constantly. Was it a premonition that brought to his mind the old warning, so familiar to him in Buenos Ayres: "Never allow a man behind you to approach nearer than fifteen feet?"

After a little the trail plunged suddenly down a steep ravine, and he could see the frame of an unpainted house just ahead. At his feet a coppery deposit on a little rocky basin told him that he had reached the soda spring. He drew a traveling cup from his pocket and stooped to fill it, when something whizzed by his head. He dropped the cup and sprang behind the giant trunk of a laurel. Although armed, he was at a great disadvantage, as his enemy was almost directly above him on the steep hillside. The deserted house was a short distance through the trees and he resolved to run for it. Two more bullets sped after him as he dashed for the shelter; but, with the exception of a slight flesh wound on the left hand, he was unharmed. The house, gray from exposure to the weather, was without doors or windows, the merest broken shell of a dwelling. There were chinks in plenty, and through one of these Harraden watched the trail. That his assailant was old Adsom and that he was crazy he did not doubt, but he felt he must protect himself. He soon discovered the figure slipping along the wood above the house and he fixed upon a spot where he must pass a longer opening between two trees. He aimed low, not wishing to do more than disable him. The man fell with a cry of rage and Harraden saw, by his efforts to rise, that his leg was broken. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed. "He did not know what he was doing."

A slight sound behind him made him turn his head, and the sight that met his gaze nearly stunned him. A figure

stood in the doorway of an inner room, the counterpart of the man he had shot. "Who are you?" Harraden gasped. He noticed that the man was chained to a post driven into the earth floor. The look of terror on the captive's face gave place to a vacant smile. Then the truth flashed upon Harraden. This must be the real Adsom and the man who had followed him must be his impersonator. A recollection of the strange conduct of the latter at the farmhouse confirmed this suspicion. A glance at the wounded man showed his helplessness, but remembering that he was armed, Harraden resolved to make a wide detour and strike the trail further up the canyon. When he had told his story to the landlord of the Cloverville hotel the latter said one word, "Mullen!" that in a short space of time was repeated from one end of the country to the other. Men left plough and horses standing in the furrows to hasten to the scene. The story of the terrible murder of three persons, some months previously, was retold; and the futile efforts of sheriffs and citizens throughout the State to apprehend the murderer, were recalled in detail.

When they reached him he had been dead for some time, shot through the heart. His face had been cleverly made up in imitation of old Adsom, and beside him lay a wig of bushy white hair.

"Who'd a thought it!" ejaculated the landlord. "Ike and Miller's boy hev ben by and spoke ter him a dozen times, and never knowed they wuz passin' their fortin by. That ere ten thousand dollars reward'll be quite a tidy leetle sum, Mr. Hairdon." He drew a sigh. "But he's gone and beat us a-killin' hisself. I wanted ter see him hang fur it. What I can't make out is why on airth he didn't kill thet thar ole idjit? Food's ben carried ter him reg'lar. Must hev ben some idee he'd got 'bout compensation—his lettin' him live aud carin' fer him,—when he could hev killed him jest as well as not."

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895 \$24,402,327
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus 1,575,631

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No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund \$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895, \$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

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BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

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BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894) . . 3,158,129 70

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LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

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Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$350,000

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Capital authorized.....\$3,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

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The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

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In response to many inquiries from all parts of the country about the Railway and Dock Construction Company

The officials hereby give full information in regard to the company, its business and prospects.

The company offers 20,000 shares of stock for sale in lots to suit purchasers at \$20 per share. The par value is \$100 per share—full paid and unassessable—stockholders have no individual liability whatever. The company has no indebtedness of any kind—is in solid financial condition—and, as there are no bonds nor mortgages, all the earnings go to the stockholders.

The adoption of this Company's system of construction by the United States Government, or any Foreign Government, or by any one of the large cities in America or Europe will cause the stock to rise above par (\$100) immediately.

The most conservative investors, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, have bought this stock and confidently predict it is sure to pay large dividends and sell at over \$200 a share as the Railway and Dock Construction Co. commence business under much more favorable conditions than did the Bell Telephone Co., whose stock rose from about \$10 to over 200; or the original Edison Electric Co., whose stock rose from 45 to \$3000 a share, or the many other companies owning useful inventions whose stocks rose rapidly in value while paying large dividends to the alert original investors.

Many prominent men in banking, railway and financial circles and other expert judges of stock values predict that this stock will pay large dividends and will sell at over \$200 per share for the following reasons:

The Railway and Dock Construction Company controls all the rights, titles, patents and interests in and the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell the new indestructible piles that do away altogether with the millions of wooden piles heretofore used everywhere, which only last a short time, as alternate moisture and drying and the marine worms soon destroy the wood, and leave a deceptive shell, incapable to sustain a load that requires the full strength of the original pile. Old wooden piles must be continually replaced at great expense.

Nothing can compete with the indestructible Pile in the construction of piers, docks, bulkheads, sea-walls, foundations for bridges, lighthouses, jetties, breakwaters or other improvements in rivers, harbors or on the sea coast.

This pile is an absolute necessity in railway trestlework as it guarantees safety, and it will last forever, and there is an enormous demand for it.

One defective wooden pile derailing a train causes a loss of many thousands of dollars in lives and property destroyed.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. The great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Estimated earnings from this one source of profit will pay \$7 per share annual dividends—this is equal to 35 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at present price of \$20 per share.

Other and larger sources of profit will come from contracts now in view, viz:—

In place of the old wooden docks, covered by temporary sheds, which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company will build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

Private owners of dock property as well as dock officials in the numerous cities are becoming aware of the great advantage of using the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of building indestructible piers to make a solid foundation, upon which large buildings can be erected, from which they can get big revenues for rentals, etc.

\$27,000,000 have already been expended in improving Southern harbors and their approaches.

In projects now under way over fifty million dollars will be spent in improving navigation in rivers, bays, etc., throughout the coun-

try on jetties, breakwaters, and other work in which the indestructible pile is a great necessity.

The city of New York is spending \$5,000,000 a year improving the city water front.

In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

The U. S. Senate Committee have recommended the expenditure of eighty million dollars for the protection of our seacoast. About ten millions a year will be spent during the next eight years.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance of the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$5,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston: they are simply loose rock dumped into the water. Each jetty is about 1 1/2 miles long and forms a continuous pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet wide at the top above the water. The Railway and Dock Construction Company build indestructible jetties of the same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

The "St. Louis Critic" strongly advocates the adoption of this company's system of indestructible jetties to deepen the Mississippi at St. Louis.

To provide additional funds to execute some of this work, the company offers 20,000 shares to the public in lots to suit at the low price of \$20.00 per share in order to have the stock quickly taken. There are no salaried officials. The money derived from the sale of stock, when not used in profitable construction work, remains in the company's treasury.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction is coming into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

As the business in sight is too large for this company to handle alone, the subsidiary companies now being organized in the principal States each pay a certain amount in cash and one-third of their capital stock into the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s treasury. In addition to large sums in cash the company will receive about \$20,000,000 in securities in this way, on which dividends will be paid from the earnings of the subsidiary companies. These dividends all go to the holders of Railway and Dock Construction stock.

With a large surplus and an ample cash working capital the company will hold assets of \$200 per share for each share now offered at \$20 when all details are completed.

Application will be made to list the shares on the stock exchange.

Owing to the financial depression and uncertainty before the election the Railway and Dock Construction Company would not accept numerous contracts for work amounting to about three millions of dollars. They were offered first mortgage bonds in payment but the bonds could not be sold at that time in New York or London at satisfactory prices. English bankers are now negotiating to purchase a large block of Railway and Dock Construction stock and apply for an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and profitable. Among them are:

Among the stockholders are:
 Geo. W. Dunn, Esq., president of the company, head of the banking house of George W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 20 years as a careful level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, vice-president, ex-Senator, Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., counsel for the company, Temple Court, New York; Eugene Harvey, Esq., second vice-president, banker, Drexel building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanbrough, Esq., Kingston, N. Y.; George D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, N. Y.; W. R. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Wilson, Esq., secretary; M. Hoff, assistant secretary; George B. Shelhorn, Esq., receiver, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co. Richmond, Va.; Jacob Deyo, cashier, Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; S. J. Gifford, Dunkirk, N. Y., and several rich and influential railway and political magnates who will have seats in the Board of Directors later on.

Address all applications for stock and remit for the number of shares wanted to the Financial Agents of the company, Messrs,

GEO. W. DUNN & CO.,

2 Wall St., New York.

by check, draft, money order, registered letter or by express; or have the stock sent by express C. O. D.

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Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,132,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table with columns: Leave, From, Arrive. Lists Santa Cruz Division train routes.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table with columns: Leave, From, Arrive. Lists Coast Division train routes.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table with columns: Leave, From, Arrive. Lists San Leandro and Haywards Local train routes.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8). *7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 1:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00 and *8:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway. *6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 4:00, 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ††† Tuesdays and Saturdays. †††† Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

FOUND WANTING.

Jeanne d'Arc lacked education; Pompador lacked depth of mind; Maintenon lacked toleration; Esther might have been more kind. Hebrew Sarah lacked humaneness; Good Octavia wanted wit; Greek Xantippe lacked urbaneness; Eliot wasn't chic a bit. Cleopatra lacked humility; Ruth was minus wordly wealth; Bess of England lacked civility; Saint Theresa lacked in health. Aspasia lacked in social station; Paula lacked in style and fashion; De Stael lacked domestication; Phryne didn't lack in passion. Poll is perfect, but, you see, Lacks in toto love for me. —Cincinnati Tribune.

WHY HE PROPOSED.

"Well," said Miss Hungerford to Mr. Gildersleeve, as they sat on the piazza of a summer hotel and looked about them, noting the other guests with critical eye, "when I am married—if I ever am married—I shall not march straight from the altar and put myself on exhibition at a summer resort." "That is a commendable resolution," replied Mr. Gildersleeve. "Just notice the three or four honeymooning couples at this hotel now." "I've noticed them, and, do you know, I've rather envied the bridegrooms." "Have you? Well, I haven't envied the brides. I don't believe in public lovemaking either before or after marriage." "The honeymooners here seem to enjoy it, and it furnishes a great deal of amusement to some of the old married people." "Well, no one will ever obtain amusement at my expense in that way," Miss Hungerford went on. "I consider newly wedded affection too sacred a thing to be put on exhibition." "Of course you are right, Miss Hungerford, precisely right." "Now, when I am married," Miss Hungerford proceeded, "I am going straight to my dear old aunt's place in the Catskills. It's the finest retreat imaginable in the hot summer days. I usually go there to rest up after a month at the shore. Perfect solitude you know, the nicest cottage, with well-trained servants. You can lie in the hammock all day long and breathe the most delicious air. Then you can row on the dearest little lake, and take the most delightful walks, with no danger of anybody's intruding on your privacy. When I was there last summer, aunty dear said: 'Now, Annie, when you get married, I want you to come straight here with your husband and enjoy your honeymoon as it ought to be enjoyed. You and he are welcome to stay a month, or two if you like; the longer the better.' Now, don't you think it would be much better to spend a honeymoon in a place like that than at a crowded watering place like this, Mr. Gildersleeve?" "Indeed, I do, Miss Hungerford." He moved nearer to her and added: "Annie, love, let's start right away." "Oh, George, this is so very sudden! I'll need at least two weeks to get ready for the wedding." She was ready in time, however, and now they are at her aunt's.—Harper's Bazar.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBRON FERRY—Foot of Market Street. SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO. WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M. Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F., Week Days, Sundays, DESTINATION, Week Days. Lists destinations like Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, etc.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka. Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building. H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN, Gen. Manager, Gen. Passenger Agent.

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GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, No. 10 Market street, San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kohe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. COPTIC (via Honolulu)....Saturday, Jan. 16, 1897 GAELIC (via Honolulu)....Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897 DORIC.....Tuesday, February 23, 1897 GAELIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, March 13, 1897 ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner Flrst. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

CEANIC S.S. CO. HAWAII, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA. 6 DAYS TO HONOLULU. S. S. "Zealandia," Thursday, January 7th, at 2 P. M. S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, January 26, at 2 p. m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 27 Market St., San Francisco.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St., San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View from Dome of City Hall, Looking Southwest - Shawinn Grove Street - Twin Peaks and Bernal Heights in the Distance



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 16, 1897.

Number 3.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54, Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and of Chicago, 903 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

OUR fruit growers are finding out that robins are among their best friends. These birds, if unmolested, may do the State more good than a costly Horticultural Commission.

THE Rev. George Swan of Berkeley very sensibly objects to the study of classic mythology in the public schools. Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" is a highly interesting book, but something more useful should engage the attention of the pupils.

INTEREST in the Nicaragua Canal project seems to be reviving at Washington. There is a prospect that a measure will be adopted at this session, calling for a re-survey of the canal line, with provisions for construction work under the direction of the Government.

IT is announced that an important move has been made in Judge Coffey's court, as a result of which a speedy settlement will be reached of a large estate. This move must have been an oversight on the part of the attorneys, but such things cannot always be guarded against in the practice of law.

IT was an absurd thing to close the public schools for half a day, on account of the death of School Director Halsted. He had never served in that capacity, and even if he had been a life-long member of the Board there would be no occasion for wasting the time of teachers and children in this manner.

IT is to be hoped that Senator Proctor's proposed constitutional amendment, increasing the Presidential term to six years, and making the President ineligible for re-election, will be approved by Congress and ultimately become law. It also increases the term of Representatives to three years, which is likewise a desirable change.

IN the unholy scramble for tariff benefits at Washington, nearly all interests appear to be clamorously represented, except those of the consumer. If this State has to submit to an increased duty on coal, it will go far to neutralize any gains that may be made through higher duties on fruit. San Francisco, in particular, must suffer from dearer coal.

IN insisting that the Grand Jury has no right to inquire into the expenditures of the school department, with the view to detect extravagance or waste, Superintendent Babcock has but excited suspicion against the school Board. If the public money is being wisely expended, there is no reason why the Grand Jury should not be allowed to make known that interesting fact.

A KANSAS legislator has framed a bill designed to prevent any man from owning more land than may be embraced in a homestead. It authorizes anybody to make a tender of money for land, other than a homestead, and if the offer is refused the proper amount is determined in court by a jury, which sum the owner is obliged to accept. This is lending the power of eminent domain to take private property for private uses, and is clearly in conflict with the federal constitution.

THAT a son of Abraham Lincoln, the most truly democratic, in a social sense, of all our Presidents, should become the leader of the most exclusive set of Chicago's society, is a striking example of the mutability of families in America.

THE outrage at Orangevale, in Sacramento County, where six Japanese laborers were strung up by the neck and nearly killed, by a mob of white ruffians, was most disgraceful. Such cowardly assaults on inoffensive foreigners cast infinite discredit upon California. The newspapers that falsely represent our labor interests as endangered by the Japanese are the chief promoters of this sort of mischief.

NO great degree of enthusiasm has been excited by the memorial asking Congress to establish a leper hospital in this State. There seems to be need of such an institution somewhere in the United States, but San Francisco are certainly not anxious to have it established in this neighborhood. This is not from fear of infection, but because of the gloomy associations that must always surround a hospital of this sort.

THE Populist Party is shouting for greenbacks as the cure-all of financial ills. Its leaders declare that they took up the silver fight as the entering wedge for their main issue of paper money. The proposed retirement of the greenbacks in circulation will give the Populists opportunity for talk on this subject. But it is quite certain that the fiat money idea has no strength in Congress. The country is in no danger from this sort of visionary finance.

THERE is not so much need of more courts in California as of a reform of legal procedure by which a final determination of law suits could be speedily obtained at reasonable cost. The law's delays are proverbial, but most of them are needless and inexcusable. It is probable that more substantial justice was had in the old English market-place courts, where every cause was finally decided on the day it arose, than is attained through the complicated machinery of our modern courts.

THE Bates dredger, which has proved so effective on the Mississippi river, differs chiefly in the matter of capacity from the Bowers or Von Schmidt dredger, well-known in California. The principle of stirring up the bottom, and lifting the liquified mud by suction, is the same in both. It is not unlikely that the Legislature will appropriate a sum sufficient for the purchase of a big dredger of this sort, to be used on the Sacramento river. It would be a good investment for the State.

THE prominence given the arrest of Murderer Butler, by the sensational portion of the daily press, must be an eye-opener to the foreign officers who are mixed up in a hurly-burly of excitement which must be new to them, considering the matter-of-fact manner in which these affairs are handled in other parts of the world. Keeping the unfortunate strangers cooped up in uncomfortable quarters on a wharf, with telephonic communication available with all the hotels, is not the least ridiculous feature of the situation. Moreover, instead of sending a revenue cutter out to herald the arrest of a "dangerous man," it would seem that the pilot boat could have simplified the whole matter by a letter of instructions to the captain of the vessel, who, between the cruising ground and the coast, could easily find an opportunity to clap the unsuspecting murderer in irons, for safe delivery to the police in waiting.

THE FUNDING BILL DEFEATED.

A FRAID to deal conservatively with a measure in which large money interests were involved, and in regard to which the possibilities of suspicion and scandal were great, the House of Representatives has defeated the Pacific Railroads funding bill. From a California standpoint, we continue to think it an unwise decision, and we venture the prediction that the day will come when our people would reverse that decision, if they could. If two per cent payment by the Roads on the amount of the Government's lien was insufficient, how much better off will our shippers be when the Roads are sold to the highest bidder? No syndicate would put money into such an enterprise with the expectation of earning less than four per cent per annum. That, of course, means that the net earnings must be double what would have sufficed under the proposed funding bill. That is the kernel of this much misrepresented railroad question. So long as arithmetic has any value, four will remain twice as much as two, and the doubling of the interest on the Pacific Railroads' debt will mean the collection of a great many more millions a year from our people. What there is in that to grow wildly enthusiastic over no sane man can tell. That the railroad has necessarily made enemies, and has been fought, not because of the injustice of its cause, but because of the malice and hatred it has he gotten, goes without saying. It is a fatal trick we have in California to hate every man and institution that succeeds. We never, for instance, permit one of ourselves to rise to importance in national politics, or to become a cabinet minister. If, perchance, a President-elect intimates that he would like to draw one of his official family from the Pacific Coast, we at once start in to destroy every man of mark, and invariably finish up by recommending a colorless man, who will never amount to much. We are too jealous one of another to re-elect our congressmen often enough for them to learn the ropes, and become useful to their constituents and to the country. We are so equally divided politically that we cut the singular figure of choosing electors favorable to both Presidential candidates. As a rule, when the rest of the country goes Republican we are Democratic and when the Democrats are on top and something is to be gained from them, we usually have some weakling congressmen in Washington making puny attacks upon the powers that be, and rendering everything Californian obnoxious. If we did not like the proposed funding bill, it would have been the part of wisdom to have gone into consultation with railroad officials to find out what could have been done, and, in the last resort, to have delivered them an ultimatum.

Reason should always hold sway when large material interests are involved. We see how that is in the case of millionaire stockholders who have much to lose. They may say hard things of the other fellow, and hate him like poison, but they take care to "get together" in the end and combine for mutual protection. Whoever else loses they win, and so go on from one triumph to another. There was every reason why the people of California and the railroad men should have come together. It was to the interest of this Coast that the best possible terms should have been made, always, provided, that the railroad gave guarantees that its customers should adequately share in the easy terms obtained. That could all have been arranged by consultation and agreement and a way could have been found to render it binding. Every dollar, in either interest or principal, that Congress consented to throw off the original debt, would have been in the nature of a dollar subsidy granted to the traffic of this Coast. The disposition of the rest of the country was highly favorable to helping this section in that way. A just and liberal view was held of the subject matter. It was felt that the men who built the Pacific railroads in the first place, and the men who are building up a commonwealth on these shores, were worthy not only of just, but even of generous treatment. It was not forgotten that the bonds upon which dollar for dollar, with interest at the rate of six per cent is now demanded, were sold originally for no more than sixty cents on the dollar. It was also remembered that the prices of rails and other material were two or three times greater than now. The road was undertaken as a national necessity. It has accomplished

all and more than was expected of it. It has brought all parts of the country together, led the Indian difficulty to a peaceful end, rendered California and its wonders accessible to the world, and has in one way and another saved the Government more money than the amount of the bonds it guaranteed. With these and other like considerations in view, there was every disposition in the East to have forgiven the entire debt, if only California had desired it. But our people were not that way minded. Led by persons actuated by hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, they preferred revenge, even if railroad chaos should result. To foreclose is easier said than done. If accomplished, the Government will have a white elephant on its hands. The end is not yet.

The Examiner and One can readily understand why the Grove L. Johnson. Examiner saw fit to mutilate and suppress the speech of Grove L. Johnson at Washington, wherein that gentleman treated the youthful Mr. Hearst to as excoriating and just a roast as it has ever been the fortune of a man to receive. Had some demagogue, purchased, perhaps not by gold, but by the plaudits of a number of illiterate and principle-ignoring Californians, been speaking, and had he seen fit to throw bouquets at that paragon of moneyed journalists, then we should have been treated to the speech in full, with a few extra remarks thrown in by some pandering editorial writer. As it was, Mr. Hearst was shown up in his true colors and as every intelligent Californian sees him. Mr. Johnson properly decided to explain to the nation's representatives and Easterners in general, that men of the Hearst and Sutro type are not good specimens of Western civilization, but that they are merely the well-clothed leaders of a minority, whose chief claim to consideration lies in its very offensiveness. Time was when the ravings of Mr. Sutro and the virtuous indignation of Mr. Hearst were not without effect. Demagogues and dogs must have their day, and always attract attention until disposed of. The fall of these two gentlemen came when people asked themselves: "What has either of them given us as compared to the railroad they both decry?" The one, a Hebrew adventurer, gave the mining world a tunnel, in exchange, however, for millions, and the deal will cause the righteous abuse of the purchasers to follow his gold-greedy ghost even into Gehenna; the other, a sprig of our own soap-sud aristocracy, has given us a newspaper whose apparent mission has been, and is, to blast every legitimate California industry, to picture us as a race of male and female desperadoes, as foes to virtue, to decency, and to right, and to damn us generally in the eyes of the world. Congressman Johnson is entitled to the thanks of all true Californians for the service he has rendered us in turning the searchlight of investigation upon these two men, and in holding them up to public scorn. That the Examiner refused to print his speech was not to be wondered at. It is as much the enemy to truth as it is to this fair State of California.

Progress Of The The National Civil Service Reform League has just held its annual session in Philadelphia. Most remarkable progress was shown in the reports and addresses. The first movement toward reform was made during Grant's second term. It failed because the spoilsmen were too strong. During the administration following it was introduced into the Interior Department at Washington, and in the Custom House and Post Office at New York. From that time the growth has been rapid, although it has faced the continual opposition of professional politics. The present law was passed in 1882. At the close of 1884, there were less than 15,000 government employees in the classified service. At the present time there are nearly 90,000. New York and Massachusetts have adopted the system in State government, and Pennsylvania is expected to pass a law for the same purpose at the present session of her Legislature. The City of Chicago introduced the merit system by a majority of 50,000 votes, indicating its popularity with the people. The plan has either been already adopted, or movements are under way looking to that end in the cities of New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Seattle, Tacoma, Galveston, St. Louis and Wheeling, W. Va.

Notwithstanding this firm hold the efforts of the spoilsmen against it are still desperate, and what is worse their methods are insidious. Unable as they are to fight the reform openly, their efforts are directed toward obtaining, by specious arguments, from the Civil Service Commission, the adoption of such rules and amendments as tend to destroy the real intent of the law. Strange to say, an association has been formed in New York with this avowed purpose. Strenuous efforts are being made by them to transfer the management of civil service examinations from the Commission to heads of departments, the effect of which would be to destroy the merit system in any department controlled by a spoilsman. They demand that heads of departments shall have the right to approve or amend questions. This is equally insidious. If a spoilsman with appointments to make, knows the questions, his beelers will know them also and their answers too. They require the right to make appointments from the whole list of eligibles instead of from the highest three in grade, as at present. As the minimum of the grades on the eligible list is seventy per cent, a compliance with this proposal would sacrifice the purpose of the law to award appointments to merit as shown in competitive examination. These demands should clearly not be granted and the National League will do good work if they compass their prompt denial. There are already rules adopted which are unjust to merit and serve as entering wedges for the spoilsmen. To illustrate: the people will be best served if the most meritorious eligible has the widest chance of appointment to the public service. An applicant, we will suppose, entered the examinations in April 1896, for a certain grade in the Customs service. He has gained the highest percentage in the list of eligibles. Now the law does not permit his appointment to the service except in the grade for which he applies, and yet after his position on the list was obtained, the Commission promulgated a new rule that "any employee may be promoted or transferred to the lowest class in any other grade, upon passing a non-competitive examination." That is to say, the eligible with a standing of 98 per cent, may be shouldered to one side, to clear the way of a favorite who gains seventy per cent in a non-competitive examination. He spends time and money to gain his place on the list on the faith of the law that it would be of value. What right has the Commission to destroy that compact by a retroactive rule? It is clearly an injustice to him, detrimental to the public service, valuable only to the politician and his protege, and should be rescinded before the breach made is widened by the spoilsmen.

Canadian Independence and Annexation.

The question of the future of Canada shows signs of becoming a very interesting one in the near future, not only for the Dominion, but for the United States. Two parties are rapidly forming in Canada—one favoring an imperial federation with the mother country and her colonies; the other urging a closer union with the United States—a sentiment which is sure to develop into a desire for annexation. The reasons for the present unrest are plain. Manitoba is notoriously displeased with her associates. To begin with, she is situated deplorably. Cut off from both ends of the Dominion by immense tracts of desolate and practically uninhabitable areas; overridden by Imperialism and Railwayism, and coerced from Ottawa, it is not surprising that her eyes turn longingly to the South. Ontario and Quebec are little better off. The proposed federation would be sure to cast upon them a largely increased burden for military and naval purposes, while it would deprive them in a large measure of the independence they now have. In the meantime, they see the most energetic portion of their population permanently removing to the United States in steadily increasing numbers. To sacrifice themselves to the interests of England and Australia would not in any way better their condition. But what of the United States? The very reasons which are increasing the popularity of annexation in Canada, joined with others, are the very reasons which would make Canada an undesirable acquisition for us. The Dominion cannot offer us a *quid pro quo*. There are extensive wheat lands in her middle West, but it is noticeable that they are not attracting a large population, and we have already more of such land than we can

sow with profit. There are, undoubtedly, rich mines in British Columbia, but they are bound to be of temporary value. Annexation would throw upon the United States the burden of Canadian debt, without bringing an equivalent in assets. It would compel us to protect an immensely increased and unusually exposed Coast line on two oceans. It would add to our present difficulties with transcontinental railways. It would add to our citizenship a large class whose aims, objects, ambitions, and modes of thought are wholly antagonistic to the spirit of our Institutions—a people as difficult for us to assimilate as would be the Spanish races of the West Indies or the Kanakas of the Pacific. Were the increased land area desirable, the Canadians would not exhibit so much willingness to leave it. We could purchase the most of it now for one-half the money they have put into it. If it is of so little value to them, why, then, should we covet it? It would add nothing to our greatness and much to our burdens. We have land enough, debts enough, and troubles enough, and neither of the four cardinal points can offer us an adequate reason for extending our domain.

Improving The Electoral Franchise.

It is one of the most promising signs in American politics that our people, whenever and wherever appealed to, have shown more than willingness to improve the conditions upon which the electoral franchise is exercised. Two years ago the people of California carried a constitutional amendment, by a large majority, empowering the Legislature to impose an educational qualification as a pre-requisite to voting. At the election in November last two States submitted constitutional amendments to popular vote, rendering the exercise of the suffrage more difficult to foreign immigrants. Hitherto Texas has allowed all comers to vote who have resided in the State one year, provided that on the day of election, or before, they declared an intention to become citizens. The last Legislature submitted a proposition that such a declaration must be made not less than six months before the election, and it carried by an almost unanimous vote. Minnesota has permitted foreigners to vote upon a simple declaration of intention, but an amendment was carried at the late election requiring full citizenship; which of course, means a residence of five years. That such a proposal should have succeeded in Minnesota is remarkable, because six-tenths of the population of that State are of foreign birth. Last, but not least, Congress has imposed an educational qualification as a necessity to all immigrants who would land on our shores. That measure has been generally acquiesced in and approved. These signs of a conservative trend in the popular mind, will give no little satisfaction to thoughtful men everywhere. To be sure, these amendments fall very far short of what is needed, but they are to be welcomed as indicating progress in the right direction.

Republican Simplicity.

Times have changed since a newly-elected President of the United States rode down to the Capitol alone, hitched his horse to a post, was sworn in, returned as he came, and thus ended the inaugural ceremony. All accounts from Washington indicate that President-elect McKinley is to be inaugurated with a degree of pomp and splendor that will put in the shade all previous occasions of like nature. The Springfield Republican is the respectable authority for the statement that "prices for windows on Pennsylvania avenue, on inauguration day, are rising rapidly. Latest quotations: single windows, \$75 to \$100; single rooms, with two or three windows, \$300; suite with eight windows, \$1,000 to \$5,000." These prices will be paid for the privilege of seeing Grover Cleveland and William McKinley ride in the same carriage, and witnessing the longest parade ever known at an inauguration at the capital city. On the way to the Capitol the Ohio man will sit on the left, but, when the return trip is made, the New Yorker will take that seat. All this pageantry would look better if it were the spontaneous outcome of enthusiasm on the part of the people. Mark Hanna is engineering it all, and using the surplus "fat" fried out of the protected industries. Evidently no money is to be spared to give McKinley a prodigious "send off." We think he will live long enough to regret it.

Concerning Immigration. The Lodge-Corliss Bill, which will shortly come before the United States Senate, aims not so much at the exclusion of foreigners generally, but of those who are ignorant alike of their own language, of an occupation, and of the standards of living and character which distinguish the American people. This is a measure which will meet with the hearty approval of every man interested in the welfare of this country, and its desirability will undoubtedly be recognized by those to whom it goes for ultimate recognition. The passage of this Bill will restrict, in a large measure, the immigration of that most undesirable and illiterate element, consisting of the Slav, Latin, and Asiatic races. To class along with these immigrants those coming from the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and Scandinavia, is as unjust as it is foolish. During the last fiscal year the average illiteracy of emigrants from Austria, Hungary, Italy, Poland, and Russia was 40.1 per cent, while of those coming from the other mentioned countries it was only 3.7 per cent. Statistics also show that, while the former seldom become naturalized, the latter hasten to take out their papers and develop into good and patriotic citizens. By the census of 1890, of the Slav, Latin, and Asiatic foreign born in the United States, 32.0 per cent. were aliens, while of the British, German, and Scandinavian only 9.9 per cent. were aliens. The immigration of this undesirable element has been steadily increasing during the last six years, and it is time a halt was called. Of pauper labor we have already more than enough. By permitting the ranks of the dissatisfied to swell, property and law-abiding citizens are endangered, and the welfare of the Republic is undermined. Of frugal, intelligent, and capable immigrants we cannot have too many. In time they become employers of labor themselves, and thus help to rid the human market of some of its excess stock. They soon recognize how much better off they are in this country than under the Governments to which they formerly owed allegiance, and they gradually become good Americans in every sense of the word. The others, on the other hand, associate only with their fellows, and remain strangers to our ways and institutions. In their own countries they are of use merely as food for shot and shell. Seeing that we have no such use for them, we had better refuse them admittance within our peaceful gates.

Our Part in Cuba. The Cuban question was beset with difficulties from the start. We had no right to rob a country with which we had treaties of friendship, unity and commerce of the gem of her possessions. At the same time, we had selfish interests to promote in aiding whichever side could best govern Cuba. If the Spanish government could repress the rebellion, establish order, and put commerce on a satisfactory footing, well and good. We wanted no more. But it is plain to all observers that that is something she has utterly failed to do. The last loan she raised for the purpose of quieting Cuba is nearly all gone, and almost nothing has been accomplished. Spain is practically exhausted, whilst the rebellion still flourishes. In this condition of affairs it may well be believed that there is unusual truth in the press dispatches which say that Spain is ready to accept the mediation of the United States, and to give Cuba independence in everything but name. But President Cleveland, it is to be feared, has undertaken a big contract when he promises to get the consent of the Cuban hot-heads to a settlement that contains the substance of all that they have ever contended for. It may be that he has brought pressure to bear upon them in advance, and knows exactly what they will do. If so, he has prepared a diplomatic *coup* that will do him honor. The Senate does not like the bloodless victories that the President is winning. Its members want to do the whole business themselves, without possessing a single qualification for the doing of it. They desire to meddle in, and muddle the affairs of all creation. Whilst, however, Cameron, Mills, and the rest of them are igniting fire-brands, the President bids fair to extinguish the whole conflagration. Cuba levying and spending her own taxes, managing her own affairs, and dividing the offices around among her own people, ought to be one of the most happy and prosperous corners of God's earth, but will she be? About that there must remain grave doubt, until the trial is actually made.

Our North Atlantic Squadron. The efforts of our Government to acquire a serviceable navy, which have been progressing for the last decade, are at last bearing some practical fruit. With the exception of a few fire-eaters, we do not want war with Spain. Barring a few enthusiasts, we do not want Cuba. For nearly two years Spain has been so continually irritated by our jingoism that it is quite possible that the possession of a respectable navy has saved our Atlantic seaboard from attack. However that may be, it is with a comfortable feeling that Uncle Sam sits on the rocky brow that overlooks his "sea-born Salamis," and counts his ships at break of day. He sees before him his North Atlantic Squadron, now grown to the proportions of a fleet. It includes two battleships of the first class—the Massachusetts and Indiana—supposed to be unexcelled as fighting machines; two second-class battleships—the Maine and Texas—both possessing the confidence of the Navy Department, at least. Of powerful modern monitors, with the heaviest of armament, there are the Puritan, Miantonomoh, and Amphitrite. The armored cruisers New York, Brooklyn, and the swift Columbia complete the heavy ships of the line, while the supplemental fleet includes the cruisers Montgomery and Raleigh, the ram Katahdin, the dynamite vessel Vesuvius, and the torpedo boats Cushing and Ericsson, not to mention several cruisers which could quickly be called home from foreign waters. Weak as we are in torpedo boats, the above presents a fleet powerful enough to guard our coasts against any power of the Spanish class, and to take the aggressive in the West Indies if the necessity arises. "He is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just," but it is pleasant to know that we have the means to sustain a just quarrel, if it should arise out of the present complications.

The Propagation Of Criminals. New York City has been exercised for many months over the trial and retrial of Maria Barberi, for the murder of her lover, Dominico Cataldo, in April 1895. Society ladies have wasted tons of sentiment and hot-house flowers on this accused woman. On the 10th of December the farce was completed by a verdict of acquittal, the defense being psychical epilepsy and consequent irresponsibility for crime. She may now, we presume, make continued crime her legalized profession. Not the least interesting development of the trial is the fact that the mother of the murderess went on the stand for the defense and testified that she had borne thirteen children including the playful Maria, and that every one of the baker's dozen was weak minded and epileptic. The question now arises: What will it cost the country to take care of Mother Barberi's brood of criminals and incompetents during the coming years, provided each one makes as good a record as Maria? Here is a practical test for Prof. Lombroso, and those who think with him that the naturally vicious should not be permitted to propagate criminals and idiots at the expense of the public, and transmit to posterity the increasing evils of their weaknesses.

The Purification of the Press. The Society of Friends lately held its annual meeting in Baltimore, and has issued an appeal to the editors and journalists of the country, requesting them to give less prominence to crime and scandal in the columns at their disposal, and otherwise to labor in the interests of pure journalism. This appeal could well be heeded by many papers on the Pacific Coast, where journalism is, in many cases, the most degraded of the professions. More prominence should be given to virtue and good deeds, even if the illiterate and unwashed prefer sensationalism and scandal. It is apparently forgotten that there are respectable and God-fearing people in California, and that they must be supplied with the news. The average newspaper is run for the edification of the saloon keeper and his patrons, and other people must suffer accordingly. The so-called "Sunday paper" is of itself a desecration of the holy Sabbath, and does more harm with its subtle impurity than all the yellow-covered novels in existence. It is refreshing to know that there is at least one daily paper in this city the columns of which are clean, and which does not take contamination into the home. This journal is the Call, and it would be good for this State if there were more like it.

HON. GEORGE C. PERKINS.

THE Republican Party has once more sent to the United States Senate George C. Perkins, a gentleman of pronounced ability and patriotism. That he would be elected at Sacramento to succeed himself became an assured thing when Mr. Samuel Shortridge decided to retire from the fight, and thus help along his opponent to victory. In connection with the fight so lately settled, and which was waged with all the ardor usual to political campaigns, great praise is due to the re-elected Senator for the clean

and dignified fight his managers, acting under his instructions, made for him. It was a hard battle, and victory was honorably contended for on all sides. We feel sure that Mr. Perkins knew nothing about the disgusting methods indulged in by the abusive Examiner to prejudice popular opinion against Mr. Shortridge. No gentleman, or anyone with the first instincts of a gentleman, could condone that journalistic blackguardism, neither would he wish to defeat an adversary by such aid. Mr. Perkins himself comes out of the fight with clean hands, but it has been made painfully apparent that we have in California, for a leading Democratic journal, a foul-tongued and evil-

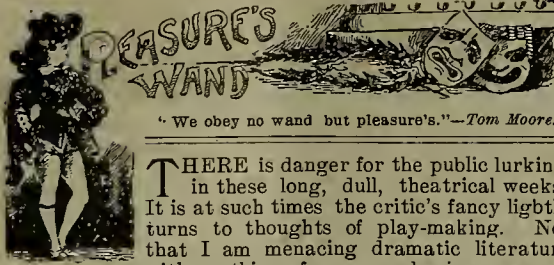
mind shrew, whose only mission it is to attempt to soil with vituperative mud the characters of enterprising and able men, who may not be willing to fill its dirty coffers.

There is much for Senator Perkins to accomplish at Washington. Eastern prejudice against the West must be overcome, and our possibilities and resources legitimately advertised. This Senator Perkins is pre-eminently capable of doing, and we can safely leave the matter in his hands. But there is another task for the Senator to perform, and a hard one. This task demands herculean strength, and is nothing less than counteracting the evil



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influence of Mr. Hearst's San Francisco newspaper—the Examiner. The organ of demagogues and desperadoes, its columns open to the harlot and the quack, its till as hungry for the nickel of the beggar as it is for the dollars wrenched from the wealthy, the paper is an eyesore to the community and a disgrace and a danger to the State. It remains for Senator Perkins to continue the good work commenced by Grove L. Johnson, and place Mr. Hearst in his proper relation to California. When this position is adequately explained, Easterners will be willing to invest their money here. There is great work ahead for the Senator, and we trust he will not shirk it.



"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

THERE is danger for the public lurking in these long, dull, theatrical weeks. It is at such times the critic's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of play-making. Not that I am menacing dramatic literature with anything of my own, having, as yet, too much disesteem for my enemies. Besides, I should dislike my young, hopeful life tinged by the bitterness of inglorious authorship, or handicapped by the misfortune of premature success.

But there are other busy pens who have no such nice ideas about maintaining the balance of the critical temperament. Mr. Frawley told me there were but two critics in the whole town who had not offered him from one to three plays for production by his company. I don't know who the other fellow is, but I'd like to know—we seem to be disengaged on the same fishing days.

Of course, this practice of writing plays is not confined to critics alone. There are others. After Greer Harrison's experience with *Runnymede*, the laic dramatist dramatized unseen for a space. Then Leo Cooper's students in the actorial art cautiously began giving performances of one and two-act "original plays," and the fever burned again. Every third person I met was either writing a play or had one finished, and wanted an opinion (favorable, you may be sure) until I wondered where I could find a plain, pleasure-seeking theatre-goer, who had not turned his recreation into a trade.

In justice to Mr. Cooper, I must confess that I have never been present at one of his students' matinees, and I am willing to take his word for it that the comedies, farces, and tragedies he and his disciples present are valuable additions to the drama; but, in the gentleness of my nature, I have been induced to read many manuscript plays, and each time it has been to either lose a friend or make an enemy.

I opened my heart to Mr. Bouvier the other night. I asked him if he had ever struck upon a successful way of staging off the embryo dramatist.

"Easiest thing in the world," said Bouvier, falling into a now-watch-me pose. "Now, say you're the man with a play, and I'm myself, the manager. You walk up briskly, manner courteous, smile bland, and all that sort of thing.

You say: 'Mr. Bouvier, I believe.'

I nod.

"My friend Mr. Friedlander," you continue, 'advised me to call on you. I have a play, *The Homebreaker*; it's in five acts. Mr. Friedlander says it's almost too ambitious for his theatre, and he recommends my reading it to you. There's one thing I can tell you right now—it's absolutely original and—

"Here I stop you with a gentle gesture. 'My dear sir,' I say, 'while I may to you appear selfish and unreasonable, and unappreciative of the honor you do me, I cannot read your play. I myself have recently finished a play, a society drama I should say, in four acts, *The Wife-napper*, and all the little influence I may have must be exerted to my own advantage. I appreciate the compliment from you, and I am grateful for Mr. Friedlander's kindness, but the theatrical business isn't what it used to be, and, to tell you the truth, I don't know where I'll land if this play of mine doesn't go on and pull me out of the hole.'

"Say? Why, what can he say? He walks away, wondering what the stage is coming to when base, commercial influence is pitted against real brains and literature. And," finishes Mr. Bouvier, balancing easily on his heels, "there you are."

* * *

If I had Joe Murphy's youth, I would go somewhere and grow up with the country. And I would certainly take with me

A handful of earth
From the land of my birth

which has been such good-paying, gilt-edged real estate for Joseph. That and the horseshoes have made him millions; he can afford to be sick if he wants to, and to have a private press-agent bard of his own to sing the song of Murpby. And in view of this, there is something genuine and generous in the fact of his being on the stage at all, and I believe he only acts out of brotherly love and patriotism—just to keep the dear, old, boggy isle green in the hearts of his countrymen. And they meet him a good half way with whole-armed, vivifying applause, as he bounds boyishly over the Columbia stage in the pink and mettle of his sixty sunny summers. Who can criticize him? and who wants to? and who would read the criticism if any one could be found to write it? Joseph Murpby is to be regarded as a dilettante, not a professional, and by the time I am sixty and he a hundred and twenty, he will have smoothed out the *Kerry Gow* and *Shawn Rhue* to suit the generation. Meantime, here's to Joseph Murpby—and when he's ill a-bed, here's to brother John, who, to be punctual, has ten years the start of him.

Johnnie, me old friend John!

Johnnie, me old friend John!

There never were two such actors as Joe

And

 nie
John me
 old friend
 John!

* * *

Nine Hungarian rhapsodists, who style themselves The Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra, and a Swedish ventriloquist with an almost unlimited repertory of dexterously handled figures, and who is named on the programme Lieut. Noble, are the reinforcements at the Orpheum. The Hungarian band is composed of soloists, and, while their ensemble is free, dashing, and impetuous, after the manner of Hungarians, I daresay the Orpheumites will shower most of their enthusiasm upon the solos. Collectively, the visitors will have a hard time displacing the popularity of Rosner's little hybrid band; but if the virtuosity of the other eight is to be estimated by that of their leader, Matus—whom I heard play the clarinet Monday night with surpassing fluency and delightful tonal integrity, and several other degrees of long-haired, adjectivous excellence which are not exactly in order for an Orpheum notice—you will miss some animate music by staying away.

* * *

Nordica, glorified by the recent success of Beyreuth, is now at her best—that is, the best this generation will know. No other American singer has ever achieved anything like the glories that illumine her progress to world-wide fame. And even of the singers foreign born and foreign trained, none has shown gifts and attainments such as hers. Pen can only hope to celebrate her talents and graces; for analysis is well nigh futile, and criticism almost impertinent.

I did not write the foregoing myself, much as I worship at this American songstress's shrine and much as I sympathize with the futility of analysis and the impertinence of criticism. It is a stanza from the advance courier's authoritative pen, and it foretells the coming of Nordica and her comrades to the Baldwin Tuesday night, where you, and I, and all pretenders to art and fashion will receive her as befits a queen of song. Dear old Scalchi is of the party, with lots of rich 'celloness, I understand, left in her great, wide, warm voice. Barron Bertald, tenor, and John C. Dempsey, basso cantate, complete the quartette, which, augmented by Luckstone, the pianist, and an orchestra, will sing in the three concerts, announced for Tuesday and Thursday nights, and Saturday afternoon. The first part of each programme is given up to miscellaneous songs, arias, and concerted numbers, to be concluded with an act, or scene, from opera. *Faust*, Tuesday; *Trovatore*, Thursday; and *Siegfried* at the Saturday matinee.

* * *

Altogether a hopeful-looking week is looming up, with the additional prospect of some real plays and famous acting when a week later Modjeska opens her season.

The Columbia's bid for patronage is Charles H. Yale's time-defier, *The Devil's Auction*, in which are promised the acme of scenic splendor, a lively bicycle satire, a seductive

ballet, bevels of beautiful girls, regiments of trained comedians, aerial artists on the skylight ladder, dialect specialists, quips and songs beyond number, and a sourette whose banjo playing is unequalled.

Besides a new sailor's frolic by the ballet, the Orpheum announces three new attractions: Binns & Binns (immensely clever musical burlesquers, who were here a season or two ago), the Frantz family of acrobats, and Wilson and Waring, comedians.

Jack and the Beanstalk will run another week, and then be shelved among the available assets of the Tivoli.

A communication from undaunted Mr. Greenbaum asks me to state that the San Francisco Symphony Society has been brilliantly organized with a guarantee fund of several thousand dollars. Mr. Phil Lillenthal has been elected treasurer; Mr. Hinrichs will be conductor, and Mr. Beel concert-master; and the orchestra will number fifty-five instruments. All that is needed is an appreciative public to swell the subscription lists—which are wide open at the music stores—go to the concerts, and look cultured. The season will be given at the Columbia on alternate Thursday afternoons, beginning February 4th.

Hugo Herold, the son of San Francisco's musical Patriarch, will give a song recital at Golden Gate Hall on the evening of the 29th inst.

That's all.

ASHTON STEVENS.

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD—FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THE sexton looked forth at the mid hour of night,
O'er the tombs where the dead were reclining;
The moon, at its full, gave a great, ghostly light,
And the churchyard as day was shining.
First one, then another—oh, terrible sight!—
Each grave opened wide, and, in gowns long and white,
The dead all arose from their sleeping,
Round the tombs grimly dancing and leaping.

In a skeleton ring, then, together they hung,
While they danced as the waves of the ocean—
The poor and the rich, the old and the young—
But their grave-clothes hindered their motion;
And, as here no modesty held its broad sway,
They all shook them off, and around them there lay
Their winding sheets, here and there scattered,
And they naked—but that little mattered.

In a frenzy of joy then they swung their long shanks,
Their long fingers in unison snapping,
And they clicked and clacked as they played their wild pranks,
As though timber on timber were clapping.
Then the sexton laughed loudly again and again,
And mischief gave slyly the thought to his brain;
"Now quickly—'tis joking, not thieving—
Steal a winding sheet! None are perceiving."

It was done; and then swiftly he fled in affright
Behind the great door of the tower,
While the dance still continued, the moonbeams bright
O'er the weird scene still holding their power.
At last it was o'er, and the skeleton crowd,
One after another, each slipped, on its shroud,
Then into their cold graves they glided,
And silence once more presided.

But one—'tis the last—trips and stumbles along,
And eager each to hasten it scratches;
But none of its comrades have done it this wrong,
For the scent in the air now it catches.
The church gate it rattled, but backward was pressed;
To the joy of the sexton, the door had been blessed—
With crosses of iron 'twas covered,
And angels' wings over it hovered.

Its shroud it must have, else it rests not again,
For soon its last hour will be chiming;
The columns it grasps the high tower to attain
From summit to summit still climbing.
Oh, sad for the sexton, for swifter it glides,
And onward it rushes in wonderful strides!
O mischief! 'tis thou hast undone him;
Heaven held him! 'tis almost upon him.

The sexton grew pale, in his horror he shook,
And the shroud would have yielded with gladness;
Near, nearer it came, then its last leap it took
In a frenzy of rage and of madness.
For an instant the moon no longer shone;
"One!" thundered the clock in a terrible tone;
Its limbs through the air wildly dashing,
Down—down—fell the skeleton, crashing!

**HARPER'S
MAGAZINE**

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Three concerts only Tuesday evening, Jan. 19th, third act of FAUST; Thursday evening, Jan. 21st, last act of IL TROVATORE; Matinee, Saturday, Jan. 23d, last act of SIEGFRIED.

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA,
Under the direction of Al Hayman and Klaw & Erlanger, and assisted by Mme Sola Scalchi, contralto; Mr. Barron Berthald, tenor; Mr. J. C. Dempsey, baritone; Mr. I. Luckstone, pianist. Grand orchestra. Prices, \$3, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.
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New songs! New dances! New skits! Seats now on sale.
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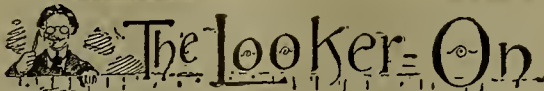
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The Looker-On

NEW YORK sweldom is now gossiping about that dinner at Sherry's and the modest young lady who burst into tears when asked to dance in the "altogether." Yet there was a hachelor dinner party given in this city some time ago, where there was no squeamishness, but where the attempt at art was made the apology for the nakedness of the surroundings. A certain wealthy young gentleman was going to Europe, and determined, like Lord Bateman, before he went abroad strange countries for to see, to give his friends a farewell dinner which should teach them not to forget him. He applied to a friend of his who was presumed to be a man of invention and originality, to devise this hanquet.

"I want something startling," he said; "something out of the common. I don't mean as far as the eating and drinking goes, because all novelty in that line is exhausted. But something startling, old fellow, and never mind the expense. I'll foot the bills and consider myself your debtor for life."

So the mentor set his wits a-working to please this young Telemachus, and announced one day that the plan was ready, and pocketed a check of three figures to arrange with the talent. The dinner was an exquisite affair, given at a place where all that sort of thing is doue up to the handle. When the desert was set upon the table, the lights were lowered, and a strain of weird, Oriental music was played by a few musicians, invisible to the guests. Presently the portieres at one end of the dining room were softly withdrawn, and a young girl, attired in the costume of a Roman cup-bearer, entered, stepping slowly, and swinging a censer filled with burning herbs of pungent but most agreeable perfume. She chanted a sort of hymn as she moved, and incensed each guest, and after making the circuit of the room, retired, while the revelers applauded loudly. Now the music became more animated, and again the portieres were withdrawn, and again the lovely censer-bearer appeared, this time leading a procession composed of six very handsome young women, who bore a huge shell, or imitation of a sea shell, upon their gleaming shoulders, and who represented the nymphs of Venus Aphrodite, carrying the Queen of Beauty to the hanquet. Three were dark, and three blonde, and wore sea-green gauzy robes, while their feet were perfectly bare. The guests arose and made way for them, while they placed the shell in the center of the table, and then danced about it chanting a song in praise of love in excellent time and rythm. When the song was concluded, they took from a basket carried by a plump, tiny Cupid, wreaths of flowers, with which they crowned the guests. All the literary part had been written by the mentor for the feast, and contained appropriate sentiments. Then at a signal from the host, the lid of the shell was opened, and Venus herself, the most beautiful of all, slowly arose from her casing, and the picture was so intensely picturesque, and so artistic, that the utter lack of the garments of conventionality was forgotten, and the enthusiasm of the guests was unbounded. Venus sang an adieu to the host, and with her nymphs pledged him in wine from goblets made after the pattern of the antique, while Cupid, holding her doves, crouched at her side. What might otherwise be deemed a rather *risque* spectacle, because of its artistic presenting, had not a single element of coarseness. But it would not do to give a censorious and mock modest world too close an insight into the doings of the epicureans.

Mr. James M. Hamilton went to a private masquerade a few days ago attired as Mephistopheles, a character which he is pleased to assume upon those festive occasions. All through that revel did Mr. Hamilton, "the Actors' Friend," behave himself most agreeably as the devil, and the reproachful rattle of the milk-cart was heard on the stony street when he emerged from his hack and rang the bell of the family mansion on California street. The pious domestic who attends to one part of the *ménage* was completing a long letter to a brother in Ireland, while the crimson figure on the steps was alternately wrestling with

the latch key and the door hell. She looked out of the window, and the spectacle of the great enemy of mankind boldly claiming admission (for Nora knew nothing of the masquerade) completely paralyzed the good creature. "Mother of Mercy, intercede for me!" she screamed, as she emptied a can of holy water on the gay masquerader beneath, and put her hands to her ears to shut out the hissing sound she felt must follow. Well, Mr. Hamilton finally got in. But the next time he goes to a masquerade he will afford Nora a private rehearsal before he departs.

This seems to be a winter of cluh discontent. The Cosmos is in a sad muddle, and the Pacific-Union differences are far from reconciliation. The oldsters do not want to give up their snug quarters on Union Square for a gaudy palace on Van Ness avenue. They like to slip away to lunch, and a quiet rubber afterwards, and still be within five or eight minutes' run of busness headquarters. The youngsters want a place where they can entertain their sisters, cousins, sweethearts, wives, and aunts, and witch them with their noble trenchership. The ladies are all on the side of the young men. And why not? Their supremacy means a letting down of the bars that separate club life from womankind, a season of game dinners, and an annex where they can exchange views after the fatigues of shopping. Now, the matter has virtually taken this shape: The oldsters will dissolve and build a clubhouse for themselves, and restrict the membership to a couple of hundred or less. The Bohemian Club must profit largely by the split, because many Pacific Union men are also members of the Bohemian, and the quarters of the latter, on Post street and Grant avenue, being so accessible, they will make it their *habitat* and spend their shekels there.

As the son of a clergyman, Horace Platt is to be regarded as an authority upon things heavenly. The witty lawyer tells a story of his encounter with a dirty-faced urchin, whose countenance was in marked contrast to his beautiful raiment. The boy was arrayed in Faunterloy style and his modish costume was unexceptional. His most objectionable feature was his coarse red hair which fell over the shoulders of his velvet coat in its long uncurled length, looking for all the world like the tail of a chestnut horse. His appearance was a striking commentary on misplaced parental admiration, and the *tout ensemble* jarred on the aesthetic nature of the president of the Art Association. Platt felt particularly disagreeable that day and the smile which usually divides his cheeks was absent. He stopped the boy to deliver himself of some surplus irritation.

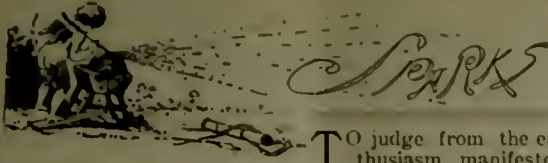
"See here," he said severely, "why don't you get your hair cut?"

"Oh," calmly replied the ingenuous youth, aged seven, "Mamma wants me to look like one of them damned cherubims."

La vie est vaine;
"Our Jim," secure,
Talks fight again,
Et puis—bon jour.

La vie est breve,
Says Fitz: "I har
This windy knave,
Et puis—bon soir.

Frank Unger sailed for Honolulu last week with Edgar Crimmins, of New York, to make straight the paths in the summer isles for Harry Gillig, Donald deV. Graham, and Aleck Hamilton, who depart to-day for the same sultry clime. Therefore shall there be a gap in Bohemia until the return of the wanderers. Mr. Graham will give three concerts in Honolulu, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Marquardt, Miss Alice Turner, soprano, and Mr. Gillig will also sing on those occasions. Mr. Graham will resume his lessons after February 14th. It is not necessary to say that the visit of those Bohemians will make glad the loyalists who mourn the pomp and circumstance of the fallen court, as well as those of the stern republicans who, under Oliver Cromwell Dole, are sharing the blessings of equality. Not that President Dole is a Puritan. By no means. He can play the cavalier as well as any roisterer that ever wore love locks.



TO judge from the enthusiasm manifested by numbers of pretty women at the football game last Saturday, King, of the Army, kicked himself into high favor. One pretty girl, whose bright sallies always make her a sought-for social figure, remarked that he was "as good at football as in dancing the cotillion." There was a very fashionable crowd present at the game, and feeling ran high for the University chaps on one hand, and the boys in blue on the other, but the soldiers carried the day, thanks to King's superb playing; in fact, as a plunger, he was a brilliant success. The girls risked red noses and braved the icy wind in their eagerness to watch his movements. Wiltsee's tall form towered above the crowd, as he chatted here and there with the different belles. Harry Tevis was accompanied by his *pater* and brother Hugh. The widower Lieutenant of the army was in great demand; all his favorite girls were there, but, as usual, the stylish blonde had the innings. Duperu was devotion itself to the stately brunette, though rumor says a soon to be young matron is trying her best to win him for her sister. Winnie Jones looked blue about the gills, poor old chap, and General Barnes vied with any man present in attractive appearance. The Hoffman sisters had a bevy of admirers around them. Mrs. O'Neil Reis and Miss Brooks were warmly greeted by their friends, who so seldom see them in town nowadays. Miss Younger was strongly on the side of the 'Varsity boys, as was Miss Ida Gibbons. Greer Harrison was so excited he asked a friend if a ball game would not be a good thing to introduce into his new play.

It must be frankly admitted that the "house party," so striking a feature of British life, is not, as yet, as satisfactory an affair with our Anglophobian settlements of B'lingham and San Mateo. While the friends who assembled at the different homes in that would-be aristocratic vicinity no doubt had a pleasant enough time in a way, yet it is as *house parties* they were dismally a failure, depending entirely upon the club house gatherings for the festivities, no one house crowd being sufficient in itself to provide recreation without aid from its neighbors. As a bright young woman observed, "it is the same faces everywhere."

One of the most enjoyable affairs yet held at the Hotel Rafael was the festive Twelfth Night gathering, when the guests at that delightful hostelry indulged in the old-time games peculiar to that holiday. Much merriment was caused by the horoscope drawn for several of the men present, and the refreshments served at the wind-up were worthy of mine host Warfield, who is noted for his efficiency in that line.

In the way of future gayeties, 'tis said a leading member of our *beau monde* is going to introduce the latest Gotham fad, of having her grown-up guests come to a party attired as children—short frocks, pinafores, and knickerbockers. As most of the fashionable folk of the day indulge in childish ways, no doubt the idea will be exceptionally successful in the harmony of the whole.

The return to the swim of Miss Julia Crocker was a feature of the last Friday night cotillion. Miss Crocker was warmly welcomed, and was the recipient of many congratulations upon her recently announced engagement to Sam Buckbee.

On dit the guests at the Hotel Richelieu are meditating giving a dance some time before Lent, which is joyous news for those who indulge in fine suppers.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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A Book of A little book, but a good one. Lying land-
the jobbers and ingloriously mendacious real estate
Week.* dealers have so loudly and so persistently
"hoomed" Southern California, describing it as an earthly paradise, free from every ill that
flesh is heir to, that it is high time for a sober account,
written by intelligent people for intelligent people. Such
an account we have here. To the literary person it is, of
course, matter of regret that only two of the eight chapters
are by Beatrice Harraden, the remaining six, which
deal with Southern California from the physician's point of
view, being by her medical collaborator, who, though he
flings about, as do all medicos, a good many terms, such
as "phthisis, tuberculosis, cirrhosis, etc.," yet writes sensibly
and gives much useful information. He points out
that there are many climates in Southern California, suitable
for many different ailments, and that the invalid must
exercise much care and judgment in choosing the spot
best suited to his particular disease, and the particular
stage to which it has advanced. Having chosen his place
of residence wisely, the invalid must then live wisely. It
is foolish for people who cannot afford in Southern California
the comforts and attentions to which they have been
accustomed in their own homes, to expect an immediate
improvement in their health. It is even probable that the
fatigue of reaching the Pacific Slope, and the excitement
of new surroundings, will at first cause the invalid to go
back somewhat. A reasonable time, as the lawyers say,
must be given before the climate can work any distinct
benefit. And what is a reasonable time depends on the
circumstances of each case. The reader is reminded that
Southern California is a pioneer country, and that domestic
service is both dear and inefficient, as in all newly-
opened lands. The invalid must place his greatest hope of
benefit from the climate, in living an almost entirely out-
door life, being careful, however, not to push outdoor
exercise to the verge of fatigue and exhaustion. In the first
chapter the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night"
writes enthusiastically of the beauties and charms of
Southern California—of the free, unrestrained, open-air
life, the riding and driving, the moonlight excursions, the
botanizing expeditions, of the wealth and luxuriance of
bright-hued flowers, and the dancing waters of the bright
blue Pacific Ocean. In "Out-door Life for Women" Miss
Harraden comments on the ease with which, when water
is at hand, the desert can be made to blossom as a rose,
and tells how a girl from one of the Eastern States started
a strawberry ranch, and how another lady cultivated pampas
grass, to the strengthening of their health and the
filling of their purses. The book will prove very useful
to invalids who are contemplating taking up their residence
in Southern California, and though it is at times somewhat
technical and overladen with statistics of temperature,
rainfall, and other matters, it furnishes the reader with
many cold facts (such as, for example, that the maximum
temperature recorded at Mammoth Tank on the Colorado
Desert is 128 degrees Fahrenheit), and plenty of useful
suggestions. The little volume is appropriately bound in
a cover adorned with a design of cactus and palm.

* "Two Health-Seekers in Southern California," by William A. Edwards, M. D., and Beatrice Harraden. Phila. J. B. Lippincott Company. 1897. Price, \$1.

Some time ago, the Chicago Record offered thirty thousand dollars in prizes for "stories of mystery." Out of 816 stories sent in for competition, "Sons and Fathers" won the bad pre-eminence of first place. The worthlessness of contests of this kind for hringing out any real literary talent is pretty conclusively shown by the stories that won the prizes in this competition. "Sons and Fathers" is mysterious enough in all conscience, full of dreams, visions, wild imaginings, and supernatural incidents, told in a banal, commonplace manner, boresome and tedious to the last degree. The tale is a mere tale, with no literary merit whatever. In fact, after struggling painfully, and

with many smothered imprecations, through about half of it, we refused to budge an inch further, and, not caring in the least whose son the hero was, we left the mystery unsolved. The general character of the book may be gathered from the titles of a few of the chapters: "Back! Would You Murder Her?" "The Tragedy in the Storm," "In the Crimson Mists of Sunset," "The Shadow Over the Hall," "The Rainbow in the Mist," "The Face of the Body-Snatcher." We are irresistibly reminded of "The Poisoned Gum-Drop; or the Candyman's Revenge."

"Sons and Fathers," by Harry Stillwell Edwards. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. 1896.

The Roycroft Printing shop, of East Aurora, N. Y., has issued a well-printed *brochure*, entitled "Foreign Ideas in the Catholic Church in America," by the Rev. Father George Zurcher, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Buffalo, N. Y. From a perusal of its four chapters, we gather that the Catholics of this country are desirous to re-establish the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and that the German Catholics in the United States are aggressive, overbearing, and exacting in their relations with their brethren of other nationalities. We further gather that the German Catholics are much in favor of the removal of restrictions on the sale of lager beer at Church picnics, and are by no means bigoted advocates of water-drinking. These Teutonic churchmen, with the overbearing airs characteristic of the Kaiser's fellow-countrymen, say that "America is no nation, no race, no people": that "We have citizens of a Republic, but no nation, and no national language outside the languages which the races immigrated (*sic*) speak in their families." Now, while it may be true that the United States is not a nation in the sense in which Great Britain or France is a nation, yet we certainly are of opinion that English is the national language of this country, and that attempts of knots of Poles, Hungarians, Dutchmen or Portuguese, to insist upon the use of these tongues by their American-born children should be suppressed. We may be, and doubtless are, prejudiced in favor of the English language, but we certainly think that any man may be proud to speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton, and that, if he cannot say what he wants to say in it, he had better give up the effort to make himself understood and relapse into silence. "Them's our sentiments."

It gives one a strange feeling to see the title of a book by the late Walter Pater under the head of "Fiction;" but there it is. His "Gaston de Latour," a fragment of a romance, edited by his friend Shadwell, of Oriel College, Oxford, has just been issued by the Macmillan Co. Walter Pater's work has far too much distinction, and presupposes in his readers far too high a degree of culture, for it to be possible that his writings should ever become "popular." But he is a beautiful and finished stylist, and his taste in language, philosophy, and art, being securely founded on the great masters, is unerring. Plato and Shakespeare were his teachers, and his theory of life was that a man should live in close touch with the men and women round him, and endeavor to reach perfection with regard to his own time and place. We say that this was his theory, his practice, so far as we recollect it, perhaps scarcely conformed thereto: but this is to be set down to his fastidious and perhaps hyper-refined temperament.

The Christmas or third issue of a new periodical, "The Sportman's Magazine," presents itself to us in a handsomely illuminated cover. It deals with field sports of all kinds. Some of the articles in the December issue are "Calling for Moose in New Brunswick," "After Big Fish at Santa Catalina," "Hunting Mountain Goat in the Cascades," and "General Custer as a sportsman." The magazine is on much the same lines as *Outing*. There is a regular department entitled "Photography for Amateurs," in which "the Professor" criticises pictures offered for competition, and particulars are given of liberal prizes offered for the best amateur photographs of subjects of particular classes. In "Current Topics" the Horse Show, the polo and football season, and other matters of interest to sportsmen are found. The subscription price is two dollars a year, one-third less than that of its older rival, *Outing*. This little bit of arithmetic is commended to The Bookman, with our respects.

For some four years, Mr. Zangwil (whose first, not Christian, name is Israel) contributed to the Pall Mall Magazine a *causerie* on men and books under the title of "Without Prejudice." In the December issue of that handsome periodical he bids farewell to his readers in a characteristic manner with the words "I have written for you in many places and in many moods, and I cannot hope to have escaped the mood of dullness. But now at last the pen falls from my tired fingers, and I have but the strength to pick it up to bid you farewell—without prejudice." In the January issue of the Pall Mall, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, who has recently published a pleasant volume, entitled "Adventures in Criticism," gives us the first of his *causeries*, under the heading "From a Cornish Window." This issue also contains an article on "Cadet Life at West Point," by Lieutenant Hastings Brown, and one on Warwick Castle by Frances Evelyn Warwick, *née* Maynard, better known as the Countess of Warwick or Lady Brooke. From a perusal of as much of this article as we could read we infer that her ladyship, though a clever and fascinating woman, has not served any journalistic apprenticeship. If we take away from the article the passages quoted from books, and the titles of pictures transcribed from a catalogue, no editor would give two-and-a-half dollars for what some people, using a bastard English begotten by book-keeping out of ledger, call "the balance."

The California State Mining Bureau has issued its thirteenth Report of the State Mineralogist for the two years ending September 15, 1896. It contains upwards of 700 closely-printed pages, and is illustrated with many fine reproductions of photographic views of mines and mining machinery. The State is taken, County by County, and full details are given of all the mines of any importance in operation. We are requested to mention the fact that any citizen of the State may obtain a copy of this exhaustive report by sending his name and address (accompanied by the stamps for postage on the book) to the California State Mining Bureau, No. 24 Fourth street, San Francisco.

THE poet has said: "There is no place like home," and to make a place worthy the name of home is one of the grandest achievements of men. We know of but one man who, by unceasing watchfulness, courtesy, and care, tact, talent, and indomitable energy, has succeeded in making an ideal home, not only for residents, but for weary travelers from all parts of the civilized world, and that man is Major William B. Hooper, manager of the Occidental Hotel of this city.

That celebrated divine, John P. Newman, Bishop of California, one of its inmates, and who has been a guest in the largest and best hotels in every land, says: "The Occidental stands unrivaled not only for its epicurean table, but for those home comforts and enjoyments with which the Major makes all his guests feel that they have really found a home."

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Upon one thing our legislators at Sacramento were all agreed. That was that no whiskey equals in purity and general excellence the famous J. F. Cutter brand of old Bourbon. Several cases have been forwarded to the Capital by E. Martin & Co., the agents for this Coast, from their office at 411 Market St.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the **Rosebud of Health** the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

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25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.



Mining Stocks in Dull Request.

The sun does not shine to the contentment of the Pine street operator. The aspect in and out of the Board rooms is still wintry enough to chill the most sanguine depositor among the speculative element. During the week, a light advance at the south-end group suggested the hope that better times had dawned, but, as usual, hope was nipped in the bud. The rise in values gave the "hear" clique an opportunity to dump stock on the manipulators of the shares, and this soon stamped the life out of the game again. There is a hungry lot on the street just now, and the chance for a five cent deal causes a rush only equaled by that of a ravenous shark on its prey. There is no such thing as nursing the market into shape, with such a crew around, unless at the expenditure of a large sum of money, which would only be warranted on the part of manipulators by a really good ore development. Even then it would be a case of standing off the parasitic element at first, and working it gradually into a corner where it could be choked to death in time. There is a chance for an improvement of importance at the Gold Hill end, where a drive is being made for the west county in very promising ground. A find of ore there would change the complexion of affairs on the street and help out a number of deserving people now helplessly at the mercy of a piratical horde, equal to any little mean and contemptible trickery which the small, miserable soul can devise. The Con.-Cal.-Virginia, Crown Point, and Hale & Norcross assessments were delinquent this week.

The Griffith Consolidated Mine, a promising piece of property on the Mother Lode, located near Diamond Springs, El Dorado County, was bought by Mr. P. George Gow, of the Jumper Mine, during the week. The shaft of this property is only down, as yet, some 140 feet on a vein of fair grade ore from two to three feet wide, on which considerable drifting has been done. The improvements are small, but, as the ore reserves are large, it is the intention of Mr. Gow to duplicate the plant on a much larger scale. The price paid is in the neighborhood of \$200,000. The *bona fide* intentions of the purchasers of this ground, and their previous investments in the Jumper and New Era Mines, of Tuolumne County, is evident from their selections being all young prospects. They are not looking for old shells with a reputation, useful for extracting money from the pockets of over-credulous investors in Great Britain. It is noteworthy that the schemers now foraging all over the State as purveyors for the London market, want something of the kind with a history, owned by people lax enough in principle to permit loading up prices with commissions to any point the rascally promoters may desire. These people have no use for the legitimate propositions favored by such investors as the Glasgow owners of the Jumper and Griffiths.

While the press of Virginia City seems in earnest in its efforts to enthrone people there and elsewhere into taking up the project of re-opening the mines in and around American Flat, it will be hoped that they will succeed in their purpose. The merits of the scheme have been well aired now, and the next step should be organization to put the proposed plans into execution. Talk will not suffice to develop a heavy enterprise of this character. Money is the main desideratum, and plenty of it at that. There are many who believe that these mines are worth the venture, and it is very probable that with the right men at the head of the movement, all the financial aid required would be forthcoming in short order. The San Francisco Stock Exchange has so far never even noticed the matter, but then this is in keeping with its vastly progressive ideas, which are generally in a backward direction. It seems a pity that the fate of the speculative business in this city should be held in such sinewless hands, which only grow tireless in opposing anything of a character likely to benefit an institution in the final stages of decay.

The Boom in Powder Shares.

When it is understood that the high California Powder Company is doing more business in thirty days now than it used to do in six months, and only getting cost price for it, little argument is necessary to establish the proposition that, pooling the interests of all the companies on a basis of profits, no matter how small they may be, would be both sensible and prudent. That an attempt has been made to carry out some plan of this kind will be admitted, the negotiations being, however, of a rather one-sided character so far, with prospects of success dependent entirely upon concessions upon the part of the weaker concerns, which would practically knock them out of the manufacturing field, in particular on especially profitable lines. Does it not seem strange, therefore, with this knowledge of the exact situation, that the Giant stock has been the only one to boom at extravagant rates on the mere prospects of a combine? Here are shares of a company which owes enough now to put up a new powder manufacturing plant, which suddenly jump from \$17 to \$26.50 in a few weeks, upon the strength of a reported compact which does not affect prices of the stock in other companies, much more favorably situated financially, and yet there are people in the business who will tell you the advance is quite natural, nothing artificial about it at all. Of course not! Judging from the success which has attended for years past operations of the most brazen character, to which cheerful reference could be made, a highly profitable field really exists in this town for some brainy individual capable of work which could really be termed clever.

The Profits in Local Brewing.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Breweries, Limited, was held in London last month. The Directors paid no dividend, content with wiping out a lot of old debts aggregating between £13,000 and £14,000. The company made a profit last year on a small scale, with larger sales of beer, and flattering prospects are held out for the coming twelve months. The year of 1895 is referred to in the report as one of unprecedented dullness in trade, and to the loss made then is accredited the absorption of the profits this year. The company's trade has been growing steadily of late, and its affairs are now in a condition highly suggestive of future prosperity.

New American Fire Company.

A new fire insurance company, entitled the Inter-Commerce Insurance Company of the United States, is in course of formation in New York. It will have a capital of \$200,000, and a surplus of an equal amount. The list of incorporators contains the names of a number of well-known men in financial circles. It is announced that farm property, dwellings, and long-term lists will not be written, but that liberal lines will be written on choice mercantile risks and manufacturing plants with standard sprinkler equipments. It is expected that the company will begin to write business about February 1st.

Mining Gold on the Coquille.

H. H. Vereker left for the Lane mine on the Coquille river, Oregon, on Wednesday last. He will have charge of the engineering department in the working of a new process which the gold mining company is hopeful will prove a success. The Lane mine was always rich, but the gold, being flaky, was lost in large quantities. It is proposed to work over the tailings on the new principles, by which it is proposed to catch the greasy gold from out of the black sand. Mr. Vereker is generally considered well up in the duties of a mining engineer.

Millions Flying in the Air.

The production of gold in California for the past year is estimated at \$16,000,000. If the statements appearing in print during the past six months could be credited, about \$32,000,000 of foreign gold has been dumped in this State, most of it coming out of the pockets of the Rothschild family. It is little wonder, then, that the ideas of mine owners have been inflated beyond reason by the publication of such ridiculous nonsense. As a matter of fact, money was never tighter in London than it is at present.

CAPTAIN Thomas Mein (formerly manager of the Robinson Gold Mine, S. A. R.), has joined the Boards of the Alaska-Treadwell, the Alaska-Mexican, and the Alaska United Gold mining companies.

The Town Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou!"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE TOWN CRIER lately received an invitation to become an honorary member of the holy order of Ancient Colonial Dames, a society composed mainly of antique ladies having proofs positive that their ancestors did not perambulate the streets of their native hamlets with barrows or participate in the furtherance of the welfare of their fellow citizens by occasionally purifying their linen. The TOWN CRIER did not see his way clear to join the antiques, although he can prove the existence of his grandparents as clearly as the eldest of them. The men of his family, as well as the women, have never labored with their hands; as penmen or pickpockets they have ever preferred their fingers. The reason why the TOWN CRIER refused to have his well-sounding and distinguished name emblazoned on the pay roll of the order of Ancient Colonial Dames is that he is a modest man of genteel breeding, and his experience has taught him that ladies who brag about the past refinement of their families are often ignorant themselves of the canons of modern good manners. In other words, the descendants of Colonial Dames are not necessarily ladies.

IT is now as much as any woman's reputation is worth to go to Oakland, or take an afternoon trip to Alameda. Since election, the dailies have had to resort to desperate methods to hatch up sensations, and if a maid or matron happens to go a few blocks from home, or bow to a gentleman on the street, her elopement is a foregone conclusion. The TOWN CRIER is in mortal fear himself every time he raises his hat to a fair acquaintance.

IT is devoutly to be hoped that the acquittal of Mrs. Hartley, slayer of Senator Foley, may not cause another epidemic of crime in this city, in which women will seek to avenge themselves for wrongs real or fancied by the reckless use of loaded pistols. As long as the infuriated sex confines its operations to rolling pins and flatirons, man is comparatively safe.

THE batch of brides turned out this year
From each paternal nest,
Would indicate that papa dear
Is going to have a rest.
And that a younger man must hoard
The cash to pay his daughter's hoard.

AT last the searchlight of investigation is being turned on the prosecuting attorneys and clerks who fatten in the Police Courts. Usually these gentlemen are political bummers, who would appear to advantage behind the bars themselves. Seeing that we cannot hang them, let us at least dispense with their services and keep them from fattening at the public erib.

THAT was a curious blunder in the Examiner of Sunday last, by which David Dudley Field, eminent as a codifier of law, was represented as "the codfisher." The Call of the same day used the word "thorax" instead of "larynx," throughout an article on the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned. Where are the proof-readers?

ONE Lapizonda, a fourth-rate actor, has been arrested for grand larceny. Was it necessary to trump up such a long-delayed charge as that? Why not have run him in at the outset of his career on the far more serious offense of bad acting?

SCARCE have we wished each other well in greeting,
Scarce is the glad New Year upon its way;
When we are told that there will be a meeting
Of women and their congresses in May.
Oh, vanished hope of peace that was to be!
We thought that '97 would set us free!

BY all means let the City Hall be renovated and cleaned by responsible parties. In the meanwhile, every man emerging from its doors should be placed for a time in quarantine, so as not to pollute his fellows.

IT is to be supposed that Colonel Dan Burns found another mine at Sacramento.

A LOCAL daily says that the doctors disagree. Their medicines and their charges have disagreed with their patients to such an extent, no doubt, that the disturbance has reached the medicos themselves.

They cure us with their horrid pills
These wily, learned men,
And then present their monstrous bills
To make us sick again.

SHARKEY denies that he is about to be married. This is not strange. The woman of to-day who weds does so with the intention of doing all the subsequent knocking-out that is necessary. She is not apt to flee such defeat at the outset as the bride of a Sharkey must contemplate. Pugilists are not the most desirable matrimonial prey.

THE very latest device for free advertising has been introduced by Yaw, the steple-noted vocalist, who circulated the report that she had died without even time in which to say her prayers. It worked to a charm. We may now expect to hear of the demise and subsequent resurrection of every professional in the country.

FROM the lively manner in which young women are attempting to die for love lately, it would seem that the teachings of the man-hating New Woman, which at one time threatened to uproot sentiment from the hearts of womenkind generally, have had no influence after all—at least not around these diggings.

THE TOWN CRIER suggests that Jake Rudolph be incarcerated in a jail for life, and as he seems to have a fondness for using his fingers, he might put in his time making jute bags, or some such useful articles. For such a fellow to be allowed to roam the streets, is to endanger the life of every law-abiding citizen.

JOHN THOMPSON, the man who has been arrested for stealing sugar from a grocer, need not be despondent. He should demand that the pilfered commodity be analyzed, bribe the chemist to swear that it is merely a mixture of cornstarch and sand, and the rest is comparatively easy sailing.

OH where is T. V. Cator gone.
The Populistic Thunder Bird?
Nay, can it be, so crushed is he
That never more will he be heard?
Or will he wait a few short years
And melt our hearts again with tears?

D. E. WILEY, the man who befriended a youth named Julius Hirsch, saved him from starvation and other inconveniences and got robbed by him as a reward for his kindness, will probably conclude that the role of the Good Samaritan is all very well, but that it does not work with highly desirable results in San Francisco.

HORNED rattle-snakes are said to be plentiful in Death Valley, but one does not need to go outside the city limits for snake lore. For variety, liveliness, abundance and brilliancy, the breeds vouched for by some of the TOWN CRIER's bucolic acquaintances cannot be surpassed.

IT must have been extremely embarrassing for the landlady whose boarder died at her table the other day. Results of the average boarding house regime are usually of a fatal character, but they are seldom so suddenly developed.

HALF-A-DOZEN pages of Funding Bill matter in Tuesday's Examiner saved the public from an equal amount of fake news and morbid sensationalism. This was, indeed, something to be thankful for.

TEN coroner's inquests and ten divorce suits in one day may not be much of a record in New York City, but for San Francisco it is a fair average, and shows that we are not as silurian as some folks think.

NOW that the "Octopus" has been downed, what will become of Uncle Suro? Sooner than fade from out the public's notice, we fear he will start a railroad himself.

WANTED: The photo of a bride who was not declared to be beautiful by the society reporter at the wedding.

THE Exhumer rightly considers itself a fly paper. Even dollars stick to it.



DEAR EDITH:—The newest designs for evening gowns which have come from Paris in the past fortnight are extremely elegant and betray a slight reaction from the very ornate patterns which have been so much in vogue during the past months. In every instance the costume is made of the same material, both waist and skirt, and in most of these the two are separate garments. In one out of three the robe is a masterpiece of fitting, and flows in uninterrupted and graceful lines from the shoulder or the inferior line of the corsage to the floor. Each design is *décolleté*. There is a slight variation in treatment, although the general type may be said to be cut rather low in the front and the middle of the front, and to run upward in a curved line to the shoulder or the edge of the shoulder, and thence downward in a graceful curve to the middle of the back. The variation depends upon the figure of the wearer. Where the shoulder is ugly or angular the shoulder strap and decoration conceal it. Where it is rounded or beautiful, the decoration passes on the outside. Where the upper arm is plump and handsome, it is exposed from just above the elbow to a thin line of shell trimming in silk, ribbon, crepe or lace or a festoon of flowers at the edge of the shoulder.

Bolero jackets are as much worn as ever, in spite of hopes, protests and prognostications against their again appearing in exclusive circles as good style. They are universally becoming, and are triumphant as a finish to the natty street costumes, for which they are particularly appropriate. Some of them are made of elegant brocades, which need no trimming except on the edge, and are slashed almost to the neck in the back, showing a handsome, plain, rich effect in the waist underneath. For the young miss they are trimmed all around the edge with a fine knife-plaiting of chiffon about three inches in depth, while others have a fine silk or headed fringe. One of the newest ideas in bolero jackets is to trim the shoulders with caps or frills to fall over the top of the sleeve in the waist beneath.

A bridesmaid's dress seen recently was of pale green silk made with full skirt, relieved only by a twist of *mousseline de soie* around the foot. The waist was a round one of the same silk, entirely veiled with green *mousseline de soie*. This gave a very fairylike look to the dress. A long silken sash of green was wound around the waist and tied at the side with small loops and long ends. The throat, which was cut square, was finished with a twist of the same silk. The sleeve puffs were of green silk and were quite full. They were put on to look like small halloons or the mythical wings of a goddess. The floating ends of the sash, the sleeve puffs and the lightness of the *mousseline de soie* gave this dress a particularly airy appearance.

Tucks are still used on skirts, bodices and sleeves in many ways, and these can be made with far more effect than the simple style of decoration might be deemed capable of. The tucks may run wide or narrow, or both in conjunction, they may be straight or diagonal, in short, tucking a garment, like shirring it in smallest silk stitches, can be made quite a fine art, and the fashion prevails this season among the heaviest as well as the most diaphanous textiles.

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A DREAM.—*MESTER CALDWELL OALEY, IN LADIES' HOME COMPANION.*

UPON a time, so sweet, so dear, a dream
Came floating through the watches of the night;
With gentlest touch, unlocked the gates of will,
And all my striven-for patience put to flight.

Untrammelled by Necessity's strong hold,
For she had closed her tired eyes in sleep,
Free as the air, forth in Elysian fields
Of gloriou's fancy my strong soul did leap.

There, with glad feet, and heart all fluttering fast;
With sweet presentiment of bliss unsolved,
I wandered, knee-deep, through the fragrant grass;
While 'neath a cloudless sky the world revolved.

And then, as naturally as shone the Sun,
Came one to meet me, through the blossoming ways;
Like two blithe, care-free children, there we strayed,
And plucked from Ages' hoard the flower of days.

And never, never while I live alone,
Shall e'er depart the meoory of that day;
While, warm within my heart, the touch of hand,
Of whispered words, and clinging lips shall stay.

And still, with tender arm about my life,
The dear, sad angel of Renunciation stands,
And says: "Have patience, aoul; thy garden fair
Thou'lt find beyond the years in happier lands."

DIVIDED.—*FLORENCE A. JONES.*

O God! that hapless dead should vex our peace!
Why should she follow me with grave bound feet,
Haunting me with those dead eyes, stern and sweet;
Standing with clasped hands, while I pray release?

In the long, awful watches of the night
I hear her trailing garments on the stair;
I smell the one dead rose that decks her hair;
I know just where she stands, so still and white.

I feel a cold, dead hand clasp close my own;
Poor little hand, that wears no wedding ring;
Dear hand, that with love's wont gave everything;
O, little hand, would God I could atone!

O wife, whose dark head nestles on my heart,
You, whom I honor as sin honors good.
The perfect type of pure, cold womanhood,
You do not dream how far we are apart!

Alas for him whose wisdom comes too late!
I know that, after all, love's way is best,
The love that giveth all, at Love's behest;
O, bitter-sweet! O, love insatiate!

THE EMPTY HOUSE.—*WESTMINSTER BUDGET.*

To think the moonlight shines to-night
In the dismantled rooms that were
Love's own, the moonlight, cold and white,
Upon the desolate walls and here!

To think the dawn shall rise and flood
The empty house that was Love's own,
Wherein Love's hours were warm and good,
Wherein Love's heart hung heavy as stone!

To think I shall come there no more
To the familiar place, to know
The stranger's foot shall cross the floor
Of old where I was wont to go!

O house that like a little ghost
Calls to me through the night and rain,
I know not if I love you most
For all the joy or all the pain:

For hours in which my joy lay dead,
For hours in which all heaven I knew—
Only my life, when all is said,
Leaves an immortal past with you!

Your chimney has as much
to do with your light as your
lamp has.

The Index tells what Num-
ber to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl
glass."

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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Plugwinch—Congratulate me, dear boy! I'm engaged to the wealthy Mrs. Gradster. PIGSNUFFLE—So glad, old man! But—er—are you sure she is really so rich? PLUGWINCH—Sure? I should say so! Why, she was arrested for shoplifting and acquitted as a kleptomaniac.—Truth.

"Pardon me," said the new boarder after the others had left the table, "but I'm not up in table etiquette and don't know just how oranges should be eaten." "Very sparingly, sir, very sparingly, at this time of year," answered the thrifty landlady.—Detroit Free Press.

"Look at that foolish Mr. Baker out on a day like this without an umbrella. Is he crazy?" "I'm afraid he is. Let's hurry on. I don't want to meet him." "Why not?" "He may recognize this umbrella. It's his."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Louise was furious about her wedding." "What was the matter?" "The organist was a rejected lover and he played the bridal couple out of church with the tune, 'He's got an Elephant on His Hands.'"—New York Herald.

"Nearly 3 in the morning! This is a nice time for you to come home!" "You see it was this way, my dear. I was detained a little, so I put off coming home for a bit longer, so that I should not disturb you in your beauty sleep.

He—There is one thing to be said about the Scotch dialect stories now floating about. SBE—And what is that? HE—They may be the same old stories, but no one will recognize them.—Yonkers Statesmen.

"So it was a happy marriage?" "Quite. The bride was happy, the bride's mother was blissful, the Count was in ecstasy, and I understand that his creditors are in a state of delirious joy."—Pearson's Weekly.

"All I ask," said the man with the business glint in his eye, "is that they will give me plenty of rope." Then it was that they recognized him as a manufacturer of campaign cigars.—Indianapolis Journal.

She—You know, dear, we won't get any of father's money while he lives. HE—I know, but he's going to reside with us, and you're going to do the cooking. Let's hope for the best.—Philadelphia Times.

"Why do you beg?" asked the kind hearted woman. "I can't help it, ma'am," said the beggar. "My wife's a widder with five children, and they looks to me for support."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Bridget, I've discovered that you carry more food home with you than you cook for us." "Yes'm, but me fambly iz bigger'n youn."—Chicago Record.

He—I'm working on a flying machine, dear. SBE—It's too bad you haven't got it with you. I hear papa coming downstairs.—Yonkers Statesman.

"He's one of the kindest of men to animals." "Yes; I understand he shuts his eyes when he sees a Frankfurter."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Nurse (smiling)—Well, "it" is twins. WBEELEER (crushed)—Heavens! I hope bicycles will be cheaper next year.—Puck.

Muggins—Is your son in business? JUGGINS—He's a contractor. MUGGINS—What line? JUGGINS—Debts.—Tid-Bits.

"Do you like colored servants?" "It depends on the color. I don't care for green ones."—Harper's Bazar.

Are You Going East?

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A SPECIMEN OF CUBAN CORRESPONDENCE.

OFF FLORIDA KEYS, January, 1897.

From the Honorable H. Ballou de St. Mahoney to any paper that will print it. DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Feeling it my duty as a representative of the great American people to use my God-given talents in their service, I resolved to visit Cuba and probe the lamentable situation there to the bottom. I have done so, and from this moment the United States may lay aside her fears as a garment. I took two of my lives in my hand in facing both a Spanish and an Insurgent death. That is nothing. Providence has miraculously preserved me to tell my story to a breathless world.

I landed in Havana on the —th, and at once hunted up lodgings on a back street. Reporters of every tongue and clime followed me, importunate for interviews. I slipped into my apartments and locked the door, intending to remain until morning. At dinner time the landlady informed me that there was nothing to cook. She said: "Things have been mighty scarce, Señor, since they stopped grindin' cane."

I remembered noticing, as I came along the street, that our house backed up against a yard in which there was a chicken coop. To steal out the back way, climb the fence, avoid the dog, and return with a fine fowl, was the work of only a couple of hours for me. The next morning I called on General Lee, who took me at once to the Captain-General. We discovered General Weyler hard at work on a typewriter. He is a little man, not bigger than Uncle Ben Harrison, but fiercer. When he saw me, he clambered down from his stool, raised himself on tip-toe, threw his arms around my neck, and sobbed for joy. His true soldierly instincts had recognized me.

"I am glad you came," said he, "I wish all the Americans would come and see for themselves how things are here."

"General," I replied solemnly, "I have come to learn the whole truth about this Cuban uprising. What report shall I make to my countrymen?"

He laid his thin forefinger along his Spanish nose, which first saw the light in Ohio, and, with a candid twinkle in his eye, he said: "Mahoney, there is nothing in it."

Just then a bullet crashed through the window, plunked its way through his military chapeau, and passed out by way of the opposite wall. Without a tremor, the General turned to an aide: "Go, Captain," said he, "and tell those Cubans that, if they want to practice target shooting, they must go down into Pinar del Rio, where it won't disturb me."

He turned to me kindly, and asked. "Where were you last night, Mahoney? Your strange disappearance for some hours has been cabled to every capital in Europe, and I am just writing an explanation of it for the Imparcial, at Madrid."

"I was out foraging—I mean reconnoitering the insurgents," said I, "in the interest of my search after the truth."

"I am glad you did," he replied; "the fact that you are alive proves that there are no rebels within a hundred miles of Havana, and that the country is safer to visit than the District of Columbia."

"I intended to ask you for a passport," said I.

"You won't need any," he answered. "A steamer leaves for New York within the hour. I will see you safe on board myself."

He was so urgent that we started at once for the wharf, a company of Spanish infantry following as an escort of honor, I suppose. I parted affectionately from the General, and turned to Lee. "Fitz," said I; "what shall I say to the boys for you?"

"Just tell them that you saw me," he replied, "and say to Olney, privately, that I think just as I did when I saw him last."

The whistle blew, I sprang on board, and was soon at sea, firmly convinced that the Cubans can never be conquered. The evidence on that point is cumulative, and may be summed up as follows:

- First—Morgan and Call say so.
- Second—All the jingo newspapers say so.
- Third—General Lee thinks so, and
- Fourth—To cap the climax, General Weyler says there

are no rebels, and, if there are none, how can they be conquered?

I give the result of this mission in detail, because it will be of immense value to history.

P. S.—Please inform me what you pay per line, when you remit.

THE death of Mr. Alexis Janin, on Wednesday last, robs the country of one of its most noted mining engineers. He was born in New Orleans in 1846, and was educated in Paris, taking his first degree at the Sorbonne, the head government school in that metropolis. Later on he took up the profession of mining in Germany, and then came to this country, where he became identified with the Comstock mines. He has been connected, in one way or another, with nearly all the larger mining properties.

Whoever delights in the enjoyment of a good meal, elegantly served amid refined surroundings, should not fail to partake of the \$1 table d'hote dinner served at Swain's Bakery between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m. The reputation enjoyed by this leading restaurant for pastries, confections and such delicacies is without equal. Orders by telephone will be filled without delay.

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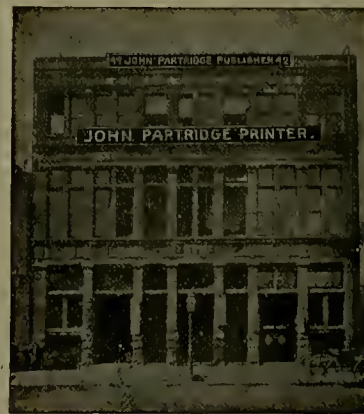
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AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 13, 1897.

NOW that the Senatorial fight is over, it is to be hoped that the Legislature will settle down to work, for work it must if ever the mass of bills now before both houses are carefully considered—as they are supposed to be—in the next six weeks still remaining of the session.

What I said last week about the economical Assembly was only correct,—as events have since demonstrated,—in so much as the permanent organization is concerned; but in the amount paid for temporary organization the record has been broken and in this regard come murmurs of the first scandal of the session. Over \$4000 was paid the temporary officers and attaches, and I have seen figures where when Ed. Leake was Chief Clerk and temporary organizer of the Assembly the expense was hardly \$400. This robbery of the Treasury, for it is nothing else, should receive the attention of the Legislature and Chief Clerks who are anxious to please every member of the majority in order to ensure their re-election, should be prevented from perpetrating a repetition of this year's outrage. As it is, the law permits the Chief Clerk to appoint such temporary attaches as he sees fit, and the gates for patronage-seekers being left open in this careless manner the hungry gang rushes in to help raid the Treasury. Of course, if these persons earned any part of the money paid them it might partly justify the steal, but they don't. The law provides that certain officers shall hold during the temporary organization. They are sufficient numerically and should be in ability to do the work required.

The scandal to which I refer has been gossiped around all the week and it is to be hoped this petty larceny steal will be properly and thoroughly investigated. I simply give you the rumors and hope the publication of them will cause the offender or offenders to receive their just deserts. In brief, so the story goes, all the temporary attaches who were allowed mileage payable out of the contingent fund of the Assembly, some six or seven in number, whose total mileages amounted to slightly over \$100, were compelled to "divvy" with the Committee on Mileage's chairman. Assemblyman Oscar F. Breiling, of the Alameda County delegation, is chairman of this committee. Being told of the reports he denied the truth of them and said he would investigate. It is to be hoped that he will clear himself, for although Assemblymen come cheap, \$50 is a remarkably small price for one to sell himself and to seven persons at that. Of course, there may be some one else who is to blame and perhaps Breiling is, as he says, innocent, so I give him the full benefit of the doubt. The fact remains and I have it authoritatively that the attaches were compelled "to divvy" their mileage. Besides this, I understand there is absolute proof that the temporary roll of attaches was stuffed by some one and a special committee is trying to find out who did it.

The fight won by Leslie Blackburn, of Alameda, for Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate was an unprecedented one. He was opposed by members of his own county delegation, and bitterly, too, and besides, was nominated in caucus by a Senator from another part of the State. However, he had made so satisfactory a record two years ago, and his supporters were more than enthusiastic in his behalf, so opposition was futile. Mr. Blackburn is a man of pleasing personality, and his experience has especially fitted him for the position he has ably and, I prophesy, will again satisfactorily fill. In politics, it is needless to say, he is a staunch Republican,



Leslie Blackburn.

and is a leader in Alameda County, which by no means bounds the extent of his personal and political influence

and popularity. As Deputy Sheriff, under Sheriff Hussey of Alameda county, he rendered the State effectual service. For four years, Mr. Blackburn filled the onerous position of Deputy United States Marshall of Arizona, and gained much praise from high quarters. He also took an active part in Virginia City politics in the early days, and can count as his friends to-day all the most prominent people of that State.

In the house over 300 bills have been introduced and in the Senate over 275 bills, so it is evident there is plenty to do.

The occasion of the election of George C. Perkins, on Tuesday, gave an opportunity to judge some of the orators in both houses.

In the Senate Senator George C. Perkins was placed in nomination by Frederick S. Stratton, of Alameda County, and his speech was an oratorical effort that was worthy of



Frederick S. Stratton.

the occasion and the person in subject. The galleries and the lobby of the Senate Chamber were crowded, and the attention given to Mr. Stratton's speech, and the applause that greeted the conclusion of his effective presentation, proved that Mr. Stratton's reputation as an orator was well founded.

Though a young man in years, Senator Stratton is easily one of the ablest men in the Senate, and, as a compliment to his abilities and energy, besides being Chairman of the Committee on Elections, he is a member of the important committee on City, City and

County, and Town Governments, County Government, and Township Organization; and Judiciary.

Last November he was elected State Senator from the Twenty-Seventh District by a phenomenal majority, and that he will well merit the confidence reposed in him goes without saying. As an attorney, Mr. Stratton has already made his mark, and the list of important cases won by him not only show his ability, but also his versatility.

Mr. Stratton has much important legislation in hand, and many of the bills he has introduced are of great importance, and their passage will result to much good to the public, who are not slow, it is to be hoped, to appreciate a man like Mr. Stratton, of more than average talents and ability.

Senator R. N. Bulla, of Los Angeles, who ably represents the Thirty-seventh Senatorial District, seconded the nomination of Senator Perkins. His speech was a splendid effort, but not at all a surprise to his friends who are fully aware of his abilities, for Senator Bulla is not alone a good talker, but an energetic and faithful worker as well. This is his first term as Senator, although he was sent to the Assembly from his district for two consecutive terms. At home Mr. Bulla practices law, and stands high in his profession. As chairman of the very important Committee on Claims, Retrenchment, and Public Expenditures, and as a member of the Committees on City, City and County, and Town Government; Constitutional Amendments; Elections; Judiciary, and State Prisons and Prison Buildings, Senator Bulla will find plenty to do, and with his untiring energy and devotion to his work, will prove equal to the occasion.



Senator R. N. Bulla

and devotion to his work, will prove equal to the occasion.

Senator J. N. Gillette's seconding speech, also for Senator Perkins, was not less eloquent than those which preceded him. Senator Gillette has an easy style of delivery,



Senator J. N. Gillette

and the First District, which he represents, has in him a fitting successor to ex-Senator Frank McGowan, whose reputation as an orator is State wide. Mr. Gillette is an attorney at Eureka, Humboldt County, where he has a large practice and a large constituency whom he will, I am sure, serve with credit and ability. This is Mr. Gillette's final term in the Legislature, but for six years he was City Attorney of Eureka. He is Chairman of the important Committee on City, City and County and Town Government, and a member of the Committees on Bank and Banking, Commerce,

Harbors, Rivers, and Coast Defenses; Counties and County Boundaries; Judiciary; and Public and Swamp and Overflowed Lands. Mr. Gillette has already introduced several important measures, and the fish industries of Humboldt County, and the State dairying interests will receive his careful and most energetic attention.

Senators Dickinson and Smith also made seconding speeches, which were well delivered and nicely received.

In the Assembly by far the best speeches were made by those gentlemen who nominated "lost causes." Judge E. A. Bridgford, of Colusa, placed James G. Maguire in nomination, and E. J. Emmons, of Kern, nominated T. V. Cator. Their speeches were the best of the day. Judge Waymire, of Alameda, who nominated Senator Perkins, made a good speech, and Assemblymen Bettmann and Hill seconded the nomination.

On Monday last Mr. George M. Francis, of Napa, was elected unanimously the bearer of California's electoral vote to Washington, and left San Francisco for that city on Thursday. Mr. Francis

is one of the best-known Republicans in this State, and besides his good war record, has made a reputation for himself as one of the leading journalists of that party. He gained his first taste of fighting in 1862, when, at the age of 18, he was sent from Wisconsin, where his home was, to help put down some Indian troubles in the north. That took three months, and then he went South to Kentucky. His commanding officer was the famous "Fighting Joe" Mower, a reckless fire-eater, and Mr. Francis had many opportunities of distinguishing himself. He participated in "Sherman's march to the Sea," and was fortunate enough to come out of the war with much honor and his life. Mr. Francis then worked on the old La Crosse Republican, and finally went to San Francisco. That was twenty-six years ago, and a year later he acquired an interest in the Napa Register, a strong Republican journal. Many leading journalists of to-day have at one time or another been his partners, but for the last fifteen years he has run his paper alone. He is a genial gentleman, and makes friends of all with whom he comes in contact. Mr. Francis expects to be absent from the State about a month. Mrs. Francis accompanies him to Washington, and when his duties are performed he will indulge in a well-merited holiday trip through the East before resuming his editorial duties.



George M. Francis

The Honorable Leon Dennery, who represents the 43rd District—the "Tenderloin" of San Francisco, made a speech in the Assembly last week that ought to live in history. Speaking on a resolution to allow \$100.40 mileage to some attaches, Mr. Dennery, who has a lovely lip and a colloquial manner of expression, said: "Mister Speaker: I don't tink its wight to impune de motives of de committee. Here we are chewing de wag and wasting one hundwed dollars and eighty cents wert of time and de whole bill is only one hundwed dollars and forty cents. I tink de wesolution ought to be adopted. See!"

PEG.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

Belcher Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Belcher Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor Mills building, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, THE 26TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, the 23rd day of January, 1897 at 12 o'clock M.

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office—Rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills Building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 39, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Friday, January 22, 1897. Transfer books will close on Saturday, Jan 16, 1897, at 12 o'clock M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Oceanic Steamship Company

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oceanic Steamship Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

THURSDAY, THE 21ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, January 9, at 12 o'clock M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.
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DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER, Dentist.
Office and Residence: 409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco. Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.



IF last week was one of dinners, among the most noticeable of them being those given by Mrs. Josselyn, Mr. Whittier and Mr. Greenway, this week has been largely devoted to luncheons. It was too bad that Miss Julia Crocker should have had such disagreeable weather for her luncheon on Wednesday, her first appearance as hostess since her return from abroad; her guests were all young ladies, who were invited to meet Miss Noyes. Mrs. Frank Pixley chose cards as the medium for entertaining the young friends of her niece, Miss Edith Nelson, on Thursday afternoon, and a large number were present in her pretty rooms that day.

Mrs. Tingley Lawrence presided over a pleasant gathering on Monday evening, when original readings of reminiscences of life in Corea were given, under the title of "An Evening in the Land of the Morning." Mrs. W. J. Lowrey and her daughters gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon, and entertained a large number of guests. On Wednesday the Baroness Von Meyerinck gave an "at home," when Miss Ida Chase Lee gave a talk on the "Attitude of the Vocalist." Quite a number of our beaux and belles went across the bay to the cotillion in Oakland on Wednesday evening, and were guests of the ladies who chaperoned the party. On Thursday the Mills Club gave a tea in their new quarters in the Native Sons' Building, between the hours of three and five o'clock. To-day, at the studio of Miss Marie Withrow, Miss Ida Chase Lee will repeat her "Vocalist" talk.

Pink, white and green were the dominating hues in the decorations at the wedding of Miss Clemence Reiss and Adolph Nordman, which took place at the Concordia Club, on Van Ness avenue, on Tuesday last. The ceremony was performed in the ballroom, which was wreathed with holly, hung with golden bells, and festooned with pale pink and Nile green bunting, studded with golden stars, and underneath a pink and green canopy at the south end of the room, Rabbi Voorsanger tied the nuptial knot. To the strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march the procession entered the room, which was filled with guests, at half-past six, the ushers, Messrs. Reiss, Feigenbaum, Galland and Blum coming first; then followed the ring bearer, little Miss Jeanne Block, in a frock of white gauze over pink silk, and the flower girls, Rosa Block and May Nordman, similarly attired. Then appeared the bridesmaids, Misses Julia Reiss, Nanette Reiss, Bessie Nordman, Wanda Galland and Helen Blum, gowned alike in white tulle over white silk, and carrying bouquets of pink roses. Miss Flora Reiss, as maid-of-honor, came next, wearing white tulle over pink silk, and finally the lovely bride and her father, Bernhard Reiss. The bridal costume was of white duchesse satin, trimmed with tulle and orange blossoms, a tulle veil confined to her *coiffeur* by a spray of orange blossoms, and the bridal bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Leon Nordman accompanied the groom, who was supported by Jesse Newbauer as best man. After the ceremony an elaborate dinner was served in the banquet hall of the club; then followed dancing until a very late hour. Coronado has been the scene of the honeymoon.

February 4th is the date set for the wedding of Miss May Scott and N. Castle, and will be but a very quiet affair, owing to the recent death of the groom's father, etc. It will take place at the Scott residence, on Vallejo street.

Among the engagements of the new year are those of Miss Sarah Bluxome and James Wooster, with the Easter-tide named as the time for their wedding. The engagements have also just been made public of Miss Teen Goodall and Hugo D. Keil, and of Miss Mahel Estee and Leonard Everett, and the wedding will likely be an event of the near future, probably before Lent.

There have been many hops and small dances given at the Presidio during the past few years, the majority of which have been extremely pleasant, as button gatherings

generally are, but the dawn of '97 will see the first ball given at that post in a long period of time. "The officers of the United States Army stationed at the Presidio" will be the hosts at this enchanting affair, which will take place at the Presidio next Tuesday evening, and, it is a foregone conclusion, but few, if any, regrets will be sent.

It goes without saying that the football game of last Saturday was a gala affair, drawing such a crowd of society lights as have not before been seen together this winter. The Army and Navy team have been made great heroes of for their defeat of the University fellows, and their heads are well-nigh turned by the compliments showered on them by the fair ones who witnessed their triumph. Another feather in their caps was the success of the cotillion arranged by the Army chaps for the Friday Fortnightly Club, which was danced last evening, and which must receive fuller notice next week.

The Colonial Dames held their first meeting in the new year at Mrs. Selden Wright's last week, the chief feature of the gathering being the very interesting paper read by Mrs. Henry Gibbons on "the causes which led to the American Revolution." Then there was tea and light refreshments, and a lively chat much enjoyed by the ladies who were present.

The Laurel Hall Club was another of those which had an entertainment last week, introducing some new arrivals in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Fairweather, who gave "An English Mosaic of Old Ballads," a lecture followed by songs, which proved both interesting and entertaining.

The fancy dress *german* of the Entre Nous Club, which will be given in Maple Hall on Friday evening, the 29th, promises to be a very brilliant affair. The ladies of the Club are busily preparing their costumes, some of which will be dainty and fetching in the extreme, and all will be new and handsome, and the evening is looked forward to with expectant delight by all who are lucky enough to be the guests on that occasion.

Other anticipated delights are the concert parties to hear Nordica and her company, who will warble for us next week.

The remaining Thursdays in January and those in February have been named by Mrs. John H. Jewett to be "at home" to her friends. Mr. and Mrs. A. Hecht will give a hall at the San Francisco Verein Club this evening, which will be a very brilliant affair.

Recent arrivals from the Orient include Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rothchild, all of whom returned from a trip to Japan by the steamer *Coptic*.

Mrs. Yemans gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party Friday, January 8th, at the residence of her father, Mr. D. J. Staples, 711 Taylor street. There were five tables, the prizes being won by Mrs. H. L. Van Wyke, Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Miss Rosaline Bryant, and Mrs. Blue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carroll and William Robinson Whittier will be married on the 27th inst. at the residence of the bride's mother, 1520 Van Ness avenue. Archbishop Riordan will perform the ceremony, and only the immediate relations of the contracting parties will be present.

It is not generally known that Miss Maude Hines, who played such a dainty Ethel Oranger in *A Serious Tangle* at the Alcazar last week, is an Alameda girl. Moreover, this performance marked her professional *début*.

The Land of the Midnight Sun has brought to Morosco's the old-time appearance of melodramatic prosperity.

Much of the worry attendant upon giving a large dinner or banquet can be dispensed with by placing the whole matter in the hands of a competent caterer. Mr. Max Abraham, of 428 Geary Street, attends to all the leading society banquets in this city and by utilizing his experience and services thorough satisfaction is assured in every detail.

We do all we can to help your grocer sell *Schilling's Best* tea.

If you don't like it, he returns your money in full; we pay him to do it.

The World, the Flesh and the Devil

EVEN apart from its biblical association, the River Jordan is of great interest. During its course it falls over 1,200 feet. At no point is it navigable, even by small craft, to any considerable distance, and presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigable, flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature.

—Since Leo XIII. has filled the chair of St. Peter he has repressed the humorous side of his nature which made him greatly in demand as a diner-out while filling the office of nuncio at Brussels. Always severe in matters of propriety, he was deeply offended on one of these occasions by a baron who passed him a snuff box on the lid of which was enameled a feminine figure *en deshabille*. Admirably controlling his annoyance, his future holiness replied: "Very pretty! Is it your wife?"

—Manuel Garcia, the once famous singer, will celebrate the ninety-first anniversary of his birth on April 17. His friends in London intend to commemorate the occasion in a fitting manner. Garcia was born in Madrid in 1805. With his father he went to Naples, where he became a pupil of the tenor Auzani. Later he became a professor at the Paris Conservatory and also at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Jenny Lind was one of his pupils.

—Germany has made some bold experiments at railroad speed on the line between Berlin and Gortitz. The best performance was 65½ miles, which was twelve miles better than the highest speed of the fastest German train, the Berlin Hamburg lightning express, which does 117½ in 3½ hours. Ordinary German express trains make 49½ miles an hour.

—A recent sale of books in London brought out a curious fact. It was a presentation copy of Keats' poems, 1817, first edition, with the autograph "To W. Wordsworth, with the author's sincere reverence," and worth \$230, but Wordsworth had never cut the leaves.

—The Paris Figaro, in remarking on the perfect figure of the beautiful queen of Servia and of the exquisite and stately carriage of her head, attributes it to the fact that her majesty has never used a pillow and that she was trained from girlhood to sleep on a narrow, hard mattress.

—To keep the 30,000 odd miles of telegraph line in order in Great Britain and provide for the proper dispatch and delivery of the millions of messages that pass over them every month, entails an expenditure of about \$11,250,000 a year.

—A useful charity called the London Spectacle Mission provides spectacles for needle-women and other deserving persons dependent on their eyesight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

"Our Society Blue Book"

For the season of 1896-97 is now ready for delivery. It contains the names, addresses and reception days of most of the prominent families of this city and other points on the Coast. Also lists of members of the most prominent Clubs with their business addresses.

San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc. Price Five Dollars. C. C. Hoag, Publisher.

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No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week. \$1 25 per month.

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AND THE WORLD RENOW ED-

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"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab-Apple Blossoms, which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company of London. It has the aroma of Spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it." —New York Observer.

No articles of the toilet have ever been produced which have been received with the enthusiasm which has greeted the Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume and the Crown Lavender Salts. They are literally the delight of two worlds, and are as eagerly sought in London and Paris, as in New York. They are daily bringing pleasure, comfort, health and refreshment to thousands of homes, and are sold by all dealers in perfumery.

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Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....59 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000 Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and hullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

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H. Wadsworth.....Cashier F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier, | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

In response to many inquiries from all parts of the country about the Railway and Dock Construction Company

The officials hereby give full information in regard to the company, its business and prospects.

The company offers 20,000 shares of stock for sale in lots to suit purchasers at \$20 per share. The par value is \$100 per share—full paid and unassessable—stockholders have no individual liability whatever. The company has no indebtedness of any kind—is in solid financial condition—and, as there are no bonds nor mortgages, all the earnings go to the stockholders.

The adoption of this Company's system of construction by the United States Government, or any Foreign Government, or by any one of the large cities in America or Europe will cause the stock to rise above par (\$100) immediately.

The most conservative investors, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, have bought this stock and confidently predict it is sure to pay large dividends and sell at over \$200 a share as the Railway and Dock Construction Co. commence business under much more favorable conditions than did the Bell Telephone Co., whose stock rose from about \$10 to over 200; or the original Edison Electric Co., whose stock rose from 45 to \$3000 a share, or the many other companies owning useful inventions whose stocks rose rapidly in value while paying large dividends to the alert original investors.

Many prominent men in banking, railway and financial circles and other expert judges of stock values predict that this stock will pay large dividends and will sell at over \$200 per share for the following reasons:

The Railway and Dock Construction Company controls all the rights, titles, patents and interests in and the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell the new indestructible piles that do away altogether with the millions of wooden piles heretofore used everywhere, which only last a short time, as alternate moisture and drying and the marine worms soon destroy the wood, and leave a deceptive shell, incapable to sustain a load that requires the full strength of the original pile. Old wooden piles must be continually replaced at great expense.

Nothing can compete with the indestructible Pile in the construction of piers, docks, bulkheads, sea-walls, foundations for bridges, lighthouses, jetties, breakwaters or other improvements in rivers, harbors or on the sea coast.

This pile is an absolute necessity in railway trestlework as it guarantees safety, and it will last forever, and there is an enormous demand for it.

One defective wooden pile derailing a train causes a loss of many thousands of dollars in lives and property destroyed.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. The great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Estimated earnings from this one source of profit will pay \$7 per share annual dividends—this is equal to 35 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at present price of \$20 per share.

Other and larger sources of profit will come from contracts now in view, viz:—

In place of the old wooden docks, covered by temporary sheds, which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company will build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

Private owners of dock property as well as dock officials in the numerous cities are becoming aware of the great advantage of using the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of building indestructible piers to make a solid foundation, upon which large buildings can be erected, from which they can get big revenues for rentals, etc.

\$27,000,000 have already been expended in improving Southern harbors and their approaches.

In projects now under way over fifty million dollars will be spent in improving navigation in rivers, bays, etc., throughout the coun-

try on jetties, breakwaters, and other work in which the indestructible Pile is a great necessity.

The city of New York is spending \$5,000,000 a year improving the city water front.

In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

The U. S. Senate Committee have recommended the expenditure of eighty million dollars for the protection of our seacoast. About ten millions a year will be spent during the next eight years.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance of the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$8,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston: they are simply loose rock dumped into the water. Each jetty is about 4 1/2 miles long and forms a continuous pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet wide at the top above the water. The Railway and Dock Construction Company build indestructible jetties of the same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

The "St. Louis Critic" strongly advocates the adoption of this company's system of indestructible jetties to deepen the Mississippi at St. Louis.

To provide additional funds to execute some of this work, the company offers 20,000 shares to the public in lots to suit at the low price of \$20.00 per share in order to have the stock quickly taken. There are no salaried officials. The money derived from the sale of stock, when not used in profitable construction work, remains in the company's treasury.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction is coming into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

As the business in sight is too large for this company to handle alone, the subsidiary companies now being organized in the principal States each pay a certain amount in cash and one-third of their capital stock into the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s treasury. In addition to large sums in cash the company will receive about \$20,000,000 in securities in this way, on which dividends will be paid from the earnings of the subsidiary companies. These dividends all go to the holders of Railway and Dock Construction stock.

With a large surplus and an ample cash working capital the company will hold assets of \$200 per share for each share now offered at \$20 when all details are completed.

Application will be made to list the shares on the stock exchange. Owing to the financial depression and uncertainty before the election the Railway and Dock Construction Company would not accept numerous contracts for work amounting to about three millions of dollars. They were offered first mortgage bonds in payment but the bonds could not be sold at that time in New York or London at satisfactory prices. English bankers are now negotiating to place a large block of Railway and Dock Construction stock and apply for an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and profitable. Among them are:

Among the stockholders are:
 Geo. W. Dunn, Esq., president of the company, head of the banking house of George W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 20 years as a careful level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, vice-president, ex-Senator, Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., counsel for the company, Temple Court, New York; Engene Harvey, Esq., second vice-president, banker, Drexel building, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. M. Stanbrough, Esq., Kingston, N. Y.; George D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, N. Y.; W. R. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Wilson, Esq., secretary; M. Hoff, assistant secretary; George B. Shelhorn, Esq., receiver, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co., Richmond, Va.; Jacob Deyo, cashier, Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; S. J. Gifford, Dunkirk, N. Y., and several rich and influential railway and political magnates who will have seats in the Board of Directors later on.

Address all applications for stock and remit for the number of shares wanted to the Financial Agents of the company, Messrs,

GEO. W. DUNN & CO.,

2 Wall St., New York.

by check, draft, money order, registered letter or by express; or have the stock sent by express C. O. D.

The right is reserved to reject any application for stock, and to allot only a part of the shares applied for, and to advance the price without notice.

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S. C. BIGELOW, President CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier and Secy
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101 Montgomery St., Cor. of Sutter St.
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The Oldest Incorporated Savings Bank in the State.

Guarantee Capital	- - - - -	\$1,000,000
Capital Stock Paid-up in Gold Coin		\$750,000
Reserve Fund	- - - - -	175,000
		\$925,000

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Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals and on City and Country Real Estate. Term and Ordinary Deposits received.

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33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
 Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
 Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895\$24,302,337
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... 1,575,631
 ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Phillip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

DIRECTORS.

B. A. BECKERPresident
 EDWARD KRUSEVice-President
 DANIEL MEYER..... 2d Vice-President
 H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Nio Van Bergen, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ
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222 MONTOMOERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

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 Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln

Try the SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY,

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 Oakland Office—864 Broadway. Telephone Main 658.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and arrival times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table listing Santa Cruz Division train routes and arrival times.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table listing Coast Division train routes and arrival times.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table listing San Leandro and Haywards local train routes and arrival times.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).

*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 1:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.

*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. †† Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

HARRY CRAGIN WALKER, IN TROTH.

I never was good at figures, But now that the hall is done I'll square my accounts, and balance Expenses with girls and fun.

Let's see; the tickets two dollars, And four for the carriage and pair, And three for the jacqeminot roses— She looked out of sight I declare.

That's nine. Well, I guess that completes it From the liability side. And now for the assets—one item Is all that I find for a guide.

And yet that lone figure's sufficient To more than offset it—and this Is the fractional part of a minute That I spent in a last good-night kiss.

FOR SHAME, FOR SHAME!

BY WARMAN, IN JUDGE.

I was gazing through the window Of a Paris studio, A kind of hot-house window, At a marble Trilby there, With rounded knolls and dimpled arms And—O, like drifted snow, And wondered if on all this earth Walked woman half so fair. And all about were people Painting pictures of the same. Who paused not when I entered, But, at a signal, they Laid down their paint and pencils, And, O, for shame, for shame! The marble maid stood up and yawned And smiled and walked away.

TWO WOMEN.—BOSTON COURIER.

The Beauty.

The bloom of the rose in her soft cheek glows. She's as fair as the new-born day, And her eyes are as bright as the stars at night, For she takes off her hat at the play.

The Fright.

A towering hat with a plumaged crest At the play she is bound to wear, And her face is so homely she has to rest Her cheeks at night on a chair.

George Morrow & Co,

(Established 1854.)

HAY AND GRAIN

Commission Merchants.

39 Clay St. and 23 Commercial St., S. F.

Branches at Bay District, Ingleside, and Third St. Hay Wharf. Telephone No. 35.

THOS. PRICE. ARTHUR F. PRICE

THOS. PRICE & SON

ASSAY OFFICE, CHEMICAL LABORATORY, BULLION ROOMS, and ORE FLOORS.

524 Sacramento street.



S S "Australia," for Honolulu only. Tuesday, January 23, at 2 p. m.

S. S. "Monowai," Thursday February 4th, at 2 P. M.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St., San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.

Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIEBON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M. Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F. Sub-headers: Week Days, Sundays, DESTINATION, Week Days. Lists various destinations and arrival times.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedoin Heights, Fullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN, Gen. Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 9, 24.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Jan. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M., Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; Jan. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Jan. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves right to change steamers or sailing dates.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, No. 10 Market street, San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRAN-NAN STREETS, at 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong-kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

GALIC (via Honolulu)....Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897

DORIC.....Tuesday, February 23, 1897

BELGIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, March 13, 1897

CORPIC (via Honolulu)....Thursday, April 1, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
Fort Point, Entrance of Golden Gate, San Francisco.
Photograph by Taber.

CALIFORNIA
STATE
1902



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 23, 1897.

Number 4.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building, (Frank R. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE Christian Endeavor visitors will be welcomed heartily to San Francisco next summer. This is a good field for their efforts.

THE "defective flue" is a most wearisome iteration. Is it not possible for the reporters to write in plain English of a faulty chimney?

THE shouters for restrictive taxation of foreign trade, which is so-called protection, are willing to leave the mass of the people to the mercy of trusts and other combinations in restraint of trade.

THERE has been so much war talk during the past twelve months, that Congress should be disposed to grant the requests of General Miles for liberal appropriations. This would mean nearly a million dollars for fortifications of San Francisco. Lime Point would then become, in reality, the "Gibraltar of the Pacific Coast."

THE Chamber of Commerce has taken up the cudgels against extravagance in the Harbor Commission, and the imposition of unnecessary quarantine tolls on shipping. This is one of the most expensive ports in the world for ships, and it ought to be one of the cheapest. Our foreign commerce must languish so long as the existing abuses and exactions continue.

EVERY possible precaution should be taken against the introduction of the East Indian or bubonic plague. The national health authorities have already moved in the matter, and our local and State officials should likewise be alive to the danger. In Bombay thousands have been stricken, the deaths being in the proportion of two out of three.

ONE of the greatest abuses in this State is the allowance of mileage to public officials, in amounts far above the actual cost of transportation. The law should restrict mileage, in all cases, to the sum actually expended. Under the present system, members of the Legislature, for example, receive several times as much as the railroad fare to and from Sacramento. This is an imposition on the taxpayers.

NO more of the people's money should be expended on the Home for the Training of Feeble-Minded Children. The State should not encourage the production of this sort of offspring. The institution is simply a means of enabling parents to shift upon the public the burden of caring for children who should be provided for at home. Pity for the unfortunate should not blind legislators to the mischievous results of the policy represented in the Home mentioned.

MANY of the bills introduced at Sacramento are either wholly needless or altogether absurd. What could be more superfluous than the bill "to prohibit unauthorized persons from wearing the rosette of the Loyal Legion?" It would be just as much in order to prohibit anybody but a mandarin from wearing a colored button on his cap. These things are the subject of severe regulation in China, but have no place in our American system of government.

THE Home Products Exhibition at Los Angeles is a good stroke of enterprise. It shows that the southern city is making good progress in manufacturing industries, and tends to give them increased support.

IN the re-election of Senator Jones, Nevada showed due appreciation of the services and abilities of one of the ablest men in the upper house of Congress. No public man in this country has surpassed Senator Jones in the championship of the silver interests of his State, and he is entitled to his reward.

THE Board of Directors of the Public Library in Plainfield, N. J., at a late meeting, resolved that as purveyor of clean and elevating literature, they could not take the responsibility of retaining on their subscription list papers of the New York World class. The rival of the World is also debarred from their reading-room. These journals can do even more harm in the family than in the library, which suggests the next step in the warfare against evil.

THE new Governor of the State of Washington introduced an innovation upon the occasion of his induction into office last week. The usual custom has been to attend the inauguration of the Governor with carriages, and all the pomp and circumstance of mimic military display. Governor Rogers walked with his friends to the Capitol in the ways of Jeffersonian simplicity, although he is a Populist. It will be a good thing for the people of that State if he continue in this meek and unostentatious path.

PRESIDENT Jordan, of Stanford University, has made an unanswerable argument in favor of exempting such educational institutions from taxation. The University now pays taxes to the amount of thirty thousand dollars annually. This sum could not be more profitably expended for the benefit of the State than in enlarging the usefulness of the institution. And so with all other academies of non-sectarian learning. Our Constitution should be amended in this respect, to conform to the liberal spirit of the age.

THE pending Nicaragua canal bill gives the Government of the United States control and direction of the waterway, through the provision for ownership of seven-tenths of the stock and the selection of a like proportion of the directorate. The stock would be issued to the Government in consideration of the guaranty by the latter of the bonds of the company. With the safeguards provided, there is every reason to believe that the canal earnings could be made to pay the bonds as they mature, as well as a reasonable return on the stock. The existing canal company and the Government of Nicaragua are fairly entitled to the provisions allowed them by the bill.

IT is to be hoped that the Post Office authorities at Washington will see fit to close immediately with the offer made them by our Board of Harbor Commissioners to rent the Government a large and desirable portion of the new Ferry Building for the sum of \$1,000 a month. Postmaster McCoppin has given the matter his closest attention, and is satisfied that this figure is not exorbitant, and that the interests of the public will be served by securing quarters for the Postal Department in the new depot. It is owing to this spirit of pettiness and senseless economy, ever manifested by certain officials and a portion of our local press, that San Francisco is often deprived of benefits when just within her grasp.

REFORMING THE COURTS.

AN avalanche of proposals is upon us for reforming the judiciary of the State. Things have got to be so unbearable that a demand is heard on every hand for relief. The calendars of all the Courts are choked, the judges claim to be oppressed with work, finality in litigation is almost unknown, and in the vast majority of instances it is cheaper to abandon a just claim than to endeavor to enforce it by law. In fact, there is a virtual denial of justice in this State that greatly detracts from its desirableness as a place of residence and business. We are not of those who believe that the cause of all the mischief is to be found in the Judges, who, as a rule, are better than the system they administer. Considering the inadequacy of their official salaries, and their obligations to practicing lawyers at election times, the marvel is, not that we secure the services of the best men, but that we get as good men as we do. As long as we have an elective judiciary, we shall have judges on the Bench too weak to discipline the all too many shameless lawyers of the period, who, hound by no rules of court and by no code of honor, turn the judicial machinery into a vehicle of injustice and oppression. If the judges were strong enough to frame strict rules to govern the proceedings in their courts, and to enforce them with uniformity and firmness, more than one half the tricks, subterfuges, perjuries, delays and other abominations that now so often render our courts potent for mischief, but impotent for good, would be done away with. But a stream cannot rise higher than its source, nor can even a judge, strive as he may and often does, become superior to the influences that secure his nomination and election.

One great evil is that we have too many lawyers who must either "get up" cases or starve. They provoke litigation, and, if it is without merit, so much the better. In that case, their skill is exercised in worrying the other side and in warding off, or in devising means to evade a decision. Thus it comes that final judgments in this State are seldom worth the paper they are written on. The attorney has anticipated the result, and by means, probably false, fraudulent, and colorable, has enabled his client, a rascal like himself, to escape the consequences of a too long delayed execution. This is not the exception to the rule, but is the very rule itself. It is a fact that the names of some 2,000 practicing lawyers appear in the San Francisco Directory. 200 capable men would suffice for all the legitimate business there is to do, and that probably is about the number of the fittest that deserve to survive. If the balance could be set to shoveling sand, or to some other useful occupation, we could dispense with one half of our present courts and yet keep abreast of the work in hand. Even as things are, two short rules could be framed that if rigidly enforced would curtail litigation at least one half. First, contracts between attorney and client contingent upon the result, ought to be declared contrary to public policy and void. No officer of the court ought to be pecuniarily interested in the result of litigation. It is contrary to the best traditions of the Bar that he should be, and, if the decisions in the books always prevailed in this State, an attorney so offending could be disharred. Then again, litigation is not made sufficiently onerous to the losing side. It ought to cost more to improperly bring or defend a suit. In extreme cases, the judges ought to exercise their present power of awarding exemplary costs. In older States and countries where the practice of law is subject to strict regulation, the invariable rule is to make the losing side pay all the costs of the winning one. That is equitable and just, and is the best preventive of litigation known among men. A simple amendment to the codes to that effect would work wonders. We should soon hear no more of crowded calendars, congested courts, or overworked judges.

It goes without saying that reform which means reducing litigation to a minimum is not to be expected from lawyers in practice. Their interests lie the other way, and self preservation is the first law of nature. Nobody, therefore, need be surprised that proposals to increase the number of courts, which means an enlargement of the volume of litigation, are the best the lawyers have to offer a long suffering people. It is claimed that twelve departments of the Superior Court are not enough for this city.

If they are not, it is a fact shameful to litigants, lawyers, judges and all concerned. The Bar association proposes to actually create three new appellate courts. The State is to be divided into three judicial districts, and an appellate court, consisting of three judges, is to be given to each. These Courts, we hasten to say, are not intended to supersede the Supreme Court, but are to be an intermediary between it and the Superior Courts. By this arrangement there will, in certain cases, be two appeals instead of one, and, consequently, much more litigation, instead of less. It is a lawyer's measure all through, and must have caused a merry twinkle in the eye, and a laugh in the sleeve of the man who drafted it in the name of reform. It would be amusing, if it were not hurtful to the body politic, to see a lot of hungry lawyers hastening to the Capitol, hutton-holing bucolic members and pretending to clip their own professional wings in the interests of judicial simplicity! Reform of the courts is hadly needed, but it will not come to us that way.

The Senate
and the
Arbitration Treaty.

It is said that the Senate will hang up the arbitration treaty and let it die. The excuse is made that there is no immediate necessity for it; no issue pending to which it is applicable, and that it will be time enough to consider some such measure when circumstances arise to bring it within the domain of practical politics. That is not the tone or temper of public opinion. Not much is to be expected these times of the U. S. Senate, but its members might reasonably be presumed to know the force of educated thought there is at the back of this measure. The best minds of the country look upon it as a beneficent proposal, well calculated to render war between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race impossible. The fact that there is now no burning issue in existence, only tends to show that this period of calm is just the very time in which to ratify it. To wait for the coming of a time of passion would be folly. The very object of the treaty is to prepare for and guard against the possible arrival of such a period. We suspect the real truth is that the Senatorial dislike of President Cleveland is at the bottom of the disinclination to ratify a treaty that has so much to recommend it. There is too much glory in it for a man whom certain Senators so cordially hate. But they may as well yield and do the graceful thing at once, and thereby save their own credit at home, and the country's abroad. That, or a similar treaty, has got to come, and, when it does, due credit will be given to the President and the able Secretary of State by whom it was first proposed.

The Examiner
and the
Park Commissioners.

It would be interesting to know what failure to levy tribute upon the Park Commissioners has caused the Examiner to assail the business capacity, the uprightness and ability of the gentlemen who have charge of the people's great play-ground in this city. Certainly no one who is acquainted with the methods of that paper will for one moment imagine that it is sincere in its attack upon these well-known and highly-respected gentlemen, for it is a clearly-recognized fact that the Examiner interests itself in nothing that does not concern its own pocket-hook. The fact that the men who are faithfully serving the people as Park Commissioners are among the foremost citizens of this city, that they are men of wealth, undoubted character and standing in San Francisco, count for nothing with this disreputable representative of all that is had in journalism. If there be anywhere in this city evidence of faithful performance of duty, of work wisely planned and skilfully executed, it will be found at Golden Gate Park. Comparatively a few years ago, where now beautiful tropical life, refreshing foliage, winding roadways and delightful retreats greet the eye and gratify the taste, was nothing but a wilderness of sand. The work accomplished shows that the people's money has yielded a satisfactory return. Taken alone, the Park is an unanswerable argument for the wisdom of its management, that the Examiner should trail its dirty course across this fair picture, and seek to bring discredit and suspicion upon honorable and patriotic citizens, is but another evidence of its vicious and criminal character.

Remarkable Trade Development.

The year 1896 saw a much more remarkable turn in the tide of our foreign commerce than most people are aware of. The report of the United States Bureau of Statistics, just issued, shows that we are now importing so much less, and exporting so much more, that the balance of trade is now heavily in favor of this country. The figures are exhilarating and inspiring in the highest degree. For many years prior to 1896, the national trade balance with other nations was on the wrong side of the ledger. We took more from them than they bought from us. We sold all that we had to sell, which was not a little, but we sent away all too much money for high-priced luxuries that we could well have done without. An era of extravagance had been upon us for years, and although in 1893 we were suddenly confronted with a money panic and hard times, it took us two years to begin to learn to mend our ways, retrench our individual expenditures, and live within our means. But it is, happily, clear that the nation, as a whole, has learnt the needed lesson at last. During the first ten months of 1896, for which alone the figures are complete, the balance of foreign trade in favor of the United States amounted to the immense sum of \$266,086,709, whereas, during the same period of the previous year we had imported considerably more than we had exported. Between the showings for the two periods there is all the difference in the world. The one led up to the hardest of hard times; the other is the unquestionable precursor of wide-spread and general prosperity. Up to November, cereals had not appreciated much in price, so that the increased business of the year is not due to the accident of a season by which Europe is now being forced to buy our grain in larger quantity and at higher prices. The results of that, for us, happy accident, will come into the returns for 1897, and will cut considerable of a figure there. The export of merchandise is accountable for over 70 per cent. of last year's increase of exports. Wheat, cotton, corn, and other products of the farm make up the other 30 per cent. Exports of bicycles and bicycle appliances increased nearly \$3,000,000; shipments to England, Canada, and Australia having grown from almost nothing a year ago to a very active and flourishing trade to-day. Exports of cotton cloths was larger by \$5,661,859 in the ten months of 1896 than in 1895, nearly all of the increase coming in our trade with China and Canada, two fields of commerce once surrendered almost wholly to the English manufacturers. Of machinery, our total exports increased \$4,593,076 over 1895, and here we have invaded the personal domain of the European manufacturer, for Great Britain and the European States took from us upwards of five millions more than in the preceding year. In practically every other branch of American manufacture, including leather, lead, zinc, wood and paper goods, manufactured tobacco, and canned provisions, there has been an increase over 1895 running from 5 to 200 per cent. Our Treasury reserve of gold is no longer in danger of depletion. We are now lending part of our trade balance in London and Berlin, where money is actually worth more than in New York. This trade development, remarkable as it is, will show even more astonishing enlargements during 1897. The better prices now being realized for cereals and cotton will largely increase the figures. These signs of the times are not to be mistaken, and are full of good cheer.

Greater New York and Its Charter.

Greater New York will contain a population at least six times larger than that of San Francisco. It embraces the consolidated cities of New York, Brooklyn, Long Island, and environs. As our people seem unable to make up their minds as to what they really do want in the way of a charter, it will be interesting to note that the Empire City finds no like difficulty. A charter commission, made up of some of the ablest men of the State, has framed a measure that gives a fair degree of satisfaction, and is pretty sure of adoption by the Legislature. It provides for a legislative department, consisting of two chambers, but it takes care to leave this little Parliament absolutely powerless, except when it agrees with the Mayor. It cannot vote bills, involving appropriations of public money, or increasing municipal charges, or granting franchises, except after an interval of five days after the publication of an abstract of the measure, and then

only by a three-fourths vote, and, in case of a veto by the Mayor, a five-sixths vote is required. In a great and mixed city, such as the Greater New York will be, such unanimity as against the Mayor could seldom or never be obtained. In addition to this, he is given unlimited executive power, and is in no way beholden to the Legislature in the matter of appointments or removals; except that for cause alleged and proven, the courts may order the discharge of faithless officers. The Mayor is to be elected for two years, and to be paid a salary of \$15,000 a year. Very specially noteworthy features of the new charter are the safeguards applied to the legislative power to grant franchises, and the provisions for final assumption by the city of all street monopolies. No new franchise is to be granted for a longer period than twenty-five years, and all franchises, with their plant, appurtenances, property, etc., are to revert to the city at the termination of the period for which they were to originally run, and the city may by ordinance provide for the operation thereof by itself, or by lessees. The price thus paid for the franchise is the value of the improvements effected under it. These are all striking proposals, that, in view of our timid local discussions over charter matters, seem to border upon the hazardous. Yet it is reasonable to believe that there is greater wisdom in the greater city. At any rate, it is time that San Francisco undertook the control of her own affairs. Anything is better than a jumble of laws that defeat each other. A general law could be passed at this session that would considerably ameliorate matters. Such a law should have been devised immediately after the defeat of the charter was known, but then, the interests of this municipality are never looked after as those of a private corporation are. We need a great civic leader. Have we the makings of one in Mayor Phelan?

Success To The Letter-Carriers.

No class of Government employees are more in favor with the public than the letter-carriers. They are noted for faithful and attentive devotion to their onerous duties, and daily exercise a large responsibility in the delivery of important communications, valuable documents, registered money packages and other matter intrusted to their care. They know many secrets gathered in the regular discharge of their tasks, but whoever hears of a letter-carrier recreant to his trust? And yet these efficient and hard-working servants of Uncle Sam must toil through four or five years of probation before receiving regular pay from the Government. During these preparatory years of service as "substitutes" their meager pittance of about \$30 a month comes out of the pockets of the "regulars," who are themselves inadequately paid. Under the present system, after securing a regular position, the pay is but \$600 the first year; the second year \$800, and the third, \$1,000. For seven years the Letter-Carrier's National Association has been striving for the passage of an Act by Congress to provide for better remuneration. The measure now on the Speaker's desk was favorably reported from committee, and passed the Senate unanimously in June last. It provides, among its other good features, for a new or additional class, whose members will be entitled to \$1,200 a year. This will be for carriers of seven or eight years' service, and it will enable the substitutes to get regular employment earlier than is possible under the present classification. It is known that 230 Representatives favor the bill, and if it should reach a vote at the present session it will certainly become a law. We hope it will be pushed, for it is a most deserving measure, of which the people must cordially approve.

The Degeneracy of the U. S. Senate.

A lamentable sight is just now being witnessed all over the country. A majority of the States are engaged in electing men to the United States Senate who are unfit to go there. Not a man entitled to the distinguished consideration attaching to a member of the highest law-making body in the nation, is visible anywhere along the line. Small men of little mental calibre, and no legislative experience, are being sent to occupy seats once filled by the greatest in the land. Peffer, Hansborough, Kryle, Mitchell, Tillman, and their like, are being made the successors of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Sumner, and Seward. It is not alone that from such small

Western States as Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, Dakota, and Washington, that these nondescripts are being packed into the United States Senate. New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, the three most populated States in the Union, are doing hardly as well as some of the wild and woolly States. New York had a great candidate in the person of Lawyer Choate. Known all over the country for his learning and ability, and supported by all that was clean and decent in his State, he received just 7 votes, whilst 144 were cast for Tom Platt, the most rascally Boss of modern times. In Pennsylvania, since the retirement of the Camerons, Quay's power has become absolute. He names whom he pleases as his colleague, and the Legislature obeys. With a young ward politician of Philadelphia, named Penrose, he has just beaten John Wanamaker by a majority of two to one. In Illinois, a "boodle" Alderman named Madden, who runs with the "machine," is called "Billy" by the boys, and makes no pretensions to any but "practical" politics, is said to be sure of election. These three States gave McKinley in November pluralities reaching the unprecedented total of 717,500, and therefore underwent what may be supposed to be a new baptism in the cause of honesty, purity, and good faith in Government. That was their answer to the Populist programme of repudiation and dishonor, and yet in each case there rises up out of the victory, in greater power than ever, the despoiling, corrupting power of the Boss, holding Legislatures in his hands, dictating Senatorial elections, and levying tribute on corporations and protected industries. Is it so great a marvel, after all, that the popular party has become a socialist party? Whither are we drifting?

Compulsory Attendance At School. It appears that there are something like 15,000 children of school age in San Francisco who attend neither public nor private schools. That is the estimate of the Census Marshals, and close observers of matters of this kind believe it is not far wrong. The City Superintendent of Public Schools now proposes to enforce the law rendering attendance at school during certain months of the year compulsory. It seems anomalous that in these days of education and enlightenment, so many children of parents who must necessarily pay taxes, should be found wandering the streets instead of undergoing a training to fit them for the battle of life. The schools are free to all, and no excuse on the ground of poverty is available. If judiciously enforced by a discriminating official, the compulsory law is a good one. Of course, in a few extreme cases, which may well be believed to be the exceptions to the rule, it may be found necessary to extend some leniency. There are children mentally or physically unfit to attend school. There are others the sole support of widowed mothers. But there are a great many more who are able to attend school, and whom it is little less than a crime to keep away from there. They are mostly the children of uneducated parents, who need to be taught the value of a school training. To all such, the compulsory law cannot be too soon applied. At the same time, where is the accommodation for such an influx of new scholars? Our understanding is that the existing school buildings are fully occupied already. It is in order for the Board of Education to make known the facts.

A Few Census Facts From France. A glance at the latest French census reveals some curious, and at the same time some alarming conditions. It appears that while all other countries of Europe are gaining in population, that of France is practically stationary, with a decided tendency toward diminution. The largest proportion of births to 100 deaths is found in England, where it is 171. The average of all the European countries is 140. But in France it is only 101. At the beginning of the century France had nearly twice the population of the United Kingdom. At present, notwithstanding the steady loss in England by emigration, that country has 40 millions against less than 39 millions in France. France has gained only about 11 millions during this century, but scarcely any of that small increase has been gained since 1890. The gain for the last five years has been only 124,000, and it is to be noted that

87,000 of that is in Paris alone. In the same period Germany has increased nearly three millions. The causes which are charged with this condition in France are believed to be the practical refusal of all except the laboring classes to bear children; the many obstructions to marriage presented by the laws; the too strict control of parents over the marriages of their children, and the traditions which render a dowry requisite to the wedding of a daughter. Marriage in France is made rather a matter of business, with an eye single to the pecuniary gain, instead of being left to the sentiment, the mutual love and confidence of the sexes. Great effort is made in France to provide a dowry for the daughter, but if the son is to be provided for, or launched in business, the daughter's dowry is sacrificed to him and she condemned to spinsterhood, for what Frenchman would take her *sans dot*? The increase which France is receiving is from the working classes, and that in itself presents an interesting question as to what the effect is to be on the social conditions of the future. Placed as France is, shoulder to shoulder with the growing military powers of Europe, it is not probable that with decreasing numbers she can maintain her relative strength in armies. Altogether a problem is presented, the solving of which may change the map of Europe.

The Examiner's Own Libel Suits. The Examiner has several libel suits hanging fire. It always has. Never ready to prove its allegations, because they are nearly always malicious and seldom provable, it betakes itself to the miserable, beggarly, contemptible method of hiring pettifogging lawyers to weary the plaintiff out. It has within the past six years gotten rid of more libel suits in that cowardly way than the NEWS LETTER has had brought against it during the more than forty years of its existence. When the libelled one is not a woman, but proves to be a great deal of a man, the Examiner frets and fumes and bullies to the last moment and then—takes water. After hounding Heath of Fresno almost to the gallows, that is how it acted towards him. It was particularly abusive and malicious in the epithets it hurled at Ex-Auditor Strother, vaunted its courage, and pretended that it wished for nothing better than law proceedings. When, however, it was taken at its word, it whined like a whipped cur, begged for mercy, and accepted it at the hands of the man it had done its level best to ruin. The apology it had to publish was simply pitiful in its humility. With such a record, it had better attend to its own libel suits, before intruding its malice into those of others. It does not like the NEWS LETTER and it would be surprising if it did. This journal is considerable of a corrective to the hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness that, perhaps, cause Mr. Hearst's paper to be feared, but certainly not loved. The NEWS LETTER caters not to the crowd, bids not for their nickels, and fears not their frowns. It has a constituency as wide as the world, made up of thoughtful men and women, who have nothing in common with the vilest sheet published on American soil, which is saying not a little. The young scapegrace who owns that sheet may flout his mistress in the face of San Francisco's respectability, may publish her erratic sayings in his two papers, may dishonor the name of the father who begat him and of the mother whose fortune he is squandering, but all that will not constitute him a worthy journalist, or a fit censor of other men, or a true man or anything else that men esteem. He has, however,—one redeeming trait—he never fails to read his NEWS LETTER. If he keeps on he may yet learn that egging on libel suits is contrary to journalistic ethics, beneath contempt, and a game that two can play at.

Salaries and Pickings. The salaries paid to public officials are frequently only a small part of the emoluments of their offices. Inexperienced citizens wonder why there is invariably a warm contest for membership in the Board of Health and the Board of Education, no salaries being paid the members of these bodies. It is not impossible that if the salary of every elected official in this city were abolished, there would be as great a struggle as ever to possess the offices, for politicians would find means of making money out of them by methods as

legitimate, in their opinion, as those pursued now. There must be compensations in the Board of Education, or men who have ordinary business to attend to and families to provide for, would not be seeking re-election as School Director term after term. A Director's vote is valuable, for instance, when text-books for the course of study in the public schools are chosen. Some of the selections of the Board are peculiar. The shorthand text book is an example. Phonography is a part of the course of study at the Polytechnic High School. It would naturally be supposed that if the young people there are to become good shorthand writers, able to read the notes of others, and to write notes that others can read, they should be instructed in a standard system. Instead, however, the High School pupils are obliged to study a style of shorthand that is wholly dissimilar from the recognized systems of phonography in this country. There is no intention of easting any reflection here on the so-called Eclectic system that is in vogue at the Polytechnic. It may be good enough, although leading reporters have avoided it because of its alleged lack of practical utility. The only point made is that with other systems in general use throughout the country, the School Directors were led to select a text book which shorthand writers in this city did not employ at all, and the local sales of which have since been limited mainly to the High School. What arguments were used to convince the directors that the High School pupils should be forced to purchase this book, the price of which is high, may be conjectured.

On the Good Roads Movement. The question of improving the roadways, which is a growing agitation in many of the States, makes timely any testimony bearing on the need of such improvements.

On this point we note a valuable contribution from a practical farmer. He states that he lives on a little ten-acre place, eight miles from a railway station. He hauls from the station two tons of fertilizer, making eight loads for one horse, and six hours for each trip, which he calculates to be at a cost of \$4.80. His produce consisting of 500 crates of vegetables, is hauled to the railway at a cost of \$42.60, requiring, as it does, seventy-one trips in the present condition of the roads, which are heavy and sandy. With the roadway properly improved, he could haul his fertilizer in four trips of four hours each, at a cost of \$1.60, and his vegetables in thirty-five trips at a cost of \$14. The time spent on the roads requires him to hire an extra man. He figures that the bad condition of the road is a tax of ten dollars per acre each year upon his little farm, which could be saved in horses, time and hired help if the ways were put in proper condition. The same argument applies on a city street. It would be interesting to know what San Francisco pays in horseflesh, broken wagons, and loss of time for the condition of some of her pavements. More than enough, surely, to improve them. A Boston paper says that it costs five dollars to swear on the streets of that city. With the temptation to profanity provoked by our Market street pavement, that figure would be considered remarkably cheap. The interest in good roads which is awakening in California is commendable, and should have the best of support. The NEWS LETTER is pleased to notice the good work being done by our townsman, Mr. Marsden Mansou, and the Bureau of Highways, of which he is an active member. The system of road repairing in the State has been to the last degree chaotic. The report of the Bureau, just issued, shows that the preliminary work on the basis of better methods is well begun. The capable men who are doing it should be kept at it.

"Our Society Blue Book"

For the season of 1896-97 is now ready for delivery. It contains the names, addresses and reception days of most of the prominent families of this city and other points on the Coast. Also lists of members of the most prominent Clubs with their business addresses.

San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc. Price Five Dollars. C. C. Hoag, Publisher.

Trade supplied by HARTWELL, MITCHELL & WILLIS, Successors to Dodge Bros, 225 Post St., and 107 Montgomery St.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The King of Pills is Beecham's—BEECHAM'S

A GREAT RUBBER CONCERN.

ON the first page of this issue appears a cut of the greatly extended place of business of the Goodyear Rubber Company, at 573 to 579 Market street, the firm having recently been compelled to enlarge its store to double its former size. The company has been in business in San Francisco for more than thirty years and has grown steadily to the present time. Three years ago it was found necessary to establish a branch house at Portland, Or., where a large three-story building at 73 75 First street, and an additional warehouse at 68-70 Front street are occupied. In this city a large factory is in constant operation at 86-92 Stevenson street, where are made all kinds of rubber goods for mechanical purposes; also a factory for making oil clothing, which occupies nearly the entire block on Virginia avenue, between California avenue and Mission street, where are employed from ninety to one hundred operatives. The output of this plant is among the largest in the country. The business of the Goodyear Rubber Company has doubled within the past three years on this coast, and its goods are found in every market where rubber is used. The company is sole manufacturer of the celebrated crack proof mining boots and Stout's patent snag-proof mining boots. A complete line of rubber stock of all kinds is carried, including belting and packing hose, the company's celebrated Gold Seal brand of which goods is unequalled. Several hundred persons are constantly employed by the company, of which F. M. Shepard is President, R. H. Pease Vice-President and Manager; J. A. Minott, Treasurer; and C. F. Runyon, Secretary. It is one of San Francisco's great mercantile institutions and its success is the direct result of undoubted merit.



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WAREHOUSES AND DOCKS.....PORT COSTA, California.

Storage Capacity, 100,000 tons. Regular warehouse for San Francisco Produce Exchange Call Board.

These warehouses are the largest on the Pacific Coast, and are furnished with the latest improvements for the rapid handling and storing of Grain A mill attached, supplied with the best and newest machinery for cleaning flour and smutty wheat.

Money advanced at lowest rates of interest on grain stored in warehouses. Insurance effected at lowest rates in first-class companies, or grain sold, if desired, at current rates.

OFFICE—202 Sansome St., over the Anglo-California Bank.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

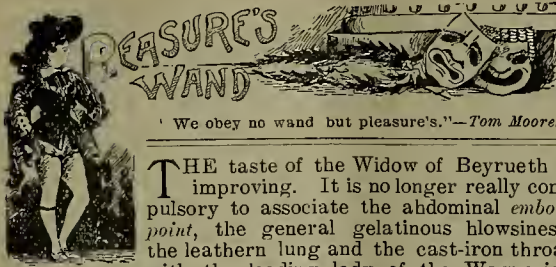
Assessment.....No. 80
 Amount per Share.....15 cents
 Levied.....December 14, 1896
 Delinquent in Office.....January 19, 1897
 Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....February 9, 1897

ALFRED K. DARBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 60, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris 1875-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States. MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John Street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

THE taste of the Widow of Beyrueth is improving. It is no longer really compulsory to associate the abdominal *emboupoint*, the general gelatinous blowsiness, the leathern lung and the cast-iron throat with the leading lady of the Wagnerian drama. Lillian Nordica combines a seemly, if not sensational personality with the better traditions of lyric opera and the rugged dramaisms of new Germany. She tries to mean what she sings and half the time succeeds—which is a big average; for song is elusive as we take it now in a bigger dramatic significance. And Nordica's Marguerite, who might be Mrs. Tanqueray, or Nora Helmer, or anybody besides the Gretchen of song and story, is only a large specimen of what Nordica's temperament is not. Nordica is not heroic in the unfeminine sense; but she is too regal, in the deck of cards sense, too sure, in the woman of the world sense, too obviously actorial, in the musical sense, to flutter the pulse in *Faust*. She sat at the spinning wheel, her fingers hushing over the flax, and hummed, abstractedly, indifferently, "Once there reigned a King in Thule." And this was as it should be. It was real art, not art art. Then, with as much consternation and rapture as a housemaid would exhibit on finding the morning newspaper in its accustomed corner of the dormat, she discovered the jewel casket, put on the glittering ear-bohs and the soft seductive pearls and sang to them what might have been a respectable treatise by Mr. Bok on the propriety of a young, unmarried woman wearing such "scenery and effects" with post-prandial costume. And she met Faust with the cynical philosophy of Magda, who says, "it's always a tenor with us," and treated him with practical consideration and untumultuous, unenthralled, impassioned, hade him to her bower. And the devil gloated his Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! for a white soul sullied.

But it was an easy going soul, that which Nordica found in Marguerite, and its whiteness was rather world-worn, and it went to its dechastening with excessive presence of mind, and Faust was as much sinned with as sinning.

All this may be very modern and very unneurotic and Nordica, no doubt, has her own opinion of Marguerite's temperature, which is not wholly to the comfort of rejuvenated Dr. Faustus, or closely faithful to Goethe, or illuminative of Gounod's score, or enchanting to an audience.

It was said to me in extenuation by several sorrowful musicians, that it was impossible to gauge a singer's ability in the limited opportunity offered by a single act of an opera, but even then I could not get it through my head how two hours more of an un-Gounodian and unromantic Marguerite was going to make her any better; particularly when a few moments before the same singer had sung the audience into frenzied quivers with Erkel's *Erszabeth* aria. It was this tempest of Hungarian melodrama that made the night Nordica's—this and the two encore songs which followed it. Otherwise the night was anybody's—even poor, old Scalchi's; for Scalchi poured her depleted hest into everything she sang. And when Nordica clicked her heel before the flaming *tour de force* which ended the Magyar aria, and the wonderful notes welled out from her tense open throat, like everyone's else in the Baldwin, my chair grew too small for my enthusiasm. I wanted plenty of room and the moral courage to swing my hat. In the fever of that moment I would have sworn she could conquer anything—anything!—from tuberculous Violetta to Trilby's Chopin Impromptu. But she drew the line easily and swiftly at Marguerite.

Nordica is a great singer, a fabulous singer in her own dramatic lines—and they are not narrow lines, either, withal they exclude Marguerite, for she sang "When Love is Kind" with fragile fancy, giving it the life, color and humor of a comedy in miniature, and she sang a lullaby, by Luckstone, with a kiss and a caress, and a motherly pat in every tone. I am not taking the standard of Miss

Any-old-person's hallad recital when I say Nordica sang these little songs exquisitely—she made creations of them. There was a picture and a story in each, and her enunciation was a lesson in English.

Peter Robertson, I see by several morning papers, says that Scalchi's "Annie Laurie" is a lesson in Scotch. Now that I think of it the hurr did come out in rich, wide plaids; and, unless sentimentality seizes me—for I, too, have a heartspot with Scalchi written on it in indelible italics, which might impair my truth and make me hanal, I must begin and end my eulogy by echoing clansman Robertson. Scalchi's Scotch is superb. Still, a whole square, three deep, of fuzzy-kneed Highlanders, accompanied by four hands of haggpipes, and Ian McLaren and James Barrie and a glossary to boot, cannot make me forget the time when Scalchi could sing—sing till you thrilled to the marrow with richness of it, the great, big, round perfection of it. And of this voice, which belonged to history years ago, what is left? Not enough full notes to buy May Yohe a new lordling. The upper tones are broken and blared, the lower are husky, timberless and coughsome; Yes; the method is still there; but method is madness when it attempts to gild an old and tarnished voice.

Just judging from appearances, and names and their significance, I should have take Berthald for Dempsey. He looks more that way. But Mr. Berthald is by no means a had man if you judge him with your ears. He has a somewhat obscure but resourceful tenor and he made a great deal more out of the Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger* than the orchestra evidently intended he should; and he shared his encore with the composer, which was tactful in more ways than one, for I fear he would be a hit ponderous in ballads. And with this exception encores meant hallads every time Monday night. I haven't the least idea why. Mr. Dempsey sang that touching temperance poem "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" in a pure steadfast way, which suited that song much better than the same pure steadfast way did Mephisto's music.

The orchestra, composed of Mr. August Hinrichs and his musical union friends, and under the direction of Luckstone, experienced perhaps less unhappy accidents than usually attend this sort of an orchestra on this sort of an occasion.

The audience was a swollen success.

Thursday was Scalchi's night, so far as *Trovatore* was concerned, and, if it comes down to five distinctions, Scalchi's eveu in the concert half of the programme. Nordica sang "Dich Theure Halle," from *Tannhauser*, in drawing-room spirit. Of course one cannot demand atmosphere and intense Germanism amid the rigor of concert surroundings and with a frugal piano accompaniment, but Nordica achieved such fine fury, such almost Amazonian passion in the Magyar aria Tuesday night, that we expected more than a Vere de Vere reading of the Wagner. However, she atoned handsomely with three encores, Arne's "Where the Bee Sucks," Foerster's "Ich liebe dich," and "Robin Adair," all sung imaginatively and sympathetically. And I wondered again over the singular contradictions of this musical temperament, which can woo such sweet romance from simple hallads and fail so lamentably in Marguerite. No one expected a great Leonora of Nordica, and no one was surprised. She patronized Verdi as a funny old-timer who dealt in fancy work tragedies to the beat of waltzful triplet strings. Not so with Scalchi, who is no modern, and whose heart is true to the trustful old music of a hyegone day. Scalchi did her noble hest; she fought time and nature, and occasionally a big broad note surged out and swept us back to the other days, when Wagner was an upstart and Verdi king, and Scalchi the contralto of the world.

I would not advise you to take a Three Dollar mood to the Columbia. *The Devil's Auction* is not worth it. After four furious acts of dances, songs and gags, harassed by decadent scenery from the year 1, and the most villainously played music I have ever heard from any orchestra in any place, I left the theatre with hut two moving mements within recall. The first was Miss Mayo's

singing of a doctored and diluted version of "The New Bully," in which she showed such begrudged zeal, such rapt grit and enterprise, that I wondered how she ever found her way into this one-night-stand show business, instead of taking the broad and shiny path of vaudeville, where, by every note and smile and gesture, she belongs. There is not a woman at the Orpheum, nor has there been in many moons, who could light the gas for Mamie Mayo. In the other bright moment occurred a pair of old-fashioned pantalettes—the kind grandmother used to make. This spectacular garment, charged with lively human freight, and aimed plural end at the audience, came to be wedged in a car window during "The Trials of the Trolley." Many persons present pronounced it the chief attraction of the evening, and I understand the management relies upon this feature as one of the principal drawers.

Mr. Philip Hastings, who is known to the local authorities in connection with "He Ain't In It," "Guess Again," and other songs which disturbed the peace and incited riot in '90 and '91, and to dramatic critics by his skill at adjective and fluent circulation of the advance notice, is one of the new attractions at the Orpheum. Mr. Hastings is not to be seen upon the stage. Owing to the moon-moon of Mr. Moore, who is balancing his experience with the fame and fortune of the queen of scandal, Mrs. Dimond (now about to elevate the stage), Mr. Hastings is retained by the Orpheum management in the capacity of prose-poet and press agent. On the other side of the lights the Frauzes, a family of seven men, women and boy acrobats, do an absorbing turn. John Wilson and Bertha Waring accomplish some capital gags, and Binns and Binns, the well-remembered musical comedians, have secured a new lease of Orpheum favor. ASHTON STEVENS.

A wonderful actress in a wonderful play opens at the Baldwin Monday night.—Modjeska in *Magda*. This play and player are linked in dramatic history. It was Modjeska's acting of *Magda* that established this grim, absorbing play in the Saxon and Latin tongues. Berhardt and Duse have each paid tribute to Suderman's master creation, and many who have seen the three actresses in the part, give the preference to Modjeska. Joseph Howarth, an actor of big reputation, heads the supporting company. The stage direction is in the hands of George Osbourne. *Magda* is the bill until Saturday night, when *Mary Stuart* will be presented.

The Tivoli will also launch a big production on Saturday night—*Aladdin*, which George Lask, Ferris Hartman, and their associate librettists, composers and compilers, have been brewing for some months. The Tivoli is getting to be very timely in the matter of spectacular pieces. *Jack and the Beanstalk* opened almost instantaneously with the big New York holiday show, and now *Aladdin* comes just as the big pantomime by that name is making a sensation at Drury Lane, London. During the week, until Saturday, *Maritana* will be sung.

Bessie Clayton, who has been singing and dancing with the *Trip to Chinatown* company in Australia, and Alcide Capitaine, an aerial wonder from Italy, are the new cards for the Orpheum. Mr. Hastings says that the crowned heads and press of Europe have pronounced Miss Capitaine "the perfect woman," because her remarkable muscular development is completely concealed by her superb physical beauty. Johnnies, take warning!

Nordica will give an extra concert on Sunday night, and sing again the famous *Erszebeth* aria. The quartette from *Rigoletto* concludes the programme. The matinee to-day will bring out the famous closing scene to *Siegfried*; Nordica as the demi-goddess, Brunhilde.

The town is full of musical enthusiasm, and subscriptions are coming in handsomely for the new Symphony Society. A new symphony by Dr. Dvorak is promised for the opening concert.

Guilo Minetti, violinist, Roderick Herold, pianist, and Miss M. Genevieve Maroney, soprano, will assist Hugo Herold in his song recital at Golden Gate Hall Jan. 29th.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of January, 1897, an assessment, No. 49, of Ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 11th day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office; Room 11, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.



THERE are black sheep in every flock, there are scrubs in every profession, there are unworthy and indecent men on every block we travel. The Examiner has had for years upon its staff a man in a position of trust who is today, and has been for years, an object of the dislike and contempt of every honest minded journalist in the State. We refer to "Andy," now familiarly known as "Long Green" Lawrence. This person, utterly destitute of literary ability, a gutter-snipe in the most extreme sense of the word, a conspirator and lick-spittle, a petty tyrant where tyranny could assume the form of extortion, has, by some incomprehensible luck, and for some incomprehensible reason, been retained by Mr. Hearst as one of the guiding lights of his paper. A light to guide to what, a power to control what, an influence to shape what? There can be but one reply. The light that "Long Green" Lawrence shows is the lantern that guides to the sewers, the power is to tear open the most sacred and cherished secrets of families, the influence to help destroy innocent men and women by garbling the incidents of their private lives, to distort circumstances with which the public have absolutely no concern, although the attempt is made to excite their morbid interest in this wholesale hutchery of character.

How long shall men like "Long Green" Lawrence be permitted to endure in this community? Shall this hired assassin of right and morality place his foul hand, unrestrained, upon those things which decent people demand shall be held sacred? He stands alone in the profession as a pestilential whelp to whom even the sneaking body-guard that surrounds him pay reverence with tongues in cheek. Bluff, hearty Tom Williams, the Examiner's busi-ness manager, communicates his disgust to his cuspidor when "Long Green" Lawrence crosses the threshold of the Market street office. He is despised and hated, but still he maintains his position by that inexplicable prompting which oftentimes leads men of wealth to employ the vilest instruments to carry out their designs.

During all this fellow's career on the Examiner there is not a good word to be said about him. His associates have been of the lowest, and he has been shunned by the gentlemen on his paper, who have persistently sneered at his practices, and denounced his vice. That such an individual should not alone possess a shadow of authority, but that he should be tolerated at all, is an argument in favor of the all-enduring patience of this community. We are accused of supporting a corrupt and demoralizing press, and how can we dare refute the assertion when such characters as "Long Green" Lawrence are mentioned as journalists, even though their identification with every disreputable job, upon which now and then light is shed, is established. If William Hearst is not lost to all sense of decency he will retire this ex-peanut butcher to obscurity, and let him tumble naturally into the meshes of the law.

The artists are combining to make a move in a business direction. And it is high time. The painting of pictures is a delightful and aesthetic amusement, but one cannot live on the odors of the studio, and the stomach is so anatomically confined that it only enjoys art by its results. Now, the Art Association, while an excellent institution for education in art, and for the support of a few teachers, does not put a dime into the pockets of the majority of the Brethren of the Brush. It is hard times with the artists, for the picture buyer is a melancholy infrequency. Now an informal meeting was held at the club a few evenings ago, and the plan of a combine outlined. In the first place, the chairman, president, director, or whatever his title may be of this movement, must not be an artist. The necessity for this is evident to all who have had the *entrée*

of the studios. In the next place, a sort of monthly drawing, an Art Union scheme for which a certain number of tickets might be issued, the proceeds to be divided among the contributing artists. This should also take the form of an entertainment, music, songs, short acts, etc., winding up with a Spanish supper under the direction of that inimitable Castilian *chef*, Charles Rollo Peters, for whose impressions of Monterey scenery a box car is now loading at the ancient capital. Properly and harmoniously managed, a scheme of this nature would give each meritorious and industrious artist an assured monthly income, and keep the wolf, not only from the door, but in the next block.

Quite a clever story is told on one of our last season's brides, which caused a great deal of merriment among her circle. This young matron in question, belonging as she does to the order of *nouveau riche*, is ever desirous of impressing upon others her own importance and social standing, and considers New York the home of American aristocracy. At one of our recent social functions, she met a young lady from Washington, who is spending the winter on this coast. To the great annoyance of this stranger, the madam immediately cultivated her, and insisted whenever they met on presenting her as "her friend Miss D— from New York." Miss D—, wishing to put a stop to such proceedings, decided upon a way most quiet and effectual. The occasion soon presented itself at a very large tea given on Van Ness avenue. Our Washington friend, on entering the drawing-room, was soon espied by our Madame Nouveau Riche, who advanced most graciously, exclaiming so all might hear: "Ah! My friend Miss D—, from New York."

Imagine the horror depicted on Madame's countenance when Miss D— replied in a placid and gentle tone:

"Yes—from the *Bowery!*"

A general titter pervaded the vast assemblage. It is superfluous to say that the *annoyance* was removed.

Harry Dimond laments the aggressiveness of the new woman, whose rampant actions, he believes, are forcing the lords of creation into positions of secondary importance. Finding it necessary to give some personal instructions at the French laundry he patronizes, he sought the ostensible proprietor, but was by him referred to madame. Dimond speedily found that the woman was unmistakably the head of both family and business. He made some cynical comment upon this condition, to which the woman readily assented.

"My husband, he not very good for busi-ness," she explained. "But," she added with a glow of pardonable pride, "he is a fine laundress!"

There is no doubt but William Greer Harrison will leave California in a few months to make his permanent residence in the East. Mr. Harrison will be a loss to the literary and artistic life of San Francisco. He has done more for poor painters and writers in this city than will ever transpire, and by his indomitable energy and encouragement, has set many a weak vessel on its way from stormy to smooth waters. His family will remain in Europe for two years, and he will attend to the interests of the Thames and Mersey Company in New York or Chicago. The Bohemian Club will miss him sorely, for he was ever foremost in all the big things the club essayed, and was untiring in his efforts to promote them.

A genius who lives on Montgomery avenue has done as much for his day and generation in his line as Edison. He has invented a Welsh rarebit which will not clog. There is nothing which provokes keener competition among the amateur cooks of the clubs than the comparative excellence of their rarebit. But this Faraday of the kitchen has succeeded in mixing the ingredients into a soluble paste, which awaits only heat, toast and spoon. Even Peter Robertson, who has a larger quantity of Welsh rarebit scalps to his score than any man on earth, will acknowledge the quality of this new breed.

The latest and most elegant things in gent's furnishing goods are to be had of John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny St.

Honorable Paul Neumann of Honolulu has returned from Europe, and is much improved by his trip. No San Franciscan ever made Honolulu his home who was more pleased with that tropical clime than the genial Paul. His career there has been a success from the start, under all administrations. But in those days, when Paul first went to the Islands, there were rapid changes in the ministry. During Premier Gibson's administration, Mr. Neumann was appointed Attorney-General, and as such, took a seat in the Cabinet. Now, the uniform of a Cabinet officer in Honolulu during the kingdom was extremely elaborate and expensive; in fact, a perfect razzle-dazzle of gold lace. Mr. Neumann sent on to Paris for his ministerial costume. The weeks rolled on, and the affairs of the Government grew more and more unsettled. Battling winds and unkind ocean currents detained the good ship which was bearing the ministerial splendor to Honolulu. On the very day the ship was sighted off Diamond Head, a vote of want of confidence in the Government was passed, and just as Mr. Neumann's sword and uniform was put on the wharf, that diplomat surrendered his portfolio. The uniform still hangs in Mr. Neumann's closet in Honolulu, a gorgeous monument to the splendors of a departed kingdom.

At the Cosmos Club, many of the members with speculative tendencies indulge in frequent games of poker, and every Tuesday evening the game is given such full swing that no pretense at discontinuing play is made until daylight. One of the weekly all-night devotees is Charlie Bandman. The last time he played, he had varying luck, at one stage of the game possessing almost all the chips on the table, but before the termination of play losing all his money on a flush. No phase of the game escapes the vigilance of the servants in attendance, and a player's luck is quickly communicated from hall to kitchen. When Bandman, feeling poor and hungry, concluded it was time to go to business on Wednesday, he decided he would first have breakfast at the club, and entering the dining room, ordered a plate of hot cakes as a solace to his simple appetite and in keeping with his diminished purse. He tried to be philosophical over his losses, but he was hardly prepared to overhear the waiter paraphrase his order for hot cakes at the door: "A stack of whites for Mr. Bandman," was the intelligent commentary on the condition of the poker player's exchequer.

John Luther, the capitalist, and John Bourne, the caller of the stock board, are the Heavenly Twins of the Bohemian Club. Those two giddy fellows, both of whom have passed the seventy-year notch, have more fun in their way than the friskiest kid in the club. Not that their way is a quiet, demure way by any means. When the Reformer wishes the other John to refresh himself, he does not say in a piping treble: "Come, my dear old fellow, and let us take off the chill"; but he gives him a thump in the ribs that would stagger a lightweight, and sings out in a voice that a boatswain might be proud of. "Here, you young fellow, I can see thirst in your eye." When Uncle George Bromley joins the group things just hum. In fact, it keeps the directors busy restraining those young hoods from playing leap-frog in the social room.

THAT President A. W. Foster of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad would come out the victor in his fight against Sidney V. Smith, was to be expected, notwithstanding the decision of so eminent a jurist as Judge Angelotti of Marin County. This decision has now been reversed by the Supreme Court, which held with President Foster that Mr. Smith was not a director of the railroad. Seeing that the present Directors and Mr. Foster all work harmoniously for the company's and the stockholders' interests, good times for all concerned may be anticipated.

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The Discovery of the North Pole.

By Charles P. Nettleton

(From the *New York King*, September 12, 1906)

THE announcement ten days ago of the greatest discovery of modern times naturally created profound interest, not to say excitement, throughout the civilized world. It is matter for congratulation that this marvellous achievement was made by Americans, or rather by an American, as one man alone planned the feat, and today *The King* is enabled to give its readers the first published particulars of the methods employed by the wealthy and now famous Prof. John B. Fairchild in his most brilliant and successful attempt to reach the North Pole. At great expense the following special interview with the Professor has been cabled us:

HONNINGVAAG, NORWAY, September 11, 1906.

The Discoverer of the North Pole, Prof. J. B. Fairchild, of New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A., was found by me after some trouble, and the following is a full account of my interview with him. As your regular correspondent cabled, the Professor was obliged to anchor his steamer, the *North Pole*, in a little fiord, or inlet, a few miles south of Hammerfest, and make some slight repairs on her before proceeding to the United States. The whaling-vessel which spoke the *North Pole* and brought us the first news of the discovery gave such vague directions for finding her that I cruised about fruitlessly for three days, and the representatives of the other papers probably are still angrily peering round the inlets in that quarter.

Yesterday at dawn, while searching the extreme end of our twenty-eighth fiord, we found the *North Pole* close at hand. In seeking a safe harbor for a few days the captain had concealed the ship pretty effectually. In half an hour I was on board and congratulating Prof. Fairchild and his companions, whose names you have already. We all went down to the cabin, where I told my business.

The Professor is a quiet, genial, tall blonde Yankee, with large and frank but piercing eyes, and nervous to a degree, but thoroughly self-controlled. He looks capable of running a college or capturing a crew of pirates.

It had not escaped me that the *North Pole* was a large but, so far as I could see, very ordinary-looking steamer, of 2,000 or 3,000 tons. I noticed, however, that she seemed to be iron-clad, but saw nothing remarkable in that fact. In answer to my many questions the Professor or his able associates spoke as follows:

"No, we did not find an open Polar Sea, as some men have rather foolishly insisted would be the case: the path to the Pole is through hundreds of miles of solid ice. Neither did we leave the ship and travel over the ice. This ship you are on at this moment, my friend, steamed through the ice and remained for five days and five nights directly over that point at the northern extremity of the earth commonly called its axis, or the North Pole. Your eyes open! Well, there are 14 other men on board besides the crew of 43, who can bear witness to the fact as well as I, but before you leave us we will demonstrate the statement to be a scientific possibility." He paused, then added, "And if you don't admit it we will take you up there and leave you there."

I gazed half-incredulously at the other gentlemen. They nodded solemnly, or smiled superiorly, and one of them unlocked a drawer in a cabinet and took out a tiny bottle of water, which lay with many others on cotton-batting. Putting it in my hand he remarked quietly, "North Pole water, lately ice. Keep it." While thanking him I mentally resolved to be very meek and mild, in face of the Professor's awful threat. He continued:

"The many attempts to reach the Pole in the regular manner by travelling over the ice and establishing supply stations or making *cache* along the route, long ago I felt to be folly and almost crime. The cold weather, the distance, the amount of supplies to be taken, uncertainties

connected with the ice,—all these and other things precluded, to my mind, the bare possibility of ever reaching the Pole in that way. To travel to it through the air seemed for a time more feasible, but when the three balloon attempts we all know about had for one reason or another failed utterly, it seemed folly to try again in that way.

"About the time the first balloon attempt was made, in 1896, I determined to deliberately think out an original plan by which I could succeed. Five years ago the right idea came to me. I gave four years and a half to the work of preparation, and selection of my comrades, all of whom were pledged to secrecy, and on June 1st of this year we cleared from New York City.

"My idea?" The Professor smiled broadly, and then burst into a laugh.

"Why, man, it is simplicity itself! The only wonder is that no man had thought of it before. To put all in a sentence, I had a steamer built to order after my own plans, plated her with three-inch steel on the outside up to within three feet of the rail, or taffrail, as it is sometimes called, placed within her a powerful engine and electric dynamo combined, and then conveyed the electricity to the steel plate on the outside of the vessel. The immensely powerful current we were able to generate simply melted the ice we wanted to pass through, and that's all there is to it."

I gasped in amazement. In theory, the idea seemed as though it might be perfect. In practice—well, they said it had worked, so there was nothing for me to say. But that was not by any means "all there was to it," as he modestly expressed it, and in reply to further questions the Professor went on, speaking first of his vessel.

"My steamer is 240 feet long, of 2,300 tons register, and is fitted out with engines 3,000 horse-power, slightly modified to meet the peculiarities of the fuel we used. I should say also that the outside steel plate conducting the electricity is six inches from the frame of the vessel, the space between being packed with asbestos.

"You are right: a most powerful current of the so-called fluid, electricity, was necessary in order to melt the thick ice sufficiently rapidly for us to make any headway. I will not go into details about the engine-dynamo further than to say it is what is called a vertical quadruple expansion engine, marine type, of 2,500 H. P.,—actual, not nominal,—and carries a pair of 800 kilo-watt dynamos supplying together about 13,000 amperes; its dimensions are 26x18 feet by 25 feet high. I can assure you it is a magnificent piece of machinery. You must take a look at it before you leave us.

"No, it is never the custom to have the dynamo run by the same engines that propel the ship, for various reasons, chief of which is that it would be difficult to properly operate the dynamo when it was desired to do so without at the same time running the vessel.

"In planning our course we followed very nearly in the track of the Greely Expedition, of 1882; Lieut. Lockwood, of that party, on May 13, 1882, reached latitude 83° 24', or a point distant from the Pole 396 geographical miles, equal to 458 statute miles. Twice since then have men approached closer to the Pole: the whaling vessel *Newport* in 1893, and Prof. Nansen and party in 1896. But we ignored their routes altogether.

"Professor Greely and his party travelled for many miles over the ice. We encountered ice about 60 statute miles south of the extremest northern point he reached, making it necessary for us to traverse over 500 miles of solid ice. As our speed averaged nearly one mile per hour—pretty fair travelling, too, under the circumstances!—it took us five days of twenty four hours to come to the jumping off point. On the way back we have taken it slower.

"We found no open water to speak of and but little thin or broken ice; it was one nearly level field of solid glistening ice, the glare from which of course compelled

us to wear very dark glasses. Much if not most of the time there was ice beneath us, and so we were constantly in an ever-shifting shallow little lagoon of water extending one foot or so on all sides and beneath the vessel. We wasted no energy in cutting a wide swath.

"Did the electricity not affect the compass? No; why should it? It is only magnetism which makes the compass deviate, though if that instrument were held near a dynamo or very close to a live wire it would doubtless be deranged temporarily. But our compass scared us once, for a few moments! Because it always points north, what would you expect it to do on reaching the extremest northern point of our sphere? Well, our instrument seemed drunk, or bewildered, until Dr. Goodman stood it on its head, so to speak, when all was serene again. There's a problem for us to solve!

"The cold was something terrible, awful, unspeakable. It was simply beyond words. For days our spirit-thermometers registered—or did not vary more than two degrees from—112 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. But cold weather we had come prepared for, and I am glad to say that not one of our party of 58 was severely frozen in any part. So much for having given months of thought to preparing for every contingency.

"We lost one man by accident, it is true, but that occurred through his own carelessness. You must know that Polar bears—large, white, beautiful—sometimes came very near the ship. Desiring to take hack with us a few of their magnificent skins, we one day took a hundred yards of heavily-insulated wire, exposed a foot of one end, attached the other to the dynamo and sallied forth. While some of us were permitting a bear to chew the live end, which he did for about one second, one of the crew stole up behind the animal and put his hand on him before his intention occurred to us, or before we could jerk away the wire. Well, that's all! I should say that while we have intelligent men for a crew, every man had been impressively and repeatedly warned not to run the slightest risk whatsoever of drawing a charge of the terrific amount of electricity on board. Even we ourselves, experienced scientists, kept a look-out for one another and took no offence at a word of caution. Of course the wire that caused the man's death could convey but a small part of the 400,000 volts generated by the dynamo, but still it was a fearful charge and it did its work in a moment.

"A possible source of peril and the one I had feared almost above all others was the crashing down on our ship of some overtowering iceberg. I feared that in making our way through the enormously thick ice and among the ill-shapen mountains of it we must expect to encounter, we might undermine or in some way precipitate upon us a mass capable a thousand times over of hurrying us out of sight. But we encountered few icebergs except at the shore, so to speak. Moreover, we discovered something which astonished us and relieved us from all fear on that score, something which only experience could have even suggested. This is that as the ship left the open water and gradually began to force her way through the ice she was raised by the water she had melted above the level of the sea, until we sailed over and through the plateau of ice as we would through any other sea. This process was gradual, but the very fact that we were surrounded by only a little water, which froze again instantly as we went on, aided us much, if indeed it does not account for the experience. To express it in other words, at times the ship simply travelled up-hill and down, although of course at a very slight angle only. Still, we got there! We did not have specially smooth sailing, but we managed to travel on and we avoided colliding with any suspicious iceberg.

"When did we reach the Pole? On July 28th. The next party that goes up there will find a veritable pole of heavy wood. At the foot of it we left a stout box containing certain papers, a box securely sealed and anchored. By the way, we surmounted that pole with a plate of thin steel bearing on one side a painted United States flag, and on the other the motto, 'Keep of the grass.'

The Professor rose to indicate that the interview was over. I asked him about the more scientific results of his great discovery, but he said good-humoredly that he and his companions must have more time in which to calculate and study before publishing them. Probably, also, they

prefer to give those things to the expectant world over their own names.

But there was one point which had not been touched on, and such an important point that I urged the gentlemen to explain it. This was the motive power of the ship and dynamo. I knew that the *North Pole* could not have carried coal anywhere near sufficient for such a trip and such a purpose, and without a great deal of fuel of some kind they would never have dared to enter on the task of penetrating the icy and unfurnished regions of the Arctic Circle.

"No, we did not use coal," said the Professor. "When the leading idea of the whole business came to me, that of melting a path for the ship with electricity, it doubled and more than doubled the problem of supplying fuel for the engines. Then I set my wits to work in earnest. We could not use coal, or at least not in its ordinary form, as an easy calculation showed that for an eight months supply for the engines I purposed using I would have to carry 12,000 or 13,000 tons, an utter impossibility. I proposed running no risk of being caught empty-handed far from a coaling station.

"Now the loss of power from any engine using coal is great, amounting usually to 85 per cent. Even such engines as I should take, the very finest triple or quadruple expansion, on land or sea utilize not more than 25 per cent at the most, involving the loss of fully three quarters of the coal. This is a tremendous fact, but is well known to all engineers. It is true that the loss would be the same in portion no matter what was fed to the engines, but the point was that coal was too heavy and too hulky anyway. When both engines were running, our steamer would have demanded three or four tons per hour. To bring supply-vessels was totally out of the question.

"Inventors have applied themselves diligently to devising methods by which this loss of power might be saved, and these methods I investigated carefully. For one reason or another none of them satisfied me. I experimented myself a good deal, and not caring to give years to its study, I turned my thoughts into another channel.

"The greatest heat-producing article in nature is hydrogen gas. The calorific power of one pound of hydrogen burned under favorable conditions is sufficient to raise over 34,000 pounds of water from zero centigrade to one degree centigrade, or nearly the same as from 32 Fahrenheit to 34 F. In other words, and comparing it with coal, one pound of which yields about 8,000 thermal units, we know that one pound of hydrogen gas yields over 34,000 thermal units, or over four and one quarter times as much power as coal. Hydrogen gas I must certainly use.

"Now of all the four processes by which we chemists obtain that gas, not one yields it in an absolutely pure condition. I might have passed this point, however, but the best method chemists have so far used was inadequate to furnish more than an infinitesimal fraction of the vast amount necessary to propel the ship and run the dynamo. In short, I applied myself to the task of discovering a process by which I could obtain my gas from the compound always used—water—easily enough and in quantities sufficient for every purpose.

"I succeeded. Our motive power for both engines, therefore, has been drawn daily from the very water we passed through. We brought a little coal, about 3,000 tons, for use in emergencies, but have not touched it. Hydrogen gas is the calorific power which has enabled us to go to the North Pole. When we reach New Haven again I shall have the discovery of my process for obtaining that gas, also, to give to the world, and I think that in the near future hydrogen will take the place of coal in all large ships, manufactories, etc."

The interview was over. Before leaving, the engineer-in-chief showed me the interior workings of the ship, and explained certain points of great interest, such as the Professor's method of extracting hydrogen from the water, but this cablegram is already sufficiently lengthy.

The accident to the steamer will delay the party a few days only. They will then proceed at once to the United States, there to enjoy the fruits of Professor Fairchild's remarkable achievement, fruits which all the civilized nations of the globe will undoubtedly hasten to bestow on him, the more especially as his expedition did not need the usual rescuing.



A Book of the Week.* Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Adventures in Criticism," a collection of papers from The Speaker (London), first attracted our attention as being written by one of the most

brilliant of the younger Oxford writers, and next as being dedicated to an old Oxford friend. The well-printed volume contains nearly forty short essays on various literary topics. Some interesting remarks are found in the essay entitled "The Attitude of the Public Towards Letters," in which Mr. Quiller-Couch clearly points out the popular fallacy that the great Brain of the Public is the supreme judge of literature. Though, of course, it rests ultimately with the Public to buy, or refuse to buy, an author's works, immense popular success is a very poor and inadequate test of the merit of a writer. The general public, so far from being (as men who ought to know better sometimes tell it) an infallible judge of good literature, is not even a competent one. It is absurd to suppose that the man in the street forms a truer estimate of a book than the man of culture. The public, in so far as it entertains right views at all about books, derives them from that aristocracy of taste and intelligence which is nowhere a very numerous body. The average parson, the average professional man, the average commercial man, knows little or nothing of literary matters. Some books they can read, and many others they cannot, and there's an end to it. It is the cultured few who gradually impose their views on the many, and the general public is the ultimate judge only in the sense that it is the last to be convinced. Take a writer of such great popularity as the late R. L. Stevenson. Who first found him out? Were not men of taste twenty years ago reading "An Inland Voyage" with delight, and feeling that a new star had arisen in the literary firmament. And how many years ago is it since "Donkey Rides in the Cevennes" or "Memories and Portraits" were discovered by the great public? How few, comparatively, of the many-headed Demus have even yet found them? In "A Case of Book-stall Censorship" Mr. Quiller-Couch comments amusingly on Messrs. Eason & Son, a firm of booksellers who enjoy a monopoly of the bookstalls at the railway stations of Ireland, similar to that enjoyed by W. H. Smith & Son, at the railway stations of Great Britain. Messrs. Eason & Son refused to sell Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did" at any railway station in Ireland, considering that its tendency was towards immorality. While this conduct was unquestionably honest, it was erroneous, because it is not as literary critics and judges of what may, and what may not, be read that Messrs. Eason are doing business; their business is to supply such books as their customers ask for. A censorship of literature may be a good thing, but let its functions be exercised by a man chosen for his literary knowledge, and not by a book-vender, however honest and successful. Other papers deal with Henry Kingsley (the brother of Charles), Charles Reade, Robert Louis Stevenson, Hall Caine, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Frank R. Stockton, "Tribby," etc. Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch has an instinctive dislike (in which we heartily join him) of stories into which hypnotism and other pseudo-scientificisms are introduced, and asserts that Mr. du Maurier's "Tribby" won its immense popularity not because of, but in spite of, the hypnotism contained in it. He goes on to say that "Tribby" consists of two incompatible parts, one natural and the other supernatural, and that it is only the charm of the natural portion of the tale that carries the rest along; the hypnotic and scoundrelly machinations of Sven-gali being redeemed by the dramatic adventures of Tribby, Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird, who win a warm place in all hearts.

*This story was awarded the third prize in a competition arranged by the Chicago Record. The title is a not very ingenious adaptation of the title of the well-known romance by Ouida, "Under Two Flags." The three national emblems are the American, the Cuban, and the

Spanish. We find here the murderer, the shrewd detective, the superlatively beautiful and equally unprincipled woman, and the mysterious, dark, sombre, self-contained, invincible man, that are found in all such stories. The story is a story, and nothing more; it has not a trace of literary quality; there is no attempt at characterization; all the men and women speak alike; that is, just as the New York newspaper-man, who is a leading feature of the story, and his *confères* speak. There are adventures, hair's-breadth escapes, and complications of all kinds, spun out somewhat interminably. Yet, to our thinking, the story, poor as it is, is better than the hemuddled tale to which the first prize in this queer contest was awarded; we have managed to read "Under Three Flags" through; the story which won the highest award beat us entirely; to borrow a phrase from the race-track, we could not last the distance.

*"Under Three Flags: A Story of Mystery," by B. L. Taylor and A. T. Thoits. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. 1896.

George W. Cable, the well-known writer, edits a monthly literary magazine, entitled "The Symposium." It is published at Northampton, Mass., is of moderate bulk, but printed on good paper, and has good pictures. In the December issue, Clifton Johnson, who displays great taste and skill in the illustration of books by photographs, has an article on "The Land of Lorna Doon," with four illustrations from his own photographs. An article by Mr. Cable on J. M. Barrie is adorned with a portrait of Mrs. Barrie. The magazine contains several stories and poems, and five departments, the latter under the titles of "Thoughts and Views," "In the Foreground," "Home and Neighbor," "In the Reading World," and "Tail-pieces." The periodical advocates the formation of Home-Culture clubs, and offers many advantages to those who desire to borrow books from the circulating library connected with the magazine. Though we think that "home culture" should mean the cultivation of homes, just as horticulture means the cultivation of gardens, or pisciculture the breeding of fish, yet we are willing to suppose that it is intended to mean the cultivation of the minds of the various members of the family.

"A Great Hotel," which appears in the February Scribner's as the second article on "The Conduct of Great Businesses," gives some astounding facts as to this modern development of one of the oldest businesses in the world. There are as many employees in a great hotel as there are guests; there is a man whose whole duty it is to wind clocks; one head waiter in a great hotel owns a yacht and a summer residence; and hotels have their private blacksmith and paint shops. C. D. Gibson's great series of London pictures, which begin to appear in this number, is accompanied with his own notes and impressions, which show him to be a bright, crisp, and observant writer. The pictures present entirely new types from London streets.

On Tuesday evening, January 12th, Mr. J. W. Laing, M. A., of Oxford, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, delivered a lecture at Union Square Hall on his recent explorations in Vancouver Island, illustrated by many fine photographs. The Rev. W. W. Bolton gave an amusing narrative of his experiences on the same trip. The lecture was before the Geographical Society of the Pacific, and was very well attended. Next evening, at Pioneers' Hall, Mr. Laing delivered a lecture, illustrated with fine stereopticon views, on India, where he was formerly Head Master of the college founded by Lord Mayo for the education of the sons of the Maharajahs. This was well received by the large audience.

Professor Howison of the State University's recent address before the California Teachers' Association in San Jose, on "Interest and Character as Educational Motives," will be published in pamphlet form by William Doxey; as also will the report, by Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, and Professor Howison, of a discussion on the rational interpretation of Christianity, at the conference of Presbyterian ministers held on December 21st of last year. At Easter, Mr. Doxey will issue a collection of the poems of Clareuce F. Urmy, a Californian whose verse has won much favor with magazine editors.

In the Christmas issue of the Bookman a strange statement is made in a note upon Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's "Essays on Nature and Culture." It is to this effect: "The volume of the work has been increased one-half, so that instead of the original twelve essays we have now twenty-four in the final shape which the book has taken." The writer of this may be a fair literary critic, but he is certainly a weak arithmetician. Twelve "increased one-half" is eighteen; twelve raised to twenty-four is doubled, a book which originally contained twelve essays, but now contains twenty-four, has in it twice as much matter as it originally had; in other words, it is as large again as it was before. We should like to propound to the Bookman's man the old problem: If a herring-and-a-half cost a cent-and-a-half, what is the price per dozen? If he mastered that, we would then try him with this: If a hen-and-a-half lay an egg-and-a-half in a day-and-a-half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days? We should be willing to lay two to one on the problem.

The Academy, one of London's most serious literary periodicals, has lately adopted a novel manner of reviewing books for boys. The Bookman gives the following example of the new school of criticism: "Harold the Norseman" is simply a ripping story about Harold Haardraada, King of Norway, who was bowled out at last by the other Harold at the Batt'e of Stamford Bridge with Tostig, who was a bit of a bouncer. The story is just as good as history, because the writer has taken it from the old poet Johnnies. This book tells you all about the Vikings, how they lived, and hunted, and fought; and you feel that it is all real, because the writer has taken it all from the chaps who saw it done." This, while decidedly entertaining, is scarcely in conformity with one's preconceived ideas of so learned a weekly as the Academy.

A. Schilling & Co. have issued a neat little book of twenty-eight pages, with the seductive title, "Money-making." Therein they offer many suggestions to those who would make money by advertising, setting forth what good advertising is, and what it is not. "Advertising is not antics; not mere show of signs; not dirt; not a lot of vulgar and unpleasant things. It is what you like to see in other stores." Frankness, honesty, courtesy, and several other good, old-fashioned, but (we had feared) rather out-of-date virtues are recommended to him who would retail successfully; and samples of the signs prepared by Messrs. Schilling for use by grocers are given, to aid them in selecting those best suited to the requirements of their business.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

ONE of the most picturesque sights of the city is the old fort at Fort Point, which formerly guarded the entrance to the harbor, from the Golden Gate. The fort, although still in fair repair, is no longer used for defensive purposes, as more modern fortifications have been constructed in the immediate vicinity.

THE determination of Mr. Amadée Joullin to devote much of his time and attention to Indian studies is most praiseworthy, and will give that artist a larger field wherein to display his capabilities. A canvass just completed, called "Gone," is the first of this new series, and shows that he can treat such studies with the same breadth and felicity he puts in his landscape work. We shall look forward to his future work with pleasure, knowing that it will in no wise fall short of our expectations.

AT the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Works Company, the following directors, all members of the old board, were re-elected: Charles Webb Howard, A. H. Payson, G. W. Beaver, S. C. Bigelow, Charles R. Bishop, A. Borel, H. S. King. The reports submitted were most satisfactory, and show the affairs of the company to be in most excellent condition.

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A Fifth Wheel To a Coach.

The many who hold the so-called Mining Bureau in disfavor as a parasitical outgrowth on the body politic, and a machine run in the interests of a clique, could adduce no better argument for its abolishment than the recent report which, in regard to practical utility, would be more aptly entitled a Mining Directory. It marks the latest and most pronounced stage of degeneracy in an institution which is now little more than a free advertising agency for the makers and inventors of mining machinery; of processes for the manipulation of ores, and personal friends of the powers that be. To appreciate the merits of this literary effort, evolved at the expense of \$25,000 of public money, the reader will require a library of hack volumes at hand for reference. The hooks and accumulation of mining data should be turned over to the State University as a nucleus for a School of Mines, which would reflect some credit upon the community at least, and make some return for the money expended in its support. The museum, too, could be placed to much better advantage either in the Park or with the Academy of Sciences, which can boast of one equally as interesting, if not more so. The fact that the most prominent mine owners of the State refused to grant admission to representatives of the Bureau is noted, and perhaps may furnish its supporters with ammunition for a battle in behalf of the official recommendation that Czar-like powers be given the institution by adding mining inspectorship to the duties of State Mineralogist. What the Legislature ought to do, provided it does not wipe the Bureau out of existence, is to make it imperative that whoever is selected to fill the position of chief of the Bureau should possess a scientific as well as a practical training in the profession, and furthermore, that he should devote his sole time to the duties for which he is paid. Men engaged in operating mines of their own, and in other enterprises which take up their time, have no business at the head of a public department, and it should not be permitted.

Rigging the Foreign Market.

Failing the individual possessed of the wealth necessary to purchase their wares at inflated prices, the scheming purveyors for mining markets abroad have adopted a new and simpler method to fill their pockets. The public purse is now sought. Legitimate mining investments, on a moderate scale of profits in the way of a commission on sales, do not suit these manipulators, a grade or two removed in the social scale above the itinerant "pea and thimble" expert and "sure-thing" fakirs. They are on the look-out for some old shell with a record, which can be hurried up to pass examination from some purchasable scoundrel labeled mining engineer, hogus like the rest of the outfit. Equipped with a mine (?) of this description, the next step is to bring a company out in London or elsewhere with high-sounding name, prospectus full of glittering certainties in the way of profit on the investment, and a "guinea-pig" directory. Men who see through the rascally scheme, with power to stop it in the initial stages, are too venal or cowardly to interfere, and the game is played, the manipulators cleaning up their ill-gotten gain before the collapse comes. In the case of California properties, as a rule, the mine owner cannot be held responsible. He rarely receives what his mine is worth. Its value is gauged very closely, with no allowances made in dealing with him. The juggling is done at the other end, where the profit is turned, should the scaly transaction succeed, to be shared in by confederates who assisted here. That the latter-day type of Sir Mulberry Hawke does not always get off scot free is evident from the investigation now proceeding in London over a scheme of the kind, which is likely to end in the conviction of one or more of the Directors. It has already been developed that the real vendor or promoter had used fictitious names in application for shares, and had bought shares in the market in the names of other people to keep up the price. One of the Directors also admitted that an understanding existed between himself and the promoter,

who was largely indebted to him, that the latter should give him half the profits when the company came out. This is a fair sample of what is going on, to the ultimate detriment of the business. It is some satisfaction to know, however, that money is not pouring in from the public so freely as these robbers might desire, and absolute failure has attended not a few of their schemes.

A Deplorable Mining Mishap.

The disaster which has overtaken the Thistle Mining Company by the flooding of its mines in Plumas, is a very regrettable affair. Without the slightest warning the water broke in, while driving one of the gangways up stream without the slightest appearance of moisture in the gravel, not even affording time to ascertain whether its source was from the gravel or bed rock. If from the former the pumps will, it is believed, eventually drain the mine, but if from the latter, the only salvation for the company lies in a tunnel, which will take a long time and much money. Otherwise the mine will have to be abandoned. The company was never doing better than when the water broke in and stopped work. The mine, which has been in operation for four years past, in charge of Mr. C. B. Wingate, was a credit to its management, and one which could be pointed out as a representative and successful investment of British capital in California. It is hoped that the water will eventually be mastered and work resumed on the property.

The Pine-Street Market.

The bear brokers and "chipping" fraternity on Pine street were treated to a surprise during the week, in the form of an upheaval in prices, which sent Chollar up to \$1 40, the other north-end and middle shares showing a proportionate advance. Unfortunately, the movement was short-lived, and some of the stocks dropped suddenly back to the starting point almost faster than they went up. Subsequently, a streak of high-grade ore, cut on the 1550 level of Con.-Cal.-Virginia, helped to stiffen matters up and enthuse dealers to the point of increasing their holdings. When the Nevada Legislature meets, it is expected that it will assist the American Flat drainage scheme to some extent, and then the temper of local investors will be tested in the matter of support. If they take kindly to the scheme, some lively times may be expected on the street.

Production of Precious Metals.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s annual report, compiled by President J. J. Valentine, of precious metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River (including British Columbia) during 1896, shows in the aggregate: Gold, \$54,399,242; silver, \$35,784,963; copper, \$28,869,305; lead, \$7,236,026. Total gross result, \$126,289,536. The "commercial" value at which the several metals named herein have been estimated is: Silver, 67c. per oz.; copper, 11c. per lb., and lead, \$3 per cwt. The production by States was as follows: California, \$15,631,391; Nevada, \$2,759,364; Montana, \$37,270,500; Utah, \$10,383,759; Colorado, \$26,854,844; Arizona, \$9,265,917; Idaho, \$8,125,182; Dakota, \$4,794,765; Alaska, \$2,750,955. The other amounts are small. The exports of silver during the past year to Japan, China, the Straits, etc., have been as follows: From London, \$33,968,620; from San Francisco, \$9,947,776. Total, \$43,916,396, as against \$43,956,787 last year.

The Fireman's Fund Election.

The annual meeting of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company was held on Tuesday last. In spite of the hard times which have borne so hardly on other companies, the company made a remarkably good financial showing, the net surplus being swelled to \$1,104,726. against \$987,205 for the preceding year. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, as follows: D. J. Staples, John O. Earl, John Barton, John H. Gardiner, John T. Wright, Thomas S. Chard, W. H. Brown, F. W. Lougee, J. C. Coleman, John Birmingham, and William J. Dutton. The officers remain the same as last year.

The Deal In Powder.

The Giant shares were carried up to \$30 during the week, but whether the good folks with money to throw to the birds got trapped, it is difficult to say. The compact which is supposed to affect these debt-laden shares to a greater extent than those in great solid concerns like the California, is still conspicuous by its absence.

Down Center

"Hear the Crier" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

OAKLAND must be a matrimonial harvest field for aged dames and ancient spinsters. Two frisky bridegrooms over there have this week taken unto themselves wives older than themselves, and as their own ages in the marriage licenses are given as sixty-nine and seventy-four respectively, it will be seen that youthfulness is at a discount with Cupid across the bay. The Town Crier predicts that within a month's time there will not be an old maid or elderly widow in the city limits in San Francisco. Ten cents will take them to Oakland, and while there's life there's hope.

YANKING molars from the jaws of howling patients is splendid exercise for knights of the forceps, and it would seem that any dentist with a fairly good practice could keep his muscles in proper trim without joining an athletic club. In a new organization of this character that has just filed its articles of incorporation, a local nerve-killer has been made a prominent officer, and it is now whispered that he intends to become a sort of dental Sandow, who will be able to pick up his patients and shake them off a tooth, instead of extracting the latter in the old-fashioned way.

WHETHER Miss Lillian Ashley will hide her attractive limbs in a convent or will advertise them before the footlights, remains to be seen. It is, of course, hard to believe that she was damaged to the extent of \$100,000, but she probably knew best what value to put upon her earthly charms.

IT appears that the unfortunate souls who shuffle off this mortal coil *via* the Morgue route, and hope by dying unidentified to secure peace at last, without putting their relatives and friends to the inconvenience of burying them, are to be denied even the poor privilege of interment in the Potter's Field. The doctors want them to experiment on, so, instead of being decently planted, these hapless bodies must meet a pickled fate, in the interests of science. This is enough to make a man prefer the uncertainties of life to the certainties of unidentified dissolution.

FISTICUFFS, 'sdeath, divorce;
A murderer on the wing;
A Morgue that prays that another corse
Each hour its way may bring;
Bullets and knives and thieves;
Bloodshed and birds of prey—
These are what San Francisco weaves
In her story of a day.

VIGOROUS and effective methods are being employed to stamp out crime in Alaska, and that territory is now a law-abiding and peaceable place. These frontier localities, supposed to be the hot-beds of criminal lawlessness, can teach San Francisco a thing or two in decency and self-respect. The secret of the matter is, that Alaska has not become too highly civilized to be respectable.

MARY and Thomas Finnegan, both deaf mutes, are trying to get divorced, and Judge Troutt has been sitting up nights trying to master the intricacies of the sign language. It appears that the Finnegans, according to their own testimony, fight continually, but their neighbors assert that they have never heard them speak a cross word.

EX-SENATOR Grady of Fresno is in hot water. He is accused of battering a waiter, and putting the final touches to the exercise by chewing his ear. The Town Crier is not surprised that a Fresno man should be violent and bloodthirsty when at large, but cannot forbear expressing astonishment at his singular taste.

THE Truckee carnival has enabled some scores of San Franciscans to taste of the "delights" of the "good, old-fashioned winter;" such joys as thousands of Eastern people come to California to avoid.

THE Examiner's man Friday is at present running the Santa Cruz Penny Press; into the ground, presumably.

MURDERER Butler has done so much to advertise the virtuous city of San Francisco, that he should be met by a body of our public officials and prominent business men, and presented with some token of our regard. A volume of decisions in relation to capital crimes, showing how long it takes to convict men of his calibre in California, would prove hopeful reading for him, and, supposing he saves his neck elsewhere, might induce him to come and take up his residence with us in the near future.

A GOOD deacon explained to an Oakland congregation last Sunday that the earthquake shock which disturbed the worshipers was "simply the voice of the Lord speaking to his people." This pious interpretation of the occurrence is rendered somewhat doubtful from the circumstance that the same jolt was experienced in the Examiner office. The staff of that establishment is so accustomed to "shake-ups" that the event was scarcely remarked.

PEOPLE who turn on the gas, as the easiest and best method of settling life's woes, should leave a deposit with the landlady beforehand. There is not any too much profit in the boarding house business, no matter what the texture and fineness of the hash provided, and it is a trifle inconsiderate to thus play into the hands of a corporation. Will suicidists please be a little less thoughtless?

THE man who created a sensation the other night by bursting with a yell from his room in the early hours of morning, and turning a back somersault in his *robe de nuit* before the terrified guests, should be pitied rather than blamed for his unusual conduct. It was not delirium tremens, nor sudden nuttiuess. He had inadvertently fallen asleep while perusing the Sunday Examiner.

RUMORS from afar declare that the theme of the next Woman's Congress will be "Education." This is encouraging. By next year the ladies may get down to solid business and discuss cookery. What this community needs is good digestion, and in this, fair woman holds man's life and temper in her hands. Give us proper food, and the millennium is not an impossibility.

THE actress who desires an honest name,
Must see her "star" hopes glimmer to a candle,
The while, across the footlights, like a flame,
Another woman soars to fortune, fame
And money, through the magic aid of scandal.

HAYES VALLEY residents are weary of groping about in darkness, falling into defective sewers, yielding to the too-familiar embrace of the festive footpad and the merry thug. They announce their determination to have light, and plenty of it, throughout that district. Thus, bit by bit, the work of reform goes hopefully on.

A WOMAN in this city attempted suicide this week, because she had two husbands, which was one more than she coveted. Strauge, very strange. And there are others who cannot succeed in landing so much as one upon the shore of matrimony. Things are so unevenly distributed in this world!

GOOD news. The main corridor in the New City Hall is going to be washed out every night hereafter, instead of every three years. By the time the entire building is purified, it may occur to the powers that be to purify the politics and people, as well as the pavements and floors of that historic structure.

IT is not fair to jump to the conclusion that the post-mistress across the bay who eloped with a storekeeper and married him, did so merely to get the right to open his letters without being liable to the law. No woman's curiosity would carry her quite so far.

IT is refreshing to know that the presence of a lady in the Board of Education would cause "embarrassment" to the honorable members. We never imagined the blush of modesty could tinge the cheeks of these gentlemen.

"WHO was the man they used to call Durrant?
What was his crime?" The Crier does not know.
Your pardon, dear subscriber, but he can't
Recall what happened here so long ago.

THERE are likely to be some broken heads as well as broken types in the famous broken-will case of the late Senator Fair. But the lawyers are not likely to come out broke.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, President, San Francisco.
 GEORGE E. GRAY, First Vice-President, San Francisco.
 DUDLEY EYANS, Second Vice-President, New York.
 AARON STEIN, Secretary, San Francisco.
 H. B. PARSONS, Assistant Secretary, New York.
 HOMER S. KING, Treasurer, San Francisco.

Wells, Fargo & Company,

Express and Banking.

San Francisco, December 31, 1896.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

DEAR SIR: The following is our Annual Report of Precious Metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River (including British Columbia) during 1896, which shows in the aggregate: Gold, \$54,399,242; Silver, \$35,784,963; Copper, \$28,859,305; Lead, \$7,236,026. Total gross result, \$126,289,536. The "commercial" value at which the several metals named herein have been estimated is: Silver, 67 cts. per oz.; Copper, 11 cts. per lb.; and Lead, \$3.00 per cwt.

Allowance must always be made for probable variations from reported figures, by reason of constantly increasing facilities for transporting bullion, ores and base metals from the mines outside of the express and the difficulty of getting entirely reliable data from private sources. Estimates obtained in this way are liable to be exaggerated and are, to a considerable degree, guesswork; but with some modifications on this account, made herein, the general results reached, while only approximately correct, may be accepted as the closest approximation possible under the circumstances.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Gold Dust and Bullion by Express.	Gold Dust and Bullion by Other Conveyances.	Silver Bullion by Express.	Ores and Base Bullion by Freight	TOTAL.
California	\$11,553,928	\$3,973,376	\$ 83,839	\$ 20,248	\$15,631,391
Nevada	1,081,656	950,000	478,814	248,894	2,759,364
Oregon	1,746,752	203,452	96,784	25,000	2,071,988
Washington	345,850	37,500	170,500	553,850
Alaska	2,715,955	35,000	2,750,955
Idaho	2,652,500	3,272,682	2,200,000	8,125,182
Montana	4,625,000	9,350,000	23,295,500	37,270,500
Utah	777,698	1,163,122	1,050,348	7,392,591	10,383,759
Colorado	12,712,483	12,185,881	1,956,480	26,854,844
New Mexico	245,115	544,200	179,876	177,600	1,146,791
Arizona	1,313,510	1,775,880	293,618	5,882,909	9,265,917
Dakota	4,572,265	185,000	37,500	4,794,765
Texas	311,730	311,730
Wyoming	25,000	3,500	28,500
British Columbia (entire Province)	1,384,000	2,100,000	856,000	4,340,000
Total	\$43,935,757	\$11,363,485	\$29,762,572	\$42,127,722	\$126,289,536

The gross yield for 1896, shown above, segregated, is approximately as follows:

Gold	431 ⁷ / ₁₀	\$ 54,399,242
Silver	28,116 ¹ / ₁₀	35,784,963
Copper	22,810 ⁸ / ₁₀	28,869,305
Lead	510 ⁶ / ₁₀	7,236,026
Total		\$126,289,536

ANNUAL PRODUCTS OF LEAD, COPPER, SILVER AND GOLD IN THE STATES AND TERRITORIES WEST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, 1870-1896.

YEAR.	Production as per W. F. & Co's Statements, including amounts from British Columbia and West Coast of Mexico.	Product after deducting amounts from British Columbia and West Coast of Mexico.	The Net Products of the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, exclusive of British Columbia and West Coast of Mexico, divided, are as follows:			
			LEAD.	COPPER.	SILVER.	GOLD.
1870	\$ 51,000,000	\$ 52,150,000	\$ 1,080,000	\$17,320,000	\$33,750,000
1871	58,284,000	55,784,000	2,100,000	19,286,000	34,398,000
1872	62,236,959	60,351,824	2,250,000	19,924,429	38,177,395
1873	72,258,093	70,139,860	3,450,000	27,483,302	39,206,558
1874	74,401,045	71,965,610	3,800,000	29,699,122	38,466,488
1875	80,889,057	76,703,433	5,100,000	31,635,239	39,968,194
1876	90,875,173	87,219,859	5,040,000	39,292,924	42,886,935
1877	98,421,754	95,811,582	5,083,250	45,846,109	44,880,223
1878	81,154,622	78,276,167	3,452,000	37,248,137	37,576,030
1879	75,349,501	72,688,888	4,185,769	37,032,857	31,470,262
1880	80,167,935	77,232,512	5,742,390	\$ 898,000	38,033,055	32,559,067
1881	84,504,417	81,198,474	6,361,902	1,195,000	42,987,613	30,653,959
1882	92,411,835	89,207,549	8,008,155	4,055,037	48,133,039	29,011,318
1883	90,313,612	84,639,212	8,163,550	5,683,921	42,975,101	27,816,640
1884	84,975,954	81,633,835	6,834,091	6,086,252	43,529,925	25,183,567
1885	90,181,260	87,311,382	8,562,991	7,838,036	44,516,599	26,393,756
1886	103,011,761	100,160,222	9,185,192	9,276,755	52,136,851	29,561,424
1887	104,645,959	103,327,770	9,631,073	10,362,746	50,833,884	32,500,067
1888	114,341,592	112,665,569	11,263,630	18,261,490	53,152,747	29,987,702
1889	127,677,836	126,723,384	14,593,323	14,793,763	64,808,637	32,527,661
1890	127,166,410	126,804,855	11,509,571	20,569,092	62,930,831	31,795,361
1891	118,237,441	117,946,565	12,385,780	13,261,663	60,614,004	31,685,118
1892	111,531,700	111,259,508	11,433,947	19,370,516	50,607,601	29,847,444
1893	104,081,591	103,827,623	7,756,040	23,631,339	38,491,521	33,948,723
1894	105,113,489	104,844,112	8,223,513	22,276,294	28,721,014	45,623,291
1895	118,161,612	117,896,988	7,170,367	27,052,115	35,274,777	48,399,729
1896	126,289,536	121,949,536	6,536,026	28,713,305	33,684,963	53,015,242

The exports of Silver during the past year to Japan, China, the Straits, etc., have been as follows: From London, \$31,968,620; from San Francisco, \$9,947,776. Total, \$43,916,396, as against \$43,956,787 last year. Pounds Sterling estimated at \$1.84.

United States of Mexico.

STATEMENT OF THE PRODUCT OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, REVISED AND CORRECTED FROM 1877 TO 1896
VALUES UPON MINTAGE BASIS.

YEARS.	GOLD.	SILVER.	TOTAL.
1877-1878	\$ 747,000	\$21,537,000	\$25,584,000
1878-1879	881,000	25,125,000	26,006,000
1879-1880	942,000	26,500,000	27,742,000
1880-1881	1,013,000	29,231,000	30,247,000
1881-1882	937,000	29,329,000	30,266,000
1882-1883	956,000	29,569,000	30,525,000
1883-1884	1,055,000	31,695,000	32,750,000
1884-1885	914,000	33,226,000	34,140,000
1885-1886	1,026,000	34,112,000	35,138,000
1886-1887	1,047,000	34,600,000	35,647,000
1887-1888	1,031,000	34,912,000	35,943,000
1888-1889	1,040,000	40,706,000	41,746,000
1889-1890	1,100,000	41,500,000	42,600,000
1890-1891	1,150,000	43,000,000	44,150,000
1891-1892	1,275,000	45,750,000	47,025,000
1892-1893	1,400,000	48,500,000	49,900,000
1893-1894	1,425,000	47,250,000	48,675,000
1894-1895	4,750,000	54,225,000	58,975,000
1895-1896	5,475,000	54,450,000	59,925,000
Total	\$28,164,000	\$708,820,000	\$736,984,000

EXHIBIT OF COINAGE OF GOLD, SILVER AND COPPER, IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, FROM THE 1st OF JULY, 1873, TO THE 30th OF JUNE, 1896.

YEARS.	GOLD DOLLARS.	SILVER DOLLARS.	COPPER DOLLARS.
1873-1874	\$866,743	\$18,846,067	\$15,966
1874-1875	862,619	19,386,958	21,712
1875-1876	809,401	19,454,054	39,654
1876-1877	695,750	21,415,128	9,035
1877-1878	691,998	22,084,203	41,364
1878-1879	658,206	22,162,987	16,300
1879-1880	521,826	24,018,528	14,035
1880-1881	492,068	24,617,395	42,258
1881-1882	452,590	25,146,260	11,972
1882-1883	407,600	24,083,921	
1883-1884	328,698	25,377,379	
1884-1885	423,250	25,840,728	
1885-1886	425,000	25,850,000	
1886-1887	410,000	25,600,000	
1887-1888	340,320	26,711,000	
1888-1889	305,100	25,274,500	
1889-1890	243,298	24,328,326	
1890-1891	308,000	24,238,000	
1891-1892	291,940	25,527,000	
1892-1893	361,672	27,169,876	
1893-1894	553,978	30,185,611	
1894-1895	545,237	27,628,981	
1895-1896	565,786	22,634,788	
Total	\$11,561,080	\$557,581,690	\$203,296

SUMMARY.—Totals: Gold, \$11,561,080; Silver, \$557,581,690; Copper, \$203,296. Grand Total, \$569,346,066.

EXHIBIT OF THE COINAGE OF MEXICO FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MINTS IN 1537 TO THE END OF THE FISCAL YEAR OF 1896.

COLONIAL EPOCH.	GOLD.	SILVER.	COPPER.	TOTAL.
Unmilled coin from 1537 to 1731	\$ 8,497,950	\$752,067,456	\$200,000	\$760,765,406
Pillar Coin 1732 to 1771	19,889,014	441,623,211	461,518,225
Bust Coin 1772 to 1821	40,391,447	888,563,989	342,893	929,298,329
INDEPENDENCE.	\$68,778,411	\$2,082,260,656	\$542,893	\$2,151,581,960
Iturbide's Imperial Bust, from 1822 to 1823	\$ 557,392	\$ 18,575,569	\$ 19,132,961
Republic Eagle—1824 to 30th June, 1873	45,040,628	749,246,485	\$5,235,177	799,522,290
REPUBLIC.	\$45,598,020	\$758,822,054	\$5,235,177	\$809,655,251
Eagle coin, from 1st July, 1873, to 30th of June, 1896	\$11,561,080	\$557,581,690	\$203,296	\$569,346,066

SUMMARY.

Colonial Epoch—from 1537 to 1821, \$2,151,581,960; Independence—from 1822 to 1873, \$809,655,251; Republic—from 1873 to 1896, \$569,346,066. Total, \$3,530,583,277.

J. M. Valentini
President.



ONE of the most striking fads of the day is the armorial bearings, crests, etc., which are considered *de rigueur* for all society people, and it is not a little amusing the uphill work—real work—it is to many getting up the requisite lozenge for note paper, silver, and carriage panel. In London, people who wish their crests done (if not already in use) begin by tracing descent, searching genealogy, and the like. In New York and San Francisco this method is, for obvious reasons, not the one followed, so an expert designer is called in to aid the taste and wishes of the wealthy fashionables who wish to be up-to-date. Several humorous stories are told of what has happened in Gotham, where people have been on the hunt for crests and mottos, one of them strongly reminiscent of the famous *mot* of Dean Swift, who, on being asked by a rich tobacconist to suggest a proper motto for his carriage crest, immediately responded: "Why, *Quid rides*, of course." However, as our local Four Hundred is of more interest to us than the doings of London or New York, we took the pains a few days ago to examine a display made by a leading stationer of the recently executed crests and coats of arms designed to order for our swagger set. There being "no earthly reason why we can't have strawberry leaves if we feel like it," to quote from a leading hud, that ducal insignia is used extensively as well as the five-pointed coronet and the *fleur de lis*. Hands and daggers, griffens' heads, and lions' *couchant* are frequent, but the design of old castles with knights in armour seems to be a favorite style. One lady, evidently of a sentimental turn of mind, has chosen a transfixing heart on a shield. Another pretty devise of originality is a huge stack of glittering gold; motto, "Win gold and pile it." Yet another shows a steaming locomotive; motto, "Bound by steel." Of course, these are the crests merely; the armorial bearings are all more or less gorgeous in coloring and heraldry, and mark an epoch in our fashionable progress at this *fin de siecle*, for no one who is any one can afford to be without a crest nowadays.

Another mark of our gradual adoption of things British is the hunt, which is apparently hovering about from country to town, unsettled where to stay. The difficulty of drawing sufficiently large numbers of participants to the San Mateo line to make the thing a success, has induced the indefatigable members of the Pacific Avenue riding club to take a hand and try what can be done in the way of a hunt over hedges, fences, ditches, and fields in the Ingle-side District, whereby the club may display its horsemanship, and the city folk may indulge in joining the sport, either as riders or onlookers. That it will be a success of course remains to be seen, but at all events it will be a brilliant "try," as many of the leading lights of the swim are among the members of the riding school.

Gossip says that when those thoroughly equipped young ladies, the Misses Ethel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman, finally enter society as acknowledged grown-up girls, they will be the sensation of the season; also that Miss Florence Breckenridge is another girl who will make a brilliant addition to society's ranks. So it behooves those girls who are stars of this year's social firmament to make hay while the sun shines, and get out of the way of the new lights.

Several feasts are in prospect for our epicures. On Tuesday last, a swell banquet was given at the Presidio for three hundred persons. On Tuesday next, the Laurel Hall Club will give a supper for two hundred and fifty guests at Beethoven Hall, and on February 4th, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Spitz will celebrate their golden wedding by giving a dinner to seventy-five of their friends at the Concordia Club. All these functions will be attended to by Max Abraham, the well-known caterer.

Miss Elizabeth Carroll's many friends are growling at not having been allowed the pleasure of seeing her in her nuptial robe, as they had hoped a church wedding would have been her choice, but Miss Elizabeth is nothing if not positive, and she is said to have set her little foot down very positively on an elaborate wedding, reserving all that sort of thing for the Whittier mansion.

If rumor speaks by the card, one of the bridesmaids who will attend Miss Carroll will hereafter be a bride ere many moons have waned. "Miss Julia Crocker, of course," say our readers. Not so, dear friends. Stately Miss Romie Wallace is the one meant.

The perfect delight with which young Boardman was greeted upon his return to health and appearance at the card party by the owner of those lovely eyes, should have satisfied him that one conquest at least has fallen to his share in the new Year.

Sausalito folks are greatly exercised over some city gossip which declares that Claude Terry Hamilton has followed Charley McIntosh's example, and is engaged.

The new army contingent can boast of several pretty women among them, as evidenced by the military hall-room on Tuesday evening last.

Japanese curios are sought after the whole world over but in no place can such rare ones be obtained as in San Francisco. The visitor to the store of G. T. Marsh & Co., 625 Market Street, will obtain the best obtainable at very reasonable prices. The store is well worth a visit.

The FINEST GIN Imported.

Especially Adapted for Family Use
and Medicinal Purposes.

In Large Square White Bottles.



Annexed Trade Mark - -
Appears on Cap and - -
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Sold by Grocers and Dealers...Beware of Filled-Up Bottles

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,

Sole Agents.

314 Sacramento St., S. F.

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Commencing Monday, Jan. 4th

\$125,000

CLOAKS,
SUITS, etc.

The entire stock to be sold during next 30 days at a TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

ARMAND CAILLEAU,

Cor. Geary St. and Grant Ave.





"The difference at present between the handsome young woman and the codfish," said the cheerful idiot, in answer to a question he had evidently put to himself before sitting down at the table—"the difference between the handsome young woman and the codfish is, that one has a chance to become a fall bride and the other to become a ball fried." After that the hired girl passed them.—Indianapolis Journal.

Crimsonbeak—I knew that fellow Storms, the comedian, would come to the front. **YEAST**—And he has, has he?" "Why, certainly. You remember he used to play the part of the hind legs of a heifer?" "Yes." "Well, now he's playing the front legs."—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher—Who can tell me what induced Sir Walter Raleigh to spread his cloak over a puddle for Queen Elizabeth to pass? **TOMMY** (whose father holds a city appointment)—He was tryin' for the job of street commissioner.—Pearson's Weekly.

"I'll woo thee in the moonlight," sang the lover to his girl, who was gazing fondly on him from the casement. "It's much cheaper than the gaslight," sang her father, the old churl, who was taking observations from the basement.—Tit-Bits.

"I will have revenge on my husband!" shrieked the woman. "Allow me, madam," said a stranger, with a sympathetic gleam in his eye, "to show you this book on the art of making shirts."—Judge.

Cholly—I wonder if your father would fly into a passion if I asked him for you? **ADELAIDE**—Not if you tell him first that he looks twenty years younger since he shaved off his whiskers.—Cleveland Leader.

Proprietor—Go tell that man who just came in to shut the door. I hate such carelessness! **CLERK**—That wasn't carelessness on his part, sir; it was precaution. He's a book agent.—Roxbury Gazette.

"Do you think Julia will accept the offer of her foreign lover?" "No; her father says when they go abroad they may get something cheaper and just as good."—Chicago Record.

Fifth Form Boy—Please, I want a pair of gloves. **GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTER**—Kid gloves? **FIFTH FORM BOY**—No, no. Gloves for grown-up people!—Comic Cuts.

"So Boston rejected MacMonnies' 'Bacchante'?" "Yes; they were annoyed because she carried a bunch of grapes instead of a pot of baked beans."—Chicago Record.

"Was the brute who struck his wife punished by the court?" "No; when it came to the trial the woman would not acknowledge herself beaten."—Tit-Bits.

Hicks—Are you fond of children? **WICKS**—Immoderately. A house is so restful after the little dears have been put to bed.—Exchange.

"Does your wife ever call you up on the telephone?" "Yes; she calls me down on it, too, sometimes."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I never saw a more perfect fit than that dress, Miss Rosebud." "I did; when papa got the bill for it."—Answers.

"And now they say that genius is a disease." "Don't let that scare you; you look perfectly healthy."—Chicago Record.

She—It must be a terrible thing to be paralyzed. **HE**—It is. You feel so mean the next morning.—Life.

Are You Going East?

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, Santa Fe Route, is the coolest and most comfortable summer line, owing to its elevation and absence of alkali dust. Particularly adapted to the transportation of families or large parties, owing to its Pullman palace drawing room and modern upholstered tourist sleepers, which run daily through from Oakland to Chicago via Kansas City. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Telephone Main 1531.

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGL ND.

SOLID SECURITY. COVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St.

AACHEN AND MUNICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY. Established 1826

Capital, \$2,250,000. Total Assets, \$5,854,653 65.

UNITED STATE DEPARTMENT: 204 Sansome St., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,

No. 316 California st., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States, J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.
PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

In response to many inquiries from all parts of the country about the Railway and Dock Construction Company

The officials hereby give full information in regard to the company, its business and prospects.

The company offers 20,000 shares of stock for sale in lots to suit purchasers at \$20 per share. The par value is \$100 per share—full paid and unassessable—stockholders have no individual liability whatever. The company has no indebtedness of any kind—is in solid financial condition—and, as there are no bonds nor mortgages, all the earnings go to the stockholders.

The adoption of this Company's system of construction by the United States Government, or any Foreign Government, or by any one of the large cities in America or Europe will cause the stock to rise above par (\$100) immediately.

The most conservative investors, old shrewd bear operators on the stock exchange, have bought this stock and confidently predict it is sure to pay large dividends and sell at over \$200 a share as the Railway and Dock Construction Co. commence business under much more favorable conditions than did the Bell Telephone Co., whose stock rose from about \$10 to over 200; or the original Edison Electric Co., whose stock rose from 45 to \$3000 a share, or the many other companies owning useful inventions whose stocks rose rapidly in value while paying large dividends to the alert original investors.

Many prominent men in banking, railway and financial circles and other expert judges of stock values predict that this stock will pay large dividends and will sell at over \$200 per share for the following reasons:

The Railway and Dock Construction Company controls all the rights, titles, patents and interests in and the sole, absolute and exclusive right to manufacture and sell the new indestructible piles that do away altogether with the millions of wooden piles heretofore used everywhere, which only last a short time, as alternate moisture and drying and the marine worms soon destroy the wood, and leave a deceptive shell, incapable to sustain a load that requires the full strength of the original pile. Old wooden piles must be continually replaced at great expense.

Nothing can compete with the indestructible Pile in the construction of piers, docks, bulkheads, sea-walls, foundations for bridges, lighthouses, jetties, breakwaters or other improvements in rivers, harbors or on the sea coast.

This pile is an absolute necessity in railway trestlework as it guarantees safety, and it will last forever, and there is an enormous demand for it.

One defective wooden pile derailing a train causes a loss of many thousands of dollars in lives and property destroyed.

Applications are pouring in from engineers, contractors and railway officials all over the United States. These men are quick to see the certainty of profit. They are perhaps better able to judge than others, because, out of a total of 1891 railroads, 373 of these railway companies are now preparing to build 20,547 miles of new line. The great superiority of the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of solid, substantial, indestructible trestle work is causing the demand in this special field.

Estimated earnings from this one source of profit will pay \$7 per share annual dividends—this is equal to 35 per cent. cash dividends per year on stock bought now at present price of \$20 per share.

Other and larger sources of profit will come from contracts now in view, viz:—

In place of the old wooden docks, covered by temporary sheds, which now disfigure the water fronts of our cities, this company will build solid, indestructible piers, on which permanent iron, stone or brick buildings are put up just the same as on land.

Private owners of dock property as well as dock officials in the numerous cities are becoming aware of the great advantage of using the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system of building indestructible piers to make a solid foundation, upon which large buildings can be erected, from which they can get big revenues for rentals, etc.

\$27,000,000 have already been expended in improving Southern harbors and their approaches.

In projects now under way over fifty million dollars will be spent in improving navigation in rivers, bays, etc., throughout the coun-

try on jetties, breakwaters, and other work in which the indestructible Pile is a great necessity.

The city of New York is spending \$5,000,000 a year improving the city water front.

In a private conversation Hon. J. Sergeant Cram, ex-President of the Board of Dock Commissioners said: "There is an immense fortune in this company's system of construction."

The U. S. Senate Committee have recommended the expenditure of eighty million dollars for the protection of our seacoast. About ten millions a year will be spent during the next eight years.

The United States Government spent about \$10,000,000 in deepening the entrance of the Mississippi to divert tidal action by old style work, which will be supplanted in future by the Railway and Dock Construction Company's system. \$6,000,000 has already been expended on the two immense jetties in the bay at Galveston: they are simply loose rock dumped into the water. Each jetty is about 4½ miles long and forms a continuous pyramid 100 feet wide at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet wide at the top above the water. The Railway and Dock Construction Company build indestructible jetties of the same size at the bottom as the top and save this enormous waste of stone and labor.

The "St. Louis Critic" strongly advocates the adoption of this company's system of indestructible jetties to deepen the Mississippi at St. Louis.

To provide additional funds to execute some of this work, the company offers 20,000 shares to the public in lots to suit at the low price of \$20.00 per share in order to have the stock quickly taken. There are no salaried officials. The money derived from the sale of stock, when not used in profitable construction work, remains in the company's treasury.

Many leading marine engineers and experts say: "This company's system of construction is coming into universal use in building all improvements in rivers and harbors."

As the business in sight is too large for this company to handle alone, the subsidiary companies now being organized in the principal States each pay a certain amount in cash and one-third of their capital stock into the Railway and Dock Construction Co.'s treasury. In addition to large sums in cash the company will receive about \$20,000,000 in securities in this way, on which dividends will be paid from the earnings of the subsidiary companies. These dividends all go to the holders of Railway and Dock Construction stock.

With a large surplus and an ample cash working capital the company will hold assets of \$200 per share for each share now offered at \$20 when all details are completed.

Application will be made to list the shares on the stock exchange.

Owing to the financial depression and uncertainty before the election the Railway and Dock Construction Company would not accept numerous contracts for work amounting to about three millions of dollars. They were offered first mortgage bonds in payment but the bonds could not be sold at that time in New York or London at satisfactory prices. English bankers are now negotiating to raise a large block of Railway and Dock Construction stock and apply for an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

The officials and large stockholders are well-known practical financiers and business men, whose names are at once a synonym for trustworthy, capable management and a guarantee that any stock in which they invest is safe, solid and profitable. Among them are

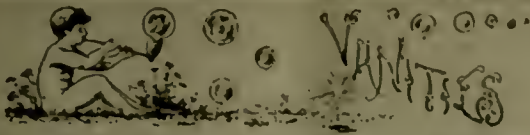
Among the stockholders are:
 Geo. W. Dunn, Esq., president of the company, head of the banking house of George W. Dunn & Co., New York, and president, director and trustee of other corporations; he has been prominent in Wall Street for 20 years as a careful level-headed financier; Hon. Thomas Murphy, vice-president, ex-Senator, Collector of the port of New York under President U. S. Grant; R. A. B. Dayton, Esq., counsel for the company, Temple Court, New York; Eugene Harvey, Esq., second vice-president, banker, Drexel building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. M. Stanbrough, Esq., Kingston, N. Y.; George D. Hilyard, Esq., contractor, N. Y.; W. R. Childs, Esq., of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, Calumet, Mich.; Edward A. Wilson, Esq., secretary; M. Hoff, assistant secretary; George B. Shelborn, Esq., receiver, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railway Co., Montgomery, Ala.; Y. Carryer, Esq., of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Field, B. C., Canada; Howard Swineford, Esq., of Howard Swineford & Co. Richmond, Va.; Jacob Deyo, cashier, Huguenot Bank, New Paltz, N. Y.; S. J. Gifford, Dunkirk, N. Y. and several rich and influential railway and political magnates who will have seats in the Board of Directors later on.

Address all applications for stock and remit for the number of shares wanted to the Financial Agents of the company, Messrs,

GEO. W. DUNN & CO.,
 2 Wall St., New York.

by check, draft, money order, registered letter or by express; or have the stock sent by express C. O. D.

The right is reserved to reject any application for stock, and to allot only a part of the shares applied for, and to advance the price without notice.



DEAR EDITH—It is surprising what a quantity of dresses are trimmed with fur, both for day and evening wear. Here is a dinner gown of cabbage green satin, which is a good model of the fur-trimmed indoor dress. The edge of the trained skirt is trimmed with a fifteen-inch band made up alternately of antique lace insertion and bands of golden otter as wide as the lace, the fur bands being edged with two tiny folds of mauve velvet. This affords a wonderfully fine color combination, the velvet edge showing up the golden tinge of fur, and contrasts beautifully with the green satin. The low satin bodice is partly covered with a lace Figaro, edged with fur and velvet, the lace being embroidered all over with amethysts. The tight sleeve is of jeweled lace with a satin shoulder drapery held with amethyst brooches. The waist on the pointed bodice is marked by four tiny bands of mauve velvet.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller says that she believes that the house dress of the future will be short enough; "that the woman who goes upstairs or who goes around with all kinds of household implements, will be able to go upstairs naturally, three steps at a time if she wants to, and get all the benefit she can out of that exercise. Going up and down stairs is the best exercise in the world. And yet you can find learned doctors who will warn women against going up and down stairs. They do it justly, too, because the learned doctor knows that a woman who has a lot of skirts pressing down, who lifts herself up and down stairs on levers, so to speak, churns all the vital organs and does herself infinite harm.

"I have invented a houseworker's dress which any woman can carry out for herself," Mrs. Miller went on to say. "It does not require a pattern. All you have to do is to make the skirt come half way between the knees and the ankle, and make the waist and skirt all in one piece. Then you can have a little Eton jacket hanging over a chair, and when a caller comes in all you have to do is to slip off your apron and slip on your jacket, and you can entertain your friends in the parlor. That is utility in dress."

For evening dress the round-waisted blouse-bodice is giving place to the corsage with small points back and front. This is good news because the points suit all figures; the waistbelt does not. The belt demands a small waist and a graceful slenderness of build. Figures of the broad type look far better in a pointed bodice.

Grotesque indeed are some of the latest "picture" hats sent out, composite as to decoration and fearfully and wonderfully made. The brims in many cases are irregular frills of velvet, the crown ridiculously high, the folds arranged in the most fantastic fashion. The apex of some of the Mother Goose shapes sometimes threatens to overweigh the base of the crown. Jeweled pins, clasps and slides are put in to keep the puffs and folds in place. If a plain-covered shape, the crown is of the jam-pot order, 7 or 8 inches high perhaps. Bands of satin, bead galloon or jet encircle the crown, there is a lowering bouquet of black ostrich feathers with others quite as long sprawling anywhere over the brim, sometimes directly in front right over the face, or overhanging the brim by some inches at the back.

BELINDA.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers. Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

Of all the well-tried Bourbon whiskeys on the market the celebrated "Argonaut" brand is undoubtedly the peer. This delectable fluid has been recommended by the most eminent physicians and has proven itself a favorite among connoisseurs. The agents for this Coast are Messrs. E. Martin & Co, 411 Market street, whose reputation alone is a guaranty for the fine quality of their goods.

Blanket Business.

We have closed out the entire line of Fine White Blankets of the STOCKTON WOOLEN MILLS. These are all high grade fine California wool goods, beautifully made. The fact that we offer them at about half their value should be appreciated by blanket buyers. The reason is that we bought them cheap, and as the end of the blanket season will be soon upon us, we are determined to make a clean sweep of them.

- Lot 1—Fine White Wool Blankets, from the Stockton Mills, 66 inches wide, not many left Per pair..... **\$3.25**
- Lot 2—Same grade as lot 1, but made for extra large beds, the \$6 kind, over 6 feet wide Per pair..... **\$3.95**
- Lot 3—A heavier grade than lot 1, and same size (for double beds), solid and durable, a \$5.75 blanket. Per pair..... **\$3.85**
- Lot 4—About 300 pairs Extra Grade Fine Lamb's-Wool Blankets, 72 inches wide, the \$7.50 blanket. Special this week Per pair..... **\$4.75**
- Lot 5—Heaviest Texture Fine White Blankets, same size as lot 1, on sale at..... **\$4.50**
- Lot 6—Best Grade and Largest Size of the Entire Purchase, solid and heavy. Per pair..... **\$6.00**



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MT. VERNON CO., Baltimore.

The undersigned, having been appointed Agents for the Pacific Coast for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

- SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS.
- HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS.
- DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities 28½-inch duck, from 7 to 15 ozs., inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and two-tenths (4 2/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1897.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.
Office: 101 Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending with Dec. 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

Office—33 Post street, San Francisco, Cal. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with Dec. 31st, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one hundredths (4 26/100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five one hundredths (3 55/100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

Office—526 California street. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1896. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 30, 1896, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1897.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Johannis

is conceded to be the finest table water ever imported.

AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, January 21, 1897.

THE *exposé* of the outrageous squandering of the taxpayers' money in the temporary organization of the Assembly, seems to have had the effect of causing that body to think a bit when any appropriation bill or resolution disbursing money comes up for action. There is a combination of Republican members, who, with the Democrats and Populists, will oppose any measure that savors of an extravagant disposal of the public funds, and it is to be hoped they will be able to keep the wayward members in check.

In relation to the temporary roll scandal, I have been reliably informed that investigation showed that the accommodating Chief Clerk of the Assembly, Mr. Duckworth, who, by the way, thinks he has been "roasted"—possibly because he feels he deserves a "roast"—appointed some thirty *attachés* on the recommendation of the temporary Sergeant-at-Arms, Parkinson, and from two to six *attachés* for certain Assemblymen who had political debts to pay. There are some Republican members who think it would be good party politics to relieve Mr. Duckworth of his onerous duties, and find some clerk who is competent as well as honest. It would not be hard to find one as competent. I have heard nothing more of the Breiling charges, and suppose they will be overlooked along with the Duckworth temporary roll scandal. Justice is blind, but Assembly investigating committees are deaf, dumb, and blind.

Since the above was written, the Republican Assembly caucus has reached a commendable decision. If Mr. Duckworth will not resign, he may be impeached. Mr. Cutter is reported as having sarcastically remarked that the members of the Assembly who aided the stuffing of the Assembly temporary *attaché* roll might consistently also resign. The State would really be the gainer thereby.

There has been exhibited here during the week a voting machine, that has attracted not only much attention, but much favorable comment, and there is little doubt but that a law will be passed this session permitting the use of machines at elections. The machine referred to is the Ducas voting machine, and those who have seen others say this is the simplest and best of any. It is so arranged that a person can only vote once for each officer to be elected; for two or more when that number are to be voted for, and mixed, straight or independent candidates can be voted. The ingenuity displayed in its construction is wonderful, and not alone does it automatically totalize each candidate's vote, but on a paper roll marks consecutively the vote of each candidate. Mr. Ducas, the inventor, explains its simplicity and excellence to large crowds all day long.

There has been introduced a bill making it an offense, as well as grounds for damages, to refuse a negro any privilege or accommodation allowed a white man. From what I've seen there is little need of a law of the kind in California. If negroes have not already these craved-for rights, they take them and a good many more. A law curtailing their privileges might be more in place.

The woman suffragist is once more offensive hereabouts. They are nothing if not persistent, and probably will get little but trouble for their pains. A new argument with them is that Chinamen voted in San Francisco, and they want to know if a woman is not as good as a Chinaman.

Senator Mahoney was last week chosen Chairman of the San Francisco delegation, and Senator Percy Henderson, Secretary. Senator Samuel Braunhart is reported to have nominated and voted for himself for Chairman, being violently opposed to Mahoney. Senator Braunhart ought to feel himself highly complimented by himself.

Assemblyman Power of San Francisco has introduced a bill providing for the construction of the sea wall from Market street to the China Basin.

Colonel Thomas F. Barry has been urging the passage of bills for the relief of several National Guardsmen who were injured during the railroad strike of 1894, while in the performance of their duties. It is to be hoped these just claims against the State will be favorably considered.

Senator Bert has introduced a bill prohibiting nickel-in-the-slot machines of any description. It ought to pass.

Senator Feeney has introduced a couple of suspicious-

looking bills. One prohibits the lowering of an upper berth in a sleeping-car unless it is occupied by a *bona-fide* tenant, and the other prohibits employees of telephone or electric light companies from going into a private house or place of business to repair or string wires without a written permit, under penalty of fine. These are a fine-looking brace of cinch bills. However, there are a number of others already introduced—not by Mr. Feeney, however.

Assemblyman Treacy, who was elected on the despised so-called "Buckley" ticket, is one of the most capable men from San Francisco, and has the honor of bringing about the passage of the first bill this session—his own measure, fixing the minimum wages to be paid on public work at \$2 per day. It is too bad that there are not more Treacys in the San Francisco delegation.

One of the most highly respected and able members of the Senate is C. M. Simpson, who represents the Thirty-sixth District. Mr. Simpson is a hold-over Republican, and last session, and in this as well, his record is a most favorable one. When Mr. Simpson has anything to say he says it, and his influence is not second to any man in the Senate. Down in Pasadena where Mr. Simpson lives, he is thought highly of. He was a member of the Assembly in the session of 1893, and prior to that was a member of the City Council. Before coming to California from Kansas, where he resided, Mr. Simpson was clerk of the District Court for eight years, Councilman, City Attorney and Mayor in turn, for men of ability and integrity are appreciated as much in Kansas as they are in California. Mr. Simpson is a talented lawyer, and is chairman of the very important Judiciary Committee, besides being a member of the Committees on Commerce, Harbors, Rivers and Coast Defences; Corporations; Counties and County Boundaries, and Labor and Capital. Senator Simpson is an untiring worker, and it is to be hoped an appreciated one by his constituents.



C. M. Simpson

There is a young man in the Assembly to whom I want to call particular attention, because he will, and has, directed it to himself, and has laid the stepping stones to a bright political future. I refer to

E. J. Emmons, the talented Representative of the Sixty-sixth District. Mr. Emmons was the fusion nominee of the Populists and the Democrats, and being with the minority of the Assembly, can do comparatively little, from a political standpoint. However, with his great ability he has forced himself to the front as a recognized leader, and in point of ability, is the peer of any member of the lower house. In Bakersfield, where Mr. Emmons resides and has a large and lucrative law business, he is universally liked and respected. The friend of every just cause or measure, and the open, avowed enemy of anything that savors of chicanery or dishonesty, he is the kind of man specially fitted for a legislator. A forcible and ready debater, he is often heard, but wastes no time nor words in saying. Mr. Emmons has introduced and will urge the passage of considerable important legislation, and he is a valuable member of the committees on County and Township Governments; Contested Elections; Federal Relations; and Judiciary.



E. J. Emmons.

A lawyer of ability, an orator of note, and a legislator who is a leader in the councils of his party, is Senator Harry V. Morehouse, of San Jose, who so fitly represents the Thirty-first District. He is tireless in the discharge of his duties, and the vast amount of work he has taken upon himself to perform shows that Santa Clara County made no mistake in choosing him. Mr. Morehouse came to California with his parents when a child four years of age, and after a proper schooling was admitted to the bar. He was District Attorney of Monterey County, and practiced his profession at Salinas, before moving to San Jose. He is chairman of the Committee on Labor and Capital, one of the most important committees this session, as well as a member of the Committees on City, City and County and Town Government, Education and Public Morals; Judiciary; and Public Buildings.



Harry V. Morehouse.

PEG.

WELL KNOWN IN THE MINING WORLD.

Now that the mining industry has received so healthy a stimulus, and new and paying properties are cropping up all over the West, the firms that are interested in the manufacture and erection of Mining and Milling Machinery will undoubtedly be the first to experience a return of good times. Mr. Rogers, of the firm of White, Rogers & Co., 306 Pine street, speaking in this connection the other day, said the firm of which he is a member and which is composed of experienced and practical Engineers, has already received many new, and some very large orders for Mining and Milling machinery and supplies, all of which they are now able to furnish their patrons at prices much lower than formerly prevailed on this Coast.

Some of the largest stamp Mills and Hoisting plants have been constructed by this well-known firm, the members of which have been engaged in this business for the past thirty-six years, during which period they have gained a wide experience in Milling and Mining, which now proves of great value to their many clients, needing Mining or Milling Machinery of any description.

In mining more than in almost any other branch of business practical experience is required for the proper selection and construction of reduction works to treat the various grades of ores discovered.

Many good prospects and even well developed mines have been ruined by the want of this experience, and the employment of incompetent persons to equip them.

The best is none too good for success, and it is manifestly foolish to employ a shoemaker when a Lawyer or Doctor is required—but strange as it may appear this is frequently done in a mining sense and failure naturally results. The wisdom of dealing with competent, reliable firms in any profession where such services are needed, requires no demonstration to successful men, and this is particularly true of mining.

In addition to the firm's wide experience as constructing engineers, ranging over every mineral section from Alaska to South America, they have been able to obtain very valuable knowledge of the mines in all of these various districts and can in many instances obtain valuable property at very reasonable prices and sometimes secure great bargains, which not only advances their own interests but all others, when experienced men become interested in either new or old mining districts.

This knowledge has often proved of great value, and has helped to promote the healthy growth of a legitimate business industry, which mining always is, when conducted on lines of well-established business practice.

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.



Mistress-Maid

both have their part in the great savings that come from Pearline.

Suppose you're the mistress. There's the economy of it the saving of

time, etc., and the actual money that's saved by doing away with that steady wear and tear on everything washed. Suppose you're the maid. There's the saving of labor; the absence of rubbing; the hardest part of the housework made easier and pleasanter. But suppose you are mistress and maid, both in one, doing your own work. Then there is certainly twice as much reason why you should do every bit of your washing and cleaning with Pearline.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

Ostrander Repeating Gun Company.

Location of principal place of business.—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works or factory—36 New street, East Boston, Mass.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No. 5), levied on the 23d day of August, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAME.	No. Certificate	No Shares	Am t
W. P. Ray, U. S. N.	123	1,000	100
Mrs Elizabeth Carter	104	500	50
"	311	50	50
J. M. Helm	164	600	60
"	258	301	30 10
"	320	155	15 50
Catherine S. Whiteside	211	1000	100
George H. Hoover	389	50	5
Mrs Mary Mearse Galt	170	1,000	100
E. P. Cole	397	500	50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 23d day of August, 1896, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 216 Bush street, rooms 50 and 51, City and County of San Francisco, California, on

THURSDAY, the 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

Office—No. 216 Bush street, Rooms 50 and 51, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896,

at the same time and place.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, October 22, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1896,

at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, November 19, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company on the 18th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

THURSDAY, the 14th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, Dec. 28, 1897

POSTPONEMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company, on the 6th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

WEDNESDAY, the 27th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, January 6, 1897.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Belcher Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Belcher Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor Mills building, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, the 26th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, the 23d day of January, 1897 at 12 o'clock M.

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills Building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY

OUR beauty and fashion shone in divided ranks on Tuesday evening, but society is now so large three or four functions can take place *au même temps*, and there will still be more than enough to go round. The musical events of the week have been, of course, the Nordica concerts, and the opening one of the series drew such an audience to the Baldwin on Tuesday evening as has not been seen in that pretty little theatre for many moons. The ball at the Presidio the same evening was one of those delightful button affairs that are always so enjoyed by our belles. The civilian beaux might perhaps tell a different tale. The hop room was an extremely pretty sight, with its military adornments of bunting, sabres, small arms, flowers and foliage, and the guests were made welcome by their hosts, who were resplendent in all the glory of military toggery. Gold lace and bright buttons were largely in evidence among the men, and as for the ladies, they all looked charmingly in most becoming and handsome attire. Dancing was the order of the evening, only interrupted by an elaborate supper served towards midnight, after which the dance was resumed for several hours longer.

Mrs. Benson's gathering at the Presidio on Monday was much enjoyed by her guests; so also was Mrs. Avery McCarthy's "at home" on Tuesday. Among the pleasant affairs of the month have been the Wednesday "at homes" of Mrs. Southard Hoffman and her daughter. Mrs. Pedar Sather's recent luncheon in Oakland was an exceedingly pleasant gathering; it was given in honor of Mrs. J. M. Phillips, to meet whom thirty guests were invited. Last night the Friday Fortnightly Club, of Oakland, had a dance in Ebell Hall.

The meeting of the San Francisco Friday Fortnightlies last week was one of the most charming affairs of the season. It was an army cotillion, and the decorations of the hall were entirely military in character, consisting of bunting and arms artistically combined with flowers and greens, and the uniforms worn by the officers gave a finishing touch to the brilliancy of the scene. The cotillion was led by Lieutenants Noble and Dana Kilburn, who had complete control of the affair, and the first set was entirely of officers, with some of our prettiest belles in lovely gowns as their partners. Four figures were danced, the sabre figure being especially admired, and also seen for the first time. The attendance was very large, and the festivities prolonged until a later hour than usual at these parties. The lady managers have decided that the next dance of the club shall be a domino and mask affair.

Another dance of Friday evening last was that of the Winter Cotillion Club at Beethoven Hall, when some original figures were introduced by the leader, Thos. P. Ross, who had Miss L. S. Young for his partner.

The domino party given last Saturday evening by Mrs. A. Hecht at the San Francisco Verein Club, for the *début* of her daughter Edith, was also a success. The guests were received in the parlors of the club, and at 10 o'clock, each domino being provided with a small lighted lantern in the shape of a domino, marched to the ballroom, where dancing began, and the evening was one of great enjoyment. Supper was served at 12 o'clock, when dominos and masks were removed. Then followed more dancing, which was kept up till the morning light appeared.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. William Kohl gave a tea at the Palace Hotel, for the purpose of introducing her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred Kohl, to her friends. The Maple Hall, which was used for the occasion, was prettily decorated, a stringed orchestra was in attendance, and delicious refreshments were served. At the Berkshire Mrs. C. O. Scott gave a tea also, at which the recent bride, Mrs. W. T. Seson, was the guest of honor.

How the wedding bells will chime next week! Every day nearly one or more splittings are named to take place. Tuesday has been selected by Miss Teen Goodall for her marriage to Hugo D. Keil, and the nuptial knot is to be tied at the Goodall residence on McAllister street. Wednesday, however, seems to be the favorite one, for on it will be celebrated the weddings of Miss Rose Eppinger

and Dr. James Sharp at the home of the bride on Octavia street, of Miss Lizzie Carroll and Will Whittier, which will be solemnized at noon by Archbishop Riordan at the Carroll residence on Van Ness avenue, and in the evening at the Hotel Colonial Miss Martha Shainwald and L. M. Myers will be the bride and groom. Miss Carroll has chosen the Misses Romietta Wallace and Julia Crocker to attend her as bridesmaids. Her sister Gertrude will be maid of honor, and Milton Latham the groom's best man. Another wedding of next week will be that of Miss Mollie Torbert, one of San Francisco's greatest beauties and pet belles, to George Kirkpatrick, and, to the regret of her California friends, the ceremony will not take place here, but at the Church of All Angels in New York on Thursday evening, after which a dancing reception will be given at Sherry's by her sister, lovely Sheda Torbert, now Mrs. Valentine Snyder of New York. The month will close with the wedding of Miss Mollie Hutchinson and Ernest Piexotto, which will be solemnized in New Orleans on the 31st.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Smedberg and Max Rosenfield will be an event of the Eastertide, the first week in May having been decided upon as the date for its celebration.

Next week will be a pet one with our fashionables, as it promises to be well filled up with gay doings. One of the leaders will be the reception which Mrs. Stanford is giving in honor of Bishop and Mrs. Newman at her magnificent home on California street, the first time the house has been opened for entertaining since the death of Senator Stanford. It will be an afternoon affair and on a very elaborate scale, the hours from 3 till 6 p. m., during which time it is safe to say all society will be seen.

Paris appears to be the Mecca of Californians this winter. Among those there at a recent date were: Mr. and Mrs. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Redding, Mrs. Crit Thornton, Mrs. Colton, Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle, Miss Maud Howard, Mrs. George Loomis, Charley Felton and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schmiedell. We may soon expect to see the Schmiedells, and in Chicago they will be joined by Miss Grace Martin, who is visiting friends there, and who will journey homeward with the Schmiedells. Mrs. Harry Hunt and Miss Hunt have returned from their trip to Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks of Los Angeles are visiting Mrs. John S. Hofer at her home on Gough street.

The delightful Hotel Rafael has long been considered the most fashionable winter and summer society resort of the Pacific Coast. It is only fifty minutes removed from San Francisco, and our best belles and beaux congregate there all the year round. Since Major Warfield, of the California Hotel, took personal charge of the Hotel Rafael, it has become the Mecca of society folk, who look forward with anticipation to spending a few weeks, or even months, there. The climate of San Rafael is the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Rosamond O'Connell made her *début* at the Grand Opera House on Monday night in the melodrama, *Against the Stream*, when she was cast as "Lively Mag," a small part, in which, however, the young *débutante* made a success. Miss O'Connell has a quality most important in an actress, perfect self-possession, clear enunciation, and the faculty of suiting the action to the word. She has a promising career in the profession of her choice.

Numerous invitations have been issued by the management of the Hotel Mateo, at San Mateo, for a dance to be given at that fashionable place on Tuesday evening next. Great preparations have been made, and the leaders of our Four Hundred will assemble there to indulge in a few hours of solid happiness.

Dr. Herzstein will leave the city on an extended vacation next Sunday. He expects to be gone about five months, and besides visiting the leading cities in the East, will also take in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

Miss Carrie Lauer, daughter of Mr. Chas. H. Lauer, a prominent citizen of Eugene, Oregon, is visiting at the residence of Miss Friedlander, 2018 Buchanan street.

Dr. William A. Bryant has returned from his trip to Tahiti, much improved in health.

AT THE RACES.

THE two weeks' meeting of the California Jockey Club at the pretty race track across the bay, has been an interesting one, from the number of fast races run and numerous sensational results. The sport has been clean and above the average. The talent has twice witnessed the defeat of the pride of the Burns & Waterhouse stable, Mt. McGregor II., by Mr. Purser's Buckwa. Buckwa, by the way, never developed any stake quality, until imbued with our glorious climate, and its performances were truly wonderful, seeing that it was merely a selling plater, around Milwaukee and Gravesend. California, Mr. Coulter's good mare, captured the Berkeley Handicap with the greatest of ease. Osric II. has bested Arrezzo in two battles royal. The son and daughter of Faverdale and Sweet Home battled for the Naglee Stakes. The impressive win of Mr. Purser's Scarf Pin, in the San Pablo Stakes, and the defeat of the greatly advertised Flacon, by Queen Blazes, in the first two-year-old event of the season, were great happenings. The attendance has been away above the average. Next week Ingleside reopens for two weeks, with every indication of being as successful as the preceding meet.

Mr. Purser's Scarf Pin and Buckwa, who won their first starts in California, also won their first starts at Gravesend, N. Y.

Mr. Dunne's Formal, who defeated Ferrier, Mr. Hobart's crack, ran fifth in the last Realization, which was won by Requital.

Mr. Dunne's Preston, who won his first six races in California, also won the first race run at Sheephead Bay last season.

Colonel Burns' Sweet Faverdale, full sister to Preston, won four races in the East, and was five times placed.

Mr. Spreckels has a promising youngster in Boadicea. Blazes, the sire of Queen Blazes, also sired that good horse, Kamsin, a frequent winner in California.

Mr. Hobart's crack, Bright Phoebus, the Realization winner of 1895, was left at the post in his first start this season.

Out of the first 414 races run this season, favorites have won 201 times, second choices 104 times, and outsiders in the betting 109 times, a truly wonderful showing. The ten leading jockeys and number of wins are as follows: Jones, 79; H. Martin, 59; W. Martin, 30; Thorpe, 20; Isom, 19; Slaughter, 18; Murphy, 17; Shields, 11.

The Brooklyn Handicap closed with thirty entries; the Suburban closed with forty-four entries.

At the coming Ingleside meeting there will be three two-year-old races during the first week, viz., on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. On Wednesday there will be six races, all one mile or over. The Tarpey Stakes come off on January 30th; Hobart Stakes on February 6th, and the Ingleside, of four miles, on Washington's Birthday.

A COURSE of three delightful and instructive lectures will be given by Professor David Starr Jordan, Rev. Chas. W. Wendte and Professor Charles Mills Gayley at Golden Gate Hall on the 28th inst., and February 4th and 11th. These lectures will be given under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, and will undoubtedly be well attended. Tickets for the course, \$1; admission for single lectures, 50 cents. The coupons may be used for one evening if desired.

THE Cosmos Club will soon be located in the building formerly occupied by Miss Lake's School. The change is expected to take place about March 1st, and is being looked forward to with anticipation by all the members. The quarters will be most commodious, and, when fitted up, will be the most elegant club rooms in the city.

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THE ROSE JAR

SHE AND I.—JAMES BERRY BENSEL, *LOVER'S YEAR BOOK* (ROBERTS).

AND I said, "She is dead; I could not brook
Again on that marvelous face to look."
But they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin.
Once again in that silent place,
My beautiful and I, face to face.
And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood, and with love I looked on her.
With love and with rapture and strange surprise
I looked on the lips and the close-shut eyes;
On the perfect rest and the calm content
And the happiness in her features blent,
And the thin white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch,—
My beautiful dead who had known the strife,
The pain and the sorrow that we call life,
Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss.
And the smile that sweetened her lips away
Lay light on her heaven-closed mouth that day.
I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but could not think her dead.
I felt, with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.
And down over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I should not hear.
Then out of the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul.
"Why weep you to-day who have wept before
That the journey was rough I must travel o'er?"
"Why mourn that my lips can answer you not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?"
"Behold, all my life I have longed for rest,—
Yea, e'en when I held you upon my breast."
"And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing you sigh and weep."
"My dearest, I know that you would not break—
If you could—my slumber and have me wake."
"For though life was full of the things that hless,
I have never till now known happiness.
Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head
I left my mother, my beautiful dead."

BALLAD OF BLIND LOVE.—ANDREW LANG.

Who have loved and ceased to love, forget
That ever they loved in their lives, they say;
Only remember the fever and fret,
And the pain of love, that was all the pay;
All the delight of him passes away
From the hearts that hoped, and from lips that met—
Too late did I love you, my love, and yet
I shall never forget to my dying day.
Too late were we ware of the secret net
That meshes the feet in the flowers that stray,
There were we taken and snared, my pet,
In the dungeon of "la fausse amitie";
Help there was none in the wide world's fray.
Joy was there none in the gift and the debt;
Too late we knew it, too long regret—
I shall never forget to my dying day.
We must live our lives, though the sun be set,
Must meet in the masque where parts we play,
Must cross in the maze of life's minuet;
Onr yea is yea, and our nay is nay;
But while snows of winter, flowers of May
Are the sad year's shroud or coronet,
In the season of rose or of violet,
I shall never forget to my dying day.

ENVOY.

Queen, when the clay is my coverlet,
When I am dead, and when you are gray,
Vow, when the grass of the grave is wet,
"I shall never forget to my dying day."

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THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

HARKN to the Master's voice so sweetly calling:
 Come, follow Me
 O'er the dim moorland where the dews are falling,
 O'er hill a, d lea,
 Forsake, for Me, the dear, familiar faces,
 Thy father's house, thy cherished sheltered places;
 Out in the stormy night,
 Far from the warmth and light,
 I have a Cross for thee.

Arise—for in the East the dawn is breaking—
 And come away:
 My burden on thy shoulders meekly taking,
 Nor even stay
 To kiss once more, through blinding tears, thy dearest,
 To clasp, with bleeding, breaking heart, thy nearest,
 Hands must unloose their hold,
 Earth's joys grow faint and cold—
 I will be all to thee.

Have I not trod life's bitter road before thee
 With bleeding feet,
 Bearing alone the Cross that shineth o'er thee
 With message sweet?
 For thy sake have I wandered, faint and weary,
 Through crowded city ways and deserts dreary,
 High on the mountain bare,
 Through the long nights of prayer
 Have I not thought of thee?

When night is darkest and the way seems longest,
 Press onward, still
 Striving, in thickest fight where foes are strongest,
 To do My will,
 Look not behind thee to thy soul's undoing;
 Urge on thy footsteps—"faint, yet still pursuing."
 When waves above thee close
 Whisper to me thy woes—
 Am I not near to thee?

'Tis but a little while, and then the dawning
 When I will come,
 In the bright sunrise of eternal morning,
 To call thee home.
 If thou hast followed me through gloom and sadness,
 Shall I not comfort thee with joy and gladness?
 When life's dark days are o'er,
 There, on the shining shore,
 I have a Crown for thee.

GEORGE BING.

OBITUARY.

M. B. MORAGHAN, who expired at his residence, 431 Ridley street, a few days ago, was one of San Francisco's leading business men. He came to California in 1865, and opened a restaurant in the California Market. His indomitable energy and enterprise caused him to succeed, and he soon built up for himself a large and valuable business. He owned several large tracts of tide lands in the neighborhood of San Bruno, and established there some of the best paying oyster beds in the country. His oysters are sought for everywhere, and are the most luscious on the market. At the time of his death, Mr. Moraghan was 52 years of age. The funeral services were held at the Masobic Temple under the auspices of Excelsior Lodge, No. 166, of which the deceased was a member.

Captain Thorn, who expired in Alameda, on the 16th inst., came to California in the days of '49, and followed the sea as a profession, as a captain of steamers, for many years. For a number of years he was captain of a ferry steamer on the broad-gauge line of the Southern Pacific Company, but retired from active service some years ago. The deceased will long be remembered for his genial disposition and many sterling qualities.

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Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895 \$24,202,327
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,.....\$30,727,586 50. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000

DIRECTORS.

B. A. BECKER.....President
 EDWARD KRUSE.....Vice-President
 DANIEL MEYER.....2d Vice-President
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THE ART EPIUREAN.

"BUT civilized man cannot live without cooks." Tut, tut, Lord Lytton! Let me whisper a word in your ear. If a San Francisco club man were cast away upon a desert island, with soft-shell crabs cuddling up and trying to be sociable while the close-mouthed oyster turned in its bed at the intruder, that particular civilized man could live well without cooks, for, mark you, there are epicures in this city who can make a poem out of a ragout, a dream from a chafing dish. He feeds, and feeds well, because he dines understandingly, an art which, to be mastered, must involve a knowledge of detail in preparation. It is not a rare occurrence for a clubman of San Francisco to go to his steward, take him aside and talk as earnestly to him as if he were a candidate buttonholing a politician during "the late unpleasantness." The steward preserves a discreet, attentive look, and withal a respectful admiration, as who should say, "There's a man who understands the beauty of dining." And the club chefs—they fairly flutter with gratified pride when the sleek, rosy-eared, doubled-chinned club man penetrates to their preserves and talks understandingly to them of sauces and simmerings. They have the soul of artists. Why even Joseph, the famous imported chef of Vanderbilt, confided to a San Francisco man that all the Vanderbilt salary was no inducement for him to remain with the family because they did not understand eating, and could not appreciate his efforts; and so he folded up his little caps and aprons and took passage back to beloved Paris, where he might perhaps get francs where on this side he received dollars, but with the francs come appreciation, the *sine qua non* of his artist soul, and he no longer pines in our uncongenial atmosphere.

The "lean and hungry look" is not prevalent among the club men of this city; built instead are they like the jolly monks of the artists' pencil—wide of girth, not, indeed, like the ascetic brother, cadaverous and angular—fancy his knowing the difference between turbot and turtle, burgundy and beer! And this leads to a feminine deduction. The San Francisco club man is a contented biped. Why? He is often limited to single blessedness, yet he does not allow meditation upon his lonely lot to gnaw upon his damask cheek, or, Prometheus-like, give up his vitals for its delectation. He has a better use for this necessary portion of his being. Instead, he envelopes himself in a long apron, dons a cook's cap, and, with a bottle of *le bon gout* in one hand and a broiler in the other, bids defiance to the blues, scoffs at sentiment and disperses doubtings by calling forth the geni of the lamp under the chafing dish. And speaking of chafing dishes, what a mine of wonders culinary can be opened up by their manipulation!

As witness to this, perhaps Mr. Frank J. Carolan, who guides the destinies of the inner man at the Burlingame Country Club, will forgive me for mentioning that, having caught him red-handed in the very act of revising the *menu* of the club, he was kind enough to give to the NEWS LETTER some of the possibilities lurking in that simple utensil. As to his own preference, he can cook California oysters in a dozen styles, any one of which would give him the *cordons bleu* in any well-regulated competition, while his lobster a la Newberg cannot be excelled, and his sweetbreads are a feast for the gods.

The sweetbreads are allowed to simmer gently—note that point; the simmering is what brings out the best that is in a chafing-dish dainty—a bit of butter having been first melted for their reception, then scramble two or three fresh eggs, using a little tomato for flavoring and some chopped green peppers. A *souppon* of good old Madeira to bring out the flavoring of the sweetbreads, and presto!—you have a dish that would tickle the palate of the most *blazé* club man. Try it yourself, and see if it's not so.

Perhaps you've been to a Bohemian Club high jinks and feel just a trifle frayed around the edges. The mere thought of a hearty breakfast is intolerable. It took Amedée Joullin's artistic soul to cope with the horns of that dilemma, and this is the breakfast that be and a kindred spirit discussed after a night of Bohemian revelry. Think of it—man, mere man, had this dainty little poem of a breakfast, and yet I wot that woman would not appreciate it, for I have yet to see the woman *gourmet*. What

to man is regarded as an important part of the day's proceedings is too often somewhat beneath gentle woman's sovereign notice, and that's one reason why many women look so much older than their festive spouses—which is, I am aware, a slight digression from the subject in hand, but nevertheless a small excursion with a moral attached to it. Women do not as a general thing eat. They nibble. A bit here, a taste of this, a hasty drink of that, and they fancy, forsooth, that they have dined! But we were speaking of breakfast—not dinner.

This debonair artist and his friend hied them to Marchand's and ordered a simple, two-course *dejeuner* of fluffy scrambled eggs, young quail on toast, with a bit of salad Romaine and a rum omelet to "top off." A modest bottle of Veuve Cliquot accompanied this little feast *au deux*, and *café noir* completed it. Now a man who has wit and wisdom to evolve a breakfast like that (for he could cook as well as order it) would make his fortune as a chef should he choose to lay aside pigments and palette—cater, instead, to the palate, as it were. But to return to our muttens: Some of the NEWS LETTER's readers are wondering how that salad was made. Simplest thing in the world. For their benefit I prostrated myself, pencil in hand, before his superior knowledge, and came forth with the precious information. The Romaine leaf, be it clearly understood, is not the ordinary choux lettuce, but the long, crisp, narrow-leafed vegetable, and the leaves should never be introduced to a knife. Chicory, *en passant* it might be said, is the cbrysanthemum-like lettuce, and should never be used alone, as then it is bitter. This salad Romaine takes a French dressing of three tablespoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar, slowly blended, with black pepper and salt to taste. If you value your happiness, use no parsley, says Mr. Joullin. If you wish a delicate seasoning for a salad or *sauté*, use *finis herbes*, or *astrigen*, *siboulletes*, (a long, grass-like herb), chopped fine. Garlic he eschews, using in its stead the more delicate *eschollets*. But if these are to be our salad days, there will not be space for a description of his pet concoction, the one upon which he stakes his reputation as an artist (of the cuisine)—an asparagus omelet. It is such a simple affair, and yet so easily spoiled, for the young asparagus must be boiled only until the ends are nearly soft—just on the point of being cooked. Then have the well-beaten eggs ready to pour into the hot receptacle, in which a piece of butter is browning; cut the ends of the asparagus off, turn the eggs into the pan over a brisk fire, throw into it the asparagus tips, and let the fire and an alert eye do the rest. Salt and pepper, but as you value the success of the dish, no other seasoning, else away with that delicate asparagus flavor that euters so largely into the triumphant whole. Try that, ye whose husband is a confirmed dyspeptic, and if you work *con amore*, the result will cause hubby's "indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach," to take his grip and leave. But time presses, newspaper columns are not elastic, and so I must leave a delicious terrapin concoction, confided by a Maryland man (now a Pacific-Union Clubman) for another chapter, as also a delicious salad recipe brought from the Café de la Paix by a gentleman who is authority on matters epicurean. Some of the dishes forming the *menu* of the inaugural dinner given to our new Mayor must also be described next time, and in the meantime polish up your chafing-dishes and practice on your pet achievements, for it's quite the fad in San Francisco now.

AMY L. WELLS.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy street.

Lamp-chimney sellers can't give you the shape for your lamp, without the Index. They have it; but some don't care. Let us send you one; free.

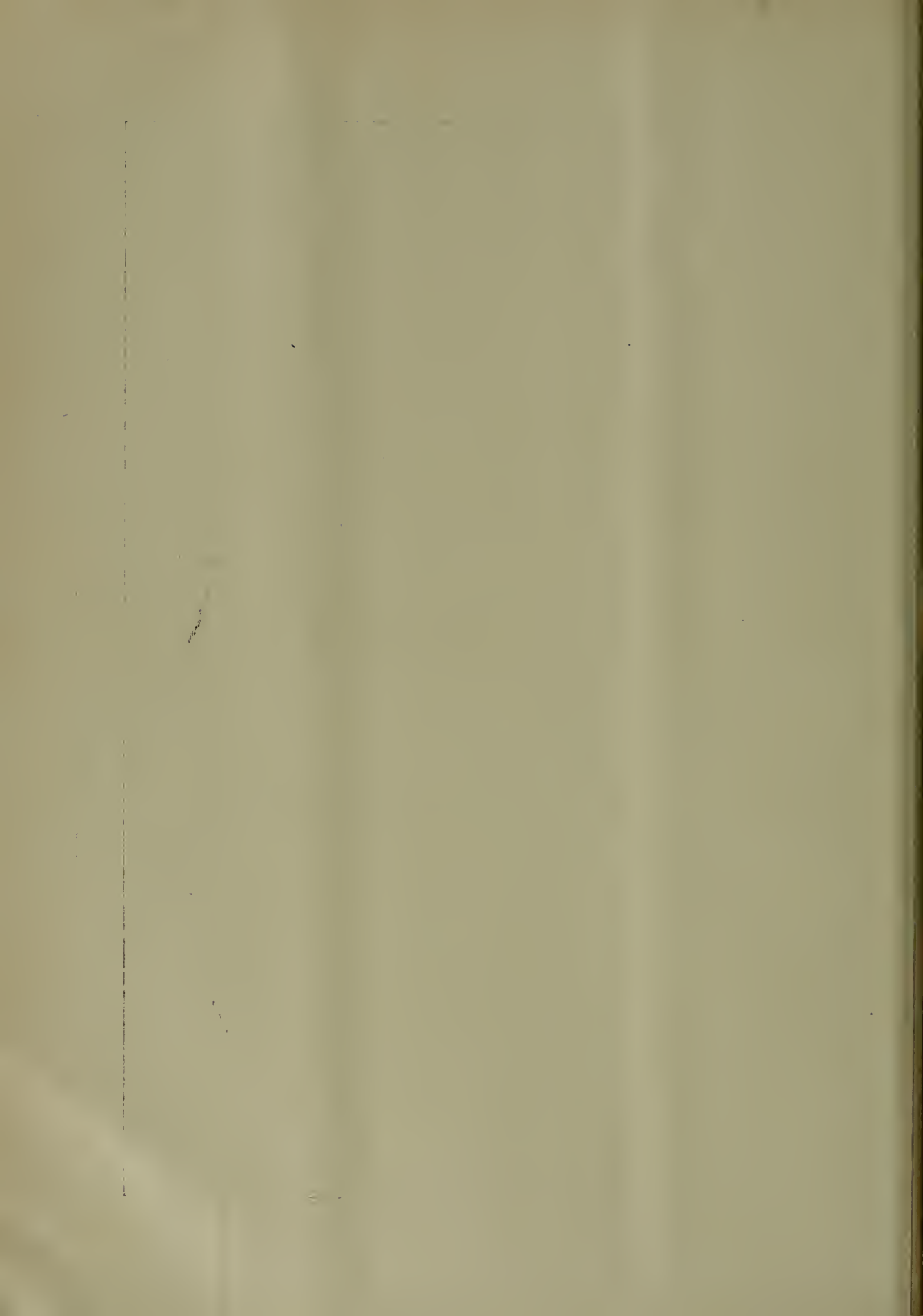
"Pearl top" and "pearl glass" are trade-mark names for tough glass and fine work.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

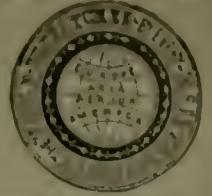


PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
View from Broadway, Corner Webster Street, Looking East.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

Number 5.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 1/2 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 808 Hayes Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

IT is admitted that many of our laws are virtually a dead-
 letter, but yet many members of the Legislature seem
 to act upon the theory that the remedy for this is more
 laws.

FREE wool and lessened duties on woolen goods have
 given the people cheaper clothing than they ever had
 before. There are fifty persons benefited by free wool to
 one who could profit by duties on foreign wool.

WRECKS in Golden Gate may be expected next month.
 The pilots are obliged to keep an eye on the State
 Capitol until the adjournment of the Legislature. With
 their watchfulness thus divided, shipping may come to
 grief.

IF the School Board of this city would cut off all unneces-
 sary expenses, in the way of special teachers and the
 like, there would be money enough to pay the regular
 teachers and to keep the schools open the usual number of
 months in the year.

IT IS to be regretted that prize-fighting is looked upon
 with so much favor in Nevada that a bill has been
 passed permitting such brutal exhibitions. This low form
 of sport has been denounced from one end of the country
 to the other, and it is now in order to strike this most
 disreputable of States from the roll of the Union.

THERE is no better body of men in the Government
 service than our letter carriers. They work diligently
 and faithfully by day and by night, and are trustworthy
 and painstaking in fulfilling their arduous duties. We hope
 that Congress will recognize their services, and will vote
 favorably on the bill introduced for the purpose of grant-
 ing them better pay.

A STOCK subject with the pulpit is that of the relation
 between the rich and the poor. The preachers gener-
 ally condemn lavish expenditures for fashionable amuse-
 ments, such as fancy dress balls, but forget that these
 outlays afford much needed employment to the poor. If
 the rich should stop spending money on superfluities, many
 thousands of hands would be deprived of the means of earn-
 ing bread.

GREAT preparations are being made for our coming
 Carnival, and it behooves all persons to help it along
 to the best of their ability. With such an attraction vis-
 itors will come here from all over the country. Some of
 them may be prevailed upon to stay here, and many may
 have to. Money will be spent in all directions, and all Cali-
 fornia will benefit in one way or another.

THE so-called "delights of winter" in the East are for
 the well-to-do, who have abundance of food and
 clothing, comfortably-warmed dwellings, and leisure for
 skating, sleigh-riding and other recreations peculiar to the
 season. But to the needy the cold weather brings the
 most cruel and bitter suffering, usually intensified by the
 lack of sufficient food and fuel. We have in California
 people whom we call poor, but their condition is luxurious
 compared with that of the Eastern poor.

INSTEAD of wasting money on marble wainscoting for
 the mile and a half of corridors in the City Hall, the
 Commissioners should see that the floors are kept in decent
 condition and the passageways sufficiently lighted to en-
 able people to find their way from one door to another.

THE English used to think the Irish question a tremen-
 dous bore, but now they groan in spirit over three
 Irish questions—financial reform, the demand for a Catho-
 lic University for Ireland, and the proposed Board of Agri-
 culture. The green island may be relied upon to always
 keep Parliament in subjects for debate.

THE bill requiring the employment of a "specialist in
 sociological education," in all counties having a school
 attendance of 25,000, is one of the most preposterous
 measures ever introduced in the California Legislature.
 We might as well have specialists in psychology, penology,
 pathology, or embryology grafted upon our common school
 system. The cranks should be taught to keep their hands
 off the school moneys.

OVER in Alameda County a meddlesome Grand Jury is
 investigating the expenditure of nineteen thousand
 dollars last year, by the Supervisors, for the support of
 persons alleged to be indigent. The circumstance that it
 was a Presidential year makes this outlay particularly
 exasperating to the tax-payers. It should now be in or-
 der to make the indigent do something for the relief of the
 property owners.

IF reports from Chicago be true, there are vastly more
 people carrying revolvers in that city than the number
 of those so armed on all the Pacific Coast. The robber
 and the foot-pad make life a series of alarms for the
 money handlers of the big city by the lake. Despite all
 sensational statements to the contrary, the truth is that
 in no other large city of the United States are life and
 property more secure than in San Francisco.

IT is said that Emperor William regrets the policy of
 conciliation that he formerly displayed towards the
 German socialists, and that he has decided upon repres-
 sive measures. He is surrounded by flatterers, who en-
 courage his disposition towards absolutism. But there
 are millions of socialists, and in some large cities they
 compose three-fifths of the voting population. The Em-
 peror may find that holding down the safety valve of Ger-
 man discontent is not altogether safe.

THERE is a growing belief that our political system
 puts too much power in the hands of the President.
 In England, under what is termed a constitutional monar-
 chy, Parliament is omnipotent, and the people actually
 rule, through their chosen representatives. Here the
 President often defies Congress and nullifies its acts, not
 infrequently when he is in opposition to undoubted public
 sentiment. The Constitution should be amended, so as to
 give Congress more control of national affairs.

SAN FRANCISCO'S debt is less than a quarter of a
 million, while that of New York is \$110,000,000, and
 Boston's is \$43,000,000. Among the principal cities of the
 United States, this is distinguished for having the smallest
 debt, both absolute and *per capita*. And only New York
 and Boston excel this city in the amount of wealth. Free-
 dom from debt is a good thing, but yet we could well afford
 to issue bonds for sewers and other needed public improve-
 ments, so as to give posterity a just share of the burden
 of payment.

DIVORCES THAT DISGRACE THE COURTS.

MRS. WATSON of Alameda is now free to do as she pleases, and among the things it is sworn that she pleased to do, was to flirt with street car conductors and, in the absence of her husband, to receive male visitors that she knew to be objectionable to him. Mr. Watson, because he loved, not wisely, but too well, very naturally expressed his disapproval of conduct unbecoming in the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children. He owned a desirable residence, supplied it bountifully, was a kind father, and appears to have been an indulgent husband in all things save his wife's flirtations. He could hear much, but smirks, and smiles, and nods that are as good as winks to passing car conductors, he could not stand without remonstrance. Nor did he quite like certain pastoral visits that were always made when he was away from home. Weller Senr. gave his son Sam the very excellent advice to "hevare of the vidders, Samivel!" In view of the record San Francisco, and its environs, have made during recent years, Mr. Watson was rather wise than foolish in applying old Weller's caution to pastor's visits. It is all very well for reverend gentlemen to take an interest in the immortal souls of other men's wives, but it is no less well for them to consider the souls of the husbands, just a little bit. Moreover, every man is, or of right ought to be, lord of his own castle, and entitled to say who may, and who may not darken its portals. A good wife would no more think of disregarding the wishes of her husband in such a matter, than the average man thinks of introducing women into his home, who with or without cause, are known to be obnoxious to his wife. It is a matter in which each should, not grudgingly or reluctantly, but cheerfully, yield to the other. That clergyman best does his duty who most faithfully, and by example as well as precept, respects and sustains the authority of the head of the family. He of all men should bow to that authority, and when he does not, but rebels, and becomes a partizan in a divorce court, and helps to separate "whom God hath joined together," he forgets himself and his duty to society. Because Mr. Watson objected to the things we have indicated, he was declared "jealous" by his wife, and that by an extraordinary decision of an extraordinary Judge was held to be "extreme cruelty," entitling the woman to a divorce. Whoever heard, in real life, of the jealousy of the man she loves being a cause of "great mental anguish" to a woman? What if her flirting, or worse, failed to arouse any feeling in him at all, would he not by his indifference, cause her real mental distress? Would it not pain any true woman to think that her spouse had wearied of her and was incapable of exhibiting jealousy over her actions, and treating her with indifference? Not a doubt about it. Indeed, it is by no means an uncommon thing for wives who fear that the affections of their husbands are waning, to test the matter by what is called an "innocent flirtation." Jealousy, under such circumstances, is the sincerest form of flattery, and very dear to the female heart. Its absence would be taken, in such a case, to be downright cruelty. To declare that jealousy which a loving husband naturally feels when he sees his wife flirting with other men to be "extreme cruelty," is a monstrous misinterpretation of the statute and an outrage upon common sense.

Mr. Watson, because he was jealous—that is, because he loved his wife—is punished. How, and to what extent? By a Judge, apparently afflicted with a sort of mental strabismus, he is decreed to be "a cruel" husband, an unworthy guardian of his children, and a man to be stripped of his past savings, as well as of his future earnings. Robbed of his wife, his children, his home, his household goods and virtually held in slavery by a monthly payment of alimony, he has had taken from him pretty nearly all that renders life worth living. All this, he it remembered, without a trial by a jury of his countrymen, and, indeed, without an adequate trial of any kind. Three or four short sittings, at which the wife tells any story she pleases, and at which every little domestic molehill is exaggerated into a mountain, do not constitute a judicial investigation commensurate to the terrible consequences involved. No wonder that many thoughtful men are beginning to think that the time will come when the institution of marriage will fall into a state of innocuous desuetude.

The Slaying
of
"Little Pete."

The life and doings in this city of Fung Ching, better known as Little Pete, who was killed by two of his countrymen whilst he was sitting in a barber's chair in Chinatown on Saturday last, constitute one of the blackest pages in our municipal history. For pretty well twenty years he defied law and order, secured the protection of the police by processes easier understood than described, profited by owning opium joints, gambling dens, slave women, man murderers, smuggling outfits, alarm gongs connecting police quarters with Chinatown, and heaven only knows what other infamous and lawless devices. He was cunning, secretive, rich, powerful, and the living embodiment of about all the ways that were dark and tricks that were vain, of his own countrymen. He could raise a corruption fund in quick order, and for almost any amount. He believed that the Police Department was constituted as well as it could be, and he could always he relied upon to promptly raise any required sum to help it pass pension bills, secure court decisions that passed all understanding, to elect certain local candidates to office, and generally to further whatever he deemed the common cause. We may not say, because we cannot prove, that these contributions brought him the immunity he so long enjoyed. We have never had a Lexow Committee for this city, and therefore have never got to the bottom of things. But the broad fact stands out clear and hold enough for a wayfaring man, though a fool, to read. Little Pete was known for pretty nearly all he was, yet no harm came to him at the hands of our vigilant peace officers, and he was rarely put to any inconvenience, but when he was he always seemed to have a friend just where he needed one. It may have been that his smartness and cunning were too much for our officials, but to admit that is to concede the point that we ought long ago to have had a band of trained officers equal to at least one Chinaman.

What this city has first and last suffered, and still suffers, from the presence of Chinatown in its midst, may never be computed. It has been a festering cesspool of crime, disease, immorality, unmentionable vices, and of contamination to both old and young alike, that almost passeth human understanding. The infection is to-day deeply embedded in persons and places that are not generally suspected. No one who came into contact with Chinatown seemed to escape its infection. Even its women missionaries, in too many cases, surrendered to its habits with truly lamentable results. It is not too much to say that the long-continued existence of this abomination has in large part been due to the corrupt and corrupting influences of which this man, Little Pete, was so pronounced a master. Of course corruption existed before his day, and will continue now that he is dead, but he had made himself the *Deus ex machina*, and leaves no equally dangerous leader behind. If Grand Juries, District Attorneys, Police Judges, and vigilant reporters will keep a keen eye on Chinatown for a while, it may be possible to prevent the renewal of the alliances which Little Pete found so potent for evil. That such a rascally Chinaman could have worked the mischief and secured the immunity he did, must seem incredible to strangers who do not know the facts. This city has no cause to mourn the death of Little Pete.

What Is The
Examiner
After Now?

It may safely be taken for granted that the Examiner's raid upon the Park Commissioners is not what it seems to be. There is a nigger in the wood pile somewhere. We do not pretend to know exactly what the facts are, but we know the Examiner and the methods it adopts under its present editorial management. It has a design upon the Park, and it cannot be a good one, because the present excellent commissioners are deemed to be in the way. They are not usable men, and, in consequence, a sudden and very extraordinary effort is being made to get rid of them. Why? Can anybody tell? There is no salary attached to their offices, and nobody is likely to hanker after their positions on that account. If Irving M. Scott, John Rosenfeldt, and Joseph Austin are not men whom no breath of scandal can hurt, then this municipality is without citizens above fear and beyond reproach. The condition of the Park speaks for itself. It is a marvel to every body, and especially to visitors from

other States, that so much is accomplished at so moderate an expense. It is complained of Superintendent McLaren that he gets a full day's work out of his men in return for a full day's pay. The awful charge is also made that he sometimes borrows ideas from his subordinates. These two allegations, seriously made, furnish about as good evidence of the competency of McLaren as a superintendent as need be desired. It is further claimed that the Lodge in which he is housed is needlessly permanent and costly. He necessarily has to live in the quarters assigned him by the Commissioners, and they and not he are responsible. The late W. W. Stow favored the building of a Lodge that should be a credit to the Park for all time, he approved the plans, and watched all the proceedings had in connection with it with personal care. Possessed of personal integrity never questioned, and of a judgment in such matters almost infallible, no well informed citizen will care to question the wisdom, at the mere *ipse dixit* of the Examiner, of what he chose to do as a Park Commissioner. Independent in mind and means, he made a hobby of improving the Park, and left our whole people indebted to him for his resultful labors. Then the audacious allegation is made that Irving M. Scott, in effect, stole \$5,000 from the Park funds by collecting that much more for pumping apparatus than it was worth. Pshaw! Everybody knows that Mr. Scott would rather donate that amount to the Park than take one dime from it to which he was not entitled. Mr. Scott has not time to go mousing around on little looting expeditions, but he may find time to defend his honor, by forcing the Examiner into the position of admitting that it cannot prove its words. It would not be true to its record if it did not take water, beg for mercy, and whine like a whipped cur. Stewart Menzies, of all men, was said to be in a steal by which he became possessed of the Casino building at much less than its value and it was intimated that McLaren had built a road at public expense for Menzies' private benefit. A brief explanation sufficed to put these lies at rest, but they have not been withdrawn. It is no doubt hoped that the Commissioners may be badgered into resigning their positions in disgust, but that would be to play the game of the enemy. The Examiner has a design, and its methods demonstrate that it is not a good one.

Railroad Building end? The Railway Age finds that it has undergone a remarkable decline since 1887, in which year 12,983 miles of track were laid. Year by year fewer miles have been built, until last year the small total of 1802 miles was reached. The descent to extreme inactivity has been continuous throughout nine years, and it is perhaps well. The country has fully enough miles of road to supply the requirements of its present population. As a matter of fact, the United States has come by the greatest system of railroads on earth, it hardly knows how. A sum total nearly equal to all the gold and silver in the world has been borrowed to give us nearly as many miles of railroad as are owned by all the rest of creation put together. This gigantic business is to-day paying nothing on 70 per cent of its stock indebtedness, and nothing on 13 per cent of its bonds. Yet what would our country have been, for a century or more to come, if it had not been for the early building of these roads, for which there has been need, and for which there will yet be adequate profit? That the credit of so new a country was equal to what has been accomplished will always remain one of the marvels of the age. Meanwhile, the railroad builder may well take a rest. Yet he is still busy in California, which last year headed the list of States in the matter of mileage of new roads.

The Proposed Postal Improvements. Bills have passed the House of Representatives which contain changes in the postal service which will be interesting to the people generally. One is to permit the mailing of private postal cards. Under its provisions any card to which a one-cent stamp is affixed may be transmitted by mail, provided it approximates in size and weight the present card furnished by the Government. The plan has been adopted in Great Britain, and in seven months has increased the card mail by one-fourth; a very strong evidence of its popularity there. It would un-

doubtedly be equally so here. Business houses would use it, printing their own devices on the face, and society would make a fad of having individual cards handsomely engraved. The Government would profit by saving the expense of printing, handling and storing an immense number of the present cards.

Another proposal is that senders or owners of registered letters, which are lost, may be indemnified to the amount of ten dollars. Sums registered under ten dollars, if lost, would be repaid in full. Probably the majority of people who patronize the Registry department believe that the Government is responsible for the money thus sent by mail. Such is not the fact. The additional eight cents on a registered letter purchases nothing but extra care in its transmission. Registered letters are handled separately from the ordinary mail and can be traced from sender to receiver, but the mere fact of registration points the evilly-inclined to the letters where the most value is to be found. Under the plan of a limited indemnification it is expected that the increased use of registry will be sufficient to make the department whole against any sums it may be called upon to repay.

The postal authorities are also experimenting with a plan which makes the individual his own postmaster. If approved, a little cabinet, costing about two dollars, may be purchased from the department and fastened outside one's front door. The cabinet will have one compartment in which the carrier will place letters which he is delivering; another in which he will find letters to be mailed. If the householder has no stamps, he may put the money to buy them in the box with the letters, and the carrier will do the rest. Still another compartment is for the purpose of buying stamps. Money is placed in the box, and an indicator tells the carrier just what stamps are required. He takes the money and leaves the stamps on his succeeding trip. The amount that can be purchased at any one time will not exceed fifty cents. Soon a man may not need to leave his house for any purpose, and later on, perhaps, he may be served with all necessities while in bed.

The Arbitration Treaty in Danger. It is obvious that the arbitration treaty is in imminent peril. The small men whom the poor politics of the period have brought to the surface as United States Senators, are beating the bush for all sort of excuses for delay and its ultimate defeat. It is now in committee and is not apparently to be reported back to the Senate this session. Meanwhile, the Irish societies all over the country are being moved to petition for its rejection on all sorts of grounds, most of which go straight to the point that it is not desirable that this country should be without grievances against Great Britain, or debarred from making war against the people of that nation whenever popular clamor can be aroused to demand it, or their European complications seem to afford us the usual opportunity for successful attack. That is plainly the intent and meaning of an avalanche of memorials now descending upon the Senate, which, by its non-action, seems to invite them, and to desire nothing better. If this issue is unhappily to be raised at all, it is better that it should be raised now than later. Let us comprehend, once for all, just where we stand. If we are to live in a condition of perpetual unrest and threatening turmoil with the people of our own race, kindred and language across the ocean, let us know it, and learn at whose instance, and for what cause this unsatisfactory state of affairs is to be maintained. The NEWS LETTER has no taste for religious, or racial controversies, and usually leaves them severely alone. It believes that the newer and better issues constantly arising in this great country supply all the food for thought that our people require or can digest. Our domestic difficulties are enough in all conscience, without participating in foreign antipathies in which we have no sort of interest. If any section, race, or creed, less than a majority of the whole American people, believes that it can force the United States to maintain a standing army, and a Navy of the first class, in order to fight causeless and preventable wars, we believe that it has but to show its hand in order to learn how grievously mistaken it is. The arbitration treaty is a beneficent measure, approved by the best American thought, and demanded by enlightened public sentiment.

The Pacific Railroad Debts. The best journals of the East are most pronounced in their views of the unwisdom of Congress in not either passing the Funding Bill or devising some satisfactory settlement of the Pacific Railroad debts. The New York Nation, and Springfield Republican, fairly represent the independent class of newspapers to which we refer. The Nation in its own clear and forceful way says, that "in lieu of funding, foreclosure is the only remaining alternative. But that would imply, in the first place, an issue of \$60,000,000 in bonds with which to pay off the first mortgage, and, in the second place, Government ownership and operation of the road. But we all know how very bad it is to issue bonds, and we can guess how bad it would be for a Government to run a railroad. It is perfectly certain that every prominent constituent would have to have a pass, and a position on the road for his son, and get his freight carried free. Congress can seriously contemplate neither bond issues on account of the road, nor its operation by the Government. The only inference is that it has shirked, and means to go on shirking its duty to settle the question. It is the same old policy of drift. Drifting is good fun and very easy, but in the end the ship goes to smash on the rocks. However, you may always hope to be dead and well out of it first." That is pretty much the view the NEWS LETTER has always taken of this matter. The troubles that funding involves a complicated financial transaction for which Congress at present has neither a mind or taste of its own, and is without confidence in anybody who has. Then there is an enviable opportunity to pose in public as an enemy of corporations and bloodsuckers. Add to this, the inertia and cowardice of a short session on the eve of a new administration, and the shirking by Congress of a difficult and perhaps unpopular duty, is fully accounted for. But the Pacific Railroads' debt problem has got to be solved in some way, and that way will not be found by the Government embarking in the railroad business. Meanwhile, foreclosure proceedings will drag their slow way along in the Courts, and the end no man may foresee. It will be well if no paralysis falls upon the commerce of this Coast in consequence.

Renewed Interest in Ramie Fibre. The English are now engaged in experiments that have a decided interest for the textile trade everywhere. Every reader will remember the incessant talk in the papers a few years since, regarding the value of the ramie fibre, and how confidently it was expected to become a serious rival of both cotton and flax. The French worked on ramie before the Americans took it up. The French gave it up, and even the ingenuity of Americans failed, and the subject dropped. Now the English have the ramie fever, and already claim that success is just ahead. The great difficulty to overcome in the preparation of the fibre is to disengage it from the gummy bark of the plant. The method is necessarily a chemical one, and both French and Americans failed to find an agent that would dissolve the gum without weakening the fibre. There has been no trouble to separate the fibre, but it was always found too much rotted by chemicals to use in cloth. The English are using a method employing the zincate of soda, lately originated for them by a chemist of Indian nativity. A company has been formed, and patents taken out in every country. An experimental factory is at work in London, turning out two tons of fibre a week ready for spinning. There has never seemed any doubt of the value of ramie, provided it could be successfully decorticated. It is a very light and very strong cloth when woven, and will not shrink or stretch. It can be sold almost as cheap as the cheapest cotton, and yet its smooth and glossy appearance rivals linen. Six pounds of ramie will make as much sail-cloth as ten pounds of flax. The canvas of the famous yacht Defender was made from this fibre. The plant is tropical, and has been known to produce four crops a year. If the claims of success are well founded, we shall doubtless see the enterprise founded in this country. Texas is known to be an excellent climate for the production of the plant, and Southern California may prove to be just as good. All that the planter has to guard against is the fermentation of the gum in the bark before he delivers it to the factory.

The Cabinet Taking Form. The indications are that President-elect McKinley is at last progressing with his cabinet making. As John Sherman has himself announced the fact, there remains no doubt that he is to be the new Secretary of State. A stronger man than his chief, he will, we think, be the guiding star of, and give complexion to the new administration. And a very quiet, sober, sedate hue it will be. For many years past John Sherman has been the most temporizing, conservative man in Congress. He will carry nothing of jingo policy into our relations with foreign nations, and that is well, for the country needs nothing so much at this time as assurances of peace, to the end that prosperity may be permitted to resume its normal sway. The new Secretary will be quiet, dignified and inclined to smooth away difficulties and the President-elect, not being a Cleveland, will give him a free hand and let him have his own way. Unless the unexpected should happen, our foreign relations will not trouble us overmuch during the next four years. Judge Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, is to be the Attorney General, and he too, is a safe, rather than a brilliant man. Our own Judge McKenna appears to have been slated for Secretary of the Interior. In him California will have a creditable representative, and the country a most painstaking and conscientious cabinet officer. Probably no better selection from this Coast could have been made. He will devote himself to mastering the affairs of his office, and will administer them with marked executive ability. The leading idea which seems to have dictated these cabinet selections, is that strength and solidity, rather than brilliancy, should form the distinguishing characteristics of this administration. Political pyrotechnics are likely to be at a discount for some time to come.

An Outline Of McKinley's Policy. What may be accepted as an accurate statement of the main features of the next administration's financial policy appears over the signature of E. V. Smalley of Minneapolis, who has been having a talk with the President-elect. There will be: (1) An immediate revision of the tariff on protection lines, (2) The restoration of the reciprocity treaties of the Harrison administration, (3) The maintenance of all kinds of money at a parity with gold, (4) Efforts in the direction of promoting international bi-metallicism, (5) The gradual retirement of the greenbacks by the use of surplus revenue for that purpose, (6) An extension of the National Bank system, so as to permit of branches being carried on in small towns, (7) Economy in expenditures, if Congress will permit, to correspond with the economies of the period consequent upon the condition of the times. This is a modest programme that has little or no meaning in it, except as to the tariff. The restoration of the reciprocity arrangements is now next to impossible, for the reason that nothing is left to trade with. The sugar duties cannot again be spared; besides our cane and beet growers would object to free trade in sugar, and bounties are now impossible. The greenback policy will have no immediate effect, as it will be long before there will be any surplus revenue to speak of. The old McKinley tariff with a few changes will be re-enacted, and an extra session called for the purpose. This is due to the industries that supplied the campaign fund. For the rest the programme amounts to nothing, and that, perhaps, is well. The country, with a rest from politics, will stick the better to business.

To Inconvenience The Public. A Bill is at present before the Legislature, the tenor of which is to compel the Pullman Company to leave up all upper berths when the same are not occupied. This bill is one of the worst to crop up this session and if passed would prove a great inconvenience to passengers and deprive them of the little comfort they may obtain while travelling. At present it is customary to sell the lower berths first and if the upper berth remains unsold the passenger has the privilege and comfort of both seats. Should this bill pass, however, it will be to the advantage of the Pullman Company to sell both berths in the section before selling a second lower berth in another compartment. The bill is ridiculous, and would only inconvenience the travelling public. For this reason it should be killed.

AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, January 28, 1897.

WITH nearly 600 bills introduced in each house, and half the session almost over, how in the world the present session is going to get rid of the mass of business before it, is a problem that is difficult to solve. In fact, it is out of the question that all the measures can be properly considered. Then, again, there is being developed a strong desire to shirk work. Adjournments are taken early in the afternoon of each day, and in both houses the lusty-lunged members waste much time, as Demery said, "chewing the rag." But let the taxpayers be thankful that the Legislature meets only once in two years, and that the session is only sixty days in length, and that only thirty-five days yet remain. The business of the session, I prophesy, will be able to be summed up in the statement that the General Appropriation Bill and another County Government act have been passed. By the way, the Appropriation bill is practically ready now.

The sensational scene in the Assembly last week, when Chief Clerk Duckworth fainted, is still being talked about, and may prove the salvation of Duckworth's future. Conservative members think now that he was not all to blame, and the investigating committee, in whose hands the matter now is, will undoubtedly implicate several members of the Assembly along with the Chief Clerk. The punishment in store for them will probably be a reprimand and advice to not do it again. A bill fixing the number, duties, and pay of all temporary and permanent *attachés* will also be passed, or rather a constitutional amendment for the offices of both houses are named by constitutional provision. Assemblyman Brieling, Chairman of the Committee on Attachés and Mileage, was before the Investigating Committee the other day, and if he is as innocent a young man as his testimony would tend to show, Alameda County is a fit temporary residing place, and heaven should be his permanent home. The poor fellow knew nothing except what he was told, was suspicious of nothing, took everything for granted, and let a list of over one hundred names, with an appropriation of nearly \$4,000, go through with his recommendation, simply because he thought it was regular. The Lord deliver us soon, and protect us in the future from such abiding faith.

Senator Withington, who represents, in a way, San Diego, made an "Indian" of himself in the Senate the other day, when he attempted, by resolution, to prevent members of the press from securing copies of bills from the Sergeant-at-Arms, and accused some newspaper man—unnamed—of taking nineteen or some other ridiculous number of each bill for some hinted at unlawful and wasteful purpose. He was properly "called down" by the newspaper men present, and his constituents will name his successor next election.

The Senate is going to investigate the disappearance of desks, chairs, and other furniture purchased last session. It all came about by Senator Smith's remarks on what he considered an extravagant appropriation of \$597.50 to pay for a lot of new furniture for the use of some thirteen Senate Committees. The old furniture, it was stated, was being used by various State officers, whose right to possession of the same is doubtful. Senators Smith, Gillette and Dickinson are to be the investigators. After they investigate, I wonder what will occur. Most probably the appropriation will be allowed for the new furniture and the old furniture deliberately declared missing.

Leslie Blackburn, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, is wearing a beautiful gold badge presented him by his admiring friends in Alameda County.

Governor Budd has introduced a new practice. When a junketing committee makes a trip, along with them goes the Governor. This may be a good idea, but these trips cost money, and the Governor has certainly been to all the State institutions visited many times before.

Assemblyman Harry Mulerevey, of the Thirty-seventh District, San Francisco, who, by the way, is one of the few worthy members from the metropolis, has introduced a bill making the theft of a bicycle a felony. All the wheel owners in the State are in favor thereof, and it will undoubtedly pass.

Next week the selection of State Library Trustees will

be made in joint assembly. They will all be Republicans, needless to say, and a clean sweep will be made in the State Library. If the clean sweep would include the private retail liquor store in the State Librarian's room, people who imagine a library is not a place for conducting a gin mill would be satisfied.

S. G. Goodhue, who represents the Fifty-second District in the Assembly, is one of the not too many men in that body who believe in looking out for the interest of the taxpayers. A strict and consistent economist, he is making a good record which it is to be hoped will be appreciated by his constituents. Except for being for twenty years a school trustee in San Mateo, where he lives, Mr. Goodhue never before held a public office, most probably because he never sought it, for in his district, where he has lived for thirty years, he has friends without number and is universally respected. Mr. Goodhue is chairman of the committee on Federal Relations, and a member of the committees on Commerce and Navigation, Manufactures and Internal Improvements, and Roads and Highways. Among the measures that Mr. Goodhue has introduced and is interested in, is a bill looking for the protection and regulation of the dairying industry; a bill protecting the forests; good roads; and favors the removal of the tax on shipping and non-compulsory pilotage.



S. G. Goodhue.

The bill appropriating \$75,000 to cover a deficiency in the State Printing office will pass both Houses, despite opposition by the minority and a few of the Republicans, but will undoubtedly be vetoed by the Governor. The Governor's office and that of the State Printer are in opposite wings of the Capitol building, and this exemplifies the feeling *cordiale* between those officials. In the Senate, the bill may be passed over the Governor's veto, but in the Assembly the minority will fight that appropriation to the bitter end, and may, with the few Republicans aforesaid, force a compromise. They are willing to vote \$30,000, the money to be used exclusively for Legislative printing. Business is dull here. The latest quotation on Assemblymen is sixty cents per dozen.

PEG.

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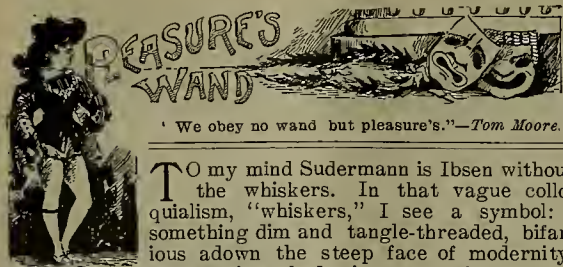
OF THE SEASON described and illustrated.

In the January 23rd Issue of

HARPER'S BAZAR

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'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

TO my mind Sudermann is Ibsen without the whiskers. In that vague colloquialism, "whiskers," I see a symbol: a something dim and tangle-threaded, bifarious adown the steep face of modernity, grotesquing, shadowing, narrowing nature.

And in the tensity of that scene where Magda finds nobility and bigness in the quiet, self-abnegation of the Rector, and the Rector sees scope and triumph and fulfillment in Magda's life, it fell upon me stronger, even than before, how vast and tangled Ibsen's whiskers are, how dense they grow between him and the world—the world he never looks full in the face, but peeks at with the corners of his eyes out over the hedges he has grown himself. Sudermann is so daringly unopinionated, so bravely unacquisitive, so inpeccably impersonal. No moral trails his play to rattle like a can from a dog's tail. He asks no question, he courts no interrogation; he gives you a pulsing picture of life with all life's contradictions and friction, and ideals and creeds and prejudices, battling one against the other as they must battle so long as mortal man prescribes what is to be beyond the frontier of his own soul.

* * *

We chafe and stifle with Magda as the old family chains narrow around her again. We pity, even justify, the proud, yearning, bigoted father, who says, "Look at this home! There is no luxury—hardly even what you call good taste—faded rugs, birchen chairs, old pictures; and yet when you see the beams of the Western sun pour through the white curtains and lie with such loving touch on the old room, does not something say to you, 'Here dwells true happiness?'" We sympathize with him, even to understanding why he would rather have had Magda come home in rags and tears. And yet Magda has but to say, "Filial love? I would like to take that dear, white head on my lap and say, 'You old child,'" and a broader, bigger ego claims our sympathy.

So it is throughout the play. Gentle sister Marie would die a thousand deaths but defy not one convention for Max, and Magda pityingly says, "The most terrible of all passions becomes in their hands a mere resigned defiance of death." The Rector feels a something pent, unexpressed in his placid, unworldly life and Magda urges him on with, "to be greater than our sins is worth more than all the purity you preach." And the big little egotism of the Privy Councillor—so character-consistent, so probable, so inevitable in this mixed world of ours—how sickly green it turns in the glare and glitter of her scorn! She is a wonderful woman, this refined vulgarian Magda, with a philosophy and an animal power which dominate everything. The softening influences of the Rector only accentuate her strength. She lays aside the light rapier of worldliness toward the last, when her heart begins to choke and she fights grimly, terribly, as the mother fights for her young, with the savage in her soul. And even to the very pride-broken death of her father she conquers, and you feel the awful justice of it all—and still there is neither glory nor content, nor aught but bitterness in the victory.

Sudermann says nothing but "Here is life, look at it. I can show it to you but I cannot explain its justice or its injustice." Nor can he, for even while the ink was wet upon his work, it moved and breathed and became a something, as Magda herself became, too strong, too big, too full of "I am I" to stay, trembling, under the parental rod. And Sudermann called this creation of his brain, this one day snatched from the life that might be yours, or mine or anybody's, "Heimath"—Home! Is it not the irony of genius?

* * *

I never expect to see a perfect performance of *Magda*, and I dare say no one ever has. I can imagine, in the hazy way one imagines things which are perfect to one's own satisfaction, a performance wherein there is no virtuosity, no star, but an ideal symphonic oneness. But stars

have made Magda what she is in the realms of play-acting, and stars will sustain her there; and I do not think there ever will be enough ambitious actresses to make Magda herself hackneyed—as poor Camille is hackneyed—any more than there ever will be the inspiration, study and technical perfection in a supporting company to bring out that close, conflicting atmosphere the author has wedded to his work.

In Monday night's performance at the Baldwin Theatre, there were two characters realized, two characters that were truthful to Sudermann, finished in all the details of acting, and worthy companion pictures to Modjeska's famous Magda—Joseph Howarth's Major Schubert, and George Osbourne's Privy Councillor, von Keller. By his fidelity to what Sudermann unmistakably outlines as von Keller's character, and the somewhat ludicrous misunderstanding of that author by the ladies and gentlemen of the daily newspapers, Mr. Osbourne's interpretation has come in for a deal of slating—slating so far as the critics' intention go, but in reality very pretty and ingenuous compliments for Mr. Osbourne. It is the first time in several seasons that I have known Mr. Osbourne to exact from himself the very best of which he is capable. The utter commonplaceness of von Keller's appearance—which in itself makes a tragedy of his ever having been anything to Magda—the scrupulous, exasperating manner, the quiet composure of his speeches, the unspeakable contemptibility of the man—ever delicately suggested rather than laid on with gnarled eyebrows and fierce facialisms—which seem to have made Mr. Osbourne's Privy Councillor such bad acting for my colleagues, is, to my thinking, the best, and only possible true acting of the part. The makeup was faithful to Sudermann's directions, and the manner of the acting was an illumination of the lines. If the persons who wrote those trustful notices for Tuesday's papers will let go their pens for a few hours and read the play *Heimath*, a very good English version of which is published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., they will find that von Keller is neither the Nelson Wheatcroft nor the Maurice Barrymore villain, but quite the sort of villain who occurs in actual life, and who does not wear his black soul on the outside so that you can measure it in the first act.

* * *

The enterprise of Al. Hayman & Co. in giving us Modjeska at this timely season is real philanthropy—so far as we are concerned—and not the least of this enterprise lay in bringing out Joseph Howarth, one of the foremost of young American actors, for leading man. Mr. Howarth's genius is ample enough to balance considerable discrepancy at the other end of the casts. It was not until after the first two acts that he got beneath the skin, so to speak, of Major Schubert, and then he realized the part to the very center, blending the gentleness, austerity, pride, and narrowness of this pitiable old man with splendid conviction. Howarth, like Modjeska, is the player born, and his art is instinctive, sensitive, and sure.

The other members of the company are not of a quality to shine in the peculiar exigencies of a Sudermann play. Sudermann is so usual to every-day life, so untheatrical, so unepigrammatic, even, that the actors must feel, and *be*, rather than act, in the accepted sense. Lester Lonergan almost convinced me that a young man could play Rector Weber in the early part of the play, but his mellow sonorosity became monotonous and insufficient in the big scenes. Miss Frances Jolliffe, the *débutante* (what would a Modjeska season be without a *débutante*?) played Marie very easily and prettily for a novice. What she lacks is not manner, but magnetism. Max is perhaps the least Sudermannish of all the characters; he might belong to any popular drama. Landers Stevens did well enough with Max, considering the popular view he took of him, and the popular view most people take of acting, but Landers has the misfortune to be my brother, so I doubly deplore any stilted actorial methods that may have characterized his work. Miss Hattie Foley infused large, farce-comedy comicality into Aunt Franciska, which, of course, entirely ruined that immense contrast character.

Modjeska's Magda is not new to San Francisco, and it never will be old to those of us who preserve our better appreciation through the dreary seasons of mediocrity so long as she plays it as she did this week. I have never seen Duse, but if she is all the world proclaims her, it

must be that her's is like the beautiful, unostentatious art which marks Modjeska's Magda. Modjeska does not bring out the big brutal note which lies in wait for some heavy, mettlesome Magda. She does not come back to her old home with the world, the flesh, and the devil strident in her mien. Her's is a Magda of fine, febrile organism, with the spring of the woman who has lived, the vitality and animalism of a life used to freedom. And she feels the chains a thousand times heavier than they were in her girlhood. And this time, her self-wrought success, and her child arm her with a terrible justice. It is a characterization full of nervous power and imperial imagination—easy to applaud, impossible to describe.

If, as her admirers insist, Lillian Nordica was retired from the Metropolitan Opera Company by any private malice, or jealousy, or family reasons of Jean de Reszke's, I can see a superb revenge in store for the American songstress if she will take it when she gets back to New York. Let Nordica hire a hall, an orchestra, and any able-lunged tenor, and sing the *Siegfried* scene as she sang it for us at the Baldwin Saturday afternoon, and the Metropolis is hers; and there will be such a clamor around the walls of the Metropolitan that St. Jean and his angels will be only too glad to open wide the doors and let her in. And it will be the biggest argument ever offered in favor of American singers for American dollars.

Musical New York is at present given up to two all-absorbing questions—quiet enough in the title, but fraught with terrifying sensationalism in the discussion thereof. One is the Americans for America proposition; the other is the singableness and intelligableness of Wagner's operas. The musical journals, most notably the *Musical Courier*, are hot and savage upon the pampered head of Jean de Reszke, who, they claim, in the grasp of his greed and ambition, is unwilling to share either American duets or American plaudits with the singers of America. The Metropolitan's receipts have not been materially diminished by all this; nevertheless, the patriots are still zealous, and noisy, and hopeful. But the biggest strife is between the Wagnerites and the anti-Wagnerites. The latter forces, composed of the plumbers and gasfitters of the daily newspapers, are led by little Alan Dale, a most entertaining and sulphurous critic of plays and play-acting, but a blithering ass in all the clefs of music. These find nothing but dire dissonance and disturbance of the peace in Wagner's music. The composer himself they call "Demented Dick," "Veary Wagner," "Wheezy Wag," and many other chaste epithets which the small fire-cracker mind easily explodes upon those it cannot and will not understand. The Wagnerites, the long-haired soiled ones, who fume, flare, swear, sweat, and die by the Bard of Beyreuth, follow in the wake of short-haired Mr. De Koven of The World and deborair Mr. Huneker of the *Musical Courier* and The Advertiser. In his critical capacity, Reginald De Koven is the last man on earth you would suspect of writing comic operas. He goes to the Metropolitan accompanied by a quadrant, a compass, an encyclopedia, a German-English lexicon, and a thermometer—a most un-Worldly person, who reads very much like The Tribune. James Huneker is a cosmopolite, a classicalist, a modern, a traditionalist, an innovator, a technician, a temperamentalist: he exchanges color with his subject. Huneker is one of the few critics in America who earn their salaries: he is read—because he has nerve, and verve, and enterprise, and judgment, and wit.

If the San Francisco telegrams have not already done the work, Nordica has only to go to conquer. Of course, she made pretty little vows never to sing Brunnhilde again, but Melba is vanquished, Lehmann is *passée*, Reszke's relative, Letvinne is voted fourth-rate, and New York brandishes its golden horn of plenty and demands the best. Nordica will never let the opportunity go. Besides, it will be such a sweet, bitter one on Jean, who now will scarcely risk importing Ellen Gulbranson, since that Christiania matron so widely missed the mark in the Berlin performances of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*. And then, Reszke's splendid striping Siegfried, will not get all the New York flowers.

San Francisco is perhaps the worst place this side of Oklahoma to give an authoritative verdict on a Wagnerian performance, but the immense, compelling character of

blood, passion, and sound that Nordica gave the demigoddess Saturday afternoon would have wrung a laurel crown from a music hall crowd. And this meant interpretation, and interpretation is what Wagner needs to reconcile him to the short haired

ASHTON STEVENS.

Clever women are always the scarsest of vaudeville commodities. There are two at the Orpheum, and each does a stunning act. Alcide Capitaine's trapeze work and posing on a perpendicular rope are, beyond their athletic excellence, a series of beautiful, artistic pictures. Bessie Clayton is the most expert and original dancer the Orpheum has ever engaged. Next week there will be both kinds of singing on the bill—our old friend Guille, the tenor, and Ward and Curran, late of the Clipper Quartette.

The big *Aladdin* production comes off at the Tivoli tonight, and there will be a string of ticket-seekers extending from the box-office way round to Powell street, where the actors come from. Extravaganza is what the Tivoli patrons want just now, and extravaganza they are going to get in large, frolicsome quantities. From all promises, *Aladdin* is going to be the biggest feast of music and merriment the Tivolians have had in seasons. Fest has painted new scenery, Martens and Hirschfeld have written new music, Hartman has garnered new jokes, and maybe some of the other kind, and R. C. White, of *She* fame, has given a *fin de siècle* turn to the story. There will be ballets and songs and specialties, and the entire Tivoli company in the cast.

It is some time since we have had a real farce-comedy, and many persons who are eccentric enough to go to the theatre to be amused will be glad to learn that *The Prodigal Father* (there is a world of mirth in that title alone) opens at the Columbia Monday night.

Thursday afternoon the first symphony concert, under the direction of the new society, takes place at the Columbia. Dvorak's first symphony and Tschaiakowsky's "Marche Slave" are among the orchestral novelties. Mrs. Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs (wife of the conductor) will be the vocalist.

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The world's greatest tenor; Ward & Curran, the clipper comedians; Capitaine, "the perfect woman"; Bessie Clayton, "the prettiest, daintiest, and most bewitching dancer that ever dazzled an audience; Binns & Binns; Wilson & Waring; the Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Tivoli Opera House. Mrs. ERNESTINE KREILING, Proprietor and Manager
To-night. Our up-to-date extravaganza,
ALADDIN,
or, The Wonderful Lamp. A hodge-podge of mirth, music, ballets, beauty. The new electric *Danse des Fleurs*. The Floating Palace in Mid-Air. The Six Little Tailors. The superb Ballet of Cleopatra.
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Popular Prices..... Novel Specialties..... 25c and 50c

THE REPULSE OF THE BURGLAR.

BY JAMES CHARLTON DONALD.

THE Nicholson family was mortally afraid of burglars. Their house at Berkeley had never been robbed, but its occupants were in as constant terror of a midnight raid as if their home had been pillaged with monthly regularity. The unwritten annals of the family were replete with burglary incidents in which marauders had all but accomplished their purpose without actually forcing an entrance. Although when exposed to the cold examination of the skeptical, the groundwork of these exciting experiences had invariably proved to be nothing more tangible than noises of varying degrees of mystery, no member of the extensive Nicholson connection ever ventured to question either the genuineness of the danger or the providential character of the deliverance.

According to the Nicholson belief, burglars roamed nightly about the premises. Although the desperadoes had never reached the climax of removing valuables or even of entering the house, the members of the family were continually on the alert, expecting that their vigilance would one night circumvent a practical thief in the flesh. A succession of false alarms, unbroken by anything more serious than an inquisitive cat, a stray dog or the howling of the wind, neither lessened their fright nor decreased their anticipation of robbery.

It must not be supposed that their nightly fear cast a perpetual gloom over the lives of the Nicholsons. On the contrary, it was the source of some secret gratification. They diligently cultivated their nerves, clinging to the idea of midnight attacks with considerable comfort mingled with their timidity. It argued a measure of enviable importance, not to say aristocratic wealth, to know that their house was the center towards which all the porch-climbers and area thieves in the country were directing their covetous talents.

Mrs. Nicholson, in her easy chair beside a wood fire, reflected philosophically that sooner or later, the robbery was bound to be accomplished. The burglars, piqued by a succession of failures, would devote all their energies to the capture of her little citadel. Perhaps they would come that very Christmas Eve. It was dark enough,—just the night for a burglar's purpose.

Her available defense force was somewhat weak. Her husband was absent and the members of the household were chiefly women and children, the nearest approach to a man being her nephew Henry, who, although a well grown lad of 18, was a chronic sufferer from moral and physical cowardice.

Henry left the house early in the evening, returning about nine in a pelting rain. The family retired at the usual time and an hour or two later, Mrs. Nicholson, in spite of her quaking nerves, felt a thrill that was almost triumphant because of the accuracy of her intuition. She heard the long expected burglar. She was wide awake and there was no doubt of his presence this time. He was working with monotonous diligence and seemed to be filing away at the window fastening, keeping time to the drip, drip of the rain from the eaves.

Mrs. Nicholson aroused her niece and the female servant and held a hurried consultation to decide the best means of thwarting the burglar's plans. As a forlorn hope they called Henry, but he was not easily awakened. When he was finally made to understand the nature of the family peril, he contributed some sage advice.

"Hit him with an Indian club," Henry bravely counselled, and turning over, resumed his slumbers.

Frightened as they were of burglars, the Nicholsons were more afraid of firearms, and no active aid being obtainable from Henry, the women prepared to attack the unwelcome visitor with domestic weapons.

The burglar was at a window near the front door, hidden by the deep portico. The terrified females could hear him distinctly. Prompt action was necessary, so Mrs. Nicholson procured one of her nephew's Indian clubs and from an upper window hurled it in at the open side of the porch.

As if recoiling from the blow, a big, black object leaped from the floor of the porch but did not run away. It ut-

tered no sound when the heavy missile fell, so the suggestion that the cause of alarm might be an enormous dog, was scouted.

"A dog would have howled," said the maid, convincingly.

The undaunted burglar crouched down again on the floor of the porch, and after an interval of silence above, apparently thinking he would be safe from further interruption, boldly renewed his rasping work at the door.

"We shall be murdered if he gets in," Mrs. Nicholson called as an ultimatum through the key hole to Henry. "We must strike a quick blow for our home and our lives."

Stimulated to action by the prospect of sudden death, Henry was finally persuaded to emerge from his retirement and assail the burglar, making the condition that the women should accompany him as a body guard. While Mrs. Nicholson remained at the upper window, Henry with a second Indian club in one hand and a cribbage board in the other, crept slowly and reluctantly down stairs, followed by his sister, armed with a manicure set and a child's bow and arrow, while the servant carried a large kitchen knife and a potato masher.

Quietly opening the front door a few inches, Henry threw club and cribbage board in the face of the intruder and bolted upstairs and into his room, upsetting in his flight the trembling girls on the landing.

Simultaneously with Henry's discharge, Mrs. Nicholson from her place of vantage, dropped two dumb bells, a slate, several hoots and a Noah's ark with its entire menagerie, upon the head of the hold thief.

This combined volley of heavy artillery knocked the robber off the porch. In the dim light, the defenders of their home could see him lying motionless on the pavement below.

Mrs. Nicholson was instantly smitten with remorse. The violent death of a human being was awful. She would always have it on her conscience, even if he were a burglar.

"I suppose it will be justifiable homicide, but, oh, dear! it's just dreadful," she wailed, wringing her hands, "and he probably wasn't ready to die."

The watchers above saw the robber leap up as if in the death agony. Then he lay rigid.

In nervous apprehension, tortured by their consciences and the fear of an undefined punishment by the law the women sorrowfully waited for the dawn, too unnerved to seek assistance, Henry, meanwhile, lying trembling in his bed. They were afraid even of a dead burglar and reluctantly allowed the corpse to remain where it lay, exposed to wind and rain.

It was a dreary watch, and at the first glimpse of daylight, Mrs. Nicholson, with a sigh of relief, dressed to go to the police station and surrender herself. Her niece and the maid prepared to accompany her.

Henry declared he would await his arrest at home. He secretly argued that it was uncertain whether he or his aunt had delivered the fatal blow. Since she was so ready to acknowledge her guilt, he, by keeping in the background, would at least not be arraigned as the chief criminal and he might even avoid all punishment.

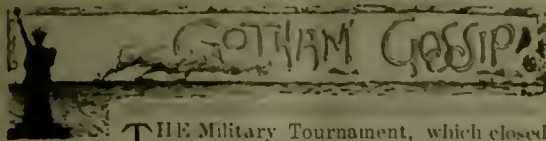
"It is more dignified," said Mrs. Nicholson as she adjusted her bonnet before a mirror, determined to look her best even in a dungeon; "It is much more dignified to give myself up voluntarily to the authorities, than to be dragged through the streets branded as a murderer."

She was interrupted by a shout from Henry, who after reconnoitering, had rushed out and dragged indoors the remains of the robber.

"Why, it's only my old umbrella," he said, in a sudden outburst of contemptuous bravery. "The handle's broken, and the cloth's torn, so I just dropped it outside the door when I came home last night in the rain. The wind has turned it inside out."

All the Nicholsons are still at large, uncharged with murder or any other crime. They talk no more of covetous thieves, however, and the next burglar who happens that way may carry off the house without fear of molestation from its occupants.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a simple yet most effectual remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and Bronchial Troubles. Avoid imitations.



THE Military Tournament, which closed at Madison Square Garden on Saturday night, was an event which will surely be remembered in history. It was a revelation to thousands of people who have never realized the meaning and extent of the militia work and the thorough devotion of militiamen, too often called toy soldiers, to their work. The Third Cavalrymen Regulars also opened the eyes of unaccustomed observers by their superb riding, and the cowboy and Indian of the plains styles of riding have left an ineffaceable impression. And best of all, perhaps, a very large sum has been added to the Hospital Fund for invalid militiamen, their wives and children, which Mrs. Howard Carroll and other interested and benevolent women are attempting to collect. The purpose is to establish a large ward in the Hahnemann Hospital for the State soldiers and their families. The sum has already gone beyond the ten thousand dollars at first deemed necessary.

Of California faces I have seen very few lately, perhaps because there have been suggestions of blizzards in the air when one's own four walls are so attractive that one does not care to tempt Providence by going out often. J. D. Redding has been in Philadelphia on a business trip for a few days, and has just returned to town. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lake have also been in the Quaker City for a week, visiting Mrs. James Elverson, Jr. Sir Bache and Lady Cunard are on a visit to Lady Cunard's mother, Mrs. Tichenor, and are at the Holland House. Mr. and Mrs. George Rutledge Gibson (Miss Belden) gave a large dinner last night in honor of Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, who is a relative of the host.

Mrs. Harry Gillig is once more contemplating a European journey. She gave an interesting musicale to a few friends on Tuesday night, at which Miss Eugenie Ferrer charmed every one with her Spanish songs. She played again last night at the marriage of Miss Leona Bush to Claude de Lamontte. Miss Bush is a niece of Dr. Henna, one of New York's prominent surgeons.

By the time this letter reaches you, Miss Mollie Torbert will have been transformed into Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The wedding will be celebrated at the Church of All Angels, in West End avenue, and a reception will follow at Sherry's. The bridal pair will go South on their wedding journey. Miss Torbert has entirely recovered from her severe illness and looks like herself again. Lieutenant D. L. Tate, who came to New York to participate in the recent Military Tournament, has returned to New Hampshire with his regiment. He is still "Handsome Danny." Mrs. George Crocker gave a large dinner on Tuesday night. To-night Mrs. De La Mar will be hostess at a similar entertainment.

At the opera on Saturday afternoon, I saw Mrs. La Montague, *nee* Catherwood, who is more beautiful and attractive than ever. By the way, the opera was unusually interesting, as it was Calvé's second appearance as Marguerite in *Faust*, and the performance was a revelation. Heretofore the rôle has been sung—and sung, perhaps, with certain sentiment—but with this incomparable artist the character itself was livid before one. There are many innovations in her acting. Instead of seating herself at once when she enters the garden, and after comfortably posing as a tableau before beginning "Le Roi de Thule," she walks about—folds her little cape to put it aside—pulls out the spinning wheel and chair, singing all the while as though to herself, and ends the first verse before taking her place at the spinning wheel. It was beautifully natural. The jewel song, instead of being a mere vocalization, was an exquisite bit of acting as well. And the gradual surrender in the love scene was marked in the climax by an embrace of such abandon that it thrilled everyone. Not an opportunity was neglected throughout. I have never seen a Marguerite before, although I have heard them. Calvé's voice, too, is in perfect condition, but it is needless for me to write you of that perfect voice. There are carping ones who say that Melba's determination to leave America for a two months'

rest is due not to indifference so much as it is to her anxiety at Calvé's success in one of her pet rôles. But the latter, for Melba is not a diva, but, on the contrary, a most amiable woman.

While I am on the top of the stage, I must refer to Clarissa Agnew, who is making a great bit in another sort of stage life. She is a feature of *The Milk White Flag* Company, and her French songs are said to be "the best that ever came over." Another laurel for California.
New York, January 19, 1896. PASSE PARTOUT.

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25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO. 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.



A Book
of
the Week.*

Many long centuries before the invention of printing, one of the wisest and shrewdest of the sons of men uttered a since almost universally known and quoted phrase, "Of making books there is no end." Though books without end still continue to appear, it is a singular fact that nowadays reading has become, to the great majority of men, an impossibility. It is one of the good things that the multiplication of journals misnamed "newspapers," and of picture books misnamed "magazines," has well-nigh taken away from us. It is true that the average man sometimes fancies that his devotion to the spoiled sheets of whitish paper that we dignify by the name of "organs" may ultimately lead him to become a reader of books; but, of course, this is an utter delusion. Nothing can be further from the truth. The newspaper-habit, if persisted in, is absolutely fatal to the formation of a taste for reading. The confirmed newspaper-fiend, accustomed to his daily drams of modern journalism, gradually and surely loses that power of concentration necessary for the profitable perusal of anything worth reading. And, even if he does now and then make a half-hearted attempt to read something, what is he likely to get hold of? Of a book? Oh, no! With all the multiplication of printers, steam-presses, and other apparent facilities for the manufacture of printed paper, books are becoming scarcer. Our friend most probably gets what he calls a book at a notion store, whither he has gone to buy "sox," or his wife brings one home as a premium on a pair of corsets or a pound of candy. But are these paper-covered monstrosities books? Far from it: they consist of a hundred or two of pages of cheap, dirty-looking, evil-smelling paper, covered with ill-formed characters, and clamped together by metal fasteners that make the gorge of every hook lover rise within him. These things being so, it is all the more gratifying to see a book occasionally. The little volume recently put forth by the Roycroft Printing Shop, and entitled "An Essay on Art and Life," is a book. It is true that it contains only ninety pages, but these are of handsome paper; the typography is beautiful and accurate, the margins are broad and adorned with quaint devices in red. Each paragraph begins with an ornamental letter, and each chapter with a character illuminated by hand. The whole production is a delight and a standing protest against the cheap and nasty things that we have always with us. The essayist draws our attention to the fact that all the highest pleasures of life, such as the contemplation of the wondrous works of Nature and the marvels of creative Art, require special aptitude and careful training for their enjoyment. It is of little avail to show to a man of untrained mind and heart a picture of Raffaele, or a church of Michael Angelo, or to put into his hands a book of Ruskin. This is to cast pearls before swine. The great majority of people are unwilling, or positively unable, to devote the attention, patience, and endurance that are necessary to the acquisition of the power to enjoy the highest pleasures. The poor, from the necessities of their daily life, cannot do so, and the rich generally render themselves impotent to enjoy any pleasures except those coarse ones which can be bought with money, and which call for no vigor of mind or attention, for no exercise of soul. But he who will give good natural endowments, time, untiring patience, and strenuous attention, to the acquisition of the power to appreciate and enjoy the highest pleasures, is sure of his reward. His sense of beauty will grow finer and keener year by year, and his soul will gradually come to resemble a perfectly attuned musical instrument. The highest æsthetic pleasures surpass all others in excellence, because they only can be enjoyed without wastefulness and hurt to one's fellow creatures. The pleasures of success and of passion are rapturous, but they always cost as much as they are worth—often more.

*"Art and Life," by Vernon Lee. Published by the Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y. 1896.

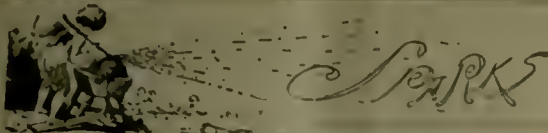
After the nonsense one is accustomed to hear and read on the subject of English society, it is a pleasure to have the subject treated of by one who knows whereof he speaks. Hence our satisfaction in reading Mr. G. W. Smalley's article in the January issue of Harper's Magazine. The writer points out that the qualification for admission to London society (which is probably the most brilliant, the most splendid, and certainly the most varied to be found in the world), is not wealth nor political position, nor even rank. Very rich men, of course, are found in it, men of great political distinction, and men of high birth and rank, but none of these qualifications is of itself enough to secure for its possessor free admission to the charmed circle. Still less does presentation at Court secure the desired result, though not to have been presented may be a drawback. The candidates for admission to society must, to put it very simply, show that they are worthy of admission; they must be interesting and thoroughly *au fait* with the usages. As society has much to offer, it fairly enough expects that the applicant shall bring something also. As to the morality of high society, in sexual and other matters, Mr. Smalley wisely says it is impossible to know whether there are more or fewer sinners in the smartest set than there are in other sets. There are no available statistics, and, till there are, we cannot say with any degree of certainty that the morals of grocers and bagmen are a whit superior to those of earls and countesses. Mr. Smalley also warns Americans who hope to win a place in English society by the sweat of their tongues, that the English have a horror of the silver-tongued orators and professional story-tellers, who expect the company to cease talking of what interests them and listen to their efforts to win admiration. The most valuable qualities in modern society at the British metropolis are brevity of speech (the British never could abide your long-winded, single-streak talkers), lightness of touch, adaptability, self-possession without obtrusiveness, and a capacity for conforming to the prevailing note.

In November of last year, a new candidate for the favor of the San Francisco public made its appearance under the title of The Family Journal. The first issue consisted of twenty-four pages of Harper's Weekly size, with an illustrated cover designed by Theodora Holly. The cover presents to us a fair-haired, thinly-clad young woman, standing in the moonlight with her back against a tree trunk. Around her runs a border of bunches of grapes; the moon is far from round, but we hope that this is not to be attributed to the indistinctness of the maiden's vision. Inside the covers are stories by Helen Campbell, Sara Graham, Ellen Coit Elliott, William J. Neidig, W. A. Curtis, and others; articles by J. Burt Davy, Dr. F. J. Masters (the Superintendent of the Methodist Chinese Missions), and H. T. Ardley. John F. Sheehan has a page entitled "Amateur Sport," and Mae Eleanor Gates conducts a page on fashions. A department of hygiene is in the charge of Dr. D. Maclean. The price of this first issue was twenty-five cents, more than can reasonably be asked for a periodical of this size and character, when we consider that Harper's Weekly and the Illustrated News of the World are sold for ten cents. The December issue, reduced to ten cents, contains an illustrated article on "The Beachmasters of the Prihylof," by David Starr Jordan, stories by W. J. Neidig, W. J. Piatt, Mary Roberts Smith, W. A. Curtis, Sybil Gray, and others. R. K. Culver writes of "The Illustrations of a Modern Newspaper," and Joaquin Miller on "California's Corner-Stone." F. A. Lucchesi has an article on musical topics, and Gertrude Zindars one on decorative Art. While we think that the proprietors of The Family Journal have got a hard road to travel, we wish them success.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle Almanac for 1897 contains 468 pages of closely and well printed information of the world in general, and of Brooklyn and Long Island in particular. There are also two or three maps and several plans. It is a sort of "Whitaker's Almanac" for the City of Churches, and certainly offers a great amount of matter for twenty-five cents.

A Sovereign Remedy.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.



THE Friday Fortnightlies are to be congratulated upon having an executive officer of so much energy as Mrs. Monroe Salisbury. The lady evidently had come to the conclusion that to gain the attendance requisite to ensure a brilliant success, novelty must be the order of the evenings, and so next in line to the military cotillion came the mask and domino party, but alas! limited to members only. However, that was easily remedied by "stepping up to the captain's office," and joining.

The return of Miss Emma Butler to our swim, fresh from her social triumphs in the East, has been a source of much pleasure to her friends, the young lady being unusually popular. Her return is the more welcome, as society's ranks are thinning in the marriage of so many of its members, and the death of Mrs. Williams will cause the withdrawal of Miss Juliette Williams therefrom for the rest of the season. Of the brides of the future, still another charming girl is added to the list in the engagement of Miss Minnie Burton, which is the last reported, and several are declared to be an assured fact, and only waiting for a special function for their announcement.

Rumor has it that Miss Lily Lawler will add the attraction of her singing to the programme for Herr Schott's concert *d'adieu* to take place shortly. As the eminent tenor is said to have deferred his homeward departure for the special purpose of training the young lady's voice, it surely would be nothing less than grateful for her to sing at his concert, and give her numerous friends an opportunity of judging what has been really accomplished. No doubt a crowded house will be the result.

"There is one thing to be said of our society. Cavaliers may dub us the wild and woolly West; call us crude, fast, and slangy; but if our women do overstep good form occasionally, do speak in high-pitched tones, do exhibit a slap dash familiarity of manner and speech, they at least never bring about the fearful scandals which now and then rend the social system of aristocracy in London and New York." Thus spoke a recently elected official at a leading club lately, and what he said is manifestly correct.

Each of our pretty belles is devoutly praying that the coming Prince of Flanders, who is to tour the United States, may be in San Francisco before the B'lingham season begins, "for," say these pretty creatures, "there's no show for any girl down there when the matrons get in their work." Needless to say, the prospect of a possibility of one day becoming Queen of Belgium is turning all the girls' heads. Princes are sometimes won by Yankee girls, 'tis true, but Poniatowski and Flanders are miles apart.

Mrs. Hager's much-talked-of, much-hoped-for function, still hangs fire, and nothing of a definite nature is known regarding it. At a lunch party last week, some one suggested giving the old lady a hint that the winter was passing away and her county not yet heard from.

At the reception given on the 26th inst. by Mrs. Stanford, at which 800 people were present, Max Abraham was the caterer. The affair, it goes without saying, was an unqualified success.

Sir William Booker and wife are still with us, the venerable couple finding our climate far ahead of the famed Riviera, or south of France.

On dit, it is not handsome Harry, but brother Hugh, who is to enter matrimony's devious paths in the near future.

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The Deal in Giant Powder.

The motive of the advance in Giant Powder stock from \$17 to \$30 is still open to question, more especially when it is known that the company is loaded down with an indebtedness exceeding \$200,000, equal to \$10 for every share of its capital. The leverage employed was unquestionably an alleged proposition on foot to establish a compact, but these negotiations seem throughout to have been a very one-sided affair. They failed to awaken any interest in any of the other powder companies' stocks, one or two of which would be chiefly benefited by a compact. Still the touts on the street for Giant kept howling away about the arrangement which every other day was "just about to be completed," while a manipulating force applied the financial jack-screw on the market. It is evident from the petty little game going on, reminiscent of an operation in Phil Sheridan, or Lady Bryan, that some self-created Napoleon of finance must size this up for a jay town. A play of this kind can certainly not be made on the pockets of level-headed business men. The only purses vulnerable, one would suppose, would be those of wealthy old spinsters or adle-pated phantoms of the gilded male persuasion with money to burn. Investors of trust funds or the advisors of the widow and orphan will scarcely hazard an investment of the kind which bears the marks of manipulation in such a cold-blooded manner. It is now hinted on California street that talk of a compromise among the water people across the bay will next be used for inflation purposes, or a "deal," as some people might term it. The fashion is evidently catching. One thing is certain, that if this kind of game is going to continue in local stocks, the competition will bear more hardly on the gentlemen of the Pine-street house. While it may attract their *clientele*, it is apt to force the more conservative element among investors into safer channels, where the price of industrial stocks of the kind is regulated entirely by their earnings, and not by the manipulation of stock jobbers.

Mining Sales in 1896.

Not many weeks ago a prominent mining paper published a statement showing sales of California mining property abroad during the past year, aggregating millions. The statement was alluded to as false and misleading, in this column, and prejudicial to the interest of the industry. Since then, scarcely a day passes without some exaggerated flare up from the space fiend on the press, who seems to recognize in every new arrival a financial demi-god, loaded down with millions for disbursement among mine owners. Mining properties are dispensed of in an off-hand fashion, and each repetition of the tale adds thousands of dollars to the price. The foreign fakir with a bond extracted from some unfortunate mine owner, laboring under the delirium of millions dancing before his dazzled eyes, is pused *au naturel* in passing homeward, and possibly out of sight for all time in this part of the world as a *bona-fide* purchaser. And so it goes. Leaving France and the Continent, with a record for the year of a couple of bonds on California properties, on none of which has a dollar yet been realized outside of the promoters' elaborations, published here for effect, the official list of operations in Great Britain for 1896 is now open for investigation. During the year, 857 new mining companies were brought out there, with a nominal capital of £94,419,194, against 961 companies in 1895, capitalized for £107,387,241. California is credited in the list of companies that have published prospectuses with one solitary representative, the Mountain Copper (old Iron Mountain), capital, £1,250,000. Under the list of companies simply registered, California scores five during the twelve months, *viz*: Alabama, capital, £120,000; Consolidated Crown Point Gold, capital, £70,000; Linn Ridge Gold Mine, capital, £120,000; Morris Ravine Gold Mines, capital, £150,000; and the Riverside Gold Mines, capital, £50,000. This is rather a modest showing in point of the number of sales, although as much cannot be said of the capitalization. As this is about all it amounts to so far, nobody has been very badly hurt,

although, in the majority of instances, the intentions of the promoters have been well meant—for their own pockets.

Experts Who Incline to Caution.

It might be added, in reference to these mining promotions that, outside of the Alabama, of unhealthy notoriety sufficient, it will be hoped, to warn off investment, the most of the properties are unknown to fame, outside of the old Crown Point, which blossoms out for the second time in public within ten years. On the previous occasion the capital asked was figured in as many pounds sterling as it is now in dollars. On this market, if offered at as many dollars as it is pounds in London, it would go a-begging until a generation crops up with no eye-teeth to cut in passing from cradle to the grave. The reason that the millions in sales reported here during the year as the willing promoters hitched on to properties of suggested merit, failed to materialize, is that the class of experts now operating here is of a higher order than usual. So far the work done by these gentlemen reflects to their credit. Quite a lot of incipient rascality has been nipped in the bud, and the inflated ideas of would-be promoters have received a set-back which will prove highly beneficial. The Union-Gold, Ilex, Josephine, and the other swindles of the past, have taught people a lesson in caution which has evidently proved profitable. The same stripe of operators are still crawling about here, but it is noticeable that while tolerated, they do not maintain the confidence of respectable experts, who very rightly consider it unsafe to have their names linked in any operation. It is a recognized fact that the rascal who would win success in financial ventures, must score early in the game and stand on velvet before the approbrium of failure attracts attention to his unenviable personality. From the day it does, his progress to the gutter may be slow, but it is as certain as the cry of "Hands off" which follows the appearance of every scheme with which his name can be connected. So far there have been more rejections of California properties on examination, than acceptances, and in nearly every case the cause has been the exorbitant price asked by the owners, who have been educated up to the belief that the average expert for foreign capital is either a knave or a fool. No matter how much this may have applied to the past, it certainly does not to the men now to the fore in the business, a fact which has dawned upon the minds of one or two property owners during the past thirty days. In the course of time we will probably get business down to a legitimate basis in California mine promotion, when the surplus steam generated by wild-eyed enthusiasm will have blown off. The mines are here all right, and investors will come in time when the "hng" is not rampant in mining circles, as he is at present.

The Strike in Con.-Virginia.

A sharp advance in the shares of the Con.-Cal.-Virginia Company followed the official announcement, made early in the week, of a new ore discovery in the old California ground. While drifting in the region of what is known as the 1550 level, a vein of very high-grade ore was encountered, assays averaging, it is said, \$200 per ton. The find cannot be exploited from this point, owing to lack of facilities for handling the ore. An upraise will have to be made from the 1650 level below. This will take some time. In the meantime, activity in the market should be stimulated by the chances for an improvement at any moment, as work in this upraise progresses. Friends of the business will hope that the find will open out into ample proportions, and stir up a breeze of genuine old-time excitement on the street. As it is, there was a better tone to the market during the week, with a livelier run of business among the broking fraternity than they have had for some time past. An assessment of twenty-five cents was levied on Best & Belcher on Tuesday.

The Future Of Randsburg.

People who own locations in Randsburg continue to say that they have the biggest thing on earth. Men who go there with the intention of investment, claim that this is all in their mind's eye, and that it will be time enough for the locators to figure up their profits in the millions when they open up the ground and get water within some eighty or one hundred miles. Only a little difference of opinion, that is all.

Down Center

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil air, with you."

WHAT our British cousins will think of us when they hear that an ex-Senator amused himself by chewing the ear of a waiter remains to be seen. It is known that our Solons indulge in much talk and vituperation of other Powers when in the hallowed precincts of the Senate chamber, but that one of their useless order should so far endanger his life as to enter into combat with a waiter (a live one, not a dumbone) is beyond our comprehension. The fact will most assuredly be commented upon by the British press as a sign of the unsettled times. In extenuation we can say that Mr. Grady came from Ireland originally and Fresno lately.

WE are glad to state that the question of the Rev. Mr. Rader's orthodoxy is settled for ever, and that the allegations made against him by many up-to-date members of his congregation, accusing him of breadth in his religious views, are unwarranted and uncalled for. The gentleman in question delivered a few nights ago a lecture on "The Book of Jonah" and clearly proved to his detractors that his is still the sweet, simple faith of the eighteenth century and that he is averse to all enlightenment. Mr. Rader has apparently swallowed his conscience as easily as the whale did its Jonah.

THE last meeting of the venerable Pioneers passed off peacefully enough considering the combustible elements constituting that religious Order. Time was when free fights were in order, but that was when two or three legitimate '49ers were scattered among the members. Now that they are dead a discreet silence is maintained by those remaining, lest their right to membership be questioned. The only Pioneers we know of are not members of the Society; their self-respect keeps them out of it.

SAN FRANCISCANS should be glad that the great winds and the fogs celebrate high carnival in this city and that the softer zephyrs play about the southern portion of the State. All the one-lunged men in the world accumulate in Los Angeles and the neighboring villages, while here only the hardy and the healthy can exist. Thank God for the fog, ye Silurians and sitters on barrels. Were it not for our climate the one-lunged Easterner would run ye out of business.

ONE Charles M. Stebbins, of Boston, is seeking notoriety with a volume entitled "The New and True Religion." Along with other public benefactors, Mr. Stebbins is apparently willing to foist his wretched views on the world for the incidental remuneration of six-bits or one dollar. The TOWN CRIER holds that the man who is fortunate enough to possess the true religion should go into the wilds of Borneo and hug himself. The thing is precious.

KISSING, instead of being a capital pleasure, is considered a crime in Oakland where the stewardess of the Receiving Hospital may be fired for allegedly indulging in osculatory exercise with a gen'lum freu', and also committing other minor offenses. Were we a woman instead of a divine man, we would prefer to let the dead bury their dead rather than become a nurse if such cruel regulations went with the job.

THE announcement is made that the Greeks of this city will form a company of volunteers for service in Cuba. Judging by their names these gentlemen, all of whom are in the liquor business, suffer from the "itch" even unto torture. Death might therefore be pleasure unto them. We fear, however, their enthusiasm will die out after a few parades up and down Polk Street.

AN Oakland lady of advanced views has applied to our police for assistance in finding her husband. The TOWN CRIER suggests that the advanced one seek for him in her kitchen.

WHY fight for cheaper water while the charges for whiskey are still so exorbitant?

BACHELORS in the night houses are such they pass on their care a lesson from the evils that are befalling Thomas Quaintrel, who, pursued, even unto marriage by his former landlady. The persecutions of these ladies were formerly confined mainly to the dinner table, but now that they are attempting to force themselves into the *chambre de mad.*, it is time for a halt to be called.

A POOR devil with a larger appreciation of humor than a share of this world's goods, was lately arrested for purloining and selling his wife's tombstone. The deceased lady can hardly have missed the ornament and tribute to her blessed memory and, more likely than not, was pleased over the theft. Her friends will no longer have a clue to her age.

IT is refreshing to know that at last there is a chance of the sewers of San Francisco being flushed and through the aid of the Supervisors. The TOWN CRIER recommends that as a first means towards achieving this desirable result, these genial gentlemen be thrown down them one and all. Heaven knows they are capable of cleaning out almost anything.

AN aged capitalist lately rejoined his wife after a mysterious absence of many years, and all in fulfillment of a dream. There must be some mistake here. The TOWN CRIER, who joined the ranks of the capitalists some years ago, unfortunately lost with the elevation in his social status the ability to indulge in dreams.

WE are not hearing much about those enemies to society, the milk-men, these days. Can it be that they have had private mains introduced into their dairies, and can thus acquire their necessary amount of Nature's sweet restorer without attracting public attention by stopping at the pumps?

THE directors of the Ebell Society have decided to maintain a dignified silence concerning the alleged blackhalling of a lady aspirant to membership. Seeing that the directors are all women, the TOWN CRIER laughs up his patched sleeve at their decision.

SHOULD the Swanhilda and her crew go down to Davy Jones's locker without our knowing of it, the detectives and other unjailed criminals of the world will come to San Francisco, and die in due time of nervousness brought on by continual expectation.

THINGS are getting decidedly hot up at Sacramento. The CRIER recommends that Martiu Kelly be sent up there with that old fire engine of his, even if the city funds are drawn upon to get him there. They will be appropriated sooner or later, anyhow.

THE Chronicle is authority for the fact that young Sir Robert Peel has written an "amazing" book. The TOWN CRIER will bet his little war club that the fellow will be "skinned" by the critics before the down appears on the lip of 1897.

THE latest weather forecaster to venture into this wild and woolly city is a gentleman of the name of Reed. It will not be long before he is shaken by the wind of public opinion.

THE Park Commissioners are to be petitioned for a bridle path in Golden Gate Park. Seeing that a Lover's Walk is there, the petition should be granted.

WE understand that Corbett and Fitzsimmons will fight in Nevada and not in Mexico. Since when, pray, has the right of free speech been denied in that country?

A NEW "coach" has been hired to look after the Stanford youths. Needless to say, the fellow's attention will be given their muscles and not their minds.

AN Italian professor is said to have discovered a cure for consumption. This probably consists of the copious use of garlic as food. Even Death draws the line at that.

ONE seldom sees a Chiuaman intoxicated, but Little Pete, with three bullets in him, may properly be said to have been loaded.

WHY all this abuse of the chewers of gum? Since the CRIER lost his teeth he has done it himself, and he is no slouch, either.

BENEATH this stone a lawyer sleeps;
Let's trust Death played with him for keeps.



BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN LOVES.—ARTHUR GRISSOM.

SOME poets sing of sweethearts dead,
Some sing of true loves far away,
Some sing of those that others wed,
And some of idols turned to clay;
I sing a pensive roundelay
To sweethearts of a doubtful lot,
The passions vanished in a day—
The little loves that I've forgot.

For, as the happy years have sped,
And golden dreams have changed to gray,
How oft the flame of love was fed
By glance or smile, from Maud or May,
When wayward Cupid was at play;
Mere fancies, formed of who knows what?
But still my debt I ne'er can pay
The little loves that I've forgot.

O joyous hours forever fled!
O sudden hope that would not stay!
Held only by the slender thread
Of memory that's all astray.
Their very names I cannot say,
Time's will is done; I know them not;
But blessings on them all, I pray—
The little loves that I've forgot.

L'ENVOI.

Sweetheart, why foolish fears betray?
Ours is the one true lovers' knot;
Note well the burden of my lay—
The little loves that I've forgot!

AT SUNSET.—MARTHA M'ULLOCH-WILLIAMS, IN GODEY'S MAGAZINE.

Send me a song at sunset,
And fill each pulsing line
With the lilt the runnel sang in June
And the sigh of the swaying pine.
The swaying pine had green young tips—
One soft caressed my cheek;
Ah! happily the water sang
The thing we dared not speak.

Send me a sigh at sunset,
A sigh for life and loss.
My heart shall hear, and whisper clear
A thousand miles across,
"In June the pine had green young tips—
But ah! beloved, remember
How clear the steadfast hue abides
In frosts of chill December!"

Send me a thought at sunset;
Straight on the level beams
It shall leap the earth and breast the sea
To color all my dreams.
Anew a golden June shall hurn
And pine-tips kiss my cheek,
What time the liltng runnel sings
The thing we dared not speak.

A PARABLE.—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

One went East and one went West
Across the wild sea-foam,
And both were on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for naught
So stayed a home;
Yet of the three 'twas only he
Who reached the goal—by him unsought.

PARTING.—EMILY DICKINSON, IN SCRIBNER'S.

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unvell
A third event to me,
So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As this that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

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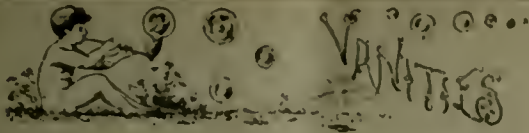
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DEAR EDITH—The new sacque coats are an immense improvement on the models worn last year, the backs being more graceful with the flutings falling just in the middle, and the sleeves—a large bishop before, now a full graceful bell—have a prettier appearance and are becoming to many more figures. Some of the most elegant sacques are trimmed with a fur figaro falling in points on the fronts and going apart up the back, where they join above at the place where the fluted pleats begin. Outdoor coats and capes have collars, revers and epaulettes of fur, two kinds of the same color being often taken, and the fronts and edges are adorned with bands either put on in the same fashion or with fur buttons added.

The tailors are returning to that severity of cut characteristic of their earliest achievements as women's tailor's. The coat and skirt are now as they used to be, plain and simple, the sleeves reduced almost to the dimensions of the close-fitting coat shapes of long ago. There is no redundancy of basque. It fits close. It is neither very long nor absurdly short; its frilliness has quite disappeared; the revers are neatly shaped. The skirts are moderate in width, with the fullness kept well to the back. Concession to the prevailing craze for elaboration is apparent only in the stylish vests which accompany handsome tailor gowns.

The general tendency is to discard all stiff interlinings on the newest gowns. This does very well where one can afford a crisp taffeta silk lining in each new dress, but when this is not possible, not a few women are protesting against the use of nothing but a soft finished percaline lining, with no sort of interlining added even as a facing. They argue, and justly so, that a skirt so finished has a lank, unstylish appearance (especially if of soft wool fabric) after the so recent vogue of interlined undulating skirts with a crisp flare and a certain cachet wholly absent in a soft-lined model whose folds or breadths fall limp around the feet like those of a Quakeress. There are a number of fashionable modistes who have come to the rescue in this matter. They have made an underskirt nearly as long as the dress skirt, employing crinoline, hair cloth, moreen, etc., as may be preferred, for the foundation. This skirt can be covered with silk of some dark shades, and if well cared for will last a long time. This skirt is gored on the front and sides with a deep flounce at the bottom, and the three or four shirred or box-pleated ruffles at the back are run through the inch-wide hem at their edges with a single hand of featherbone. Worn under the dress, all the slightly flaring effect of an interlined skirt is given.

Very lovely are many of the severely cut velvet gowns made ready for the new year and all its attendant festivities. They have a regal magnificence all their own, and with but a little rare valuable lace and a very few well-selected jewels the effect of such a gown can not be surpassed. The lace need not be cut if very choice, for it is now permitted to drape it temporarily with a few deft-hidden stitches and some rich jeweled lace-pins. If these pins are real gems suitable in color and not aggressive in appearance, any number—not excessive—may be employed. The twofold advantage of this plan is that it preserves the lace intact and allows of a different arrangement from time to time. This year, not only are rich velvets in ruby, black, brown and green worn, but there are lovely pink, pale turquoise and deep peacock blues, mauve, heliotrope, yellow, gray and rose-colored shades, the most of them made extremely simple; others are elaborated with fur, lace and jeweled *passementeries*.

BELINDA.

Have you visited the Japanese art store of Geo. T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street? If not, you have missed one of the sights of San Francisco and have also overlooked an opportunity to purchase some of the most valuable curios and art goods at lowest prices. Only the best goods are kept on hand and Mr. Marsh has long had the confidence of all purchases. Call there to-day.

Blanket Business.

We have a large stock of the finest White Blankets of the STOCKTON WOOLLEN MILLS. These are all high grade fine California wools, goods beautiful in color. The fact that we offer them at about half their value should be appreciated by blanket buyers. The reason is that we bought them cheap, and as the end of the blanket season will be soon upon us, we are determined to make a clean sweep of them.

- Lot 1—Fine White Wool Blankets from the Stockton Mills, 66 inches wide, not many left Per pair..... **\$8.25**
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EACH morning when I leave my bed,
 And clothe me for the day's vocation,
 I wonder who is maimed or dead,
 And what new, terrible sensation
 My rapt attention will engage.
 My appetite, I'm sure, would fail me
 If, staring from the printed page,
 There were no scandal to regale me.

I feel quite disappointed when
 I find no gory tales of killing;
 No massacre of maids or men,
 Or other dread disasters thrilling.
 Between my sips of coffee, I
 Am charmed to contemplate the question
 Of wholesale crime and hutchery—
 'Tis such an aid to the digestion.

Somehow it makes my buttered toast
 Seem all the hotter when I'm reading
 A heinous and atrocious roast
 Of some poor victim. When I'm "feeding"
 I find that I my lone repast
 Cannot enjoy unless, to cheer me
 With fakes at which I gaze aghast,
 I have my morning paper near me.

On tales of faithlessness I gloat;
 With ecstasy I fairly revel
 When some one cuts another's throat.
 To get real friendly with the Devil
 There is no surer, quicker way
 Than to remain at home in quiet,
 Peruse the journals of the day
 And cram your mind with sin and riot.

What interest, profound, intense,
 What fond pursuit is mine, what pleasure
 When, in a quiver of suspense,
 I open up my printed treasure!
 My daily paper! Dearer yet
 Than all else in this world so fickle—
 A morgue report and police gazette,
 And scandal-breeder for a nickel!

* * *

The gay and dehonair gentlemen comprising the membership of the Produce Exchange are never so happy as when one member manages to obtain an advantage over another, especially if there is a little joker concealed in connection with the transaction. The Call Board men are much diverted over a twin case of this character, attributed to the close friendship of Albert Gerherding, President of the Exchange, and William Berg, "the German traveler." The story goes that Berg strolled into Gerherding's office, and, with apparent innocence, picked up the cover of an ink well, having a conical top. Berg carelessly spun it around on the desk.

"Tell you what, Al," he said, as if the idea had just occurred to him; "I'll bet you five dollars that ink cover turns the other way before it stops spinning."

"Done," unhesitatingly replied Gerherding, who is always game for a wager, but who did not think his friend was serious.

Of course the *impromptu* top, as it ceased to spin, gave a backward revolution.

"That's a neat trick, Billy. Learn it in Germany?" quizzed Gerherding.

Berg claimed and received the money, despite Gerherding's mild protest that it was "a job and a sure thing bet." As the President of the Produce Exchange is not more fond of the worst of a hargain than any other man on the Call Board, he did some hard thinking about that wager, which ended in his laboriously filing the conical top from the cover of his ink well. The next time Berg came in, Gerberding glanced at him in apparent abstraction.

"I had something I wanted to ask you, Billy," he said, finally. "Oh, I remember now. It was about that trick of yours. I can't do it, and I don't believe you can repeat it."

Berg turned away to hide his joy, and laughed softly to himself as he reflected on what a good thing his friend was. He wished he could share it with the hoys.

"We will make it \$10 this time, if you like, Al," he said, and to this proposition Gerherding agreed.

Then Berg spun the cover again, but with dire results. The loss of the pointed top cost him the bet. Now he is denouncing Mr. Gerherding for making him the victim of a conspiracy, but he has paid up the bet and stood a good luncheon into the hargain. He has concluded that Gerherding is not such a good thing as he appears, while the latter smiles easily and jingles Berg's gold eagle, but says nothing.

* * *

"Uncle" George Bromley, James M. Hamilton, who is heir apparent to Uncle George at the Bohemian Club, and who will be "Uncle Jimmy" some day, and Hugo Toland, were spending the evening at a Pacific Avenue bome, the mistress of which is noted for her strict devotion to her rigid religious views. The three clubmen were regarded with just a trifle of suspicion in that atmosphere, and being perfectly aware of the light in which they were regarded, and fearful of infringing on the ethics of the occasion, they were on their very best behaviour. By way of diversion, the hostess produced a planchette board, which is supposed to spell answers to questions, the theory being that the mechanism operates through hypnotic influence transmitted by the persons touching the board. A number of questions had been asked by various guests and answered with due propriety by the planchette board. The clubmen were fearfully holed, although they were careful to give no indication to their hostess of their longing for the comfortable "Social Hall" of the Bohemian Club. As luck would have it, according to the affidavits of the trio, only Uncle George, Jimmie, and Hugo, had their hands on the board when the lady of the house inquired if the following day would be fine. All present fixed their eyes on the board, which slowly spelled the letters:

"G-o t-o h-e—"

Before the last word was completed, the hostess indignantly snatched up the planchette board, and disdainfully turned her back on the assembled worldlings. In vain they protested their innocence, in chorus and individually. The hostess maintained that they had been caught *in flagranti delicto*. Each of that unhappy trio is now distinctly *persona non grata* in that religious home.

* * *

The appearance of Thomas R. Bacon of the University of California is such that while his pupils admire him as a lecturer on history, they are always careful to remain at a safe distance from their instructor. This feeling of constraint is mutual, and it is said that where young women students are concerned, the formidable professor is an avowed coward. *Appropos* of this weakness, the University town is laughing over an episode related by a young "co-ed." who was unable, through sickness, to take the Christmas examination in ancient history, and who therefore arranged for a supplemental examination on the resumption of class work at the beginning of the present term. At the appointed hour she repaired to the history class room and met Professor Bacon on the steps, preparing to go out.

"Oh, I came for my examination in ancient history," she said, in answer to Bacon's look of inquiry.

As she spoke, the Professor ran quickly down the steps.

"Yes, I remember," he said, over his shoulder. "When did the Pilgrims land?"

Without waiting for a reply, he continued his flight, and as he turned the corner of the building he shouted back:

"That's all right. You pass."

* * *

Applications for rooms at the Hotel Rafael are being received thus early by mine host Warfield from some of our swagger set, and present appearances indicate that quite a fashionable coterie will be in residence at that favorite place during the Lenten season so rapidly approaching, to recuperate from society dissipations and be "fit" for the summer gaieties.

Great reductions in fashionable furnishing goods at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny St.

With a laudable endeavor to thoroughly accomplish whatever he undertakes, Hancock Banning, a gay and rollicking young hinde of Los Angeles, has been here for several days, successfully engaged in an attempt at painting the town a bright and glowing cardinal hue. Accompanied by a choice escort, he traversed the entire cocktail route one night. While in a saloon noted chiefly for its elaborate practical jokes, Banning had his knuckles sharply rapped when he tried to pick up his glass, and then enjoyed the delightful experience of having the floor sink beneath his feet when he attempted to examine a picture. Every one laughed except Hancock, who, in spite of many drinks, thirsted for revenge. When the Los Angeleno said he saw the barkeeper touch a spring which caused a carved post to violently bump the back of the Banning head, all present assured him his impression was due to his alcohol-heated imagination. The victim was not at all impressed by the explanation, but he feigned acquiescence.

"Got 'em again, have I?" he yelled, in assumed terror. Then in a pretended paroxysm, he assaulted the barkeeper and his friends in turn, and under cover of his affected delirium, administered much deserved castigation to the practical jokers. Before Hancock "recovered," the clothing of the entire party was in a lamentable condition, and the saloon suggested the wreck of a gasoline schooner. But Banning is serenely conscious that he has, by the episode, earned an immunity from practical jokes in the future, so he paid for the broken glassware and damaged decorations with a light heart, if with a similarly weighted purse.

Appropos of the trial of J. J. Cooney, formerly a Notary Public, on the charge of perjury based on the alleged printer's date marks of a notarial certificate, the story has been revived of how the late A. A. Cohen secured his start in life. Cohen was a struggling law student in England and articulated as a clerk to a firm of attorneys. A famous will trial was in progress in London involving the disposition of a vast estate. Everyone believed the will a forgery but no one had been able to secure any direct proof of its lack of authenticity. The will had been offered for probate twice to the Court and at the final hearing of the case, all possible points against it had been made, but the objections were ineffectual and the spurious will was about to be accepted. Young Cohen's employers were opposed to the fraudulent will and in a moment of abstraction, the clerk held the document up to the light, saw the date mark and noted that it was subsequent to the date of the alleged will. There was no difficulty then in securing the rejection of the bogus document. For his lucky and accidental service, young Cohen was paid five thousand pounds. He came to California and with his reward laid the foundation of the fortune which enabled him to build railroads, buy lands and amass an estate of several millions.

As everybody who has sojourned in the saintly city of Sacramento knows, there is an ordinance there which prohibits men from expectorating on the sidewalks or in public places. There is also a law which exempts Legislators from being arrested fifteen days prior to, during, or fifteen days after the sitting of Legislature. A few days ago, an eminent divine from this city was walking along one of the main streets, when he had occasion to clear his throat of some phlegm located there. This he proceeded to do, but was immediately pounced upon by a zealous policeman. While being yanked off to the judgment seat he espied a man literally cover a store window with a stream of offensive tobacco juice.

"Look at that!" he cried to his capturer. "Why don't you take him too?"

"Shure, an he's only an Assimbleyman," answered the policeman. And the clergyman regrets now that he missed his vocation.

Swain's Bakery on Sutter street is the best known restaurant in town and is patronized by only the very best people. Between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m. a first class table d'hote dinner is served for the small sum of \$1.00. Swain's Bakery also enjoys the reputation of furnishing the finest pastries and delicacies in the city.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian Bitters.

Army and Navy Club

Is the only

WHISKEY

on the market, every package of which bears an affidavit guaranteeing it to be absolutely PURE and over SIX YEARS OLD.

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Wonderful Beautifier, 50 cents and \$1.00

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Importers Teas, Mattings and Silks. Shipping and Commission Merchants. Agents North China Insurance Company (Limited), Have removed to

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Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

Try the SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY,

Office, 33 Geary street. Telephone Main 5125. Oakland Office—864 Broadway. Telephone Main 658.

SCIENTIFIC & USEFUL

FIRST ENGLISH NEWSPAPER.—During the reign of James I., England's first newspaper was born, May, 1622, seeing the first issue of the Weekly News. Notwithstanding that it was illy received, its editor, Nathaniel Butter, lived by the business for eighteen years. The venture was the outgrowth of a custom among the country gentlemen to pay some writer in London for "news letters," and Mr. Butter's brave attempt was merely the printing regularly for the general public that which before had been written in a desultory manner for the private individual.

COPPER PENNIES.—There are 119,000,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of these are still outstanding. Three million three-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen.

ASBESTOS AND PORCELAIN.—A French chemist has obtained from asbestos a substance closely resembling porcelain. The fibers of asbestos are very fine and that substance may be ground into an almost impalpable powder. This is made into paste with water, thoroughly kneaded and molded into the required form. It is then heated in crucibles to 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit. The result is a ware with the translucency of porcelain.

SAWDUST FOR FEED.—Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man, with a two-horse power machine, can turn out 9,000 bricks a day.

POISON IVY.—Poison ivy is said to be antidoted by the brook balsam, spotted touch-me-not, or jewel weed (*Impatiens fulva*), which grows freely in this latitude along the banks of brooks. Its leaves and stems are bruised and applied as a poultice to the inflamed parts.

CORK FOR PAVEMENTS.—Some of the pavement in use on the streets of Vienna is composed of granulated cork mixed with asphalt and other cohesive substances. It is compressed into blocks of convenient size. Its advantages are cleanliness, durability and economy.

CONCERNING WEEKS.—The Greeks and Romans had no weeks until they borrowed this division of time from the East. The Greeks divided the months into three equal periods; the Romans into three very unequal—the Kalends, Ides and Nones.

SEA SIGNALING BY FLAGS.—The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

LONGEST TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.—The longest commercial distance at which the long-distance telephone is now operated is from Boston to St. Louis, a distance of 1,400 miles. This line is more than twice as long as any European telephone line.

SALT IN THE SEA.—Every ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield 85 pounds to the ton, and Dead Sea water, 187 pounds.

THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGES.—It is said by philologists that there are thirteen original languages, the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Jazygian, Chaucian and Finnic.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

A SABBATH EVE.

A GOLDEN glory lights the west—
The sun's farewell;
One chime sounds clearer than the rest—
The daytime's knell.

The eastern skies are crimsoned now
And edged with grey;
The heams that graced the mountain's brow
Have passed away.

On Alcatraz the light is lit,
The Bay is still;
And soon the truant mists will fit
O'er dell and hill.

So still the town this Sabbath night,
So calm the air,
One almost sees the angels light
Those stars up there!

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

AT THE RACES.

THE finishing days of the meet of the California Jockey Club, at the track across the bay, proved as exciting and sensational as their predecessors. Occasionally you will hear some grumbling at results; but the trouble is, people do not seem to take into consideration the vast difference between the Ingleside and Emeryville courses. The Oakland course was built for speed. It has a hard foundation and a hard dressing, and plays havoc with a horse with suspicious underpinning. On the other hand, Ingleside has a spongy foundation, which is continually yielding the more the track is in use. But still with high-class horses the time will not vary much. For instance, Chartreuse, who has won a mile in 1.40½ at Ingleside, has been beaten in 1.41½ at Oakland with the same weights. McGregor has won in 1.40½ at Ingleside, and has been beaten in 1.40½ at Oakland, so the two do not vary much. The whole difference seems to be with the nags with ailments. The public should be very careful of playing horses with bad feet at Oakland.

The opening days of this week at Ingleside have been unusually exciting to the talent, who, on Tuesday last, failed to cash on a single favorite, and on Wednesday, Greyhurst and Mr. Reel, the only two out of seven, looked lonely indeed. But, withal, the sport was all that could be desired.

Secretary Leake deserves great credit for the card brought forth on Wednesday. It was no easy task to fill out seven races all at a mile and over, and the appreciation shown by the vast throng that filled every available inch of the grand stand well repaid the efforts put forth by the Association.

The following well-known turfmen are said to be behind the game: Riley Grannan, \$30,000; Ed. Purser, \$30,000; John Coleman, \$20,000; Will Wallace, \$10,000; Charley Quinn, \$10,000, and lucky Dave Gideon, of Requit fame, and the owner of three Futurity winners, is \$5,000 behind.

California-bred horses have won seven-tenths of the money offered by the two Associations, and California owners have won, so far, four-fifths of the money hung up in purses.

Willie Sims, the crack Eastern jockey, who rode last summer for Dwyer at Gravesend, will arrive here within the next ten days. He will ride for Lucky Baldwin, who, by the way, seems to need a good, reliable trainer more than anything else. Sims will be of inestimable value to Lucky B., as he can outride any knight of the pigskin in the United States, in a race over a distance of ground, and Baldwin's horses are nearly all bred for long distances.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

ANOTHER delightful residence locality is pictured in our illustrative series this week. The residences are all modern, and are inhabited by some of the wealthiest of our citizens.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers. Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA,
EMPLOYED IN PLUNGING IN BARRIERS ROOM BALLADS

THE dead child lay in the shroud,
 And the widow watched beside,
 And her mother slept, and the channel swept
 The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the mother laughed at all,
 "I have lost my man in the sea,
 And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
 "What more can ye do to me?"

The widow watched the dead,
 And the candle guttered low,
 And she tried to sing the Passing Song
 That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
 "That lay against my heart."
 And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"
 But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
 But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
 And "I heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,
 "'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed,
 "'Tis a laughing ewe in the whin,
 For why should the christened soul cry out
 That never knew of sin?"

"O feet I have held in my hand,
 O hauds at my heart to catch;
 How should they know the road to go,
 And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,
 With the little quilt atop,
 That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt,
 But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
 And strained her eyes to see,
 And opened the door on the bitter shore
 To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
 There was neither spirit nor spark,
 And "Hark ye nothing mother?" she said,
 "'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed,
 "'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;
 Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
 Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,
 The gray gull follows the plow,
 'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard;
 Oh, mother, I hear it now."

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;
 The child is passed from harm.
 'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
 And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,
 "In Mary's name let be,
 For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
 And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-hit pier,
 When the twisted weed was piled,
 She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
 For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,
 And back to her mother she came,
 But it would not feed and it would not heed,
 Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
 And her own in the shroud lay stark;
 And "God forgive us, mother," she said,
 "We let it die in the dark."

"Our Society Blue Book"

For the season of 1896-97 is now ready for delivery. It contains the names, addresses and reception days of most of the prominent families of this city and other points on the Coast. Also lists of members of the most prominent Clubs with their business addresses. San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc. Price Five Dollars. C. C. Hoag, Publisher. Trade supplied by HARTWELL, MITCHELL & WILLIS, Successors to Dodge Bros, 225 Post St., and 107 Montgomery St.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy street.

"Pearl top" "pearl glass,"
 "touch glass" "no smell,"
 and "best light" are great
 big things "Macbeth" in-
 cludes them all, if you get the
 chimney made for your lamp.

Let us send you an Index.
 Geo. A. Macbeth Co

Pittsburg, Pa.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
 Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantin, Proprietor.
 Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor Grant ave. and Bush at Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 439. A. B. BLANCO & B. BUTIN

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Oakland Dairy Depot, 320 Fulton street, S. F. Absolutely pure Milk and Cream. Telephone, Pluc 1692

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Dr. Thomas L. Hill,
 OFFICE: Odd Fellows' Building, southwest cor. Seventh and Market streets. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Consultation Hours: 4 to 5.
 Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 618 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

CANDIES.

Maillard's Chocolates in 1/2 and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

VEHICLES

Second-hand Victoria, O'Brien & Son's pat. Spring Buggy, Surrey and Top Buggy, for sale cheap. 500 Golden Gate avenue.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Best & Belcher Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 26th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 61), of 25 cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d DAY OF MARCH, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 23d day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Julia Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment.....No. 28
 Amount per Share.....5 cents
 Levied.....January 21, 1897
 Delinquent in Office.....February 28, 1897
 Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....March 19, 1897
 J. STADTFELDT, Jr., Secretary.
 Office—Room 56, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones streets, San Francisco, Dec. 30, 1896. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 30, 1896, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1897.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John Street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



GASTRONOMY and cards were the prominent features of last week's gatherings, which may be characterized as one of the duller of the season; but that is usually said when dances are few. At Mrs. Jefferson James's, Mrs. Thomas Denigan's, and Mrs. J. P. Young's progressive euchre parties some very pretty prizes were won by the ladies who took part in the games. In the luncheon line Mrs. Kruttschnitt and Mrs. Clarence Mann were the hostesses. Among the dinners was the handsome one of Mrs. Moses Heller, whose twenty-five guests were seated at a table most elaborately decorated with roses; Miss Rose Neustadter's dinner dance of thirty young people was in honor of Miss Mattie Ehrman and Alhert Frank. The decorations were all in white and green; dancing followed the dinner, and an elaborate supper concluded the festivities; and Thos. McCaleb, the young New Yorker who is passing the winter in San Francisco, was host to a party of young people at a dinner given in the red room of the Bohemian Club, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels chaperoning the affair. There was an unusual lack of teas during the week, but the one given by Miss Frances Curry, which was in honor of Miss La Vert of New Orleans, was, in spite of the unpleasant state of the atmosphere last Saturday, a charming affair, which may also be said of the meeting of the Saturday Evening Dancing Class that night. Mr. Dupern's theatre party at the Orpheum was in compliment to the bride and groom-elect, Miss Lizzie Carroll and Will Whittier, and was followed by supper at the University Club.

This week opened with the *début* of Miss Frances Jolliffe at the first night of Mme. Modjeska's season at the Baldwin, and theatre parties varying in size from four to a dozen or more, were seen all over the house, and of course dainty little suppers followed the performance. Tuesday was a busy day. During the afternoon came the reception at Mrs. Stanford's, and in the evening the Goodall-Keil wedding, and the reception of the Laurel Hall Club in honor of Mrs. Lowenberg. The reception at Mrs. Stanford's was an exceedingly large one, and between the hours of four and seven o'clock the rooms were thronged with guests, who came to do honor to Bishop and Mrs. Newman, who were the guests of the occasion. Although the beautiful rooms scarcely needed any additional decoration, foliage and flowers of every hue were used in lavish profusion throughout the entire house, though roses were the blossoms chiefly in evidence. Mrs. Stanford received her guests in the India room, refreshments were served from a buffet in the banquet hall, the orchestra was stationed in the art gallery, and during the afternoon the University Glee and Mandolin Club gave a number of selections. Mrs. Stanford, who was assisted by a heavy of charming belles in her duties of hostess, wore a gown of heavy black satin and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Newman was robed in black velvet trimmed with duchesse lace.

Beethoven Hall, where the Laurel Hall Club reception was held in the evening, was very prettily dressed with flowers and potted plants, and the entertainment consisted of recitations, reading of essays and vocal music, and last of all an elaborate supper, at which many toasts were offered and wittily responded to.

But it is weddings that have been the leading features of the present week, and there have been several departures from the now rather worn out "pink and white," so favorite a nomenclature in society weddings for some time past. First came the violet wedding of Miss Serena Goodall and Hugo Keil, which was solemnized at the home of the bride on McAllister street, on Tuesday evening. The bay window in the large drawing-room to the left of the hall was the place selected for the ceremony. It was transformed into a violet bower of smilax and purple violets, held in place by broad bands of white and lavender ribbons, a lovely hell of white violets was suspended from

the center and beneath it the Rev. George Walk of Trinity Church tied the nuptial knot. Smilax, carnations and beauty roses were used in profusion for the adornment of the other rooms in which were assembled the relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties. Promptly at the hour named, Miss Nellie Boyd, who was the maid-of-honor, entered the room followed by the bride and her father, the orchestra in the hall playing the Lohengrin Chorus, and were met by the groom and his best man, his brother Edward, who awaited their coming. The bride looked very handsome in a robe of white brocaded satin, trimmed with Venetian point lace, a diamond crescent, the gift of the groom, gleamed in her hair amid the folds of her fleecy tulle veil, and she carried a hoquet of white violets. Miss Boyd's gown was of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, and her bouquet was of purple violets. After the couple had been made one, congratulations followed, then came an elaborate supper, after which there was dancing. The presents were exceedingly handsome, consisting of jewelry, silverware, cut glass and bric-a-brac in endless variety. Mr. and Mrs. Keil are passing their honeymoon at Coronado and upon their return will reside in Belvedere.

The second change in color was made by Miss Lizzie Carroll, who chose yellow as the hue for her wedding, which took place at the home of her mother on Van Ness Avenue, at noon on Wednesday. The limited space at the disposal of the decorators, for the house is a small one, was made the most of, and an original idea, certainly, was to have the ceremony performed beneath ripe fruit, as well as the blossoms which adorned the branches of the orange tree placed in the front parlor. Archbishop Riordan was assisted by Father Mulligan in the service which converted Miss Lizzie Carroll into Mrs. Will Whittier. The bridal robe was of white satin, trimmed with lace and orange blossoms. Miss Gertrude Carroll, as maid-of-honor, wore a costume of white *mousseline de soie*, and the Misses Romie Wallace and Julia Crocker, who officiated as bridesmaids, were gowned alike in yellow tulle over yellow satin. Milton Latham was the groom's best man. Following the ceremony came congratulations, and then the *déjeuner* was served, during which the orchestra played a selection of appropriate airs, and later in the day, which proved to be the wettest of the month, the bride and groom departed to spend the honeymoon at the ranch of the bride's uncle, Pat Murphy, near Santa Barbara, and next month Mr. and Mrs. Whittier will start on a six months' tour of Europe.

Wednesday evening's weddings were those of Miss Rose Eppinger and Dr. Sharp, and of Miss Martha Shainwald and Leopold Meyers, and a very handsome wedding took place on Thursday evening, when Miss Mattie Ehrman and Alhert Frank were married at the San Francisco Verein Club, in the presence of a large number of guests. Miss Agnes Brandenstein was maid of honor, and the Misses Olga Sutro, Martha Triest, Grace Hecht, and Ida Low were bridesmaids.

Miss Sadie Hyman and Wilfred Mack will be wedded next Wednesday evening, the ceremony to take place at the San Francisco Verein Club; the Bloomingdale-Klein and the Scott-Castle weddings are also named to take place the same date.

From Salt Lake has come the news of the marriage there this week of Miss Carrie Quinan, who was quite a figure in San Francisco society three years ago, and who was recently divorced, to Lieutenant Clement Flaglor, who is also not quite unknown in our social world.

Society has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Emma Flood, widow of the late capitalist. A few days ago she contracted a severe cold, which finally developed into pneumonia, and which caused her death on Wednesday night last. Her children were at her bedside when she died. The deceased will long be remembered for her generous disposition, and for the numerous gifts of charity bestowed upon the needy.

Maybe you've forgotten how good tea can be.
Get *Schilling's Best* of your grocer and bring back the good old times.

Last night the Friday Fortnightlies gave another of their dances at Lunt's Hall, which, being a mask and domino party, was highly enjoyed, and but few of the members failed to put in appearance. And the fancy dress cotillion of the Entre Nous Club was danced in the Maple Hall. To-night, Mrs. Josephs gives a ball in Maple Hall at which her daughter, Miss Nellie Josephs, will make her social debut. Another society debut will take place next Saturday, when Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson will give a tea in their handsome new home on Vallejo street, for the purpose of introducing their daughter, Miss Agnes Simpson. The Pacific Dancing Club on Tuesday evening, and the Cotillon Club on Friday evening, will have dances at Odd Fellow's Hall next week.

At the Baldwin Theatre, *Macbeth* Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights; *Adrienne Lecouvreur* Thursday night, and *Marie Stuart* to-night, Wednesday and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee. Modjeska's *Lady Macbeth* was enthusiastically greeted the last time she played here; Howarth's *Macbeth* is of national fame. *Adrienne* has tender memories for most of our play-goers, as it was this play which introduced Modjeska to the English-speaking stage, and *Marie Stuart* has always been a favorite role.

The Stanford Choral Association (one hundred and fifty voices), and the Apollo Choral Society, are planning to unite in giving two grand choral concerts sometime in April. One of the concerts will be given in this city and one at Stanford University. The Apollo Society will increase its membership to its full limit—one hundred and fifty voices. Singers who wish to associate themselves with a chorus of earnest students of the highest class of music, are invited to become members.

Miss Minnie Burton has returned from her visit to Fort Logan, where she has been for the last three months, and if rumor can be relied on, she will return there ere long. Though the official "announcement" has not yet been made, it no doubt will be in the very near future.

The Maria-Kip Orphanage is to be benefited by a theatrical performance next month, when *Caste* will be given at the Bush-street Theatre, with Miss Leila Burton and Miss Rose Hooper in the leading female parts. Frank Mathieu will also appear in the comedy.

A FINE CANVAS.

A CANVAS is at present on exhibition in the studio of Amadée Joullin, which is one of the strongest and most interesting ever painted by our local artists. The canvas depicts a young Moqui Indian brave bending over the form of a dying chief in the interior of an Indian hut. The light falls on the two forms, the one outstretched upon an Indian blanket, the other kneeling at his head. The two figures almost seem to live. The muscles and sinews of the elder man show up in strong contrast to the delicate limbs of the younger, and on his face can be seen that grim determination which will not even be conquered by death. The color in the picture is perfect. There is no attempt made at false impressionism. The artist has painted life and approaching death as it is, not as it might be. To this is probably due the silent strength of the picture.

Mr. Joullin is not a mere painter; he is an artist in the higher conception of the word. We have seen and studied his work for many years, and always find something fresh in it to admire. In his dune pictures he suggests the dreariest and coldest desolation, or the terrible sultriness of a too hot summer; in his pen and ink work he is delicate, while still being strong, and now we feel sure that he will give us a series of Indian pictures, which will not only bring him new laurels, but will also add considerably to the fame of San Francisco. We shall look forward with expectancy to the next picture. The subject is one of home interest, and has never been treated as it should be.

To use any other complexion beautifier than Camelline is to run the risk of harming your skin. This favorite and indispensable adjunct to a lady's toilet has been pronounced harmless by the most eminent physicians and chemists and its success reflects much credit upon its originators, Wakelee & Co. It has taken prizes at many exhibitions and is absolutely without a peer.

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FOR THE
TEETH & BREATH.

If unable to obtain SOZODONT of your Druggist, one complete package large bottle with box of powder will be sent prepaid by express or mail on receipt of regular retail price, 75c., in cash or stamps. HALL & RUCKEL, Props., 215 Washington St., New York; 40 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.

Columbia Theatre, The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Next Thursday afternoon at 3:30,

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

55 musicians. Gustav Ehrlich, Conductor.
Soloists: KATHARINE FLEMING HINRICH, contralto.
Brilliant programme
Reserved seats, \$1 and 50 cents. General admission, 50 cents.
Box office now open.

Pacific Coast Jockey Club.

(Ingleside Track). The only perfect winter race track in America. Racing from January 25th to February 6th, inclusive.

FIVE OR MORE RACES DAILY,

rain or shine. First race at 2 P. M.
Take Southern Pacific trains at Third and Townsend streets depot, leaving at 1 and 1:30 o'clock P. M. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission street electric line direct to track. The Turpey Stakes Saturday, January 30. The Hobart Stakes Saturday, February 6.
A. B. SPRECKELS, President. W. S. LEAKE, Secretary.

INCREDIBLE IMITATIONS. THE PROPRIETOR HAS



W.A.S.
TRADE MARK

ADOPTED THIS DESIGN AS AN ADDITIONAL PROTECTION.

TO ENABLE CONSUMERS TO DISTINGUISH AT A GLANCE THE GENUINE SCHNAPPS FROM RE-

Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps.

Its extraordinary medicinal efficacy in
Gravel, Gout, Chronic Rheumatism,
Incipient Dropsy, Flatulence, Colic Pains
in the stomach and bowels, whether in adults or infants, is acknowledged by the whole medical faculty, and attested in their highest written authorities. For sale by all leading druggists and grocers

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., Agents,
327-329 Market St.



"Why, Clara, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you in tears already!" "Ah, Hilda, darling! George is standing as member for the county, you know, and I've only just learned from the opposition papers what a really dreadful man I have married!"—Pearson's Weekly.

"What is an anarchist, anyway?" "An anarchist is one who howls, who has no regard for authority, and who incoherently gabbles night and day." "Yes; we have one at our house." "What is his name?" "Isn't named yet. He's our baby."—New York Tribune.

"I want to see the lady of the house," said the wandering gentleman. "I am she," answered the lady. "Indeed? You look so perfectly happy and independent that I hope you will excuse me taking you for the hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I've missed more fun this summer than you could shake your tail at," mused the bull. "How?" asked the family horse. "To-day for the seventh time I let one of these new women get almost across the field before I realized she wasn't a man."—Pearson's Weekly.

"That fellow puzzles me. I can't make out whether he's a philosopher or a fool." "That's easy to find out." "How?" "Call him the latter. If he makes a fuss he isn't the former."—Chicago Journal.

"What is Bexton hustling around so in the interest of a curfew ordinance for?" "His boy saw him coming out of a variety theatre the other night and went home and told about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Daisy Bell—What a remarkable collection of curiosities your husband has. Was he in the business when he married you? MRS. SOURWEIN—Oh, yes. DAISY BELL—That's what I thought.—Exchange.

He—If there's anything I detest it's a flirty woman! SHE—Humph! Why not a flirty man? HE—Oh, well, a man has some excuse. Women are so attractive, you know.—Odds and Ends.

Poet—Let me tell you, sir, that poem cost me a week's hard labor. EDITOR (who has read it)—Is that all? If I'd have had the passing of the sentence you'd have got a month.—Tid-Bits.

Ethel—Oh, they have the most exasperating piano in the flat next door! LAURA—In what way is it exasperating? ETHEL—Oh, it's always going, but it never goes.—New York Herald.

"Why do you hate soap so?" asked the inquisitive lady. "I don't," said Mr. Dismal Dawson. "I simply ignore it. We don't move in the same set; that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wallace—I notice that Hargreaves isn't wearing his diamond. FERRY—No; he pawned it last week. "I wonder what he got on it?" "Drunk."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you know that your confounded dog barks all night?" "Yes, I suppose he does. But don't worry about him. He sleeps all right in the day time."—Tid-Bits.

Her Papa—Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir? MR. LOVEDAY—Well—er—she said you were an awfully generous parent.—Odds and Ends.

Guest (complainingly)—This bill of fare is all in French. WAITER (reassuringly)—Niver you mind that, sur; the cook is Oirish.—New York Weekly.

"Is this a free translation?" asked the girl in the hook-store. "No, miss," replied the clerk; "it costs fifty cents."—Boston Traveler.

"He's a man after my own heart, pa." "Are you sure it's not my pocket-book?"—Town Topics.

Minnie—The man I marry must be a hero. MAUDE—Yes, indeed.—Boston Globe.

He—I always keep my word. SHE—Won't anybody take it?—Town Topics.

She—I'm afraid you can not bring real love to me. You have been married once. HE—Yes; but that, you know, was only a curtain raiser. SHE—And this is to be what—a comedy or a tragedy? Thanks, I'd rather not appear in either.—Boston Transcript.

"Say, Mistah Johnsing, I's done turned oher a new leaf." "No! Den pay me dat haf dollah you borrowed las' yeah." "Sch-h-h!" I haint de same man I wuz!"—Harper's Weekly.

"It is said that we must all pass away as a tale that is told." "That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."—Chicago Record.

"Say, Tompkins, what did Brown die of?" "Well, he was fishing, and the ground gave way under him, I think—oh, sort—er—bank failure, I suppose!"—Boston Globe.

"I tell you that a juror in a murder case has an awful responsibility on him." "Yes, indeed. If he goes to sleep he is liable to be fined for contempt of court."—

"Stop," cried the old maid as the burglar made for the window. "Can't," replied the burglar; "I'm a married man."—Town Topics.

Madge—How proud Mame is since she ordered her bicycle! TOM—Well, you know pride goes before a fall.—Yonkers Statesman.

Brown—Do you think a man ought to open his wife's letters? JONES—Not if she asks for money in them.—Town Topics.

When a man asks for a whiskey he naturally wants the best. This has long been known to be the J. F. Cutter brand, the purity and strength of which is unequalled. The "Cutter" has been on this market for a quarter of a century and E. Martin & Co., the agents, 411 Market St. state that its popularity increases every year. Try it once and you will never accept any other.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSONE STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894) .. 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

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NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (New).—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, 212 Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguiere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

THE NEW WOMAN — TOM WASSON.

She talked with great intensity of each man's base propensity, and spoke with volubility of woman's higher plane;
 She dwelt on domesticity with mental elasticity, and said that such felicity was really quite in vain.
 With gestures oratorical and phrases metaphorical, she voiced the powers numerical that woman had untold.
 And spoke with zeal dramatical of voting systematical, and ballot-boxes spherical, votes not bought with gold.
 She said in each vicinity the doctors of divinity would come from femininity; in bloomers they would be;
 And matrons with rapidity would lose all their timidity, and no more assiniuity in Congress would we see.
 And while with such audacity she showed her great capcity, and talked with great didacity, her husband learned to sweep;
 And while with such agility she dwelt on her utility with such intense pugnacity he puts the twins to sleep.

"If there's anything I pride myself upon," said the captain of the steamship, as he peered through the fog and rang the bell for more steam, "it's the accuracy of my dead reckoning. Now, unless I am greatly mistaken, we ought to make the Point inside of five minutes." Just then the ship struck. "Ah, I thought so," coolly observed the navigator. "My reckoning was right. But there must be something wrong with the compass or the currents."

THE interesting collection at the Golden Gate Park Museum has lately been enriched by a donation consisting of sixty original water colors of birds and animals, painted by Professor W. Harring by special permission of the authorities of the London Zoölogical Gardens. Professor Harring's reputation as a painter of animals is next to that of Landseer and he was once commissioned by the Khedive of Egypt to paint his horses. The gift in question was presented to the Museum by Mr. J. L. Bardwell.

ON Thursday last, was given the first of a course of lectures at Golden Gate Hall, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary. Two others are to follow by Rev. Charles Wendte and Professor Charles Mills Gayley, on the 4th and 11th of February respectively. The last lecture was well attended, and much interest is taken in those to come.

THE Santa Clara Magazine, published at San Jose, will henceforth be issued as the California Review. The Santa Clara was always bright, entertaining, and forceful, and Mrs. Carrie Stevens-Walter will continue as editor of the new venture.

MANY of the messenger boys are said to be suffering from the effects of their run to the Stanford residence last Wednesday. Few of them were in proper training and the constitutions of one and all were undermined by cigarette smoking and a general participation in all sorts of vice. A dinner to the newsboys is now in order.

EXPERIENCE has taught us that when Supervisors commence to find fault with the actions of their predecessors, they are only preparing to feather their own little nests. Dr. Rottanzi's virtuous protestation against the late Board causes us to tremble visibly.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

BANKING.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY. MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING
 Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000 Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
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Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.
 GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
 Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,302,327
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,675,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, O. W. Weaver, Phillip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of rollable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
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 GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
 Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
 The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
 P. N. LILIENTHAL }

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N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$5,250,000
 John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
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BRANCHES.

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LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
 Reserve Fund.....\$550,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers
 C. ALTSCHUL }

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund.....\$ 715,000
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$30,727,588 59. Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,300,000

DIRECTORS.

B. A. BECKER.....President
 EDWARD KRUSE.....Vice-President
 DANIEL MEYER.....2d Vice-President
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists Santa Cruz Division train routes.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists Coast Division train routes.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists San Leandro and Haywards local train routes.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip B). *7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *8:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway. *8:00, 8:30, 10:00 A. M.; 11:20, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:30 P. M.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡ Tuesdays and Thursdays. †‡‡ Sundays and Saturdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

A FISHIN'—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Wunst we went a-fishin'—me An' my Pa an' Ma, all three— When they was a picnic, 'way Out to Hanch's wood one day.

An' they was a crick out there, Where the fishes is, an' where Little boys 'taint big an' strong, Better have their folks along!

My pa he ist fished an' fished, An' my Ma she said she wished Me an' her was home—an' Pa Said he wished so worse'n Ma!

Pa said if you talk, er say Anything, er sneeze, er play, Han't no fish, alive or dead, Ever goin' to hite! he said.

Pur't high dark in town when we Got back home; an' Ma says she Now she'll have a fish fer shore— An' she buyed one at the store!

Nen at supper, Pa he won't Eat no fish, an' says he don't Like 'em—an' he pounded me When I choked—Ma, didn't he?

THE AMERICAN SLAVE.

TOM HALL, IN HOME AND COUNTRY.

His lordship if feeble and old, my dear, What odds? All the sooner he'll die. And he has a sore need of your gold, my dear; See the good you can do if you try.

And then a real lady you'll be, my dear, Not only by nature but name. Mama'll he so proud—you can see, my dear, No one thinks it, as you do, a shame.

So bend your proud head. Are you faint, my dear? Keep the tears back; be buoyant and brave, Keep that pose. Now a picture we'll paint my dear, To be called "The American Slave."

Come, muster pleasanter smile, my dear, And pnt on your prettiest gown. Forget about Jack for a while, my dear; His lordship has just come to town.

He's come here to get him a wife, my dear, And you have been up for sale, With a marvellous income for life, my dear, To balance your side of the scale.

—Cyclomania has attacked the government officials in London severely and every day six or seven machines are stacked in the hall of the foreign office, three or four outside the local government board and as many at the India office. A dozen machines can always be found within the precincts of the House of Commons.

SOLID SILVER advertisement featuring an image of a pin and text describing the product.

Oceanic Steamship Company advertisement with an image of a steamship and text about routes.

The Grand Pacific advertisement with an image of a steamship and text about routes and agents.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street. SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M. SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M. Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F., Week Days, Sundays, DESTINATION, Week Days, Sundays. Lists various destinations and times.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vlchy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Buoknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uscj, Williams, Cache, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building. H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN, Gen. Manager, Gen. Passenger Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 10, 25. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every 5th day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 9 P. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Eusenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, No. 10 Market street, San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

GAELIC (via Honolulu)... Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897 DORIC... Tuesday, February 23, 1897 BELGIC (via Honolulu), Saturday, March 13, 1897 COPTIC (via Honolulu)... Thursday, April 1, 1897 ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO
View of San Francisco Bay, from Lime Point





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

Number 6.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and of Chicago, 303 Boyce Building, (Front E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representatives), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE rivalry between Reno and Carson, for the big prize fight, may not be altogether edifying, but it has all the charm of frankness. The Nevadans are not Saints, but on the other hand, they are not hypocrites.

THE proposed State Board of Arbitration, for the adjustment of differences between employers and employed, would be wholly useless. It would provide sinecures for a number of politicians, and that is all it is designed to accomplish.

THE Californians of earlier days were noted for a courage that triumphed over misfortunes and disaster. In these times reverses often lead to suicide. Is not this degeneracy, so far as it goes? Blowing out one's brains is a fool's atonement for blowing in one's money.

THE great amount of "space" which the Examiner is devoting to the coming prize fight in Nevada certainly indicates a decided interest in the "event." This interest may be of a purely sporting character, or it may be of a contingent or long-green sort. Readers are free to draw their own conclusions.

NO better selection could be made than that of Chauncey Depew as Ambassador to England. He is a born diplomat, famous for all the qualities that adorn such a position, and withal a genuine American. Such a man at the Court of St. James is more potent than a treaty of arbitration to preserve the peace between the two nations.

THOSE who defend pugilism, on the ground that it is "no more brutal than foot-ball," may with equal force and conclusiveness, justify assault and battery or any other form of violence. Physical suffering and injury are but incidents or risks of manly sport; in prize-fighting the sole object of the combatants is to inflict disabling punishment.

THE same newspapers that condemn as "atrocities" the burning of Cuban villages by Spanish troops, have no words but those of praise for the insurgents who do the same thing in the province of Havana. As of old, it makes a difference whose ox is gored. News from Cuba is colored and distorted in the daily press of this country, with but small exception.

ASSEMBLYMAN Melick's libel bill should become a law. It provides that unless the plaintiff prove actual malice or want of good faith, or a failure to retract after a written demand, he shall recover as damages only such loss or injury as he shall specially allege or prove. This is no more than a reasonable measure of protection to publishers, and there can be no sound objection to it.

A NUMBER of much needed amendments to the Wright irrigation law have been submitted to the Legislature. The principle of the original measure is a good one, in so far as it enables land owners, by co-operation, to develop water for irrigation through organization and the issue of long-term bonds. But numerous abuses crept into the operation of the Wright Act, and these, it appears, are now to be remedied.

SENATOR Withington's bill to create local monopolies of the retail liquor business, under the name of the "Norwegian system," is scarcely likely to meet with much favor. The bill provides that all the profits above four per cent. shall be devoted to "objects of public benefit," but in practice the gains would be very apt to stick to the hands of the incorporators under the proposed law.

THE efficacy of oral argument has been much discussed of late, among lawyers and judges. The truth seems to be that in some cases such argument is of real value and in others not. There seems to be no merit in the proposed requirement of oral argument in all cases. The matter would better be left, as it is now, to the discretion of the parties most concerned—the lawyers and the judges.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Brooklyn, New York, to reduce the course of study in the Girls' High School. Complaint is made that the curriculum overtaxes the strength of the pupils and impairs their health. Protests of this sort are occasionally heard in relation to the Girls' High School in this city. The tendency of American education is towards overstrain, and this cannot be too zealously guarded against.

SCIENCE and common sense unite in favor of a measure to bring about the extermination of dairy animals infected with tuberculosis. But there is no good reason why the State should compensate the owners for the destruction of such animals. A cow diseased in this way should not be regarded as of any value whatever. The very best safeguard for the public against the spread of tuberculosis among dairies is that the dairymen take all the risks of loss.

THE bill now before the Legislature granting street railway franchises on a percentage basis, met with opposition at the meeting of city officials and members of the Legislature, held last Saturday. The gentlemen rather favored outright sale of such privileges upon a cash basis. We are of opinion the percentage plan is the better one, inasmuch as, under fair regulations, it would yield an increasing return in proportion to a gain of business. In the East, the percentage basis of sale has operated with satisfactory results in municipal Government.

MILLIONS of dollars' worth of tailings have been lost by California miners through ignorance of chemical methods of saving the gold. Professor Christy, of the State University, recognized as an authority in such matters, declares that by the cyanide process tailings yielding no more than fifty cents per ton may be profitably worked. Improved chemical and other methods likewise make profitable the extraction and reduction of various low-grade ore, which, in the earlier history of the State, were considered to be too poor to be worth mining.

THE Rev. Dr. Case condemns as "infamous nonsense" the remarks of Professor Jordan relative to "religious revivals," such as those in which men "lose their self-control." For comparing this sort of emotional mania to alcoholic drunkenness, the reverend gentleman has called for the removal of "such an incompetent and dangerous personality from the Presidency of the Stanford University." In which event we beg to nominate the Rev. Dr. Case for the position, he being eminently qualified by his piety, learning, and truly scientific spirit. A less tolerant man might have suggested boiling oil as a fit punishment for the Professor, with hell fire to follow.

THE WAY TO SUPPRESS THE EVILS OF CHINATOWN.

THE way to do a thing is to do it. "How not to do it," Charles Dickens very vividly described long years ago, and about that time, it must have been, our local Police Department learnt the lesson most effectively. For more years than we care to recall, the suppression of the evils of Chinatown has been a paramount need of this city. Yet during all that time those evils received police protection and notoriously paid for it. Regular officers were time and again permitted to resign, and forthwith appointed specials, with heats in Chinatown. We never knew one of those favored specials to fail to grow rich in an incredibly short space of time, and yet they, of course, had to divide with somebody. Now and then a show of activity has been made, but it has scarcely ever amounted to anything more than the sham and make-believe it was intended to be. Opium dens exist all over Chinatown to-day; some of them are visited by white girls of respectable parentage, and their location is perfectly well known. The police know of facts in this connection that are simply too terrible to print. The first real trouble between Little Pete and the rival Tongs arose over the matter of the importation of what are sometimes called "slave women." He could get his importations landed, but his rivals in business could not. Soon the price of a Chinawoman of that class rose to figures varying from \$2000 to \$2500. It was an enormous sum for a Chinaman to get together, far transcending the value of a slave woman, whether a creole or mulatto, in the South in the halcyon days of slavery. The vice of the Chinese, and extreme lucrativeness of the business, may be realized by these figures, which tell their own tale. Soon the rival Tongs found a new, if not a better, way to circumvent Little Pete. By the employment of Chinese servants in white families, white women posing as teachers, and the seductive influences of money, the richer and more attractive class of Chinese traders and merchants found importations unnecessary. The facts cannot be more than hinted at. W. T. Stead, in the Pall Mall Gazette, shocked the civilized world by his plain exposure, entitled, "the maiden's tribute," yet stories can be told to-day of worse happenings in our own Chinatown. Little Pete, in the interests of his own business, tried to suppress them, and secured the assistance of the Chinese Consulate and of the Police Department. His assassination was principally due to that cause.

It may be said, as it has been said, that the police would, if they could, have suppressed the seductions, opium, gambling, murders, and other crimes of Chinatown. How came it, then, that that system of gongs from certain police quarters to Chinatown was established? How came it that when those gongs were sounded the whole of Chinatown appeared to know what was meant, and hastily closed all criminal business before an apparently exhausted squad of policemen arrived? These things are no longer secrets. How came it that the celebrated Buckley-Toohy-Burns-Spots Grand Jury was called off and compelled to reconsider its indictments? Who was it that then said "they'll never put up another Grand Jury against me," and has ever since kept his word? What did those indictments charge, whom did they name, and why were they squelched? How in the nature of things can it be compatible with police efficiency that the various Tongs have been in battle array scores of times; that hundreds of murders have been committed on the streets without anybody being tried, convicted or hanged? If the loss of their friend, Little Pete, should cause the law to be avenged this time, all right. But that will lead to the awkward inquiry as to why it has not always been similarly avenged. There is one very sure way to deal with Chinatown at present. With its vendetta in full blast, defying and defeating the civil authorities, a state of war exists. Let martial law be proclaimed within a given area, and let every highbinder be hanged on the spot. The way to do a thing is to do it. Let Governor Budd take the hint, govern his action by the obvious failure of the ordinary processes of law, issue his proclamation and follow it up with the action that would then be lawful. Such vigorous action would result in the immediate purification of that plague spot in this city. Within twenty-four hours Chinatown would be camped in Cow Hollow, if no better place could be found.

Use the Pruning Knife. The effort now being made to cut down the number of teachers on the city payroll is a step in the direction of sound economy and a practical reduction of expenditures in a useless direction. There is no right-thinking tax-payer in this city who objects to reasonable taxation for the support of the public school system; there are none who do not believe that all practical necessities of the department be maintained, and their efficiency improved. But it is an undeniable fact that the control of the department has found lodgment in the hands of the employees themselves—who very naturally are not disposed to look with meekness upon any attempt to curb their exalted ideas or curtail their impractical multiplication of departments.

We are unable to see why strict business principles should not apply in the management of the public schools as in other municipal matters. But it is noticed that the protests are louder, angrier, and more persistent, when they come from the public instructors, than when they proceed from any other direction. There is resentment all along the line whenever school directors or other officials talk of needed reforms in the schools; and now a roar of virtuous indignation goes up because the present board has under consideration the dropping of certain teachers in departments that are of questionable utility, if indeed they are not utterly frivolous and fruitless. These extending branches, which are the natural result of lax management, and easy-going, complaisant directors, are deserving of the attention of the new school board; and while it must ever be the wish of the intelligent that all possible advantage be afforded the children of San Francisco in their struggle for education, it is equally true that the original and proper practical scope of public instruction has been greatly exceeded. Let the new board pursue its proposed intent. The frills, the soft places, and the sinecures, of which there are many, should be cut off without regard to the outcry of the dismembered.

Water Rates. The Courts have laid down the rule upon which water rates are to be fixed so plainly as to leave no occasion for heated discussion as to what is to happen in that regard. The rule has been approved by the Supreme Court of the State, and, in similar cases, has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is that water, like railroad fares and freights, must permit of the collection of a sufficient sum with which to pay for betterments, operating expenses, and interest on stock and bonds. In the case of the Spring Valley Water Company it is known almost to a dime how much will be required to accomplish those purposes. The accounts of the company for the past year have just been published, and its income permitted the payment of 6 per cent dividends to its stockholders. The Examiner wants the dividends for this year cut down to 5 per cent. Disregarding, for the moment, its bad motives and cinching ways, let us consider what merit, if any, there is in its proposition. Is 5 per cent the usual rate of interest in this market for local securities? We think not. We know of no Savings Banks, or other monetary institutions, that are making loans on gilt edged securities at less than six per cent. Indeed, the loaning of money for less than seven per cent is rather the exception than the rule. Spring Valley's stock is widely held in this city. It is the favorite local investment, because of the regularity of its dividends, and the confidence reposed in the company's management. Thousands of widows, and people of moderate means, hold the stock as their only source of income. It is not a stock that can be hurt without a great outcry and without the sure and certain effect of scaling down the number of nickels taken in by the Examiner. Besides, the Courts would set aside rates based on five per cent dividends. The new rate being declared void, resort would have to be had to the existing one. What good would that do anybody? It is proposed to reduce the city's payment for the water supplied to fire hydrants one half. We had supposed that every tyro in Municipal lore understood why the charge of hydrants was increased. Reduce it, and small consumers will have to make up the difference. Keep it as it is, pay it out of the City's general tax fund,

and, in that case, the big taxpayer is caught, and made to lessen the burden of the consumers.

The course of the Examiner tends to a vicious and dishonest end. It opens the door and makes more easy of attainment, results that should be desired by no good citizen. A false public opinion would become a fulcrum by which dishonest officials would be able to extort tribute from every corporation doing business in San Francisco. It would compel every corporation, as a matter of self-protection, to resort to the corrupt use of money in order to secure simple justice, and save its innocent shareholders from disaster. It would bear no relation to the individual rights or burdens of the people. The parading of lengthy petitions proves nothing. The general public mind is so constituted that it will sign almost anything without hesitation; and the lists of names presented to the Supervisors are not entitled to more weight than the paper on which they are inscribed. Similar sheets placed about the streets, demanding a cut of one-half in the price of bread, or boots, or overcoats, would without doubt be signed by every thoughtless passer-by. Those who sign the petition of which the Examiner roars so loudly, cannot have knowledge of the cost of water, and are as unfamiliar with the immense capital employed in conducting the business of the Spring Valley Company, and the continued outlay involved in making necessary improvements, as if they were inhabitants of a foreign land. The comparisons in cost of maintenance and operation of water works here and at the East, are misleading and manifestly unfair. Materials of all kinds are higher in San Francisco than they are in many Eastern cities. The single item of labor here, alone foots up an annual expenditure very greatly in excess of the Eastern rate. An army of men are constantly employed by the Spring Valley Company, and every man is paid a wage sufficient to support those dependent upon him in reasonable comfort.

The laws of the State wisely provide that invested capital employed in works of a public character shall earn a reasonable increment. As we have shown, and as is generally accepted, six per cent. is a reasonable rate within the most conservative interpretation of law. It is far less than the millions of money invested in mercantile pursuits usually earn. The mature intent of the statutes is plain, and it is warranted by the financial conditions prevailing on this Coast. It is clearly in the interest of the whole people, having a fixed and just regard for the consumer no less than it has regard for the capital invested in necessary municipal enterprises.

**Remarkable
Impertinence.**

Restriction of undesirable immigration to this country has long been a crying necessity. The old plea of making the United

States a refuge for all the stinking hordes of Europe has long since been exploded by direct friction against those "oppressed of all nations," the means of whose friends enabled them to pay a steerage passage across the Atlantic. In a thousand channels the hurtful and vicious influence of this illiteracy, crime and degradation has forced itself upon the minds and into the lives of law-abiding, tax-paying, and self-respecting men. Of all classes, only the professional politician—the Senators and Representatives of the country—have been unconscious of this great evil. Abject cowardice has kept them in safe oblivion of the rising demand for legislative relief, and closed their eyes to the fact that the greatest peril of the country lay in the continued in-pour of Europe's scum. Up to a certain point assimilation was possible, but that period has been long past, as the most careless observation of the trend of events, both political and industrial, ominously demonstrate.

Legislation protecting the products of labor has been one of the corner stones of the Republican party, but all thought of the laborer has been lost in the fear of disturbing and antagonizing the "foreign vote;" and all the place-buyers and office-hunters have dodged the question and shifted the responsibility that seemed to endanger their selfish and un-patriotic schemes. At last, however, there seems to be reasonable hope that the pickets will be so firmly planted and raised so high that the object aimed at—the exclusion of the really undesirable and dangerous foreign elements—will become an accomplished fact. That this is true finds strong corroboration in the actions of the

agents of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, who have sent broadcast to their agents urgent telegrams advising them to wire "their Representatives in Congress to vote against the Immigration bill, informing him that the measure virtually means exclusion, and his vote in favor of the same will mean repudiation by his constituents and his defeat at the next election." If any further argument were required for the immediate enactment of such a law, the German Steamship agents have given it. The suggestion that the constituents of Representatives would "defeat them at the next election" if they dared to perform a plain patriotic duty, strikes us as an exhibition of impertinence beyond belief. And it develops a new and more discreditible reason for past Congressional apathy than that one of moral cowardice. Vast sums are invested in Transatlantic steamship lines, and their earnings have been largely made up of steerage traffic. Hitherto their opposition to any restrictive measure has been tempered by the miscarriage of such legislation. The present bill, however, is sweeping, and will prove effective. It will keep out the undesirable classes and prevent the influx of the multitudes that now scourge the unfortunate lands of their nativity. This touching solicitude of the German Steamship agents for the welfare of the Representatives in Congress is a most beautiful evidence of gratitude for past favors; but there is little hope that it will avail their coffers one single penny.

**Judge Ogden's
Misconception.**

If Judge Ogden, of Alameda County, the other day expressed an honest opinion, he proved himself too ignorant of the ways of this mundane sphere to be either an experienced or safe Judge. He refused to believe a husband, and two witnesses, as to acts of flirtation by the wife, on the sole ground that she came of respectable parentage. The husband was not appealing to the Court for any sort of redress; but for very naturally expostulating in private with his wife, she had him there as defendant in a suit for divorce, his too loving anxiety on her account being judicially held to be "extreme cruelty." Said the Judge: "Although it did not appear in evidence, it is yet a fact that the plaintiff comes of respectable parents; in fact, her father is a clergyman. Wantons do not come from such homes." In the first place, the Court in plaintiff's interest went outside the record for evidence not to be found within it, and that evidence he appears to have permitted to control his decision. In effect he says the husband ought to have known that a clergyman's daughter would only flirt innocently. Even if that were so, he still had a right to complain of it as unseemly in the mother of his children, and that appears to have been all he did. But how did Judge Ogden gain his knowledge as to where wantons do, or do not, come from? It is almost proverbial here, as it is in older and more staid countries, that clergymen's children are the worst of children, and that, in point of fact, they are much given to "going to the bad." It would be invidious to name local instances, but Judge Ogden's acquaintances can doubtless enlighten him on the point. There is, however, a case so conspicuous that there can be no impropriety in referring to it. The beautiful but notorious Lily Langtry is the daughter of a clergyman, and was raised not only in a good home, but amidst environments that all made for propriety and virtue. Yet the world too well knows what she became. The "Jersey Lily" has been in search of a divorce from Mr. Langtry for many years, but has never yet found a court in which she dare ask for a hearing. She has had the misfortune all this while to overlook Judge Ogden, of Alameda County.

**Will Not
Succeed.**

The London Times welcomes Senator Wolcott, praises his capacity and integrity, and says that President-elect McKinley could not have chosen a more acceptable envoy—all of which is very sweet and nice on the part of the Times, but we soon learn that its soft words are to butter no parsnips. It proceeds very delicately to regret that so distinguished a representative should have come upon so impossible a task. It says that the failure of his mission, in any other sense than as a political move to placate the silverites at home, is certain. Of course it is. We all well knew that in advance. The plank in the Republican platform was

only intended for buncombe, and the roving commission given to the ablest silverite of them all, was intended, first, as a compliment to him, and, second, as an object lesson to teach his silver friends that European finance is not to be captured by merely dropping a little salt upon its tail. For good, or for ill, the single standard of value for Europe is now fixed and immutable. All trade, commerce, and values are based upon it. Silver is used for subsidiary purposes, and, of course, the cheaper the commercial nations can buy the white bullion the better for them. As we are the principal producers of that metal, it savors somewhat of simplicity to ask them to establish a corner in silver for our benefit, but to their own loss. The proposition was from the first a political device, trick, and humbug that everybody ought to have seen through. The rich silver mine owners were never deceived by it for a single instant, but many of their ignorant and deluded followers were, and in drawing them away it achieved its sole purpose. The truth is that silver must hereafter sell for what it is worth in the markets of the world. The United States Government has already passed the limits of safety in trying, without success, to uphold it. It is said that we, as a people, have not enough gold with which to transact our business. Very well. Let us, then, obtain more gold, and the way to do that, is to do as we did last year. We bought fewer goods abroad, sold more products, and, within the first ten months of the year, had a comfortable balance of trade in our favor, all in gold, he it remembered, of \$266,086,709. The year upon which we have entered promises to do much better than that, because the prices obtained for our products are higher. The way for the individual to acquire gold is to earn more and spend less. Precisely the same rule applies to a nation of individuals.

The State of Legalized Brutality. The State of Nevada has long had an unenviable reputation all over the country, and so far from being abashed thereby, it is only anxious to add to it. Known in politics as "the rotten pocket borough," it is about to become notorious as the State of legalized brutality. That it should, at a time when every State in the Union had driven prize fighting clean out of the country, have repealed its own existing law, and, from motives of gain, passed another rendering prize fighting legal within its borders, is more than we had been prepared to believe of Nevada, shameless as we knew it to be. The United States guarantees a republican form of government to every State, but in the greater part of Nevada there is practically no government at all. It is a go-as-you-please arrangement all round. A man may not even live there, if a stronger one does not like him. Only a short time ago a highly respectable foreman of a mine was taken from the streets of Nevada's principal city, marched across the border, and warned never to return. His offense was that of being the employee of a new set of directors. The Governor, Sheriff, and other officials looked on approvingly rather than otherwise. It has long been believed that anybody could be "put out of the way" in Nevada for money, and that belief is only too well sustained by proof. Familiarity with these things has doubtless done much to brutalize Nevada, to render it callous to the opinion of the rest of the country, and to constitute it the Hades of the continent. All that is decent in California regrets that Nevada should be so near. Better it were in Mexico, or better still, dropped into the depths of the ocean, along with Sharkey, Long Green Lawrence, and his Arizona friend, Empire Earp. It was very noticeable that the Examiner gave the shameful measure all the aid and comfort it could. The pugs are now asking for cheap fares. They should be given free rides upwards as high as Mordecais' gate.

Regulating The Sale Of Poisons. There is a bill before the Legislature that ought to pass. It makes the sale of poisons, without a medical certificate, and without a record being kept of the same, accessible to all who may be interested, a misdemeanor. It also makes druggists responsible in pecuniary damages to husbands, wives, or other relatives who may suffer loss through the infringement of the act. This being a general law, it will be applicable to the country districts where it is very

badly needed. In San Francisco we have a local ordinance which measureably fills the bill, but the proposed state law is better. In one of the bay counties a case recently turned up in which a young wife was supplied by the village Pharmacist, who was also a Doctor, with an alarming quantity of Chloral Hydrate, and when the inevitable resulted, and for days she hovered between life and death, he sought exorbitant fees for attending to the life he had for gain endangered. In the first place he had charged for the prescription, then for the drug, and finally for a very defective cure. The prescription happened to fall into the husband's hands and hence some interesting litigation. In another instance no difficulty was found in buying a corrosive poison to administer to a man in order to obtain the amount of a policy of insurance on his life. He luckily escaped, after suspecting the truth, and proving it. No doubt scores of cases, more innocent, perhaps, than these, yet of serious consequence, are daily occurring in some part of the State. The sale of opium, chloral, morphine, and kindred poisons are ruining thousands of families, and a law to prevent it must be passed, and its enforcement rendered certain, if it takes every constable in the State to accomplish that very desirable end.

Railroad Bankruptcies In 1896. It is difficult to get anybody, during these hard times, to listen to the undoubted truth that the railroad fares and freights of the country, instead of being much too high, are in most instances greatly too low. There are far larger proportionate losses in this business than in any other kind of enterprise. The number of foreclosure sales of bankrupt railroad properties during last year was 58, involving 13,730 miles of road, owing in bonds and stocks \$1,150,000,000. In the preceding year, 1895, fifty-two railroads, with 12,831 miles of roadbed, and a total indebtedness of \$761,000,000 became bankrupt. As if this were not enough, last year 34 additional roads with an indebtedness of \$275,597,000, and owning 5,441 miles of roadbed, had to apply to the courts for protection against their creditors and go into the hands of receivers. Seventy per cent of the money invested in railroads by stockholders is earning no dividend, and nearly twenty per cent of railroad bonds have gone to default. It is computed, and can be demonstrated, that if the railroads of this country had charged the same average of fares and freights as prevailed in England, their gross earnings of last year would have been \$376,000,000 greater than they were. Common carrying in the United States is the cheapest in the world. Despite its cheapness and consequent failures, the cry of the day is for reduced fares and freights—that is, for confiscation. The power of the courts alone saves railroad property to-day from total annihilation. Bryan and Altgeld are for taking away that power.

A Few of Those Who Stumbled. It is difficult to realize, until we group them, the long list of mortality in a single year among the men and women whose names are the property of the whole people. Try to recall the names of public and prominent persons, the accounts of whose deaths you have seen in the papers during the past year, and your fingers will probably suffice to tally them. Without attempting anything like an exhaustive list, let us name a few of the most prominent among those of our own country alone as examples. From among journalists, authors, and publishers, there passed away in 1896: Henry C. Bowen of the Independent, H. C. Bunner of Puck, Kate Field of Washington, J. W. Harper of the Harper publications, John A. Cockeril, Mary Abigail Dodge, Thomas W. Knox, Edgar W. Nye, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The list of public men includes such names as Benjamin H. Bristow, Charles F. Crisp, John R. Fellows, Governor F. T. Greenhalge, and William E. Russell. The theatrical profession mourns the loss of Henry E. Ahbey, Italo Campanini, James Lewis, Frank Mayo, J. H. McVicker, and Alexander Salviui, while among millionaires and famous business men were numbered Austin Corbin, Hamilton Disston, John H. Inman, and Enoch Pratt. Here are twenty-four names familiar to the whole country. Could you have named ten of them from memory? Yet the whole list would comprise a hundred and fifty names, and, strangely enough, not a San Franciscan among them.

AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, February 4, 1897.

CHIEF Clerk Duckworth has been the star performer of the Legislature this week; and by his testimony charitably assumes the most of the sins of his confreres in the stuffed pay-roll crime. Assemblyman Emmons turned the search-light on the witness, who, under his questions, made admissions that would have been damaging to any less flagrant violation of integrity than is an admitted fact. While Duckworth made many of the appointments under violent pressure, he no doubt was prodigal of promises in order to ensure his own election. From the present indications, I believe that the investigation will will end in a reprimand. But a scorching minority report may be expected, fathered by Emmons, who, by the way, is an honest and intelligent legislator.

The attempt to take a half-million from the Treasury, and divide it between retaining dams for the miners and a State dredger for reclamation of overflowed lauds, called Speaker Coombs from the chair to denounce the measure and inform the legislators that a record-making crisis confronted them. A combination has been effected between the localities and constituencies most interested, and the measure passed the House with a whoop, despite the earnest and angry protests of a very decided minority. Its fate in the Senate is more a matter of doubt, and the taxpayers may be saved in the Upper House and on the Governor's desk.

Los Angeles street contractors are here, interested in a bill which, if it should pass, would work a great hardship on the owners of property contiguous to the streets on which the improvements have been made. At present payment for street work may be made by bond running ten years. The new "cinch" bill permits foreclosure and transfer of title to the property securing the bonds, unless paid upon one year's notice. Some of the contractors interested in this bill hold as high as a quarter million in these improvement bonds.

At pretty nearly every session of the Legislature, tribute has been levied among other corporations and firms, on the foreign marine insurance companies by means of "cinch" bills. Without ascribing any improper motive to Senator Bert, who is the father of Senate Bill No. 11, the measure, I feel, would be an unjust and unnecessary law if passed, and the fact remains that this bill is one of the biennial "cinch" bills, and should be beaten. Its object is to prevent any foreign insurance company from doing business in this State unless there is on deposit in some State in the United States securities to the amount of \$200,000. Inasmuch as marine insurance companies are the particular insurance companies the bill aims at, and as there is really no good reason why they should be asked to have securities on deposit as is proposed, there is, on the other hand, several reasons why the law is ill-advised and unnecessary. Insurance Commissioner Higgins incorporates in his late report to the Governor some of the arguments used by those who favor the measure. Some statements are wholly incorrect, while others are misleading. In one place he says "the companies foreign to the United States do not pay taxes," and that only a fee of \$20 for filing their annual statement is received from them. As a matter of fact, not only the \$20 fee, but taxes in several forms are paid by such companies. Every quarter taxes on the amount of premiums recorded is collected. When over \$10,000, the tax is \$50; when under that amount, \$25. Then there is an annual tax on the money in bank of each company, and a franchise tax on an estimated valuation of the company's franchise, which is never set at less than \$2,000. Besides, these companies employ clerks, pay office rent and add in other ways to the prosperity of the State. If the people were to be benefited, of course no objection could be made to the bill, but it seems to me that by destroying competition certain companies could holdly raise their rates to suit themselves, much to the disadvantage of those the law pretends to benefit. Another argument of the Insurance Commissioner, so far as marine companies are concerned, which falls to the ground, is that a law requiring deposits would prevent forced settlements with the insured, insinuating that such a procedure was a common one. As a

matter of fact, so I am informed by reliable marine insurance men, there is yet to be recorded a case where a foreign marine company evaded payment of a loss or forced in compromise by threatened expensive litigation in a foreign country. The deposit feature, however, would not be utterly objectionable if a reasonable amount were specified, say \$50,000. Even that is really too large, but a \$200,000 deposit would drive pretty nearly every foreign marine company out of business in California.

The new Board of State Library Trustees, so it is reported, will elect W. W. Seaman, of Los Angeles, to succeed Dr. Matthews, who is the present State Librarian and Mixologist, with private bar in Librarian's office.

REG.

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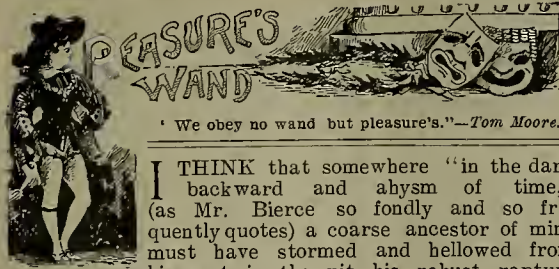
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Week commencing Monday, February 8th.

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'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

I THINK that somewhere "in the dark backward and abysm of time," (as Mr. Bierce so fondly and so frequently quotes) a coarse ancestor of mine must have stormed and hellowed from his seat in the pit his robust rapture for the large uncompromising play acting of Mrs. Siddons. Something in me wakes and stirs to *Macbeth*. I have long and urgently deplored what I have called by no less title, if you please, than *The Art of Obvious Playacting*. I never quite wanted to reduce life or drama to the pianissimo of Mr. Howells's, who writes with a chaperon, but I cherished a superior disdain of plays and players of the stage stagey. Now I find it possible to take my meed of tragedy in the proper Siddons spirit. At least *Macbeth* rouses me thoroughly, takes me by the blood and vertebrae and shakes me into strauge excitement.

Macbeth, with all its symbols and psychology is first, last and all the time drama of action and incident and valorous and bloodthirsty phrases—in a word, melodrama. History does not chronicle the actor who has played a quiet *Macbeth*; even ultra-modernity does not ask for one; and the pink dawn of Romance, with its attendant sword, daggers and feats of arms and feats of lungs may even bring about a renaissance of the long lost "heavy legitimate." And the heavy legitimate demands heavy play-acting to-day, just as it did in the palmy and pre-palmy days of old. Only there must be one innovation: Shakespeare must be well dressed. The days of the shabby-genteel legitimate are over. Henry Irving, Augustin Daly and Richard Wagner—yes, Wagner and Beyreuth and the Metropolitan Opera House—have spoiled the public for masterpieces in rags. The sleek, prosperous present will accept contemporary romance in hand-me-downs, but it wants all velvet, and a yard wide, for the masterpieces. This is the reason why Irving and Daly are the only managers who can gracefully pull through a New York season with the "classics." This is why Margaret Mather's *Cymbeline* has to be advertised as a "\$25,000 production;" and the absence of it is why Louis James is hooked, "the only tragedian on the road this season"—for even the provinces have become fastidious. It is of course true that the legitimate died, not for want of good clothes and brilliant lights and millionaire scenery, but for want of playactors, real playactors, not enemy imitation play actors. But the age is luxurious; virtuosity is out of vogue. It takes more than one star to make a first night, and two's not a company. And so I take it that in the face of fads and cheap plays and cheap acting San Francisco has done handsomely by Modjeska and Haworth, and the slap-gathered little hand of players who support them.

Speaking of playacting, it is well for us to realize that in all America the brightest representative of this almost lost art is Joseph Haworth. And this simple statement of truth is not half the compliment Haworth merits, because practically he has no competitors. Mansfield is a freak, young Salvini is dead, Warde is worse than dead, and James, though an actor of conspicuous talent, lacks the vital element of distinction. So Haworth is more than the peer of these. In fact, it looks very much as though he and Nat Goodwin were to divide the more dignified responsibility of the American stage for the next decade.

Haworth's *Macbeth*, being a creature of broad vocal depths and clean, impressive reading and irreproachably developed crescendo, is not a new *Macbeth*, beyond the rich color quality Haworth gives him out of his own personality. As I said before, a new *Macbeth* would have to be a soft one, and Shakespeare has left enough soft spots in him as it is without requiring the misreading of any sensation-seeking actor. Considering William Shakespeare's occasional tendency to smother meaning in sweet phrases for the music-loving ear, and the length of *Macbeth's* part, it is conspicuously well defined. Of course,

no sane person, removed from the evil prejudices of the schoolroom, can follow *Macbeth* through the splendid blend of despair and fury voiced in

I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet.
And to be baited with the rabble's curse!
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet will I try the last—

and then see him started to the fray on this puny, Mother Goose couplet,

Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he who first cries "Hold; enough!"

without wishing William had enjoyed the privilege of such an editor, say, as Miss Gilder of *The Critic*. One might as well split gloves over the rhetorical juiciness of

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

when some horny-lunged Thespian exalts it to the pivot of a scene.

However it is not my aim to be classed among those ambiguous gentlemen, Shakespearian scholars. I do not want to hicker about the temperature of the green calcium in the dagger scene, or how many little whiskers the first witch should wear on her chin. When you go after the Bard with a search light and a grappling iron and a Boccaccio and a Holinshed, you lose sight of his transcendent scheme—he wrote for the playhouse and endeavored to be entertaining. Haworth seems to take very much the same view. He does not strive for any deep mysticism that is not on the surface of the text. He concedes *Macbeth* a covetous rascal in his first attack of the witches; he gives him a broad brutality of his own, which, contrasted with the fragility of Modjeska's *Lady Macbeth*, keeps him rather prominently aloof from the hen-pecked key. This is the only charge of radicalism that can be laid against him. His development of the character is unswerving and masterful; the ambition, the touch of humanness, the fear, the fatalism, the deed which is gilded with ambition, then crime gilded by more crime and attended by their vengeance of superstition and hallucination; the man submerged, the brute upheld until, in the climax of the combat with Macduff, he fights and dies with the snarl and—so almost is the illusion—the very being of an animal. And this is play acting? obvious, too? May I never again grow too young to enjoy it.

Modjeska plays *Lady Macbeth* very much as Patti might sing *Brünhilde*. And in a cast made up of vociferous traditionalists—who made a Scottish holiday of the rare opportunity to tear passion to tatters and still not exceed the bounds of art—her repressed intensity, and candid femininity could not be otherwise than at a disadvantage. Modjeska's reading is beautifully lucid and sincere, and in the sleep-walking scene she is stirringly convincing, but Nature never builded for an actress to embody such a *Mary Stuart* as Modjeska's, and yet attain to the heroic severity of *Lady Macbeth*.

The disaster which befell Mr. Lonergan, and cast something of a gloom over the *Macbeth-Macduff* fight in the last act, is not without the solace of humor: Mr. Lonergan's voice forsook him, and he was compelled to fight in a hoarse whisper. Prior to this misadventure, Mr. Lonergan's work was earnest and telling. Mr. Osbourne played the drunken porter with such rare unctuousness (unctuousness is a word much abused by dramatic critics: it really serves at its best when describing the utter greasiness of a classic jag) as to almost redeem that ill-timed hit of "comic relief" with which William Shakespeare destroyed the suspense of one of the best moments in his play. The excellence of Landers Stevens's performance dumbfounded me. There were address, and resolution, and manly music, and a picture in his *Malcolm*.

Mary Stuart and Modjeska are names inseparably cherished in the hearts of this generation of play-goers. There is no other actress who can give to this old-fashioned picture play the fragrance, the spirituality, the complete reality that Modjeska does. In it she finds the epitome of her temperament. And it seemed more than a coincidence on Saturday night, when Modjeska played this part, as we of San Francisco have never seen even her play it he-

fore, that Haworth should have given us a Mortimer equally unforgettable. And think what there is to Mortimer's part—one bit, the death scene. Yet the eloquence, the heart-touch, the magnetic thrill of that moment, were as near the perfection of human art as we ever like to find it. It was not a night for sympathy with ill-advised Mrs. Edgerton, who took this occasion to forsake the respectable business of a drawing-room reciter for the fiercer glitter of real footlights. Mrs. Edgerton has a bumptious conception of Queen Elizabeth which is certainly novel, but far from plausible. I think she mistakes the bastard queen for a female Falstaff.

* * *

The Tivoli has always been neglected in the matter of fair criticism, the policy of the papers being something like this: "If it is a good show, puff it; if it is not so good, puff it anyway—there is always the money's worth at the Tivoli." Waiving all loftier considerations, this has been somewhat unjust to the management, inasmuch as the critics have not always considered it necessary to visit the Tivoli prior to the puff. I have often claimed that the only unprejudiced theatrical reviews were those written by persons who never have seen the performance under discussion or formed any opinions whatever on the relative excellence of amusements—because your true critic being by instinct and cultivation a man of taste, and hence acquiring a delicate appetite for what is good and artistic, and a vigorous distaste for what is neither of these, is, of course, unfitted for impartial consideration of the average performance in the average playhouse. In extenuation of myself, *Aladdin*, at the Tivoli, is not an average performance, not merely a good show for a cheap price. It is a smashing spectacular production and ten times better in every particular than either *Jack and the Beanstalk* or *Babes in the Wood*. It has that which both of those pieces lacked—a certain measure of unity. In *Aladdin* there are fun, color, glitter, pageantry, ballet, songs, specialty and specialty, all in the happiest balance. Ferris Hartman does not have the entire performance on his shoulders, and consequently both Mr. Hartman and the performance appear to much better advantage. In fact I have never seen Hartman so genuinely comical as he is this week. There is also a satisfying surety in all the electrical and mechanical devices, and the flower dance on the darkened stage danced by five girls studded with twinkling incandescents, is an Edisonian dream. The six little tailors headed by little Jack Robertson (a clever little lad in every particular except that of singing through his little nose) are already the talk of all the children and grandparents in town. Miss Seabrook seems of a sudden to have lost her aggressive Della Foxisms and her *Aladdin* is proportionately that much better than it would have been two weeks ago. All the Tivoli people are in the production, not forgetting those wonderful chorus girls to whom the Tivoli is largely indebted for every success. All in all, *Aladdin* to my mind is the best extravaganza ever staged at the Tivoli.

* * *

They call it *The Prodigal Father* at the Columbia, but it isn't. Father has not come home yet; he's still out prodigally, and several first-class vaudeville people, and several who are not so first-class are keeping the stage warm for him. If you really must have the comedy, *The Prodigal Father*, it is in a footnote on the programme. I did not need it myself; there were too many good variety acts bouncing about the stage. May Irwin's new song—the successor to "The New Bully"—"Oh, Mr. Johnson!"—is sung in the first act. It is the most fraternal thing I've heard in years—you can't lose it. Titenia's titivating toes, Rose Melville's "jay girl from Slab Hollow," and "Oh, Mr. Johnson!" are to the limit of spiciness. And spiciness is the life of variety.

* * *

After the little Titian tenor, Guille, had opened wide his silver throat, and sung the rafters out of the Orpheum, and sung them back again, and the audience still clamored for more, something happened which caused Phil Hastings to swoon outright in his great-coat. Guille bounded down to the lights, handed Rosner a piano score, and commenced to sing "I dread the day you'll forget me, Marguerite." I waited, breathless, my eyes riveted on the

gallery. Guille ended with a skyward flourish, smiled at the audience a smile which said, "You bet zere aire no thees zon me, I'm—what you call—up to ze minute." And in the gallery not even a gun was fired, for the gallery smiled, too. This was last Sunday night.

* * *

The new season of symphony concerts opened rather unpropitiously Thursday afternoon at the Columbia. It rained menageries without, and a defective furnace smoked hard enough to have cured hams within. Mr. Hinrichs and his musicians claim neither the valor nor the lungs of accomplished firemen, so to have played as well as they did while choking with smoke and smell (Mr. Greenbaum did not have time to perfume the fire) is doubly to their credit. Dvorak's D major symphony and Tschaiakowsky's "Marche Slave" were the novelties. The symphony is wantonly melodious, and the orchestration burns and zips in the Bohemian composer's characteristic spirit. American music has a very nice step-papa in Dr. Dvorak. The March teems with rhythm and color, and the interblending of the Russian hymn is handled with fine craft; in fact, the entire work is one of strong character and masterly instrumentation. Mrs. Hinrichs' singing of the air from *The Queen of Sheba* was disappointing. Her contralto is tremulous and not always true, and her method of singing is labored and unmusicianly.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Chimmie Fadden, with the original company, comes to the Columbia next Monday for two weeks, with Charles Hopper in the title-role. The company is strong, and the dramatization of the play is said to be of even greater interest than the original story.

Louis James, a sterling actor, opens a two weeks' season at the Baldwin Monday night, in a revival of Dr. Bird's heroic play, *Spartacus*. Old theatre-goers will remember Forrest and McCullough in the gladiatorial role, which now is said to fit Mr. James better than anything he has ever played before. Alna Kruger and Guy Lindsley are of the company.

Next week at the Orpheum Guille will sing Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Miss Nina de St. Herbert, a young San Franciscienne. Ara, Zebra and Vora, European equilibrists, and John and Bertha Gleason, dancers, are the other new features.

Mlle. Trebelli, prima donna soprano, (a daughter of the famous contralto by that name), assisted by Hinrichs' Symphony Orchestra, will give a concert at the California on Tuesday night, which promises to be one of the biggest musical events of the season. Trebelli will sing, among other numbers, the cavatina from *Semiramide*, the Salomé air from Massenet's *Herodiade*, and Solberg's Song, which Grieg composed for Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. Schubert, Humperdink, Saint-Saëns, and Delibes will be represented in the orchestral selections.

Aladdin has made a big hit at the Tivoli, and will continue indefinitely.

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CHIEF Dennis Sullivan of the Fire Department is a practical joker past reformation, and his best efforts in the indulgence of this pastime are reserved for his most intimate friends. His great crony is Johnny Murphy, proprietor of the St. George Stables, and not long ago the pair went on a little trip into the country. The chief started homewards in the evening, but Murphy, who had met some convivial spirits remained behind, lingered long over a bowl of wassail and concluded to retain his comfortable quarters for the night. Before his departure, Sullivan told the landlord of the village inn that his friend, Johnny Murphy, suffered from occasional catalepsy and had to be waked up every hour.

"He may kick a little when you rouse him," said Sullivan, "but don't you pay any attention to that. You wake him up every sixty minutes, sure now, or he will die."

Much impressed by this warning, the landlord followed the Chief's instructions to the letter. In vain Murphy roared in indignation, groaned about his head and begged to be allowed to sleep in peace. To be sure that he was awake, the landlord, aided by the barkeeper and the Chinese cook, made him get out of bed and run around the room after each hourly "treatment." The Murphy rage was impotent and he was forced to submit.

When Johnny came home he did not say much but he waited patiently for a chance to even up his score. He planned a blow at the Chief's dignity the other day by delivering a bogus message.

"Eddie Graney left word for you here," said Murphy, "that he wanted you to superintend the whitewashing of his place."

Parenthetically it may be observed that when Graney is not "doing politics," he conducts a large blacksmith shop in St. George's Alley, in convenient proximity to Murphy's stable and the Fire Engine headquarters.

The Chief was secretly affronted by the message which he believed was genuine and supposed was intended by Graney to depreciate his importance in the eyes of the members of the Fire Department.

"All right, I'll boss his job" quickly responded Sullivan no little acrimony mingled with his alacrity, while Johnny Murphy satisfied with the movement, of the wheels he had set in motion, turned away in gladness.

When Graney returned to his establishment late that afternoon he was filled with consuming wrath. The whitewashing had not been confined to the interior of the shop, but the entire front of the place had been covered with the cheap mixture, obliterating the expensive paint placed there a few weeks earlier. Worst of all his immense horse shoe of wrought iron, Graney's especial pride, had been given two coats of whitewash.

"What bally idiot did this?" shouted Grauey in a fine frenzy. He used much additional language that was really superfluous and unnecessary to this narrative.

"A chap they call 'Chief' hossed the job," said one of the white washers. "He directed it all. And say, Graney, as there was so much extra work done, the job will cost you five dollars more than the price I told you."

And then Grauey's language was positively shocking.

Some little amusement has been caused by Fremont Older's expedition to Canton, undertaken "because the Major sent for him." Behind the visit to the President-elect in behalf of Judge Waymire's Cabinet aspirations is a little story of how Older fooled his dearest friends regarding his movements. At the time of the Senatorial election, the editor went to Sacramento as the adviser of the Alameda Assemblyman, whom he suddenly precipitated into the "fight" against Perkins, in consequence of which *faux pas* Waymire failed to secure endorsement for the Cabinet by the Republican legislative caucus. After it was all over, Older came home and went to bed with nervous prostration. He was invisible to his most inti-

mate friends, and did not even hold communication with the editorial rooms of his paper. As days went by and Older failed to reappear, his associates grew anxious, but all inquiries regarding Fremont's health were answered with the indefinite gravity of a serious illness. After two weeks, Older's office companions became genuinely alarmed over his condition, and the gravest results of nervous prostration were suggested. Just when apprehension was at its height, a dispatch from Chicago was printed in a morning paper to the effect that Older was *en route* to Canton to plead Waymire's cause. Then the nature of his mysterious malady was apparent. It is said that if Waymire should be appointed to the Cabinet, Older would be the Chief Clerk of his department—a contingency which will hardly cause him to leave his present position. The President-elect is said to have suggested to Older that "perhaps Judge Waymire is needed in the California Legislature," so the Alameda statesman may never be transferred to the whirl of Washington political life.

No doubt many people are haunted by the fear that they may be buried alive, and this mortal terror is kept active by periodical stories of uncovered graves and the discovery of the terrible truth that those who had been placed in them had awakened only to find themselves four feet under ground and no telephone handy. A striking illustration of this fear occurred recently in this city. A wealthy man, feeling the approach of the grisly monster, and fearing that it might only be a bluff, determined not to be caught napping. He gave rigid instructions that the utmost precautions should be employed to determine if he had really departed to the pale realm of shade before his body should be committed to mother earth. He ordered that his executor, under pain of his immediate displeasure, should stay his body for three days in a vault, and surround it by perpetual watchers, who should note the least appearance of returning life. After this prolonged vigil, a physician should appear, and with the tools of his trade, gently but firmly disturb the repose of the remains by a scientific examination to the very seat of existence—the heart. If the result disclosed the final fact of death, the obsequies might proceed. He wanted to take no chances. Death finally came, and after the usual ceremonies the remains were transferred to a vault and the watch set about the body for three days. Evidently life had fled; further assurance of that fact was not needed. But the executor determined to meet the orders of the deceased, and called Dr. H. Isaac Jones to make the final test. The doctor made the examination as required, although he knew it to be useless, and was told thereafter that embalming fluid had been freely used before the body was placed in the vault. Inasmuch as the smallest quantity of this preserver of the dead would prove immediately fatal to a healthy bullock, the dissecting knife was really superfluous. The LOOKER ON did not think to ask whether the injection had been made at the previous instance of the deceased, as additional security against his premature interment; but he is prepared to believe it was.

There is no doubt, however, that deceased was dead.

Some time ago, Grace Church organized, under the direction of W. H. Holt, an able organist from England, an adult male choir. Although the change was undertaken as an experiment, it has been most successful from its inception, the church evening praise services having been largely attended. On Sunday evening, the nineteenth festival service will be held, and an especially prepared programme, which here follows, will be given:

- Motet—88th Psalm, (Ernest Ford)..... Full Choir
- Tenor Solo—"Babylon," (Watson)..... Frank Coffin
- Anthem—"The Radiant Morn," (Woodward)..... Full Choir
- Barytone Solo—"Israfil," (Oliver King)..... S. Homer Henley
- Tenor Solo and Chorus—"From out the Radiant Morn,"
Frank Coffin and Choir.

Offertory—Organ Solo "Allegretto," (Wely).

The following gentlemen constitute the choir: Tenors, Frank Coffin, J. M. Shawhan, P. L. Rowe, J. E. Jones, G. H. J. Bremner, Charles Henning; Basses, S. Homer Henley, W. McDonald, George Bateh, George H. Hoyer, N. B. Frisbie, S. E. Tucker, C. E. Holt.

Down in the Board Room of the Stock Exchange they are having no little diversion over the mutual jublations of W. E. Miles and J. M. Forbes, each broker being satisfied that he "did the other up," while the other members agree that honors are about even. Forbes is a big man, and for years he has patiently cultivated a beard, until it matched his other gigantic proportions. Those flowing whiskers were the chief joy and pride of his life. He lavished his affection on the capillary appendage to his chin, which made him look like a Populist of the middle-of-the-road breed. The other stock-brokers chaffed Forbes unmercifully about his whiskers, but Forbes loyally stuck to them.

One day this week, Miles offered for sale three hundred shares of Yellow Jacket stock.

"I will give you thirty-four for the lot," said Forbes.

"You can have it for thirty-one, if you will go downstairs to the barbershop and shave those whiskers," replied Miles, tauntingly.

To his surprise and grief, Forbes promptly took him up. In twenty minutes the beard lived only in history. It was a thing of the past. Forbes then claimed the Yellow Jacket stock at three points lower than his own bid, and Miles reluctantly relinquished it. It was now Forbes' turn to buy Miles; but the tables were again turned, for on the following day Yellow Jacket was quoted at twenty-nine, and Forbes admitted, with chagrin, that he had paid two points higher than the current quotation of the stock. Miles thinks the laugh is all his way now, for he bought back all the stock he wanted at twenty-nine. But Forbes mourns his lost whiskers and refuses to be comforted, because they are not.

Mr. Harrison, the Sausalito Coal King, is once more on 'Change. He went to Washington six weeks ago to interview Mr. McKinley agent the opening of the Coast road through the Government reservation to Point Lobos. "William," said Mr. McKinley, as reported by Mr. Harrison, "you may have my bead for a football if that road don't go through. I know how Billy Berg, the German traveller, Tom Watson, Frank Cartan, and all the boys want that road, and they are going to have it. Give my regards to Commodore Harrison, and tell him we keep informed here about the way he is running those water works, and that if he does not come down a bit, I will have to send a special commission to Marin County to regulate affairs."

Mr. Harrison thus merrily discourses of the great men he has met on his travels. The California newspaper boys Willie took with him are homesick. Arthur McEwen says he would rather be bammering away at the orthodox creeds in this glorious climate on a cracker a week, than living in New York on terrapin and champagne; Bob Davis has run out of his Western lies, and Charley Michelson cries himself to sleep every night from pure nostalgia.

While the rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind blowing a gale which made the anemometer whirl at the rate of fifty miles an hour, a portly Montgomery street real estate agent stood in the doorway of his office talking to a friend possessing fewer years and less avoirdupois and discretion.

"Just look at that woman crossing the street," said the younger man. "Beef to the heels, like a Mullingar beifer! Great Scott! White stockings, too! Doesn't she look like a tad? Wouldn't that jar you?"

"It undoubtedly would jar me, but for one fact," said the real estate man, sweetly. "You see," he added, "she's my wife."

Donald deV. Graham took a large quantity of sketching material with him to the Islands. That is the place for models. Mr. Graham can catch the "altogether" in the water, where they disport like mermaids, or on the banks of the Nuuanu river, where they pose like Diana, fresh from her bath. They are by no means immodest, because too familiar with nudity to perceive anything objectionable in it, and they only entertain a dim idea of what virtue which their white sisters speak about actually means. They are daughters of Nature, those Hawaiian damsels, and obey all her promptings without any self-consciousness of evil.

Harry Lynch, Superintendent of Construction for the Market Street Railway Company, has returned from the East, crammed with information on motors. Mr. Lynch declares that the days of the horse as a carrier are numbered in New York. He attended a meeting at which the street space occupied by delivery wagons was discussed. There are about 6,000 wagons of this nature in New York, and these horses, with stables, etc., occupy a most a quarter of the street space, of that city. Therefore, the municipality has decided that the horse must go and the wagons be propelled by compressed air. Mr. Lynch rode on a coach driven by compressed air, which had a speed capacity of thirty-five miles an hour, and its arrangement so simple that a child might be entrusted with the lever. We shall see some of them on this side pretty shortly.

The epicures of the clubs declare that the genuine New York sheep head has found its way to our waters, and is in the market to-day. Major Ned Palmer and Warren Payne, members of the Pots and Pans Society, have made affidavit that they ate a genuine sheep head on Friday, and that it was sweet as butter. Captain House, by the invention of his soluble Welch rarebit, has caused a run on the chafing dish stores, and never before was the gum tickling little animal so popular. Some of the haughty swells of the clubs mix it with champagne, and declare that the foaming wine and the rarebit were made for one another, while the more conservative old boys stick to ale and porter. The House rarebit requires neither, and may be eaten cold, which is a revelation in this line of natural history.

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of
the Week.*

A short time ago we noticed in this column a volume of criticisms by an English critic—Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch; we now wish to draw attention to a hook by an American critic—Professor Brander Mathews, of Columbia College, New York. "Ventures in Criticism" consists of seven essays, the most interesting of which are those entitled "American Literature," "On pleasing the taste of the public," "Mr. Andrew Lang" and "Robert Louis Stevenson." Of the English language the Professor says: "It is a heritage which we derived from our forefathers. We hold it by right of hirth. . . It is an American possession, as it is a British possession, no more and no less; and we hold it on the same terms that our cousins do. We have the rights of ownership, and the responsibilities also, exactly as they have, and to exactly the same extent." Now this is, of course, true; but it is not the whole truth. Though English is the mother-tongue of Britou and American alike, they do not stand in quite the same relations to it. Whenever any question as to what is or is not English arises, we must refer to the British usage, and not to the American. As the late Richard Grant White so clearly pointed out, in so far as English-speaking people, whether Australians, New Zealanders, or natives of North America speak a language differing from that spoken by the best speakers of Great Britain, they are not speaking English; at any rate, not the English of to-day. We have an almost perfect analogy to this in the languages of ancient Greece: while the Greek colonists spread all along the European, African and Asiatic coasts of the Mediterranean, carrying their mother-tongue with them, deriving it from their forefathers, holding it by right of hirth, and all the rest of it, yet Greek as spoken by the inhabitants of one single city of Greece always remained the highest form of the language. Classical scholars do not try to write the Greek of the Rhodians, the Mityleneans, or the Greek colonists of Egypt, but the Greek of Demosthenes, Plato, Aeschylus and Euripides: while they read and admire the poems of Hesiod and Homer, and the histories of Herodotus, they carefully abstain from imitating the peculiarities of the Greek in which they are written. The Greek of the New Testament is simply, to a scholar, impossibly and unspeakably bad. Prose written in it would not get a man a third class at Oxford or Cambridge. We are inclined to suppose that no educated American would defer to Canadian or Australian usage, yet it is just as authoritative, "no more and no less," as the English spoken in the United States: that is to say, it is the language of a colony, and not of a mother-land. No educated Hollander cares a straw for the usages of Dutch colouists in Java or Sumatra, and no educated Frenchman regards the French of Martinique or Réuion. Nor would they regard them any more though each of those countries contained seventy millions of people. In speaking of Mr. Andrew Lang the Professor says that "though he dwells by the banks of the Thames, his pages are disfigured by no Briticisms." We must point out to the Professor, that, while there are provincialisms in the language of uneducated British people, there are no such things as "Briticisms." If the people of highest education in Great Britain use certain phrases and forms of speech, those phrases and forms are, *ipso facto*, good English. If we want to know whether a phrase or word is good French or not, we ask a highly educated Freuchman; if we wish to know whether a phrase or word is good Spanish or not, we refer to an educated Spaniard, not to a Mexican, a Central or South American, though those regions are many times larger than Old Spain, and contain many more millions of people. Similarly, highly educated Britons are the sole authorities on questions of English usage. Would any honest person recommend an Italian or German gentleman desirous of learning the best English to take up his residence in Australia, Canada, or the United States? We trow not. "Aspects of fiction"

comprises six essays, all of which, if not particularly profound, are at any rate bright and readable. In the essay entitled "The gift of story-telling" Professor Mathews says that all writers, and indeed all artists, may be divided into three classes: "those with the special temperament, those with general ability, and the scanty few who have both the general ability and the special temperament." Thus a man may possess the story-telling gift in a high degree, and yet may be, as Charles Dickens was, a man of very moderate intelligence and little insight. Such a man will always get readers, but when he attempts to write criticisms of hooks or pictures, or to propound political or philosophical ideas, he will exhibit the real poverty of his mind and the limitations of his culture. Thus it is that we find hundreds of people of slight attainments and moderate intelligence who can tell a good story, but very few competent essayists. A perusal of Professor Mathews' volume shows that he has little Latin, and less Greek, as he himself confesses, and no intimate knowledge of any literatures except English and French. His inferiority to Grant Allen (who, though a naturalist and a novelist, is an excellent classical scholar), to A. T. Quiller-Couch, George Saintsbury, Frederick Harrison, Andrew Lang, and other British critics, is thus apparent. Indeed, no man dare set up as a literary critic in Great Britain who was not as familiar with Greek and Latin literature as with that of his own country, and reasonably at home in French and German literature as well. Thus we feel, in reading Professor Mathews' criticisms, that, while he has natural intelligence, he carries, as compared with his rivals across the Atlantic, a light armament.

* Aspects of Fiction, and other Ventures in Criticism. By Brander Mathews, New York. Harper and Brothers. 1895.

The Sierra Club Bulletin, being number 14 of the publications of the Sierra Club, has recently been issued. It consists of sixty well-printed pages, with ten full-page photogravures of mountain scenes. "On Mount Lefroy" by Charles Sproull Thompson gives an account of the untimely death of Philip Stanley Abbot, which took place on the Canadian mountain on August 3rd of last year. Mr. Bolton Coit Brown narrates the wanderings of himself and his wife in the High Sierra between Mount King and Mount Williamson. Though they reached an altitude of 14,448 feet above sea level, "Lucy" stood the fatigue and exposure wonderfully well. Howard Longley gives some advice to tyros in mountaineering as to what to take with them, and how to take it; J. M. Stillman contributes an article on the Tehipite Valley, and Theodore L. Solomons, the Overland Mouthly's "Author-explorer," one on an early summer excursion to the Tuolumne canon and Mount Lyell." The photogravure of Tehipite Dome, from a negative by Walter A. Starr, is a very satisfactory picture, as also is that of the Upper Tuolumne Canon by T. S. Solomons. Mr. John Muir, the discoverer and eponymous hero of the Muir Glacier in Alaska, is President of the Sierra Club, which also numbers Professors Joseph Le Conte and George Davidson among its Directors. Any of the publications of the club may be had, at moderate prices, on application to the Secretary, Mr. Elliott McAllister, at the Academy of Sciences Building.

"The Show Lion, and Other Dramatic Poems, Readings, and Sketches," by Cora E. Chase, is for sale at the book-stores of Messrs. Whittaker & Ray and Doxey. The title piece is a little poem of twenty-four four-lined verses, recounting how the old wild spirit and lust for blood breaks out suddenly in a captive Indian lion, so that he attacks and kills his keeper, and receives a mortal hurt himself. It is a lively, brisk, vigorous composition, and the versification is good. The rimes are unforced and correct, and the lines run easily and gracefully. The little hook contains twenty other pieces of prose or verse, of which we like best "The Nun's Rose." "The Bull-Fight," though not quite accurate as a description of the sport, is still bright and possessed of life and movement. The typography is, unfortunately, decidedly inaccurate. But this can be corrected in a later edition. For the present, the errors do not materially detract from the value of the hook as a collection of suitable hits for recitation, for which purpose it may be heartily commended. Miss Chase is a true Californian singer; her verse is healthy and will most assuredly bring fame to her in due time.

A recent issue of The Sketch (London) contains the following remarks about Dr. Robertson Nicoll's articles on his trip to the United States: "These articles show how possible it is, even for the most clear-headed and discerning of men to come back from a short trip in a great country like America with not a few false impressions. Dr. Nicoll, for example, I gather" (says the writer), "is under the very generous impression that America boasts a singularly pure Press—a Press uncontaminated to a greater extent than our own. Yet by this very mail I receive a copy of an American journal called The Wave, which emphasizes very strongly the current of impurity which runs through so much of American journalism. English journals at times, it must be admitted, may err on the side of too copious reports of disagreeable scandals or of nauseating matter from the police courts; but no English journal goes out of its way to nose out impurities and improprieties in the manner of some of the Sunday issues in America. I could show Dr. Nicoll articles and letter-press by the bushel in the American Sunday papers which come to me which would not be admitted for a single moment in the most liberal-minded English house." Somebody must have been sending the Sunday Examiner to this Londoner: we sincerely hope that in future he will keep it at home to light fires with.

The ninth annual edition of "Our Society Blue Book," published by Charles C. Hoag, is just out, and excels in attractive appearance and completeness of detail any preceding volume. Several new features are observed in the make-up and style of the publication, which add much to the artistic appearance of this work, which has become a recognized and valued authority on all matters of which it treats. It is for sale by Hartwell, Mitchell & Willis, 225 Post street and 107 Montgomery street.

The latest monthly periodical to arrive at our table is The Month, issued by The Critic Company, New York. Persons desiring to keep abreast of current literature and authors, cannot afford to overlook this highly entertaining magazine, which is issued at 10 cents a copy, or \$1 per annum.

MR. A. H. Loughborough, a prominent and successful attorney of this city, and for many years a resident of San Francisco, died of apoplexy at his home on O'Farrel street early last Saturday morning. Death came most unexpectedly, as he had retired on the previous evening in usual health. Mr. Loughborough enjoyed a large practice in land and probate business, and was attorney for several financial institutions. He was a man of solid worth, and counted among his friends many people of wealth and influence. A widow and four children survive him.

A. W. FOSTER, who has for many years been President of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad, has been elected General Manager as well. The admirable management of this property is largely due to Mr. Foster's energy and capacity, and the increased duties will doubtless meet with the same executive ability that has characterized his entire connection with the road.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been on the market for more than fifty years, and they are recognized as an unfailing relief for hoarseness and sore throat. They are of great value to public speakers and singers, and are of use to all persons who may be troubled with weakness of vocal chords, as they strengthen and clear the voice by their soothing and healing effect.

It is possible to get a fairly good education on things in Japanese art, by just looking in on Geo. T. Marsh at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel. All the quaint works, curios, rare tapestries, etc., of the quaint Japanese people seem to be collected in his store, and Marsh is always glad to show them to you. Cost? They are cheaper than ever.

One never thinks a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, when passing Leopold's, at 39 Post street. The most beautiful flowers—a veritable hower of roses—there delight the eye. Nowhere else are the prices so reasonable nor the flowers fresher or more fragrant. From a single bud to a banquet hall, Leopold can suit your taste and pocket alike.



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It seems a rather late date to take up the report of Mr. J. W. Warburton, the British Consul-General in this city, issued by the Foreign Office in September last, as it has already been done to death in the way of criticism, favorable and otherwise, months ago. But any allusion to his scorching condemnation of the land frauds perpetrated from time to time in this State is apt to prove beneficial. Mr. Warburton is evidently the right man in the right place, while no fairer or more competent critic could be found here than Surveyor-General Green. Mr. Green confirms every charge that the Warburton report says in the spirit of honesty which has always marked his career. He goes further, and saddles the blame in the majority of instances on the foreign promoter, who frequently is himself a Briton striving for a fortune by robbing his countrymen. Mr. Green is right there, again. The rascality in promotion of mines and lands in California has never developed here. Citizens of this State have been invariably the tools of thieving adventurers, who have involved them in such a manner at times where escape has been impossible. At the earliest opportunity the NEWS LETTER will publish a complete list of British investments in mines since the earliest days of American occupation, showing the successes and failures (unfortunately in the majority) with those responsible for the promotion of the schemes. In the meantime, it is a pleasure to know that at last an official has been found in the person of Consul-General Warburton, who is not to be swayed by unfriendly criticism from his duty in protecting the interests of his fellow-countrymen against the predatory raids of their unscrupulous brethren. He may possibly be annoyed from time to time by threats to report him at the Foreign Office, in the same bombastic style of the individual who is always for "instructing his solicitor" to demand relief, or addressing the editor of the Times, with the idea that he has only to how-wow and shake the earth. It will not be a difficult matter for the Consul-General to offset any complaints of the kind should he deem them worthy of notice.

Progress of the Boom. The Alaska mining sale cropped up again during the week, the last time on a "high authority," which incontinently knocked the stuffing out of the price, which was quoted at \$255,000. This is a little over half of the previous announcement, now a fortnight old, which in turn was \$150,000 above the story told by wire from Seattle three weeks ago, and also in excess of the previous reports coming along in rotation during the past six weeks, the purchasers represented working down from the Rothschilds to Beit of African hanking fame, and finally to the Alaska-Treadwell syndicate, the natural buyers. Another four weeks' old sale item was dished up again on Wednesday last, after making the rounds of the State, just in time for a split up in the negotiations, which ended the deal in smoke. A small affair where some claims, hounded twelve months ago by Charles Wehh Howard and others, near Grass Valley, is also reported, the price named being \$50,000. Captain Thomas Mein, who is accredited with a greater desire to buy than to sell mines just now, is quoted as an owner in this last transaction of the Dodo and Orleans, acquired by the Howard clique. It strikes one that it must have been a good thing, if Mein let go so easily. The same might apply to the Alaska mining sale, the old owners of the property being now engaged in active mining operations themselves, and open to purchase anything which strikes them favorably.

The Pine Street Market. Owing to a more limited range of fluctuations for some days past, dealers have not been able to make so many profitable turns as they did the week before. Con. Cal.-Virginia alone shows any material profits. The increased movement in it was due to the re-commencement of work on the 1550-foot level, where the new strike was made recently. The prospects in this direction are encouraging enough to attract speculation, which is sharp-

ened by the knowledge that the ground now entered is new in every sense of the word, while lying close to the richest and most prolific portion of the old mine. The tone of the other shares was heavy until stimulated by the renewed activity at the North End. The news from Chollar-Brunswick was of the most favorable character, but somehow it does not help the stock out in the way one would naturally expect. The failure to support the shares from the attack of a hear clique some time ago not only shook a great deal of friendly capital out of the market for good, but rendered other dealers timid of similar treatment in the future. The mine certainly makes a remarkably fine showing so far as ore is concerned, much more being extracted than any one dreamed of. In the way of business among the brokers, there is still room for much improvement, but there is a more sanguine feeling evident among them in regard to the future, which seems full of possibilities just now that something will at last turn up to help them out. Old Micawber has many a prototype on the San Francisco Stock Exchange and on Pine street.

A quiet but determined effort is still being made to advance the project of draining American Flat by people who are directly interested in the result. They recognize that it would be of great benefit to Nevada, and likewise to the speculative business in this city. The project should receive the support of every one connected with the mining market. This is doubtful, however. After the Brunswick experience it is difficult to realize that help of any kind can be expected from the Pine street contingent in any event, no matter how important its hearing on the future of the business. A clique of individuals exists which makes its money out of opposition to any movement in the interests of better times. This has had a rather chilling effect on the friends of a more progressive movement and served to detract from any future efforts on their part to build up where so many are ready to tear down. Of late the friends of the business have been in the position of pulling chestnuts out of the fire for other people who, strange to say, have the sympathy of the brokers. It is likely that the attempt will be made to pull the American Flat scheme through. If so, it will be hoped that it will meet a better fate than the Brunswick did. The Comstock Tunnel Company should naturally cut quite an important figure in pushing this work to a successful issue, but of course it will do nothing of the kind under the present management. A shake up in the executive branch of this concern would not be one of the worst things which could take place in the interest of its shareholders.

Awaiting that Powder Compact. Last Saturday was the date fixed by rumor for the consummation of the new powder trust. At least, so it was given out by friends of the Giant combination, and the stock got another boost, as high as \$32.50, on the strength of a tip which may have caught some unwary investor, and it may not. In any event, there is no doubting the intentions of the person or persons responsible for magnifying a hoard meeting of one company into a general and decisive meeting of all the companies in the business. The game that has been played in Giant on the local stock hoard is likely to work more injury than good to that concern, before all is said and done. This is not the first time it has been played during the past five or ten years, and this town is too small for deals of a kind which go all right in places like New York or London. There is a wider field to work there, and the losses cannot be located as well as here, where the regular line of investors is as well known as the brokers who represent them. The men who get nipped are invariably heard from in the long run. They are good squealers, even if they are bad speculators. So far, in the matter of past deals, when the clean-up time came, the smooth wire-pullers have always been permitted to get away with the plunder in peace, smiling up their sleeves at the verdant innocence of their victims.

Please Locate These Mines. Can any reader locate the Mammoth Mountain mines in this State, which an attempt is being made to float in London? Information regarding them will be received at this office with thanks.

John Lauer

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE disgusting desire to doff the hat, crook the supple knee, and grovel on the belly upon the slightest occasion, which is so pronounced in the great American heart, is brought prominently into view by the treatment accorded the ex-Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who is being queened and royalted by the æsthetic asininity of Boston and Washington just now. The President seized his double-barreled shotgun, fled aboard a revenue cutter, and escaped down the Potomac, when he heard that Lil was headed toward the White House; but there were about her some clinging shreds and patches of former greatness, mostly on the pages of hotel registers and on rudely marked baggage, so the culture of the East prostrates itself and worships. That as a nation we think "all men are created free and equal," is belied whenever a title, no matter however badly battered, drifts across the seas and graciously permits us to lick the dust from its royal boots.

DR. E. H. WOOLSEY, of Oakland, has just discovered that diphtheria bacilli and vaccine germs when acting simultaneously upon the human system are a cure for the former dread disease; and Engineer Schussler learned in Germany on his recent extended tour of water works investigation, that a certain sort of germ is absolutely beneficial to those who unconsciously swallow them. The latest experiment and one of the most important comes from Pennsylvania where an unfortunate man has been caught in an attempt to inoculate his mother-in-law with the diphtheria bacilli, for the purpose of hastening her demise. Thus is the useful sphere of the busy little germ being gradually widened in the cause of science, hygiene and tranquility about the fireside.

GEORGE BROWN, a meat inspector for the United States Bureau of Animal Industry, was committed to jail the other day by a Police Judge for rank perjury on the witness stand. It is understood, however, as is said of elergymen "under fire," that Mr. Brown's usefulness as a meat inspector is in no way impaired by this unfortunate *contretemps*. Public faith in his tags may remain undiminished, while a firmer feeling will be manifested in the tuberculous meat industry from the time that he returns to the post of duty.

THE alarming statement is made that out of seventeen hundred cows examined by Veterinary Surgeon O'Rourke, three hundred are going off with galloping consumption. Prof. Wenzell, official chemist of the Health Department, has analyzed many articles of food found for sale here, and his reports show that this is a wicked and adulterating generation. The CRIER believes that the purveyors of these fraudulent articles should be choked with their own goods, and the offending dairymen strangled on diseased milk without benefit of either clergy or water.

IT is intimated that the United States Government may interfere to prevent the meeting of Corbett and Fitzsimmons in Nevada. As a relief fund for the needy of the sagebrush State will have to be raised if the mill is suppressed, the TOWN CRIER believes the new industry justifiable upon the common grounds of self-preservation. And then, these sons of pestilence have so long mauled seventy millions of freemen with their jaw-whangings, that we should have a chance to get even.

NOW that the important work of re-distribution of the patronage at the disposal of the Board of Education has been accomplished, the gentlemen will be able to give attention to the less important duties, for which they were elected. The labors of the Board in that patriotic endeavor were very materially lightened by the disinterested suggestions of that excellent citizen, Sam Rainey.

THE State Senate on last Tuesday adopted a resolution ordering the payment of \$5.00 per day for water for the use of the upper house. In view of the excessive thirst of the Senators, and their well advertised beer appetite, the expenditure must be considered a shameful waste of the State's funds.

A FURTHER cause that in the ability of what to a ministerial row we officers would take our proof in this city when the Weman's Club building became an accomplished fact. With the sacred portals of that edifice devoted to a feminine, the profane foot of the tyrant man, will make never an echo. From the President of the club down to the janitors, the solitude of sex will reign unbroken. What in heaven's name the Weman's Club will do upon the appearance of the fear-compelling rodent, or the inquisitive burglar, distracted conjecture alone can paint.

THE investigation of Clerk Duckworth at Sacramento need not greatly disturb the security of that pliant servant of his masters. There are few of them who cannot refuse to testify upon the plea of personal incrimination. No law compels a man—even a member of the California Legislature—to swear that he is a scoundrel, and that the truth does not abide in him. Besides, of these last the asseveration would acquire but little weight, as knowledge of them is as general as fleas on a dog's back.

THE Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York, declares that a man "would be a fool" to give away a fortune in charity. This is more worldly wise than evangelical. What of the teaching to "sell all that thou hast and give to the poor?" There is very little of the Simon-pure Christianity in these days, and the preachers are as much infected with greed and worldliness as any other class.

MR. David Starr Jordan has just declared that religious excitement is a violent form of intoxication. Inasmuch as it has both financial and physical advantages vastly superior to the tariff levied by John Barleycorn, the TOWN CRIER tenderly commends his numerous friends of the cocktail route to the embrace of the Salvation lassies—bass drum and all.

AMONG his other afflictions and crimes, the wife of the murderer, Butler, has swooped down upon him, bearing means of identification in the shape of a three-year-old boy. By the way, it is observed with astonishment that in the exhibit of the man's belongings—his nether garments and wearing apparel, that the Examiner has overlooked the villain's socks.

AN Oakland paper suggests that the State Capital should be moved from Sacramento to San Francisco. Not so bad as that, misguided friend! We already groan beneath the daily effusions of that s-trumpet of fame, the Examiner. To add the Legislature of a thousand scandals would result in an exodus or an earthquake.

THE TOWN CRIER notes that the Butte hirsute aggregation that was here and played football with the Olympic fellows, are still wailing over the bitter disappointments of New Year's Day. Perhaps they don't really mean it, and are simply kicking to keep in practice for their next appearance.

NOW that the Merchants' Association has cleaned the thoroughfares of San Francisco, it is respectfully suggested that the Supervisors give that organization a lick at the City Hall. The TOWN CRIER will be sworn that there are parts of that building now almost as clean as some of the streets.

THE sneer of the infidel and the wrath of the ungodly is as nothing compared to the ferocity with which the saints of earth rend each other upon the slightest difference of doctrine. The bowels of Jack Satan are as a perpetual fountain of mercy compared to the gnashings of the elect.

A CLEARING house for titles? More's the pity!
The kind we really need beyond all doubt,
Is one through which, in this and every city,
We could compel their owners to "clear out."

THE CRIER hears that the statement made by an indignant citizen to the effect that the only gray matter about the editorial department of the Examiner was located in "Andy's" overcoat, was an error. They have an office cat.

THE zeal of the Examiner for the public good just at this time, is sufficiently pronounced to make every citizen of means and ordinary precaution put a new padlock on his pocket.

THE ART EPICUREAN.

(SECOND PAPER.)

DO you remember a certain Rule of III that used to haunt your rest in early youth like the ghost of an ill-digested dinner in your later years? That same old rule, in different guise, bobs up serenely in every well-regulated man's dining room—know what to eat, when to eat, and how to eat. Therein lies open sesame to benign after-dinner tranquility, and hoist by his own petard is he who disregards it.

Too many men make a sad mistake in the thirdly of my sermon—how to eat. From being gourmets their appetites sometimes coyly lead them to topple over the dividing line, and great is the fall thereof, for then they herd with the gourmands, than whom nothing is more distasteful to the epicure.

But he who observes these three cardinal principles will naturally live to a green old age—not the lean and slippered pantaloons, but the sleek and patent-leathered elderly beau—and smile indulgently at the dyspeptic fairy tales crooned into his ears by his less wise brethren.

A handsome gentleman of this city (I would say "well-preserved" if the term did not sometimes carry a negative compliment which I am far from intending), a wine connoisseur whose well-appointed offices are on Sansome street not far from Pine, but whose modesty will not permit my mentioning his name, has the reputation of being able to order a dinner that cannot be surpassed in any point, and he declares that a mistake often made is in burdening the menu with a plethora of entrees. Usually three or four are considered quite indispensable, and in such cases the following courses receive but scant recognition from the sated diners. His idea, exemplified, by the way, in the recent inaugural dinner given to San Francisco's popular young Mayor, is that one entree, perfect of its kind, is quite sufficient to the epicurean palate, and so he planned the appended menu:

Oysters
Clear Soup
Pompano en papier
Broiled Mushrooms
Canvasback
Carlo Punch
Chicken à la Castilian
Dessert

The punch served as an excuse for a puff or two at a cigarette, without which soothing balm I have heard a man's dinner is treacherously incomplete.

Pompano en papier is a delicacy not frequent in San Francisco, so a description may not come amiss. The fish is shaped something like a barracouta—flat and roundish—and appears in schools off Monterey, occasionally coming up to our own bay. It is smaller and of more delicate flavor than the New Orleans pompano, and lends itself admirably to broiling *en papier*, a tiny bit of the best olive oil and the paper covering serving to keep the juices well in, when released and ready for the diner with a dash of lime juice or a bottled sauce added, it is pronounced a triumph of culinary art.

The chicken à la Castilian is a *sauté* with a liberal allowance of pepper entering into its composition, and it is probably so familiar to San Francisco *bon vivants* that further description is unnecessary. But don't forget the olives and truffles that crown the dish as a Pingat hat crowns a Worth gown.

In selecting mushrooms for broiling, says my informant, care must be used, not necessarily to distinguish them from the sinister toadstool—for every tyro knows that their cooking receptacle being born with a silver spoon in its mouth will settle that difficulty—but in the matter of size. The big, flat chaps with ugly black gills have a finer flavor than the little chubby "buttons," especially for broiling.

At the Burlingame Country Club the members devote considerable time to the supply of the inner man, with a disposition for plain dishes and a leaning toward the grill style for breakfasts and luncheons—breakfast light, luncheon about 1:30 and dinner at 8 o'clock—and it may be a surprise to those who, in their crass ignorance, think the "B'ling'umites" addicted to the flounced and frilled style of menu, to know that, for instance, a dinner might

begin with grape fruit, as a substitute of the almost too frequent oyster first course, this appetizer being eaten much as you would eat an orange, with a little sugar and a dash of sherry to perfect the taste. The *pièce de résistance* in these English dinners is often a saddle of lamb, brought uncarved to the table, its own juice forming the only gravy, and flanked by browned potatoes. Currant jelly is served with it, and the secret of its success lies in the fact that it is cooked for only a small party of diners, and so greater care enters into its preparation.

Burgundy and the French red wine seems to be taking the place, to a large degree, of the effervescent champagne that used to be considered the correct wine for club use. Another innovation, and a strong candidate (not used in the olfactory sense) for favor as an after-dinner cheese, is the Sierra cheese, of local manufacture. It partakes of many of the qualities of the imported Camembert, and epicures have told me, with tears in their eyes, that Camembert's death knell was sounded when Sierra made its appearance on club tables.

But it was a famous salad that I promised you last week, and you shall not be disappointed, *mon enfants*. Here it is, just as Donald de V. Graham, out of the kindness of his heart and the grey matter of his memory, jotted it down for me, and if you do not make a success of it, just charge it up to your own stupidity.

It was in the Cafe de la Paix that Mr. Graham first met his charmer, and it made such an impression on him that then and there he bade the steward—pardon, garçon (I forgot I was in France) bring forth the ingredients, and so learnt, by mixing it himself, the secret of its success. He calls it Romaine salad (small leaves only.) For six persons.

Three cold chicken livers, mashed into a paste, chives, small amount of chopped green onions, and a tiny bit of chopped parsley. Dress to taste with oil vinegar and a small amount of French mustard. Mix the liver paste first with the mustard, then add the oil and vinegar, and mix the whole, lastly add a tablespoonful of white wine, and I might add, mix again, and yet again. The salad maker should never be in a hurry—it is not good form—for the salad.

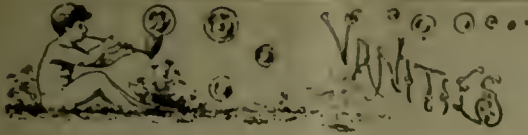
On the subject of salads, Mr. Ed. M. Greenway has this sage bit of advice to give—don't make your salad alone to look pretty, but mix the dressing thoroughly into it, not lay a mayonnaise like a pall over the top and refuse acquaintance, until placed on a dish with the underpinning. He can tell you, too, of a mayonnaise of his father's concoction that would make you green with envy, but that is another story.

With terrapin at \$130 a dozen—the diamondbacks that must measure exactly nine inches, otherwise the market-man loses tens of dollars for tenths of inches—it is not everybody in this vale of tears that can revel in the luxury of its acquaintance. Much of the so-called terrapin à la Maryland that we praise at the banqueting board, Mr. Greenway, a Maryland gentleman and therefore authority on that as on many other matters, declares is really terrapin à la Philadelphia, for the Maryland style favors the addition of sherry to the tempting dish, while the staid Quaker style frowns upon it.

By the way, Mr. Greenway makes a delicious little edible by taking one-half sweetbreads and one-half the white meat of chicken, mince very fine then add a pinch of mace and cover delicately with egg and breadcrumbs. Use a wire dip net and immerse in boiling fat. The result must be tasted to be appreciated.

There is a certain duck sauce that has received honorable mention from the most critical epicures of this city of club men, and Colonel H. I. Kowalsky has fathered it, and right proud must he be of the offspring of his brain, for the favored few who have tried it say that a duck without it, even of the most aristocratic lineage, is only something to fill a vacuum—comparatively speaking, of course. In spite of the fact that the Colonel is now on the invalid list, under the ban of nurse and physician, he most kindly granted me the privilege of hearing from his own lips the mysterious process of the making of the sauce. But it shall have a more dignified position in these notes than the tail end of a chapter, so have your duck ready for it next week, and if it isn't hot enough for even these tabasco days, you simply have no palate.

AMY L. WELLS.



DEAR EDITH Simplicity is by no means the order of the day this season, as quantities of trimming are used on everything, even the hitherto plain skirts subscribing to this fashion. Variety on all lines is the aim of the dressmaker and modiste, and even the most *outré* models are accepted, provided they have been evolved by some one with a reputation.

Deep borders of velvet, cut in fanciful fashion, are set on the front breadth of a skirt, or in the case of silk or satin there is much ornamentation in sparkling effects, such as beads, spangles, and cabochons. A gown of unmistakable *chic* had a skirt of American Beauty satin. Across the front was a band of net thickly embroidered in spangles, while two serpent-like ornaments were set on each side.

Redfern is making short, tight-fitting jackets with a narrow roll of fur, and, perhaps, a flaring collar and revers of fur. A handsome gown emanating from this house is of Russian green lady's cloth, almost as lustrous as satin. The foot of the skirt was bordered narrowly with ermine, and a vest of the fur was let into the waist, with a collar of the same. Ermine bands were at the wrists. This fetching costume was not intended for the street, but was worn at a wedding.

Fur is seen on everything, thick and thin materials alike. On the smooth broadcloths it makes an elegant trimming, and is equally handsome on evening bodices of chiffon, gauze, or velvet. Fluffy mink-tails are set in full *plissés* of chiffon. They are especially pretty with such light colors as Nile green, baby blue, and pale pink.

Trimmed skirts gain in favor, and the manner of applying the decorations is almost limitless. Arabesque braiding and straight rows and Vandykes of Milan braid are very popular. Stylish cloth skirts are trimmed knee deep, with lines of narrow silk and metal gimp or two-inch bias bands of velvet in a contrasting color, these bands set about an inch and a half apart. Other skirts are trimmed downward from the belt to half the length of the skirt, or else from the skirt edge up, as is most becoming. A pretty effect is produced with braid in two widths, the wider in the center, making three rows on each skirt seam, with a trefoil at the end.

The velvet blouses that fashion affects cannot exactly be called street wraps, but when becoming they are really a better, though a less novel choice, than the bolero jacket. Dark-hued velvet blouses are still worn with handsome cloth skirts, with both house and street costumes. Their simple, severe style remains unchanged, elaboration being exercised in the case of blouses of brocade, satin, or similar light textiles. Modified mutton-leg sleeves, costly buttons, and a very narrow fur roll of the flaring collar and cuffs, form the sole decoration, and frequently the showy buttons are omitted. On theatre blouses of Russian red, green, brown or black velvet, a more ornate style is observable. Tudor or Queen Bess ruffs are employed with additions of creamy lace plaitings or ruffles of *mousseline de soie*, some of these having tiny clusters of perfumed violets in the heart of each full plait.

Buttons are very large or very small, enameled in wrought metal, hand-painted or jeweled. Splendid ornaments are made as bodice trimmings in opal crystal beads, and gold, silver, and turquoise, or coral, and oxidized silver.

The newest boots are of colored cloths, with the patent leather tops carried up the front. Shoes are less ornate, and made of brocade to match the dresses, or of white or colored kid.

BELINDA.

"What's in a name?" There is a great deal in a name when it applies to liquors. The popularity of "Argonaut" whiskey with connoisseurs means purity, flavor and quality. Once tasted its peculiarly rich flavor is never forgotten. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the Pacific Coast Agents.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are unrivalled for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Blanket Business.

We have closed out the entire line of Fine White Blankets of the STOCKTON WOOLEN MILLS. These are all high-grade fine California wool goods, beautifully made. The fact that we offer them at about half their value should be appreciated by blanket buyers. The reason is that we bought them cheap, and as the end of the blanket season will be upon us, we are determined to make a clean sweep of them.

- Lot 1—Fine White Wool Blankets, from the Stockton Mills, 66 inches wide, not many left. Per pair..... **\$3.55**
- Lot 2—Same grade as lot 1, but made for extra large beds, the 86 kind, over 6 feet wide. Per pair..... **\$3.95**
- Lot 3—A heavier grade than lot 1, and same size (for double beds), solid and durable, a \$5.75 blanket. Per pair..... **\$3.85**
- Lot 4—About 300 pairs Extra Grade Fine Lamb's-Wool Blankets, 72 inches wide, the \$7.50 blanket. Special this week. Per pair..... **\$4.75**
- Lot 5—Heaviest Texture Fine White Blankets, same size as lot 1, on sale at..... **\$4.50**
- Lot 6—Best Grade and Largest Size of the Entire Purchase, solid and heavy. Per pair..... **\$6.00**



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AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

FROM THE IDLER

Geoffrey Withers had not written much, but he had written well, and mainly to please himself and those few, his friends, who, of a like mind with his own, admired his works. He had published three romantic dramas in slim volumes, printed on hand-made paper; a symbolist novel with three characters only, who never met each other, but whose lives were lived out under identical conditions, with varying but typical results; and his last book consisted of seven essays called respectively, "The Lost Sense," "The Epigenetic Theory of Passion," "Pale Phantoms of the Past," "The Nearer Way," "Nature the Unnatural," "The World's Youth," and "Eternal Boyhood." By these things he had gained his friends, but his wife he had won by his beauty.

There is a beauty which is never old, a beauty whose changes are as imperceptible as the changes of a blue sky on a still and cloudless day, and a beauty which belongs not only to the face, but to the whole body, and such was the possession of Geoffrey Withers, and had been his for all those years which had passed over his head without altering the color or the texture of its hair. He was not young when he met the girl who became his wife, but he seemed to be youth embodied; not the robustness of youth, or its mere strength and carelessness, but the soul of youth, the central, undying principle of youthhood, and it was irresistible. He never loved his wife, neither did he or had he loved any other woman, in the manner in which the love of a man for a woman is generally understood, for his only love was for the embodiment within himself, of which he was perfectly conscious. Women had loved him, and he had shared their passion and had been happy in doing so, and had made them happy. The bond which held him to his wife was such, and she for her part regarded him with worship which was accepted by him with apparent unconsciousness.

They had met at the house of one of his friends whose guests they were: she had been staying with his friend's sister some weeks when he arrived, and in that time she had read his books, one of them inscribed to this friend, all of them presentation copies. When Joyce Joicey met their author she knew that she would never love any other man. Joyce was an artist and was very rich, and Withers knew it to be unlikely he would ever meet a woman less calculated to disturb the faith he had in the system of life which he had created for himself, and they were married.

The house they found for themselves in the wild, moorland highlands of the southern part of the Peak was built early in the sixteenth century, and successive owners of it had time after time added to its beauty. Geoffrey Withers and his wife made it still more beautiful within; without it was perfect, as was also the park by which it was environed and the woods which enclosed it from the world. Geoffrey had no definite intention of ever again publishing anything he might write: his wife and his friends might read in the manuscript pages all that he might produce, and he would be content with so restricted a public. For the rest he lived in the serenity of the present; in the beauty of his wife, in her wonderful mastery of the more than one musical instrument which were to be found in this remote and quiet home.

Time slowly and surely ran on, and the life at Badlesmere Hall was seemingly unchanged, save by the occasional coming and going of those friends cherished by Geoffrey and his wife, and by even more than occasional visits to these friends. The household moved with a reflection of the serenity which characterized its head. The servants, even, of whom there were several, seemed to have assimilated the spirit of the place: they had been carefully chosen. They were not young, with the exception of one, whose position was more than a servant, but less than an equal. She was Mrs. Withers' companion, a

sweet-natured girl named and called Marian in that intimacy into which she was admitted by those two, who never allowed her to think of her dependency. She had quiet, luminous eyes, often filled with a great affection. She gradually became an essential portion of the life at the Hall. Less passionate than her mistress, she was even more affectionate in her disposition, and while not demonstrative, easily conveyed the love which she felt. Geoffrey Withers was to her an object to adore, and to be near him was a painful joy.

There came a time for Marian when joy for the most part gave place to pain, and in the secure secrecy of her bedroom, hidden away in one corner of the beautiful old Hall, such unhappiness filled her heart that it was sorrowfully near to breaking. Her anguish became harder to bear when Joyce Withers, with a holy smile of shame and love, placed soft linen in her hands and bade her cut and sew as she should direct. Then in the long nights of winter, when the wind spoke to her from the other side of her curtained window, Marian's passion of weeping knew no cessation, and her shame had no outlet. But Joyce's eyes were too full of the light of a greater happiness to notice that her companion's were too incessantly bent over the fine work her fingers accomplished, and Geoffrey gave no sign.

Soon, from the neighboring county came an addition to the housekeeper's table, and garrulous Mistress Gutterige talked mysteriously to Miss Woodnott who kept house, and who now more than ever held sway over the Hall. Then came a day when all was bustling within, and harnessing of horses without. Marian's work had some time been finished, and she was alone with her misery, and unoccupied. Her grief no longer escaped her in tears, but dry-eyed she sat at her window and gazed across the park, where the spirit of spring was at work at its annual task of re-awakening.

A tapping at the door came as dusk stole over the land: all noises were hushed now, and a calm was within the Hall. Marian started and opened the door, and a maid there with a coy smile said:

"If you please, Mistress Gutterige would speak with you in Madam's bedroom."

A great trembling seized upon Marian, and she fell on her knees by her little white bed before she left the room. Silently then she stole along the passages until upon the threshold of the chamber she had been bidden to, she paused and held her hand to her heart. Then she gave a still, small knock upon the panel, and the door was opened by Mistress Gutterige, who, with a beaming countenance, invited her to enter the room, where the shaded candles gave a subdued light.

"Come in, miss," said Mistress Gutterige, "I want you to help with an ancient custom of my own country-side, and Madam was kindly willing," turning towards the great, black-oak bed, where Marian saw her mistress lying with a pale, beautiful, and lappy face.

"In Yorkshire, you know," continued the nurse, "we always give the baby into the hands of a maid, ere ever any one else may touch it. Here, miss, is a bonny boy, and you shall be the first to hold it in your arms. God bless it, the gallous little rogue."

Marian took the child, and with a strength, the source of which she knew not, kissed its face and then quietly walked to the bed, and, placing it in the arms of its mother, kissed her too on the forehead, and then turned and left the room.

Outside the door her fictitious strength was gone: she stumbled along the corridor and then consciousness departed, and she felt herself falling, always towards nothing. When she opened her eyes she found her master bending over her, and she felt the impact of his kiss upon her lips, and shuddered and lay still, too helpless to move.

"Marian," said Geoffrey, in his beautiful voice, "what

has happened to you? Was the room so hot? I was waiting jealously for you to come away, and was just in time to save you from falling."

"I shall be well in a moment," said the girl, in a brave and pitiful way, "do not wait, go to your wife, she is expecting you, and you wish to see your son."

"Well, dear girl, if you are better I will, but stay here until I return," and Geoffrey Withers went to join his wife and child, glowing with the pleasure of a somewhat unpleasant and dangerous episode well and safely passed.

Marian speedily rose from the couch on which she had been lying and went to her room. But a little while after, when everyone at Badlesmere Hall was concerned with the great news, the birth of the heir, she stole forth, and the moors knew her that night, and by the morrow she was far away.

Geoffrey Withers and his wife never ceased to regret the strange disappearance of Marian, and had it not been for the absorption in the baby which Mrs. Withers felt at the time, she would have been very unhappy. Geoffrey always regards it as the most unpleasant of the very few unpleasant features of his singularly serene existence.

INSURANCE.

THE general agency of the Sun Insurance office for the Pacific Coast has just been placed in the hands of Mr. W. J. Callingham, at 420 California street. This company enjoys the distinction of being the oldest, and it is the largest purely fire insurance company in the world. It was established in 1710, and its offices are to be found in every part of the civilized world. The transfer of the Coast agency to Mr. Callingham is an event of much importance in the insurance field. The agency extends as far East as Colorado, and takes in Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Callingham has been prominently and successfully identified with insurance on this Coast for the past twenty-eight years, and is at present the general agent of the Orient of Hartford. Under the new management the policy of the Sun and Orient will be broad and comprehensive, both as to hazards and limitations as to lines.

It is rumored quietly on the street that Col. Macdonald intends to resign from the State militia.

Mr. Ed. Niles, formerly at the head of the Pacific Insurance Union, but at present connected with the North British and Mercantile, has written a very interesting sketch for the Insurance Standard, of Boston. The article is of superior merit, and there is no doubt that the "Evolution of Johnson" will be widely copied by insurance papers.

Mr. F. G. Voss, the United States manager of the Thuringia Insurance Company, of Germany, with headquarters in Chicago, was in the city last week. He still retains his interest in the firm of Voss, Conrad & Co. in San Francisco. He is one of the young men in the business who has very rapidly risen.

The annual dinner of the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Pacific will be held on the 16th inst. Many papers of interest are being prepared for that occasion, which will, as usual, be followed by a swell banquet.

There appears to be excellent foundation for the report that there will soon be a general shake up and change of the prominent personnel in several of the large fire insurance companies in this city. The changes may be reasonably charged to the long-continued rate war.

Is it a remarkable coincidence, or the result of other causes, that in the annual statements of the insurance companies, the home institutions make a better showing than the Eastern or foreign companies?

From present indications it does not appear that there will be much legislation affecting insurance enacted at Sacramento this year.

Col. L. L. Bromwell visited the State Capital last week.

"Our Society Blue Book"

For the season of 1896-97 is now ready for delivery. It contains the names, addresses and reception days of most of the prominent families of this city and other points on the Coast. Also lists of members of the most prominent Clubs with their business addresses. San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Ladies' Shopping Guide, etc. Price Five Dollars. C. C. Hoag, Publisher.

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Insurance Company of North America
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,182,001.59

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

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PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills, \$2. Send for circular.

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IN view of the number of wet days we have had this week, it is perhaps fortunate that teas have been rather shelved of late, for, as a rule, ladies do not care to risk the dampening of their plumes and the ruin of their silks and velvets by going out in the rain to even so fascinating an entertainment as a tea. Dinners and dances have been the leading events of the week, with a wedding or two thrown in to balance the scale. Both Army and Navy have contributed their quota to the festive doings of the week—the Navy through the dinner given by the officers of the Perry on Monday evening, as a farewell to their friends prior to the departure of their vessel North, and the Army by means of the delightful hop at the Presidio on Tuesday evening, which quite equalled any given at that post for a long period, and that is saying a good deal, as the officers of the departed Fifth Artillery were regarded by our belles as ideal hosts. Mrs. Henry Scott's dance was one of the pleasantest of the season, and as one of the few hostesses who have provided that kind of entertainment for her guests this winter, she deserves the especial thanks of the buds.

Miss Della Davidson has been most warmly welcomed home again by her numerous acquaintances in San Francisco, and been a guest at most of the functions which have taken place since her return. She divided the honors with Miss Kate Salisbury at the yellow and lavender luncheon given by Mrs. Eyre at the University Club, was the chief guest at Mrs. Southard Hoffman's tea, and was the partner selected by Mr. Greeuway for leading the cotillion of the Friday Night Club, which was danced at Odd Fellows' Hall last night.

The Clericos' Club, composed of the Episcopal clergy of the city, had their annual dinner at the Occidental on Monday evening; the second of Mrs. Moses Heller's dinner parties excelled, if such a thing were possible, in beauty of decoration the first of the series; on this occasion thirty-six guests were entertained; and Mr. and Mrs. Steifel, *née* Schweitzer, gave a theatre and elaborate supper party to the members of their recent wedding party. Mr. and Mrs. Steifel are at the Palace Hotel on a brief visit, prior to their departure for New York, where they will in future reside.

The Simpson tea is the principal event on the programme for to-day. One of the pleasant affairs named for to-night is the Bachelors' theatre party arranged by twenty-five of the young members of the San Francisco Verein Club, and to which a corresponding number of young ladies are invited. The chaperones are Mesdames Wm. and Marcus Gerstle and Mrs. W. Frias, and the elaborate supper which follows will be served at the club.

The last meeting of the Friday Fortnightlies was a particularly pleasant affair. Lieutenant Bent, who led the cotillion, had Miss Ida Gibbons for his partner, and several very pretty figures were danced. The fancy dress cotillion of the Entre Nous Club the same evening, at the Palace Hotel, was a brilliant success; the costumes were varied and handsome, among the prettiest worn by the ladies being those which represented Battledore and Shuttlecock, Forget-me-not, Fickle Fortune, and the California Poppy. The cotillion of the Saturday Night Club the following evening was led by Howard Adams, and three new figures were danced.

The ball given last Saturday night at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. Joseph, for the *début* of her daughter Nellie, was a very handsome one. The decorations of the reception room were of bamboo, palms, and almond blossoms; in Maple Hall, green and pink were the dominating tints, ferns, buckleberry vines, and ribbons being used most artistically, producing a charming result. Here took place the dancing, which was the chief pleasure of the evening, though doubtless by some the magnificent supper

which was served at midnight, was so regarded, after which dancing was again in order. Mrs. Joseph wore a gown of yellow brocaded satin, combined with black and adorned with Marechal Neil roses. Miss Joseph's lovely costume was of white satin, trimmed with bands of white velvet, and the floral adornments were lilies of the valley. The toilets of all the ladies present were remarkably handsome.

Our Jewish residents have rather monopolized the weddings this week, first on the list coming the marriage of Miss Sady Hyman and Wilfred Mack, which took place at the San Francisco Verein Club on Wednesday. Miss Agnes Hyman attended her sister as maid of honor, and Eugene Korn supported the groom as his best man. In the evening, Miss Hattie Bloomfield and George Klein were the bride and groom, the ceremony being performed at the home of the bride's mother on Gough street. On Thursday evening Miss May Scott and N. H. Castle were united in marriage by the Rev. E. J. Lion, at the Scott residence on Vallejo street. The bride's sisters, the Misses Laura and Kittie Scott, officiated as her bridesmaids, and Jack Casserley as best man to the groom.

Among the Easter weddings will be that of Miss Jessie Coleman and Harry Knowles, both of whom are almost as well known on this side of the bay as in Oakland, which is their home. It promises to be a brilliant affair, and is already a much-discussed topic in social circles.

Golden and silver wedding anniversary celebrations are taking quite a prominent part in the festivities of the month. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Spitz celebrated in an elaborate manner, at the Concordia Club rooms, their fifty years of married life, and the supper was a veritable feast. On Tuesday, the 14th, Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos, who are renowned for the magnificence of their entertainments, will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary by giving a dinner at the Palace Hotel, to which a hundred guests will be bidden, and later in the evening there will be a ball, for which a large number of invitations have been issued.

The "last dances of the season" are being announced by the different clubs which have been such factors in the gaieties of the present season. The Monday Night Club has named Monday evening, the 15th, as the date for their final meeting this season; the Friday Night Cotillion Club has its last dance at Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of the 19th; the last Friday Fortnightly will take place on the evening of the 12th, but they will give a ball after Lent; so also will the Entre Nous Club, whose last ante-Lenten dance will be given on the 2nd of March; the Saturday Night Cotillion Club ends its season on the evening of April 23d. The *Deux Temps* Club, of Oakland, will soon be among the things of the past, the members having decided to disband. So the dance to be given next Tuesday week, the 16th, will be the last one of that once popular organization. The reception and ball to be given at the Concordia Club on the 20th promises to be a brilliant affair. The programme for the earlier part of the evening will consist of a vaudeville performance, in which men only will take part, and later there will be supper and dancing.

There have been many pleasant gatherings at the Hotel Rafael, especially since it has come under the control of Major Warfield, but it is doubtful if a daintier repast has ever been spread than was the recent dinner given by Emerson Warfield in celebration of his natal day. The pity of it was that it should have been a stag affair, but twenty of his young men friends were delightfully entertained on that occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle have returned from their trip to Europe, and are at the Richelieu. They arrived on Monday last, reaching here in time for the wedding of their nephew, Neville Castle, with Miss May Scott.

Hadn't you better get the best tea there is going?

Schilling's Best—your grocer pays you back your money in full if you don't like it.

Our absent medicos are coming back to us. Dr. and Mrs. Kahn, who have been spending several months in Europe, are among the arrivals of the week, and Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle are *en route*, having arrived in New York from Southampton. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are also *en route* homewards from Paris and Berlin. Mr. and Mrs. E. Lillenthal have also arrived here this week. The recently arrived U. S. A. Chief Quartermaster and wife, Colonel and Mrs. Moore, are guests at the Occidental.

A special feature of Washington's birthday celebration this year will be the banquet of the Sons of Revolutionary Sires. The committee having the affair in charge has shown marked zeal and arranged for a brilliant demonstration. The members of the Society of Sons will banquet at the expense of the Society and will have the privilege of inviting guests at their own individual expense. If the present idea is carried out the banquet will probably be the finest ever given in this city on Washington's birthday. The banquet will be held at the Occidental.

On next Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., the Doctor's Daughters, of Dr. Mackenzie's church, will give a musical at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Norris, 1822 Sacramento street. As the entire membership of this most excellent association are taking an active interest in the entertainment, a delightful concert is assured. The proceeds will be devoted to the cause in which these ladies are interested. Tickets of admission may be had of any of the members for seventy-five cents, which includes refreshments.

A most enjoyable presentation of *Much Ado About Nothing* was given last evening at Linderman's hall, Alameda, in aid of the Woman's Relief Corps, under the competent direction of Mrs. Melville-Snyder. The various characters were excellently sustained by those appearing. The entertainment was a pronounced success, largely attended.

Arrangements are being made for a delightful concert to take place on Thursday evening, the 18th, inst at Golden Gate hall, in aid of the furnishing fund of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. In addition to the concert Gibson's pictures will be given, to be followed by dancing. Tickets are 50 cents, to be had at Sherman and Clay's.

Dr. B. Apple of this city left for New York last Tuesday evening on his way to Heidelberg, where he goes for the purpose of taking a post graduate course in medicine.

Colonel J. G. C. Lee, who has been stationed here for the past three years, and Mrs. Lee, left for Chicago on Monday last, where Colonel Lee has been ordered for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Bergen leave to-day on an extended trip through Europe.

G. A. MOORE and Edward Polhemus, known by firm name as E. L. G. Steele & Co., who some time ago obtained an award of \$871.63 against Lievre, Fricke & Co., for infringement of trade mark, on Wednesday brought suit to set aside the judgment, owing to a very strong suspicion that they had received unfair treatment by the board of arbitration. Steele & Co. propose to very thoroughly investigate and review the case.

IT is understood that Mr. C. H. Morey, a prominent merchant of Stockton, is named in connection with the Mayoralty at the approaching municipal election. Mr. Morey is a Republican, a strong man, and his practical business ability would prove a valuable aid in the management of the affairs of that bustling city.

An Eminent Establishment.

The cellars of Messrs. Moët & Chandon, the largest champagne house in the world, contain over eight miles of walks, and about twenty-six million bottles champagne. The different sections of the vast cellars are named after the various countries to which shipments are made. Russia and England occupy the largest space, the special provision having been made for the requirements of the Courts.—*Hotel Gazette.*

If you wish your dinners, breakfasts or banquets to be successes place the whole matter in the hands of Max Abraham, the Caterer, 428 Geary Street. Mr. Abraham's experience in such matters is a guarantee of satisfaction in every detail and he has charge of the largest functions given by society folk in this city. His reputation is national.



If you're a butcher, you want Pearline for the proper washing of your frocks and aprons, and to keep the benches, blocks, floors, shelves, hooks, etc., as clean as they ought to be.

There's nothing that will do this like Pearline. And it takes so little time, and trouble and work that there's no excuse for not doing it. Keep everything dainty and sweet and clean with Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. 508 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building.

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DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

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Office and Residence: 409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.

Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

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The Latest and Finest

Violet

A Charming Gift Perfume.



Distilled from the natural flowers of the Rhinora. No chemicals used. THE FINEST VIOLET MADE, and the success of the day in London and Paris. Price, in a beautiful carton, \$1.25 per bottle.



For sale by CASWELL, MASSEY & Co., New York; MELVIN & BADGER, or T. MERCALF Co., Boston; GEORGE B. EVANS, Phila; WILMOT J. HALL & Co., Cincinnati; LE-LAND MILLER, St. Louis; THE AUDITORIUM PHARMACY Co., Auditorium Bld'g, Chicago; W. C. SCUPHAM, Chicago; THE OWL DRUG Co., S. F. and Los Angeles; THE SCHOLTZ DRUG Co., Denver, and ALL LEADING DEALERS IN PERFUMERY.

Ask your druggist for the Crown Violet.

CROWN PERFUMERY CO., LONDON.

Makers of the universal favorites, CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS and MATSUKITA PERFUMES, and the CROWN LAVENDER SALTS asked for all over the world.



AT long last the style of Mrs. Hager's promised "surprise" party is being discussed in the swim. As a general thing, this hospitable matron indulges in entertainments that are out of the common, and usually the event of the gay season each winter. This year, society has been patiently waiting to know what form her function would take. No one seems positive on the subject, but it is being more than whispered it will be a children's party, modeled after the recent affair given in New York, where our pretty California helle, Miss Virginia Fair, made a great success as "a little girl with a curl."

* * *

At Golden Gate Hall, on Friday, the 29th ult., Mr. Hugo Herold sang through his recital of eleven songs and their attendant encores in a whole bunch of keys, none of which was attuned to the piano accompaniment patiently contributed by Miss Genevieve Moroney. Mr. Roderick Herold played the piano with an unimpassioned correctness of time and touch in no wise changed from the manner of his earlier concert days, and Signor Minetti, violinist, was not heard at his best. That the concert was not a success is deeply deplored by the friends of Mr. Herold, who hold the young man in high esteem, and respect the good old name he bears; but the kindest and warmest of them all admit that Mr. Herold's barytone is false, his method abominable, and his pretensions to the concert stage the most unfortunate thing that could have happened to him.

* * *

The friends of Mrs. Huntington are trying to persuade her to give a costume ball after Lent, as her hall room would afford such a good opportunity to display elegant dress. *Appropos* of which, the guests of the Hotel Rafael are said to be meditating a novel entertainment in the near future. So many of our fashionable set are frequent visitors to that favorite hostelry from time to time that any affair of such nature would be sure of a swell attendance from the city, as well as the numerous house parties in the Valley.

* * *

One of the weeklies sometimes takes occasion to remark on the tendency of our young ladies who go abroad who have forgotten their native English, and do not speak correctly their imported French. We would not for a moment suppose they referred to a near relative of a high official on that paper, who was abroad last summer, and while in Paris went into an establishment devoted to ladies' lingerie, and in her best French asked for a "chemin-de-fer," and was politely told in English that "they did not keep railroads."

* * *

Much interest is manifested and curiosity felt as to the coming amateur performance of *Caste*, for charity. Miss Rose Hooper's talent as an actress is already an established fact; so is that of Frank Mathieu. Miss Leila Burton is known to be an elocutionist of great promise, while Charley Dickman is sure to make Eccles a funny creation. That society will turn out in force to greet them is a foregone conclusion.

* * *

The girls are in raptures over the idea of Lieutenant Fred Sladen's being ordered here to report to Colonel Shafter for examination for promotion; for that handsome young officer made many a heart flutter during his brief visit from the north, when he came to officiate as best man at the Lord-Haydon wedding a few years back.

* * *

The Hoffmans did not have a very propitious day for their tea, but for those who braved the wet a very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed. Both the daughters of the house are accomplished aids to their mother in the art of entertaining, and an unusual number of gentlemen were present.

Kelly's Corn Cure never fails. 25 cents. 102 Eddy street.

BOORD & SON, LONDON, ENG.

OLD TOM GIN.

ORANGE BITTERS

Liqueur Ginger Brandy

RUM SHRUB

OLD JAMAICA RUM and

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In Cases of 12 Bottles.



"Cat and Barrel" brand has been in use by Boord & Son since 1851.

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314 Sacramento St., S. F.

Going out of Business.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 4th

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CLOAKS,
SUITS, etc.

The entire stock to be sold during next 30 days at a TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

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Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



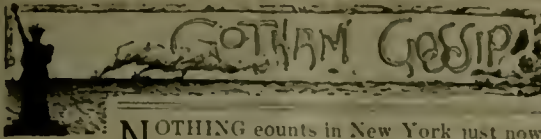
Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps.

Its extraordinary medicinal efficacy in

Gravel, Gout, Chronic Rheumatism, Incipient Dropsy, Flatulence, Colic Pains

in the stomach and bowels, whether in adults or infants, is acknowledged by the whole medical faculty, and attested in their highest written authorities. For sale by all leading druggists and grocers.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., Agents, 327-329 Market St.



NOTHING counts in New York just now but the Seeley dinner—burlesqued at the Olympia as the Silly dinner—which in fact it was and nothing worse. It is popular just now with a certain class of people to denounce Seeley and his guests, but I happen to know a man who was at this celebrated dinner and who has assured me that there was absolutely no cause for criticism—that nothing was said or done which has not been frequently suggested on the variety stage. There has been one result to the investigation and that is the determination of the entire Seeley family to migrate. They refuse to linger longer in this miscalled land of the free—and they and their millions will betake themselves to foreign shores as soon as the legal proceedings are settled. They have no more use for America—and indeed in view of the facts—a more high-handed and insolent proceeding has never been known than this same Chapman raid—about which historians do not differ.

Invitations are out for the marriage on the third of February of Reginald Foster and Miss Kitty Hayden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brace Hayden. The wedding will be celebrated at St. Thomas' Church in Fifth avenue, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and will be followed by a small reception. Max Foster, austere known as Maximilian, will be his brother's best man. The two young Fosters have been in journalism here for several years, I understand. Their mother will be remembered as Miss Leila Love, a daughter of General Love in San Francisco.

Sir Bache and Lady Cunard have been cordially entertained since their arrival in New York. The lovely Maud Burke has not been forgotten by her Californian friends. Miss Furniss, one of the very old set in New York, gave them a dinner on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt were their host and hostess on the following night. Mr. and Mrs. Forhes Leith received them at dinner last night, when Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Peters, Mrs. Martin and others were among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Lake have returned to New York after a visit to Philadelphia. Mrs. Bradley is at the Hotel Walton in Philadelphia, and her daughter, Mrs. Wallace, is in that city under the care of the celebrated Dr. Weir Mitchell.

To-night Miss Mollie Torhert and George Underwood Kirkpatrick were wed in All Angels Church. The bride was a vision of beauty in her trailing satin and tulle. There were no bridesmaids, Mrs. Snyder being her sister's only attendant. A reception at Sherry's followed the ceremony, which was performed by the Very Rev. Dean Hoffman.

Mrs. Ernest La Montague gave a large opera party on Wednesday night, followed by a supper.

The celebrated Mrs. Hoffman-Martin, of San Francisco, has again been distinguishing herself, and has the satisfaction of having interrupted Miss Margaret Mather's initial performance of *Cymbeline*, by having her leading man arrested. Mrs. Martin conceived some time ago the plan of giving a hall fit for the suffering Cuhans. The occasion gave her a long-sought and yearned-for opportunity of starring. Mr. Henley was engaged as leading man and was paid fifty dollars as a retainer. He left the combination and there was a delay in his return of the aforesaid magnificent sum, hence the arrest. Henley is bent upon revenge.

Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle sailed from Southampton to-day and will go directly to San Francisco on their arrival.

Mrs. Dick Lounsherry gave a large tea yesterday. Mrs. George Rutledge Gibson will give a large and formal dinner on Monday night.

New York, January 28, 1897.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.



DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.
Ostrander Repeating Gun Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works or factory—36 New street, East Boston, Mass.

NOTICE--There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No 5), levied on the 22d day of August, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAME.	No. Certificate	No. Shares	Am t
W. P. Ray, U. S. N.	123	1,000	100
Mrs. Elizabeth Curter	194	500	50
"	311	500	50
J. M. Helm	164	600	60
"	258	301	30 10
"	390	155	15 50
Catherine S. Whiteside	204	1,000	100
George H. Hoover	389	50	5
Mrs. Mary Mearse Galt	179	1,000	100
E. P. Cole	397	500	50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 22d day of August, 1896, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 216 Bush street, rooms 50 and 51, City and County of San Francisco, California, on

THURSDAY, THE 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,
at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale,

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
Office—No. 216 Bush street, Rooms 50 and 51, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896,
at the same time and place. M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, October 22, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1896,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, November 19, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company on the 18th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

THURSDAY, the 14th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, Dec. 28, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company, on the 6th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

WEDNESDAY, the 27th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 6, 1897.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company, on the 27th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

WEDNESDAY, the 17th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 27, 1897.

Try the SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY,

Office, 33 Geary street. Telephone Main 5125.
Oakland Office—864 Broadway. Telephone Main 658.



WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
They hey for boot and horse, lad,
And around the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

IN BRIGHTER DAYS.—EDWARD MOYLE COOPER, IN PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

In brighter days, when came the Spring,
We loved to see the sun's clear rays,
To hear the merry finnets sing—
In brighter days.

But now, when childhood's happy days
Have vanished nothing, save the sting
Of memory remains. Now days
Are dark and drear; Death's gloomy wing
Is flapping close, and dumb my lays,
Ah, well-a-day, we had our fling
In brighter days!

SUNBEAMS.

"Hold!" whispered the heroine. "Something tells me we are being followed." The hero laughed lightly. "Impossible," he replied. But the woman's intuition was right. Two men in the second gallery were consulting the libretto.—Truth.

"Did I hear that your mule was struck with lightning, Eph?" "Ya-s, sah, dar was a powahful bolt hit de mule right ahind his eahs." "Did it kill him?" "No, sah, but it done broke up de storm."—Detroit Free Press.

Enthusiast (looking at a painting)—This is rather a good thing I picked up the other day. I'm afraid it'll have to be restored though. FLIPPANT FRIEND—Why, whom did you sneak it from?—London Punch.

Cutter—I suppose these choir fights are quite as harmless as the prize variety? HERTER—Indeed not! I heard Singer say that the contralto cut him twice in one day.—Yonkers Statesman.

"My dear," expostulated his wife, "why will you eat such a hearty breakfast on Sunday morning? You know you are almost sure to have a nightmare in church."—Detroit Tribune.

Critic—Your picture seems to lack atmosphere. ARTIST—I believe you are right. I'm thinking seriously of painting in a modern ventilating apparatus.—Detroit Journal.

"Who performed the wedding ceremony?" "Ah, we didn't have time for any ceremony. Pap wasn't more'n a mile behind."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gracie—Papa, a monologue is when people talk to themselves, is it not? PAPA—Yes; or sometimes when they talk to their husbands.—Puck.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3¼ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 333-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.
Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Busb st. Private dining and banquet rooms, Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DAIRIES.

Oakland Dairy Depot, 320 Fulton street, S. F. Absolutely pure Milk and Cream. Telephone, Pine 1692.

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Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
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P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street. Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

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Koch & Harney, (Jas. H. Harney, Geo. T. Koch), Job Printers, 648 Sacramento St. Fine printing and embossing, seals, rubber stamps, stencils, etc.

CANDIES.

Maillard's Chocolates in ½ and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Busb.

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Second-hand Victoria, O'Brien & Son's pat. Spring Buggy, Surrey and Top Buggy, for sale cheap. 500 Golden Gate avenue.

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BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSONE STS.

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BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kasillo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.

Corner California and Montgomery Sts.

Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon, and J. Dalzell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, 5 in Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWEILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSONE AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

AT THE RACES.

A tont sat up in a grandstand chair,
He had fringe on his pants, and hay in his hair;
And he nodded his head with a confident air.
He can win in a walk, by gee.

Can he win it? Why, how can he lose!
He's out of Babe Murphy, by Osdler Joe,
And a crackerjack, sure; just see him go—
He can win in a walk, by gee.

They're off! Just you watch now and see.
He leads at the half; I told you so.
What? Beat in the stretch? Well he's off to-day
Or he'd have won in a walk, by gee.

The plaint of this doggerel is heard on every track from Maine to California, and it was never rehearsed with greater propriety or pith than when old Senator Grady was beaten out by Monita at Ingleside last Tuesday. Never were the uncertainties of the race track more clearly demonstrated than when this former great horse was defeated by an unknown plug. Age tells on animals as it does on men, as was shown at New Orleans the other day when Ida Pickwick, the daughter of imp. Mr. Pickwick, and one of the greatest mares of her day, was out-classed in a genuine skate race.

That celebrated derby winner, Oregon Eclipse, finally fell into the hands of John Robbins, who raced him in and out of season until he dropped dead. But it is not often that such cases of brutality are recorded. Down at Palo Alto at the Stanford breeding farm, where old Palo Alto lies buried, over his vacant stall reads this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Palo Alto, record 2:08 1/4;" and they never will fill that stall again.

The Tarpey Stakes at Ingleside on Saturday were won in race-horse style by Schiller, who beat Colonel Burns's Sweet Favordale and St. Lee. In the purse race on Tuesday, Baldwin's Argentina bested Hobart's Bright Phœbus; but Phœbus could have won with a better boy up. The three good horses—Schiller, St. Lee and the Dragon—are half brothers.

NUMEROUS and sincere expressions of sympathy are heard in many quarters for Mr. Will E. Fisher, whose financial and domestic misfortunes have recently been brought to public notice. Mr. Fisher has been known in this city for a long time. He is recognized as generous-hearted; an honest and capable business man, of large transactions and undeniable ability. The idle stories that he had left the city, fleeing from his creditors, have been proved false by his return, and the avowed determination that he will use every honorable effort to straighten out his tangled affairs and be found hard at work to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Domestic troubles have been added to his burdens, but it is his earnest desire that these differences may be arranged, and complete happiness restored in his family. In his manly determination and efforts Mr. Fisher has the best wishes, as he still holds the confidence of a host of friends.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO and its vicinity abound in unsurpassed scenery. The long, swelling hills, and stretches of water always afford a delight to the eye that recognizes the beautiful. The plate accompanying this issue gives a view of the bay as seen.

George—I wonder if your father would have me for a son-in-law? MARIE—Very likely. Papa and I always disagree.—New York Journal.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers, Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

BANKING.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital \$3,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1896) 2,156,189 70
WILLIAM ALVORD President CHARLES R. HISHOP Vice-President
ALLEN M. CLAY Secretary THOMAS BROWN Cashier
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MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNEY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.
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CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1896 \$24,202,327
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus 1,575,631
ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
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COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.
Paid-Up Capital \$1,000,000.
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HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
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The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
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No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.
Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund \$ 715,000
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1896, \$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital \$1,200,000
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists Santa Cruz Division train routes.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists Coast Division train routes.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists San Leandro and Haywards local train routes.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8). *7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Sundays only. ‡Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday nights only. §Tuesdays and Saturdays. ¶Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

A MUSICALE.

The program, she informed me, was a charming one, indeed. From the splendid Wagner overture (which nothing could exceed) To the lovely little scherzo and the minuet for strings, And the latest hit of Dvorak, which made her sigh for wings.

GOT IN IT AT LAST.—BUFFALO TIMES.

They built a fine church right by his door. He wasn't in it. They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor, He wasn't in it. "Let them work for themselves as I have done, They needn't ask help of any one If they hadn't wasted each golden minute." He wasn't in it.

—Baron Ferdinand's Rothschild possesses an old "grandfather's" clock that originally cost over \$150,000. The mechanism records the day of the week, month of the year, the phases of the moon and striking each hour.



Ask your grocer for the old reliable Diamond "L" Tea. Imported by E. L. G. Steele & Co., 208 California St., S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F. Lists various destinations and times.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Fomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Buckner's, Sashobin Heights, Hullville, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willitts, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building. A. W. FOSTER, Pres. and Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 10, 25. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every fifth day thereafter.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANSTREETS, at 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hio), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Oceanic Steamship Company. S. S. "Monowai," Thursday February 4th, at 2 P. M. S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, February 23, at 2 P. M.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 307.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

Looking through the Golden Gate, Showing Fort Point and Lime Point, San Francisco.

Taber Photo. S F





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

Number 7.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 1/2 Kearny street, San Francisco Entered at San Francisco Post
 office as Second-class Matter

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is of Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates

THE location of an ambulance station at the park fully equipped to care for all cases of injury, meets with general commendation. Such a need had been apparent for years, and for thus intelligently meeting it the health department and Park Commissioners have the thanks of the discriminating public.

THE statement of President Newhall, of the Presidio and Ferries Railroad, at Sacramento last week, that his line had not paid a dividend in six years, and that last year it ran at an actual loss of \$2,500, should give pause to the game of "cinch" in the shape of a bill for 2 1/2 cent fares now before the Legislature. The clamor for this sweeping reduction is not the result of a healthy sentiment. President Newhall shows that it would be impossible to operate his road at all and make such a ruinous cut in fares. Another thing: Owing to the extensive trausfer system here, some of the lines are now getting much less than 2 1/2 cents for hauling passengers.

THE expected has occurred in the case of Chief Clerk Duckworth, pay-roll stuffer, and political debt-payer to the honorable members of the Legislature. His offense lay in a too willing obedience in serving his masters. Ninety per cent. of that fraudulent pay-roll was the direct result of their requests, entreaties, and finally, demands. The investigation, had it been searching, would have painted too many the Duckworth hue. Under the circumstances, there is room for reasonable doubt whether the legislators did not pursue a more manly course in standing by him. Turning State's evidence is usually held a blacker crime than the original offense.

THERE is pressing need of vigorous and rigid regulation of the army of alleged dermatologists, face doctors, skin renewers, and physical renovators in San Francisco, who frequently defraud the female searchers after beauty of their money, and what is a far more serious, result, often inflict great injury upon the faces of them. Rarely does a week pass that some woman, who has fallen foul of one of these quacks masquerading as a beauty doctor, does not find it necessary to seek a physician to repair her swollen and badly damaged face. We should have laws compelling these purveyors of eternal beauty of the female face divine, to meet certain requirements and obtain licenses to do business, as a protection to the beauty-seeking public.

IF something be not soon done, we shall be unable to see the houses of San Francisco because of the advertising boards. The average citizen has long borne in silent misery the defacement of dead walls and sides of unoccupied buildings by unsightly advertisements. But now that this nuisance threatens the lives of people, it is time to enter a vigorous protest. These bill boards are being pushed up from twenty to thirty feet above the sidewalks, and as they are thrown together in the flimsiest and cheapest manner possible, a little gust of wind would hurl them into the street, to inflict serious, perhaps fatal, injuries upon the unfortunate passer-by. The limit of safety, to say nothing of decency, has long been passed in this business, and a general law should cut down by two-thirds the height of these walls—at present a menace to life and limb.

THE measure before Congress prohibiting the sale of goods made by the convict labor of one State in any other State, should become a law. Going a step further, the sale of goods made by convict labor, anywhere, aside from those of a limited public character, should be stopped. In California the jute mills and the State's roads afford almost the only opportunity for convict labor, not inconsistent with the general welfare.

THE unsavory rumors that have surrounded the Mission-street high school contract, and which began with the purchase of the ground for the building, reached an acute phase last week in the larceny of the plans and specifications for the construction of the house. The fact that the papers returned to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education as mysteriously as they departed, is not reassuring. There must have been an intent in the theft, and as there were ugly insinuations heard when the contract was let, it is altogether probable that the public, as usual in such cases, will find to its cost later that there was some fraudulent design in this theft of these papers.

REPRESENTATIVE NORTH, of Alameda, gave a very clear exhibition of the breadth, height and depth of his statesmanship at Sacramento last Tuesday. The House was in committee of the whole, having under discussion the labor bill. The Alameda statesman alluding to the present labor commissioner, said that he was a competent and conscientious man, but that he was a Democrat, which fact was quite enough to cause his removal. Elevation of the public service in the light of such patriotic inspiration as is breathed forth by Statesman North becomes, indeed, a simple proposition.

ANY effort to impose useless burdens upon foreign corporations doing business in this State cannot be justified upon economic grounds. The bill before the Legislature requiring foreign insurance companies doing business here to have on deposit, in some State, \$200,000, may be regarded somewhat in that light. The protection of policy holders is of the highest importance, but a deposit of \$50,000, when the company, without respect to its cash deposit in the United States, is known to be financially sound, should cover all reasonable requirements. That sum maintained unimpaired should be accepted as a sufficient guarantee of good faith and ability to meet all the usual exigencies of business.

THERE is no doubt that the single aged capitalist always affords a shining mark to widows of uncertain and impecunious age; and many a fat compromise has been effected where courageous resistance would have defeated the designs of the dishonest. In all these cases of alleged private contract marriages, any proof, other than that instant and complete, is open to much suspicion. The incentive upon the part of designing women to attack the fortune of wealthy old men is great, because it is unattended usually by punishment of any kind, and for the further reason that it is comparatively easy to manufacture corroborative testimony. Take the Quackenbush case. It is possible that the claim of Mrs. Abbott, who says she is the contract wife of the aged capitalist, may be valid; but it is easy to see how such a case might be built up and prepared, to spring after his death, with considerable hope of success. Quackenbush accidentally heard of the existence of such papers, as he asserts, and immediately gave battle. His vigorous contest commends him to general public opinion as being the victim of great attempted wrong.

WHY THE COURTS ARE CONGESTED, AND THE NEEDED RELIEF.

IT seems as if this Legislature is going to meddle with the law Courts only to muddle them. Of the existing condition of confusion in litigation there can be no manner of doubt. That a remedy is badly needed is equally certain. But then it is very possible to render the existing "confusion worse confounded," and that is what the best authorities agree would result from the adoption of any one of the proposals now under consideration at Sacramento. One of the very worst of these, as, perhaps, might have been expected, is that which has emanated from the Bar Association of this city. Lawyers in practice are not calculated to make very good law reformers, nor to very ardently desire to reduce litigation to a minimum. Their interest naturally lies the other way. At the same time it is only just to the higher and better class of attorneys in our midst to say that they are not the moving spirits of the local Bar Association. They have not the time to attend to its affairs, and, as a consequence, it is run by men, worthy enough in their way, but who are in no sense representative of their more fully employed, experienced, and abler brethren. That is not a remedy for existing ills which gives two chances for appeals where only one is now possible. The principal evil to be cured is the overcrowding of the Supreme Court Calendar to a degree that the Judges cannot, or at least, do not cope with. The Court is two years behind its work, with no apparent chance of overtaking it. To delay justice is in many cases to deny it. Defendants die, and so do witnesses, besides, losing parties are very given to becoming bankrupt, if time enough be allowed them, and in that case, of course, the winning side, which is presumably the right side, loses its damages, as well as its time and costs. For every reason appeals ought to be promptly heard and determined.

The Bar Association's proposed remedy is the creation of three new Courts of appeal; the State being divided into three judicial districts, with an appellate court, consisting of three Judges, in each. As these Courts are not to have final jurisdiction, but may be appealed from to the existing Supreme Court, it is difficult to see where the reform comes in, or how finality is to be reached more speedily than now. The probability would seem to be that the proceedings would be more cumbrous, and longer drawn out. They would certainly be more costly. It is not to be supposed that litigants, as a rule, would rest satisfied with the decision of the intermediate Court, whilst the one of last resort remained to be heard from. We are a litigious people, and, when we go to law, are accustomed to fight to the bitter end. Moreover, law, with its uncertainties, is in most instances only a game of chance, and no good gambler ever quits whilst he still holds a possibly winning card. Every possible case would still be taken to the higher Court, and the congested condition of its calendar would continue. There would be more work for the lawyers, nine more judges, and Heaven only knows how much more expense. It is a lawyer's bill through and through. It is said that nothing else is possible without a constitutional amendment for which we shall have to wait two years. The present Supreme Court, being a creation of the Constitution, it cannot be remodelled or otherwise interfered with by the Legislature alone. The people must be consulted before anything can be done. It is well that it should be so. It would be destructive of the necessary independence of the highest Appellate Court if it could be tampered with by every chance majority in the Legislature. If the working strength of the Court must be added to, let an amendment be voted upon by the people, creating three more judges, and constituting a third department.

What is really needed, as the NEWS LETTER has more than once pointed out, is not an increase of judges and courts of which there are all too many already, but a decrease in the amount of litigation. It would seem at first sight as if that were a matter the Legislature could not control, but the fact is otherwise. By adopting the practice of older States and countries, litigation would soon be so reduced in volume that the existing Courts would be enabled to dispose of it easily. The truth is that the lawyers have been permitted to build up a system of practice in this State which really offers a premium to litigation.

It is often cheaper to litigate an honest claim than to promptly pay it. It ought to be costly to defend a righteous suit, and, where good practice obtains, it is. In California the winner pays nearly all his own costs, which is inequitable, unjust, and the fruitful cause of the terrible amount of litigation that prevails in our midst. A lawyers' fee bill should be given a place on the statute book and all the charges incurred under that should be paid by the loser to the winner in every case. It is monstrous that a man should have to resort to the Courts to recover a clearly honest claim, but it is still more monstrous that he should have not only to lose his time, but pay his law costs as well. It is only just and right that the fellow who resists the payment of honest debt should pay all the legitimate expenses incurred in collecting it. That is the almost invariable rule the wide world over; and, if it were not for the many lawyers who find their way into our Legislature it would be so here. Change the law in the direction indicated, and quickly litigation would be so decreased that we should hear no more of congested calendars, or overworked courts. Another badly needed change is one preventing lawyers bargaining for fees contingent upon the result. It would be possible to fill a volume in telling of the evils that flow from this bad legal practice. It is not tolerated in other places we know. It is contrary to public policy that a lawyer, who is an officer of the Court, should be pecuniarily interested in its decision, and it is usually made a decisive cause for disbarment. If it were made so here, there would be much less subornation to commit perjury, and very much less litigation than now disgrace our State. The Legislature has full power to effect these reforms. Two additional sections to the codes would be all that would be required. Their adoption at this session would render the present Legislature the most popular California ever had.

More About The Pacific Railroads' Debts.

It is plain that the proposition for the Government to take and operate the Pacific Railroads has not more than a Corporal's guard of supporters in Congress. Even the Californians who favor the idea, are afraid to formulate, and promulgate it. Whilst nobody favors forcible foreclosure, and Government operating is frowned upon on all sides, two new propositions hold the field, and command the support of many of the opponents of the original funding bill. It begins to be clear that Congressmen want this ticklish subject disposed of by somebody else than themselves. Hence the new proposals are (1) by the committee having charge of the matter, that a commission of three cabinet officers be given plenary power to make such settlement as to them may seem best, and (2) that by Hubbard of Missouri, calling for a non-partizan commission consisting of 15 members, to whom full powers to act, within certain not very important limitations, is given. Both commissions are to have power to compromise, sell, or otherwise dispose of the Government's claim, but in neither case is it proposed to clothe them with the power to take and operate. One or other of these measures will likely pass, and lead to a settlement more or less satisfactory. Whatever else happens, it is obvious that the demagogues from this State are not going to be listened to. The interests of a vast region, and a public debt of \$125,000,000 are concerns too grave to be left to the malice of Willie Hearst and Adolph Sutro.

What Is A Fair Water Rate?

It will be an evil day for San Francisco when investments in its public utilities are deemed no longer safe, or profitable. The present raid all along the line means that, if it be successful. The Examiner coarsely tells the Supervisors that they will be branded as thieves, retired to private life, and be ruined in this community, if they dare to disobey its behests in regard to water rates. What is it which this wretchedly unscrupulous sheet demands that they shall do? It proclaims that "the current rate of interest for investments, as safe as Spring Valley stock, is from 3 to 4 per cent," and the Supervisors are required to reduce its net earnings to those figures on pain of being hounded to their ruin. A largely circulated newspaper, though not to be dreaded as it once was, is yet not with-

out influence with the unthinking many. No doubt the Examiner, with its terribly unscrupulous ways and insensate hatred, can intimidate weak men, and even Supervisors are not all strong. The effect then of such intimidation, so far as it has any effect, must be, as we have said, to render investments in public utilities unsafe and unprofitable. Driven from every position it has heretofore taken up, the Examiner has at last been compelled to say what it wants, and if it does not get it, threatens to brand a majority of the Supervisors as thieves, etc. The Examiner is frequently consciously false as to its statements, and owes no responsibility to anybody. It finds many nickels in keeping the crowd in the excited belief that somebody is robbing them, and, by the same process, it sometimes succeeds in blackmailing corporations, as witness the Southern Pacific payment of \$1,000 a month. The Supervisors, in the matter of fixing water rates, are judicial officers bound to do justice and equity between the consumers on the one hand and the water company on the other. If they fail to allow the company to earn the current rate of interest, their schedule of rates becomes worth less than the white paper it is written upon. The Courts have settled that beyond the possibility of further question. The Superior Court, with Judges Hoge, Wallace, and Shafter sitting in bank, so decided and the Supreme Court affirmed their decision. The Supervisors therefore have but a merely perfunctory duty to perform. The amount of the operating expenses and of the bonded and stock indebtedness, are well known and beyond question. The only matter that remains open is as to what constitutes a fair and reasonable rate of interest. Is the Examiner right in its contention that from 3 to 4 per cent is enough? That is the sole question now at issue. If the rate be once established so that the water company may earn no more than 3½ per cent, all the other public utilities, such as gas and street railroads, must come under the operations of the same rule. Are investors likely to put their money at that rate into enterprises of more or less risk, when they can lend it on real estate at from 6 to 8 per cent? To state the question is to answer it. Then it may be safely taken for granted that the Courts would be appealed to and that they would determine, upon the uniform testimony of business men, that not less than 6 per cent is fair and reasonable. That is inevitably what will happen if the Examiner has its way. The new rate in that case will be declared void and the existing one will be re-established. The Supervisors understand that perfectly. It remains to be seen who, and how many of them, are enough afraid of the Examiner to vote for rates they know to be illegal and certain to be set aside. In the end, the censure of thinking men will overtake them and abide long after the twaddle of daily journalism is forgotten. This harassing of capital in public uses is alarming legitimate investors, and if continued, will in the end prove destructive to the credit of San Francisco.

Hawaiian Annexation. Those who think they favor Hawaiian annexation, whether citizens of this country or residents in the islands, are just now on tiptoe in the expectation of favorable action in that behalf by the incoming administration. There is a strong belief in many quarters that the new President will present a vivid contrast to Mr. Cleveland in his attitude toward this question. To date, the oracle at Canton is dumb, and speculation upon McKinley's personal opinions would be entirely nugatory. The question, however, is an important and a living one, since there is no doubt that the policy of annexation will be urged upon the 55th Congress and supported by a considerable following in this country. Anything therefore bearing on the subject is timely. The most popular argument in favor of the scheme is that the islands are necessary, as a strategic point, to our protection against foreign powers. The United States is now 120 years of age, and has never owned a single strategic point distant from our coasts, and has never experienced the need of any. If we could thrive in safety in earlier years, why do we need them when we are strong, and the tendency is toward international arbitration? Granting that Hawaiian sentiment is ripe for annexation, and that the group would fall into our hands without firing a gun, what advantage would they be to the United States? We should at once have departed from the

traditional policy of an unarmed neutrality and entered on the English path of colonization. Instead of securing a protection to our coast, increased armies, navies and fortifications would be instantly required to protect the isolated post. A large naval establishment in the islands, such as England has in Bermuda, would become a necessity. The disconnected outpost would soon demand still more distant ones to insure its safety. The Pacific is sprinkled with islands which in turn would become the object of our greed or necessities. Ambition grows on what it feeds on, and would grow until the settled policy of the nation had been left behind in the excitement of scrambling with other nations for strategic points—a policy pregnant with constant embroilment. England, the colonizer of the world, is not strong because of her colonies, but in spite of them. She was great before she owned a colony, and would be great without them. Without a colony she would have ten times the population of the Netherlands and ten times their area, a land that it is believed would be capable of supporting from twice to four times her present population without importing grain or meat. We have not lost ground for lack of colonies, neither has Russia, Germany, Austria nor Italy. England's scattered possessions are the cause of her present international timidity, and their protection an enormous expense. She avoids war knowing she is open to attack in fifty places at once unless she covers the globe with floating batteries and fortifications. Do we envy her her position? If we need Hawaii, we need Cuba, Bermuda, and the Bahamas still more. They are nearer to our Atlantic Coast than the Sandwich Islands are to our Pacific Coast, and the need of protection is vastly greater on the Eastern shore. When we had gained the points mentioned we would naturally covet the Maritime provinces of Canada and the balance of the Antilles on the same argument that each recurring one was needed to protect those already gained. The fact is that we are better off without any of them.

The Torrens Land Transfer Bill. The Torrens Land Transfer bill, now before the Legislature, has escaped defeat only by the skin of its teeth, as it were. It was supposed to be dead at one time, having been refused passage by a majority vote, but Mr. Bulla of Los Angeles moved a reconsideration, and made such a telling argument in its favor that it was given a new chance for life. It ought to live and become a law. It has worked to a charm for more than thirty years in Australia, and is peculiarly adapted to the condition of land titles in this State. There have been more disputes, litigations, and even killings in California over land troubles than it would be possible or profitable to recall at this time. Even up to this late day, land titles are not all quieted, and the practice of casting legal clouds upon men's homes is all too common still. Moreover, our system of searching records and making transcripts is becoming frightfully expensive, and an intolerable tax on real estate transactions. Under the Torrens plan, all that is done away with, and it is made as inexpensive to transfer a lot of land as an interest in a ship. The services of the legal fraternity are dispensed with, and the Recorder becomes the sole land transferer of his county. The property owner, when once on the register, may content his soul in peace, for in that case no action at law will lie against him. He has but to prove the fact that his name is the last one of record, and the case is at once demurred out of court. If by any mistake of the Recorder a man is wrongfully done out of his property, his remedy is a money payment, out of what is called "the insurance fund," amounting to nearly double the value of the land of which he has been deprived. That fund is derived from the fee paid when the record is made. It was predicted by the local lawyers at the time that the insurance fund would not nearly suffice to pay the many claims that would be brought against it. As a matter of fact, only one small claim has been preferred in more than thirty years, and the fund now amounts to about \$12,000,000, all of which is safely invested in Government bonds. The fee in each case is rather less than \$2, and is most cheerfully paid because of the safety and comfort it insures. These results may not be gainsaid, for they are of world-wide celebrity. Our Legislature can make no mistake in adopting a like measure.

As to Some Salaries. One of the measures now before the Legislature, which affects the taxpayers of this city, is a bill for increase of the salaries of our Police Department, and it is a measure wholly unjustifiable and without reason. It is perfectly natural that the department, which has long been recognized as a means for the payment of political and personal obligations, quite as much as a protector of the lives and property of citizens, should desire a larger percentage of the people's money, but it is equally true that in no department of San Francisco's Government has there been larger expenditures, with less satisfactory returns. It will be remembered that but a few months ago, in response to no public requirement, and against sober and intelligent public sentiment, the number of policemen was very largely increased. At that time it was pointed out that there was no occasion for the increase existing outside of the demands of the politicians and their henchmen; and so far as can be seen, the department is no more efficient to-day—its service no more satisfactory, than it was before the increase was made. Now, we have a demand for advance of salaries. Mayor Phelan very properly and succinctly voiced the truth when, at Sacramento last week, he declared that the present was no time to raise salaries; that the men employed in the department were well paid, and that the service would gain nothing in efficiency by the proposed increase. Policemen in San Francisco are well paid, and there is neither rhyme nor reason in the demand for more money in the department. As for the desire to increase the salary of Chief Crowley, \$4000 per annum is sufficient. He has managed to live quite comfortably on that sum for many years, and we see no reason for increasing it just as he is about to retire to the seclusion and ease of private life on a generous pension. As to increasing the stipend of retired policemen, it is without the least warrant.

Quite a different view should be taken, however, of the proposed increase of salaries for the Judges of the Superior Court. The responsibilities of the bench, the character of ability required, and the arduous duties before the different departments, justify the demand for an increase to \$6000 per annum. The work of the Superior Bench requires legal ability of a high order, and it is richly worth \$500 per month. There are few lawyers, indeed, of sufficient ability to properly discharge the duties of a Superior Judge, who do not earn more money in private practice. We think six thousand dollar justice better worth the money than such as may be had on a fifty per cent. discount.

Are Car Fares Too High. Senator Braunhart's specialty this session is a cinch hill on the street car lines.

During certain hours of the morning and afternoon, when the working classes most do travel, there is to be a uniform fare, with transfer privileges, of two and a half cents. That sum, which, by the way, is an unpayable one in any money current in California, is to be good for a ride from the Ferries to the Cliff, Ingleside, and other extremities of existing lines. It does not amount in many instances to one third of one cent a mile. In the case of the majority it is about one-half of one cent a mile. We say without fear of successful contradiction that there is no street travelling done in any of the great cities of the world at those figures. It is a minimum price that outdoes anything known among civilized men. With dear coal, better wages to workmen, and the steep grades that exist over at least half the city, there is much reason why street car fares should be higher, and none why they should be lower than in other cities. Poorer working classes exist elsewhere than are to be found here. If the working men of the Mission cannot afford to pay for a ride what it is worth, and what other people pay, then it is certain that no like class in the world can. Again, why should a man who works with his hands get his car rides for less money than one who works with his head? If the legislature may so legislate, why may it not at the same time say that one class shall perforce be supplied with bread, meat, sugar, etc. at one half the price charged another class? The car ride is not in most cases, an absolute necessity, whilst the articles of diet named are. This thing of bumbing the working man into making demands inconsistent with reason, is demoralizing to him

and his class, and is demagogic on the part of the cinching knives of the representatives who know that they are advocating the impossible. It is another case in which the Courts will always protect the capital invested in a public utility. It is well that they will, else we should have no car lines, gas works, water supplies, or other public conveniences. Senator Braunhart and the class he affects to represent may be mighty, but not so mighty as the United States Constitution as it now reads. If Bryan, Altgeld, Tillman and their friends be given the opportunity to rewrite it, things may be different.

The Governor's Veto. Governor Budd has refused to sanction the proposed appropriation of \$75,000, to make good the deficiency existing in the State Printing Office, and the public in general will commend his course. The message accompanying his veto of the appropriation is full of excellent reasons for his action. From the figures therein presented, it is apparent that the State Printing Office is conducted in a scandalous and recklessly extravagant manner, and that, as the Governor suggests, a great saving would be effected if the work were let out to the highest bidder. To literally abolish the State Printing Office would be justified upon every ground of economy. The Governor shows that in some instances the charge for work performed at the State office is more than twice as much as the same service would cost elsewhere. He shows from the records furnished by Mr. Johnson, the State Printer, that in a single department—the press rooms—there is an approximate waste of \$800 per week. The printing office carries ninety girls here, and the work turned out by them can be done by seventeen. What the seventy-three remaining in that department do to earn \$11 per week, or any other sum, is not known. The same is equally true in the bindery—in fact, no department is free from mismanagement, incompetence, not to say downright fraud. The Governor has vainly called for information, explanation, and detailed statements from the State office, but has not been able to obtain a lucid or satisfactory response. In view of these facts—the criminal waste, utter indifference, and incompetent management glaringly apparent in every department, the demand for an additional \$75,000 to encourage further extravagance and corruption, is an amazing exhibition of unmixed gall, and richly deserves the rebuke it received. Whatever may be the fate of this bill—whether it be passed over the Governor's head or die where it lies, the Chief Executive has performed his duty in exerting his prerogative to defeat it, and has performed a public service in letting the light in upon the disgraceful methods of doing business in the State Printing Office.

The Loud Postal Bill. The Loud postal bill, which bids fair to become a law, is not what its enemies are representing it to be. It does not strike at legitimate newspapers, daily or weekly, but it denies to flash literature in serial form, to purely advertising sheets, and to organs of patent medicine and other business concerns, the use of the mails at the cheap second-class rate. That rate was established to encourage the circulation of newspapers and periodical literature, on the theory that the Government may well assist in promoting the popular enlightenment. That no such benefit accrues from the circulation of patent medicine advertising and flash fictional reprints, goes without saying. The argument on which the opponents of the Loud bill appear to rest their case is that its passage would greatly curtail the use of white paper. This amounts to the preposterous position that the Government should carry free all matter that comes to hand, in order to encourage labor in the paper mills. Verily, this is protection run mad. The postal expenditure now exceeds the revenue by about \$10,000,000 per annum. It is intimated by the experts that the dropping out of this unworthy second-class matter would about square the accounts. The increase of this kind of mail matter has been no less than 50,000,000 pounds within the past two years, and the end is not yet. It is the simple purpose of the Loud bill to restore the second-class concessions of the mail service to the original intention, and by so doing to destroy the postal deficit, and render the service almost self-supporting. It is an eminently reasonable proposal, and ought to become law.

The Ministers' Rage. Some one has somewhere said that there are three kinds of people—men, women, and ministers. We are forcibly reminded of this saying by the attitude almost without exception, of the cloth of the city toward Dr. David Starr Jordan. That distinguished gentleman had the amusing misfortune to say in a recent lecture that certain phases of so-called religious excitement were in no wise different from intoxication. Whereat the brethren arose as one man, and fell upon Stanford's President with indescribable fury. Their shriekings savored of all things, excepting common sense and reason. They mistake violent personal attacks and intemperate assertions for argument; and by their immediate departure from a calm and dispassionate consideration of the position taken by Dr. Jordan, demonstrate their inability to discuss with dignity and intelligence the statements he has made. Their hot anger is in marked contrast to the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and is an amazing spectacle of had judgment and intolerance, where we should look for clearness, candor, and reason. The cause of religion gains nothing by such an exhibition as the ministers have given us. And their outburst presents to the thoughtful layman a very pronounced reason for the small attendance of men upon their churches, and lagging zeal within the walls of Zion. The clergy should broaden out until they can oppose argument with argument. When they can control themselves, only, can they be respected. Their swelling chorus of vituperation, drizzled through newspaper columns and thundered from pulpits, overturns no opposing opinion; it weakens their influence, and brings their chosen faith into doubt and contempt. Meantime, it is noted that an estimable young lady of Santa Cruz has gone insane, because of the religious emotions condemned by Dr. Jordan.

Our Navy's Weakness. The fortunate and unexpected escape of the North Atlantic squadron from the roaring ocean, emphasizes the fear everywhere expressed that the new navy is lacking in those seagoing qualities without which ships are valueless. The reports of the behavior of the war vessels in the recent storm, which was not particularly severe, awaken the gravest doubt of their ability to stay on top of the water. Not only is it apparent that the new navy is primarily far less safe than the merchant marine; but our warships become unsoldered and spring leaks in unexpected and dangerous places; their turrets get out of order, their guns break loose and charge down the decks, until the perils that threaten aboard are little less to be feared than the engulfing waters without. We are paying out millions to build up a navy that shall protect the American flag on every sea, and maintain the dignity of the United States among the nations of the earth; and it begins to look as if we were not getting our money's worth. Our vessels should first be able to withstand the assaults of the elements before they can safely oppose the hore and hatteries of other powers.

That Costly New York Ball. The giving of a private hall, or entertainment, is entirely within the right of the individual who gives it, and to question that right is to impinge upon personal liberty and to perpetrate a very gross impertinence. That a few ministers have used their pulpits as a point of advantage from which to denounce the givers of the Bradley-Martin hall, because of its costliness, goes to prove that Christ yet has followers only fitted to mend nets and catch fish. That such bad form in matter and manners should exist at this advanced stage of civilization and refinement, says little for either the education, or good manners, of the offending preachers. It may be true that \$290,000 is a large sum to pay for a single entertainment, but whose business is that? And who holds a gauge with which to measure its proportionate largeness? To multi-millionaires it may be a comparative trifle, whereas to that large section of would-be-somebodies who live beyond their means, the giving of any ball at all is often a pleasure they must needs forego. If the entertainers are rich, and accumulating more than they can spend for their personal wants, they are benefactors when they let loose their purse strings, and permit the unused surplus to go flowing out among their neighbors. It is said that they should use it only for the

benefit of the poor. That is a matter for the owners of the purse to decide, and for nobody else to dictate. Besides, opinions differ as to how best to cause money to reach the poor. Many good and thoughtful people believe that giving something for nothing does nobody, except, perhaps, the sick and helpless, any good, and that the best way to reach the humble folks of a neighborhood is to put orders around among its trades-people who are employers. We talk of the evils of the rich growing richer, and the poor poorer, and in the same breath cry out against the equalizing process instituted by the Bradley-Martins. Bah!

Evolution of the Secretary. The evolution of the secretary to the President of the United States has been rapid. When Cleveland went to the White House, he raised the office from a par with the ushers and clerks, to a position of consequence. Then Lamont became his adviser and the receiver and entertainer of Senators and other State dignitaries. Harrison brought Halford from the Indianapolis Journal to his aid, and Cleveland's secretary, Thurber, has expanded the social side of the position. The secretary to the President has become a person of much importance, and it is now said that Mr. McKinley's secretary will maintain a separate establishment and take a prominent part in the social life of the new administration. He will play the part of a diplomat; elevated to the level of cabinet officers and other important persons, his influence in the President's family politically, and in Washington life socially, will demonstrate a remarkable evolution from the position of stenographer and clerk to that of confidential adviser to the President and prominent factor in the inner circle at the national capital.

IN Chicago the Aldermen have very charitably consented to divide the proceeds of a street railroad franchise with the city. This is a surprising exhibition of Aldermanic generosity, and should be immediately brought to the attention of San Francisco's Board of thrifty Supervisors.

THE fact that Admiral Bunce's squadron rode out the recent gales on the Atlantic, demolished the theory that the new navy was amphibious.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should be constantly supplied with "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Avoid imitations.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick Headache.

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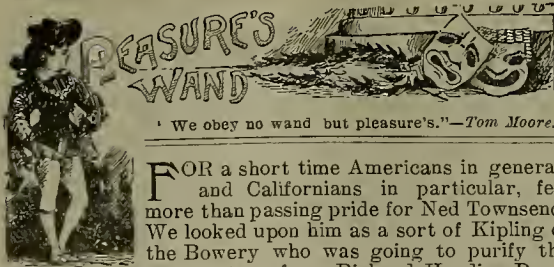
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'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

FOR a short time Americans in general, and Californians in particular, felt more than passing pride for Ned Townsend. We looked upon him as a sort of Kipling of the Bowery who was going to purify the teumets, reform Richard Harding Davis and highly specialize a phase of North American literature. There were even hopes that some day he might be caricatured and satirized—hopes suddenly and disappointingly realized when Townsend took up the Fadden stories again and performed these services for himself. Townsend always has had what is known reportorially as a rare nose for news, and to-day that means a nose which will stand almost anything—even the body-snatching of defunct fads. And the Chimmie fad is so dead that I wonder a special decomposing room has not been fitted out in The Journal building for the linotype which sets the Townsend copy.

I went to the Columbia, in truth, because I was paid to go. I took no enthusiasm with me and expected to find less on the stage. I thought the players would be as fatigued of their parts as I am of the sketches which inspired them. I came away in somebody's debt for an evening of easy, unexact entertainment, and I think my gratitude may be safely divided between the actors and Mr. Gus Thomas, who together have done as much for Townsend as he has done against himself. Thomas cut off the perennial Fadden in the bud of his pre-nuptials, Nat Goodwinized the sorrow and small bottled solace of Mr. Paul, and gave Mrs. Bates the material for an Irishwoman who, for life-likeness and stage art will compare with Annie Yeamans' in the palmy days of Harrigan. There is much in the construction, the quiet play of sentiment and the snug orchestration of the various parts which shows the distinctive touch of a graceful dramatist.

This is not to be construed as an unqualified eulogy of *Chimmie Fadden*, for the play lacks much from both the technical and human standpoint. The burglarizing episode is treated with banal melodramatics—all that goose flesh pizzacatti from the orchestra, that sepulchral thunder from the throats of the thieves, and the I-am-Little-Dick-the-Avenger speech from Chimmie. The detective's investigation is over-elaborated on decayed farce lines, and the uniqueness of Chimmie's *alibi* (a signal song sung in the night) would be better appreciated and the play brought to a more enthusiastic close were there less delay in the denouement. Five minutes of bad drag could be cut from the last part of the last act. Besides, all the rights of anti-climax belong to Mr. Townsend in New York. *Chimmie* is not to be held up as a model for aspiring American dramatists withal it has many neat virtues, and the second act opens with real atmosphere—that indefinable individualizing of place and people that of all our playwrights Thomas alone seems able to make the actor and the audience feel. What I urge, is that the play is clever enough to compel interest in characters who are dead in the hooks and mouldy in the newspapers.

Unlike Mr. Brodie, Mr. Hopper is not to the Bowery born. He is a millionaire, I am told; his father is the same twenty times over, and the down-turned palm and the expectorant wot 'ell are purely matters of cultivation. In an age when most millionaires are devoting their energies to becoming paupers through the medium of a yacht, or a harem or a newspaper, Hopper's position as the hardest working man in his company cannot but do him credit in more ways than one. There is no denying that he has reduced Chimmie to a fine point—in the acting, I mean; physically Chimmie is of most unstinted latitude. You may go to the Columbia with your own opinions about slim Chimmies, but an act of Hopper's abominous geniality, and you wonder how he ever could have been long and lean, and worn anybody's old clothes who did not measure a good fifty-three around the appetite. And his voice is of that peculiar, popular quality, unfinished, yet so agreeably intimate that it disarms

serious criticism—a voice, I have noticed, that by some odd whim of fortune almost inevitably belongs to the comedian who sings the songs of his own composing.

With the exceptions of Sydney Price, who seems indeterminate as to whether "His Whiskers" is a Fourteenth-street floor-walker or a female impersonator, and Miss Bernice Wheeler, who is too true to Laura Jean Libbey's real aristocracy to ever palm off for a cheap stage imitation, I can recall no inadequacy in the cast. Thomas and Townsend conspired to make Mr. Paul a Nat Goodwin part, and many of George Nash's mannerisms—most notably the drawl in his speech and the drawl in his legs—make comparisons inevitable. And when a man reminds you of Nat Goodwin—as Nash certainly does—and it affects you pleasantly—as it does me—and you regard Goodwin as the best actor in America—as all of us must who are awake—well, then I say Nash has received a very pretty compliment. What do you think?

We all prate more or less realism, for the plays, but there are times when we do not live up to it. For instance, we prefer an imitation Boweryite by Hopper to the real thing by Brodie. Grace Parlotta's French maid in *A Gaiety Girl* entertained me more than any similar character I have ever seen—and when you come to a cold analysis of Miss Parlotta, she was Viennese pure and simple. The Duchess, as Miss Beth Franklyn plays her, is another example: she is unmistakably American—her accent is too good to be true, her alert gesticular Frenchisms are too Frenchy to be real, and her gowns are too surely poised to ever have belonged to any one else. Still she has a charm, a delicate fragrance, which you will not find in your French maid at home. Miss Franklyn plays the maid out of her own personality, she substitutes imagination for nature, and she acts from her agile eyebrows down to the tips of her sleek patent leathers. "Fools follow rules, wise men precede them"—sometimes there are wise women, too. Miss Franklyn finds a new way of being French; moreover, she finds a hurst of real, spontaneous acting in the last act.

Marie Bates was a success before the curtain went up Monday night, and she was a success when it went down. She was acknowledged before she was seen, and she was conceded all her reputation's worth throughout the performance. From the musicians in the orchestra to the critics in the foyer, it was "Bates!" What an electrification her first performance must have been to the authors! There is little in the writing of the part that anticipates the bigger half of all the character acting in the play. And there is something beyond mere acting in this work. Mrs. Murphy is not a central character in either the story or action of *Chimmie Fadden*—she is just a droll old Irishwoman, worn, soiled and beery, who drops in on the scenes *apropos* of nothing in particular, and rivets your every attention so long as she is on the stage. Her's is the true comedy art, and it magnetizes you. People will go once to see *Chimmie Fadden*, and twice to see Mrs. Bates.

From the Bowery to the Arena is but the breadth of a street. At the Baldwin, Louis James and his company are competing in Dr. Bird's famous lung-contest *Spartacus*. Despite the encomiums of New Orleans and other art centers, it cannot be said in truth that James finds his life work in this turbulent tragedy. Dr. Bird's Romanizing may have found glory in San Francisco in the pre-sandlot days, but a softer generation asks for softer things. Dr. Bird, like most men who shout at the top of their voices, has very little to say, and he says that little long. I admire Mr. James's appearance as the Thracian warrior, and I admire the brute higness, both vocal and physical, which he gives to the arena scene. The rest of his work I deplore. It releases all the meaningless rant which I thought the years had taught him to subdue. Guy Lindsley, under any circumstances a had actor, even surpasses his worst previous record in the part of Pharsarius. The bogns ravings of John McCullough thundered from a ten mule-power phonograph would be a mere cannon's roar compared with Lindsley's pectoriloquial frenzy. James has invested a great deal of good scenery in *Spartacus*—enough in fact to have a better play fitted to it. The only chance of urban recognition I see for *Spartacus* lies in London where they take several years of Wilson Barrett's Neronian nightmare, *The Sign of the Cross*.

The picture is not supposed to count for much in concert singing—dowdy women and awkward men have made appearances a negative qualification. Yet, when Antoinette Trebelli (of whom, in a vague way we have heard very much and known very little beyond the facts that she is the daughter of her mother, and that she achieved some distinction in South Africa and Australia), walked down the California stage Tuesday night to where the footlights should have been lighted, and even in the dim we saw that she was young, handsome, unpowdered and unrouged, and above all, unostentatious—then, I think, appearances counted for a great deal. Trebelli is something new. The *Nemiramide* "Bel Raggio" is not, and Trebelli needed all this charin of newness and freshness to tide her over a conservative singing of music that means little unless fired by the flame of the singer. Eliminate the "Bel Raggio" and her triumph was easy and complete. Trebelli's voice may not be dramatic, but it is plastic, languorous, caressing, of an utmost lyric sweetness, sensitive, delicious, and warm, with a rich sweep of effortless tone. The dramatic instinct is much a matter of cultivation, and with Trebelli, I think, it is merely a matter of more cultivation. She is young and imaginative, her method is pure and direct, and nature has given her the voice—*il bel canto!* She has, moreover, a fine taste. She sang Auber's Laughing song with real laughter in her voice, and responded as truthfully to the melancholy of Solveig's song from Grieg's *Peer Gynt* music, and met Bishop's old test song, "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark," with the flawless technique it demands.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Madlin is enjoying a bouctous prosperity at the Tivoli. Several new features are introduced with good effect, and the public's patronage bears out last week's statement that it is the best extravaganza ever staged at the Tivoli.

In addition to the dancing Gleasons and the acrobatic Ara, Zehra and Vara—who have been well received this week—the Orpheum offers no less than four new acts for the new bill: Edmuud Hayes and Emily Lytton in their twenty-minute play, *A French Marriage*, a grand opera quartette, which includes Guille, the teuror, Abramoff, the basso, Julia Cotte, soprano, and Miss Dora Busch, contralto; the Fiuneys, who swim in a tank, and the Renfos, who fly through the air.

Let all who were disappointed in *Spartacus* take heart. Louis James will play *Hamlet* Thursday and *Othello* Wednesday and Sunday. We know both of these for excellent portrayals. On Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, and at the matinee, James will give us comedy—a new comedy, too, *My Lord and Some Ladies*, from the French of Scribe. The comedy deals with good Queen Anne, Bolingbroke, Mrs. Jobn Churchill, and many famous characters contemporaneous with the birth of the house of Marlborough.

At next Thursday's symphony concert at the Columbia, Mr. Marquardt will be concertmaster in place of Mr. Beel, who leaves for Europe on Monday. Mr. Marquardt has already given us evidence of his ability for the post, and if he cannot entirely reconcile us to Mr. Beel's absence, it is not that we love Marquardt less, but that we love Beel more. And with good reason—Beel has done more for good music in San Francisco than any man of his day. Thursday's programme embraces Goldmark's *Sakuntala* overture, Beethoven's Second Symphony (the D Major,) Krug's "Love Stories," (a suite for strings and harp), and a Spanish rhapsodie by Chabrier. The last two numbers are novelties; the symphony has been played here but once before.

The children have the California Theatre next week—the clever children who make up "Our Little Cinderella Company," and play out the fairy tale in new spectacular dress. Rosina D'Ennery makes her first professional how in the title role, Little Gus Levick is somewhere in the story, together with Jimmy Horn, Gus Tait, Nina Cook, Alice Condon, and the Sawyer children; and Daisy Grogan is cast for the fairy Godmother, who gives away glass slippers and pumpkin coaches to good little girls who are not envious of haughty sisters.

Chimmie Fadden will bring crowds to the Columbia for another week, after which Fanny Rice.

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Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

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LOUIS JAMES,

Supported by Guy Lindsay, Alma Kruger, and a superior company. Repertoire for next week:
Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinee, (first time here) MY LORD AND SOME LADIES
Wednesday and Sunday, OTHELLO
Thursday, HAMLET
Saturday, SPARTACUS
Monday, February 23d, James A. Herne in "Shore Acres."

California Theatre.

One week, beginning Monday evening, February 15th, "OUR LITTLE"

CINDERELLA COMPANY

Introducing a galaxy of child actors and actresses—A series of startling and amusing specialties. New and gorgeous scenery, costumes and effects.
Coming: SOUSA'S BAND.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Last week! "Fadden's the fad!" Charles Hopper in

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

The one great novelty of the season. As big a bit in San Francisco as they were in New York. Last times! Don't miss it. February 22d, FANNY RICE.

Columbia Theatre.—Extra.

Next Thursday afternoon at 3:30.

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

55 musicians. Gustav Hinrichs, conductor.
Reserved seats, 50 cents and \$1. Now on sale.

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.
Week beginning Monday, February 15th, a bill without a parallel. All new.

THE FINNEYS,

champion swimmers of the world; the Renfos, novelty aerial artists; the Pantzer Trio, Demon Twisters; Hayes, Lytton & Hayes, in "A French Marriage"; and the Grand Opera Quartette; A. L. Guille, tenor. Miss Julia Cotte, soprano, Miss Dora Busch, contralto, Signor Abramoff, basso, in conjunction with many novelties. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Mechanics' Pavilion. Southwest corner Larkin and Grove.

Saturday, February 20, 1897,

GRAND PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL

By VEREIN EINTRACHT

Admission \$1; reserved seats, 50 cts., at Goldstein & Cohen's 823 Market street, two weeks previous to the ball.

\$100 worth of prizes will be distributed. Doors open at 7 o'clock promenade concert 8 to 9. Grand march at 9 sharp.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Every evening at 8; our up-to-date extravaganza,

ALADDIN,

Or, The Wonderful Lamp.

The latest sensation. "La Danse des Fleurs Electriques;" the Floating Palace in Mid-Air; the Six Little Tailors; the superb Ballet of Cleopatras; the new and novel Specialties.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

THE ART EPICUREAN.

(THIRD PAPER.)

"All human history attests
That happiness for man,—the hungry sinner,—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

WHAT is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; but never in cook book or club cuisine was found a duck sauce equal—nay, approaching—unto that evolved by the brain of one of our brightest legal luminaries, Colonel H. I. Kowalsky.

It is certainly *mal apropos* to confront an invalid with a request for an interview on topics culinary, when the interviewee is limited to a mushy, gruelly diet especially invented by his satanic majesty to torment the keenly sensitive palate of the epicure, but the Colonel, with his never-failing courtesy, gave the desired information, and left the scribe his debtor forever.

The magic rites begin by taking one and one-half ounces of lime juice; adding to it one-half an ounce of Worcestershire sauce and a pretty strong seasoning of salt, pepper and red pepper—don't forget that last; in fact, don't forget the fraction of a grain of any ingredient in this, or your cake is all dough. Add ten drops of tahasco and a half-teaspoonful of paprica. Make this all up into a mélange, stirring and mixing thoroughly. Then put four ounces of butter into a pan, melt it and stir a little—only a little—flour into it to slightly thicken it. Then add the aforementioned ingredients, ready prepared, and keep covered, for it must be served hot. Stir the whole well together, take it off the fire, murmur an incantation, and take my word for it (at second hand) that a duck smothered in such a dressing is glad that it fell a victim to the deadly shot-gun—or the marketer's pocketbook. When you want to bring out the hidden possibilities of the canvasback which you, Ananias-like wretch that you are, "brought down over on the marsh," just decorate it with the order of Kowalsky, and leave the rest to your appreciative palate—and your conscience.

From duck sauce to salad is a far cry, but the gay and gallant hunter (for dainty tid-hits) doesn't mind that; so, speaking of hunters brings to mind, naturally, a club hunt, and a club hunt without Frank Carolan would be like salad without salt, and there you are. Salad comes right along in proper sequence, and it is Mr. Carolan's salad that takes the blue ribbon for novelty. The foundation for this tower of skill is young, tender lettuce leaves, and the other indispensable is alligator pears. These latter come from the Islands or from Mexico, and why they are called pears passes my comprehension, for their only resemblance lies in their shape. They have a large pit instead of a core, and are used in this salad in their freshly ripened state, being divided and scraped from the skin. A simple French dressing completes this salad, which carries a sort of indescribable zest, and would easily make one gush over the next course even if the latter were not a brilliant success of itself.

To preface a little theatre supper with this salad and then have a delicate chafing-dish course, would about paint the poster, and so, delving in the caverns of memory, Mr. Ed. Greenway's favorite dish comes nobly to time. Browned oysters—doesn't that sound succulent? Well, the whole charm of the delicacy is to have it succulent, and this is the way Mr. Greenway would begin operations toward a successful finale:

Two chafing dishes are required. And here, in parenthesis, let me impress upon you the advisability of having a metal tray under the chafing dish, for, should there be alcohol on the outside of the lamp, there is possibility of its taking fire and communicating with the napery of the table, and being the means of great damage. The term chafing dish is applied both to the one and two-dish article, but rightly belongs only to the latter, the former being a blazer, the chafing dish being supplied with a second pan below the first to contain the hot water, and acting on the principle of the double boiler. But to return to our browned oysters. Select the largest, juiciest hivalves that you can persuade your purveyor to part with. Put them into a chafing dish and let them simmer and bubble. Watch closely and at the instant they stop running, transfer them to the other receptacle ready prepared with enough butter so that they will not be reluctant to part

company with it. When the juice stops coming they are ready to serve. For large parties one could utilize bread pans and the range oven, but we will not enter into that, since it is only a very small theatre party that we are catering to this time. Baltimore oyster crabs would be delicious cooked in any of the scores of different ways made possible by the aid of the chafing dish. An indispensable adjunct to the browned oysters is some relish like celery or salad. If there is not time for the salad, a nip from a young, blanched celery stalk would be a good substitute, although the California celery has never been grown that can hold a candle to the Kalamazoo celery. It needs the severe frost to crown its tender young life, and that California's "glorious climate" refuses to supply. Why Kalamazoo, don't ask me; it is probably a legendary idea handed down from generation to generation, a sort of companion piece to the asseveration that no potatoes on earth can be grown to equal those about Salt Lake.

In my fevered frenzy for information on the subject of high-living, I injudiciously accosted a member of the Press Club. In answer to my meek query as to his favorite dish, and scarcely stopping in his mad rush, he shouted, "Coffee and sinkers!" as if he were ordering those delectable morsels at a Third-street chop house; then, without heeding my look of horror, he nimbly doubled around a Mission street car and was lost to sight in the six o'clock crowd. Probably it is one of the requirements of that mysterious club, into which no feminine eye should pry, (though one woman's curiosity recently got the better of her wisdom—if she ever had any), that the literary mind is best nourished by the lowly fare above mentioned. But that would bring out pros and cons for which we have not time. It only serves to remind me of a little talk I had with Attorney Geo. A. Knight the other day.

When confronted with the all-important question, he smiled indulgently—he has all sorts of freaks to deal with in his profession—"What is my favorite dish, and how prepared?" he said. "Well, you know, a man can't answer anything so important off-hand," (just as if a lawyer ever did answer a question without fencing), "but I think I can say confidently and confidentially that when I have time to think of eating"—in the pauses of the Coon(ey) hunt at present engaging his attention, I suppose he means—"a yearning for doughnuts and coffee 'comes o'er me, that my soul cannot resist." And then he went on to relate how, when he sees a chance for a day of rest, he wires his dear old mother at her home in Eureka, that she may be prepared for a descent upon her—and incidentally her pantry—then that night he takes the Pomona for the scenes of his youth, arriving early next morning to find the fatted calf ready and waiting in the shape of a huge pan of "mother's" doughnuts, made under her careful supervision, and accompanied by steaming Mocha, perfected by unlimited Jersey cream ordered post haste from the family milkman when the steamer is sighted crossing the bar. In this sweet elysium of delight, notarial tangles and unwilling wills are lost to sight, and George A. basks to his hasket's repletion, returning cityward to wisely consign himself to the tender mercies of his family physician for a fortnight or so.

AMY L. WELLS.

DR. D. E. Dunne, chiropodist, formerly of the Olympic Club, is now located at the Hammam Baths, 13 and 15 Grant avenue, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.

MOËT AND CHANDON CHOSEN.

The Only Champagne Used At The Bradley-Martin Ball.

At the Bradley-Martin (Gress) hall, surpassing anything of the kind before attempted in this country, the cost of which was not less than \$300,000, competition among the champagne importers was so strong that it was decided to submit to the most noted epicures of the four hundred unmarked samples of all the leading champagnes, and thus it came about that those who, by their taste and experience, are the qualified judges of that which is best, selected the brand of Moët & Chandon, which was the only champagne served at this event.—New York despatch.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEAKER, General Agent.



It used to be the rule for the women of society to rail against the men who accepted every invitation and never gave any sort of return, not even a posy or a book. But this year has been prolific of social courtesies extended by the beaux of the swim to their lady friends; and not a week goes by without theatre parties, luncheons, dinners, and suppers, with well-known men as hosts. The girls say that to Mr. Wiltsee, the Eastern South African, belongs the credit of inaugurating the fashion of sending flowers and bon-bons to them, a fashion so prevalent in the larger Eastern cities.

The numerous friends and acquaintances of the Younger family will be glad to know that the youngest daughter, Miss Alice, is rapidly recovering from her severe illness, thus enabling her step-mother to leave for her new home in Chicago shortly. Musical circles will regret the departure of so talented a pianist as Mrs. Younger, who in her line is as talented as the genial doctor is in his, and many hopes are expressed that the Chicago home will be but a temporary one after all, and San Francisco be again their dwelling place.

San Rafael seems destined to be the place for fashion to select as the summer abode, and Mine Host Warfield is daily filling his list of applications for rooms at the favorite hotel he presides over; added to which the numerous house owners in the vicinity have announced their intention of taking up residence in the little burgh for the summer. The Louis Parrotts will, their friends say, entertain a good deal in a rural way, and if Mrs. de Young spends the season at Meadowlands, she will add not a little to the brilliancy of the fashionable set in the Valley.

It has been suggested by some one that the members of our society and community, wives and daughters, of British descent, should organize as an auxiliary to Consul Warburton's committee of fifty to aid the Diamond Jubilee project. Surely, with the abundant material to be found here, the idea is a good one. Mrs. Foreman, Mrs. Henry Scott, and Miss Warburton are energetic in their ways, and should be able to effect a splendid entertainment, while there are scores of others to follow in their lead.

Apparently we are not to have another Goad wedding, for a time at least, the fair Aileen having departed Eastward with her father and sister Genevive; so no doubt Charley will warble by the light of the moon, "all to his self," on his Sausalito veranda till his prospective bride's return.

Report goes that one of the Ross Valley belles will have a midsummer wedding; Baron von Schroeder is said to have promised the girls lots of riding parties, paper chases, hunts, etc., so B'lingham will have to work hard in the face of all these attractions to keep its end up.

The traditional little bird that hovers round the charmed circle of the Four Hundred, is twittering with the news that the second Miss Carroll is also to shuffle off the single coil. Society can guess who the happy man will be, says the twitter, with a sound like Peru.

Friends on this coast of Miss Anna Ruger, the popular daughter of our late commanding General, hear that upon her father's retirement in April next she will accompany her parents to Europe for a two years' sojourn.

On dit, that Wiltsee's young New York friend "Thomas" is making himself very popular in society drawing rooms. Bon-bons and flowers are a sure means to that end in feminine quarters.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Will Crocker is considering a novel entertainment, to be given at her B'lingham Villa during the Eastertide. The subject is a profound secret, and the details will not be given to the public until the whole is an accomplished fact.

"Another army chap engaged," is what the buds are saying, but as yet no announcement is made, and as the young Lieutenant in question has been equally devoted to two girls, rumor hesitates to say which is the chosen one.

On dit, the brunette sister of a recent bride is likely to appear in a bridal robe herself ere long. Although only a debutante, the conquest has been rapid and much commented upon at teas and club dances.

An on dit of interest to the swim goes that Miss Florence Breckenridge will return to Europe with her mother, Mrs. Fred Sharon, upon the termination of the Sharons' visit here in the spring.

A Sovereign Remedy.

DR PARKER'S COUGH CURE. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

The old Greek Argonauts who sailed the main in search of the Golden Fleece, run legendary. There is, however, nothing legendary about Argonaut Whiskey, which is a mellow and delicious drink. It is in popular and delightful evidence wherever good judges of liquors are found. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are the Pacific Coast Agents.

To Physicians and the Public:



In Cases of 1 Dozen Bottles.

Of perfect and reliable purity, unequalled for MEDICINAL and TABLE use, and GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS. This wine is invaluable as a restorative for the invalid.

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Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.



A Book
of
the Week.*

Mr. Somerset, who is a son of the well-known Lady Henry Somerset, and who was one of Richard Harding Davis's companions in his tour through Venezuela and Central America, has probably accomplished a greater amount of hard and rough travel than any other man of his youthful years in the world. His book entitled "The Land of the Muskeg" is a narrative of a trip through unexplored regions of North western Canada, from Edmonton in Alberta, where the railroad ends, across the Rocky Mountains, to Quesnel Mouth on the Fraser River. But what is a "muskeg?" you ask. Well, it is an area covered with soft, vividly green, treacherously yielding moss, terribly wearisome and exhausting to traverse, wet and dreary to camp in. Like all adventurous young men in a wild country, Somerset and his companions hoped to shoot elk, bear, and other large game, but they found hunting in such regions difficult and well-nigh impossible, and suffered serious privations from scarcity of food, besides meeting with other mishaps. They killed and ate heavers, marmots, and a few ptarmigan, but were entirely unsuccessful in their efforts to hag deer or grizzlies. At last they were reduced to such straits that they had to kill one of the least useful of their pack horses, and on this animal's flesh they eked out a bare and unenjoyed subsistence until they reached Fort McLeod, where they rested and made preparations for a fresh start. The latter part of their journey was accomplished with less discomfort and suffering than the former, and eventually they made their way to British Columbia and tasted afresh the sweets of civilization. Mr. Somerset writes in a simple, pleasant, unaffected style, telling of many strange and amusing characters that he encountered. One of the most remarkable of these was John Gough Brick, the Anglican missionary in Fort St. John—a man with an extraordinary supply of blue stories and an utter ignorance of the language of the Indians, to whose spiritual wants he is supposed to minister. We feel, after reading the book, that a wholesome love of rough life and dangerous adventure must yet be as strong as ever it was among the gentlemen of England when a young man, scarcely twenty years of age, the grandson of a duke, with all the pleasures of society and the great cities of the world open to him, chooses to journey for weeks with a packtrain through unknown wilds, eating the coarsest food, and submitting to the hardest labor and even to quite serious danger. So long as there shall be a plentiful supply of young men of this type, no one need concern himself about the early Decline and Fall of the British Empire. These are the men who, if they lose one empire, will gain another. The illustrations from photographs are not particularly good as pictures, but serve to give some idea of the country traversed, and the maps enable the reader to follow clearly the course pursued by the party. The book has an introduction by Mr. Somerset's traveling companion, Mr. A. H. Pollen.

*"The Land of the Muskeg." By H. Somerset, with a preface by A. Hungerford Pollen. With a hundred and ten illustrations from sketches by A. H. Pollen and instantaneous photographs, and four maps. London. William Heinemann. 1895.

The February issue of Self Culture, published by the Werner Company, contains a large number of articles of information on very various topics, such as Wages in the United States, Japanese Characteristics, Herbert Spencer's Philosophy, the Cuban Insurrection, and the new Congressional Library. It is edited by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who is said to have assisted Professor Goldwin Smith in founding the Canadian Monthly. Personally, we are not great believers in any of these attempts to cover the whole field of knowledge, and we think that people of cultivation are for the most part extremely shy of them. The foolish desire to be encyclopædic is most commonly felt by people who have received little early training and have no conception of the time, labor, and pains that are necessary to gain even a fair acquaintance with the litera-

ture of one language or the facts of a single branch of science. The magazine, however, contains its own antidote, if people will but take it: for it quotes a sentence of Dean Stanley, to this effect: "Insist on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little hooks can take care of themselves, and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using." By a strange irony of fate, this sentence, probably the most pregnant and valuable thing in the whole issue, is printed in small type, and crowded in at the bottom of a page, to fill up a space left vacant by an article on "Reading Aloud" contributed by some elocutionist. But, for all this, we are ready to admit that the periodical is a veritable storehouse of cold facts, and for people who want this kind of thing, is just the kind of thing they want.

Mr. E. L. Godkin has a most suggestive article in the February Atlantic Monthly, in which he shows that modern democracies disregard special fitness for the performance of special work, and are unwilling to acknowledge that there can be anything special about any man. Of course, the grotesque idea that all men are equal is responsible for these notions, which are further strengthened by the circumstance that modern democracies, by discouraging distinction, tend to bring about that dead level which is their ideal. That in public affairs one man is as good as another, and equally fit for any post, and that public functions, such as patrolling the streets, extinguishing fires, delivering letters, and keeping City Hall corridors dirty, should be performed by men of particular shades of misinformation about public affairs, and particular kinds of ignorance about social and political economy, instead of by men competent to perform them, are only logical deductions from these fatally erroneous premises. The result is, that the number of men of distinction and real competence in public affairs steadily diminishes, so that there is good reason to believe that the happy day when one man shall be as unfit as another, and when all men shall be equally inconspicuous and undistinguished, is already within measurable distance.

Without any idea of supporting Mr. Godkin's views, Mr. Andrew Lang has recently been pointing out that there are from the earliest ages prodigious differences, insurmountable and unalterable, in the natural capacities of children. To prove this, it is necessary only to point to the marvelous musical capacity exhibited by very young children before they have received the slightest training, and to the hardly less remarkable and conspicuous talent for mathematics apparent in some boys and entirely absent in others of much greater and more versatile intelligence. The almost diabolical dexterity in all things mathematical possessed by some men of very moderate intelligence, and the utter density of some able men in the same matters, are striking facts.

The Bookman has lately announced that it will not return rejected manuscripts to writers, even though postage stamps for that purpose are enclosed with the contribution. May we ask what The Bookman does with the stamps? Does it make the writer lose them as a kind of forfeit for having omitted to read or neglected to conform to their rule, and convert them to its own uses? To appropriate another man's property entrusted to you for a particular and entirely reasonable purpose, seems to us quite indefensible. In fact, we have always thought that, even in case of acceptance of a manuscript, the stamps sent to ensure its return in the event of non-acceptance should be sent back to the writer. But writers are so glad to have their wares purchased that they wink at the petty larceny which often accompanies acceptance.

A tiny little magazine with pages of $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches is issued by J. H. Lyons & Co. of Boston, under the title of The Postage Stamp. Its annual subscription is as small as its pages—twenty cents. As its name implies, it furnishes news and facts of interest to "philatelists," as collectors of stamps are (we know not for what reason) called. From a recent issue we learn that the Premier of Nova Scotia, acting on behalf of the Government of that colony, recently sold to a firm of dealers a large number of Nova Scotian stamps, guaranteed to be "remainders." We suppose a "remainder" to be a stamp actually printed for use, and not for sale to collectors.

SOME NOTABLE FANCY DRESS BALLS.

FANCY dress balls appear to be the topic of the hour, and many tongues, both at home and abroad, have been wagging for weeks past over the Bradley-Martins', the magnificence of which was to eclipse anything of the kind ever yet attempted in modern times. The *bal costumes* of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Vanderbilt are cited as instances of what money can do in getting up such an entertainment, and the Bradley-Martins have exceeded them both in that respect. While these are all spoken of as being something quite out of the common, there is still another *bal costume* that is surely worthy of remembrance as having been the most perfect one of its kind; in fact, the first given on a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in the United States, and that is the ball given by the wife of our California Senator, Dr. William M. Gwin, in Washington City, in April 1858. And there are still many, both here and in Washington, who can recall the sensation it created—little less, if any, than that of the Bradley-Martins, and the never-ending theme it was for many a year after. Mrs. Gwin, as wife of the Senator from California, was a fitting representative of the Golden State. Her entertainments were all on a scale of lavish expenditure, and the service of gold plate used at her formal dinners had then never seen its equal. At the ball in question, Mrs. Gwin appeared in a magnificent costume as a Marquise of the Court of Louis XVI; Miss Gwin (Mrs. E. J. Coleman) was a Greek girl, and Miss Carrie Gwin a Court Page. Among the most noted characters were those of Lady Napier, who wore a costume of the Seventeenth Century; Mrs. Jeff Davis, as Madame de Stael; Mrs. Senator Douglas as Aurora; Mrs. Dan Sickles as Little Red Riding Hood, and Mrs. Roderick Cameron, who was magnificent as the Duchess of Comas; Mr. Cameron (now Sir Roderick), wore the full costume of a Highland Chief. The Turkish Admiral, officers of our army and navy, Lord Napier, and many of the foreign diplomatic corps, wore their uniforms. Sir W. Gore Ouseley donned his robes as Knight Commander of the Bath. Lady Ouseley appeared as a French Marquise; the wife of the Russian Minister, Madame Stoekel, as the Duchess de Nemours. President Buchanan and his Cabinet officers were among the guests, but were allowed the privilege of appearing in citizens' evening dress.

Fancy dress balls are always the most expensive entertainments given, not alone to the host or hostess, as the case may be, but to the guests in the matter of costume, and therefore are they of such rare occurrence. But for all that, they are not quite unknown in our own city of San Francisco. The most notable, as being the first attempted, was of semi-public character, having been given by a committee of gentlemen at the Cosmopolitan Hotel on Bush street, in December, 1864. All society was represented. Many of the costumes were very handsome, and the ball was a huge success. Among the most admired characters were those of Mrs. Frank Pixley, as a French Marquise; Mrs. Hall McAllister, as Queen of Spades; Mrs. R. J. Vandewater, as Madame de Pompadour; Mrs. Homans, as an Italian Peasant; Mrs. Cutler McAllister, as Marie Antoinette; Mrs. Senator Steuart, as Rebecca; and Mrs. Schmiedell as a Bride.

Two other *bal costumes* of note were those of Mrs. Hall McAllister and Mrs. W. H. Howard. Mrs. McAllister's ball took place April 14, 1868, the hostess appearing as Folly. Mr. McAllister and W. C. Ralston both wore court costumes. Miss Carrie Gwin was a Greek maiden; Miss Lizzie Friedlander (Mrs. A. J. Bowie), appeared as Pride; Tiburcio was the Postilion of Longoumeau. A costume which attracted much attention and admiration was "Sport," worn by Miss Lily Hitchcock, now Mrs. Coit. It was from Paris, and was perfect in all details—the jockey cap, whip, and the winning posts on the skirt were all represented to the life, and the character admirably sustained.

Mrs. Howard's ball was of such recent date it can be remembered by all. The query now is, Who will give the next?

Those who enjoy the sight of a valuable and extensive collection of Japanese curios, antiques, and all such rare and quaint handiwork just now so popular, cannot afford to miss a visit to the store of George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street under the Palace hotel.

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For Bilious and Nervous disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Dehilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes.

25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO. 385 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.



Want a New Commission. The discovery that such a thing as land frauds has from time to time disgraced the fair fame of the State abroad, has awakened the Board of Trade to the necessity for a Commission supervisory of matters of the kind. It would not be a had idea, were it not just possible that some other people in the State are very timid of these Commissions, believing that they are only calculated to provide positions for political sharpers, who are always on the look-out for some plausible opportunity of the kind to saddle new burdens upon the public in the form of taxation for salaries. The cheapest and quite as effective way to check frauds of the kind would be to leave their eradication in the hands of the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the various Chambers of Commerce throughout the State. The mere stamp of disapproval set on any scheme emanating from California by such a reputable body of officials would nip it in the bud. It will be hoped that they will view matters in this light, and refrain from any endeavor to add to the already long and unnecessary list of office holders dependent upon the public purse for support. When committees from these eminently respectable bodies mentioned are detailed, their scope might be widened to act on mining as well as land frauds, from which as much, if not more, danger is to be feared. The prompt manner in which the Alina scheme was killed in London some months ago, shows how easy it is to stop a promoter's game when taken in its initiatory stages by exposure of its true merits in the right quarter. The mere announcement that these gentlemen will act in the matter will have the effect of restoring confidence at once among foreign investors, much more so than if a Commission is appointed, engineered in the interests of political cliques, and worth more to them than to any one else.

Will History Repeat Itself. With the probability of a compact being concluded between the local powder companies comes the question, how long will it last before the Eastern competitors take a hand in the game for the benefit of the consumers in Western territory? Of course, it will be a grand thing, this 2 cents a pound profit on the manufacture, while it lasts, and the companies are certainly entitled to fair returns on their output. It is a pity, however, that the business on the coast is always open to attacks from abroad, which even a combination of home interests cannot hope to offset. The next question which suggests itself is, will the California company's shares double up in market value on the consummation of the combine, as the Giants have already more than done under manipulation upon the mere contemplation of the proposition? And if not, why not? The California is a large and wealthy concern, while the Giant is bigger in its name than in any other respect, besides being loaded down with an indebtedness of over \$200,000. It will take many a dividend to clear that off or to reimburse shareholders for the necessary assessment, should one be levied, and yet it is possible people can be found ready to argue the merits of these shares as an investment and defend an advance in price, which has already sent the stock up from \$17 to the neighborhood of \$32. It is only just to presume, however, in their behalf, that all fools are not yet dead in the world.

The Clearing House Officers. At the twenty-first annual meeting of the San Francisco Clearing House Association Tuesday, the following officers were elected for 1897: President, Thomas Brown; Vice-president, H. Wadsworth; Secretary, John D. McKee. The following Clearing House Committee was chosen: Thomas Brown, Cashier Bank of California; Ign. Steinhart, Manager Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd.; S. G. Murphy, President First National Bank of San Francisco; H. M. J. McMichael, Agent Bank of British North America; W. H. Crocker, President Crocker-Woolworth National Bank of San Francisco.

The Pine Street Market.

Con.-Cal.-Virginia holds up at the advanced prices and keeps the speculative market together; otherwise there would be but little to say in regard to mining matters on Pine street. The goose that laid the golden egg has been pretty well battered to death, and by the men who have all along been most highly benefited. After first driving all the heavy-weight mining managers from the street, they turned their attention to their customers, with such good results that about one in twenty now put a dollar into the business. They sang a song of wild cats to very good effect in this manner, during the recent rise in Chollar, and now they are paying for the music in good style. If the development in Con.-Cal.-Virginia holds out, it may tempt the big people back into the market, forgetful of past grievances against the "new" broker in the old building, and this will prove the salvation of the market, the decline in which has hurt San Francisco more than all other untoward influences combined. The merchants and stuffy moralists who worked and preached against stock gambling in the past, are now ready to take a hand in reanimating the moribund Exchange, appreciating fully what its loss has cost them. It will be hoped, for the sake of all, that their repentance is not too late. Its revival would do more to enliven local trade than any other panacea which might be suggested. A little reconstruction in the personnel of the Exchange might also aid in bringing it more prominently to the front again as a factor in local prosperity.

A Clearer Atmosphere.

It is pleasant to be in a position to say that in so far as mining promotion is concerned, California was never healthier than it is at present. The thieving promoter has not found his game profitable, and the outlook is not favorable that he will. While starting off some months ago, with the best of intentions to make a fortune at one fell and dishonest swoop, they have been brought up so sharply on every turn that they are forced to retire from the field. Their numbers are now few, and being well known, their every movement is closely watched, with the chances that when they inaugurate any new scheme of robbery it will not escape unnoticed. As it is, mining is active all over the State, with capital available for all legitimate operations. Investors are now, fortunately for themselves, turning their attention to the development of new and young prospects, instead of wasting time in the attempt to float old shells of properties on the strength of a reputation very poorly earned, if all was told in many cases. One of the old veterans is never trotted to the front without recalling the story of a well-known Wall-street broker, who drawled out, in response to the tale of a promoter about the millions a mine he was offering had produced, "Well, why the d—l did you not bring it to me before you took those millions out."

Wise in their Generation.

A good story is going the rounds of local mining men. A few weeks ago, a new arrival, with "connections abroad," reaching out for a ready-made fortune like so many others who think all they have to do is to poke a mine under some other fellow's nose, with more money than brains, and empty his pockets of cash, sent home a most elaborate description of a Calaveras property at the instance of the man who held the bond. Its location was shown to be excellent, right in touch with one of the most celebrated mines in the State, and its record was grand. Not a State Mineralogist's report had appeared for years which did not give considerable space to the mine, its geological construction, etc., with as much deference as could be shown had its owner belonged on the inside of the mining ring and a power in the land. With the caution now existing in London, the correspondence in due course found its way back to a true and trusted correspondent in San Francisco, who in turn sent his report. The answer came at last to the anxious youth, whose nerves were wrought up by impatience to the highest tension. It was short, but to the point: "The best thing you can do, if you wish to be safe, is to put six thousand miles between you and this property." It might be added that the young gentleman has given up mining promotion as a business, content to amble along at his profession, at which he is more at home.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE gentle dames of Nevada are anxious to obtain the permission of public opinion to see Bob and Jim maul one another in the arena. And some will doubtless put in appearance, and tell public opinion to mind its own business. The curiosity of the sex is simply boundless. They have penetrated our clubs, until there is no corner secure from them; their silvery laughter reaches us from the side entrance, when we are sipping our grog at the bar of our favorite tavern; and we are with us on the race track betting fast, and furiously; and now they would invade the sanctity of the prize ring which we want to preserve for our own special brutality. Possibly, like the Roman ladies, they would not object to patting Bob and Jim on their brawny mucleles, even as they wagered their sesterces upon their prowess. This of course Mrs. Bob, and Mrs. Jim would not endure. No, we cannot have it. Let them get up their own prize fights, and have Sally and Bet a slogging for a sealskin, or a diamond pin. We have no use for them at our box office.

IF poor old Jouah could have known the fuss those New York parsons are making about him, he would have seen that bleeding whale in Hades or Oakland before he crawled into his belly. You actor, seeking a new gag or a new gesture, you editor, scratching your bald pate for the idea that cometh not, you artist, dozing over your mail stick because you can imagine nothing to paint—vacuous though ye be, are running over with thought and originality by comparison with the intellectual straits of the modern preacher. Because congregations do not pay salaries of thousands a year for chestnuts. They want excitement. They are tired of being lugged along over the same old paths. Their gorge rises at text and psalm. Hence, the brain-tickling problem which Parson Abbott has started, and Jonah and the whale are once more trotted out to mystify the Christian world with their importance as a factor in salvation.

GO it Gerty, prithee, sweet Atherton, hit thy gentle countrywomen again, and again, yea till their corsets crack. For thou art indeed a most winsome scold, and thy acrid discourse is well seasoned with common sense. Not that they will take heed in the least. True, they will call you, Gerty, a "nawsty" mean thing, and try to dig up stories about you, but His Grace, the Duke, and My Lord the Earl will be as fondly worshipped as ever. And so it will be until Congress passes a bill for the Protection of the American Heiress from the European Nobility, and makes it a penal offense for any young American wage earner to remain unmarried after thirty-five.

AT Dr. Jordan's grave and learned pate
Strange epithets from pulpits now are flying;
A score or more of ministers irate
Predict for him a most caloric fate
In which the man of science will be frying
Upon the Devil's pitchfork, to a turn.
Methinks this much of truth I can discern:
Compared with those who do the vilifying
This Palo Alto man has brains to burn.

"THE new woman will bring up new virtues," says an enthusiastic emancipator of feminine persuasion. That's all right, sister. From what has been seen of some of the advance guard, it seems that she will not have much trouble protecting the new brands of virtues. What is really needed nowadays is less of the new woman and more of the old virtues.

THE United States navy is having a mighty hard time of it on the other side. Our great sea captains had better get through sinking ships at the wharves, running on mud banks, and coming out bunged up after a cap full of wind, before we decide upon chastising anybody.

AN amateur sleuth, who takes much pride in the keenness of his scent, is now prepared to furnish evidence that Chief Clerk Duckworth is the man that stole the 'loast pig from Little Pete's grave. And the pig wasn't red hot, either.

IMAGINE, ye anglers, Senator Fair humming, "Tomorrow will be Friday so we'll fish the stream to-day," whistling to Herbert Clark, his valet, putting a dynamite cartridge into one pocket and a sandwich in the other, and starting off for a days sport in the Colorado. For such, it appears, was the direction the Senator's love for the angle took. No stupid waiting on the bank for him, watching the float that would not down, or casting the feathered lure. He was a miner, and he'd blast a trout with the same alacrity as a porphyry horse. And then after the day's sport the worthy Senator would refresh himself by a set-to with the useful valet, and punch him all over the room. Herbert's private opinion of his Master would not place him among the heroic.

GO to, thou croaker, who complainest of hard times. Hard times, forsooth! Come with me to that quarter where the men of France provide rare things to eat for the youth yeleft "ye blood," and the fair woman who doth with him consort. Harken to the pop of the foaming wine, and let the lucense of rich and rare dishes permeate thy nostrils. Mark the fragrance of the weed of Cuba, and ponder that its price represents a meal for a small family, while the wine bill alone would keep Jack Hand-saw, uow out of employment, and his wife and bairns for a week. And then prattle of hard times. The world rolls on as merrily as ever, and the Maccaroni band playeth "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" in the hall. What, because thou art dyspeptic, shall there be no more cakes and ale?

THE Art Association people are getting ready for their annual masquerade ball. May it be a jolly one, with plenty of ginger. Ay, that's just what those balls want, an infusion of the French spirit, the happy, dashing, *risqué* go, which is the charm of the masquerade. It don't do, young people, to go creeping bashfully about the floor, feeling horribly awkward, the girls inclined to resent the badinage of the hour, and the men grouped together in a "don't-want-to-get-snubbed" fashion. Sail in for all the business is worth. Don't be too coldly respectable. It does not go, and this is the reason those shady parties *en masque* are so delightful. Kick up your heels, and let the chaperone take care of themselves.

BILL ENGLISH, the eminent statesman, is said to bear a close resemblance to the Earl De Courcy Duff, who passed through this city recently on his return from India, where he was Governor of a province in the north. General Clunie, who is something of a wit, upon hearing this, remarked that Mr. English might be dubbed the Earl of Plum Duff, because he has a neat knack of picking the plums out of the political dough. Well, he works for them, and the laborer is worthy of his hire.

"SATAN'S KISS" was the subject of the Reverend M. P. Boyntou's sermon last Sunday night, and the speaker dilated accordingly upon the mischief wrought by the arch demon in his osculatory diversions. For real havoc, however, pecuniary and otherwise, Satan's salute isn't in it with the confusion that two rosy lips can cause, in testifying to the bestowal of kisses prior to the filing of a breach-of-promise suit.

WILLIE Hearst, Willie Hearst, bring your broom along,
And sweep the office clear, my lad, of Lawrence, they call Long;
For if you don't, the fact will be too very clearly seen,
That you, not Andy Lawrence, deserve the name of Green.

HOW merrily Oakland and its adjuncts keep the clerical scandal-pot a boiling. The lusty cheeks of Jack Satan are ever distended to bursting, blowing ou the embers which heat this devil's broth to the nauseous pitch. It was always thus, and the oldest inhabitant in that strange city fails to remember a scandalless month in its history.

BETWEEN those admirable pillars of the law, Judges Campbell and Low, yawns a gulf which the soothing hand of time can never fill. Since the largely whiskered jurist flattened out the blatant clerk O'Brien, the hot blood of his clan is as easily stirred up as a bread poultice when de push whistle up "The Campbells are Comin'."

REMOVE the Capital? Legislators pray,
If you remove it, set it far away;
Too close already grind its noxious mills,
Its stenchy scandals and its thieving bills.



ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA—ALICE MACKAY, IN PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

PALE Death awaits me, shadow-robed in sable,
 Whilst in yon western blue the sunset burns!
 Sweet Love! awake, as thou alone art able,
 To one last thrill this dying heart that turns
 Ever to thee,—for thee, thee only, yearns.
 Most lovely Love! my Queen divinely moulded!
 Come to me, come! To be by thee caress'd
 Was ever heav'n to me; to die enfolded
 Within thy perfect arms were to die blest;
 Nor could Elysium's self hold fairer rest.
 Sweet voice! most dulcet music! thou dost 'thrall me
 As Orpheus and Arion 'thrall'd at will
 The realms of Dis and Neptune; thou dost call me
 From the gray shades of death! thy tender thrill
 Lures back my fading soul—thy captive still!
 Sweet eyes! twin stars of my sole heav'n, oh, never
 May I awake away from thee, to drink
 New life from lesser light; rather for ever
 And ever let me sleep on Lethe's brink;
 Nor 'neath Acheron's waters dreamless sink.
 Light me but to Oblivion, eyes most tender!
 For since the Gods do will that I must lose
 Thy starry golden glow and dusky splendour,
 I ask but to forget my loss; I choose
 Oblivion's wave before Elysian dews.
 Dear Love! so witching are thy warm caresses,
 That Death stands back a pace, to watch their wiles;
 From thy soft breath, and loosen'd dmsy tresses
 Doth float a dreamy fragrance, that beguiles
 Like musky zephyrs from Hesperian isles.
 O flow'r-soft crimson lips! the sweetest portals
 To sweetest soul e'er fashioned! not the wine
 Nectar'd in Naxos by the fair immortals,
 Could give my fainting pulses so divine,
 So rich a transient life, as kiss of thine.
 Love! I complain not, tho' Death come to take
 To realms of Nothingness ere thy last kiss
 Hath tired upon my lips, for thou dost make me
 To fade so happily, dissolved in bliss,
 That sweet it seems to die, if death be this!

A VALENTINE.—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, IN SCRIPPER'S.

Against this thorny Present shows
 Your memory like the dew;
 Each maid a wrinkled Beauty goes,
 When I do think of you.
 Folded away in the deep grass,
 What is it can befall?
 Nor Clouds that fade, nor Gusts that pass,
 Nor any Griet at all.
 Now lovers write their verses brave;
 Now buds start on the tree;
 But Love went with you to the grave,
 The sere leaf bides with me.
 I have not any word save this;
 My tears are all my store;
 The fairer that the weather is
 I miss you but the more.

TWO DREAMS.—MARIE M. A. BULAU, IN THE IDLER.

When violets in bushland hollows blow,
 When tints and tones enchant and heaven seems nigh,
 We had a dream in common, you and I—
 Who was the wiser dreamer time must show.
 The happier dreamer of us did not know
 The lyric light and love were all a lie,
 That when the blue grew greyer in the sky,
 The other dreamer and the dream would go!
 The wild white violets in flower will see
 One dreamer lying where two kissed last May;
 The winds and streams in undertones will play
 The finish of a fitful melody.
 Best for that dreamer, too, if he forget
 The tender song whose burden is regret.

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 lamp-chimneys because they
 make friends.

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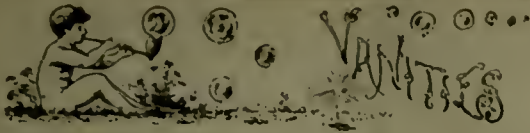
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DEAR EDITH:—You may not know that the heliotrope lining that has become so popular was first worn by Mrs. Bradley Martin, who has just given the great fancy dress ball at the Waldorf. It is a very swell material and is entitled to a long popularity.

I notice that the finest of boleros are made of exquisite black satin richly embroidered with gold, and they give an air of completeness to a toilet made up of a black satin skirt and blouse. By the way, this golden bolero was created by the Countess Castellane, and all womankind are indebted to her for the garment. I recently saw, with a black satin skirt, a pretty blouse of black chiffon worn. The lining was of black satin, and the chiffon was put on in narrow bias folds that encircled the entire bodice. At the head of each fold there was a narrow beading of coral passementerie that shown out conspicuously. The high coat sleeves of black satin were covered with folds of the chiffon and passementerie. They were long and pointed, with a frill of black chiffon falling quite over the hand. The high collar and ceinture were of coral satin ribbon.

Over this chiffon waist a black satin bolero was worn. It was short, with broad pointed reverses, that were elaborately embroidered in gold and coral, and a narrow running design of embroidery outlined.

A very dressy evening waist is of pale yellow *mousseline de soie* over yellow satin. The *mousseline de soie* is put on very full from the shoulder seams and is drawn down into a pointed girdle of turquoise velvet that is embroidered in stones. The yoke is composed of three ruffles of the *mousseline de soie* that commence at the shoulder seams and overlap each other slightly to form a long yoke effect.

A narrow edge of cream Valenciennes outlines the bottom of each ruffle. Over the shoulder seams there are broad epaulettes of the embroidered turquoise that merge into long stole ends at the front of the bodice and hang loose to the girdle. The tall crush collar is of turquoise velvet. This waist is in the trousseau of Countess Czaykowski.

A chic silk blouse for an afternoon house toilet is made of a heavy quality of surah silk in citron green, with a thread check in black. The back of the blouse is seamless, with the fullness at the waist line caught in tiny plaits under a crush bias girdle of the silk. The front has a bolero effect of the silk, edged with a frill of white *mousseline de soie*, and from under the bolero the silk falls in two cascades divided by a vest of white *mousseline de soie* bordered with narrow violet velvet ribbon. These waists, though having an elegant sound, are not necessarily expensive. If worn by Parisian women they are sure to be cheap. One old skirt will form the body of half a dozen waists, and for waist trimmings even the ruchings of old hats are utilized, while we would buy new goods. I took a snap shot of three of them in the afternoon room of the Countess Castellane—the prankish kitten in their midst.

One of the very latest black skirts is built of glace moire. It is round at the bottom, and the godets start back of the hips and flare very much as they near the bottom of the skirt. Viewed from the front the skirt is straight, and would be clinging if it were possible for glace moire to cling.

The fashion for paste buttons is being followed by a craze for miniature buttons. Exquisitely tinted maideas look at you in a row, with eyes calm, serene and blue.

BELINDA.

At Swain's Bakery you can enjoy a splendid table d'hote dinner—dainty, abundant, appetizing, complete—any day in the week—from 5 to 8 p. m. for \$1, served in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Here truly "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both," as Shakespere has it. Swain's enjoys an enviable reputation for pastries and confections, orders for which by telephone or otherwise will be promptly filled.

Correct styles in the latest and most dressy gentlemen's furnish- ing goods are found at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street.

Blanket Business.

We have closed out the entire line of Fine White Blankets of the STOCK TON WOOLEN MILLS. These are all high-grade line California wool goods, beautifully made. The fact that we offer them at about half their value should be appreciated by blanket buyers. The reason is that we bought them cheap, and as the end of the blanket season will be soon upon us, we are determined to make a clean sweep of them.

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ON one of the most stormy nights last week, Walter Hobart telephoned to Henry J. Crocker, asking him to come over to the big Hobart house on Van Ness Avenue. His brother-in-law, Winthrop Lester, was convalescing after an attack of la grippe, and Hobart explained that he wished to amuse the invalid. Crocker responded with cheerfulness, and found that the prospective amusement comprised a lively game of poker. Nothing loth, he sat down, and the game progressed with satisfactory results to all the players except the host. Walter is reputed a good loser, so he stood his losses like a little man, and as the night was wild and the rain beating violently against the windows, he solaced himself with many and copious draughts of hot Irish. The game continued to go very badly for Hobart. He never held better than a moderately good hand, and whenever his cards indicated a possible winning, Crocker or Lester would just manage to beat him with cards a little better. Even Hobart's affection for his sick Santa Monica brother-in-law began to weaken under the strain of such a continuous run of bad luck, and his lugubriousness was evident. As the night waned, the game was temporarily abandoned for a hot bird and a cold bottle. After supper, play was resumed.

"Now, Walt., I think your luck will change," said Crocker, whose turn it was to deal. "We have had a break, and now we will take a fresh pack, and I shall be surprised if they do not come your way."

He dealt the cards, and Hobart could hardly preserve his equanimity when he found four jacks in his hand. The others plainly had high cards, too, for they proceeded to make a pretty stiff pot. Hobart languidly discarded one card and reluctantly came in, as if he had two pair or three very small ones. He affected to study his hand intently after the draw, but really did not glance at his fifth card. After Lester and Crocker had raised each other until they were tired, Hobart took a hand and made a big bet. The others, believing him to be bluffing, promptly saw his raise, and before the play ended, the "pot" was quite the biggest of the evening. When his play was finally called, Hobart threw down his hand, and without waiting for any announcements, gattered in the "pot," which contained enough chips to recoup him for all the losses of the evening. Lester picked up Hobart's cards.

"Why, you have the joker here," he exclaimed. "Drop that dough!"

And so it was. Crocker had failed to remove the joker from the new pack after supper, and Hobart had not examined his fifth card after the draw. Of course, the pot had to be divided between the three, but Walter swore that Crocker had stacked the cards, and so the game broke up.

Supper in the Red Room after the play is all the go at the Bohemian Club now. And certainly nothing can be more pleasing and delightfully artistic than the subdued and warm light of this beautiful room, which has not its parallel in any club in the world—the pleasant music in the corridor during the supper, and the exquisite taste in which everything is served. Those little *fêtes* are dear to the female heart, and keep the Bohemians at the top notch of favor.

William Greer Harrison is one of the best-hearted men in town, and he always avoids hurting the feelings of anyone. To oblige an old acquaintance, whose circumstances were not prosperous, he took in as office boy the son of his old friend, and tried faithfully to give the lad an insight into the mysteries of insurance as practiced on California street. It was no use, however. The half-grown boy had no thoughts for business, and although always in his place, took little interest in his work, and Mr. Harrison grew very tired of his *protégé*. How to get rid of him was a problem. For the sake of the boy's father he did not wish to dismiss him, but his presence made Greer feel blue. By

chance, he heard that a warehouse firm wished an office boy, so he lost no time in advising the boy to apply for the place, as presenting greater possibilities for promotion. After a personal application the boy returned, and said he could have the coveted place, provided he could secure a recommendation from his present employer. Harrison hesitated at this stipulation. He could not conscientiously recommend a boy of whom he was trying to rid himself. Finally, an idea struck him, and he wrote a certificate of good character, concluding as follows:

"He is a very good boy, but I cannot afford to wait until he grows."

On the strength of this recommendation the boy secured the place, and Harrison chuckles over his own emancipation.

A young Benedict, prominent in insurance circles, meeting an older married man on Montgomery street, greeted him with great effusiveness, invited him to have a drink, then insisted on giving him an expensive cigar, and finally another drink. The object of all this hospitality could not understand the unusual generosity of his host. After a time, however, the latter gave him an inkling that the treating was not entirely spontaneous.

"By the way," he said, "I want to buy a birthday present for a girl. Will you come and help me choose it?"

With some reluctance the other consented. The pair went to a large jewelry store, where the young married man selected a handsome pair of diamond garters.

"Now, look here," said the family man of experience; "that is a nice present for a young husband to give to a girl! What if your wife should come in here now?"

"Why, my dear boy," said the youngster, calmly, "that is just the reason I brought you along. If my wife should come in, you would be the purchaser of the garters, don't you see?"

"But my own wife—" began the other, in alarm.

"Oh, that's all right," said the young husband, reassuringly.

Charles M. Shortridge, publisher of the Call, has a good story, which he does not hesitate to tell about himself. After one of the most objectionable of the Examiner's cartoons in the series of pictorial battles now being waged between the Call and the ex-Monarch, an article was published in the Mission-street journal bitterly attacking Mr. Shortridge. On the afternoon of the same day, an Examiner reporter had the effrontery to try to interview Mr. Shortridge regarding the article, hoping to secure a new opportunity for misrepresenting the Call editor.

"Look here," said Shortridge, impulsively. "Here is a hundred dollars. You take that to the low-born wretch in your office." Shortridge's language was literally much more picturesque than the expurgated quotation. "When I use that expression," he continued, "I do not simply apply it as a contemptuous epithet. I mean it to include his entire family connection. You give that hundred dollars to the low-born wretch in your office if he will come into a room alone with me for ten minutes."

The reporter departed with the five twenties, and Mr. Shortridge has heard nothing more of the incident. He has neither money nor fight, and admits that he has been badly buncoed.

Gordon Ross, the young Scotch artist, was recently invited to join the Bohemian Club, and in a way they have in Bohemia, at the first club dinner after his election, he was put up on his feet to show his paces. Ross endeavored to rise to the occasion, and began telling a somewhat long-winded story about an owl and a freak of the aviary, which he dubbed a hoodoo bird. At the most thrilling part of the narrative, when Gordon was reproducing a dialogue between the two birds with even more than the usual thickness to the "burr" of his Highland accent, he asked dramatically:

"And what did the owl say?"

Louis Sloss, who was seated at the foot of the table, considered this opportunity too good to be lost, so when Ross asked what the owl said, Louis yelled in his best Scottish accent:

"Hoot, hoot, mon!" which brought down the house, and abruptly terminated the story.

INSURANCE.

ASSISTANT Manager Brewster of the Scottish Union & National, who has been in the city the past week for the purpose of selecting a Coast Manager for the company, has appointed Mr. R. C. Medcraft to that position. Mr. Medcraft has been associated with Wm. J. Landers, and is a well-justified choice for this important post.

The New Zealand Insurance Company, which has not visibly increased its local bank account during these troublous times, has found it necessary, in the interests of economy, to move into the offices of Smedberg & Mitchell.

The new company recently organized by the Northwestern Underwriters' National, will not at present do business on the Coast. Mr. George W. Turner, representing the parent company, is of opinion that the new organization will not enter this field before 1898. Agencies, however, will be established throughout the Eastern States.

Notwithstanding the hard times, several of the companies have gotten out beautifully illustrated and expensive calendars, and other advertising matter, for the present year. Among these, the Fireman's Fund presents its patrons with a sterling silver paper knife; the Norwich Union sends out a very handsome redwood calendar; the Pennsylvania, a calendar with very beautiful water color sketches of the Yosemite Valley, and there are many others.

A new company soon to enter this field is the Norwalk Fire Insurance Company of Norwalk, Conn., with assets of \$447,000. This company, in connection with the London & Lancashire, of England, will issue a joint policy under the name of the English & American Underwriters. The combined assets of the companies are \$3,176,716. This will be an important addition to the agency of Colonel Macdonald.

Judging from the circular letters being addressed to the members of the San Francisco Life Association by its new President, Clarence M. Smith, there is to be a vigorous effort made to inject some spirit into that association. To that end he has arranged for a series of banquets, the first to take place on the 12th of March, at which two parts of insurance lore to one of banquet, will delight and instruct the guests.

If the amount of industrial business done last year by the only insurance company writing this line on the Coast may be taken as a criterion, it will not be long before this rich field will be invaded by numerous of the hungry industrial companies doing business in the Eastern States.

The talk heard so frequently some time ago concerning the purchase of its charter and the revival of the old California Fire Insurance Company, has been silenced—presumably by the balance sheets turned up at the end of last year's business. It may be stated, in this connection, that the opinion of many local managers is that the disastrous war of the past year will not terminate until a great deal more of good money goes the way of the balances that made weary the hearts of the companies at the close of 1896.

It is a fixed principle of the surety companies to pursue defaulters and embezzlers on whose bonds they appear to the ends of the earth. They never compromise a case, even if every dollar taken he made good. They believe that fear of bitter consequences are a powerful incentive to integrity upon the part of the insured.

GREAT singers are noted for their refined gastronomic tastes. Thus Cavalier A. L. Guille, the tenor now at the Orpheum, is a pronounced epicure. He likes nothing better than good eating, and he takes his meals regularly at the Maison Tortoni, where everything served is of the very best.

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OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets..... 3,192,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

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THERE being tragedy, farce-comedy, and music to choose from to suit all tastes, it is not much wonder that theatre parties have again been in evidence this week at the different houses. Miss Sachs' party at the Baldwin, on Monday evening, was one of the largest of the season, twenty guests being entertained by *Spartacus*, and afterwards at supper at the Sachs residence on Post street. Mrs. McCutcheon's recent theatre party had Miss Della Davidson as guest of honor, supper following at the University Club.

The last cotillion of the Friday Night Club, at Odd Fellows' Hall, was extremely pleasant. Mr. Greenway led with Miss Della Davidson, and the advantage of having the five figures danced, all old favorites, was shown by the smoothness and rapidity with which they were gone through. The supper was excellent, as usual, and afterwards there was general dancing. The final meeting of the club has by general consent been postponed until after Easter. On Saturday evening Donald Smith led the cotillion of the Saturday Night Club at Lunt's Hall, and three pretty figures were danced.

The tea given by Consul and Mrs. Simpson last Saturday served the double purpose of a house-warming of their handsome new house on Vallejo street, and the introduction to society of their beautiful daughter, Miss Agnes. Mrs. and Miss Simpson received their guests in the white and gold drawing-room to the left of the large hall, which is the feature of the lower part of the dwelling, the guests wandering at will through the rest of the house, which was almost entirely thrown open, and artistically decorated with smilax and roses, a number of young ladies in attendance looking after their creature comforts from the lunch table. A stringed orchestra, stationed in an alcove in the ball, performed some pretty concert selections during the afternoon. Later, Mrs. Simpson entertained a large party at dinner, and in the evening there was a dance in the ballroom. The tea given by Mrs. Crockett the same day was charming from its very informality, and the belles enjoyed the unusually large attendance of the beaux.

Mrs. Henry Scott is being regarded as a good fairy by the buds, as the ball she gave on Thursday evening in honor of three *débutantes*, the Misses Crittenden, Crockett and Hopkins, was another of those delightful parties she knows so well how to give. Nearly all the young people of the swim were present, and amid lovely floral surroundings they merrily danced the hours away, a delicious supper being served at midnight.

The 400 Club had a dance at Lunt's Hall, on Tuesday evening, and last night the Friday Fortnightly Club had another meeting, and it goes without saying they had a very pleasant time. To-day Mrs. W. B. Carr gives a tea at her residence on Wasbington street. To-morrow afternoon Mrs. David Bixler will make her first appearance as a hostess this winter. Last season her Sunday afternoon musicales were quite a feature, and the one which she has arranged for to-morrow bids fair to be an extremely pleasant gathering. It will be in the nature of a farewell compliment to Sigmund Beal, who is on the eve of departure for Europe, whither he goes with the intention of spending a year in musical studies. Next Monday evening, the club of that name, gives its final dance of the season at Golden Gate Hall.

The Olympic Club will make a new departure at their next Ladies' Night, which will be on the 2d of March, inasmuch as for the first time a dramatic performance will be given for the entertainment of their guests. The Webbling sisters have been secured for this purpose, and it is expected they will make as great a sensation as they have hitherto done both in Europe and in other parts of the United States. Invitations are out for the Mardi Gras ball at the Art Institute on Nob Hill, and the indications are that it will be a great success.

Miss Gerstle's tea next Saturday will be a very elaborate affair, as following the afternoon reception will be a dinner party, which in turn will be succeeded by a dance. Miss Edith McBean's recent tea was for young people only, and in spite of the very disagreeable weather a large number of her friends responded. Mrs. Ehrman's luncheon was one of those dainty affairs for which the hostess is celebrated among her friends. The dinner presided over by Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal was very elaborate, twenty guests were entertained, including Baron Marx, in whose honor the dinner was given.

At Union Square Hall last Wednesday evening, Miss Annie Harris and A. N. Jackson were united in marriage by Rabbi Levy. The hall was elaborately dressed with ferns and flowers and filled with guests to witness the ceremony, which took place at half-past six. The bridal robe was of rich white silk, trimmed with duchess lace. Miss Minnie Lasky, who was maid of honor, was gowned in corn-colored silk. The Misses Sadie Jewell, Gertie Berliner, Birdie Samuels and Ray Coho, who officiated as the bridesmaids, wore white, yellow and blue gowns. J. Woods was best man. Following the ceremony the company partook of an elaborate dinner, and later dancing was indulged in for several hours. The Concordia club rooms is the place selected for the wedding of Miss Hilda Levy and Joshua Eppinger, which is to take place on Tuesday evening, the second of March.

The society wedding of next week will be that of Miss Martha Gibbs and Walter J. Holcomb, which will take place at the Gibbs residence on Post street, on Wednesday evening. The wedding robe is spoken of as a dream of loveliness, and the wedding presents already received by the fair bride-elect as "simply gorgeous."

Charitable affairs are taking quite a large slice out of society's time this month, the musicale at Mrs. B. F. Norris's on Sacramento street, on Wednesday evening, being the chief one this week. It was given by the Doctor's Daughters, and included, besides vocal music, selections by the guitar and mandolin club of Berkeley, and delicious refreshments.

And now comes the Bishop Armitage Orphanage, promising a society amateur performance at the California Theatre, for the benefit of that institution, about the end of this month, so that we have two theatrical entertainments in prospect, the other being the Maria Kip Orphanage performance of *Caste*, which, from the well-known talent of the players in it, is eagerly anticipated. Neither the name of the play nor the participants for the Armitage performance have as yet been made public, but it is said there will be a surprise when they are announced.

With the coming of the lovely spring days, which usually fall to our share during March, society is anticipating a short sojourn in the country, especially as Lent, coming just then, it will be dull in town. So rooms are already in request at the Hotel Rafael for that period: in fact, quite a number are already domiciled at that most pleasant hostelry, where all the comforts of home can be had, in addition to the other many charms it possesses, to say nothing of the beauty of the surrounding country and the soft, balmy air of the Valley.

Edgar Mills and his sisters, the Misses Addie and Florence, and W. F. Goad and his daughters Aileen and Genevive, were among the East-bound departures last week. D. O. Mills is with us again, coming here for a brief visit to look after his California property.

An entertainment of unusual interest will be given next Thursday evening, the 18th inst., at Golden Gate Hall, in aid of the furnishing fund of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. A select musical programme will be rendered, and Gibson's pictures will be presented, the whole to close with dancing.

Are you willing to try a new tea at our expense? Your grocer will sell you a package of *Schilling's Best*, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

Prices low, but enough.

On Tuesday, February 23rd, a Lady Washington tea will be held at the residence of Mrs. Will E. Fisher, 1210 Sutter street, for the benefit of the Nathaniel Gray Free Kindergarten. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. M. R. Higgins, President, Mrs. C. S. Wright, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. L. A. Kelly, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. M. H. Myrick, Mrs. John Haynes, Mrs. George Ashton, Mrs. George Easton, Mrs. Ralph Hooper, and other ladies on the Board of Managers.

Among the most recent California arrivals at the St. Denis Hotel, New York, are noted Miss Spring, George G. Foche, W. J. Hotchkiss, E. C. Searey, and George Palmer.

AT THE RACES.

THE sport has been somewhat tame this week, owing to the inclement weather, and the mudlarks have had an inning; still a very large crowd witnessed a good day's sport on closing day at Ingleside. The attraction being the Hobart Stakes at a mile and a sixteenth, which were won in a clever style by Mr. Dunne's Damien—the favorite in the betting—from Salvation, a son of the great Salvador, and that other game race horse, Schiller.

The re-opening at Oakland has been fairly well attended, although the first two days' racing was of the tame order, with the exception of the San Leandro Stakes, when only four horses started. The stake was captured by Mr. Dunne's Estaca.

A feature of the racing on Tuesday was the magnificent riding of Charley Thorpe, who landed four winners.

Ingleside re-opens on February 22nd, for two weeks, during which time four stake races are to be decided and three two-year-old events. Secretary Leake is arranging another long distance programme for the coming meeting at Ingleside.

Mr. Dunne, the St. Louis turfman, with his very select string of horses, seems to be capturing all of the big purses, and he will certainly carry off the stake honors unless California turfmen trot out their best; and they certainly will have to bring out their best ones to beat him—for Mr. Dunne tries to have the best that can be procured. As he remarks: "It costs mouey to ship horses across the continent, and you must have good ones to get it back again."

An attractive programme is promised for Saturday's races at Oakland, which will include two hurdle races, a two-mile race and three other events.

THE fear of Japanese competition in American markets is being dispelled by recent consular reports. It is shown that since the war with China wages have risen more than 100 per cent. in nearly every department of skilled labor. In addition to this, the blessings of civilization are observed there in labor disturbances, strikes, boycotts, and the denial to workmen to earn a living in the sweat of their faces, just as is the rule here. Japan is rapidly civilizing.

THE probable suppression of Chinatown, and the consequent curtailment of long-enjoyed emoluments from that direction, may account for the very persistent efforts now being made at Sacramento to give the police salary list a boost.

THE report comes from Sacramento that the Legislature will adjourn *sine die* on the 13th of March. Hitherto the number 13 has been hailed as a harbinger of ill-luck. Henceforth let it be made a day of rejoicing.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

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A Heart Searcher

I WAS Professor Pepper's only heir. Among his effects I found in his laboratory after his untimely departure was the curious mechanism he called his "heart searcher." In appearance it resembled an ordinary watch. Of its internal mechanism I know nothing. Professor Pepper regarded the instrument as the greatest invention of the age, and he always refused to explain its principles of construction, as he had an idea that if the world knew how it was made the market would be flooded with imitation heart searchers.

Fortunately for me, the Professor's invention was accompanied by a card of "directions for use," so that I had no difficulty in testing its great value as an aid in the search after truth. The instrument had a face like an ordinary watch, except that there was only one hand or pointer, and in place of the usual twelve figures there were the names of the moral and immoral sentiments. At the top, opposite the stem or hands, was the zero mark, and when not in use the pointer rested at the zero or neutral mark. From the stem extended two insulated wires about a yard long, and at the end of these wires was a flat ivory disk that could be easily hid in the hand.

My first experiment with the Professor's heart searcher was calculated to inspire confidence in the invention. It told the truth with refreshing exactitude. I had at the time of the Professor's demise been dwelling in a state of rather distressing uncertainty concerning the feelings of my fourth cousin, Amy Clinket, toward myself. My own feelings were quite clear, at least to myself. She seemed to be all that was most desirable in a young woman. I wanted to tell her how much I loved her, and had not dared, being uncertain of the result of any such declaration. The heart searcher! Fortunate legacy! It might tell me all, and then I could cheerfully propose, knowing in advance that I would be accepted.

First, it might be desirable to test the heart searcher upon some minor subject. It was the first experiment that led me to press boldly forward in the search for the pure truth. I placed the heart searcher in my vest pocket and secured it there with a watch chain, to give the impression that I had my watch with me. The wires I passed through the sleeve of my coat, leaving the ivory disk just hid in my cuff. Thus armed, I set forth in the quest of the unknowable. I took the trolley car, intending to make calls. In the car I met my young niece Diana, aged seven. Slipping the disk into my hand, I cordially shook her hand and pressed the disk against her active little pulse. Pretending to be absorbed in learning the time of day, I asked her sundry questions, and at once saw pictured on the dial of the heart searcher every passing change in the dear child's transparent nature.

"Are you not glad to see me, dear?"
The pointer swung slowly around to "delight."
"What are your views, my child, upon the subject of caramels?"

The pointer on the dial promptly moved to "hope." This was significant. Clearly the heart searcher was a most important invention.

The dear child at once expressed herself as interested in caramels, concluding her remarks with the information that she knew of a place where they sold "two for five." Manifestly the instrument and my young relative's words did not agree. She was evidently torn with conflicting emotions, for the pointer quivered slightly, and moved to "disappointment." She did not wish to plainly ask for caramels, and yet in the deep recesses of her young heart she hoped I would give her some.

"I am very sorry, my child, but I have no caramels with me. If I had only known I should meet you, I would have brought some with me."

The pointer was greatly agitated and vibrated between "disappointment" and "doubt."

I at once offered the child a dime, and to my amazement the dial indicated "disappointment" only.

"Oh, I beg pardon. Let me see. Was that a quarter? Dear me. I'm sorry I made such a mistake. Here's a quarter."

At once the pointer swung swiftly to "delight."

The heart searcher was a triumphant success. I squeezed the dear child's hand once more. The dial marked "gratitude."

"Good-by, dear. I must get off here."

She smiled sweetly and said, "They give twelve for a quarter." This seemed to be truth based upon experience, and did not need examination by the Professor's wonderful instrument.

As I left the car, I saw young Brown of our office walking quickly down the street, as if in haste to catch a train. I grasped his hand fervently. "My dear boy, I'm so glad to meet you. How is your mother and your sister-in-law and your brother, Theodore Augustus? You have plenty of time," I remarked, as I pretended to look at my watch.

He pulled his brawny hand away and said in his usual breezy manner: "Delighted to meet you. Good-by—train—awful late. By—"

He was gone, and I gazed upon the white face of the heart searcher. Although disconnected with my friend's pulse, the pointer still lingered at "botheration." It was more than an hour before it finally settled back to zero. Brown had evidently a powerful emotional nature.

The heart searcher was a remarkable instrument. It reported the exact emotional truth concerning the subject. It was indeed a boon to bashful lovers. They could, by its skillful use, ascertain the exact state of the beloved one's heart without the distressing uncertainty of a formal proposal. I would at once put it to its greatest test. If it proved successful, I could proceed to manufacture heart searchers upon a large scale, and no doubt live in comfort upon the resulting profits.

Amy was at home when I called, and when I shook her hand warmly I glanced hastily at the telltale dial—"expectation." This was encouraging. I would proceed to unfold my tale of love. I still held her hand with loverlike fervor and stammered forth my blushing confession. At intervals I glanced at the white face of the heart searcher. Its sensitive pointer, was greatly agitated and quivered from "surprise" to "anger" and from "anger" to "cold disdain." Finally it stopped at "doubt."

"But my dear, I—I love you."

The fatal words were out.

"I don't believe one word you say. You are looking at your watch all the time, just to see how soon you can go."

The heart searcher fell from my nerveless hand and was dashed to a hundred pieces.

No. I never repaired it. Amy has convinced me that it is, in the words of the poet, "better not to know." The unknowable is the truly wise.

Amy? Oh pardon me. She married another man.—Charles Barnard in Home Magazine.

—Dr. Fick has shown that winking is more frequent as the retina becomes more fatigued, and it has been found that in reading at a distance, the number of winks per minute is 1.8 with electrical illumination, 2.8 with gas-light, while with weak illumination, which barely permits reading, the number is 6.8 per minute.

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AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, February 11, 1897.

NOT since the time when ex-Assemblyman Ellwood Bunker stood up before his colleagues and made a fruitless appeal to them to save him from the disgrace of being found guilty of the charge of accepting a bribe, has there been such a scene in either house of the Legislature as was enacted Wednesday last, when the report of the Duckworth investigating committee was acted upon by the Assembly. The Assembly chamber was crowded with people, and there was only one Assemblyman absent. There was not a single person present but what appreciated the gravity of the situation, and the nervous strain, even to one wholly disinterested, was intense. In the hands of seventy-nine men was the political, and social, and business future of a man, and he and his friends were making a desperate, and what at one moment looked like a hopeless fight against inevitable ruin. Finally, the roll-call, which would have sealed his fate, was interrupted; Assemblyman Burnett, pale and trembling, rose when his name was called, and said he would refuse to vote on such a matter, when so much was at stake, unless the Chief Clerk be given an opportunity to be heard. To be granted this privilege, it was necessary for the Assembly to give unanimous consent. Two members objected; the roll-call was about to be resumed, and a scene of confusion followed. Members rushed about the floor, and finally the objectors withdrew their opposition, and Duckworth, pale, trembling, but dramatic, took the floor. He said that the investigation had been unfair. He was guilty only of yielding to the demands of rapacious members. He had nothing to conceal, and would answer any questions. After much discussion, the roll-call was re-commenced, and Duckworth had won the day when Assemblyman Ruhell, after failing to get excused from voting, registered the fortieth vote against the resolution to dismiss the Chief Clerk. The vote was 44 yeas to 34 nays, Malcolm of Santa Clara going into hiding to escape being put on record. Nine Democrats out of the eleven in the San Francisco delegation and the seven Republicans voted to save Duckworth, Treacy and Lacy being the only ones in favor of the resolution to dismiss. Dennery, Bettman, and Jones made themselves the Chief Clerk's champions, and with Dibble's clever leadership saved Mr. Duckworth's bacon—so to speak.

What impelled the Democrats to vote for Duckworth was the fact that the Republicans refused to censure the mileage committee and others who requested appointees on the temporary roll, and tried to put all the blame on the Chief Clerk's shoulders. Duckworth is exonerated, but the disgrace of the scandal still sticks to the skirts of the Republican party, and is good, available campaign material.

It was amusing during the proceedings in the Duckworth matter, to hear all the distinguished law-makers who had sought to have friends appointed by the Chief Clerk, explain their motives. Dryden, of San Diego, who is always ready with a cutting remark, in commenting on the majority voting a preacher \$5 for a three-minute prayer each day, said, that after listening to what members had said and what they had done, he thought a man who was brazen enough to ask the Lord's blessing on such a gang, was entitled to all he was paid.

Senator Braunhart is the author of several bills which reduce salaries and fees of the several San Francisco patronage offices. As a result, Sheriff Whelau, County Clerk Curry, and others, are here, instead of being at home attending to their duties. The Senator would be of more service to the taxpayers if he would refrain from introducing this sort of legislation, for he seems to be in a hopeless minority.

The County Government act was the principal measure considered during the week in the Senate. With but few amendments, it is similar to the present law.

The Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate has under consideration a bill organizing the Medical Department of the National Guard into a Sanitary Corps, and appropriating \$5,000 for its equipment. The corps is to be modeled after the present organization of the regular army, and is sure to greatly benefit our State Militia.

Assemblyman Harry I. Mulcrevy is a man of few words.

His allusion to the unpraiseworthy part the Republicans played in their conduct towards Chief Clerk Duckworth, made what is theatrically termed a "hit." He thought that after they had put Duckworth in a trying position, they ought to help him out of his predicament.

The San Francisco pilots are making a determined and, it is to be hoped, a successful fight against the measure proposed by Senator Gleaves, abolishing compulsory pilotage so far as American vessels are concerned. The responsibilities and the extraordinary abilities required of pilots, and the money they have invested, should be taken into consideration before a measure of this kind is passed. There are many captains coming to San Francisco who are not capable of bringing their vessels into harbor, and it is due to the experienced pilots of that port that so very few accidents and losses of vessels occur in the "roughest" of "rough weather." Coasting vessels do not now have to take a pilot, and compulsory pilotage is only enforced on vessels coming from foreign ports. A pilot at the very best has no sinecure. His fees are only commensurate with the work and responsibility placed on him, and it is difficult to figure how the mere matter of abolishing fees will increase the shipping business, if that is what the advocates of the bill are aiming at.

Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald is properly disgusted with the treatment accorded the measures proposed by him in the interest of labor. None of them have a chance to pass, as the Republicans in the Senate feel that too much political power would result to the Democrats by their adoption. The labor element won't "do a thing" to the shrewd Republicans next election.

What was published last week concerning the bill requiring a deposit by foreign marine insurance companies doing business in the State, has had a good effect. Many members who had rashly rushed to a favorable opinion of Senator Bert's bill, have experienced a change of mind. The idea of creating what would be a practical monopoly in the maritime insurance business does not find much favor here. The more the proposition is discussed, the smaller become the chances of effecting such unwise and unnecessary legislation.

P.E.G.

A MEMBER of the Academy of Sciences has discovered that there is a whistling buoy at the entrance to the harbor. We have discovered one in our business office.

—The Emperor of China is editor-in-chief of the Pekin Gazette, a daily that has been published for the last 800 years. His mother and the Cabinet are assistant editors, and no court gossip ever gets into the paper.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 40, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Saturday, February 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Saturday, Feb. 13, 1897, at 12 o'clock M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.



Little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman, who had taken the Pacific Express at Philadelphia, called out ou going to bed before the train started: "Portah! portah!" The porter came. "What is it sir?" he said. "Please wake me up when we get to San Francisco, you know," said the Englishman.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Household Economics.—"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your house money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot; but if I don't give you so much, you seem to get along with it." "Why, that's perfectly simple, Rudolph. When you give me a lot I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much!"—Fliegende Blatter.

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough-looking waiter, suggestively, "gentlemen at this table usually—er—remember me, sir." "I don't wonder," said the customer, cordially; "that mug of yours would be hard to forget." And he picked up his hill and strolled leisurely in the direction of the cashier.—Tit-Bits.

Customer—Here, I've brought these glasses back; they're not strong enough. **OPTICIAN**—Indeed, sir! they're the strongest we keep. **CUSTOMER**—Well, they're not the slightest use to me. What had I hetter do? **OPTICIAN**—Well, sir, if I were you I should advertise for a dog.—Ally Sloper.

On the occasion of the Lord Mayor's visit to North Londou recently a captain was heard to remark to his corps: "Close up, boys; close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you are stragglng along like that they wouldn't kill a single man of you. Close up!"—London Tit-Bits.

He—As our engagement is canceled, of course you will return that diamond ring? **SBE**—Mr. Styles, you said I was a peach the day when you gave me this ring. Well, if I am, I am a peach of the clingstone variety. Therefore, I'll keep the diamond.—Boston Transcript.

"Mrs. O'Rooney," said Rev. Father McMurphy, "why do I never see Patrick at church now?" Mrs. O'Rooney shook her head sadly. "Is it anarchism?" "Warse, your riverence." "What is it, then?" "Rheumatism."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

They threw the broad mantle of charity over her. "This is too much," she faltered. There has been great changes in the modes since the mantle of charity was made, and there was indeed more of it than was absolutely necessary.—Detroit Journal.

Daughter (in tears)—Oh, papa, why did you throw Reggy down the front steps? **FATHER**—Why, you didn't think I was going to throw him up the front steps and into the house again, did you? You're as hard to satisfy as your mother.—Judge.

Nodd—Bilter must be a hardened wretch. I don't suppose the sight of any torture would make him quail. **TODD**—What makes you think so. He tells me he loves to see his wife hathe the hahy.—Life.

Each day his roses as surprises
Come. If he knew, the stupid thing,
That in two months at present prices
He'd save enough to buy a ring!

The Conjurer—Will some gentleman let me have a silver dollar? **UNCLE JOSH** (in disgust)—Oh, shucks, he's going to explain the money question!—Puck.

He—Don't you sing "The Maiden's Prayer?" **SBE**—Why, yes; that is why we had to move from the other flat.—Fliegende Blatter.

Moss—What do you think would be the greatest evil of another civil war? **Foss**—The plays that would come after it.—Life.

Hewitt—Do you helieve in emhracing the opportunity? **JEWITT**—Well, it depends on how old she is.—Town Topics.

THE WINDY CORNER.

WE met beneath a summer sky,
But Phyllis coldly passed me by;
And fair was she, and mute was I
In love that could not scorn her,—
Not knowing we should meet one day
Beneath a sky of black and grey
And on a windy corner.

For dainty maid in dainty dress.
When pride is great and love is less,
Is slow to pity man's distress
And leaves him long to mourn her;
But grace is awkward in a squall
And even pride may have a fall
Upon a windy corner.

With garments wildly blown about,
Her silk umbrella inside out,
My lady's pride was put to rout,
No sight could he forlorner.
And she had fallen at my feet,
But swifter than the tempest beat
Upon that windy corner.

I flew to render joyous aid,
Then hinted to the troubled maid
That to my arms, through storm and shade,
A happy fate had borne her;
And evermore I lead my wife
Round all the varied turns of life
And every windy corner.

M. L. NEAL.

Alameda, February 11, 1897.

BANKING.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up, \$3,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$500,000.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....80 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ld; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.

Corner California and Montgomery Sts.

Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Longue, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Dalzell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, 2 in Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

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LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

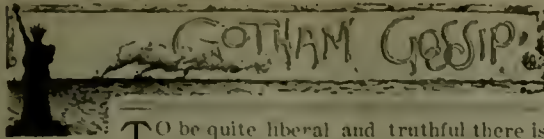
N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }



TO be quite liberal and truthful there is no Gotham gossip at present, excepting the talk about the Bradley-Martin's coming ball. It is becoming almost as much of a bore as the Castellane-Gould wedding was, although the papers have not liked the Bradley-Martiu boots quite so energetically as they did the foot-gear of the Castellanes and Goulds. Why these people should not be permitted to spend their money as they choose, without being made the topic of sensational sermons and editorials, is a mystery to all save the writers of these homilies. The matter makes one realize why so many Americans prefer a residence abroad. In England a man's house is his castle; in this country it is as far as the great American "people" can make it so—a public highway.

Following closely upon the *bal costume*, the arrival of Ivory, the alleged dynamiter, is the next point of interest. The Irish National Alliance, with the Sixty-ninth Regiment band—the famous "fighting 69th"—went down the bay to meet this celebrated gentleman. Many of his friends accompanied them, and so did the family of District Attorney McIntyre, who went over as special counsel for the Uptown Salouokeeper. No. 1, the notorious Tynan, who arrived only three months ago, was also on the chartered steamer which sailed forth in welcome, but he attracted little notice—and was in fact, quite out of it—I am told. The enthusiasts were obliged to spend the night at quarantine as the Majestic was very late. Another gentleman of renown who came over was the great Budd Doble.

May Irwin, who is a favorite in San Francisco, and everywhere else, for that matter, gave a novel entertainment yesterday. She took fifteen of her company to the Home for Colored People in First avenue, and sang for them her repertoire of darkey songs. There were three hundred inmates, ranging from the infant to the centenarian, and even the babies were delighted. After the performance, the darkeys themselves entertained Miss Irwin by singing for her. It was a kind act on Miss Irwin's part, was it not, to gratify those poor unfortunates?

The Charity Ball was the usual thing—patronized by the Four Hundred, and attended by the usual hundreds on the borders of society, and the other hundreds who are obliged to go in order to keep up its tone.

Society is in full swing, but even private functions do not lessen the interest in the opera. I saw there the other night the Wilsons and Carrolls, who have just arrived in their private car, and are at the Waldorf. Thinking of music, Mrs. Ruth Abbe was heard the other day at a musicale in the Waldorf, and made a *succes d'estime*. Miss Vidaver, daughter of Rabbi Vidaver of San Francisco, is, I am told, a singer of brilliant promise. Her voice is said to be superb. She is studying with Mrs. Bella Thomas Nichols, who, by the way, has been confined to the house almost constantly since November, suffering from acute rheumatism.

New York, February 5, 1897. PASSE-PARTOUT.

FRANK G. HUME died at his home near Los Gatos, of meningitis, last Mouday morning. Deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hume, of Piedmont, and enjoyed the esteem of many people in this part of the State. Mr. Hume was but 25 years old. He leaves a widow, and a mother, father, brothers and sisters, and one child, to whom the sympathy of many friends is extended.

Ethe!—You may ask papa, Mr. Van Ishe. VAN ISHE—My darling, I'll never be able to find him. He owes me \$25.—Truth.

He—My head troubles me a good deal. SHE—I see; a sort of aching void.—Town Topics.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers, Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

BANKING.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital..... \$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1896)..... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD, President | CHARLES R. HUSHOP, Vice-President
 ALLEN M. CLAY, Secretary | THOMAS BROWN, Cashier
 S. PRENTISS SMITH, Asst. Cashier | L. F. MOULTON, 2d Asst. Cashier

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MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

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 Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895..... \$24,202,327
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 8.

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital..... \$1,000,000.

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 W. E. BROWN, Vice-President
 GEO. W. KLINE, Cashier
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THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized..... \$5,000,000 | Paid Up..... \$1,500,000
 Subscribed..... 3,000,000 | Reserve Fund..... 700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seilgman & Co., 21 Broad street. The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
 IGN. STEINHART } Managers
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WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$6,250,000
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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Capital actually paid up in Cash, \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund..... \$ 715,000
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895,..... \$30,727,586 59. Guaranteed Capital, \$1,200,000

DIRECTORS.

B. A. BECKER, President
 EDWARD KRUSE, Vice-President
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table listing train routes and times for Santa Cruz Division.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table listing train routes and times for Coast Division.

SAN LEANRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table listing train routes and times for San Leandro and Haywards Local.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

Table listing ferry routes and times for Creek Route Ferry.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

TO MOLLIE.

Sweet maid, your name I dream of incessantly, For, like your voice, it sounds very pleasantly.

Mollie et conora voce dulcis Nomine dulcis es usque molli. It has a charming, old-fashioned smack to it.

Poor, blind, revolting daughter! I pity her— You're just as clever, probably prettier, In sweet content maid's sphere adorning

Accept my ode! Don't "think it too odious." Sweet maid in name and voice so melodious,

SINCERELY YOURS.

Her little note is folded neat 'Rough linen is a dainty sheet) And ere she signed her name, she wrote

And it has given courage to me To ask if she'll consent to be, Daring our brief terrestrial trip,

Among the costliest books in the world may be mentioned the first folio edition of Shakespeare's play, a good copy of which is worth \$6,000 when it can be had.

BUSWELL GO., Bookbinder, Paper-Ruler, Printer and Blank Book Manufacturer.



OCEANIC Steamship Company S S "Australia", for Honolulu only. Tuesday, February 23, at 2 P. M.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30 5:10, 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:30, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F., Week Days, Sundays, DESTINATION, Week Days, Sundays.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Stages Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport;

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rate.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. and Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 10, 25. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every 5th day thereafter.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc.

DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, February 23, 1897 GABLIC (via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 1, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

Interior of Conservatory, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Taber Photo. S. F.

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SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

Number 8.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54, Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE office of Recorder of San Francisco is not a paying institution. The salary list is too great for the receipts. Under the old order of things the office was more than self-sustaining, but the swelling pay-roll is a good \$12,000 per year ahead of its receipts, when formerly it saved to the tax-payers twice that amount.

THE recommendation by a committee of the Board of Education that the contract for certain portions of the work on the new Mission High School be revoked, is abundantly justified. As we noted last week, there has been no end of scandal concerning that unfortunate venture; and it is time that a thorough investigation be made throughout.

THE unemployed of the city are for the first time in their history endeavoring to solve their present needs in a practical way. They are willing to raise vegetables, or undertake any other work that will yield a living. Mayor Phelan has taken an active interest in their troubles, and his efforts should find prompt indorsement. When the unemployed, who are not professional jaw-workers and agitators, want honest work, it is the first duty of the city to find something for them to do.

IT would be interesting to know how much time ex-Supervisor Wagner spends as "Inspector of Dependent Poor?" It would be interesting also to know by whose authority and upon what warrant he draws \$100 per month from the taxpayers for that reputed service? Are there not already enough incompetent, lazy, bumming hangers-on about the City Hall? And is it necessary to pay Wagner \$100 per month to sign a voucher for services he never performs? Great heavens, is it come to pass that when a Supervisor's official life is out, he cannot be officially killed!

THE Supervisors are asked by the State Board of Trade for a contribution of \$2,500, to be expended in making a creditable exhibition of California products at the Hamburg and Guatemala Expositions. Just at this time, when California fruits are attracting the attention of German consumers, it is particularly desirable that an exhibit be made at Hamburg; and the extension of trade in Guatemala is equally desirable. The Expositions named will afford a rare opportunity for advertising in a practical manner the superior products of this State among the Guatemalans and in Germany. The expenditure is justified by the probable results.

THE Republican policy of reciprocity has never been of material benefit to American trade, and in some instances, if put in operation, would result in direct and great injury. We have a case in point in the proposed reciprocal arrangement permitting the introduction of French wines into California upon this basis. It is manifestly to the interest of our viticulturists that no such law be put into effect. The wine industry of California, until recently, at least, has been rather unfortunate. Now that organized effort among the growers has placed it on a paying basis, it is to be hoped that nothing will be done to cripple the industry. California wants nothing of reciprocity in wines with France.

THE effort that is being made at Sacramento to establish a free market on the water front in this city is commendable, as the conditions existing here at present favor the successful operation of such a system of distribution.

THE State Printer has closed up the print shop to everything but legislative work. No doubt, it is expected in this way to compel the Governor to capitulate. From the very clear showing made by Governor Budd in his veto of the printing bill last week, he was entirely justified in refusing to pour more money into that rat hole. The State printing establishment has been conducted in a recklessly extravagant manner, and in calling an abrupt halt the Governor has performed a plain duty.

MRS. Jane Lathrop Stanford has just added another to the already long list of fragrant reasons that entitle her to the affectionate remembrance of all true men and women, by the giving of her beautiful house on California street, in this city, to the cause of education. This noble woman, by her splendid benefactions, points the primrose path for wealthy age. It is only great wealth that can bring about the mighty works with which the names of Governor and Mrs. Stanford must always be lovingly associated, and which must lend hope and inspiration to every impulse for bettering and elevating mankind.

IT is not likely that ex-Supervisor King, who is just now telling the Grand Jury what he doesn't know about the frittering away of \$10,000 of the people's money for repairs on the City and County Hospital during his term of office, will recollect anything worthy of the attention of that body. King has been in business for himself too long to have any troublesome remembrance as to the manner in which those thousands of dollars were generously apportioned among his friends, the contractors, who did the hospital work without the annoying interference of open or any other sort of honest competition.

WE note that Stockton's Council has made a heavy cut in water rates in that city, refusing to consider \$500,000 bonds which the company desired to include in the appraisalment of its property, and making the reduction as if no such debt existed. Of course interest on those bonds must be met, or if default be made the water company may find itself in a serious predicament. If the money represented by those half-million of bonds has been used to make needed improvements, or increase the capacity of the Stockton Water Works Company, it looks as if their rejection was most unjust. We shall be surprised if the courts are not called upon to set the Stockton Council right.

THE action of the Supreme Court of this State last week in ordering a litigant to pay damages in the sum of \$100 to a defendant because the action was vexatious and frivolous, comes as a rude shock to long established precedent, and a violent surprise to the average layman. This is the first record we recall of any action upon the part of the Supreme Court of California calculated to discourage the use of its sacred precincts as a refuge for the strong who find in a maze of vague and shadowy technicalities not only a means of grievous inflictions upon the innocent, but sometimes an ultimate defeat of right. If such just rebuke were administered to all those who deserve it in important cases as well as little ones, it would rob the Courts of half their terrors, and give homely justice a better chance to thrive.

BRAVO, LITTLE GREECE!

ALL honor to the brave, interesting, but little Kingdom of Greece for cutting the Gordian knot, known as "the European concert," and commanding the unspeakable Turk to take his hands from the throats of the Greek and Armenian Christians on the historically famous island of Crete. Ties of blood and religion, to say nothing of those of humanity at large, fully justify this action on the part of the Greek people; for it is their action. Weeks ago King George notified the powers that he would not be able to restrain his subjects from joining with the Cretans, and, at the same time, retain his throne. Things grew worse on the Island, the native population armed, fought the Turkish soldiery like demons, they battled for more than liberty in government: the lives of their wives and children were at stake, all Greece was aflame with passion, and now the too long delayed war with Turkey is fairly on. It could not have broken out at a better time, at a more advantageous point, for more substantial reasons, or with a combatant on the right side with more powerful friends. King George of Greece is the Czar of Russia's uncle, and brother of the Princess of Wales. Prince George, who is in charge of the expedition to Crete, is the hosom friend and was the travelling companion of Prince Nicholas, now the Czar, in a trip around the world, and bravely saved his life while in Japan. The Dowager Empress of Russia, the Czar's mother, is the daughter of the King of Denmark, and brother of King George, whilst the present Czarina is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, whose second son is married to an aunt of Czar Nicholas. It will thus be seen that the three royal houses of Russia, England, and Denmark are so identified with the man whom the Greeks, more than 20 years ago, elected their King, that he cannot be driven to the wall, and least of all by "the sick man" of Europe. Blood, even though it be royal blood, is thicker than water. If the killing barbarously, treacherously, of men, women, and children of the Greek race be not cause for their brethren to rush to their assistance, then there can remain nothing to justify armed combat in this world. The Turk in the almost impassable fastnesses of Armenia or behind the forts of the Dardanelles is well nigh impregnable, whereas in the Mediterranean Isle, he is in about as tight a place as his enemies would like to have him. He knows this, however, and proposes to attack Greece on her Northern boundary, but even that is something easier said than done. To reach Thessaly, Macedonia has to be crossed, than which no section of Turkish territory contains so many well armed, and war-prepared Greek Christians, anxious to strike the final blow for freedom. Greece could hold her own there. It is now early spring in that region; the very best period of the year for warlike operations. We do not believe, however, that these many advantages have resulted from mere accident. There is design somewhere.

European politics are like a game of chess with the men moved by unseen hands. For weeks the London press hinted pretty clearly as to what was coming. It was seen that Europe would not agree upon action. Fears and jealousies of each other kept the Great Powers apart. They advised the Turk to reform, but would not strike a blow. They might as well have been whistling a jig to milestone. In this condition of affairs, the English press first, then the French, and lastly the German, began to agitate the idea of the lesser powers most interested, taking hold of that which the greater ones had feared to touch. A month ago the London Court Journal said:—"there is a most formidable army within his (the Turk's) own territory ready to swoop down upon him—an army of Greeks, Macedonians, Armenians and even of Mussulmen of many tribes, who are demanding liberty and willing to sacrifice all to secure it. Whilst the diplomats may dislike the oncoming of such a crisis in Turkish affairs, the statesmen of various countries would welcome it as the best thing that could happen in the interests of civilization. The Czar has said that he will not strike a blow against Turkey, but he has never said he will strike a blow for that country. He may soon have to choose between that and a most serious alternative." That, as we read it, was a plain indication of what was coming. It was a pretty accurate foretelling of the card that is now being played. What is to be the result? Either the long expected and

much feared war, or the protection of Asiatic harbarity and slaughter by European civilization. War may be staved off for a time, but the latter alternative can never endure. The world cannot be made to turn backward. Greece may only get Crete and Macedonia now, but she will blaze the way the Turk will have to go—out of Europe.

The Nicaragua Bill Is Dead. The men in charge of the Nicaragua Canal scheme are responsible for its death.

It had merit, but their bill had none. It turned out in debate that no actual survey of the whole route had ever been made, that the estimate of cost was ridiculously below what the actual expense of construction would be, that the charter to the canal company had lapsed, and that if it had not, it provided that "no transfer to any Government should ever be made." Minister Rodriguez of Nicaragua had notified our Government of these two sections of the franchise, and of the intention of his Government to insist upon them. There remains, therefore, nothing to be done about building the canal until we can negotiate an undisputed title. It may be taken for granted that the United States, will not, at present at any rate, take possession by force. The Monroe Doctrine puts an estoppel on European powers acquiring further territory on this continent, but it confers no right upon us to seize what is not our own. Then the treaty we have with England, known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, stands in the way of either of the high contracting parties constructing the Canal alone, should the other desire to join in the enterprise. Before beginning so costly an undertaking, we must be sure that we are right, and then we may well go ahead. It is clear that the diplomats have got to get to work over this question again, before anything can come of it. Senator Sherman, the coming Secretary of State, realized this when he said in debate that "the whole matter would have to be begun *de novo*." He suggested that it be "dropped until further negotiations should enable them to see where they stood." His suggestion was acted upon, and the bill, for the present, is dead. But sooner or later the Canal will be built. The commerce of the world has need of it. It would greatly benefit California, and bring the Eastern and Western shores of our vast country closer together.

Sixty Years A Queen. The British residents of San Francisco propose to follow the example of their fellow countrymen all over the world, by celebrating Queen Victoria's sixtieth year of reign with all possible eclat. Many loyal and patriotic Americans will join them, for we all have a soft side for the good woman and mother who in all the duties of life, and in all her relations towards her people has set so noble an example. Americans will not forget, and history will not fail to record, that in the darkest hour of our country's peril, it was this good Queen, in association with her estimable consort, who stretched the constitution of her country to the end that that of ours might be in less danger of being rent in twain. When her combative First Minister, Lord John Russell, arrived late and in haste at the Royal Castle, he carried with him the draft of a despatch to Secretary Seward, respecting the Trent affair, which involved our acceptance of either a deep humiliation, or the gage of battle. Had Victoria followed the usual constitutional practice, nothing would have remained for her to do but accept the advice of her constitutional minister and approve the proposed despatch. One of the many causes of her popularity with her people is her rigid compliance with that rule. To all ministries supported by the majority of the House of Commons she was alike given her confidence, and accepted their responsible advice. But for once she cast precedent to the winds and followed the promptings of her own heart. With the issue of peace or war between her people and ours hanging in the balance, she was unhesitatingly for peace. All night long she and Prince Albert worked at the despatch couched in acceptable terms and which subsequently led to the graceful and amicable adjustment that was reached. Thurlow Weed, some years later published the facts in his auto-biography, and no living reader of his story will fail to recall them at this time. For this act alone, if for no other, Americans respect the British Queen and will gladly join their cousins from across the sea, in rejoicing over her long use-

ful and glorious reign. She has now been on the throne for a longer period than any of her many predecessors, and, perhaps, no higher tribute to her good qualities could be paid than that which her people evince when they so ardently desire that she may be spared to them for many years yet to come. To-day almost all the monarchs of Europe are bound to her by ties of blood and kinship. Her little kingdom with a population of less than 30,000,000, has grown into an enormous Empire, on which the sun never sets, and containing not fewer than 320,000,000 of people, or nearly one third of the inhabitants of the entire globe. Civilization has advanced as it never did before. One mile a minute steam carriers, Ocean greyhounds, news flashed around the world in the twinkling of an eye, the marvels of electricity, and the transference of the burdens of toil from man to the steam engine, are but a few of the many strange and wondrous things that have come to us since that day. The Victorian era will constitute the brightest of history's pages. All honor to the good woman who gives her name to it.

McKenna's Successor. The acceptance by Judge McKenna of a Cabinet portfolio in President-elect McKinley's official household at Washington, will make a vacancy on the bench of the United States Circuit Court of California. Already wires are being pulled, and both surface and underground influences being brought to bear by aspirants for the robe McKenna will doff after March 4th. There is no reasonable doubt that he will retain his seat on the bench until after the inauguration of Mr. McKinley, inasmuch as a Democratic successor would result if the appointment were to devolve upon President Cleveland. The position is in that sense a political one, and has for time out of mind been so regarded. We are always pleased to say that the Judiciary, at least, should be above politics; but here is an illustration of the error of that theory. However, the NEWS LETTER's purpose in reviewing this appointment is not for the purpose of protesting against this semi-political appointment, but to express the hope that the President-elect will make a selection from among those already trained in the practice and procedure of the United States Courts, as against those who are more familiar with practice in the State Courts. To apply a sort of civil service rule, the seat vacated by Judge McKeuna should be filled by a Judge from the United States District Court. It will not be denied for a moment that an appointment of this character would prove more satisfactory than if the appointee were made from the State Courts, or should fall to the political attorney who might happen to have a pull at Canton or Washington. Let the appointment fall upon the shoulders of a lawyer or a Judge who is known to be learned and at home in the practice of the United States Courts. Pilgrims with one eye on Judge McKenna and the other on McKinley are already headed Eastward. For the ability and strength of our Circuit Court, we hope that the successor of Judge McKeuna may be chosen for his legal attainments and acquaintance with the laws he will be called upon to interpret.

Inviting Immigration. Southern California possesses in a very great degree that prompt energy necessary to the accomplishment of any object of public utility that may be undertaken. The people beyond the notched Tehachapi believe in their resources, and they have a sublime faith in advertising what they have got, to the world. Southern California has grown because of the incessant and sleepless energy of those boomers, coupled with native resources that largely justify their enthusiastic endorsement. First, they hailed the unfortunate citizen of the East, who was blessed with but a single lung. As a sanitarium for all the afflicted was Southern California first advertised; and the land was filled with invalids and overrun with funerals. But the day of irrigation came, and with it the realization of what the true development of Southern California would mean. The widespread bubble of 1885, whose bursting brought havoc to thousands, also brought sober and practical sense with financial convalescence. People no longer sought to sell town lots, but they went diligently at work cutting up their lands, so that they might be attractive to the actual

settler of moderate means. They advertised their wares throughout the country. Sometimes they overshot the mark, but they approved of the theory that it is better to tell a little too much than to tell nothing. The gratifying result is apparent on every side.

Last week, a meeting was held at the San Francisco Board of Trade for the purpose of stimulating immigration to Central and Northern California. And a very pertinent—our Southern friends will say impertinent—compliment was paid them in the determination to locate a bureau of information, to be kept open for several months, in Los Angeles, where the immigrant, who escapes the pursuit of the real estate agent, may learn of the desirability of a home in this part of the country. There exists much misinformation in the East as to the temperature and products of Central and Northern California which is not removed when the traveler reaches the southern part of the State. It is not generally known that among the earliest oranges shipped East from the Coast are those grown north of the Tehachapi mountains. It seems that facts of this sort are overlooked by the residents of Southern California, in their missionary efforts, or adroitly exchanged for icicles in January and droughts in June. In fact, General Warfield, at the Board of Trade meeting, declared that he had seen in Los Angeles, with his own unaided vision, numerous photographs of a Santa Rosa hotel, from whose eaves were depending icicles ten feet in length and as large as an elephant's trunk. These unique results of the painter's palette and photographer's art, were printed by the thousands and sent broadcast throughout the land. It is to overcome the icicle crop and similar exuberance peculiar to our buoyant Southern neighbors, and for other reasons, that the movement is taking shape.

A bureau of information, to keep prominently before the arrivals at Los Angeles the fact that not all the orange, and lemon, and lime-growing lands are confined to the country south, but that these and kindred fruits are grown in abundance in Central and even Northern California, would be productive of good results. The entire area open for agricultural and horticultural pursuits in this part of the State, should be classified as to price, locality, terms of payments, and special adaptability, and presented in simple and distinct manner. A bureau rightly conducted, embodying these features, even in Los Angeles, would be of value, for there is no doubt that many people reach Southern California without passing within our gates who, once placed in possession of reliable information of the opportunities awaiting them here, would be induced to visit this part of the State and build their homes in this section. Let us be generous; let us make haste to divide the approaching tenderfoot with our brethren of the south land.

Nevada's Disgrace. The Virginia City Enterprise takes deep offense at the strictures made by the NEWS LETTER upon the licensing of finish glove contests in the State of Nevada. It says that San Francisco stands in equal guilt, and that certain of the Police Department of this city were notoriously in the pay of Little Pete. The deplorable effects of the prize-ring are even already painfully apparent in the extravagant language of the Enterprise, which ends its attack with the following direful flourish: "As to striking Nevada from the roll of this glorious union, there will be excellent skating in Hades when it is accomplished." The Enterprise seeks to justify this direct sale of the State's honor by claiming that the moral conditions here are as bad as they are in Nevada. The NEWS LETTER is not defending San Francisco's fistic dishonors. We do maintain, however, that Nevada is the only State in the Union that is willing to make special legislation for the protection of these brutal exhibitions for pay: that Nevada's Governor is the first and only chief executive who has so far forgotten himself as to meet and welcome a slugger at the train, bid him welcome entrance to his borders, with evident pride review the training quarters of a bruiser, and joyously accept the notorious honor of his patronizing acquaintance. It will be in logical and graceful sequence for Governor Sadler to open the exercises on the 17th of March, and introduce the return of Nevada's protected industry in a neat and happy address. Sadler is a man of distinction now—in Nevada, and of notoriety elsewhere: his is the hand that shook Corbett's.

Quack Face Doctors. Since the days when Eve sauntered through the Garden of Eden, gowned in fig leaves, all womankind have vainly sought for some magician's wand to wave off the crowding years, and shield their cheeks from Time's tell-tale calendar. Everything that ingenuity and trained skill could do to keep away the evil days of old age—to preserve the freshness and bloom of youth, has been done, and we have reached a period when art so cunningly counterfeits nature that the faces of the aged spinster and the withered dame may for a time, at least, mock the passing years. But to become so skilled that this may be safely done, requires a proficiency and a knowledge of dermatology that is exceedingly rare and valuable.

In answer to so general a demand, and without the least knowledge of the business, there have risen hordes of alleged face doctors, dermatologists, beauty renewers, and kind Heaven knows what not. These quacks are for the most part densely ignorant, not only of their advertised business, but of all other things, earthly; and they are as unscrupulous as they are ignorant. Their cards may be seen in fifty places about this city, and they ply their dangerous trade with impunity. They should be shunned by every woman who desires to escape serious despoilment, to say nothing of the preservation of whatever personal charms she may possess.

Several cases have just occurred, wherein women who have gone to these female charlatans, for the purpose of having the skin on their faces renewed, have received such savage treatment as sent them post-haste and dangerously injured to their family physicians for relief. In one recent particular case, the patient's face wore a monstrously grotesque appearance after an encounter with one of these beautifiers. Every feature was badly swollen, the cheeks, lips, forehead, and nose looked as if they had been literally broiled; and the eyesight was temporarily destroyed. This resulted from an effort to remove the old cuticle and produce a new and baby-like growth. Many times the cosmetics, nostrums, and lotions used, as in the above case, are of the most powerful character, and their application inflicts great pain and lasting injury, if not actual disfigurement.

Since woman, lovely woman, is bound to be beautiful—and who shall say her nay?—it is just, and certainly it is necessary, that she be protected in her search and its achievement. We compel physicians, and surgeons, and druggists, to meet certain requirements; to know, practically, certain things, before they are allowed to do business. Why shall the beauty doctor, the wrinkle-destroyer, the cuticle remover and renewer—the whole gamut of face tinkers and tricksters—not be compelled to qualify themselves for their work? Allow them to practice only upon a diploma, which must be displayed in their reception rooms and offices. There should be a law compelling a thorough qualification for their business, and a heavy penalty for its violation. Such a provision would afford at least some degree of protection to those who feel that nature has not been lavish in bestowal of personal charms upon them, and who, by this doubtful path, desire to make up the measure of their ideals.

Walter Besant On the Slavery Of Husbands Walter Besant, who was but lately knighted by Queen Victoria for his services to literature, has recently been addressing, in a most kind and feeling spirit, certain very searching considerations to the woman of the period. He had just been reading a woman's book advocating increased facilities for divorce. It is a subject in regard to which he naively says he "has no views, because as it is never likely to concern him, or his, or anybody worthy of his notice, he takes no interest in it," but he seriously objects to leading wives to believe that they alone are slaves, or that their lives are necessarily harder than those of husbands. The masses of both men and women are born without silver spoons in their mouths, as it were, and they both alike are necessitated to work. Marriage offers to most girls the kind of work that is most pleasing to them, and far more to their choice than domestic service, teaching, room renting, or even the higher occupations for which only a small percentage of women are fitted. Ask the first candid girl you meet, says Sir Walter Besant, whether she would rather marry,

and become the helpmeet, the confidant, the administrator of, perhaps, her own little fortune and of her husband's earnings, or whether she would prefer the comparatively exalted position of teacher, or postoffice clerk, or journalist, or typewriter. You know perfectly well—you who talk so glibly about the wife being a slave—what her answer will be. If you insist in calling her choice "slavery" you may, but good wives do not talk that way. They bear, and forbear, and, when they talk at all upon the subject, it is with hearts overflowing with affection for the man who honored them with the name of wife. If she is a slave, so is her husband. He goeth forth to his slavery daily, and often with unstrung nerves and weary brain, fights, struggles, and not seldom loses in the battle of life. Even though very successful Walter Besant says of himself: "I actually, slave as I am, sit down every morning, without any resentment or repining, to my slavery. I must work, else who will pay the baker and the grocer? I must work, and so besotted am I (from the woman-of-the-period's point of view) that I really work as if I enjoyed it, and I do, but mostly because of the little woman at home." In all conditions of life there are troubles to bear. They are not lessened, but rather increased a thousand fold by easy divorce. Marriage may not be made in heaven, but, if lived up to, it is sanctified there. Nature and Nature's God have alike constituted it the highest form of human happiness, and only vile hearts and bad laws are rendering it otherwise.

Our Suggestions Approved. The other day Chief Justice Beatty, and other legal lights, appeared before the judiciary committees of the Legislature, and adopted the suggestions heretofore made by the NEWS LETTER for enlarging the capacity of the Supreme Court for dealing with its calendar. The plan was approved and will likely be submitted to popular vote as an amendment to the constitution. It involves nothing more than adding three more judges to the Bench, and the creation of a third department. This would increase the working power of the Court one third, and about keep pace with the number of cases that at present go up on appeal. As this change cannot be effected for two years, it was of course necessary to continue the Court Commissioners in office for that period. This plan is simple, easily effected, and the only practicable one yet suggested. The Examiner keeps on demanding, as a reform, the creation of three intermediate Courts of appeal, but the why of the proposal is understood, and meets only with contempt. It is easier to delude the crowd than a judiciary committee. The next thing to do is to reduce litigation to a minimum in the safe, just and equitable way the NEWS LETTER has heretofore pointed out. Two rules of practice (1) the loser to pay the winner's costs in full, and (2) no lawyer's fees contingent on the result, would soon curtail the present terrible volume of litigation, cure the congestion of the Courts, and leave us a happier and better people.

The Board Of Election Commissioners. The gentlemen who at present constitute the Board of Election Commissioners have had the good taste to ask to be relieved of offices which they think, and rightly so, ought never to have been committed to their care. The Mayor, Auditor, tax collector, and surveyor are ex-officio the Commissioners whose duty it is to give us honest registration; faithful election officers, and true counts. For many good and substantial reasons that have been only too amply demonstrated by experience, it has long been clear that no such duties ought to be imposed upon the officials named. If they give four or five months close attention to the onerous work of preparing for and conducting an election, they must necessarily during that time neglect their other duties. Again, as they are frequently candidates for re-election, the unseemly sight is presented of men in office being interested in going wrong in their own behalf. The system has been only too fully condemned by its own bad results. The arrangements have been defective, many of the election officers inefficient, if not worse, and the counts have proven again and again strangely mixed and erroneous. Elections should be conducted in a manner above reproach, and the sooner means are employed to that end the better.

THE ART EPICUREAN.

(FOURTH PAPER)

AGAIN let us turn to Lord Lytton to help point a moral and adorn a tale—

"But if, out of humor, and hungry, alone,
A man should sit down to a dinner, each one
Of the dishes of which the cook chooses to spoil
With a horrible mixture of garlic and oil,
The chances are ten against one, I must own,
He gets up as ill-tempered as when he sat down."

And how man does love his interior decoration! Where is his soul compared to his stomach? But that's the man of it, I suppose. He prefers a tangible present to an intangible future. He is a very prosaic creature, and if "out of humor, and hungry, alone"—look out for a squall, for nothing will suit; which leads up to the remark, did you ever see Frank—oh, well, identity is of no consequence—a certain mercantile gentleman whose offices are on California street, on his way to luncheon? It was my fortune to meet him the other day, with polka-dot De Joinville three sheets to the wind, rounding the corner, just as I was on my way to beard the Douglas in his halls. Now, had he been on his way from luncheon this tale might have had a more blissful ending, that is, if he is the average man, and I don't know of any reason why he should be called under the average—do you? As it was, I felt so crushed at his breezy refusal to divulge those ideas gustatory, a wealth of which are supposed to lurk under his blonde pate, that I almost dropped into the apologetic, but saved myself, and covered my retreat from the enemy's field by murmuring, *sotto voce*:

"Oh, Mistah Johnsing, don't be rude—
Oh, Mistah Johnsing, I'll be good."

And I vow that the frisky Ferris, "way up dar in de niggah heaven," didn't have the ghost of incentive that I had for rendering it *con expressione*. By the way, Hartman might well plead guilty to the soft impeachment, these days, of being called a man of the world—don't you think? Or don't you think? Some save wear and tear by not thinking. For instance, the imaginative writer on one of the Sunday supplement papers saves lots of brain tissue when he appends the idea, extremely original it must be confessed, to a quick-service write up, that costly dinners, at five dollars per capita (he would say "a bead") are a possibility in the near future by means of the nickel-in-the-slot machine upon which he dilates.

Can't you imagine a man with the tastes necessary to the enjoyment of a five-dollar dinner, poking his dollars and balves and quarters into numerous labeled apertures, and grasping with both eager hands the edibles shoved down, or up, or out to him—it's a mystery from which direction they do come. When a man sits down to a sumptuous dinner he isn't looking at his watch with one hand while he daintily carves crescents out of a piece of pie held in the other. He considers list-slipped waiters, shaded lights, glittering silver and crystal, satiny damask, almost as indispensable as the viands themselves.

A clever man recently said that San Francisco's coat-of-arms ought to be a knife and fork and spoon, and the motto on her seal, "Three for a quarter." That speaks volumes. We are a city of poor restaurant victims, and it seems to be the casual observer that the populace are always and forever dining—not in cosy homes, but in "three for a quarter restaurants."

But this isn't telling you about a delightfully old-fashioned dish served to an octet of friends, members of the Old Union Club in years ago, before the Pacific and Union joined forces. But first a word about the eight old friends who invariably dined together years and years ago, their ranks now sadly depleted by the unstaying hand of Death.

There were Cutler McAllister, brother of Hall McAllister; Eugene Dewey, whom all old San Franciscans remember—be died some time ago in New York; his brother William P. Dewey; Harry H. Veuve, the life of the party, who still resides in this city and is about the only one left of the merry eight, William Murray, Ben Smith, Alfred Goddefroy—does not his name bring up reminiscences?—and Tom Edmundson, him yeleft the "Irish lord" because of that air of gentlemanly munificence and bland assurance that never deserted him even when his exchequer contained nothing but its lining—a ease of "nothing in it but

the binding round it," as it were. Every Friday these dimers would proceed with proper dignity to the concoction of their particular dish—a salmagundi of codfish. A regular "down east" dish. Each one had some ingredient to prepare. One shredded the fish, a second beat the potatoes into a mountain of snow; a third cut the hard boiled eggs in artistic forms for gracing the completed *piece de resistance*. A fourth had the savory duty of adding the boiled onions, and the fifth cut the boiled beets into tiny cubes. Others assisted at the sacred rites of dressing the concoction with a salad dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper, salt and mustard. Then the melange was borne with due pomp and ceremony to the kitchen, there to be warmed and have crisp pork "crackles" and green peppers put the finishing touch to the salmagundi. That it was eaten with a gusto is a foregone conclusion, for more than one reason. You see, everybody having a "finger in the pie," of course it behooved every one to praise it and pay it the compliment of speedy demolition; but it must have had some sterling qualities to have been their Friday dinner for so long a time. The fertile brain of man could easily have invented some excuse for varying the menu on some pretext or other, had it not been a success.

Poor Tom Edmundson, the Irish lord, is pretty nearly on his uppers now, I hear, living in New York city, one of the mammoth army of penniless "has beens." They say his princely airs are as evident to-day as when he was a member of the ultra-select Union Club.

Speaking of clubs, that is quite an idea lately to have little suppers, given by members after the theatre to their lady guests. One fortunate woman confided to me that she never in her life tasted anything to begin to compare with the Welsh rarebit she had one night at the Bohemian Club. She said the only thing that marred her perfect enjoyment of it was her consuming desire to go into the kitchen and find out exactly how it was made. But what would have been the use? A Welsh rarebit does not come at beck and call, and I very much doubt if my lady, just by wishing, could have made one like unto the Bohemian dainty, even with forty "receipts."

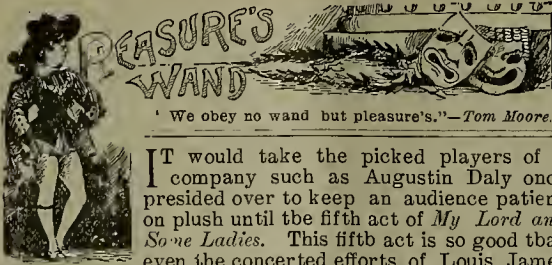
Did you hear about that breakfast that was given to James J. Corbett the other morning? But you didn't, because, wonder of wonders, none of the daily papers breathed a word about it. With such a dearth of news in town, it passes my puny comprehension how the thing was kept from the sleuths of the press. Aha! Perhaps they were invited to be "among those present," and in return for hospitality had the grace to accede to their host's wishes that it should not become public.

There was one particular article on the *menu* which I had the good luck to gather into my budget of recipes, one which Corbett particularly relished, so if you wish to be Corbettesque try these stuffed eggs, only be warned in time that they are not for a thin pocket-book, as the delicacies entering into their composition are all expensive.

Served hot, these are suitable for a luncheon or breakfast, but not for a dinner unless used as a cold salad with lettuce. Of course the foundation is hard-boiled eggs, the yolk carefully removed and chopped very fine. Combine with this *pate de foie gras*. Make a *roux* (browned flour and butter), lay in this a plentiful quota of Eastern oysters, and their simmering will make enough juice to thin the sauce sufficiently, with the addition of half a pint of cream added just before serving. Dip the filled whites of the eggs into raw egg, roll in bread crumbs, and fry quickly. Add seasoning to the *roux* in making the oyster sauce, of green onions and chopped herbs—just a pinch. A generous tablespoonful of the best butter goes in next, and then the oysters are put in and allowed to simmer and bubble. The sauce must be poured over the eggs hot, and the dish served immediately.

A correspondent signing himself "A Ci-Devant Bon Vivant," asks for a detailed recipe for the chicken à la Castilian mentioned in the *menu* of the Phelan inaugural dinner, and in my next paper I shall take pleasure in granting the request, not yet having all the data needed, which will be obtained from a certain Spanish cook who makes the dish to perfection. A Southern delicacy is also on the list for next time—something out of the ordinary, that is vouched for by Richard Porter Ashe and Hugo Toland, so beside these authorities what more could I say?

AMY L. WELLS.



It would take the picked players of a company such as Augustin Daly once presided over to keep an audience patient on plush until the fifth act of *My Lord and Some Ladies*. This fifth act is so good that even the concerted efforts of Louis James and four assistants cannot conceal its excellence. If there is any merit in the preceding four, it was indiscernible at Monday's performance. The night was a long one. An extravagant old party seated in a box pelted about sixty bunches of California violets at the red wig of the Duchess of Marlborough, and furnished some distraction that was not on the bill. But his aim was hopelessly bad; he was continually biting Mr. James on the legs, which was no great feat, since Mr. James wore his prancing comedy legs, and they were in all places at all times.

My Lord and Some Ladies, beyond the misadventures of Mr. James's production, is a conspicuously bare comedy. It was intended, no doubt, to be graceful tableaux—it achieves nothing more than slow anecdote in costume. I can find much better fun in the musty volumes of George W. Reynolds, the Mister Laura Jean of historical romance. This play gives us Queen Anne, and Bolingbrooke, and Sarah Jennings, together with a virtuous maid (who is a poor and obscure relation of Sarah's and therefore heroically despised by that wily duchess) and a virtuous young officer (quite as pure, and very like unto Fielding's Joseph Andrews). This chaste officer is really the hero of the play. Of course, Bolingbrooke has large intervals of the center of the stage, and he duels with the Duchess and hypnotizes the easy Queen, and upholds the dignity of the press of that period, and says several things that are famous and many more that are not, but the other is *le* man. His name is Farror—Sir George Farror—and it is inferred that he has great attractions for the sex. It seems unbelievable, but it is true, nevertheless. Sarah's little relative loves him with the worst kind of gum-drop adoration; the queen yearns for him in that warm, indolent way that queens have; and Sarah is after him with a passion that is simply scandalous—it transcends the fury of her rich red hair and reputation. But, pab! what does he care for a mushy queen or a lascivious duchess! He does not even know that they burn and fret for his pale young soul, he is so busy with his own little love for the poor but virtuous relation. So the worst does not happen. The last curtain goes down on the queen outwitted, Sarah snubbed, Bolingbrooke triumphant, and Arthur as pure and unsullied as the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Young men need not blush to take their fathers to see this play.

It is true that I have not told all that happens in the five acts—and I expect to be thanked accordingly. I see little possibility of being entertaining myself when the author and actors have each had such a hapless time. If I am not badly mistaken *My Lord and Some Ladies* was adapted by no less person than Theodore Kraemer, whom you may remember as the erotic author-actor-manager, who, at the Bush-street Theatre some years ago, reduced Suderman's *Magda* to cheap obscenity under title of *The Church and the Stage*. Mr. Kraemer has kept well within the law this time, but doubtless he had ideas of his own as to how a French comedy of manners should be done into English, just as Mr. James and his co-actors have ideas of their own about comedy in general and court etiquette in particular. It is not narrated of good Queen Anne that she was a stickler for ceremony and fine manners. She did not go to the Royal Bed with her crown on, but if that noble jollier, Bolingbrooke, had entered her apartments with any of the several manners that distinguished Mr. James at the Baldwin Theatre Monday night, she would have made allowances for the personal esteem in which she held him, and then demanded his head upon the spot. You will say it is irreverent and unworthy of me—but all the time Mr. James was on the stage I was

comparing him with Swinnerton's impertinent caricatures of the Honorable Samuel M. Shortbridge. And I thought how much worse Swinnerton might have been. Mr. James is an excellent Othello, his Hamlet commands anybody's respect, and he is a good actor generally, but his Bolingbrooke is a crusher for a critic's dignity. The man who can write a serious criticism of it is not of this earth—or at least he should not be.

Speaking of things which are not of this earth, there is Mr. Lindsley, the young man who plays Arthur with the voice of mighty waters and the heart of ten women. There are some things which exceed this poor shape of mortal clay, and of them Lindsley is the largest. If life were built up to the size of Lindsley's acting, noses would be as big as the Call building. There was no character, or even plausibility in any of the acting. Miss Kruger, a clever young actress, who promised great things a year ago, played Queen Anne *à la* boarding school theatrical orgie; Miss Everett's Duchess of Marlborough was possibly worse on the same lines. Miss Aphie Hendricks, as the relation, was the best of the three—but it was a plain, unbrilliant best.

"They shouted, 'sit down in front!'"—said Charles Wayne during his recent engagement at the Orpheum, and with a fleet touch of pantomime he suggested what happened when he tried. The three coqueting Pantzers make no bones of the feat at all [joke]. I find that a Pantzer can set its brow towards any given mark and sit to the east, west, north or south with equal facility, and at the same time make a necklace of its legs and—well I forget what becomes of its arms, I suppose they go where the legs ought to be. I see but one objection to this act: it is when the male Pantzer finds the expression of his humor in wiggling an anatomical feature which usually remains inactive in polite society.

The Pantzers' act is only one out of five new ones at the Orpheum. For me the singing is the best of all. Guille's and Abramoff's solo work is in every way superior to that of the men who assisted Nordica in her concerts at the Baldwin, and the *Rigoletto* quartette is sung with a surety and enthusiasm which no one can accuse the Nordica singers of having voiced in the same selection. Hayes, Lytton and Hayes make a very poor showing in their comedy skit. *A French Marriage* is an American brutalization of a famous little French comedy out of which the players make a soggy, vulgar performance. The Renfos do some risky work on apparatus suspended from the roof, but the picture effect is marred by the substitution of sailor costume for silk tights. I did not time Mr. Finney's record-breaking autobiographical address, but my watch marked three minutes, to the second, for his longest stay under water.

I cannot understand why the children's *Cinderella* spectacle at the California Theatre has been so badly slighted. I looked in Tuesday night, expecting to find a big house, as that was the Chronicle's charity performance. There were not thirty people down stairs, including the orchestra. Which reminds me that the children shone like stars, and sounded like seraphim beside the adult execrability of this same orchestra. Little Miss Daisy Grogan simpered a dainty little ditty, which ran something like this:

Sweet little Rosey Posey,
All in your Sunday closey,
Goodness only knowey
I love you!

And still littler Miss Ruth Rowland (she can't be more than four) sang "What Could the Poor Girl Do?" in a most worldly and meaningful way. If the show lives its five acts up to the first, it is too good to miss.

Thursday afternoon Gustav Hinrichs sounded the metal of his musicians. The symphony orchestra is splendidly banded, and the second symphony concert is a credit to the town. The programme was a masterpiece of tact. There was Krug's love story suite, a perfect cameo of sentiment, which the strings brought out with dainty lyric tenderness; and Chabrier's Spanish Rhapsodie, a dinky little Spanish waltz, twisted and flowered and fire-cracked and tin-canned into an absolute carnival of dissipated French fun—these were for everybody, short

hair and long. Then there was Goldmark's big Sakuntala overture, a tonal poem in a modest way, which the orchestra depicted with huge color and spring. And there was the Beethoven symphony—the second. To my thinking, Hinrichs is a genuine modern and an imitation classicalist. He is not bold enough to carry the innovating hand into the scores of ancient greatness—which is often a good thing and always a safe thing. So Hinrichs did not lift the *larghetto* above its usual tediousness—he took it in chaste, metronomic tempo, without a tinge of color or any other folly which an enterprising and very young director might infuse into the movement and startle an audience into enthusiasm. No one can cavil at the other movements; they do not suffer for virtuosity, and Hinrichs handled them with admirable conservatism.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Besides his record as the most popular march composer and bandmaster in America, John Philip Sousa comes to us this season with the additional distinction of having written a successful comic opera—*El Capitan*. Sousa and his men and his medals appear at the California Theatre on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday next. The band is said to have attained even greater perfection than before, and the repertory huddles with good things, new and old.

There will be a big double bill at the Tivoli next week—Gilbert & Sullivan's famous satire on aestheticism, *Patience*, and Von Suppe's mythological one-act operetta, *The Lovely Galatea*. Hartman, West, Raffael, Thomas, the Misses Seabrooke, Holmes, Schmahel, Mulle—in fact, all the trusty Tivoli company will be displayed in the two casts. A production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is in preparation.

There is room for hut one new act on next week's Orpheum bill, and that will be Barney Fagin and Henrietta Byron in a one-act comedietta. Fagin is the author of many popular eoon songs—among others, "My Girl's a High-Born Lady." Edmund Hayes and Emily Lytton have forsworn *A French Marriage*, and will continue their new burlesque, *Camille Up to Date*.

Fanny Rice is always a favorite in San Francisco, and from all the accounts of her new operatic farce, *At the French Ball*, the Columbia will have another prosperous fortnight. George Broderick, Charles Drew, John S. Terry, Alice and Frances Gaillard, Beekie Haight, and Kate Michelena, are of the company.

On Monday night we will know all about *Shore Acres*. This is the play that William Dean Howells applauded to the length of columns in Harper's Weekly. Both the play and the actor (James A. Herne) have won a big reputation in the East. The story deals with village life on the coast of Maine.

The Verein Eintracht will give a grand prize masquerade ball this Saturday evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion. Everything possible has been done to make this hall a great success, and it is expected that more than three hundred and fifty costumed people will appear in the grand march.

On Saturday, February 27th, Miss Fannie Rice will auction the boxes at the California Theatre at 11 A. M. for the play of *Caste*, to be produced at that theatre on Monday evening, March 1st, for the benefit of Children's Hospital and Armitage Orphanage.

Manager Gottloh returned from New Orleans on Thursday, buoyant with the prospects of the opera season at the California.

Our Little Cinderella continues at the California until Wednesday night, with an extra matinee on Washington's Birthday.

AN amateur benefit performance in aid of Armitage Orphanage and Children's Hospital, will be given at the California Theatre on the evening of Monday, March 1st, at which time *Caste* will be presented. The orphanage and hospital are most worthy of aid, and the California should be crowded with their friends on that occasion. Tickets will be \$1—to be had at the box-office of the theatre February 26th, 27th, and on March 1st.

Don't fail to attend the 20 per cent. reduction sale now going on at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street. It will last only a short time longer.

AN important case has just been decided by Judge A. Smith of the Superior Court at Santa Cruz. The action was brought by a Mr. Struve against the Western Sugar Company for \$20,000 damages, resulting, he alleged, from the dumping of quantities of sugar beet pulp on his land. The court allowed the plaintiff every possible latitude in the matter of witnesses, and the introduction of testimony, for the principles involved were of much importance to the beet sugar industry and the State. The defense was conducted by Mr. S. M. Shortridge, who made a brilliant summing up of the evidence. His presentation of the facts, and his convincing logic, won for the Western Sugar Company a verdict, the court ordering a non-suit in the ease.

Tours in the Rocky Mountains.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Double daily train service, with through Pullman sleepers and tourists' cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colorado, or W. J. Shotwell, General Agent, 314 California street, for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottloh & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Commencing Monday, February 23d, matinee Saturday only, America's Greatest Comedienne, dainty FANNY RICE in the new version of her latest and greatest laughing success,

AT THE FRENCH BALL

Assisted by a perfect comedy company. Twenty new specialties.

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co. (Incorporated) Proprietors

Thursday, Friday, Saturday evenings, February 25, 26, 27. Matinees, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 26, 27, 28.

SOUSA, and his famous band.

21,000 miles; January to July; ocean to ocean; gulf to gulf. Elizabeth Northrop, prima donna soprano; Martina Johnstone, violiniste; Arthur Pryor, trombone; Franz Hell, fluegelhorn. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1 50. Sale opens Monday, Feb. 22.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Next week, Monday, February 23, the eminent actor, JAMES A. HERNE, in his own beautiful comedy-drama,

SHORE ACRES

Entire new scenery employed. An acting company of twenty-five member. Direction of Henry C. Miner. The play's record: 314 nights in New York, 175 nights in Boston, 110 nights in Chicago.

You cannot afford to miss it.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KREDINO, Proprietor and Manager

Commencing Monday, February 22d; one week only; grand double bill. Gilbert and Sullivan's aesthetic two-act opera,

PATIENCE,

or, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE; preceded by Von Suppe's operetta, the lovely GALATEA. Great casts; correct costumes; appropriate accessories. In Preparation—THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Muslo Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, February 22d. Special matinee Washington's Birthday. The eminent comedian, author, and dancer,

BARNER FAGAN & HENRIETTA BYRON

in conjunction with the grand opera quartette, Gulle, Ahrmoff, Miss Cotte, and Miss Busche; the Pantzer Trio, funny demons; Hayes, Lytton & Hayes, in "Camille Up to Date"; the Finneys, champion swimmers; Ward & Curran, and novelties without end. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

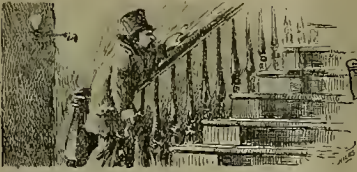
Mechanics' Pavilion. Southwest corner Larkin and Grove.

The event of the season. Saturday, February 20, 1897,

GRAND PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL

By VEREIN EINTRACHT

350 costumed people in grand march; five beautiful tableaux; five divisions; twenty-five lady Amazons; ground and ladder pyramids by 24 athletes. Grand electric calcium light effects. Prizes to the value of \$500 will be distributed. Reception concert from 8 to 9 P. M. Admission \$1; reserved seats, 50 cts. extra, at Goldstein & Cohen's, 322 Market street.



THE BACHTNORS' BABY

FOR twenty years Jean Vignol had written special stories for popular papers; romances in which assassinations and exchanged infants figured conspicuously. He was really the equal of any of his competitors in this specialty. If you ever have a dangerous illness—from which God preserve you—and if you do not know how to fill the hours of a tedious convalescence, read "The Mysteries of Menilmontant," which has not less than twenty thousand lines. You will find in it all the usual ingredients from this literary *cuisine*.

The opening is striking, especially when the rascally Duke de Vieux-Donjon, at the close of the Opera, descends into the sewer where he has an appointment with an escaped convict, who is to deliver to him papers capable of ruining the beautiful Marquise des Deux-Poivrières, who, having been exchanged in infancy, is not the daughter of a Spanish Grandee as is supposed in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, but in reality that of a cabinet-maker condemned to death by a legal error, and guillotined in place of the convict with whom the Duke is keeping his subterranean appointment.

You see from this single example that Jean Vignol knew his trade perfectly.

Still the poor scribbler had only moderate success; he was not able to place his "copy" very readily, and he earned a very scanty living indeed. In the first place he lacked opportunity; and he was too modest to elbow his way after the fashion of Americans.

He had not made his debut in the literary world by writing serials. He preserved in the bottom of a drawer, without hope of ever having them anywhere else, his two youthful efforts, composed in the years when his locks were thick, and when he was full of faith in his art.

One was a volume of elegies, "Fleurs de Poison," in which the author bemoans the infidelity of a young person whom he designates by the name of Fragoletta, and compares to all the celebrated heroines of love tales from the most ancient times down to the present, while in reality the inconstant damsel, who was a florist's errand-girl, was named Agatha. The other work, more voluminous, was a horrible drama of the time of the Middle Ages, bearing the gory title "Les Ecorcheurs," whose characters were eternally slashing each other with swords, or else delivering endless tirades.

Unfortunately dramas are not edible, and the "Fleurs de Poison" could not be used to season salads. Their author was compelled to live at Belleville in small rooms on the fifth floor, with his mother, who was crippled with rheumatism and who complained from morning until night. To earn some money, the poet became a novelist, just as an unsuccessful painter becomes a photographer. He accepted his vocation with calm resignation and put forth all his efforts; still as we have said, his success was slight. This was but right after all, for his works lacked sincerity. One felt that he did not believe in his marquises whose fathers were guillotined cabinet-makers, and in his dukes who walked about in the sewers in fur overcoats and white neckties.

The manager of the "Petit Proletaire," in which Jean Vignol published his productions, said to him bluntly:

"My dear fellow, your readers feel that you are not sincere is what you write," so he paid him only two sous per line.

The poor man who felt that he was superior to his work, often drew a long sigh. But what could he do? It was his fate, so to keep his *pot-au-feu* boiling, he used his wits to invent more and more extravagant adventures.

Once, for example, not having paid his rent for two months, he would certainly have been evicted if he had not been able at the last moment, to obtain an advance payment from his publisher, who was seduced by the title of a

romance of which these were the opening lines: "A musician who unbeknown to himself was the natural son of an English peer, returning home one night after the play, found a corpse in his 'cello case,'" "To be continued in our next," followed.

While his mother was alive, Jean, being the model of filial piety, found life endurable. But for two years he had been alone in the world, with no kindred, no friends, and the habits of a recluse. He felt really desolate in his fifth story room at Belleville. At the time of our narrative he was an undersized man of forty-seven, with a tendency to stoutness, a long black beard, a Socratic nose, and eyes like a kind dog. Having indifferent health and a stomach of the second class, he had been obliged to renounce the consolations of tobacco, except in moderation.

"What a nuisance," he said to himself one winter evening, as he ascended his five flights, for he was growing asthmatic. "The Journal finds that my last story, 'Mazas & Co.,' lacks bloodshed. I shall have to resuscitate *Bouffe-Toujours*, my convict, whom I precipitated from the Eiffel tower a short time ago, and to furnish him victims. And even after that, I know they will refuse me twenty centimes a line. What a dog's life!"

On entering his apartment he made several disagreeable discoveries. After a melancholy glance at his rack of pipes, he found that his coke fire which he had covered with ashes before leaving was entirely out. He would have to smut his hands to rekindle it. Then his lamp had been badly trimmed in the morning; he was obliged to change the wick; then he noticed that there were just two matches in the box.

"*Tonnerre de brindezingue!*" he exclaimed, that being his favorite oath. "I have to pass the night resurrecting that convict! And five flights to go down and up again just for a few matches. Ah, but no: I will borrow from my neighbor."

The neighbor was Mère Mathieu, a poor old woman whose daughter, abandoned by her husband, had died in childbirth in the month of July. The baby was now six months old, and the grandmother was bringing it up. There was enough poverty there, too. The novelist, prompted by a kind heart often went in and left money, when he had not enough for himself.

"Good evening, Mère Mathieu; will you lend me a few matches?"

Then he stopped in astonishment on the threshold. The old woman was kneeling on the floor and tying up her only mattress by the light of a piece of candle. The babe was asleep in a willow cradle, and on the cheap redwood bed there was nothing but a straw tick.

"What are you doing there, Mère Mathieu?"

"You can see, Monsieur Vignol," replied the old woman, ready to cry. "I'm going to carry this to the pawnshop, and I must hurry for it shuts up at eight. They ought to give me ten francs for it; it is good wool."

"What! your only mattress?"

"I must do it. My youngest sister, a widow like myself, has just been taken to her bed, and they don't want her at the hospital because her disease is chronic. I must help her a little, she has been so good to me. I shall sleep on the straw only a little while. It won't kill me. I hope to redeem my mattress when I get pay for my sewing. What bothers me now is the young one. It will take me at least an hour to go to the shop and to my sister's. Generally I leave it with the *concierge*, who is a good woman, but to-night they are to have a family gathering in the lodge. What shall I do with the baby?"

Long live the poor. Jean Vignol had tears in his eyes.

"Not that, Mère Mathieu. Leave your bed. I have fifteen francs. Here are ten of them. Run to your sister's. As for the babe, well, you may carry it into my room. It

sleeps soundly, it won't keep me from working. And if it tunes up, why it won't be any trouble to give it something to eat.

"Ah, my good, kind Monsieur Vignol!" said the old woman as she put the cradle beside the novelist's table. Mère Mathieu went away murmuring benedictions. When alone with the babe, the writer laughed behind his great beard.

"Well, here I am, in the capacity of dry nurse!"

Stimulated by his kind act, he sat down by his lamp and took his pen. For he must have his pages at the office by morning. The romance would be entirely changed by the resurrection of *Bouffe-Toujours*. But this evening our romancer was in condition to do it. His convict, hurled from the second platform of the Eiffel tower by an elegant scamp, a Viscount descended from the crusades and a member of the Jockey Club, caught an iron bar in his fall and sprung to the quay with the agility of an orangutang. The next day he would poniard two or three policemen. The subscribers would have their full of emotion now.

Suddenly the little one began to fret. Amused by his new functions, Jean took the nursing-bottle and gave it to the child; not very awkwardly either for a beginner. Then he rocked it to sleep again.

The romancer did not return to his table. He sat by the cradle, and pensively looked at the little being lying on the pillow, with its tender fists clinched on its breast.

Cradles! Babies! Jean had indeed made free use of them in his absurd romances. But how stupid seemed all the improbable stories of stolen and exchanged infants. A child! Here was one; a real one, an orphan, a child of misery. What would become of it? Its grandmother was old, and broken down by labor and privations. She would not last long. Then it would be one of those little unfortunates which the public institutions bring up by thousands, and which nearly always turn out badly. It is from their ranks that thieves and convicts are recruited, real ones, this time. This poor little waif! What would life hold for it? Life? A mysterious romance, which becomes more incomprehensible at each page, and whose monotonous denouement explains nothing!

Jean Vignol fell into a dolorous reverie. The poet he had dreamt of being when he was young, was not all dead within him. Here was a child physically and morally abandoned, a child dedicated by a sort of social fatality to vice and crime; that should be the central figure of a book, in which he would express all the charity, all the tenderness, all the indignation of his heart. That was the romance which Jean Vignol ought to write. . . . But what was he thinking of? Jean Vignol had no talent, never had any, and he knew it well. If tears stifled him at this moment, he wept over both the misfortune of this poor child and his own impuissance.

The door opened. It was Mère Mathieu who had returned out of breath.

How tired she looked, and what a melancholy visage was framed by the old black hood.

The sight caused the good man to yield to the desire which had just found expression in his mind.

"Listen, Mère Mathieu; I have been thinking while you were away. Since my mother is dead, I have enough for you two. So I will keep you with me if you are willing. You can take care of the house, and I will help you bring up the child.

The poor woman uttered a cry; sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands; as the noise awakened the child, Jean took it from the cradle, looked at it intently, and dropped on its soft, tender cheek a kiss that was almost paternal.

But this was not all. The generous conduct of Jean Vignol was advantageous to him. To be sure, he kept on serving his special public with his sensational romances, but in his last work, "L'Orphelin de Belleville," there was a something that had been lacking before, and that moved the grisettes to tears. The circulation of the *Petit Proletaire* increased, and he was paid four sous a line.

The story was even copied in several provincial papers; and when, the other day, Jean went to the office of the treasurer of the Society of Literary Men for his pay, he had the one joy of his literary career.

The most illustrious, the first of modern novelists, touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Say, Monsieur Vignol, I have read your later works, and I have found in them some very good, sincere, and touching things concerning children."

The poor man blushed up to his ears.

"Many thanks," he replied, beaming with joy. "But you see—that is because—now—when I write about babies—I copy from nature!"—François Coppée in *The Parisian*.

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The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

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Second-hand Victoria, O'Brien & Son's pat. Spring Buggy, Surrey and Top Buggy, for sale cheap. 500 Golden Gate avenue.



"A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine." Text and illustrations by Clifton Johnson. Published by Lee & Shepard. Boston. 1897. Price, \$2.50.

A Book of the Week. The author and illustrator of this volume spent his boyhood on a New England farm, and most of his life has been lived in a little country town on the Connecticut River. At

fifteen years of age he left school, and for five years was an assistant in a book shop. Then he began to sketch and write, and gradually his contributions were accepted by the periodicals. For several years he studied during the winter in the art schools in New York, and to aid him in his work, he began to take photographs. His first book, "The New England Country," was illustrated from his own pictures, and he has since published "The Country School," "The Farmer's Boy," and an illustrated edition of White's "Selborne." He is thoroughly familiar with the farm life of his native land, and writes of its pleasures, its trials, and its hardships, with full knowledge and sympathy. "Country Clouds and Sunshine" is a complete description of the life on a New England farm in spring, summer, autumn, and winter: of the talks round the great stove in the grocery, of the schools, the parson and his preaching, the election of town officers, the tilling of the fields, and the harvesting of the crops. It is a hard, narrow provincial life, of course, but it trains strong, self-reliant characters, and when the inhabitants of these out-of-the-way regions have any love for the beauties of nature and any taste for the duties that are bred in books, they often become much more genuinely cultivated than townspeople. Of the superficial smartness of the city-reared man or woman they possess little, and are none the worse for that; of a homely, clear-headed common sense they often have a considerable fund. Mr. Johnson's photographs display much taste: they have little or none of that appalling sharpness and hideous distinctness which constitute the ideal of the commercial photographer, but show a true subordination of the unimportant details to the central *motif* of the picture. Being ourselves enthusiastic photographers, Mr. Johnson's book has afforded us much pleasure: it is full of suggestions. The picture of a ferryman, on page 49, gives a good idea of Mr. Johnson's photographic style: the distance is indicated, but is not obtrusive; the interest is centered on the ferryman and his boat. Many a commercial or so-called "professional" photographer would have given us a background in which every detail was sharp and distinct, and so distracted our eyes from the real object of attention—the boatman. Not so the photographer who is also an artist. "His Own House-keeper," on page 86, an old fellow sitting near a stove and paring potatoes into a pan, is also an excellent picture. The volume is of crown quarto size, printed upon excellent paper, and attractively bound.

"Mannie Brown, that School-girl, and Edward Kennedy, that College Boy." By Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga. Published by the Peter Paul Book Company, 420 Main street, Buffalo, New York. Price, \$1.

The author of these two stories, Miss Mildred Rutherford, is the daughter of a gentleman who was for more than thirty years Professor of Mathematics in the University of Georgia, and has herself been for fifteen years Principal of the Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens in that State. She has written books entitled "Bible Questions," "American Authors," and "English Authors." "Mannie Brown" is a tale of a wild harum-scarum school-girl, always teasing servants, cats and dogs, who develops later into a charming, good-bearded woman. "Edward Kennedy" is the story of a boy of similar character, who, after various escapades, falls in love with a nice girl, and becomes an entirely respectable person. Miss Rutherford tells us that the stories were written "in the hope of correcting certain habits of speech and manner which she had failed to reach by ordinary means." As to the value of

the book as a guide to correct speech we do not feel entirely satisfied, but as the author tells us that it served its mission well, we must not be hypercritical. The most amusing chapter is that which tells of Mannie Brown's practical joke. Mannie makes up as an old woman bringing her daughter Maria to school, and in "cracker English" tells the proprietress of the school that she does not want her child taught "grammar, with a *I love*, and a *you love*, and a *he love*." She goes on: "I says to Maria, says I, 'If you do come home with any such foolishness, I'll be inclined to decline you, and I'll mighty soon parse you out to the wood-pile, whar you kin parse me a stick of wood, and I'll parse it over your head mighty soon,—you understand, don't you? I wants you to parse your teachers respectively, to parse fellows without a-winkin' at 'em, and to parse your zaminations—and that is all the grammar what I cares anything about.'" There is much sounder sense in this than the old woman, or perhaps even than the author, dreamed of. The book is satisfactorily printed, though the punctuation does strike us as odd at times.

The Peter Paul Book Company has in press a volume of poems by Irving Browne, for many years editor of the Albany Law Journal. Three hundred copies will be printed, and the volume will contain both grave and humorous verse.

The January issue of Pearson's Magazine (London) prints a striking article by J. Holt Schooling, in which he shows by the careful presentation of a large number of data that a considerable majority of the able men of Great Britain are born south of a line drawn from the Wash in Lincolnshire to the River Severn. Sixty per cent. of the inventors, sixty-two per cent. of the distinguished soldiers, sailors, lawyers and churchmen, sixty-seven per cent. of the statesmen, seventy-one per cent. of the authors, seventy-five per cent. of the artists, and no fewer than eighty per cent. of the poets, first see the light of day to the south of this dividing line. More than this, the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridge, and Essex, produce fewer eminent men than any other counties, and may all be traversed by a curved line, which is called "the curve of least talent." The high value of an intellectual atmosphere in producing and stimulating talent is shown by the fact that Middlesex, small in area though it is, produces far more able men than any other county of the United Kingdom. Mr. Francis Galton, a very able investigator and man of science, arrived at the same conclusion as Mr. Schooling as to the high intellectuality of London. England and Wales, taken together, produce more than the proportionate number of clever men to be expected from their area and population, while Ireland (mother of the political rulers of the United States) produces far fewer men of high intellectual power than would be expected of its area and population. To express the fact diagrammatically—Ireland ought to produce a number of clever men represented by a block nearly nine-tenths of an inch square, whereas it does produce only enough clever men to fill a block six-sixteenths of an inch square; that is, it produces only two-thirds as many clever men as it should produce. (This little calculation is recommended to the Bookman's mathematical man with our respects). The Irish professional patriots, who think that they ought to rule not only the British Empire, but the United States of America as well, are requested to note their natural inferiority to the population of the rest of the United Kingdom; or, as the vulgar not inexpressively say, to put these facts in their pipes and smoke them. It is pretty strong tobacco, but is genuine leaf all through.

A nicely gotten up and useful little book for tourists is that issued by The Traveler, entitled "Outings in California." It furnishes information with reference to San Francisco and vicinity, Mt. Shasta, Yosemite Valley, Stanford University, the Missions of California, and many other places that a tourist will be likely to wish to visit. Scattered liberally through the pages are photogravures of some of the well-known scenes in San Francisco and California. The principal hotels throughout the State are noted, and the rates of accommodation quoted. A copy of this useful handbook may be obtained from the office of The Traveler for the moderate price of ten cents.

Edgar Fawcett, in his department entitled "Men, Manners and Moods" in Collier's Weekly for February 4th,

gives us so strange a criterion of literary merit that we cannot help commenting on it. Speaking of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome he says that they "were sneered at by Matthew Arnold, though they had already been the wonder and delight of thousands." But then Martin Tupper's poems were a real "delight" to thousands: the Police Gazette, the New York Journal, the San Francisco Examiner, are the delight of thousands, and cause thousands more to "wonder" why in the world they are permitted to exist. Mr. Fawcett's new literary criterion will cause "wonder" in the minds of as many intelligent people as become aware of it. Of course, we do not mean to say that Macaulay's Lays are not very proper sources of delight, but we do object to having the "wonder and delight" of thousands set up as a final test of literary excellence.

The English edition of Dr. Nansen's book," says the London Daily Chronicle, "is nearly all in type, and he has only to conclude his revision of the proofs. Two shorthand writers have been with the explorer almost since he arrived at his home near Christiania. He has practically dictated the book to them, and has absolutely declined to permit of the task being interrupted by any other claims upon him. The work will be in two large volumes, with a fine etched portrait of Nansen. The history of this portrait is interesting, not to say romantic. It was taken on the day before Nansen left the Fram, and, moreover, he was his own photographer. The picture shows him in the cabin of his stout little ship. The artist who prepared the etching has had the advantage of recent sittings from its subject. Another feature of the book will be a series of reproductions of sketches in color, made by Nansen. These give a vivid idea of Arctic scenery, and are quite remarkable."

In the February issue of The Arena, Dr. W. T. Harris, the U. S. Commissioner of Education, discusses the New Education, Annie N. Meyer the Problem of the Novel, Professor Frank Parsons the Telegraph Monopoly, and Lucy L. Crandall holds forth on something she calls Pneumatology, which she defines as the "science of spirit." We have sometimes heard of the scientific spirit, but never before of the "science of spirit." Had not an explanation of the word been given, we should have gone away supposing "Pneumatology" to be the science of wind, just as Meteorology is the science of the weather, and Biology the science of life, and we should probably have thought that the article was intended to be of service to budding politicians. Whatever Lucy's new matology may be, we sincerely hope that the clumsy word may not find a permanent place in our dictionaries, which are already swollen to absolutely indelicate proportions by the monstrosities spawned by men of science, devoid of taste and of an elementary knowledge of language.

A VERY important case is now before Superior Judge Smith, of Santa Cruz. The action was brought by one Struve against the Western Sugar Company, for \$20,000 damages alleged to have been caused by the dumping of quantities of sugar beet pulp on his lands. The case is an important one, as having a bearing upon this great industry of California. Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge is ably defending the case, with every prospect of securing a verdict.

ONE of the most satisfactory acquaintances it is possible for a lover of the pipe to make is "Yale Mixture," manufactured by the American Tobacco Company. Yale Mixture finds a warm spot in the heart of the discriminating smoker the moment he samples it.

Of the making of many kinds of whiskey there is no end, but one of the best—the one whose merits keep it on every well-conducted bar—a popular, prime drink good for all weather and everywhere, is Cutter Whiskey, of which excellent goods E. Martin & Co., at 411 Market street, are sole Pacific Coast agents.

Wide awake visitors would be as likely to miss seeing seal rocks and Golden Gate Park, as they would to neglect a call on Geo. T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace. The finest Japanese art goods, curios and tapestries, kept by Marsh are worth a long trip to see.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

THE IMPRESSION SHE MADE — W. W. W. LIFE

No doubt she had *gams* and *members* —
All being things have, as a rule,
But really she mostly impressed me
As a piece of extremely green tulle.

She could move—for we danced, I remember,
And tripped on that confounded stool)
While waiting, I thought of her only
As an arful of very green tulle.

Then she ate, for I took her to supper—
All she wanted was "something that's cool;"
So I brought pistachio ice, meanwhile thinking,
Just the thing for a bit of green tulle.

I was with her the whole of the evening,
And I flirted and talked like a fool;
Now my only remembrance of her,
Is of something in very green tulle.

Should we meet in the streets on the morrow,
I should pass her, I know, like a mule;
I sha'n't know her again till I meet her
Arrayed in that very green tulle.

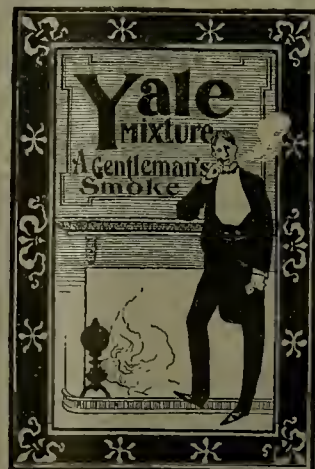
A SUCCESSFUL HOME INDUSTRY.

THE success that has attended the Siebe Shoe Company, manufacturer of ladies fine footwear, demonstrates that it is not necessary for an article to be imported in order to find ready sale, once that its merits are known. This company, whose large three-story factory is at 25 to 31 Jessie street, this city, is at present running on full time, and turning out from four hundred to five hundred pairs of ladies' fine shoes every day of ten hours. The factory employs about one hundred hands—all white labor, and ships shoes to all points on the Coast and to the countries beyond the Pacific. The capacity of the Siebe Shoe Company was materially increased last fall by the introduction of the very latest machinery, but it is found difficult to keep up with the growing business. The goods turned out are of the finest grade, and they are not only made of the very best materials that can be bought, put together by skilled labor, under expert supervision; but they are the latest shapes and most graceful, stylish finish. Mr. A. D. Tourtilotte is the general manager and treasurer, and the gratifying success of the company is largely due to his energy and excellent business judgment.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

A BEAUTIFUL picture of the interior of the conservatory in Golden Gate Park appears with this number of the NEWS LETTER. It will make a most desirable addition to the portfolio of views that are being issued with this paper.

All flowers may be beautiful—but some are more beautiful than others; and it is this kind that one always gets at Leopold's, at 39 Post street. The choicest, daintiest buds and most fragrant bouquets are found at his place; and his prices are very reasonable.





The Comstock Mining Market.

Were it not for the fact that an ability to raise prices of the leading shares of Comstock companies is demonstrated from time to time, the habitual lethargic condition of the market would suggest a decline of vitality and the rapid shortening of a very brief span of existence. The situation is certainly anything but attractive for persons speculatively inclined. The fluctuations, when there are any, are so narrow that the margins of profit rarely cover the ordinary commissions for brokerage. Con. Cal. Virginia has propped prices up for some time past all along the line, but the withdrawal of support in that quarter for a time during the week was quickly followed by a decline in all directions. It is hoped that a contest for control of Hale & Norcross will put another breath of life into the business, by bringing in some money from the cliques which are after the loaves and fishes in the way of salaries. Unfortunately these are too often secured now on the cheap and even dancing is barred to the people who must eventually be assessed to pay the piper. The method of keeping the faithful up to the rack now with wind seems to recommend itself to the new manipulator as an exponent of the up-to-date theory of making money without risking a dollar, literally squeezing blood out of a turnip. It must surprise many of these smooth individuals themselves at times to note the success of a game which can only be played on a mind blinded by the inordinate cupidity of a desperate gambler. A stock market would prove a boon to this city by putting much hoarded capital into circulation, but it begins to look doubtful if such a happy result will ever be attained dependent upon the efforts of any of the cliques which now control the mines. Their sole efforts seem to be directed to squeezing the orange as dry as possible by scientific means, little calculated to engender the favorable opinion of outside operators in the market. To say the policy is shortsighted would but feebly express it.

To Develop The Alabama.

A representative of a syndicate operating the Alabama mine, of Tuolumne County, says that there is no intention of floating the property in London in its present condition, and that the amount of \$600,000 mentioned in the incorporation of the company in that city, simply represents the total capital stock, which no effort is being made to sell. According to the statement of this gentleman, all that was paid for the mine originally was \$40,000, or \$5,000 less than the figures quoted in the NEWS LETTER as the purchasing price paid to the Bell estate. The syndicate is composed of six men of means, who are now spending \$2,000 monthly in sinking the shaft and opening up the mine, which it is hoped will repay the investment. Should it develop into a paying property, then the London company will take hold, and if not, the whole business will be dropped, and the expenses charged to profit and loss account. This is a fair enough proposition, and one which should recommend itself to other promoters who are but too ready to dump their wares on the market, regardless of how their properties turn out. There is no reason why the Alabama should not develop into a high-priced property. It is in a good location on the mother lode, and like many other mines on the famous mineralized belt, it may have a great future. People who are well disposed to the development of the mining industry in California can but wish for the success of any venture of the kind conducted upon the common-sense and practical lines adopted by the syndicate in control of this property.

Another event of the week has been the passing of the Gold Mining Exchange of San Francisco. The names of all the leading mining men of the northern portion of the State are on the roll of membership, but among them all only some half a dozen figured at the end of the list of paying subscribers. The collapse is a disgrace to the city, and a direct reflection upon the much vaunted liberality of our mining men. The Los Angeles Exchange still exists, however, to maintain the dignity of the industry in California.

The Truth Leaking Out.

To our London friends interested in the Holcomb Valley Co., Limited, we commend the following excerpt from the latest report of the State Mineralogist, confirmatory of the facts which for nearly ten years past we have been trying to drill into their thick pates. After speaking of the large amount of money expended in property, machinery, experiments, etc., the report says: "A dredging machine (steam shovel) has been employed for three years past, but it has been found that the quantity of gold in the gravel is too small to make such extensive operations remunerative. * * * Water for sluicing has to be pumped from wells, the amount of stripping required is usually (?) large, and the grade of the valley insufficient to make mining on a large scale possible." The report then goes on to say that the proposition of tunneling through the mountains on the north rim of the basin for draining the valley and for an outlet for tailings, etc., does not seem feasible. This is the old Valley Gold launched in London with such a flourish of trumpets about the same time as the Union Gold infamy was perpetrated. Since then two condemnatory reports have been filed with the management, one by John Williams, a practical miner, employed at the instance of one Lloyd, a shareholder, and the other by John Hays Hammond. Neither of these reports have even yet seen daylight, so far as the British public is concerned. Yet the milking process has gone on. An investigation of this transaction from beginning to end should be made by the proper authorities in Great Britain.

A Big Mining Sale.

The sale of a one-sixth interest in the Mariposa grant reported this week, is an event of more than ordinary importance, considering that it makes the first break in a combination which has kept one of the most extensive and promising mineral tracts in the world idle for years past. Mr. Hayward disposed of a one-sixth interest to H. Bratnoher, representing the London Exploration Company, for \$166,666 $\frac{2}{3}$, at the rate of \$1,000,000 for the whole tract. It was upon this grant that the old Agua Fria Company of London started up work in 1851. Several promising mines were developed later, notably the Josephine and Pine Tree, but litigation and other troubles have kept them closed down over twenty years. The Mariposa grant was originally owned by General Fremont, and subsequently by Eugene Kelly & Co., of New York. The present owners of the remaining interests in the property are John W. Mackay, Senator J. P. Jones, and the Hobart estate.

The Gambling Powder Men.

People who are interested in the Giant Powder deal to the extent of speculating when the trap will be sprung upon the victims, who are expected to meet the assessment necessary to cover the heavy outstanding indebtedness of the company, favor the belief that the levy will not be made until the compact now contemplated with the other companies is signed and sealed. This will enable the manipulators of shares which are getting to be notoriously speculative, to work the last dollar out of the deal on the street rumors of a consummated combine, which has all along been used to bait the trap set for credulous money seekers on California street. The business principle which adds to the sterling value of industrial shares as an investment, is based upon manufactured products and ready markets, and not on stock jobbing facilities. A comparison between the California and Giant Companies stocks, as they appear on the list of the Exchange, is the best illustration of this. The one firmly held at high prices, representing a wealthy solid concern; the other bobbing up and down like a jack-in-the-box at the will of the manipulators. It is a matter of record, to which the California people can point with pride, showing how closely held their stock is by old and wealthy local families, that during the past sixteen years the transfers have not exceeded five hundred shares. Prices are quoted for the stock, but no sales are ever made in the Board to-day. None can be had. This will strike some people as strange, when they come to think of it, after watching the way the stock of other industrials in this line are hattered about from pillar to post.

John Lauer

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will plar the devil, sir, with you."

THERE is something very mysteriously funny about the Abbott-Quackenbush case, now on trial before Judge Seawell. It looks funny, deucedly funny, my masters, that the conscientious dailies should admit only one side of the testimony, and that all in favor of old Quack himself. A man who appears on the record as Expert T. Kytaka, who looks as if he had not taken a bath for a month, and who carries soil enough under his nails to grow artichokes and green peas, testified that the marriage acknowledgment was a palpable forgery. Now, it matters not a tinker's oath to the T. C. whether or not old Quack married Mrs. Abbott, but it does matter that a fellow who does not know the a. b. c. of chemistry should be paid for exposing his ignorance. Dr. Harry West Miller, a graduate of Strashburg, with the Diploma of Doctor of Natural Sciences was called, and testified in the case, but not a line regarding his testimony has appeared. If this is not giving the poor old public another clip on its all too credulous snout, ye may slate Duckworth for dispenser of free soap to the unemployed masses.

MIKE BRANNIGAN is in town. Mike the doughty, Mike who the Vigilantes in the spring of '50 chased across the border because they esteemed the descendant of the great O'Brannigans anything but an ornament to the society of the period. Mr. O'Brannigan used to be a hackman in those early days, and the flyest lad that ever sat on the box. Now he wears diamonds, and salutes the very men who chased him with a slap on the back, and an invitation to drink. But the O'Brannigan is sadly surprised at the demoralization of the times. "Why," says that genial fellow, "if dose boys did dose t'ings in my time, dere would be scores of us a flying wid the Vigilantes at our heels." True for thee, gentle Mike, true as gospel; but you know they say that if a skinned eel is put back in the water again, he will gradually get used to skinning. We could hardly get along now without our municipal thieves. We should feel awfully lonesome.

BLESS us, bow shocked the dailies are at this Vanderbilt scandal, and how they are trying to hush it up by devoting several columns every morning on speculating who the monster that assailed the lady's fair fame could be, and what he actually did say about her. What a ghoulish dance those journals are enjoying opposite the door of that closet where the skeleton lies, weighted down with a flat iron. How they long to peek in through the keyhole, and catch just one glimpse of his ugliness. With exultation they'd lug him forth if they could get a single finger on him. And all the time they are condoling with the persecuted young couple. By the snake in the garden, there never was hypocrisy that could equal this!

JAMES HAMILTON, the Tbespians' pillar, has imported a waistcoat from Scotland, which is a dream of the bonny blue heather. Likewise two claymores for his celebrated sword dance to be given on Washington's Birthday for the benefit of the Associated Charities. Likewise a mull filled with Scotch snuff. Mr. Hamilton is a member of that grand clan which blessed His Grace of Argyle when he put up the milestones in Argyleshire, which they found so convenient for scratching posts.

ANTONY HELLMAN is to be the Prince of the Carnival at the Art Association *bal masque*. Sweet of voice and light of foot is Tony, who won his laurels years ago at many a hard fought Bohemian low jinks. But a rumor is current in the life class of the Art School, that Mr. Hellman's cast, the Apollo Belvedere of the Latin Quarter, has run to corns.

IS that white-winged old philanthropist, ex-horse Sutro, going to return those fees which he and his clerk illegally pocketed? Mayor Phelan has taken the correct view of the matter, and turned his into the city treasury. Pungle, thou old mole, pungle, give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

ONE Mr. Hineckley, wandering along the City Front, and bathing his mustaches in the deep, dark liquids which the water-side tavern keeper dispenses, cast his eye on the tower of the new depot. Mr. Hineckley, or Blineckly, at once made the remarkable discovery that it was out of plumb, or perch, or whatever the scientific slang assigns to a crooked structure. He kept on blinking, until he imagined the world should know all about it, and he told the world the result of his blinking, also casting a stone at Howard C. Holmes, the official engineer of the Harbor Commissioners. Now, as Mr. Hohnes has for the last few years constructed all the important improvements along the harbor front, and as his ability as not alone a brilliant, but a most careful and painstaking engineer, is unquestioned, he very properly declined to be drawn into a controversy with Mr. Blineckly. So the merry world wags. If notoriety does not come naturally to some mortals, by the thigh bone of Pactolus, they will stoop into the sewer to grasp it.

AN admirable and marvelous example of the power of a lawyer's jaw was that incident where Mr. Lezinsky, a member of the bar, was struck in the head and knocked insensible by a flying quail. What a vast field of speculation this opens to the inquiring mind. If a single quail, landing on a Stockton lawyer's chin, will bowl him over, what size or manner of bird would it require to prostrate Reuben Lloyd, or Colonel Kowalsky? Would the condor, the monarch of the Andes, have any effect upon the Kowalsky jaw, or would not rather the noble bird drop to the earth from the force of the impact, while the Colonel would inquire what sort of mosquito was that which brushed his leonine headpiece? A winged emu banging against Mr. Lloyd's chin would have reason to repent its rashness, and would go on crutches for a month as a result of the adventure.

THERE can be no better way to get a good dose of dyspepsia than to ponder over one of the Saturday Bulletin's menus for a Sunday dinner. Stomach of the Puritans! what an ecstasy of pie. Stick-jaw, stick-jaw everywhere, and not a bite to eat. And the art with which it is strung out. Why, an honest Hibernian potato would fail to recognize itself under the mass of French aliases poured on its devoted head by the Bulletin epicure. Upon no such baby food doth the stalwart Colonel Crothers feed. Steaks and strong ale are the brickwork upon which that great structure stands. But he is shockingly reckless of the health of his subscribers.

SUPERVISOR Delany is acknowledged on all sides to be a fine figure of a man. The boys like to poke fun at the Major, and one asked him a few days ago for his influence to obtain a janitorship. "Arra, they're all gone," said the city father. "Well, thin, give me that place about the polis. Shure I woted for you," persisted the constituent. "What place?" asked the Major, pricking up his ears. "Why, polishing the buttons on the officers' uniforms," said the patriot. "Not by a d—d sight," rejoined the Major, who had never heard before of that lucrative position, "that's reserved." And he passed on with that martial air which so well becomes him.

WILLIS POLK, the gay, the *debonnaire*,
With Irish has locked horns,
Stirred up again a nasty smell,
And trod on John P.'s corns.

John P., John P., pray cautious be,
And keep within your camp,
Nor agitate the odors vile,
Of that postoffice swamp.

LOUIS JAMES attributes the failure of *Spartacus* to those frightful prints of the gladiator, which were hung upon the outer walls of this city. Mr. James is represented as a man whose face is contorted from the effects of a pot of Boston beans, bastily swallowed without the necessary mastication.

IT would be the funniest thing in the world if Butler, the demon of the Blue Mountains, should prove to be a reputable citizen, quite innocent of blood shedding. Oh, ye sweet girls of the newspapers, who discovered all the damning lines in Butler's mug, what would become of ye then?



THE supremacy of the "bud" element is settled—the older girls can't hold their own against the *débutantes*. This fact is demonstrated by the decadence of the old-time "Cotillion Club," and the success of the Friday Fortnightlies, which this season is more marked than usual. Some people assert that because the latter organization is cheaper it has drawn better; but that is nonsense. Men go where the girls are new, and the *sans gene* breeziness of "just out" pervaades, in preference to the four or five seasons' belles who are thoroughly "up" in worldly wisdom; and where the men go women are sure to follow; hence the large attendance at the younger set of cotillion dances.

* * *

"Nothing succeeds like success" is an old axiom, and, like most old axioms, true. Can anything illustrate this better than the social attentions being showered upon the wife of Sir Bache Cunard, in Gotham's fashionable set, by people who would have quietly let her pass in silence, when as little Maude Burke she left San Francisco and achieved her first step as Fred Tichenor's step-daughter. That she was a bright, agreeable girl was acknowledged by all, but the conquest of a wealthy British Baronet has cast a halo around her head that has captured Anglomania. Gotbamites as immense wealth does on the Pacific Slope.

* * *

Much speculation is rife in the swim as to who will have the enviable position of *châtelaine* in the Howard mansion recently purchased by Colonel Fred Crocker. Rumor says the Franklin street brunette stands the best chance. Another says the Jurist's clever daughter holds the winning card; but an inside authority declares ambition, not sentiment, will guide the gallant Colonel in his choice when number two is in order, and that "sbe" will not come from California at all.

* * *

Now that Mrs. George Pope has opened her doors a "weeny bit," as children say, her girl friends are besieging her with clamors for a dance. Big house—lots of money—why not? Apropos of Mrs. Pope's recent luncheon, there was a most unusual commingling of the older and younger set of girls among the guests, Miss Daisy Casserley, Miss Friedlander, and Miss McKinstry representing the ore, and some of the season's buds the other.

* * *

It behooves our millionaire class who love New York and New York ways, to note the simple, unostentatious manners of young Whitney and his wife, the style of their getting to the Palace Hotel from the steamer which brought them from Japan:—riding on a Market-street car in preference to Schwerine's coach, was a refreshing rebuke to snobbish display.

* * *

Society is bewailing the fact that the approaching season of French opera will be held in Lent, for, of course, the ultra-fashionable folk will not go. However, the Jewish element, the foreign ditto, and the Romanists, will make a large enough contingent to ensure a satisfactory financial result, even if the fashionable set do not attend.

* * *

It is getting to be quite the thing now for a lady to drive up to a club, resign the reins to her groom, and drop in to luncheon accompanied by a friend, as cool and calm as any man. Who says we are not a progressive people?

* * *

Whenever one hears of colonial dames, one insensibly wonders why the colonial squires are not in evidence as well, or was it by chance that men folk did not amount to much in colonial days!

* * *

Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury is the most extensively entertained young lady in society, and is indebted to her merry personality for her popularity.

The interest in the amateur rendition of *Caste*, in aid of charity, is growing daily, and those who have been lucky enough to witness the rehearsals say the different characters will be admirably sustained, Miss Burton, Miss Hooper, and Charley Dickman having parts especially suited to them.

* * *

"What a shame it is to air Walter Dean's poker losses in public print," said a well-known society girl yesterday. "How much better to let the impression prevail that pique at a certain young lady's switching off on another track caused his departure from town."

* * *

There is some talk of a skating rink club to be organized among our swagger set as a pastime for the dreary Lenten period. As that sport is entirely independent of wind or weather, hilly roads or bad streets, our pretty belles will be all agog for the rollers, no doubt.

* * *

When Wiltsee and Cowles go to housekeeping, the girls say they are going to have a parrot and monkey time, candy pullings, blind man's buff, and *sich*, being on the programme when society visits the bachelors in the old Rutherford Bush-street house.

* * *

Gossip says the paradox of the period will be achieved when a lately married society girl becomes the daughter-in-law of her own mother.

The best dressed men in the city get their furnishing goods at John W. Carmany & Co.'s, 25 Kearny street. Every thing the latest.



Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Imperial Hair Regenerator

If you value your hair, use only the Imperial Hair Regenerator, to make GRAY HAIR its natural color, or BLEACHED HAIR any color desired. Baths do not affect it. Neither does curling or crimping. Incomparable for the BEARD on account of its durability and cleanliness.

No. 1, Black; 2, Dark Brown; 3, Medium Brown; 4, Chestnut; 5, Light Chestnut; 6, Gold Blonde; 7, Ash Blonde.

PRICE, \$1.50 and \$3

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL M'FG. CO.

292 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists and Hairdressers in San Francisco; sold and applied by Stanislas Strozynski and Goldstein & Cohn.





DEAR EDITH: The dress materials to be worn this season are so many and varied that every type of woman will be able to adorn herself in the special color and texture which sets off to the greatest advantage her personal charms.

Some very dainty gowns are to be made of Scotch friezes in mixed colorings, such as navy blue dotted in light blue, wine color and gold, laurel brown speckled in may-flower pink, olive and wood violet, pussy willow green lined and dashed in buttercup, lily white and silver. The camel's hair fabrics for early spring are to become quite popular, too, especially for very young women, who are slender and girlish in figure. They will be made up with bright velvets and considerable passementerie and embroidery. One new feature in these frocks will be the whole velvet sleeves, which are now appearing in the latest London examples.

Empress, Venetian, Oxford suitings and the smooth diagonal cloths help to make up a large assortment of fabrics for the early spring.

The newest colors are along the wine, plum, red purple, plumetis, and Napoleon blue lines. How long these will last, how soon they will be supplanted, how they will appeal to womankind, are all a conjecture.

The incoming of the Princess gown is one of the most important moves made by the dressmakers.

Their minds have been much taken up with the new trimmed skirt, and, as a rule, they have not altogether subscribed to it, and it is thought that the introducing of the Princess gown as a foil is a sop to their wounded taste.

For some seasons now the modistes have been devoting their time almost exclusively to skirt shaping. They have had special instruction from artists in the work. To get the lines as graceful as possible, they have experimented, and they have toiled early and late to produce the elegant plain skirts of to-day. The greatest minds in the dress world have been brought to bear upon the matter, and stiffening, cambrics, crinoline, and all manner of material has been rearranged, invented, and put together to make the design wide in one direction, narrow and sloping in another, rounding and circular in a third, and, above all, to make this model garment crackle and rustle, swish and swirl until everything and everybody should know of its existence. And now the few Paris designers, who are monarchs of fashion, order it away, and speak of a trimmed skirt which can be of any shape, size, or condition. So long as it is well covered up with trimmings, the modistes will not stand it; hence the Princess frock, which has a plain underpart, and can be treated in the same manner as the old plain skirt. A very fashionable New Yorker, whose sagacity in these matters is always accepted as gospel, recently gave an order to a Twenty-third street establishment for a Princess gown in chestnut brown diagonal cloth. It will be a very graceful and useful gown. The long lines and curves which are essential to the Princess gown will give a grace and artistic charm to the wearer's figure, and the simplicity and plainness of trimming will only add to this.

The sleeves are of velvet, and tiny velvet lines mark each long seam and curve. A wide band of velvet makes a splendid foot trimming. In the upper half of the bust, bands of velvet cross from one shoulder to the other, draping to the waist, where they are caught by an old Flemish buckle.

There is even a larger variety of materials shown for house wear and social functions than for street wear. Of these there are the satin cloths, zibelines, brocaded silks, satins, Japanese crepes, plumetis satin *drap d'te* and braided cloths.

BELINDA.

A Sovereign Remedy.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

FOR RELIEVING THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS AND HOARSENESS, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

**NEW
WASH
GOODS**

An Elegant Assortment of

French Organdies, Printed Irish Dimities, Scotch Art Lappets, Printed Dentelle Bretonne, American Batistes, English Batistes, Percales, etc., etc.

In select colorings

at our **POPULAR PRICES**



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**FINE FURS
and
SEALSKIN
GARMENTS**



to order. Remodeling and re-pairing at prices far below those of any other furrier on the Pacific Coast. All work guaranteed.

AD. KOGOUR,

FASHIONABLE FURRIER,

5 1/2 Kearny Street (Up-stairs),
Opposite Chronicle. Formerly cutter with Revillon Freres, Paris, London. New York.

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.	Wonderful Beautifier,	50 cents and \$1.00
-------------------------	-----------------------	---------------------

MEDICATED GERATE.	The Famous Skin Food,	50 cents and \$1.00
	Trial pot free for 10 cents in stamps.	

Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent,
Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET,
San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A.

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,
Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,
Dentist.

Office and Residence: 409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

Weak Men and Women Should use **DAMIANA BITTERS**, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



A MISSED SPRING.—ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SPRING flowers? Beloved, lay them here,
And let me clasp with pressure dear
The hand that pulled for me
These honny blossoms—snowdrops white,
Blue violets, yellow aconite,
And frail anemone.

Spring flowers! Ah! loyal heart and true,
Spring flowers for me, who never knew
The gladness of life's spring;
Who never felt the sunshine warm,
Whose youth was wrapped in cloud and storm,
The darkest fate could bring.

Unmeet for me. Yet lay them here,
Close to my hand and draw a-near
With your grave, tender smile;
Nay, closer yet, that I may trace
Each feature of the well-known face,
Although I sigh the while.

Time-worn, but resolute, I see
The face that makes earth heaven to me
Through these my shortening days.
Grief-worn, but patient, it has cheered
My heart that doubted, shrank, and feared
In life's bewildering maze.

It might have made my summer bliss—
Ah, dearest! take it not amiss,
That I am sad to-day.
We met too late—dull autumn's time
Had touched our lives with chilling rime,
Our skies were bleak and gray.

We met too late—for us no spring
Might lead to summer blossoming.
And yet it might have been!
If I had known you when the flowers
Were budding in life's early hours,
And all hope's leaves were green!

It might have been! But ah! not now,
Too late, too late, for lover's vow,
Too late for wifely kiss,
Too late for dreams of love and home,
'The time of singing birds is come,"
Sweet music I must miss.

Too late! But see! I take from you
The snowdrop white, the violet blue,
The pale anemone.
And, dear, I think that otherwhere,
A spring eternal, new and fair,
Doth wait for you and me.

SONG.—ROBERT KELLY WEEKS.

Like a fettered hoat that pants and pulls,
And struggles to be free,
When the wind is up, and the whirling gulls
Are wild with ecstacy—
Is my heart apart from thee!

Like a hoat that leans, that leaps, that flies,
That sings along the sea,
With a sunny shower of drops that rise
And fall melodiously—
Is my heart, sweetheart, is my heart,
Is my heart approaching thee!

EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES.—ROBERT BROWNING.

See, as the prettiest graves will do in time,
Our poet wants the freshness of its prime;
Spite of the sexton's hrowing horse, the sods
Have struggled through its hiding osier rods;
Headstoe and half-sunk footstone lean awry,
Wanting the brickwork fomisht by and by;
How the minute gray lichens, plate o'er plate,
Have softened down the dispart name and date!

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.80
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,
413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,
No. 316 California st., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genu'
line—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical
Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris,
and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States.
J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco.
Sent by mail or express anywhere.
PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills,
\$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.

Pacific Towel Company

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand
towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week;
\$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months
6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

INSURANCE.

THE 21st annual banquet of the Fire Underwriters of the Pacific, took place at the Maison Riche on Wednesday evening last. Covers were laid for eighty-five members and their guests. The President of the Underwriters, Herbert Folger, did the honors of the banquet gracefully. One of the most pleasant incidents of the dinner was not down on the programme, and came in the form of a telegram from J. W. G. Cofran, formerly of this city, but now manager of the old Hartford, with headquarters in Chicago, bearing his congratulations and requesting that a couple of cases of wine be sent up at his expense. The toasts that followed were to the absent underwriter, and were drunk standing to the refrain, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The banquet was an unqualified success.

W. G. Taffender has been made general manager and secretary of the American Protective Accident Association. The association has been operated from Redlands in the southern part of the State hitherto, but headquarters will be at once established here.

G. C. Pratt, who has been for some time California manager of the Provident Savings Life Insurance Society, has resigned in favor of Geo. L. North, who some years ago represented the Equitable Life Assurance Society in a similar capacity. The position carries the field in California and Nevada.

S. Purcell, United States Manager of the Sun Insurance Office, who came West some weeks ago to transfer the agency to W. J. Callingham, has returned to New York.

It is understood that a new Accident and Sick Benefit Society is to be soon organized in Los Angeles, to be operated on the assessment plan, and will shortly make the necessary deposit with the Insurance Commissioner. It will make the fifth home company of this character operating on the Pacific Coast.

The proceedings of the Underwriters' Convention, which was held this week, will soon be issued in book form for general distribution. The pamphlet will contain several valuable papers pertinent to the business on this Coast.

W. L. Gazzam, a well-known Seattle insurance man, is in the city.

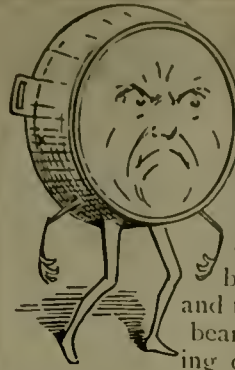
Thos. S. Chard, manager of the Fireman's Fund for the Western States, with headquarters in Chicago, has been in the city for the past week.

Assistant General Manager Brewster, of the Scottish Union and National, is still in San Francisco.

AT THE RACES.

RACING closes at Oakland this week, and Ingleside reopens Monday, with a very attractive two weeks programme. The racing at Oakland has been stale and very commonplace—the principal features being the disgraceful performance of Installator, who ran unplaced in a race, where he should have been the contending horse at the finish; and the performance of J. O. C., who also ran unplaced, in a race he should have won.

One of the innovations at the Oakland track has been the recall flag—to call the horses back after a false start. That the public would be protected with a recall flag is what the advocates of the recall flag promised; and Monday at Oakland witnessed some of this protection. It was the second race on the card and had only five starters. As the barrier was raised, Suisun, the favorite in the betting, went to the front; the starter shook his recall flag, and the others pulled up; he then ordered them to go again, thus giving the heavily backed Suisun the race. Applause, the second choice, set sail after Suisun, and nearly caught him under the wire. With an even break, Applause could not have lost. These are the kind of races that furnish scandal for the race track gossips, and it will be many a day before the echoes of this one die out. One old-timer remarked, after witnessing the race, that it was the best way he had yet seen of making a favorite win a race. *Gutenberg*, in its day, was enterprising—but he remarked, (There are others and I'll give you a piece of good advice, my boy. When you're at Ingleside, play the horses on form, and when you're at Guten)—or I mean Oakland—play them on information and take your chances."



That terrible wash-tub! This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use **Pearline**. Use **Pearline**—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bug-bear. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." **IT'S FALSE**—**Pearline** is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of **Pearline**, be honest—**send it back**. 510 **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

Ostrander Repeating Gun Company.
Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works or factory—36 New street, East Boston, Mass.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment (No. 5), levied on the 23d day of August, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAME.	No. Certificate	No. Shares	Am t
W. P. Ray, U. S. N.	123	1,000	100
Mrs. Elizabeth Carter	194	500	50
"	311	500	50
J. M. Helm	164	600	60
"	238	301	30 10
"	290	155	15 50
Catherine S. Whiteside	204	1,000	100
George H. Hoover	389	50	5
Mrs. Mary Mearse Galt	179	1,000	100
E. P. Cole	397	500	50

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 23d day of August, 1896, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction, at the office of the company, No. 216 Bush street, rooms 50 and 51, City and County of San Francisco, California, on

THURSDAY, THE 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,
at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale,

M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
Office—No. 216 Bush street, Rooms 50 and 51, San Francisco, California.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896,
at the same time and place. **M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.**
San Francisco, October 22, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held this day, the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1896,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, November 19, 1896.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company on the 18th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

THURSDAY, the 14th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, Dec. 28, 1897.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company, on the 6th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

WEDNESDAY, the 27th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 6, 1897.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company, on the 27th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

WEDNESDAY, the 17th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 27, 1897.

POSTPONEMENT.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, held at the office of the company, on the 16th inst., the sale of the above delinquent stock was postponed until

SATURDAY, the 13th DAY OF MARCH, 1897,
at the same time, at rooms 25 and 26, 216 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.
M. WATERS KIRWAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, February 16, 1897.



THE Salvation Army has few more ardent admirers than W. W. Foote, who openly proclaims his approval of the order as the best of all religious organizations. He never neglects an opportunity to purchase a copy of the War Cry, and all the Army lassies who peddle papers have come to know Foote, and to understand that the successful criminal lawyer can always be depended on to relieve them of unsold editions of their official organ. They press this advantage to the limit sometimes, but, to use their own words, "Billy Foote never kicks."

Foote has been espousing the candidacy of Rudolph Herold for the place on the Board of Harbor Commissioners for San Francisco, soon to be vacated by "Uncle" Dan Cole, whose term is about to expire. In the interests of the insurance agent's candidature, Foote, Herold, and Barney Murphy, of San Jose, after a combined appeal to the Governor, were dining together in the Grill Room. The little party was no sooner seated than a blue-gowned figure demurely poked a War Cry beneath Foote's nose. With an air of gratitude for so valuable a suggestion, Foote immediately bought three copies, handing one each to Barney and Rudy. They were soon joined by Charles M. Shortridge, and the editor had not finished shaking hands all around until another poke bonnet loomed up, and four more War Crys were added to the dinner delicacies. Then Samuel M. Shortridge sauntered in, and before the tall attorney had adjusted his glasses to scan the menu card, a third Salvation Army girl was at Foote's side. The other diners, unappreciative of Foote's little gifts, began to gey him as "a good thing" and "an easy mark." Without a murmur Billy paid for five additional copies, and as the Hallelujah lassie was leaving, he called her back.

"By the way, my girl," he said, with a bland smile, modulating his usually stentorian tones, "If there are any more soldiers of your regiment about, send them in to us. These gentlemen," pointing to the quartette at his table, each with a pile of War Crys at his plate, and all looking rather silly, "these gentlemen need all the innocent reading matter procurable."

* * *

When young Gus Costigan so far forgot himself as to sit in the Cosmos Club with one boot gracefully extended along the sill of an open window, his fellow members considered it a just retribution that misfortune should overtake him in the shape of a suddenly descending window sash, which inflicted painful injuries on the Costigan foot. It was even whispered that a member of the committee on conduct of members, shocked at the display of such bad form in the hoot which filled the window, had purposely pulled a string, causing the sash to fall. However, that was never proven. "Cuss Costigan," as he is called at the Cosmos, nursed his wrath and his injured foot, and for the greater comfort of the damaged member slit open the side of an old patent leather boot, on which the patent had nearly expired. As he hobbled around on 'Change, the aperture in his shoe yawned until it became a distinct offense to its owner. To hide the growing canyon in the boot, "Cuss" plastered the edges of the rent with black ink, which had the happy effect of restoring much of its lost respectability to the leather. Among the Call Board men Costigan has the reputation of being a little "near," as the Scotch say, but he had never been considered parsimonious hitherto regarding his personal expenditures. It was with intense surprise, therefore, that his fellow brokers noticed a small section of the Costigan personality protruding from his boot. Beneath the severed leather, the black stocking had also parted, and through the torn cotton peeped one of Gus's little pink toes. Great excitement prevailed among the bulls and bears, until Costigan retired to a secluded corner of the Board room, and with the pen of a ready writer, carefully inked his toe beneath the double bole, until his foot was restored to its usual condition of uniform and shining blackness.

Since Lord and Lady Sholto Douglas, *née* Mooney, departed for Vancouver, British Columbia, a few months ago, in order that the possible heir to the Marquisate of Queensbury might be born on British soil, the movements of this scion of a noble house, and of the ex-concert hall favorite, have been kept so quiet that nothing concerning them has crept into print. That Lord Sholto has not changed his spots, however, since he fell in love with the song and dance artist at Fresno, has been established to the satisfaction of his friends. He arrived in British Columbia heralded in a manner which placed him in rather a ludicrous light, the booking clerk of the steamer having thus described his little family:

"Lady Sholto Douglas, maid and husband."

Sholto has elicited commendation in the Canadian town by his public devotion to his wife, with whom he daily parades the streets, and by the regularity of his attendance at Christ Church, the fashionable temple of Vancouver. When hidden from the public eye, he is reported to have still further endeared himself to his compatriots by the generous expenditure of his munificent allowance of fifteen hundred dollars per year. The story goes that in the English colony at Vancouver a plot was concocted to give Lord Sholto a night's entertainment, which should so thoroughly muddle his brain as to render him incapable of motion. The jollification, as planned, was duly observed, but before the night was over, all Lord Sholto's entertainers were under the table, while Queensbury's son went home with a clear head and steady legs. Since this episode, the younger son of the sporting Marquis has been allowed to maintain the even tenor of his temperance way, and it is unlikely that the attack upon his sobriety will be resumed.

As, conspicuous by his innocuous expression and lack of chin, Lord Sholto parades the streets in a long, flapping mackintosh of pale yellow, of a corresponding shade to his hair, eyes and face, the patient droop to his shoulders and his inturnd toes, comprise such a picture that it is said a lady "in a state of expectancy," after one hasty glance in his direction, was afraid to look again for fear of marking the baby.

* * *

Montgomery street was black with people for two blocks. Hundreds were jammed in between the buildings on opposite sides of the street. The crowd became so great that the thoroughfare was absolutely impassable, and even the horse cars were unable to proceed. As the crowd grew and became a multitude, some one on the outer edge of the assemblage tried to ascertain the reason for the spontaneous mass meeting. All sorts of disquieting rumors went flying back and forth.

"The Mills Building is on fire," suggested one.

"Ambrose Bierce has been shot," hazarded another.

"Butler has broke loose," ventured a third, unmindful of the grammar of his youth.

Finally an appeal for information was made to the man who is always posted, and whose information can invariably be relied upon as authentic.

"What's the matter?" the man of knowledge repeated, with great disdain. "Matter enough," he continued, excitedly, jerking his words out in gasping sentences. "Jim Corbett—champ'n o' th' world—takin' drink!"

* * *

Simon Newman, the grain dealer, no longer yearns for a bucolic existence, a recent experience during an attempted sale of mules having robbed country life of its charm and the unfortunate Simon of the use of one of his arms. It seems that Newman had a number of the long-eared tripe that he was desirous of selling. One day a man came along who wanted mules, but wanted them gentle. "Gentle," said the guileless Simon, "wby they're regular kittens." He undertook to illustrate the truth of his story by slapping one of the animals on the rump with rash familiarity—

When he subsequently returned to consciousness he asked in a voice broken by emotion and mule, "Was it an earthquake? Where am I?"

The buyer had fled; the mules are still unsold, and the doctor says that Simon's arm will soon be well.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will dispel the "blues."

AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, February 18, 1897.

THE most important matters of the week have been the desultory firing of guns in the departing Duckworth scandal, the Yountville Home bill, and the State printing battle. The State Printer defends himself as best he may by declaring that he had no alternative, and was compelled to refuse work because there was no money with which to pay the printers. The work for the Legislature and the Supreme Court has to be done, otherwise he would have cut down his force still further. There is, however, a very general belief that the conduct of the office has been wasteful, and that the Governor was justified in his veto. What the Board of Examiners will do with the matter remains to be seen.



Matthew Canavan.

Matthew Canavan, the Representative of the Twenty-third District, Marin County, is one of the most influential members of the Assembly. Mr. Canavan does not pose as an orator, but as occasion demands, knowing what he wants to say, he says it in a manner that commands attention and respect. Mr. Canavan lives in San Rafael and he was elected to represent his district by the largest majority ever given a candidate. He is particularly active in trying to secure the reimbursement of Marin

County by the State, of such moneys expended on account of the trials, etc., of convicts imprisoned at San Quentin. The dairying interests are also being looked after by Mr. Canavan, as is a measure for the relief of the Volunteer Firemen. Mr. Canavan has introduced a resolution asking our Representatives in Congress to favor the Annexation of Hawaii, and he feels confident that it will pass. He is Chairman of the important Committee on States Prisons and Reformatory Institutions, and a member of the Committees on Commerce and Navigation; Labor and Capital; and Public works; State Capitol and Parks. A hard-working, capable and pains-taking legislator Mr. Canavan is worthy of the confidences imposed in him by the people.

Alden Anderson, the Representative of the Nineteenth Assembly District, is one of the bright young men who have influence and ability, and are the recognized leaders in the lower house. Mr. Anderson is a fruit grower and shipper, whose place of business and home are at Suisun, Solano County. This is the first time he has ever held public office, but it is to be hoped his constituents will not let it be the last time. Men like Mr. Anderson not only do credit to the particular district they represent, but are an honor to the State as well. To be elected, Mr. Anderson, who, by the way, is a staunch Republican, had to overcome an apparent fusion majority of nearly five hundred. That he did this, is



Alden Anderson.

a strong indication of his personal popularity. Ever alert in the interests of the people, Mr. Anderson is paying particular attention to the salaries of officers, as proscribed in the County Government act, and believes in reducing them, in keeping with the times. He is in favor of a State system of roads, and is a strong advocate of such hills looking to that end now before the Assembly. As an opponent of extravagance in public office, he has strenuously

fought unnecessary appointments and useless junketings on the part of members of the body of which he is a member. Mr. Anderson is Chairman of the Committee on Fruit and Vine Interests, and a member of the Committee on County and Township Governments; Fish and Game; Commissions, Retrenchment, and Public Expenditures, and Roads and Highways.

The local delegation in the Senate has determined to recommend a bill for the establishment of a free market on the water-front at San Francisco. This proposition kicked up quite a row in the city some time ago, when advanced by the Merchants' Association. Just what will be done with it is uncertain, as the two houses are unable to agree on the proposition.

IN AID OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

THE California Woman's Hospital has long been recognized as one of the most practical and useful institutions San Francisco, and its whole history has been an honor to those connected with it and a monument to the wisdom and generosity of its supporters. It has been a veritable blessing, as thousands of the afflicted can attest. As its sphere of usefulness widened, the demands on the hospital became so pressing that some eighteen months ago an annex was found absolutely necessary. This addition has just been completed at a cost of \$18,500, and an entire cost including the lot, grading, etc., of \$30,000. It is fitted up with all the medical appliances and conveniences, gives increased room for patients, and is in all respects admirably adapted to the uses for which it was intended. More than half of the large sum expended in erecting this necessary annex was given by Mrs. Mary A. Crocker, and the Mary A. Crocker trust and the Board of Lady Managers very gracefully decided by a regularly adopted resolution to designate the surgical and operating rooms as the "surgery erected by the generous donations of the Mary A. Crocker trust."

In aid of this most beneficent institution the managers will give a grand tea on the 27th inst., from 3 to 7 P. M., at which refreshments will be served, and musical selections, both orchestral and vocal, under the direction of Mrs. James Tucker, will be rendered. The tea will be given at the Crocker mansion, on California street, which has been generously placed at the disposal of the ladies for the occasion. A more admirable place could not be found for this purpose. There are thousands of friends of the Woman's hospital in the city who will be more than pleased to accept this opportunity to aid a most worthy object. Aside from the music, the splendid paintings and the refreshments are richly worth the price of the tickets, which is one dollar. From the 28th annual report of the hospital many interesting facts of its history are obtained, and from it are taken the names of the board of lady managers here appended: Mrs. L. L. Baker, President; Mrs. C. B. Alexander, First Vice-President; Mrs. J. H. Hatch, Second Vice-President; Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Third Vice-President; Mrs. Samuel W. Backus, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. P. McLennau, Financial Secretary; Mrs. Charles E. Baneroff, Treasurer; Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. J. T. Hoyt, Miss K. R. Stone, Mrs. F. D. Stadtmuller, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. Wm. P. Reddington, Mrs. E. B. Stone, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. H. E. Wise, Mrs. H. M. J. McMichael, Mrs. G. E. Butler, Mrs. A. Cheeserough, Mrs. G. F. Ashton, Mrs. James Otis.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

Bitters.

SOCIETY

THERE were two pleasant affairs on Monday evening, the musicale at Mrs. E. B. Ponds, at which Frank Lincoln also assisted with some of his clever recitations; and the last dance of the Monday evening dancing class which drew together the largest number of guests present at any of their meetings this season. The dancing was also kept up long after supper, which was served at midnight, the hour at which "goodnights" were usually said. Mrs. W. P. Morgan's dinner on Tuesday evening was in honor of Captain and Mrs. Oscar Long. The decorations of the festive board were decidedly novel, consisting of miniature cannons, stacks of arms, drums and cannon halls, the tint of red prevailing.

One of the events of Wednesday evening was the performance of a burlesque of the *Mikado* by members of the Olympic Club, for the amusement of their lady friends. It was produced on a stage erected in the gymnasium and preceded by a Japanese glove contest; vocal music by the Moore brothers; banjo solos; athletic feats, etc. The whole affair was a huge success and most enthusiastically applauded by the large throng of guests who were present.

Last evening the Saturday Night Dancing Club gave their final cotillon of the season at Lunt's Hall. Miss Gerstle's tea is the most important event on the programme for to-day. It will be a very elaborate affair, concluding with a dinner and dance afterwards. To-night the long and eagerly-expected entertainment and hall at the Concordia Club will be an accomplished fact, and everything indicates that it will be among the best ever given by that very popular organization.

Brides, as a rule, prefer sunshine to showers for their marriage day, and therefore are those of recent date to be commiserated for having had such atrocious weather on the, to them at least, auspicious date. Nearly all of February's brides have been especially unfortunate in this respect, even those of this week most prominent in social life being little better off. The parental abode on Bush street was selected by Miss Louise Moulder as the locale for her marriage to Mr. J. H. Covode. Archbishop Riordan was the officiating priest, and owing to recent family affliction, the ceremony was witnessed by relatives and a few friends only, and was followed by supper. Miss Charlotte Moulder officiated as her sister's maid-of-honor, and the groom's brother, John Covode, supported him as best man.

Tuesday evening's wedding was a church one, being solemnized at St. Matthew's Lutheran church on Eddy street, where Miss Virginia Duisenberg became Mrs. Alexander Isenberg. It was a green and pink wedding, the huge palm leaves, beneath which the ceremony took place, coming all the way from the future home of the young couple—the Sandwich Islands. The sacred edifice was crowded with guests when the bridal party entered, the ushers, Messrs. Duisenberg, Ryland, Cook, Davies, and Dr. Barry leading the procession up the aisle. They were followed by the Misses Elsa Frank, Augusta Duisenberg, Clara Isenberg, Louise Sussman, Amy Cellarius, and Irma Schaefer, who were gowned alike in white organdie over Nile green silk, and carried bouquets of dark red roses. Finally the bride and groom, arm in arm, the Reverend Dr. Fuenderling awaiting the party at the chancel, where the nuptial knot was tied. The bride, who looked charmingly pretty and happy, was robed in white moire trimmed with chiffon and point lace; her tulle veil was confined to her coiffure by a wreath of myrtle, and her bouquet was of bridal roses and lilies of the valley. Following the church service, a very large reception was held at the home of the bride's mother on Jackson street. The presents received have been large in number, varied in character, besides being handsome and valuable, including jewels, silverware, cut glass, bric-à-brac, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lewis announce the engagement of their sister, Miss Frances Ries, and Abe Harshall. Will receive Monday, February 22nd, from 3 to 5 o'clock p. m. at 2917 Clay street.

The ceremony which united Miss Mattie Gibbs and Walter Holcombe was performed by the Rev. George Walk at the residence of the bride's parents, on Post street, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. The floral effects were beautiful, the various rooms were decorated with different colored blossoms, calla lilies, yellow, pink and red roses. In the evening a general reception was held, and the home was filled with friends who came to tender their congratulations. The bridal robe was a very handsome creation of rich white satin elaborately trimmed with duchesse lace. White violets and lilies of the valley composed the bridal bouquet, and orange blossoms and a diamond pin held the fleecy veil in place. Miss Harriet Gibbs, the maid of honor, was attired in white tulle over pink silk, and carried a cluster of bridesmaid's roses. Charles Beatty, of Sacramento, was the groom's best man. The presents were handsome and costly.

The wedding of Mr. Josua Eppinger and Miss Hilda Levy will take place at the Concordia Club on Tuesday evening, March second, at half past eight o'clock.

Mr. George E. Tourtillotte and Miss Kleta Shackelford were married on the 1st inst., by the Rev. C. B. Reddick, pastor of Centenary M. E. Church, South. The ceremony was very quiet, being attended only by immediate relatives, owing to recent hereavements in the bride's family.

Among recently announced engagements are those of Miss Helen Curtis and William McGee; Miss Harriet Oppenheimer and Hugo J. Lyons; and Miss Grace Sabine and Dr. R. W. M. Payne.

The most elaborate affair of the month was, beyond question, the silver wedding anniversary celebration of Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos, at the Palace Hotel, on the evening of the 14th. It was in the form of a dinner to one hundred guests, who were seated at five round tables laid in the center room of the drawing-room suite on the first floor. Each of these tables accommodated twenty guests, and were adorned with different floral decorations, No. 1 being Bermuda lilies; 2, yellow daffodils; 3, American beauty roses; 4, carnations; and 5, bridesmaid's roses. Mrs. Roos, who wore a magnificent robe of pink and silver brocaded satin and a multitude of diamonds, received her guests in the north room, which was prettily dressed with almond, apple and peach blossoms and many tasteful devices, and during the discussion of the delicious *menu* Baltenberg's orchestra discoursed delightful melody. The favors for the ladies were tiny silver bells engraved with the date. After dinner Mdle. Trehelli favored the guests with several selections. The sketch artists, Silver and Wyatt, and the Fletcher trio gave some of their specialties, and later there was dancing. Mrs. Roos was the recipient of an immense number of handsome gifts appropriate to the occasion from friends at home and abroad.

On Thursday evening a very charming entertainment of living pictures, music, etc., was given at Golden Gate Hall in aid of the furnishing fund of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Carr's tea last Saturday was a very pleasant one, which can be said also of the tea given by Mrs. Barclay Henley for the *début* of her eldest daughter. The rooms were prettily decorated with violets and ferns, and a hevy of very pretty girls assisted the hostesses in looking after the large number of guests who called. In the evening the *Cercle Francais* gave a hall in their club rooms in Union Square Hall, and after a handsome supper, dancing was resumed, and kept up with spirit until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from their trip to Europe.

Are you willing to try a new tea at our expense?

Your grocer will sell you a package of *Schilling's Best*, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

Prices low, but enough.

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San Francisco.

Next week, which will be the last ere Lent, is so well filled with engagements already, society will have a surfeit of good things by the time it closes. Among the many gay affairs to take place may be mentioned the dinner with which Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Helman will celebrate the natal day of the Father of his Country on Monday, to which sixty guests are bidden. On Tuesday afternoon there will be the Lady Washington tea at Mrs. W. E. Fisher's, on Sutter street, and in the evening the dance of the Winter Cotillion Club at Beethoven Hall. Friday, the 26th, is the date set for the tea which Mrs. Alexander Warner will give at her residence on Franklin street, as well as for the second of the musical soirees for the benefit of the French Christian Union of California, at the first of which, last evening, Miss Alice Ames, the violinist, made her first appearance since her return from Europe. On Saturday, the 27th, the Crocker mansion, on California street, will be thrown open once more, and a tea given for the benefit of the State Woman's Hospital. On Saturday evening the San Francisco Verein Club will give an elaborate entertainment. Mr. Greenway has his hands full preparing for the many affairs which are to mark the close of the ante-Lenten season. The arrangements for the ball which the Friday Fortnightly Club will give next Friday evening have been placed entirely under his control, and that it will be a charming success there can be no manner of doubt. The Mardi Gras *bal masque* of the Art Institute will be on a grand scale; the reception committee include some of the best-known people in our swim, and it is a fore-gone conclusion that all who attend will have a gloriously good time.

On the twenty-seventh of the month the Concordia Club promises its members a rare treat. A ball, preceded by a brand new burlesque is what they have on the "tapis." The "Prisoner of Zenda" has been prepared and no pains have been spared to bring it up to the members' requirements. All the music is original and much new talent has been recruited from the Club's membership, as well as outside friends. Rehearsals have been going on for some weeks past.

Among recent affairs may be mentioned the musical reception given by Miss Ardella Mills; Mrs. George Pope's young ladies' luncheon; the Ehrman bud dinner; Miss Baldwin's luncheon; Mrs. Joe Donohoe's luncheon for married ladies; Mrs. W. Magee's dinner of a dozen guests; Miss Katherine Dillon's tea in honor of Miss Alice Jordan of Santa Clara; the Misses Stubbs' euchre party, which was followed by dancing.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney will give the first of her euchre parties this afternoon; the second will take place next Saturday. Mrs. W. H. Brown's euchre party will be given on Wednesday evening next at the Occidental Hotel.

Manager Burns, of the Hotel El Paso de Robles, gave his Eastern guests an unusual treat on the 14th inst., in the shape of a delightfully served barbecue. Eighty covers were laid, and the, to the Eastern folks, unusual experience of a dinner out-of-doors in mid-winter was an occasion of much enjoyment.

The Misses Lewis, at their home corner Post and Laguna streets, entertained a few friends on Friday evening, in a novel manner. Progressive hearts was played, much to the enjoyment of those present. The game as played varied slightly from the scientific version.

The tea held at the home of Mrs. E. K. Stevenot, at 1518 Taylor street, was both a social and financial success. The entertainment was largely attended, and the antique room, filled with many rare articles, was especially interesting.

On the 23d inst., at 8 o'clock p. m., an interesting exhibition in fencing will be given at the gymnasium of the San Francisco Riding Club, 1615 Pacific avenue, under the immediate direction of Professor Tronchet, the fencing master of the club.

Judge McKenna is being feted and bauqueted extensively prior to his departure for Washington City; but greatly to the pleasure of their friends, Mrs. and Miss McKenna will delay their going Eastward for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Tay left on last Tuesday for a visit to Los Angeles and San Diego. At the latter place they will attend the annual water carnival.

F. L. Brown, manager of the Washburn Moen Manufacturing Company, left on Tue-day evening for Los Angeles to attend a meeting of the Hardware and Metal Association. From Los Angeles he goes East in the interest of the company. Mr. A. L. Walker, of the same firm, has just returned from the Northwest.

In the recent life class competition at the Mont Parnasse Art School, Paris, Miss Carrie Callahan, formerly a pupil of the Hopkins' Institute, and also a member of the Sketch Club, obtained the second prize.

Notwithstanding the very disagreeable weather of the week, preparations are going forward at the Hotel Rafael for the early descent upon that excellent hostelry of a large number of the *élite* of the city.

On Sunday evening the Calliopean Club celebrate their thirteenth anniversary by tending the members a banquet at the Club House, 1620 California street. A novel programme is promised.

Miss Minnie Louise Schwabacher gave the second of a series of dinners on Sunday last. Pink prevailed in the table decorations which were very artistic. Covers were laid for twenty.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who are expected to arrive here in about ten days, will pass the month of March at Milbrae as guests of D. O. Mills, who arrived last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Bachman and Miss Bachman will give a dinner party on the twenty-fifth inst., at their home.

Mrs. Gerstle will entertain her friends at tea this afternoon from four to seven.

More than half the worry and trouble of entertaining is in preparing banquets, dinners, for private parties and small functions. Max Abraham, the Caterer, 428 Geary street, will take all such cares off your hands, and attend to every such detail. His wide experience guarantees perfect satisfaction.

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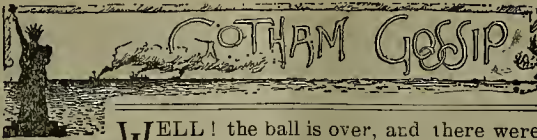
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PRICES: Standard Size, 50 cts. In K11 Purses, 75 cts. Smaller Size, 40 cts. Smaller Size, 60 cts.

SOLO EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



GOTHAM GOSSIP

WELL! the ball is over, and there were none of the threatened dynamite bombs, and the cranks did not gain admission. It was a supreme success, and hundreds of invited guests are to-day reveling in the thoughts of how more than usually stunning they were last night. A photographic studio in the neighborhood of the Waldorf was kept open all night, and at least five hundred of the guests were photographed. This adds another to the list of those who benefited by last night's lavish expenditures. The hotel, butchers, hakers, cabbies, florists, costumers, seamstresses, hair-dressers, decorators, confectioners, messengers, extra maids and footmen, and finally the photographer aforesaid, and his assistants. It means something hetter, does it not, than pauperizing by indiscriminate charity? Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, as a Dutch Burgomaster of the Sixteenth Century, was superb. Mrs. Oelrichs' statuesque beauty was pronounced, in a court dress of the time of Louis XV., a favorite epoch with many of the guests, by the way; Miss Fair was lovely in a Directoire gown. Dick Tohin was another Californian present, and Lady Cunard (Maude Burke) still another.

By the way—Mrs. Alexander was another Californian at the hall in the costume of a Venetian Court Lady of the Sixteenth Century, with her superh hair done in the style of centuries ago. Her husband wore an Oxford student's garb of the same period.

I wonder if anything will develop from the attachment of Dick Tohin and Miss Fair. He used to be known as "Dickie" and she as "Birdie" in the long ago, and judging from their attitude at the last Sunday night's concert in the Metropolitan, they might still be inclined to their more youthful names. But it is charming to meet old friends.

Her cousin, Mrs. Gillig, is leaving for England early in March, to be absent for six or seven weeks. She gives a farewell luncheon at the Waldorf on the fifteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are at that famous hotel, having arrived only a few days ago. "Billy" Barton has been in town for a few days and has gone back to Philadelphia.

I hear that Mrs. George Law is a guest of her sister-in-law in Florence, and that if she wishes to change her name and rank she will have no difficulty in doing so. I have also heard only to-day of "Tony" Navarro and his wife, who are living at Broadway in Somersetsire, near their intimate friends, the Alma Tachmas. They are happy in the possession of a five-months old son.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

New York, February 11, 1897.

THE exhibit of pen and ink sketches of newspaper work that is being very generously arranged by the Chronicle for the benefit of its relief fund, and which will open at the Partington School, 424 Pine street, on next Wednesday, the 24th inst., continuing the remainder of the week, promises to be an immense success. The collection of pen and ink sketches is quite a fad, and the exhibition now being prepared with the greatest care by the Chronicle will afford an opportunity to obtain excellent work of this character, and at the same time aid a most worthy charity. Admission to the exhibition will be only 25 cents. It will be a chance to enjoy one's self, get an idea of the character of work that can be done, and help the poor.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO, 4 1/2 DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

A FREE exhibition of advertising, sketch, and poster work, including originals in black and white, and also reproductions, representing the work of Wilder & Co., will be given in room 27, Easterbrook Building, 20 to 24 Geary street, on Friday and Saturday, February 19th and 20th, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., and from 7:30 to 10 P. M.

THE famous painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," belonging to the Roberts collection, has just been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, having been bought for that purpose by Mr. John S. Kenedy, who paid \$16,100 for it.

The best lamp - chimney word in the world is "Macbeth," whether English or French or Flemish or Dutch.

But get the shape that is made for your lamp, "pearl top" or "pearl glass." Let us send you the Index.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

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Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates. DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Longue, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sbaron and J. Dalzell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$34,302,327

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barbt, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. W. COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000 | Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$550,000

HEAD OFFICE.....59 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENENBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }



"Said a Beardsley boy to a Bradley girl
 Whom he met on a poster blue;
 'I haven't an idea who I am,
 And who the deuce are you?'
 Said the Bradley girl to the Beardsley boy:
 'I'll tell you what I think;
 I came into being one night last week
 When a cat tipped over the ink.'"

—The Clack Book.

"Going skatin' 'fore long?" asked little Jimmie of his sister's beau, who was waiting in the parlor. "I don't skate, my boy. Why?" "I heard Jennie say if you wanted her you better be gettin' your skates on, 'cause they was others."—Detroit Free Press.

O'Hara—She was a good wife to me, poor woman. Many's the word of good advice she gave me. McGOOGAN—Thruze for yez, an' many's the time Oi've heard her advisin' yez wher Oi lived in the house beyant, a mile up the road.—London Figaro.

Domestic Cruelty—I saw Mrs. Higby standing at the window weeping. "I don't blame her; Mr. Higby was cleaning the pavement with that hand-painted snow shovel she gave him Christmas."—Chicago Record.

"I'm afraid, doctor," said the fair patient, "that I am not good enough to go to church." "But, my dear madam, it isn't your goodness, its your desire." "But I'm not good enough to have any desire."—Life.

"How do you account for this plague of freak magazines?" "Oh, they appeared in response to an urgent demand." "From whom?" "The people who write the stuff."—Chicago Journal.

She—It seems almost impossible that you should love me. HE—That's what my mother says. How nicely you and she will get along if you always agree like that.—Harlem Life.

She was a peach, so he declared—
 He was the apple of her eye;
 Soon by the parson they were pared,
 And wedding bells then peeled on high.

—Puck.

Judge—Guilty or not guilty? PRISONER—Not guilty, boss. JUDGE—Ever arrested before? PRISONER—No boss. An' I nevah done stole nuffin before, needer.—Harper's Weekly.

While—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa? PAPA—Yes, my boy. "Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Is the sail the only thing that guides a ship?" asked the green passenger. "No," said the mate, "there are rudders."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—Everybody in the choir detests the organist. HE—Yes; I understand that he is despised as a non-combatant.—Puck.

"I'm afraid of our new cashier." "Why?" "He has been to write a running hand."—Chicago Record.

World's Wine Production.—The American Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, reports to the State Department that the wine production of the world is 3,671,963,000 gallons. The United States stands twelfth on the list.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers, Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

BANKING.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, \$3,000,000 00
 Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894) 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD President | CHARLES R. BISHOP Vice-Pres't
 ALLEN M. CLAY Secretary | THOMAS BROWN Cashier
 S. PRENTISS SMITH Asst. Cashier | T. F. MOULTON Asst. Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
 Draws DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Oenoa, and all cities in Italy.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNEY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid-Up Capital, \$300,000.

OFFICERS

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. | S. O. MURPHY, Vice-President.
 JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooper, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
 Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1851, in Francisco.

JAMES K. WILSON President. | ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
 L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. | F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Brugulere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Guarantee capital and surplus.....\$2,040,201 66
 Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000 00
 Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,740,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000.

WM. H. CROCKER, President
 W. E. BROWN, Vice-President
 GEO. W. KLINE, Cashier
 DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000 | Paid Up.....\$1,500,000
 Subscribed.....3,000,000 | Reserve Fund.....700,000

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
 The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
 IGN. STEINHART } Managers
 P. N. LILIENTHAL }

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
 John J. Valentine.....President | Homer S. King.....Manager
 H. Wadsworth.....Cashier | F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
 DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord | S. L. Abbott, Jr. | H. H. Hewlett
 Wm. Babcock | O. D. Baldwin | E. J. McCutchen
 Adam Grant | W. S. Jones | J. B. Lincoln

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From January 1, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table listing Santa Cruz Division train routes and arrival/departure times.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table listing Coast Division train routes and arrival/departure times.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table listing San Leandro and Haywards local train routes and arrival/departure times.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Ship B). *7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway. *6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:30, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Sundays only. ‡Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ††Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THIS TRAMP HAD READ THE BIBLE.

At one of the recent revival services held at noon in Old Epiphany Church a ragged, unkempt tramp walked in, apparently supposing it to be a charitable soup establishment. When he saw his mistake he started to go out, but was stayed by one of the evangelical workers.

"Stop with us," he said. "But the tramp persisted in going out, saying, 'I'm in de wrong place.'" "No, you're not," responded the evangelist; "we are glad to see you."

WANTED TO TRADE.

I'd like to make exchange at once, On terms extremely low, One dancing girl of queenly grace, For one who'll swim and row. I also have in stock a maid Who knows the tramp in whist; I'll trade her for a hammock girl Who wouldn't scream if kissed.

SHE'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

No doubt some little claim belongs To all these wild emotions About redressing woman's wrongs, And other modern notions; And yet it might be well, I've thought, And scarcely more inhuman, To let her wrongs all go to pot And just re-dress the woman.

An English explorer, Edward A. Fitzgerald, has set out with an elaborately equipped party to climb Acocagua, on the borders of Chili and the Argentine Republic. This mountain is 22,000 feet high, the highest peak outside of the Himalayas, and if Mr. Fitzgerald succeeds he will have climbed the highest mountain yet ascended.



Have you seen the SMOKER'S TIP? It will prevent the poisonous irritation of the tobacco upon the mouth and lip. This constant irritation has caused many a cancer. "The kiss you would impart the sweeter would be, for nicotine on the lip far less there will be."

Advertisement for Oceanic Steamship Company, listing routes to Australia, South Africa, and Capetown.

Advertisement for The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY CO.

TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., In Effect Oct. 14, 1896, ARRIVE IN S. F. Lists various train routes and times.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skags' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, River-side, Lierley's, Buckell's, Sackdosh Heights, Hullville, Boneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willitts, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, and Eureka.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building. A. W. FOSTER, Pres. and Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 10, 25. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every 5th day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
SCENES IN CHINATOWN—Spofford Alley,

Taber Photo. S. F.,



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

Number 9.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

GIVE the unemployed picks and shovels as well as knives and forks. He who wields the one has earned the right to use the other.

THE fact that American steel rails are selling in England below the possibility of competition there, is a compliment to the superior skill of American workmen and American machinery, as it is an unanswerable argument in favor of the principles of free trade.

THE Examiner and the police do not like William M. Nielson for reasons perfectly well understood. Having failed in everything else, they are taking advantage of personal troubles that are liable to occur to anybody, and are falsifying in every instance, as will appear when his side is heard.

THE real estate brokers of San Francisco are practically a unit in favor of the Torrens land transfer bill that is now before the Legislature. The bill should be made law in California without delay. It simplifies and guarantees titles as no other system devised has ever been able to do. It is absolute and complete. Failure to enact it would be a public misfortune.

FOR years Eastern fruit packers have been defrauding California canners of their rights and swindling their own customers by representing that they are buying California goods, which in reality were grown and put up in Maryland. Every effort to stop this traffic—fraudulent in a double sense—has always failed. San Francisco fruit men have just secured the conviction of four of the most flagrant violators at Baltimore. This will have a very discouraging effect upon all the Eastern swindling gang who injure the reputation of California goods by packing inferior fruit under California labels.

THE talk of good roads in California comes better late than never. Millions of money are annually wasted because of had highways throughout the State. What good roads can accomplish may be learned from the experience of Eastern States, where whole districts that were deserted, and valueless, have been made productive, populous and prosperous through the building of permanent highways. A concerted, comprehensive system, carefully planned and intelligently worked out, would be of measureless value to both city and country. Good roads are little less than the foundation of general prosperity.

THE Grand Jury is doing good work. Among other discoveries, it has found out that there was corrupt collusion between certain members of the late Board of Supervisors and certain officers of the City and County Hospital and divers contractors. As usual, it is shown that the people were robbed to the tune of several thousand dollars by some of these industrious public pick-pockets. The flagrant frauds that have been thinly covered up until this time are stalking abroad, and point their fingers toward certain well-known men. The investigation should proceed vigorously, until the takers of bribes and the robbers of the people are in person brought to bar. The money stolen is gone, but the men who took it remain, and they should pay, on prison fare, for their crimes.

PEOPLE who have watched the proceedings in the case of Mrs. Nancy A. Abbott against Thos. Quackenbush will not be surprised that Mrs. Abbott was defeated. Her fate should be a warning to elderly ladies who desire to acquire a competence by annexing the fortunes of wealthy old gentlemen by the private contract marriage route. Quackenbush made a fair, square fight, and won it. That Mrs. Abbot got justice few will doubt.

THE contractors who are accustomed to do work on the State wharves should be more careful of their figuring, and reach a better understanding before submitting their bids. A difference of \$862 for a job on which the highest offer was but \$1,360, clearly shows that the boys made a serious blunder in letting the public know just what a really good thing is. The old theory of addition, division and silence works quite as smoothly among pile-drivers as politicians, and it shouldn't be disturbed.

SAN FRANCISCO does not want any sociologist in the course of instruction here. There are too many rich sinecures in our public schools now to be paid for by the people. A little less so-called education, and more common horse-sense is what taxpayers of this city want. Instead of adding to the long list of tax-eaters that have been fastening from time to time on our public school system, with all the folderol uselessness of them, we want the pruning knife, not the lengthening pay-roll. The bill against which a prompt protest has gone to Sacramento, means \$4,000 per annum added to the tax roll without an additional advantage amounting to four cents a year. San Francisco wants none of it.

THE ordinance that was adopted on Tuesday by the Supervisors, imposing a penalty of \$25 or ten days' imprisonment for spitting on the sidewalks, in public conveyances, or within buildings, will be hailed with joy by all ladies and gentlemen. Should the Board of Health, which recommended the passage of this act, do nothing further during its term of office worthy of commendation, the members by this deed alone will have earned their salaries and the gratitude of the city. The ordinance will hard pinch the hummers—the foul-smelling gangs that hang about the City Hall and make one vast cuspidor of its corridors. It will also catch the Market-street statuary. We hope the police will strictly enforce the provisions of this ordinance, showing no mercy to the offenders against health and decency. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and in this respect San Francisco is a long way from a state of piety.

THE officers of the Horse Show Association of the Pacific Coast have sent out a circular to all horse breeders, and others interested, plainly indicating that there is required a more general and hearty interest in the work of the Association. The gentlemen whose names have been prominently identified with the horse show have not only given their time, but their money as well, toward its success, and they feel that more practical approval of the Association and its objects is necessary upon the part of breeders and exhibitors. California produces the best horses in the world, as the track records of the country show, and it is here that the strongest inducements should be found and the most successfully-conducted horse shows given. The officers have been untiring in their efforts to make the Association of practical value to all classes interested. It is time that breeders throughout the Coast should be heard from. Assurances of their hearty cooperation are due to these gentlemen.

THE POLICE IN CHINATOWN.

THE police gathered in some three hundred Chinamen the other night for playing the comparatively innocent game of fan tan. There is a city ordinance against it, which renders the players liable to a small fine. It is a fair and square game of chance, but, being gambling, it is properly under the ban of the law. Yet it is played year in and year out in Chinatown, without the slightest molestation from any quarter. It is said the gambling houses pay from \$10 to \$25 a week for police protection and usually get it. Why then was that raid made the other night? In the first place, people have been talking rather freely about police inactivity in Chinatown since the death of Little Pete, and it had become necessary to make a showing. In the next place, quite a number of the gambling houses have for some time, on the plea of hard times, been escaping, wholly or in part, the payment of the customary dues. It was deemed a good time to give them the shaking up they got. Thus two birds were killed with one stone. Clever Police! Immaculate defenders of the law! There will be almost as many fan tan games played in Chinatown to-night as ever, but there will be no arrests made. The opium joints, attended by white girls, have not been disturbed, nor have the houses of shame visited by the same class. It is possible to do a mighty lot of thinking on these points.

Since the foregoing was put in type two singularly significant events have occurred in Chinatown that verify to the fullest extent the statements of the NEWS LETTER in regard to the traffic in white women being the real bone of contention between the late Little Pete's faction and the See Yups. Little Pete in some way had the monopoly of importing Chinese women, often selling them at from \$2,500 to \$3,000. At that figure they were, of course, valuable chattel property. The income they brought their owners may be estimated from their capital value. This monopoly Little Pete held on to the last, and it never seemed more firmly established or more profitable than at the time of his death. By some occult arrangements with the Customs Department he had little difficulty in getting in his own, and shutting out those of his opponents. It was a monopoly as lucrative as it was unspeakable. That it could exist in this civilized community has been alike disgraceful to the Municipal and Federal Governments. Certain Missionary homes have, in this connection, sown where they have not listed, and have corralled white wives, and worse, for Chinese merchants. The so-called "house to house visitations" have converted girl missionary teachers to opium fiends, decoy ducks, and we hesitate to say what else. This matter is almost too painful for investigation, but the bottom facts will have come out all the same. We now learn how great a figure the See Yups make of their white slaves against those of the Little Pete Tong. No fewer than five leading lawyers have been employed to keep the Little Pete's from getting in and competing with women of our own race. Shame upon our authorities!

How accustomed the See Yups have become to familiarity with white women has just been demonstrated in the persistence with which a Chinaman has been way-laying an estimable American lady and attempting to kiss her. He was very properly arrested, and if he had lived down South he would be lynched. If this thing comes close to our homes and hearths, we shall probably have greater toleration for Southern lynching. It is a bad business anywhere, but that is a worse business that renders it possible, and even tolerable in the eyes of the freest people on Earth. There are certain portions of Chinatown known to the police that are crowded every day with white visitors to opium joints, and to dens of debauchery worse than the Chinese women occupy. It is now a question as to which of the two classes of women shall win the Chinese men. It is a condition that should make the very blood of our race boil. It is a depth of degradation from which every impulse of humanity recoils in utter horror. Heads of respectable families little dream of the places in which this evil has taken root. It is terrible that these things exist, but the evidence is clear and the necessity for action obvious. The Police could stamp it out if they would. Public opinion, which is the ultimate Court, after all is said and done, should be aroused, and these monstrous evils strangled to their final death.

"As to Boycotting The Examiner." The Examiner is the authority—not a very good one, however—for the statement that it is being boycotted by people who do not like it, and it thinks that among those people are to be found stockholders in street car companies, the gas company, Spring Valley, and the railroads. Well, it is a bad rule that does not work both ways. We have seen no outward and visible signs of boycotting our shameless contemporary, except among heads of families who are beginning to realize the harmful nature of many of its unspeakable ways, but we have failed to learn of any systematic boycotting on the part of the stockholders in the various public utilities that have lately been the objects of the Examiner's bitter warfare. Of these things we are certain: (1) That retaliation upon the Examiner has long been deserved; (2) that it would prove a very effective weapon against a newspaper that bids its soul in exchange for the nickels of the crowd, (3) that rendering material support to one's enemy is about like turning the other cheek to be smitten. If a newspaper does its level best to destroy invested capital, that capital certainly has the right to protect itself by destroying its enemy, if it can. Self-protection is the first law of nature. If invested capital ceases to deal with the Examiner, or with anybody who does, it would soon find a safer way of tickling its mob. It knows the boycott would be effective, hence its crying out before it is hurt. It is likely to be taken at its word, and the hint passed around.

The latest trick of our contemporary to catch nickels is to establish a monopoly of prize-ring news. Money has been paid for the exclusive publication of all that the principals, seconds, and hangers-on may choose to give out, and they, in turn, are bound to give nothing out, except to the Examiner. This is what we are told is "the new journalism." It appears to be part of the contract that the fight is to be "boomed" to the exclusion of legitimate news. Of course, the pugs pay for all they are entitled to get it, but what are those to do who like not prize-fighting, or any of its ways? If they subscribe for the Examiner they are directly subsidizing brutality and those who engage in it. It is in the air that this fight is fixed, and that Corbett is to win. We have no evidence that Fitzsimmons is a party to such an arrangement, but when he fraternizes with the people of the Examiner who were responsible for Umpire Earp, and the fizzle that resulted, he does about the best he can for betting—that is to kill it. No man, not a fool, will wager a dime on his winning. If his fellow Cornishmen of Gold Hill and Virginia City are crazy enough to bet on a certain loser because of his nativity, they deserve to be bled, as they will be. The Examiner is now a monopolist itself. It has, or thinks it has, a corner on the news of the coming prize-fight. The encounter is against the law of this State, and the popularizing of it ought to be made so also. A self-respecting man would view the intent of the law and govern himself accordingly. Fancy the boasted palladium of our liberties, and censor of public morals, crowing at having become the copyrighted monopolist of prize-ring news! Fathers and mothers will boycott it anyhow.

Cuba and Spain. There appears no reason why the United States should accept any other than the position of mediator between Spain and Cuba, notwithstanding the general clamor from noisy statesmen and unthinking citizens. The stories of Spain's atrocities in the island are one-sided, unfair, and false. In this we may thank a sensational and unreliable press, which stamps all information coming from Spanish sources as lies, and all rebel reports as truths. The fact that naturalized citizens of the republic should engage in any transaction whereby the country's peace should be seriously disturbed, is treasonable, and justly brings such violator within the range of Spanish punishment.

There are two causes for the rabid jingo attacks in the United States Congress. Primarily, the situation has been forced upon the blatant Senators by financial circles having interests or mortgages in Cuba, and upon its plantations. Secondly, many of the jingoes have trumpeted the Cuban cause, with a desire to show their spleen against President Cleveland and his Cabinet. Not one of the charges made against Spain or against Mr. Cleveland in the premises can be substantiated. No Government in a

Republican sense exists on the island of Cuba. True, there is a sort of administration, but that this power can show the requisite stability to afford it due recognition has not yet been proved. Even if the revolution and its adherents win their cause, it is very doubtful if any assimilation of racial features could be a fact. White and mulatto residents of Cuba do not love the black race. They are fighting the battles of the revolution, and if victorious would demand recognition, but it is doubtful if they would receive that demand. It has long been known to the best friends of "Cuba Libre" that difference of opinion exists between the black contingent and the whites of Spanish and foreign origin, as to the settlement of matters. The present military chief, Maximo Gomez, is not a Cuban, and is just as likely now to pursue the course that he did during a previous revolt—namely, to treat with Spain for a monetary consideration. Indeed, he is even now fighting for money.

Humanity is a great power to invoke in this contest, but Europe so far has not betrayed this virtue in the Cuban cause, for the reason that Spain's victory means security for payment of interest on Cuban bonds, and so long as the war continues Germany can dump beet root sugar into this and other countries hitherto supplied by Cuba with the sweet material.

So far as Cuba ever becoming a State or territory of this Republic, it is but a dream. Her people, in their racial peculiarities, their born prejudice against the Anglo-Saxon race, their customs and manners, are foreign to us and our ideas. There are hundreds of Cubans, well educated and outwardly desirous of union, but deep down in their hearts and natures lies that feeling that every member of the Latin race bears towards the Anglo-Saxon. They know they cannot get along without the help of that race, and therefore are polished and courteous when it suits their purpose, but once give them the opportunity, and all the racial prejudice appears.

Let the United States intervene by offering mediation in the matter, but to fight Spain upon the strength of exaggerated newspaper stories and fanciful, untruthful statements relative to cruel practices is utterly out of the question. Mr. M. H. de Young, in a recently published interview, stated concisely "that there was enough matters of importance affecting United States interests to be considered by Congress and the Executive, to occupy attention before going into the Cuban matter." This is a true statement of the question, and it is to be hoped that some of our citizens will give heed to this enunciation, and not be beguiled into devoting their time and attention to matters of which they have but one-sided information.

Hawaiian Annexation. The Bulletin takes exception to our assertion of last week in these columns, that the fact that the United States has flourished without distant naval outposts, is an argument that we do not need them now. Our evening contemporary's illustration of the "boy in knickers" is amusing, but not "conclusive." We might reply that the boy may not feel the need of whiskey, but if he grows up among certain associations, he is very liable to feel it, and yet not have an especially desirable sensation. The value of strategic outposts and numerous coaling stations is cheerfully admitted in the case of a nation bent on colonization or conquest, but we were arguing from the premise that it is desirable for the United States to continue the policy of neutrality and defense. Again, the question of "control" of the islands which the Bulletin advances, may have some value. We were not speaking of control, but of annexation. It is entirely possible to enjoy the former without burdening ourselves with the latter. Indeed, we have a fair measure of control now. It gave us coaling rights at Pearl Harbor which we believe have been neglected or allowed to lapse. But suppose we have a coal station in the islands, what security would it be against a power like Great Britain driving us "worth or south for coal supply?" And how would the fact prevent the same power from shelling San Francisco from the three mile limit? While we have our hand in, let us point out a few more reasons why annexation would be folly. If the islands should come into the possession of the United States what would be their destiny? The spirit of American institutions and our traditions answer that they must be given statehood and endowed with self-government of a republican form. That

would add to our galaxy a new State, which according to the island census just completed, would comprise a population of 109,020. About 40,000 of this number are Kanakas from the various Pacific islands; about 60,000 are made up of Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese; and about 7,000 are divided between Americans, English, Germans and French. The American colony is less than one half of the white population, and is less than one-fiftieth of the whole. Is not that a vivid picture of the very poorest material from which to form an American State? We are still withholding statehood from Arizona, which has more than ten times as many native Americans, and from New Mexico, which has fifty times as many. Why should we concede the precious boon to foreigners—and such foreigners? Its consummation would invite one of two equally unfortunate conditions. Either the creation of another American State, governed by the ultra foreign notions of a people just emerging from barbarism, or a State ruled by a minority which from its very nature would be split by factional strife. In name the islands are now republican, but they admit themselves it cannot last. Less than one-fiftieth of the population have the instinct of free government. Hon. John W. Foster whose opportunities of knowing are numerous and extensive, says they cannot govern themselves for any length of time owing to the clash of discordant elements classified as republicans, royalists, natives and foreigners. The climate is a foe to the Anglo-Saxon and will prevent a great increase of their numbers. Commercial advantages will not be increased except in the interest of a few planters. The situation of the islands makes their trade naturally tributary to the United States. Nature and not the form of government will control that. To put the question of annexation to a popular vote in the islands would undoubtedly defeat it. To annex them without consent, would be in the nature of a conquest inimical to the traditions of the Republic—a conquest without advantage, and a constant source of weakness.

The truth is, that the little clique of expatriated Americans have undertaken a contract too great for their capital, and are anxious to shift the burden to the broad shoulders of Uncle Samuel, while they stand ready to gather the plums of business and retain the emoluments of office.

Is It A New Departure? The aged chief of the detective branch of the Police Department of this city said in a published interview the other day that there was nothing new, or out of the way, in his appearance and activity in the Cooney case. That, no doubt, is true. The prosecution is rich, and able to pay well for good services. But the Captain went on to say that "he was no respecter of persons and that the humblest and poorest would just as readily secure his services. It was his duty to ferret out crime whenever due complaint is made to him." That is a correct definition of his duty as a public officer, and if he is now living up to it, a knowledge of the fact will bring him such a host of friends as every man likes to have in his old age. When the police force is a protection to innocent men, and a terror to evil doers, be they rich or poor, that force is sure to be respected by good and law-abiding citizens. On the other hand, when it is made a machine for oppression by those who can pay for it, it becomes the most dangerous and hated instrumentality a city can be cursed with.

Will The Powers Stop Greece? The Turks, may, by grace of the Great Powers, who prefer the wholesale massacre of men, women, and children of their own race and religion, rather than risk a war that civilized men everywhere would welcome, yet it will cost those Powers dearly not to help Greece, or their people. England, Italy, France, and even Germany are treading upon dangerous ground when they run counter to the passionate and well settled opinion of their people. Englishmen simply will not tolerate their ships being used to blockade Greece for the benefit of Turkey. Italy is almost frantic on the subject. France declines to follow her ministers, and even the German people, cautious as they are, are firm in letting Emperor William understand the situation and in declaring that not a German gun shall be fired with the purpose of returning Crete to Turkey. That island long looked to Greece as the Mother Country,

her independence has been won, and her annexation is an accomplished fact. The concert of European nations may be great, but the concert of European opinion is greater. The people have willed that Crete shall be free, and their decree will prove final. The opinion in regard to the ultimate fate of Macedonia is strong, but it may possibly moderate for a time, for the difficulties of the hour are formidable. Yet in the end Macedonia will become one of the most valued and loyal of Greek provinces.

Meanwhile, the Powers want to keep Greece back, but the brave people and noble King seem to have cast fear to the wind and determined to fight and take the consequences, whatever they may be. Things wonderfully clear away before firmness. The Powers are impotent simply because they are not firm. They Shall—I—Shall—I with almost all questions and succeed in settling none. To-day they will, and to-morrow they will not. Every thing by turns, but nothing long, they are afraid of each other, and are in earnest about nothing, except a dislike of fighting. But the destined changes in the map of Europe will go on all the same. Turkey will be pushed out of Europe, where she has long been out of place, and find a more congenial home in Asia. The Mahammedans are still all her own, and they are numerous throughout her possessions in Asiatic Turkey. Greece, under King George, has made a degree of progress that is bound to grow and expand. Finally the popular royal family will govern the whole of ancient Greece. Her present strength lies in the force of European public opinion.

Help for the Deserving. The movement of prominent citizens in aid of the unemployed, must commend itself to all classes of people, and the action of those

who are in need of aid in thus eagerly accepting the opportunity for earning a living, shows that they are worthy of prompt and adequate aid. San Francisco has been the scene of so many labor agitations, so many wild and impracticable demands upon the part of the jaw-laboring unemployed that it is refreshing to find those who are in need of aid willing to back up their demands by the sweat of their faces. San Francisco is a city of abundant wealth and generous impulses. There surely will be found no disposition upon the part of substantial citizens to withhold their aid to this movement for practical help of the deserving, who only ask the opportunity to help themselves.

The expenditure of money upon a boulevard oceanward, and along the beach from the Park, will result in a permanent improvement of value. A public improvement that will be enjoyed by all classes, and worthy of the economical outlay necessary to its completion, entirely aside from the primary object of its accomplishment—the relief of distress among the honest unemployed. For these two objects—either one of which should be sufficient to command respectful consideration—there should be no difficulty in rolling up a sum sufficient to feed the one and permanently build the other. As the matter has been taken hold of by practical business men, its accomplishment is assured.

Chinatown Views. With this issue of the NEWS LETTER appears the first of a series of interesting views of Chinatown. There has been a very general request for these pictures, which in themselves will give a history of this most remarkable part of our city's life. The fame of Chinatown is almost as wide as that of San Francisco itself; for no stranger ever comes here without visiting this city within a city—a little Chinese world within an American metropolis. Here, all the habits, customs, and peculiarities of the Chinaman are seen as they have been kept and observed by the children of Confucius for thousands of years. In himself, a Chinaman is always a Chinaman, without regard to climate, conditions, or countries. In San Francisco, the conditions have been favorable to the establishment of homes, and observance of rites dear to the hearts of all Chinese. Nowhere, outside of their native land, can be found such a colony as exists in the Chinatown of this city. These pictures will embrace a wide range of views, both interior and exterior, and will in themselves give an excellent idea of this noted part of the Pacific's chief business center. When completed, the views will form a valuable collection—more especially as the Chinatown of to-day fortunately bids fair to disappear from the map of San Francisco within a few years.

The Legislature of Many Attaches. Every successive Legislature seems doomed to be branded with its own special infamy, but the sin common to them all is that of stealing. We have had the Legislatures of "a thousand drinks," of "a thousand scandals," of "the combine," of "the robber's roost," and now we have one of many attachés. To open the session, preparatory to organization in the Assembly, alone required over one hundred and twenty attachés, or two to every member. The Clerk was required to appoint whomsoever members dictated, and it resulted that persons were put on the pay-roll who never visited the Capitol at all, yet members with powers of attorney in their pockets signed for their pay, which went where the powers of attorney were. No wonder that members voted to exonerate the Clerk: some of them had had "a part of the pig." Some twelve hundred proposed measures have been introduced this session, two-thirds of which are obviously "cinch bills." It is wonderful what discoveries members make about session time. They find that almost every interest that has money in it needs to be "regulated." If the daily press displayed, in this connection, the enterprise it vaunts itself so much over, this bad business could be rendered too odious for general practice. The NEWS LETTER alone, some years ago, discovered and named "the robber's roost," told of its purposes, its wine, women, and faro, and for a time actually brought legislative proceedings to a standstill. The Examiner this session is denouncing certain bills, and favoring others, that may well cause its readers to yearn for the bottom facts. Rumor is at fault, or certain of those facts will be got at yet.

More Tariff for More Revenue. The Government statistics for December last show that the receipts exceeded the expenditures by \$2,044,449, so that the prediction of President Cleveland that the Wilson tariff would in a short time produce all the revenue required, seems in course of being fulfilled. It would have done that anyhow, but for the unexpected knocking out of the income tax by the Supreme Court. To wipe out the deficit on the whole year by reducing expenditures is both impossible and undesirable, says Chairman Dingley. The cry is for both more tariff and more revenue. But every proposition made during the hearings had before the House Committee tended to reduce or prohibit importations, and hence to reduce customs revenue, and to increase the deficit. It will be interesting to know when the subject of more revenue is to be considered, especially as the new tariff is to be cut and dried, and ready for acceptance at the extra session. If the present Congress were to add a dollar a barrel to the beer tax, the price to the consumer would not be enhanced, the necessary revenue would be raised, and an extra session avoided. But then political debts must needs be paid. The protected industries put up an enormous campaign fund, as Mark Hanna has good reason to know, and, of course, whatever was nominated in the bond must be fulfilled. Hence the President-elect must begin his term with "Congress on his hands," and with it, and the new batch of Senators, his ways may not all be rendered pleasant, nor his paths made peaceful. The desire of the country undoubtedly is for rest and quiet.

For the Carnival. It is none too early for the work begun last fall for a week's carnival in this city to be taken up again and vigorously pushed forward. It is unfortunate that the burden of the unemployed is upon the city, and that the demands of charity have been so heavy at a time of business depression; but the carnival, viewed from a strictly mercantile standpoint, should be regarded as a most promising business investment. It is bound to bring a large number of people here, will add hundreds of thousands of dollars to local circulation which will be felt in every business channel, besides proving of great benefit as an advertisement of San Francisco and the whole State. Thousands of strangers from all over the Coast, and the East as well, will visit the city upon that occasion, and they will be the most desirable class of people—people of means and intelligence. Vigorous and united effort will be necessary to produce results at once creditable and profitable.

AT THE CAPITOL.

SACRAMENTO, February 25, 1897.

THE Legislature is on its last legs, so to speak, but instead of adjourning March 4th, which would be the sixtieth day of the session, it will probably be the 13th before the session adjourns *sim die*. With this Legislature, as with all past ones, the people of the State will join in grateful thanks at its none too soon ending.

The strike in the State Printing Office really availed nothing. If the State Printer and his misguided advisers had done as suggested by the Governor some weeks ago, the deficiency bill would have passed, been signed, and there would have been no strike. Now the Republican majority have acceded to the Governor's demands, and the strikers have all gone back to work. An appropriation of \$40,000 will be made for legislative printing. For the rest of the fiscal year the State Printer will have to get along as best he can, unless the bill appropriating \$35,000 more passes.

The bill now before the Legislature compelling foreign insurance companies to deposit \$200,000 in the United States before they can do business in California, is opposed on the following grounds, although it has passed the Senate. For instance, there are forty-seven companies in San Francisco who wrote \$1,237,157 of marine insurance in 1896. Of these the twenty-eight companies that would be affected by this bill wrote \$616,617. They have paid losses of \$366,558. Not one of them has evaded or defaulted payment of claims, but they had up no deposit. The fact that these companies wrote almost half the business shows that they have the confidence of the people, and that they paid all claims shows that they deserve this confidence. If they were unworthy and unreliable, the fact would have been shown long ago. To drive them out would result in a practical monopoly of marine insurance in the hands of those remaining. Thus it is seen that the proposed legislation would afford no greater protection than is now enjoyed, but on the contrary, would create a monopoly that would react directly upon the people whom this proposed act affects to protect. It cuts against the insured both ways.

An able orator, a bright, understanding and genial gentleman is Senator John J. Boyce, who represents the counties of Ventura and Santa Barbara, which comprise the Thirty-fifth Senatorial District. For one term Senator Boyce was City Attorney of Santa Barbara City, and filled the position so acceptably that he was chosen by the people District Attorney of the county in 1882. With an apparent fusion majority of 750 or more votes against him, Mr. Boyce was, because of his great personal popularity, elected Senator last November by a majority of nearly 200. His own county gave him 300 majority, 150 more than that of the electoral ticket. No mistake was made in the elec-



John J. Boyce.

tion of Senator Boyce, and no more capable, honest, and hardworking representative is in the Senate. His personal popularity at home is echoed here at Sacramento, for one can't help liking and admiring the man if you but know him. Mr. Boyce is particularly anxious to make the kindergartens part of the Public School system, and has introduced bills which he is vigorously urging, the passage of which have this idea for their purpose. He is chairman of the very important Committee on Education and Public Morals, and a member of the Committees on Counties and County Boundaries; Judiciary; Labor and Capital; Mines, Drainage and Mining Debris, and State Prisons and Prison Buildings. Although Senator Boyce has hardly been well a day since the present session began, he is seeming tireless in his labor, and worthy of the greatest amount of praise for the faithful work he has done.

Assemblyman McLauren has been unseated, and the Democratic minority is one less. J. D. Kelsey is the successful contestant. The minority made a hard but unsuccessful fight for McLauren.

With the defeat of his "2½ or 3-cent" car-fare bill, Senator Sammy Braumhart has retired from public notice. It is galling to Sammy, but hugely relished by his numerous acquaintances. Sammy's Congressional aspirations have been horribly rebuffed.

Now that the State Mineralogist has been appointed, the politicians are anxiously awaiting the Governor's expression of a choice regarding the successor of Harbor Commissioner Cole. There are plenty of aspirants, but it looks as if a dark horse will get the prize. Peg.

THE CHRONICLE'S RELIEF FUND EXHIBIT.

THE exhibition of daily newspaper pictorial art given by the Chronicle in aid of its relief fund, at 424 Pine street, during the last four days of the present week, and which closes to-night, is being well attended. The exhibition in itself is a most interesting and instructive illustration of black and white work by the cleverest newspaper artists in the United States. Representatives from the great Eastern dailies, notably the New York Herald, Press, and World, Philadelphia Ledger, Chicago Tribune, Journal, and News, Denver, St. Louis, and other papers, and lastly, but equal to the best, the San Francisco Chronicle papers. The sketches are the originals from which the pictures that have appeared in those papers from time to time were made. As the daily paper is a history of contemporaneous doings, so these sketches are interesting features of the great events of the past year or so, done in black and white—many of them most artistic. The collection embraces every subject, and even a partial account of its wide variety would be out of the question. To pick out the best, where all are so meritorious, would be a difficult task, but it is a matter of local pride to truthfully say that the work shown by the Chronicle is quite as good as the best. Altogether it is unique, and is a tribute to the skill of the newspaper artists of the country. The sketches of the different papers were donated to the exhibition, and will be sold for the benefit of San Francisco's poor. The exhibit comprises more than one thousand of these pen and ink sketches, with an occasional wash drawing, and affords an instructive illustration of what may be done in black and white. It is a credit to the Chronicle in particular, as its substantial results will be a blessing to the needy in this city.

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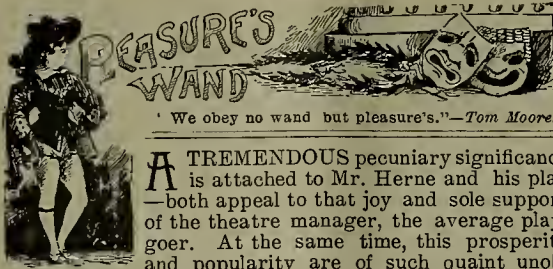
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A TREMENDOUS pecuniary significance is attached to Mr. Herne and his play—both appeal to that joy and sole support of the theatre manager, the average playgoer. At the same time, this prosperity and popularity are of such quaint unobtrusiveness that even professional play-makers and dilettante dramatists, and public journalists and private litterateurs, and all shades of dramatic critics and other superior persons, will find little to sneeze at with the scornful nose. *Shore Acres* is the most simple and usual of stage stories, shorn of complications, abbreviated in the hero and the heroine, and enlarged upon in the side-light character—Mr. Herne's part of Nathaniel Berry. It is set down in the dull, distinctive local colors of a life real to one-half of the nation by personal participation and observation, and almost as real to the other half through dialect magazines. And yet it seems to be an absolute novelty on the American stage. And why? Ask the nearest man, and he will answer, "Realism! Here we get Nature on the stage—no superfluous dramatics, no strain for what the critics call 'construction,' nothing hut Nature in Nature's natural way." At least that is the gist of what several men and two women said to me. I tried to explain that they were doing Mr. Herne injustice, that he was an accomplished theatricalist, that his play was artful play-making, aimed broadside at the vulnerable point of the audience, that he furnished the apparatus and they supplied the illusion—but somehow I never got a chance to finish. No one wanted to find out that Herne is clever, and that he is just as theatrical in writing a play which, by all the canons of play-making is not a play, as is William Gillette in acting a part in a manner which, by all the guns, swords and pistols of criticism, is not play-acting at all. It is a sensational imitation of the common, or garden variety, of humanity, and the success of it lies in its well-arranged exaggeration of the commonplace. Mr. Howells has tried the same thing himself many times, but his commonplace was not common enough, and his realism lacked the sunny alloy of idealism, and he was not always quite clever enough in submerging his own cleverness. Herne obliterates the stigma of authorship: he insists on your disremembering that he or any one else wrote the play—that it is a play—that it is on a stage—that is played by plain, live actors. And nearly everybody believes him. As for myself, I was aghast during the first two acts. There were my old friends, the villager hero and lover, the coerced heroine, her cruel father with his sordid money scheme, and the villain suitor he would force his daughter to wed, and the heroine's large, flabby, amiable mother, and the good, quaint, character uncle, and the funny old character man, and the whole family of them, children and all. And they were all disguised to the point of living, breathing people. Oh, the detail of them! The dialect! the exquisite arrangement of everything, from the children who did not make speeches about God and the angels, to dark-browed poppa, who really carved the real turkey. And there was a mortgage and a false accusation of crime, and the indignant heroine eloping with the heroic accused. But how changed! how different! how repressed! how artful! At the end of the second act, I would have sworn that the crafty hand of Herne could lend probability to a Henry Arthur Jones melodrama. At the end of the third, I thought Jones had better remain as Jonesful as he is. *Shore Acres* is lamentable only when it is in warm action. It is too staid, too pacific, too venerable for that spirit in the third act. It falters, and hobbles, and loses respectability and dignity in the lighthouse episode. Herne lacks the vital vulgarity for obvious heroics, just as he lacks the psychological expert's touch when he tries to get beneath the skin of things. Witness the good brother telling the bad brother of how he, too, loved the bad brother's wife, years ago, before she was wedded, hut turned away, as a good brother should, and sacrificed himself. It takes an Ibsen or a Grundy to handle such high explosive as this. Herne's

craft is photographic: he finds his own in the quiet expression of externals. The sudden lurch into nineteenth century melodrama in the third act merely proves that while Mr. Herne may be the parent of Nature, it is a wise father who knoweth his own grandchild.

* * *

Herne does not try to be active and imaginative in the concluding act. He goes back to the suggestive tableau and the cadenced dialect, and the dramatist's trusty friend, the period of time "elapsed." I think it is fifteen months that "elapse" between the third and fourth acts, and it takes all that time and a portion of the fourth act to get the erring hrother back into focus. It is done, very neatly, and with all the simplicity of Christopher Columbus's up-turned egg. The roof is sagging under its weight of mortgage, the good brother and the bad hrother do not speak as they pass by, hard times are come, the hoom has failed to strike the town-lots on Shore Acres farm—even the choice site containing mother's grave remains unpurchased. It snows without; withiu it is Christmas eve. Uncle Nat heams with expectancy. All the time incomparable detail is taking place. Then Uncle Nat peers out into the night. You know what he sees, everybody this side of the lights knows, everybody on the stage is told, everybody except dreary, pre-repentant hrother. Uncle Nat goes out quietly, and comes back to the kitchen with something long and soft and white held preciously in his arms. It is a baby, come all the way from Chicago with its poppa and momma (the hero who did not believe in hell outside of New England, and the heroine, who learned the same opinions). Momma and poppa do not wear rich clothes; poppa's are shiny in the seams and haggly at the knees, and momma's are neat, hut not modish. Invention pales before such camera art as this. And he who was a had hrother and a cruel father is welcomed by the prodigals and allowed to repent. The hero and heroine do not lift the mortgage. Uncle Nat's back pension money arrives at the fatal moment. And when all else have gone to their heds, Uncle Nat sits alone in the hig kitchen, dreaming drowsily, and saying never a word—yet you hear it all clearer than words. And when he fastens the doors and pats the children's presents, wiuds the clock, then climbs the creaking stair, and passes out, leaving a full thirty seconds of empty stage before the curtain falls, I feel a something of the same admiration for James A. Herne's stage technic that I feel for Henry Irving's in that wonderful moment when Shylock leaves the court room.

* * *

Oh! I forgot another great point: the villain-suitor is not a real villain. He hehaves very handsomely in the last act. In fact, he kisses the heroine's baby.

* * *

The acting calls for no criticism that I can see. With the exception of that of the heroine, acted by a young woman of large and unpleasant elocutionary resources, it belongs to the play.

* * *

Shore Acres is inevitable. Possibly you did not see the opening, maybe you will not go to-night, and you may have other things on hand for to-morrow—but you will be there sooner or later. This is your foredoom. The play has the long, strong, popular pull. Personally, I cannot remember how it feels not to have seen *Shore Acres*. It came to the Baldwin Monday night, and already it wears the belated reliability of a classic. Some things (young critics, for instance) acquire age, some get it gratuitously; others are horn aged. So was *Shore Acres*. History is fairy fabrication beside the staunch New England authenticity of this five-year-old play; and Uncle Josh, once honored, beloved, and ever pledged, is now a hewhiskered fad, out-Whitcomhed at every turn. Primeval American pie, pristine turkey (stuffed) and the archaic laughter and tears of virgin Nature are in Mr. Herne's homely hut heartfelt play. As Mr. Howells recently said of Mr. Gillette—because he did not think of it in time for Mr. Herne—"In any case he has given us a drama which tingles with Americanism, and which we cannot see without fancying ourselves a nation, if not a race." But then, remember Mr. Howells is a very young dramatic critic, and he has always been an inveterate author of things himself. Modest persons like ourselves would never stop this side of a race in dealing with

praise to Herne and America. I see not only a race, but all the diffusing and infusing vitality of tribal dialects in a people who can produce a *Shore Acres*. Such things were never literary realities before, they were but shadowed prophecies. Whitcomb Riley, of the Hoosier Harmony, and Ambrose Bierce of the Little Johnneologism, are dim and spurious dialecticians beside James A. Herne and his coast of Maine vocabulary. Herne is no kin to his harbingers. Like Sardou's Napoleon, he is not a descendant, he is an ancestor.

Tireless Fanny Rice is again at the Columbia with her moralistic little skit *At The French Ball*. Miss Rice's voice seems to have lost much of its fierce power; her acting is as copious and enduring as ever. Charley D'ew has several minutes of genuine cleverness, but a Mr. Gaillard (the rest of his name is not on the programme) in the part of a French roue, scoops in all the glory of the ball scene. Do not be diverted from Gaillard by the rattle and bang of the rest of the farce. There are real character and art in his work.

The band played and Sousa acted, and everyone was pleased at the California Thursday night. There was new music and old, old gestures and new, and I even thought I detected a new medal or two on John Philip's plethoric bosom and some new strands in his dusky Æolian whisker. He is a great bandmaster, our sumptuous Sousa—even if he does play the *Lohengrin* prelude in rhythmic martial measure. Of course the classics are not always to be joked with, and the long-haired devotees of the beautiful, the wondrous and the pure naturally regard Sousa as a musical infidel. But there is a coarse vaudeville streak somewhere in me that answers to his humor. I think his phrasing is often the summit of wit, and in his own works the instrumentation runs in epigrams. I admire Sousa as an actor, and I admire him as a musician, and, as I have said before, and say again for the lack of better expression, those brave marches of his make soldiers of us all.

ASHTON STEVENS.

It is to the Tivoli that most of us owe our acquaintance with the inimitable satires of Gilbert and Sullivan. And unless the grosser comicality of farce and burlesque has spoiled the public taste for such exquisite expression of wit and melody, there will be prosperity and entertainment all round in this revival of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. *Patience* opened the season this week, and many of the parts are excellently taken, and the orchestra and chorus are exceptionally satisfying. Next week *The Mikado* will be staged to the full extent of the Tivoli's resources.

Only one new turn at the Orpheum this week, and the best part of that is Barney Fagan's singing of "O Those Colored Ladies;" Fagan gets the real swing of the fancy nigger into his song. Here is the brilliant outlook for next week: The Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, said to be the funniest musical comedians in the business, and Dudley Prescott, "the human brass band," alleged to imitate everything that ever made a noise.

It will not do to miss Thursday's symphony concert at the Columbia. Listen to what is announced for the programme: Brahms's symphony, No. 4, in E minor (first time in San Francisco); the Roman Carnival overture, by Berlioz; the *Hansel and Gretel* fantasia, which made such an impression when Hinrichs brought it out at the Tivoli, and—Trebelli will sing. The chance to hear a first-class orchestra and a first-class soloist at the same concert is too rare to overlook.

Two other musical events to be anticipated pleausrably are Trebelli's song recitals, which take place at Golden Gate Hall on next Saturday afternoon and the evening of Tuesday following. Trebelli is an artist with a brilliant present and a scintillating future. Her first concert at the California captured the critics and the audience, and doubtless her singing at the Columbia, Thursday afternoon, will be the means of drawing the entire symphony contingent to her recitals.

Shore Acres has two weeks more at the Baldwin.

Fanny Rice has one more at the Columbia.

Matinee and evening performances to-day and to-morrow by Sousa's band at the California.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

Bitters.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Commencing next Monday, March 1st, second and last week but one of JAMES A. HERNE as Nathaniel Berry, in

SHORE ACRES

Direction of Henry C. Miner.

Next attraction—FANNY DAVENPORT.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottloh & Co., Lessees and Managers

She never had such a play. The best of them all. Second and last week of

DAINTY FANNY RICE

In the new version of her latest and greatest success,

AT THE FRENCH BALL

Assisted by an exceptionally excellent Company of comedians. Next Attraction: "Cissy Fitzgerald" in *THE FOUNDLING*.

Columbia Theatre.—Extra.

Third Symphony Concert.

Next Thursday afternoon, March 4th, at 3:30 sharp. GUSTAV HINRICHS, Conductor.

TREBELLI,

The great soprano, Soloist. Brahms Symphony No. 4; Hansel and Gretel Fantasia; and Berlioz's Roman Carnival. Seats now on sale. 50 cents and \$1.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

The Gilbert & Sullivan season. Last nights of *PATIENCE*. One week only, commencing Monday, March 1st; every evening. The original Japanese opera,

THE MIKADO.

Great cast; beautiful scenery; correct costumes; appropriate accessories. In preparation: *IOLANthe, THE SORCERER*.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, March 1st. Another great bill.

DUDLEY PRESCOTT,

the "Human Brass Band;" Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, Classical and Comedy Musical Artists, and the Grand Opera Stars. Guille, Abramoff, Napoleoni, and Miss Cotte; Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron. Edmund Hayes and Emily Lytton in "A Talkative Man," the Pantzers, the Finneys, and novelties galore. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

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TWO FAREWELL VOCAL RECITALS will be given by Miss

TREBELLI,

Saturday afternoon, March 6th, at 3 P. M.

Tuesday evening, March 9th, at 8:15 P. M.

Prices of Admission: 50 cents and \$1.

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THE JEWS AND THE BIBLE.

[In Two Papers.—Part First.]

BY DR. G. A. DANZIGER.

THESE are, running wild in this world of ours, a few mistaken ideas about the Jews, which to set aright is a duty. The Jews have had a sufficiency of laudation and damnation, neither of which was really deserved. The fact that they are liberal patrons of Col. Ingersoll's trite lectures gave rise to the idea that all Jews are infidels. It was reasoned thus: Disinclined to believe the myths of the Old Testament, and unwilling to accept the New, they hail infidelity with delight. While the cogency is adequate, the reason lacks the elements of perfect truth. He Jew needs neither myths nor dubious history to give his religion vitality, flexibility and durability. Not being commanded to believe but to *do* he is a subjective religious factor and not an objective one. Peccable in the ways of the world, he is impeccable in his relation to his God—the Jew is one with his religion; he is not an infidel.

Another class of people reasons differently. The Jews must of necessity believe every statement of the Old Testament, for they even now persistently reject Christ, expecting the coming of a Messiah as promised by the Prophets. But if they do not believe in the old dispensation, why not accept the new? If they do not care for the angry Jehovah, why not embrace the love of Christ? If they fail to do as reason and logic demand of them, then forsooth, they are Jews still, believing as their fathers believed, hoping for the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies, and praying as did they of old, for a Redeemer to lead them to the "Land that floweth milk and honey."

Wrong again. The modern Jews believe nothing of that. And yet, were you to ask any ordinary Jew what he believes, I doubt if the answer would come forth as glibly and trippingly as you would expect. He might tell you he believes in Judaism; but if you inquire: "What is Judaism?" the answer will be owing. As a matter of fact, there are few people, including Rabbis, who could give a ready answer to this question. But this is quite a different story. I would say, parenthetically, that the Jews are not the exclusively afflicted in that respect. Few professed Christians could readily answer the question, What is Christianity? These are puzzling questions; often asked and seldom answered. For does it not seem that "right doing" does not depend on the profession of churchism? The infidel, too, has a faith, which he expounds with much particularity and a raking in of coin, that would delight the shrivelled soul of a Shylock. What need is there of a Church, a Bible or a Sacrament, when you can be as good a citizen, husband, father and friend without? There is force in that; nay, more; there is even a good quality of logic in it. For after all, Moses, Christ, Mohammed and Buddah have concentrated their essential doctrines upon these very points. This is very nice, only the infidel has left out of consideration one serious point, "The Human Heart. The human heart, with its strange forces and feelings, its reverence and clinging regard for those things which were sown in tears, harvested in sorrow, and eaten in drear moments of utter desolation.

It is strange that we have such fancies; that we do not cast our dead into the sea, or leave them a prey to vultures and jackals. It is strange that we hurry those we love in the safest recesses of our seared hearts and yearning souls, to be called forth with memories, sweet, tender and holy. It is strange, also, that we keep mementos of those whose lives were intertwined with ours, and guard them as precious. Is it not enough to think now and then of those that have passed away and then live for the living? No, it is not! And as long as this is so, the human family will need some tangible form to guide it safely, to link its present with the past; to make it look straight ahead in time of danger, but be retrospective in moments of peace and quiet joy. And for this retrospectiveness, for the linking of the present with the past, some strong chain is necessary; this chain with the Jews is the Bible. He—the average Jew—loves it, not so much for what it contains as for the associations it recalls. A few years ago the Jews of Italy offered the Pope \$300,000 in gold for an old manuscript Bible, simply because its birth happened at a time when Israel's wound was yet fresh.

The learned Jew loves the Bible for another, one might say, nobler reason; for, the most beautiful in literary form—that which by its power, cadence and rhythm, inspires the soul regardless of its historical dubiety, must of necessity rank much higher than any other expression; higher in fact, than the very laws that gave it being, since it can rise superior to them in its capacity in revealing the weal and woe of a human soul. Who asks, who cares for the origin of the beautiful? It is there; that is enough. The learned Jew thus luxuriates in the beauties of the Bible. There is something infinitely touching in the love he hears the lore of his people. How he dwells upon every expression, every shade of meaning underlying each word; how he turns and rolls it upon his tongue like a sweet morsel. To him every word is pregnant with power and possibilities. Take, for example, the word Jehovah. He knows that *Yah* (as in the Phœnician language) means "Being and Becoming," the "*Sein und Werden*" of the German philosophers, the "Is" of the world. To the learned Jew the word Jehovah or *Ya-ha-veh*, has a treble significance: *Ya*, God is; *Hoveh*, God was, and *Jeveh*—(by grammatical adjustment) means God will he! Thus he goes through the mazes of this cosmic volume and luxuriates in an Eden to which the uninitiated have no admittance. For, to properly appreciate the Bible, one must read it in the *hebrew language*. To grow conscious of its beauties, grasp the great truths it contains, you must be a Jew, a learned Jew, or know the tongue in which David sang, Jeremiah wept, and Isaiah measured his strength with the angels in heaven. The Jew reads the Bible in Hebrew; he feels the weight and volume of every measure; he becomes an actor in the dramas written and acted by his poets and seers. This is as it should be. One who reads and understands the original language of any literary work does not care to read it in translation, however excellent such may be. The best rendition of Homer's works in a foreign tongue does not interest the scholar who can read the resonant and swinging lines of Hellas' immortal hard.

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THE men say the army chaps are getting all the innings now in society. But whose fault is it, anyway? Soldiers are proverbially brave, and if a second Lieutenant is willing to face matrimonial life on his pay, surely a clerk in grain, insurance, or bank offices has an equal chance to go in and win the girl of his choice. But if selfish considerations and fear of curtailment of personal enjoyment weighs with the civilian, why, then, no wonder that none but the brave deserve the fair.

* * *

Surely, '96-7 will be known as the season of weddings. Engagement "announcements" are made daily, and one by one our loveliest belles are carried off from the ranks of girlhood and make our list of charming young matrons (already a long one) still more enlarged. The latest brides-lect who have each chosen military chaps—Miss Burton and Miss Ethel Cohen—have always been among the most popular of our social belles. *Apropos* of Miss Cohen, a girl friend remarked at the engagement tea, "I'm sure it's been a plain fact to any one who had eyes that Ethel's thoughts were all in one direction bent for weeks past," and a man near by, wishing to go one better, added: "Ya-as; and when the dear girl said Ly-man, of course he fell down. Who wouldn't, ye know?"

* * *

If anything could serve to accentuate the taint of Anglophobia which is current in our "best society," it would be the fact that several of the swagger set arranged an outing at a fashionable country settlement "to get away from the nuisance and fuss of Washington's birthday, don't ye know." Where, oh where, is the spirit of '76 that our forefathers held for? Why don't the colonial dames, instead of reading papers on a lot of stuff, get their men folk imbued with a feeling of patriotism and pride in the America of to-day, as well as of the past?

* * *

As Lent approaches, the fun increases; that is, teas and cotillions multiply, but card clubs are already being organized to play during the Lenten period. To an outsider, it has a comical side, when one sees a woman rushing daily to church for morning service, and in the afternoon or evening, as the case may be, playing whist, euchre, or poker, for that the latter game is patronized by the women is attested by the coterie who assemble under the wing of a prominent society matron, who is a member of the Romish church.

* * *

Apropos of this Lenten diversion, it is related that a lady who was rebuked by her minister for playing cards in Lent, offered to temporize by saying that a club of ladies had agreed to give the jack-pot winnings to his church, when to her amazement the clergyman replied: "My dear Mrs. —, I would not touch a cent of such money, nor would I allow it to be used for church purposes. Don't for a moment think absolution can be bought thus."

* * *

The rainy weather of the past fortnight has not alarmed the guests of the Hotel Rafael. On the contrary, numbers of fashionable people have flocked there to avoid the dullness of a storm-swept city, and congregate around the fireside of the long parlor, play cards, sing or chat, as inclined. The list of arrivals daily goes on increasing, and the indications are that this favorite place will be the Mecca for fashionables during the coming season.

* * *

News comes from New York that our California girls, the Misses Ethel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman, are enjoying hugely the many attractions of that fascinating metropolis.

* * *

The last dance of the Friday Fortnightlies evidenced that Eastertide will in all probability usher in another society engagement.

Young Pierson, son of General Fred Pierson, will shortly visit the Pacific Coast. He is a clever young business man, popular as a clubman and a sportsman, and one of the heirs to a large fortune. I trust the California *débutantes* will not let such a prize escape them.

* * *

Now, that our contemporary's army writer has shown up the methods employed by the officers' wives to secure husbands for maiden sisters, the girls will be chary of going on visits to their sisters at army posts, lest they be accused of following it up.

* * *

Rumor is again rife with coupling another young Boardman and a society blonde. The military brother-in-law is also spoken of as a possible successful suitor. Which shall it be? says the swim.

* * *

It is predicted that Miss Leila Burton will make a hit in *aste* on Monday night, and 'tis said that manager Bouvier is enthusiastically hoping for a bright star to arise in his firmament theatrical.

* * *

Mrs. Ernest C. La Montague has taken a cottage at Cedarhurst for next summer overlooking the new golf links of the Rockaway Hunt Club.

* * *

On dit, a name that sounds very like that of the President-elect, will soon be joined to that of a distinguished citizen.

The possibilities of one dollar are tastefully and artistically demonstrated at Swain's Bakery 213 Sutter street where a splendid table d'hôte dinner is served for that sum every day between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m. The service is elegant and refined and the viands of the choicest. Orders for pastries and confections also of the finest quality, promptly filled by telephone or otherwise.

The art of every people is peculiar to itself. The best of Japanese art is to be seen at Geo. T. Marsh & Co.'s 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, show admirably the wonderful skill of those little brown men. A delightful hour can be spent there looking through his choice collection.

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The Western Avenues, or Toil and Travel in Further North America. By Morley Roberts. New Edition, illustrated by A. D. McCornick, and from photographs. Westminster. Archibald Colclahle and Co. 1896.

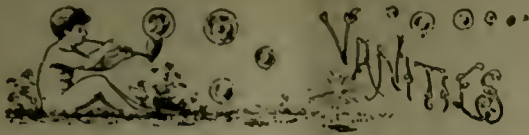
A Book of the Week. This book was originally published in 1887, —not in 1896, as The Bookman erroneously supposes—but its author, having since that date made a reputation as a writer of stories, has lately re-issued it in an improved form. It is a record of varied experiences in the United States and Canada, such as many Britisbers have gone through, but few have related. It is, as its author says, commonly spoken of as a book of travel, but is really an autobiography, inasmuch as it contains an account not merely of the literal journeyings, but also of the spiritual experience of the writer. Mr. Roberts, after wandering in Australia, and serving for some time on board ship as a sailor, found himself in London in broken health. Having a brother in Texas, he decided to go to that State, where he berded sheep, and lived a rough healthy life. From Texas he went to Chicago in charge of cattle on a train; thence into Iowa and Minnesota. Several times he was “dead broke,” and at his wits’ end to procure the barest necessities of life. Seeing a notice to the effect that laborers were wanted on the Canadian Pacific Railway, he paid out his last few dollars for 1600 miles’ transportation for himself and a friend through Canada to the Rocky Mountains. He and a large number of other men, of various nationalities, went to work in the Kicking Horse Pass. The life was rough and hard, but the food was plentiful, and his companions, if coarse, were sometimes jovial and good-humored, and, in rare instances, not altogether insensible to the charms of music and higher things. Thence across the Selkirks to the Golden Range and the Spushwap Lakes, and so on to British Columbia, where he worked on farms and in a saw-mill. Eventually, after much wandering and long tramping, he reached Crescent City, whence he paid his fare by steamer to San Francisco, landing here with just “two bits” in his pocket. Happening to alight in this city during a hard winter when it was estimated that there were twenty thousand men out of work, he often went without food for a whole day, and was constrained to catch a broken rest upon bare boards. To use the writer’s own words: “For three months San Francisco was a city of sorrow and despair to me, of laborious occupation or worse, of none at all, of poverty, of starvation, of discomfort—the uneasy sleep, and the dreams of better things, and the awakening to misery and starvation—it was bitter.” In the middle of the month of April Mr. Roberts received an offer of work on a “ranche” in Lake County, but, as it was necessary that he should engage himself for a year, refused it. After trying for a few weeks to make a living as a book agent, he came to the conclusion that Nature had not gifted him with the necessary “gall,” sold the sample atlas which he had wearily dragged about for some weeks, and once more was without employment. But a stroke of luck came in the shape of an engagement to work on a vineyard in Sonoma County at twenty dollars a month. He stayed there long enough to save sufficient money to carry him back to England, and, joyfully bidding farewell to his Italian fellow-workers, journeyed rapidly across the continent to the Atlantic, crossed it and stepped again upon his native soil. The book throughout is most interesting, and though we have read scarcely anything else written by Mr. Roberts, we are half-disposed to agree with the critics who have said that the writer will never do better work than this. In a certain sense the criticism is doubtless true, for it is a simple straightforward account of actual physical toils and mental sufferings, and conveys to the reader’s mind a sense of reality that can scarcely be produced by the feigned adventures of imaginary characters. So many Europeans, and Britishers in particular, have done so very much the same things in North America as Mr. Roberts that this graphic record cannot fail to interest a large number of readers.

The February issue of Harper’s Magazine contains Richard Harding Davis’s account of the coronation of the Czar of Russia, with six illustrations by R. Caton Woodville; Poultney Bigelow’s account of the President of the Orange Free State; stories by Sara Beaumont Kennedy, Octave Thanet, and Margaret Sutton Briscoe. The first of Mr. Charles F. Lummis’s articles on Mexico appears under the title of “The Awakening of a Nation.” Mr. Lummis is familiar with Mexico and the Spanish language, and has recently traversed the country from end to end, conversing with men of every grade from President to *peon*. He is strongly impressed with the great work that has been accomplished by Diaz, who, since 1876 has been undisputed master of Mexico, and during all that time has saved it from the revolutions that chronically afflict all other Spanish-American communities. He has freed his country from the curse of brigandage, provided it with railroads, telegraphs, electric lights, and an excellent system of public education. Under his firm control life, property, and civic rights have been made positively more secure in the United States of Mexico than in the United States of North America. The Federal and State governments have been cleared of the corrupt and incompetent men who formerly infested all the public offices, and, despite the President’s boundless opportunities for enriching himself in ways commonly considered entirely legitimate by Spanish-American public men, he has remained an only moderately wealthy man. Mr. Lummis’s article is illustrated with excellent pictures, which are apparently the result of combining the work of the sketcher with that of the photographer, somewhat after the manner in which Mr. Clifton Johnson’s pictures are made. In the literary notes are some complimentary remarks on Mr. E. F. Benson’s recently issued novel “Limitations.” Mr. Lawrence Hutton shows his appreciation of Mr. Benson’s intelligence and cleverness, which the criticsasters of the daily press have sometimes affected to doubt. But it is really surprising (or perhaps it isn’t after all) how much more appreciative of other men’s intelligence a clever man is than a dull one. A dull man, not content with being fat-witted himself, believes everybody else to be dense also. The Bæotians, no doubt, entirely failed to perceive the Athenians’ superiority to themselves.

It is really quite a task nowadays to keep oneself informed upon the chances and changes of periodical literature. In June 1895 we sent an article to a magazine entitled “The Monthly Illustrator,” the price of which was thirty cents: it was accepted conditionally by Mr. Harry C. Jones, who then owned the Magazine. Soon the Monthly Illustrator was purchased by Mr. J. W. Kay, who incorporated with it Home and Country, then selling at fifteen cents. The magazine was now known under the cumbersome title of the two periodicals of which it was made up, and was sold for twenty cents. During 1896 the price was reduced to five cents, and continued so for several months. The article accepted by a thirty-cent magazine in 1895 was ultimately published in January 1897 by a five-cent one. But we are pleased to record the fact that the compensation paid to the writer was that originally agreed upon by the proprietor of the thirty-cent periodical. Now in February the magazine has increased its size, raised its price to ten cents, and dropped the first part of its name, being simply known as “Home and Country.” We wish it success.

The Railway Magazine, published in New York by Mr. G. H. Baker, who was formerly Fuel expert for the Southern Pacific company, is a handsome periodical. It is devoted entirely to matters of interest to railroad men, and certainly should have considerable value to them. The January issue, which reached us somewhat late, contains an installment of Dr. Seward Webb’s account of his trip to the Pacific Coast and Alaska, and a long and fully illustrated article on the Mexican Central Railway, by Arthur Inkersley, besides other contributions by experts in railroad matters.

The March issue of the Traveler will contain an article on President Diaz of Mexico, with some estimate of the work he has accomplished in tranquillizing and modernizing that old and picturesque country. It will be illustrated with the excellent photographs for which The Traveler is noted.



DEAR EDITH: It will be a long time before Paris loses entirely its supremacy in the art of woman's dressing. At times, the great modistes of New York and London surpass their French rivals and originate styles which run around the world, and then, just when it seems as if the scepter were to pass from the French metropolis to an Anglo-Saxon one, there comes an outburst of beautiful styles and exquisite designs which cannot be surpassed, if even equaled. Of late, there has been such a series of surprises in the French dress world! Some of the new designs are monuments of artistic completeness. One dress, an evening gown, which has just arrived in this country, was a Princess robe in urauium green satin, half-veiled with black Chantilly lace. It had any number of ruches and half ruches at the neck. The skirt was very slightly gored to form a graceful apron front, of which one side seemed to be held by a magnificent bow in black satin, whose ends, falling within a quarter of a yard from the floor, were tipped with gold and black aiguillettes. The black ruching of the corsage changed into heavy black satin straps around the armholes and a mass of bows and ribbons upon the shoulders. Here and there along the bottom of the skirt, as if flowing from the ruching beneath, were black velvet roses with jeweled centers. There were two of these upon the shoulder.

Most ingenious of all was a provision whereby this superb toilet could be converted into a tea gown. This was effected by a necklet or collarette made of black satin ribbon, jetwork, gold gems, held in place by satin bows, and reinforced by two heavy black satin ribbons which started in the middle of the collar at its lower edge and thence ran like shoulder braces around under the arm and meeting in front. The necklet was just open enough to disclose the pink flesh of the back and chest, but sufficiently solid to make the general appearance that of a very richly decorated and magnificent house gown.

There is another *à la* style of dress which, it is said, has been ordered by one of the great stars of the Comedie Française. This evening gown is tightly fitting and suggests some of the styles of the last century. The skirt is gored and gathered so to hang comparatively smooth one-third of the way down, so that it meets a graceful hand of lisse frills, fur, and lace. It runs another third with a smooth surface, and is again limited by a similar decoration. From here it falls in narrow, irregular pleats to the ground, and at the bottom is edged with fur. The bodice-waist is tight-fitting, the shoulder piece is a mere cuff, and the sleeves are almost as tight as if the arms had been wound with the material. Instead of being smooth, they are marked by the Bernhardt wrinkle. The upper part is cut *décolleté*, quite low upon the sides, so as to expose the throat and shoulders, and a goodly part of the chest and back, but instead of being finished with a straight line, a circular curve is employed, which rises high up in the middle of the chest and back.

A beautiful dinner gown of white satin. Narrow embroidery studded with seed pearls is used for trimming. Pointed corsage with Medici collar of guipure lace. Fichu-like drapery of finest thread lace, caught at shoulder by agraffe of pearls and diamonds. Sleeves of thread lace encircled by bands of pearl embroidery, and finished at elbow with dainty lace ruffle and agraffe of pearls and diamonds. Skirt tightly fitted over hips; all fullness gathered at back, where it falls in a train. Graduated bands of pearl embroidery placed diagonally up front of skirt. A single white rose with buds and leaves at bust, and another in hair.

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Business on Pine Street. The little spurts which take place in the speculative market on Pine street on news of the slightest improvement in the mines, tend to show the possibilities which exist for creating an old time excitement. What is lacking is a leader, some one with brains and money to back them, who could restore and maintain the confidence of the investing public. The representatives of the several cliques in control of the mines have done well in holding the market together as it is, but the burden has been a heavy one. In talking of high salaries being paid to many officials, people overlook or are ignorant of the fact that the bulk of the money thus expended by the companies finds its way back into the market sooner or later in support of the stocks they represent. Nearly all of these men belong to the old school of speculators, ever ready to back an improvement in the mines under their control with the last dollar they have in their pockets. There is not a rich man on the list of these officials. They alone have stood behind the market for months past unassisted to any great extent by the wealthy inside operators who have held aloof for reasons well known to any one acquainted with the business. There is a chance now for an improvement in the market if the development on Con. Virginia opens out as it now promises to do. The Chollar-Brunswick ground is turning out even better than its friends predicted, but this seems to be lost sight of owing to existing jealousies which would be swept out of existence with the advent of a wealthy class of speculators. Neither the men in control nor the mine itself have had a fair deal, but this could hardly be expected as things are now on Pine street. The new work contemplated at the south end by the Crown Point, Jacket and Kentuck companies may open up a new and brighter future for these shares before long, should the ore come in again in Kentuck that the late Governor Stoneman found on the levels above, which made him rich.

The Garfield Dies Hard. The methods adopted by the London promoter to keep an old game alive are fairly exemplified in the case of the Hampton Plains Exploration Company. When Mr. Hooper left the Garfield mine of Nevada, it was on its last legs. It had done well under his management up to this point, and had the prospects held out, it is not likely he would have abandoned it. In merging it, the Lepanto and Pittsburg, with a Westralian mine, when that locality began to boom, the management accomplished two ends, in securing a ready-made list of shareholders for the new toy, letting themselves down easy on the Nevada propositions. The latest report of this clique of promoters is a gem in its way. The Garfield, Pittsburg, and Lepanto are still held, although it is admitted they are not workable with success, for the reason that "as long as we can retain these properties at a small cost, it is in the interest of the shareholders that we should not part with them." The trouble more likely is, that they are like a lot of old family heirlooms—only fit to hang in a garret, for nobody else wants them. Why not admit the mines are played out, and have done with it, so far as the Garfield and Lepanto are concerned, at any rate.

Ten Million Mining Deal. If rumor is not at fault, as it so often is, a transaction will soon be concluded in London that will put the Mariposa grant proposition in the shade, not to speak of the airy fabrications of the professional promoter of Moute Cristo schemes in California. The property about to change hands is located in the western section of this continent, and the company, when it appears, will be capitalized for \$10,000,000, with every chance that the shares will not go a-hegging at this figure. It has been passed upon by experts, who have won name and fame for reliability, and the vendor himself is a power in the mining world. This sale, when closed, will turn the tide of foreign capital westward again, which has set for a time so strongly in the direction of South Africa and Westralia.

Draining the American Flat. The initiatory steps have been taken in the new enterprise looking toward the drainage of the American Flat, by the incorporation of a company in Nevada. At the head of the company are H. M. Yerrington, W. E. Sharon, E. D. Boyle, and other prominent mining men of the Silver State. The mines of this district have been prospected down to a depth of between 500 and 600 feet, when the influx of water was so heavy that the companies, handicapped by a sbortage of funds, were unable to handle it. There are probably forty mines in this district, the most important being the Rock Island, Baltimore and Knickerbocker, which proved very rich down to the water level. It has been found that drainage is possible to an additional depth of 600 feet all over the Flat below the water level, which will leave an immense area of ground open for development. The advantages of this enterprise in restoring activity to the market on Pine street, and life to Virginia City, must be patent to every one acquainted with the situation, both here and in Nevada. No difficulty should, therefore, be experienced in putting it into practical operation so far as the necessary money is concerned. The names of some prominent capitalists are already mentioned in connection with the project as possible subscribers for stock, and should they do so, their example will be followed by many others who only await some guarantee of the kind as to the merits of the investment.

A Californian in Australia. The many old friends of Mr. Henry C. Callahan, who left California some years ago under engagement with an Australian mining company, will be pleased to hear that the property under his management has proved a grand success. The Western Argus, of Kalgoorlie, in referring to it in a recent issue says: "The Lake View Consols is opening up so splendidly that from present appearances it promises to startle the world. It is only a few months since it was taken over by the English company, and already the property presents a wonderfully altered appearance. With Mr. H. C. Callahan as mining engineer in charge, and Mr. Banks as mine manager, the View has been opened up in a manner which will in the near future enable the thousands of tons of ore in sight to be easily and economically extracted." There is one thing that can be said of English companies, they are never backward in bestowing credit where it belongs, nor in pushing men to the front when they are found worthy of merit. There is no stinginess either in the matter of salaries.

Some Mexican Mine Flotations. The Consolidated Gold Fields of Mexico, Limited, is the name of a \$1,500,000 incorporation launched in London, to pay \$500,000 for some 17,000 acres of land in Sonora, Mexico, with a 60-stamp mill and mine known as the Santa Elena and its extension. George D. Roberts is accredited with having a hand in this deal. Some nice things are said about the mine by experts, including a Mr. Wuensch, which would lead the ordinary man to imagine it a bonanza. The other blossomed out in New York under the auspices of two gentlemen of fashion, now figuring in society circles in this town. It is known as the California-Mexico Gold Mining and Development Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000. The prospectus alludes to the ownership of a fine gold property in California under process of development, but we fail to connect the names mentioned with any operation of the kind. They are more familiar in matters of life insurance.

The South is Recognized. On March 1st, A. S. Cooper, C. E., will take up the duties of State Mineralogist, having been appointed by the Governor. The gentleman comes highly recommended by his neighbors in Southern California, and his record certainly shows an experience in the field of many years. With new men around him as subordinates, there is an opportunity for good in the institution, which could be utilized to much better advantage than the past has to offer in the way of practical demonstration. It will be hoped that Mr. Cooper will rise above the political environment of the situation, while keeping himself free from the entanglements of outside enterprises, which do not tend to elevate the reputation of the Bureau either at home or abroad.

John Lauer

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

SITTING in solemn conclave within these unrighteous city limits one day this week, the representative gospel dispensers gravely discussed the subject of pulpit dress. One or two giddily inclined to knee breeches and be-furbeled waistcoats, but their vain desires were promptly frowned down by such exponents of virtue as the Reverends F. D. Bovard and Edwards Davis, who inveighed against such frivolities with all the pugilistic strength of jaw for which they are distinguished. The matter of fancy dress at the fount of grace should be dismissed summarily. The churches have enough expense to stagger under without incurring a wardrobe fund. Besides, not one preacher in a thousand has nether extremities that would warrant display in high-water pauts of ye colonial days, and pipe-stems are ever unbeautiful, whether exhibited in a pulpit or at a *bal masque*.

Nay, other potent reasons are there yet
To cause a congregation sore distress;
On salaries that these divines now get
They cannot garb themselves in fancy dress
And please the eyes of critics fair—unless
Their salaries are raised at least one-half.
The reason why? Why, surely you can guess.
He must live high who'd own a fatted calf.

FIFTY barrels of pork, beans, and molasses have been stowed away in the hold of the Percy Edwards, as part of the cargo to be conveyed to the South Sea Islands by the adventurers who sail thither in search of wives and bappiness on a colonized plan. Well, maybe the gastronomic tastes of the dusky maidens down there are as simple as their notions of dress, but the TOWN CRIER wouldn't give a figleaf for domestic bliss in those idyllic regions should Satan smuggle in a copy of that mild yet pernicious publication, *Tropical Toilettes*, or temptation is imported in the form of an icecream soda fountain, or somebody starts a French restaurant. Go, brethren, and God bless you, but keep civilization at bay, or your heaven will be a hades on your hands.

MERELY because a venturesome tailor, out for ozone the other day in Oakland, lost control of his wheel, and the machine ran away with him, the papers across the bay were thrown into paroxysms of excitement. Why, San Francisco is swarming with people, including an ex-Mayor and many others, who have not only lost control of every wheel in their heads, but slipped their trolleys, too. Some of these suburban towns never do know when they are well off.

PRETTY, little Mrs. Holmes has been kissed repeatedly at dawn by a borrid Chinaman, and has vigorously complained to the police. The lady's analysis of the Chinese kiss is naive. She says it has not the low, suctional gurgle of a Christian kiss, but, on the contrary, "a low, disagreeable chuckle like the cackle of a hen." May that heathen be smote hip and thigh if he would dare osculate like a hen on Mrs. Holmes' ruby lips.

SHE was sitting right before me, and she wore a lofty hat, I did not cast upon her a hot reproach for that; I did not whisper, "Female, if you're a lady, please off hat, and let your eccent support it on his knees." But I blest her for that mat of plumes which veiled me from a curse, For the play was dull and rotten, and the actors somewhat worse. Ye ralliers at the fashions, think there may come a time When the high hat is a blessing, and not a social crime.

THE Irish societies object to a prize fight taking place on St. Patrick's day. This will never do. The race has ever been distinguished for its gallantry in the field, its love of fighting, and great ability to spring a "rookawn" at the shortest notice. Why of all days in the calendar that of the good Saint is the most appropriate for a little bit of fun among the "gossoons."

"WOMEN who wear short hair," says a Chinese superstition, "will be transformed into men in the next world." Faith, nay! the Mongolian theory is only half way right. They are rapidly becoming men on this side of the River Styx.

IN a symposium of opinions expressed by several solid citizens as to how a lone, lorn widow, with kindergarten incumbrances, can live on a five-thousand-dollar inheritance, Horace T. Platt is quoted as advising her to marry again, Uncle George Bromley toys with the subject in the frivolous manner peculiar to old boys of eighty, and A. S. Baldwin ventures the suggestion that the mythical relict of John Doe raise chickens to eke out an existence. Fic, gentlemen, as if each one of you did not know that a five-thousand-dollar widow will not stay single long enough in these hard times for you or anybody else to give her advice!

THE gypsies have been ejected from Sausalito, and the fortunes of the English colony will no more be told by those brown descendants of the Pharoahs. No more shall the anxious wife, whose husband missed the last boat from town, be able to discover for a quarter of a dollar in the hand of the seeress, whether he was working at the office, or the electric bell at Marchands, writing figures, or squeezing figures, opening new accounts or small "bots." They did quite a profitable business in this line, for the Sausalito matrons are stern and exacting, and the Sausalito men enjoy the perils, and wickedness of a great city.

THE Board of Health has decreed that the surgeons at the Receiving Hospital shall wear the undress uniform of naval officers. Now, what the conection can be between a naval officer and a surgeon, only that sapient body may understand. The regalia of a Knight of the Gold Plated Hod would be less expensive and more showy, but if the Board wishes its surgeons to have a nautical leaning in their garments, why not attire them in the full dress uniform of a royal horse marine?

PRESIDENT Horace Platt, in regard to the Mardi Gras ball, remarks: "All ladies who are admitted to the floor must wear masks. It is not essential that they should wear costumes, though it is very desirable that they should do so." Desirable, indeed! Well, we should thank so. It would be simply awful to see a room full of ladies with nothing on but masks. Why, the modest Mr. Platt himself would never survive the spectacle.

DOES Corbett's wardrobe, pray, include
Pajamas, or a robe de nuit?
Why such an item should elude
The lynx-eyed press, I fail to see.
I'm told concerning socks and trousers,
Such details as the law allows, sirs,
Then pray inform me quickly how, sirs,
You've nerve to ask subscription fee
And thus withhold the news from me?

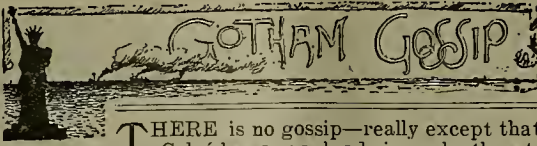
"MANGLED in the dance" was the startling way in which a local daily referred to the manner of enjoyment adopted by guests at a notable society function this week. It was, of course a typographical error, that substituted "mangled" for "mingled," but any one who has endeavored to trip the light fantastic at a fashionable crush will certify that the linotype knew what it was about.

RICHARD ASHE, or Butler, has been singing sweetly for his sympathetic lady visitors, and has a pretty knack of turning verses not his own. A murderer's concert would not be a bad idea. Durrant is musical, Ashe has talent, and beyond doubt there are enough in the City Jail to make up the chorus. The funds might be used to buy a diamond sbirt-pin for Judge Campbell.

ANOTHER move has been made in the Cooney case. Now, if some of the cases in which a few of our pet murderers are concerned would only get a move on—it matters not in what direction, so long as a scaffold is the objective point—sad-eyed Justice could then come forth from ber San Francisco corner and look Honesty in the face.

IF we could have one week of quiet,
Without a murder or a riot,
We'd think that the millenium,
Of which we've heard so much, had come.
But oh, these crimes! 'Tis hard to shake 'em
While Willie's minions live to fake 'em.

THE Senate and Assembly have been considering the new game bill this week, but no amount of new game bills cau divert the attention of the gentlemen at Sacramento from the old ones. The kind of game they are out for is always safely bagged, too. In fact, it is carried in a sack.



THERE is no gossip—really except that Calvé has a crank admirer who threatens to slay her, and who has so terrified her that she dares not go to the opera house without a strong and imposing body guard. The gentleman demands an interview or suggests death, which is surely trying. Detectives have so far failed to capture him, and the prima donna's life is apparently unsafe. With the prospect of Melba's return, things are beginning to look a bit brighter for the opera company. That beautiful voiced, unemotional piece of vocal statuary, Madame Eames, is recovering from her recent illness, and will be able to sing by the end of next week. Without Calvé it is hard to know what would have become of the opera during the last weeks.

St. Valentine's eve was celebrated as this day usually is by the kettledrum of the Samaritan Home. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs assisted in making it a success, and her sister was one of the prettiest girls in the room.

Mrs. George Harding has been in town for a few days on a visit from her Philadelphia home. Philadelphia seems to be the successful home of Californians. Mrs. Harding (Lillie Jones), Mrs. Spreckels (Miss Dore), Mrs. Robinson (Aileen Ivers) are among the San Franciscans who have made their homes in the Quaker City. Mrs. Elkins (Kate Felton) is another, by the way, and they are all quite in the swim in exclusive Philadelphia.

"Dick" Tobin is still here at the Waldorf, where he has been mistaken for an Englishman, and I can imagine no greater joy for the man whose father was a loyal Irishman and the host of Michael Davitt.

James Brett Stokes is the most stunning thing on the Avenue. He is very devoted to General Whittier's younger daughter. The elder married a Russian Prince two years ago.

Mrs. Gillig will sail early in March for the other side, probably taking the Genoa route in one of the Hamburg-American boats, and will be absent for two or three months.

The cable to-day announces at last the decree of divorce in the Thornburgh-Cropper affair, which has hung fire for so long. It has all through, it is said, been more or less a burlesque. I recall a story that was told when Captain Cropper went out to the Zulu war, and when his mamma-in-law and "darling Minnie" were supposed to be breathing freer. He came back laden with medals for heroism. I suppose many Californians remember his bravery in leaping overboard in the Golden Gate Straits to rescue a drowning sailor, because of which act he was again decorated. He is one of the most popular men in London, because of his bravery, his cleverness and his truly charming character.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

New York, February 14, 1897.

ATENTION is called to the announcement of the International Special Agency appearing on the first page of this paper. The agency is conducted by men thoroughly experienced, and who will give especial attention to the business of large corporations and companies. The agency is entirely responsible, and is prepared to give prompt and efficient service to its patrons.

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THE UNHAPPY THREE.

THERE were three of them—the girl, the chaperon, and the fiancé; the count, merely an appendage for stage effect, not being considered.

And they were all happy, for it was a very swell affair. "You'll excuse me, I hope," said the girl, as she took the arm of the count. "I'm engaged for this—and this—and these," showing a well-filled card.

"Certainly," assured the fiancé, with a tender pressure of the hand, "but for the time being only. The count must return you soon."

He bowed as he spoke, and the girl smiled over her shoulder as they whirled away.

"It is good of you to be so generous," said the chaperon, as the fiancé dutifully brought her an ice.

"Very," he answered, smiling down into her eyes.

"Now, if I were you"—demurely, and speaking as a chaperon should—"I would insist on my rights, and not let the charming girl out of my sight."

A moment's attention to the frozen sweet. "He might be making love to her, you know," suggestively. "It would be dreadful, but I have heard of such things."

She looked at him innocently.

"It might be so," in alarm. "Suppose we go search for them. In the conservatory, perhaps? They might be there."

"Possibly!" The chaperon arose hastily. "I want to do my duty. Yes, I really think we ought to go."

"These chaperons are very convenient," laughed the count, as he led her into the fragrant conservatory. "We haven't seen her in an hour, and I'm sure we've looked everywhere. It isn't our fault, now is it?"

"Certainly not," said the girl, as she sank back into a seat. "But poor Charlie, I hope he won't be too hard on you when he does find us." She smiled archly.

"Why, there they —," began the count, but his voice died in a whisper.

"Of course you understand it is because I can't find her," the fiancé was saying, as he leaned over the chaperon and kissed her.

"Of course!" she murmured, and blushed—and her eyes fell on the girl.

Then she conveniently fainted. The girl rode home in the carriage alone.

The fiancé—fiancé no longer—swore inwardly as he watched her roll away.

The count was all smiles. There were three of them.

Unhappy three!—Life.

TRUE CRITICISM DEFINED.

TRUE criticism differs from defamation in the following particulars: First, criticism deals only with such things as invite public attention or call for public comment. It does not follow a public man into his private life or pry into his domestic concerns. Second, criticism never attacks the individual, but only his work. Such work may be either the policy of the Government, the action of a member of Parliament, a public entertainment, a book published, or a picture exhibited. In every case, the attack is on a man's acts, or on some thing, and not upon the man himself. A true critic never indulges in personalities, but confines himself to the merits of the subject matter. Third, true criticism never imputes or insinuates dishonorable motives unless justice absolutely requires it, and then only on the clearest proofs. Fourth, the critic never takes advantage of the occasion to gratify private malice or attain any other object beyond the fair discussion of matters of public interest and the judicious guidance of the public taste.

Nothing takes the edge off a rough experience of life, or adds a greater charm to its success than a convenient case of Argonaut whiskey. It is just the thing for all sorts of weather—pure, mellow, and invigorating. E. Martin & Co., at 411 Market street, are sole Pacific Coast Agents.

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No. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.
Guarantee capital and surplus..... \$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896..... 27,702,475 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herimann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinbart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rothe, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Obwandt.

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

COR. MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STS.
Paid-Up Capital..... \$1,000,000.
WM. H. CROCKER..... President
W. E. BROWN..... Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE..... Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIA BANK, LIMITED.

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSONE STS.
Capital authorized..... \$5,000,000 Paid Up..... \$1,500,000
Subscribed..... 3,000,000 Reserve Fund..... 700,000
HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK.

N. E. CORNER SANSONE & SUTTER STREETS.
Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$5,250,000
John J. Valentine..... President | Homer S. King..... Manager
H. Wadsworth..... Cashier | F. L. Lipman..... Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES.
N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.
INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. LOANS MADE.
DIRECTORS.
William Alvord | S. L. Abbott, Jr. | H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock | O. D. Baldwin | E. J. McCutchen
Adam Grant | W. S. Jones | J. B. Lincoln

THE ROSE JAR

THE MESSENGER OF DEATH.—HERMAN MERIVALE, IN POEMS.

MISCALL me not! men have miscalled me much,
 Have given hard names and harsher thoughts to me,
 Reviled and evilly entreated me,
 Built me strange temples as an unknown god,
 Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing.
 And to rude insult bowed my godhead down.
 Miscall me not! for men have marred my form,
 And in the earthborn grossness of their thoughts
 Have coldly modeled me in their own clay,
 Then fear to look on that themselves have made.
 Miscall me not! ye know not what I am,
 But ye shall see me face to face, and know.
 I take all sorrows from the sorrowful,
 And teach the joyful what it is to joy;
 I gather in my landlocked harbor's clasp
 The shattered vessels of a vexed world,
 And even the tiniest ripple upon life
 Is, to that calm sunhime, as tropic storm.
 When other leechcraft fails the breating brain,
 I, only, own the anodyne to still
 Its eddies into visionless repose.
 The face distorted with life's latest pang,
 I smooth, in passing, with an angel's wing,
 And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal
 The hidden story of the eyes, to give
 A new and nobler beauty to the vest.
 Belie me not! the plagues that walk the earth,
 The wasting pain, the sudden agony,
 Famine and war and pestience, and all
 The terrors that have darkened round my name,
 These are the works of life, they are not mine;
 Vex when I tarry, vanish when I come,
 Instantly melting into perfect peace,
 As at His word, whose master spirit I am,
 The troubled waters slept on Galilee.
 Tender I am, not cruel; when I take
 The shade most hard to human eyes, and pluck
 The little shesby blossom yet unblown,
 'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
 And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
 Unwept of sorrow, and unscathed of wrong,
 Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
 'Tis I that gave a soul to memory;
 For round the follies of the had I throw
 The mantle of a kind forgetfulness;
 But canonized in dear love's calendar,
 I sanctify the good for evermore.
 Miscall me not! my generous fullness lends
 Home to the homeless, to the friendless, friends;
 To the starved babe the mother's tender breast,
 Wealth to the poor, and to the restless—rest!

FORGET.—RICHARD HODGSON, IN SCRIBNER'S.

Crowning a grave with hut one word—FOAGET,
 Gray in the shade the granite boulder lies.
 Child's, man's, or woman's? Whose the saddest eyes
 That gazed this thought upon the granite set?
 Speak the dead here? Or did the living fret
 In wastes of gloomy memory's wailing cries,
 Cursing this little life that lives and dies
 Because its fulness was not golden yet?
 Forget the living or forget the dead?
 Forget the turmoil or the tenderness?
 Forget the bitterest sorrow never said?
 Forget the last ineffable caress?
 Dear Soul! what matter now those faded embers!
 How dost thou smile to know that God remembers.

FORGIVE.—THE ACADEMY.

Wsit not to-morrow, hut forgive me now;
 Who knows what fate to-morrow's dawn may bring?
 Let us not part with shadow on thy brow,
 With my heart hungering,
 Wait not the morrow, hut entwine thy hand
 In mine, with sweet forgiveness full and free,
 Of all life's joys I only understand
 This joy of loving thee.
 Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong,
 Repair the fault—I know not when or how,
 O, dearest, do not wait—it may be long—
 Only forgive me now.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Ca

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
 SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,001.69

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
 Assets.....3,192,001.69
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none hut the genu
 ine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical
 Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris,
 and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific Statea
 J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco.
 Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills,
\$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.

Pacific Towel Company

No. 9
Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand
towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week;
\$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months
6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

INSURANCE.

THE German Alliance Insurance Association of New York was admitted this week to do business in this State. The company will be represented by George H. Tyson, who has been given the general agency for the Pacific Coast States and territories, and the Sandwich Islands. This company is an offshoot of the German-American Insurance Company, and its policies will be guaranteed by that company.

The newly-elected officers of the Underwriters' Association of the Pacific are: President, Russell Ogden, Superintendent agents of the Pennsylvania Fire; Vice President, Louis Weinmann, Assistant Secretary of the Fireman's Fund; Secretary, Calvert Meade, independent adjuster; Executive Committee, Edward Niles, R. P. Fabj and F. G. Argall.

March 12th has been selected as the date of the next dinner to be given by the San Francisco Life Underwriters' Association. These dinners are very popular, and greatly tend to develop the social side of the insurance world in the city. There is some talk of the perpetration of a daring innovation at the next dinner, but it is such a departure from the orthodox insurance banquet, that it is just a murmur as yet. Insurance men are proverbially gallant, and it has been whispered that it might not be a bad idea to give a double grace to the dinner in March by having ladies present.

John T. Fogarty has been made superintendent of agencies of the Pacific Department of the Royal and Queen Insurance Companies, by Manager Rolla V. Watt.

The solicitors for the different companies here claim that rebating is being carried on notwithstanding the efforts that are being made to suppress it. By the way, speaking of rebating, it is pertinent to ask Thomas B. Reed, Congressman from Maine and Speaker of the House of Representatives, if he thinks it just the proper thing for him to accept a salary of \$5,000 per year as Referee, when he himself has declared that he did nothing to earn that fat fee? To say nothing of the possibility of being called upon to rule on matters of importance to insurance companies that might come before the House while he is in their pay?

Cadman & Haigh have been made State agents of the Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company of Detroit, succeeding Cadman & Kittle, the latter gentleman withdrawing to enter the general brokerage business.

R. C. Medcraft, the recently-appointed manager of the Pacific Coast department of the Scottish Union and National, has moved into offices at 319 California street.

The newly-elected officers of the Firemans Fund are: D. J. Staples, President; Wm. J. Dutton, Vice President; Bernard Faymonville, Secretary; Louis Weinmann, Assistant Secretary; J. B. Levison, Marine Secretary; Stephen D. Ives, General Agent.

All local agents in Berkeley, Alameda and Brooklyn, with the exception of R. H. Magill & Son, have entered the Alameda Board of Fire Underwriters, just organized for the purpose of sustaining rates.

The local agents at Fresno have organized for the purpose of restoring rates to the scale in operation under the old P. I. U. If they succeed, San Francisco should sit at their feet and learn a thing or two.

James U. Taintor, Secretary of the Orient Insurance Company, is in town. The Orient's policy has always been rather opposed to combining agencies, and as the Sun Office has recently passed into the hands of Manager Callingham, (now the Coast agent for the Orient), it is not improbable that the presence of Mr. Taintor may be attributed to this fact.

George N. North, who has just succeeded G. C. Pratt as California Manager of the Provident Life, took over the office last Thursday, E. O. Parker, Superintendent of agents for the company, directing the transfer.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

A Wonderful Medicine



For Billious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pala in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Itches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. **THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.** This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

**Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver**

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the loag-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Dehilitated is that **Beecham's Pills** have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes.

25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO. 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.

**ANNUAL MEETING
Potosi Mining Company.**

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Potosi Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

WEDNESDAY, the 10TH DAY OF MARCH, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Monday, March 8, 1897, at 1 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office: Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

**ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Occidental Con. Mining Company.**

Assessment.....No. 26
Amount per Share.....10 cents
Levied.....February 10, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....March 16, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....April 6, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.
San Francisco Gas and Electric Co.**

A dividend of one dollar (\$1) per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this company has been declared this day, payable March 1, 1897. Transfer books will remain closed from February 17th to February 27th, inclusive.

WM. G. BARRETT, Secretary.

Office: First and Natoma streets, San Francisco, Cal.
San Francisco February 17, 1897.

Baggage Notice.

Baggage called for and delivered at trains, steamers, etc. Trunks 35 cents. Baggage called for, weighed and checked at your Hotel or residence. Trunks 50c.

PACIFIC TRANSFER CO., 20 Sutter St.

DR. BYRON W. HAINES

Dentist

14 Grant Avenue
Rooms 16-17-18-19

over "City of Paris"

Dr. F. C. PAGUE,

Dentist.

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

Office and Residence: 409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.



IT is a source of no little pride to Colonel John P. Irish, Naval Officer at this port, that he is the only Federal officer who participated actively in the late presidential campaign without reproof. A month or two before the election Irish applied for leave of absence in accordance with the requirements of the service, and in due course obtained permission to take the desired furlough. Then he wrote to the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury saying that he proposed, during his vacation, taking the stump against Mr. Bryan. He added that he would leave on the following morning on a trip through several Eastern States, and concluded with the request that if the department had any objection to his political tour he should be so advised. Colonel Irish then blithely departed on his scalping excursion. A month or two after the election was over, he visited Washington and, of course, paid his respects to the officers of his department. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury icily called his attention to the number of officials who had been dismissed for offensive partizanship during the campaign, and asked the Colonel what explanation he had to offer to avoid similar discipline.

"But," said Irish, with simulated surprise, "I told you I was going on a stumping trip and I gave you a chance to object."

"Now, look here, Irish," replied the Assistant Secretary, wrathfully, "How in the devil could we get word to San Francisco in time, when you mailed your letter to the department only the night before your departure?"

"My dear sir," answered the Colonel, in his blandest tones, "I am attached only to the Treasury Department, and I must decline to be held responsible for any defects in the postal service of the Government."

The Assistant Secretary gasped, speechless at the audacity of his subordinate. But the question of disciplining Irish was dropped then and there.

* * *

Shrewd young merchant though he is, Sim Erlanger occasionally overreaches his capacity, as he frankly acknowledges. His suburban home is equipped with many comforts, but it has always caused him regret that his bath tub was of tin instead of porcelain. Hearing that it could be painted to resemble the more expensive material, Sim consulted a painter who offered to do the job artistically for eleven dollars. As this price seemed exorbitant, Erlanger concluded to do a little painting himself and went home much pleased that he had procured a small can of "porcelain paint" for twenty cents. His joy was short lived, however, for the paint covered only about one square foot of the tin surface. After he had expended about three dollars for paint, Sim was dismayed to find that all his paint had run down to the bottom of the tub. He consulted an expert and learned that he should first have applied a coat of common paint to the tin, following that with the porcelain mixture, and that to remove the clotted paint from the bottom of the tub, he must soak it in turpentine. With considerable abatement of his artistic enthusiasm, Erlanger poured two gallons of turpentine into the tub. Upon his return from the theatre that night, he found his little dog, who had been having an unauthorized bath, spattering turpentine and white paint on the handsome Turkish rug in his drawing room. At the urgent request of his family Sim will henceforth devote all his talents to huying and selling wheat.

* * *

Although an enthusiastic advocate of boxing, an exponent of the manly art and a defender of prize fights, William Greer Harrison was hardly prepared to sanction pugilism when practised down on California street. He noticed one day that his office hoy was wearing rather a damaged countenance, one eye being almost closed and several contusions being visible on either cheek. When Harrison enquired the cause, the boy demurely explained that he had taken a header while coming on his bicycle down the Market street cable slot. The explanation was

accepted without question, and the insurance manager, author, playwright, poet and lecturer thought no more about his injured clerk until the following morning when, entering his office an hour earlier than usual, he found desks and stools arranged in a semi-circle within which his boy and a lad in the uniform of a district messenger were pummeling away at each other, surrounded by a dozen of their admiring friends. It was the continuation of a battle commenced on the previous morning. Harrison was so interested in the result,—his hoy was getting the worst of it,—that he quite forgot the necessity for censure.

"There you are, Charlie," he shouted. "Now, there's an opening! Oh, you've made a mull of it."

The victorious messenger said it was because he had the insurance clerk just about finished that the latter's employer interfered and ordered a cessation of hostilities. However that may have been, it is now the subject of comment in insurance circles that Greer Harrison's latest protégé is receiving daily boxing lessons at the St. George's Club.

* * *

"Brick" Morse, leader of cotillions, athlete, football coach, banjo and guitar soloist, vocalist and humorist, is another Admirable Crichton in a small way, and it is said in the University Club that he can say more funny things in fifteen minutes than any other member,—but he runs to seed at the expiration of the time limit. Although after a prolonged struggle, he graduated two years ago, he still accompanies the University of California Glee Club on its semi-annual concert tours. At these entertainments "Brick" always does a character sketch in broken Dutch, which is counted on to arouse the risibilities of the audience. When he was at Marysville with the Glee Club recently he told his usual Dutch story, but instead of being interrupted with the expected shouts of laughter, his sallies were received in sadness and silence. "Brick" was much chagrined, and his mortification was so apparent that one of the other college musicians laughed unfeelingly, the first evidence of amusement in the audience. That laugh caused an audible murmur of reproof.

"What a shame to laugh at him," indignantly commented a Marysville girl. "Poor fellow, he is doing the best he can!"

Since that experience "Brick" has dropped character sketches from his repertoire. He feared that his impersonations were becoming too realistic.

* * *

The members of the San Francisco Colony at Carson comprising newspapermen, artists, and sports of all kinds and degrees are having a hard time of it with three feet of snow on the ground, the thermometer fifteen below and the accommodations even lower in the scale of comfort, but with prices of exceedingly ambitious tendencies. When the advance guard of fight visitors first made their appearance in Carson, rubber overshoes had a slack sale at fifty cents a pair. Owing to the snow, rubbers became a necessity to the Californians and they soon advanced in price to seventy-five cents, then to a dollar and finally reached a dollar and a-quarter for two rubbers, not mates, at that, all the stock in town being "lefts." After being pillaged by shopkeepers and hotelmen, the correspondents at the capital of the Battleborn State all donned sweaters, no other garment being sufficiently elastic to stand the strain of their disgust.

* * *

Joe Tobin is a stalwart athlete and is not unmindful of his successes on the field, but he has concluded that there are limits even to the glories of the gladiator. Entering the Baldwin Theatre at a first night performance, arrayed in irreproachable evening dress, he found that his seats were directly in front of one of those citizens who pride themselves on knowing everyone who is prominent and who audibly proclaim their knowledge.

"Why, there is Fitzsimmons," said the high pitched voice, as Joe pushed his top hat into the wire frame beneath his seat. "I did not know Boh was in town. Must have come down from Carson to see this show."

Everyone turned and stared admiringly at Tobin, who flushed and fidgeted, and when he could not stand the glare of popularity any longer announced to the members of his party that he "would have to go outside and change his face."

While in the management of the Anglo-California Bank, Philip N. Lilienthal never permits sentiment to interfere with business, in his private capacity he is widely known as possessing a kind heart and an exceedingly generous disposition. Always at the front in every philanthropic movement, his reputation for charitableness has become somewhat irksome to him. He was continually being importuned for financial aid, and his generosity has doubtless frequently been made the subject of imposition. After a day of many applications for assistance and private loans, which had made a good-sized hole in his purse, Mr. Lilienthal decided that he had reached the limit of indiscriminate donations, and concluded that no ordinary appeal to him would thereafter be effectual. As he was strolling along on recreation bent, he was stopped by a jaunty looking individual with a hard-luck story.

"I say, Phil," he began, for these geutry never lack an easy familiarity, "I haven't got a bean."

The banker's eyes snapped dangerously, but the applicant did not notice that he had touched the wrong key.

"You haven't a bean?" slowly repeated Lilienthal. "That's too bad. Er—allow me to supply the deficiency." And he whisked from his pocket a small white bean procured for just such an emergency, dropped it into the expectant hand of the man who was broke, and disappeared around a corner before the fellow had recovered from his astonishment.

The greatest event in the social life of the State University is the annual University Cotillion. This year's ball, which was held on Tuesday evening of this week, was attended by society personages from all the bay cities and was an unusually smart affair. The members of the Greek Letter Fraternities who managed the cotillion spared neither trouble nor expense in the perfection of their arrangements and the *piece de resistance* of the evening's entertainment was an elaborately concocted champagne punch served as soon as dancing began. So persistent were the attacks on this delicious beverage that by eleven o'clock the punch bowls, although they had many times been replenished, were finally drained dry. The thirsty dancers begged for more, and the committee, in dire dilemma, voiced the general protest to the caterer.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed that functionary, with uplifted hands. "You gentlemen ask for more of ze punch! Why you haz been drinking eet at ze rate of fifty gallons in ze hour."

Laurie Buntin, the tall old Scotchman whose inches make him almost a giant, but who is nevertheless known within the Bohemian Club as "Baby Bunting," is the author of a *bon mot* much quoted within club circles. A canvasser for the Examiner urged Mr. Buntin to subscribe for the Monarch of the Fakers, but found his intended victim obdurate.

"Do you take any daily paper?" asked the solicitor.

"Oh, yes, I get the Glasgow Herald," replied the gentleman from the land o' cakes.

"But that is fourteen days old when you receive it. Now, the Examiner will give you the news right up to date."

"Ah, yes. That may be," said Mr. Buntin, sententiously. "But, you see," he added with marked emphasis, "The Glasgow paper is reliable."

The precise mission of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has never been accurately defined in ecclesiastical circles. Over in Alameda County it has dabbled in politics, and in many churches it has overridden old-fashioned usages. It remained for the branch of the society in connection with Plymouth Congregational Church of this city to achieve that social element of Christianity about which so much is now heard. At a recent meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society in that church, the devotions were temporarily interrupted while a paper was handed to the young lady presiding. The document was signed by a boy and a girl, both in their teens. It contained these words:

"We beg to announce our engagement, which occurred on the evening of St. Valentine's Day."

AT THE RACES.

INGLESIDE opened on Washington's Birthday with a very attractive programme, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the throng of people who filled every available inch of the grand stand. The racing was of the clean order, and the finishes exciting. The event of the day was the White Seal Stakes for two-year-olds, which were captured by the Burns and Waterhouse entry, Nupamax. Mr. Dunne's stable captured the handicap, and Reddington captured the hurdle race.

There are four stake events down for a decision at Ingleside, including the four-mile and a couple of two-year-old events.

Ladies' day (Wednesday) was another gala occasion at Ingleside, the event being the mile handicap, which was won by Mr. Hobart's crack, Ferric. W. O. B. Maedonough's Santa Bella bested Mr. Dunne's Preston in the six furlong spin, and Three Forks captured the hurdle race.

THE exhibit of advertising sketches held by Wilder & Co. in the Easterbrook building, 20-24 Geary street, Friday and Saturday of last week, was very successful, and elicited warm commendations from the several thousands of people who viewed it. The whole exhibit showed much originality, and was a happy blending of artistic attainment and advertising effectiveness.



New York. Madison Square, Broadway and 23d Street.

HOTEL BARTHOLDI

Under new management. Rooms single or en suite. Restaurant unsurpassed. Elegant in all appointments at moderate prices.

Reed & Roblet, Props.

EUROPEAN PLAN. New York

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU N. E. corner Van Ness and Myrtle avenues. The principal and finest family hotel in San Francisco. HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

<p>THE</p> <p>California Hotel</p> <p>Absolutely Fireproof.</p> <p>San Francisco . . . Cal.</p>	<p>THE</p> <p>Hotel Rafael</p> <p>Open all the year. Only 50 minutes from San Francisco.</p> <p>San Rafael . . . Cal.</p>
<p>Two modern, exquisite, home-like first-class hotels, both under personal supervision of Gen. Warfield.</p> <p>R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.</p>	

SOCIETY

ON Tuesday evening there was a Lady Washington tea at Mrs. W. E. Fishers in aid of charity, and among other pretty features the minuet was danced by eight young ladies garbed in Colonial attire; and at several of the churches there have been Martha Washington teas, dinners and luncheons—other events of the week include the dance of the Winter Cotillion Club at Beethoven Hall on Tuesday evening; Mrs. Alexander Warner's luncheon yesterday; the hall of the Friday Fortnightly Club last night and the exhibition of the Sketch Club, etc.

Weddings have not been quite so numerous this week as last, but a very pretty one took place at the new Lutheran Church, on Eddy street, on Tuesday evening, when Miss Minnie Schilling and Henry H. Paulsen were united in marriage by the Rev. J. M. Buehler. The church, which was crowded with guests, was very prettily dressed with palms, ferns and jonquils—in fact it might have been called a yellow and white wedding, from the color of the chief flower used in decoration, and the gowns of the bridesmaids, Miss Rose Bauman and Miss Emily Paulsen, which were of white *mousseline de soie* over yellow silk, and their bouquets were of yellow daffodils. The bride looked charmingly in a robe of *moire*, and long tulle veil. She wore orange hlossoms in her hair and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Fred Paulsen was his brother's best man. After the church ceremony there was a dancing reception at the Schilling residence, on Steiner street, and a handsome supper was served at midnight.

The engagement of Miss Minnie Burton and Lieutenant Pierce, U. S. A., which was first alluded to in these columns several weeks ago, has at last been "officially" announced. So another military wedding is on the cards for the swim who delight to assist at all hutton affairs of every description. In fact, there are two army weddings to occur in our fashionable circles in the near future, as Miss Ethel Cohen gave a tea at Mrs. Henry Gihons', where she has been passing the winter, for the purpose of announcing her engagement to Lieutenant Bent, U. S. A., who in his turn gave a dinner at the Presidio the same evening, at which he made the fact known to a party of his stag friends. Another recently announced engagement is that of Miss Mayhelle Gerst and Sam Naphaly, whose marriage will be the first event on the programme for the week after next. It will be celebrated at the California Hotel on the evening of the 7th of March.

A very pretty marriage took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kerr, at 1738 Golden Gate avenue, last Wednesday evening, at which time and place Miss Grace Kerr and Mr. Charles A. Hulme were united by President Martin Kellogg, of the State University. The bride was handsomely gowned in white organdie over white silk, the skirt trimmed in narrow lace edged frills, the waist being made entirely of narrow bands of organdie and Valenciennes insertion. Miss Sadie Cooper was bridesmaid, escorted by Geo. P. Taylor, groomsmen. Mr. Hulme is a well-known down-town commission merchant. The residence was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The Prisoner of Zenda, in a hurblesque form, will make his bow at the Coucordia Club to-night, and from those who have been present at the rehearsals, the promise is given that it will be one of the most enjoyable entertainments possible. The male sex only will be performers, and those taking the part of the ladies in the cast are said to be duly impressed with the importance of the roles, and are letter perfect in the matter of managing the skirts which they are to don for "this occasion only." The pleasures of the evening will conclude with supper and dancing. *Caste* on Monday night, and the *Marli Gras* ball at the Art Institute, are the two events of next week to which society is looking forward with the most pleasurable anticipations.

At no time has the delightful superiority of Hotel Rafael been more in evidence than during the past week, and mine host Warfield has been busy taking care of the many arrivals from the city who find every want anticipated by the thoughtful General.

Reading clubs, dancing clubs, whist and euchre clubs, and the like, are so common that they are scarcely remarked when they are arranged, but it is not often that one hears of dinner clubs being formed, though it must be acknowledged by those who appreciate a good *menu* a more delightful kind of club could not possibly be got up. Oakland has come to the front in this line, as that pretty little city has in many others, in giving charming hints to society on this side of the bay, and in organizing a dinner club; such hostesses as are well "up" in the art of giving gastronomic feasts being of course a *sine qua non*. The recent one which has been formed in Oakland has been very fortunate in this respect. The initial dinner took place last week.

Luncheons at the University Club were in great favor last week. At one of them Miss Della Davidson was guest of honor, Mrs. Landers being her hostess and sixteen young ladies asked to meet her. The giver of another of these dainty feasts was Mrs. W. I. Kip, who thereat entertained a number of the young lady friends of her daughters, the Misses Mary and Clementina. Mrs. Schwerine, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Center were among the dinner hostesses of the week.

The new Devisadero Hall was the place selected for the *début* party of Miss Beatrix Lyons of Haight street, which was given last Thursday evening. The decorations were extremely pretty, violets being the chief flower used for the purpose, combined with roses and smilax. The toilettes of the ladies were remarkable for their elegance, the fair young *débutante* wearing pale pink satin, Mrs. Lyons appearing in black brocade satin combined with *moire*, and Mrs. N. Fritz, who assisted these ladies in receiving their guests, wore a gown of black satin trimmed with chiffon and jet. Dancing, which was of course the order of the evening, took place in the ballroom, and at midnight supper was served in the lodge room, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until well on towards morning.

Miss Sarah Dean's daffodil tea at the Bella Vista last Friday had as guests of honor the Misses Lakeman of Grass Valley, and a number of our loveliest maidens assisted the young hostess in her duties to her guests. Last Saturday's tea at the Gerstles, when the charming daughter of the house acted as hostess, was a very delightful one. Beautiful flowers, sweet musical strains, delicious refreshments, served by lovely maidens in pretty costumes, combined to make it one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. The receiving party was augmented at dinner by a number of the sterner sex, at which time there was dancing.

The last ante-Leuten cotillion of the Saturday Night Club, which was danced at Lunt's Hall on Saturday evening, was very largely attended, as have been all the club dances this month. Howard Adams, who led with Miss Edna Boyd, introduced four figures, and after they had been gone through there was general dancing. April 23d is the date set for the final dance of the club this season, which will be given at Native Sons' Hall.

Miss Alice Boggs will soon be with us again, returning from the East, where she has passed the winter months. In anticipation of her coming, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs have taken the residence 1404 Sutter street, where Mrs. Boggs will receive on Friday instead of Monday, which was her "day" while at the Palace Hotel.

"A company of ladies and gentlemen" will present Tom Rohertson's *Caste* at the California on Monday night. The proceeds of the performance to be divided between the Children's Hospital and the Armitage Orphanage.

The best way to buy anything is to borrow it first.

Get a package of *Schilling's Best* tea of your grocer. He pays you your money back if you don't like it.

That's our way of lending.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco.

The Hellman dinner party on Washington's Birthday was one of the finest affairs of the season. Their magnificent mansion is so well adapted for functions of this kind that little was left for the artist to do in the way of decorating. Some sixty young folks sat down to dinner at the three large tables, each of which was presided over by a married couple. Supper partners were assigned to the gentlemen on their arrival; but at a given signal, viz.: a bugle call, the ladies at each table, headed by the chaperon, left their seats and marched to one of the other tables and seated themselves as they liked. This occurred three times during the dinner, thus giving each lady a chance to visit every table, and finally return to her own partner. The innovation proved extremely enjoyable. Souvenirs in the shape of a piece of bark from a cherry tree, with a hatchet and silk flag attached, were neatly ribboned to the *menu*, on which was painted the name of each guest. Music and dancing followed. Miss Clara Hellman, who assisted her mother as hostess, was charming. She is one of the season's *débutantes* and extremely popular.

It has seemed that of late almost every day there has been chronicled the passing away of some old resident whose name was at one time almost a household word with our older set. One of the most recent who has crossed the silent river is Mrs. E. M. Stevenson, widow of the late Colonel J. D. Stevenson, who was well known in the social world of San Francisco since its earliest days. Mrs. Stevenson was a lady of gracious and most cordial manner, and hospitable to a marked degree, her home in past years being the center of all that was gay and pleasant in social life.

A grand benefit concert by the Clara Schumann quartette will be given on next Tuesday evening, March 2nd, at Y. M. C. A. Hall, corner Masou and Ellis streets, under the auspices of the Plymouth Christian Endeavor Society, the proceeds to be donated to the convention funds. Tickets 50 cents, to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s., Benjamin Curtaz, and of members of the society.

The banquet at the Calliopean Club on Sunday evening last, commemorating its thirteenth anniversary, was indeed a success. Well nigh the entire membership responded to the club's invitation. The table was set in a square and very artistically arranged, and the post-prandial efforts brought forward were truly astounding.

Mr. Donald deV. Graham wishes to inform his pupils and friends that he has been forced to lengthen his stay in Honolulu, owing to an accident to the *Belgic*, which will prevent her stopping at the Island on her return trip. Mr. Graham will return on the 11th prox., instead of the 26th inst., as heretofore announced.

The *Mardi Gras* entertainment and *bal masque* to be given by the San Francisco Art Association on next Tuesday night, at the Art Institute, promises to be unusually delightful. Most elaborate preparations are making for this occasion, and the numerous guests of the association are anticipating an evening of unalloyed pleasure.

Mrs. L. S. Bachman and Miss Alice Bachman gave a delightful dinner party on Thursday evening, the 25th inst., at their home on Jackson and Devisadero streets. Miss Bachman, who is one of the season's *débutantes*, made a most admirable hostess.

Miss Irma Rothchild entertained quite a number of her friends at dinner on Tuesday evening. The guests of the evening were Mr. Joshua Eppinger and Miss Hilda Levy, in whose honor the fête was given.

Miss Wangenheim entertained her friends at an informal dinner on Wednesday evening. Miss Neustadter's rendition of several choice "morceaux" added greatly to the evening's entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd are spending a few days at Invercable, the country residence of Captain and Mrs. Duncan Mackinlay, Santa Clara County.

Stanford Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West, successfully gave its eleventh anniversary party at Native Sons' Hall on Friday evening.

This evening the Concordia Club gives its grand ball and entertainment. The demand for invitations is unprecedented.

The attractions offered by the managers of the State Woman's Hospital for the tea which will be given at the Crocker mansion on California street to-day, are quite varied. In addition to the many beauties of the house itself, there will be vocal and instrumental music, refreshments, etc., and it promises to be one of the successes of the season.

Mrs. Luke Robinson gave a delightful luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. E. K. Moore, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Moore, of the Patterson. Covers were laid for sixteen, and the table exquisitely decorated in violets and daffodils.

There is every promise of a big season for the French grand opera company which comes to the Baldwin on Wednesday, March 10th. The subscription sale of seats commences next Wednesday.

ART JOTTINGS.

THERE is more activity among the artists now than for some months past, and canvas is suffering by the square yard.

Joseph D. Strong's portraits in pastel have become exceedingly popular, and justly so, because they are excellently done, and the likenesses are phenomenal. At the Century Club's exhibition on Wednesday night, Mr. Strong exhibited some of his pastels, which were highly commended.

Marion Wells has completed a bust of Uncle George Bromley, life size, for the Bohemian Club, and it now occupies a place in the social room. Both bust and pedestal are exquisitely executed. Some are of the opinion that the expression of the humorist's face is too severe, but Uncle George's features in repose are naturally stern. There is quite a demand among his friends for replicas of the work. The design on the pedestal represents Uncle George performing his functions as High Priest of the club.

Charles Rollo Peters is working most industriously in Monterey, and is principally devoting himself to the expression of moonlights. All of his work shows a marked improvement and careful study. Mr. Peters chases the pale out of the night in all her phases, and his effects are full of sentiment and harmony.

Joseph A. Harrington has completed a picture of the Divine Savior for St. Rose's Church which is a masterpiece. Although Mr. Harrington's pictures of scriptural subjects have all been meritorious, he has excelled his previous efforts in this work. The features are earnest, kind and noble, the pose is Godlike, and the coloring rich, but well balanced. It is a valuable addition to the high art of this city, strong and imposing, yet full of humanity. The congregation of St. Rose have secured an art treasure.

Bloomer is working hard on the scenery of Marin county.

Experience is the best teacher, after all. To those who are getting up dinners, parties, baquets, or any similar sort of function, the great experience of Mr. Max Abraham will prove that he knows exactly how to cater to the most refined and exclusive taste. All the swell set employ him, and he always gives satisfaction.

Miss Ray Fromberg and Mrs. Ray Levin have opened a millinery store at 104 Stockton street. The young ladies are proficient in their art, and have many friends who will be pleased to hear of their success.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Macbeth lamp-chimneys are perfect, besides being made of tough glass.

But you want the one that is made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index; free.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

MAN AND A THEORY.

"I HAVE a theory," said Hawkins. We all moved our chairs closer. Hawkins' beer was poor, his tobacco bad, and his studio old. But Hawkins himself was sometimes seriously amusing. We had been conversing on love.

"I think," he continued, "that love is mutual respect, expanded to the utmost. Marriage is the public declaration of love. And how could a man wish to wed a woman he did not respect! And how could a man respect a woman who did not conduct herself with propriety!"

Kay and I exchanged smiles. Hawkins had changed since his Latin Quarter days. And was it hard to guess now that his remarks were allusive to the daughter of Gen. Waldgrave, the wealthy connoisseur, where Hawkins often called when his dress suit was not represented by a ticket?

No one attempted to demolish or sustain Hawkins' hypothesis. But de Guré, the violinist, who never was known to keep on one subject ten minutes, inquired:

"Where's your picture for the Art Club's mid-winter exhibition?"

"There," answered Hawkins, pointing to a canvas on an easel, covered with a piece of green baize.

"May we see it?"

"Certainly," and Hawkins stepped over and removed the cloth.

"What's it called?" asked Jones.

"Why, 'The Will o' the Wisp,'" replied Hawkins, with a hit of petulance.

"New way of treating the subject," Kay remarked.

And so it was. A slender girl, clothed in a piece of gauze and a wreath, was tempting a moony youth into an inky-looking swamp. The light in the picture all came from the girl's gorgeous red hair.

"Wait till Roberts, the critic, gets hold of that," said Jones encouragingly.

"Well," said Hawkins, "I hope he'll give me a few good words. If it's a go. I know where I can unload it. And I am financially at low-water mark."

"Who's the model?" I asked of Kay, as Hawkins covered his work.

"Annie McCarthy," he answered. "Isn't she a star?" Then to Hawkins, "Say, Hawk, I haven't seen Annie for a long time. How long has she been posing for you?"

"Four—five months."

"What?"

"You see," Hawkins explained, "I wish to do my very best work—and—and—well, you see—"

"I see," said Kay. "Got a match?"

* * * * *

It was raining hard the night of the private view of the midwinter exhibition of the Art Club. I only went round to see how Hawkins' picture had been placed. Jones had told him that the club roof had been raised three feet to accommodate odd stuff, and the poor little fellow was in a very nervous state.

I ran round the gallery until I came to "The Will o' the Wisp." It wasn't exactly skied, but most emphatically it wasn't on the line. I stopped short, for there was Roberts looking up at it.

Of all the old cranks that ever used a pen, Roberts was the peer. His thin set lips and frowning brow boded no good to Hawkins' work. In fact, I was sufficiently near to hear him mutter a decided "Rotten!" Just then there passed me quickly a tall, slight girl, with a mass of red hair. She went directly to Roberts and touched his arm.

"Annie McCarthy," he exclaimed; "you here!"

"Yes, I came round just to see Mr. Hawkins' picture. Isn't it lovely?"

"H'm—er—yes, yes; very good."

"I'm so glad you think so, for you'll surely say something nice about it in the papers."

"Er—er—yes, yes, of course."

"Well, I must go now. But I'm very glad that I saw you, I know you always mean what you say," and she dropped her eyes.

"May I escort you to the door?" The gallantry of his younger days was returning.

"If you wish," without raising her eyes.

They went down the broad stairway into the front hall. I followed them only for a lark. Downstairs the gas had not been lighted. I suppose it was necessary for him to lean over her to hear in the darkness. Anyway, it must have been very nice, for I heard her giggle.

"May I see you home?" he requested.

"Oh, my brother's outside waiting for me. Good-night, Mr. Roberts! I'll be sure to read all the papers to-morrow."

"Yes, yes. Good-night."

And she went out into the street, where a big Irishman took charge of her.

Roberts stood gazing out into the night for a few moments, and then returned slowly to the gallery. The stairs hid me. At the same time, I heard a profane ejaculation behind me, and I turned to see Hawkins dash into the coat-room.

* * * * *

Roberts didn't strain himself much in the next morning's Herald. There was something about "new ideas," "good technique," and "brilliant future," but nothing that burned. I was strolling down the avenue that afternoon, when I met Hawkins.

"Good luck," I said, holding up the paper.

"Yes," he puffed, "sold the picture—Waldgrave—my own price. Great hurry; see you later," and he rushed away.

I went up to Kay's studio in the evening for a quiet pipe.

"Funny thing," Kay remarked.

"What?"

"This afternoon Hawkins announced his engagement to Miss Annie McCarthy."—Dan Gibbs in the Quartier Latin.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A.M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P.M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P.M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A.M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P.M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A.M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P.M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:30, 11:10 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P.M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		IN EFFECT OCT. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa.	10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	9:30 A.M.		6:10 P.M.	10:25 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.		7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
.....	Fulton, Windsor, Headshurg, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	10:25 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.		7:35 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P.M.	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
.....
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sonoma, Glen Ellen.	10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.		6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A.M.	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	5:00 P.M.		6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Shags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lake port; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Huliville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willitts, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 6 A.M. Feb. 10, 25.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; Feb. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Feb. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Esenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.



A Certain farmer, who is by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a son of seven who possessed more wit than pedigree. One day a stranger came to the farm, and, seeing the lad, asked: "Sonny, where's your father?" "In the pig pen," was the reply. "In the pig pen? Thanks!" And, as the man moved in the direction indicated, the boy shouted: "I say! You'll know him, 'cause he's got a hat on!"—Tid-Bits.

"Old Shilark says he is the man who started you on the road to fortune." "The old villain tells the truth. All I had when I was a young man was a fifty-acre farm and he cheated me out of that. Then I had to come to town to get something to do, and got into business and got rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bertha—Mrs. Gower is regarded as ultra fashionable, is she not? EDITH—I believe so. BERTHA—Uncle Jobu says she was at the social last night and that she had her nose curled up the whole evening. We must have our noses curled immediately, Edith.—Boston Transcript.

"Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl. "Yes, indeed! We got \$107.25." "Indeed! You must have had a large audience." "No. We took in \$7.25 at the ticket office, and father gave us \$100 never to do it again."—Washington Star.

Talk of your chair of history,
Logic and language, too,
There's nothing the wide world over
Compares with a chair for two.

—Brooklyn Life.

"I don't know what to do," said a woman whose nature is distrustful. "I hate to be imposed upon. How am I to know that you are really hungry?" "That's easy, ma'am," replied the mendicant. "I kin prove it by lettin' ye watch me eat."—Washington Star.

First Sport—I see it stated that the air is so clear in the Arctic regions that conversation can be carried on easily by persons two miles apart. SECOND SPORT—Why doesn't some one tell Corbett and Fitzsimmons about that?—Yonkers Statesman.

With wars and women hard's have dealt
In manner most extensive;
But only groaning husbands know
Which proves the most expensive.

—Chicago Journal.

CHARLES GRAEF & CO., the well-known United States agents for the famous Pommery Sec, Appolinaris Water, etc., have opened a Pacific Coast branch at 21 Sutter street, under the management of Mr. John Caffrey. This branch will keep fresh arrivals of Pommery and the other specialties of this noted firm. Pommery Sec is so well known and so popular amongst connoisseurs that praise is needless. It was used at the recent banquet to Judge McKenna, and is a favorite wine at all banquets and society dinners. Its richness and pungency of flavor appeals at once to the refined and critical taste, as may be judged from the fact that it is the favorite wine of the nobility, the clubman, at the banquet, and, certainly, of fashionable society, both in the United States and Europe.

THE first number of the first Japanese monthly magazine to be printed in America is published by K. Sano in San Francisco. It is a twelve-page paper, and contains besides interesting matter, several illustrations. It is called "Japanese-American Voice."

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers, Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From January 1, 1897.	Arrive
6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsay, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
9:00 A	Peters and Milton	7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
11:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	10:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A
10:00 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and way stations	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

8:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	7:00 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
12:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	10:40 A
8:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
11:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	8:45 A
8:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

11:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		7:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:30 P	and	4:45 P
4:30 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		8:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	‡ Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	‡ From Niles.	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Sill 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 1:00, *2:00, 12:00, *4:00, 5:00, 15:00 and *8:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:30, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. §Sundays and Thursdays.

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calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, April 1, 1897
GÆLIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DURIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 23, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

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S. S. "Alameda," Thursday, March 4th, at 2 P. M.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, March 23, at 2 p. m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
J. D. SPRECKELS & ROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

THE ART EPICUREAN.

(FIFTH PAPER.)

TUESDAY afternoon I penetrated to the holy of holies "between decks" at the Palace hotel when the McKenna banquet committee, headed by ex-Surveyor-General Theodore Reichert turned down a candidate or graciously accorded him the happy privilege, for his shining silver, to sup with the mighty. The suggestive-looking tin hox at the General's side was fairly bulging with the good store within—perhaps a premonition of the state of the donors later on. The head of the invitation committee had his wits about him, and the checking up process went merrily on, with the aid of United States Marshal Barry Baldwin, present, perchance, to see the awful tragedy safely through; and although Richard Chretien tried some of his winning ways on the strong hox, the Marshal's double-barreled vision, supplemented by the General's *pince-nez* was too much for even his temerity.

Attorney T. J. Crowley peeped in for a moment, soon followed by his friend and office chum, Colonel Kowalsky; and, in an aside, it has been whispered that when these two cronies get away into the woods camping, they give reins to their culinary ambitions, and such dishes as result would put Delmonico's chef to blush. But Mr. Crowley modestly tells me, "Oh, yes, the Colonel and I share the honors; he does the cooking and I wash the dishes." I fancy there is another side to that pretty little tale, and the next time the two take to the woods a spy should be appointed from among the fraternity to see what wood sprite weaves a spell over their hacon and hard tack that makes it into such delicious dainties as report saith.

Soon the candidates began to flock in in such numbers that room was at a premium, and so I sought out Manager Warren, who paused in his husy bustling long enough to graciously describe to me the arrangement of the tables set for the banquet in the main dining room—the eighty-foot one at which Chairman Colonel Jackson presided, and the eight smaller ones at right angles to it—and then accorded me a peep at the menu, which looked vastly appetizing, even just after the luncheon hour, and included:

Eastern Oysters on the half-shell
Windsor Clear Soup
Olives, Celery, Salted Almonds, Caviar
Grenadin of Salmon Trout, Sauce Mirabeau
Potatoes Chatelaine
Filet of Beef, larded, a la Intendant
Croustade of Sweetbreads, Garnishe Metternich
Champagne Punch
Roast Chicken
Romaine Tomato Salad
New Peas
Biscuit Glace
Cafe Noir

White and red California wines and Moët & Chandon, Pommery, and Mumm were served at the banquet. In glancing over the array, a happy thought came to me. Could I prevail upon Manager Warren to let me see his *chef*? I could. That croustade of sweetbreads I simply must have, and if I could induce *chef* Morgenthaler to list to my pleadings, the day was mine. Handed over to the tender mercies of an attendant, after devious windings and bravely opening of grim "no admittance" doors, the heart of the hostelry—the kitchen—was reached, and there, calmly supervising the operations of a brigade of white-capped assistants, the portly *chef* reigned supreme.

I meekly presented my petition—my thirst for knowledge. He smiled benignly, and in broken French, with infinite patience, penetrated my density with the following recipe for croustade of sweetbreads:

Make the croustade with a pancake hatter, using the metal dies in any preferred form—he has hearts, cloverleaves, diamonds, etc., in his fully-equipped kitchen. The garniture Metternich is made with kernels of lamb-sweetbreads, truffles, mushrooms, chicken livers, combs, and kidneys of capons, all mixed in chicken *suprême* white sauce.

For this, *chef* Morgenthaler, we thank you. As I listened to his description, out of the corner of my eye I saw two of his underlings skewering larded chicken livers. I wanted to take the second degree on that, hut with the thermometer at ninety, even the delight of wrestling toothsome recipes is apt to wilt. But in passing, a few words of

more detailed description of the croustade might he well. This crust is made so delicately thin as to be almost wafer-like, and haked to a golden brown with the die to give it form. The garnish must be mixed very thoroughly and each separate ingredient chopped fine.

It has been said that the ladies of to-day are far too apt to relegate all the worry and responsibility of the table to their servants, and that few in this city care enough about cooking to enter into the preparation of any dish with half the zest of their spouses. Several ladies have assured me that they leave everything to their cooks, and do not even dare to ask the kitchen divinity how she makes a certain dish, for they are quite confident that she will diplomatically evade the point, and in the end give no information. Such ladies are not the mistress of their homes. The royal personage in the kitchen should have that title.

Yet there are several society ladies who take an interest in the making of some little dish, and among them might be mentioned one of the belles of the city, Miss Laura McKinstry, whose wise mother has always held the belief that California women are far too dependent upon the goddess of the kitchen, and therefore allow many de-relections of duty because they are really in a state of dependence upon her coming or going. Mrs. McKinstry strongly advocates a knowledge of cookery and house supervision generally, for only by such a course can a mistress properly care for her home and family and be independent. The Judge's wife and daughter are both makers of delightful salads, and a Welsh rarebit from the fair hands of Miss Laura has a relish that could never be given it by one of the sterner sex.

It has always seemed that a woman's hands never appear to better advantage than when preparing some chafing-dish dainty; and usually the clever woman knows it. It makes a man long to pop the question then and there, and as a vehicle toward matrimony can be recommended as far in advance of piano playing or even em-hroidery, for it does have such a housewifely air, and what living man could resist the suggestions that come surging up in his mind at the pretty picture. And when he tastes the dainty his fate is sealed, for it is sure to be a success; fair woman is too wary to attempt anything for man's digestion that would be apt to wreak ruin upon it. She knows its value to the owner.

Speaking of a Welsh rarebit, Mrs. Will E. Fisher can prepare one to a nicety, and the other day, just before the guests began to arrive for the Martha Washington tea for which she had thrown open her lovely home, she kindly gave me the *modus operandi*, which is:

First grate the cheese very fine, putting a tablespoonful of butter into a chafing dish, and, when hot, sprinkling in the cheese, a small portion at a time, and adding the heer (Mrs. Fisher prefers the Schlitz brand) a tablespoonful at a time, stirring it all the time, and adding paprica for seasoning. Her preference is to let it come to a boil, and then spread it upon buttered toast instead of cracker—the usual way. Chocolate is an appetizing accompaniment to the rarebit, and just the thing for a nightcap after the theatre.

Captain and Mrs. Burns, whose beautiful home at the corner of Washington and Hyde streets is the scene of some delightful entertainments, are both fond of preparing some little dish when the mood suggests, and the Captain rather prides himself upon his culinary achievements.

The family five o'clock tea is a pretty English custom, where a visitor chancing to call may find a cup of tea over whose aroma a social chat might be enjoyed, and under whose benign influence the fatigue of an afternoon's calls might be partially overcome. But this mode of entertaining does not prevail to any extent in this city, for we have not (or think we have not) the leisure for it; and husbands and brothers whose presence would tend to enliven the hour are usually in their offices at that time in the mercantile world. Some day, when the mad rush for wealth has subsided, and we are willing to sit down and enjoy our thousands without still martyrizing ourselves for the yellow god, these little daytime social features may be introduced, and once launched, continue to float upon the wave of society, hut if I were you I should not select my five o'clock tea-table furnishings just yet, for fashions might change before that blissful time arrives.

AMY L. WELLS.

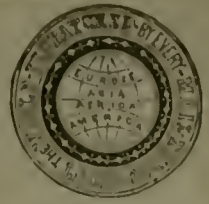


PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
SCENES IN CHINATOWN—Provision Market.

Taber Photo. S. F.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 6, 1897.

Number 10.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE allowance of \$25.00 per day for each of the ex-
 perts, who are going over the accounts of the State
 Printing Office is entirely disproportionate to the service
 being performed as the ability of the experts to earn it.
 It is extremely doubtful if any of them ever made more
 than that much per week, before this lucky windfall.

THE Rev. Dr. Fraser declared at the ministers' meet-
 ing last Monday that it made his "blood boil to sit
 here and hear Professor Howison express his views on re-
 ligion." Certainly; to be sure! No doubt Brother Fraser
 would like to see every man drawn and quartered who
 would refuse to endorse his lamb-like and charitable brand
 of soul-saver. What a striking illustration of Christly
 toleration and kindness is this same Brother Fraser.

PRESIDENT McKinley announced in his inaugural
 address on Thursday that he would convene Congress
 in extra session on the 15th inst. Inasmuch as we are
 to have more tariff tinkering, the earlier the disturbance
 commences the more quickly will the country recover from
 its alarming effects. This is one of the inevitable conse-
 quences of Republican success, and must be borne with
 whatever patience the people may possess.

THE comparative table of mortality accompanying the
 recent report of the Board of Health, is rather start-
 ling. The table includes thirty-five cities, ranging in popu-
 lation from Raleigh, N. C., with 13,000, to St. Louis, with
 570,000. The highest death rate is credited to Memphis,
 at 26.39, the lowest, San Diego, at 6.6. San Francisco
 stands third from the top with 21.92. If these figures are
 correct it is time that attention were given to the sani-
 tary condition of this city. No stronger argument for a
 thorough system of sewerage can be made than a death
 rate of 21.92.

MAYOR PHELAN voiced public opinion when he re-
 marked, at the meeting of the Supervisors on Mon-
 day, that there is at present no occasion for paying \$250
 per month for an assistant District-Attorney. During the
 Durrant trial there was need of such an officer, for the
 office was cumbered with work. There is at this time no
 such condition. The office can take care of current busi-
 ness without an assistant, whose chief labor would end with
 the drawing of his salary. There is far too much of this
 sort of game going on at the City Hall now on the part of
 these worthy laborers for their own pockets.

THE petition of the Merchants' Association that First
 avenue—a proposed boulevard connecting the Park
 and Presidio, and which is to be soon bituminized—should
 be widened by adding to the roadway ten feet, to be taken
 from the sidewalks, should be granted by the Supervisors.
 Golden Gate avenue is a very fair illustration of wide walks
 and narrow roadways. The avenue is frequently gorged
 with vehicles, while there remains much useless space on
 the walks on either side. Public utility really demands
 such a change of the main artery from the city to the
 Park, as is proposed further away. The chief service of
 First avenue will be for vehicles and wheelmen, while the
 sidewalks will be comparatively neglected.

SUPERVISOR ROTTANZI introduced and had unani-
 mously passed by his colleagues, a resolution asking
 the Legislature to provide a way for the payment of just
 claims, long overdue to many merchants for supplies fur-
 nished to this city and used by it. That these tradespeople
 have been kept out of their money for years is a great in-
 justice. It is shameful. If any man in business were to
 treat his creditors half so badly, he would be ostracised.

THE Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the
 Lower Court in the case of Theodore Durrant, and it
 is reasonably certain that he will at last be hanged for the
 terrible crime of which he was charged. That the judg-
 ment is a righteous one the evidence, although entirely
 circumstantial, clearly established. Now that the way
 has been broken we may hope that the other malefactors
 whose necks are but little less worthy of the halter than
 his may speedily follow him to the gibbet.

IT is to be regretted that the Sundry Civil bill carries an
 amendment restoring to the public domain eleven of the
 thirteen forest reservations recently withdrawn by Presi-
 dent Cleveland. The withdrawals covered more than
 20,000,000 acres of forest areas. The President's action
 was wise, and more than justified by the history of forests
 in other lands. Except some stringent measures be em-
 ployed to preserve the trees of America, in a compara-
 tively short time we shall have no timber to care for. Few
 people have knowledge of the rapid denudation of lands
 in this country. President Cleveland's act should stand.

THE Carnival Committee expects to be able to give
 work to a considerable body of the city's unem-
 ployed at an early day. A large number of floats must be
 built, and there will be other work for those who need it.
 The money subscribed for that week's grand holiday will
 in a hundred ways prove to be a benefit; it will serve a
 double purpose, and those who contribute to the success-
 ful accomplishment of the carnival may feel sure that they
 are making a paying investment. The carnival will bring
 thousands to the city, will advertise the attractions of San
 Francisco in a lasting manner, and will directly benefit
 every line of business.

COMPLETION of the Alameda and San Joaquin Rail-
 road and its opening to traffic is an important event
 in the history of manufacturing in San Francisco. The
 line will connect the Corral Hollow coal mine with this city
 by way of Stockton, and should result in the introduction
 of cheap fuel for steam making. The question of coal for
 manufacturing purposes in San Francisco is a most im-
 portant one. The Corral Hollow mine being near by, and
 its output capable of great expansion, it will exert an im-
 portant influence on the cost of that article. The Southern
 Pacific has given the company a rate of one cent per
 ton per mile on its product to all points in California.

CALIFORNIA could do much worse with \$50,000 than
 to appropriate that sum toward a proper display of
 the State's resources at the Trans-Mississippi International
 Exposition, which takes place at Omaha four months
 hence. The Nebraska capital is the center of a populous
 region, and the Exposition will doubtless be visited by hun-
 dreds of thousands from the middle Western States. Con-
 gress has granted \$200,000 in aid of the Omaha venture, and
 there is a bill pending at Sacramento carrying \$50,000 for
 providing a fair representation of California products
 there. The middle West is near by, and this State should
 be able to turn the faces of many immigrants westward
 by an exhibition of native resources.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

ON Thursday Major William McKinley drove down Pennsylvania avenue, lined on each side by as brilliant a display of handsome men, beautiful women, and gorgeous attires, as ever the American continent witnessed. Arrived at the capitol he took the simple form of oath provided for such occasions, and forthwith Cleveland was out, and McKinley was in. It is not worth while to say more of the pageantry that accompanied the event, except, perhaps, to remark the wide departure from simplicity and good taste the country has witnessed since the President rode down unaccompanied to the capitol, bitched his horse to a post, stepped into the building, took the necessary oath, and returned as unostentatiously as he came. That represented republican simplicity; what the display of last Thursday, to see which as much as \$4,000 for a window on the line of march was paid, represented, it is bard to say in that spirit of kindness one would like to apply to everything pertaining to the inauguration of our new President.

It fortunately happens that the pageant was hut the outward show that had little to do with the inward thing. The scepter of power had passed from one to another, without the slightest hitch, difficulty, or doubt and all because the people had so willed. The highest act of popular sovereignty was performed; one administration bad, with the calmness of a judicial act, succeeded another, and affairs of State went on as before. What a difference between this easy and regular transference of power and that which in England led to the long war of the Roses! It has been said that the American people will not always conduct their Presidential successions with peace and certainty. But they have passed through a severe test on that point. They could bardly have a more trying experience than they had in 1876, when the man whom it is now generally agreed was not elected, was given the office. Mr. Hayes was as peaceably inaugurated as if he had been unquestionably elected. His opponent, Samuel J. Tilden, was among the first to acquiesce in the decision of a tribunal that was clearly partisan. It was held to be better, far better, to concur in the seating of the wrong man, than to engage in a civil war. It is sometimes said to be a mistake not to inaugurate a President immediately after his election. But there is another side to that question. The contest excites much feeling on both sides, and it is well that this should be permitted to cool off before any decided action becomes necessary. It is bardly possible that Hayes could have been inaugurated at any time within a month after election day. Time being given to discuss matters over calmly, and to cool down, he was inaugurated as quietly as any President ever has been. The sober second thought by that time prevailed over conditions as serious as can well be imagined, and a settled belief has grown up that the same kind of thought would prevail everytime and always.

McKinley inaugurated—what next? His cabinet having been named, the only curiosity that exists on that score is to see them at work. Safe, and not brilliant, they have excited no undue expectations, and, therefore, there will be none to disappoint. Sherman will pretty certainly be the first member of the administration to become distinctly unpopular, and that we say although we recognize in him that experience, ability and force which must constitute him the real leader of the administration. But he cannot, in the office he holds, satisfy existng popular opinion, and can take no new departure from the course Cleveland has pursued. Already he is under a cloud, and the sun of what popularity he has, will sink to rise no more until he is dead. We think nothing the worse of him for that, because only "jingoos" are popular, as times go, and we want no jingoos. Nor do we expect to think his unpopularity will be objectionable, seeing that the moh is likely to be about as bad as it could be. The almost unknown Chicago man who has become the Secretary of the Treasury holds what, at this time, is the second most important office in the Cabinet. If we are to believe the friends who worked to get him there, he is a wonder, and will by himself alone redeem the reputation of the administration. It is most sincerely to be hoped that this may prove to be true. Our highest policy at this moment is to leave foreign entanglements alone, and straighten out

our finances. Judge McKenna, as Attorney-General, will have to settle the difficulties between the Government and the railroads, and no man is more likely to succeed than he. What of the President himself? An affable, non-committal, kindly disposed man, he may get through his term with less of friction and harassment than a more able man.

Yet he has already piled up troubles for himself that are formidable. He will presently have "Congress on his bands" with a tariff that out Herods-Herod, and fairly distances McKinleyism. It is the almost open and acknowledged payment of the protected trusts that raised the campaign fund. He has antagonized Speaker Reed, who is not a high tariff man, and is hent on mischief. At heart a Silverite, with many speeches to bis credit, McKinley yet was elected on a gold platform and no compromise. With the silver men in the Senate holding the balance of power, it requires no stretch of imagination to conjure up tribulations beyond endurance.

On last Thursday Grover Cleveland became Grover Cleveland. for the second time in his greatest public career a private citizen; and there is very little doubt that he doffed the robes of State

with a feeling of profound relief. He retires from the cares of office fortified in the conviction that he has fulfilled his whole duty, and that he has met and discharged every responsibility with the breadth of mind and intuitive grasp of a statesman. That he has unshaken confidence in himself permits of no doubt. He has, through his long public career, shown a degree of resolution and a disregard for quick public opinion that can only accompany a mature element of greatness, and which, given the opportunity, makes and leaves a lasting impression upon the history of the times.

Speaking for the moment, Cleveland goes into retirement the best and most generally disliked ex-President of those who have left the Capitol for many a day. Eight years ago the same statement, only in less degree, might have been made of him. But there existed a wide and vital difference between the conditions surrounding his departure from Washington at that time, and his political environments of 1897. Then at his back stood a united democracy, beaten on the broad issue of the tariff; and Cleveland went down as the leader of that party, and the undeniable champion of that cause and as its logical candidate of four years later. Intervening events did not disturb his prominence nor shake his bold upon the hearts of his followers; and on the 4th of March, 1893, he again rode to the Capitol, by the side of his vanquished opponent, and assumed the reins of government.

Causes with which President Cleveland had nothing to do, hut whose workings were feebly felt at the general election that returned him to the head of affairs, accentuated and aggravated by the grinding financial depression, spread in every direction. False ideas and dangerous political teachings, cleverly veiled by eloquent sophistry misled millions of honest men of both great national parties. The free silver heresy, nominally accepted by the Democratic party, but in reality bitterly opposed by its brains and influence, won the day, and through the fidelity to true democratic principles, which of two evils, chose the lesser one, a Republican President was elected. To this political sacrifice President Cleveland gave his moral support, and contributed materially to the overthrow of threatened financial dishonor and the rescue of the country from the curse of a debased currency.

The great service performed by President Cleveland in refusing to be influenced by the war dance of the jingoos and their constant endeavors to embroil this country with other nations, will perhaps never be appreciated by the masses of the people. He firmly resisted the greatest popular pressure for the extension of public domain, believing with the founders of the republic, that the duty and safety of the Government lay in the development and expansion of trade rather than in the acquisition of foreign territory. His refusal to recognize the struggle of the Cubans has subjected him to severe criticism by the irresponsible and sensational press of the country, both Democratic and Republican, and has added materially to his immediate unpopularity. But dispassionate and intelligent opinion must justify his determination to avoid a rupture

with Spain, until cause for conceding belligerent rights to the Cubans become clearly apparent, even as his opposition to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands as being directly contrary to the genius and traditions of the American Government, must be regarded as the attitude of a statesman and patriot.

The part that Cleveland will play in the future political and material history of the United States is problematical — made doubly so by reason of the anomalous alignment of parties within the past year. But it may be safely said of him that his great influence will be felt and his voice heard in the councils of the old Democratic organization. When the future historian writes the record of the last quarter of the present century, the strong character, the rugged integrity and forceful personality of Grover Cleveland will be accorded an honorable and conspicuous place among the patriots and statesmen of the republic.

The Powers Of The Speaker And President. The people of these United States rather like the exercise of authority, if they but have confidence in the man who wields it. They were so enamored of

the successful audacity of Speaker Reed a few years ago, that they were almost ready to intrust him with any power to rule the House and its business, and for a time it looked as if he were to be the candidate of his party for President. The way in which he counted in quorums, made light of traditions, and overthrew rules was something wonderful to behold, but that mattered little to Reed. Outside opinion acquiesced, if it did not positively approve, because it enabled a very small majority to hasten on the accomplishment of its will, and to really do something. Among other things, it enabled the so-called McKinley tariff to be passed almost without debate. The Congress with the smallest party majority of modern times, got through with more work than any of them, and as "the billion dollar Congress" gained notoriety, as Mr. Reed himself said, for discovering the fact that "this is a billion dollar country." McKinley was made chairman of the Ways and Means committee, which became the right of way, as it were, to the Presidency, by this self same Speaker Reed. But a great many things have happened since then. McKinley is now the President who can be harassed, and be put into all sorts of inconvenient positions, but Reed is again Speaker, and entrenched in power as never before. He is King of the principal law making House, whilst McKinley is but its chief executive officer. Between the two men there is now no love lost. Reed is the abler of the two, and far the safer man to rely upon in a fight. He is clearly bent on digging pit holes for his opponent, and means mischief. There will probably soon be a contest for the reorganization of the Rules Committee. If the Speaker holds his own "he will be a bigger man than the President."

The Russian Enigma. An interesting question is that one solving itself in Russia. We say solving itself, advisedly, for Russian purposes and diplomacy are not permitted, wittingly, to be solved by any one but Russia. So far as the character of the present ruler is developed, it is evident that Nicholas II. is no exception to the rule. Before his coronation we were treated in public prints with elaborate statements of his peculiarities. His disagreement with the traditional tyranny of Russian rule; the despair of his father because of his liberal tendencies; that he was a pale and studious young man who held in his heart as well as in his hand the enfranchisement of the peasantry, and predictions of rapid and radical changes from autocracy to constitutionalism in his government. Since he placed the diadem of all the Russias upon his own brow, we have heard many rumors of his personal weaknesses. His subjection to the whims of his wife and mother; his physical and mental deterioration; his abject fear of nihilists; his nerveless collapse from the tragedy on Hodynsky plain, and pictures of him closely guarded in his palace of Gatschina or trembling at every sound in Tsarskor-selo. How much of all this is true and how much false, is a difficult question in these days of journalistic "enterprise." Outside of the prattle with which the papers fill space there are some significant facts worthy of notice. Someone is pushing the most stupendous railway project of the age across Siberia

to the Pacific. Some one is building Russian lines across China, and has completed conventions which enables Russians to build Chinese lines. Someone is visibly tightening the Russian grasp on Korea and the Manchurian provinces. Someone is keeping a firm Muscovite hold on the Turkish situation which the whole of jealous Europe dreads not loosen. Italy looked to St. Petersburg for countenance in her disastrous Abyssinian enterprise, France explodes with joy at the least show of Russian favor, while the war-lord of Germany is almost abject in his obsequiousness to the Czar. The pale young man has visited all the important capitals of Europe and does not seem to have lost prestige with the trained diplomacy of his hosts. Recent dispatches indicate a decided tendency toward a liberal policy for the Russian press and people. Inspired organs of the empire, once bitter against the Catholics of Poland, are now talking of conciliation. The Czar has lately declined to sentence unruly students of Moscow, whom his august father would have quickly dispatched in chains to Siberia. If all these things are not directly attributable to the emperor, it is hard to say who is their responsible cause, especially when we notice that the Czar seems to prefer to rule without a chancellor. A constitution would be the natural result of advancing civilization, and Russia is surely advancing. Nicholas II. has the splendid opportunity to give political freedom to 130 millions of subjects. To do so he will need to be strong, for he will encounter the bitter opposition of a most conservative nobility. To complete the marvelous developments of Asia, and to be in fact, as in name, the "little father" of his people, will be to make the pale young man the peer of all his illustrious progenitors. Has he the strength? There are indications that he has, and there are rumors that he has not. That is the Russian enigma.

Making Specific Contract Laws. During the war, California had what ultimately became very familiar as "the specific contract law." It was intended to meet the legal tender quality of the greenback. It specifically provided that all contracts should be paid in the kind of money agreed upon between the parties. Thus it came that all our checks, notes, drafts, etc., were made to read "payable in United States gold coin." The United States Constitution then and now provided that "no State should ever pass any law to invalidate contracts." An appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court, and the Constitution was, of course, sustained. Now come some seven or eight of the recently admitted States, with enactments providing that all contracts, no matter what they specify, shall be paid in silver. That will be all right in cases where payment in silver is nominated in the bond, and is so understood by both parties, but who will be foolish enough to make silver contracts at gold prices? Those of the people in the silver States who are careful to make gold contracts will have to be paid in gold, and no law of the State can abrogate that right. Moreover, until there be free and unlimited coinage of the white metal at a ratio of sixteen to one, no contracts to pay in the silver coinage of the United States would benefit the debtor. There is nothing to be made by such contracts so long as the Government maintains its white and yellow coins at a parity, which President McKinley and his party are pledged to do.

The Concert Of Europe. What a miserable combination that wretched "concert of Europe" is, to be sure! Undertaken from good motives, its policy has proven despicable, and its course that of a protector of the worst of tyrannies. Its avowed purpose is to maintain the *statu quo*, or things as they are, in Europe. The guarantee for which is that the six great powers of Europe are bound by solemn treaty to unite in preventing by war, if necessary, any dismemberment of any European country as it now exists. The Armenians may not clear their country of their slaughtering enemies, nor the Cretans hold possession of the land they have redeemed from the enthrallment of their old-time persecutors. The barbarity and wholesale slaughter of the Christian by the Turk must continue, because the six great Christian powers desire for a time, at least, to preserve peace all round. It is a most tyrannous arrangement that shocks

humanity, and causes a great many good men and women to marvel at what can be done in the name of Christianity in these latter days. History records nothing more inhuman than the recent slaughtering by the Turk, yet they would cease at once, if the "concert of Europe" but said they must. Yet by the terms of the unholy alliance in which Europe is bound, it cannot say that word, but must say the opposite. Cruel, blood-stained wrong must be protected, and every God-given right be suppressed, because it suits the present convenience of certain outsiders to have it so. That people of England, of France, of Italy and probably of Germany would quickly break up this wicked "concert" in which their rulers have involved them, if they could. And it is not unlikely that they will, anyhow. Englishmen are ashamed of the attitude of their Government, and if a leader of the opposition, like Gladstone, were but to give the word, the tight little Island would be an armed camp within a week. The people of France, as well as those of Italy, are even more heated over the use their Governments are being put to than the English. Emperor William is hearing some very ugly grumblings among his people, and, like King George of Greece, may yet find it necessary to follow his subjects, or lose his throne. He has an abscess in his ear, whilst Nicholas has one on his brain. That the "concert" of Europe cannot long be maintained by such incurables goes without saying. Without the people, war cannot last long. Christianized, civilized Europe will never fight to the end to put Greece, Crete, Macedonia, Armenia, Kurdistan, etc. under the heel of the unspeakable Turk. The day of their emancipation is at hand, and it will either directly, or indirectly, result from the breaking away of the nationalities indicated from the so-called "concert." The press despatches make it appear that King George will fight, and only surrender to the actual force of arms, as demonstrated on the field. More power to him! He has but to stick to that course and the "concert" of Europe will be his.

Pure Food Laws. There has been a rather noticeable reluctance upon the part of the authorities to prosecute the dealers who were arrested some time ago for having sold impure food in this city. It is difficult to understand upon fair grounds why there should be the least hesitancy in bringing these cases to immediate trial, for the public health is endangered by the lax administration of the laws. The Board of Health has shown commendable vigor in ferreting out the dealers of impure food products, and should be backed up promptly by the courts, as it is by public opinion. The man who sells any article of diet, knowing it to be impure or anything other than as it is represented, is more a criminal than he who issues counterfeit coins. In the latter case only financial loss is suffered by the victims, while in the former case health and life are placed in jeopardy, and honest goods discounted. Thus it is a fraud and a swindle in a double sense. The proposition is so plain—the evils so apparent, that to argue upon it is a waste of words. By consent of the prosecutors and the Judges, the cases now booked for trial have been assigned to Judge Campbell's court. The people will watch with interest the progress of these cases, and they expect that every effort consistent with justice will be made to punish the guilty to the law's fullest extent. If those arraigned are innocent, the fact should be known; if not, then they should be branded as dishonored and dishonest tradesmen.

The White Women Of Chinatown. The NEWS LETTER would not knowingly do anybody an injustice, and certainly it would not say a word calculated to wound women of good intentions. Last week we referred to the evil that had crept into Chinatown through the employment there of house to house visitors and teachers of our own race. These women roamed all over Chinatown in the guise of teachers sent out by one or other of the local missionary societies. It is certain that they soon became scholars rather than teachers. They became adepts in the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain of the heathen Chinese. We had always understood, until this last week, that they were duly accredited agents of some more or less responsible society. But we

are now assured that this class of women lacked any sort of creditable credentials, were acting solely on their own account, and had for some time been under suspicion by more than one of the regular societies. Of course, if the women we have in mind had no employment, and no status under any of the well-known and duly constituted societies, that, of course, exonerates them, but that statement we know to be not altogether true. If is nearer true than it was, but is not altogether true yet. There are young women, supposed to be under the sheltering wings of certain missionary societies, who are in some manner licensed to go around among the young Chinese merchants, and who teach them a new way to defeat Little Pete's and Big Jim's monopoly. We say that this desperate evil of white women traffic in Chinatown began some sixteen years ago, through the agency of women who certainly did have some sort of recognition from societies beyond reproach. Whilst recent happenings have focussed attention once again upon that black spot in our midst, the iniquities of which are not yet half known, there must be, and there shall be, a more thorough disinfection and fumigation of Chinatown than it has ever yet received. To the missions we say withdraw all your wandering minstrels right away. The dark ways of Chinatown are not fit avenues for them. Said one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers to us the other day: "It is not a place in which I should like a sister or daughter of mine to be employed." Why, then, should he and his associates like to have "the sisters and daughters" of other men there? Can he, and they, ever compensate them for the contumely that is morally sure to follow them all their days?

Strike at The Examiner. Congress is usually very ticklish about how it handles the press. In times past it has known that it generally has received pains for its gains. When, however, it without fear seizes the nettle danger without the slightest fear of the consequence, its old-time sting must surely be gone. The House the other day, on the motion of Aldrich, of Illinois, promptly passed a bill directed at the Journal and Examiner, constituting it a misdemeanor to publish an account of a prize-fight, or of any proceedings had in connection therewith. It will get through the Senate, if there be time, which is hardly likely. But the fact will remain that the popular branch of the National Legislature has declared the Examiner's contract with the pugilists a crime that ought to be suppressed by law. The NEWS LETTER last week took the ground that as California had suppressed prize-fighting within its territory, it was in spirit, if not in essence, a violation of law to encourage its existence just over the border, and spread all its details, both by picture and letter press, within the prohibited State. Of course the intent, purpose, and effect cut no figure in Mr. Hearst's mind. The winning of the nickels of the mob are the means which sanctify all his ends. But the nickels will not endure as long as that slur by the House of Representatives. Moreover, society is improving, and the day is at hand when the promoter of pugilism will have to go herd with the pugs. The page which the Examiner daily devotes to the ring at Carson, and to its attachments, is the deepest disgrace that has yet attached to journalism. Meanwhile, the quiet boycott by heads of families and other decent folk is on.

It is also noted that the boycott is not confined to this State, but the Trustees of the Public Library at Portland have decided that the Examiner is unfit for general circulation, and have struck it from the files of that institution. By this act Portland has shown a discrimination that might be followed with profit by every other public library in the country. The immoral influence of that paper is sufficient to contaminate any circle in which it circulates, and its whole policy and direction pander to the lowest instincts of humanity. Not only is it vicious in its sensational features, but its deeper motives are always insincere and usually dishonorable. It often employs a thin veil of public good to hide its malevolence and cover its revenge; but its venal character is so well known that its power for evil in this particular direction is not to be feared. Evidently the methods of the disreputable new journalism, with its sensations, its bribe-takings, its fakings, are finding their true level and estimation on the Pacific Coast.

THE ART EPICUREAN.

(SIXTH PAPER.)

"WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly," and puckers her pretty brows over the literature of Juliet Corson, Mrs. Kohrer, Christine Terhune Herriek, or some other of those blessed and rare women who thoroughly understand the art of cookery, it is usually time for the head of the house to drop into the family physician's office on his way down town, and suggest to him to become *particeps criminis* next day by "happening" out to make a friendly call.

Yet there isn't a man, with a fondness for the womanly woman, who does not adore his pretty wife all the more when she appears before his astounded vision in a masquerading costume of big apron, sleeves rolled up above her pink elbows, and a tiny smudge of flour on the tip of her little tip-tilted nose—that last is always essential—and announces that she is going to make a dessert for dinner to-day with her own hands. But oh, the aftermath! He dare not decline a second service of the delicacy that his sweet wife has been at such pains to prepare, and yet the most awful visions of future agony confront him as he perjures his immortal soul by blithely announcing that he would like to prevail upon her to help him to just a trifle more of that delicious dessert.

Which, I fear is not a very auspicious preamble for a recipe for a dessert that is a gem and a rarity, and which is made by the most charming woman in San Francisco, who has the reputation for delicious surprises for the last course of her equally charming menus. By the way, have you ever noticed that a man seldom tries his hand at anything in the sweets line, and rarely chooses a dessert dish as a favorite, yet nevertheless he seldom declines it at the table?

But let us to this recipe for blackberry cream that doubtless some of the NEWS LETTER's readers have tasted and recognize as having been served in all its perfection at this fair chatelaine's table. One reason for its rarity is because the blackberries must be fresh wild ones—the cultivated berry lacks the tartness and indescribable flavor that is found in the wild berry.

Take one quart of the wild blackberries, mash them, and sweeten with one-half a pint of sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth; then stir the berries and eggs together and set in the oven until nicely browned. When finished, place in the refrigerator until perfectly cold. Then whip a pint of rich cream until thick, and spread over the pudding just before serving. For those who like the flavor, a little Burgundy will make a pleasant addition. The success of this dessert is enhanced by the fact that it can be taken by the most delicate digestion, and is very nutritious as well.

As the Hebrew writes—the reverse from the usual way—so we take our menu; and after dessert a delicious soup comes to mind. Have you ever heard of that charming bachelors' hall out on Bush street, where the best cook in San Francisco presides over the gastronomic destinies of three young men who are *au fait* in everything pertaining to the art epicurean—Hugo Toland, R. Porter Ashe, and Ed Mizner? Those bachelor quarters are sybaritic in their luxurious furnishings, and the own particular "den" of each member of the trio has an individuality that is a sure index—if one wished to observe and deduct. In one room, for instance, is a grill over the folding doors that is a study in the picturesque arrangement of Indian weapons, paddles, snow-shoes, wampum—all in the sombre coloring that somehow suggests the personality of the stoics of this new country. Another corner is a glimpse of Japan, and the inlaid tables, wrought metal lamps, and embroidered screens make one involuntarily peer about for the almond-eyed daughter of the almond-tree land, who ought to complete the picture. And, speaking of pictures, there is a work of art—But there; it was soup we were looking for, was it not? You shall have it.

The caterer to the digestive delight of this household is from the southland, and having been an accomplished cook since she was eleven years old, is past mistress in the art. Some of her recipes she would not reveal for love or money—a certain Roman punch is one (and who can blame her)—but she was good enough to give me in detail the recipe for a *filet gumbo* that has not a duplicate in the city.

The *filet* can be procured at your grocer's, but Miss Stewart gets hers direct from New Orleans. The *filet* is a ground herb, you know, like saffron.

The stock for this soup can be made by taking a chicken (not necessarily a young one this time), unjointing it, and frying in a *roux* of browned flour and butter—or home-made lard (she prefers the lard that she tries out herself), to which a little onion has been added. *Saute* the fowl in this *roux*. Take plenty of time in the preparation of this, for haste results in disaster. Add to this three quarts of water, and let it cook down gradually to two quarts, gently simmering. By the time it is so reduced, the chicken will have been sufficiently cooked. This will be an adequate quantity for twelve persons, as the soup is very rich. One-half hour before serving add one cooked crab, not picked from the shell fine, but the meat kept as far as possible intact, thus better retaining the juice. Then add a green onion and a bit of minced parsley. At the last moment crown it with a heaping tablespoonful of *filet*. This must never be allowed to boil, or the dish will be spoiled, and the soup must be served immediately after adding it. The Southern style is to serve it with rice dry cooked, so that the kernels are separate; the rice, of course, being placed upon a separate dish.

Okra is sometimes used instead of the *filet* to give the thickening quality, but only when it can be procured fresh in the summertime is it a success; the dry herb is not satisfactory.

Now, if that bird is ready to walk up to the guillotine, we can discuss the chicken *a la Castilian*, to which reference was made in a former paper. For this, a young spring chicken is necessary—perhaps a grandchild to the one who met her fate in the soup. Unjoint and *saute* it much as you would the before-mentioned fowl, only this time the operation must be a quick one, over a hot fire—fifteen minutes ought to suffice. The sauce must be of mushrooms, cooked in about two-thirds of a cupful of white wine, using green Chili peppers—and plenty of them—and strained tomato sauce. A little chopped green onion is also added. If the peppers are not at hand, capsicum, the genuine cayenne pepper, will do for a substitute. Put in your truffles last. The flavor permeates the dish and gives the crowning touch. In parenthesis, do not allow the chicken to be plunged into boiling water to facilitate plucking the feathers—dry picking, as it is called, is the only right way.

While we are on fowl murder bent, perhaps another way of preparing the barnyard beauty will not be amiss—chicken *Milanaise*. This time the chicken is boiled. After this detail, take the liquid remaining and cook rice in it, adding a bit of saffron, tomato, onion, and green or red peppers. Serve the chicken on a snowy pillow of rice.

I cannot refrain from giving a favorite recipe from Maurice Barrymore, the actor, who is a favorite in San Francisco, but perhaps is not so well known as a gourmet. *Oeuf's Commodore* is the delicacy that is measured to tickle the Barrymore palate. It is a combination of Sauce Bernaise, poached egg and truffle, the Sauce Bernaise being hot and placed in an individual egg dish, with the poached egg topping it, and crowning the egg a slice of stewed truffle. The egg must be poached in the liquor in which the truffle has been cooked; therein is the secret of the dainty.

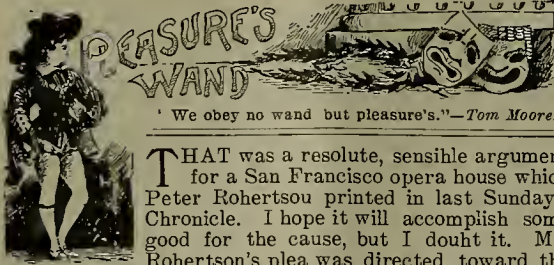
One more word, and then we must take off our caps and aprons. You know what a lad Will Ashe is when it comes to dining. He likes to potter among the pots and pans a bit himself on the quiet, and it is whispered that he has such a fondness for a certain dish of his own preparation that when he wants to swear a great, round oath, and all common forms seem meaningless, he ejaculates reverently, "By the sacred mystery of my kidney stew."

AMY L. WELLS.

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'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

THAT was a resolute, sensible argument for a San Francisco opera house which Peter Rohertson printed in last Sunday's Chronicle. I hope it will accomplish some good for the cause, but I doubt it. Mr. Rohertson's plea was directed toward the gentlemen who breed dollars—money fanciers—and his hopeful, yet conservative, estimate of the what per centum the investment may be made to yield is not of the sort to strike deep in the pockets of men who ask nothing less of their stock than the nimble fecundity of the rahhit.

Moreover, Mr. Rohertson is an avowed critic of music and the drama, and his pen is necessarily unconvincing to the financier. Far and beyond any personal discomfort, it has always been a sad fact to me that critics are invariably poor. I wonder by what means, and when, and where they part from their incomes! Actors and singers are frequently found wealthy, dramatists live who reek with riches, composers make wills, the hosom of a manager's family is often ablaze with diamonds—but who ever heard of a rich critic? It is all very well to say that the critic, so soon as his pockets are comfortably filled, turns his talents into some more respectable trade, but even granting plausibility to this irreverence, I ask you, did you ever see one of us rich—even though reformed? Have you ever discovered a critic in the act of owning real property, or in any other way identifying himself with the solid men of his community?

The critic's poverty shows either stalwart honesty or a stupendous lack of thrift, or both. It presents the triangular paradox: to be honest is a virtue, to be poor is a crime, to be both is stupid. Still, this is altogether too generous a way of accounting for the average stupidity of the average critic—no such leniency is shown the average actor, singer, or playwright.

It is a dangerous thing to have nothing in particular to write about. I have wandered far from Peter Rohertson and that new opera house. I meant to swing easily into what appears to be the best thing that could possibly happen to us short of an opera house and the singers from the Metropolitan—the season of opera which commences at the California Wednesday night. Thirty gentlemen of wealth, enterprise, and fashion, have each subscribed \$1500, making a total of \$30,000, to be used as a guarantee fund. Mr. Bouvier represents the guarantors, the Al. Hayman & Co., and himself; Messrs. Friedlander, Gottloh & Marx also have a hand in the management, so it is a very pretty hurst of spirited citizenship all round, almost certain to result in glory to the thirty angels, profit to the management, and a season of holidays for the town. The newspapers are lending enthusiastic columns to keep the good work moving, and it is rumored that the critics all will be equipped with evening clothes, thus avoiding ocular discord at the festivities. I am not informed to what extent the women of the audiences will dress—not very high, let us hope. Big hats will be worn at the owners' risk. Wagner is not to be discussed on the premises. Patti comparisons will not be considered elegant, or tactful. There will be no diagram of the boxes printed on the programmes à la Metropolitan Opera House; and even should there be, it will not be considered the fit thing to paraphrase the old puzzle and say—"Find Herr Bosworth."

Of the company I know as little as anyone else this side of France beyond that it numbers over 140 singers, dancers, musicians and directors, and has just completed a twelve-weeks season of continuous triumph in New Orleans.

The repertory includes a score and more of works running all the way from the naughty comedy of *28 Days of Clairette* to the heavy tragedy of the *Huguenots*. And out of these many operas G. Verdi's serio-comic world-heater,

the *Trovatore*, has been chosen for the opening night. I know what you are saying; I said it myself to Mr. Bouvier. I asked him, "Why *Trovatore*?"

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he answered. "You wouldn't have a new opera and new singers and an opening all on the same night, would you? You want to hear these people siug—how are you going to do it if your eyes and ears are straining over the color and the sound of the subsidized sevenths and delinquent thirds of a new opera?"

I tried to say that there were *Aida* and *Rigoletto* if we absolutely clamored for Verdi and singing, or that even *Faust* would not attract too much attention from the singers, if the orchestra were toned down. But Bouvier was unmoved. *Trovatore*, it seems, has found a second youth at the hands of these daring French. And they do not stop with the singing—there is to be a big ballet introduced into Wednesday's performance which it is said to have dimmed the splendor of New Orleans's Mardi Gras. And with the ballet and the audience—and the singing—I dare say we can make out a brilliant first night.

Friday night we are to have *L'Africaine*, which is almost a novelty in San Francisco; at the Saturday matinee *Faust* with the ballet and all the company's premières. *Miss Helyett* for Saturday night.

The prices scale from three dollars down. The seats are now worrying the management more than the dollars—it is a question if there will be enough in the California to go round.

There is good value in the musical act of the Waterbury Brothers and Tenny at the Orpheum. Tenny is a real clown. He does nothing in particular except play the Czarina Mazurka on the clarionette with irresistible caricature, and clown foolishly during the instrumental feats of his colleagues—but if you are amenable to the laws of un-gravity you will laugh to tears. The Waterburys are clever, too, in a quite legitimate way. Their music coincides with the orchestra's—which is rare in a vaudeville act—and the harmony and tone they rub from common table tumblers is a revelation in a musical way. Dudley Prescott, "the human brass hand," who accomplishes with his lips any noise that was ever made, was here several seasons ago. His imitations are admirable, but his comedy monologue is deadly. Here is a man who has been in the variety business for years, doing the same turn and drawing a handsome salary, and all that time his comedy remarks have been blights and hlots on the cleverness of his actual work. There are hundreds like him. And eight dollars given to some poor devil of a writer would buy a skit of incidental conversation that would at least prevent the performer from appearing at anything like his natural disadvantages.

Mr. Hastings of the Orpheum sends me this. It is colloquial, but it is sincere:

We have a corker of a bill next week! If you don't believe it, read the ad. The Jordans are on their way to Australia—five of 'em. John Burke was with Henderson's *Aladdin*—he took Eddy Foy's place, and is very funny. The Olifans are just from across the water, and their act has turned New York upside down. It is said to be indescribably funny. The sextette from *Lucia* will be given. Virginia Aragon was here last year, and she is a beautiful wire walker. Dudley Prescott, the Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, and Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron all have new stuff.

This is the first time I ever caught the Columbia Theatre's press agent in an act of glaring modesty. "There are few better actors in America," he writes, "than Joseph Haworth, and there is no reason why Mr. Haworth should not wear the mantle of the late Alexander Salvini." There are indeed few better actors in America than Haworth, so few in the legitimate line that they do not live; and if it comes to a question of dead men's old clothes, I think Haworth will find Salvini's somewhat small for him. Salvini promised great things; Haworth has accomplished a few. I do not know what Haworth will do with *Ruy Blas*, in fact I know nothing of his mettle in the romantic beyond what his Mortimer in *Mary Stuart* suggested. If he lives up to that performance we can ask nothing greater.

The Haworth engagement at the Columbia opens Mon-

day and lasts only a week. Haworth will play the Edwin Booth version of *Ruy Blas*—the one re-arranged by William Winter. Several members of the Modjeska and Frawley Companies will be in the cast, and Miss Margaret Craven will re-appear again as leading woman. The romance is to be preceded by Gus Thomas's one-act episode, *A Man of the World*, which Barrymore played at this same theatre two seasons ago.

The Gilbert & Sullivan season goes merrily on at the Tivoli, and once again I have to applaud the chorus and orchestra—this time for their alert work in *The Mikado*. Not that there are not other good points to the performance, but because the chorus and musicians are so conspicuously excellent. The only fault to be found with the chorus is in its articulation—though, for the matter of that, articulation is not the Tivoli company's strong hold. Hartman is the only member to be always depended upon for a faultless enunciation of the text. A sparkling revival of *Pinafore* is promised for next week.

Fanny Rice and her company opened in a new bill Thursday night, *The Flower Girl of Paris*, which will be continued during the two days remaining of her engagement at the Columbia.

Shore Acres has another week to run at the Baldwin. It is too good a play to miss; it marks an epoch in the drama of externals and the utilization of stage children.

I was grieved to learn Thursday afternoon that the permanency of the Symphony concerts now depends on the general public of San Francisco, and the towns around the bay. Messrs. Lilienthal, Lesser and Carrigan have issued a circular in which it is stated that if about six or seven hundred subscribers can be secured who will pay annual dues of from six to twelve dollars (according to location of seats) it will be possible to maintain twelve concerts a year, divided into two seasons. I hope the subscribers will be soon and plentiful. The circular closes with this dread alternative:—"If we should not meet with sufficient encouragement, we propose to abandon the attempt of establishing a Symphony Society in San Francisco."

Trebelli's concerts this afternoon and Tuesday evening, at Golden Gate Hall, will be the only important musical events before the opera opens. She will sing a number of new songs at each concert. Miss Schocht, violiniste (a pupil of Joachim's), and Mr. Sauvlet will assist at the first concert, Miss van der Naillen, Mrs. Hush and Mr. Sauvlet at the second.

There was almost a crowd in the Columbia Thursday afternoon, and everybody got one of the circulars. I am sorry the symphony was not a stronger appeal to the laic music-lovers. The Brahms Symphony (No. 4 in E minor) does not seem to be a work to stir the pulse at a first hearing, and Hinrichs and the musicians (quite like the rest of us) did not approach it with any notable intimacy. However, Brahms never has been famous for cordiality and warmth, and I suppose Hinrichs gave what is known to the vague gentlemen of the press as a "scholarly reading." He brought big splashes of color out of Bizet's Roman Carnival overture, and the *Hansel and Gretel* fantasia was played with splendid enthusiasm. Trebelli appeared unhappy. She sang the *Don Giovanni* aria because Hinrichs wanted it, to keep up the classic tone of his programme. And she sang it as though she would rather it had been anything else in the world. I wish it had been.

ASHTON STEVENS.

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THE JEWS AND THE BIBLE.

[In Two Papers.—Part Second.]

BY DR. G. A. DANZIGER.

IN viewing the Bible from a religious point, the Jew differs vastly from the Christian. He looks at it as a book as subtle in expression as the tints of the rose; variformed as the flora of a garden; heterogeneous elements made homogeneous by the love of a patriot for his country and by the trend of thought he is privileged to follow. To him it is the most remarkable book that has ever been written; not inspired but inspiring; not the truth, but the repository of great truths; a casket of the most exquisite workmanship, containing jewels of priceless value, and also some dull, lackluster baubles. It is the basis of literary conception, and artistic expression, and because of its various and interesting pictures, scenes, dramas, narratives and proverbs, constitutes the guide of literary taste. Some of its fictions are lovable because of the rhythm and resonance, beauty and fire of their expressions. As one in his senses would not willfully destroy an object of great beauty, so would not a true scholar denude these fictions of their inherent grandeur. No one thinks of taking these grand forms of the Genesis as facts; any more than a student of mythology would think of taking the Olympian battles as historical facts whereon to build an ethical system. But that by no means deteriorates the actual value of the Bible as a book that is vastly conducive to human happiness. What is human happiness made of, but of a few truths and many fictions? In this respect no literature can show anything that might adequately rank with the Bible. Shakespeare's most beautiful monologue on the philosophy of life cannot compare with the depths of Job. Milton's strongest cantos in "Paradise Lost" are far behind some psalms or some chapters of the "Great Unknown"—Isaiah. The simple narrative form of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings and Nehemiah far surpasses Herodotus and Macaulay. The "Song of Songs" is a poetical work of transcendent perfection; "Ecclesiastes" breathes the philosophy of every age and of all time, and "Ruth" surpasses all poems, in prose or verse, ancient or modern. Take, for example, the works of Homer, Virgil, Livy, Tasso, Ariosto, Walter Scott, Tennyson and our own Lew Wallace which present artistic elaboration of a high degree in the descriptions of battles, duels and races; however fine their style, however concise their delineation, they pale by the side of that simple story which tells of the duel between David and Goliath. Dramatic force is exhausted in the life and adventures of Joseph; the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt; the fall of Jericho, the death scene of Elijah; the song of Deborah; David's lamentations over Saul; the lives and adventures of Jonathan and Absalom, and last but not least, those grand, wondrously penetrating strains, those sobs and heartrending wailings of Jeremiah as he sat upon the ruins of Jerusalem.

There is another, grander, idea in the Jew's love for the Bible, (and by that I mean the learned Jew, for it is he and he alone of all his people, who thinks and reasons intelligently about these subjects) and that is the Moutheistic Doctrine, which runs through the books like a red thread in a blue web. However diversified the subjects, however different the form and style of each book, however long the periods between the composition of the works, one thought permeates the whole—the belief in one ever-living, ever-present, omnipotent Creator and Ruler of the Universe—that very doctrine for which heathen Rome and Greece despised the Hebrew. It is as if some malevolent spirit and not the awakened consciousness of the oneness, the harmony the homogeneity of the universe, had inspired and burdened a people with this doctrine. Begotten in an age of idolatry, this one idea has withstood the onslaughts of human antagonism, has caused its adherents untold agony, and seems to be destined to unite all mankind under the benign influence of its wisdom and rationality. The speeches delivered by the prophets against the oft-occurring weakness of the Jews for worshipping the idols of their neighbors—by the way, a species of national suicide—constitute the chief beauty of the Bible.

The Jews, it is well known, are optimists; they are not so rash nor so ready to destroy themselves or their fellow beings as other people. This optimism has often been re-

marked upon by those whose imperfect knowledge of the Jews made them the reader to judge. Some called it cowardice; others were pleased to excuse this trait by the insinuation that the Jews counting their shekels, could ill afford time for genteel sport. (How cutting one another's throats could possibly be genteel, or anything worth practicing, ordinary understanding fails to grasp). That the Jew was a fighter, when fighting counted for domestic bliss, patriotism, the love of God and law, history gives incontrovertible testimony. But the Jews, who are said to have rejected Christ, actually lived and acted in the spirit of His teachings. They bore their burdens with meekness, satisfied with God's sunshine, the law, and cemented the union so characteristic of the Jew. Christ preached his sermons from the Old Testament, and the Jews lived their lives, bore their sorrows, buoyed up by the same spirit; hoping for and believing in the golden dawn of a lasting joy. This optimistic inspiration, which endows a Christ with patience and fortitude to bear His cross to Calvary, which gives the Jew courage to suffer twenty centuries of martyrdom, whence is it taken but from the Bible? And though it took a thousand years to accomplish the entire work, this splendid idea was never lost sight of.

It is a pathetic story worth relating how the early fragments of the Bible, those fragments known as the "Five Books," were saved from utter destruction shortly before the devastation of the first temple in Jerusalem (586 B. C.) When the hollow eyes of death stared the Jews in the face, they bethought them of the fragments of the "Five Books" and other manuscripts, which had lain in the "book chamber" forgotten, unread and uncared for. It was a blessed impulse that prompted the man or men—who knows? one man often saves a nation—to remove the manuscripts from their mouldy repository and to secrete them where the ruthless hand of the heathen could not touch them. Who were the men, who moved by a veneration for these old fragments or by an awakened consciousness of their national value, saved them, carried them into Babylonian captivity, and sent them back to the motherland, when the light of redemption illumined the path of their descendants? Who were they? Who knows? Who cares? They are not inglorious. What they have accomplished in moments of dire distress, has shed a waneless glory upon the race. Emulating this heroic example of true devotion to the religio-literary treasures of the nation, the later Jews, the "Men of the Great Synod," edited and enlarged these fragments, creating this wondrous book, the Bible. Thanks to these pioneers in the literary domain of the Jews, the three most rational religions—Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism—came into existence. As it is, who can tell how much has been lost? how much poorer we are to-day in humanity, brotherly love and general mental enjoyment? According to the book of Kings, Solomon was the author of three thousand proverbs and one thousand and five songs. Of the former but few are extant, and of the latter we have the "Song of Songs," the idyllic charm of which magnifies our regret for the loss of the others. The Bible is the Jew's patent of cosmic citizenship. By means of this he preached to the world the doctrine of liberty, equality and fraternity. What the world gained in art, in philosophy, aye, even in science, is largely due to the Bible. God-graced poets transplanted Sharon's lilies and Jericho's roses in the gardens of the Occident. Racine, Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Lessing, Heine, Herder, Klopstock, Goethe and Schiller, all drank at the Biblical fountain; from the winged words of the ancient seers, from the grand yet simple rhythm of their speeches, the great of the latter-day poets borrowed the fine and charming simplicity of their art, hence it may be said with a full degree of justice, that all modern poetry and the sacred in particular is a continuous, perpetuating commentary of the ancient writings. But greater than the poets, more lasting than literature itself is the Jew as a conservator of the Bible, which he read amidst joy and sorrow, domestic opulence or ceaseless, homeless wanderings, treasuring its teachings, adhering to its plain and simple standard of ethical, social and religious principles; and for that the world owes the Jew a debt, it can repay only by a truer appreciation of his character, a better regard for his virtues, and a fuller desire to understand his mission in the world.



THE startling news that the society leader of cotillions and sich, Ed. Greenway, is about to rest on his laurels and "give some other fellow a chance," has produced more than a ripple in the swim. Dowagers have grown so sure of what the genial gentleman directs or advises, they shake their dear old heads in despair at facing future functions without his invaluable aid as to list of guests and list of dishes alike. Then the sweet buds, who have sube reverence for Greenway that he is the one thing they do reverence—"who," say they, "is to tell us which man to dance with, and how to discriminate as to 'favors,' etc." The men take it more philosophically, and one or two, with more money than employment, are going to devote the Lenten period to getting tips from the tired Ed., and to studying deeply the figures of the german. So things *might* be worse, after all.

A novel scheme to keep one's name before a friend has found its home in the brain of one of our society young ladies. On the occasion of an anniversary or return home of a friend—when flowers have ceased to arrive, our young lady lets a few days pass on, and then she deftly sends on her donation, cleverly figuring out that with the "masse" her little gift is liable to be overlooked. In this way, the welcome home or birthday have been followed by a few intimates, and the floral celebrations begin to last close on to a fortnight.

Gossip says the old hoys of the Cosmos Club are meditating an elaborate Easter housewarming in their new quarters, the defunct Lake school, and their lady friends will surely never let the idea die out for want of fuel. It is also reported that the club will inaugurate a ladies' grill room, where luncheons may be served of so dainty a type that the University Club *menu* will not be "in it."

The girls are bemoaning the departure of the popular beau, Sam Boardman, for Honolulu, but as he is hooked for the Easter cotillions, his absence will not be a prolonged one. The only fear is that the sea voyage may have "possibilities" in fellow travelers that will catch the young man's fancy, away from the girls he left behind him.

Now that the success of the society play is an assured fact, society may look for more amateur undertakings in the theatrical line. 'Tis said that some excellent material for the drama can be found among the newly arrived Third Artillery at the Presidio, and the young ladies of the regiment are declared to be especially gifted.

Already the swagger set is making up parties for country pastimes, arranging to go together to different *locales*, as tastes dictate. San Rafael seems to be the chief favorite, so far, to judge by the long list of fashionable people who have written for rooms at the Hotel Rafael to genial host Warfield.

An *on dit* from the Islands goes that Donald de V. Graham's success in Honolulu has been phenomenal, but that if the breakage of any more vessel's gear necessitates a further stay in that festive spot, our own Donald de V. runs in danger of being kept there altogether.

Society is wondering as to who will be the fortunate one selected to assist Mrs. Claus Spreckels in dispensing the hospitalities of the Van Ness avenue palace. Some say a niece; others, that the eldest son and his amiable wife will be domiciled with the old folks.

Rumor asserts that Mrs. R. P. Schwerine will entertain card club parties during Lent. The guests who played at the party given by Mrs. Hopkins, wife of the oculist, say it was a most delightful affair in every way.

It was decidedly amusing to note the different girls at the Crocker tea—that is, the tea at the Crocker mansion last Saturday. The admiring glances they cast on themselves every time they passed a mirror at seeing themselves doing the honors of the palatial abode! How many a secret sigh and wish for the reality went up from youthful hearts that day!

Mrs. Maria Norris's many friends are delighted to welcome her back from her long visit to Japan, but fear her stay here will only be a temporary one, if gossip speaks by the eard.

"Miss Romie Wallace and Miss Bernie Drown are said to resemble each other greatly, but in height alone can I see it," was the remark of a young clubman at the last Fort-nightly.

If you want to give your Eastern friends a delightful surprise take them into see Geo. T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street. All the curios, art and fine tapestry work for which the Japanese are famous, will be found there, and Marsh can tell you all about them.

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"Fontenay, the Swordsman." A military novel by Fortune du Boisgobey. Translated by H. L. Williams. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

A Book of the Week. This is a well-told story of the Napoleonic wars in Spain, the chief interest of which centers round a young West Indian named Fontenay, a favorite and *protégé* of the Empress Josephine. Fontenay is in love with the Empress's reading-woman, Marguerite de Gavre, who has some relatives and a fortune in Spain. The story opens with a dramatic duel between Fontenay and a blustering, bullying military officer named Carénac: the duel is interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the Empress, and the contestants part to renew the quarrel on another occasion. Long afterwards, in Spain, the two officers meet on a battlefield, and agree to march up to the enemy's guns side by side, and let Fate settle the dispute. By strange luck, both the men escape, and become fast friends. Fontenay is accompanied throughout the war by Tournesol, a tall and humorous Gascon, whose unflinching good temper and practical knowledge of soldiership are invaluable to his superior officer. Fontenay has many exciting adventures and hair's-breadth escapes, but, of course, comes safely out of them all and marries his lady-love, who, having lost her Spauish fortune through the machinations of a wicked uncle, is generously dowered by the Empress. The story moves briskly all through, and the translation is satisfactory, except for a tendency on the part of the translator to misuse his "wills" and "shalls," as, for instance: "In a week we will be in Paris;" "I will be charmed to perform my novitiate under your direction;" "It is probable that we will assault the large hospital before long." The worst of these misuses of the signs of the future tense is the following: "We will not be shown mercy; we'll be massacred." This is surpassed only by the famous ejaculations of the Irishman who, having fallen into a river, exclaimed: "I will be drowned, and no one shall help me." Nor do we much like the following sentences: "A soldier must not thank a Marshal of France like a citizen may a State official who grants him a favor;" "He has left orders concerning you at the war ministry's;" "This so quickly interrupted appeal of the bronze annunciator." The last is a pretentiously offensive manner of telling of the sudden cessation of the ringing of a bell. But, notwithstanding these blemishes, the tale is eminently readable, and will prove pleasant to any one fond of lively incident and dangerous adventure, not unmingled with humor and the sentiment of love.

"The Month in Literature, Art and Life: A Journal of Cultivation," is a monthly edition of The Critic, edited by Joseph B. Gilder and Jeannette Gilder, the latter of whom is responsible for the department entitled "The Lounger." The first, or January issue, contained one hundred and six pages of magazine size, filled with interesting literary matter, illustrated by portraits of Rudyard Kipling, Walter Pater, Lord Tennyson, Bishop Creighton of London, Dr. John Maclaren Watson, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and many other celebrities. From it I learn that Sir Edward John Poynter, the new President of the Royal Academy, is an uncle of Rudyard Kipling, that young Anglo-Indian whom the gods have gifted with the faculty of story-telling in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries, and who goes very near being the greatest poet of his day to boot. The President of the Royal Academy receives \$5000 per annum, and Sir Edward receives an additional \$5000 as Director of the National Gallery. We are surprised to find "The Lounger" writing "What would we say if," etc.; but then, the very air breathes corruption in the use of "will" and "shall," "would" and "should." Apropos of a statement lately made by The Argonaut to the effect that American writers do not "get a fair show" in American magazines. "The Lounger" points out that Poultney Bigelow, W. D. Howells, Mrs. J. W. Alexander, Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, C. D. Warner, J. K. Bangs,

and a host of other Americans, are writing as hard as they can for Harper's Magazine, and that American writers figure very largely in The Bazar and The Weekly. The Century, too, is, with the exception of Mrs. Humphry Ward's story, full of the work of American pensters, as are also St. Nicholas and Scribner's? Why should American periodicals har out all hut American writers? Certainly, British periodicals accept good work from whichever side of the Atlantic it comes, without troubling themselves about the nativity of the writer. "The Lounger" places us under obligation by rescuing the following gem from the New York Evening Post: "Wild dogs as dangerous as wolves have lately been abundant in those parts of Japan that were destroyed by the tidal wave of January 15th. They killed several country postmen, until these officials were supplied with trumpets, of which these animals are afraid." Thus in certain parts, now non-existent, of Japan, postmen, though "killed," come to life again, and deliver letters as if nothing had happened, if they are "supplied with trumpets," of which (or the noise produced by blowing upon which?) the dogs are afraid. One would have supposed that the only trumpet that would avail to awaken a dead mail-carrier would be the trump of the Archangel announcing the Day of Judgment. Please observe the "woulds" in the last sentence.

We are sorry to see an esteemed contemporary falling into the error, much beloved of the daily newspapers, of speaking of a recent bride as "Mrs. H. A. Isenberg, nee Virginia Duisenberg." Supposing that "nee" stands for *née*, surely the present Mrs. Isenberg was not "horn Virginia"; she was horn a naked infant, to whom, after much cudgelling of their brains, the worthy Duisenberg pair (*père* and *mère*) gave the name "Virginia." That the error is not accidental is shown by the fact that, on the same page, another young woman is spoken of as "nee Louise."

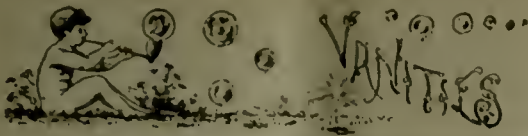
From the January issue of The Book and News Dealer we learn that many newsdealers have torn out from the copies of Munsey's for sale on their stands all advertising pages containing announcements of subscription-agents offering to supply two or more periodicals at reduced rates. Thus the advertisers whose advertisements are so unlucky as to be printed on the same pages or on the opposite side of those pages, lose the benefit of their advertisements. Here is fresh proof of the fact that people eager to hurt those whom they do not like are quite ready to injure entirely innocent people as well. The Delineator, McClure's, Godey's, and other magazines and their advertisers, have also suffered in the same way as Munsey's. The Book and News Dealer tells us that some periodicals, anxious to increase their circulation at any sacrifice of dignity and self-respect, have adopted the plan of giving subscriptions free to purchasers of a well-known and much-advertised breakfast food. Thus the day is not far distant when people shall buy their hooks from their grocers and get their literature from their hutchers.

New Occasions, defined as "a magazine of social progress," is published by Charles H. Kerr and Company, of Chicago. The January issue opens with a bitter attack on Grover Cleveland, and continues with a description of Chicago, which is branded as "A City Without Shame." William H. Van Ornum contributes an essay entitled "Socialism or Individualism." The rest of the issue is taken up with a story, "to be continued in our next," entitled "News from Nowhere, or an epoch of rest."

In the February issue of The National Magazine (Boston) Mrs. Marion Hill of San Francisco has a short story entitled: "At McNally's Bend: a tale of the Sierras." It is a sketch of a rough rancher who falls hopelessly in love with an educated woman temporarily a guest at his farm, and, though the idea is not elaborated, the sketch is daintily and effectively done.

Merit always wins. This is strikingly shown in the great popularity of J. F. Cutter Whiskey. Go where you may you will find that Cutter stands at the head. It has been tried often, but never found wanting. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are sole Coast agents for this fine liquor.

The neatest and most pleasing effects in gentlemen's furnishing goods are found at John W. Carmany's 25 Kearny street.



DEAR EDITH: I notice that the latest ball gowns are principally remarkable for their simplicity, but this approach to old days is at once apologized for by the striking combination of colors and the very rich quality of their composition. Of course, there are exceptions to this Paris costume. Take, by way of illustration, the Princess hall gown. It is extremely elegant and *distingué*; indeed it may be called the essence of good taste and style, but as it can only be made by the skillful fingers of first-rate *couturieres*, whose prices are too long for moderate dress allowances, it remains the property of the wealthy. Most lovely princess gowns are made of satin in pale colors ornamented with garlands of jewel embroidery and black silk muslin. The bodice of one of these charming robes of pale pink satin has the front draped slightly to avoid breast seams that never look well in satin, and the back is fitted to the figure as far as the waist, where the skirt breadths are sloped out to fall in flowing flutes and give a slight train. The skirts of the simpler gowns claim most of the trimming, and it is put on in more ways than one ever dreamed of. Spanish flounces are popular, and when the material used is of gauzy texture, the effect of a Spanish flounce is wrought by placing the material in tiny plaits at the hips and allowing it to flare about six inches from the waist-hand.

Narrow rose ruches of mousseline de soie or chiffon are used a great deal in trimming the skirts of evening gowns. They are often put on over the seams of a skirt, or they describe all sorts and kinds of scallops around the edge of a skirt.

No dress skirt, however fine in construction or the make, can fit well over a carelessly made underskirt. The *grand monde* and those who can afford it have long discarded the white starched skirt. The favorite material is now silk—white or colored—and happy the woman whose purse permits of several of these dainty feminine requisites; yet, even to her whose purse is not overflowing, a silk underskirt or two need not be beyond reach, if an exact and artistic eye guide the hand which understands wielding the needle. Almost every woman who attends social functions at all, needs an especial underskirt to add to the stylish appearance of her evening gown. A new model and one that is very practicable and easily imitated is of white taffeta of a good and rather stiff quality. The skirt has five gores with two darts in the front gore, and one in each side gore, adjusting it snugly to the figure. It is unlined, but has at the bottom a facing twelve inches in width of white satin, interlined with a narrow strip of white linen canvas. The back breadths are gathered in the belt, and have, thirteen inches down from the waist line on the inside of the skirt, a strip of silk sewn horizontally across, into which is inserted a reed or pliable steel thirteen inches long, a white elastic holding the ends together and hending the reed into a semi-circle. This lends to the dress skirt a particularly pleasing flare, beside holding up and easing the weight of the garment. Three silk ruffles of graduated widths, the narrowest above, the widest below, are trimmed with rows of narrow white satin ribbon and edged with white lace. At the back of the underskirt, which is two inches shorter than the dress skirt, is huttoned on a gathered and gored breadth of white silk three-quarters of a yard wide at the top, and two yards wide at the bottom, falling over the reed, and forming a short round train trimmed with rows of ruffles. This extra hack breadth is detachable, and can be huttoned to the underskirt when it is worn with the short trained evening skirt again to be in vogue.

A black satin or changeable taffeta skirt can be similarly made for street wear, the trained breadth then being omitted and the ruffles corded and tucked instead of lace edged.

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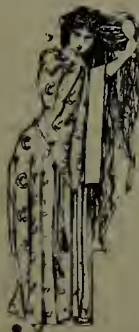
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Business has been duller than ever on Pine street, and the Micawbers of the Comstock Shares. Exchange are still waiting for somebody to turn up and make the business prosperous for them again. It never seems to strike any of them that it would be a good idea to try and shake matters up a little themselves and be independent. Harvesting the new crop of tenderfoot investors does not pay now that cultivation has died out since a head to the business has been lost. It is becoming more apparent daily that if self preservation counts for anything the few progressive men in the hoard will have to break away from the Old Men of the Sea with whom they are now associated and form the nucleus of another Exchange which can offer attractions to speculators. Even granted that a new discovery is made in the Comstock, what does it amount to unless it can be taken advantage of on the floor instead of letting it fall flat through bad management. There have been several good opportunities spoiled of late to make a market by the inordinate haste of every man in the business, to clean up a few dollars on the first advance. A hungrier crew never existed than this Pine street outfit. A few cents profit in a stock is a sign for a general scramble, in which the speculative broker mixes it with the client of the commission man. The manipulator who is working to make his line of stocks attractive, soon gets sick of the game when he finds himself pitted against sellers who tumble in fifty shares on him for every one purchased. This is at the bottom of the trouble in the market, and with a good development in hand, any one going in to handle a stock must be prepared to stand off the poverty stricken mob before he could possibly expect to reach the old time outside dealers who have retired from the street in disgust. The mines are in good shape for a renewal of active trading, if only a leader could be found for the market. The necessity for a new levy of assessments has served to lower prices for the week, but the break in many cases has been heavy enough to warrant the expectation of a reaction.

An attempt has been made by some modern reformer in Utah to have a law passed similar to the one engineered through our own Legislature some years ago, compelling every corporation, by its President and Secretary, to file for the inspection of all stockholders on the first Monday of each month a sworn statement of every item of receipt and expenditure, and also a sworn statement from the Superintendent of every detail of all work in the mine, size of ore bodies, amount of ore extracted, men employed, as well as all new discoveries. Another clause of the bill provides that the owners of even a single share in a mine has the right to take an expert with him and make a full and complete examination of the mine, the Superintendent to afford him every aid at the same time. The bill is being fought tooth and nail by the mining companies, who claim that its provisions are of absolutely no value if complied with, and are an unlawful and unwarranted interference in private business. Shareholders have all these rights in this State, but they have never borne very heavily on the officials outside of an occasional attempt to collect the \$1,000 penalty from a Secretary and President now and then for some alleged technical breach of the law, which has never yet proved successful. To check the natural inclination of some people to reach out for money on every opening of the kind, the present Legislature of this State has knocked out the penal clause in the law by providing the stockholder with other equitable relief, harring the class alone with "itching palms." The cases where shareholders will go to the expense of experting a mine are few and far between.

It is gratifying to learn that the Thistle Mining Company of Plumas County expects to start up again within a few days. This can be accepted as satisfactory evidence that the property has not been so badly damaged by the flood of water as was at first anticipated.

A report was current (during the week The Movement that the Utica had been sold, and the In Gold Mines. absurdly high figure of \$15,000,000 has been quoted as the price paid. This in itself would be enough to stamp the story a canard, independent of the denial made by the owners or their representatives. Sales in California have not been nearly so numerous as people might suppose from the stories published from time to time. Nearly all the big mines have had their inning with this expert or the other, but the owners still have their property on hand awaiting the advent of some ignoramus with more money than brains. These experts do not apparently look through glasses of the same magnifying powers as the owners do, and their cuts in values have been mild when not exceeding one-half of the asking price. Within the week a one million dollar prospect was inspected by an expert, who finally reported that if the owners would knock off \$700,000 from their price, he might recommend the mine for still further investigation. They tumbled there and then. The owners of another million and a half layout are gradually recovering from a shock to their feelings, caused by the report of an expert, which awakened them to the fact that their figures were nearly a million too high, while another Nevada County crowd are still in the sulks over an eye-opener of a similar character. This is what comes from extravagant statements and inflated ideas, which have been carried, in many cases to which we could point, beyond the bounds of absurdity. So far, the danger to foreign investors has been reduced to a minimum by the action of the mine proprietor, who has put himself very effectually out of any position to do harm by a display of overweening greed and mendacity, which has only served to make him ridiculous outside of his own particular clique of admirers and sympathizers.

Unless some concessions are made on both sides, the big De La Mar mine of Nevada will be closed down for some time to come, notwithstanding the large monthly yield in bullion. The fact that the camp had been developed from a few tumble-down cabins to its present importance, and was growing in importance, sufficed to bring the labor agitator, accompanied by the usual train of evils. A Miners' Union has been formed, and all the machinery put in place to create trouble between the employers and the employed. It is the same old story of Leadville and many another promising Western mining camp. At the De La Mar the men have been getting \$3 per day; they are well treated, and up to date have formed a contented and progressive community. Now, since the seed of discord has been sown by one of these so-called labor organizers, a strike is talked of, and the mine manager in disgust has announced his intention of shutting down work at the mine and mill for an indefinite period. Mr. De La Mar has already issued orders to this effect, and proposes to run his mines independent of outside dictation. Either the agitator leaves the camp or he will; that is the dictum, and from all that can be learned, the employer in this case has right on his side. The men have been well treated in every respect, and paid higher wages than they could get anywhere else outside of the Comstock, where the managers are forced to pay \$4. But that is no criterion to go by, for sundry reasons, which could be given in explanation. Candelaria is a fair example, on the other hand, of what the labor agitator can do in the way of closing down mines and depopulating a mining district.

The report of the Directors of this bank for the half year ended December 31, 1896, submitted to the general meeting held at Cannon-street Hotel on February 17th, states that after paying all charges and deducting rebate of interest on bills not due, the balance at the credit of profit and loss account was £14,922, which they propose to appropriate as follows, namely: £12,000 in payment of a dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum free of income tax, leaving £2,922 to be carried forward. During the past half-year they have closed the branches at Seattle and Tacoma, State of Washington, but new branches have been opened at Sandon and Kaslo, in the Kootenay district of British Columbia.

Downfall

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou!"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

A BEARDED goat from Bernal Heights,
With human sadness in his eye,
Strayed to the City Hospital,
And, groaning, laid him down to die.
So strange the symptoms he displayed,
That in the interest of science
The surgeons present kindly made
A brief post-mortem. No appliance,
Said they, on searching with the knife,
Could e'er have saved poor Billy's life.
No wonder that the quadruped,
His frightful struggles o'er, lay dead—
They found in his interior
A Sabbath-day Examiner.

THE number of deaths that occurred in this city last Monday was away and above the usual proportion, and has elicited universal comment. It is more than probable that Mr. Bierce's "Prattle" in that day's issue of our refined family journal, the Examiner, had something to do with these extra demises. Mr. Bierce has so long considered himself on a par with the Deity, and has therefore confined his exuberant utterance to the Sabbath, that when he delivered himself of himself on a weekday the shock proved too much for his readers. Too much of Mr. Bierce is as fatal as sewer gas.

ONE thousand dollars' worth of "hellos" have monthly been sent echoing adown the corridors of time by the city of San Francisco. Supervisor Rottanzi, rising to the occasion on a high wave of economy, has secured a reduction of rates amounting to two thousand dollars per year. So far so good, but will that two thousand revert to the city treasury, or will a new office be created to consume it? **THE TOWN CRIER** himself would be satisfied with that modest sum annually, as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Farallones.

PRATE not to me of Paradise
And all its boasted bliss;
No doubt the other world is nice;
It can't, though, equal this.
For what to me its fond delights
When on the golden streets,
No placards tell of sloggers' fights
And what each hero eats.
Why drag me up the golden stair
With Corbett nor Fitzsimmons there?

SOME malicious person has set afloat the rumor that ex-Mayor Sutro, whose desires to enter society's giddy whirl have caused his friends considerable uneasiness since his retirement from office, appeared at the *bal masque* Tuesday night disguised as a wolf in sheep's clothing. The statement is absurd on the face of it. To begin with, the ex-Mayor has no friends, and, secondly, there is not a hand-me-down shop in town that keeps sheep's clothing in stock. Adolph's alibi is easily proven.

AN innocent infant, who was interviewed the other day by a representative of the Mission-street news scavenger, asked if the Examiner was a "school." The reporter was struck dumb with amazement at such an evidence of juvenile depravity, and so could not answer the question. Such an easy one, too! Yes, my child, it is a school—for scandal.

THE lesson taught by the demise of Mr. Quackenbush of Oakland is that aged millionaires may ward off the attacks of designing boardinghouse keepers, but that they are not in it when it comes to a tussle with Death. And yet, there are those who will not deny that the aged capitalist chose wisely between marriage and the grim monster.

THE baseball fiend doth break his arm,
Which crippleth his right paw;
The pugilist is free from harm—
He worketh with his jaw.

THE Chinese vegetable growers are wishing that St. David's Day came every month. It would materially help the sale of leeks.

THIRTY families of Gypsies have been unloaded on Berkeley by this inconsiderate municipality. San Francisco, having more beggars than she knows what to do with, in desperation has diverted the overflow into the University town. Well, at all events, it won't disturb Berkeley's peace half as much to have a flock of unwashed seers turned loose in her Elysian fields as it does our civic serenity when a band of her college desperadoes bring themselves and their ungodly yell over here. We must even up things, somehow.

THE CRIER notes without surprise that a diamond pin was deftly absorbed from a saloon-keeper's shirt front by a pick-pocket in Judge Joachimsen's Court on Saturday last, and that a lady was relieved of her purse in the same manner while she was in Judge Campbell's courtroom; for these are not the first instances wherein Justice has been dispensed with in the precincts of the blind goddess about the City Hall.

"STEPS will now be taken to have work commenced on the new Postoffice building."—Morning paper.

Such statements beguile
But they do not deceive me.
With skeptical smile
I ponder the while
On its structural style,
For the joke does not grieve me—
Such statements beguile
But they do not deceive me.

THE discovery of an inexpensive substitute for india-rubber by a Santa Rosa newspaper man, will not be hailed with delight by any save the keepers of fashionable boarding-houses. The india-rubber duck, like the india-rubber steak and the gutta-percha chop, reduces the profits in this unholy business to a very small margin. With this inexpensive substitute, on the other hand, it will prove fairly lucrative again. We are horn to sorrow, anyway.

THE Socialists are at it again. They have commenced a three-months' course of lectures, to which the dear public is cordially invited free of charge. One of the shining lights of the rostrum is to speak on "The World as I Would Have it." Evidently our be-whiskered and pop-eyed brethren of Socialistic faith are as covetous as the rest of us. They, too, want the earth.

SEEING that the Legislature increased the wages of officials of the San Francisco Fire Department, an investigation into the mystery of Martin Kelly and that fire-engine would not have been amiss. The matter is now looked upon as ancient history, but for the sake of future students it should be properly sifted.

THE ghost of Quackenbush, I fancy,
Will never hover o'er his Nancy.
You see, her claim to be his wife,
In such hot water steeped his life
That even should he flee below,
(Where millionaires are apt to go),
The chances are that he would say,
On bidding hades' host good-day,
"Just keep that door shut, Satan, please—
This place is cold enough to freeze!"

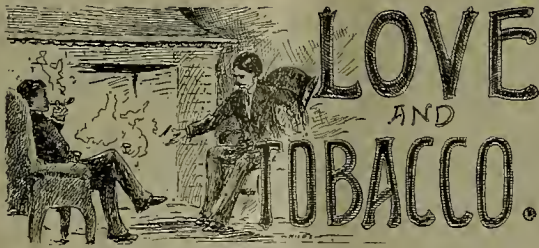
A PATHETIC picture appeared in the Call a few days ago, showing Mr. Cleveland and his family packing their solitary trunk and preparing to "go West." If things are really as had as the artist depicts, let us start a contribution and forward the proceeds to our late President.

THE seven internes at the City and County Hospital, who removed the mustache and a part of the upper lip of their fellow student Blum, have been given a month's vacation. Had the hazers taken off his head it is probable that they would have been given a whole year's freedom.

THE procuring of pure food for the city is, of course, highly commendable, but it only solves half the problem that vexes inner humanity. For what doth it avail us to have good food in a city full of had cooks?

THE TOWN CRIER respectfully suggests that the young man who was married while under arrest for burglary be granted his liberty. Matrimony is sufficient expiation for any past offense.

PRAISE be to God that they are over—
Those eight unlucky years with Grover.



"NO, I can never marry a man who smokes. The smell is so horrid, and, besides, I must be the first in my husband's affections. I must have no rivals in the shape of dirty old pipes and ragged tobacco pouches."

"You shall have no rivals, Miss Fortescue. You can have none. You are more perfect than any pipe. Not even the little one I bought last year is for a moment to be compared —"

"No, I suppose not," she broke in, laughing mischievously, "at least you say so now. But old sweethearts are dangerous, and men have returned to their old loves before now," and the blue eyes glanced merrily, and the little feet tapped the floor.

I grew desperate. "I will sacrifice anything you wish. I will indeed. I will never smoke again. I will burn everything."

"Even the little pipe you bought last year?" she said with a provoking smile. I could have kissed or killed her at that moment.

"Even the little pipe I bought last year," I echoed sadly, and I think there must have been a tear in my eye. "I will place myself beyond the reach of all temptation. And then?"

"Then we will begin to think about it," she retorted, jumping up, and moving towards the door.

"Think about it?" I said. "Do you realize what I am going to sacrifice? Can you promise no more?"

"I am afraid not. You see I must prove you first. The spirit is often willing, but the flesh is weak."

"I will be strong," I cried, "and I may hope?"

"All men may hope. But you will be well watched, and one cigarette will shatter all your hopes. The house will now adjourn until the end of March, when we will reopen the debate. Good-bye. Don't forget the little pipe," and she danced out of the room, turning round at the door to give me a mocking little bow, and a smile that left me a raving lunatic.

Slowly and sadly I went home, and climbed up the stairs to my sanctum. I sat down in a comfortable chair and thought. There was a pipe on the table by my side; it was the little one she was jealous of. The firelight fell on its glowing bowl, and I believe it winked at me. I took it up tenderly and stroked it. My eye wandered to the tobacco jar. I reached out my hand and took the lid off. I filled the pipe, looking like a guilty being. Then I went to the door and locked it, and drew the curtains close over every window. I took a match and struck it, but I hesitated and the match burnt my fingers and fell on the floor. I lit another, but again the voice of conscience whispered to me, and again I burnt my fingers. Then I swore loudly and hurled the pipe into a corner and sent the match box and tobacco jar after it.

My heart swelled with pride. I had conquered. A vast range of possibilities opened up before me. What might I not do in the future with such a will of iron. I grew reckless, and began to revel in my new strength. I rose and took a newspaper which I spread out on the table. Then I laid a box of cigars on it, and two boxes of cigarettes, on the top of these one or two cigarette holders, and a dozen pipes of different sorts and sizes. After that I fetched the pipe from the corner and laid it reverently on the summit of the heap, "a sorrow's crown of sorrow;" over them all I softly poured the fragrant tobacco from my jar, and began to collect my pouches. "They will smell —" I murmured to myself, "but the sacrifice must be made complete."

Then I unlocked the door, and drew back all the curtains, and pulled up all the blinds. I was not going to hide my light under a bushel. I put myself in the direction of the fireplace, laid hold of the paper by its four corners and

shut my eyes. In a minute all would be over. I moved towards the fireplace, but as I did so a thought struck me, and I hesitated. "Am I doing right? It will be a sinful waste. I will give all away to the poor. And then ought I not keep some of the things? That pouch my aunt worked for me? That pipe my brother gave me? The presents from various members of the family? No, it would hardly be quite right." I hesitated, and was lost.

There came a knock at the door, and Willoughby entered.

Willoughby is a great friend of mine—so far as any non-smoker can be a smoker's friend. I would not let him be a witness of my defeat. I put the newspaper and its contents hastily down on the table.

"What on earth are you doing, Johnson?" he cried.

"Oh, I just—just clearing up," I said with an attempt at a smile. "The room gets in such an awful muddle you know."

"Your tobacco looks as if you kept it on the floor," he said, flinging himself into a chair. "But I have something to talk to you about. We have always been great friends, but hitherto there has been one bar to the perfect communion of our souls. You smoke; I do not. At last that bar is going to be removed."

A cold sweat gathered on my forehead. He had guessed my intentions, or had Lil told him. She could not have been so mean as to publicly crow over her conquest. I

BANKING.

BANK OF

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1896.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

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DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guarantee capital and surplus....\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,700,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstman; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

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H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
Homer S. King.....Manager
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

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DEPOSITS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

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SAVINGS BANK.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
LOANS MADE.

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fecbly answered "Yes," with a mixture of assent and interrogation in my tone.

"Yes, old man," he said, rising and grasping my hand, "there is now nothing between us. I am going to— to smoke."

I looked at him in silent astonishment.

"Yes, old man, smoke. Why do you look so concerned? It is not very bad, is it? I mean, the beginning?" I saw his enthusiasm die away as the reality rose before him.

"Oh, no," I replied in a tone that suggested a few survivors of the ordeal.

"You don't seem very glad," he said. "But I am going to let you teach me. What shall I start on? Quick, tell me. My courage is screwed up to the point. I can't wait a moment."

The fiend of malice entered my soul. If I was to suffer by seeing him smoke, and knowing that I must deny myself even a cigarette, he should suffer too. I have some peculiarly rank cigars that I keep for my enemies. I gave him one.

He lit it, and pulled at it vigorously, talking the while to keep his courage up. "Why don't you smoke, old man?" he said, jovially. "I thought you could never resist the smell. Come, light up."

"I am going to give it up for a time. Lent, you know. Must give up something. Doctor's orders, too. Bad for the heart. Waste of money. Think of so many poor people who want for bread."

"What?" he cried, and he began to jeer at my infidelity. I cursed him under my breath, but as he grew paler, and ceased to chatter, I felt I was revenged, and even began to pity him.

At last he let the cigar out, and grew very thoughtful. I poured him out something to drink, and we both imbibed steadily for two hours, I to drown my sorrow and regret, he to keep himself alive.

Then we both grew more cheery and communicative. He told me he thought he would never repeat such an experience, but did not see how to avoid it. Fact was, he said, he had promised some one—had promised a lady—to smoke. She had said she would not marry a man unless he smoked. Besides, smoking destroyed germs.

Confidence begets confidence, and I told him my story with tears in my eyes. "I cannot do it," I cried. "I don't think I can, either," he moaned. "But I must, or she will not marry me. How I wish we could exchange. You are in luck. What an excellent wife yours will make you. So considerate of your health, so thoughtful for the poor."

"You are in luck, indeed. She must be a sweet girl. So sensible. She's quite right about germs. Exchange is no robbery. Let's exchange. We will introduce each other. The rest will be only a question of time."

"It's a bargain!"

"I have perfect faith in your taste, but who is she?"

"I think you have met her: Lillian Fortescue. What on earth's the matter?" I had sworn a loud oath at the mention of the name, and crushed a cigarette box to pieces with my fist.

"What's the matter?" I cried. "Why, you fool, there's no need for any exchange. We have both been fooled by the same girl."

For a few minutes neither of us spoke, but Willoughby hurled a fresh cigar I had given him into the grate, and my hand slowly stole towards the little pipe I bought last year. It was still filled. I lit it, and after a few puffs, burst into laughter.

"Little devil!" I cried. She said the smell was so horrid, and she would have no rival in a dirty old pipe."

"She said it was so good for a man," he continued, "kept him quiet and out of mischief, and always made him sociable."

"I suppose she wanted neither of us and set us impossible tasks to win her."

"Next morning we concocted the following note, and sent it round to her:

"DEAR MISS FORTESCUE:—We, the undersigned, finding it impossible to fulfill the tasks you have set us, have agreed to undertake one another's burdens, and so accomplish all that you desire.

Your obedient slaves

JOHN WILLOUGHBY,
WILLIAM JOHNSON."

—J. B. Harris Burland, in The Peterson Magazine.

BANKING.

**BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.**

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided
Profits (October 1, 1894).. 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

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Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000
Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President.

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JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Mont, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

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N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

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SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
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**THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN
BANK, LIMITED.**

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000
Paid Up.....1,500,000
Reserve Fund.....700,000
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HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

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NATIONAL BANK OF S. F.**

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AND POST STREETS.
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AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co



UNGUARDED GATES.—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE first world-sound that fell upon my ear
 Was that of the great winds along the coast,
 Crushing the deep sea beryl on the rocks—
 The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.
 Against the spires and gables of the town
 The white fog drifted, catching here and there
 At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof,
 And hung—weird gonfalons. The garden walks
 Were choked with leaves, and on their regged biers
 Lay dead the sweets of summer—damask rose,
 Clove-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.
 Only keen ealt odors filled the air.
 Sea-sounds, sea-odors—these were all my world.
 Hence is it that life languishes with me
 Inland; the valleys stifle me with gloom
 And pent-up prospect; in their narrow bonnd
 Imagination flutters futile wings.
 Vainly I seek the sloping pearl-white sand
 And the mirage's phantom citadelle
 Miraculoue, a moment seen, then gone.
 Among the monntains I am ill at ease,
 Missing the stretched horizon's level line
 And the illimitable restless blue.
 The crag-torn sky is not the sky I love,
 But one nnbroken sapphire spanning all;
 And nobler than the branches of a pine
 Aslant upon the precipice's edge
 Are the strained spars of some great battleship
 Flowing across the eunset. No bird's lilt
 So takes me as the whistling of the gale
 Among the shrouds. My cradle song was this,
 Strange inarticulate sorrows of the sea,
 Blythe rhythms nngathered from the Sirens' caves.
 Perchance of earthly voices the last voice
 That shall an instant my freed spirit stay
 On this world's verge, will be some message blown
 Over the dim salt lands that fringe the coast,
 At dusk, or when the tranced midnight droops
 With weight of stars, or haply jnst as dawn,
 Illumining the sullen purple wave,
 Turns the gray pools and willow stems to gold.

THE VIOLETS.—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

At first I kissed the violets
 Because they came from thee,
 And, then, because no storm-wind frets
 Where they were plucked for me;
 But in a garden green and fair,
 Beyond the bitter snow,
 Where nightingales at eve repair,
 To music they did grow.
 But, though they breathe of sun and song,
 And rivulets that dance
 A-down enchanted slopes, where throng
 Sweet ghosts of old romance;
 Though fragrant with such dew as wets
 The dales of Arcady,
 At first I kissed the violets
 Because they came from thee.

PEACE.—EDITH M. THOMAS, IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Much I did desire when Youth did fire my veins,
 To join fair combat with some foe august;
 And more I dreaded sloth and creeping rust
 Than any need of martyr scorns and pains.
 How would my heart beat quick at clarion strains;
 All to the God of battle would I trust—
 As one who, midst the hissing barbs and dust,
 From some swift Argive chariot flung the reine!
 But now my pulse is slowed, my veins are cold,
 O Spirit of the leafage silver-green—
 Now let thy cool sweet shadow intervene,
 That I no more the strenuous day behold;
 So fold me, as the flocks that rest in fold,
 While Hesper makes the darkening sky serene.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

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309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

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FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

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FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America
 OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
 Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
 Assets.....3,192,001.89
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,408.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
 B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
 OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,
 No. 316 California et., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genu-
 ine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical
 Debility, Waeted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris,
 and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific Statee.
 J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco.
 Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pille, \$2; of 200 pills,
 \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pille \$2. Send for circular.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1873-1889. These pens are "the
 best in the world." Sole agent for the United Statese,
 MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York.
 Sold by all Stationers.

INSURANCE.

It has come to the notice of Insurance Commissioner Higgins that the securities of a number of the assessment companies, deposited to protect policy holders, are not bankable collateral, and it is likely that there will be a sharp and early demand upon the delinquents for further deposits to make good their yawning deficits.

Governor Budd has appointed Attorney Andrew J. Clunie Commissioner of Insurance, the appointment to take effect two years hence, or when Higgins' term is out. Strangely enough the Governor, by this appointment of Clunie, admits that the present Commissioner's appointment was regular. It will be remembered that Governor Budd attempted to oust Commissioner Higgins, who was appointed by Markham in precisely the same manner as he has chosen Clunie, and which act he has held did not conform to law.

President John A. McCall, of the New York Life, is now on his way to the Coast, and is calling on the company's important agencies *en route*. Mr. McCall will make his first stop out here at Los Angeles, and may be expected to visit San Francisco about the first of April. This will be his first visit to California. McCall is one of the most prominent men in the field of insurance to-day, and may be called a national character.

Last week it was intimated that possibly the Orient might find other quarters than those now occupied by it in the Sun Office. There is, however, no intimation of any change in the management of the Orient. It will continue to dwell in harmony with the Sun under the satisfactory eye of Manager Callingham.

There are nine bills affecting insurance, more or less, before the Legislature. The two most important are that compelling foreign companies to make a deposit of \$200,000 in some State before doing business, and that one providing for a standard form for fire policies. Both these bills will become laws.

P. B. Armstrong, at present a prominent orchardist of this State, and the man who founded the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of New York, is now in that city promoting the organization of another fire company. He recently attempted to secure the presidency of the Mutual Fire, but failed.

The current issue of the Adjuster, published by James A. Carey, is a paper of exceptional interest to insurance everywhere. In matter and make-up the Adjuster is easily in the front rank. It is one of the few first-rate insurance journals in the United States.

The Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada has entered the United States for business by way of Pennsylvania. It is the only British company writing life policies in this country.

The State law requiring \$5,000 deposit with the Insurance Department by all assessment companies, for the protection of the policy holders, has been evaded by the Pacific States Life Insurance Company, and a sick benefit concern operated by L. M. McKenney. The securities offered by these companies consisted of a local realty syndicate which have no marketable quotation.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4 1/2 DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

What lamp-chimney is it that lasts like a teacup and gets the best light a lamp is capable of?

Macbeth's; but you want the Number made for your lamp. Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Alpha Consolidated Mill and Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 118), of 5 cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 112, of Twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 30th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office: Room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Alta Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 14th day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 55, of Five cents (5c.) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 20th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J E JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Mexican Gold and Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3d day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 56) of Twenty (20) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday, the 29th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office: Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Gas and Electric Co.

A dividend of one dollar (\$1) per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this company has been declared this day, payable March 1, 1897. Transfer books will remain closed from February 17th to February 27th, inclusive.

W. M. G. BARRETT, Secretary.
Office: First and Natoma streets, San Francisco, Cal.
San Francisco February 17, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.



ONE of the redeeming features of the Board of Regents of the University of California is J. B. Reinstein, the sharp little attorney, whose brain is in inverse ratio to his inches, and whose wit often causes Horace Platt to look to his laurels. He redeems the board from much dullness, and has been quite successful in his endeavors to keep some of its somnolent members awake. He is intolerant of stupidity, and one of his favorite sayings is that he can stand any animal except a boar. Reinstein's work this winter for the development of the University brought him into close contact with the legislators, who have taxed the State an extra cent for the benefit of Berkeley's aggregation of colleges, and among other eminent statesmen he met Assemblyman Howard Wright, the former business associate of Le Roy Harvey, and who serves his country by representing Lorin at Sacramento. Mr. Wright is an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Wright. At the *jubilate legis* of the friends of the University on the campus last Saturday, young Wright delivered an oration highly eulogistic of himself. His frequent repetition of "I," "I," "I" became exceedingly wearisome to all his auditors, and was absolutely intolerable to Reinstein.

"Too bad about Wright," said the little Regent sympathetically. "Anyone who has so much trouble with his I's should consult an oculist."

* * *

When, in referring to Frank Powers, someone asked Judge Coffey if he were not a lawyer, that satirical jurist corrected his questioner with quiet emphasis.

"I hardly think that Powers is a lawyer," said Coffey, doubtfully. "But," he added, "I believe he calls himself an attorney."

In addition to his legal efforts Frank tried politics but, after much labor he only attained the modest dignity of an Assemblyman. He also essayed literature, and once wrote a book which, however, nobody read. Fame having eluded him when pursued along all these different paths, he now cultivates art, haunts the studios, wears his hair long and regardless of the season, in heat and cold, always appears in a long overcoat with an immense collar turned up over his ears. At noon on a warm and bright day recently he walked along Montgomery street thus arrayed, glorying in his unique costume.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked Garrett McInerney. "Got a chill?"

"No, and I don't want a drink nor some warmer clothes and you can't ring in any guy about my needing a 'brief.'"

"But why do you want to be the only man in town on this warm day, wearing such a horse blanket over your head?" expostulated the attorney.

"Copyrighted," replied Powers, laconically.

* * *

The lights of Bohemia burst forth at the Mardi Gras ball on Tuesday night in all the effulgence of their glory, but so much splendor was not attained without much thought and planning. For the preceding week the Social Hall of the Bohemian Club looked like the room of a fashionable costumer, and every topic of other than fancy dress was strictly tabooed. Stalwart Amadee Joullin with his seventy-three inches and his two hundred pounds of avoirdupois had revealed to a group of his friends the details of the raiment with which he intended to dazzle the other guests at the ball. Louis Sloss Jr. sat silently smoking a cigarette at the outer edge of the group.

"Why are you looking so disconsolate, Louis?" asked Jimmie Hamilton. "Are you not going to the Mardi Gras?"

"No, I'm not going," said the wit of Bohemia, sadly, "but my clothes are. You see," he added, in response to a chorus of demands for an explanation, "Amadee is going to wear my frilled shirt and satin waistcoat."

And the point of the joke is that Louis is exactly ten inches shorter than the strapping Amadee.

"No one has more friends on 'the street,' by which, of course is meant California below Montgomery, than Joshua Eppinger, the bright young grain merchant, whose marriage at the Concordia Club to Miss Hilda Levy was one of the fashionable events of the week. He is spending his honeymoon at Coronado, and while en route to Southern California on the Los Angeles train, he went into the smoking compartment of the Pullman, where he encountered an old acquaintance who resides in Portland, Or. The latter hailed Eppinger, and soon showed by his conversation that he was unaware that he was addressing a bridegroom.

"Travelling alone?" asked the Oregonian.

"No, my wife is in the drawing-room," responded Eppinger with imperturbable gravity, determined, after the custom of newly married men, not to give himself a way.

"Do you often take your wife on business trips?" pursued the Portland man. "I never do."

"Oh, well, you know," said Joshua easily. "I often combine business with pleasure when I go out of town," resolved to conceal the honeymoon part of it at all hazards.

"That's all very well if you have no family. Got any children?" demanded the Webfoot.

"No," replied the husband of eighteen hours, without turning a hair. "Have you?"

* * *

Charles Webb Howard does not like to be caught napping and for that very reason his intimate friends lie in wait for him with every conceivable trap. In the Pacific Union club last Monday, a little coterie was discussing the movements of President McKinley who that evening had started for the capitol.

"I am sorry for McKinley," said General Barnes, in tones of infinite pity. "He will never see Washington."

Mr. Howard looked startled. His first thought was that "the Major had had another attack of la grippe." Then he looked at Barnes apprehensively, as if he thought that the Chauncey Depew of the Pacific Coast had concocted a plot to blow up the Presidential train with dynamite.

"Why will he never see Washington?" finally asked the President of the Spring Valley Water Company, in an awed voice, forgetting his usual suspicion of the General.

"Washington is dead," replied Barnes, in affected surprise at his friend's ignorance of an historical fact.

And then Charles Webb Howard signed a card for a magnum.

* * *

A perceptible decrease in the general gaiety on 'Change has been remarked since the departure for Paris a fortnight ago of William Berg, "the German Traveller." Berg is the greatest practical joker on the floor and contrary to the usual peculiarity of those who make merry at the expense of others, he laughs as heartily when the point is turned against him as when some other man is the butt. As Monday last was a holiday in France, no quotations from the Bourse were received on that day by the San Francisco Produce Exchange. Noting their absence from their usual place among the bulletins of the Call Board, there was much speculation among the bulls and bears as to the cause. No one was able to advance any good reason why business should be suspended throughout the French Republic until Billy Behr solved the problem and wrote his "official" explanation on the bulletin board, as follows:

"The Bourse is closed to-day on account of the arrival in Paris of William Berg, the German traveller."

* * *

An odd fad is that cultivated by Attorney Donahue who always carries two watches. One, although encased in inexpensive nickel, is a time-keeper of marvelous accuracy, its owner boasting that it does not vary a second a week from the sun. The other watch is a handsome gold affair, but it is never right, straying away from ten minutes to three hours from the correct time. When asked to explain why he carries two timepieces of such contradictory tendencies, Donahue always has an innocent explanation ready.

"One watch is to tell what time it is, you know," he says, "and the other what time it isn't."

Herman Oelrichs arrived unexpectedly from New York on Tuesday to attend to some vexatious litigation in connection with the estate of his father-in-law, the late Senator Fair. Early on Wednesday morning found Oelrichs among the stalls of the California market, selecting fruit and vegetables, meat and game, for the table of the Pine street mansion, for Herman is an epicure and personally chooses his edibles as well as his wines. After making a poultry purchase, he was particularly disappointed at learning he could procure no wild ducks, the season being closed. Then he expatiated to the proprietor of the stall on the superiority of California game over that to be had in New York, although he mentioned that canvasbacks in Gotham cost six dollars and mallards four.

"Well, them is Fair prices," commented the poulterer, with a grin.

He had recognized his customer.

Several batches of husky rope pullers and Police Judge Campbell with the wouderful capillary growth on his chin, as their referee, constituted a double attraction during the tug of war tournament that was simply irresistible. The criminal jurist did not make even the shadow of a pretense at impartiality but espoused the cause of the Irish team with heartiness and avidity. He evinced great perturbation when he thought they might be worsted.

"Why I can get more pull at the City Hall in five minutes than I can find here in an hour," remarked the friend of "de push," disgustedly, as he witnessed the Irish team lose two cleats.

Then he proceeded to announce in heraldic tones the honors and emoluments which would be bestowed upon the winning team.

"And what do we get if we lose?" inquired one of the Hibernian patriots.

"Sixty days," roared the Police Court autocrat.

To appropriate as souvenirs small bits of bric-a-brac and articles of silverware while a guest at a house is a cheerful habit which is becoming so unpleasantly prevalent in this city that a hostess now has to use her eyes as diligently as it was formerly considered incumbent to extend a listening ear whenever any guest made a remark. A young woman prominently connected through her father with the San Francisco Police Department was at dinner one night and after using a dainty silver spoon of unique design, carefully cleansed it and calmly carried it off, graciously remarking that it would be a welcome and valuable addition to her souvenir collection. All efforts of the hostess to guard her property being futile, and requests for its restoration being pleasantly ignored, she was obliged to invoke the aid of her husband who, after repeated efforts stole the spoon back again. Now the acquisitive young woman wonders why she is so obviously *persona non grata* at the home of her former friend.

(Copy of telegram from T. T. Williams, Carsou, Nev., to W. R. Hearst, New York).

March 2, 1897.

Examiner-Journal men own this town, including Stuart. Fitzsimmons wears a padlock on his lips. Everything copyrighted in our interests.

(Copy of telegram from W. R. Hearst, New York to T. T. Williams, Carson, Nev.)

March 3, 1897.

Not necessary for you to copyright all the saloons.

WITH this issue is presented the second picture of the series descriptive of Chinatown. From it may be obtained an excellent idea of the character and extent of the Chinese provision market.

Paso Robles.

Our new mud bath house is finished. The arrangement of baths, dressing rooms, etc., are on the same floor. No stairs or steps to climb. We are now unquestionably the finest sanitarium or health resort on the Pacific Coast. Rest and health seekers are Paso Robles seekers, Rates, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, and \$17.50 per week. Climate warm.

WISE PEOPLE seeking advice on important matters consult the best authorities. Thos Cook & Son are the best authorities on travel in all civilized countries, and freely give intending travelers the benefit of their fifty-six years' experience. San Francisco Office: 621 Market street (under Palace Hotel).



SPRING OPENING.

Monday and Tuesday,
March 15 and 16, 1897.

FRENCH PATTERN HATS,
And the latest novelties in Braids, Laces, Hats,
Flowers, Malines, Ribbons, etc.

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New York.

Madison Square, Broadway and 23d Street.

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<p>Two modern, exquisite, home-like first-class hotels, both under personal supervision of Gen. Warfield.</p> <p>R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.</p>	

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

Bitters.



TO-MORROW night, in the Madison Square Assembly rooms, will take place the event for which society has been preparing itself ever since the Bradley-Martin ball—the great tableaux vivants. You may fancy what they will be when M. M. Chartran and Madrayo are to pose the characters and attend to the manipulation of the lights. They themselves will pose in the last tableau, "Cing Mars," M. Chartran as Richelieu. The tableaux will be after paintings by David Neal Compte, Percy Moran, and other distinguished artists.

The ball reminds me of Mrs. Charles Alexander, who was regally magnificent there as a Venetian lady, and that once more reminds me that General McCook, newly appointed to the Cabinet, is that lady's brother-in-law. This will mean, I suppose, that the Alexanders will spend much time in Washington.

Mrs. Edward Foulkes, the daughter-in-law of Doctor Foulkes of Oakland, gave a large luncheon on Tuesday. Her husband appeared during the afternoon with one or two of his club friends, and I have yet to see the ladies' luncheon where the advent of man was not welcome.

Mrs. Wright, the daughter of G. Frank Smith, the lawyer who identified himself and his fortunes with the celebrated Colton case, has been here for a few days. She lives in one of the most attractive houses in Rittenhouse Square, which is the "Mayfair" of Philadelphia, and is one of the leaders in Philadelphia society among the young matrons.

Mrs. George Harding was expected here this week, but was unable to leave home.

Mrs. Harry Gillig will sail in a few days for the other side for a three months' absence, returning in time to open her lovely country house at Larchmont—La Hacienda. She will go to Nice, Cannes, Paris, and to London, for the season. Mrs. Gillig has been confined to the house for several days with violent neuralgia. Her little daughter Gladys has been visiting her for a week.

The romantic episode of the re-marriage of Charley Bandoine and his wife (formerly Mrs. Casper Warrington Whitney) has been the theme of conversation to-day. Mr. Whitney was an old St. Matthew's boy, at San Mateo, and distinguished himself early in life as an adept in athletic sports. He became the editor of the little sporting paper owned, I believe, by James Waterbury of cordage fame, a few years ago, and made a success of it. He later undertook the management of the Sports column in Harper's Weekly, and going abroad wrote a clever set of magazine articles about sports in England. His latest exploit, a journey on snow shoes to the Barren Lands within the Arctic Circle, shows him possessed of wonderful courage and endurance. His wife, the present Mrs. Bandoine, is very beautiful. She divorced him in Oklahoma two years ago or thereabouts. Bandoine's wife secured a divorce from him a few weeks earlier. She was Miss Ruyter, daughter of a former President of the New York Central Railway. Six months after these conjugal ruptures, Mr. Bandoine and Mrs. Whitney drove to Hoboken on the former's coach and were married. The lovely bride occupied the box seat, and was gorgeous in white satin with orange flowers in her hat. Mr. Whitney, questioning the validity of the Western divorce, brought a suit in Westchester County for absolute divorce, and was given a verdict day before yesterday, whereupon Mr. and Mrs. Bandoine were re-married at once. The Oklahoma question remains unsettled at the present writing. Another re-marriage, I dare say, the telegraph has recounted to you. This is the one which re-united de Trafford Blackstone of Norwich, Conn., and his former wife. Since they separated, many years ago, each has re-married, he to lose his wife by death, and she her husband by divorce. The name Sadie Blackstone has been before the public for many years, both during and since her stage career.

New York, February 25, 1897.

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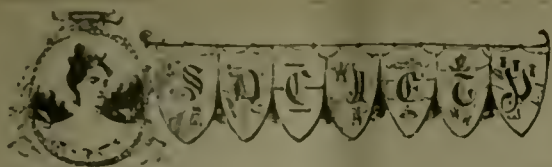
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March 4.





THE close of the ante-Lenten season is usually so well filled with gay doings, both large and small, the advent of Ash Wednesday is regarded as the herald of a delightful rest from the society treadmill which those who belong to the swim are obliged to keep at until *Mardi Gras* calls a halt for forty days at least. While the past season can hardly be called a brilliant one, there has been enough going on to prevent its being termed dull, and its last ten days especially had so much on the programme there could be no cause for complaint except upon the score of fatigue—and the weather.

It is rather an old story to say the Presidio hops are charming, but it must be confessed that there has seldom been a more delightful gathering at that popular post than the dance which took place there on Thursday evening of last week, the thought that it was to be the final one until after Easter probably adding zest to the enjoyment of all who participated. The Friday Fortnightlies gave their last dance the following evening, and it also was voted delightful. A few figures of the cotillon were danced late in the evening, Mr. Greenway leading with his usual ability. Saturday was largely given over by society to the tea at the Crocker mansion on Nob Hill, which was even a greater success than had been anticipated. The world and his wife were there in goodly numbers; the beautiful rooms were crowded as they have not been for many a season past, and the universal sentiment was, alas! that closed doors should there be the rule instead of the exception.

Society was divided in its allegiance on Monday night, the younger portion selecting the dance of the Saturday Night Class, which had its final gathering at Lunt's Hall on Monday evening, while others were seen in large numbers at the California Theatre, where the play of *Caste* was performed by a number of well-known amateurs, where each did so well it would be almost invidious to particularize, but it was admitted by all that Miss Leila Burton carried off the honors of the evening; the characters taken by her and Miss Rose Hooper fitted each to a charm, and they were fairly overwhelmed with the floral tributes offered at their shrine.

On Tuesday evening the Entre Nous Cotillion Club had their last dance in Maple Hall, under the leadership of Mr. Sanford Lewald; but the great event of Tuesday night was the *Mardi Gras bal Masque*, at the Hopkins Institute, for which preparations have been going on at that temple of art for nearly a month past, and the result was a scene of dazzling beauty when the doors were thrown open to the crowd which filled the rooms and made the ball one long to be remembered by all who took part.

Our worshipful Mayor was just himself—a simple, unpretentious gentleman from top to toe, and let me tell you that is the hardest *rôle* of all to carry, to judge by the fearful failures in society. Harsh? Yes, but so awfully true. Another capital exemplification of nature was the false-face worn openly by some women who have been noted for them in private life for years. Mrs. McLane-Martin's bicycle fall did not seem to interfere with her getting around pretty lively. She buzzed some of the old chaps until they were wild to find out who she was.

One of the cutest costumes was a bit of old delft, and Mrs. Tom Magee Jr. was beautifully got up as the stars and stripes. Mrs. Van Stowe was elegance itself in a white Arabian costume, but the "yashmak" round her face must have been frightfully hot. Howard Taylor played the mystifying dodge by changing his costume three times, one the devil himself.

The Maynard girls played the baby act sweetly, and the dolls they carried were enough to make any child want them. Laura McKinstry was a walking "Why?" and the gallant Colonel Crocker made a dashing attempt to solve the interrogation in an English hunting suit that was so dead letter perfect it made the B'linghamites pale with

envy. Miss Jennie Blair's pretty little figure made her an easy pray to guessers, although her glorious hair was covered by a blonde wig. Mine Ziska was magnificently attired in pink and black, a court costume of the richest character, and carried herself with superb grace. It was funny to see the blue, pink, and white dominoes circle around General Barnes; and George Marye was another mark for the feminines, who seemed to take special delight in puzzling the old fellow. Emma Butler was in domino; so was Marjorie Young, Edith Findley, the Brooks girls (*redivivus*), Francis Moor, Helen Wagner, Mrs. George Howard, and Julia Crocker. Mary McNutt had Folly's dress.

Archibald, as a "big" Chinaman, was immense. Douglas Tilden was excellent as Miles Standish. There were so many in domino who wore lovely gowns underneath, it was more than confusing to guess "who was who." A girl from Wisconsin was dressed as a moth and Mrs. Adams as a goldfinch, the wings of each being a noticeable feature of their costumes. Alice Hager was a "lilac branch," and several men looked as though they would like to carry it off.

Although much was expected by those who attended the Concordia Club on Saturday evening last none of the five hundred present were disappointed.

The "Mystery of a Misfit Monarch" was the programme announcement—"Subtracted from The Prisoner of Zenda." The stage picture was a very pretty one and the acting and singing far above the average.

Milton S. Bremer, who took the leading female role of Antoinette, carried off the honors of the evening. His graceful carriage and the careful manipulation of his skirts caused many a young lady to blush with envy, and his songs were well received. The other characters were well sustained.

A splendid souvenir programme was gotten up for the occasion—containing pictures of the players—nooks and corners of the handsome club house and some of the musical selections from the burlesque. It made quite a hit.

After the fall of the curtain—a dance and supper followed. Handsome toilettes and brilliant jewels were the order of the evening. Particularly noticeable were Mrs. Maurice Rothschild in yellow silk en traine, Mrs. Chas. W. Rosenbaum in white, Mrs. S. W. Heller in a new creation of pink silk, and Mrs. Emanuel Heller in a white flowered silk trimmed with pale green.

It would really be difficult to pick out from such a set of pretty girls as have come out this winter who was the belle. The debutantes, some twelve in number, have run society with a queenly hand. Miss Rosie Neustadter in pink silk, Miss Norma Bachman, white tulle trimmed with cherries, Miss Rose Sachs in a pale green silk with black pipings; Miss Mildred Lewis called forth more than usual attention.

Who would not be an engaged girl? That is, if they possess so many friends as does Miss Ethel Cohen, who, since the announcement of her engagement to Lieutenant Bent was made public, has been fêted at dinner, luncheon and tea by those who claim that title. Possibly the prettiest of all these affairs was the tea given by Miss Woods on Tuesday, at which Miss Cohen and three other "engaged" girls, the Misses Burton, Whittier and Coleman, assisted the hostess in receiving. Another charming gathering was the luncheon given in her honor at the University Club by Miss Emma Butler. Mrs. Gerstle, Miss Ida Gibbons, Mrs. Moulder, etc. have also entertained Miss Cohen and Lieutenant Bent.

Other engagement entertainments include the dinner given by Miss Irma Rothschild, in honor of Hilda Levy and Josh Eppinger, who were married on Tuesday, and the dinner in honor of Miss Maybelle Gerst and Sam Naphthaly, at which Mr. and Mrs. Simon Anspacher were host and hostess to twenty-two guests; and among engagement announcements of recent date is that of Miss Amice Cellarius to Dr. Ernest Barry.

The Concordia Club rooms were called into requisition on Tuesday evening, when Miss Hilda Levy and Joshua Eppinger were united in marriage by Rabbi Voorsanger beneath a silken canopy placed on the north side of the hall. The decorations were both elaborate and beautiful,

palms, ferns, smilax, orange blossoms, roses and violets being used with a lavish hand to produce a charming result. Messrs. Martin Triest, Sam Cook, Arthur Silverberg and Ben Rosenberg, who officiated as ushers, led the bridal procession as it entered the hall, at half-past eight, to the strains of the Lohengrin Chorus, played by the orchestra seated upon the stage. Then followed the bridesmaids, the Misses Birdie Hershman, Alice Bachman, Daisy Schweitzer and Rica Triest, who were costumed alike in white satin and tulle, with hand bouquets of bride's roses. Miss Julia Eppinger, as maid-of-honor, came next, her gown of white lace over white satin; and then came the bride, escorted by her brother, Charles Levy. Her robe was an exquisite one of white satin *en traine*, trimmed with point lace and orchids. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms, and a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom, held her tulle veil in place, and she carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. George Laverson was the groom's best man. Dancing followed the ceremony, then a sumptuous supper which was served in the banquet hall, and then there was more dancing. Coronado is where the happy couple are spending their honeymoon, and upon their return they will reside for a time at the Hotel Richelieu.

The engagement of Mr. Albert L. Ehrman to Miss Rosalie Neustadter, which was announced on Saturday last, has caused no end of talk on account of the high standing of both parties, the splendid match and good fortune of the young man. Miss Neustadter is an extremely handsome young girl of eighteen summers, and of the brunette type, she has coal black eyes and very refined features. Mr. Ehrman is blonde. He is a graduate of the University of California, and was popularly known by his club friends as "King of Bohemia." To them the engagement comes as a complete surprise. On Thursday evening Mrs. Fechtwanger entertained the newly engaged couple, Mr. Albert Ehrman and Miss Rose Neustadter, at dinner. Only a few intimate friends were present. The decorations were quite unique.

Particulars have just been received here of the wedding of Miss Bessie Crabbe and Lieutenant Gately, both of whom are well known in our swim. The ceremony took place at St. John's Chapel, Fort Hamilton, on the 11th of February. The bridal robe was of white satin, lace and chiffon, and the hand bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Lillian Brechemin, who officiated as maid-of-honor, was gowned in pink organdie over white silk, and she wore a white lace hat. Lieutenant Winston, recently of the Presidio, was the groom's best man.

On Tuesday afternoon a club jinks was given to the Pianists' Club, at the studio on Bush street, by Mrs. Wm. A. Deane, President of the club. The studio was lavishly decorated for the occasion, and the spread was a bountiful one. Every member was present, and each contributed her share to an entertainment of which, for genuine wit, humor, and originality, the male clubber might have been more than proud. In the evening, the ladies assisted Mrs. Deane in receiving a number of invited guests, mostly musicians. A fine musical programme was rendered, including piano solos by Mr. Samuel Fleishman, director of the club; vocal selections by the brilliant soprano, Madame Billoni-Zifferer; violin solos by Nathan Landsberger, and original songs by Mr. Locher. The audience, though small, was extremely appreciative, and the applause which followed each number was a genuine tribute to the performer. Refreshments and dancing followed, and as the members of the club separated, after singing their original club songs, they unanimously voted the afternoon and evening the most brilliant in the annals of the Pianists' Club.

Mr. Paul F. Mohr, who is well-known in financial and railroad circles, has been in the city for the past week on business. Mr. Mohr was formerly with the Northern Pacific, and was one of its builders. He is now building the railroad around the Dalles, in Oregon, besides being interested in other equally extensive enterprises.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schmiedell are once more in San Francisco, after having taken a tour round the world and making a stay in Paris, *en route* homewards, of several months duration. They arrived last week, and are for the present domiciled at the Palace.

Miss Alice Bachman's pink dinner to twenty-two of her young friends was one of the charming affairs of last week. Another one was the tea given by Mrs. W. V. Bryan, which was followed in the evening by a game of progressive euchre; and yet a third, the children's party at Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal's. On Tuesday last Mrs. Van Bergin's violet and daffodil luncheon was a very pretty and enjoyable affair.

The California Theatre will, of course, blossom like a rose next Wednesday night when the eagerly anticipated French Opera Company will make their first appearance in San Francisco. A number of opera parties have been arranged for not only that evening, but for others during the week, and it is safe to say that for those who do not regard the opera in the same light as the theatre during the Lenten period, it will be the one bright oasis in the desert of penitential darkness during the coming weeks.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at St. Denis Hotel, New York, are Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Spear, Mrs. M. F. Howe, and A. W. Grant.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs arrived from New York last Tuesday, and will remain in San Francisco for some time.

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ART JOTTINGS.

A LANDSCAPE in pastel, by Latimer, was hung in the Bohemian Club rooms this week. A lonely mere reflects the latest light between the gloaming and the dark. The treatment is tender and full of sentiment, and the picture will rank among Latimer's best work.

The Century Club's exhibition continues to draw well. An effective picture by Elizabeth Strong, the beach at Monterey, looking south from the lighthouse, is strongly suggestive of Alick Harrison's style. There is a hazy purple in the air, and the picture is fine in color and light in tone.

Joseph D. Strong's portraits in pastel continue the fashion. Mrs. Dr. Winslow Anderson, Mr. H. Clift, Mr. H. J. Stewart and Theodore Payne are among the latest *clients* of this clever painter.

Gordon Ross is making some good studies of bay and ocean subjects. To Mr. Ross belongs the credit of designing the very striking costume worn at the *Mardi Gras* ball by Tony Hellman. His own, as a herald, was no less artistic. On the robe were three champagne corks in gold, against a black ground, and on the other side the hoodoo bird. When the question of what character Mr. Horace Platt should take at that function arose, Mr. Ross suggested that Mr. Platt should go as the "Famine in India." This hint Colonel Buntin improved upon by offering as a substitute that Mr. Platt appear as the "Valet of the Shadow of Death." Those well-meant counsels the President of the Art Association indignantly rejected, and made his bow to the admiring crowd as a humble student of most anything.

Charles Rollo Peters arrived from Monterey this week, where he has been making a number of studies of moonlight effects, one of which is on exhibition at the Century Club. When Mr. Peters has the desired number of these sketches worked up, he will exhibit in New York.

THE OPENING OF THE PABST CAFE.

The New Enterprise of the Royal Eagle Distilleries Company.

THE Pabst Café, located at the northwest corner of Powell and Ellis streets, and one of the most elaborately-decorated and complete establishments on the Pacific Coast, was thrown open for business by its proprietors, Messrs. Herbert, Sonderleiter & Rossum, last Wednesday. It is literally true that no expense has been spared in making this beautiful café a model of its kind; a place where the most wholesome food and all the delicacies of the season, prepared by skilled hands, may be enjoyed, surrounded by every elegance. It is the intention of the proprietors, all of whom are experienced men, to make Pabst Café a favorite resort of the families of San Francisco, and especial effort will be made to cater to refined family business, every arrangement being made in view of this intention. Private dining-rooms and a splendid German banquet hall, with appropriate emblems and terse quotations from attractions of the earth, afford opportunity for gratifying the most exclusive taste for the largest parties. Especial attention is called to the elegant paintings which decorate the walls of the gents and ladies' café, having copies from some of the most famous masters of the old world, appropriate to this establishment.

The Pabst Brewing Company is recognized as the largest in the world, and made famous by its special brew of fine beer. It is represented by the Royal Eagle Distilleries Company as their agents on the Pacific Coast.

AT THE RACES.

THE racing at Ingleside this week has been of the sensational order. Owing to the condition of the weather and the changing from a fast to a muddy track, mudlarks have had their innings for the last few days, some of them winning at the tempting odds of 100 to 1. Magnet, one of the crack sprinters of the West, has again made his appearance in California, and, as usual, captured his first two starts—the last race being one of the most exciting yet witnessed at Ingleside, when Maguet defeated Buckwa. The Schreiber Stakes, for two-year-olds, was captured by J. Naglee Burke's Estro, who was cleverly ridden by Sloan, and was as good as ten to one in the betting.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From January 1, 1897.	Arrive
*6:30 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Runsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iono, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:50 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakerfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
.....	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
1:30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Moreed, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	10:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Orden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A
10:00 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and way stations	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesday only)	1:30 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	7:00 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*8:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P		8:45 P
8:00 P	i Runs through to Niles.	9:45 P
9:00 P	l From Niles	10:50 P
11:15 P		17:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡ Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡‡‡ Sundays and Thursdays.

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COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, April 1, 1897
GALIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897

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S. S. "Alameda," Thursday, March 14th, at 2 P. M.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, March 23, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.



Son—I simply can't get this lessou. FATHER—Don't give it up, Thomas. Remember that General Grant's great successes were largely due to the fact that he never knew when he was licked. Son—Then he must have worn a board in the seat of his trousers, same as Billy Brown does.—Leslie's Weekly.

Fuddy—I consider it cowardly to send a man an anonymous letter! Duddy—My sentiments exactly. Last week I received no less than a dozen anonymous bills. Fuddy—Anonymous bills? Duddy—Yes; there wasn't a signature at the bottom of any of them.—Boston Transcript.

"Horatius," said the professor's wife, "I don't believe you've heard a word that I've said, and here I've been talking for half an hour." "Well," said the pondering professor, "who would believe it? You seem just as fresh as when you started."—Cleveland Leader.

"Is it true that Goldy's son eloped with the old gentleman's typewriter?" "Yes; they skipped out two weeks ago." "I presume Goldy is just pawing the air." "Naturally. He was engaged to the girl himself."—Detroit Free Press.

I fain would write a sonnet on her brow,
Or a lyric on her figure most select,
But I'm puzzled very greatly to know how
To write 'em there, because she may object.

—New York World.

"I see," remarked Mr. Snaggs, as he laid down his newspaper, "that Melba's throat is very sore, and therefore her voice can't—" "Her voice can't what?" asked Mrs. Snaggs. "Soar."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

He—They say there is more warmth in the right arm than there is in the left. SHE—That's why a girl always wants to keep on the right side of a man who has a bank account, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

Storekeeper (criticizing his new sign, to painter)—The sign is nicely painted, but—er—can't you make it a trifle more decorative? SIGN PAINTER (reassuringly)—My dear sir, wait till you see the punctuation!—Ex.

Briggs—Well, old fellow, I am a happy man! WILSON—How so? BRIGGS—I have just succeeded in borrowing enough to pay every cent I owe to the world.—Tit-Bits.

"Did you know that Henry Irving had sprained one of his knees?" "Yes; now he will have to make gestures with his arms."—Chicago Record.

Boston Teacher—Name the products of Kansas. PUPIL (who reads the papers)—Cyclones, cactus, bootleggers, hell, whiskers, and hair.—Life.

Dingley—I can tell how it feels to be a foreigner. HASTINGS—How is that? "Had some business at the City Hall yesterday."—Life.

"Dick got even with that girl who crowded him out of his position." "How did he do it?" "Married her."—Chicago Record.

She—Was the piece well done? HE—Oh, yes; the critics roasted it.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE measure now before the Legislature, compelling foreign marine insurance companies to deposit \$200,000 in the United States for the protection of their policy holders, is a belated effort to monopolize the business by companies not foreign. The history of marine insurance in this State shows that the people have never yet lost a cent by foreign marine insurance, every claim being promptly paid. These companies, too, have done their full share of the business, and have the confidence of the public without any such deposit.

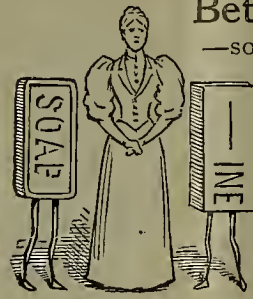
A Sovereign Remedy.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE. One dose will stop a cough. It never ails. Try it. Price 25c. George Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny street.

BEECHAM'S PILLS—No equal for Constipation.

Between the two

—soap and poor washing powders—the women who don't use Pearline have a troublesome time. If they want to make sure of perfect safety, they have to take the hard work; if they try to make the work easier, then they have to take the risk of harm.



Now, how much better it is to get rid of the hard work and the risk, both together, by the use of Pearline! Every question as to the safety, the effectiveness, or the economy of Pearline has been settled by millions.

Millions use Pearline

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-bangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—8:15, 7:50 9:30, 11:0 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.	DESTINATION.		Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Novato,		10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
8:30 P.M.	9:30 A.M.	Petaluma,		6:10 P.M.	10:35 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Santa Rosa.		7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
.....	Fulton, Windsor,		10:25 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Geyserville, Ukiah,		7:35 P.M.
8:30 A.M.	Cloverdale		8:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah		7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Guerneville.		7:35 P.M.	10:35 A.M.
8:30 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sonoma,		10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Glen Ellen.		6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sebastopol.		10:40 A.M.	10:35 A.M.
8:30 P.M.	5:00 P.M.		6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vicky Springs, Saratoga Springs, Elie Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Fomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedoin Heights, Hullyville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willhitts, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building. A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 6 A.M., March 12, 17, 22, 27.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Mar. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; Mar. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Eastford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Mar. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market St., S. F.

The Grand Pacific, 308 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
SCENES IN CHINATOWN—Interior of Chinese Theatre, Showing Stage Arrangement.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 13, 1897.

Number 11.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 908 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

IF our friends, the Greeks, desire to return to their native land, in response to King George's call to arms, they should be stimulated in their patriotic impulses. We do not need the Greeks so badly as docs their sovereign. By all means, let them hasten to the banner of their country.

JUDGING by the great horde of hungry pap-seekers and suckers now hearing down upon President McKinley, the most uncompromising free trader should condone his cry for protection. The great need of it must hear a new and terrible significance to the nation's beleaguered Chief Executive.

THERE is a constitutional amendment now before the Legislature permitting this city to make payment for goods furnished by local merchants. The amendment should be adopted. San Francisco is able to pay all just claims, and the constitutional inability should be removed at the earliest moment.

THE action of the Legislature in finding Andy Lawrence guilty of contempt and ordering him to jail, was just and righteous. The unbridled license and brutal methods of the Examiner have become intolerable, and it is time that it receive a substantial reuke. It is a disgrace to San Francisco; an indecent publication, and its suppression would be a distinct moral gain to this community.

THE cause of temperance has been defeated in Oakland, say its defenders. The saloons will not be closed. The advocates of total abstinence will never learn a lesson from experience. It has been demonstrated time out of mind that prohibition does not prohibit. Freedom from the drink habit comes from moral suasion, not from sumptuary enactments; from voluntarily accepted beliefs of physical and mental betterment, not from cast iron laws. No local statute is stronger than a majority of that community to whom it applies.

GOVERNOR BUDD has signed the bill giving San Francisco a fully paid fire department. No one will object to this measure, which is in the line of greater efficiency and less politics. Lack of funds will prevent the immediate operation of the law; but within a year the re-organization of the department on this basis will doubtless be accomplished. Not the least of good things to follow this new idea will be the suppression of the heastly alarm whistles, whose harharic hellowings are almost as much to be dreaded as the fires they signal.

THE addition of something more than \$12,000 to San Francisco's yearly police bill, does not call out spontaneous exclamations of delight outside of the immediate circle of the beneficiaries. Mayor Phelan truly represented the taxpayers of this city when he informed the Legislators that the people of San Francisco were opposed to an increase of salaries in the police department; that this was a poor time for increasing burdens. But it seems that those most concerned—that is, the people who pay the bills, are not to be considered. Their reasonable protests are no match for the organized assaults upon their pockets by worthless politicians, City Hall rings, and overpaid officials.

WORK on the boulevard will commence next Monday morning, and the laborers will be paid one dollar per day. This is a small sum, but it will serve to keep hunger from the door as long as it lasts. With the coming of spring, opportunities for employment will increase throughout the interior, and the needy be better able to care for themselves. Meantime contributions to the boulevard fund should be freely made, for every dollar will be wisely expended.

THE position of United States Attorney Jones of Nevada, who, while in the pay of the Government, drafted a bill and avoided the legal difficulties which prevented prize-fighting in that State, and who was compelled to threaten the undoing of his work before he could get his fee from Promoter Stuart, is not to be envied, either from a professional or moral standpoint. Stuart, it seems, unconsciously paid Jones an undeserved compliment when he presumed that the attorney would rather lose the money than disclose his hand in the transaction. Jones clearly belongs to Nevada.

IT will be well for captious and unreasonable critics to remember that the rights of way for the proposed boulevard from the Park to the Ocean represents a money value of from \$50,000 to \$75,000, and that the Spring Valley Company, which gives a great part of it, has no property to sell along the highway, and will not be benefited by the completion of the work. The gift of the hundred foot strip by the company is a generous and praiseworthy act. In the neighborhood of \$10,000 are now in hand, and the work on this improvement will be commenced within a few days.

OFFICERS of the Southern California Christian Endeavor Union some time ago sent a carload of oranges to be sold at auction in New York, the proceeds to be applied to suffering Armenians. The oranges netted \$923. This money will be devoted to the support of an orphanage at Harport, Turkey. Of course, it is all very well to aid Armenians, but one cannot refrain from thinking that there are a great many people nearer home who know what the bitterness of cold and the gnawings of hunger are. Ninety per cent. of the so-called missionary contributions are valueless. The money could be far better spent. The glory of God and the pocket of the missionary are often held to be entirely synonymous.

EVERY lover of honest racing will regret to hear that President A. B. Spreckels and Director Henry J. Crocker have resigned from the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, and that they will be followed by Directors Andrews and Tarpey. The action of these leading exponents of fair racing on the Pacific Coast is a great surprise, as the club was well patronized, and owing to the high standing of its chief promoters, possessed the entire confidence of the whole public. They redeemed horse racing in California from a very low level, and placed it among the honorable sports of the day. And this was no small task. The generous purses given, and the character of the sport attracted horsemen from all over the country. It is unfortunate for racing that Mr. Spreckels and his fellow officers of the club have determined to retire from its management. It is to be hoped, however, that those who succeed them will maintain the standard they rigidly adhered to. It is said that Police Commissioner Gunst is likely to take a prominent place in the future management of Ingleside. His reputation as a fair, square sportsman is recognized everywhere, which would mean much to the new organization.

"THE NEW JOURNALISM."

IF we are to judge of "the new journalism" by its performances it is a FAKE. It is gotten up to delude and humbug the unthinking part of humanity and will scruple at nothing that either attracts attention or nickels. Anything for a sensation is its rule, and it matters not whether it be true or false, moral or immoral, erotic or virtuous, blasphemous or religious, un-Godly, or Godlike, veneer for soundrelism, and sarcasm for everything that is true and of good repute. The New York World pioneered its way to financial success on these lies and now Hearst's two papers are trying to outdo their progenitor. The story went the rounds about three years ago that Mr. Pulitzer (the proprietor of the World) gave one of the brightest of his men a week off with explicit instructions to go around and find out what the business men and leading citizens thought of the World. At the end of the week the bright man went about his usual duties without reporting to the proprietor. For which he was promptly called to account. "Oh," said he, "you don't want to hear that stuff, it is all stuff, and disagreeable stuff at that." "Well, that is what I expected," said Pulitzer, "and that's why I sent you to find out just what it amounted to." Pulitzer persisting, the reporter had to say "he could not find a prominent citizen who spoke well of the World; that people never believed what it said, unless they read it in some other paper, that its drawings were nearly all mere imaginings and dirty ones at that, and that a majority of its sensations were FAKES." Mr. Pulitzer smiling said "that is just the way I want to have things. Whilst the snobs, very few in number, are talking that way I can be pretty certain how all the others are talking. The lovers of sensations make the World yield \$800,000 a year, whilst the other sort of people allowed it to starve. The poor devil with a nickel which he wants to exchange for a "World" is more to me than Vanderhilt who declines to buy one at all. I am for the many as customers, and intend to supply the kind of goods they require." That is the New Journalism. That is the kind that young Hearst boasts of at the clubs, and in the other places that may not be so much as named. It seems to be one of the peculiarities of the New Journalism that it exercises its censorship of public morals from unspeakable places. It yells its loudest for people it intends to delude, succeeds in fooling them nearly every time, and always takes their money.

Yet this new journalism does not everywhere and always succeed. The Examiner started in to run the Legislature, but egregiously failed, because it never made out a case that thinking men trusted. The Clerk of the House and the Government Printer pulled through solely because of the sympathy created by the Examiner's exaggerated and brutal attacks. The Legislation it favored, met as a rule with disfavor. Only a few of the least harmful of its working-men's bills got through, and those it passed will remain as so many dead letters on the statute books. Braunhart's 2½ cent car fare was its pet measure, but in the end it was easily defeated, being opposed by the very class it was supposed to be in the most favor with. The Torrens land transfer act was going through swimmingly, until the Examiner came out in its favor, when it struck a snag, and its fate became uncertain. Its sensational pretence, during the dying hours of the Legislature, that wholesale bribery was being resorted to in order to kill a bill favoring changes of venue in certain cases was conceived in the country and was particularly applicable to the many counties with only one Superior Judge. Its authors had not so much as thought of its possible hearing on the Hale and Norcross Case. And there is one man, who, if he will do himself justice, will bear testimony that he and certain clients of his thought such a law necessary long before the Hale and Norcross case was tried. Attorney Baggett admits having been lobbying at Sacramento for the bill and Lawrence of the Examiner swears that he obtained about all he knew about the bribery of members to vote for it from Mr. Baggett.

An explanation is needed from both of these gentlemen. The one is attorney for Hale & Norcross, and a practical politician of some experience. The other it is needless to describe, further than to say that he is a pronounced sample of the "new journalist." In San Francisco, he wrote

the sensational bribery charges in order to scare Governor Budd, timid mortal that he is, into vetoing a bill which he has heretofore favored, and lawyer Baggett was the inspiring cause of those articles, as he has been of much else. It is worthy of notice that the accounts of all these things in "the new journal" are as alike the accounts in all the other journals as coal is like snow. Made out of whole cloth, to scare a man whom it is easy to frighten, intended to serve a selfish, personal end, the charges of bribery appear in this case to be about as false as those against the Examiner in the Southern Pacific case were true. It is a false alarm, just as was the pretense of the Examiner that it was being boycotted by the corporations. Heads of families, who do not care to support a pugilist's organ, are abandoning it on all sides. Public libraries are finding it necessary to put it out of sight. And the stockholders and wage-earners are contemplating dealing only with their friends. That is about the best antidote for the "new journalism" we know of. In New York, they have just "caught on" to what Hearst's "Journal" means, and are taking a sure, but perhaps not the best, way of taking the sting out of it. Not to patronize it is to kill it off-hand. To appoint a censor to cut out all that is indecent in it, would render it unmarketable among the class of readers it appeals to, and slow death would overtake it in that way. The bill introduced at Albany provides that the Governor shall appoint a censor for every county of the State having a population of 10,000 or more, whose duty it shall be to eliminate all libelous matters, and all matters deemed by him to be inimical to the interest of the State, or known to him to be untrue." That is certainly a pretty pass to which to bring the American press. Yet all the reputable journals are approving of it. It is either this rascally "new journalism" or a censorship. Where the press will not hold itself in check, and act as its own censor, it is not surprising that decent people are thinking of supplying it with one. The Examiner, alone of all our daily papers, suppressed the dispatches as to this bill. It is really astounding that our time-honored freedom of the press is in real danger from its own license, faithlessness, evil-speaking, lying, slandering, and jobbery generally. A free and honorable press is the paladium of our liberties, but a false and mendacious one is an irritant upon the body politic, and a menace to everything that is true and of good repute. That is the "new journalism." That is the Examiner.

The Law As You may question a juror as to bias, and if
To Change he be not very clear that he has none, he
Of Venue. is at once dismissed from further consideration of the case at bar. A Superior Judge

is the sole authority as to his own prejudices, and that is something no man is competent to be. All minds are prejudiced on some subjects, and none are at all times completely under the sway of exact reason. Legal minds are peculiarly apt to go wrong as the statistics of our lunatic asylums show. Campbell's great work, the lives of the Lord Chancellors, abounds in idiosyncracies and eccentricities, which afflicted almost every Chancellor that ever sat on the Woolsack. In England and in several States of our own Union changes of venue are at once made upon affidavit of either party, charging bias, and the same law exists in California, only it leaves the judge the sole authority of his own bias. You may prove an extraordinary state of facts against him, but if he says they are not true, he is the supreme authority as to that, as the Supreme Court has recently decided. Surely it is absurd for any man to be sole judge of a case, or point, to which he is practically the sole party. Justice and right, as well as good taste, require that when the venue is set, the case shall be tried before a judge without fear and above reproach, which he cannot be if affidavits have been filed making out a case of bias. Indeed, the details as to the cause of bias are seldom considered necessary, if the objection to the judge is taken at the beginning of a trial, or at the beginning of a new one granted for cause by the Supreme Court. The very overruling of the Court below in a complicated case, creates the presumption that either there was bias or inefficiency in the trial judge. Some one judge has got to try the case over again, in any event, and it can but add to the respect paid to the final result that either two judges concurred in it, or that the errors of the first were

clearly pointed out by the second, and that upon review the Supreme Court found the second had correctly laid down the law, and satisfactorily closed the case.

In San Francisco, where there are twelve departments of the same Court, these matters are usually arranged amicably among the judges themselves. Where either party to a suit has cause of objection, a reassignment by the presiding judge, is usually made, and the practice finds favor all round. It is in the country, where the necessity for a change is really great and pressing. Make yourself distasteful to the members of the Court House ring of your county—a very easy thing to do—and thereafter you have no more chance of obtaining justice in that county than you have of procuring the gold bricks that pave the entrance to Heaven. A column giving facts known to us, would be really amusing, but we should, under the law as it exists, be liable to be called before the very judge involved, and we could not prevent his being counsel, judge, and executiouer. We know of a case in one of the bay counties that happened not long ago, in which a judge tried a case against a man, after a stipulation was agreed to in open court that it should not be tried, scoured the county for evidence, which he imported into a written opinion intended to destroy the character of the man he disliked, gave judgment against him, and assisted in getting that biased and false opinion circulated around the county. The luckless defendant jokingly remarks, although it is no joke, that if he were arraigned before that judge for killing a man who never lived, he believes he would be hauged ou general principles. It is, perhaps, needless to say that in nothing that constitutes good citizenship does that violent and prejudiced judge equal the man he hates. Will any just and decent man say that a change of venue ought not to be had in such a case? We know in another bay county a Superior Judge who rendered a decision in these words: "The act of the Legislature is hereby amended and made to read as follows:"—The act alluded to was the county government law which put the county in a lower classification than the ring thought right. The officials raised a question, took it before the judge of the county, and to-day are receiving from 40 to 50 per cent higher salaries than they otherwise would. It is a monstrous thing for a man living in any county that has but one judge to be at the mercy of that judge and of his friends. In many of the cow counties there should either be travelling Judges, or easy changes of venue. Governor Budd has been known long ago to express this opinion.

The Finishing Days of The Legislature. These are the days when the preparations for the final "clean up" are usually made, and accordingly the closing days of the Legislature are generally deemed the most dangerous. But it is only due to the present session to say that it is sticking fairly well to good and useful working, and avoiding scandals that are not fakes. It could do no less, but might have done more in the matter of the faked one the Examiner got up; but the exposure of Lawrence upon the stand was about the worst punishment that could hefall him. In very pity we say no more of him. The appropriations have hardly been kept down to the point which these hard times called for, and the Governor will again have to call his pruning knife into requisition. We hope he will cut deep, and spare nothing that can be lopped off. The cost of running the State affairs of California is out of all proportion to the appropriations of many much more populous States. We have got to learn the ways of economy, and can never begin at a better period than the present. The Legislature has dealt with unusual care with a greater number of leading questions than has been the rule. We can recall several of first-class importance, and many that call for no serious objection. Should any bad bills have crept through, the Governor's veto remains as effective as ever. We fear that the rearrangement of the Supreme Court's business is not likely to go through in a satisfactory shape. Too many cooks are spoiling the broth, and some of them are spoiling it for a purpose. The Torrens Land Transfer Act is nearly through, and should not be forgotten in the closing day of the session. It will be something to say in the near future, that the last was not the worst Legislature California ever had.

Schemes that have Gone Awry. When the new States were admitted to the Union, it was said by the Republicans the Senate would thereby be given to their party for a generation to come. Now that the new Senatorial seats are nearly all filled, they do not secure a single one. The Rocky Mountain States all send either a Democrat or a Populist. Think of that, ye schemers and politicians! The Republicans will not control the Senate in the very first Congress immediately following the greatest victory but one that party has ever gained at the polls. And the future of those States, who shall guess it? The assertions of bribery have been many and loud, and where there has been so much smoke there certainly has been some fire. The prices have been disgustingly low. From \$400 to \$150 have, it appears, sufficed to buy a legislative vote. At those figures, it would be possible for one millionaire to buy enough votes to give him perpetual control of the treaty, and patrouage-co-ordinating body, which, at the same time, is a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature of the nation. A consideration of these facts render the situation an alarming one. Even now, it is impossible to tell what destiny will shape the ends of legislation during the next four years. It is going to be a ticklish period. Yet the Populists undoubtedly hold the balance of power. It is, no doubt, a weakness in the Constitution of the United States that it allots as much Senatorial power to States like Idaho and Wyoming as to those of New York and Pennsylvania. Great as the disparity is to-day, it will grow greater. Based upon no principle of equal representation, it is foreign to justice, equity, and all that is distinctively American. The Senate promises to be fruitful of trouble for some time to come.

Official Interference In Private Litigation. Our esteemed contemporary "the Call" has with much force been saying a great deal that is true about police interference in private litigation. There no doubt have been times when that interference was spite work, or intended solely for gain, or to oppress a disliked litigant. These are grave allegations, but at one time they were too notoriously true to permit of any serious attempt at denial. The "Call" demonstrates that the bad old practice has been revived and is doing what it can to render it odious. Yet there are times when the police may properly interfere in litigation. The chief of the detective department, in the course of a published interview, pointed out the undoubtedly correct position for the police to take in such matters. "Whenever evidence of crime is present in a case, the police are in the line of duty in ferreting it out, to the end that the truth may appear, and crime be punished. At the same time these services are rendered the poor as well as the rich, for the police are not respecters of persons." He might have added that in both cases no pay is exacted, otherwise the police becomes a power that only the rich may use. But, as far as he went, the aged Captain laid down rules that will bring him honor long after his advancing years have done their worst; if those rules are hut lived up to. We have never known but two cases in which this rule had weight, but are very willing to believe that hoary heads may become crowns of righteousness.

Advertising Central California. The dispatches a few days ago informed us that a party of three hundred tourists had left New Orleans for California—presumably Los Angeles; and these tourists are now doubtless enjoying themselves amidst the orange groves and real estate dealers south of the Tehachapi mountains. There is nothing unusual about these visiting Easterners; they are but hundreds of the many thousands who annually journey to Southern California for health, recreation, and investments. No section of the country of which we have knowledge owes more to "birds of passage" than our Southern neighbors. They have grown rich and opulent through a just appreciation of their surroundings and a wise intelligence of the advantages of advertising native resources to the world. In the past fifteen years Southern California has been casting this sort of bread on the waters, and it is being returned to them in accessions of valuable immigration, permanent investments and material development.

The results of a few years' intelligent effort in that part

of the State demonstrate the certain effect of judicious advertising, and give to the northern and central part of California an object lesson worthy of imitation. It is high time that the different organizations in San Francisco should take the initiative, and crystallize the many theories of which this city is most prolific into practical action. The fact is that the Eastern and middle-western States know very little of the capabilities, the climate, and the opportunities of Central and Northern California. There should be established in some central point beyond the Rockies a bureau of information, where reliable and exact information touching these prevailing conditions could be obtained. These statistics might be furnished by the various county officials, and should be classified as to soil, price and methods of payment, adaptability, cost of reaching the different sections, average yield and approximate profits per acre, on different products, and the time that would elapse before the immigrant could reasonably expect his venture to become self-supporting. To collect and put into clear and convincing form all these vital facts would require time, patience and a little money; but to the immigrant such information would be the strongest argument possible, and to the parts of the State represented worth their cost a thousand fold. The work to be effective would have to be methodical; but once the facts were obtained their compilation would be simple. Spasmodic and hasty action would avail little. Better to begin right, although it take a longer time. Probably six months would be required to obtain the necessary statistics at the very least; but better wait a year rather than undertake such a campaign without reliable, exact, and abundant material. The entire cost of compilation, printing, and maintenance of Eastern offices, could be justly taxed against the different counties represented—much as the Board of Trade exhibit is at present sustained in this city.

It will be remembered in this connection, that the Southern Pacific Railroad may be depended upon to aid in every way any intelligent effort to induce immigration. C. P. Huntington stated when he was last in San Francisco that the road would do everything possible in aid of such a concerted movement. The company has a vital interest in the proposition, and will be found anxious to support it on any reasonable basis. The State Development Committee, the Merchants' Association, and other organizations now considering the advertising of Central and Northern California in the East, should begin their labors at once. We have no doubt that they will find every county north of the dividing range willing and anxious to join them.

As to Street Paving. The action of the Supervisors in providing for a complete test of the merits of different kinds of street paving at a recent meeting, puts that important matter in a fair way toward intelligent future action. The resolution applied more particularly to trials for brick, wood, and asphalt, inasmuch as bitumen has long been accepted as the standard for street paving here. It has been claimed that heretofore no other material could get a chance to demonstrate its worth, owing to the inside influence of the bitumen companies. The desirability of bituminous pavements on streets that are not subjected to the heaviest traffic, has long been admitted; and where the work has been honestly done, it seems to meet the requirements of durability, noiselessness, and cleanliness. Whatever influences may have heretofore kept out all competition as to the different kinds of paving material, the action of the Board in providing for practical working tests of the three new materials—wood, asphalt, and artificial brick, opens the way for a demonstration of quality that will be valuable in the future. The Merchants' Association has asked the Supervisors to insert in all contracts for paving a provision requiring the contractors to keep in repair, free of charge, all street work done by them, for a period of five years after its completion. There could be no more direct or certain way of securing honest street work. The contractor who is under a valid bond to keep his paving in repair for five years, must, in order to protect himself, use good material and exercise care in executing his obligations. In the past, San Francisco has been robbed by careless

work on the streets, and there has been little effort made to compel a reformation or bring the guilty contractors to justice. It does not appear on the records of the Board that the request of the Association was accepted as to all future work; but was applied in the contract soon to be let for paving Geary from Powell to Kearny street. It should be adopted and made a part of every foot of work hereafter done in San Francisco.

When Are Communications Privileged. A great deal is being said just now as to what constitutes privileged communications. It is of the utmost importance that men in their respective walks of life should know exactly what the law demands of them in this connection. It requires of every sane person "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," about any matter that is the subject of testimony. There are, however, a very few exceptions to this general rule. Husbands and wives cannot be compelled to testify against each other, religious, legal and medical confessions are also privileged, and a man may not, if he so elects, give testimony against himself. All else in this world that can be realized by any one of the seven senses, may be made subjects of competent testimony and must be revealed at the instance of any court of competent jurisdiction. The time has not long passed when journalists were required to have these very elementary principles regarding privileged communications at their finger ends. Under the New Journalism, however, every vile slander is privileged which the manager may chose to say was told him in confidence. Upon that slender basis, no charges can be refuted and no man's character is safe. Let the fact be understood once for all, that no statement made to a newspaper attaches, by his employer, or by anybody else, is, or can be the subject of privilege. The Judge who would rule that a false charge given to a newspaper man for publication was privileged, would rule that decent society could not exist, and that the vendetta had better come again. As to telegrams, a mere drag net cast at them for the purposes of mischief alone, cannot fetch them. The "investigator must know something about them, must have seen them, or be able wholly or in part to state their contents. If this were not so, no business man would be safe, the telegraph would fall into disuse, and the only man the law would permit the indulgence of privileged communications would be "the new journalist."

Unwarranted Interference. The circumstances attendant upon the death of millionaire Oakley at the Palace Hotel, in this city, last week, are well known. It will be remembered that a physician had called some time previous to his death, and that he had all the medical attention possible. That immediately after he died, the physician who had attended him was called, and with a full knowledge of the case, issued a certificate showing the cause of his demise. There was no attempt made to cover up anything vital to this matter upon the part of the management. The cause of death was perfectly clear and was legally established. The Coroner, however, urged on by the criminally sensational newspaper accounts, insisted upon making a second examination, and demanded that the body and the effects of Oakley should be placed in his possession. Manager Kirkpatrick promptly refused to entertain the unnecessary, unreasonable and impertinent demand of Coroner Hawkins, and in response to the instructions of the relatives of deceased shipped the body home. By the courtesy of the manager the coroner was permitted to make a quasi-official examination of the effects of the dead man. A great noise has been made about the obstruction of the coroner by the hotel people. As a matter of fact there was nothing to investigate. The causes of death were fully established, and Coroner Hawkins interested himself entirely beyond his official scope when he noised and fumed about the Palace Hotel. Manager Kirkpatrick was justified by all the facts, in vigorously turning the meddlesome official down. If there had been occasion for the services of the coroner the Palace management would have been the first to notify that official. As his presence was unnecessary he was very naturally disregarded. The coroner should not take his cue from the daily newspapers.

THE ART EPIUREAN.

(SEVENTH PAPER.)

IN this, the "seventy" of my sermon, it tardily occurs to mind that the title to these papers should not have been so limited; there is such a temptation to take little excursions into foreign territory; to enlarge upon little side issues that crop up. It should have been called "Things," and then I should not have felt guilty at drifting from the subject ever and anon and pulling up with a round turn in consequence. For instance, I saw such a pretty picture to-day that it simply must go down here, yet you who are reading for recipes will have scant patience at this stretching of canvas and setting of "palate" just for the result of painting a little picture in monochrome—even the high lights must be supplied by your own imagination. And even though only hinted at, it might not be forgiven by the unwitting models. However, "I'll take a bond of fate," for it was my good fortune the other day to stumble upon the prettiest domestic idyl you could imagine; and in this *fin de siècle* page in the history of our days, the refreshing picture was so pleasant that I am sure Mrs. Arthur T. Regenshurger will forgive me for telling about a little side issue that came under my observation while her husband was telling me about a new way of cooking oysters, one rainy morning. He was deep in the mysteries of this dish, the apple of his eye, when a sweet feminine voice called, "Arthur." (It must have been from the apple of his other eye!)

It came from the mysterious regions in the annex or wherever the culinary department is situated, and I pricked up my ears, for it seemed to open a way through a wall that had confronted me for some time—that the San Francisco housewife, is not, as a general thing, the hausfrau that the term implies.

"That is my wife," the doctor explained. "She is making marmalade and it is the first time that she has tried it, so she wants me to superintend it."

Now doesn't that bring up a pretty picture? I wouldn't have missed it for the world. It has restored my faith in woman. And then just fancy what a stroke of genius it was on her part to go to hubby for instructions. The dear man won't dare to laugh at her if the oranges fail to marmalade, or whatever they call it. But that is beyond the bounds of possibility if the doctor engineers the performance, and there is little in the culinary line that he has not mastered. After that pathetic little appeal for help I took a swift departure, not wishing to hinder by a second the success of that marmalade, and I only hope it turned out as sweet as the voice of the unseen mama-lady.

The doctor is a man of many parts; besides being a successful D. D. S., a 'celloist whose music speaks to the heart, a fancier of thoroughbred dogs, he is an adept in the art of concocting dainty dishes that would tempt the palate of a confirmed dyspeptic. Have you heard of oysters *à la* Regenshurger? Something between an oyster stew and oysters *à la poulette*. He starts it like a *poulette*, but makes it a trifle thicker with flour. He takes the oyster juice and milk, about half and half—perhaps a little more milk—and lets it come to a boil. Then he seasons this with tomato ketchup, anchovy sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and lime juice, putting in butter about the size of a walnut; salt and pepper, but not much salt, as the anchovy sauce furnishes that quality. When this has come to a boil, stirring it all the time, add California oysters and leave on the fire only long enough to thoroughly heat them. Cooked they become tough.

The doctor has had to give up his dogs since moving down town, and perhaps the death of his heauty prize-winner "Reglov," a while ago, caused him to lose interest in his canine pets. The handsome St. Bernard was strangled by his own chain one day, where the doctor had him with five other of his canine pets "hoarding out." He was almost as much attached to him as he would have been to a child, as he had owned him ever since the dog was nine months old, having imported him from the east. Reglov was named for his former owner, reversed—Volger. His hench show valuation was \$5,000, but the money has not been coined that would have purchased him. All the doctor has now by which to remember him is a life-size oil portrait.

But agnin, this is not keeping strictly to my text, and I am brought back to a realization of delinquency by the memory of a recipe for a Welsh rarebit that cannot be duplicated by any connoisseur in San Francisco. Mr. James Gibb, importer, forty years ago obtained the recipe for this from Commodore Watkins of the Pacific Mail Company. Mr. Gibb assures me that the reason it is so well liked is on account of its simplicity. There is in it no highly seasoned ingredient that would destroy the cheese taste. He says that Dan'el O'Connell can make a rarebit that is something to dream over—and he doesn't mean a nightmare, be assured—but Daniel *will* use garlie in its composition, and that, Mr. Gibb thinks, is fatal. So this is the way he does it:

Take good American cheese (preferred to the English for this purpose) and chop very fine four pounds of it. The seasoning is one tablespoonful of good English dry mustard, one-quarter teaspoonful Crosse & Blackwell cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful Worcestershire, one quarter teaspoonful salt, one wine glassful porter. Put the condiments into a teacup and then add the porter. Work it well into a cream with a spoon. Now as to the cooking. Have a sharp, clear, quick fire. Put the frying pan on the fire and let it get "piping" hot. Put into it of the best butter obtainable about the size of a walnut, and run it around the pau to moisten every part of it. Then put the finely chopped cheese into the pan and spread with a fork. Note the utensil; spread in evenly over the pan with the tines moving flat along the bottom of the receptacle to avoid the dire possibility of the cheese burning on. Then throw in the contents of the teacup, stirring with the fork held flat all the time. Watch it with an eagle eye, and in about three minutes it will be melted and begin to hubble. Have at hand a hot platter covered with thin slices of quickly toasted bread with crusts cut away, and at the appointed time—if you hesitate you are lost—pour the rarebit over the toast and serve immediately. Don't think you can improve this by letting it cook a wee bit longer; it will ruin it. Brisk, hot fire, everything ready at the right moment—then you will make a success of Mr. Gibb's Welsh rarebit.

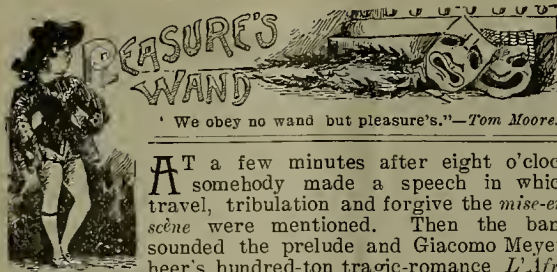
AMY L. WELLS.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

A PARTICULARLY interesting illustration is presented with this issue of the NEWS LETTER—the interior of a Chinese theatre, showing the stage, the boxes, and rows of semi-circular seats. There is a noticeable absence of comfort in the picture, which demonstrates clearly that the Chinaman takes his theatrical amusements very seriously. It was this theatre that was visited last year by Paderewski, who declared himself charmed by the music that is the doleful and continuous accompaniment of all Chinese plays.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.





AT a few minutes after eight o'clock somebody made a speech in which travel, tribulation and forgive the *mise-en-scène* were mentioned. Then the band sounded the prelude and Giacomo Meyerbeer's hundred-ton tragic-romance *L'Africaine* was under way and the season of opera at the California commenced. Prevost's silver top-notes and Mlle de Consoli's steel tip-notes had missed the from-New-Orleans-to-San-Francisco-special-train that carried the rest of the company—and without a tenor top or a ballet bottom there could be no *Trovatore* for the opening. So *L'Africaine* met the first nighters in all but one scene of its ponderous entirety. At half after twelve o'clock Selika died under the mancanilla tree. And those who did not have carriages walked.

A full potion of Meyerbeer's mancanilla induces slumber, and it also induces hunger and thirst: most of us waked to the grosser thought of food and drink. The morning sun is paling the gas as I write, and I am introspecting to discover how much I enjoyed it at all. It is sometimes a pleasure to find people on the stage who are not great. This French opera boasts no greatness. Nobody claimed greatness for it in advance, and nobody proclaims it now. At least not I, who heard *L'Africaine* all, from commencement to close—bar the little winks between. But Henri Albers was on the verge. There are surge, spring and a cello's breadth in his big, hurning harytone and the true dramatic glow in his acting. He gave us poor Nelusko's heart—all its tender throbs and jealous leaps and noble pride, sacrifice and despair. One could not ask for an operacharacter more vivid. And it missed perfection by a petty and usual accident of vocalism: Albers' notes sagged below the pitch when they were softest, and blared above it when they were most vehement. Still this was only a speck on the sun, and Albers was the surprise of the night. No one looked for virtuosity. We were promised ensemble, and we forgot to miss it while Albers was in the scene. I can look back unenthusiastically and remember that the choruses did not sing as one, or even two persons, and that the orchestra, even recognizing the facts that its musicians were not all made in France, and the hours had been few for rehearsals, was oftener than not an impediment to the singing. All of which does not discourage me in the least. The company came on the jump and had to grapple with the heaviest, darkest opera in the repertory. Massart proved that he is a good tenor, Fedore that she is a good soprano, Berthet that among the lesser singers there is a clean, true, serviceable soprano, and Athes that he is an easy and legitimate, if a light-weight basso. And there are willing voices in the chorus that await hetter discipline. *L'Africaine* is not a repertory's joy under the hest of circumstances; it demands hard work from the singers and hard attention from the audience; it is protracted and ponderous, and unlit by a single gleam of humor. Even the parade and ballet music is glum and uncheerful. I wonder it did not sober up the leader of the Amazons on the spot. There were breaks and waits and uncertainty in the first performance, but so far as the dullness of it went, Meyerbeer must carry his full share. And do not forget that the famous septette was famously sung.

* * *

Vasco di Gama comes nearer to having a real lyric time of it than any other character in the opera, and the music found a suave, fluent voice and good vigor in Massart. It took all of the first act and part of the second to melt Massart's plump throat and encourage him to a tenor's valor. Then he was brave indeed, and tactful, too, with a delicate caress in his mezza voce that, I think, we will find his most lasting charm. "O Paradiso" was sung well enough to have been heard again had the opera been given the other end first.

Foedor's voice has the mellow mezzo quality that implies

dramatic feeling whether the singer has it or not. I think Foedor has—though she had some very wooden moments Wednesday night and showed little of the enterprise one expects from the French. I prefer to find out how much I admire her when she is less obviously fatigued and not so much the butt of a scrambling orchestra. Poor Selika! she got the very worst of that Wednesday night's orchestra—and it ruined her death scene. Still Nicosias (who directed) deserves a small flower; if he could not keep his musicians together he did the next best thing: he gave them the pianissimo cue whenever there was the smallest chance for it.

* * *

After all the happy fukes of Modjeska's season at the Baldwin Theatre, I knew that it would be pressing fortune too hard to ask as much, or anything like as much, of Haworth's week at the Columbia. So I did not expect to see an all-round performance of *Ruy Blas* Monday night. I knew the players had been quickly culled from the available unemployed, and I went armed for a slipshod first night, a tangled ensemble and the utter absence of character or distinction in every part but Haworth's. I even anticipated Mr. Friedlander's friendly reminder that it all had been done in three days, and on the way out I wondered why he had not said three hours—it would have been more plausible, and it would have taken nothing from the glory of the enterprise. So, having compromised with myself in advance, I shall say nothing about the lusty chorus of Spanish Grandees, nothing about the strenuous Don Salluste of Mr. Carl Smith, nothing about the comic-operose duenna of Miss Madge Carr Cook, and not a word concerning the role of Marianne of Neuborg, which Miss Margaret Craven treated as an ice-cream soda, and swallowed with hubbles and cold lumps, and ohs and ahs and yums and cramp. I would rather discuss Haworth's feat of acting *Ruy Blas*, which was accomplished in spite of the accompaniment of these various ladies and gentlemen, and a Chopin nocturne (one in E flat, I believe) done in popular, desponcent orchestration, and wailed by the strings with a deathless insistence that survived the last curtain. Haworth played the part, and more than justified his pretentious to "the romantic;" but his lot was not altogether a happy one. In the first place he played for a curtain-raiser, *A Man of the World*, the little sketch that Gus Thomas drew around Barrymore's suave swagger and lissome tailoring and other personal scenery and effects; and no matter what Haworth's opinion of himself in the part may have been prior to Monday night's performance, or what were the circumstances of his playing it, or what impression his diamond-studded shirt bosom and mouse-colored plush dressing-gown may have made on a Columbia audience, I think his dearest enemy (if you can imagine Haworth with an enemy) will not ask so much as to see him twice in the part. I could stand Barrymore as Macbeth, John Drew as King Lear, or May Irwin as Camille, and never spill a tear—but Haworth as a man of the world! oh! it is too much. If you can imagine Edwin Booth, returned to earth in diamond studs and a William H. Crane household robe, lending his mystic presence to such a part as Barrymore's in this piece, or Drew's in *A Squire of Dames*, you can appreciate something of what I suffered through going early to the Columbia Monday night.

* * *

It seems I am one of the few persons in the town who never saw Booth in *Ruy Blas*; and while I do not hold comparison the most vital feature of dramatic criticism, I regret my inability to compare the two actors in the playing of the role. It seems almost futile to bring up Salvini, whom we all saw play *Ruy Blas* several years ago. Salvini had the romantic temperament, if ever man had—the fever, the color, the Latin grace—but he had not acquired (at least he had not when we saw him last in San Francisco) the fine pose and discrimination of the actor who is grounded in the technique of his craft. Haworth, besides his inherent gifts of ardor, poetry and old-worldness, is an adept in the business and values of the stage. In his mind the stage and the audience are surely placed; he is not satisfied with feeling the part himself, he knows the distance, the degree of magnification, the illusion which must be surmounted before the external picture and the internal feeling are adjusted to the audience. Where

Salvini held us by magnetism and an occasional *tour de force*, and the realization of what a splendid fellow Salvini was, Haworth takes a slower, tenser, deeper grip on our imaginations, and makes us see Ruy Blas as he himself sees him; and while he has the same disdain that Salvini had for the tailor-made naturalism and other forms of ultra-modernity which are indispensable to the acting of a play, say by Pinero, his shading is so subtle, his heroism so absorbingly human, his play-acting so candid, yet so artful, that they bring a measure of exactness and conviction to us tired, prosaic people of the audience, which makes pink romance and red swords and sacrifice and speeches seem almost as true and a thousand-fold more beautiful than the Seventh Commandment anxieties of New Century dramatists. It is not in even William Winter's version of *Ruy Blas* (the one Haworth plays) to make one hold it up as a model for the art of dramatic action, and it surely is not in the company at the Columbia to give us the atmosphere or the mere semblance of managers of early Spain or early anything else, and it is hard to estimate just how much more Haworth might have done under more favorable circumstances. As it is, I can think of no other American actor who, given every advantage of environment that was denied Haworth Monday night, could do more with the part, either in the figure of the man, or the manner of voicing, or in its psychologic lucidity. I remember but one bad feature of Haworth's work: that was the rather monotonously musical way in which he intoned some of the less intense passages.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Out of the five new acts at the Orpheum, five are huge successes. Walter never brought out a better cargo: The Flying Jordans, the horizontal barristers, Marlo and Marlo, the multi-headed Olifans, Virginia Aragon the pearl of high-wire premieres, and John Burke are all top-notch exponents of their separate lines of variety craft. Burke is simply immense. He is no longer the quaint, suggestive, extra-dry Burke of *Aladdin*, but an out-and-out variety star, with gags neither too high nor too low, but just in the right between for a variety audience. And his songs are any man's mirth—the crowd clamors for not less than ten of them every night. See Burke, observe his success, and never again believe that a vaudeville comedian cannot be funny without being vulgar.

Two dancing acts will be added to the Orpheum's bill next week—the Four Cohans, who style themselves "automatons and doll dancers," and Keating and Walker, comedy dancers.

This afternoon at the California the French Opera Company will sing *Faust*; to-night the new comedy opera, *Miss Helyett*, introducing the comedy stars of the company. Two of the four works to be given next week are new—*Noces de Jeannette* and *Sigurd*. A special interest will be felt in the performance of Reyser's *Sigurd*, which will give us a French composer's treatment of the favorite myths of Wagner. Holvey's *La Juive*, an opera we have not heard in years, is the bill for Saturday afternoon. Now that the rush of the first night is over we may look for the brilliant ensemble, good staging and sumptuous ballet work that won the company such esteem in New Orleans.

The old musical comedy of *Pinafore* is doing so well at the Tivoli that the management announce its continuance for another week. It is doubtful if the Tivoli has ever given the good ship Pinafore as elaborate a mounting as the present one. She is an iron-clad this time, with all the improvements known to naval experts. The company gives new life to the music, mirth and satire. Several new songs and some excellent dancing are introduced. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* follows.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the young woman who has winked herself into world-wide repute, comes to the Columbia Monday night in *The Foundling*, a farce-comedy that ran 200 nights in New York. The press agent says: "Cissy is a blonde sunburst whose heavenward pointed toe, golden curls and sparkling eyes enthrall the world." *Chums*, a one-act farce, will raise the curtain.

Two soloists at Thursday's symphony concert—Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas, vocalist, and Hugo Mansfield, pianist. Mr. Mansfield will play the Raff concerto, a work demanding tremendous execution. Hinriehs has selected

the overture to Schubert's *Genoveva*, Svendsen's "Norwegian Artist's Carnival" and Massenet's famous suite "Les Erinnyes" for the orchestral numbers.

There being no opera Monday night many first-nighters will go to the Baldwin to see Fanny Davenport in her latest Sardou play, *Gismonda*, which is described as a drama strong, brutal, vigorous and telling. This is Miss Davenport's last Sardou season, and the only performance of *Faloni* will be given Saturday night. Melbourne McDowell heads the supporting company.

"WOMANKIND," published at Springfield, Ohio, offers \$1000 in prizes to the best guessers of the greatest women that America has produced. Send for full particulars to *Womankind*, Springfield, Ohio.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Two weeks only, commencing next Monday, March 15th, matinee Saturday.

FANNY DAVENPORT

supported by Melbourne MacDowell. First presentation in San Francisco of

GISMONDA

By Victorien Sardou.

Saturday night, March 20—FEDORA. Davenport-Sardou Silver Souvenir Saturday night to every lady on the lower floor as a mark of remembrance of Miss Davenport's farewell appearances in this city in Sardou plays.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Week commencing March 15th, New York's greatest laughing success! Management Charles Frohman.

THE FOUNDLING.



By Wm Lesterq (Author of "Jane") and E. M. Robson. Presented here the same as seen for 200 nights at Hoyt's theatre, New York; with the famous English beauty, the great and only CISSY FITZGERALD, in her famous and unlimited dances. See Cissy wink! A genuine furore everywhere! March 20—FOR FAIR VIRGINIA.

Columbia Theatre.—Extra.

Next Thursday afternoon, March 18th, at 3:30 sharp.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Gustav Hinriehs, Director. Soloists—Gertrude Auld-Thomas, Soprano; Hugo Mansfield, Pianist. Schumann's *Genoveva Overture*, Raff's *Piano Concerto*, Svendsen's *Norwegian Carnival*, and Massenet's Suite "Les Erinnyes." Box office now open 25c and 50c seats.

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

GRAND OPERA SEASON

of the famous French operatic organization. To-night (Saturday) MISS HELYETT. Next Tuesday, March 16th, grand novelty, SIGURD. Thursday (double bill), NOCES DE JEANNETTE and CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. Saturday matinee, LA JUIVE. Saturday night VOYAGE OF SUZETTE. Tuesday, March 23d, LES HUGENOTS. To be followed by DRAGONS DE VILLARS, LA NAVARRAISE, AIDA, etc.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager.

Every evening, the great success, the scenic and picturesque revival of the nautical opera, H. M. S.

PINAFORE.

New ship scene; novel specialties; great cast and superb ensembles.

Monday evening, March 22d; Nicolai's celebrated comic opera, THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Re-appearance of Miss Laura Millard. Look out for DON JUAN AD LIB.

Popular Prices 25c and 50c

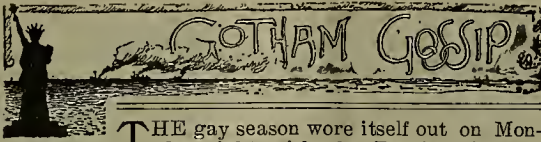
Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall, O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week beginning Monday, March 15th. First time here of the

FOUR COHANS,

Automatons and Dancing Dolls, and KEATING & WALKER, Dancing Comedians. Last week of the FLYING JORDANS, Virginia Aragon, Marlo & Marlo, 3 Olifans, John Burke & Grace Forest, Waterbury Bros & Tenny, Barney Pagao & Benrietta Byron, and Dudley Prescott, the Human Brass Band. Matinee St Patrick's Day. Seats should be ordered at least two days in advance. Prices: Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



THE gay season wore itself out on Monday night with the Patriarch's ball, and on Tuesday with the dance of the "Howling Swells," as they are vulgarly designated at Sherry's. The afternoon of Tuesday was devoted to the entertainment at the Wal'corf for the Lisa Day Nursery, of which Mrs. George Crocker was one of the leading promoters. It was totally different from the usual charity entertainment, which rarely goes outside the line of strictly sentimental or even melancholy diversion (except, of course, for the great ball, which is perhaps the saddest thing ever given in New York), and took up vaudeville. Josephine Hall in "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," Press Eldridge from the Music Halls, Deys the dancer, and artists of their calibre, were responsible for the amusement of the immense audience (at two dollars and a half a head). May Irwin was expected to sing "Crappy Dan" and "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," but a sore throat prevented her appearance.

Strangely enough, with the beginning of Lent the theatres in New York suddenly awoke from their lethargy and burst upon the community with an explosion of new plays and adaptations. *La Falote*, at the Casino, has charming music, but Mr. Cheever Goodwin has tried so nobly to make a libretto "funny without being vulgar" out of a very naughty French book, that he has produced something too dispiriting for words, and many of the audience on Monday night stole softly and sadly away at the end of the first act. I am told that those who struggled against despair were rewarded by the gayety of the last act, which was contagious. But there were not many to enjoy it. It is painful to begin longing for home and mother in the first hour of a play.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, on Tuesday night, supported by that fine artist, Charles Coghlan, and an admirable and even cast, produced Stoddard's dramatization of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. No one who has read Hardy's novel can fail to realize its dramatic possibilities, and the playwright may congratulate himself upon his splendid work. The last act alone is open to criticism. It is too long. Tess is not executed as in the book, but dies at the altar of the Sun in the arms of Angel Clare. It is interesting to notice that on each re-appearance of Mrs. Fiske critics discover her. In point of fact, she has long been recognized as the most thoroughly artistic woman on the American stage, and some of her work shows positive genius. Her long retirement from the stage was a distinct loss to the dramatic history of this country.

At Piney Ridge is another new play which has captured New York. It is melo-drama in its best sense. Frohman will bring out *Never Again*, a French adaptation, on Monday night. And so, no more of the theatre. Damrosch opens at the Metropolitan on Monday; Nordica, whose quarrel with de Reszke (perhaps "difference" sounds more polite than quarrel), has never yet been settled; and Lilli Lehmann, with Kalisch and Fischer, should ensure him a success. London has sent over a young 'cellist, Leo Stern, whose sister, by the way, is married to John Hare's son. He is said to be very clever.

The Inauguration is the sole topic of conversation. San Francisco shares somewhat in its glory, since three San Franciscans are in the Presidential party. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander have gone over to Washington. Ulysses Grant is there. Also Senator Jones, although he will not, perhaps, be so enthusiastic as others. Leonidas Scooffy and his very pretty bride will be there, I am told, and the recent bride, Mrs. Kirkpatrick (Mollie Torbert) and her husband.

Mrs. Oelrichs has again organized her Lenten sewing class—a very generous charity, by the way, for it is not amusing to sew gingham and flannels. Its recompense is in itself, this work!

Caspar Warrington Whitney is, I hear, about to re-enter the marriage state. The prospective bride is very young and very pretty. I wrote you last week of his former wife's marriage.

New York, March 4, 1896.

PASSE-PARTOUT.

THE CALIFORNIAN CHIPPY BIRD.

O H, haven't you heard
Of that wonderful bird
Indigenous chiefly to 'Frisco?
It is female by sex
And it hungrily pecks
At the wads in the pockets of dissolute wrecks—
Yes, the bird is decidedly brisk, oh!

Every town has its freak,
But a bird that can speak
And is given to dancing and drinking,
Is a thing to cause pride
In our breasts to abide,
And, more than all this, it will not be denied
It must set all the savants a-thinking.

This wonder is ours
And by all the powers,
The marvels of old are not in it;
It is always on tap
And we don't fear a rap
That we every shall lose it by any mishap—
The bird can be seen every minute.

'Tis the chippy hird, sir,
And it makes quite a stir
In the districts the chappies inhabit;
It will willingly eat
Either fish, fowl or meat
Or the dish that is famous as pickled pigs' feet.
And it isn't opposed to Welsh rare-bit.

In the cheerful saloon
It will chatter and spoon
And indulge in the breeziest diction;
It will order the drinks
While the chappie just blinks.
"What manner of bird is this chippy?" he thinks,
And his brain is the home of confiction.

It will also he found
In the dives underground
Where it hops to the squeaks of the fiddle.
Where the sailor blows in
His superfluous tin
The chippy will hover with smirk and with grin
And will do him up clean to his middle.

And the soldier boy, too,
Very often must rue
The greed of this featherless charmer,
To whom, so they say,
Every man is fair prey,
Especially he who just blooms for a day—
The festive and frivolous farmer.

On the Barbary Coast
There is quite a large host
Of chips that make very fair wages;
They revel in paint
And they're all very quaint
Though none could he classed as an out-and-out saint,
And all are at home in the cages.

Of course you will say
It is merely their way
And only the stranger should wonder;
But I do uphold
That few birds are sold
In the markets of the world, sir, for silver or gold
That will equal our chippies, hy thunder!

In England, my friend,
Such a marvel would end
In naught but the nation's uprising;
While here one just sits
By the chippy, whose wits
Are wracked how to stick us another two-bits
For the drinks that are worse than surprising.

But the police have a trick,
And they think it quite slick,
Of placing—O ancient invention!—
Some salt on the tail
Of each chippy hird frail
Which, sooner or later, will land them in jail—
An unpopular place of detention.

San Francisco, March 10, 1897.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" will quickly relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Sold only in boxes.



SPARKS

THE aftermath of the Mardi Gras ball has not left a very charming flavor, so many things arose to tinge the festive night with bitterness. Some say the scant attendance of the swagger set will meet its reprisals at the hands of individual members of the Association, who each thought (naturally enough) that his own presence at the ball would be sufficient attraction for the fashionable he or she, as the case might be; and the faithful few who braved alike the weather and the swim and went to the ball, will have a snug corner in the remembrance of the Colonel and the Major, at least. Some of the society women are wondering if they made a *faux pas* after all. (French sounds so much better than mis-liek.)

In choosing a resort for the summer campaign it is somewhat amusing to note the various motive-influencing the selection of father, mother, and child, of fashionable circles. *Pater familias* says: "Why do you want to get away from a comfortable home to swelter at an inn?" *Mater*, with an eye to profit as well as pleasure, weighs the chances of her girls meeting possible rich husbands in Eastern tourists. *vide* Jennie Catherwood, and says Coronado or Del Monte. The girls themselves sigh for B'lingham jollities, and suggest San Mateo. The children delight in the woods near Castle Crags. But one and all unite on San Rafael, where easy access to the city satisfies father, cosy card parties of an afternoon charms mother, rides, drives, paper chases, tennis, dances, and lots of city beaux, with urbane Major Warfield catering for the pleasure of every one, content the girls, and the men are ready for any place where so many attractions abound. Hence, no wonder the Hotel Rafael is going to be the choice of so many fashionable people this summer.

French lessons, conversation classes, etc., are now taking the time of our swells. Maids and matrons, beaux and belles, alike are studying the "*Parley vous*" in order to be up to the requirements of French opera. So far as comprehending the words the singers sing, however, they might leave it alone. It takes a pretty good scholar to follow intelligibly a foreign language on the stage, especially when vocally given.

The old hoys of society are fairly trembling in their boots—and out of them, too, no doubt—for fear some cruel she will take the line adopted by Emily Soldene with the English swells, and publish a list of the wealthy admirers of actresses, Midway Plaisance attractions, and sich. What a sensation it would create! almost equal to the long-talked-of memoirs written by a pioneer physician's wife.

There is much mourning among the girls over the probable loss of Lieutenant Winn, whose term of connection with the University will soon be at an end. It does not follow, however, that the popular officer will necessarily be lost to San Francisco. Every one who has a pull with the new Secretary of War is being thought of by the huds as means to an end.

Gossip says that Carson will be the next chap to eschew single blessedness and offer himself at Hymen's shrine, but who the fair one is that is to share in the "announcement" is not yet definitely known, although many surmises are indulged in by his friends.

Said a matron to a Colonial dame last week, "What's this fuss about, anyway? There's nothing revolutionary in it, is there?" Replied the other, "Why, it's sorrow, sis, over the leave-taking of Mrs. Dr. Younger. See!"

Handsome, popular, genial Raphael Weil will be here in time to take in the opera, and will be warmly welcomed by hosts of friends after his long visit abroad.

Poor Prince Carnival, hasn't he been catching it from the women scribes anent his appearance and dance (?) at the Mardi Gras ball? Tony declares, say his friends, that an ungrateful public shall behold him in satin arrayed never more, but he will hie him to his rural home and meditation.

Riding parties by day, and card parties by night, are serving to carry the huds pleasantly along the stream of time during the dark season of Lent.

There is a universally expressed hope among society people that the excellent rendition of *Caste* by amateurs on March 1st, may be repeated some time during the Easter season.

Good eating is conducive to good health, and the table d'hote for \$1 between 5 and 8 every evening at Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, is a triumph of the chef's art. Everything served in elegant style and taste. Also finest pastries and confections promptly supplied by telephone or otherwise.

Next to a trip to Japan itself is a trip to the store of Geo. T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace. Everything fashioned by the skillful natives of that country, in art goods, curios and tapestries are to be had at Marsh's, at prices to suit the times.

If you want to know what pure goods mean, buy a case of Argonaut whiskey from E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, who are sole Pacific Coast Agents. Argonaut is justly prized by all connoisseurs of liquors as the finest product of the distilleries in this country.



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Mrs. M. J. Butler



Bound in Shallows, a novel by Eva Wilder Brodhead. Illustrated. Published by Harper and Brothers. New York. 1897.

A Book of the Week. A young man named Dillon, who has been guilty of some serious defalcations in a position of trust, is sent to a little Kentucky town in the hope that the quiet and peace of the place may tone up his physical and moral energies. Being a young man who always takes whatever offers itself in the way of diversion, he makes love to a nice girl living in the place, telling her in a general way that he has lived a gay life, and has committed various errors for which he is sincerely penitent, but giving her no idea that his misdeeds qualify him for residence in the State penitentiary. The girl believes it to be her duty to accept his attentions, and to try to play the part—generally a very thankless one—of guardian angel to him. How this gentle impulse on her part is rewarded we will leave the reader to find out from a perusal of the story. Running through the tale is a narrative of the courtship of a second pair of lovers in humbler life, who also have a hard time of it. The mother of Alexa Bohun, the village girl, supplies the humorous element. The story is fairly written, though it is, to our thinking at least, somewhat overlaid with descriptions of scenery and natural phenomena, which somehow or other, unless scientifically treated, always rather weary us. At the very best, they break the thread of the story, and shed little or no light on the motives of the characters. They are, in fact, of an epenthetic nature. The following description of the irresponsible flitting hither and thither of a butterfly on a summer's day strikes us as queer: "Lucy laughed to herself over the profligate intimations of the little creature wastefully winnowing its flowery wings in the June herbage." We, too, laughed to ourselves as we read. Nor are we certain that we fully appreciate the state of mind of the hero, at the moment when "the sky seemed to him to be full of atoms, frothing and whirling in a rush of blue, ceaselessly active, as if life, vibrating in the atmosphere, were endowed in its least point with all the barren restlessness of the soul of humanity." This seems to us, with apologies to the writer of it for our lack of understanding, to be sound and fury, signifying nothing. Had the atoms been green or red, we should have thought it an attempt to describe the sensations of trembling delirium. The volume is nicely printed, and is further provided with a pretty cover and some illustrations.

An American Nobleman; a story of the Canaan wilderness, by William Armstrong. Published by Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago and New York. 1896.

Abel Long, the American nobleman of the story, has for years been head over ears in love with Josephine, who, though she appreciates his devotion and avails herself of it without scruple whenever it suits her convenience to do so, heaps all the wealth of her affection upon a worthless fellow named Carrico, who, by his airs of affected superiority to the ordinary country folk, tickles her woman's vanity. Carrico, cloyed with domestic bliss, deserts her, and the fair Josephine, as woman will, falls back for assistance upon her devoted but unrewarded lover. After a long interval, during the whole of which Josephine sighs and watches incessantly for the good-for-nothing fellow who holds her fluttering heart in the hollow of his hand, Abel Long, in deference to the wishes of his mother, marries, choosing a woman whose previous life had not been all that it should have been. At first, soothed by the kindness of her husband, and by the comfort of an assured maintenance, she conducts herself discreetly enough, but in an evil moment meets one of her former admirers, and, unable to resist his advances, ere long runs away with him. The story, though on the whole somewhat painful, is interesting, and contains one amusing chapter, headed "Gold-finding on Sas'fras Mountain"—a humorous account of the wild excitement caused by the discovery in a garden of a small bit of gold, which afterwards turns out to be the filling of

a decayed tooth. Though we do not know that Abel Long does anything especially characteristic of a nobleman, or achieves anything that might reasonably be rewarded with ennoblement, yet he is a worthy fellow, who does his duty under very trying circumstances.

Literary log-rolling is all very well in its way, and we all do it now and then: but it certainly does seem to us that Collier's Weekly does more of it in less time, and in a more hare-faced and unblushing manner, than most of us would care to do. This weekly paper is almost wholly written by Messrs. Edgar Saltus, Edgar Fawcett, and Julian Hawthorne—all very estimable men, but each possessed of so strong a sense of the estimableness of his fortunate collaborators as to be rather trying to outsiders. A story by Julien Gordon (Mrs. van Rennselaer Cruger) is running through the columns of the Weekly. Now, let us see how the log-rolling is done. In his department entitled "Our Note-Book," Mr. Edgar Saltus says *appropos* of Mrs. Cruger's story: "I am much honored and complimented to note the appearance of Mrs. van Rennselaer Cruger. Under the name of Julien Gordon, she has given the world assortments of samples of the very best art. Here or in England I know of no living woman, very few living men, whose prose has seemed to me as excellent. There is a quality in it to be envied and admired." Then Mr. Saltus goes on to say of the Weekly that has the honor of printing Mrs. Cruger's prose: "This Weekly is unique. It combines and conveys in each issue information on every" (the italics are ours) "important topic it provides entertainment, instruction, and art. As Mr. Tree said, It is unique, and were there a superlative for that word, I would say that Mrs. Cruger's presence" (or her prose?) "will make it more so." Next comes Mr. Edgar Fawcett, who, in his department entitled "Men, Manners, and Moods," says of his collaborator, Mr. Julian Hawthorne: "Here in the Weekly he has recently given us a handful of incomparable essays He does his work with a vitality and gentle splendor all his own. He mixes landscape with character, humor with melancholy, grace with robustness, precision with spontaneity, and the whole commingling could not well be more felicitous." We have not read the incomparable Julien Gordon's story, but she can hardly do less than work in some complimentary allusions to her distinguished friend and fellow-workman, Mr. Edgar Saltus. Of course, this sort of thing indicates a charming willingness to appreciate each other's talents and the remarkable merit of the unique weekly which is honored by "the presence" of these literary folk, but is there not a little too much of it for one issue, and that a weekly one? *Est modus in rebus*—there is a limit in all things—is an old rule and a good one: have not these literary friends of ours forgotten it? In our opinion, they are not only "up to the limit," but "away beyond it." Nor can we repress a feeling of wonder as to whether, if the peerless Mrs. van Rennselaer Cruger were a poor country postmistress or school-ma'am, instead of being the wealthy descendant of a Dutch green-grocer, and the owner of a fine mansion with well-stocked larder and cellars, Mr. Edgar Saltus would be quite so gushing as he is.

The February-April issue of The Hesperian, which describes itself as "a Western quarterly magazine," opens with a criticism of Mrs. Thomas Humphry Ward's literary work. It is quite readable, but to a lover of accuracy is marred by the fact that "Humphry" is throughout the entire article written "Humphrey." It strikes us as strange that a writer should not care sufficiently about the accurate spelling of a well-known name to deem it worth while to consult some book of reference. Inaccuracy in easily ascertainable details makes the reader mistrust the writer in other more important ones. And we know whereof we speak, for we attended many lectures of the accomplished Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, when he was an Oxford don. Lady Cook contributes a pleasant little essay entitled "Should the poor marry?" being evidently of opinion that they should. A review of the life and work of William Morris, and of Mrs. Fields' "Authors and Friends," with literary notes by Carrie Shaw Rice, complete an interesting issue. We cannot, however, quite agree with Mrs. Rice's estimate of "Ouida," who, though a very vain woman, with a faulty English style, yet undoubtedly possesses literary ability. Nor, though Mrs. Rice does

say that Marion Crawford is "the best modern instance of how very little literary ability it requires to become famous in these namby-pamby *fin-de-siècle* days," are we shaken in our belief that the author of "Mr. Isaacs" does possess the story-telling gift, and writes in a manner by no means unpleasing or unskillful. We fear that Mrs. Rice is endeavoring to be sharp without having any literary standard by which to judge the objects of her criticism. Mrs. Rice falls foul of the use of the term "Britisher," which, though an ugly, is at any rate a convenient term to denote a native of the British Isles, when we either do not know, or do not wish to lay stress on, the particular section of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in which he was born. If we do not use "Britisher," we must fall back on "Englishman" or "Briton," and "Englishman" means a native of England, excluding Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen; while "Briton" is generally used in a rather jingoistic sense. I fear that we must now and then use "Britisher" till a better substitute is found. And will Mrs. Rice kindly tell us what a "savory female" is?

The March issue of The Overland Monthly contains a well-illustrated account of Sir James Brooke, the remarkable Englishman whose career in Borneo is more surprising than a romance. The article is contributed by Mr. Rounseville Wildman, who has visited the present Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Charles Brooke. Another copiously illustrated article is the second installment of Messrs. Bolton and Laing's account of their exploring trip last year in Vancouver Island. It is entitled "The Central Crags of Vancouver," and brings the narrative down to August 10th, the day on which the explorers reached Great Central Lake. Other weightier articles deal with "The Society of Pioneers of California," "The Municipal Misgovernment of San Francisco," and a trip made by the signal corps of the Second Brigade of the National Guard. Stories and book-reviews fill out the issue.

REGINALD H. WEBSTER.

REGINALD H. WEBSTER, who has just been declared to be the regularly elected Superintendent of Schools of this city, and who took his office on the 8th inst., graduated from the State university in 1877 with the degrees of A. B., A. M., and soon thereafter became a teacher in the schools of San Francisco, and has been continuously so engaged since January, 1878.



Reginald H. Webster.

Professor Webster is, above all things, a practical man. He believes in meeting all the requirements of the public schools in the most direct and business-like manner. He is not a stickler for stilted forms, but believes in simplification rather than the elaboration of the system of public instruction.

The Professor having been for a long time employed in the schools, has invaluable knowledge of their requirements. His belief that there should be concentration, and the more complete teaching of the primary and grammar department studies, for the reason that a great majority of scholars do not get beyond these grades is sound. The education necessary to ordinary pursuits—the school requirements that fit the average person for the intelligent duties of citizenship, are obtained in these departments. If they be thoroughly inculcated, Professor Webster holds, the public school system has discharged its duty.

The professor holds that the training of the body after the German system should accompany the training of the mind, and regards physical culture as important. He thinks that the school buildings are imperfect and inadequate, and favors issuing bonds to build new ones, or else making a sufficient appropriation to rebuild the five schools now occupied, in six or eight years. He believes in good salaries for good service, and the maintenance of a high degree of efficiency in all departments of the public schools of San Francisco.

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Affairs on Pine Street.

By the time the members on the reform and anti-reform benches in the Pine-street institution get through with their interminable discussion, the speculating public will not even be looking on from afar—they will have their backs turned forever upon the wrangling factions and their game. The result of the recent entanglements over the Norcross and Curry elections will set many people thinking that the whole job is put up in the interests of a set of officials who want to hold positions for life. If you cannot get new ones in by the tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum of law as it comes down from the local hench; it naturally goes without saying that the other fellows stay in until Death takes a hand in the business. It also would indicate that there never yet has been a legal mining election held in the State, a pretty fine condition of affairs. The tangle in opinions and actions of not only mining corporations, but all others, will soon be such as to tie up the bands of the Directors and leave them powerless to act in any matter. Everyone connected with the Comstock mining business knows that without the vote of proxies there could have been no election held, and there never can be. The stocks of the different companies are so widely scattered that it would be absolutely impossible to get a quorum. It seems sensible enough and only right that stock should supercede a proxy when available, but when that is unavailable, what is to be done if the law steps in and says a proxy cannot be voted? In the meantime, while the courts here are putting more kinks in the tangle by straightening matters out in the legal fashion for which California is rapidly becoming famous, the market will be at the mercy of the four winds, while shareholders verging on senility will have to foot the bills of the litigants. It is all very well for the Norcross Directors to go to law. The longer they hold office the more salary they draw. How about the people who are assessed to pay the lawyers, an additional and expensive tax upon the body corporate. The mines may evidently soon be eliminated out of the game entirely. The gamble will be upon the favorable or unfavorable judgment of the law courts.

Outlook on the Brunswick.

In view of the untoward condition of affairs in the speculative mining market, and the sheer impossibility of mining conditions influencing it one way or the other just now, a person may perhaps be permitted to say a favorable word about the Brunswick lode without being accused of an attempt to bull stock for the purpose of jobbery. When Chollar-Brunswick was quoted at over \$2 per share, and the stock was largely held by a highly respectable class of the public, its value was gradually undermined, and the confidence of investors shaken by statements that the only ore found consisted of a few "streaks and bunches," and that there was no possibility of a development of importance. Mining has continued, notwithstanding the efforts made to shut down work on this ground, with the result that the company is to-day in a position to turn out more ore and of a higher grade than any other property listed on the board. Eleven thousand dollars materialized last week from these "streaks and bunches," and the work was handicapped by severe weather. Had the management possessed any of the old-time grit which protected stocks from raids, the wreckers in this case would not have had the chance to work an injury to the shareholders by mendacious and infamous reports.

To Work the Holmes Tailings.

Colonel W. J. Sutherland, President of the Holmes mine of Candelaria, Nevada, arrived in town during the week, looking as if the trip across the Atlantic had benefited him considerably. He will remain here for some time, and inaugurate a process known as the "Bailey," for working the tons of tailings which have been lying at the Belleville mills for years past. As these tailings run high in the precious metals, the enterprise ought to benefit the Holmes shareholders financially.

A Mining Deal Which Fizzled.

In reply to an esteemed contemporary, the Evening Telegraph of Grass Valley, regarding a proposed transaction in Nevada county, the mine was not named for the reason that the deal did not culminate. It does not follow that because some people believe their property worth more money than an expert thinks it is upon investigation that the same property is valueless. It might, however, appear so to others, and the refusal to close negotiations at a certain figure being regarded in the light of condemnation. In other words, the property, possibly a very good one, would get a black eye and everybody knows what that means in the mining market. The NEWS LETTER, while free enough to criticize a mine on its merits when it comes down to an arranged deal, does not propose to injure any person's property upon the mere *ipse dixit* of an individual expert on a mere question of values, who may be right or may be wrong, as the case may be. There is a difference of opinion on the subject, that is all. This is the reason, and a fair one, we believe, why properties not named from time to time, in mentioning instances of legitimate negotiations which flattened out and came to naught. It would be very wrong to do so, in the interest of the mine owner, working him perhaps an irreparable injury, and we believe the Telegraph will look at the matter in the same light when it comes to think of it. The property referred to was not, however, located directly in the neighborhood of Grass Valley, although it unquestionably is in Nevada county.

White Hills Mines Again.

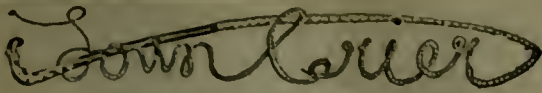
It is not so long ago since a furore was created by the alleged mineral discoveries at White Hills, north of Kingman, A. T., and not far from the Colorado river. A prospector named Shafer made the strike, and money afterwards, by a sale to Colorado people, who thought they had the world by the ears. Shafer turned his steps Californiward, and Arizona has seen him no more. He took a fall out of a mine in El Dorado County for a while, or it took a fall out of him, one of the two. In any event he is now in other business than mining, somewhere about Los Angeles. From latest accounts, the Colorado men who stepped into his old shoes at the White Hills are now anxious to unload their holdings on some one else, and British capitalists are mentioned in connection with the proposed deal. Without knowing anything about these mines, good, bad, or indifferent, but appreciating at the same time the ability and pluck of the average Colorado mining man, it is safe to conclude that any cast-off in this quarter is not a safe pick-up for any one, let alone a foreign corporation. *Verb. sap., etc.*

Another Mining Mystery Abroad.

The typical modesty of the daisy is thrown completely in the shade by that new corporation which has just blossomed in London, calling itself the Micbell Mine Syndicate, Ltd. All it asks for is \$125,000, which it is willing to put into "gold and silver mines, mining rights and auriferous land" in California or—elsewhere. Dear me! possibly if this half dead and alive drone were exploited, we would find this "elsewhere" right under foot somewhere in the vicinity, and nowhere else outside of California. What can be expected from a company so modest that it cannot hear to mention mine or district, for fear, perhaps, that the small size of the capital might shock some one. Some North of England people figure as the promoters of this "elsewhere" proposition which looks small enough to be located anywhere for that matter. Can an obliging reader unravel the mystery by locating this property?

What's in A Name?

The fact that someone named Rathhunn brought suit against one McNear for some small sum in connection with the sale of a quick silver property in Colusa, has afforded some people an opportunity to condescend with the well-known and highly popular cluhmau, Major J. L. Rathbone, who happens to own some highly productive property of this class in the same locality. A mistake of this kind, which could, of course, only be made by some casual acquaintance, is the source of much quiet amusement to the Major and his more intimate friends.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
 "One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

I CAN but feel that the camera's zeal,
 And the artist's tireless skill,
 As well as each pen of those Carson men,
 Are insufficient. Still
 For the new? I thirst. Which foot goes first
 When Bob sprints out of doors?
 You scribes are slow! Shall I never know
 If champion Corbett snores?
 Pray take more pains, oh, men of brains,
 Your items to disclose—
 Wire us the hairs that Jim's head wears,
 And the freckles on Fitz's nose!

IT is not often that a versifier is indiscreet enough to print his "pomcs" without having first obtained permission so to do from the head of our local Vigilance Committee. Poet W. V. Bryan, however, has been rash enough to rush into publicity, and tell in broad daylight the little things God whispered to him in the night. Mr. Bryan's thoughts flow from him as easily as water from a coked drain, and his metre kicks as naturally as an Arizona mule. None of these virtues, however, should save him from the hangman.

AS an extenuation of their crime, the dairymen who furnished the City and County Hospital with adulterated milk, urge the point that clean water only was used, as well as the finest of sand. Their next move, doubtless, will be to argue that they are humanitarians in disguise, since they might have used stagnant water, and cobblestones instead of sand. The investigation may terminate in resolutions thanking the gentlemen for their kindly consideration of the city's patients.

SISTER Oakland appears to have a plethora of ministerial Lotharios. The latest to attain notoriety is William M. Lane, who in his unholy yearnings for the world, the flesh, and the devil, sought to sbake religion, wife, and children at one and the same time. It is discouraging to learn that this pastoral person intends to live hereafter in San Francisco. A tip to the brethren of the pulpits hereabouts: Why not convert each other before taking ordinary sinners in hand?

ONE Quigg has been sued for the embezzlement of a leg. This is not the outgrowth of an election feud, as might be imagined. Quigg does not pull legs for a living. He manufactures them, and failed to deliver one of these patent extremities to a customer who had ordered it, whereupon he has been sued in the sum of \$58. Doubtless, many a politician is sigbing with envy that Quigg should get off so cheaply.

A LOCOMOTIVE toppled off its track in the lower part of the city of Stockton the other evening, and the whistle-valve being open, it tooted away until there was no more steam in the boiler. Whereat, the people of Stockton, not knowing the real reason of the prolonged whistling, and being desirous of attributing it to the occurrence of some great event, passed the proud rumor swiftly from mouth to mouth: "Jim Budd's 'Panz' has got pups!"

SCIENTIFIC Eating, or the Proper Use of the Knife and Fork, is to be taught at that progressive institution, the State University. The CRIER is acquainted with certain professors of that college, and can testify that a good field exists among them for further proficiency in that useful acquisition.

IF the late Asa Fisk is permitted to stray as far north as Heaven, he will have all he can do to take up the angels' notes. Such business prospects may not, however, brighten Asa's astral vision. It is generally believed that Satan has a mortgage on the money-lender's soul and is already taking steps to foreclose it.

A CERTAIN Baumann is seeking damages for cows killed by order of the Board of Health. The fellow should be glad that he was not sentenced to death by drinking his own diseased milk.

BENEATH this stone doth lie "Long Green,"
 Who, hid from view, is not obscene.

THE gentlemanly lady who rejoices in the proud distinction of being the better half of Jim Corbett, considers the position her husband occupies immeasurably greater than the lowly calling of an "effeminate dry-goods clerk" at \$6 per week. Go hide thy head in a punehing bag, wadam! The dry goods clerk is a man, while the fighter is lower than the brute, seeing that he is given the intelligence to rise to greater station. Honcst folk will associate with the former but not with the latter. Get thee to a nunnery before it rains.

SIX school teachers have been unfeelingly debarred from drawing double salaries. The startling inuovation of preventing the industriously idle of the city from helping themselves to the treasury should be cultivated until it reaches the departments where greater cause for its exercise prevails. Our bosses have so long taken our money for their gains that any sort of protest against them should be encouraged.

DR. CORNWALL'S suggestion that all physicians should study the art of acting and endeavor by their posture and facial expression to influence their patients is a good one. Even if they do not influence they may amuse, and that will be giving us something for our money. "Dr." Cook, for instance, might go through the motions of using his jaws; and "Dr." Sweany with his luxuriant whiskers might impersonate the wild man of Borneo.

A ROYAL nuisance, it appears,
 Is Liliuokalani; that
 With half a century of years
 At Uncle Sam she fondly leers,
 And coolly to the White House steers.
 A plague upon this lump of fat!
 This "dusky queen" with beefy arms,
 And sundry hula-hula charms!
 If she should chance again this way,
 Let's take her sailing on the bay,
 Then suddenly, with one accord,
 Just shove her gently overboard.

FOR sentencing one Ah Jim to six montbs for kissing Mrs. Holmes, Justice Groezinger should be severely censured by press and pulpit and his decision reversed by the Supreme Court of this enlightened land of freedom. The Chinese have long been derided for their heathenish tastes, and now that one of them shows signs of a superior intelligence he is thrown into a dungeon and bis expansion is nipped in the bud!

THE shoes that Corbett will wear in the fight have been exported hitherward from St. Louis. The box containing the precious freight was handled tenderly en route, with all the deference due such sacred objects of worship. St. Louis has done itself proud. But no city has been found having a hat big enough to fit the bead of the winner in the coming mill.

IT is announced by a morning paper as a piece of extraordinary news that the doctors of the city have agreed on a business proposition. The fact is, that whatever may be their various "schools," the medicos invariably preserve a brotherly equanimity beautiful to see when things get down to a business basis.

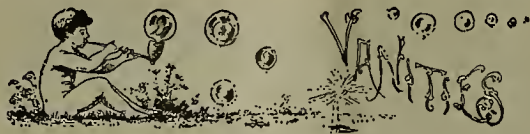
One point there is on which they all agree—
 The length, and breadth, and thickness of a fee.

ENQUIRING CORRESPONDENT: No, the "wild man of Berkeley" who has been terrorizing the inhabitants of the college town by his mysterious actions is not the person you suspect, although in point of whiskers the resemblance is striking. Judge Campbell resides on this side of the bay.

'TIS said that virtue hath its own reward.
 Well, maybe this is true in other lands,
 But here vice, trampling o'er the grassy sward,
 With gun and bludgeon, threatening stands,
 Bids trembling virtue bait, throw up its hands.
 Alas, poor saint, a prey to coarsest wit,
 (Well may the angels weep at sight of it)
 In San Francisco thy reward is—nit!

WE shall soon be rid of Butler, but need not feel embarrassed and lonely because of that. Durrant still blossoms in the midst of us.

THE Niggers' Conventiow will be held next July at Fresno, that place being half way between Hades and Africa.



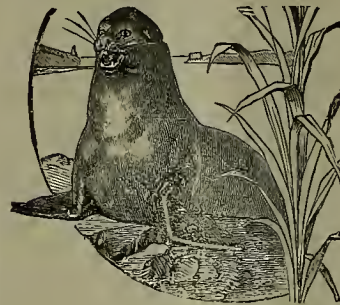
DEAR EDITH: I notice that there are still quite a number of Empire coats on the market, and one or two new designs which add to the strict Empire style mediæval features in tops and trimmings. These new coats are made of faced cloth, gray, dark fawn, or some other mild spring color. The collar is inlaid with velvet, or with some of the new black brocades. A similar inset is noticeable around the wrist of the sleeves. Machine stitching is very much in evidence, being applied in double lines around the edges of the garment and also in a second line parallel with the first. The length of the new coats is medium, the shortest coming down and just covering the hips and the longer ones extending about six inches below. There is very little tailor work in the shaping, most of the fitting being around the neck and shoulders. From the shoulder seam and the armholes the garment falls in slightly diverging lines to its lower edge. There is a handsome box pleat in the hack, and also one in front. The fastening at the neck is secured by a tab piped in velvet, and down the front run a series of larger tabs twice as wide as the one at the neck, finished in three-pointed curves and decorated by beautiful jeweled pearl buttons. These increase in size to the bottom of the jacket. The sleeves fit smoothly, but not tightly, from the wrist almost to the shoulder; from here upward they are puffed, and then are gathered so as to throw the fullness upon the upper part of the armhole. The collar is of the stock design, an inch and a half high, and then breaks into six turrets piped with velvet. It is also machine stitched, and within the stitching inset with velvet or brocade.

Some of the new spring coats shown in the East are very chic. The ornamentation is very simple, consisting of straight stitching along the edges and a second line parallel with the first, an inch distant, and also a small amount of velvet applied upon the cuffs, the two pockets and the collar. It is double-breasted, the outer lapel fastening far over upon the lower part of the left shoulder. There are two jeweled buttons up at the lapel and one down near the pockets. The real buttons and buttonholes are made in a fly beneath the ornamental buttons. The collar is stiff and stand-up, fitting the neck snugly, and thence breaking into five turrets that flare outward. The sleeves still bear a resemblance to the old balloons, being moderately puffed at the end of the shoulder and gracefully gathered around the armholes. The coat is cut away moderately, so as to curve in at the waist, but it is left loose enough there to fall gracefully to the hip. The cuffs are of moderate depth and slightly curved upon the upper edge.

The latest thing in hats is the Cissy Fitzgerald. 'Twas the fair Cissy who brought over with her fresh from London town the pretty Dutch bonnet that captured the feminine portion of New York. It's wide, flaring bows and nodding flowers, falling softly on each side of the face making it becoming to most everyone, and now, the new Fitzgerald hat, worn by that saucy, jolly little woman for the first time, sits hack on the head in a similar fashion. It was made of fine black chiffon, the front of the honnet turned back in several point like leaves of a tulip. From either side come full plaited huds of chiffon, giving a very chic appearance to the hat and wearer as well. The front is filled full with soft pink velvet roses, and the hack has a jet piece snugly on the hair. It is by far the quaintest and most striking hat, to be a modest one, seen so far this season.

Modistes say that the holero jacket will flourish this year as the balloon sleeves did a year ago. The halloons, by the way, are not out of style. They were so becoming that women still wear them, and dresses a season old can be worn as though fashioned this year—if they have a holero. The newest halloons are quite modified, and all the fullness is at the top.

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BANK OF

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

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Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000.00
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000

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SAVINGS UNION.

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AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guarantee capital and surplus..... \$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896..... \$7,702,247 45

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"I don't like to ride my bicycle now, said the fair young girl, "because of the wind." The young man blushed slightly. "Co-couldn't you use strips of lead or something?" he stammered. "Strips of lead for what?" The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot. "Why, in the hem of your sk-skirts," he stammered. "My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty. "I'm not talking of my skirts. It's my curls that the wind blows out."—Odds and Ends.

"Miss Quicken was speaking to me of you last night." "And what did the dear creature have to say," inquired Percy Smoothsleeve, as he languidly brushed back a fleeting ringlet. "She said that you reminded her of a page from a new novel." "Because of my witty sayings, I presume?" "Well—not exactly. She said she had to turn you down so often to keep you in your place."—New York Journal.

Dudley Canesucker (who is not as big a fool as he looks)—Did you give my cawd to Mith Bondelipper? SERVANT—Yes, sir. DUDLEY—What did she say? SERVANT—She told me to tell you, sir, that she was sorry she was not in. DUDLEY—Ah, indeed! Please tell your mistress that I thaid I wath glad I didn't eall.—Tammany Times.

There was a young lady of Crews
Who wanted to catch the 2:02;
Said the porter, "Don't hurry,
Or scurry, or flurry;
It's a minute or 2 2:02."

—Tid-Bits.

Proprietor Tonsorial Parlors—See here, when that Mr. Norox comes here again to get shaved, before you commence on him just mention to him that we have gone over to the cash system. SUBORDINATE ARTIST—Gracious! I did the last time he was here and his face got so long that I didn't get through by closing time.—Truth.

"I liked you very much in the character of the young woman," said the amateur critic. "Oh, thank you!" gushed the ancient leading lady. "Yes, you were so natural and realistic. Oh, it was a triumph of art."—Philadelphia North American.

Old Gotrox—So you are going to take my daughter from me without any warning. MR. STAYLEIGHT—Oh, not at all, sir. If there is anything about her that you want to warn me of, I am perfectly willing to listen.—Globe Democrat.

Wiggs—The doctor told Brown's wife to give him whiskey if he had another attack of fever and ague. WAGOS—Has he had a relapse? WIGGS—Well, he's been shaking for the drinks all the afternoon.—Evening Journal.

"I love thee!" cries the ardent youth,
"Oh, say 'I will be thine!'"
"Not on your life!" is her reply,
"But, dear, you may be mine!"

—Globe Democrat.

"Yes," said the evangelist to the young sport who had just come under conviction, "you are plucked as a brand from the burning." "Well, I suppose I was pretty hot stuff," responded the youth.—Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Pinchers (at a five o'clock tea, indignantly).—Why are you moving those umbrellas? Do you think the guests would steal them? MR. PINCHERS—No. But they might recognize them.—N. Y. Mail.

Teacher—Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine stieks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make? TOMMY—It would him yeil.—Harper's Bazar.

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The Spring fashions in gentlemen's neckties at Carmany's, 25 Kearny street, are the choicest in the city.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)..... 3,158,129 70

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Paid Up.....1,500,000
Reserve Fund.....700,000

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DOUBT.—SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.

I DO not know if all the fault be mine,
Or why I may not think of thee and be
At peace with mine own heart. Unceasingly
Grim doubts beset me, bygone words of thine
Take subtle meaning, and I cannot rest
Till all my fears and follies are confessed.

Perhaps the wild wind's questioning has brought
My heart its 'melancholy, for, alone
In the night stillness, I can hear him moan
In sobbing gusts, as though he vainly sought
Some bygone bliss. Against the dripping pane
In storm-blown torrents beats the driving rain.

Nay, I will tell thee all, I will not hide
One thought from thee, and if I do thee wrong,
So much the more must I be brave and strong
To show my fault. And if thou then shouldst chide
I will accept reproof most willingly
So it hut bringeth peace to thee and me.

I dread thy past. Phantoms of other days
Pursue my vision. There are other hands
Which thou hast held, perchance some slender hands
That draw thee still to other woodland ways
Than those which we have known, some blissful hours
I do not share, of love, and June, and flowers.

I dread her most, that woman whom thou knewest
Those years ago,—I cannot bear to think
That she can say: "My lover praised the pink
Of palm, or ear," "The violets were bluest
In that dear copse," and dream of some fair day
When thou didst while her summer hours away.

I dread them, too, those light loves and desires
That lie in the dim shadow of the years;
I fain would cheat myself of all my fears
And, as a child watching warm winter fires,
Dream not of yesterday's black embers, nor
To-morrow's ashes that may strew the floor.

I did not dream of this while thou wert near,
But now the thought that haunts me day by day
Is that the things I love, the tender way
Of mastery, the kisses that are dear
As Heaven's best gifts, to other lips and arms
Owe half their blessedness and all their charms.

Tell me that I am wrong, O Man of men,
Surely it is not hard to comfort me,
Laugh at my fears with dear persistency.
Nay, if thou must, lie to me! There, again,
I hear the rain, and the wind's wailing cry
Stirs with wild life the night's monotony.

DREAM-HEAVEN.—COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Sweet, I have seen those eyes of yours in dreams
Lit faintly with my love's reflected gleams,
And, dreaming, I have held your dream-soft hand
And tender-twined fingers (that no hand
Of jealous gold encircled) in my own;
Yea, and your very lips' culled sweetness known,
Fair, perfect petals of that flower of bliss
Your mouth, most like a radiant rose to kiss:
And held you, heart to heart, within my arms,
There sheltered from a loveless world's alarms,
And whispered in your half-averted ear,
"Heart of my heart, what has our love to fear?"
And heard that sweet low voice I love so well
Full tenderly its gentle story tell—
Bellissima, my best-loved Isabel!

All this in dreams: but then I woke to see
Those dearest eyes laugh merry scorn at me;
Those fingers I had joyed in dreams to hold
Withheld now by encircling hands of gold;
Those lips I kissed that one sweet dreamy while
Curved distant now in a contemptuous smile;
That heart, that once had fluttered next my own,
Now silent—all its lava turned to stone—
An, then I learned Love's secret stairway well
Whose sad steps lead, my best-loved Isabel
Bellissima, hut from Dream-Heaven to Hell!

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INSURANCE.

THE Firemans Fund, which has earned quite a name for re-insurance, last week absorbed the Macon Fire Insurance Company of Macon, Ga. This deal at once gives the Firemans Fund a desirable line in the Southern States.

There is a persistent rumor on the street that there will soon be a change in the management of the Atlas in this city.

After the regular meeting of the San Francisco Life Association last night, the members and their guests adjourned to the Occidental Hotel, where a banquet was discussed with much enthusiasm.

A determined effort is being made by the brokers of this city to restore rates to within twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the old P. I. U. schedule. The movement is headed by H. M. Grant, and is made necessary, as the business of the agencies has been very seriously injured by the insurance war that has been an unfortunate part of insurance history on this coast for the past two years.

The different accident and liabilities companies doing business on the Pacific Coast continue to adhere to the rates established by the compact several months ago. The Frankfort is the only exception to the rule, and is indulging in the unremunerative joys of cutting rates. This latter company has recently withdrawn its \$50,000 deposit from Oregon, and placed \$200,000 with Massachusetts for the protection of policy holders.

Manager Voss, since going to Chicago, has been a thorn in the side of plate glass companies—refusing to fraternize with them; but at the meeting just held there, he surprised the officers by appearing at their conference, and will doubtless "get in out of the wet."

The movement agitated a short time ago in Denver for the organization of a National Association of local agents, is meeting with every encouragement, and it is probable that within the next six months it will have on its rolls practically every local agent in the United States. This is a movement which may be credited or charged to the jealousies and opposition toward each other found in the companies and their managers, and which has sadly demoralized the insurance business on this coast and throughout the country.

The Guardian of London, which withdrew from the United States some years ago, has just issued a circular letter, in which it bitterly attacks and denounces the American insurance companies, both fire and life. This comes with a particularly bad grace from an English or any other foreign company, as it is a notorious fact that in this country there exists no discrimination against foreign companies, which cannot be truthfully said of the treatment accorded American companies in England. There are to-day but two or three companies from this side doing business in England, while millions upon millions are paid annually for British insurance here.

A good joke is traveling around insurance circles, in which two gentlemen, Messrs. Macrate and Coryell, calling themselves executive special agents for the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York, were done up beautifully by E. R. Ellis, agent Graff of the Provident Life, and actuary Evans. The latter gentlemen knew that the silk-hatted Eastern executive specials were out for big game, and learning that they were going to make an attack on a victim, managed to drop in just as the tenderfeet were getting in their work. Evans, Graff, and Ellis—old, hardened sinners in the insurance business—persuaded a miner, a speculator, and retired capitalist. They wanted insurance, and gave Macrate and Coryell a long-distance jolly, which resulted in any number of good cigars, any quantity of insurance literature, blank applications, and a fine dinner. The Mutual Reserve executive specials never suspected that they were "up against it" at any stage of the game, and are no doubt wondering why the innocent-looking miner, the solid-looking capitalist, and the shrew speculator failed to cultivate their agreeable acquaintance.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

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Foot of Second Street.



THE fashionable Saturday Evening Dancing class has no more enthusiastic member than Eddie Shaw, who comes over from Alameda, where he is known as the "Ned Greenway of the Estuary," to attend each fortnightly assembly. Like many other gilded ornaments of San Francisco society, his purse does not always keep pace with his social ambitions and, according to his own confession, through a misplaced pocket-book, he started for one of the dances with just forty cents in his pocket. Half of that modest sum was expended in purchasing a return ferry ticket, and five cents more for car fare to the scene of the festivity. After the cotillion was over he jumped on a car bound for the ferry, and meeting two friends Eddie insisted, with the air of a Monte Cristo, on paying their fares with the last dime in the bottom of his pocket. They parted from him up town, and without a penny in his pocket, this lah-de-dah young man arrived at the ferry just in time to miss the last boat. Eddie was in a quandary, not knowing whither to go, having no acquaintances within reach, and without a nickel to go to them, even if friends were attainable. After much deep and sorrowful reflection, he concluded that his only alternative was to watch for the dawn in his office at the Safe Deposit Building. He walked sadly thither, and with his feet on the mantel, to keep them from freezing, he patiently awaited the break of day. Eddie attended to business on the day after the ball, attired in evening dress, his office jacket buttoned to his chin imperfectly concealing the now rumpled splendor of his ballroom attire. He says he will never go to another cotillion with less than fifty cents.

* * *

The Baron W. E. J. Van Balveren is a graduate of the University of Amsterdam studied law at Harvard and civil engineering at the University of California, but he has failed to grasp the intricacies of the English language. Like many foreigners, he is supremely unconscious of his idiomatic defects, believes he speaks our language like a native and his confidence even leads him to trifle with that to him, linguistic buzz-saw, American slang. The Baron intends no impropriety, but on the contrary is so careful about small matters that he is often considered a prude. Apropos of this, an anecdote is going the rounds of the Burlingame Club to the effect that a lady Van Balveren knows has a fine Spitz dog, for which she has no other name than "Little Spitz." This so shocks the Baron's modesty that he gravely refers to the canine as "Little Saliva," with the accent on the first syllable, to the great edification of his friends. But that is another story. At the latest meet of the San Rafael Hunt Club, the Baron had arranged to ride with a young matron, and just as the signal to start was given, all the Dianas and Nimrods of the fashionable set were shocked to hear the Baron call pleasantly from the veranda of the hotel, to the lady whom he was to accompany:

"Go chase yourself around the block, madam, while I go upstairs and change me ridin' breeches."

The Baron would now like to know how such an innocent remark could possibly give offence to a reasonable woman.

* * *

It not infrequently happens that Mr. Hearst, of San Francisco and New York, issues the mandate to "do somebody up," but to be hoist with his own petard is not a happy experience for Willie. Perhaps for that very reason, those familiar with the circumstances derive much diversion from the Examiner-Journal's unconscious but successful attempt to do themselves up. The efforts of Mr. Hearst to copyright the chaste and elegant utterances of the Carson pugilists have made the managers of other papers specially desirous of securing exclusive details concerning the fighters. In desperation, the New York World a week ago telegraphed to W. C. Bunner, its San Francisco correspondent, ordering an interview about anything at all with Mrs. Pugilist Corbett, who was then sojourning here. Bunner's written request to the lady

for an interview was met with a cold refusal, Mrs. Corbett being fearful that her utterances might vitiate her husband's contract with Mr. Hearst. Then Bunner achieved a master stroke of diplomacy, writing on his card a curt intimation that anything Mrs. Corbett desired to say regarding Pompadour Jim's alleged mistreatment of her would be published in the World. Her woman's pride could not withstand this insinuation, and in a long tête-à-tête Bunner was given many assurances that Corbett is everything he ought to be. This gratifying information he repeated to the World to the extent of a couple of columns.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Corbett's fear that she had been indiscreet induced her to wire Jim at Carson, and the fighter retailed the communication to his friend, Mr. Hearst. Last Saturday the New York Journal published in large type on its front page, a warning to its readers not to believe the unauthorized statement which would be published simultaneously in the World, as it was false in every particular. Of course the intelligent reader promptly turned to the World to peruse the fearful scandal, and read *in extenso* the malignant statement that Corbett is a model husband! Mr. Corbett has demanded an apology from Mr. Hearst.

* * *

Apropos of the accident at Casa Grande, which delayed the arrival of the French company who opened the Grand Opera season at the California Theatre on Wednesday evening, a good story is told at the expense of Nestor Massart, the tenor. When the spreading rails brought the train, with many a hump and jar, to a sudden stop on the Arizona desert last Sunday night, many of the ladies thought that a serious accident had befallen them, and that they were on the verge of death, or at least of an awful catastrophe. Massart, however, who had been for weeks posting himself on the West by reading wild stories of Arizona life, believed that the train had been attacked by Apache Indians, whom he supposed roamed over the territory in all their aboriginal ferocity. He warned all his fair friends to keep behind their curtains while he reconnoitered. Just as he cautiously poked his head out from his berth, the Pullman porter entered the car to allay the fears of the singers. In the dim light, Massart mistook the dark visage of the porter for that of an Apache chief. Wrapping himself in many bed-clothes to form a shield against the anticipated arrows of the redmen, he leaped from his berth to the center of the car, and hurled his boot at the porter.

"You shall kill me before you molest these ladies. I gif my heart blood for dem," he shouted, with tragic heroism, in his best English, not knowing that Arizona Indians understood French.

Then Massart fell forward, half dead with fright, the bed-clothes carefully pulled over his head. It required repeated assurances to convince the opera singer that he had not been slain. A day later, at Banning, he saw a real Arizona Indian by daylight. Since then, it has not been safe to refer to the episode in Massart's presence.

* * *

Bohemia has blessed the mining schemes which brought back to San Francisco a few days ago that *bon vivant*, cluhman, musician, artist, composer, amateur actor and attorney, Joe Redding, having in his wake a string of Englishmen on gilt-edged investments bent. A day or two after their arrival, Joe gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club to Sir Bache Cunard and the other wealthy Britishers who comprised the party. Redding's many theatrical experiences have taught him how to work up to one of his *bon mots*, so he deftly steered the dinner talk through the depths and shallows of the Greco-Turkish situation.

"By the way, Sir Bache," said Joe, when the conversation had, under his management, reached the proper point for the climax, "As you did not bring your valet with you, you will have the unpleasant job of shining your own shoes while you are in San Francisco."

"Bless my soul!" commented Sir Bache in consternation, adding just as Redding intended that he should: "Have they no bootblacks in this town?"

"Well,—they had," replied Joe. "But they have all responded to their country's call. All the shiners are on their way to Greece."

"Pawing Horse" is the sobriquet bestowed by his friends on T. Carey Friedlander, secretary of the San Francisco Produce Exchange, since he has become of the turf turf. One of the Ingleside races, a few days ago, brought only four horses to the pole. A long shot, Yankee Doodle, was quoted by the bookmakers at one hundred to one, but Carey could see nothing in the race except the favorite, Imp. Ivy, on which the bookmakers cautiously quoted only one to three. Nothing daunted at being obliged to give instead of to take odds, "Pawing Horse" played Ivy to win, for place and for show. He could hardly believe his eyes and ears when the long shot won, while Ivy, the favorite, passed under the wire, a bad fourth. Carey had lost all of his three bets. He said he felt unsteady on his feet.

"Water! Water!" he gasped tragically and when, while Dan Murphy supported him, Bob Woodward brought a glass of water to the unlucky Carey, he sniffed the beverage disdainfully.

"I would not have thought it of you, 'Weary,'" he said reproachfully to Woodward, with recovered animation.

And now the race track barkeepers always offer "Pawing Horse" a glass of water before instead of after each little drink.

A little story is current within club circles that the Society of Arts and Crafts is trying to worry along without Willis Polk, who was its organizer and during the years of its infancy its moving spirit. Willis has a little way of running foul of the management of every club he joins and with each social organization his connection in time becomes merely that of an ex-member. The Arts and Crafts, being a modest institution, maintained no permanent quarters, and it charged its members as dues only fifty cents a month. Such a sum was so trivial that of course Willis ignored it. After he had been a member for three years and his unpaid dues aggregated eighteen dollars, the directorate became restive and pressed Willis for payment of his congested club account. In response Willis sent a characteristic letter requesting that his "resignation be accepted for non-payment of dues." The reply of the management was indirect and Polk considers it harsh. The founder of the organization was unceremoniously dropped from its roll and now Willis is an ex-member of another club.

That affability is no part of an attorney's equipment has long been the contention of James L. Robison, once managing editor of the defunct Alta, now chief clerk of the law firm of Rodgers and Paterson. Robison has carefully cultivated brusque and unlovely manners, and is far from being the most agreeable man in the world. In fact, not to place too fine a point upon it, lawyers who are brought into frequent contact with him, have noted him the most crabbid individual they know. No phase of Robison's idiosyncracies has escaped the notice of Judge Van Rensselaer Paterson, whose dry humor is very much appreciated in the Pacific Union Club. His chief clerk was under discussion.

"Robison is the most even-tempered man I know," declared Paterson with positiveness, his statement being greeted with deprecatory shrugs, until he completed his comment.

"Yes," he added, "he is very even tempered. He is always mad."

At a recent social function one of the dowagers who had just acquired a new niece, through engagement of her nephew, was the centre of attraction in the ball-room. While being the recipient of congratulations Mr. M. Kahn, a gentleman familiarly known to his friends as the essence of politeness, overhearing the word *niece*, approached, and in his most polished manner inquired after the condition of the mother. As niece number two only put in an appearance four or five days later, his friends as well as *le monde* are having a good laugh at his expense. This time it is a case of "politesse oblige."

"Why does not the Western Union produce those incriminating telegrams and end this prolonged agony?" was asked of Frank Jaynes, Superintendent of the Tele-

graph Company, as the Legislative investigation of the Examiner dragged out its tedious existence.

"Well, we would," was the naive reply, "but neither the Legislature nor the Examiner want to see those dispatches."

And the long-suffering constituent wonders if it is a case of horse and horse.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Con.-Cal.-Virginia Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 8th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 3), of 25 cts. per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, 309 Montgomery Street, room 47, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th DAY OF APRIL, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the 3d day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office: Room, 47, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Potosi Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the Tenth (10th) day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 47, of Twenty Cents (20 cents) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th DAY OF APRIL, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Wednesday, the 5th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Belcher Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2nd day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 54) of 25 Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th DAY OF APRIL, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills Building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.



THE first event of the Lenten season was the reception given by Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, on Thursday last, to the Colonial Dames, which was one of the pleasantest yet held. Several interesting papers were read, and some delicious refreshments discussed with the more stirring topics of the day, and the afternoon was one of great enjoyment. Next came the tea which Sorosis gave on Saturday, the *motif* being the departure of Mrs. W. J. Younger, who left this week to join her husband in Chicago, and nearly all the members were present to bid her adieu. The club rooms were ornamented with baskets of flowers and garlands of foliage, the President, Mrs. W. B. Carr, receiving the guests as they arrived, assisted by a number of other ladies. There was music and refreshments, and the afternoon, despite the dreadful weather outside, was very pleasantly passed. During the Lenten period the club has arranged for a series of lectures on Wagner and his compositions, which will be delivered every Tuesday afternoon by Henri Fairweather and his talented wife, which will without doubt be both interesting and very enjoyable.

Mrs. Younger was guest of honor at the red and yellow luncheon given by Mrs. James Goewey last Monday, when she entertained a dozen ladies very charmingly. Luncheons are likely to be quite a feature in social circles the coming few weeks, though cards will probably be the more popular way of entertaining one's friends. Numerous clubs have already been formed, and several more are being arranged for both afternoon and evening, those of the afternoon being composed exclusively of ladies, while the sterner sex will not be excluded in the evening.

The great event of the present week was the inauguration of the season of French opera at the California Theatre on Wednesday night, when *L'Africaine* was sung to an audience composed of our fashion, youth and beauty. Opera parties will now of course be the correct thing in our swim, and a more delightful way of passing an evening it would be difficult to find.

In these days of "tinted" weddings it is absolutely refreshing to note one of pure white, the hue which our grandmothers tell us was in their day considered the only suitable one for brides. The one alluded to was that of Miss Mayhelle Gerst and Sam Naphthaly, which was celebrated at the California Hotel last Sunday evening. The decorations of the dance-room, in which the ceremony was performed, were of white roses, fruit blossoms, lilies and green foliage; at one end a canopy of the Stars and Stripes was placed, from which was suspended a pure white wedding bell, underneath which the bridal party stood while the Rev. Dr. Voorsanger tied the nuptial knot. The bride's costume was of white satin, a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She was unattended except by two little flower bearers, Annie Seller and Amy Schmidt. An elaborate supper was served after the ceremony and then there was dancing. The presents were many and of much value, including jewels, silverware, cut glass, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Naphthaly are spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Another wedding of Sunday last was a home ceremony, performed at the residence of the bride's parents on Eddy street, when Miss Jessie Kutner and Alfred Kutner were pronounced man and wife by the Rev. Jacob Nieto, underneath a canopy of red and white roses. The bride wore a robe of white satin trimmed with point lace, a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Grace Richmond, who was maid of honor, was charmingly gowned in white *mousseline de soie* over Nile green silk, and carried a bouquet of violets. Miss Carrie Kutner, in pink satin and white *mousseline de soie*, and Miss Tillie Korn in blue satin and chiffon, officiated as bridesmaids. Louis Kutner was the groom's best man. The hall-room made a beautiful supper-room, the decora-

tions being roses, lilies and ferns, and later there was dancing. The presents, which were exceedingly handsome, were in view in one of the upper rooms.

The Duprey-Baldwin wedding will take place at the First Unitarian Church, on Franklin street, on next Tuesday afternoon.

Recently announced engagements are of much interest in society circles, especially that of one of its favorite beaux, Jack Casserly, who has selected an Eastern girl, Miss Cecilia Cudahy, for his bride, and the wedding will probably be one of those to take place after Easter. Miss Helen Sutro made public her engagement to Samuel Schwartz last Saturday, though to intimate friends the fact has been known for some time past. Another engagement of interest to the swim is that of Miss Minnie Bradbury, of Los Angeles, to Col. Isaac H. Polk, of Guaymas, Mexico; for though both the parties are not permanent residents of this city, they are by no means unknown to social San Francisco, and here the wedding is likely to take place during the Easter season.

Among the gatherings of the close of the ante-Lenten season, were the informal tea of the Misses Smith at their home on Broadway; the pink dinner of Mrs. R. P. Schwerine, and the yellow dinner of Mrs. Louis Parrott, which were both on an elaborate scale, and also one given by Mrs. Bixler; the violet luncheon of Mrs. Van Bergen and the cotillion given by Mrs. Fortman of Eddy street, at which her daughter, Miss Emma Fortman, made her *début* in society. La France roses were exclusively used for decorative purposes, in combination with smilax, and palms were arranged in the hall-room with excellent effect. Miss Emma wore a gown of white *mousseline de soie* over white silk, and Miss Edith Marion, another *débutante*, appeared in blue *mousseline de soie* over silk of the same hue. There were several very pretty figures danced in the German, and a handsome supper was served at midnight.

On Sunday last Miss Rosalie Neustadter and Mr. Albert Ehrman, the newly-engaged couple, received their friends at the Neustadter home, on Van Ness avenue. They were assisted by Miss Norma Bachman, Miss Minnie Louise Schwabacher and Miss Estelle Wangenheim. The long list of callers testified to the great popularity of the pair. In the evening a dinner was given, to which about thirty sat down. The table was most beautifully decorated with variegated blossoms and ferns. At midnight the party broke up after spending an extremely pleasant evening. Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman give a large affair in their honor.

Miss Leila Ellis, formerly of this city, and who has a great many friends in San Francisco, will soon give an interesting course of Southern readings in New York City. The first reading will be given at the Hotel Waldorf on the evening of March 18th. Miss Ellis has decided talent, and her appearance at the Waldorf will no doubt give pleasant emphasis to that fact.

Joe Redding has been warmly welcomed by his San Francisco friends since his arrival last week on a brief visit to his old home. Mrs. E. B. Crocker is also among recent arrivals from Gotham, which is now her home.

The many friends of Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Sr., will regret to hear of her very serious illness.

Just remember when you desire to give a dinner to your friends or get up a banquet for a society that Max Abraham at 428 Geary is the caterer for excellence. He is past master in his art, and relieves you of every anxiety on the score of what to eat, and how to prepare it.

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San Francisco.

ART JOTTINGS.

JOULLIN has certainly painted, not alone the best work he has ever attempted, but what may deservedly be termed the picture of the year. He has been gradually drifting from Chinese studies, with their opportunities of exuberant color, to the Indian, more romantic, and with no less suggestions for gorgeous effects. But in this, his latest picture, he has kept everything in tone with the tragic nature of the composition. It is entitled "Gone," and presents a young Indian kneeling by the body of his father, an old brave who has been stricken down in battle, with the blood still flowing from his green wounds. The face of the mourner is completely hidden by the masses of hair which hang over it in his attitude of utter and most touching dejection. The old chief's features are set in the rigidity of death, and the muscles of his massive arms contrast with the slim development of the mourning son. The composition is admirable, and there is nothing of exaggeration or strain at a too positive intensity in the treatment. The color is rich and harmonious, but not garish, and there is no crowding of accessories to distract the attention from the main interest of the picture. Joullin will exhibit it in New York at the spring exhibition of the Association of American Artists, where it is certain to meet with a warm reception.

Latimer has finished another picture in pastel, a woodland scene, pleasing and full of sentiment. But, as it hangs alongside the lovely mere, his previous work, one can see how far short it falls of the latter. Possibly in technique and execution it may be equal, but then artists are not inspired every day.

Charles Rollo Peters has placed on exhibition for the first time one of those moonlight pictures, to which he has exclusively devoted himself. Both are strongly original, and bear the unmistakable character of being the result of out-of-door study. In one the white light falls on the walls of a cabin, with that intensity which, unless one has observed those effects, seems unnatural. A weird cypress tree, with its gaunt branches outlined against the sky, emphasizes the effect of the strong reflection. The other presents Mr. Peters' studio by moonlight, and is also tender and original in treatment.

Fred Yates has completed a very strong portrait in oil of William Greer Harrison. The artist has succeeded not alone in making an admirable likeness of Mr. Harrison, but has caught his expression with a fidelity seldom seen in oil portraits.

John A. Stanton is working hard, but with closed doors. It is rumored in the artistic world that Stanton is just throwing himself on "a calker," and that he avoids all distraction.

Julian Rix, in New York, keeps climbing up the ladder, and swelling his bank account. The demand for his landscapes is undiminished. Emil Carlsen is doing some still-life work, and is likely to visit San Francisco this spring.

Marion Wells is making replicas of his bust of Uncle George Bromley, and the massive figure of Pan, which was made for the Midsummer High Jinks in the redwoods.

Bloomer is at work in his studio in Sausalito, and may shortly exhibit some of his pictures.

Henry Raschen is illustrating a book on American fishes, which is being prepared by order of the Smithsonian Institute. Mr. Raschen's work is very fine, and more than compares favorably with those who are engaged on the Eastern end of the book.

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THE RED DOMINO—Jove, what a pretty costume! And how well she carries it. The trouble with these *bal masques* is that the women are so commonplace—they will not or they cannot act. They are simply wooden Miss Smith or Miss Jones dressed as Mary Stuart or La Tosca; but this one has blood in her veins. I'll bet the costume tells something of a romantic nature's revolt against conventionalism.

Ah, pretty Carmen, my color, at least, matches your's, even if the ugly shapelessness of the domino sins against every canon of the beautiful. Will you walk with me?

CARMEN—(Why, it's Fred!) Surely. Never mind the domino. I prefer you as you are.

HE (bowing low)—Thanks. (As I live, it's Edith!)

SHE (laughing)—What I intended to say is that I've never seen the nineteenth century man, off the stage, who didn't cover himself with ridicule the moment he accepted any substitute for man's best friend—his trousers. Look at that Henry the Eighth, and look, oh look at Romeo's legs. Don't look long, or you'll become cross-eyed. Either the modern man's an awful degenerate in the matter of legs, or how in the world do you account for the girls' taste in ye olden days? Now, I happen to know who Romeo is—

HE—Do tell me.

SHE—He's not a bad-looking creature in his tweeds. You'd hardly believe it, though, would you? It's Fred—Fred Kirkham.

HE—Indeed! (She doesn't know me.) I've always heard Kirkham spoken of as a downright handsome fellow.

SHE—(The coxcomb!) No, have you? Why, even the girl he's engaged to never thought that.

HE—Ah! Who is the Juliet of this unattractive Romeo?

SHE—Why, it's Edith Berry. Haven't you—that is, don't you know her?

HE—No; can't say I do. Pretty?

SHE (laughing confusedly)—He—he thinks so.

HE—How blind love is!

SHE (indignantly)—Why, how do you know if you've never seen her? (He doesn't recognize me.)

HE—I've heard her spoken of.

SHE (curiously)—Oh, have you? How—in what way?

HE (deliberately)—They say she's unattractive, a flirt, and that she really doesn't care for Kirkham.

SHE (maliciously)—Do you know, I believe there's some truth in that.

HE—Oh, you do!

SHE—Yes, and he, poor fellow, is desperately in love with her, and can't see what is apparent to all the world—Pardon, did you speak? But a man who'll wear tights with such legs is capable of anything ridiculous. The modern man had better keep to dominos, and leave to women the vanities of dress even at masquerades.

HE (warmly)—If all women could be transformed into bewitching apparitions like you, Carmen—

SHE—Do you know, I may be mistaken, and Romeo may not be Fred Kirkham.

HE—Never mind, they're uninteresting people. Tell me, why did you choose Carmen?

SHE—Why? Oh, because it typifies everything I am not supposed to be, and—this is a secret; I wouldn't tell you if you knew me—no, I wouldn't tell you. But I sometimes wonder if it's wise to show a caged bird the joy and freedom of the wild bird's life.

HE—(Who'd have thought it of Edith!) There is something charming about Carmen. The very name speaks of full, glowing life and love. (Presses her hand.)

SHE—(The wretch! Returns the pressure.)

HE—(Oh, the minx! It's lucky that I'm myself, but I might be any man for all she knows.)

SHE—Life is so prosaic, so dull, and the most prosaic thing on earth is woman's lot. You men have some hope,

some chance of adventure; when we yearn for anything out of the ordinary, we—go to a masked ball.

HE (slyly)—And do you find your adventure there?

SHE—Sometimes. Oh, there's Romeo making straight for me. Do save me; I don't want to dance with legs like those.

HE—(And you shall not, my lady, nor with straighter ones, if I can manage it. I'll keep an eye on you to-night. A man doesn't admire Carmen so much when his *fiancée* impersonates her.) Come out into the conservatory. Now, we're alone. What will you have—an ice, some wine?

SHE (wickedly)—Champagne, if you please, and we'll drink together cosily, just you and I. Isn't it a beautiful wine? Now, I'll forget the man I'm engaged to and drink to you. And you?

HE—(Fickle flirt!) Oh, I'll drink to the sweetest Carmen that ever bewitched a man out of his senses.

SHE (emptying her glass)—*A vous, monsieur.*

HE—(Phew! The pace is fast, but if I don't take it with her some other fellow may.) *A toi, ma belle.* Another glass, do.

SHE (drinking)—*A toi, mon ami.*

HE—*A toi, chérie.*

(She holds her empty glass towards him. He kisses her wrist.)

HE—(If she permits that, I'll not leave her an instant till she's safe at home.)

SHE—(Oh, the Don Juan! I've half a mind to unmask now and see how he explains such conduct.) I think, perhaps, you'd better not do that again. The man I forgot when I drank to you, might happen to see us.

HE (tenderly)—Would you care?

SHE—He might object.

HE—Is he jealous?

SHE—A perfect fiend! Funny, isn't it, that I should tell you so much about myself when I don't know you, or worse—when I don't even know that I don't know you, or that you don't know me. But confiding in a stranger is such a natural thing.

HE—I shall not be a stranger to you hereafter. I'm sure I'll know you.

SHE—How can you tell?

HE—Do you suppose I intend to lose sight of one who has interested me so deeply—the only woman to whom I have spoken to-night?

SHE (coquettishly)—You are interested?

HE—Carmen, I love you!

SHE—(How dare he! How dare he! And suppose I wasn't myself?) Come, let's go. It's getting late; nearly twelve and time to unmask. The game's played out.

HE—But won't you listen—

SHE (hurrying on, her hands to her ears)—No, I'm tired of playing. I want to be myself now, and you know, my real self doesn't know you.

HE (hurrying after)—Will you dance the first dance after unmasking with me, then? I'll see to it that I'm properly introduced.

SHE—(It would serve him right if I were not I, and would say yes. What explanation would he give to me—the real me, I wonder? Oh, I almost hate him!)

HE (whispering)—Will you? Will you?

SHE—Yes.

HE—(I wonder how far she'll go? How the deuce she proposes to manage it, I don't know.) And you'll meet me here? Honest, now, if I let you go, you'll not play Cinderella and leave me lamenting?

SHE—I'll meet you here.

(She slips into a dressing room. The gong sounds and all unmask. He hands his domino to an attendant, and stands waiting.)

SHE (returning unmasked, her Carmen costume concealed beneath a flowing domino)—(He's waiting for Carmen.)

HE—(She's looking for the red domino).
SUE (sweetly)—Oh, Fred, where have you been all evening? Weren't you masked?

HE—I wore a domino. But I shouldn't have dreamed of looking for you in one. I thought—

SUE (hurriedly)—Oh, I always wear a domino. A costume is so theatrical.

HE (thoughtfully)—Ye-es.

SUE—Do you mind not waiting for the dance? I hate a masked ball.

HE—So do I; but don't you—

SUE (searchingly)—Then you'll take me home right away? You're sure you don't care for this dance?

HE (puzzled)—You're sure you don't?

(They get into the carriage and sit silent and thoughtful.)

SUE (soliloquizing)—I don't understand him. Why doesn't he wait for her—I mean for me. Suppose I hadn't been Carmen, she'd be expecting him now. Would he be going home with me, or would he stay to dance with her? If I were he, I'd insist upon staying. But if he were to insist, I'd never forgive him. That's sure. Didn't he care for her? He seemed very much in earnest. I'd give something to know just what he's thinking.

HE (to himself)—I can't make her out. Why doesn't she wait for the red domino to claim her for that first dance. Did she intend not to keep the promise when she made it, the witch! Or is she piqued because the Red Domino didn't come for her? No; how could he be expected to know that underneath that domino is Carmeu's dress? Her putting on that domino spoiled all my plans. Would she have revealed herself to him—supposing him not to be myself—had he appeared in red domino? I wish I knew.

STATE MINERALOGIST.

IN the appointment of A. S. Cooper, of Santa Barbara, to the position of State Mineralogist, Governor Budd has exercised excellent judgment. Mr. Cooper is well known in California, and has held several offices in Santa Barbara County. He is largely identified with the oil and asphaltum interests of the State, and is one of the best-posted men on these and kindred topics on the Coast, his library being the most complete on these subjects to be found anywhere. No doubt he will direct special attention to the development of these minerals. Mr. Cooper is an old Californian, having arrived here in 1852. He has spent a good many years in the mines of California and Nevada, and is by training and inclination especially equipped for the duties placed upon him by Governor Budd. Under his management, the office of Mineralogist will be made an important branch of State service. The position is worth \$3000 per year, and controls several good appointments.

A NOTED VISITOR.

A NOTABLE scion of nobility, in the person of Sir Edward Stewart-Richard, whose estates are in Perthshire, Scotland, is at present in this city. He is the eldest son of a family whose title goes back to the sixteenth century. Sir Richard is here for the purpose of investigating the mines of California. This is his first visit to the coast. He came out by way of the Canadian Pacific, and took a look at the Rossland, B. C., mines en route. He ranks as Lieutenant in that swell organization, the 3d Black Watch Royal Highlanders of the famous 42d Regiment, which has an honored place in the history of nearly all the famous battles of modern England. Sir Richard, who is but twenty-four years old, is accompanied by W. A. Somerset, nephew of the Duke of Beaufort, a young gentleman who is making the last of several visits to the coast.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From January 1, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iona, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Millon	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	3:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
*10:00 P	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Wny Stations	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	10:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A
10:00 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and way stations	7:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principalway stations	7:00 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Ship 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; *2:00, 3:30, *4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, *1:00, 3:00, *3:00, 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. §Sundays and Thursdays.

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COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, April 1, 1897
GAELIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 20, 1897

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ON THE WING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1897.

DEAR NEWS LETTER: Although the journey East has been often described and is familiar to all, it is never taken without developing features of interest and instruction, and so, to fulfill my promise, I send these passing impressions.

Our first halt was at Salt Lake, where we had a delightful drive with Robert Walker, his wife, and little child Margaret. You remember his wife, of course. She was Maggie Jones, niece of W. W. Belvin, well known on the Pacific Coast. Walker is interested in pretty nearly every enterprise about Salt Lake, including Walker Bros.' Bank, the Walker House, several big mines—in fact, so large are his investments that I cannot recollect half of them. The city has greatly changed for the better since I was there during the boom—the same boom we had in San Jose. The residences are much more substantial, owing to the very general use of brick and stone. The manufacture of brick is quite a factor there, the price for the pressed article in any color being from \$5 to \$12 per thousand. I cannot for the life of me understand why this excellent material should cost more at San Francisco.

Everything has been covered with snow since we left California. The ride over the Denver and Rio Grande was indeed delightful, and the Royal Gorge and the Rocky Mountains were grand. Our train was a heavy one, and made Colorado Springs an hour late, so we stopped off at that beautifully laid out town. Its avenues are one hundred feet wide, with rows of trees down the center. The trees are bare now, but one can imagine the effect when they luxuriate in their wealth of spring and summer foliage. The day was so warm and pleasant you would have thought it Menlo rather than Colorado.

We drove to Manitou, and through the Garden of the Gods—which is a private park, where Nature has placed monuments, pedestals, and pictures in magnificent profusion—time, tempest, and flood having done the carving and decoration in splendid grandeur. We left the Antlers with regret. It is said to be the best hotel in Colorado Springs; but that must refer to the table, which is certainly excellent. The rooms, however are not up to date.

At Denver we had a few hours only, but were quite in love with their main street. We were there Saturday night and the stores loomed up beautifully. We had dinner at Brown's Palace, of course. One goes there as he does to our own dear Palace; he pays the same, too, but he don't get the service by long odds. We left Denver by the C. B. & Q. The cars, the service, the table in the dining car, everything was all that could be desired. It was in fact, as near perfection, traveling, as possible. In Chicago we stopped at the Palmer House. I hadn't been there since 1886, yet it is as popular now as it was then. To keep up with the times new plumbing and furnishing have been done throughout, so that it has all the comforts of a modern hotel, and the quality that age alone can give.

We took the B. & O. for Washington. This is the road that evidently originated the expression, "Get onto its curves." The train was a special for the Governor of Wisconsin and his staff, to which our car was attached. Snow fell as we sped along, making a very beautiful picture, and the journey was pleasantly ended. In the evening we went to the Columbia Theatre. It was the opening night of the Bostonians in *The Serenade*, a comic opera by Herbert and Smith. In plot, very much after *Nanon*. Cowles has a song in the beginning of each act evidently written for him, which brings back memories of his singing of "The Old Cross Bow." Alice Neilson is still with them, and has been given a part of as much importance as that of Jessie Bartlett Davis. She hasn't limbered up a bit yet, but her singing has improved wonderfully.

Speaking of the beautiful snow, we have had a great deal of comfort out of it. You know when we started, William Wolff sent me a case of Moët & Chandon; I placed a few bottles in the grip. The cars were very warm, and when our throats were parched, I would fill a paper bag with snow and pack a small bottle therein, and it was soon *frappé* and delicious. Theu a glass of snow with a little *Crème de Menthe* makes a good *pousse café*.

This is Friday—after the ball—after the inauguration—after the procession—after the fireworks; and they were

all so complete, so perfect, so magnificent, that nothing but rest and seclusion for a few hours will satisfy my whirling brain. At least 500,000 people watched the parade, which was five miles long and had 25,000 in line, made up of soldiers and political clubs from all over the country, excepting only California. Even Oregon was represented, rather painfully and lamely, it is true, but still represented; for while all the other States had from 50 to 500 in line Oregon was conspicuous by having only a banner with the name emblazoned on it, and that banner carried by Max Pracht. I think he is the same Max who was with Neville & Co., some years ago. As I drive around Washington I can't help thinking that if we could take up a subscription and use it to send a train load of politicians, supervisors, stump-speakers and silurians here and turn them loose for a week or so, enough enthusiasm might be generated so that on their return home they would work up San Francisco into imitating a city. The comfort of good streets and police discipline is only appreciated when you can have the contrast to our own.

AT THE RACES.

THE Ingleside meeting closed on Saturday and Oakland began its two weeks' meeting on Monday last. There has not been much class to the racing of late, owing to the bad weather, the best horses waiting for better conditions and a better track. The Crocker stakes at Ingleside were won by Burns and Waterhouse entry, Miss Rowena. Out of 670 races run, up to date, the favorites have captured 321; second choices, 168; and outsiders 181. California owners have won seven-tenths of the money offered in purses and stakes by the two associations.

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SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:10 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
.....	Fulton Windsor,	10:25 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Heldsburg.	7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Geyserville, Cloverdale	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hulville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scottia, Eureka.

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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Mar. 1, 5,

9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.: Mar. 3, 7, 11, 15,

19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los

Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Mar. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25,

29, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La

Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M.,

25th of each month.

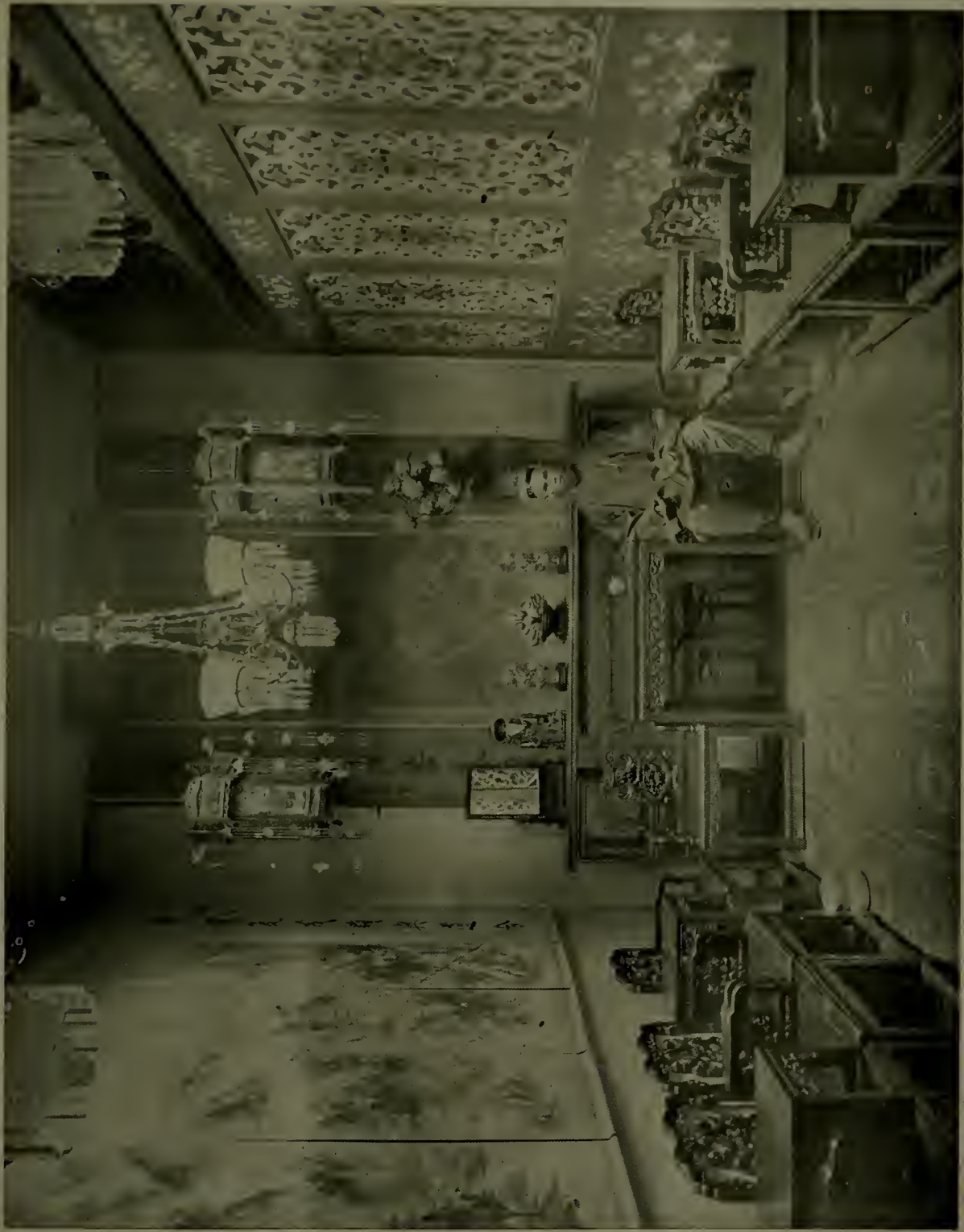
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SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 20, 1897.

Number 12.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 1/2 Kvarny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building, (Frank E Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE Carpenters' Union has induced the Supervisors to prevent policemen in future from doing any carpenter work on city buildings or repairs. The carpenters are to be congratulated, but what are the police to do for exercise?

THE catching of two solicitors for private street paving jobs, who had been making unfair representations in order to secure contracts, should go far toward breaking up a very pernicious method of doing this sort of work. There is opportunity for substantial reforms in these contracts, and the Board should squeeze all the light out of the Eureka street discovery that is possible.

LOS ANGELES orange growers are awaking to the fact that the alert Eastern trade is reaping where it hath not sown—in other words, is labeling Valencia and other foreign oranges "California." They should follow the example of the San Francisco Fruit Exchange, and vigorously prosecute the offenders. A few convictions would act as a wonderful moral stimulant upon the filchers of California thunder and coin.

THE Merchants' Association and Manufacturers and Producers' Association are discussing means of effectually stopping the sale of impure food in San Francisco. The road is plain: Simply continue sampling goods offered for sale, and follow the analysis by the widest publication of the brands and their manufacturers, and the firms who handle the impure articles. That will stop it. Publicity gentlemen; publicity is your cure. Discovery means death.

H. J. BUCKLEY, who lives near Gridley, this State, has sold his first carload of California hemp to Barbour Bros., of Patterson, N. J. The price obtained was five cents per pound, which netted the grower \$60 per ton. He will this year cultivate six hundred acres of hemp, and his profits will be large. This is an infant industry in California, and like the production of beet sugar, is capable of great expansion, and should become a source of wealth.

PRESIDENT McKinley has determined to send representatives to Europe to work for an international monetary conference. This is to be done under a recently passed law giving the President the power to appoint three or more commissioners to visit European countries and open negotiations and pave the way for concerted movement favoring the restoration of the white metal. Only by a concert of this kind can the hope of the silverites in this country ever be realized.

REV. DR. MUNHALL, at a ministers' meeting last Monday, declared that San Francisco was the "most wicked city I was ever in." "This city," proceeded the eminent divine, "is reeking with sin." Possibly the Rev. Dr. Munhall is unacquainted with the reeking condition of some of the brethren recently here and still remaining. We have no record of such "reeking sin" as was exposed scarce one year ago upon the part of a clergyman; and many of the ministers and deacons without hesitation endorsed their fellow laborer and his moral leprosy. Rev. Munhall should refresh his memory or shut his mouth.

SENATOR FRYE, of Maine, is fighting the civil service law, and believes in curtailing its operations. Frye belongs to that host of Republican stalwarts who think that civil service rules are of value only when the appointments under them can be made by a Republican administration. That President Cleveland should have rescinded thousands of positions from the demoralizing uncertainty of the spoilsman and placed them upon a healthy civil service basis, is wormwood to the hungry successors of his party in national office. Hence this virtuous outburst of the Senator from Maine.

THE rest of the State is being pitted as usual against San Francisco, and the old game of taxing the people of this city for the benefit of the interior is being played for all it is worth. The latest illustration of this piratical custom is found in bill 902, providing for a commission which shall have power to expend \$300,000 per annum on the construction of State roads. All roads in California lead to San Francisco, and San Francisco is quite willing to help pay for their building, but seriously objects to the payment of two-thirds their cost, while being as far as possible deprived of their benefits.

A HOT fight is being made against H. G. Otis, proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, who is pressing his claims for Assistant Secretary of War. Otis publishes a paper with opinionous, has long been noted for his bitter and sometimes unjust pen, and being a man of rather crabbed, unloveable personality, has raised up legions of enemies. As it is the California rule for the candidate for any office within the gift of the President to become the target for every other man in the State the moment there appears the ghost of a show for his getting it, Otis should be neither dismayed nor surprised. He is a man of ability—positive on every proposition, public or private, and a good fighter.

MORE than fifteen hundred men are registered for employment on the boulevard. It is noted without surprise that the union of the unemployed has adopted resolutions denouncing the generous promoters of the boulevard plan for helping the needy. The union is indignant because the men are not to be paid more than one dollar per day. It is such stupidity as this that does great harm to the deserving destitute. The mere fact that the funds raised are for the especial purpose of saving honest men and their families from actual want, and that business of all kinds is very dull do not penetrate the dull brains of the agitators. A man who declines to work for the wage offered will be very likely to tickle his backbone with his belly before he finds better pickings.

MARIN County is employing the convicts of San Quentin in building a system of boulevards about that side of the bay. The cost to the county is confined to the paying of the guards. There is in this work a very practical hint for other counties throughout California. There are prisoners confined in all the jails who are a great bill of expense to the tax-payers. These felons are passing their days in agreeable idleness; they care little for imprisonment, but dread work more than death. They should be employed in building county roads. If a general system were once mapped out, their work would in a short time make a material improvement in country highways. The taxpayers would get partial returns, at least, on their money, and the prisoners would receive the most complete punishment possible for their crimes. Employed in this way, convict and prison labor would not interfere with private enterprise nor displace unskilled labor.

THE MOST NEEDED CANAL AND WHAT IT WOULD DO.

THE Nicaragua Canal would be a good thing, and especially so to California. But the proposed Canal to give a deep water way from the great lakes to the Atlantic, would immediately give the greater good to the greater number. We have before us the very interesting report of the United States Deep Waterways Commission very recently filed at Washington. This is the commission of which Judge Cooley of Illinois, James B. Augel of Michigan and John E. Russell of Massachusetts were members, and who were authorized to meet a like Canadian Commission, to investigate the whole subject matter. The report contains a prodigious amount of information, yet is clear, terse and convincing as to a canal system connecting the great Lakes and the ocean which it favors. The navigable lakes have Coast lines of 3,075 miles within U. S. Territory, they border upon nine of our States, which have one third of our total population, and upon their harbors are six cities having an aggregate population of 3,000,000. The inland commerce of the United States on the Lakes has already been marvelously developed. The amount of tonnage passing through the St. Mary's Falls Canal increased from 1,035,937 tons in 1885 to 17,000,000 in 1896. In 1894 the Suez Canal passed a total tonnage of only 8,000. In 1889, seven years ago, the traffic passing through the Detroit River was three times greater than the foreign trade of New York; it exceeded by 10,000,000 tons the aggregate foreign trade of all the Seaports of the United States, and was 3,000 tons more than the foreign and coastwise trade of London and Liverpool. That this truly vast and rapidly increasing trade is more than justification for the necessary Canal to get to tide water, goes without saying. The great difficulty is that this vast inland commerce is now bottled up. It cannot get to sea.

A cargo of wheat, of flour, or of iron, after reaching Buffalo by the water route, must reach the seaboard either by the railroad, or by the Erie canal. The increase of freights thus becomes a serious handicap to the American export trade and to America's power to enter foreign markets upon such terms as to insure her supremacy. It costs twice as much to carry a bag of flour from Duluth to New York as from New York to Europe, but open up deep water ways, and the steamer could load up at Duluth and steam to Europe without a stop. The vexed question of freights would at once be solved, and the Northwest would at one stroke become really great. An exceeding strong point is made by the report in the matter of iron. The great discoveries of iron ore of a very high grade in the Lake Superior region, opens up an immense field of industry and of economical changes. It is now known that the Spanish deposits of iron which alone compare with those in the North West, and which are now depended upon mainly by England, for her iron and steel industries, will last scarcely more than ten years more, and there are none accessible in Europe to take their place. This condition points to a wonderful opportunity for the United States. With deep water to the Ocean, American ores could not only control absolutely the trade on the Atlantic coast against any possible competition, but could irresistibly invade the markets of Europe. As goes the iron trade so goes the trade of the world. The imagination sees great possibilities in the transference of the iron and steel trade to this country. It is bound to come. Even at this present time we are selling steel rails and iron bars in England cheaper than are the local producers. We are also fairly well competing in the matter of tin. A high tariff at this epoch will enhance prices, and may not now prove of benefit. The best protection would be a sailing path all the way from the point of production to the point of consumption. In good time this will come and then we shall marvel that we ever passed through such hard times as the recent past have been. Of course, California has special uses for the Nicaragua Canal. It will give us a much shorter sea route to the East and Europe, and that will be an incalculable advantage; at the same time it should be born in mind that it would give Europe and the East a nearer way to Australia, China, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands, and to that extent injure California. The Lake Canal is of the first importance. It would open up a sea-carrying trade to the heart of our continent.

The President's
First Message.

The President's first message is brief, as it could well afford to be, seeing that it is addressed to a single point. The tariff, the whole tariff and nothing but the tariff, fashioned on the McKinley model, is to be the one cry of Congress for this session. The measure is all cut and dried in the House of Representatives, and, as a dicker is understood to have been made with the Silver Republicans in the Senate to vote for it, the time needed to pass it into law should be exceptionally short. A return to McKinleyism, with higher taxes upon most everything we use from the cradle to the grave, is the outcome of the last election, and the result of the Democratic party being captured by the Bryans, Altgelds, and Tillmans of had and sad political fame. It was either McKinley or a fifty-cent dollar and the scaling down of all existing values. Both were evils, but the former was so much the lesser of the two that thinking men had practically no alternative but to accept it. That is how we are driven to the re-enactment of the McKinley tariff over again. The country could not have been carried on that twice condemned issue, had it not have become necessary to accept it in order to save the country's honor and safety. The capturing of the Chicago convention by the Southern and a few Western Populists, divided the Democratic party, and gave us McKinley as a necessity, and with him there very naturally comes all his name stands for, and that is not much. It is all told in his first brief message to Congress. The McKinley tariff over again and nothing else; not even so much as the promise of an appetizer with which to wash it down, is about the sole change to result from the new administration. Clevelandism will still make itself felt, and will go far to dominate the White House. The arbitration treaty will be ratified, Cuba will be given her way, and the United States will guarantee and ultimately pay the price of her liberty; Hawaii will change base, and with the new tariff on sugar, will no longer care for annexation, the United States troops will again be used, if any attempt in force be made to impede inter-State commerce, gold will continue to be the sole money of ultimate redemption, but under no conceivable circumstances will John Sherman give us a Venezuelan fulmination, and that, perhaps, is well; for the country's paramount need is peace abroad, as well as at home. In all, save the tariff, we have an administration that will endeavor to say "ditto to Mr. Cleveland," and for the rest will let things follow their own course. It is the certainty that this will be the future trend of political action, that enables the prediction to be made that ex-President Cleveland will soon regain his popularity. The people will see that his precedents are being followed, and will, in consequence, declare that "he was right after all!" and will do him justice. No section of our people, except the silver miners, desire political agitation at this time. They are weary of it. Else the new McKinley tariff would be wiped off the statute book two years hence. A great many things in the industrial and financial world have happened within the past four years. In the very important matters of iron and steel we are now underselling the English in their home markets. Under the Wilson tariff, the things we wear have undoubtedly been cheapened, the cost of living lessened, and the production of metals benefited in a corresponding degree. The new taxes on raw material will not help our remarkably enlarged export trade. Hence the last of McKinleyism will not have been heard of at this extra session.

The Coming President McKinley, in his inaugural, made Reciprocity. much of the intention of the administration to return to the Harrison policy of reciprocity. To that there is but one answer, yet it has the merit of being a very effective one: the thing simply cannot be done! The arrangements of the last Republican administration, in this connection, cannot be repeated, simply because there is nothing left to trade with. There is no longer a surplus, and no present possibility of producing one. The Harrison Administration, being engaged in reducing the revenue, could find plenty of trading material, and took sugar as the chiefest and best article for that purpose. The duties were removed from raw sugar coming from countries which desired to make equivalent tariff concessions to the United States. This brought

Germany, Spain, and a few South American countries into the reciprocity arrangement, without, it should be added, benefiting us to any very appreciable extent. But the duties on sugar cannot now be spared, because of revenue needs. Moreover, if they could be spared, there would arise irresistible protectionist forces from the domestic cane and beet sugar industries. Any such proposition would arouse Louisiana, and even render California mad. These interests were before put off with a bounty. They refuse to be disposed of in that way now, and could not be if they were willing. The treasury has no money to pay out on bounties, and the Republican policy has had too much recent experience with bounties to try them again right away. The temper of the sugar interests was well indicated in the recent committee hearings. The beet men were tremendously in earnest in having things fixed the way they have been. Louisiana was out in full force, and Hawaii was there with all the accustomed diplomacy of her planters, and together they had no difficulty in bringing about a fixed duty of a cent a pound, that will assuredly not be given away to any foreigner reciprocally inclined. Where, then, is the reciprocity to come from? Something must be had to trade with. Wool cannot be used, because the duties upon it are being restored for protection purposes. Something might be made out of a fair arrangement with Canada, but it is needless to say that we are not that way inclined in her case. It is clear that the proposed reciprocity has nothing in it.

The Carson Disgrace Over. The prize fight between Fitzsimmons and Corbett is over, and about this time even the "sports," or most of them, are willing to concede that it had been better if it had never been begun. It was all right as long as they won their money, and among a great many Californians there was little fault to be found with it so long as a California boy was thought sure of whipping the other fellow. What honor or glory comes either to the State, or to its boys, from either winning or losing prize fights, surpasses comprehension. The whole business is conducted in fraud and ended in a degree of brutality that even the strongest cannot always withstand. Corbett, a perfect specimen of physical manhood as he is, received a blow from the effects of which he will never wholly recover, and whilst his opponent fared somewhat better, he will never again present the little wife, who so cheered him in the midst of the battle, with an osculatory salute with other than a split lip and a broken nose. It is hard to believe that any woman would care for that sort of thing, but then there is no telling what taste may be acquired by the association of even the "gentle" sex with the brutality of prize fighting. Mrs. Fitzsimmons witnessed the fight, used slang at the ring side like the rest, and finally kissed the victor, and covered her face and garments with the gore, the loss of which will render him more like a monkey than a man for the rest of his life. We can well believe that there was a time, since she became a woman, when Mrs. Fitzsimmons would have scouted the idea that she could possibly be a willing party to such a scene. But now, as ever, evil communications corrupt good manners. It has changed Corbett's. He will no longer be entitled to the honorable cognomen of "Gentleman Jim." He forfeited that when he broke through even the rough rules of the prize ring and began a rough and tumble assault upon the person who had just beaten him in fair fight. An institution that invariably changes men and women into such specimens of humanity as James J. Corbett and Mrs. Fitzsimmons are to-day, is an outrage, that the law should not permit, and that society should frown out of existence. We shall observe with some interest the course society leaders will take in regard to the visit of several of their set to the Carson prize ring. Will they let their children hear accounts of the fight from those friends? If not, then it is apparent that their homes need a better environment. Mr. Herman Oelrichs, who in his early days liked a friendly bout at his Club, said the right thing the other day that "he could neither see nor visit the encounter because of his obligations to society." That is how every gentleman ought to feel, whether he be influenced by New York, or by San Francisco. Corbett now claims that he was "knocked out" by a chance blow, that is, by a blow against which he had not guarded. Pshaw! What silly talk

for an ex champion to engage in! He went into the ring to give blows, to stop them when he could, and to take them when he must. He was supposed to be, and loudly vaunted himself to be, the champion expert of the world at all those points. We dislike Fitzsimmons because of his brutal profession and have no desire to make a hero out of him, but, as lovers of fair play, we cannot help feeling a certain amount of satisfaction that he at last has come by his own. Hounded by his own fraternity, the sports, lied about by a large section of the press, jobbed out of everything he could be jobbed out of, victory snatched from him by such fellows as the Examiner man had selected for that purpose, he has beaten them all. He has now won some money, but not nearly as much as the public suppose. Let him hold on to it, and stick to his decision never to appear in the prize ring again. The jobbers, the cunningest set of them all are now at his heels, and are after his coin. Unless he promptly puts himself, and it, beyond their reach, the press will soon be recording the fact that "Bob Fitzsimmons is dead broke." That is the end that pugilism invariably leads to.

The Animal in Man. After a careful study of the remarkable scenes that transpired on Market street last Wednesday from 11 A. M. until 1 P. M. anywhere between the Phelan Building and the Palace Hotel, one is afresh forced to admit that there is in the human heart a clearly developed brutal instinct which delights in blood, and which can be whetted into startling activity whenever occasion may call it up. Between the two points named the street was literally packed with men from every walk of life, who intently gazed on the bulletin boards which announced the progress of the battle between Corbett and Fitzsimmons for the championship of the world and a large purse. Had the individual fortune of each one of the vast crowd, numbering tens of thousands, been trembling in the balance, there could have been evinced no more consuming interest in the result. The number of those who had risked money on the fight did not form a single drop in the bucket. The vast concourse of men, and a very considerable sprinkling of women, were there for no reason that could benefit them either directly or otherwise. The Presidential returns failed to bring out more than one-fourth the number of people who stood patiently for hours in the sun waiting to learn which one of two men several hundred miles away would yield to the superior skill of his antagonist. The crowd was not composed of rough characters. For average appearance and manners it was quite as respectable and intelligent as an equal number of persons likely to be found at a theatre, a lecture, or a political meeting. Not an element of hoodlumism was to be seen; more orderly people never assembled in this city out of doors; and when the result was finally announced, the cheering was as frantic as if a great event had taken place.

Yet the whole history of the prize-ring is unworthy, and its followers to a man are unfit associates for true women or men. Its whole trend and tenor is downward below the level of unthinking animals. It does not promote desirable physical culture, nor stimulate by so much as a hair's breadth wholesome manhood or healthy morals. From top to bottom it is utterly bad. Not one redeeming feature, not a single practical virtue, springs from the prize-ring or its environments. All these facts are known and doubtless acquiesced in by ninety per cent. of the entire population of San Francisco. Yet in the face of this knowledge and its practical individual acceptance, all classes were absorbed in the "manly" exhibition. It seems that this sort of temptation is hardest to resist. It is quickly aroused, and fattens by what it feeds upon, like rank weeds in rich soil, or wolves upon a stricken deer. The struggle of life itself, the frequent injustice of existence, the survival of the fittest through the generations have no doubt kept alive a disproportionate element of original savagery which, as we have seen, has not yielded to the humane and kindly influences of civilization. The atmosphere of the prize-ring is penetrating. A great majority of people seem to be peculiarly susceptible to its degrading influences. San Francisco has had too much of it; and we hope that the Supervisors will strongly set their faces against granting licenses in this city, for the sparring exhibitions, which are prize-fights without disguise.

The Grand Jury System.

They are greatly agitated over the Grand Jury system in Massachusetts, and not because of a decision in their own commonwealth. The popular interest has been aroused by a scathing arraignment of a Grand Jury by Judge Werner of Geneseo, N. Y., because of its failure to indict a defaulting ex-treasurer of that county. In discharging that Jury, the court said that "he was called upon in the name of the honest, law-abiding people of this fair county, to denounce and condemn a most flagrant prostitution of official power perpetrated within the very walls of this edifice, which for more than half a century had been dedicated to the administration of justice," and the judge went on to say that the evidence against the official in question was such that in failing to indict him the jury had "wantonly violated the dictates of conscience and the laws of this commonwealth." There is no evidence that this particular jury was bribed; the general belief is that the treasurer's personal popularity brought about his acquittal. Nevertheless, public opinion is so strong that it seems certain that the jury which has been so false to its trust may be indicted as a whole by the next similar body summoned. Massachusetts has taken the matter up as earnestly as if the evil action had taken place within her own domain, and her Legislature is wrestling with the problem as to how best reform the Grand Jury system. It is a hard nut to crack, which many have attempted, and in which most have failed. In San Francisco the system has been working better during the last two or three years than for a long time previously. The time was, when it was hardly possible to say one good thing of it. It was usually "put up" to influence partisan purposes, or to let a rascal with money have a chance to go free. But of late years there has been an appearance of sincerity about our Grand Juries that had long been lacking. Righteous ends have been accomplished, and good work has undoubtedly been done. The trouble with all Grand Juries is, that witnesses will not go before them and tell all they know. There has been too much inertness in disclosing crime, and too much sympathy with it when found hedeked in purple and fine linen or in official robes. Grand Juries are very much what District Attorneys enable them to be, and in this respect there has been a decided improvement of late. Buckley, Toohy, and Stonehill no longer, thank God! control the Grand Jury of this city and county. That was an awful period, the like of which it is to be devoutly prayed may never again visit this region.

Child Study In the Home.

Some of the mothers of San Francisco held a meeting last week at which they effected a permanent organization for the intelligent study of children in the home, and for the further purpose of bringing them into closer acquaintance psychologically and physiologically. At first blush this is certainly a novel project, and carries with it an implied neglect of maternal duties. It is, if justified, a most serious arraignment of the mothers of this city; but in many cases we are inclined to think the necessity of some invention for the purpose clearly exists. As society is constituted the study of the children at home is becoming an unknown quantity. In the residences of the wealthy the immediate care of little ones is frequently delegated to second hands. Social duties and exactions crowd out immediate and continuous contact between parents and children, and destroy, or rather prevent, the mutual understanding, warm sympathy and keen insight into the mental temperament of little ones, without which they cannot receive the best impulse to symmetrical development. The study of children has given place, in great measure, to the study of fashions and functions; and the momentary amusement of parents has absorbed the time that should be devoted to the right understanding and interpretation of child life. This applies to the wealthy everywhere. It is found in another and more objectionable form in the great majority of women who refuse to accept the highest duty of the conjugal relation. Many children in the homes of wealth are the exception, and hear out the fact that babies are not wanted.

In the case of poor people the care and study of children are left to the public school teachers—often to their credit be it said—through the stern decree of poverty and not from choice. In one case inclination, and in the other ab-

sence of ability, deprive the children of the careful training to which they are entitled. The new woman, while she is as distant from her sister of wealth and elegance as are the poles apart, throws her strident tone and assertive personality into the same balance. She seeks to attain conquest by the destruction of the sweetness and fragrance of home life; by speech-making, wearing trousers, and short hair. In her discordant clamor for recognition, her disdain for the sanctity of the true home, and her intolerable yearnings for new and impossible political, moral and domestic relations, she has no time to fritter away on her suffering and neglected offspring. Happily for the most part, she is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The organization of mothers for studying child life in the home, was not heralded by banners and hands; but it has a mission before it worthy of the respectful attention and the sympathetic co-operation of every woman who knows what the love and presence of children are. It claims a field that will repay every effort, in better men and better women, in more perfect life and greater usefulness.

Pure Food Crusade.

The first conviction in the struggle for pure food in San Francisco has been secured. The whole case was held down to two points—proofs that the article sold was impure; and that the grocer charged with having sold it, had done so. The facts of his knowledge of the character of the article, and his belief that it was as represented, were not permitted to be developed.

It is hard on merchants who honestly think they are selling pure food to suffer for their ignorance; but it looks as if the public can be protected in no other way. It would be impossible to reach the Eastern manufacturer, and manifestly absurd to permit the introduction of testimony showing that the dealer was innocent of knowledge of the quality of his goods. Any man who would knowingly sell impure food as a genuine article, would, without hesitation, swear that he thought it was pure; so that there could be neither possibility of separating the guilty from the innocent, nor hope of securing a conviction or protecting the public, if that question were to be raised. As it now stands the retailer must look to the jobber, and he to the manufacturer for protection or redress. That is a matter with which the consumer should have nothing to do. If the law is to be made effective, it will be necessary to adhere rigidly to the rule laid down by Judge Campbell. Confine the case to the two points of quality, and identity of the seller, and it will be an easy matter to secure a verdict. Men who are honest, and who have been deceived by the manufacturer, will take care that they be not caught napping a second time; and in order to sell his goods the manufacturer will be compelled to be square. The crusade, now that it is begun, should be pushed vigorously and with fairness toward both the merchants and the public.

Ex-Senator Ingalls.

Expressions of surprise are heard that John James Ingalls would permit himself to become the special correspondent of the new journalism, accepting a detail to report a prize-fight in Nevada. John James Ingalls, ex-Senator, "statesman," and political recalcitrant, repudiated by the people of his State, sees no more impropriety in becoming a reporter and interviewing prize-fighters for a few dollars, than he did several years ago in becoming a traitor to the party to which he owed everything, the moment he thought there was anything in it for himself. Ingalls showed the quality of his mental fibre when he joined the Populists, and tried to crawl into power again through the aid of those bespat upon but a short time before. He is quite at home interviewing Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and is as unconscious of the personal contempt felt for him and his acts, as if he were a simple-minded Plute. Concentrated selfishness and consuming vanity are the chief characteristics of Ingalls, and he would gladly referee a dog-fight if the animals were of sufficient pedigree to arouse general attention. An ex-United States Senator, a man who has posed as a statesman, becoming a prize-ring reporter is something of an innovation in a country of surprises. Ingalls has set a new mark for all broken-down politicians who are without influence or position at home, who have neither respect for former associations nor hopes of future honorable elevation.

The Unemployed. During every winter, for years past, there has been a large class of unemployed in this city. They are a difficult set to deal with. Some of them would rather undergo hardships in the city than live on the fat of the lamb in the country. If they cannot immediately get work in the city, they will wait and live on their wits until they can. All this, whilst there are farmers and orchardists willing to supply work at remunerative rates, to more men than our benevolent committees are feeding. We know of an orchardist who three years ago visited San Francisco, and was pained at the sight of so many men seeking soup tickets. He agreed to take two of them home with him at a monthly wage of \$20 and board. Their month was up the day before Christmas, when they went to the orchardist, demanded their month's pay on the spot, and gave as a reason that they desired to go to San Francisco to spend the holidays. They had a permanent job and were not bossed, yet they must needs return to city bumdom, and become members of the unemployed. It is not to be wondered that their places were gladly filled by Japanese who are reliable in every way, and who will not leave your cow and buggy horses to roam at large because their keepers want to go on the rampage. We, however, subscribe to the doctrine that "a man who wants to do a dollar's worth of work for a dollar, ought to find it"—not necessarily in the city, but wherever labor will do the most good. San Francisco has not heretofore received value in labor for the money it has distributed among the needy. Anything for the industrious, but nothing but an opportunity for the idle.

The Collapse Of A. P. A. ism. Now that A. P. A. ism is in a condition of utter collapse, it is due to the truth of history to say that the NEWS LETTER was exposing its purposes and its men a full year before Father Yorke undertook the work for which he proved so well equipped. From the very beginning this paper said that if it approved of the purposes of the A. P. A., which it never did, it would still be opposed to any political organization, ruled by such non-descripts and rascals as then constituted the inner circle of that diabolical institution. We cared very little about A. P. A. ism, but did not believe it necessary in this country, and felt satisfied that it would disturb and anger a strangely mixed population that, at the time, was at peace within itself. But we did care about even religious bigots being deluded, for money making purposes, by a worthless set of banditti. We marvelled that such worthless fellows could come to the front in any American organization, and said so in our usual forcible way. In the fullness of time the Monitor took the movement in hand, killed it, and is now belaboring its dead carcass as assiduously as when it was a live lion. At one time it threatened to become a political power. A. P. A. ism is dead, and will know no resurrection if the Monitor will let it stay dead. It is just possible to write it into life again.

A Brave Supervisor. Whatever may be the fate of his measure, Supervisor Rottanzi is entitled to the admiring and enthusiastic thanks of all men who attend places of amusement in this city. Rottanzi is a bold man, and a friend of his brother sufferers. He has introduced a resolution in the Board of Supervisors declaring that women who wear hats at the theatres shall uncover during the performances, under pain of arrest and fine, or imprisonment; and that the proprietors of the theatres shall suffer by fine or imprisonment, or both, if they permit any women to wear hats during the play. The vast array of martyrs who have often and with deliberate cruelty been effaced by the opera or theatre hat, will offer up fervent prayer for Rottanzi and his resolution. Not one of the Supervisor's constituents lives who has not suffered absolute eclipse by the deadly high hat of the lady just in front of him at the theatre. This high hat has much to answer for. To its gloomy and dejecting obscurity may be attributed the frequent retreat of men between the acts. They require artificial reinforcements for the harrowing struggle of the evening; and it is a naked truth and solemn duty to charge the theatre hat with drunkards' graves, as well as withered pocket books. The rear view of a forest of waving plumes, extended wings, and air-spearling aigrettes, frilled with twinkling nobs—make up

a sort of fantastic feminine nightmare more terrible than delirium tremens. Supervisor Rottanzi's painful experience at the French opera this week, where he suffered total eclipse for three mortal hours, resulted in this fight for freedom. The high hat gored the wrong ox for once. Now, if other Supervisors will do their duty and set their faces as flint against the pathetic protests of their female friends and relatives, the high, the broad, and the deep hat will go. On the street it is a vision of loveliness, a thing of joy, a poem of color-combination; at the opera it is a fruitful source of profanity, a friend of the bar, an instrument of torture. Long live Rottanzi: may his resolution be made law.

S. STROZYNSKI, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5607.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gom" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.
Second and last week. See the famous HOOP SKIRT DANCE. Hear the new song, "My Race Track Winner." New York's jolliest success.
THE FOUNDLING.
Management, Charles Frohman, the great and only CISSY FITZGERALD, in her famous and inimitable dances. See CISSY wink! A genuine furore everywhere!
March 29—FOR FAIR VIRGINIA.

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co. (Incorporated) Proprietors.
GRAND OPERA SEASON
of the famous French operatic organization.
F. Charley, Impresario.
To-night, March 20th—A special event, THE VOYAGE OF SUZETTE. A beautiful and brilliant spectacular light opera.
Tuesday, March 22—LES HUGUENOTS.
Thursday, March 25th—A great double bill, DRAGON DE VILLARS (romantic opera) and Massenet's lyric gem, LA NAVARRAISE.
Saturday matinee, March 27—MIGNON, to be followed by "Aida," "Chalet," and "Pagliacci," etc.

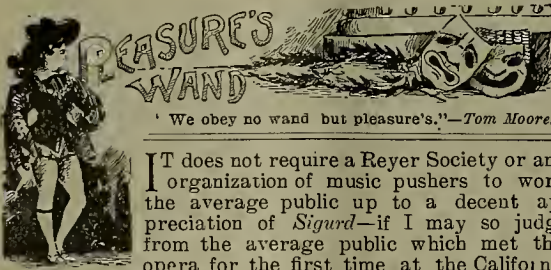
Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.
Beginning next Monday, March 22d, second and last week
FANNY DAVENPORT
supported by Melbourne MacDowell. Sardou's
GISMONDA
Saturday night, March 27—Only time, "LA TOSCA"—Grand souvenir event.
Monday, March 29th—OTIS SKINNER, presenting "A Soldier of Fortune" etc.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager.
Commencing Monday, March 22d. Every evening. Elaborate production of Nicolai's celebrated comic opera, The
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
Reappearance of Laura Millard, the favorite prima donna. Excellent cast; scenery, costumes, accessories, from new and elaborate drawings.
Next—The spectacular burlesque, DON JUAN AD LIB.
Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.
Week beginning Monday, March 22d. Another stupendous bill. A brilliant artistic novelty,
HENRY LEE,
In "Great Men—Past and Present." The inimitable comedian, Johnny Ray, assisted by Emma Ray; 3 Vilona sisters, musical artists; Wagner & Rieder, Tyrolean Warchers; Dick and Alice McAvoy, the "Hogan Alley Kids"; 3 Richards, greatest acrobats on earth; great bit of the four Coburns, doll dancers, and a host of novelties. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Golden Gate Hall.
Monday evening, March 29th. Friday evening, April 2d. Saturday matinee, April 3d,
CAMILLA URSO,
the great violin virtuoso, with her own company.
Miss M. Methot, soprano; Ed. H. Douglas, tenor; George H. Wesley, pianist. Sale of seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s
Thursday, March 25th. \$1.50, \$1. and 50 cents.

Golden Gate Hall.
Entire change of programme.
Last two concerts.
This afternoon at 3:15. To-morrow (Sunday) night at 8:15.
TREBELLI.
50 cents and \$1.



"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

IT does not require a Reyer Society or any organization of music pushers to work the average public up to a decent appreciation of *Sigurd*—if I may so judge from the average public which met this opera for the first time at the California Theatre Tuesday night. It took a society nine thousand strong, I believe, to start Wagner on his innovating career in New York. *Sigurd* was accomplished Tuesday night by the sole efforts of a press agent and a performance. We were told that the opera was "Reyer's masterpiece," and that it had rent New Orleans into tatters of joy. I have my own opinion about New Orleans as an art center; it is the place where Louis James secures brilliant premieres for his new plays. *Marmion*, *Spartacus*, *My Lord and Some Ladies* and Mr. James were all roof-high successes in New Orleans. And opera is not such a big jump from the drama. So I read my libretto calmly early in the day, and bar the advantage of sitting near a gentleman of France who had heard *Sigurd* several times abroad and once in New Orleans, and who assured me often that it was "great! amazingly great!" I came as near to being an impartial auditor as man can. I found not the slightest difficulty in appreciating three out of the four acts of Reyer's romantic music-drama, and I doubtless would have had a good time during the act I could not follow (the first) if half the audience had lingered less over its dinner.

It is possible that the long-haired worshippers of the divine and mystic Richard will find *Sigurd* too easy a game—if the opera ever should be honored by a New York production. But we of the belated West, whose ears are still attuned to the lesser harmony of Beethoven, Bach, Sousa and Italian opera, get color, scope and refreshment from this musicianly feast—even though our wrapt-eyed friends tell us we are merely taking a soft solution of Wagner in French capsules. I have never seen the score of *Sigurd*, and it is impossible for me to write of the motives of "Sigurd the Fearless," or "Sigurd the Impetuous," or "Brunehild the Passionate," or "Hilda the Jealous," or "Gunther the Craven" without publishing myself a hypocrite and imposter. There are moving motives in the opera—my trusty ears marked most of their introductions and repetitions; but I have nothing except the memory of my ravished auditory nerves to measure them by. The incantation of the High Priest to Freia, the Goddess of Love, haunts me still with its vast awesome grandeur; my glad astonishment is still glad over the eight bars (I think it is eight bars, but I will not swear) of ripping waltz that leaps into Sigurd's vow to keep his vizer and passions down when he delivers Brunehild; the superb sway of Gunther's song when he first sees the sleeping Brunehild, and the lyric fervor of their duo at the close of this same scene are to me a revelation of the musical goods that have been made in France; and the united song of Brunehild and Sigurd in the last act, as Sigurd goes to seek the treacherous Gunther, is a hurst of melodic sensationalism that is simply fabulous. If you were with us Tuesday night you will know what I mean and realize how much I have left unsaid; if you were not, lend your ears to the next performance—*Sigurd* will be repeated later in the season, I understand—and see how small are my adjectives and eulogy.

No; Reyer is not a Wagner—there is but one Wagner (just as there is but one Shakespeare) who would have dared to crowd his genius so hard—Reyer is a Wagnerette. He recalls those thoughtless moments of the Great German wherein he wrote such untangled verse as *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin* and *The Flying Dutchman*. Withal he never stoops to the old scheme of aria, duo, trio and quartette, with encore space between (as in opera as she once was wrote) he takes no chances with the "endless theme." It is a wise composer who knows how little he is, and Reyer has made *Sigurd* quite detachable and melo-romantic and even popular in the blend of German dramatisms and French tact. He knows the pomp of

brass, and he knows the seduction of reeds and strings. I cannot imagine a less painful way of becoming a Wagnerite than to have the rocky road to Beyreuth paved with such delicious Wagnerisms as there are in *Sigurd*. It is like taking a course of Pinero before grappling with Ibsen.

* * *

It would cost several thousand dollars to stage *Sigurd* up to the composer's dream. The amount expended at the California would about pay the interest on such a sum. However, I am not going to cavil at the *mise-en-scène*. It was flimsy and cheap, and, in spots, ludicrous; and the ring-a-round-a-rosey antics of the young women who asked us to believe they were Valkyries and Koholds and Elves were—but still I am not going to cavil. The singing and the orchestra were good, when one considers the character of the opera and the character of the company. Massart did some plucky work in the stupendous role of Sigurd; his tone was congested at times, but he came out nobly in the exacting music of the last scenes. Alber's Gunther was as nearly perfect as I can imagine the part. Foedor is of course not a Nordica; she has neither the vocal nor the physical higness that one learns to associate with the demi-Goddesses of Norse lore—but she gave us a good idea of the possibilities of the part. Athes seems to have more appreciation than voice-volume; his Hagen struck me as an excellent performance smothered by a mute. Berberth, as Hilda, was weak; in fact, impossible. Nicotias led, and the orchestra was reasonably sure. But I wish somebody would steal that piano—it seems never to stop sounding and never to be in key with the other instruments.

* * *

We were not wrong in expecting more of this French company than it gave us on the opening night. Friday's performance of *Trovatore* was finished and spirited, and it demanded respect for the singers, no matter how one regards the old accordion music in these advanced days. Prevost was there with Maurico's top-note, a virile, fiery C, which he delivered with beautiful patness. Otherwise he has a small, assertive, but not sensational tenor. Mme. Freneau-Benati sang a strong, deep Azucena, and Foedor awakened to inspired agility and power as Leonore. Albers was the Count, and the glory of the night. He is unquestionably the star of the company. He seems to be able to sing anything with that great, warm, lithe baritone of his. And he acts.

The *Faust* matinee Saturday marked the best all-round work of the season, up to the time I write. It was an even, steady performance. Berthet's Marguerite was light, but very graceful and girlish, both in the acting and singing. Massart made no special splurges, but he sang throughout with a fine purity and legitimacy. Javid, who seems to be more of a haritone than a basso, gave us a fascinating French Devil, full of buoyant humor. The hallet was a real diversion in the Walpurgis night scene. And Albers sang Valentine as I have never heard him sing before.

* * *

"There stood your champagne, but you tasted it not!"—that famous Ibsen line which has made many a London matinee girl clasp her mother by the wrist and lead her blushing from the theatre, is outdone by Victorien Sardou. "Go!" cries Gismonda to the lowly hird tamer, her large, warm arms necklacing his throat. "My God, I love you! Go! go! but—leave your door unlatched!" We had no time to look to our morals; this ended the third act; the curtain was down; and everybody in the Baldwin Theatre was storming to get it up again. This was melodrama, passion, exalted animalism—the sort to dream about. This was Sardou, the only Sardou. And in my mind there flashed a picture of Henry Arthur Jones trying to Sardou it all over again with a top hat and a frock coat and a Salvation Army glow, and renunciation and retribution and repentance in the last act. I even went lower than Jones: I thought of the inglorious Adelphi Browns and Morosco Smiths, who, confronted by the old-time plot that Sardou used, would have garlanded it with such posies of speech as Sir-r-r! Stand aside and let me pass! Oh Heavings! a ter-r-r-rible kr-ime has been kurmitted! Officer, arrest that man! And I thought of clever, naughty little Frenchmen who smoke the lean cigarette and drink the long opalescent absinthe, and write *Gis-*

monna every day—only they give her a live, flabby husband instead of romantic widowhood, and a brain-sick adventure of the alcove in place of the huge, out-and-out melodrama of Sardou's act scene, where Gismonda says, "You gave my child to the wild beast, I give you to hell!" Muscle and might and passion and blood take a strong man to handle them. I am not sorry that Sardou's *Spiritism* has been an international failure. He has no business playing with small psychologic toys—there are too many littler men more expert at the game. And a few bigger.

This is Fanny Davenport's last season of Sardou plays. She has done her mite toward keeping the wolf from the good Academician's door. Sardou is now rich enough to write his masterpiece, and Miss Davenport is going to turn patriot and lift some American playmaker above the temptations to crime and dramatic criticism. I envy the man whose play she accepts—not solely on account of Miss Davenport's and Mr. MacDowell's histrionic genius, or the mere pecuniary picturesqueness it will give to the author's condition. In fact, I envy the lucky fellow more on account of the staging—the sumptuous paraphernalia of scenery, properties, lights and costumes—his play will get, than anything else. Miss Davenport burns her money in the most regal blaze of scenic art of any manager-star on the American stage. There are others who run to plain star-acting, others who run to companies, others who run to a little of each of these—but for the grand climax of what the press agent is pleased to term scenic environment and stage vesture, Fanny Davenport is the empress supreme. Incidentally, she can act; incidentally again, she buys as good plays as money can buy, and if anyone should ask me: "Where, for the general purposes of an evening's diversion of an intense but not too brainy kind, may I most safely invest a dollar and a half?" I should answer: "Give it to Fanny Davenport, she is lots of things, and there are lots of things she is not—but she is infallibly reliable."

This reliability was never better proved than in the acting of Gismonda. Miss Davenport is not a young woman—she looks five years older than she did ten years ago, and she attests to closer analogy than alliteration between prosperity and plumpness. She is still as theatrical as Bernhardt, without having the all-powerful sweep of magnetism to make one forget it; and her reading of the heavier lines is often marred by stout aspiration. But she is reliable, zealous, strong, and she brings conviction and circumstance to the role. No one can dispute the real fire in her work in the third act, or the sovereign humility of her confession in the church scene, even though she does bend more to the audience than to the altar. There are all the old virtues and no new faults in Mr. MacDowell's acting. He poses, and he hurries and tangles what leading men are prone to regard as the least important of their lines; but he is very dramatic as Almerio without being bombastic, and there is a genuine ring in his big heroic speeches.

The company is a fairly good one.

For me there is only one jarring note in the play. Waiving all question of the chivalry or caddishness of the thing, and taking it from a point of art alone, I cannot understand why Sardou should have made Almerio so everlastingly insistent in telling Gismonda that he had saved her child's life.

I do not agree with my colleagues that *Miss Helyett*, on Saturday night, was a dreary fizzle mainly because the majority of the audience did not parley French. I do not even blame the comedy itself, which is as feasible for us as an American farce-comedy would be for Paris. I cheerfully distribute my disesteem among the comedy people of the French company. With the exception of Manrick, who played the embryonic bull-fighter, all of these comedy singers can be enlightened in their business by spending their off nights at the Tivoli. And it will only cost them fifty cents a lesson.

As I did not see *The Foundling* at the Columbia in anything like its entirety, I am not in a position to agree with the various persons who tell me it is all dull and rank. I saw for myself that Thomas Burns is a clever farce-comedian, and that the rest of the company lagged miles be-

hind him. As for Cissy, her nine-yards-around skirts and her kiek and her wink are nice, old-fashioned Gaiety Girl accomplishments. But they come too late to seduce the town.

It was soloists' afternoon Thursday at the Columbia, and the orchestra played easy, entertaining music before and between and after, and everybody was pleased. Gertrude Auld—who has prefixed Mrs. and added a hyphen and a Thomas to her name since I heard her sing several years ago at Golden Gate Hall—and Hugo Mansfield were the soloists. In a light, delicate way they both were very successful. Mrs. Thomas's art has not suffered perceptibly at the hands of matrimony. She sang the *Dinah* "Shadow Dance" with tripping spirit, and those white, silver top-notes were just as pure and fragile and facile as they were when she first came hark from Paris under the ambiguous halo of "Marchesi's favorite pupil." Fickle Marchesi! she has had at least a thousand favorite pupils that I know of. However, Gertrude Auld-Thomas can sing, and, now that the ice is broken again, I hope we will hear more of her sweet, slim notes. Mansfield is not a passionate pianist, but he is earnestly articulate and moderately poetic. Often it is a relief to hear a player who does not win by sheer brute force, and while Mansfield did not realize the melodramatic possibilities of Liszt's 10th Rhapsody, he played the Raff Concerto with fine intelligence and no little style. I have never heard the orchestra play with more piquancy, swing and imagination than in the Massenet suite, "Les Erynnés." Hierichs is never happier than when his baton is pulsing over a modern score.

ASHTON STEVENS.

To-night, at the California, the French singers will present the spectacular light opera, *Voyage of Suzette*, which never has been heard in this country outside of New Orleans. Brilliant staging is promised, and the pantomime work in one of the scenes (a butcher shop) is said to be indescribable. For Tuesday night, *The Huguenots*; for Thursday a grand double bill, consisting of *Dragons de Villars* and Masseur's *La Navarraise*, both new operas to us. *Mignon* is the popular bill for next Saturday afternoon.

With new scenery, costumes and an enlarged orchestra, Nicolai's famous comic opera *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be given at the Tivoli next week. It will be the first time in years we have had an opportunity of hearing this famous work complete, though the overture and ballet music have been frequently heard at orchestra concerts. West will be the Falstaff. Laura Millard and all the Tivolians are in the cast.

The Four Cohans have made a big hit at the Orpheum with their automatic doll dance. All these new people for next week: Henry Lee, impersonating "the great men of the past and present;" Johnny Ray, heralded as "the funniest stage Irishman in the business;" Dick and Alice McAvoy, as "the Hogan Alley Kids;" a violin trio by the Vilona sisters; acrobatics by the three Richards, and Tyrolean warbling by Werner and Rieder.

Trebelle's last two concerts will take place this afternoon and to-morrow night at Golden Gate Hall. Varied and interesting programmes have been prepared for each concert, and now that music is in the air it is well not to forget so modest and charming an artist as Trebelle.

Camilla Urso will give three violin recitals at Golden Gate Hall on Monday, March 29th, Friday, April 2d, and Saturday afternoon, April 3d, under the direction of Mr. Greenbaum. Madame Urso brings with her two vocalists and a pianist.

Fanny Davenport will play *Fedora* to-night and *Gismonda* all next week, with the exception of Saturday night, when *La Tosca* will be given, with Davenport-Sardou souvenirs for the ladies on the lower floor.

The Foundling continues another week at the Columbia. Monday night Cissy Fitzgerald will introduce her new "hoop skirt dance" and a new song written for her, "My Race Track Winner."

The Great Northwest, a melodrama that made a big hit at the American Theatre in New York last season, will be put on at the Grand next week, to the fullest extent of Morosco's resources.

THE ART EPIUREAN.

(EIGHTH PAPER.)

WHILE gathering material for a certain sauce to put in my eighthly, a new invention or table accessory was brought to mind. As hot sauces and gravies must be first, last, and all the time served hot as when they came from the fire, and at a large table party the serving may take some time (when done at the table, English fashion), a gravy or sauce boat, fitted with a cover and poised over an alcohol lamp, is an admirable improvement and insures the desired end. Besides being such an advantage from a culinary point of view, this pretty silver table-piece is an ornament to any dining room, and will divide honors with the breakfast equipage for the coffee tankard, or the dainty five o'clock tea utensils that seem fashioned especially for milady's delicate hands.

Have I time for a delightful salad from Delmonico's chef, Charles Ranhofer? He calls it Macedoine salad, and thus describes it: Have four ounces of artichoke bottoms, four ounces of celery knob, four ounces of beet root, four ounces of turnips (sounds like a "b'iled dinner"), all cut in quarter inch squares; four ounces string beans, cut lozenge shaped, four ounces of asparagus tops, and four ounces green peas (better buy out your green grocer entire), all cooked separately in salted water. Then refresh, except the beet roots, which must be cooked whole and cut into dice afterwards. Season, with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar, and mix with a fine herb mayonnaise, which is made as follows: Pick and wash a handful of chervil, tarragon, chives, burnet, and garden watercress; blanch them in salted boiling water for five minutes. Then drain, refresh, and press well to extract the water. Pound thoroughly, adding the juice of one lemon and some ground mustard. Mix this *ravigote* into a pint of Mayonnaise sauce and color it a fine pistacio green with some spinach green.

One would never suppose—I dare say that even his nearest friends do not guess the sad truth—that the bane of Mr. Charles Cole's existence is what to order three times per diem for the inner man. He swears it is making his hair gray, for he has no preference for any flesh, fish or fowl. But amphibia don't count, and the secret is out that when "Tony," of the Poodle Dog up on Bush street, puts before Mr. Cole a *saute sec* of frogs' legs as only Tony can prepare them, that gentleman's merriness of soul is only equaled by that of the nursery-rhyme personage of royal title. Then, and only then, is the vexed question satisfactorily solved.

Bulls and bears are supposed to have carnivorous appetites, so it is not strange that Mr. Carey Friedlander, after a day "on change," pleads guilty to thinking a broiled porterhouse about the correct thing for gustatory enjoyment; and it must be accompanied by a baked potato to exactly satisfy the Friedlander palate.

"Coffee with it?" I queried innocently.

"No"—most emphatically—the little ruse was a success. "It needs ale or beer." There's modesty for you in gustatory bliss; and so easily prepared, too. But there is something that he likes equally well—at least so a friend of his confided to me—and that is, one of Charles J. Foster's dishes of fried tripe with Tilden sauce. Thereby hangs a tale:

Joe Tilden, in years ago, used to be the epicure of San Francisco. Poor fellow! He died in Honolulu some time ago, but not before he originated what the chosen spirits laughingly christened a "drunkard's breakfast." The first course was onion soup; the second was this tripe dish: and there wasn't any third, because these two made *quantum suf* for the rather over-worked digestion of the average devotee of Bacchus. When Joe Tilden died his cronies thought that the recipe for that famous tripe sauce had died with him, for although they had often seen him make it, they hadn't it in detail. Mr. Foster tried for two or three years without success to duplicate it, but perseverance conquers all things, even tripe sauce, and one day he was lucky enough to hit upon the right ingredients, and success perched. The kindred souls call it the Tilden sauce in honor of poor Joe. It has very hot things about it—but that has no bearing on Joseph, nor does it cast any sinister reflection. This is the way it is done:

The finest kind of honeycombed tripe must be obtained

for the foundation, and fried to a turn. Have a very hot soup plate, and fill it with butter—soon melted. Everything must be piping hot. Mix in the melted butter French or English prepared mustard. Worcestershire and Harvey sauce, and *le bon gout*, and lastly a half teaspoonful of tabasco. No, that is not a mistake. It sounds sultry, and it is. When these are stirred thoroughly into a cream, smooth and oily, squeeze into the dish the juice of a lime to cut the oil. Have on the table a dish nicely arranged with very finely chopped green peppers, ditto of onions, ditto of small pickles, and also the tops of green onions chopped. They are milder than the onion itself for those who do not fancy quite so much of a muchness. Keep all these "trimmin's" separate on the dish, and those at the board can choose their own seasonings. Let these be sprinkled over the tripe before the sauce is poured over it. The plates must be hot. The tripe must be done at the moment that the sauce is finished. The guests must have their appetites whetted to match, and all will go merry as the marriage bell. You say, from your wider experience, that a man hasn't much appetite after a night of revelry? Conceded. But this is a sort of stimulant; taken when you need touting up. It fills a long-felt want when anything else would be unpalatable. Its votaries call it a "Sunday breakfast." I wonder why.

Georgie Cayvan, the pretty actress, is said to be very fond of apples, and has them always within reach. So alas, was her prototype, but it was on account of their being nearly out of reach upset the domestic economy of Mr. Adam's household—or garden party—and made lovely woman extravagant in the matter of dress ever since. And heartless wretch that she was, she didn't give a fig for all Adam's expostulation—just as "leaf" as not, so to speak; after which index of feeble-mindedness it behooves the writer to retire into oblivion.

ANY L. WELLS.

WISE PEOPLE seeking advice on important matters consult the best authorities. Thos Cook & Son are the best authorities on travel in all civilized countries, and freely give intending travelers the benefit of their fifty-six years' experience. San Francisco Office: 621 Market street (under Palace Hotel).

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Confidence Silver Mining Co.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of March 1897, an assessment, No. 28, of Thirty cents per share was levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

16TH DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 7th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. S. GROTH, Secretary.

Office—No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.



A RECENT arrival from New York asked a leading society woman the other day why our swim does not make Van Ness avenue the parade ground for Sunday afternoon, as the *beau monde* does Fifth avenue in New York. It seems a good idea. Why do not the girls and young matrons take it up? Especially now, before the summer winds begin and society is in a state of enforced quietude. Many of the fashionable set of girls have taken recently to going out to the Presidio of an afternoon, where there are always a lot of young officers only too glad to join the walk, play tennis, or offer a cup of tea at quarters.

A whisper is afloat that the women have been seriously considering the presentation of a testimonial to Ed. Greenway at the final dance of the Cotillion Club, of which organization he has been the acknowledged leader for years past, to take place shortly after Easter. Much discussion is said to have been held as to the form of said testimonial, some going in for a loving cup; others for jeweled suspender buckles, and some one is said to have affirmed that the "genial" would not be averse to coin. However, gossip is always a dangerous thing to place credence in, and so it may all end in the proverbial smoke, not hut what the gentleman is entitled to a souvenir from his society admirers, and the society millionaires of to-day do not give jeweled scarf pins or watches as favors to the cotillion leaders, more's the pity.

It is decidedly amusing to old settlers to read the memoirs of John Bonner in a Sunday paper. If this writer's previous articles on past greatness of foreign notabilities were not more accurate than the local *resume*, we fear they are not very reliable. Fancy for one item being told that in Vigilante days Stockton street, between *California and Clay*, was the fashionable residence quarter, where the French banker, Pioche, dispensed elaborate hospitality at his handsome mansion thereabouts. This was in 1856. The Pioche house was not built until the close of the sixties. Why *will* people write of what they only know by hearsay.

Gossip from the East, told in letters, asserts that the popular erstwhile beau of San Francisco, Wilcox of the army, who was supposed by society to be in a state of mental collapse over Miss Julia Crocker's engagement to Buckhee, is spoken of as about to be engaged himself—not in military tactics, hut in Cupid's wiles, the fair lady of his choice being one of two cousins, native daughters of the Golden State, at present in the East.

The presence of a British Baronet and the nephew of a Duke at the Palace Hotel, although duly chronicled by the daily press, has apparently not made much stir in our social world. Our girls are beginning to value a rich American more than a fortune-hunting foreigner.

"Why don't Jim Phelan marry?" was the remark made by a prominent matron, recently, to a well-known eluh man. "For a variety of reasons, my dear madam," was the response. "First, because he don't want to." When that disappears those following may be discussed.

One of the most interesting sights at Inspector General Burton's review of troops at the Presidio last Saturday, was the enthusiasm displayed by the huds when their special favorite officer came into view. Even the young matrons were imbued with the feeling.

The Louis Parrotts are going to keep open house this summer at their San Rafael ahude. So say their friends, and as the eldest Miss Parrott is fast becoming a "bud," no doubt the rumor is correct.

The opera has become the fashion, and each night parties of the swim are to be seen at the California. A recent one was noted for the loud dressing of the women and the *laissez aller* manners of the men, and they were all of the swagger set.

The Sunday afternoons at the Hagers' Gough street residence have become most popular affairs, where one is sure to meet charming women and agreeable men, neither hud nor brownie being greatly in evidence on these occasious.

On dit, one of our local multi-millionaires is considering the project of a private skating rink, after those so much in vogue in London this year. What a chance for real, old-fashioned fun such a thing would be.

Among the most constant patrons of the French opera at present singing in our city is the Swiss Consul and family, who take evident delight in the performances, the young ladies being accomplished musicians.

No man can tell the great difference between a fair average quality of liquor and the best, until he has tried J. F. Cutter Whiskey. Then he finds out J. F. Cutter is a superb drink, and easily take, the front rank among all whiskeys. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are Coast Agents.

Ever since the Japan-Chinese war, Japanese curios, art goods, tapestries, etc., have become the fad. Geo. T. Marsh & Co. at 625 Market street, under the Palace hotel, have a splendid line of these goods—a perfect store house of Japanese wares. A visit there will richly repay any lover of the quaint and beautiful.

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"Beauty and Hygiene." New York. Published by Harper & Brothers. 1897.

A Book of the Week. We are constantly told by people who, being incapable of learning, have taken to teaching, that Knowledge is Power: and though this is in a sense true, it is yet surprising how few of the world's great prizes fall to the men who know most. But no one can for a moment deny that Beauty is Power—for women. The handsome men of the world do not, merely because they are handsome, achieve any special greatness. It is true that John Churchill, who was known all over the continent of Europe as "the handsome Englishman," became one of Britain's greatest military heroes and the first Duke of Marlborough, but these results were only very indirectly secured by his personal beauty. Of course, his fine looks helped him into the good graces of women, and were a valuable aid to his ambition, but they could hardly be said to have been the real foundation of his magnificent career. The great work of the world is done, and its master positions are held by men with few or no pretensions to be considered handsome. A clever man, notorious for his extreme plainness, was accustomed to say that, even with women, he was only a quarter-of-an-hour behind the handsomest man in London. But in the case of women all this is different. Beauty is the source of their Power, and the most efficient cause of their eminence. When a lovely girl of eighteen, after a few weeks of smiling and coquetry, becomes (let us say) an English Duchess, she attains at a bound rank, honors, houses, heirlooms, jewels, and historic associations, that are the accumulation of centuries of honorable work and high achievement. Can we wonder, when such dazzling brilliant chances are always dangling before their eyes, that women are tempted to do and dare almost anything to gain, if haply they may, Beauty. There is always a possibility of their achieving at a stroke, and by the mere pleasurable exercise of charms that are the gift of kindly Nature, supplemented by a little worldly knowledge, all the best things that Life has to offer. Hence the unfulfilling interest that women feel in all books that profess to teach them how to enhance and preserve their physical charms. The little volume before us, recently issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, awards the palm of beauty and womanly grace to the ladies of Spain, and attributes the permanence of their charms to the careful attention which they bestow upon their health and upon the preservation of their teeth, nails, hair, and complexion, by simple, natural, and hygienic means. The little treatise gives many recipes for complexion-pastes, hair-washes, tooth-powders, and other adjuncts of the toilet, most of which may be prepared at home, though some few require to be compounded by a skilled pharmacist. From a perusal of the book, which is quite readable, one rises with the conviction that, though perhaps the French proverb, *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*, is somewhat hyperbolic, the acquisition, enhancement, and preservation of feminine beauty are tasks demanding much time, great pains, almost incessant attention, and the resources of a very well-appointed home.

To the last issue that we have received of Harper's Round Table, Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an article, which, though certainly above the heads of his presumably youthful readers, is eminently agreeable to their elders. It is entitled "Standards in Modern Literature." From it we cull a few pregnant and forceful sentences: "Under the strictest rules that ever were enacted, and a régime the most academic conceivable, there will never be anything like unanimity regarding the excellence of a literary product. All we can hope to reach is a general agreement of the best-trained minds, recurrent for so many generations as to become practically durable." Again: "Nothing else" (but technical excellence) "has preserved the principal writers of antiquity in esteem.

Mr. Lowell called style 'the great antiseptic;' good writing, in other words, is the only chemical product which can prevent literature from corrupting and fading away." This, too, is valuable: "On questions of the literary standard, it is the majority which is always wrong. The majority likes a warm, easy book, without pretension, unambitiously written, on a level with the experience of the vast semi-educated classes of our society." Hence the great success of books by such people as Archibald Clavering Gunter, Rosa Nouchette Carey, and "the Duchess." "One man, one vote," extended to the domain of literary taste, would mean the absolute and final extinction of all distinguished masterpieces. . . . Outside the small class of experts, there is a large body of the public which recognizes its authority and is docile to its directions. Again, outside is the vast concourse of persons competent to read and write, but no more capable of forming an opinion than is the dog that barks at their shadow, or the disreputable cat that curls at their fireside and says nothing." Now, excellent and true as all this is, we can hardly believe that any children of fifteen or sixteen are capable of appreciating it; indeed, the vast majority of people reach their graves without attaining such a condition of mind as would render these truths intelligible. We think that Messrs. Harper must have accepted Mr. Gosse's article on the strength of its writer's literary reputation, and not on account of its suitability to the Round Table. However this may be, Mr. Gosse sets forth his views in a clear and forcible manner.

The utter futility of public discussion of important or lofty subjects was well illustrated at San Jose recently. After a lecture on the civilization of Greece and Rome at the Normal Hall in that enlightened burg, where even the Man in the Street (as we have recently been told) is intelligent and honest, Professor Earl Barnes volunteered, like a fortune-telling crone at a village fair, or a candidate for office at a political meeting, to answer any questions that foolish people might wish to ask him: *i. e.*, to answer those questions to which he knew the answers, and to evade those to which his memory or his invention suggested no convenient reply. Some inquiring donkey asked him the question, "Is the soul destructible?" to which the Professor (who, we sincerely hope, does not profess the English language at the Palo Alto High School) replied in the following elegant words: "I can chase a thing out of the universe as far as possible, and I might chase it a little farther. High forms of force cannot pass into grosser forms, and the highest form of force is the soul." Now, what human creature could be enlightened or bettered an iota by this utterance, couched as it is in the language of the curbstone? Then another ass brayed interrogatively: "Does it not mean the destruction of the personality?" To this the Professor (who is perhaps not so big a fool as he seems) discreetly answered, "I do not wish" (that is to say, I could if I would, but I do not wish) "to answer that: it comes back into theology." The Professor did, however, make a sensible remark when he said, "Men are born unequal. It is the most patent fact in the whole world." It is just these patent facts, however, that people are commonly most slow to perceive or most unwilling to admit.

Women of the so-called "advanced type" are strange creatures. Last month a congress of mothers was held in Washington, D. C., to discuss the relation of mother and child, the influence of heredity, the management of nurseries, and other matters peculiarly within the province of fruitful wives. The Brooklyn Times tells us that a large percentage of the delegates to the congress was composed of unmarried women, among whom were Miss Frances Willard, the irrepressible Parson Anna Shaw, and that old war-horse, Susan B. Anthony. Though presumably *virgines intacte*, these amiable creatures were quite ready to teach old married women how to suckle infants. After this, what will lovely Woman not attempt?

The Roycroft Printing Shop, of East Aurora, N. Y., is about to issue a series of short outdoor essays entitled "Upland Pastures," by Adeline Knapp. Five hundred copies are to be printed on rough English paper, at two dollars each, and forty copies on Japan vellum, illuminated by hand by Bertha C. Hubbard, at five dollars each.



DEAR EDITH: A very swell gown, just made for a great society lady, has two boxplaits on each side of the skirt, one toward the front and one toward the back, and the blouse is in clusters of fine tucks running up and down, and is open over a front of gray tulle spangled with steel. The blouse droops a little all round over a four-inch wide belt, so that it has a little the effect of a bolero. The belt is of white, striped with lines of steel braid, and is fastened with a bow of velvet. Spangled tulle is in the neck and wrists. A heart-shaped piece of white lace, with steel, is applied on the front of the neckband, and falls slightly down over the tulle. The sleeve is cut in one piece, with a puff at the top, and the lower part of the puff is in tucks running round. The skirt is finished separate from the lining and is slightly gathered on the sides, the plaits being included in the gathers. Openwork steel passementerie is applied on the sleeves and down the skirt, but is not necessary to the effect. This gown embodies the latest ideas in all its details.

Skirts, so long stationary, are now the least stable part of dress, and every day sees a new design. The other day it was a narrow skirt, covered with flounces; now it is countless plaits or innumerable godets, that fall over an underskirt, not of silk, but of flannel, and so drag and cling with siren grace. These novelties need not trouble the dressmakers much until after Easter, as they are intended for thin materials; nevertheless, here is a model.

But perhaps the greatest marvel the times have perfected is the loose jacket that in the beginning was flowing and wide, and is now metamorphosed by the *chic* tailors into an effect of slimmness and length. This jacket is the principal element in the serge gowns and the bicycle dress for spring. It is drawn as close to the figure as keeping it straight will allow, for it must not curve in anywhere, an apparent contradiction that gives rise to an entirely new effect.

The blouses worn with serge costumes are of Scotch plaid silk, or else they are of plain silk with a white lineu turn-over collar and a Scotch plaid tie. The tie is like a man's four-in-hand, but wider, is long enough to go round the neck, cross behind, knot in front and run down to the belt. This is the latest *chic*.

Just at present the sleeve question is one of absorbing interest to all womankind, and to the home dressmaker it is more or less of a difficulty, unless she is properly enlightened.

Of course, everybody recognizes the fact that the large sleeve is a thing of the past, and that a gown is no longer really stylish that is encumbered with them. It is an easy matter, however, to cut them over, if one only understands how, and a pattern is not needed in many cases.

Any of the large, old-style leg-o'-mutton or balloon sleeves will easily furnish ample material for the small sleeves of present fashion, and worn places may be avoided, only the best of the goods being put into the new sleeves. The large outer part of the sleeve is cut across the top, and is made to form the puff of the new sleeve. The lower part of the outer large leg-o'-mutton is cut to fit the inner lining to which it and the top puff are sewn. This is one of the most popular sleeves in vogue at present and is the easiest to make. It may be left perfectly plain, or dressed up as much as one likes, for a great deal of trimming on sleeves is very fashionable. If the sleeve is of wool goods, little puffs of hias silk may be set on an inch apart, covering gracefully any worn or stained places. Another fancy is to have many rows of velvet ribbon set an inch apart, or little frills of narrow lace. All sleeves are made long over the hands, either the bottom of the sleeve itself being long, or made to appear so by a frill of silk, lace, chiffon, or whatever one fancies.

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MEDICATED GERATE.	The Famous Skin Food, Trial pot free for 10 cents in stamps.	50 cents and \$1.00
Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent, Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.		



Holcomb Valley Reconstruction. For at least the fourth time in as many years the reconstruction process is to be put into effect by the managers of the Holcomb Valley mines in San Bernardino County.

As there seems to be no power in Great Britain to stop this systematic robbery, or to bring the perpetrators to justice, all that is left is to once more protest against the outrage and caution people against having anything to do with the scheme. The company seems on the last occasion to have had a very decent and honest manager in a Mr. Thame. This gentleman resigned his position and went to England with a report giving his reason for discontinuing operations that "the gravel was too poor" to justify the continuance of work. Of course it is only natural to learn that the precious set at the head of this concern "are bound to say that they did not agree with the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Thame in that report." Of course not. The conclusions of Messrs. Williams, John Hays Hammond, and William Ireland, Jr., did not suit their ideas either. They always can find reasons in London for disapproval of anything unfavorable which may be said for the apology for a mine in California which gives them an excuse for existence. They are themselves working the mine proper in emptying the pockets of any investor foolish enough to throw his pennies into the hat when it makes its annual passage. The State Mineralogist's report, just issued, it might be mentioned incidentally, confirms the opinion of Mr. Thame, stating that it has been found that "the quantity of gold in the gravel is too small to make extensive operations remunerative." That water for sluicing has to be pumped from wells, according to the same report, is enough in itself to condemn a property of its class as a feasible enterprise in hydraulic or placer mining with people who know anything at all about operations of the kind. This official report, however, like all others which have preceded it, undoubtedly will suggest some reason to this precious management sufficient to hind them "not to agree with its conclusions."

A Scandalous Waste of Money.

With the report of such a man as Hammond before them, not to speak of the other prominent experts who have condemned this property for the purposes outlined by the company in control, it seems scarcely credible that more good money, to the extent of \$50,000, had been thrown after bad during the past two years. On top of this it is now proposed to raise more money to ascertain what there is "in the gravel on granite," and what could be made of the water supply. Another expert examination by eminent engineers is suggested, but in the light of the past we know what that means. So far the reports have only been obtained for the purpose of pigeon-holing. This would be the preliminary to drawing upon the new capital suggested of \$250,000, and enable the company to run along for a while longer before the next scheme at reconstruction. By cutting and selling timber, some 90,000 feet, for which they claim to have received \$16 per thousand, some profits have accrued to the company, and this is looked to in the future as a source of revenue. Without water sufficient for practical mining, reference is made by the chairman in his reconstructed reports of the probabilities existing for an irrigation plant, furnishing additional sugar coating for the pill investors are now asked to swallow. We would like to see one of those "eminent engineers" who are acknowledged by this gentleman to exist in California called into this case and have their opinion for publication. This, however, is only likely to eventuate when some outraged shareholder arises to his wrath and takes the suppression of the schemers in his own hands.

Reconstructing the Golden Feather.

Work at Oroville will go on at the river mines located there for some time to come, if "reconstruction" has the power to stimulate the cow when it is milked again for the golden guineas. With the old company in liquidation, a new one arises like the Phoenix

from its ashes, with a capital small for the work, and yet big enough in its way when it comes down to the investors punting up. An immense sum has already been spent on this claim and the one above it, which had been "reconstructed" some time ago, and in comparison, the amount to be raised now, some \$960,000, seems trivial. Besides playing against the chances of mining in the matter of gold discoveries, the shareholders in this concern have the elements to contend with, and storms are apt to sweep away the profits of a season in short order. It is a great enterprise, truly, and an alluring one, which is likely to perpetuate itself for ages to come with succeeding generations of managers. Prehistoric, as well as historic forces, are at work here on human cupidity, with wide-range of possibilities for discussion on both sides. Mr. Pechey in these river mines will find a boundless field for research and adventure while money can be found to hack his endeavors.

A British Mining Combine.

The Bramhall Company of many promoters, while a local concern, is essentially British in its personnel make-up. Its membership includes the following well-known names: W. M. Bramhall, P. George Gow, C. J. Okell, H. A. Trevelyn, A. C. Donnell, C. F. Burnham and J. J. R. Peel. It is intended to establish a branch office in London. As most of the gentlemen connected with this company are acquainted with mining in California it will be hoped that their influence will make itself felt in checking rascality on the other side when it makes its appearance from time to time. In this way they will benefit both countries, which would otherwise be sufferers by enterprises of an unsavory character.

The Mines Will Survive.

Messrs. Roelker and Rolston, the former an expert for the London financial syndicate, and the latter for some company of a similar character, have been recalled to London. It is beginning to dawn upon mine owners of California that these syndicates will have to look somewhere else for the ready-made outfit they desire for stock jobbing operations on the Exchange. A "going Exchange" now means a producing mine which can be had for one-third of its owner's valuation, with life enough in it to carry the London company over enough dividends to enable the flotation of its shares at the rate of a few millions. Nearly every big mine in California has had a hack in price from representative men of the foreign syndicate, but many of them will survive the condemnation to the profit of their owners.

The Powder Combine.

After a series of "now you see it and now you don't" exhibitions by the manipulators of the Giant Powder deal, the trump card has finally dropped from the sleeve in the form of a compact between the three companies, the California, Judson, and the speculative Jack-in-the-box. An advance has been effected in the price of manufactured stuff, which will put the California at least on a fairly profitable basis. The revenue secured will help the Giant to pay up its heavy indebtedness and cheer up the hearts of the Judson shareholders. The rise in powder is not large enough to attract competition, thanks to the counsel of the more level-headed members of the combine, who have fought for weeks past an attempt to put prices at a point which would have ended in disruption just as soon as competition began from outside makes which could be counted on from the start.

The Pine Street Market.

No business worth mentioning has been transacted on Pine street during the week. Chollar continues to loom up in good shape, but the hobos who chase shadows are not zealous in the matter of an investment possessed of actual merit. It would come unnatural to those for whom the frisky wild-cat has more attraction. The Norcross difficulty is still unsettled. It is likely to remain so for a time to come.

The Local Savings Banks.

The regular statement of the local savings banks have appeared again at the end of February at the instance of the Bank Commission. The assets of the active concerns aggregate in round numbers \$110,343,677, with deposits of \$100,049,095. The loans on real estate amount to \$77,945,660, with loans on stocks and bonds of something over \$25,000,000.

Down Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

WILLIAM CLINE, the grocer convicted under the pure food law of having sold adulterated raspberry syrup, was yesterday fined \$50 by Police Judge Campbell.
—Morning Contemporary.

Go down into your pockets, Cline,
And pungle up your little fine.
'Tis strange you should have tempted fate
By stooping to adulterate.
Such wicked conduct you must know, sir,
Is unbecoming any grocer.
Stern punishment a man deserves
For thus retailing fake preserves.
No wonder Whiskers, in his wrath
At outraged justice, blocks your path;
Oh, how that righteous man must grieve
To see another so deceive!
Of course, it naturally must
Seem to your friends a bit unjust
That you should have so little scope
And others such a length of rope.
For instance, no one does a thing
When faking journals foul "news" fling,
Thus poisoning, for ghoulish greed,
The hapless minds of those who read.
You merely cheat the palate. They
Destroy the morals, day by day.
Your gill of syrup, every time,
Is evidence of greater crime
Than all the rank and slimy stuff
The papers print. I know it's tough—
Yet you're a culprit, William Cline!
Step up and pay your little fine!

IT is to be hoped that the dimpled damsels and doughy dames of San Francisco will go in a hunch to hear Suzy Tracy lecture on cooking. It might even pay us to hire this estimable young lady, and make her a Committee of One to investigate and report on the kitchens of our leading family hotels and boarding houses. The time will come when laws will be passed forcing all women to learn how to cook before they may enter upon the "higher education." Miss Suzy Tracy, the TOWN CRIER herewith makes you an honorable proposal of marriage!

THE mother-in-law will never be a popular quantity. Now cometh one and taketh a pot shot at Julian Pinto, who lives by expounding the law, the grace of God, and that peculiar forbearance for which as a people we are famous. The TOWN CRIER believes in a woman receiving her just deserts; in this case, however, and considering that only a lawyer's life is in question, he recommends the lady to the mercy of the Court and the good will of the community.

'TIS not so much repugnance for a jail
That makes a convict now turn faint and pale,
And trembling on a dungeon threshold quail.
Ah, no. It is the fear that there, for mate,
With one of Willie's staff (a dreadful fate)
He may be driven to associate.

INSTEAD of prosecuting the men who stole the diamonds from the teeth of a lady in this city, the fellows should be publicly thanked, and requested to persevere in their good work. When a woman proves herself to be such an irresponsible idiot as this one seems to be, she is placed outside of the pale of the law, and is no longer to be considered as one of us.

REVEREND DR. BOVARD of Alameda is again heard from. He opines that the Anti-Saloon bill, which he has been actively endorsing, should be allowed to rest. Now if the Doctor himself could only be persuaded to take that same cure!

H E swallowed (I am stating facts)
A dozen cocktails 'twixt the acts.
Now, was it thirst or Cissy's wink
That drove that big, strong man to drink?

THERE is a solace, after all, in poverty. The man who dies broke positively knows that his will can't be broken.

THE good ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions whose sympathies are across the seas with the un-speakable Turk, the distressed native of India, suffering Armenian, beighted African and others whose souls and stomachs need attention, should not lose sight of the fact that at their very doors are cases of dire destitution, and that muffled cries of misery are going up in this city's midst from the throats of unfortunate women and thrice-unfortunate babes. Your intentions are of the best, oh sisters, but the CRIER admonishes you that true charity begins at home.

SOMEBODY has started a discussion as to the pre-dominance of soprano over alto voices in San Francisco, the former outnumbering the latter by a vast majority. The TOWN CRIER's opinion is that when fair woman essays to sing, he whose tympanum is within hearing distance while she practises, cares not a button whether hers is a soprano or an alto. What t'ell, when he suffers just the same from either affliction?

SANITARY reform has at last reached the odorous limits of Butchertown, and the members of the Board of Health are at war with the denizens of that long-neglected locality, whose slaughter houses are, it appears, highly offensive to the city's official noses. It is but natural, though, that there should be had blood between the butchers and the health officers.

"FRENCH Must Explain," says a morning daily in one of its headlines. This is reversing the usual order of things. To explain French is difficult enough. Now French himself is called upon to interpret the reason why Governor Budd decapitated him this week as trustee of the State Normal School.

Pray tell us why, oh Henry French, if you so kindly will,
You wired State Printer Johnston to blockade that Senate bill?
We scent another scandal of a legislative brand,
And if it's told in language that we cannot understand
We'll relish it ten times as much. Our hunger, then, appease.
Be just as French and naughty, Mr. Heury, as you please!

ATTORNEY W. D. Grady, accused of mayhem, for masticating a waiter's ear, has succeeded in securing another continuance of his case. He is probably delaying matters in order that his victim may grow another ear, when the charges against him will be dismissed.

ALADY has applied to the Superior Court for permission to declare herself a "sole trader." Were she not the mother of six healthy children, the TOWN CRIER would put her down as a New Woman applying for a title as a dealer in shoe leather.

SINGER SANKEY has arrived in town. Goodness knows we need him badly enough, but we are not wholly selfish. We are in a fearful way, it is true, but there are others. Let him be shipped to Sacramento or Carson at once.

SINCE danger and disease now dwell
Within a microbe-laden kiss,
Pray, how can sentiment its spell
Weave round the dear, forbidden bliss?
Alas, romance, thy days are done.
These scientists have spoiled our fun.

AT a church entertainment the other night, somebody suggested that "A Dream of Fair Women" be placed as a program attraction. And all the sisters blushed with virtuous indignation at the very idea.

NOW that Jim Smith, the gallant Colonel of the First Regiment (militia) has spent a night in prison, he will know where to hide in case war should ever break out between this country and Oakland.

"BUTLER is at the end of his string," says a sage of the daily press. So far, so good. By the time he reaches Australia may the string have grown big enough to sustain his weight.

IT is to be hoped that the zeal of the Board of Health may not be carried so far as to involve analyzation of sausage meat. There are some mysteries which we do not care to have solved.

W H Y sentence Lawrence to a jail?
No fellow there but might corrupted be.
Better by far to lash him to a rail
And drop him, howling, in the deep blue sea.



Torturer—What's the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty? Interval of three months, during which victim uses up nineteen pencils and seven quires of paper in "working it out." VICTIM—There's no difference at all. TORTURER—Isn't there? Twice twenty-five's fifty. (Victim nods.) Twice five's ten, and twenty's thirty. Fine day, isn't it?—Tit-Bits.

"And how much will the postage on these papers be?" asked the lady editor of the woman's edition, thoughtfully. "Well," said the post office man, "the regular rates on second class matter are—" "I don't care what the rates on second class matter are," interposed the lady editor, imperiously. "This paper will go as first class matter or not at all."—Washington Times.

Belle—I'm so glad Jack has got a bicycle; it has helped his disposition wonderfully. NAN—His disposition? Why, how could it? BELLE—Oh, when he gets up to give baby a drink and steps on a tack, he is so glad that it is in his foot instead of his pneumatic tire, that he doesn't say anything.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Lenten gray my lady wears,
No penitence does she profess;
In truth she's merry as before
In both her conduct and her dress.
Yet few there are who practice more
Of self-denial than does she,
I know, because she's vowed to pass
The season sans a call from me.

—Chicago Journal.

"And you have the impudence to say that the jimmy found on you was not intended to be used in breaking into houses?" said the Judge. "Of course it ain't," said the wanderer. "It's for breakin' out o' freight cars."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Don't let this occur again," said the photographer who prides himself on being enterprising. "What do you mean?" asked the assistant. "You've made the portrait more prominent than my signature."—Washington Star.

Lady—Why don't you go to work? SANDY SIFTER—There ain't nothin' doin' at my trade now. LADY—What is your trade? SANDY SIFTER—Pickin' flowers of'n century plants.—Ex.

She tried to kill him with a look—
That was the plan—
But she was cross-eyed, and it took
Another man. —Chicago Record.

"They say the Rev. Dr. Fourthly has been leading a double life?" "Yes, he confessed to the trustees that he reads the Sunday papers before going to service."—Chicago Journal.

"If you had half the nerve this tooth has," said the dentist to the quivering wretch in the chair, "you could have this all over in about five seconds."—Pearson's Weekly.

The train boy was caught smoking one of his own cigars, wasn't he? What did the company do about it? "Nothing. He died before he could be prosecuted."—Life.

"Things are looking up." "How so?" "Some fellow has invented a cash register for married men's trousers pockets."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—When you married me you said you were well off. HE—I was, but I didn't know it.—Tit-Bits.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

California is a land of flowers, but all the same some are sweeter than others. If you want the most beautiful and richest cut roses or the freshest violets, go to Leopold's at 39 Post street. So cheap too.

A VISION OF MY MOTHER.

WHEN the work of day is done,
In the dusk, a vision clear,
Rises on my sight, of one—
Ever loved and ever dear.
She, my queenly mother, stands,
Gazing at the empty space
That had been my resting place
When a child, and wrings her hands.

Watch the gath'ring moisture rise—
Grow to tears within her eyes
—Glist'n'ng stars in moonless skies—
Which in falling crystallize—
Thus are they borne hence to God,
By an angel, sweet and fair
And are laid before the Throne
This sublimed "Mother's Pray'r."

Oft her dear voice, rich and deep,
Sang my childish heart to sleep;
Even now I hear her voice—
Woe is me, I see her weep,
Thus I see 'hee, ssintly one,
Ever loved and ever dear;
Daily, when my work is done,
And my speech is but—a tear.

San Francisco, March 20, 1897.

G. A. DANZIGER.

BANKING.

BANK OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000
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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

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AND LOAN SOCIETY.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
Guarantee capital and surplus....\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash.. 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,770,247 45

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Adam Grant

ART JOTTINGS.

DOLERTON, the sculptor, has some good things blocked out in clay in his studio on Pine street, which, with a little more work, will be ready for casting. The kiss of the poet and the Sphinx is a group which certainly should be developed. There is an abandon and passion in the figures, a soft yet clever modeling, and an originality in pose and treatment which save it from being cast into the gulf of non-completion.

Fisher exhibits some good work in Morris gallery. He has a pleasant and agreeably-painted landscape, a good, harmonious picture, which bears the marks of careful study and finish. It is conscientious in every detail, without a particle of the impressionist's school about it. A river in the Redwoods, by the same artist, shows a decided improvement in his treatment of large foregrounds and forest effects.

Bloomer exhibits a view on the San Rafael road, which is one of the best painted by this artist since his return from France. It is rich and strong in color, a meaty sort of picture, well balanced and strong in tone. There is much similarity between the methods of Theodore Welch and Bloomer in the treatment of those subjects. Bloomer is more solid, and Welch more transparent, in color. The latter artist exhibits a study of high rocks at Bolinas, a deliciously breezy marine. The foreground is large and strong, and precise in detail, without any stiffness. The sky is flecked with clouds and quite unconventional. The composition is also odd, but so faithful is the ensemble that one can almost smell the salt spray, looking on the reckless breakers that hurl themselves against the iron rocks.

Cadenasso, since he strayed from portrait painting to landscape, clamors at the threshold of high heaven for startling effects. He has got one now in "Solitude," a mass of trees, clouds, and upheavals that look as if a thunderbolt had struck it. The trees are tumbling down, and there is a patch of sky in the distance, which is suggestive of cholera morbus. It is well named solitude, because nothing that lives would lose a moment in getting away from it.

J. A. Harrington is working up a number of sketches made in Africa when he was on the London News staff. They are most interesting, and embrace a variety of subjects.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THE severe simplicity of the smoking room of a Chinese restaurant, which appears in this week's NEWS LETTER, shows a striking contrast between the Celestials' ideas of comfort and the customs of civilization. The character of the furnishings do not suggest ease and luxury, but rather a council chamber or a place of business.

AGITATION for a pure food congress, to be held in this city at an early day, should result successfully. The arousing of a strong, healthy interest in this outrageous practice of selling adulterated food as pure goods, and the vigorous prosecution of those who engage in it, will result in ridding the people of this double fraud. As to the prosecutions, they should not stop with the often ignorant and innocent retailer, but should reach the jobber and manufacturer wherever possible.

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THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Capital..... \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided
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Capital Fully Paid..... \$1,000,000

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Reserve Fund..... \$ 850,000

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Subscribed..... 3,000,000
Paid Up..... 1,500,000
Reserve Fund..... 700,000

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THE ROSE JAR



AN ESTRANGEMENT.—W. W. STORY.

HOW is it? It seems so strange;
Only a month ago
We were such friends; now there's a change;
Why, I scarcely know.
I thought we were friends enough to say
"We differ in this or the other way,
What matter?" It was not so.
I know not the how or why,
I only feel the fact;
Something has happened to set us awry,
Something is sadly lacked—
Something that used to be before—
It seems to be nothing; I feel it the more;
Our vase is not broken, but cracked.
Friends? Oh, yes, we are friends;
The words we say are the same,
But there is not the something that lends
The grace, though it has no name;
When others are with us we feel it less;
When alone there is a sort of irksomeness—
And nobody to blame.
I wish I could say, "Dear friend,
Tell me, what have I done?
Forgive me; let it now be at an end."
But ah! we scarcely own
That aught has happened—or something so slight
'Tis ghost-like, it would not hear the light—
'Tis only a change of tone.
Suppose I should venture to say:
"Something—oh, tell me what—
Tronbles the heart's free play
That once existed not."
All would be worse; we must turn our back;
Pretend not to see that there is a crack
In our vase, on our love a blot.
Once were it openly said
It would strike us more apart,
Each, alas! would know that there laid
A stone at the other's heart.
But now we carry it each alone
So we must hope to live it down,
Each one playing his part.
It is not that I express
Less, but a little more,
A little more accent, a little more stress,
Which was not needed before.
Ah! would I could feel entirely sure
That it was not so—I should be truer
If you were just as of yore.
But I cannot give you up.
Ah! no I am all to blame;
You were so kind, you killed my cup
With love—and mine is the shame;
'Twas some stupid, foolish word I said
Unwittingly, I know, that must have bred
This something without a name.
Was it not all a mistake?
Oh! porcelain friendship so thin,
It is so apt, so apt to break
And let out the wine from within;
But once it is injured the least, alack!
What hand so skillful to mend the crack,
And make it all whole again?

THE WATCHERS.—HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT, IN SCRIBNER'S.

Oh, ye whose unrewarded eyes
Forever watch the ocean's rim,
Your ships perchance 'neath friendlier skies
Rest far beyond your vision dim.
Perhaps in some sweet bay they wait,
Where hides the primal, perfect day;
Where airs from springtime linger late
Or never perish quite away.
In some far-off, diviner land,
Where never garnered wealth grows old,
Safe harbored they may wait your hand,
To strike their sails and yield their gold.

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Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.

INSURANCE.

THE managers of the different life insurance companies in this city will tender a complimentary banquet to John A. McCall, President of the New York Life, in the red room of the Bohemian Club in a short time. Mr. McCall will reach San Francisco on next Thursday.

Stephen D. Ives, Secretary of the Home Mutual, has returned from a two weeks' vacation in the southern part of the State. Mr. Ives is a tireless worker, and his journey South was for the purpose of a much needed rest.

F. Stevens, President of the New England Life, of Mass., has been in the city for the past two weeks. Mr. Stevens holds the record for length of service. He has been continuously in an official position with that company for the past fifty years. On his return to Boston he will be the recipient of a fitting memorial of his long and faithful stewardship by the agents of the New England Life.

E. O. Parker, of the Provident Savings, has returned East, after having placed the Coast agency in the hands of George L. North, formerly of the Equitable, and who in that company made a first-class record. He will doubtless add to his reputation at the head of the Provident.

T. J. A. Tiedemann and Fred R. Stover have gone with the Scottish Union and National as special agents. Tiedemann was formerly with Brown, Craig & Co., and Stover with the P. I. U.

It is generally understood that the Equitable Life will make the loan for the erection of the building to go up at the corner of Market, Geary and Kearny streets, of which there has been some talk recently.

Allen & Lewis have been appointed city agents of the Atlas of London.

Manheim, Dibbern & Co., have been appointed exclusive agents for the Scottish Union and National.

The local Board of Underwriters, for the maintenance of rates, has been organized, with J. D. Richards, President; L. Everett, Secretary and Treasurer, and H. M. Grant, Manager. It is proposed to fix rates in this city on the basis of 20 per cent. below old P. I. U. schedule.

Assembly bill 316, to place the management of the Fire Department with the Board of Supervisors, is now a law.

The new National Surety Company, of New York, begins business this week with a paid up capital of \$500,000 and \$500,000 surplus. The company has absorbed the National Insurance Company of Kansas City, taking over its assets and business.

John Landers, of the Manhattan Life, made a flying visit to Carson on the 17th—purely a business trip.

T. W. Aisbitt, Pacific Coast manager of the National Life of Hartford, with headquarters at Los Angeles, is in the city.

AT THE RACES.

THE racing at the Oakland track has been very clean—and away above the average, probably owing to the improved condition of the weather. The racing stakes were captured by Free Lady; the Oakland handicap, by Howard S., and the Golden Gate handicap, by Candelsria.

Ingleside will open its doors to the public next week, and a very attractive programme is presented. The following dates have been set for stakes at Ingleside: Androus stake, March 22nd; Welman stakes, March 27th; California Derby, April 3d; Corrigan stakes, April 19th; Spreckels' Cup, April 24th; California hurdle stakes, April 28th, and the Ingleside stakes, of four miles, May 1st.

Out of 630 races run in California, to date, favorites have captured 296, second choices 154, and outsiders or long-shots in the betting, 180.

The percentage for winning mounts, shows Sloan and Willie Martin in the lead, Eddie Jones Thorpe and H. Martin, close for second honors, and Freeman and Slaughter next, and the others way off.

\$5000

will purchase half interest in United States Patent controlling one of the most attractive and profitable advertising devices ever placed upon the market. Over \$4000 has already been realized from the sale of three counties in California alone.

The enterprise is well worth the consideration of the most cautious investor. Serious illness necessitates sale. Address
R. A. L., care of the NEWS LETTER.

"Pearl top" is nothing.
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"Index to Chinneys" is nothing.

"Macbeth" with the shape we make for your lamp is all. We'll send you the Index; look out for the rest yourself.

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Fine turnouts kept especially for calling. Also rookaways, buggies, and vehicles of every description at reduced rates.



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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street. Rooms for ladies and families, private entrance. John Bergez, Proprietor.

Molson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms, Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Oakland Dairy Depot, 390 Fulton street, S. F. Absolutely pure Milk and Cream. Telephone, Pine 1692.

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Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street. Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

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P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street. Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

CANDIES.

Maillard's Chocolates in 1/2 and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Busb.

VEHICLES

Second-hand Victoria, O'Brien & Son's pat. Spring Buggy, Surrey and Top Buggy, for sale cheap. 500 Golden Gate avenue.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Hermann Schwarze (known as Hermann at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 225 Powell st. Telephone Main 5820



FOR many weeks Daniel M. Hanlon had cherished a very vigorous desire to witness the championship fight at Carson, but a mild suggestion of his intentions in this respect was received with a multitude of frowns in his family circle. Notwithstanding the discouragement he received, Hanlon secretly determined to witness the mill at all hazards, but not having the courage of his convictions, instead of boldly adhering to his original announcement, he clandestinely purchased a forty dollar ticket for the scrap, and then secured a domestic furlough on the plea that cattle business called him to the southern part of the State for a few days. But for fear his presence at the ringside should be noted and his name mentioned in the subsequent newspaper accounts of the fight as "among those present," thus exposing his ruse, Hanlon made the round of the editorial rooms with the urgent request that his name be omitted from the list of spectators. Reassured on this point, he went blithely to the scene of the fray with no misgivings concerning embarrassing revelations in his home circle, and with no fear of detection in what he flattered himself was a clever hit of duplicity.

Hanlon's pleasure was somewhat marred when he discovered, later, that a conscienceless Jenkins had published the following significant paragraph in the society column of his paper:

"Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon left for Carson City on Sunday, and will return next Thursday."

* * *

As general agent for two insurance companies, Rolla V. Watt is brought into frequent contact on the street with men whose ways seem somewhat sinful and whose acts Mr. Watt, as chairman of the Christian Endeavor Convention Committee, frowningly condemns. He is even obliged to forego many innocent diversions which he could otherwise enjoy. At lunch in the Merchants' Club on the eve of the battle, William Greer Harrison was enthusiastically discussing the respective merits of the gladiators. Watt's muscular Christianity, without knowledge of his personal opinions, might fittingly suggest similar tastes on his part. In affected innocence, but really by way of guying him, the other insurance men deferentially solicited his opinion of the fight outlook. When his judgment was given, the expression surprised the coterie of ring patrons somewhat.

"I hope that Fitzsimmons will lick Corbett," said Rolla slowly. "Then I want to hear that Peter Jackson has whipped Fitz, and after that a Chinaman thump the nigger and a dog bite the Chinaman. Then,—well, one of you gentlemen might like to kick the dog."

* * *

In the days before John M. Beck became general agent of the Fire Association of Philadelphia, he was a local agent for several companies at Pasadena and by diligence and the aid of a wide acquaintance, secured a good line of business for his principals and some copulent commissions for himself. He never hesitated about mixing his social life with his business affairs, and one night he determined on a *coup d'état*. A ball was to be given at the Hotel Raymond and he was aware that the guests would include a girl whom he knew, and whose father was then holding the finest residence in the town. Beck resolved to seek this girl's assistance for his commercial aggrandizement. After paying her assiduous attention during the dance, he besought her good offices in inducing her father to place part of his insurance in the Beck agency. The young lady, after a little demur, gave the desired promise and the thrifty Beck was overjoyed when, on the following day, he received a note from the girl informing him that not only a share, but all of the insurance on the house would be placed through him, and enclosing a formal authorization to that effect from her father.

"Have just secured the best residence risk in the county. Top rates, and gilt edged," joyfully wired Beck to his com-

panies, and with a light heart issued the policies protecting the house with \$20,000 insurance.

For the next few days he did nothing but pat himself on the shoulder for his diplomacy and acumen, and complacently acknowledged the written congratulations of his superiors. The day the house was completed, Beck thought it about time to collect his fat premium, but that very night the mansion was burned to the ground and Beck's companies had a total loss on their "gilt-edged risk." He broke the news as gentle as possible to his principals and went off to the seaside to recuperate.

Sometime afterwards, Beck met the general agent of that company which was the heaviest loser by the fire, and received some ironical praise on the result of having a young lady transact his insurance business for him in a ballroom.

"Oh, well, I got even, if your old company did lose a trifle," answered Beck, coolly.

"How did you get even?" demanded the general agent.

"Oh, I married the girl," was Beck's blithe and ingenuous reply.

* * *

Without receding from his position condemning the effects of religious revivals, President David Starr Jordan is now content to answer his critics by simply recounting some of the humors of his experiences, and leaving the moral for others to apply. He discussed the topic in this vein while a guest at a suburban home, where there are several young men of similar scientific tastes to those of the distinguished President of the Leland Stanford Junior University. One of these boys became convinced, some months ago, that the world was about to come to an end, and concluding that all things material would soon be valueless, he suddenly dropped his researches into natural history, and devoted his entire attention to the evangelization of that portion of the world nearest him, making religious addresses day and night, whenever he could secure an audience. Dr. Jordan was ignorant of this new departure, and when his host casually remarked that his brother had just come in from the hills, supposed the latter had been pursuing his favorite study of the birds of California.

"Been out hunting, I understand?" said Dr. Jordan pleasantly, as the tardy youth entered.

"Yes—man hunting," was the sepulchral response of the amateur evangelist, who had really been holding an evening meeting at Colma.

Dr. Jordan was shocked, understanding that his friend had so far forgotten his social obligations as to attach himself to a sheriff's posse in pursuit of a criminal. He concealed his disapprobation, however, and inquired:

"Did you catch him?"

"Yes," replied the revivalist, dropping into scriptural metaphor, "snatched the brand from the burning."

"Oh, committed arson, did he? Glad you caught the scoundrel," said the college president, heartily.

And it was not until after his departure that Dr. Jordan learned the nature of his friend's "hunt," and understood the latter's offense at his unconscious flippancy.

* * *

Dr. Martin Regensburger has a young son, six years old, who has aspirations in the same direction as his immediate paternal ancestor. The boy has a little office and consultation room in the corner of his nursery, with a collection of pill boxes, and several rusty files, which he calls his instruments. He keeps his stock of drugs in an empty cigar box, the label on which interested him so much that he appealed to his father for enlightenment.

"That is Mose Gunst," and the doctor slowly spelled the letters of the name for his heir.

A few days later, the boy was observed attentively studying a framed portrait of Mozart, who, his father had often told him, was a great master of music.

"I know the name of your music master, papa," he volunteered.

"What is it, then?" obligingly asked Dr. Regensburger, who has not run up the scale for many a long year.

"Mose Gunst," artlessly replied the kid, misled by the similarity of the names of two famous men, as he pronounced them.

The search for a reason for the habitually uncravated condition of John P. Irish, naval officer of the port of San Francisco, has given rise to much speculation, and furnished the material for illimitable rallery. He is the anti-thesis of Eddy Eyre, the splendor and variety of whose imported neckwear causes envy among the Brownies. Some one may have seen the sun move, but no human being ever saw the throat of the naval officer encircled with a necktie. Col. Irish alleges as an ostensible reason for the omission that he has throat trouble, which requires freedom of action for his Adam's apple.

"When I was a young man, I could not even wear a collar," he explained to an impertinent questioner, "but after I was married, I found I had to wear the matrimonial collar anyway, and so I concluded that a strip of linen would not be much of an extra load to carry, but I drew the line at a necktie."

During a rainstorm a few days ago, while the wind was blowing a furious gale, Colonel Irish walked into the Post-office without an umbrella. A clerk glanced at him and solemnly passed out a piece of string, without comment.

"What's that for?" demanded the orator and journalist. "We thought it might do for a muffler," explained the postal employee.

The naval officer carefully surveyed the dripping skies and then waved a declining hand.

"No, it isn't raining hard enough yet for a necktie," he finally concluded.

A new record has been established for the meanest man who lives in Oakland and crosses the bay occasionally by the Broad Guage Ferry. After the string orchestra has played its choicest selections and the exiled Italian Count passes the plate, suggestively rattling a few nickels, the meanest man glances significantly at the Roman and then begins to fish in his pocket, while the musicians' treasurer waits with an expectant smile, but he finally produces only a pencil with which he draws representations of a harp on the edge of his newspaper, while the disappointed Count moves on in sadness. After several similar experiences, as the musician was commencing to recognize and avoid him, the meanest man has lately found it necessary to devise a new form of baseness. On his latest ferry trip he produced, instead of the pencil, a dollar.

"Just break this piece," he said, with a marked glance toward the contribution plate.

Congratulating himself upon such a gratifying change of heart, the victim, with eager eyes, handed out the change, and then the meanest man, after slowly counting the twenty nickels, deliberately returned them all, piece by piece to his own pocket.

Much interest was aroused last Monday on the streets and in the clubs when the wire announced the figures in the election of a Speaker of the House, showing that Francis G. Newlands of this city, and the sole representative of Nevada in the lower branch of Congress, had received just one vote for the Speakership.

"Frank would undoubtedly have beaten Tom Reed out of his boots, but for one little difficulty," remarked D. M. Delmas, musingly, as he sat in the hall of the Bohemian Club.

"What was his trouble?" queried genial Walter Turnbull, who never fails to snap at a bait.

"Why, you see, Newlands could vote only once," was the incisive explanation of the sarcastic attorney.

The shingle of Dr. John Morrison is not yet sufficiently weatherbeaten to indicate a very long professional experience. He is frank in admitting that the tide in his direction has not yet risen to any alarming height, and explains that the frock coat he wears is cut especially long to hide the weak points in the balance of his armor. Medical men consider him a master hand at the gentle art of "Oriental" repartee.

"How about your practice, Jack?" inquired an interested professional brother.

"Oh," replied Morrison, jauntily, "I am practicing patience while waiting for patients for my practice."

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Dentist.

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DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER,

Dentist.

Office and Residence: 409 1/2 Post St., San Francisco.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 41, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 37 Market St., on and after Saturday, March 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Saturday, March 13, 1897, at 12 o'clock M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Paraffine Paint Company.

Dividend No. 23, of 25 cents per share, on the capital stock of the Paraffine Paint Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 116 Battery street, on and after Monday, March 23, 1897. Transfer books will close on March 24, 1897, at 4 o'clock P. M. E. S. SHAINWALD, Secretary.
Office—No. 116 Battery street, San Francisco, Cal.



IN the present dearth of social affairs, the French opera has proved a veritable *bonheur*. Opera parties are quite the correct thing, and even for those who go simply to enjoy the music, the assemblage of pretty women in beautiful gowns and fine looking men in full evening attire is a joy in itself to contemplate. The Baldwin made a fine appearance also on Monday evening, most of the usual first-nighters doing honor to the first production of *Gismonda* by Fanny Davenport, theatre parties being present in good numbers. In fact, these were not confined to Monday night, but many were given during the entire week, and the dainty suppers which followed the performance were all the more enjoyed from the probable (?) fasting indulged in during the day.

The First Unitarian Church, on Franklin street, was the scene of the society wedding of the week, when on Tuesday last Miss Anna Deuprey and Orville Raymond Baldwin were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins. The church, which was very prettily dressed with ferns, palms and Bermuda lilies, was more than well filled with the friends of the young couple, the strains of the Lohengrin Chorus giving notice of the arrival of the bridal party promptly on time. The ushers, Messrs. Percy Mills and Douglas McBryde, who had been indefatigable in their efforts to seat the guests to their satisfaction, led the *cortège* as it entered, and proceeded up the aisle, and following them came two pretty young misses, the bride's sister, Claire Deuprey, and Lucille Tuttle, who were dressed in white *mousseline de soie* over pink silk, and carried clusters of Cecil Bruner roses. The bride, who came next escorted by her father, wore an exquisite gown of white dotted Swiss over white silk, the customary tulle veil, with natural orange blossoms in her hair, and in her hand bouquet. The groom and his best man, Hillyer Deuprey, awaited them in the chancel where the ceremony was performed. Relatives and a few intimate friends of the family were present at the wedding *déjeuner* at the Deuprey mansion on Clay street, and by the afternoon train Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin departed on their honeymoon trip South. The presents were numerous and valuable, many of them being articles most useful for the house-keeping they will enter upon when they return to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman's dinner, on Saturday evening last, in honor of Mr. Albert Ehrman and Miss Rose Neustadter, proved to be very enjoyable. The novelties in the way of dress reforms and tableaux produced more than expected laughter, especially as portion of the programme was entirely impromptu. The hostess, we are assured, will hereafter investigate her "surprise" party programme beforehand.

Thursday was a gala day at the Union Iron Works, a large crowd assembling to witness the launch of the two gun boats Wheeling and Marietta. The christening of the Wheeling was performed by Miss Lucile Brown, of Wheeling, Va., who had been selected by her townspeople for that service; and they will in due course of time present the vessel with china, glass and a silver punch-bowl.

Mrs. Francis Edgerton will this evening make her first appearance as President of the Mercantile Library auxiliary, when that body of ladies will give a reception at the Library, the chief feature to be the reading of Emelie Melville, who will recite scenes from Shakespeare and Schiller; the sweet voices of Alfred Wilkie and Miss Dorothy Goodsell will also be heard in illustration of old English ballads and parte-songs.

Mrs. Adams' monthly reception last week was a very pleasant one, music, both vocal and instrumental, alternating with dancing and games until a late hour, a handsome supper proving a most delightful finale to the evening's enjoyment.

Card parties are quite numerous at present, and the number who give them are increasing wonderfully as Lent goes on. One of the most elaborate of these affairs was given by Mrs. Hardesty in her rooms at the Hotel Stewart, the prizes provided for the ladies who competed for them being extremely handsome. Mrs. Frank Whitney, Mrs. R. P. Schwerine, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Wilson, have also been progressive euchre hostesses, their parties ranging from small to very large, but all of them were very pleasant affairs.

A delightful evening was passed on Friday night at the Stern mansion, corner of Post and Leavenworth streets. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Stern, who recently returned from a prolonged tour of Europe and the East, entertained their friends at a roulette party. The game was conducted on a magnificent scale, and much profit as well as credit must be placed to the efforts of "Banker Heller." A sumptuous repast was served, and early in the morning the party broke up.

San Rafael is already becoming the Mecca towards which the eyes of society are turning for their summer quarters, and present indications are that it will be the fashionable resort of the season. At the Hotel Rafael rooms are already in request, and many have been taken for the entire summer. The Gerstles and Slosses will return to San Rafael again this year, as their sojourn there last season proved remarkably pleasant. The Wordens, Townes, A. P. Reddings, H. S. Crockers, etc., are among those who have been recent guests at the hotel, and the cry is, "still they come."

Mme. Ziska inaugurated her usual series of spring receptions last Friday evening, Professor Saleberger being the "talker," and his theme "French Wit and Humor," which was greatly enjoyed. Among recent dinner hostesses may be named Mrs. Hermann Schussler, whose party was in celebration of the twenty-eighth anniversary of her marriage.

On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mayer, of Portland, Or., celebrated their golden wedding at Alameda. The entire family, from all parts of the United States, assembled for the event. Mr. Sol Hirsch, ex-Minister to Turkey, is a son-in-law of the Mayer's.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Pease are enjoying the varieties of Gotham's climate and taking in all the pleasures to be found in that charming village. Miss Eva McAllister is spending the winter in Washington City with her sister, Mrs. Frank Newlands.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles P. Eagan have returned from their trip to Europe—Colonel Eagan with added dignity of rank, having received promotion in his profession during his absence abroad.

That fortunate young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, have been receiving congratulations this week from far and near over the arrival of a baby daughter.

Miss Grace Hecht, the "telegraphic" *débutante* of the season, gives an elaborate dinner on the 30th instant. A large number of invitations have been sent out.

On Friday night Miss May Slessinger informally entertained a few friends at dinner at her home. Later the party adjourned to the theatre.

Mrs. S. Fenchtranger's dinner was in honor of the bride and groom-elect, Miss Rosalie Neustadter and Albert Ehrman.

Mrs. Lily Coit's friends, whose name is legion, have been greatly concerned to hear of her serious illness.

Your grocer will sell you *Schilling's Best* tea, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

He is our agent to this extent; and we want no better business.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco.

THE GENUS TOURIST.

"HERE to-day, and gone to-morrow," pipes "Buttercup" in "Pinafore." That typifies the recent overland tourist party that swooped down upon us a few days ago over a hundred strong. They are a people who mean well, but they are like children out for a holiday, and sometimes to the detriment of the comfort of other people, very much like ill-behaved children. In people of mature years we learn to look for something different. Of course there is no positive harm in it, but we don't like our California languor to be disturbed, and we don't take kindly to lessons in culture of that sort.

On the ferries they flock; they are gregarious. They board a train and the average insignificant commuter has to shrink up within the smallest possible compass, and put his head out of the window to avoid the fusillade of interrogation points. Have you seen a flock of blackbirds, in the gentle springtime, alighting on the branches of a tree, and settling down to tell, in shrill accents, all about their little, dinky times? Then you know what the tourist party is like. The gladsome chattering back and forth, and around corners, and across people who are rash enough to have taken seats within the line of firing. The dungeon-like ladies' cabin of the Ukian was alive with them the other morning. Everywhere tourists and touristes. (Why not, if we persist in using somewhat ridiculously the word "artistes?") At Angel Island all flocked to the port side and threatened to capsize our cockle-shell craft. Nothing less than a stranded whale the every-day commuter put it up, and he flocked too, all by himself, only to return immediately and disgustedly to his seat. It was but the tourists going through their drill—getting all the scenery that was down in their itinerary, and who can blame them for admiring our beautiful military post, so romantically situated?

But they are harmless, though laughable. For instance, when there was a great hue and cry because Mrs. Somebody had lost "Henry," everybody in the party was telling everybody else to go and help Mrs. Somebody find Henry. The pleasures of the chase began. This is no breach of confidence, for they evidently thought Henry's defection and following detection interested all the passengers. At last Henry was located, enjoying a surreptitious weed, far from the din in the gentlemen's dungeon. Until then, we of the laity thought Henry was a seven-year-old who had eluded mamma's vigilance. He turned out to be a three hundred and fifty pound man of mature years and obviously solid standing in the community.

In the street car the chirping continued, much to the delight of the city-bred passengers, who are accustomed to the repose of the Vere de Vere in this wild and wooly country as compared with what they were called upon to notice, willy, nilly. When the car reached Montgomery street, one bright young lady arose and called in stentorian tones to those on the dummy, "There's the Palace," in a voice that would make her fortune in the passenger transferring department of that hostelry, and after the marvelous patience of the conductor had been sorely tried by long-drawn-out farewells to those they were leaving in the car, a half-dozen or more chatelaine-bagged feminines dropped off, on the wrong side, squeezing through the wrong part of the car, and were lost to sight in the enveloping rain.

But they bobbed us serenely again on the 5 o'clock trip across the bay, and judging from scraps of conversation caught *en passant* they had been doing Chinatown and having a royal time. Said one blithe damsel to a young stripling of about forty summers, who looked as if he wished she were not quite so self-evident (as indeed seemed to be the thought of most of the nicely behaved little men of the party. "Give me some gum. Let's go up and chew in front of Miss Ottinger." Oh Aeme of bliss! Oh innocent joyousness of the cultured daughter of the East!

PINCE NEZ.

It is everything to have your private dinners, luncheons, or haquets prepared and superintended by a competent caterer. Max Abraham at 423 Geary street is that caterer. His skill has been demonstrated at nearly every swell private function in the city.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

MORE LIGHT ON Sozodont AND THE TEETH

The lamp of learning has shown us why the teeth need daily care, and revealed the usefulness of Sozodont for nearly forty years.

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492 Casselman Bldg.,
Chicago.

The Science of Music
and a complete course of
piano and organ technique
and voice culture taught

by mail



THE Hungarian hand was playing a waltz; very few of the people dining in the Waldorf palm garden were aware of it; it was simply one more of the subtle ingredients, like a dash of maraschino in a sauce, that go to make dining something more than the satisfying of appetite.

The waltz was a familiar one, yet a nameless thing to hundreds of people who had danced to it, whistled it, hummed it but knew not whence it came or even how to designate it, though it had become a part of their being in the impressions it had wrought upon them.

Mrs. Wilfred James, dining at one table with Cary King and her aunt and cousins, the Duncans, with whom she was stopping at the hotel, was woefully conscious of it. Mr. Wilfred James, dining several tables away, half shut from view by a big palm, was entirely oblivious to it, and yet these two people had been as radiantly happy some three years before, floating about to its bewitching music as it is given to mortals to be. They had been separated now for six months. It had been a case of great beauty and love of admiration on one side, and of unreasoning jealousy on the other, with a large admixture of family interference to keep things seething.

She had not yet grown quite used to meeting him about; her heart still had an uncomfortable way of flunking an instant when she would first catch sight of him. To-night she had seen him the moment she had entered the dining room, and at a glance had taken in who the two men were with him. Since that moment she had devoted herself to being as entertaining as she knew how to be to her own little party, and had not looked over in his direction until they began the waltz. It was exquisitely played and it saddened her; how could it fail to do so? She remembered quite well how often they had danced together to it before she even knew that he cared, and afterwards when she was perfectly happy. * * * The waiter at the other table had been refilling the glasses with Burgundy. Now Burgundy was absolutely forbidden to Mr. Wilfred James on account of his gouty tendencies; but at the moment his wife had glanced in his direction she had seen him deliberately waiting for his glass to be filled, and a second look had found him calmly sipping it, she well knew with what satisfaction. She also knew in what torture he would regret it. Only thirty, he had inherited this painful legacy from his grandfather, who had also bestowed on him his fortune, and, in return for both, Wilfred's feelings toward that relative were not of unmingled gratitude.

During the three years of their married life his gout had been almost banished by the simple outdoor life he had led, and which she, sharing his love of sports, had enjoyed with him. Port and Burgundy, *entrees* and *pates*, were "not dreamed of in their philosophy" and now—her eyes suddenly filled with tears and her hand shook a little as she tried to chip off a bit of the misty pink ice on her plate, while she thought how actually foolhardy he had become without her.

After dinner they lingered awhile in the Turkish room; the aunt and cousins commenting on the people wandering up and down the corridor and through the rooms; while Cary talked commonplaces to her with his tongue and unutterable things with his eyes. She wearied of this after a while and went over to one of the little carved desks to write a note that she wished to send that evening. When she had finished she sat with it still before her, leaning her head on her hand in thought. Wilfred had just come into the hall. As she caught sight of him she impulsively drew another sheet of paper from the desk, tore it in half, wrote three lines and folded the half into a narrow slip;

then she went back to the others, taking a seat beside her aunt on a red canopied divan near the corridor.

"Don't you want to take in an act or two of the play?" Cary asked, leaning over her. Wilfred was standing in the doorway talking with some friends. For a moment she caught his eyes upon her, then she looked smilingly up at Cary. "I should love to," she answered, "if Aunt Mary likes." Aunt Mary liked and so they all rose to go. Wilfred was still standing in the doorway, and Mrs. Duncan, having become aware of it, majestically led their exit through the opposite one; Mrs. Wilfred, before following, however, cast one more guilty look in his direction and thrust the bit of paper she still held, between the upholstered arm and seat of the divan.

A cold shiver undulated down Wilfred's spine as he watched the departure—the Duncans in front, and Cary once again beside his wife, who had waited while he went back to pick up her gloves, which she had dropped beside the divan.

Wilfred rubbed his hand confusedly across his brow. He could not take in what was being said to him. Anger, jealousy, a sense of humiliation, even pity, surged through him. Pity that she had so degenerated in the short time they had been apart, as to stoop to what he believed he had seen with his own eyes, and the cad had not even had the sense to find the note she had left there.

He excused himself, pleading illness, and went out into the night.

As he grew calmer the thought occurred to him that the note was still in the room where she had left it. What if some one discovered it? He turned, hurried along and re-entered the hotel. The Turkish room was almost deserted. He sank down on the divan as if waiting for someone, then he leaned wearily back and slipped his hand beneath the upholstered cushion. He was shaking with nervous tension and his fingers trembled weakly as they found the folded bit of paper they were seeking.

He pushed it forward, then his palm crushed over it and his heart contracted as at last he drew it out in his clenched hand. The room for a moment swam dizzily before him and there seemed something fiendish in the red glow that pervaded it.

His first impulse was to tear the paper into bits. He had not come for it to spy upon her, only to save her from herself. What folly had she written? Perhaps none, perhaps it was merely a bit of paper with some message upon it that had been handed to her. He despised himself for his sophistry; was he trying to fool himself into belief that he had a right to look at it? He had seen her at the desk, seen her smile at Cary a moment before she had slipped it into the divan and afterwards cast a frightened look in his direction. But what if it were nothing, and he was suffering all this torture unnecessarily? She was still his wife, he had a right to know—he must know if he were doing her an injustice. He opened the paper and looked:

"Dear Billie:—I saw you drinking Burgundy to-night. Have you gone mad? Please don't do it again."

He could have laughed for joy but he did not, and instead two great tears blurred the little paper in his hand. She was tender and good as she had always been; always, even when jealousy had made a devil of him and her family's interference had converted him into a fiend.

He gazed triumphantly around. Never before had the room appeared so exquisitely beautiful. Its soft red glow warmed his heart with hope, the delicate arabesques upon the walls were like the tender verdure of the spring, holding a promise of joy. He read the note again. It was just like her. She always called him Billie when she was trying to persuade him into anything. He folded it tenderly and put it in his breast pocket. Should he write her a letter? No, the Duncans might see it, and then there would be more comment and interference. A bright idea struck him. She would surely come and look to see if he had found the note; he would put another in its place.

"Dear Ethel:—I will give up Burgundy if you will write me another line."

She found it the next morning. She laughed a little and put it in her glove. She was going out but she stopped a moment to write an answer.

"Dear Billie:—Of course, I cannot be indifferent to your taking care of yourself, so please do for the sake of An'd Lang Syne."

He found it that night in the divan but had no glimpse of her.

"Dear Ethel—What is the use of taking care of one's self with nothing in life worth looking forward to?"

It frightened her a little when she found this note. She did not know quite where she was drifting now after all the desperate misery before and following their separation, but there was something deliciously absurd in the whole affair at present—this surreptitious writing to her own husband with a divan for a letter box and her aunt and cousins for dragons, such deadly dull dragons to be tied to as she found them.

She did not answer this last note but when she wandered into the Turkish room the next morning she found another awaiting her.

"Dear Ethel:—This will be a good bye. I cannot stand it any longer. I am going to sail for the south of France on Saturday."

She had taken the note into her own room to read after drawing it from its hiding place and she slipped down quite weak into a chair and tried to steady herself and think just what it meant to her.

Billie in the south of France and she dragging dismally around with her aunt; in a false position, every act criticized and nothing better to hope for in the future. Billie thousands of miles away, perhaps ill and she would not know it; perhaps falling in love with—she sprang up; she could not stand it. Oh! if he would only ask her to go with him, if she were only sure he wanted her. So she wrote:

"Dear Billie:—I want to say good-bye to you. I cannot have you go away without that."

It was Thursday. She found his answer that same night.

"Dear Ethel:—Try me once more and come with me."

She sent the following to his club, she was so afraid to trust it to the divan.

"Dear Billie:—I will come, but I shall have to run away from Aunt Mary. I don't dare to face her. Tell me how I can come to you."

He sent his answer by a messenger from the club.

"Dear Ethel:—Take your relatives, all of them, to the theatre this evening; have your maid pack your trunks, and I will see that they go aboard to-night. The steamer sails at ten, but if you will not mind an early breakfast, I will be at the hotel in the Turkish room at seven. Oh, Ethel, my darling, we will start all new again, and I shall try to make up for all the misery of the past. Your husband,
WILFRED.

She did not know until she received this letter how homesick she had been.

When she found him waiting for her at seven he was the only one in the room. He was looking out of one of the windows but he heard her step and turned quickly to meet her.

She put out her hand but he only took it to draw her near and kiss her. "Are you all ready?"

She nodded; she could not speak; her lips quivered a little, and yet she laughed as he hurried her into his cab at the door.

"I feel as if I were doing something dreadful," she said at last. "I have written to Aunt explaining as best I could but I am afraid she will not understand."

"She won't have to," he answered gaily. They were rattling down the avenue by this time. "I understand though—I know what an everlasting fool I have been. I understand what I came very near losing." He kissed her again. "O Ethel, Ethel, I am only thankful that I understood in time."—Mary D. Hatch in The Peterson Magazine.

THE election of Henry J. Crocker to the Presidency of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club was an excellent selection. Mr. Crocker has taken a deep interest in the club, is a great horseman, and will maintain the reputation established for it by Mr. Spreckels. The places of all the gentlemen who resigned have been wisely filled, so that the club will doubtless preserve its high position as the exponent of square racing, enjoying the full confidence of the public, and fully deserving it.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

Drowsiness is dispelled by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From January 1, 1897.	Arrive
*6:30 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:30 A	Atlantic Express, Orden and East	8:45 P
7:30 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Yono, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Millon	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Hakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*10:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
11:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	10:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	10:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Orden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A
10:00 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	12:45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A
11:45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and way stations	17:20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

6:45 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
8:15 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	7:00 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	3:30 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	11:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (slip 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ††† Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, April 1, 1897
GAELIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S S "Australia", for Honolulu only, Tuesday, March 23, at 2 p. m.
S. S. "Mariposa", Thursday, April 1st, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

THE TAVERN ON THE FRONT.

DOWN on the water front, empty, forsaken,
 Stands an old tavern, dust-covered and grey;
 Daily and nightly its timbers are shaken
 By the rough breezes that sport on the hay.
 Barred are its windows with meaningless shutters,
 Locked is the portal that never knew key;
 Filled are the halls with the ominous mutters
 Of winds that, imprisoned, make moan for the sea.
 Many long years the old tavern has carried
 The sign that is sad and too common: "To Let;"
 Few people saw it and none of them tarried,
 None of them viewed the old inn with regret.
 Brave were the men who attempted to run it,
 Loafers will pass it nor give it a glance;
 Even the venturesome little ones shun it,
 Policemen, when passing, will eye it askance.
 Yet it is said in the days long departed,
 Came to this tavern from countries afar
 Men that were mighty of limb, lion hearted—
 Men who had braved tribulation and war.
 Some of them came seeking fabulous treasure,
 Some of them came seeking freedom or rest.
 We of to-day may not venture to measure
 The hopes of the men that first came to the West.

Here came the miners and squandered their wages,
 Bought the red wine with a ruddier gold;
 Wrote in red letters the earliest pages
 Of doings long famous and ever re-told.
 Till the young sun with its golden-tipped finger
 Woke the great mountains with hosoms dew-pearled,
 Here in the tavern the heroes would linger—
 Telling the tales that awakened a world!
 Once the rooms echoed the sound of men's laughter,
 Heard, as they drank, the clear clink of the glass;
 Heard the brave singing that followed right after,
 Songs of the home, or the mine, or the lass.
 Now the strong singers are silent and sleeping,
 Drear are the chambers they sang in, and cold;
 Death and forgetfulness have in their keeping
 Those who once drank in the days that are old.
 Empty the house is, rat-ridden and rotten,
 Only the sunbeams caress its poor face;
 There it is standing, despised and forgotten,
 Left far behind in the city's mad race.
 Only at night-time, when slumbers the city,
 When the white mist covers hillside and street,
 Come the old spirits who love it and pity
 The place that once shook 'neath the tread of their feet.

San Francisco, March 20, 1897. HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

BICYCLING NOTES.

THE bicycle races, which open at the Mechanics' Pavilion to-night, will be the greatest indoor races ever seen in this country without any exceptions. The greatest aggregation of cracks which ever assembled at a race meet in this country are entered for the events which have been so arranged that every class of rider, from the short sprinter to the long-distance men will have opportunities to display their prowess.

One of the best events of to-night's programme will be the first heat of the five-mile race for the Club Cup Race. This event will be paced by tandems, and an endeavor will be made to pull the riders out under the amateur record for five miles.

There are sixteen entries for the professional scratch race, the distance being one mile. The entry includes Jay Eaton, the champion indoor rider of the world, Charley Wells, the hero of last year's indoor meet, W. E. Becker, the Minneapolis man who has been doing such good work on large gears recently, Frad Loughead, the champion of Canada, George Bovee, the Texas champion, Floyd Macfarland, the San Jose wonder, the Terrills and Allan Jones of this city, and others.

Mayor Phelan has consented to start the first race, and he will be the first Mayor of this or any other city to start a bicycle race. The Honorable Mayor takes a great deal of interest in cycling, and the management of the tournament knowing this, invited him to do the starting to-night in the first race. Society will be there in large numbers, as the entertainment is a first-class one, having none of the disagreeable features of many other sports. The music will be the best, Blanchar's Military Band having been engaged for the entire season of three weeks.



Old age

comes early to the clothes that are dragged up and down over the wash-board. It's ruinous. Nothing else uses them up so thoroughly and so quickly. This wear and tear, that tells so on your pocket, ought to be stopped. Get some Pearline—use it just as directed—no soap with it—and see how much longer the clothes last, and how much easier and quicker the work is. Pearline saves the rubbing.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. 513 JAMES PYLE, New York.

COKE--Cheapest Fuel!

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Howard and First Streets. Foot of Second Street.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
 SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:0 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
 SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays		Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Novato,	10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
8:30 P.M.	9:30 A.M.	Petaluma,	6:10 P.M.	10:25 M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Santa Rosa.	7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
.....	Fulton, Windsor,	10:25 A.M.
.....	8:00 A.M.	Healdsburg	7:35 P.M.
.....	Geyserville, Cloverdale	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P.M.	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A.M.	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedon Heights, Hullyville, Boonville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cabot, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets at all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 6 A. M. March 12, 17, 22, 27

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. Mar. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; Mar. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, Mar. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter, at 11 A. M.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

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SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 27, 1897.

Number 13.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 808 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

REPUBLICAN Senators are still berating the Civil Service system. It is rather hard for the victors to find that they have been deprived of the spoils; but the country generally believes in the system of permanency in office and promotion on merit.

LOS ANGELES is just now engaged in rejecting several miles of asphalt pavement, involving an expenditure of more than \$100,000. This is rather more than San Francisco has ever tackled at one time; but there is no doubt that a great many times \$100,000 have been paid for work in this city that should have been condemned.

THE scandalous Clerk Duckworth was given a cane by his legislative associates last Saturday night, as a token of their regard for him for taking care of their friends on the stuffed pay-roll at the opening of the session. The cane would be more honorably worn out upon the shoulders of this object of general disesteem, than in supporting the carcass of him. A hundred canes could not prop up his battered reputation.

LARGE numbers of Japanese are going into Mexico, where they will colonize and cultivate a big tract of land. The indolent natives of Mexico will find that they are no match for the industrious Jap; and they will be given lessons of thrift and commercial enterprise calculated to rouse their hostility to the further introduction of Japanese. These progressive people are no more formidable when they are carrying a rifle than when armed with a spade.

THE Blythe case goes to the Supreme court, and the fair young widow is not yet through with the law's delays. However, compared with other celebrated cases, she has no great cause for complaint as to time or cost. The value of the estate is large, and unusual progress was made in reaching an ending, when all the conflicting interests are considered. This appeal may prevent final settlement for several years, but is not likely to finally disturb the result.

THE inquisitive nose of Max Popper, political reformer and purchaser of Supervisorial favors, has been inserted into the city's affairs once more. Max desired the Auditor to refuse payment of the increased salaries of police officers recently authorized by the Legislature. Broderick referred the exponent of pure politics in municipal management to the courts. Popper evidently has no sense of the humorous. He has no idea what a good joke he really is.

DURRANT has made his final appeal to the Supreme Court for a rehearing of his case, which will no doubt be denied, as his chief argument for another chance of escape is found in the alleged prejudice of the public mind, owing to the newspapers. There is nothing in this contention, which was fully considered in the Supreme Court opinion affirming his conviction in the lower court. Overruled a second time, the murderer will appeal to Governor Budd for pardon. We shall have no objection to the Governor's pardoning Durrant—only let the document be signed twenty-four hours after his execution.

THE removal of old and unused car tracks about the city, whose abandonment has been authorized by the street railroad system, will very materially aid the work of bettering the pavings. Now that the spirit of improvement is awakened it should be encouraged in every way.

IT has been discovered that the contractors on the Affiliated Colleges are mixing too much whiskey with their sand, and not enough Portland cement. The company saloon is playing an important part in the foundation of the structure. The combination should be broken by forfeiture of the contract, and a suit for damages against the conspirators, whose dishonest greed would shame an average legislator.

IT is a matter worthy of congratulation that Blanthier, the man who murdered Mrs. Langfeldt in this city, chose to take his own life rather than return and stand trial for his crime. But his judgment was decidedly bad. Had he known the history of murder trials in this State, he would have felt little fear from arrest. In California, for murder, we rarely make the punishment fit the crime; and Blanthier, had he a little money, might have counted upon dying of old age decently on his prison cot, rather than at the end of a rope.

THE fight for pure food continues, and the authorities are still swearing out warrants for the arrest of alleged violators. It is amazing that reputable firms will undertake to defend the sale of impure food. After having the character of the goods clearly established, there should be no effort to continue their sale. It is to the interest of the dealer to sell only pure food, and the merchants who fight the rigid enforcement of the law protecting the public from this sort of fraud are making a great mistake. Meantime the officers should push the crusade with vigor. Men who sell impure goods knowingly should be made to suffer for their dishonesty.

THE heavy snows in Chicago, the cyclones and the terrible floods further East, should recall to the grumblers of California that they hardly know when they are well off. Simple existence here brings more solid comfort than the accumulation of wealth in less favorable climes. Then the immediate future is bright. Crops of all kinds look well, and prices promise to be good. Hard as times have been, California's experience has been far more agreeable than that of the Eastern States. Notwithstanding the fact that the Republican advance agent of Prosperity is rather lagging, we may be able to get along without him. Industry and the resources of California make a combination that cannot be beaten, with protection or without it.

ONE of the nuisances from which the people of San Francisco suffer is the carts of the scavengers. Their wagons are not provided with covers, and as they are filled to overflowing with all manner of rubbish before being taken to the dumping grounds, their contents are scattered broadcast as they jolt along the streets. An ordinance compelling these energetic and odorous gentlemen of the swill-cart to have their wagon-boxes water tight as to bottom, and to provide their wagons with complete covers, would materially reduce the enormity of their filthy offenses. There are laws enough now to partially correct the evil; but they are not obeyed. It would be well to make them more comprehensive, and then instruct the police to rigidly enforce them. A few arrests and heavy fines would do the business. This aromatic subject is worth the Mayor's attention.

THE COMING MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE House by a majority of 282 votes passed the Senate Bill, authorizing the President to call a conference of foreign authorities, to unite with the United States, in establishing an international ratio in the proportional prices between gold and silver. The St. Louis platform is to be given a chance. Consistency is to remain a jewel. Meanwhile Senator Wolcott has returned from his delightful trip. He was "treated like a Prince" in England, was "received with open arms by the economists of Germany," and actually assured that "if he could win over England, Germany would then be glad to take the subject up again." In other words, he was diplomatically received, but that is about all. His tail was tickled and plentifully sprinkled with salt, but nothing was accomplished at any point of the compass, but yet the high spirited Senator returns home full of hope that he has surely sown the seed of an international agreement. Mr. McKinley takes office charged with the duty of bringing about an international agreement on the silver question, and he has got to do it, or become, politically, a very sick man.

In entering upon this forlorn enterprise, it is interesting to note the absurd inconsistency of the party of the ins on the subject. Not an organ of that party, and not a stump speaker from McKinley down, in the last campaign, failed to prosecute the canvass on the line of ridiculing every principle of the bi-metallic doctrine, and denouncing its whole purpose as repudiative and dishonest. It was warmly denied that government had any power to change the relative value of the precious metals, or that it would be honest to exercise that power did the Government possess it. One and all joined in ascribing to the Bryanites the exclusive possession of such wild, fantastic, dishonest and revolutionary notions. But now the party's representatives in Congress have pretty unanimously set the seal of their approval to a measure designed to promote a policy of government differing in no respect, save from the policy of government advocated by the Bryanites. For if one Government cannot materially alter the relative values of gold and silver, then a dozen Governments cannot, even if they were inclined that way, which they are not. An international agreement would introduce silver monometallism no less certainly than independent action by the United States alone. With silver at 50 cents on the dollar, there is no nation or combination of nations that can long maintain it at par. Strong as they may be, the different Governments are debtors, and own very little of the world's money. With the silver strain upon them all, save England, they cannot any more raise silver to a parity with gold than they can lift the bed of the ocean to a level with the Himalayas.

Again, if government can so change the values of gold and silver, then an international agreement to restore silver to an equality with gold, would no less certainly cheapen gold and the dollar of the contract, and result in the loud voiced and much dreaded repudiation. The only difference between the two schemes is that the repudiation in one case would be less extensive and less disturbing than in the other. We do not believe in fooling the people any part of the time. We detest indirection, and believe in the people being told the whole truth. The fact is that there is not a man prominent in public life to-day who believes that international-bimetallism is practicable or of possible realization. It was adopted at St. Louis as a mere gilded device, intended to cover a temporary purpose. There had to be a show of doing "something for silver," or votes would be lost by the thousand. The International Conference idea was the tub that was thrown to the whale. It served to amuse the crowd that existed at the last election, but there its usefulness ended. Gold is the dearest money, and therefore is, and must continue to be, the money of ultimate redemption. The demagogues of the time and place may preach the virtues of the cheap dollar, but it will be without avail. There can be no more cheap dollar than there can be an 18 inch yard stick. Russia refuses to even consider the silver question, Chili has gone to the gold basis, Japan is making preparations to do the same thing. The United States, or rather a portion of them, are alone for silver-monometallism, and at the same time, strange to say, we are making strenuous efforts to

take a leading part in the commerce of the world. To build up a foreign trade we must work with the tools of trade, and no tool is more essential than a safe and generally adopted means of exchange.

The Laws We Pass. Forty-five States furnish us with an estimated supply of 10,000 laws a year. Our own Legislature tried, but failed to get over 1200 bills through. Most of them, of course, are not general laws, but represent jobs, interferences with corporations likely to bleed, or with the affairs of Cities, Towns, or Counties that there is money in. Yet it is but fair to say that we have had many worse and few better Legislatures than this last one, which is not saying very much. That there has been bribery to a limited degree there is unfortunately very little doubt. But this is a common occurrence with each recurring Legislature, and is only what the NEWS LETTER predicted at the beginning of the session. It does not often or necessarily follow that a bill is bad because its passage has to be paid for. Some of the best laws now on the statute book have required money to pass them. It is a way that many of the impecunious members have of making an adequate salary and of paying their election expenses. It is a practice that has come to be looked upon with a degree of toleration that is simply shameful. The "combine" slipped through the courts four years ago, as easily as if bribing law-makers was good public policy. A bill has been introduced into the Kansas Legislature, and, it is said, will probably pass, making violations of the Ten Commandments criminal offenses, punishing "having any other God," with a fine of \$1,000, and making theft, perjury and covetousness punishable with fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court. This is attributed to "Populism;" it will certainly not be credited to Californiaism, but think what a rabble must have got into the State House when such a bill can be introduced and seriously discussed. On the same day the Kansas Senate was thrown into a great excitement by two members who said they had been offered \$1,000 for their votes; there was much feeling, but nothing came of it. Bribery is the only natural means of getting laws passed and good and bad alike go that way. The evil done has often been shown up by the NEWS LETTER, but it will take a cyclone of public opinion to stop it.

The History Of The Examiner says it cannot get at the news, or expose crooked ways unless "The Robbers' Roost." it breaks into men's despatch boxes, read their private letters, and whines because it must be held responsible for the lies of any scoundrel it may pick up to tell stories it wants to hear. Good journalists do not get their news in that way, nor deal with it in such slipshod fashion. No greater responsibility exists on earth than that of getting at the secret of public affairs, with a view to publication. The man who says that he is not responsible for what he has published, and is privileged to keep the names of his authorities secret, does not know the law, or what constitutes public policy, and ought to be kicked out of a newspaper office as a numskull and a fool. The *exposé* of the "Robbers' Roost" by the NEWS LETTER some 16 years ago, and which is now almost daily quoted by the Examiner, was not made upon any such weak and cowardly principles. We stated what we knew, challenged investigation, and stood ready with our well garnered proofs and adequate corroboration. But we should have been under no obligation to name who had put us on and kept us on the track. We had done our work too well to render any such betrayal of trust necessary. If the stories told us were true, it was easy to make an independent verification of them. Any journalist who could not do that may be "a new journalist" but he is not fit for the position he holds. Long Green Lawrence says he cannot do it that way, but then he is not a journalist. It is a way as well known to the capable journalist as the road to market. No trained newspaper man ever "gives away" his original authority, because it is bad policy and worse practice to do so. He is not trusted again, gets a bad reputation and mouths are closed when he appears. When a story is true it can always be run down and verified. In the case of "the robbers' roost," a three story building just opposite the

capitol was taken and made to serve purposes that created a sensation at the period, and for ten years caused the house of evil name to be without a tenant. To this hour it has never been known how we got our information, nor has the information we published ever been successfully questioned. We say it most unqualifiedly and in the presence of experienced men, that no competent reporter has need to name his original informant, because he takes care to verify all serious matter and never uses it otherwise. When he falls back upon the "privileged communication" fake, he either falsifies, or knows he cannot afford to produce his wretched informant.

A Practical Problem. The Salvation Army inflicts much anguish upon the ears of inoffensive and peacefully-disposed citizens by its most unheavenly music; but at the same time the organization is not without the grace of practical value as a filler of aching stomachs and an aid of the needy. Commander Booth-Tucker stood up the somnolent Chamber of Commerce one day this week, and poured a great deal of practical information into the ears of the assembly there present. The Commander desires to plant members of the unemployed and destitute, now congesting the city, in the fresh atmosphere of the country, where they may become self-supporting, and in time add something to their own worth and the wealth of the State. His scheme is similar to the plan successfully worked out by General Booth in England, and like nearly all the efforts of the unmelodious army, has a practical turn that commends it to hard-headed business men. The plan of General Booth was to buy large tracts near London, reclaim and cultivate them, and in this way make the occupants independent. Tucker's plan begins in the city where lots, blocks, and other tracts in the municipal limits may be cultivated as truck patches, on the Pingree plan.

There is an element of heaven in Tucker's idea that should at once enlist the attention of practical men, even though its soundness had never been demonstrated; but inasmuch as the results have already shown its great value, the only question before the army here is the problem of money. At the Chamber of Commerce meeting quite a number of prominent citizens were present, and at the conclusion of his remarks Tucker was thanked, and an aid committee of fifteen, to be hereafter named, was resolved upon. The question of helpfully caring for the helpless in American cities is a growing one, and it cries aloud for solution. The plans of the Salvation Army offer by far the most hopeful field for the poor who are always with us. The Salvation Army has the perfected organization for making such a movement general throughout the country. Added to the intense earnestness and practical methods of dealing with dirt, death, sin, and salvation, for which the tambourine and bass drum hosts are righteously famed, they are recorded as being honest. So far as we remember, there have been no thieves among the Salvationists. Their officers of trust do not default and run away, as is frequently the case with the clean-lined elect. Business men may feel safe in joining Booth-Tucker in his praiseworthy effort to lift the yoke of grinding want from the shoulders of the destitute in the midst of us.

The Eastern Question. What shall be done with the empire of the unspeakable Turk? is one that can be answered very easily and to the general satisfaction of European powers. Put to a vote they would unanimously agree to a partition of the whole Ottoman territory. There is no sentiment which would prevent it, and no innate love for the Sultan or his subjects. The subject has been so long considered that they know just how they would go about it, too. Germany is not an active candidate for a portion of the spoils. Italy would be content to see the boundaries of the buffer State of Montenegro enlarged. Austria could be bought off with a concession in European Turkey which would give her an outlet on the Mediterranean at Salonica. France would like a foothold in Syria. England, besides some small scraps that would fall to her share, would profit by a confirmation of her hold on Egypt which Russia would not deny and France could not. Russia would take the balance, giving her full control of the Dardanelles and the Black Sea, a Mediterranean naval station in the island of Crete, and

possibly a port on the Adriatic. Why has it not been an accomplished fact long ago? Simply because it means war. This would not deter the allied powers, but the leash which holds the modern dogs of war is held by bankers, not by princes. The powers behind the Powers are the bondholders. The Rothschilds of Paris and London, their clients and associates are the great creditors of the Osmanli. With Turkey intact they stand to win enormously on bonds which they purchased for a song when Turkey first defaulted. A war involving the Turk would bankrupt that empire and expose to repudiation the holdings of a thousand millions of dollars of bonded Turkish indebtedness. Russia, with eyes fixed on Constantinople, has been straining upon the start ever since her success was frustrated by the treaty of Berlin which closed the Russo-Turkish war. The same hand holds her back which protects Turkey. That is to say, the same hand is filled with Russian bonds. Germany prefers the massacre of Christians and the inaction of Greece, not because war is distasteful—it would be recreation for Wilhelm—but because the debt of 180 millions under which Greece already staggers, is mainly held by the German customers of the Bleichroder's Bank at Berlin. They cannot afford to permit Greece to endanger her ability to pay. Princes and potentates pose as the rulers—the arbiters of war and peace—but Bellona responds only to the bondholder's nod, and the bondholder will not nod until he has consulted the strong-box where his securities lie.

A Geographic Sentiment For Greece. Take any large reliable atlas and open it at the map of Greece. Observe the Peloponesus—the southern peninsular division of the Kingdom of the Hellenes.

In shape it approximates the resemblance of a human right hand with the back toward you. The wrist is in the northwest. The fingers and thumb stretch out to the southeast, extending in a grasping posture as though clutching at the island of Crete, which lies directly before them. It is no astral hand that thus strives to lay hold on the coveted island. It is distinctly of the earth, earthy. The well-formed thumb terminates in Cape Skyli. Three of the fingers are easily traced and they have at their tips Capes Malia, Matapan and Gallio. The fourth finger you may fancy doubled beneath the palm, or amputated,—lost perhaps in earlier struggles for Crete. The whole hand is attached to the Grecian mainland by a narrow land ligature which separates the gulfs of Lepanto and Ægina. Other gulfs divide the fingers. Now look at Crete. The island has the rough outline of a man's full figure, with the Mediterranean at his back and the Aegean sea in front. His head is to the west and wears a cap whose long peak forms Cape Spada. The mouth, at Canea, holds a short curved pipe. The feet are conspicuous, and the toes are Cape Sidero. The face looks toward Greece. This is not all. The subdivisions of the island fit the fancied semblance perfectly. Khania is the head and cap, Retimo the chest and Candia the legs and feet. Politically, the Grecian hand held Crete in the old days before the Moslem flood overwhelmed both. Geologically, Crete was a part of the mainland until an upheaval of Mediterranean floods broke the whole southern portion into numerous islands, tore Crete from the Peloponesian hand, and indented the mainland with gulfs and bays. The ties of religion and consanguinity still demand reunion, the hand still reaches out for its ancient possession, and nature confesses the justice of the claim. But this is sentiment—something which does not form the basis of action in the European Concert.

The Greek Situation. Greece is bold and, so far, is holding her own remarkably well. But it is to be feared that she cannot go much further. With Europe combined to compel her to keep the peace, nothing is left her but to withdraw from Crete for the present; but she will get there again, and, meanwhile, much is gained in the autonomy that is to be extended to the little island. If real trouble breaks out we may look for it on the borders between Thessaly and Macedonia, and in that event it is hard to say where matters will end. The people of England, France and Italy are not for war with Greece. It is easy to discern that a resort to arms may be had any day.

That Filibustering Decision.

The Geneva award in our favor has made our duties as neutrals very perplexing and difficult of execution. We had much bother between Chili and Peru, and, later, our obligations to Spain in regard to the rebellion against her authority in Cuba have tried our officials to the utmost. We are bound by the principles we asserted and maintained against England at Geneva. A decision of very great importance to all our allies and neutrals was handed down overruling the decision of Judge Locke of the Southern District of Florida in the case of the filibustering steamer, the Three Friends. Had the Supreme Court sustained Judge Locke, it would have been impossible for the Government to legally prevent filibustering expeditions. The famous decision of Judge Ross, afterwards sustained by Judge McKenna, now goes by the board, and at the instance of the highest appellate court in the land. The Three Friends, while on a voyage to Cuba last autumn, commenced open and avowed hostilities against the regular Cuban Government, and Spain called upon our Government to begin a suit for forfeiture against the vessel by reason of its violation of the neutrality laws. Judge Locke held that the vessel could not be forfeited under the statute, because nondescript bodies like the Cuban insurgents are not included in the words "foreign prince, or state, or of any colony, district or people." These words it was held were only intended to apply to governments to whom the rights of helligerency had been extended. Spain was such a country, whilst the Cuban insurgents were not. That is the doctrine we laid down and maintained during our civil war, and our best citizens have been pained to think that our Courts were inclined to abandon the clear and honorable course we had at first taken up. In the history of international law no such weighty and authoritative recognition of the principles that should regulate friendly nations in their action towards each other, has ever been given as this by the United States Supreme Court.

Oom Paul's New Constitution.

President Kruger is minded to provide a brand new constitution for the Transvaal. In point of fact he wants no constitution at all, save his own sovereign will. Since England occupied the country there has been a written fundamental law, which by the vote of the Volksraad and the general consent of the people, has been looked upon as the higher law or constitution of the land. It provided for a High Court, as like unto our own Supreme Court as two peas. This High Court has been in the habit of setting aside acts of the Volksraad, not in accordance with the fundamental law. Kruger wants this stopped, and has just caused the Volksraad to adopt a resolution requiring the Judges to at once renounce by oath their right to pass upon the constitutionality of laws, or to resign. He says, "the Judges must abide by the voice of the Raad, or go." This is pretty good Populistic doctrine, and the uproar over its adoption in the Transvaal hints pretty plainly at what might be expected here. The plain, blunt, and unpolished Boer, who has done so much for his country, is making a mistake in trying to cause a revolution backwards. It cannot be done. He must render it possible to live and invest in the Transvaal, or the claims of the Uitlanders will have to be conceded. If he will go ahead and pass measures necessary to mining and other interests, there seems no disposition to disturb him in his troubled position of governing Boerland.

A Proposal to Beat the Trusts.

Any sure way to heat the hideous trusts would be worth millions. Yet the Senate in Albany, N. Y., believes it has hit upon a plan to accomplish this result. The proposed law makes it unlawful for any person to advertise for sale, or to sell any article at less than its cost price, or at a price so low as to injure the business of another merchant." It is a curious proposal in which there is much more than meets the sight. What we like most about this bill is that it goes to the root of the matter, and declares "that any one who sells anything anywhere so low that it injures the business of anyone else, shall be punished." That is truly sweeping doctrine, far-reaching in its action, and not to be mistaken in the tendency of its operations. The thing that is so repulsive about Trusts is that the single trader is nowhere in com-

petition with a combination of millionaires. The weakest must fight the strongest or go to the wall. We are all individual dealers in or producers of something, and what galls us is that some one is always offering it at a price a little lower than our own; obviously there is hardship here, and the same hardships exist wherever anything is produced or sold. In fact, it is to be found all the way from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands. There is no special legislation about this hill. It applies to all classes, and gives the rich and poor relief alike. It says nothing about monopoly, or combination, but forbids any one to sell at a price so low that it will injure any one else. The person so injured will at once prefer complaint and justice will be done. Of course, objections can be made to this bill, as they can to any bill, but when nobody can undersell anybody else, there can be no dispute about the adequacy of the remedy to the seller or the producer, though the consumer may not be just as well served. The bill may be a joke, or a piece of ridicule, but it is the only really effective remedy for the everlasting Trusts we have yet met with.

Generously Leads The Way.

Mayor Phelan is like wine: he improves with age. His latest act of general commendation was the gift of \$1000 for the building of the boulevard. This sum added to the Mayor's original check places to his credit \$1500 in aid of a worthy improvement and the ueedy unemployed. Mayor Phelan is no doubt a believer in the force of example. He does not point the way like a sign board hut leads in a direction that is luminous with merit. His influence and prompt generosity should induce other men of wealth to come forward at once. The funds being raised are used in a most economical manner. Every dollar, he it remembered, is worth two just now. The men who are employed and those dependent on them, would have to be fed in any event, and contributions would be in order just the same. Now the hungry are cared for, and the city is getting full value for every cent expended. The appeal of the Mayor has the right ring, and it should result in bringing out many who are abundantly able, who have hitherto given nothing. In this connection it might be well to point out the extreme propriety of city employes who are drawing regular salaries making addition to the boulevard fund. The teachers in the schools could further endear themselves to the public heart by contributing toward this fund. The salaries of all public employes are far above the amounts paid for similar labor in commercial pursuits, and it is but just that they should be heard from now. Their easy bread and butter is secure; let them do a little for a good cause, and for those less fortunate. Meantime the Mayor's generous deed shows the way to our many millionaire citizens.

A Senseless and Humorous Caricature.

While the "funny papers," so-called, may safely take some latitude not allowable in serious journalism, their wanderings should not extend beyond the pale of decency. The taste of subjecting to disgusting personal caricature a President of the United States is not "questionable," it is unquestionably had. It is more; it is an insult, not only to the sovereign majority who placed him in his exalted position, but to the nation at large. It would be so construed if seen in a foreign print.

This reflection will naturally strike any one who has glanced at the lithograph which is given the place of prominence in the "Inauguration number" of Judge. The picture of an out-going President of the United States as a swine-bodied churl being thrown from a train, the moral of this color-blot on decency being pointed by the label "He's Off," is one to disgust every decent beholder of either party—all things considered, a Republican more than a Democrat, since in his case a feeling of shame must be added to disgust. (Perhaps we should give the caricaturist credit for admitting the poor likeness by printing conspicuously on the falling hat the name "Cleveland"). The picture has not even the faintest element of humor to palliate the outrage of its being. It is as void of wit as of good taste.

A President naturally vacates his office when his term expires. There is nothing ignominious in the fact that he

is no longer President, and Mr. Cleveland was not even a contestant for the place. When a man steps down from a lofty position no one but a bully, and a vulgar bully at that, can feel any desire to kick him as he goes. What- ever faults the opposition may charge against Mr. Cleve- land's administration, he is a gentleman, and has left the Presidential chair with the dignity attaching to that character; undoubtedly, also, with the extremest good feeling toward and from his successor. Neither, presumably, regards himself as thrown out or as having thrown any one out. There is a legitimate field for the humorist and the caricaturist in political warfare. But each must make sure that his weapons have the keen edge of wit and humor instead of coarse vituperation and per- sonal ridicule, and that they are aimed at the acts of the directing general, not at the back of a retired officer when the war is over. If Judge has any owner, publisher, or accredited editor, and is not given over wholly into the hands of an irresponsible and, unfortunately, vulgarminded caricaturist, it should call a halt and order its artistic corps to a school of journalistic decency.

Supervisor Rottanzi stood manfully by his guns, and went down before the high hat brigade with flags flying and drums beating. He did his duty as he saw it; and incidentally as nine out of about every ten male citizens of San Fran- cisco saw it. Needless to say the duty was not on the stage or the lecture platform, for had that been the case it would have been hidden behind the legitimate object of his humane attack. That the Supervisors failed to pass the ordinance—at least in a modified form—proves that their fear of certain lectures exceeded their duty to a suffering and patient constituency. The high hat is a thing of beauty, but it is not a joy forever. Its spread of sail may delight the female heart, but on occasion it carries biting discontent and impenetrable gloom to the hearts of those who pay for the tickets. Ornithology is a delightful study, but it cannot be pursued without pre- judice at the theatre. It shines better at a museum. Ostrich tips are not the kind that the most inveterate sport would care to look on at the play house. But enough: Rottanzi lies buried beneath the high hat. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church; and Rottanzi will rise again. Let him embellish his ticket with the highest triumph of the milliner's art when he next runs for office, and we'll make him Mayor.

Journals Not Fit To Be Read. The Century Club, of New York, having excluded the Journal and World from its files and club house, as not fit to be read, is another step towards the extirpation of a social pest. The N. Y. Nation says the movement has now become a popular one, and may be expected to extend far and wide. It ought to find imitators throughout the nation. There are other filthy publications in other cities that ought to be put under the ban equally with the two that are meeting with exclusion by the Century Club and others. It is possible for the decent people in several communities to reform these journals and save their children from the moral blight which threatens them by putting such a stigma upon them that the mass of unthink- ing people who now support such journals will drop them, and, when they do so, the reform will come. It is simply a matter of dollars and cents, says the Nation, with the publishers of these vile sheets. Whenever they find that dirt does not pay, they will stop publishing dirt. Clubs and public libraries can hasten this consummation if they will, by making dirty newspapers unfashionable.

ECHOES of the great Bradley-Martin ball, whose cost set all the sensational New York preachers and sen- sational papers discussing and condemning the right of a person to spend his wealth as he please, so long as he wrongs no one, are awakened by a clever parody just put on in that city by Hammerstein. The name of the musi- cal burlesque is *Mrs. Radley's Bartons Ball*, and in gor- geous costumes and all its elegant accessories, it is said to be a faithful copy of the original. Now our friends the gossipers, and the sleuths of the gutter, will have another opportunity to point another moral and adorn another tale.

ART JOTTINGS.

THE art event of this week is the picture painted by Keith and presented to the Bohemian Club by that artist, where it now stands on the easel in the Social Room. It is a large canvas, and is certainly one of the most strik- ing woodland pictures in many respects which has come from Keith's studio. It is entitled "The Unceasing Round," and presents a deep forest glade, with a monster redwood tree in the foreground. A strong light strikes in from the right of the picture, making a delicious contrast with the cool and almost dusky gloom of the background, through which some woodsmen are passing. Its treatment is unlike Keith's methods, giving more detail and more expression of form, so to speak, and there is a feeling of intense strength through all. Mr. E. R. Taylor was inspired by this fine work to write an ode thereon. He says:

In center of the canvas see this pine
All stark in death, with arms in vain appeal
For what it nevermore can taste or feel
Of joys of earth, or of the heavens divine.
Straight as in life it stands, still bearing sign
Of noble majesty and dauntless will
While at its base its elder brothers spill
Their ashes where the grasses kiss and twine.

This will be an important addition to the many fine paint- ings which now decorate the walls of the Bohemian Club. It is richly and artistically framed.

Moonlights and marines are now the fashion. Charles Rollo Peters has sent up two new and clever studies of moonlight effects in Monterey. Mr. Peters, who is very industrious, must now be the possessor of acres of moonlit sea and shore.

Robinson exhibits a pleasant marine, carefully painted, and nice in out-of-door feeling. It is what one might call a wholesome picture of shore and sea, of sun and breeze, faithful and refreshing to the eye.

Strong is so busy filling orders for his pastel portraits that he finds time for nothing else. His studies of South Sea scenery, which were brought up by Alfred O. Larkin, might be continued, for Strong has an abundance of sketches made among those pleasant isles to draw upon.

Elizabeth Strong exhibits a large landscape, apparently from the prolific Monterey quarter, which is most original in treatment and altogether out of the regular lines. It is very rich in color, and is of the French school, with per- haps more attention to detail than they usually bestow, deeming color paramount to everything. The atmosphere is there—one can feel the summery glow, and the long sedge and grasses in the foreground are Nature itself.

Joullin has finished a delicate little study of marsh land and water in the advanced twilight. It is soft in tone, and the effect is sentimental and harmonious.

Donald deV. Graham made some sketches when in the Sandwich Islands, whence he has just returned with Messrs. Gillig, Unger, and Hamilton. Mr. Graham has resumed his instructions in singing, as painting is with him simply a pastime.





'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

I AM glad to see that our modest little opera enterprise at the California Theatre has not fallen into the hands of the financial writers. Grau went to Chicago without two star singers and without a guarantee. Furniture was visible all over the Auditorium. As one reporter chronicled the performance: "all that was lacking to make up a perfect ensemble was an audience." The Chicago critics wrote by the half-column, the financial experts by the half-page. Analogies were drawn between the prices of wheat and the prices of opera; canny calculators expounded on the declining glory of the stock-yards. Somebody pretended that the absence of Melba and Eames caused the slim houses. Nobody believed him. There were Calve, Lehman, Plançon and the de Reszkes—the \$4,000 per-night team of immortal de Reszkes—and all the big little people. "Hard times" was the real apology. The rich, the gorgeous lardy-dah rich of Chicago, even syndicated on the boxes. Four big families pooled on one and shook dice to see which would get it on choice nights. "Grau is on the hog, this time sure," said a Cook county wag. And poor Grau dug long and deep to pay salaries, while a few real music-tasters sat in cheap seats and thought what a lovely time of it they were having at his expense. "I'll never come here any more" said Grau, "without a guarantee;" and he cut the prices down until you could huy the best seat in the Auditorium for two dollars.

I say again, I'm glad our modest month of French opera has not required the services of the journalistic financiers. We are a proud little people, we are, and we have done better by the unknown incandescents of the New Orleans Opera House than Chicago has by the effulgent arc-lights of the Metropolitan. And what our cheerful three dollars, two dollars and one dollar do not contribute to the adequacy of the receipts, thirty brave guarantors, check-book in hand, are ready to make good.

Sometimes angels tread where fools are timid.

Opera companies do not trouble us often now, and we are not forever holding up the hogie of other days, those good old palmy days when we got the hest and paid for it. The present public, most conveniently, has become reconciled to the French organization's scenery and the fluctuating value of its choruses, and settled into quiet, steady patronage and decent appreciation of other stable merits of the performances. The audience invariably arrives late, and the first acts of all the operas are invariably scattered. Perhaps one causes the other—we will give the French people the benefit of the doubt.

I regret the shambling first act of *The Huguenots* Tuesday night: first, because there are good things in the act, and afterwards because it was an injustice to the rest of the performance, which, in points of strength, unanimity, and authoritative leadership, was a distinctively good one for the most part. Foedor, who seemed tired, uncertain, and out of the spirit in the role of Rachel in *La Juive* at the Saturday matinee, fairly flamed in the music of Valentine. She seemed to be re-vitalized. Her throat was free and open, and her tone came high and true with the sweep of youth and the throgh of sympathy in it. In the intensity of her parting scene with Raoul she forgot not to act, forgot to pose, forgot to be old-fashioned and prima-donnish, and flung herself into the tumult of the scene with real actorial ardor as well as vocal heroism. The night was Foedor's. I was sorry there was not a tenor at hand who could have shared in some of the glory. Prevost, in my estimation, is hopeless. Last week I tried to do justice to his well-put high C, but I passed over the rest of him with the mild description, "assertive but not sensational." I take it back. Prevost is sensational. So are fire-crackers, harbed wire, and the callopie. His is the steamiest, most eruptive, explosive, non-musical tenor that ever went off in my ears. I hold human life a precious

thing, but if at any time during the four acts of *The Huguenots*, Prevost should find his mouth an inadequate safety-valve for Raoul's hoiler throat, and explode upon the spot, I promise to make the obituary one of the most cheerful features of that week's NEWS LETTER.

Prevost was the one serious hot on the performance. Raoul is an important character in the opera; many of the others are not, strictly speaking. Even the page is not so important as Mlle. Savine looked in his handsome clothes. At least, not unless he is sung proportionately well. And no one can accuse Savine's singing of equalling the tranquil self-satisfaction of her presence. But who ever heard of a comic opera queen, no matter how humble, being submerged in anything, even Meyerbeer?

Since it is getting to be such an old and usual story to say that Albers carried off the honors of the performance, I am glad in this instance to say that he did not. It is not in the part of de Nevers. Albers was a picture; he sang with splendid forcefulness and virile grace, and that cordial magnetism of his which reaches over the lights and finds and touches us where we live and feel. It does not take a superior person to know that Albers is a wonderful man. His warm art is unmistakable. I notice the audiences are petting him shamelessly. But he does not seem to mind it a bit; he goes right along the even baritone of his way, working as only an artist will work, cheerfully, competently, until it does not seem to be work at all. And think of the responsibilities Albers carries around with him! He is the French company's link between mediocrity and greatness. Lose him and there would be little incentive to crush hats and real opera cloaks. That is, unless one remembers the hallet. It is not a big hallet, and it numbers only one *première danseuse* worthy of italics, but for sheer fleetness of limb, lissomeness of vertebrae, and all the flexible, sinewy, sinuous usefulness of the female form in action, it commands our best attire. The girls are not of that devastating youth and beauty which makes one give up home and mother without a struggle, but they made the hallet scene very joyous moments in this production of *The Huguenots*. And de Consoli danced shadows all over the desert pates in Observation Row—danced dreamily, dulcetly, glitteringly, fervently, volcanically; threading with slim, serpentine legs verse that any minor poet might be proud to kick off.

I did not notice any one sleeping through *The Huguenots*. We all slept more or less at *L'Africaine*; but this time it was a more exciting Meyerbeer and a more exciting stage. Anyway, the dead could not have slept while Prevost sang, and when he was not singing, there was no particular inducement. Berthet disposed of Queen Marguerite's music rather tidily in that cool, flute way of hers; and Athes and Gavid were weak, but not without a certain dramatic affability, in the roles of Marcel and St. Bris. The chorusters were astonishingly valiant as the opera wore on, working up to an impressive storm in the great weapon-hessing scene. Nicosias seemed to bring a bigger and hetter volume than usual from the orchestra: the brass was not choked, and the reeds and strings, given more sway to maintain the balance, improved in articulation.

I have written at some length about *The Huguenots* because it is practically the only theme available. *La Juive*, at the Saturday matinee, developed several good hits of ensemble work—otherwise it was not a brilliant affair. Foedor's singing was dull—although she did make a good effort in Rachel's big aria. But she was tired. Worse luck, Prevost was not.

The Voyage of Suzette on Saturday night was several shades brighter than the *Miss Helyett* performance of the Saturday previous. The music (by Leon Vasseur) is quickly intimate, and the comedy is full of action. But I cannot regard these comedy people seriously. (And that is no joke). They are only the side-show of the French Opera organization.

At last I have found the man who thinks two brains are hetter than none to build a vaudeville act. At last, after writing, preaching, cavilling at the variety perfesh for not

having its skits, sketches and acts written by somebody fairly versed in the decencies of English speech, I have found my man. His name is Henry Lee, and he is at the Orpheum. He is a reformed 'leading man,' and he does a twenty-minute portraiture act entitled, "Great Men—Past and Present." See Mr. Lee and you have advanced several years in music-hall education. Admire his mimic virtuosity, his facial plasticity, and the rapidity and life-likeness of his costuming—admire these, for Lee is an artist and an innovator. And then take off your hat to the man who wrote the lines that go with them. The author is an Englishman, and he opens with William Shakespeare reading Jacques' melancholy epigrams on the seven ages of man, and ends with Mr. Gladstone delivering his farewell speech. Shakespeare, we are told, was a notoriously bad actor, so perhaps it is only fidelity to history that makes Mr. Lee appear at his worst in the Shakespearean scene. The others are all good—Bismarck, Dickens, Pope Leo, Kipling, and half a dozen more. The Pope makes the finest picture, a perfect cameo that sheds the magnetism and mysticism and the serene imperiousness of this leader of leaders. But the Kipling satire is exquisite. Kipling wears the cool, milky ducks of India, and the cool, incisive candor that is all his own. "Kipling—Rudyard Kipling—that's my name," he draws—"a curious, but striking one. Profession, a story-teller—in the proper sense of the word, of course. Discovered Tommy Atkins and a large portion of India, which I afterwards sold to the English nation in several volumes for a considerable sum." Then the Barrack-Room Bard tells us how he made a minute study of America in twelve hours. "But that's another story," he says—"which you can obtain at my publishers."

ASHTON STEVENS.

Otis Skinner commences a three weeks' engagement at the Baldwin Monday night in *His Grace de Grammont*, a play by Clyde Fitch. Let us hope it will be worthy of the author of *Beau Brummel*. The time of Charles II glows with dramatic color, and the French exile, "Chevalier de Grammont" offers the gamut of gallantry, wit, feats of arms and all the enticing charms of "the romantic." Skinner is said to be supported by a strong company and vivid romantic scenery. Saturday night he will play *Hamlet*.

To-night the French singers at the California present *Faust*, with Foeder as Marguerite; Tuesday *Aida* will be given; Thursday, *Rigoletto*; Saturday a repetition of *La Juive*. Albers is sure to do great work in *Aida* and in *Rigoletto*, and *La Juive* will well stand repetition if Massart is the tenor. Sunday night *Suzette* will be repeated at reduced prices.

Cissy winks a fond farewell Sunday night, and Monday sees Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytall at the Columbia in a new war romance, *For Fair Virginia*, which is heralded as a big New York success. As in Gillette's famous war piece, *Secret Service*, the fighting is all done quietly behind the scenes; the stage gives us the excitement and suspense of it without any visible carnage.

The excellent production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Tivoli, has but two more nights. Monday night commences John P. Wilson's spectacular burlesque, *Don Juan ad lib*, which had a five weeks' run at the Tivoli several years ago. A strong cast, new songs, new jokes and two brilliant ballets are promised.

The Orpheum needs no new bill for next week. Henry Lee and all the new-comers of this week remain.

The Symphony Society gives a Wagner concert at the Columbia Thursday afternoon. Excerpts from seven of the tone-poet's works will be given. Mrs. Cecilia Adler Keesing (who has sung at Bayreuth), Mrs. Mathilde Wilde, Mrs. Hinrichs, Rhys Thomas, Alois Werner and Jacob Muller are the vocalists. Hinrichs has arranged a big programme, and the concert should draw the biggest patronage of the season. Hinrichs will read a lecture on the programme at Golden Gate Hall (upper) on Wednesday afternoon. No admission will be charged.

We are to hear more of Gertrude Auld's singing. Mr. Greenham announces recitals for Wednesday night week and Saturday afternoon week at Golden Gate Hall.

It has been a long time since Camilla Urso played the violin in San Francisco, and Manager Greenbaum seems to have a bright outlook in her three concerts at Golden Gate Hall next week. At Monday night's concert Madame Urso plays a new work, "Caprice de Concert," by Ernest Guiraud. She will also play Paganini's "Witches' Dance." Good programmes have been prepared for the other concerts, which come off on Friday night and Saturday afternoon.

There has never been held in this city a more successful millinery opening than that of Mrs. J. Coughlan, at 919 Market street, which took place last week. The ladies still through her establishment in quest of the latest creations in millinery. Everything found there is thoroughly artistic, and those who have not yet visited her store should not fail to see the admirable goods for sale there.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.
 Monday, March 29th, first stellar appearance in this city of
 OTIS SKINNER
 Supported by Maud Durbin and Frederick Mosley and a strong company of twenty players. First week, five nights and Saturday matinee.
HIS GRACE, de GRAMMONT
 Saturday night,
 HAMLET
 Second week—"A Soldier of Fortune"

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottloh & Co., Lessees and Managers.
 Two weeks, beginning Monday, March 29th. First appearance here of Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytall, in their romantic drama.
FOR FAIR VIRGINIA
 by Mr. Whytall, as presented by them over 400 times. Original cast and scenery from Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y. April 12th—MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN.

Columbia Theatre.—Extra.
 Thursday afternoon, April 1st, at 3 sharp.
GRAND WAGNER CONCERT
 of the San Francisco Symphony Society.
 Greatest programme ever offered in this city. Excerpts from seven Wagner operas. Soloists: Cecelia Adler Keesing, Mathilde Wilde, and Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs. Rhys Thomas, Alois Werner, and Jacob Muller. Gustav Hinrichs, Director. Seats now on sale at box office, \$1 and 50c.

California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co. (Incorporated) Proprietors.
 The famous
FRENCH OPERATIC ORGANIZATION.
 F. CHARLEY, Impresario.
 To-night (Saturday) **FAUST**.
 Tuesday, March 30th, **AIDA**.
 Thursday, April 1st, **RIGOLETTO**.
 Saturday night, April 3d, (by request), **LA JUIVE**.
 Special—Sunday night, April 4, **VOYAGE OF SUZETTE**, at popular prices, 50c. to \$2, to be followed by **WILLIAM TELL**, **PACLIACCI**, **CARMEN**, **HAMLET**, etc.

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.
 Week beginning Monday, March 29th. First time here of
BARNES & SISSON,
 "The Singer and the Maid" Last week of Henry Lee, in new characterizations. Tremendous success of Johnny Ray and Emma Ray, Werner & Rieder, the Vilona Sisters, Lillie Laurel, the 3 Richards, and the 4 Cohans. Special "Henry Lee" matinee Wednesday Special: Secure seats early in advance. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager.
 Beginning Monday evening, March 29th. Every evening, the spectacular operatic burlesque,
DON JUAN, Ad Lib.,
 A hodge-podge of mirth, music, and dance. A perfect cast. A merry-go-round of lovely scenery, beautiful costumes, and appropriate accessories; two beautiful ballets; everything new in song, dance, and humor.
 Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

Pacific Coast Jockey Club.
 (Ingleside Track) The only perfect winter race track in America. Racing from Monday, March 22d, to Saturday, April 3d, inclusive.
FIVE OR MORE RACES DAILY.
 Rain or shine. First race at 2 P. M. Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend streets' depot, leaving at 1 and 1:30 P. M. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission street electric line direct to track. The Andross stakes Monday, March 22d; the Ullman stakes, Saturday, March 27th; the California Derby, Saturday, April 3d.
 S. N. ANDROSS, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary

THE GARRISON.

It was during the Thirty Years' War that the Spanish Commander, Gonzalve de Cordone, having in his plundering course entered Palatinate, determined to seize the village of Ogersheim, defended only by a small fortification.

At his approach, all the inhabitants fled to Mannheim, while within the enclosure of the ramparts there remained only a poor shepherd, called Fritz, with his sick wife and new-born son.

You may picture to yourself the anguish of this poor man, who, while seeing the approach of his enemies, yet could not, like his neighbors, flee from their cruelty. But, being a brave, shrewd fellow, he devised a plan by which he hoped to escape the peril now threatening him.

Having embraced his wife and child, he went out to put his project in execution.

Amongst the baggage abandoned by the fugitives he easily found that for which he was seeking; that is to say, an old military suit complete.

He put on his head an enormous helmet crowned with a waving plume; on his feet some very high boots, with jingling spurs; in his belt a pair of pistols and a heavy sabre; upon his shoulders the showy cloak of an officer.

Thus equipped, he hastened to the ramparts, on the outside of which was the herald, summoning the village to surrender. "Friend," the valiant shepherd replied, "tell your General, I pray you, that I have no intention of yielding to his request, only on these conditions: First, that the garrison may go out of this fortress with all the honors of war; second, that the lives of the inhabitants will be spared; and third, that we may preserve the free enjoyment of our religion."

The herald declared that the Spaniards would never submit to such conditions, since they knew that Ogersheim was not prepared to defend itself.

"My friend," replied the shepherd, tranquilly, "be not so hasty. Tell your commander that only the desire to avoid the shedding of blood can induce me to open these gates to you; but if he will not accept the conditions which I have given you, he will enter here only by force of the sword, for I declare to you, on my word as an honest man and a Christian, that the garrison has just received a reinforcement of which you know nothing."

Speaking thus, Fritz lit his pipe and began to smoke as unconcernedly as a man who had not the least cause for uneasiness.

The soldier, disturbed by his confidence and composure, returned to his General and told him all the words of the Commander of Ogersheim.

So Gonzalve, thinking that he might meet with some resistance unexpected by him, and as he did not want to lose any time before so unimportant a town, resolved to accept the conditions imposed upon him, and therefore advanced with his troops to the gate of the fortress. Learning from the herald this generous determination of the General, the shepherd coolly responded: "Your master is a man of sense."

He then opened the gates and invited the Spaniards to enter. Surprised at seeing before him only the rustic herdsman, most grotesque in his military costume, Gonzalve thought there was some treason concealed, and immediately asked where the garrison was.

"If you will follow me," replied Fritz, "I'll show you."

"March by my side," said the Spanish General, "and I warn you that at the least indication of treachery, I will send a bullet into your head."

"Very well," responded the shepherd; "follow me confidently, for I declare by all that is to me most dear, that the garrison will do you no harm."

He then conducted the General through the silent and deserted streets until, coming to the very end of a by-way, he invited him to enter a miserable hovel which stood before them.

There, showing him his wife, Fritz said: "There is the best part of the garrison," and proudly exhibiting his new-born son, added, "and here is our last reinforcement."

Gonzalve, seeing with what a singular artifice he had been deceived, began to smile; then, detaching a gold chain from his neck, he placed it upon the bed of the young

mother, and drawing from his pocket a purse fat with ducats, which he gave to Fritz, said:

"Let me give, as a testimony of my esteem, this chain to the beautiful garrison, and to you this purse for your young soldier boy."

Then, taking leave of the wife and child, he departed, and Fritz led him back through the village, thanking him with deep emotion for his generous kindness.—Translated from the French by ADELIA H. TAFFINDER.

HOW FITZY WON THE FIGHT.

"Oh, tell us of the fight, my lad, the fight that Fitzzy won; And tell us of the blows they struck and all the things they done. How Corbett started in and thought he'd do it just for fun And ended up a living corpse—the played out son of a gun."

"Oh, father, it was simply great! I knew that Fitzzy would win And told the fellows that I knew on him to pluck their tin. 'Twas I who tipped O'Hara there, and also Patsy Flynn, I said that Corbett was no good, and now we all are in."

"But tell me, hoy, for you was there, the blows the fellows hlew, If Jimmy took his medicine like a man had ought to do; If Fitzzy showed his science and the little things he knew, And how our Jimmy looked and felt when Fitzzy got all through."

"Why, father, it was simply grand! I knew it all the while. I told young Ike and Billy White to lay on Fitzzy their pile; And sister won some chewing-gum and ma a brand new tile, And all the fellows look at me, and shake my hand and smile."

"Ay, ay, I know," the old man said; "but tell me now about The scrap itself. If ever there was just the smallest doubt That Fitzzy would land a decent lick upon the other lout To do him up, and how he came to knock Jim Corbett out."

"Why, hang it, father," quoth the son, "I've told you all along The way it went until they rang the funny little gong. I tell you I feel pretty proud. I never do go wrong, And when it comes to betting, it is there that I am strong."

And as the talk goes on all day, and half the weary night And nothing can the father learn about the famous fight, The one is blind to all things else except that he was right, The other rubs his horny hands and prays to God for light.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

WISE PEOPLE seeking advice on important matters consult the best authorities. Thos Cook & Son are the best authorities on travel in all civilized countries, and freely give intending travelers the benefit of their fifty-six years' experience. San Francisco Office: 621 Market street (under Palace Hotel).

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Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

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IT is a long time—not since General Kautz and his amiable wife reigned at Angel Island—since there has been so much hospitality and fun at that post as has been the case lately. There are so many pretty women in the Third Artillery they are quite capable of furnishing the feminine element at the different entertainments without going out of Army circles, and they do. Needless to say, our city belles do not like this, as they had got to look upon the Presido chaps as their own especial property. An Army girl remarked recently: "Now we can pay the city girls back in their own coin; asking the officers, and not an army woman. See how they'll like it."

San Rafael is getting ready for an unusually brilliant season. The cottagers are cleaning house; the big house owners are sounding the note of preparation also, while the Hotel Rafael is rapidly filling up. Manager Warfield will do everything in his power to make his guests enjoy themselves, and Baron von Schroeder is always ready to give the girls a jolly good time. Then, too, the place is so easy of access and so moderate in fare from the city that men, even with small salaries, can indulge in a trip from Saturday to Monday frequently during the summer.

What a close corporation the Goad family seem to be in the matter of weddings, is the universal comment of society on learning that the marriage of Miss Aileen and Charley McIntosh is to be limited to relatives and intimate friends. Being solemnized in Lent may, however, account for this. Society will have two brilliant weddings to look forward to in those of Miss Burton and Miss Cohen, both of which will undoubtedly be the occasion of much gold lace, flags, and jingling sabres, to say nothing of the beauty of the bridal parties.

The news that the gallant Captain Marion P. Maus has been ordered away from California to act as aide to General Miles in Washington City, will be heard with deep regret by his numerous lady friends on this Coast; and any one of a venturesome inclination can easily bet two to one that the fascinating, but somewhat elusive, Captain's absence from Coronado will rob that delightful resort of the visit several of our most charming belles had in view this spring.

It seems a pity that our pretty belles do not utilize the quiet season of Lent, when balls and parties must be abandoned, by a club for learning cooking. Even a chafing dish class would be an immense factor in gaining a man's favor, especially if a few men were invited on each occasion to test the proficiency attained by the fair *cusinières*. What more potent charm to the average masculine than a dainty repast which his own wife prepares for him. Take the hint, girls.

The ownership of country homes à l'anglaise is fast becoming a fixed feature of our wealthy class. The Henry Scotts are going to make an ideal rural abode of their place at Burlingame, and, they say, will have house parties all summer. *On dit*, Jack Casserley will bring his Chicago bride to dwell amid the exclusive set down there.

Our fashionable women have found a use for the ex-champion. They are meditating getting up an athletic class for him to teach the art of boxing to. The idea is not half a bad one, for if women aspire to be men, they should not be averse to defending themselves and not compelled to depend upon the men of their family to do their fighting for them.

The resignation of Henry Crocker from the horse show and the riding club emphasizes the fact, so often asserted by his friends, that he is not to be dictated to. If there is any hossing to do, he is ready to do it himself.

Everyone in the inner circle of the swim is talking of the theatricals the Hager Company is going to give after Easter. That they will be a huge success no one can doubt when such energetic, competent heads manage the affair as are to be found among the clever society people who compose the company.

The Euchre Club, in which are enrolled some of our loveliest belles, has become a most popular organization. The men clamor for invitations, they say, but the rule of the club is, "for members only," and so, if the "fellahs" want to be in it, all they have to do is to pay their dues and join.

Young Breeze is spoken of by the society girls as a recent victim of the wily god Cupid, and it will not take very long to guess who it was directed the shaft from his bow.

The fountain of perpetual youth has never been found; but the thing next to it is Argonaut Whiskey—which is invigorating, healthful, pure. It is the best of the best—a gentleman's drink at all times and places. E. Martin & Co. at 411 Market street are Pacific Coast Agents.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite, and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian Bitters.

Head Golds,

Catarrh, dry mucous membrane, soon yield to the treatment of the famous DR. MCKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE.

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To show that Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure gives instant relief and continues to drive away the cold or catarrh, 7 free trials per week will be allowed you if you call at the

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"A Bride from the Bush," by E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1897. Price, 75 cents.

A Book of the Week. The eldest son of Sir James Bligh, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Great Britain, wanders out to Australia, and, being a simple-minded sort of fellow with a good income, marries the daughter of a "squatter" in the Riverina district of New South Wales. She is a girl of remarkable physical beauty, but as untamed and unbrokeu as a "waler." She and her husband go to England to visit Sir James and Lady Bligh at their house in Twickenham, where one of the bride's first performances is to get up early in the morning and amuse herself by cracking a stock-whip. Just as the coachman and stable-boy have been driven into the safe shelter of the stable, an old gentleman walks into the yard, and is at once greeted by a volley of pistol-shot-like cracks of the whip round his ears. After tiring of this, the bride lifts off his bat with the curling lash, and discloses the features of Mr. Justice Bligh. Many other "bad breaks" culminate in her standing up in the family carriage in the presence of some members of the Royal family, and uttering a loud, shrill "Coo-ee" to an Australian girl whom she recognizes riding down the Row. At last, her mortification at her inability to behave like a lady becomes so insupportable that she gets her husband's permission to visit some friends in Suffolk, bids him farewell, and takes the steamer to her native land. After a protracted search, her husband discovers whither she has gone, and follows her. A happy re-union ensues, and the couple decide that the atmosphere of an Australian sheep-farm is freer and suits them better than that of the greatest city in the world. We have known many Australian girls, and are inclined to think that Mr. Hornung, in his eagerness to depict strongly the contrast between the quiet manners of well-bred English people and the hoydenish behavior of a spoilt Australienne, has overdrawn the *gaucheries* and extravagances of his heroine. But, however this may be, the tale is readable, and so fulfills its prime function. And we shall be pleased to read another of this author's stories whenever it may fall into our hands. As regards make-up, the little volume is well printed, bound in white and green cloth, and has the upper edges of its pages gilt.

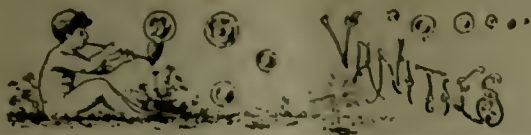
In Collier's Weekly for March 11th, Mr. John Habberton ut not wisely remarks: "If all the warlike counsel that has been offered the new administration by some of the newspaper press is accepted, we shall need a navy that will keep all our shipyards busy for several years to come, unless some of the Powers that are to be fought, defied, bullied, subbed, or otherwise offended, should take the initiative and send over some warships or torpedo boats to annihilate the ship-yards themselves; most of the yards are of easy reach by any war-like craft." In the same issue Edgar Saltus is hard at work making things straight with the Ambassador-to-be at the court of St. James, by letting us know that, little as we might suspect it, the Envoy-elect is a sweet poet, who, though he has long since ceased to be a lyre-strummer, has yet contributed to the verse of his native land a "gem which is almost perfect." This ought to be worth an invite to lunch when the Ambassador-to-be is installed at the U. S. Embassy in London.

The first issue of a new monthly entitled *Current Thought*, and defined as "a magazine of individual opinion and research," consists of twenty pages and a picture. The solitary article which fills the issue is contributed by William George Jordan, a sketch of whose goggle-bedecked profile is the picture. The article is headed: "Mental training: a remedy for education." The writer expresses his dissatisfaction with the results of the school-training of the average man, and, of course, they are poor and meagre enough. He says (and, no doubt, correctly) that most people are incapable of clear thought, and consequently of lucid expression; that their heads have been

crammed with facts, and their minds have not been trained. But then most people have no minds to train; and as for their incapacity to think, it is probable that they are better, or at any rate more healthfully, occupied than in thinking, which is notoriously the most unwholesome employment in the world for man, causing headache, nervousness, dyspepsia, and myriad disorders. Further, if Mr. Jordan's essay is to be taken as a sample of the kind of work done by the man who has been educated, but not mentally trained, we are inclined to say "Give us the educated man every time." We are unable to see that Mr. Jordan has shed much light on his subject, and are not disposed to hope for any very splendid results from the extension of kindergarten methods to children of a larger growth. And all this talk about the various methods of education is to a large extent vain and fruitless, for the very best system of education in the world cannot put into a man's head or heart what a kindly or unkindly Providence has denied. As hogs' ears are not the raw material out of which silk purses are made, so you cannot make a mathematician out of a man (however intelligent) devoid of the mathematical instinct, nor dower with the gift of music him that hath no music in his soul. Besides, so far as we know, all the thinking that the world needs to have done is already done well enough: as things are, we are in more danger of running short of bootblacks and ploughmen than of becoming "shy on" thinkers.

Scribner's Magazine for March opens with a lively article by Richard Harding Davis on the Banderium of Hungary—a description of the celebration at Budapest of the thousandth year of the existence of Hungary as a kingdom. The Banderium was an exceedingly varied, brilliant, and picturesque spectacle, and roused the greatest enthusiasm in all who were fortunate enough to witness it. Four chapters of Mr. Davis's serial story appear in the same issue under the title of "Soldiers of Fortune." Lewis Morris Iddings contributes a paper on the Art of Travel by Land. It is a very sensible article, showing that its author is clearly aware that the varying customs of Europe and the United States are not the result of stupidity and crass ignorance, as some suppose, but have a basis of reason in the national temperament and in the forms of national civilization. C. D. Gibson's article on "London Audiences" is, as one might fairly expect from a wielder of the pencil who has only recently become a wielder of the pen, nearly all pictures. In the sketch entitled "A First Night" Mr. Gibson introduces several Englishmen and Englishwomen, but we feel constrained to say that he does not seem to have yet caught the type of the high-class Briton: not one of his men looks typically and unmistakably an Englishman of the army, navy, or university type. Perhaps the women are a little better, but that is probably because the Englishwoman is not so pronounced and inimitable a type as the Englishman: that is, she is in outward appearance, at any rate, more nearly like a fashionable woman of any nationality.

In the March issue of *Self Culture* we find editorial comments on various subjects under discussion, a review of Lord Robert's "Autobiography," an article from the Edinburgh Scotsman on the value of various foods as flesh-formers and heat-givers, and other articles. To us the most interesting contribution is Dr. William Clark's on "Conduct and Manner." "Conduct," says the writer, "not only makes a man what he is, but also shows what he is." Dr. Clark mentions a public-school teacher who evidently held very different views from Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty in H. M. S. Pinafore. It was a primary article of Sir Joseph's creed that the expression "If you please" imparts a particularly gentlemanly tone to life on a man-of-war, but the school-ma'am referred to by Dr. Clark forbade her luckless pupils to use such expressions as "Thank you" or "If you please," on the ground that they savor of servility. Poor fool! as though politeness were not the surest test of superiority. It is just to Dr. Clark to say that he strongly combats what he calls "the mischievous delusion that suavity of manner is a confession of social or other inferiority, and that to preserve his self-respect and maintain his republican equality a man has to be surly or indifferent, after the manner of hotel-clerks or expressmen, and too often salesmen and "salesladies." Dr. Clark's article is good reading.



DEAR EDITH: One of the handsomest models I have seen for *débutantes* is made of white silk gauze over ivory-colored satin. The skirt has no train, is very close fitting at the hips, and flares considerably at the hem. Six full ruches of ivory-colored satin, pinked at the edges and graduated in width (the widest being at the hem, the narrowest below the knees), encircling the skirt. The baby waist is of satin covered with plaited gauze and *découllé*, and is edged with a silk ruche. Four narrow ruches at back and four at front of the neck, extending diagonally to a standing collar or necklet of folded satin ribbon edged at the top with satin tabs. A close-fitting sleeve reaches almost to the elbow, where it is finished by a ruche, and bunches of large Malmaison roses take the place of shoulder puffs. A girdle of gold filigree set with precious stones encircles the waist and finishes at the back with a long sash of satin edged with two rows of very narrow ruches.

A new ball dress of pale green satin is covered with green mousseline de soie. The skirt is trained and has satin panels embroidered with silver thread, silver spangles and pearls. They open over the underskirt of green mousseline de soie, upon which are sewn small silver spangles glittering with each motion of the wearer. The sleeves consist of a small puff, and the square-cut bodice has a small yoke embroidered to match the design on the panels. Garlands of rose geraniums, with their pretty vari-colored foliage, sprinkled with occasional dew drops of diamonds, form the epaulettes. The neck is entirely covered by a light green satin collar and tabs, richly embroidered and edged with a tiny ruche of green mousseline de soie. The hair will be done in big puffs, ornamented with strings of pearls and diamonds and a cluster of the geranium flowers and ruches. With this costume a novelty will be worn in the shape of white silk gloves, with long arm coverings of real lace extending to the shoulders and embroidered with silver and pearls.

A friend, writing from Paris, says that it is very strange that lingerie is so much cheaper over there than on this side. "Cotton goods in France," she says, "cost quite a bit more, and good sewing machines all come from the other side of the water. This year I hear that white wear is cheaper at home than it used to be. One merchant explained the question by saying there was a steadier, surer market here for the better class of lingerie, and another merchant attributed the difference in price to the cheaper labor to be had in France. It surprises one to find so much bead work on these garments, even among the very ordinary lots, and each and every piece of lingerie is embellished with a fetching bow of satin ribbon, and is set off with delicate, tinted tissue paper, until it becomes irresistible to shoppers.

The nightgowns this season are exquisite. They are made of the choicest materials, and with each gown comes a dainty little ebemise trimmed like the gown, and they are only sold in sets. One of the very expensive sets was made of a very fine quality of cambric. The yoke of the gown was tucked in tiny tucks, with a feather stitch worked between each tuck. It was a short yoke, and the fullness was gathered into a band, Empire fashion. The band was embroidered with eyelets, through which rather broad white satin ribbon was passed. Around the neck of the gown there was a fall of Valenciennes lace that merged into a jabot at the front of the gown and continued down to the hem. The sleeves were full bishop sleeves that opened from the wrist to the top. They were edged with narrow frills of Valenciennes along the opening, and at the wrist there was a broad frill of lace, headed by a band with eyelets. When the ribbon is taken out of these sleeves they become straight, plain affairs, and the very easiest sleeves to launder well.

BELINDA.

When you see a man particularly neat and stylish in appearance you may know he gets his furnishing goods at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street.

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No Demand for Mines.

The exaggerated statements which have heralded the advent of every individual who chooses to pose as an expert for one of the many so-called exploration companies, and the inflated notions regarding these concerns themselves, are to blame very much for upsetting the minds of so many people by misleading them on the mining situation, which from a popular standpoint has been on the eve of a boom for over a year past. These exploration companies are not scattering money around by the million, eager to absorb in competition everything offering in the shape of a mine. Even as it is, these companies have much to learn about investments in the West, and nothing but experience will teach them. In any event, they are not eleemosynary institutions, operating for the benefit of humanity outside of their own pale. They work for profits, and the heaviest that can be obtained on the smallest possible investment. No one will ever make a cent, wittingly, beyond the inside ring in control and its parasitical attachments, who loom up bigger, as a rule, than any one else in the concern. An idea of what is actually going on in London can best be formed from the repeated failures which are known, if not reported, of finely concocted schemes from California. Nine out of every ten propositions sent on from here for a twelvemonth past, have failed. Besides this, investment capital has fallen off, the total for February in London being estimated at five and one-half millions, against six and three-fourths millions for the same month last year. Of this amount, but a very minute fraction has been apportioned for mines, the bulk having been absorbed by breweries, distilleries, cycling, motor, industrial, and miscellaneous companies. This, however, will not serve to check the aspirations of local hudding geniuses in the promotion line, nor the volume of presentations by mail from this quarter. Hope hangs high, like the proverbial goose.

Mine Promotion in London.

Some of the "tenderfoot" promoters in this city who aim to get rich by a brilliant coup in London, where they imagine investors are as thick as blackberries, begin to look anxious over the prospects. It would be useless possibly to suggest to such people that they are chasing a phantom, or to warn them that nearly everything they are told about the condition of affairs is false in every particular. Mines are slow of sale in London, slower in fact than anything else. The offices of mining men and financiers are loaded down with propositions of the kind. It is actually surprising to learn from this correspondence the number of people in San Francisco, who in desperation have joined the immense caravan of fortune seekers, as well as the absurdities of the crude attempt at technical demonstration by the veriest tyros in the art of mining. These absurdities are so glaring that they incite suspicion upon the part of the hard headed business man abroad with most unsatisfactory results in a general way to the State. Every profession in the daily walks of life is now represented in the list of men who want to sell a mine, and no line of trade is lacking in this display of a hungry desire to hlossom out as a Barnato, or some other freak of fortune in the new world of finance. Sooner or later this mob will awake from its day dream of something that will never be and go back to its ordinary work full of disappointment. But this is the way of life, a matter of everyday occurrence with some one or other.

Tuscarora Mines Looming Up.

The Tuscarora district is looming up again through recent rich discoveries in the old Coptic and Dexter Mines. There are other mines in the vicinity which will doubtless be heard from in turn, as this portion of the State is just close enough to be under the scrutiny of its energetic and enterprising neighbors across the Utah line. This quarter of Nevada will likely continue to pick up for some time to come, as it is rich in mineral.

An Opening For Capital.

If there was any way to get around the promoter and that twin evil, the syndicate, so as to reach the monied people of Great Britain with a leaning toward mining investment, it would be a good thing for all concerned. The profitable mining interest in the future will result from the development of prospects and the discovery of new mines. The State is full of opportunities of the kind today, but the disposition is to overlook them in the general hunt for a shell with enough left in it to corroborate ancient history used as a bait for legitimate robbery. With this object in view, an opening could be found for a large amount of money with the promise of grand results. A great many people in this city are now co-operating in small ventures of the kind. The risk is comparatively small, because before any heavy expenditure of money is made, the practical operator can determine to almost a certainty whether or not it would be prudent to continue operations. A few hundred dollars will open up a ledge or piece of ground sufficient in any case to give a fair idea of its value, and to a depth sufficient, if the outlook is satisfactory, to give a value to the property of the investment many times over. Not infrequently loss in enterprises of the kind are occasioned by had judgment of the miner in charge, who fails to expend the funds at his command to good advantage, by working on plans which might be right enough if backed by large capital, while absolutely suicidal on a limited scale.

Mining in El Dorado.

The mining industry flourishes in and around the Grizzly Flat mining district of El Dorado County. The gravel property there, owned by Colonel Sutherland and others, is said to have some fine prospects in sight, averaging from 10 cents to \$1.50 per pan in cement gravel. Arrangements have been completed for a 10-stamp mill to crush the cement. The property, which is a drift proposition, was purchased originally from John Melton and others, of Placerville. A correspondent, writing from this quarter, says that the Flagstaff mine, four miles north of Grizzly Flat, will be operated early this spring by capitalists from Columbus, Ohio. A fine chute of ore is also said to have been cut in the Bullard mine, assays running as high as \$75 per ton. A mill will be built here. A rumor is also afloat that the Mt. Pleasant mine will resume operations in the near future under new management. There is also some talk of a consolidation between the Mt. Pleasant and the Eagle Mining Company.

A Bonanza For Lawyers.

The troubles of the Hale & Norcross un-associate directors have not as yet culminated, and while the unfortunate shareholders wait in patient expectation for the long-foretold bonanza, lawyers on all sides make the running and capture the fat stakes. In the meantime, business in the stock boards is demoralized. There is no disguising that fact. The next thing is, what are the brokers going to do pending the settlement of a litigation which may last until doomsday? Misfortune seems to have settled heavily over this Pine-street institution. Its members have had a hard road to hoe for some time past, and the future is certainly not bright. Taking the situation as a whole, it would certainly urge the necessity for radical action of some kind immediately. The continuance of the prevailing weak-kneed policy means ruin.

Grand Central Of Mexico.

The London Exploration Company, which stood sponsor for the Grand Central mines of Mexico, on the strength of a report from one of its numerous experts, seems to have already worked the property up to an explanation point. Details so far are meagre, but it appears from statements made that the estimates of ore reserves have fallen short considerably. When the mine was exported for the Exploration Company a few months ago, the reports showed some 80,000 tons of ore in sight, and after 9,000 tons had been extracted it was claimed that only 40,000 tons remained, according to somebody else. A portion of the London financial press suggests hopefully that of course a satisfactory explanation will be forthcoming on a point which it insists must be cleared up in the interests of critical investors.

Down Power

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE Reverend H. A. Ketchum, who has for six years past discoursed on matters spiritual from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church at Berkeley, has been adjudged too slow and old-fashioned by the progressive members of his congregation, and in response to the firm but uncomplimentary wishes expressed by the lively sisters and frisky brethren who pay pew rent, has tendered his resignation, and will give place to some co-worker in the Lord's vineyard who is more "liberal."

'Tis sad, good sir, that you must go.
But you—beg pardon—are too slow.
Of course you meant well. That is plain.
But ministers who will disdain
With Satan sometimes to hobnob
Cannot expect to hold their job.
Your record is a spotless one.
Pray tell us, then, how 'neath the sun
Could you have ever hoped to last?
A pastor, sir, without a past!
Can you to others hold a candle
Without a solitary scandal
Against your fair, unsullied name?
You see, you have yourself to blame.
We will have men who'll make things hum
Or know the reason why, by gum!
Successful guardians of flocks
Are never sternly orthodox.
In order to be up to date,
New views you should disseminate.
'Tis quite the proper thing to mix
Religion with your politics;
One-tenth the former, nine-tenths t'other—
That is the right proportion, brother.
Once 'twas your duty to dilate
Upon a sinner's awful fate—
His punishment in regions warm—
But nowadays 'tis not good form:
Hell's conflagrations were, you know,
Put out by science long ago.
When we lean back in cushioned pews
We want to hear the latest news.
So, sir, if Providence should send
Another flock for you to tend,
Here's hoping you'll know how to fetch 'em.
Reform at once, good brother Ketchum!

"DAISY," who must be a sweet, tender-hearted maiden, writes to the CRIER on cream-tinted paper, from an interior town, to know if poor Mr. Sutro was really hung the day he went out of office. No, Daisy dear, unfortunately, Adolph and his term did not expire simultaneously. Your mistake is easy to trace, however. It was his portrait that was hung in the Mayor's office on that joyful day, in obedience to a time-honored custom. We never hang people in San Francisco, dearie.

JUSTICE John A. Carroll is in a predicament from which he will have some difficulty in extricating himself, Miss Josephine Gibbons having sued him for the alleged embezzlement of a mandolin, and the entire Grand Jury having met in solemn conclave on the case.

Good heavens, what a fearful din
To raise about a mandolin!
Where is the "rift within the lute?"
To make the jarring music mute?
E'en the defendant, Judge John A.,
Is Carrolling his little lay.

THE overworked insanity plea, which is the pet refuge of most murderers, has not been urged in Butler's case. Strange. He has already given evidence of mental nuttiness as well as criminal naughtiness, for he declares that when he gets back to Australia he will employ a woman lawyer.

COMMANDER Booth-Tucker is of the opinion that had there been daily newspapers in the days of St. Peter, that worthy would never have landed in a jail. The Commander probably thinks that the mere perusal of the sheet would have been considered punishment enough for any offenses.

ROTTANZI'S resolution to crush the theatre hat was itself crushed. Thus does woman maintain her millinery rights, while man gnashes his teeth in impotent rage and groans in spirit.

The theatre hat with its steeple-top crown
Can not by municipal law be brought down.
Not only must husbands endure such ills,
But mortgage their incomes to settle the hills.
Give heed, oh fair tyrants! The average play
We do not mind missing—but there's the ballet!
And rather than silently sacrifice that
We warn you we're ready to fight *fur*, not *at*,
The drop of the hat.

CAPT. DYE, the gallant horse-marine in charge of the Sunol, is apparently the possessor of so much sea knowledge that he should be promoted to a position in our invincible Navee. This genius, it appears, is unable to distinguish whether the bark that ran him down was at anchor or moving. The TOWN CRIER is no sailor, but he has never heard of a ship at anchor with all sails set. In his humble opinion, Captain Dye is a badly water-logged craft.

THE fellow who sells glucose and corn starch for jelly, and who seem to be proud of it, may be readily suspected of putting sand in their sugar or burnt wheat in their coffee. In this unrighteous traffic the thrifty sellers of unfit goods appear to forget that they are selling a percentage of their reputations whenever they knowingly take good money for bad merchandise; and at current rates it will soon be the least valuable part of the packages delivered.

BROTHER Hemphil is in hot water with the Presbyterian divines of this city and all because they consider his remarks of "clowns" and "trained monkeys" applicable to their own sacred persons. The clown and the trained monkey are undoubtedly more entertaining than these holy and stiff-lipped Presbyters and it can surely be no misdemeanor to liken them to those entertaining delights of our childhood, although it is somewhat hard on the simians.

EDWARD CASHIN, lighthouse keeper at the Faralones, wagered every hair on his pate that Pomp Jim would win the fight at Carson. Miss Doud, schoolma'am at the same windy suburb, took up the bet, and now exhibits Cashin's scalp at her belt. As a usual thing, when a woman wants to snatch a man baldheaded, she does not wait for somebody in another State to do the fighting. She prefers to take part in the melee herself.

MILLER & LUX have incurred the wrath of the butchers, and the latter are now on the war path, headed by their Board of Trade. The air is full of flying cleavers, and, festooned with strings of sausages in token of their vocation, the knights of the chopping block are hastening forward to the fray. Meanwhile the public dodges the missiles and prays for peace.

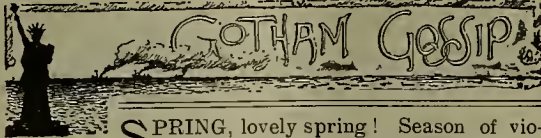
SINCE slogging matches so delight
The people that they hail the sight
When gory gladiators fight;
Resolved to win or die;
I hope that soon the day will come
(For me 'twill be millennium)
When sloggers must be deaf and dumb—
"None others need apply."

THAT octogenarian is not fit to write poetry was proven last Sunday by the appearance of the gibberish of one Rufus C. Hopkins, an otherwise worthy gentleman who usually prays for the publication of his verse. If it is true that at eighty one can hold communion with the spirit of truth, the TOWN CRIER wonders why Mr. Hopkins has the audacity to persevere at his nefarious labors.

THE attention of the Board of Health is respectfully called to Mr. James J. Corbett, a defeated prize-fighter. Can he not be classed among "Impure Jellies" and dumped into the bay?

NOW that the mail clerks have left this city for the South, there will be a chance for some of us to get in and have a little fun with the female variety.

THE only proof that Ira D. Sankey, the chirping Evangelist, is a great singer, lies in the fact that he is still unaware that he has lost his voice.



SPRING, lovely spring! Season of violently head colds and rheumatism, has burst upon us so suddenly and so gleefully that we are all taken unawares, and stare blinking at the sunshine like so many owls. It is a fine, clear, beautiful sunlight, too, and you may fancy the temperature when overcoats are discarded. There are signs of brushing up in the Park cafés, and the cheerful visages of Isaacs of the Casino, Gabe Case of McGown's Pass Tavern, and the suave Italian who dictates the fortunes of Claremont are even more cheerful than usual, especially Claremont's proprietor, for Claremont will be the scene of the unveiling—so called—of the Grant monument, which has really been unveiled for some time. Regulars, militia, naval reserves, numerous political organizations, to say nothing of the inevitable G. A. R., look forward to the day as something of great moment. Death is to me so solemn, so dignified, so sacred that I am not appreciative of display. It is like a cannibal feast. How many will really think of the dead and bow many of the festivity! Squadron A., the crack cavalry troop, blossoms out in new uniforms for the occasion, something like the Austrian Hussar uniform, and very effective.

I do not know why this sudden mad rush of Californians to Philadelphia, but for the last ten days it has been epidemic. Mrs. Philbin has just returned from a visit there. Mrs. Mullin-Belvin is now in the Quaker atmosphere. Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Wallace (who by the way is much improved under Dr. Weir Mitchell's care), Mrs. Carl Jungen on a visit to Mrs. Cogblan, Wilder Pease, and I do not know how many others.

Mrs. George Harding, of the staid city, went over to Washington for the Inauguration as the guest of Mrs. Clinton Cushing, who has taken a beautiful house at the Capital for the season. California is not poorly represented by any means in the chief city, and all of your people are generous entertainers. Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. "Dick" Clover, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Field, and Mrs. Condit Smith are the shining lights.

Mrs. James Lake had a narrow escape a few days ago, owing to the desperately reckless driving of the New York tradesmen. Mrs. Lake was in a brougham with Mrs. Hammond, whose father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Breyfogle, will be remembered by old Californians. Mrs. Hammond's little two-year-old daughter was also with them. A brewers' bottling wagon, dashing down the street with the usual recklessness of tradesmen's wagons, collided with the brougham, in spite of the coachman's skillful efforts to avert a disaster. One of the horses was instantly killed, however, and the brougham partially overturned. The nervous shock to the occupants of the vehicle may be readily imagined.

I believe that you have your own and only Tobin with you again. Russell Wilson is at the Holland. Mrs. Elmonte of Los Angeles is at the Vendome. Mrs. Vidaver has a permanent engagement to sing at one of the large synagogues. Oliver Hazard Perry Noyes will leave in a fortnight for San Francisco en route to Japan. Mrs. John Hoffman Martin, you will be pleased to hear, has been released from her embarrassments *re* Ted Henley. She keeps up the excitement diligently, does she not?

New York, March 20, 1897. PASSE-PARTOUT.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS week the NEWS LETTER presents a very fine view of the dining room of a Chinese restaurant. In the elaborate character of decorations it will easily bear comparison to American restaurants. The quaint chairs and stools are severe and devoid of the least ornamentation, showing a remarkable difference in this respect from civilized customs.

If one really desires to combine business and pleasure in a happy proportion, it is only necessary to drop in and have a talk with George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace. All the finest things in Japanese curios, art and antiques are collected there. These goods are all the rage just now.

FLIRTATION.

RONDEAU.

YOU ask me why my heart's as gay
As it was only yesterday,
An hour before she proved untrue,
And left me in this horrid stew,
With all her *modiste's* hills to pay.
You know, *ma chere*, it is my way
To never fret when women play
Me false, in spite of which even you,
You ask me why!
That's not the reason, sir, you say;
Granted! If I might dare—I may?
Ahem! Her exit gives the cue
For me to try my luck with—you!
You guessed as much? And yet, *pardieu!*
You ask me why!

—St. GEORGE BEST, in Quartier Latin.

To the refined taste food must not only be good but served in an appetizing manner. Swain's at 213 Sutter street fully appreciate this fact. A splendid table d'hôte dinner is served there every day from 5 to 8 for one dollar, that is a model of taste completeness and refined delicate service. Swain's confectionery and pastries are the best, and orders will be promptly filled by telephone or otherwise.

For Morbid Conditions take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
HEAD OFFICE..... 60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895..... \$34,302,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt, Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8

The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guarantee capital and surplus.... \$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896..... 27,702,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstman; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.

Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
John J. Valentine..... President
H. Wadsworth..... Cashier
Homer S. King..... Manager
F. L. Lipman..... Assistant Cashier

Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. (Salt Lake City, J. E. Doody, Cashier)
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank.

222 MONTGOMERY ST. MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord S. L. Abbott, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Hancock O. Baldwin E. J. McCutchen
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln



I looked upon her lithographs,
How heavenly did she seem!
Until the show came into town
I walked as in a dream!

I went the first night to the play,
And saw her! Do you know
That they made splendid lithographs
Some forty years ago? —Cleveland Leader.

"Do you mean to say," asked the visitor, in horror, "that the gentleman was shot for simply rising and making a motion during a meeting of your debating society?" "Sut'inly," said the colonel, "but you must remembah, sah, that the motion he was called down on was made in the direction of his hip-pocket, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

"No," sighed the transmigrator agent, as he climbed from the tug into Charon's boat, "there is no end to my troubles. To-day I had a woman doomed to be an elephant hereafter, and you ought to have heard her roar about being reduced to one trunk."—Detroit Journal.

Private Theatrical Hero—There is one place in the second act where I am to kiss you. **PRIVATE THEATRICAL HEROINE** (earnestly)—Oh, my fiancé would never consent to that; but you might do so behind the scenes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Boarder (pausing to rest)—This steak doesn't seem to like me, Mrs. Slimdiet. **THE LANDLADY**—How absurd! What do you mean? **THE BOARDER**—Well, I can't make any impression on it, any way.—New York Journal.

'You had better keep your tongue between your teeth out West here," cautioned the cicerone. "I done that once," said the pugilist, "an' got arrested for carrying concealed weapons."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Sister (wildly)—Oh, Tom! baby has just swallowed the gold ring you gave him, Christmas! **HER BROTHER** (indifferently)—Well, never mind, sis. It was only plated.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Hungry Higgins!" said the kind lady. "Of course, that is not your real name?" "No, mum," answered Mr. Higgins. "It's wot might he called a empty title."—Odds and Ends.

"I fear your wedded happiness will be of short duration," "I hope so," candidly confessed the young lady who was to wed the multi-aged multi-millionaire.—Indianapolis Journal.

"My task in life," said the pastor complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden with a soulful longing, "save a nice-looking one for me."—Dublin World.

Patient (nervously)—How did you get all those awful skeletons, doctor? **Doccor**—Raised them when I was a student. Stick out your tongue.—Philadelphia Press.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we only lived in the dark ages?" she murmured. And he took the hint and turned out the gas.—Philadelphia Record.

THE first copy of "Highways; the Good Roads Journal," is just received. As its name implies, it is devoted to good roads in the country and good streets in the cities. It is an interesting publication, published in San Francisco and Chicago, for \$1 per year.

The Overland Limited,

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

BANKING.

Bank of California, San Francisco.
Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894)... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Asst's Cashier
CHARLES R. HISHOP..... Vice-Pres't
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
I. F. MOULTON..... 2d Asst's Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWN DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
Capital Fully Paid..... \$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuable of all kinds are stored at low rates.
DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry F. Fortman, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon, and J. Dalzell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Burnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco. 33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 800,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. **S. G. MURPHY**, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. **GEO. A. STORY**, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited. N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard des Capucines. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers
C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited. Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000
Subscribed..... 3,000,000
Paid Up.....1,500,000
Reserve Fund..... 700,000

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. The Bank transacts in General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchanges and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Grocker-Woolworth National Bank of S. F. CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STREETS.
Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER..... President
W. E. BROWN..... Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE..... Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company. Successor to Sather & Co. Established 1851, San Francisco.
CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON President. **ALBERT MILLER**, Vice-President
L. I. COWELL, Cashier. **F. W. WOLFE**, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Bruguere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co



AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.—RICHARD REALF, IN POEMS

BY the waters of Life we sat together,
 Hand and hand in the golden days
 Of the beautiful early summer weather,
 When skies were purple and breath was praise,
 When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
 And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
 Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
 And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
 I and my darling, unafraid;
 And lighter than any linnets' feather
 The burdens of Being on us weighed.
 And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
 Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
 And up from the rosy morrows grew
 A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
 And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
 And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
 Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
 And under the trees the angels walked,
 And up in the air a sense of wings
 Awed us tenderly, while we talked
 Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
 Watching the waving harvests grow;
 And under the henison of the Father
 Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.
 And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
 Brodered fairer the emerald hanks,
 And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
 And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
 Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
 Only we knew that something crowned us
 Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
 Only we knew that something bright
 Lingered lovingly where we stood,
 Clothed with the lucandescant light
 Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches Love doth inherit!
 Ah, the alchemy which doth change
 Dross of body and dregs of spirit
 Into sanctities rare and strange!
 My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
 My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
 But our elixir and precious gold
 Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
 Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
 But we have a secret which doth show us
 Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
 And we hear the tread of the years move by,
 And the sun is setting behind the hills;
 But my darling does not fear to die,
 And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
 Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
 Then it was halmy summer weather,
 And now the valleys are laid in snow.
 Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
 The wind blows cold—'tis growing late;
 Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
 I and my darling, and we wait.

SUB ROSA.—FLORENCE PROVOST CLARENDON.

Queen of thy sister flowers,
 Mistress of silence, too,
 If thou should'st see my sweetheart,
 Tell her I love her, anew.

If she should'st breathe thy fragrance,
 Fresh with the morning dew,
 Give her my loving message;
 Our secret's safe with you.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
 Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,
 309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
 SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castles St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America
 OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
 Assets.....3,192,001.69
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
 B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agsnta,
 413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
 OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agsnts,
 No. 316 California at., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genu
 Inc.—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physioal
 Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicins, Paris,
 and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States
 J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palao Hotel), San Francisco.
 Ssent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills,
 \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Ssent for circular.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the
 best in the world." Sole agent for the United States,
 MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York.
 Sold by all Stationers.

INSURANCE.

GENERAL Arthur E. Magill of the Home Mutual, of New York, who has been East for the past two weeks, has just returned.

Manager Conrad, of the Thuringia, has gone to Chicago, to be absent two or three weeks.

President John A. McCall, of the New York Life, who has been rusticated in Los Angeles for the past fortnight, was dined and wined by the officers of the company there last week. He will be in San Francisco on the first of the month.

The United States Casualty Company, represented in this city by J. D. Maxwell, is being examined by the New York Insurance Department. John A. McCall has recently resigned from the directorate of the Casualty, and this, in connection with the appearance of the company's last statement, has made the examination necessary.

The Marine Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Company continues to be the only one outside of the Compact; and as a consequence it is reaping a rich harvest.

Captain A. W. Masters, United States manager for the London Guarantee and Accident Company, and Hon. R. W. Sloan, Western manager for the same company, with headquarters at Salt Lake, were in the city during the week, and left for home Wednesday.

The Nederland Life Insurance Company, of Amsterdam, which has done business in this country for the past four years, has concluded to reinsure its lines and leave the United States. The reason of withdrawal is the increased cost of securing business in America, as against Holland. The company, up to April 1st, will keep an office in New York City for collecting premiums, settling death claims, paying surrender values, etc.

It begins to look as if the Guarantor's Insurance Company is in a bad way. A license has been refused it in its own State, New York, and it is now being examined by the Pennsylvania Insurance Department. This company has quite a business in California.

The Phoenix Life Insurance Company has appointed James S. Osborne its California manager, and offices have been established on the ground floor of the Mills Building. Mr. Osborne is a young gentleman of excellent ability and a wide and favorable acquaintance in the community.

The failure of the Legislature to pass the bill compelling a deposit of \$200,000 by foreign insurance companies, will permit the continuance of unrestricted writing by such companies. A number of these are Japan and Chinese concerns, of which little is known, and they come in direct and hurtful competition with responsible home and foreign companies.

E. S. Fowler, California manager of the Preferred Accident Insurance Company, carried off the honors in the accident field last year, having written considerably more business than any of his competitors.

The insurance companies lost \$155,000 by the destruction of the Cohen home in Alameda last Tuesday. The Pennsylvania Fire (Manager Pope) was extremely lucky, having a \$5,000 line on the bowling alley situated but fifty feet from the residence, which escaped untouched.

The resignation of M. R. Higgins from the office of Insurance Commissioner for the State of California, to accept a position with the Mutual Life as Superintendent of agencies, is probably a satisfactory arrangement for both parties. The Pacific Mutual Life has been making strenuous efforts during the past year to enlarge its business, and has been in a degree successful. An acquaintance with the business which experience is sure to bring him, will make Mr. Higgins a valuable assistant. It is likely that Henry C. Gesford will take his place as Commissioner for the unexpired term of one year, after which Andrew J. Clunie will fill the office for the regular term of four years.

Through Sleeping Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe route) runs daily through from Oakland to Chicago first-class drawing room and second-class modern upholstered tourist sleeping cars. Lowest rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico, or Europe. Ticket office, 644 Market street, opposite Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

Drowsiness is dispelled by **BEECHAM'S PILLS.**

Macbeth lamp-chimneys are right if you get the right one for your lamp.

Let us send you the Index.

There is no other way to enjoy your lamp and avoid expense.

Geo A Macbeth Co

Pittsburgh Pa

City Street Improvement Co.,

Rooms, 11 and 45, Fifth Floor, Mills Building.

Telephone, Main 5377.

Sacramento Office, 411 J St.

Directors:

H DUTARD, C. B. STONE, T. J. BISHOP, J. W. McDONALD, W. E. DENNISON, J. W. McDONALD, President; W. E. DENNISON, Secretary; COL. G. H. MENDELL, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., (Retired) Consulting Engineer.

Proprietors Santa Cruz, Cal., and King City, Monterey Co.

BITUMEN MINES.

Contractors for all kinds of street work, bridges, and railway construction, wharves, jetties, and sea walls.

MT. VERNON CO., Baltimore.

The undersigned, having been appointed Agents for the Pacific Coast for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS.

HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS.

DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities 28 1/4-inch duck, from 7 to 15 czs., inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

Tomkinson's Livery Stable

Established 1862.

J. TOMPKINSON, Proprietor.

Nos. 57, 59, and 61 Minna St., between First and Second.

Through to Natoma street, Nos. 64, 66, and 68. One block from the Palace Hotel, also carriages and coupes at Pacific Union Club, corner Post and Stockton streets, San Francisco. Telephone No. 153.

Fine turnouts kept especially for calling. Also rockaways, huggies, and vehicles of every description at reduced rates.



ST. LAWRENCE

LIVERY AND SALES STABLE.

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor.

423 Post St., between Powell and Mason, San Francisco.

Telephone No. 1323.

CUNNINGHAM, CURTISS & WELCH,

Wholesale

Stationers and

Booksellers.

327, 329, 331 Sansome St.

San Francisco

BRUSHES

For harbers, bakers, bootblacks, hath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, hook-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 223 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



IT was to be the best entertainment in the history of local clubdom. The jinks of the Bohemian Club, the amateur theatricals of the Concordia, the ladies' nights of the Cosmos—Ben Davis said none of them would be in it with his little party, for it was the master mind of Ben which conceived the brilliant idea of a five-round fight between gentlemen, to take place in the rooms of that training school for the Concordia—the Calliopean Club. He divulged the details of his plan about a month ago to a group of fellow members, as they sat together in their cosy cottage on California street. All approved the idea, but as there was some reluctance among the others to act as principals, Ben said he would fight himself, and furthermore that he would get some one else to fight with him. As Davis is a light-weight, he selected, as his antagonist, Melville Schweitzer, whose avoirdupois is not great.

The pair said they would begin to train forthwith for the encounter, and their friends noted with satisfaction their adherence to a Spartan diet and observed that they eschewed strong drink and tobacco.

The fight was arranged for last Tuesday night, and the members of the Calliopean were besieged by their friends for invitations. At eight o'clock the large reception rooms of the club were densely packed. In the center a ring had been roped off, with all necessary pugilistic accompaniments of the best quality, for the Calliopeans never do anything by halves. Seconds were on hand with bottles and sponges, with Max Koshland in charge of one corner and Mel Waugerheim diagonally opposite him. Every one was present, except the principals, the referee, and the timekeeper. Ben Davis had said he had arranged that Fitzsimmons should act as referee and made a little speech, and that Jimmie Carroll should hold the watch.

* * *

The minutes dragged slowly, and the hands of the clock were nearer nine than eight, when the telephone bell rang and Mel Schweitzer announced that the delay was caused by the tardiness of Fitzsimmons, but that he and Bob and Ben Davis would start for the club at once. The waiting members resumed attitudes of expectancy.

"As the athletes will soon be here, gentlemen will please refrain from smoking," Sam Lezinsky had announced, an hour earlier, so even the solace of cigars was prohibited, but Louis Weill and "Peck" Eppinger livened matters by making a book on the fight. At intervals several additional telephonic messages were received, with a variety of excuses from the principals, each conversation ending with an assurance of a speedy appearance. Finally, about midnight, Ben Davis and Mel Schweitzer entered arm in arm, but instead of ring costume, they were arrayed in conventional evening dress. They had been having a jolly evening, and they looked it.

"Where's Fitz? What's the matter? Aren't you going to fight? Why have you kept us waiting?" were a few of the questions hurled at the lordly pugilists.

"Why, we were giving you what Governor Budd calls the long-distance jolly," replied the impresario imperturbably. Davis and Schweitzer had spent the evening at a theatre, sending a telephone message to the club at the end of every act.

"It's a case of sell, boys," said Hugo Waterman, who is a persistent bear on 'Change.

After much grumbling, the disappointed spectators organized a few games of draw, and just as the chips were beginning to move quickly, the fighters slipped unobserved down cellar and turned off the gas at the meter. As a harmonious whole, the evening supplied the greatest sells of the season. Ben Davis' reputation as a successful practical joker is now firmly established, and the Calliopeans are convinced that their field is too restricted for the talents of Schweitzer and Davis, and that those worthies are about ripe for graduation into the broader area of the Concordia Club.

The stormy and enthusiastic welcome accorded to prize-fighters and bruisers by the State of Nevada, through its highest officials, brings to mind an anecdote told with infinite enjoyment by the late Judge Sabin of the U. S. Circuit Court, and which has the merit of truth as well as point. The Judge's appreciation of the story was none the less keen that the joke was on his beloved sage-brush State, and directly on Wm. M. Stewart, its representative in the U. S. Senate.

A distinguished Federal official (whose identity, in the lapse of years, has been forgotten) was, during a visit to the Coast, for some weeks the guest of Senator Stewart at his Carson home, and finally journeyed with him to this city. During his stay the Senator gave a dinner at the Palace, in honor of the distinguished visitor, at which many high dignitaries of both States were present.

Conversation drifted into a discussion of the Indian question, in the course of which the host rather sententiously remarked to the guest of honor:

"There is a very curious fact in regard to the Indians of my State which you may not be aware of. You know that wherever the aborigines have been brought into contact with civilization, their number has steadily decreased. In Nevada the contrary is the case—the census shows a decided increase in their ranks, particularly in the vicinity of Carson."

The visitor regarded the speaker thoughtfully for a moment, and then slowly rejoined:

"Are you positive, Senator, that the Indians in the vicinity of Carson have been brought into contact with civilization?"

Stewart's answer is not of record; but the 17th of March gave an especial point to the long-past query.

* * *

If any love is lost between Antony Hellman and Paul Jarboe, no one has ever proclaimed that he has found it. During the morning hours Tony is a busy broker on the floor of the Stock Board, but after lunch he undergoes a transformation. He is the *premiere danseuse* of the Bohemian Club, and, as a female impersonator, has kicked himself into popularity with almost everyone in the club except Jarboe, who, as commander of the brigade which tempts fortune for the purchase of red liquids, is not interested in high kicking. Tony is always hatted in a silk tile of a modish block. Irrespective of the character of his costume and regardless of time or weather, the topper is always in evidence, cocked at a bewitching angle. Some people say that Tony sleeps in the hat, although that is denied. Hellman's love for his hat is a standing joke on 'Change, where it is said that he has provided for its perpetual care by a legacy in his will.

As Tony walked down the marble steps of the Bohemian Club the other day, Paul Jarboe started to ascend the same. They met at the big oak door, and neither was inclined to yield that the other might pass. Finally Paul made an exaggerated bow, as he backed half way across the Post-street pavement.

"After you, sir," he said, haughtily. "Such a hat as yours always has the right of way."

Tony was subsequently observed at various hatters pricing Fedoras.

* * *

Many ludicrous blunders have been caused by the facial resemblance between William Greer Harrison and George Grant, assistant cashier of the Nevada Bank. Ladies have mistaken one for the other, and the result has frequently been almost inextricable social confusion. When Grant heard that Harrison had gone East, he gave a sigh of relief, thinking that he had secured an immunity from many humiliating embarrassments, for it is not flattering to one's vanity to be continually mistaken for another man. The day after the departure of his double, Grant was stopped on Montgomery street by an exceptionally pretty girl. He is a cousin of Sir William Gordon Cumming, and possesses much of that same family gallantry which prompted the famous English soldier to suffer a vicarious sacrifice after the Tanby Croft incident, that the offence of the Prince of Wales might be concealed. Mr. Grant did not remember having met the girl, but then, there were her undeniably good looks, and he found no difficulty in convincing himself that his memory was not so good as it

used to be, while he acknowledged her effusive greeting with much inward complacency.

"How do you do?" said the charming young woman, with a radiant smile and a confiding clasp of her little hands. "I have just been longing to see you."

This was almost too much, even for the gallant banker, but he endeavored to look as if he were not taken aback by the gushing girl's enthusiastic address. Her next remark was a cruel stab to his pride.

"Yes, I wanted to ask you this one question about Rosalind, Mr. Harrison," continued the dazzling young lady, who had been attending the insurance manager's drawing-room lectures on "The Women of Shakespeare." "Now, won't you tell me, do you really think—"

But Grant had fled, and so had his gallantry, for his inarticulate murmur of explanation did not explain. The damsel stood gazing after him in amazed indignation, and then marched off with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils. She has been telling her friends that while Mr. Harrison may be very clever, and profound, he has all the eccentricities of genius, and that his manners are sadly brusque.

* * *

His flattering habit of invariably saying the nice thing expected of him is one secret of the social and mercantile popularity of big Ray Sherman, leader of cotillions, athlete and hardware expert. He dines frequently with a family noted for its fashionable Bohemianism, the party including beside Sherman and the host and hostess, the latter's unmarried sister. At the table the other night, the talk drifted to a discussion of mutual friends, and to two married sisters who maintained an establishment in common.

"Why don't you marry some nice chap, Amy, and bring him here to live, so we could have the same good times?" said her brother-in-law, chaffingly, to the young lady of the party.

"Do you consider me a nice chap?" smilingly drawled Ray, without that thought which should always precede an utterance, especially on such a topic.

A sudden silence oppressed the diners and Raymond realized that he had said either too much or too little. He did not know what to say next and so, rather stupidly, said nothing. Now Sherman and the young lady are each wondering if the other considered it a proposal, the girl's friends don't know whether to congratulate her or not, and stalwart Ray vows he will never again say the right thing for the sake of being agreeable.

* * *

For every awkward predicament into which a man may blunder, and which may be self-explanatory, there are others which become more involved with every fresh attempt to clear away their obscurity. At least that is the conclusion of Eugene Lent, a melancholy conclusion born of an episode in his own experience. At a luncheon given in the Ladies' Annex to the University Club, Lent was one of the guests. Having occasion to leave the table temporarily, intending to seek the seclusion of the cloak room, Eugene absent-mindedly walked into the ladies' dressing apartments. Discovering his mistake, he turned to leave the quarter where no man may enter. Unfortunately, he was met on the threshold by one of the young ladies of the party. To perceive Lent's intrusion was to resent it. Before he could offer any explanation, she made him a low bow of mock courtesy.

"Vive la Imperatrice Eugenie," she said, with cutting sarcasm, and then promptly turned her back upon him.

The girl did not hesitate to narrate the occurrence, although 'Genie did, and repeated her *bon mot* with great gusto. And that is the explanation of how the eldest son of General "Bill" Lent came to be familiarly known as "The Empress Eugenie."

* * *

"The ex-Commodore of the Grecian fleet" is the title bestowed by his friends on Thomas C. Kierulff, who practices law and incidentally collects the rents of a Sansome-street block. Before he embarked on this career he had lofty political ambitions, but wisely determining to begin at the lowest rung of the ladder and work up, he sought, as a starter, an office which seemed easily within his grasp. The duties were not onerous and the pay was good, so Tom aspired to be Town Marshal of Berkeley. He made a rattling canvass, spending his money lavishly

among "de push" of Lorin and West Berkeley. They all assured him that his opponent was "a good thing and dead easy." All the members of the Kierulff family devoted their entire attention to the campaign, and Tommy's father and three of his brothers being on the voting list, he had no fear for the outcome. As the polls opened he issued orders to an army of salaried lieutenants.

"We will beat him out of his boots," said Kierulff to these Hessians, who smiled, but said nothing.

At sundown of election day the would-be Marshal arranged for a general ratification of his triumph. Unfortunately, the result, as shown by the counting of the ballots, necessitated a slight change in the *personnel* of the ratification programme. By a singular succession of blunders, it was found that the voters had marked almost every ballot for the despised opponent. Kierulff received just five votes. The Kierulff family had voted solidly for Tommy.

* * *

As every one knows, the Town and Country Club is composed of fashionable women, young and old, who use their handsome quarters on Post street as a down-town resting place and *rendezvous*. One day this week a suburban resident had an appointment there to meet her mother, who resides in an interior town. Their arrangement was that the elder woman should go directly from the ferry to the club. At the expected hour the daughter, from her chair in the morning room, saw coming toward her a lady whom she recognized as her mother. The latter had in her hand a string attached to an inflated pink balloon, the evident mission of which was to carry joy to the heart of some petted grandchild. The daughter looked at the balloon with a disapproving gaze. She was annoyed that her mother should present such a ridiculous figure in the *fin de siecle* club.

"Well!" she ejaculated, sharply, and there was a baleful glitter in her eye. "You are the only one of us who ever dared to carry a thing like that," and she pointed contemptuously at the offending balloon.

And then, to her unspeakable chagrin, she saw that she had been reproving, not her mother, but one of the grand ladies of the club, and whose house is one of the smartest on Jackson street. It has occurred to her that possibly her mother's idiosyncracies might better be allowed to pass hereafter without comment.

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SOCIETY FOLK appear to be keeping more quiet than usual this Lent, still they are now and then seen in public, as for instance on Tuesday evening, which was the gala night at the opera this week, the *Huguenots* drawing the largest and most fashionable audience of the season, including several opera parties; and quite a number of theatre parties have been made up to greet Otis Skinner at the Baldwin on Monday night of next week, when he makes his first appearance there as a star. On Tuesday evening also the Pioneers gave a party in their hall, which was the eighth of the series planned for the winter season, and it was equally as pleasant and successful as any of those given before.

Luncheons have, however, been the principal form of entertainment of late. Mrs. Van Bergin's violet lunch was one of those dainty affairs which that lady is such an adept at giving. The pink luncheon, at which Mrs. S. F. Thorne presided as hostess, was in honor of Mrs. Russell Harding, and was a very charming one, the verdict of Mrs. Thorne's guests being that she fills that role far too seldom. Miss Rosalie Neustadter was guest of honor at the white and green luncheon given by Mrs. S. B. Schloss at the Hotel Richelieu, to which were bidden a score of other young belles. Mrs. J. C. Hebbard's selection of golden poppies for the ornamentation of her lunch table was greatly admired by her guests; all of them were married ladies.

There has not been so much done in the dinner line—one of these delightful entertainments was given by the officers of the Oregon on board that vessel last Thursday, as an adieu to their popular Commander, Captain Howison and his charming wife. Captain Howison, who has recently been relieved from the Oregon on his promotion in the service, has gone East. Mrs. Howison left on the steamer Australia on Tuesday for a trip to the Sandwich Islands, anticipating an absence of several weeks.

Mrs. James Stuart's recent tea was a farewell compliment to Mrs. Greer Harrison and her daughters, who have flown Eastward, *en route* to Europe, where they will travel for a year or more before settling down in New York *en permanence*. To-day Mrs. Clarence Mann will give a tea at her residence on Washington street, when she will have the assistance of several young ladies and young matrons in her duties to her guests.

Weddings, these Lenten days, are few and far between, but after Easter the chimes of bells will fill the air right merrily. The only one named for the immediate future is that of Miss Aileen Goad and Charley McIntosh, which, to the disappointment of their friends, it has been decided shall be a home function, and a very quiet one at that, and will be solemnized late in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 7th of April, in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends.

Our fair brides-elect have been improving the quiet hours of Lent in preparing many of the dainty little "fixins" of their trousseaux, and from all that is said among their friends the different ceremonials will be known by a favorite color. The date named by Miss Ethel Cohen for the tying of her nuptial knot is to be some time in June, and it will be a blue wedding. The destruction of beautiful Fernside, the magnificent home of the Cohens in Alameda, may be regarded as an actual calamity. In the past it was the scene of many a brilliant function, and though its hospitable doors have been in a degree closed for several years, they were about to reopen for the wedding of the sole remaining unmarried daughter, Miss Ethel, whose marriage to Lieut. Bent, it was anticipated, would be the event of the early summer. Miss Grace Sabine's wedding will take place at St. Paul's Church, on California street, but the marriage of Miss Mattie Whittier and W. B. Weir will probably be another home ceremony, and is set for Wednesday, the 21st of April.

From Paris has come the details of the wedding of Miss Jennie Sanderson and Roy Herrick, which was performed there on the 1st of March, the civil ceremony taking place two days previously. It was a home wedding at the apartments of Mrs. Sanderson, on the Avenue Molaga, the decorations being in pink and white; the bridal robe was of white satin, the maid of honor, Miss Marion Sanderson, and the two bridesmaids, Edith Sanderson and Mabel Yost, wore gowns of pale grey cashmere and large white hats and plumes. Only relatives and very intimate friends were present at the noon service, but later there was a large reception and dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick spent their honeymoon in Italy.

There has been another golden wedding anniversary celebration to add to the already long list of what were at one time rare occurrences in these parts. The couple on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Leo Eloesser, and they held a reception at their California street residence on Tuesday last, when they received the congratulations of a very large number of friends. While golden wedding celebrations are now looked upon as quite common affairs, it is very seldom that a diamond anniversary is celebrated in California. Such a gathering took place last Monday, when at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Polack Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Bernstein celebrated their sixty years of married life together. The floral decorations of the rooms were elaborate and very beautiful, and open house was the rule during the afternoon and evening, crowds of friends calling to offer their congratulations to the aged couple.

To-morrow and Tuesday next Miss Mattie Brooks and Charles H. Marshall, whose engagement has recently been announced, will receive their friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Max Brooks.

The production at the California Theatre of the Cantata of *Ruth and Naomi*, by the children of the Beth Israel congregation for the benefit of their Sunday-school, was not only pretty but exceedingly well done. The house was packed with a very enthusiastic audience, and the performance of the children, especially the dancing, was greatly admired, provoking warm and hearty applause.

Spring is drawing on apace, and therefore are the yachtsmen up and doing. The present week has seen lively work in the different yacht clubs, and some of the season's programmes have already been arranged. Opening day at the Encinal Club will be on the 17th of April, that of the Corinthians on the 24th, when there will be a dance in the afternoon and stag high jinks in the evening. The fire king has been playing some sad pranks of late. The San Franciscans are muchly commiserated on the loss by fire of their fine club house at Sausalito, and the members have been invited to make themselves at home as guests of the Pacific Yacht Club house.

A gala entertainment is in process of preparation in Oakland, where, on Easter Tuesday, the 20th of April, at Ebell Hall, a *bal masque* will be given by the society lights of that city, who will, however, have the assistance of ladies from San Francisco and Berkeley as patronesses of the party. Invitations will of course be in great demand, as without one tickets cannot be purchased, and the endeavor will be to make it exclusive and select.

The departure of Captain Maus for Washington City to act as aide on the staff of General Miles, revives the rumors (and indicate their truth) current a few months ago, of the gallant officer's engagement to Miss Cecelia Miles; so our swim will, no doubt, soon be in receipt of "cards" from the National capital.

Burns McDonald and his wife, *nee* Bessie Younger, are temporarily established in Los Angeles. The Misses Maude, Lucelle and Alice Younger keep house with their brother Herbert in Green street. Dr. and Mrs. William Younger reside in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zadig left on Wednesday last for a year's absence abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holcomb, *nee* Gibbs, have returned from their honeymoon trip and are "at home" to their friends at the Hotel Pleasanton. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague arrived from New Orleans on Thursday and intend to make a stay of some duration.

The "children's" dancing class seems to have assumed the proportions of a training school for *dibutantes*, and while the good mammas decidedly object to their daughters being called "in society," they nevertheless would sooner miss a night at the opera than overlook one of these affairs—at home. The young ladies composing this select set have apparently graduated from the "Back-fisch," no longer require the assistance of a dancing master, and if my informant is right, the cotillion, as conducted on Friday evening last at the Schwabacher mansion, on Clay street, would have made the invulnerable Greenway blush, such strong competitors has he in this *fin de siècle* set. Once a week they meet at the houses of their respective parents, where they are thoroughly coached in all the intricacies of the terpsichorean art, as well as the mysteries of the ballroom. As they are soon to do away with the necessity of a teacher, these youthful scions of the houses of Neustadter, Hellman Lilienthal, etc., will most likely be piloted on to success by Mr. Sanford Walter.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Moses Blum, Jr., gave an elegant dinner at their residence, on Franklin street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Hirsch, of Portland, Or. The decorations were of quite a novel order. The guests included none but married folks and friends—who assisted in the recent gold wedding ceremonies of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Meyer. Mrs. Moses Blum is a daughter of the Meyers.

On Wednesday evening last Miss Louise Sussman entertained quite a number of friends at her home in honor of Mr. Albert Ehrman and Miss Rose Neustadter. The dinner, as well as the entertainment following, proved extremely enjoyable to all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Josua Eppinger have returned from their honeymoon after an extended trip through the South.

The following San Francisco people were registered at St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh street, New York, on the 18th inst: Mrs. Etta French, I. E. Wooley, and J. B. Ross.

A. W. Jackson and family leave for their home at Woodside, San Mateo County, on April 1st.

AT THE RACES.

INGLESIDE was re-opened last Monday under the new management for the regular two weeks' races. The sport was of a high class, the weather fine and the attendance large. The sport was above the average, and the favorites had the best of it. President Androus, who succeeds Mr. Spreckels, has been a director of the club from its organization, and is thoroughly acquainted with racing affairs on the coast. Next week's card will be an interesting one, and if the weather continues fair will be very largely attended.

THE death of Major Ruggles at his home in this city last Saturday afternoon removes another member from the thinning ranks of the California pioneers. The Major had been a resident of the State for nearly a third of a century, and at various times held positions of trust. He was deputy naval officer at this port under President Cleveland's first term, and was well known and highly regarded.

THE fur store of Mr. Ad. Kocour, at 5½ (up stairs) Kearny street, which was considerably damaged by fire last Sunday, will be ready for business next Tuesday, at which time he will be glad to meet his old customers and new.

THE San Francisco Bar Pilots on Thursday last presented Senator Androus with a magnificent diamond scarf pin in appreciation of his fairness at Sacramento when measures antagonistic to the pilots were proposed.

The best is the cheapest applies in many directions and in none with more force than when you are preparing for dinners, parties, banquets or similar social obligations. Max Abraham at 428 Geary, is the cheapest caterer in town because he is the best. He superintends every thing, relieves you of all responsibility and knows exactly what to do. Try him once.

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HAIDEE

WILSON was to tell a story to-night, and to hear it we had gathered in the smoking room of the Crayon Club, as was our custom.

"Well," he began, "the story commences at the Cordon Rouge, a little café in the Latin Quarter much frequented by artists and students, who, whilst they talked and sipped café, cognac, or absinthe, were entertained by girl singers who piped bacchanal songs, appeared in *poses plastiques*, or executed dances in which eccentricity and *verve* made up for grace and decorum. The waitresses wore the shortest of skirts and the lowest of corsages, and were understood to be paid no salary. Since the time of which I speak the whole place has, I believe, been pulled down; and I suppose the panels of the room, which were enriched with paintings by men (some of whom have now become famous) in lieu of their 'score,' have been dispersed or destroyed. They were most certainly not the style of art save for the walls of a *cabaret*. One large panel, I remember, was almost worthy of Degas himself. It was a scene of the Cordon Rouge interior in the early morning. Many of the men still left were sleepy or dull with absinthe; the girls were—but why describe it? You would have to see it to appreciate it. The other panels were none of them so well worked out. Several were portraits of well-known Phrynes, in traditional attire, with here and there a clever sketch of some Eden star.

"The Exposition had been closed about a couple of months. And Paris had been duly initiated into the mysteries of the *danse du ventre*, and the frisky and *risque* prancings of Spanish *gitanas*. Of course, all the foreigners had not yet returned to their native shores or mountains. Some were engaged in cafés and restaurants, and others had found equally good markets for their eccentricity or charms. M. le Propriétaire of the Cordon Rouge was not behind the times, and to his third-rate and rather *banale* troupe of lady artists had added 'the beautiful Haidee,' as the bills described her. She was to make her *début* on the night of which I am speaking; and picture-posters, in which she appeared as a 'milk-white Circassian,' clad in a gauze scarf and a sequin-trimmed red fez, had adorned the somewhat grimy walls of the hall of the Cordon Rouge for some days past.

"I must get on with my story, however. The night came, and the proprietor of the Cordon Rouge had a smiling face in consequence of the large gathering of his patrons.

"On the slips which lay about in plentitude upon the white, marbled-top tables, Haidee, we were informed, was to do three 'turns' during the evening: '*Une danse du Sahara*,' '*Une danse du ventre*,' and '*Une danse du harem*.'

"Well, Haidee came on to the mimic stage at one end of the room, and she in no way helled her name. She was nearly white, an Eastern beauty, with the full form of a woman and the face of a girl of about nineteen. The *frim-lah* (bodice) of crimson silk was drawn tight, but the chemise and *shirwal* (loose trousers), of soft silk, hung loose about her in graceful folds. The first dance was slow, monotonous, and languorous. The second was the *danse du ventre* in its most Oriental form, the costume merely the *shirwal*.

"What is the *danse du harem*?' the spectators asked one another.

"It was long past midnight when the rustling of the faded curtains at the back of the stage heralded Haidee's advent. The dance proved to be one of those suggestive measures often described by Eastern travelers, though seldom witnessed save by the privileged few. Haidee's costume was that of the picture posters adorning the walls of the room. It was while the dance was in progress, and the dancer smiling at the audience through the thin folds of her transparent scarf, which she occasionally drew across her face in cleverly simulated shyness, that the desire to paint this beautiful white Circassian, with her harem ways, possessed me.

"I sought M. le Propriétaire and told him my desire. I was one of his favorite customers, had been for two or three years, and so he promised to help me. Eager to forestall any brother artist, I accepted Monsieur's suggestion that we should close the bargain at once.

"Haidee had scarcely begun to assume her attire of civ-

ilization when we entered the box of a room which served as the *artistes'* dressing-room. She received us without a trace of embarrassment, continuing her toilet whilst receiving my compliments, and hearing Monsieur le Propriétaire descend upon my fame and ability as a painter.

"Haidee was rather pleased with the idea of being painted, and perhaps appearing on the walls of the Salon and in the print shops, so we soon came to terms.

"She was to come to me three times a week, about mid-day, and stay till five if I wanted her.

She was a most tractable model, and though somewhat proud of her Parisian attire, took it all in good part when I told her one day that she mustn't ruin her figure by such close-fitting costumes till I had finished with her. I painted her coming through a doorway, just parting the heavy rich-colored Eastern hangings with her fingers, to her bath in a blue and white mosaic fountain in an inner court. Her ivory-white figure was thrown up by the effective, though somewhat *bizarre*, background.

Long ere the picture was finished I became confronted with a dilemma. This woman, whose charms were the cynosure of a hundred pairs of eyes nightly at the Café Cordon Rouge, was in love with me. Of course the thing was impossible; to be associated in whatever manner with the eccentric dancer of a *cabaret* was impossible, I told myself a dozen times. But the fact remained that my model, this Circassian girl, was in love with me. In a score of minor ways she began to show her preference, declining little suppers, and insisting upon wearing less scanty attire for her dancing at the café. When the men chaffed her she would hang her head, and resent any of the attentions the other girls seemed to delight in.

"Like most men, I am rather a coward where women

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SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:10 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa,	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
.....	Fulton, Windsor,	10:25 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg,	7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Geyserville, Cloverdale	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka.

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For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M. April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GODDALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st. S. F.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco
MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.
Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

are concerned, and so I began to edgel my brains for an easy way out of the difficulty. The picture was fast reaching completion. I should have no need of the model's services longer. To retain her in any way, I at once recognized, was no solution of my difficulty. So I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and dismiss her in the natural course.

"I seized my opportunity about a week later, just as she had finished posing, and was about to dress. I cannot recollect exactly what I said, but I know I managed to make the fact that I shouldn't want her to sit to me any longer perfectly clear.

"She paused, stared at me with dilated eyes of alarm, and then threw herself at my feet, pouring out her love in a torrent of scraps of French and English, which she had picked up—entreating me with floods of tears to make her my servant, my slave, anything, so that she might remain with me. Then, finding I vouchsafed no reply, she rose up and called on me to behold her beauty, enumerating her charms with the freedom of a savage and the abandon of a woman scorned. Then seeing that, though I wavered, I was unwon, she turned on me, and, when I still refused her suit, with her eyes flaming with passion spat at my feet, and going to the furthest corner of the studio sullenly prepared to leave the studio. She made one more appeal, and then, failing in her object, she departed.

"Rather upset by the incident, I decided to leave Paris for a few days' change. I did so; and upon coming back and asking for my key, which I had left with the landlady, the latter told me Haidee had been there the day before and had had the key for a few minutes. 'I hope it is all right, Monsieur,' said the woman, 'but Mademoiselle assured me she had your permission.'

"I rushed up-stairs full of apprehension. There on my easel was the picture—but what a change! A ghost seemed to glare at me from the canvas. The large brush and pot of 'white lead' standing near, which I had used in 'covering' old canvases, showed me what had been the means of this transformation. On the top of the painting, in a line with the eye, was pinned a scrap of paper. On it was written in childish, sprawling letters, 'Haidee fait ceci.' Then on another line, 'Venez à la Mo—.' I could not make out the rest of the word.

"The damage was beyond repair. This I at once saw. My beautiful Haidee had become a will-o'-the-wisp. Then I sat down somewhat bewildered. What was the last word she had written? Suddenly a light dawned on me. I seized my hat, and hailing a passing fiacre drove rapidly to the Place of the Dead.

"Haidee was there—her dress torn away by the hook of the grapping rod, revealing one white shoulder with a blue bruise upon it, and the snowy bosom which would never heave with love or passion again. She had been drawn from the Seine that morning. I identified her, and purchased her a grave. Less I could not do."

—CARL HUYSMANN in Quartier Latin.

ANNA SHAW, who left us a few months ago with several thousands of Californian dollars in her pocket and her tongue in her cheek, wonders why she is not beloved of her sister-suffragists. The scorpion, madam, is not beloved of its kind.

A FAN FANCY.

UPON her fan where cupids play
 At hind-man's buff in droll array,
 A bit of rhyme he dares to write
 Whose theme is love, and love's delight
 Oh, hold, bad man; what will she say?
 And while she reads he looks away,
 To awkward doubts and fears a prey;
 "Oh, fool!" he thinks, "to love indite
 Upon her fan!"
 He starts to go; she bids him stay,
 Then blushes, sighs, and—names the day!
 Ah, clever maid! ah, happy wight!
 Behold a couple's lives made bright
 By just a couplet light and gay
 Upon her fan! —N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.
 W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY--PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 21, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iona, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Millon	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
	Niles, San Jose Livmore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*10:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
	Niles, San Jose, and Livmore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	*7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	*7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*3:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	6:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:06 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	†7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*8:00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK, FITCHBURG, and SAN LEANDRO, and HAYWARDS.	7:15 A
8:00 A		6:45 A
9:00 A		10:45 A
10:00 A		11:45 A
†11:00 A		12:45 P
2:00 P		†1:45 P
3:00 P		4:45 P
4:00 P		5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	8:45 P	
8:00 P	9:45 P	
9:00 P	10:50 P	
††11:15 P		††12:10 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (slip 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:30, 3:30, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 2:30, *3:00, 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

calling at Kobe (Hogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

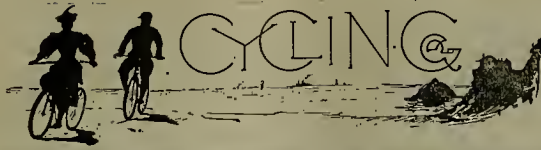
COPIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, April 1, 1897
GAELIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DURIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S. S. "Mariposa," Thursday, April 1st, at 2 P. M.
 Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
 S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 20th, at 2 P. M.
 J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.,
 Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.



THE poet says that in spring the young man's mind lightly turns to thoughts of love; but in California his mind turns toward the lightly-running wheel. And really it could be much less profitably and agreeably employed. California is the ideal country for cycling, with its cool mornings and delightfully still and fragrant nights. There are a hundred highways and byways within easy distance about the city which invite the idler and his wheel. There are so many things to be said in favor of the bicycle, and so many of them have been repeated so many times that it seems useless to attempt any new argument for this friend of fresh and healthful exercise. One of its strongest claims is that it is equally available to men and women; to young and old—all conditions and classes. The wheel, too, is a practical agent of reform, and is felt in municipal matters on the right side of every question. It is the greatest ally of good streets and roads, and in these directions will ultimately accomplish great results. The present local season promises renewed interest in the wheel, and the prominent agencies are fully prepared with all the latest models for every demand upon them.

The bicycle meet which has held the Pavilion during the present week cannot fail to give an impetus to the trade. The meetings have been fairly well attended, and several of the world's amateur records have been broken.

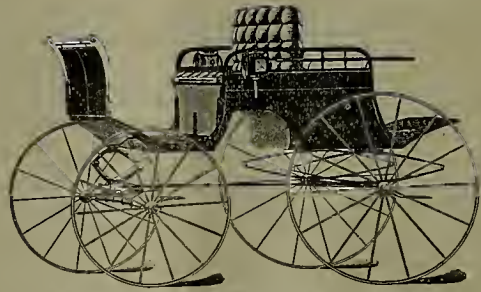
The annual hundred-mile club race between San Francisco and Oakland, which takes place soon, is attracting a great deal of attention, and will be fought out in grand style.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Record says: "There are now in the bonded warehouse at Tampa more than 9000 hales of tobacco, which belongs to a few manufacturers, and will last them two years. Some of the big New York factories were equally forehanded, but the rest will have to shut up shop or use the domestic product. There is no Sumatra leaf, but the shrewd Dutchmen of Amsterdam, who own the Sumatra plantations, have had their eyes opened, and are taking advantage of the situation by advancing prices. The closing of the Havana factories is going to make imported cigars scarce and high, and if Gen. Gomez and his associates keep up the war, it will be some years before the trade can be resumed. Mexican manufacturers and tobacco growers are alive to the situation, but their capacity is limited, so the smokers will have to return to pipes and use the domestic product."

PROF. FERRI of Paris says that Mme. Duse and Sarah Bernhardt have what is called "the sickle-shaped jaw," which is the sign of nervous physiognomy in its fullest expression. He admits that it is a sign of genius as well; but at the same time it is a warning to men not to marry women who have it. Warnings of this sort are seldom heeded. Men are so constructed that they think all signs fail when they are interested, and even if the woman whom they wanted to marry had two sickle jaws, they would not be deterred from marrying her. I may add that women are not deterred by storm signals where men are concerned, either.—The Critic.

PRESIDENT McKinley is beginning early the exercise of executive clemency toward condemned malefactors. He has just given a ten-days' respite to four New Mexico murderers, who should have had their necks broken last Tuesday. The President desires to make a personal investigation. The case against these men is well known and their guilt established beyond a doubt. They are assassins, and have for years terrorized Santa Fé. The President should let them hang with the utmost neatness and dispatch.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.



PARIS TRAP. Arranged for Four Passengers.

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Established 1855.

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Howard and First Streets.

Foot of Second Street.

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Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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Pacific Towel Company

No. 9
Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean band towels each week; \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 months 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 41, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Saturday, March 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Saturday, March 13, 1897, at 12 o'clock M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Paraffine Paint Company.

Dividend No. 23, of 25 cents per share, on the capital stock of the Paraffine Paint Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 116 Battery street, on and after Monday, March 23, 1897. Transfer books will close on March 24, 1897, at 4 o'clock P. M. R. S. SHAINWALD, Secretary. Office—No. 116 Battery street, San Francisco, Cal.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
SCENES IN CHINATOWN—Chinese Apothecary.

Taber Photo. S. F.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 3, 1897.

Number 14.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 908 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE tariff bill has passed the House, and is now before the Senate, where it is likely to be subjected to a process of corrective emasculation that will rob it of its more objectionable features.

GOVERNOR BUDD is nobly earning his salary these post-Legislative days. He has clipped \$603,925.50 from the general appropriation bill; and it is particularly pleasing to note that his official blue pencil strikes the outrageous salary list hard. He also pays economical and caustic respect to the State printing department.

STORMS, floods, snow and ice were the April greetings of the States east of the Rocky Mountains last Thursday. In California the month came smiling, bearing buds and blossoms. It is amazing that this State has less than two million inhabitants, when but four days are necessary to escape the rigors of the "East"—to graduate from a condition of misery to surroundings of delight.

SAN FRANCISCO'S week of Carnival promises to witness a splendid naval demonstration. The Commander of the Pacific squadron has been instructed by Secretary Long to parade every available war ship here at that time. The various committees report satisfactory progress in their work, and notwithstanding some slight misunderstanding at headquarters there is promise of a brilliant week of Carnival.

IT would be a shame for the people of this city to permit the location of the Wilmerding school outside of San Francisco. The generous man who made the bequest for the help of poor and struggling youth intended that the school should be located here; his wealth was accumulated here; this city was the scene of his early battles and after-life commercial successes. The Wilmerding school, to fulfil the intent of the man who made it possible, should be a San Francisco institution.

DR. CLINTON remarked at the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors that there were rumors abroad concerning the choosing of a certain kind of rock for street work in this city that did not reflect credit upon the board. Dr. Clinton made a very allopathic and complimentary diagnosis of the case. There are rumors, black, well defined ones, and backed up by conclusive circumstantial evidence, they are, too, that point to deeds well worthy of the notice of the Grand Jury and the jails. Clinton is right in asking for action: it is what any gentleman might be expected to demand.

ONE of the most important happenings of the week in this city was the settlement of differences between the insurance companies. Rates will be at once restored to old figures. It is a notorious fact that immense sums were lost by the companies during the past eighteen months, because business was written right and left at a positive loss. As the public secured the advantage of this unhealthy condition in low premiums, no particular complaint can be made. The new compact will be likely to be permanent, owing to the recent costly experiences. Insurance will cost more from now on in San Francisco.

THE Missouri Legislature has just refused to pass a bill legalizing "contests of speed, power, and physical endurance of man and beast." It was entitled the "horse breeders' bill," and was a thinly-disguised and futile effort to legalize prize-fighting in that State. The man who introduced it owes an apology to the equine race for an unwarranted insult.

IT is a misfortune that the recent effort to oust Secretary Welch from a position of authority in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was not successful. The man has time without number shown his utter unfitness for the position. That he is still retained reflects upon the good sense and capacity of those who keep him in office.

ONE of the worthy deeds of the Legislature was the enactment of a law providing for the building of a State highway connecting Folsom and Sacramento. This roadway is to be built of crushed rock, with granite or stone for drains and culverts. The work will be of chief advantage in illustrating in a practical manner the system that should prevail throughout the State. Roads—permanent, sound, and equally good winter and summer alike—are a great need. The Folsom-Sacramento highway may be their beginning.

A NUMBER of Northern California landowners are arranging for a meeting with President C. P. Huntington of the Southern Pacific. They want his assistance in settling and improving 200,000 acres of land in the Sacramento valley. They desire to cut this tract into small holdings, and improve each piece upon the colonization plan. Should they meet the shrewd President of the railroad, they will obtain information and practical suggestions well worthy of their consideration. Mr. Huntington favors any intelligent means of settling the unoccupied lands of the State, and the promoters of this scheme, if it be meritorious, are wise in seeking his assistance.

WORK on the boulevard continues with vigor. Total subscriptions are nearing the \$15,000 mark. The men employed are making excellent progress; but at least an equal sum must be added to that already announced in order to complete the roadway as originally contemplated. A great many demands have been made upon the generous citizens of San Francisco within the past year, but not one of them has greater merit, or is worthy of more prompt response than this one. While it gives the needy employment, the highway they are building will intrinsically be worth in the nature of a permanent improvement, many times its cost. Help along the boulevard.

THE sum of \$10,000 was appropriated by the last Board of Health for the purpose of providing a proper system of sewerage for the City and County Hospital. As is frequently the case, the money was wasted. The present Board made an examination, and closed up a part of the institution for a time because of the wretched condition of the sewers. An appropriation of \$500, it was thought, would make such repairs as were absolutely necessary. Auditor Broderick signed bills for more than \$3,000 for the improvements that it was promised should cost but \$500, and the end is not yet. This incident is an illustration of the manner in which the taxpayers of San Francisco are duped, fooled and defrauded year in and year out. The Auditor is not at fault, the Board of Health is blameless—in heaven's kind name where are all these leaks and drains hidden, and why are they never discovered until the mischief has been done?

SPANISH TROUBLES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SPAIN is in more troubles than those she has in Cuba. It appears pretty certain that the time is approaching when she will need more men and officers than she has got to suppress another Carlist rebellion at home. Judging by her failure in Cuba, she cannot be strong from any military point of view. Her Government has just called the attention of France to the activity of Carlist agents in the purchase of arms and ammunition in France and Belgium, and their dispatch to the Pyrenees. Don Carlos, whose partisans were driven over the border more than twenty years ago, announces from Venice his preparation to resign his claims, he calls them, "to abdicate his throne in favor of his son, Don Jayme." The Basques and Navarraise, whose ancient rights were abolished as punishment for their part in the Carlist movement of 1874-6, have never been reconciled, and such an outbreak as that was might call for more troops than the Government of Queen Christina has either at home or abroad. Then the rebellion in the Philippines continues unsubdued, and, in fact, looks more formidable than ever. The Cuban campaign clearly reveals the fact that Spain has small military talent to spare, and evidently no military genius at all. The collapse of Spain's colonial power seems ending, whilst her home rule has a formidable chance of going to Don Carlos, or his son. There are not a few Californians who will regret such a complete collapse of the great power that once, in pride and grandeur, ruled well nigh all of the Pacific Coast on which we dwell, and will ardently wish that such a fate may yet be spared her, had as the outlook for the moment undoubtedly appears to be.

Spain has been mighty in discovering, but weak in keeping new lands. The colder, or what may be termed the harder sections of the Earth, she has pretty generally eschewed, but the warmer or moderate areas she was mindful to occupy at a very early period in the history of modern conquest. We believe it true that Columbus was the real discoverer of America, and that the sale of her jewels by Queen Isabella rendered him essential aid at a critical moment. No true American can desire to witness the downfall of the old empire that gave this continent to the world. No genuine man can desire the Spanish race to be without a home they can call their home—they who have discovered homes for uncouth millions, ought not to have it to say: "No foot of land have I on this vast wilderness." The beauty of the true-bred Castilian women and the lordly hospitality of the Hidalgos ought never to be blotted off this Earth. They are like unto the famous gems that should know not what extinguishment is. The depth of their welcome—*la casa de usted, Señor*—is seldom equaled on this earth. Tens of thousands of our pioneers have gone to their graves thinking them the sweetest sounds they ever heard among men. When they, with distinguished mien and the sweetest of words, tell you that "my house is yours," they do not literally mean a strict interpretation of their words, but they do mean a warmth of hospitality that has scarcely an equal among men. The greatest of colonizers, no one will wish that old Spain shall disappear from among the nations of Earth. She has given us several large slices of her lands, added considerably to our population, and become a friend in many ways. She was the first to grant us a valuable reciprocity treaty. It is difficult for even the jingoes to give a reason for wishing her harm.

The Mistress of the Spanish Main has doubtless made mistakes in her treatment of her colonies. The principal one has been that of sending lordlings and spendthrifts to administer lucrative offices. They almost invariably went to the colonies to cut a dash and to steal themselves rich. "As wealthy as a colonial Governor" became a by-word throughout Spain. So much was made out of the current Government revenues by the home officers, that colony after colony broke away from the mother country's rule, and finally gained their independence. Cuba and the Philippines still remain, but their departure, at no very distant date, is inevitable, which will prove a mistake to themselves as well as to civilization. The islands are not fit for self-government, and are better, in every way, as they are. Cuba free will mean Cuba eternally at war within itself. No one party will be able long to maintain itself. A mixed race, made up of negroes, Indians and

creoles, their ways differ widely, and their prejudices against each other are as bitter as hatred can make them. Some of our own people are glad of this condition, because it renders it likely that the Cuban pear will one day drop into the open mouth of Uncle Sam. They know not what they seek. The annexation of Cuba would bring us endless trouble, which we had better leave to Spain.

The Arbitration Treaty At Present. As amended the arbitration treaty has gone back to the Senate. President McKinley's influence does not appear to be great with the Committee on Foreign

affairs, for that body has recommended substantially the same changes that had been agreed upon before the new administration came in. The most important of these is that no question can be arbitrated without the Senate's consent, which means the negotiation of a new treaty when an arbitration is desired. If ratified in this form, it will seem a very lame ending of the great arbitration treaty movement. Still the idea of any sort of treaty will do good. By this so-called treaty, arbitration will be more deeply imbedded in the public mind, and that alone will do good. In England they have given themselves over to the idea that party politics are in some way interfering with the treaty's ratification. That is clearly not the case, as two different administrations have now fathered it. The jealousy of certain statesmen, the hatred borne towards England by a few jingoes, and the Hibernian societies, are about all the opposition there is to the treaty, which in fact has become no treaty at all. If the Senate says "nay," there can be no arbitration. It is not such a determination of an issue of the first magnitude as the public conscience will approve, and before long the best American voices will be found denouncing it. European exchanges are making fun of the amendments made, and some of them are finding pleasure in the idea that Russia and the Green Isle got the better of John Bull. Of course with the people who treat the subject in that spirit, arbitration is a farce. If peace be not the thing wanted, this talk about arbitration is humbug, and we had better go to war at the first favorable opportunity. That is the logic of the jingoes, but happily there are a great many people in this country who do not think that way.

Does Not Take After Cleveland. The New President is endeavoring to take after his predecessor as little as possible. That may be good politics, but that is something the future alone can determine.

Cleveland's methods procured him two terms and three nominations, but it has not yet done, or shaped as if it would do as much for McKinley. For the time being McKinley is a great popular success in Washington. His pie counter is still covered with things good and rare, beautiful to the sight and of great value. He insists on special attention being paid to the wishes of Senators and Representatives in appointments to office. A well known writer called at the White House a short time ago and applied for a certain office. As McKinley knew him well, he said he had secured no endorsements. But these the President advised him to get. The names of Representatives are good to have, but "be sure of the Senators" were his last words. That was not much like Cleveland. Not much! The new President has no use for special police protection. Garfield had, and so had Cleveland more than once, although he managed to keep the fact quiet. McKinley has put away the sentry boxes, sees the people, takes afternoon walks down Pennsylvania avenue, but, above all, is determined to keep on good relations with Senators and Representatives. He may do all these things better than Grover Cleveland, but that will not constitute him a statesman, nor cause his name to live in history. If he makes name and fame his efforts must be directed in a totally different direction.

The Laws We Are Living Under. It is the supposed right of every American citizen to have the opportunity to know the laws which he is living under, but today no man can learn that, unless he be the Government printer. During the last days of the sessions such an avalanche of hills went through that no man has summed them up, made a calendar of them or,

given the press a brief glossary of what they contain. This state of affairs, a week after the adjournment of the Legislature, is not an exception to what generally occurs. We recall the fact that some years ago 241 bills were passed on the last day, by merely reading their titles, and it was three weeks before we knew as much as the titles of the laws under which we were managing to keep the peace, if we did keep it. The new constitution was supposed to cure this, in a large measure, but its success has not equalled the hopes of its friends. What happens to the bills between final passage, and final printing, God alone knows. We have tried to keep track of them during that dubious period, but somehow or other could never keep ourselves in exactly the right place at the right time. The bills slipped away as if by magic. The clerks were obliging and good fellows like Duckworth. All the same, the bills became laws in a shape that all was prepared to swear to be O. K. Every man stood ready to swear that each bill, even to the dotting of an "i" was exactly in the shape members had voted it should be. Why we cannot at this late date get at what bills were at the last moment pushed through and what were left behind, we pretty well know, but think the new journalism should do something to win its spurs, and accordingly leave them this little job to do. In better days good journalists were content to go for the bottom facts of things, and to get them so straight, that they could take the risk of a libel suit every time, knowing that they were fortified behind proofs that would bear them harmless through. The new journalism the other day guessed at its facts, lied about them, and earned nothing but contempt. We shall all soon know that any statement that may appear in a certain sheet is worthless because of being devoid of the first element of truth. What the new list of laws will show we cannot now be very sure, but we are fully persuaded that few of the Examiner's pet measures were approved, whilst nearly all that it opposed became laws. "To get there" is the vaunting motto of the slum sheet. Its present experience is "to get left."

Bears Expected Fruit. It may sometimes be wise to assume a virtue, even though you have it not.

Prize-fighting is one of the amusements not unknown to San Francisco; but the raw and repulsive features of the pastime are thinly veiled under the guise of physical culture exhibitions. Licenses are granted and boxing contests are permitted in any one of the several clubs in the city, which in fact are knock-out prize-fights. The bruisers are just as vicious and brutal as were the pugilists who appeared last month at Carson. The distinction lies in the unimportant fact that the local fights are not called finish contests; and if they are prolonged beyond a certain point the police interfere. But defeat and victory are more frequently accomplished before such official restraint is exercised. In the moral effect on those present, there can be drawn no distinguishing line between despised Carson and decent San Francisco. This fact is undeniable, but thick-skinned and indifferent as have been average California legislative bodies, not one of them would for one moment entertain a proposition to legalize out-and-out prize-fighting. In Nevada, however, there exists neither such virtue nor the claim for it. With blunt frankness Satan's sage-brush solons advertised to the world their entire willingness to harter their State's honor in aid of its treasury. That men do not gather figs from thistles nor grapes from thorns is therein verified. Such flagrant violation of propriety and right has born its inevitable fruit. It is said that arrangements are being made and plans laid for embellishing Nevada's statutes two years hence with a fitting companion to the prize-ring law. Ever since public opinion and the acts of Congress drove the lottery out of business in Louisiana, it has desired to return to the United States. Nevada's stand has given the enterprising Stuart hope that he has found there congenial soil for a lottery scheme. Being interviewed as to this report, Governor Sadler declared that he knew nothing of the movement to turn Nevada into a cemetery for those who commit suicide; but the genial official curio gave forth no note of disapproval. Without doubt he would be entirely pleased to superintend the monthly drawings for a fat salary, and give his personal endorsement to a plan for the remodeling of the State of Nevada upon the lines of Monte Carlo.

Slum Journalism. Libraries, Club rooms, and such like institutions all over the land, are dealing with the N. Y. World and Journal as they deserve to be dealt with. The Springfield Republican, widely known as one of the cleanest, ablest, and best of our American newspapers, aptly uses the phrase "slum journal," and adds the information that the Springfield city library has removed the N. Y. World from its shelves and that the Journal never had a place there. The Century Club orders the Journal, which still continues to be sent against many demands that it be discontinued, to be thrown into the ash barrel. "From all over the country," says the Republican, "these two flagrant examples of a vicious development of news is being condemned. This exclusion of such sheets from the reading rooms of associations of high character does not affect seriously their subscription list, or their sales on the streets and car lines. But moral reprobation counts for something, and ere long such papers will not be read in families that have regard for the moral well being of their little ones, and eventually the hard-shelled consciences of their proprietors will be pricked, and their sheets will no longer defame and disgrace the newspaper profession." This is good and wholesome talk which may safely be indulged in with comfort in Massachusetts, but in San Francisco it involves the writer in all the mud spattering that a vicious press has, in its malice and hatred, the heart to cover him with. But a discriminating public, or, at least, that part of it which is discriminating, will make no mistake in identifying the qualities of the old and new journalist. Once upon a time it was the rule of journalists to respect each other's individuality and private life, but now it is the fashion to lie about these matters atrociously, and refuse any sort of correction. But even this evil will be cured, for men will not stand it. It is exceeding the boundary line between what a man may submit to and what his manhood forbids that he should. This New Journalism has ways that cannot stand exposure, and whatever else may be said of San Francisco, it does not give its sympathy to such brutality as the Examiner indulges in. It knows no respect for anybody, or for anybody's rights, but it does not control all the Courts, and it is not unlikely to be compelled to respect the law.

Ingalls Catching It. Ex-Senator Ingalls is catching it all over the East for the little part he took in the recent prize fight at Carson. To be sure, he did but little save to lend his Senatorial name to the Examiner and Journal. He telegraphed a few quirks and jibes for two or three days directed at what he called "hypocrites" who pretended not to like pugilism. That kind of talk does not go very well among respectable people and Ingalls is being tahoood from good society in consequence. The scoring he is receiving will be likely to make him a marked man as long as he lives. His eccentricity has gained him much notoriety in the past, but his engaging himself to a disreputable newspaper, as a reporter of a prize fight, bars him from the portals of all that good citizens desire to keep clean. He is now without the pale. His own State has disowned him, and passed a law by which any citizen of Kansas attending a prize fight anywhere shall be ineligible thereafter to hold any State or municipal office. The Legislatures generally have the power to pass such inhibitions. California has effectually stopped duelling in that way. If the majority of our people are as sincere as we believe them to be in the matter of prize fighting, they can promptly end the disgrace of Carson, and the abominations of the man fights there, by simply making the attendants, who are nearly always politicians, ineligible for office. They would run away like rats leaving a sinking ship.

Ex-Presidents And Their Kin. What to do with our Ex-Presidents is not a problem yet solved, nor in a likely way of being solved. Some ex-Presidents drop out of view better than others, whilst a few remain laggard on the stage for many long years. Whether they should be comfortably pensioned, or made life Senators, or sent as ambassadors to the foremost nations, are all suggestions that have received more or less approval, but none of them has commended national assent. We favor life Senatorship ourselves, but as that

proposition meets with considerable opposition and as we have no personal interest in it, we leave the settlement of a problem that may one day become a grave one to a newer generation that may favor constitutional changes more than this one does. The question of what to do with ex-Presidents' sons seems, however, to be in a fair way to settle itself. Colonel Fred Grant is not satisfied with the Police Commissionerhip of New York, but wants a Foreign Ambassadorship to a first-class power, and his wife has even begged Senator Cullom to accredit her husband's name to the State of Illinois, in order to promote his chances. Cullom has refused. There are too many actual residents of Illinois who want first-class missions. One of the Hayes boys is also up for a foreign Mission, and so also is one of the Garfield boys. A son of Chester A. Arthur is a candidate for one of the Secretaryships of a European embassy. Mrs. John A. Logan is working every available influence to secure the appointment of John A. Logan Jr. to the Austrian Mission. His chief qualifications are that he has a rich wife and little to do. Russel Harrison, it is said, will be content with a federal office near to Grandpa's hat. Lincoln is busy in gathering together the Presidential families, and it looks likely that we may some day have a nobility of Presidential ancestry. Cleveland will be "away up" in the matter of supplying marriageable daughters, whilst McKinley has boys that promise to rank with the best. There is no longer any import in the query as to "what we are to do with the boys:" if only they be ex-Presidents' sons.

The Hawaiian Dilemma. It is noted by the dispatches that the Japanese Consul at Honolulu has called for a warship to huck up his demand for the landing of Japanese laborers at that point. The islands are now overrun with "little brown men," and the white population feel that their further influx would prove a serious menace to the peace and prosperity of the Hawaiian republic. If the demand of the Consul be granted and a Japanese warship sent to override the laws of the Government, a crisis such as the islands have not faced since the deposition of the ex-Queen will engage the attention of President Dole and his compatriots. Meantime representatives of the Hawaiian Government at Washington are actively engaged in forwarding their scheme of annexation by urging the incorporation of a territorial autonomy under the strong protection of this country. These gentlemen will be likely to achieve a brilliant failure. The Sandwich Islands are more than two thousand miles distant from the Pacific Coast. That any considerable number of disinterested intelligent men in either house of Congress should favor such a wide and ominous departure from the safe precedent of past American history is not to be believed. McKinley declared in his inaugural address that his foreign policy would be built on conservative lines; and he may be expected to oppose the annexationists. All this country wants with the Sandwich Islands is the commerce dictated by mutual interests, and the establishment of a coaling station there—neither one of which is contingent on annexation.

Pure Food Congress. From present indications the Pure Food Congress, which is to be held here during the first days of May, will be an unqualified success. The crusade for pure food started with the election of Milk Inspector Dockery, who was the first official to demonstrate that his position was not a sinecure. His raid against dishonest purveyors of milk startled the community and aroused an interest that has not yet disappeared. It was shown by his vigilance that there was an immense amount of fraud in the milk trade of the city, which through his industry has been very materially curtailed. Later the officers took up the investigation of various articles sold by grocers. Here was also discovered a very general adulteration of jellies and similar goods. The fight against the offenders in this direction has reached an acute stage. The Manufacturers' and Producers' Association has taken a very firm stand against adulterated goods, in which it should be sustained. The Merchants' Association takes the ground that the innocent retailer should be warned of the impure brands of goods he has for sale, and he given time in which to replace

them. No doubt injustice is done retailers who, having trusted the manufacturer, find themselves arrested for selling goods they always supposed were pure. But the fault does not lie with the consumer, who pays honest money out for food that is not what he thinks it is. He must be protected. The retailer has recourse against the manufacturer who has imposed upon him, and who is morally at fault. We know of one dealer at least who will bring suit for heavy damages against the maker of adulterated jellies for the sale of which he was arrested and fined. In bringing about the reforms that are now proved to be most necessary, some of the innocent will suffer with the guilty. But it appears that the chief offenders—the manufacturers—cannot be brought to justice without in greater or lesser degree involving the retailers. The Pure Food Congress which it has been determined to hold in this city, beginning on the 30th of this month, will keep alive the interest in this deeply important question, and should result in much practical, lasting good.

The Free Market. Governor Budd has signed Senate Bill 507, authorizing the State Board of Harbor Commissioners to establish and maintain a free market at some convenient point on the water front in San Francisco. This is a move that has at various times attracted public attention; has always been regarded favorably by the people, and firmly opposed by the commission and produce dealers of the city. The consumers in San Francisco have felt that there has been maintained a combination among the dealers whereby the prices of vegetables, fruits and garden stuffs generally have been kept up without regard to the laws of supply and demand. The fact that tons of onions, potatoes, melons and other farm products are, with annual regularity, thrown into the bay because they cannot be jobbed at a certain price, while the same articles in the stores and stands about the city have been selling at undisturbed figures, has made it clear that prices in San Francisco have been little influenced by the supply. All this time the farmer has been unable to sell his vegetables, has taken about what was offered to him, or has seen his hard earnings float out to sea.

The free market has been measurably successful in other places, and there appears no good reason why it should not bring the producer and consumer into direct and mutually profitable contact here. There is something radically wrong when tons of wholesome food are thrown into the bay, while within actual sight of the waste are thousands of people in want, who would be glad to pay enough for them to make the producer whole if commission charges were cut out. The establishment of a free market on the water front will give the countryman a chance to bring his produce here and sell it to the consumer. This is the intent of the act. It may work a temporary hardship upon the commission dealers, but it should effectually prevent the waste that has been witnessed on the water front in San Francisco every year—a waste borne by the helpless producer and the poorer class of consumers. The free market ought to be a blessing to both.

The Face Doctors. The Supreme Court has decided that no man may practice dentistry in this State except he have the consent of the State Board of Dental Examiners. Why should not the public be protected in other directions? San Francisco has a host of alleged dermatologists and face doctors who are every day duping women in search of beauty. Their numerous lotions, face washes, and skin renews are either liable to disfigure the users of them for life, or subject them to great temporary pain and inconvenience. Laws governing these hrazen quacks, who prey upon the credulity of the female community, should be enacted. They should be compelled to qualify themselves and obtain and display diplomas showing a practical knowledge of their business. Every now and again instances are noted where serious injuries have resulted from the use of their beautifiers. Mortification and fear of ridicule prevents many who suffer from their treatment from denouncing them. San Francisco supports no frauds equal to them, and they should be suppressed.

ART JOTTINGS.

LATIMER finished this week "Morning in the Redwoods," which has some excellent qualities, but somehow is lacking in that tender feeling which is expressed in his wood and water piece before mentioned. The treatment is good, but there is a coldness in the ensemble which is more of an artistic accident than an artistic fault. He has presented it to the Bohemian Club, an institution which has been especially fortunate during the last few months in being the recipient of presents from its artist members.

At a recent sale in London, Arthur Lemon received a thousand pounds for an animal picture. We may claim Lemon, though of English birth, as a California artist. His first work of any merit was painted in Oakland, and Edward Bosqui was among his earliest patrons. Then Lemon returned to London, studied some time in Paris, and astonished the artistic world by an animal picture which won the highest commendation from the critics. Lemon was made a member of the Royal Academy, and is to-day the Landseer of England.

With the exception of Toby Rosenthal, every artist who pitched his camp in San Francisco and painted away for the crust in the past has returned to this city certainly within a decade. Fred Yates came back with his laurels won as a painter of portraits. Bloomer, Peters, all the wanderers, have dropped in from time to time to dwell a little while among the scenes of their early struggles. But Rosenthal, of whom so much was said in adulation, keeps housed in Munich, or some other art center, and languishes for the golden sands no more.

The studio art patron is a thing of the past in this city. Time was when the opulent visitor strolled from studio to studio, leaving fat orders behind him or her. Something on the easel, or an unfinished canvas in a corner of the room, won their fancy, and a request for its completion was usually accompanied by a check for a trifle on account. Nor were those angels' visits few and far between. Mrs. Robert A. Johnson, Tiburcio Parrott, Mr. A. P. Hotaling, and a score or so of others, amused themselves in this way, and their amusement was largely to the artist's profit. The custom of giving Saturday afternoon receptions has also gone out of date, with the reception of Bruce Porter, who still asks his friends to tea with him occasionally.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Sketch Club is at hand, and invitations have been issued by the members to their friends. The receptions will begin Tuesday next, and continue to Saturday, the 10th, at 503 Montgomery street. The hanging committee were busy this week in the discharge of their important duties, for in the Sketch Club many are called, but few are chosen.

Emil Carlsen, at one time instructor at the Art School, and who has been away in New York for the past four years, will revisit this city next summer.

JULIUS S. GODEAU.

ONE of the best-known men among the French residents of this city is Julius S. Godeau, who has acted as treasurer of the Fourteenth of July Committee and been a factor in the success of various French celebrations for years past. He has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, being a member of nearly every fraternal society in this city. In consequence, he possesses more than usual influence, which he has shown not only in politics but in such business affairs as the lighting of Montgomery avenue with arc lights, the movement for that helpful illumination being largely aided by Mr. Godeau. The Republicans of his district hold him in high esteem, he being very energetic in promoting the interests of his political party there. His parents were pioneers. They were established in business here in 1849. Mr. Godeau was born in San Francisco in 1864.

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President Diaz

SOLDIER and STATESMAN

By Ghas. F. Lummls

This article gives a graphic account of the career of the distinguished President of Mexico, whose patriotism and grasp of affairs have made such a vivid impression upon the recent history and fortunes of that Republic. With many illustrations.



WASHINGTON and the FRENCH GRAZE OF '93

Professor John Bach McMaster describes the enthusiasm for ostentatious republicanism aroused by the first successes of the French Republic, and especially by "Citizen" Genet, the French Ambassador. The illustrations, including the frontispiece in color, are by Howard Fyle.

Paleontological Progress of the Century,

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M. D., Illustrated.

White Man's Africa, by Poultney Bigelow,

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The fiction of the number is especially noteworthy, including "The Martian," by George du Maurier, and short stories by Brander Matthews and Margaret Deland.

APRIL ISSUE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

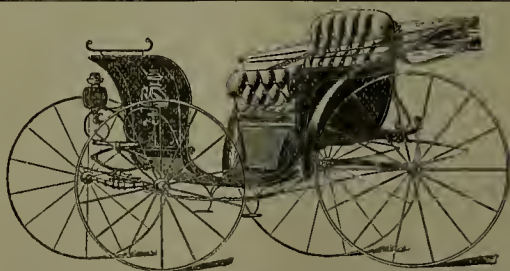
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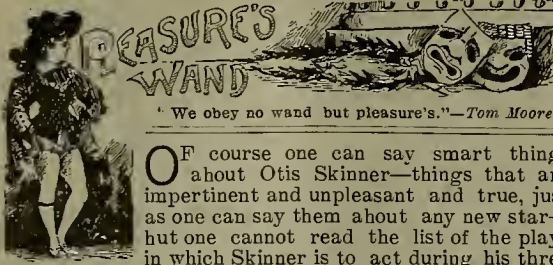


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OF course one can say smart things about Otis Skinner—things that are impertinent and unpleasant and true, just as one can say them about any new star—but one cannot read the list of the plays in which Skinner is to act during his three weeks' season at the Baldwin Theatre and deny him enterprise and grit. Skinner has long had the courage, now he has the means, to act what he thinks he can act; and if his repertory is to be trusted to have omitted all of those plays wherein he doubts his fitness for the leading roles, it is easy to see that what Skinner does not think himself capable of attaining to is not of much consequence in the drama anyway.

For my part, I frankly admire the young actor who is so heels-over-head in love with all the keys of his art that he has not the time, or the luck, to become highly specialized in any one particular department. So far as I know, Mr. Skinner has not yet committed his master-work. It is quite possible that he never will—he is so copious and fearless. Besides, his personality is evasive. Like the handwriting of the young, it is all random future—no past. And the actor without a past is oftenest the actor with a future. We all would consider Richard Mansfield in a happier light as an all-around craftsman if it were not for *Beau Brummel*. No matter what he acts now, we remember him in that play; and I, for one, am human enough to deride his art, catalogue his stageisms, even resent his personality whenever he fails to exact from himself that very best of tact, technique and exquisiteness which is so beautifully epitomized in the character of the Beau. Perhaps it is well that Skinner has never arrived, that he has no *Beau Brummel* past to pale the mild glow of his present.

Beau Brummel brings me easily to *His Grace de Grammont*. Clyde Fitch wrote both plays, and Skinner gave us the latter at the Baldwin Monday night—an inoffensive bit of historic romancing, pretty, in truth a rather entertaining elaboration of an anecdote or two which Fitch possibly did not hear very clearly in the first place, or bother himself to stick to very closely in the second. Play tinkers avail themselves of all the license that literature has granted geniuses, and consequently a Clyde Fitch of to-day will subordinate polite history, or any sort of history or historic character, to the requirements of his mood, or his customer's, quite as readily and as loosely as a William Shakespeare would have done in an equally practical yesterday—a yesterday wherein dramatists were proportionately as anxious to land buttered side up at court as they now are to land any side up anywhere, so long as the feat brings popularity and profit. Of course, in this age of indiscriminate trade, Fitch has no Crown censor to fear, no noble patron to sleek the softest way. Dynasties do not tremble or noble family skeletons rattle bonefully when Fitch's pen is inked. But there are the public who pays, the matinee maid and mother, the prudish critic made prudish by the Ibsen which he does not understand and the cheaper decorative problem which he does. Fitch thought of these, and he de-odorized de Grammont. "A tinker's tink for fact and history," said Fitch; "the 'Chevalier' is my hero, and I'll make him respectable. Charles can remain a wench, and I suppose Middleton and Warmestre will go all right as seducers—nobody minds the morals of a villainess; but the 'Chevalier' must be pure and fragrant." So Fitch adjusted his stained-glass monocle and made the "chaser" chaste. De Grammont could now be turned loose with safety at a Sabbath-school picnic. Needless to say, Mistress Hamilton is converted into a worthy mate for the regenerated hero.

I am not a precisian in the matter of immorals, and I admit that these sanitary improvements have not spoiled the play. They rather enhance my reverence for the author's pellucid imagination. After this rehabilitation of de Grammont—de Grammont the prime cut of the tenderloin of France, the sweetest scoundrel in all England, the

keenest card-sharp of his day—I believe Fitch capable of exalting lusty Tom Jones to the virgin pages of the Ladies' Home Journal. In any event *His Grace de Grammont* is not notably dull. It is very much like a comic opera, decorative, unreal, better constructed than most comic operas, and quick and clever in some of the lines. "Your Majesty has done me the honor of eaves-dropping," says de Grammont to Charles II. Such a line at the end of an act has an infallibly uplifting effect on the curtain. To say that the King decks his mistresses with rings for every finger but the wedding one is also bright and heroic. Other parts of speech are not so good—as when de Grammont finds Mistress Hamilton with the King at Whitehall, and fumes on her thus: "When you smile the smile that stings but does not intoxicate—when you pack up your court belongings and unpack your love for me!" Could anything be worse? No. Nor could anything be better than this which follows, when Charles has given up all hopes of possessing the pale, exclusive charms of Mistress Hamilton, and his trusty caterer, Jermyn, whispers consolingly, "Sire, she is not the only maiden in your kingdom!" Isn't that immense? If Fitch had written, "Sire, she is not the only hirdie on the bough," or something like that, I should know he meant it to be saucy and devilish. But that line is too good. It must have been an accident.

* * *

I have little to say about the acting. Skinner plays the artificial role of De Grammont in a thoroughly artificial manner. It is not expected of an actor to do quite all that his author has not done for him. Still, a little more plasticity and a little less elaboration and not so much of that over-trained emotionalism with which the average actor usually convinces himself—and no one else—that he is being French and I can imagine the "Chevalier," even in his present state of expurgation, being a much more enchanting fellow than Skinner made him Monday night. Maud Durbin lent no distinction whatever to Mistress Hamilton. Frederick Mosley was a very good picture as Charles II, but he stopped at the picture. I can recall no noteworthy achievement by the other members of the company.

* * *

Massenet, the minaturest, who has been called "Mlle. Wagner" by persons who do not like Wagner, and a plagiarist by persons who do not like Massenet, and a noisy boulevardier by persons who do not like any musical work that is not posthumous, was represented in the repertory of his countrymen at the California Theatre a week ago Thursday. I come late, but enthusiastic. It is easy to recall the thrill of *La Navarraise*, a tragedy of an hour's duration, done in the fierce primary tones of battle, blood, passion and despair. It is vast, unsuperfluous, terse, complete. It is an opera of tension. It begins with suspense as the orchestra sounds the first notes that echo the savage snapping of musketry from behind the yet unraised curtain; it ends with death and madness as the girl Anita cries her pitiable, hrutish cry as she falls upon the body of her dead lover. There is no mistaking the meaning of such music. It is dramatic—yes, melodramatic, and lyric, too, at times, in a bold, grim way. Sheer melody leaps like verse and tells the story quick and true, where rhythm can tell it best. But the colloquial phrase, short, terrible, tragic, moves it on with breathless velocity. The orchestration is superb; its compactness is indescribable. It is not multi-colored, but it is the better for that. Foedor gave her best to the role of Anita. It was a brave best—strong, magnetic and sure. Nicosias led with inspiring excitement.

* * *

Everybody was happy, even the guarantors, at the opera Tuesday night. *Aida* was the hill, and it marked the most pretentious and successful production of the season. From any standpoint, scenic, ensemble or star, it was a brilliant night. There was hut one expression from the managers: "Oh, if we had only opened the season with this!" Critically compared, the first act was slow and the last found Foedor and Massart somewhat the worse for their tremendous work in the scenes which had gone before. But the second and third acts were glittering triumphs. The finale of the Temple scene will be remembered when there is an opera house in San Francisco, and the work of Alhers, Foedor and Massart will do

more to boom opera here than all the indiscriminate puffs of all the indiscriminate critics in the country.

Whenever the French singers become too serious a strain on your auditory nerves, drop in at the Tivoli and see *Don Juan* and his more-than-ever erratic *ad lib.* Laura Millard is home again with the trusty Tivoli folk, and Wilson's Hyronic burlesque is having a glad time of it at the old opera house around the corner on Eddy street.

For *Fair Virginia* is an unobtrusive little war melodrama that will offend no one and please a great many. I am a bit sick of stage distortions of the late unpleasantness myself, but this play exploits the old theme in softer notes than usual; dramatic unity is aimed at more than hair-raising climaxes, and the result is a fairly normal bit of drama. Like most war pieces, it is treated from the external only. I should like to see some American playwright catch the inside spirit of the thing, as Bret Harte did in his story, "Clarence." To my knowledge it has never been done.

Russ Whytal is the author of the play, and he makes the villain's part worse than it really is by playing it himself. The only mentionable acting by the company is done by John Woodward as an old negro, and Lottie Briscoe, a child actress, who, in the part of a boy, maintains a good Southern accent, and is altogether the superior artist of her colleagues.

* * *

If I could only satisfy myself that it was Wagner, and not the six vocal soloists, who packed the Columbia Thursday afternoon, I should say that we were in a fair way to become Wagnerites on the spot. At all events, it was a great audience. And if the crowd turned out only to hear its friends sing, then the crowd was most properly punished; for, besides the singing being the weakest feature of the afternoon, Hinrichs was in one of his brilliant moods, and he performed some excellent missionary work on behalf of the Bard of Beyreuth. I have always claimed that it is a delicious thing to be educated without pain, and I must say that for an orchestra which, as a body, is not on the chummiest terms with Wagner, Hinrichs's accomplished a beautiful, eloquent lesson on Thursday afternoon. In the *Lohengrin* Prelude, the "Murmuring Forest" music from *Siegfried*, the "Song of the Rhine Daughters" from *Götterdämmerung*, and "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Magic" from *Die Walküre*, Hinrichs led his musicians with power, imagination, and unerring authority. Elsa and Ortund's duet from *Lohengrin*, sung by Mrs. Cecelia A. Adler and Mrs. Hinrichs, struck me as being the only vocal episode which was in any way adequate. The *Meistersinger* quintette was loosely sung, and Rhys Thomas accentuated an inflexible vocal method in "Walter's Prize Song." The *Tannhäuser* scene, sung by Mathilde Wilde and Jacob Mueller, was pitiable rather than funny. I shall not be fippant at the old people's expense. They both have seen better days. But I cannot pass over Mr. Mueller's feat of wearing evening clothes and bridegroom gloves at three o'clock in the afternoon. ASHTON STEVENS.

Next week is the last of the opera season at the California, and five performances will be given instead of the usual four. The extra one takes place on Friday night, when Thomas' *Hamlet* is the bill. The opera is new to us, and Albers sings the part of "Hamlet." Moreover, the performance is a benefit to Albers, and everybody is sure to be there. This is the bill for the rest of the week: Monday, *William Tell*; Wednesday, a repetition of *Aida*; Saturday matinee, *Carmen*; Saturday night, grand triple bill—*Pagliucci*, *La Navarraise* and a scene from *La Favorite*. *La Juive* will be repeated to-night.

Otis Skinner plays "Hamlet" at the Baldwin to-night. Five nights of next week will be devoted to *A Soldier of Fortune*, a romantic drama placed in Italy in the exciting sixteenth century. On next Saturday night Skinner will present *The Merchant of Venice* and *Katherine and Petruchio*.

Delmore and Lee, in a risky act on revolving ladders, and Titinia, "the toe-dancer, who made a big hit at the Columbia some months ago, are the new cards for the Orpheum. Henry Lee and many other good people have been retained.

Don Juan ad lib. continues at the Tivoli.

Pacific Coast Jockey Club (Ingleside Track)

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897.

DERBY DAY.

\$5000 Purse for 3-Year-Olds.

73 ENTRIES.

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California Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co (Incorporated) Proprietors

Grand Opera Season, the famous

FRENCH OPERATIC ORGANIZATION.

Last performances.

Monday evening, April 5th—WILLIAM TELL

Wednesday evening, April 7th (by urgent request)—AIDA

Friday evening, April 9th—HAMLET (benefit Heart Albers)

Saturday matinee—CARMEN

Saturday evening, grand farewell—Triple bill, PAGLIACCI, LA NAVARRAISE, scene from LA FAVORITE, etc.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gen" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers

Great success of the "Best of all war plays." Mr and Mrs. Russ Whytal, in the romantic drama

FOR FAIR VIRGINIA

Beautiful scenery. A brilliant company.

April 12th—MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Commencing next Monday, second week, matinee Saturday

OTIS SKINNER

Supported by Maud Durbin and Frederick Mosley and a strong company. First five nights,

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Saturday matinee—ROMEO AND JULIET

Saturday night, double bill—MERCHANT OF VENICE and KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Monday, April 17—Last week, Otis Skinner—Change of bill nightly.

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week beginning Monday, April 5th.

DELMORE & LEE,

Cymbasts extraordinary, with illuminated revolving ladders; Titinia Toe Dancer; the 4 Cobans; 3 Vilona Sisters; Werner & Rieder, in new Tyrolean warblings; Lillie Laurel; the 3 Richards; Johnny and Emma Ray, in a new sketch. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

A bit. The latest—the very latest. The operatic spectacle,

DON JUAN, Ad Lib.,

New songs, new dances, new novelties. A perfect cast; two beautiful ballets. Next—The beautiful opera, THE LILY OF KILLARNEY (The Colleen Bawn),

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FIVE OR MORE RACES DAILY.

Rain or shine. First race at 2 P. M. Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend streets' depot, leaving at 1 and 1:30 P. M. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission street electric line direct to track. The Androu stakes Monday, March 22d; the Ullman stakes, Saturday, March 27th; the California Derby, Saturday, April 3d. S. N. ANDROUS, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

Pacific Coast Jockey Club.

Sealed proposals for customary privileges at Ingleside race track for the season of 1897-98 will be received at the office of the Secretary, Parlors A and B, Palace Hotel, until April 10, 1897. F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER

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GAYETIES OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE society folk of the present day are frequently heard expressing a wonder if the entertainments of early days in San Francisco were so much pleasanter than those now given, as old timers would have them believe. Take for instance the public and semi-public balls that appear to have, during the past twenty years, fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude; for the surroundings of some of these early affairs were what would now-a-days be called crude—few decorations were used and flowers were seldom seen that did not at all detract from their enjoyability, as any who may recall them can testify. Suppose we enumerate a few of them and see what the verdict will be.

For many years an affair to date from was the hall given away back in the early fifties, which was held in warm regard by all who took part in it. It was the grandest affair that young San Francisco had ever attempted and took place at Mme. Pique's Hall, which stood on Kearny street, somewhere near Bush, and was a subscription ball given by the gentlemen of the city to the officers of the Army and Navy, and as a welcome to Captain (afterwards Admiral) Farragut on his arrival here to establish the Navy Yard at Mare Island.

Next on the list, to be recalled with pride, was the famous ball given by the members of the Pacific Club on October 8, 1857. The Pacific Club then occupied the rooms of a building on Commercial street, which were formerly those of Steve Whipple's gambling establishment, and on this occasion they were all thrown open and garnished for the ball, which was a grand affair, all the best society of the city crowding them to an uncomfortable degree.

The committee of invitation were: Judge J. B. Crockett, J. P. Hoge, Hall McAllister, J. Mora Moss, William Duer, and Fred Billings, and it goes without saying that they were a very much sought set of men with the fair sex about that date.

It was at this hall that the first cotillion was ever danced in San Francisco. It was under the guidance of Cutler McAllister, who held the position of cotillion leader for many a year afterwards. The first military ball of prominence was given at the Presidio to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the establishment of that post, on the second of May, 1859. To reach the Presidio in those days was an arduous undertaking by daylight; the road was a series of mud holes requiring skillful navigation to escape broken springs and wrecked axletrees. How much more courage then did it take to make the trip that night, especially as during the preceding week an unusual quantity of rain had fallen? There were very few regrets received, however, by the gallant sons of Mars, who posed as hosts, among whom were Major E. D. Keyes, Lieutenant (afterwards the lamented General) J. B. McPherson, Lieutenant Custis Lee, Lieutenant G. H. Elliott, Lieutenant G. H. Gibson, and Doctor C. C. Keeney.

Mrs. Keeney (now Mrs. Wm. Alvord) assisted the gentlemen to receive their guests; the dancing took place in the long adobe building which is now used as the men's quarters. Some of the guests made up parties and chartered omnibuses; one of these, which included John H. Wise, our present Collector, then a leading beau, and Miss Maggie Middleton, now Mrs. Tom Morrison, one of San Francisco's belles of the period, came to grief in one of the aforesaid mud holes, and were rescued by another party after a delay of over an hour on the road. A few weeks later, on June 1, 1859, a very delightful ball was given at the American Theatre, in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund; the parquet was boarded over and canvassed and made an excellent floor for dancing, and the whole place was artistically draped with flags. It was a society affair; every one went to it, the late Mrs. Wm. Blanding, who was vice-regent for California, receiving the guests, assisted by Mrs. Louis McLane, Mrs. R. J. Vandewater, Mrs. Harrison Randolph, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. S. P. Dewey and Miss Sarah Haight.

Public balls were a very favorite form of welcoming Foreign Naval visitors, and during the '60 decade they were plentiful. The officers of the Russian Frigate *Calavala* were given a ball at Plat's Hall on the evening of December 27, 1861, which was under the management of the "City Guard" which was then the "society corps"

of our citizen soldiery. Next on the list comes the hall given by the Spanish residents in honor of Admiral Pinzon and the officers of the Spanish Squadron, which also took place at Plat's Hall on the 16th of October, 1863. The display of gold lace was bewildering, for not only were there several Spanish ships in port, but there were also the English flag-ship *Sutlej*, the Russian flag-ship *Bogatyre*, the U. S. flag-ship *Lancaster*, and a number of other ships of those several nationalities, and all the Admirals and their officers were present at the ball in full uniform. The hall was elaborately festooned with wreaths of flowers and hunting of all nations, and the costumes of the ladies were remarkably handsome. One of the most gorgeous was worn by a Spanish lady, wife of Abel Stearns of Los Angeles; it was of crimson velvet, draped with a magnificent point lace overdress; she also fairly blazed with many diamonds. Madame Gautier, wife of the French Consul, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. J. W. Brumagin, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Hall McAllister, and Mrs. Leland Stanford were among those who were remarked for their beautiful toilettes.

Handsome as was this hall it was outshone by the gorgeousness of the grand military and civic ball given by the city in honor of Admiral Popoff and the officers of the Russian Fleet, on Tuesday evening, November 17, 1863. For this affair Union Hall on Howard street was selected. The decorations were most elaborate, consisting of the royal arms of Russia, allegorical pictures representing Unity and Love, the national flags of Russia and America, pillars and arches twined with evergreens and innumerable little cages of canary birds which filled the hall with melody.

The foreign Consuls, and the Army and Navy officers were in uniform, and the ladies were, of course, resplendent in silks, satans, feathers, and jewels. The magnificence of the lace on Mrs. S. J. Hensley's dress of corn-colored silk was one of the topics of the evening. Another much admired gown of white moire and black lace was worn by Mrs. O'Sullivan, a Spanish looking beauty, who about this time appeared for a few months in San Francisco's firmament, and who was noted for that crowning glory of woman, magnificent hair, which when flowing loose completely enveloped her figure from head to foot. The supper be it said, was superb, and the whole entertainment cost upwards of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The following is the card of invitation:

U. R. S.

The Citizens of San Francisco desiring to give expression to the feelings of amity and respect which they entertain towards Russia as a Nation, respectfully tender to Admiral A. A. Popoff and officers of H. I. R. M. Squadron, a Complimentary Ball, to be given at Union Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 17, 1863. You are cordially invited to attend.

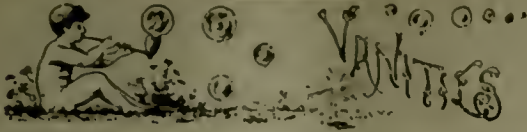
Committee of Arrangements: Hon. F. F. Low, (Governor elect) Chairman; Hon. Ogden Hoffman, U. S. District Judge; Admiral C. H. Bell, Commander Pacific Squadron; Brig. General Geo. Wright, Commander Department of the Pacific; Hon. Charles James, Collector of the Port; Hon. W. B. Farwell, Naval Officer; Hon. Richard Cheney, Naval Agent; Major E. S. Purdy U. S. A.; Hon. H. P. Coon, Mayor; Major General L. H. Allen, Major John Hewston, Jr., Colonel C. L. Taylor, Captain W. C. Little, Wm. C. Ralston, Cbas. Walcott Brooks, William R. Garrison, Frederick W. Macondray, I. Ward Eaton, Frederick MacCrellish, William W. Greenwood, Benj. C. Howard, E. H. Washburn, Eugene Casserly.

Spring is here and flowers will soon bloom everywhere. But none will be so beautiful as the buds, bouquets, and cut flowers you can get at Leopold's, 39 Post street. Prices lowest; bouquets the choicest.

“Macbeth” means toughness of glass, when applied to lamp-chimneys; perfection of draft besides, if you get the Number made for your lamp.

Let us send you the Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co



DEAR EDITH: One would hardly imagine that there are different schools of fashion for Lenten raiment, and there are the conservative as well as progressive ideas of the proper fashions during these repentant days. One school, which may be termed the progressive one, claims that there is a style, and a correct style, for everything, and that Lenten raiment is as much governed by rule as that of Easter, midsummer, or any other season. The other school, the historical one, takes the position that the real meaning of Lent is the giving up of the pomps and vanities of life, among which and pre-eminent are style, fashion, and dress. Each school has much in its favor. At one time women wore sackcloth in Lent; at another time they put on their old garments. On the other hand, the society woman of to-day invariably appears in some very neat though subdued toilet during the prescribed period. Both schools, however, are agreed upon the avoidance of bright colors and striking contrasts, upon the disuse of passementerie, rich laces, costly ornaments, and jewelry. A majority avoid velvet, unless of a dark shade, silks unless dark, and gayly-figured goods. One common practice is the wearing of special waists of black silk or other deep color during Lent. The prevailing fashion of separate waists gives great latitude to the wearer. Thus, it will be seen, it is possible to gratify any taste, no matter how sombre. For women in deep mourning separate waists can be secured in crepe or in crepe with a black silk lining. For those in half mourning, designs in black and purple, black and lilac, purple and lilac, are numerous. These designs are very popular with Italians, and especially the Spanish and Portuguese. These people observe Lent with much more ceremony than do we. The devout fashionable woman wears special clothing and even half mourning during Lent, and on Good Friday actually puts on deep mourning, while the men wear mourning and put all the flags at half mast. Fashion in our own race has never gone this far, although many women of a poetic temperament have worn half mourning.

Dark coats of light weight in faced cloth are worn this Lent. Despite their color they are really very artistic, and serve to set off a brilliant complexion very effectively. Also appropriate are many of the new spring walking suits. These are made of very fine tweeds, of finely finished chevots and of soft serges. The skirts are from three to eight gored, with a simple but elegant coat, and beneath this any kind of pretty waist, which may suit the wearer's taste or complexion, is worn. These new coat-jackets vary considerably in cut. Nearly all have the novel style of turreted collar which is rapidly taking the place of the de Medici design and which is susceptible of numberless variations.

The two favorite types of coat are the modified Empire and the modified Cambridge. Still another style which promises to grow in vogue as the weather becomes warmer is the double-breasted sacque, with roll-back fronts. In all of the new creations the edges are heavily embroidered or braided. A stunning garment for Lenten wear is the Bernhardt paletot, which is very chic and altogether eccentric. In carriage wraps and capes there are a number of new patterns. Opinion differs as to whether these latest examples of the *modiste's* art will be very much worn or not.

Red bids for high favor this season; not the old-fashioned reds, but those with a tinge of pink, yellow, or violet in their composition. The bodice, which is of the seamless kind stretched over a fitted lining and fastening at left shoulder and under arm seams, is decorated with bands of the velvet running entirely round the body, the two lower ones being adorned with buttons of rhinestones. The same buttons reappear on the lace scarf, draping it artistically. The skirt is cut with a very wide front gore, and two back gores, which are cut straight in front, where they join the front gore, which is bias, and are bias at the back, where they meet.

BELINDA.

For all effects of over-eating—BEECHAM'S PILLS.

NEW WASH GOODS

An Elegant Assortment of

French Organdies, Printed Irish Dimities, Scotch Art Lappets, Printed Dentelle Bretonne, American Batistes, English Batistes, Percales, etc., etc.

In select colorings

at our POPULAR PRICES



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Imperial Hair Regenerator



If you value your hair, use only the Imperial Hair Regenerator, to make GRAY HAIR its natural color, or BLEACHED HAIR any color desired. Baths do not affect it. Neither does curling or crimping. Incomparable for the BEARD on account of its durability and cleanliness.

No. 1, Black; 2, Dark Brown; 3, Medium Brown; 4, Chestnut; 5, Light Chestnut; 6, Gold Blonde; 7, Ash Blonde.

PRICE, \$1.50 and \$3

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For sale by Druggists and Hairdressers in San Francisco; sold and applied by Stanislas Strozynski and Goldstein & Cohn.



EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

MEDIGATED GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

50 cents and \$1.00

Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession.

Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent.

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A

Baggage Notice.

Baggage called for and delivered at trains, steamers, etc. Trunks 35 cents. Baggage called for, weighed and checked at your Hotel or residence. Trunks 50c.

PACIFIC TRANSFER CO., 20 Sutter St.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 823 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



It had come to be the custom for the members of the Symphony Orchestra to live across the bridge on the west side of the river. In the first place, it facilitated frequent rehearsals, it fostered a degree of sociability among the men—and their number was sufficient to make a good-sized little community—and most important of all, Frau Weber lived there.

It was the ambition of every unmarried man in the orchestra to board at Frau Weber's. Her great roomy house was filled with musicians. Pianos rang out from the second story, violins triumphantly held the third, while from the garret trombones, flutes and even cymbals were permitted to agitate the air unmolested. Breakfast was served to the crescendo and diminuendo of scales, dinner was accompanied by peals of vocal *arpeggios* and at supper, wild, untrammelled improvisations upon every known instrument besieged the ears of the guests. Not to their inconvenience, however. They criticized as they ate, stopping to applaud a meritorious bit or to drown in derisive shouts that which offended their musical ears. They talked nothing but music, and the flaxen-haired maids as they waited upon table, hummed strains from Schumann and Beethoven.

Frau Weber's husband had been a violinist and the Frau's fat white hands, which were now so capable in the concoction of sauces and pastry, had once been greatly in demand, so careful, so sympathetic an accompanist had she been. As to Fraulein Weber, she could play well upon no instrument, except upon the male human heart.

She had taken lessons from Lowenthal, the harpist, for a time, and made wonderful progress. So had he, for he proposed at the end of three months and the lessons ceased. Then it was Meier's turn. He undertook to make of the dimpled little fraulein a great singer, but she made a fool of him and then turned diligently to the piano. For a time she was a devoted student and Von Rhein neglected his other pupils to watch over the merry little fraulein's ten fingers. Then he went the way of all others, and the fraulein ceased to care for the piano.

When Reichert came to the house, she had taken a short course on almost every musical instrument, and had refused every man in the house, mockingly, regretfully or tearfully as the occasion and the degree of her affection for the suitor warranted. She liked them all. She stated frankly that she couldn't marry a man who wasn't a musician, and after the young fellows had recovered (which to tell the truth they did promptly, fearing ejection from the happy company) Marie was ready to listen sympathetically to the musical woes of the harpist, the triumphs of the haritone, the perplexities of the pianist.

She teased and she petted them. She flirted a little when a man seemed indifferent, but after his surrender, she generously admitted him into the large brotherhood and warmed and comforted him back into content. Behind the saucy twinkle of her dark eyes there dwelt a deal of tenderness for these boys, old and young, whom she mothered adorably. She championed the timid, she devoted herself to the awkward, she kept the secrets of the composers and plotted and schemed opportunities for them. Of course, it was she who had worked for poor old Stoes, the copyist, who dwelt in the attic, that winter rheumatism attacked his fingers, and it was she who had conceived the joke which humiliated and improved Grau, the cellist, as a punishment for his conceit and arrogance.

When Reichert came peace reigned in Frau Weber's house. Every man in it was devoted to the fraulein and she never seemed to desire any special affection. She laughingly declared that the house would become Fraulein

Weher's in time, and asked the hoarders to promise her the patronage of their sons and nephews in the time to come, when the gold should have faded from her hair and her soft, round cheek should have lost its delicate color.

But she never spoke so to Reichert. She confessed to Von Rhein that at first she had been a little afraid of the tall, grave director, but as he fell down and worshiped openly, unabashed by the men's most merciless teasing, it could not have been timidity that restrained the fraulein from begging Fritz Reichert to kindly influence his relations in her behalf, some years hence.

There was nothing she might ask which he could deny. He seemed like a man who had never looked at a woman twice before, and now Fraulein Marie's grace, her tenderness, her frank camaraderie had come to him like a revelation.

He consulted with her as to the programmes for the symphonies, he listened with all deference to her criticisms and objections, he had special rehearsals for her, taxing the men's time and their patience, that their playing might call forth a soft "brava" from the demure little figure, alone in the empty concert hall, up in the balcony, where the music sounded hest to her. To the men it came to seem almost as though all their work, all the repetitions, all the ceaseless practice upon which Reichert insisted were solely for the fraulein. If the great hall were crowded with a cheering, music-mad audience, the conductor's how was only prefatory unless he could catch a glimpse of a flushed, girlish face and two brown eyes shining applause.

But with it all Reichert was still unsatisfied. He had worked unceasingly till his men had become so many replicas of himself, toned by his artistic insight, warmed into enthusiasm by his strong personality. The whole orchestra was swayed by him, moved by his intense musical feeling. Still to Reichert, it lacked something.

"I want a first violinist," he said to the fraulein as they walked home together, while the men left behind, were gathering up their music and instruments. "I want a man, not a machine. I want an artist who will be himself, not me, who will play with us but who will not be dominated by the conductor. Hartman has all the delicacy but he lacks power, spirit, originality. He has no genius. Ah, mein Fraulein, if you could hear that solo in the second movement"—he whistled the opening bars of the melody as they walked—"if you could hear it as I have heard it played—by Jacobi—O, the man, the very man! I'll send for him. If he comes, Fraulein Marie, you'll be satisfied. Such tone, such sweetness, such power. Have you never heard him? He shall play for you. The man's an artist, a genius, I'll write to him to night."

And Jacobi came and verified all that Reichert had said of him. When at the first rehearsal, he played the morceau upon which Hartmann had spent months of patient practice, even the deposed violinist could not resist the beauty of his art. There was a hurst of rapturous applause from the men upon the stage, in which poor Hartmann joined. Reichert himself heat his haton upon the stand before him, and from the balcony Fraulein Marie called "Brava, brava!"

To all of which the handsome violinist responded with a smile and a mocking, exaggerated how, and the symphony proceeded.

But with Jacobi's entrance into Frau Weber's family a new and inharmonious element was introduced. The violinist followed a recognized precedent when he fell in love with the fraulein, but the man's tempestuous nature was not the kind to bring comfort with his love, or to resign itself to an unrequited passion. It was difficult, too, to tell whether Marie responded to the jealous affection betrayed by the artist's undisciplined nature. At first his indifference and later his sarcasm had piqued her, and she vowed to punish him for every taunting word he had spoken about the young girl's peculiar position among the musicians who thronged the house.

Jacobi did not believe in friendship, even between man and man. How impossible a thing, then, between man and woman! His childhood had been a miserable one, his youth had passed in sordid struggles for time and opportunity to become the artist he felt, at heart, he was. He had conquered obstacles as only genius can, but all hope, all faith in human nature had left him. His heart was

weary and saddened and bitter, and the gloom and hopelessness of his temperament found vent in cynicism and sarcasm, which plagued the child-like, optimistic natures with which in Frau Weber's house he came in contact.

But Marie's sweet friendliness at length disarmed Jacobi. He yielded to her charm, and with all the strength of his passionate nature set himself to win the girl's love. She was the magical drop, he told himself, that could sweeten the whole cup of life for him, and in the ardor of his longing to be at peace again with the whole world, he tried to be gentle and considerate, strove to be tolerant and pitiful, curbing his desire to ridicule the feeble and to hattle with the strong. His restless, unhappy spirit kept him ever at war with himself, and he came to count upon Marie to exercise the demon of dissatisfaction which tormented him. The sound of her gracious voice, the touch of her hand, soothed him; all the pettiness and misery of life faded away in the sun of her healthy, merry nature.

The artist found himself roused to action, with the hope of gaining that which would make his life so well worth living. The plans and hopes of his youth came back to him; he worked like one possessed. He had found the touchstone which turned those old idle dreams of his into vital, noble endeavor. If greater, more-enduring fame should come to him from the melodies which surged in his re-awakened heart and brain, the more nearly worthy might he be of the frank and lovely girl, whose happy trustfulness was so childlike, whose sympathetic nature was so womanly.

Neither he nor Reichert seemed conscious of the rivalry between them. Each was so absorbed in his own emotion, and all three became so engrossed in the preparations for the grand, final symphony of the winter series, that for a time they lived together in a sweet, strange trinity, all three thrilling with the passion of loving, yet unaware of the tragedy that could not affect but one of such close friends.

Jacobi's Awakening Symphony had been placed last upon the programme. He had written it under the influence of the strongest, purest emotion he had ever felt. All its delicacy, its exquisite melody, its artistic clearness of composition, were to him but means of expression for the soul-recreation the artist had experienced. It was his life's story expressed in the musical language, familiar to him since his childhood, more subtle, more expressive, more delicately true and richer, fuller than the idiom of words.

Its beginning is simple, almost elemental. Then the strivings, the vain endeavor, the battle between the artist's hopes and doubts change the music into a stormy, passionate allegro, through which a half-uttered melody continually breaks, and then dies away to reappear again and again, till with the close of the allegro it is buried beneath the hushed, melancholy minor chords which fall thick and thicker, soft and softer, like hurrying, deadening snow-flakes.

The beautiful solo in the second movement, which Jacobi had written for the violin, is the reincarnation of the half-uttered melody. From the first faint strain to its fuller echo, its richer repetition, the music soars and swells till it closes in a triumphantly sweet harmony, the revelation to the artist of his beloved's perfection. That last night Jacobi played this as he had never played in his life. All the strength, the fire of his genius seemed to condense upon this expression of his passion. He played to Marie, to her alone. With his eyes fixed upon her intent, changeable face, forgetful of the hushed, eager crowd, his heart spoke to hers in the sweetest love-poem music has ever expressed. To him, laying his heart bare before her, the girl seemed some far-off saint; his roses she held in her tightly-clasped hands, the votive offering of a poor sinner upon the shrine of her purity and loveliness. His violin throbbed and wept, and sang under the touch of the master-hand. Its tone was almost humanly sweet and powerful as the strain rose and fell and mounted again, ever upward, till the last note quivered upon the air.

When the applause died away, Jacobi looked again at Marie. All that a man might do to woo a maid he had done. She knew now all that he had refrained from putting in words. O for a sign that the cord of her sweet nature might vibrate to the pitch of his full heart's beating!

The short chant that follows the violin solo is like a murmured prayer. It came in exquisite fullness from the in-

struments, which seemed only varying expressions of the director's conception. Reichert's tall, slender figure swayed—it almost soared with the music. And he conducted the last movement as though he alone were interpreting every note of it. The music leaped from his baton; he seemed to catch up the melody and to weave and interweave the swelling strains with a harmonic shuttle playing in and out, above and underneath this great loom whose warp and woof were music. The magnetism of his exalted, inspiring face, the alert enthusiasm of his motions, the fire of appreciation and expectation that glowed in his steel-gray eyes, roused the men under him till they became so many passive instruments waiting for the inspiration that came with a glance or a wave of his long, white hand, or of the wand which drew from each absorbed artist the note, the strain, the phrase which the magician needed to complete the chorusing tone-picture.

In the whirl of his own emotion, of his proud satisfaction as composer, of his delight as an artist, Jacobi marveled at his friend's power. Surely, this, too, is genius, this fullness of conception, this blending of others to work one's will, this triumphant exposition of one's ideas, this wielding of instruments and of men, not as inert tools, but as the slaves of one's wish, as the obedient senses, almost of one body.

At the end the audience was standing. The hall resounded with shouts and applause. Jacobi looked and listened, and gloried doubly in his friend's triumph, which was so much his own. He turned from Reichert's bowing figure and raised his eyes to Marie's face that his cup of satisfaction might be full. She was standing, too, her brown eyes gleaming, her lips parted, her face flushed with pleasure and pride. She seemed like some fluttering bird poised for flight, trembling with the answering call the mad melody of her mate's voice had created within her.

Jacobi groaned aloud as he watched, for suddenly she pressed the flowers to her lips, and with a beautiful, free gesture, she threw them at Reichert's feet. The leader bent to pick them up, and as he rose his eyes met hers in perfect unconsciousness of all else. They two were alone, and the light in his eyes and the love in hers winged and met across the crowd of turbulent heads that separated them.

To Jacobi it seemed that instant lasted through all eternity. He had achieved his masterpiece, every heart-throb, every pulse of his genius had spent itself that Reichert and not he might triumph. The girl was the instrument he had sought to play upon, and she responded to Reichert's hand, not his.

Jacobi turned away, and holding his wonderful old violin a moment lovingly to him, suddenly with both hands he broke it violently across his knee. He rose, and ignoring the enthusiastic calls for the composer, made his way through the throng of astonished musicians, out into the street and away from the town. He was done forever with the two passions that had been all of life to him.





The Pine Street Market.

Never before in the history of mining speculation on Pine street have prices been so low as they are at present. The question, however, which now agitates the speculatively inclined mind is whether the stocks possess the recuperative power which they have had in the past. It is beginning to look serious, it must be admitted, for investors who hold shares in the various companies at much higher figures, augmented in many cases by a continuous levy of assessments, which must be kept up in the future or work will have to stop in the mines altogether. Of course it is claimed that the discovery of another ore body will straighten matters out all right. It is very questionable whether it would or not, in face of the action of Chollar-Brunswick, with a development of high-class ore as good as anything the Comstock has ever had to boast of since the bonanza days. The way this stock has been treated by speculators, and the very fact that a petty little ring of malicious tricksters on the street were able to helie its merits and undermine the value of the mine, in spite of the efforts of the powerful monied interest supposed to be at its hack, does not augur very favorably for the future with people who do not believe in the omnipotence of the Comstock manipulator. The outrageous attack on Chollar has done more to weaken the public interest in mining speculation than all the law suits combined which have taken place in the past twenty years. Too great a stress is being placed on the Hale & Norcross difficulty altogether as a lever in bearing prices. With advancing prices in other quarters, this bugbear would soon be passed out of sight, and the shares side-tracked as a speculative medium until a settlement is reached in years to come, beyond the ken of this generation of peace disturbers. Some palliative measure to obliterate the memory of the Chollar disaster, showing speculators that they are not completely at the mercy of any clique of wreckers which may elect to raid the market, will do more than anything else to revive confidence in a business which now appears to be controlled by weaklings, who bend before every blast as it comes along. Things are rapidly coming down to a crisis on Pine street, when a power stronger than any now in existence will have to be exerted to save the market from destruction. Talk is cheap, and getting cheaper every day on the Stock Exchange. Money is what is required, and some one who knows how to handle it to good advantage.

Some News From Abroad. A recent number of the Mining Journal of London contains, among notes from California, some most extraordinary statements, notably the figures of the Utica

Mining Company, which are set down as glibly as if the management itself had jitted down the figures at \$1,600,000 in gold for 1895, and \$2,300,000 for "this year," presumably 1896. The Utica owners have never yet given up the secret of their actual production for publication, and until this London announcement, which will doubtless receive full weight with our mining men, it has only been a matter of surmise. A few more surprising facts follow, which will also prove of interest to us out here. The Kennedy mine is popped up as second in rank as a producer, while the North Star is again placed on a paying basis. The Rawhyde (*sic*) mine of "Jamestown," gets mention, while the Jumper, Black Oak, and Golden Gate are classed noteworthy as old mines re-opened or put in shape by the investment of capital. The Black Oak gets a great send-off on the strength of an alleged sale at \$500,000, which, by the way, never took place, not to speak of the figures quoted a mile high, and the kindly prediction is made that "it will be one of the leading paying mines in this State in the near future." The last time this property was hounded it was to Belgians, not to Easteru people, and they did not take it eventually. The Worcester mine, wherever that is, also comes in for a boost, while English capital is involved in the construction of a line of railroad through Stanislaus to Tuolumne. The Mariposa grant is transferred wholesale to London parties. The Rothschilds are acered-

ited with heavy investments in California. In dealing with Randsburg, a discovery is reported, following "a little desultory investigation by one of the owners of the Monkey Wrench mine, which developed ore capable of producing \$8000 of gold to the ton." On the day of the strike, it is further stated, the mine was visited by over five hundred people anxious for specimens, "which the generous owner permitted each one to take away." It is too had that the reputation of the Monkey Wrench faded with another blast, or there might be something interesting as well as romantic about the Journal's narrative. Two of the Fish Commissioners are reported as paying \$20,000 for an old Tuolumne mine, from which they got \$26,000 right hack from the dump. Another paragraph credits the Kennedy Company with having spent \$100,000 in re-opening the mine, and have "since received \$2,000,000 in dividends." This and a few more items of a similar character constitute interesting reading for the investing classes, and even if they bear ear-marks of an author's license, what does it matter?

The Holcomb Valley Humbug.

The Capitalist of London, which has invariably shown a disposition to assist in stamping fraudulent mining schemes and properties of all kinds detrimental to investors, says, in commenting upon a recent article in the NEWS LETTER warning people against putting more money into the "sink" of the Holcomb Valley management: "The Holcomb Valley Company came into existence at the close of 1892, with the object of taking over the undertaking of an earlier enterprise known as the Valley Gold Company, Limited. Under one name or another the concern has been sucking up the money of shareholders in calls for years, and there appears no more prospect of profit now than at any previous period. An ever revolving cycle of calls and reconstructions appears to be the fate of those who put their faith and their money in this venture."

April Interest And Dividends.

Interest became due and payable April 1st on the following bonds: U. S. 4s, old issue; California Electric Light 6s, quarterly; Geary street railway 5s, semi-annual; Northern railway of California 5s, semi-annual; Omnibus Cable railway 6s, semi-annual; Southern Pacific railway of California 6s, semi-annual; Southern Pacific Branch Railway of California 6s, semi-annual. The following corporations will pay quarterly dividends in April: Capital Gas, 50 cents; Stockton Gas, 30 cents; Fireman's Fund Insurance, \$3; California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, \$1.50; First National Bank, \$1.50; Bank of California, \$3; Nevada Bank, \$1.50; Sutter St. railroad, \$1.25.

Grand Central Embroglio.

The manner in which some of the goody-goodies of the London financial press are writhing over the iniquitous delinquencies of the Grand Central experts, is excruciatingly funny after reading all the nice things the same papers had to say about this property and other investments of the syndicate about the time the prospectuses cropped up for publication. Before another year elapses, there will be lots of amusement over these much over-estimated combinations and the naughty brood of retainers in their train. In the meantime, it is consolatory to know that every time a Grand Central episode is reported, the chances for trouble to the investing public are minimized.

Another Mine Reconstructed.

The latest reconstruction scheme announced in London is that of the Banner Gold mine, Limited, working the property of that name in Butte county. In the future this concern will be known as the Consolidated Gold Mines of California, the new company asking for \$1,250,000 from the investing classes to continue the exploration of the ground. This company is blessed, however, with a competent management at this end, which is something to be said in its favor. If there is a mine there it has some chance of being developed in time.

New London Mine Flotations.

While there are undoubtedly quite a number of London schemes drifting around the California mining offices, none have so far cropped up before the public. The most recent American scheme is the Gold Reefs of Georgia, to work mines in that State. A company, known as the Canadian Pacific Exploration Company, has been brought out to operate in Canada and United States mines.

Down Center

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
 "One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

A RIOT; a runaway bride;
 A husband in hot pursuit
 Of a fleeing pair, gone God knows where;
 Weapons swift raised to shoot;
 Groaning of suicides;
 Chimes from a wedding bell;
 A crime-stained soul sent to its goal
 In the uttermost depths of hell;
 The tread of an angel's feet
 Where sorrow casts its blight;
 A painted face—and one whose grace
 Is touched with heaven's light;
 Scandals that shock the town;
 A skeleton's moldy grin;
 Glitter of gold; a conscience sold;
 A record of wanton sin;
 Men of brain and nerve,
 Who dare to make their way
 With honest aim that a spotless fame
 Shall be their own some day;
 Hunger and riotous feast;
 A "property" infant's part
 In the legal strife of a dual life;
 A woman's broken heart;
 Visions of earthly bliss;
 Willing and helpless slaves
 To hollow fashion or idle passion;
 Saints and scheming knaves;
 Snailes and sneers and tears;
 A murderer's lengthened rope—
 All these I've seen, and more, I ween,
 In our city's kinetoscope.
 A bargain, indeed, my lords, to seek—
 Yet the dailies thought it a quiet week.

NOW that the pugilists have taken their battered mugs Eastward, and Mrs. John Martin has arrived upon the lonely scene, the terrible possibility is suggested that Mrs. Fitz be recalled, and the Mechanics' Pavilion secured for a slogging match between these two pugnacious females. Should the authorities interfere, the petticoated champonesses could easily be bundled off to Carson with extra baggage in the line of hairpins and "false fronts" to replace inevitable losses in the fray. Each is a holy terror in her way, and journalism need not languish for copyrighted sensations in the interim.

MR. MARTIN, of will-contest notoriety, is, she says, undecided whether to marry a New York millionaire, embark in a business scheme that will bring one million dollars yearly to California, or go on a theatrical tour to Africa. By all means let her choose the latter course. It would be interesting from a scientific and geographical standpoint; for, if Mrs. Martin makes it as hot for the denizens of the Dark Continent as she has for people elsewhere, the climate there will make Hades superfluous.

PASTOR GIBSON has been again paraded in the public prints. The reverend gentleman did not achieve his greatness. It was thrust upon him. He didn't do a thing. And just see how hard his conferees, Parson Case and Dille on this side of the bay and Parson F. D. Blowhard in Alameda, are exercising their jaws to attend an equal share of fame. This is a cruel world, even to the Lord's most loudly bleating lambs.

JAMES WOOD, of the Cigar Makers' National Union, declares that Chinatown has the vilest cigar factory in the country.

We do not attempt to deny, Mr. Wood,
 That in doing our duty we certainly should
 Have stamped out the evil you, horrified, trace
 To the dens of the wicked Mongolian race,
 But how can we preach to the heathen who delves
 Until we have ceased to be heathen ourselves?

A RUMOR is extant to the effect that Judge Campbell will be shorn of his wonderful whiskers at the Chutes to-morrow. The attraction should draw even greater crowds than the appearance of both the prize-fighters.

BLANTHER may have cheated the gallows but he cannot swindle the devil.

GROCER Smith, who does business on Market street, near the ferries, justifies the sale of currant jellies loaded with apple juice upon the ground that everybody is acquainted with the fact, and that it is not injurious to public health. An injection of water does not mennee the public health when unsuspectingly taken in liquid beverages, but the Crier always prefers his whisky unadulterated. The value of Grocer Smith's contribution to the pure food literature of the day really cannot be measured—chiefly because it hasn't any.

NOW that Corbett is at a safe distance from the hairy paws of his fellow bruiser, he is gradually waxing bold and defiant again and we shall soon hear that he was the victor in the late disgraceful scrap. At present, however, he is still whining and amongst other things stated that "a man never knows how many friends he has in this city until he is down." "Gentleman" Jim would really be surprised to know how many of us would readily flock to his funeral.

EDWARD K. ALSIP finds out rather late that it is a wise father who knows his own child. The information is valuable, for the hot-blooded Edward paid something like \$15,000 to make the discovery. The gay blade seems to have had the name without the game. It is against his philanthropic intentions, however, that he christened his alleged offspring after his mother-in-law.

JUSTICE CARROLL, to whom the Almighty gave small bones but a large conceit, is accused by some gay cbarmer of unlawfully retaining her mandolin. It seems to us only proper that a Carroll should occasionally like to accompany himself and, considering the emoluments and their extraction, a cultivated musical taste can hardly be expected of a mere Justice of the Peace.

THE Corbett and Fitzsimmons brawl
 (The fates be praised!) is o'er at last.
 We've seen the boastful Jimmy fall,
 And even little Fitz's squall
 Is but an echo of the past.
 The lean and hungry paws of Bob
 Have firmly clutched the champion's job,
 While California veils her face
 And mourns her sister State's disgrace.
 God speed the time (for come it must)
 When sloggers all shall bite the dust.
 And may I live to see the day
 When Satan, chuckling, claims his prey.

THE bill now before the Senate for preventing the use of the United States mails for transmission of kinetoscope or other pictures of prize fights, if it should finally become a law, would be a serious blow to the prize-ring. The Crier tenders sympathies to Governor Sadler and the Nevada Legislators, as that State is now the only legal home of fistic enterprise in the country. It is a direct thrust at Nevada's protected industries.

ONE Mrs. Bowen has been given six months by Judge Campbell for having pierced the lean pericardium of a luckless waiter with a hat stick pin. The lady's attorney pleaded in extenuation that his client was drunk at the time; but the Judge learnedly declared that intoxication was no excuse for carrying concealed weapons.

THE succulent spud is being assiduously cultivated for the benefit of the poor, and Major Winchell of the Salvation Army is proving himself a farmer of no ordinary ability. However, a man who is accustomed to harvesting souls ought to be able to manage a potato patch.

SOME day, when seeking sweet repose,
 The Crier upward turns his toes,
 And his most cherished enemy
 Is dancing on his grave with glee,
 Let these few words of praise be said
 Upon the tombstone at his head:
 "He never cut up any capers
 To get his picture in the papers,
 And died that happiest of men—
 A dead-broke, wifeless citizen."

WHY the daily drop of a workman down the wire of a city building should cause excitement is not clear to the Crier's perception. Scarcely a day passes that some one of our citizens does not fall from grace with equal swiftness on the wire of public opinion.

IT is a wise child that knows its own father in San Francisco.



ONE would think that our swagger set were beginning to feel deficiencies of early education, to judge from the varied "classes" formed by the swim during the penitential period. Some are to study French; others are "conversation classes;" others, again, for literature. The trio of society lights who weekly (an "a" in this would not be amiss) go through a Shakespearean play, are doing such good work it would not be surprising, to those on the inside, if the queenly Emily essays Portia in the trial scene of the *Merchant of Venice*, as the much-expected dramatic entertainment to be offered by her hospitable mother to the dear Five Hundred in the coming Easter-tide.

* * *

Any one who thinks our worthy Mayor is not a marrying man is much mistaken. At least this is the opinion given by one of his oldest friends, who further adds that Jim has his eye on the toga, having achieved which matrimony will follow, and the lady of his choice he capable of shining at the nation's capital. Strangely enough, the wives of California's representatives "in Congress assembled," are not quoted as adding particular lustre to their husband's position. "We will change all that," Jim is credited with thinking, and one has not to go far afield to guess who the lady of his choice is, her brilliant mental attainments having gained her a reputation for wit and cleverness ahead of all others in our local swim.

* * *

The "Sense and Sentiment Cluh" is the last addition to the list. The President of the day takes the chair, gives the topic to be discussed, and at the close of the meeting requires a written opinion of each woman to be read at the next meeting. *On dit*, a recent one where Love was the theme, was rich and racy, and efforts are being made by an attache of a leading firm to obtain a copy of the paper for the delectation of his next dinner guests.

* * *

What has become of the well-bred genuine American men whom we were wont to see out here *en route* for a trip to China, or the Yosemite. Has the East been so alluring as to keep them all at home, or have they chosen the Atlantic in lieu of the Pacific as a means of transportation? This query is often made when the *fin de siecle* imitators of a Britisher come out here nowadays and call themselves New Yorkers or Bostonians.

* * *

It seems incredible that a man like Verdinal, writing for newspapers, and living in Gotham, the very center of Anglo-maniaism, should not know that the wife of a haronet has no right to a personal title, and is only "by courtesy" styled "lady;" but will persist in dubbing little Maude Burke as Lady Maude Cunard!

* * *

If hut half the rumors that come hack to us from over the sea be true, no wonder some people take such delight in trips to "the Islands." Honolulu must be tinged pretty strongly with a Midway Plaisance flavor, judging from the stories told of and by our tourists who go there.

* * *

What a blessing it would be if some of the audience in the high priced seats at the opera would not afflict their neighbors with a chatter intended to air their French. The result is really painful.

* * *

Gossip says it begins to look as though a corner residence on the broad avenue would be left vacant by the fitting of its owner to another nest, thus forging another link in two families recently united.

* * *

Speculation is rife among the many friends of the Shafter family as to whether the robust Colonel will ere long see stars * * * on his shoulder straps.

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Guarantee capital and surplus....\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash.... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,702,247 45

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The lover said:
 "Modest she was when first we wed;
 So shy, indeed, I can't forget
 Her blushes red!
 And when she mounted her pony true
 For a canter down Fifth avenue,
 She wore a long skirt of sober blue,
 Hiding her feet, and side-saddle, too."

Again he said:
 "Now she's a bold and airy maid,
 A hiking mss., of naught afraid,
 All coyness fled!
 She wears a jaunty bloomer faddle,
 And, when mounting her cycle saddle,
 she nimbly leaps and lands a-straddle,
 Then pedestrians just skedaddle."

—Washington Star.

Professor—Given a liberal supply of ostrich, canary bird, and bird of paradise feathers, jet, silk, satin, straw, braid, jewels, and lace, what have we? BRIGHT PUPIL—An Easter bonnet. PROFESSOR—How much does one cost? B. P.—About as much as a business block. PROFESSOR—How can woman afford to pay so much? B. P.—She can't. She makes her husband think that he can. PROFESSOR—What does the husband say when he pays the bill?—Ex.

Mr. Tynchaser (who has been obnoxiously persistent in his attentions)—I have not had the pleasure of finding you at home for a long time, Mrs. Bond. OPULENT WIDOW—No. There seems to be an obstacle. MR. T.—Can't I remove it? O. W.—Possibly. MR. T. (tenderly)—At least, let me know what it is. O. W. (coldly)—The front door.—Harlem Life.

"Will this medicine cure everything that ails the skin?" asked the little girl. "Yes, that's what they claim for it," replied the druggist's clerk. "Then it's what I'm after," said the little girl, handing over the necessary change. "We've got a pet alligator at home that has warts all over it, and I want to cure it."—Chicago Tribune.

Bacon—Did you hear about Bachelor? EGBERT—No; what now? "I hear he fell a victim to woman's charms." "You don't say so?" "Yes; he was riding his wheel, and he turned around to see what the woman had on, when he fell."—Yonkers Statesman.

One day an artificial bird
 Quoth: "I'm the prettier of us two."
 Quoth the natural bird: "Ha, ha!
 Somebody must have been stuffing you."
 —Detroit Journal.

Erastus—Say, Jeems, does you know dat Sam Jinks am great on 'memberin' faces? JEEMS—Dat may be. But when it comes to borrowed money de faculty kinder leabs him.—Detroit Free Press.

"He's a remarkably clever writer." "Yes. I have heard that the probabilities are that he will have to stand trial for forgery."—Chicago Post.

"Do you think the English have a right to boast of their superior blood?" "Well, there certainly isn't much humor in them."—Detroit Journal.

Wife—Why do you persist in boring us all by talking about the tariff? HUSBAND—Simply because it is a duty.—Detroit Free Press.

Dollie—Was it a quiet spot where you kissed Mollie? CHOLLIE—No; it was on the mouth.—Yonkers Statesman.

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NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nov.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.
 Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
 DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
 Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.
 Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.
 DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon, and J. Dalzell Brown.
 OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco. 33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
 Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
 Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
 JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.
 DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
 Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited. N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
 Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
 Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
 Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
 AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonnier. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.
 SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
 C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited. Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000
 Subscribed..... 3,000,000
 Paid Up..... 1,500,000
 Reserve Fund..... 700,000
 N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS.

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
 Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
 The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
 IGN. STEINHART } Managers
 P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Grocker-Woolworth National Bank of S. F. CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY, AND POST STREETS.
 Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
 W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
 GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
 DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company. Successor to Sather & Co. Established 1851, San Francisco.
 CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
 L. I. COWOILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Brugutera, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.
 AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co



THE IRONY OF TIME.—CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

If we could resurrect the years again,
When life is on the wane;
If we could learn by many a bitter truth
The value of our youth,
Ere the inexorable hand of Time
Has harvested our prime—
How we should drain from every flower we meet
The last drop of its sweet!
We scorn the present hour, and strive to borrow
Some foretaste of the morrow;
The morrow has its morrow and the pain
Of hope deferred again;
So waste the years, till Age defeated stands,
Desolate, with empty hands.

Pilgrims on paths our fathers trod before,
We trace their footsteps o'er;
On every height, in every vale we meet
Signs of their toiling feet
Gashed on the rock and wounded by the thorn,
Where we are stung and torn.
What was it that they sought? O burning eyes,
Fixed on low western skies!
The beckoning shapes that seem so fair to you
Wear the same dazzling hue
That lured the Vikings through tempestuous seas,
Beyond the Hebrides,
Toward purple isles of peace and golden lands—
To die on freezing strands.

Time has no precious treasure stored away
Beyond our grasp to-day.
Earth has no secret garden of delight
Hid from our aching sight.
Too late we learn the humble highway flower
Is life's best gift and dower;
The light that kindles in meek, maiden eyes
Is love's divinest guise;
Too late, too late we find there is no more,
On any sea or shore,
Than those rich offerings we have overthrown,
Pursuing the unknown;
Nor any road by which we can attain
Youth's vanished grace again.

IN ARCADY.—J. B. N., IN BOSTON JOURNAL.

It was easy to say "I love you!"
Under a summer sky,
When the hours went slow, and the bees hummed low,
And the winds went whispering by.
For we were young and bappy,
Nothing of life knew we;
And what more sweet than with careless feet
To wander in Arcady?
To-day, in a book forgotten,
I found a rose you had kissed,
Do you remember the moonlight?
The path to the lover's tryst?
And do you sometimes, I wonder,
Think of the past and me?
And wish, some day, we could steal away
And wander in Arcady?

Ah! no, 'tis a foolish fancy,
The dream is dreamed and over,
And you have forgotten the dear dead days,
When I was your loyal lover;
For we are two weary worldlings,
Seldom from care set free.
And never again can we find the path
That leads through Arcady!

MAIDENHAIR FERN.—DORA GOODALE.

Where the twinkling waterfalls
Sparkle over rocky ledges,
Where the slate-gray catbird calls
In and out the tangled hedges,
Green and slender, spreading fair,
You may see the maidenhair.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,500,000.

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO., Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents,

No. 316 California st., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genu-
ine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physioal
Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris,
and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States,
J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco.
Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills,
\$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris 1878-1889. These pens are "the
best in the world." Sole agent for the United States,
MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York.
Sold by all Stationers.

INSURANCE.

THE revival of the old P. I. U. Compact last Tuesday, under the name of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific, immediately raised rates to the basis in operation three years ago. The agreement is practically unanimous, as several companies not represented at Tuesday's meeting have since signified their intention to sign the required pledge. Of the companies remaining out, the Continental and Northwestern National are alone of any consequence, the intention of Manager Voss, of the Thuringia, being in doubt. The rates throughout the State will undoubtedly undergo reconstruction, and a general reduction of from 15 to 25 per cent. be effected from those prevailing two years ago. Much business has been written by the companies for terms of two and three years, and where the "non-cancellation" clause has been attached to such policies, this business will not be affected until expiration of the term; where term insurance has been affected without the clause, however, the rate will, undoubtedly, sooner or later be raised or the policy cancelled.

President John A. McCall, the life insurance magnate, is in the city, and is being extensively wined and dined. The rumor that his visit is connected with an intention to loan several large sums to San Francisco property holders for building purposes, lacks foundation in fact.

The officers of the reconstructed Fire Underwriter's Association are: Chas. D. Haveus, President; Wm. J. Dutton, Vice President; J. H. Marhardt, Secretary. The Executive Committee consists of Arthur E. Magill, Robt. Dickson, A. Mullins, Geo. W. Spencer, Geo. H. Tyson, Belden and Mann. The management will probably go to H. M. Grant, although Alfred Stillman has a strong pull with the committee, but is not generally liked by the members.

Immediately after the formation of the compact brokers were energetically engaged in the effort to renew existing contracts for an extended term at the old rates, but met with poor success, companies which have not yet signed the agreement, very generally refusing to accept the business.

The Home Mutual has entered Wisconsin for business. The Bankers' Alliance of Los Angeles is now doing business in twenty-two States of the Union.

The Denver Life Insurance Company is to be given an overhauling by the proper authorities.

Russell Osborn of the Pennsylvania Fire left for Salt Lake City last Wednesday.

Colonel Alfred Todhunter goes to Portland as general agent of the Provident Savings Life for Oregon and Washington.

Jacob Wolf of Portland, Oregon, has brought suit for \$50,000 damages against the Aachen and Munich, the Home, the Phoenix, the Commercial Union Assurance and the Fire Association of Philadelphia. The suit arises out of Wolf's arrest in connection with the fire in his father's store last year.

The "editress" of the Insurance Sun says that "The hand that 'rocks' the cradle is now reaching out for 'rocks' of other kinds."

C. D. Nash, of Milwaukee, one of the founders of the Northwestern Mutual Life, and well known in banking circles, died on March 21st.

Col. L. L. Bromwell returned Wednesday from a Southern trip.

W. H. Lowden, of the Norwich Union, is in the Northwest.

Twelve million dollars was paid last year by citizens of this country for accident insurance policies.

The State of Washington has passed an anti-trust law, a valued policy law, and a law taxing foreign companies three per cent. and home companies 2 per cent. on their gross business.

M. R. Higgins, ex-Insurance Commissioner for the State of California, began his duties as General Superintendent of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company on April 1st, 1897.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEAKER, General Agent.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. MCGURDY, - - - - - President

STATEMENT

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1896, According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

INCOME.	
Received for Premiums.....	\$ 30,593,414 20
From all other Sources	10,100,281 07
\$ 40,702,695 27	
DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Policy-holders for claims by Death.....	\$ 12,595,113 39
To Policy-holders for endowments, Dividends, etc.....	12,812,456 11
For all other Accounts.....	10,781,005 64
\$ 36,218,575 14	
ASSETS.	
United States Bonds and other Securities.....	\$110,125,092 15
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	71,543,320 56
Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	11,091,523 00
Real Estate.....	23,767,696 65
Cash in Banks and Trust companies.....	12,689,800 00
Accrued Interest, Net-Deferred Premiums, etc.....	6,535,555 96
\$234,744,148 42	
Reservs for Policies and other Liabilities.....	205,010,633 72
\$ 29,733,514 70	
Insurance and Annuities in force	\$918,698,338 45

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD, Second Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK, Actuary

A. B. FORBES & SON,

Mutual Life Building. San Francisco

Tomkinson's Livery Stable Established 1862.

J. TOMPKINSON, Proprietor.

Nos. 57, 59, and 61 Minna St., between First and Second.

Through to Natoma street, Nos. 64, 66, and 68. One block from the Palace Hotel, also carriages and coupes at Pacific Union Club, corner Post and Stockton streets, San Francisco. Telephone No. 153.

Fine turnouts kept especially for calling. Also rockaways, buggies, and vehicles of every description at reduced rates.



ST. LAWRENCE

LIVERY AND SALES STABLE.

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor.

423 Post St., between Powell and Mason, San Francisco. Telephone No. 1323.

CUNNINGHAM, CURTISS & WELCH,

Wholesale Stationers and Booksellers.

327, 329, 331 Sansome St. San Francisco

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-bousses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar-roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.



It is an open secret in the editorial rooms of the Examiner that the affection between Andy Lawrence and Tom Garrett, who holds down the city desk, is a clever imitation of the love which the parrot bears to the proverbial monkey. Andy conceives the little fakes, and Tommy elaborates them. Their plots against the whites are developed with a plentiful lack of harmony, for Garrett does not enjoy his enforced role of playing the sneeze to Andy's snuff. The relative positions of the harmonious pair were not always as at present. Two or three years ago, after a brief but inglorious reign as city editor of the Examiner, he was incontinently fired, and became a reporter on the Chronicle, which was, at the time, publishing daily criticisms of the existing school board. Andy was detailed for this work by Garrett who then occupied the city desk in the tall tower on Market street. Tommy took unobvious pleasure in humiliating the reporter who had so recently been his editorial rival. Andy writhed under the discipline, and most unwillingly acknowledged the other's authority.

After turning in his copy about the school department one night, long after twelve o'clock, Andy sauntered complacently into Tommy's sanctum, magnificently arrayed in a white box coat, top hat, lavender trousers and patent leather boots.

"Well, Garrett," he said, breezily, drawing on a pair of red gloves, preparatory to departure, "If I keep up this lick, I guess Hearst will be sending for me."

"Guess again," snorted the irascible Thomas, with a disdainful glance at the dapper little dandy. "And say," he added, as an afterthought, "while you are waiting for that summons from Hearst, you get a boat and board the incoming China steamer which will be in port between now and four o'clock. Get out and skate now!"

Andy had guessed wrong. After he had procured a new suit of clothes to replace those ruined by his water-front detail, he started for New York in search of pastures new.

To say that Jim Thomas, who died this week, was the highest man in the grain business, did not necessarily imply that his operations were more extensive than those of any other local speculator, but simply that he measured six feet four in his stockings. He was quite sensitive regarding his stature and any allusion to his height put him into a fury. In some discussion with Ed Cutter, the latter accused Thomas of trying to hrowheat him because he was "a mile and a half high." Jim rushed at his critic like a wild hull and although Cutter eluded him, Thomas never spoke to Ed again. The giant grain dealer was cantankerous and notional, no one being able to keep pace with his fancies. Entering his store one morning he profanely commented on the number of cats about, although many of the cats had been there for years and there had been no recent feline multiplication.

"Whose cats are they, anyway?" thundered Thomas, who had hitherto been indifferent to their presence.

"Why, yours, sir, I supposed," faltered a clerk.

"Mine, are they? Well, I'll show you! Close the store at noon to-day."

When the doors were locked at twelve, Thomas armed himself with a hatchet, handed one clerk a boat hook and another a big poker, and started in to assassinate the cats. After he had chopped half through his own big toe, and one of his clerks had almost poked out the eye of the other with the boat hook, the furniture in the office being partially destroyed, but the cats sustaining absolutely no injuries, Jim suddenly abandoned his plan of annihilation. It was thoroughly characteristic of the impetuous giant that after this defeat he developed a positive affection for cats with as much suddenness as had marked the growth of his antipathy. Until the day of his sudden death, he always maintained, thereafter, an army of feline pets.

Boh Woodward judicially remarks that his friend Ted Haldan, the insurance manager, is a trifle slow, adding that when Haldan travels he always goes as freight. In the new Cosmos Club, a week ago, the assembled sages were discussing the topics of the day.

"I see that Governor Boies has struck the town," remarked handsome Charlie McIntosh, who is taking advantage of his brief ante-nuptial furlough to spend all his leisure hours at the club.

A few yards distant sat a party of dead-game sports, who had been at Carson, had gone broke on Corbett, and who had just returned penniless and irritable. They failed to hear correctly all of McIntosh's harmless remark about his distinguished fellow Iowan, and fancied his comment contained some reflection on their woehegone appearance.

"Well, we are not beefing about it," said Ted Haldan, sharply, to the bride-groom elect. "We are not that kind of boys."

"And I was talking of a different kind of Boies, too," rejoined Charlie, quickly.

Woodward says Ted has not seen it yet.

At the ecclesiastical comedy, sometimes termed a church council, which followed the exposure of the Brown-Overman scandal, the rays of some side lights fell on Charles G. Nagle, who posed as the adviser of the erring pastor. Nagle's office was recently the scene of a lively encounter concerning which the attorney covets the shadows of oblivion. The story, as told by his brother Jim, begins with Charlie's friendship for a girl whose very name suggested purring, and who had been accustomed to telephone frequently to the Nagle office. Determining to discontinue the affair, Charlie instructed his female stenographer to intimate her fickle employer's resolution in curt terms the next time his fair friend telephoned. This order was so effectually carried out by the zealous typewriter that on the following day there was an impromptu meeting in the office of the inconstant attorney, with a lively melee, London prize ring rules. The grand mixture of angry females was disentangled by Jim Nagle, at imminent risk of a broken head. Since the episode Charlie has been in strict seclusion. His friends say he is considering the advisability of entering a monastery.

Col. Peter A. Finegan, the unfortunate millionaire, who is so poor that he says he really cannot afford to pay his wife \$100 a month alimony while her divorce suit is pending, has always been noted for the possession of that form of wealth which loves to ape poverty. In the business office of the Call they tell a characteristic story concerning him. For many years the Colonel was on that paper's free list on the strength of his boasted friendship for the late Loring Pickering. When Charles M. Shortridge became proprietor of the paper, one of his first orders was to consign the list of deadheads to the office fire. Colonel Finegan, grief-stricken, protested against the injustice of depriving of a free copy such a good friend of the Call as himself, but Mr. Shortridge was obdurate. Then the Colonel offered to compromise by paying 25 cents, which is the carrier's charge for serving the paper, instead of the customary monthly rate of 65 cents. That offer being promptly rejected, Colonel Finegan grandiloquently "stopped the paper."

It is a custom of the Call Board men, in buying or selling produce, to sample one sack in ten of every shipment, and to gauge the price by the average of all the samples thus obtained. A large consignment of beans from Ventura county was received in due course by John F. English, and a few days later he managed to dispose of the entire shipment at prices which left the current market quotations far in the rear. None of the other commission men could understand the reason for his lucky sales, and finally they asked him about it in the Produce Exchange.

"Simple enough," responded English, with charming *sang froid*. "When I find a good sack I stay with it."

Having opened a bag of exceptionally fine beans, he had used only the contents of that sack as his selling sample. He explains that he just reverses this method when he buys. As Mr. English says, "It's simple enough."

By some lucky mischance, young Gussie Costigan became the owner of a racehorse named Gold Dust. The animal looked well, but for a long period his performances at the track constituted an unbroken series of disappointments. Several weeks ago, "Cuss" and his friend Eugene Bresse, formerly junior partner in the firm of L. W. McGlaughlin & Co., who, after a sojourn in New York, is again to be seen on the Cal Board floor, went out to the Ingleside track together. It was said afterwards that "Cuss" had pretty good reasons to believe his horse would win, but as Gold Dust had never achieved a single success, he was able to secure odds of eight to one for his money. Carefully concealing the fact of his ownership, he quietly distributed as many bets as he dared among the stands of the various bookmakers. Then "Cuss" deputed Bresse to place some more money for him on Gold Dust, without assigning any reason, for Costigan does not like to share a good thing, even with a friend.

"I don't know anything about horses, Eugene," he said with apparent ingenuousness, "but I am betting my money on Gold Dust."

Bresse felt sorry for his misguided companion, but failing to convince him of his folly, placed Costigan's money as directed on Gold Dust, while he made his own bets on the favorite. After the race was over, Bresse sought his innocent friend, who was cashing a big pile of tickets, all at eight to one.

"I say, Gussie, how did you get that tip for Gold Dust?" inquired Eugene, who wondered why the information had not been passed along to him.

"Oh, I am the owner of the horse," softly replied the man who "knew nothing about horses."

Among the men in the employ of the El Dorado Linseed Oil Works is a dull but honest Swede, who has worked for years with steady industry as a laborer. During the temporary closing down of the works this week, Secretary George Moore, of the company, met the Swede emerging from a steamship office.

"Hello, Nansen," he said, in his customary tone of friendly greeting. "What are you doing in there?"

"Oh, sir," replied Nansen, with a radiant countenance, "I have been working eight years for this."

"Working eight years for what?" asked the perplexed official.

"To bring out my wife and children from Sweden. I have just paid for their passage," and he exhibited several steerage tickets.

"Yes?" pursued Moore, now quite interested. "How old are your children?"

"Six, four, and two years," replied the happy "father."

"Ahem! And—and you haven't seen your wife or family for eight years?" queried Moore, doubtfully.

"No, but they will all be here in two months," joyfully answered Nansen, whose faith was only equalled by his simplicity.

Motives of delicacy absolutely prohibited further interrogation.

It is hardly a matter for comment that in such a musical neighborhood as Hyde street, twin flats should each contain an inveterate piano-player—but with a difference. In the upper flat is a child, with an abnormal sense of justice, and with an aunt who is really a brilliant pianist. Below is a woman whose industry is only equalled by her incompetency. She is merely a mechanical musician, and when she pounds on the unfortunate instrument, which never did anything to her, she jars the nerves of the entire neighborhood. But she piles insult on top of injury by complaining that the performance of the real piano sharp above makes her intensely nervous and quite upsets her. This Pharsaical comment being duly retailed upstairs, in the presence of the little girl with the sense of justice, aroused all the righteous indignation of the kid.

"Oh, well, mudder," was the final and consoling outburst of the child, who has an immense veneration for all the constituted authorities, without a very clear perception of their respective functions, "Jesus and the policeman know she is the bad one, not us."

S. STROZYSKI, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

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Rooms \$1.50 per day and Upwards.

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The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

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THE	THE
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Absolutely Fireproof.	Open all the year. Only 50 minutes from San Francisco.
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Two modern, exquisite, home-like first-class hotels, both under personal supervision of Gen. Warfield.	
R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.	

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HOTEL BARTHOLDI

Under new management. Rooms single or en suite. Restaurant unsurpassed. Elegant in all appointments at moderate prices.

Reed & Robles, Props.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

New York

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. corner Van Ness and Myrtle avenues. The principal and finest family hotel in San Francisco. HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco

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Rooms, 11 and 45, Fifth Floor, Mills Building.

Telephone, Main 5377.

Sacramento Office, 411 J St.

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Proprietors Santa Cruz, Cal., and King City, Monterey Co.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.



LENTEN clouds still lower over the social world, and what entertainments are given are mostly on a small scale, on the quiet, as it were. Theatre parties and opera parties there have been during the week, but they are not so many as would have been the case were it not the season for sackcloth and ashes—not exactly the garments to be worn in public. However, those who do not observe the Lenten fast may be said to be doing fairly well, and in music especially there has been more of a feast than a famine, for what a week this has been for sweet sounds in addition to the opera concerts taking place every night, and next week promises to be equally well provided. Among other musical affairs, the third concert of their present season will be given by the Loring Club next Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, and it will, it is said, be one of unusual excellence.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's visit here is passing away rapidly, and yet so quietly that only a few of her most intimate friends are conscious of her presence in her old home. Her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Easton, gave a luncheon in her honor last week, which was one of the few occasions she has met her friends since coming on her present visit to California. Luncheons and cards have ever been favorite Lenten diversions, and it seems as though the young ladies were monopolizing the duties of hostess, at present so many are filling that role. Miss Alice Ames came to the front as a hostess last week, and the parlors of the Ames residence, on Taylor street, were filled with a merry gathering of young people. First there was a jolly game of cards, then delightful music, and finally delicious refreshments, making the evening a continued pleasure to the friends thus entertained.

Miss Mau's euchre party was a particularly pleasant one, thirty ladies competing for the pretty prizes, the first of which was won by Miss Baldwin, the second by Miss Wells, and the third by Mrs. Whitney. Miss Giselman's recent dinner was in compliment to the bride and groom-elect, Miss Estee and Leonard Everett; pink was the hue selected for the floral and other dainty adornments of the dinner table, at which a dozen guests were seated.

Miss Rosalie Neustadter continues to be the *motif* for many a pleasant gathering at the hands of her many friends, and another young lady who has come in for a good deal of entertainment is Miss Owen, who has been visiting Mrs. G. C. Boardman for some time past, and she has been indefatigable in giving Miss Owen a "good time" since her arrival from the East.

Miss Hecht's entertainment was a dinner, which she gave to a party of young people on Tuesday evening.

Wednesday's review at the Presidio, in spite of threatening skies, drew another large gathering of belles, almost as large as at the recent one in which Inspector-General Burton was the chief figure. On this occasion Colonel Young was in command, with Colonel Willeston an able assistant, and after the display was over and the duties of the day finished there were several pleasant little luncheon parties at the post.

On Monday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Strassburger gave an elegant dinner at the Palace Hotel. Ever since their return from Europe last fall they have been the recipients of innumerable attentions at the hands of their friends, and sought this most fitting method of reciprocating. Some three hours were passed at the festal board which was beautifully decorated with flowers and ribbons. An orchestra discoursed the popular melodies of the day from an adjacent retreat. Mr. and Mrs. Strassburger will shortly leave the hotel to reside in their new home out on Pacific Heights.

Any novel in social amusement is always welcome, and therefore the pretty game of *comptant les fleurs*, introduced by Mrs. Clarence Mann at her tea last Saturday,

was an instant and great success, the Misses May, Schuaroood and Harrison being the winners of the three prizes offered for the best guesses. The musical reception given by Chris. Jorgensen at his studio on Saturday afternoon was a charming affair, as are indeed most gatherings of a like nature. There is a spice of Bohemia about it that adds to the pleasure of the bidden guests. Flowers, tastefully arranged, gave brightness to the rooms, and the musical selections of the Messrs. Henley, Tilton, Suggden and Jorgensen were warmly applauded. The chief stag gathering was the elaborate banquet last Saturday evening, with which the members of the Cosmos Club inaugurated their new quarters on Sutter street.

The handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Boas, on O'Farrell and Laguna streets, was elaborately adorned with flowers and foliage for the marriage of their daughter Minnie to Marc L. Davis, which was celebrated last Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jacob Nieto, the bridal party standing beneath a wedding bell of white roses, suspended from the archway between the parlors, and was witnessed by a large assemblage of friends. The pretty bride, who was given away by her father, was robed in an elegant creation of white satin and mousseline de soie, trimmed with lace and orange blossoms. The same sweet-scented blossoms were worn in her hair, and her tulle veil enveloped her graceful figure. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The bride's only attendant was her sister Stella, who wore a gown of white silk, prettily trimmed with ribbons and tulle, and she carried a bouquet of bridesmaid's roses. Beujamin Davis supported his brother as best man. An elaborate hanquet, prepared by Max Abraham, was served at the conclusion of the ceremony, and then there was dancing until a late hour. The presents were many and very handsome, and the young couple have been passing their honeymoon at Coronado.

Several interesting engagements have been announced during the past week. One is that of Mrs. Margaret E. Whitelaw and Walter N. Brunt, with the wedding day set for the 12th of May; and another, that of Miss Dollie Brown and Charles Wood. Oakland will claim a wedding of the near future, as from the other side of the bay comes the intelligence of Miss Jessie Glascock's engagement to Alex. R. Baldwin, which means that society will on this side of the bay acquire a charming matron, the fair bride having been one of Oakland's helles during the past season. Miss Mattie Whittier's will not be the only society wedding on the 21st of April, as Miss Minnie O'Neill has selected that date for her marriage to J. J. Baumgartner.

George Hyde Preston, a prominent Seattle attorney, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Luke Robinson, at their home on Fillmore street.

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Stormy March has been no misnomer this year, the coldness of the temperature this week, which has been far more like winter than any spring, has rather retarded the discussions usually indulged in about this period of "where shall we go this summer?" But from all that can be heard it would seem as though San Rafael would be the most favored locale with our fashionable folk, the majority appearing to incline in that direction. And while active preparations for a hegira from town may not be made for some time yet, taking time by the forelock, rooms are being secured at the Hotel Rafael at such a rate that the tardy ones may have to regret their delay in doing so by finding them all gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wieland were at home last Sunday and Monday for the purpose of bidding their friends adieu, previous to their departure for the East and Europe. Louis Sloss Jr. has gone on an extended trip through Canada and the Eastern States, on which Rudolph Neumann accompanied him. Society is about to sustain a loss in the near departure of Miss Ronnie Wallace, who will accompany her sister, Mrs. Sprague, here at present on a visit to her parents, when she returns Eastward, and later they will go to Europe together.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington are installed in their handsome residence on Nob Hill, having arrived last week on one of Mr. Huntington's periodical business visits to the coast. They will remain some time in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Wormser will soon occupy the Wieland residence on Laguna street, and remain there during the absence of the owners in foreign parts. Mrs. Louise Wormser has taken the Rothschild house on Octavia street for the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Simon will occupy the Muser residence on California street, while the Musers spend the coming two years abroad. Mrs. John W. Shaw of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. I. L. Regua, at Piedmont. George T. Marye was one of the Eastbound passengers last Saturday.

One of the most worthy charities in the city is the Children's Hospital, which in a practical way has done and is doing a vast deal of good. The lady managers of this admirable charity contemplate giving a grand entertainment some time in May, not yet fixed, in aid of that institution.

The Knickerbocker Male Quartet, assisted by the Colonial Quartet and others, will give a very enjoyable musical entertainment at the Auditorium, corner Mason and Ellis streets, on the evening of the 8th inst., in aid of the Young Men's Improvement Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NEWS LETTER supplement this week gives a very pretty interior view of a Chinese apothecary shop. We are unable to translate for our readers the characters on the walls, but they no doubt refer in glowing terms to the ability of the proprietor and his medicines to cure every ill to which Mongolian flesh is heir.

THE Park is to be effectively lighted by electricity, the Commissioners having determined to erect a power house at a cost of \$40,000 for this purpose. The plans adopted contemplate sufficient light to make the roadway from the Park entrance to the beach bright and clear on the darkest nights. The installation of the plant will meet a popular demand, and the expenditure is more than justified by the increased pleasure to be derived from it by cyclists, pedestrians, horsemen and others.

COL SUTHERLAND left the city last evening for Candelaria. All the machinery necessary for working tailings of the Holmes mine has arrived at Belleville, and will be in place some time during the present month.

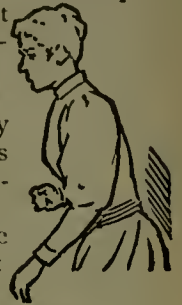
THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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"My Long Life: An Autobiographic Sketch." by Mary Cowden-Clarke, author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare." New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.

Mary, daughter of Vincent Novello, the great London music-publisher, was born in 1809 in a house on Oxford street. From the earliest age she showed a strong predilection for music and literature, in which she was much encouraged by her father and by the distinguished musicians and literary men whom she met at her parents' house. During her childhood she met Mary and Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and others, and in later life made the acquaintance of Mary Shelley, Sir Michael Costa, Sir Henry Bessemer, Felix Mendelssohn, and other distinguished persons. When she was seventeen years of age she was betrothed to Charles Cowden-Clarke, whom she married in 1828. From that time forth she lived an ideally happy married life. Her husband took up the work of lecturing on English literature, and being eminently well-fitted by nature for the work, and enthusiastically devoted to it, he achieved great success. The "Concordance to Shakespeare," by which Mrs. Cowden-Clarke is best known to the world, was published in 1841, having taken several years to accomplish: but besides her *magnum opus* she wrote articles for English and American magazines, and stories for various publications. She also played in Charles Dickens's Amateur Company, has traveled widely in France, Germany, and Italy, and heard an incalculable number of concerts, operas, and dramatic performances. She has known nearly every musician and composer of eminence in Europe, and her sisters are singers and instrumentalists of no mean capacity. Her disposition throughout life has been of the sunniest, and wherever she has gone she has made warm friends. She has a natural abhorrence for coarseness, and, as an illustration of her attitude of mind, she quotes from Sir John Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life" the following words: "The soul is dyed by its thoughts: we cannot keep our minds pure if we allow them to be sullied by detailed accounts of crime and sin." We recommend the proprietors of our big daily papers to lay these words to heart, and to consider whether the glowing narratives of sensuality and wickedness which defile their columns—and by a singular misconception are termed "news"—are not the efficient cause of much of the crime they delight to chronicle. An hour before writing these words, we found nearly a column of a daily paper taken up by an account of the vulgar intrigue of a butcher with the wife of a haker. To return to Mrs. Clarke: she has lived so much in foreign countries that her English seems here and there to have become tinged with foreign idiom: as when she writes of Rubinstein, the pianist, "I felt, so to say, as if he played Mozart, Mozartianly; Beethoven, Beethovenishly; Weher, Weherishly, and so on." Again, she speaks of Gounod as "altogether fascinating to me personally as well as compherly." Of a certain hotel proprietor in Lugano, she says "that it seemed as if he took us for . . . royalties, he treated us so distinguishably." But these are slight hlemishes in a volume that is interesting to all readers as the record of the happy life of a singularly vivacious and sweet-tempered woman, and especially so to readers who are fond of music and musicians.

In The Dial of March 1st, we find a communication from Oscar Lovell Triggs, of the University of Chicago, who is anxious to draw a distinction between what he terms "aristocratic and democratic modes of criticism." He asks: "Are we to form our methods on the lines of a culture that is narrow, intellectual, exclusive, or of a culture that is comprehensive, social, inclusive?" Does Mr. Triggs really mean to say that the culture of Matthew Arnold, Andrew Lang, J. R. Lowell, and W. E. Gladstone is "narrow" as compared with that of Hamlin Garland and the Professors of Western Universities? Will he have the temerity to assert that the wisdom of John Ruskin is less broad, less deep, less "comprehensive" or "inclu-

sive" than that of Professor Brander Matthews, let us say? That their culture is "intellectual" seems to us self-evident; is that of Mr. Triggs unintellectual? Mr. Triggs proceeds: "The tendency of modern criticism, under the combined influences of science and democracy, is to substitute relative for absolute standards, and the personal for the impersonal point of view." And much more to the same purpose. Now, all this is fundamentally and entirely wrong: There are two kinds of criticism, it is true, but these have nothing essentially to do either with aristocracy or democracy, as is shown by the fact that the best literary criticism is found in France and Great Britain, one of which countries is a democracy, while the other is an aristocracy. The two kinds of criticism are the good and the had, the true and the false, the educated and the uneducated, the trained and the untrained, the expert and the inexperienced, the "intellectual" and the unintelligent, the "exclusive," which excludes the had and worthless, and the "inclusive," which includes bad and good with equal indiscrimination. The only estimates of literature, that are of any value are those formed by persons properly qualified by Nature and training, without any regard at all to the forms of Government that they favor or live under. The bluest-blooded noble may be an utterly worthless literary critic, and a man of the people may be a most valuable one. The function of criticism is to distinguish between the good and the had, between the rich and the tawdry, between the permanent and the ephemeral; and to exclude rigidly the latter. The critic who, knowing better, tries to palm off a had book as a good one, is unworthy of his office, which should be taken by another.

The immortality of a work of literature is secured by the beauty of its style, and no work the style of which is not almost perfect has survived, or will survive, throughout the ages. In so far as criticism, whether that of aristocrats, democrats, plutocrats, or popocrats, proceeds upon any other principles than these, it is all astray. There is no method whereby a poor book, written by a person unfamiliar with the technique of literature, can be made out to be a good one. It is entirely possible that a man of earnest character, broad sympathies, and noble courage, may write a book which is, as literature, quite worthless: while an immortal work may be written by a shiftless, unprincipled, reckless, devil-may-care fellow without a dollar in the world. For a man without literary training to attempt to write—except for practice and his own delectation—is as foolish as for him to try to row, hox, play hilliards or whist, in utter ignorance of the rules of those exercises. Ignominious failure can be the only result. Amid the vast mass of law-books that have been put forth in the last century-and-a-half what is it that has made the commentaries of Blackstone pre-eminent? Is it not the beauty of their style, peerless among legal treatises? A good book is good for all alike, and a had one is a had one. To say, as Mr. Triggs does, that "democratic criticism records a personal experience" is to say that it is not criticism: that it is merely the expression of a personal preference. There are many millions of people who can only say of a work of art "I like it," or "I do not care for it," but to call these good creatures critics, or their feeble likes and dislikes criticism, is absurd. The laws of right reason and true art cannot be changed to suit the personal preferences of persons who have not the aptitude, or will not take the pains, to study the great masters patiently, modestly, and persistently. The new criticism (so-called) is merely another of the familiar attempts to convert Iowan and Nebraskan goslings into world-renowned cygnets. Such attempts are foredoomed to failure and should not be made by men whose position seems to imply the possession of better sense.

Godey's Magazine for March is filled with articles of interest to women. Grace H. Wehh writes of Dresden Opera, and Rupert Hughes contributes "Modern Art in Piano Building," and "Music in America." In a rather foolish article on "Handsome newspaper women" Helen M. Winslow remarks that newspaper-work "requires not only a quick but a well-developed brain, the finest of perceptions, and an ever-increasing culture." And here we have been supposing, from what we see of the daily papers, that journalistic work required perceptions naturally coarse or blunted by hard experience, very moderate edu-

cation, a certain vulgar sharpness not to be dignified by the title of intelligence, and a marked aptitude for making other people's affairs your business. We even supposed that anything like culture absolutely unfitted a man or woman for the ordinary work of the local room of a newspaper. Mrs. Winslow must know that nineteen-twentieths of the contents of our daily papers are written by men who have not even had a high-school education, and whom it would be ludicrous to call men of taste, delicacy or culture. Are not people of refinement continually shocked and disgusted at the daily papers, and do not some of them abandon the reading of papers altogether for weeks or months? How is it that the work of people of "the finest of perceptions and an ever-increasing culture" produces these results? Nor are we able to agree with Mrs. Winslow when she says that journalistic work "gives well-bred women the open sesame to good society everywhere." Let any woman who thinks so try to enter the good society of Rome, Paris, Vienna, or London, on the strength of being a "society reporter," and see how far she will get. The issue contains the usual well-illustrated fashion article, and the third of Grace E. Drew's "Modes and Manners of seventy years."

The International Studio, published by John Lane at the Bodley Head, is one of the handsomest of the periodicals. The paper on which it is printed is heavy and of fine quality. The March issue gives us reproductions, in black, brown or Bartolozzi red, of M. L. Lévy-Dhurmer's pictures, which are of a remarkably dreamy character. A letter from Japan by Mortimer Mepes is reproduced in fac-simile, drawings and all. Other copiously illustrated articles deal with early Scandinavian wood-carvings, and show some excellent examples of bookbinding by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and Miss E. M. MacCall. It is pointed out that the important thing about a design for a book-cover is beauty, not appropriateness: a very "appropriate" design may be both vulgar and stupid. The Studio will prove valuable to all who are interested in artistic work of almost every kind, for it covers a wide field.

In Game Land for March we see an article entitled "Three Hundred Miles Afoot. A Pedestrian-Collecting Trip." Now, if a stamp-collector means one who collects stamps, and a fern-collecting expedition is one having for its object the gathering of ferns, it must needs be that "a pedestrian-collecting trip" is one taken for the purpose of collecting pedestrians. Yet the first words in the title of the article make it clear that what is meant is a trip on foot for the purpose of making a collection of certain things not mentioned—possibly United States gold dollars.

On February 25th and again on March 2d Mr. J. W. Laing, M. A., F. R. G. S., formerly of this city, delivered at Victoria, B. C., a lecture on India and its people. On the first occasion the lecture was delivered in aid of the Indian Famine Relief Fund and realized \$165. The chair was taken on both evenings by the Hon. James Baker, Minister of Education, and the newspapers of Victoria speak very highly of the lecture.

Early in April the Century Company will publish "The Stand-by," a novel by Edmund P. Dole of Hawaii, and a volume of stories by Mrs. Schuyler van Rennselaer; also "Talks to young men" and "Talks to young women," by Dr. Parkhurst, who is turning to account with publishers the notoriety gained in New York purlieus.

Dauchy's newspaper catalogue for 1897 is fully up to the standard of previous issues, and will be found of especial value to advertisers generally.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY--PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From March 31, 1897.	Arrive
6:30 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:30 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsay, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
8:30 A	Peters and Milton	7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
9:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	6:30 P
11:30 A	Falo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:30 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
3:30 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 13:00, 13:00, 14:00, 15:00 and 16:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 12:00, 3:00, 14:00 15:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturday only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday night only. ‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. §Sundays and Thursdays.

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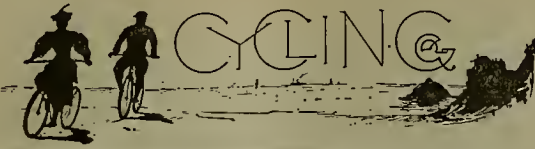
COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, April 1, 1897
GALIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 23, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

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S. S. "Mariposa," Thursday, April 1st, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 20th, at 2 P. M.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.



THE splendid racing which has been witnessed by enthusiastic crowds at the Mechanics' Pavilion these past two weeks, has done much to aid the interest in wheeling generally and the trade in particular. The riding has been of the best, and the aggregation of speedy wheelmen and the close competition have given lovers of the sport entertainment of the highest order. Notwithstanding the great roar made by the manager of the meet, as to the manner in which the racing men have been imposed upon by race promoters on this Coast before his advent upon the scene, he has seen fit to discontinue one of the most interesting features of the meet—the amateur races—and all because he could not force the boys to take a lot of cheap jewelry and under-value prizes as trophies won. He declared with much force that "them amateurs is the ungratefulest set of boys I ever seen." And that the prizes were "the most expensivest" that could be selected.

The tournament concludes with this evening's races, most of the flyers taking their departure to-morrow for Nashville, Tenn. It is safe to say that no hetter nor more niggardly or poor management ever went hand in hand before.

Coming on the heels of the Indoor Meet, as it does, the relay race to be held to-morrow has been in a manner lost sight of by wheelmen generally, excepting, of course, those actually conditioning themselves for the contest. This annual hundred-mile race around the bay is one of the greatest road events that takes place in the United States. It is run under the auspices of the California Associated Cycling Clubs, and forms one of a series of three annual races—the others being respectively ten and twenty-five mile handicap runs, all taking place on the road.

To-night will determine whether or not we are to have track racing on Sunday in this State. The matter will be finally acted upon this evening at a general meeting of the delegates of the C. A. C. C., held for the purpose of considering the advisability of wresting the control of track racing in this State from the League of American Wheelmen, which organization has refused to grant the West the relief asked in the matter of division option. The course of the parent body in this matter has been the cause of the dissolution of the North California Division of the League, and bids fair to deprive the L. A. W. of all control of track racing in the United States.

AT THE RACES.

THE racing at Ingleside during the past week has been of the sensational order, and on several occasions the talent have been completely routed. This was due to had starting—in several cases—favorites and second choices being left at the post. There has been a lamentable lack of handicap races of late, and too many cheap selling events. It is almost impossible to fill a handicap race with high-class performers, owing to the great number of selling races on the daily card. The sensation of the week was the winning of Mainstay at odds of 100 to 1, he defeating Sallie Cliquot, Santa Bella, Lady Diamond, Caliente, Logan, and others; the odds were undoubtedly false against this horse.

The Gentlemen's race for the cup was won by Flashlight, cleverly ridden by Mr. Skinner. Athens was second, ridden by Lieutenant Haines, who rode a great race to heat Yankee Doodle. The California Derby will be decided this afternoon, and promises to be a grand contest, and will be worth a long journey to see. There is a large number of entries, and \$5000 will go to the winners.

There is the fullest and most valuable collection of Japanese curios, tapestries, art goods, etc., in San Francisco, to be found anywhere in the United States. George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market Street, under the Palace Hotel, is the place, and a visit there is a treat and liberal education in Japanese art.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street. WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma,	6:10 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor,	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Headshurg,	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Geyserville, Cloverdale	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Shaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—450 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., April 3, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market St. S. F.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco
MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.
Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 24th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 70) of twenty cents (20c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 19th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL OF PLACE OF BUSINESS,

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company and to all others concerned:

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room 3, of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11 in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 18, 1897.

By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange Building, 311 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Con. Mining Company.

Assessment..... No. 26
Amount per Share..... 10 cents
Levied..... February 10, 1897
Delinquent In Office..... March 16, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock..... April 6, 1897

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.





W.E. HALE - Del. N.H. Congress.



PAUL R. JARBOE



BYRON MAUZY



THOS. ALLEN PERKINS



JUDGE E.W. MCKINSTRY



R.S. GRAY.



COL. J.C. CURRIER - SR. Vice Pres.



HORACE DAVIS - Jr. Vice Pres.



SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10, 1897.

Number 15.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
54 1/2 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
and at Chicago, 505 Hayes Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
tion and advertising rates.

THE announcement is made that one of the athletic clubs of the city will "box for charity." If this be not borrowing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, no such instance finds record.

THE notorious Cremorne, on Market street, must yield to the march of improvements. It should have yielded to a sense of decency and the march of the police long ago. It wore the frayed garments of moulting vulgarity, and was redolent of the squirming hula-hula, the bear-eyed box rustler, and the pickpocket. That its going is owing to commercial pressure rather than public sentiment, is no compliment to this city.

STATEMENTS that fabulously rich diggings have been struck in the Yuma, Arizona, mining district, may be accepted with a great degree of caution. There has never yet been manufactured a magnifying glass of power equal to the eye of the prospector. The fact that he is sincere in the falsehoods he tells detracts nothing from their harmfulness. Yuma is a pretty hot district, and almost anything can be hatched out in the sands along the Colorado river.

THE Grand Jury has just discovered that the new system of collecting taxes costs \$40,000 more than the old plan, and a special committee of inquiry very sensibly recommends that a return to former methods is in order. It is really surprising that the tax-eaters, who gather where they have not strewn, and reap where they have not sown, let us off with a simple \$40,000. Their moderation in this respect entitles them to the penitentiary rather than the gallows.

A MONUMENT to Lincoln will be commendable at an opportune time; but his noble life, simplicity of character, and sweet regard for others, have made for him a monument so lasting that mere marble is almost superfluous. There is just at this time a more urgent need for money to feed the hungry than to raise a shaft in memory of the greatest American. Some prominent point in the city, rather than the Park, would be a more appropriate place for the monument; and the 25-cent pieces the school children are to be asked to give toward it will in many cases mean either actual sacrifice or personal humiliation.

THE Mission Five Mile Improvement Club is making an effort to remove the dairies and swineries that infest that part of the city. The inquisitive goat, the odorous porker, and the tuberculous cow that now make up a large part of the population of that district are to be driven off. The Supervisors are asked to extend the pound limits, so that the operation of the law may make these industries unremunerative. It is a source of surprise that the dairy-men and hog-raisers have been permitted to conduct their business in the city limits. Milk and pork are unfit for sale when so produced, to say nothing of the health of those residing in the immediate vicinity of such disease-breeding localities. That these offenders insist on polluting the air of the city and endangering health is a conclusive proof that all hogs do not necessarily travel on four legs.

LAW is said to be the perfection of human reason. But that was not the article Judge Coffey dealt out when he declared that a will was invalid because the first two figures of the date, 1895, had been omitted in that instrument. This learned Judge says that he cannot tell what "November 6, '95," means, and so sets it aside! All of which shows that common sense is not necessarily the mental equipment of a probate judge.

JUDGE WALLACE may be said to have reversed the Supreme Court in the case of Buckley, ballot-box stuffer, who has thus far, through the law's delays, partially escaped punishment for his crime. The higher tribunal practically ordered the release of Buckley, and Wallace refused to honor the requisition, so to speak. Now, by denying the petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*, the Supreme Court affirms Judge Wallace. It is a novel procedure, but it shows that the soundest law does not necessarily spring from the highest source.

A LOS ANGELES jelly manufacturer writes to the San Francisco Board of Health, and hacks his protest by affidavit, that goods of his make recently found to be adulterated, are the quintessence of purity. The question naturally arises whether affidavits are cheaper in Los Angeles than the ingredients of which pure goods are made. He also suggests that the Board of Health submit to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce a similar sample for analysis. We move for a change of venue.

ANOTHER man has sued the city for damages because of the overflow from a broken sewer. There is little doubt that he will recover, and little doubt that he ought to. It's a pretty safe proposition to say that half the work of this sort done in San Francisco is defective. Their long practice in giving tax-payers the double cross has prepared the public for any outrage in the way of contractors' work. Defective sewers and defective officials go hand in hand—with the advantages slightly favoring the sewers.

THE Populist statesmen of Kansas are incubating a plan by which they may tax inordinate wealth. These emissaries of financial disaster have established headquarters and are in receipt of an enormous quantity of mail. Yes; there are few Populists so poor that they cannot afford a postal card or postage stamp, and the number of statesmen of this sort who can tell what should be done with other people's wealth is large and increasing. Kansas has woes enough already without these exaggerated imbeciles. It claims John James Ingalls as all its own.

THE Board of Health is worthy of its name. Its members do not belong to the invertebrates. The strenuous efforts that have been made to prevent vigorous prosecution of violators of the pure food laws have not affected this board. The crusade will continue, and every effort will be made to stop the obtaining of money under false pretenses by those who knowingly sell adulterated food as pure goods. There is no way to prevent this growing evil excepting through public prosecution. No doubt, some of those who have been gathering in honest shekels for dishonest foods did so ignorantly; but this fact, however consoling it may be from a strictly moral point of view, subtracts nothing from the wrong inflicted upon the unsuspecting purchaser. "Getting caught at it," is a wonderful stimulant for dormant consciences. The doctors should not spare their physic: it will kill or cure.

GLADSTONE ON THE CRETAN DIFFICULTY.

MR. GLADSTONE has never been deemed a high authority on foreign affairs, but his influence over the opinions and passions of his people is unequalled. No man living has a greater sway over the judgment of the people of England than William Ewart Gladstone. When he passionately declares that the honor of his country is at stake the conscience of England will go with him. This he has just said in a way that only he can say it. The Nation is with him and he is for war. It may therefore be taken for granted that whatever occurs ultimately, England will be against the "unspeakable Turk" whom Mr. Gladstone wanted to turn out of Europe years ago, "bag and baggage." The sympathy of the people of the United States will go out towards the grand old man and do what it can to uphold his hands. At the same time, whilst Lord Salisbury has charge of the matter, it is in safe, capable, and conservative hands. He will wield a moderating influence, but, with Gladstone leading public opinion, he dare not lag far behind. It is obvious that the Prime Minister of England has a heavy weight of responsibility on his shoulders just now. A nod of his head or one false step may bring on the long expected and much dreaded European war, the dire consequences of which no man can limit. Whenever the time comes that the despatches can be published, we feel satisfied that Lord Salisbury will be found to have acted well his part, and that under stupendous difficulties. It has been said that great occasions make great men, certainly in England the right time, as a rule, brings out the right man. Gladstone is all right where he is, but were he in Salisbury's place he would almost certainly be all wrong. Salisbury's temper is fortunately not as keen as a Damascus blade, but his head is strictly level, and he has a wonderful amount of back bone. With such an equipment he is unquestionably the right man in the right place at this time.

What the particular difficulties are which keep "the concert of Europe" divided and inactive, are possibly not so much as imagined by the guessing newspaper men of the period. Diplomacy is conducted in a very high handed and secretive way in the older countries. More than one half of all press despatches that are coming to this country at present are mere guess work. Combination after combination is talked about that is absolutely absurd. We do not believe that any one outside of the very highest diplomatic ranks has the slightest idea of the card that Germany is playing. We believe that she is for any side, or for no side, if that will tend to separate Russia from France. That Russia will ultimately have no objection to Greece annexing Crete is undoubtedly true, but the present she thinks untimely. She is not ready to seize the Dardanelles and occupy Constantinople, and wants no war in that locality until she is. Greece will secure a liberal autonomy for Crete now, and later on will secure annexation. All this looks like a continuance of peace. But we are strongly disposed to think that a play for position is going on, and that the issues of peace or war hang upon the condition of the Czar's health. We think that England is little understood in this matter. She received a rude shock some months ago and woke up to find Russia and Germany united against her. A thing that had for so many years seemed impossible. Jealousy of her territorial and commercial success was rampant on every side. Nearly every body was ready to kick old John Bull's pants into smithereens. He was specially surprised to find the United States against him, and took care to promptly set matters straight about the Monroe Doctrine and all else we wanted. He then began cautiously to set all his other fences in order, and without a doubt is doing a heap of thinking over that matter to this very hour. It became plain that Italy and Austria had been deluded by Germany in the Dreibund. France, too, had been deceived by Russia in favor of Germany. All these powers are at sixes and sevens, and distrust reigns all around. England, France, Italy, and possibly Austria, have alone proven trustworthy. We think they are the coming combination and that England is not as averse to war as some people have thought. She is fairly well prepared now. Her million and a half of trained Indian soldiers, her wonderful navy, and, above all, her great supply of money, give her a degree of strength

greater than anything she ever before possessed. We think she is now engaged in convincing the European Concert that whilst she is for peace, she is not for peace at any price, and that if the circumstances justify it, she is willing to fight, even if she has to go it alone. If she plays out the game on those lines, it will be one of the most heroic bluffs on record. Yet England can fight and no man living can set bounds to what she might prove herself capable of accomplishing in that line. We believe Mr. Gladstone was put up to make that speech, and that there was design in it. The politics of Europe are seldom what they seem to be. England may see that war is inevitable, and that the present time suits her as well as any other.

McKinley and
Sherman's
Foreign Policy.

There is to be no jingoism in this administration. That much is certain. Mr. Smalley, the American correspondent of the London Times, publishes an interview he had with our President and Secretary of State, in regard to matters of public policy, that is frank and unpretentious in the extreme. President McKinley will maintain the gold standard whilst "doing something" for international bimetalism; he is still a convinced protectionist, but "he recognizes that times are altered since the 1890 tariff." He favors the arbitration treaty without material amendment. He did not propose to take any new departure in regard to Cuba. Secretary Sherman talked at length, but almost exclusively about foreign affairs. According to him, and he ought to know, this administration is possessed of the most conservative and pacific intentions. He believes in the Washingtonian doctrine of "friendship with all, with entangling alliances with none." "There will be no war with Spain," he said; "we want none, and have no reason to believe she does with us." He declared that if Spain would give him a quit claim to Cuba, he would not have it. He is opposed to all the annexation schemes, those of Hawaii and Canada included. As far as this northern continent goes, he says "that his dream is for three great republics—Mexico, the United States, and Canada"—but he would not take a single step to alter things as they are. That is all good and pretty enough for a Sunday school, and we believe the Secretary quite sincere, but the responsibilities of office do most wonderfully change the views of men. It was this self-same Sherman who, as a Senator, voted for recognizing both the belligerency and independence of Cuba. It is one of the humors of the time that after four years of Republican roasting of Cleveland's "invertebrate" foreign policy, the administration that succeeds him should announce the continuance of that same cursed and bedeviled policy. But it is the policy that the Republican voters of the country want, all the same.

In re
Lunacy.

There are good laws and very ill considered ones on the statue book. There are some things our municipality does well, whilst there are others that it does in a manner that is a disgrace to our vaunted civilization. For instance our laws relating to the arrest and imprisonment of a person, on complaint of another, that he is insane and unfit to go at large, is a relic of the barbaric ages. It may occur and it has occurred that the complaining person is the only demented one. It is one of the well known freaks of lunatics to imagine and charge the sane person to be insane. That is an experience which mad doctors meet with almost every day of their lives, and not infrequently it is the one who prefers the charge who goes to jail. When the law is operated in that way, it affords the kind and degree of protection that it appears any sane man may need any day. No man should be sent to a dungeon, dark, and drear, unless for crime, whether he be sane or insane. If he be sane he is deprived of his liberty, and it may be of his health, without cause. If he be insane, he should be placed in a suitable place, and at least some attention should be paid to his wants. The dictates of humanity should have some respect paid them when persons suspected of either disease of mind or body are concerned. When all the officers around are satisfied that the arrested is the subject of a job, and "has as clear a mind as any man in the country" it is a bad and wicked law that keeps him there longer, and which, unless he has a kiud friend at hand, would detain him three days more. He can only get

discharged by an order of a Superior Judge, and if the police be that way minded he is arrested and not given a chance to send to and explain to a judge. Besides, who cares to listen to a lunatic, anyway, or even take the risk of letting him go at large. No such monstrous treatment should be imposed upon him in such a case, and in no case, unless experts have been first called and probable cause shown. To imprison a man who in his daily walk, conversation, and employment gives the highest evidences known among men of his mental balance, is to demonstrate the fact that our laws regarding the treatment of persons charged with lunacy are a libel upon humanity.

The law permits all these things to be done in San Francisco to as sane a man as there is in it. Suppose that in addition to what the law permits, there is police malice, press jealousy, and private devilry at your heels trying to crush you, is not our lunacy laws in that case a dangerous weapon for your ruin, or your belittlement before the public? Just this condition has been permitted by our lunacy laws, and that is evidence enough that they need a radical change. Under their operation an irresponsible crank may cause the incarceration of Professor LeCoate, of Professor Jordan or of any man of mark in our midst.

In all this we do not want to be understood as reflecting upon any of the present officials. They do the best they can with the laws and appliances at their command. The professional gentlemen of the commission are undoubted experts, and, what is rarer around the City Hall, they are gentlemen. Judge Becher does his duty thoroughly, but rather brusquely, yet possibly that is his way of applying an expert test. The man who receives his patients, as in fact they are, and takes away their private papers and other property which some how or other reach other hands, is in manner and otherwise a good man to be permitted to find another situation. We are sorry the Legislature is not in existence to supply a remedy, but one shall be found for this mad house infamy. The laws in the early stages of their administration are not operated as humanity or civilization demand. An insane man is an object of sympathy and should be treated as such. He is not a criminal to be handed over to a police, perhaps predetermined to treat him with unusual brutality. If the Governor and Mayor will lay their heads together they can find money and a way to treat them more like human beings than they now are treated.

**The Change
In The
Police Regime.**

Crowley is out and Lees is in, but that constitutes no change in the inner workings of the Police Department. There is a change in the name of the ostensible

Chief, but not in that of the real one. Lees is now in name what he always was in fact. Crowley was kept where he was because of his suavity of manners. He possessed a large share of the *suavitor in modo*, but was so given to stock gambling, that he leaves office with but a moderate fortune. A few years ago stocks ruined him and it has proved a good thing for him that that sort of gambling at last ended. His failure to grow as rich as some of his associates reflected upon them, whilst it served him with the public. It at the same time demonstrated that nominal chief though he was the money department was in other hands. Ex-Chief Crowley himself makes no bones of these facts and does not deny that he never was the real chief, but claims, and no doubt truly, that "he could not help himself, because the game was not put up that way, and he was always in need of his official salary." The dailies are pretending to give an unbiased history of Crowley's Administration. It is all hosh. They dare not do it. It will be written with something like accuracy, at the end of the short period at which the venerable Captain is hilled to resign on a handsome pension he does not need.

**Street Work
And The
Departments.**

The Superintendent of Streets has not always, or often, been either a fool or a knave, but he has always been, before his term was far advanced, a fifth wheel in the coach of municipal improvements. He was in an office where reform had to come from without. It was a place that could not rise higher than its source. The Supervisors had use of it, the contractors were a political power whom it could not afford to displease, and certain

privileged tax payers never failed to secure a pull that could not be ignored. Hence it came that the Department more often paved our streets with good intentions than with the material contracted and paid for. Any sort of a favor could be obtained for either love (politics) or money. There has always been corruption in the department, but we think, not nearly so much as has at times been suspected. There have been superintendents who could not be reached that way, and the indications are that such is the case at present. But, now as ever, there are ways of "getting at" the department. Things can be obtained that are called "favors," and doubtless the hangers on around the office are permitted to make "a piece" out of these numerous but unconsidered trifles. Indeed, we have witnessed signs that only in this way can the Department be moved to do even legitimate business. Its a way that has sprung up by which "the boys" who did not get places, are permitted to "earn salt." This practice applies to nearly every public office in the city. There are favored hummers around even the Courts, and "useful" ones, both with and without stars, are as plentiful around police quarters as the business will carry. It is not of these needy hangers on to the ragged edge of politics that we are referring when we say that things can be bought at even the street department counter. It is true that there remains one thing that cannot be bought without a known and recognized pull, and that thing is: CIVILITY. The best exceptions to this had rule may be found in the County Clerk's office, and on about two-thirds of the Superior Court Benches. So many of the other offices need taking to pieces, and their inner works exhibited to a people as yet comparatively uninformed, that its non-performance renders it obvious how little reliance can be placed upon "the New Journalism." "The slum sheet" was long since "downed" by one of the departments, and, when the sign is given, dare not call its soul its own.

**A Disagreeable
Man.**

Judge Wallace is a disagreeable man to have on the Superior Court Bench, or at least it is more than probable that the Supreme Judges think so. A head and shoulders above the Supreme Judges as a lawyer, he sets traps that tend to render their Honors ridiculous oftener than can be comfortable to them. The other day, in the case of one of the election officers, the Appellate Court reviewed the testimony and declared it insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty. The very next day, as it happened, their Honors handed down a decision in the Durrant case, in which they held that it was not their province to review the testimony, of which it was to be supposed that the jurors were the best judges. Their Brother Wallace indulged in one of those bright twinkles of the eye that are peculiar to him, and let fall a little satirical aside, *ex cathedra*, as it were, that made the whole of the Supreme Judges, the Court commissioners included, wince as if they were hurt. When judicial errors of that kind are liable to be made, it cannot be consoling to have Brother Wallace around. The California Reports are printed at great cost, and are supposed to be authoritative as to the sound law of the decisions to be found therein. But what is to be said of them when important points are decided both ways? No doubt the existing rush of business is responsible for much error that would not otherwise be committed. It is to be regretted that a constitutional amendment has not been submitted to the people adding another department to its highest Court. It is appalling to think of the many and grievous evils that are likely to flow from the continuance for four years longer of the existing status. If the judges are two years behind now, what will they be four years hence, and what will be the condition of things meanwhile.

**A Growing Menace
To Public Health.**

The efforts of the Health Department of San Francisco to establish regulations for the prevention of the spread of consumption are worthy the support of every citizen. The immediate cause of consumption has for some time been known to be the presence in the lung tissues of the bacillus tuberculosis. The germ was discovered and definitely isolated by Robert Koch as long ago as 1881. Since that time the investigations of pathologists, of Health Boards in large cities and of bacteriological soci-

eties in all parts of the world has added many items of information. Among them, that the bacillus of consumption is one of the most active and fertile of disease germs, and of remarkable vitality; that it survives apart from the infected tissues; that it is eminently contagious, being transmissible from person to person, from man to animal and *vice versa*; and that the largest number of germs is to be found in the sputum of consumptive individuals. No clime or country is free from the disease, except perhaps small areas in the higher Alps, Andes, and Rocky Mountains, and on the elevated plateau of Central Mexico. No race is exempt from it, and all ages and conditions are easily susceptible. The disease has spread through carelessness or ignorance of its infective nature, until to-day it is the attributable cause of one-seventh of the world's deaths—vastly more than can be credited to any other single cause. Its spread by the sputum is caused largely by expectoration in public places, on floors, sidewalks, and in street-cars. When the sputum has dried and become ground to a fine dust, it easily floats in the air, carrying the germs of disease to the healthy lung tissues of those who inhale it. While easily communicable, it is also distinctly preventable, but prevention requires careful regulations enforced by intelligent, popular appreciation. It requires not alone the control of the tuberculous individual, but the co-operation of the healthy who are continually exposed. The disease is rapidly increasing in San Francisco, and the Health Department are alive to the necessity of action, as is shown by the anti-expectoration ordinance passed by the Supervisors, and which should be vigorously enforced. This is in line with what has already been accomplished in many large cities. As yet, no specific, germicidal curative for tuberculosis has been discovered, although several agents are being discussed, but the ounce of prevention is ready to the public hand, and can be applied with good effect if the people appreciate the necessity, and support wise regulations to that end.

The Coming Endeavorers. The coming convention of Christian Endeavorers from all over the United States is likely to prove a notable event. Earnest minded men and women, intent upon the spiritual good of mankind, are coming in their thousands, and will merit all the hospitality that can be shown them. They will see our State at the best time of year and should be shown as much of it as possible. They will, among other things, make admirable immigration agents. They will do much to direct, enliven, and enlarge the future of Christian endeavor on this Coast. It cannot fail to be of incalculable good to come into close touch with the really spiritually minded folks from the best portions of our great Christian country. The missionary work among our Chinese has always had a strange sort of fascination for the Eastern churches, and they mainly support it. It is to be hoped that whilst here they will truly, and at some pains, inform themselves of what that work truly is, both outwardly and inwardly. If after due enquiry they should reach the conclusion that it is an exceptional work into which young girls and women ought not to be intruded, they will do wisely and well, and keep step with the best thought upon the subject on this Coast. In short, they will have it in their power to put an end to an evil that otherwise is bound to lead to an open scandal. In the enlightenment of the Christian work generally there is a fine field for endeavor on the part of the earnest Endeavorers who are soon to visit us.

Cecil Rhodes Before His Accusers. Cecil Rhodes of South Africa is being accused as Warren Hastings was, and for much the same cause. A Parliamentary commission is enquiring as to the why and the wherefore of the Jameson raid into the Transvaal. Rhodes was administering the far off Matabele land at the time, and was not near the scene of action when Jameson planned his mad but brave exploit. Rhodes says the whole thing was premature and rash, but does not hesitate to say that he favored the cause of the Uitlanders, and would have aided Jameson had he been at the scene of action. He says that a people who constitute two thirds of the population, and pay nineteen-twentieths of the revenue, are not to be denied necessary legislation, mining

and water rights, educational facilities, railroads, etc., etc. They have the right to that representation that naturally follows taxation, and avows that the Africanders mean to have a voice in the Government, which, he says, will benefit nobody so much as the Boers themselves. If that meant treason, he declared they might make the most of it. However brave that talk may be, spoken where it was, it is likely to make no end of trouble for the British Government, who were bound to protect the Boers. Jameson and his brave party have been tried and punished, and England is about to make a money indemnity for the damage that was done. Cecil Rhodes was far away from the conflict, but did not advise or participate in it. He is therefore free of personal responsibility for overt acts, but the outspoken statement of his future course is awkward in every way. He is a power all through Southern Africa that cannot be denied. They have the right of self-government in Cape Colony and will undoubtedly make Rhodes Prime Minister again at an early day. He boasts that "so far from his career being over, it had hardly yet begun." He declares, in open speech, that all South Africa should be a Republic of States, and says he shall work to that end. What will the Transvaal say and do under the circumstances. She has an independent constitution guaranteed to her by Great Britain. Clearly England cannot permit her subjects in Cape Colony to filibuster over into the Transvaal. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is not a good man to have around Parliament just how.

A Kick Against The Tariff. Some very ardent Protectionists are making a sturdy kick against parts of the proposed tariff. The New England cloth manufacturers are against the duties on fine wool to a man. The leather men declare that a duty on raw hides would ruin the hoot trade. The apparently strongest kick, however, is that which comes from the retail traders of New York and Chicago, who strongly object to "the personal effects" of American travelers returning from Europe being admitted duty free. Of course everybody knows that these Americans return with many trunks full of "personal effects" manufactured by the pauper labor of Europe. They are generally high priced goods and are brought in by a class well able to bear its fair burden of taxation. There is no consistency in a tariff law which compels those remaining at home to pay tariff prices on all merchandise they buy, and permits those who are able to go abroad to load up with a two or three years supply of clothing, gloves, silks, boots and the like, which they are graciously permitted to enter free of tariff charges. There should be no favoritism shown to the already favored army of annual or bi-annual excursionists to Europe. They should pay taxes on everything they did not take with them, which could easily be made to work. Strange to say, we should exempt diamonds, for the reason that they simply cannot be found. The enlarged mouth of Fitzsimmons would about this time hide enough diamonds to pay for the ship that carried him and them. It is idle to put a tax on anything that cannot be collected. The traders of Chicago and New York are quite right, and, organized, as they now are, they are a power. The end of tariff talk is not yet, although everybody is sick of it.

Railroads Beaten In Court. It has come to be quite the custom with the stump orators of the day to proclaim that it is useless to sue the railroads in Court, because they always win. To the extent to which that is true, the fault lies with those who bring suits that there is nothing in but humbug. When any real breach of the law is charged against a railroad, it loses as often as other litigants. The other day two officers of the Texas and Pacific railroad at New Orleans were convicted of unjust discrimination in favor of a particular cotton firm. They were fined \$4,000 and costs each, by the United States Court. This is a very proper and most important decision, the first of its kind under an amended section of the interstate commerce law, prohibiting the granting of rebates and other favors to particular shippers. Railroads are the common carriers of the country, and must deal with all alike, or they will enrich many men at the cost of others. That is a most desirable exhibition of the strength of the law which imposes heavy fines on the wrong doers; railroad officers though they be.

ART JOTTINGS.

THE ninth semi-annual exhibition of the Sketch Club opened on Tuesday, and closes this evening. The Sketch Club is a prosperous institution. It is also harmonious, though its membership, now forty-one, is confined to the gentler sex. The ladies are held closely together in the pleasant sisterhood of art, and assist one another on the narrow and thorny path to fame. The list of associate members is a large one, composing the names of a large proportion of those ladies and gentlemen who are identified with the art progress of this Coast.

The club rooms in the Pacific Mutual building are hung with the product of the six months' work—oils, water colors, pastels, and black and white. Among the former, "A Sunny Road," Jane Gallatin Powers, is an attractive little canvas, the color nice and warm, and the perspective well handled.

"On the Slope of Tamalpais," Marie Rey Sander, is a good out-of-door study, carefully painted, and with a characteristic fidelity to the locality. "San Bruno Marsh," Josephine Eckler; "An April Day," Nellie L. Treat, and "The Beach," Isabella Morrison Niles, are pleasing, and show fair ability. "The Bolinas Road," Marie Rey Sander, is a pretty bit of landscape, with a tender atmospheric effect, and the distance is well expressed. There is a rich, autumnal tone in the color, and a clever handling of the foliage.

Two portraits, one by L. McDonald Sleeth, and the other by Geneve Rixford Sargeant, have merit, as also a portrait by Caroline E. Rixford, and the study of a head by Bertha Henicke Taussig is gentle, clever, and full of promise. "Haycocks in June," Nellie L. Treat, "An Oak," Geneve Rixford Sargeant, and "Evening in Sausalito," Josephine Eckler, are carefully painted and meritorious studies.

Helen Hyde contributes one of the most ambitious pictures in the oil collection, "Gabrielle." It is a girl seated by an open window, through which the light falls upon her face and drapery. The handling is very good, and the color rich. The pose is easy and natural, but the face might be more comely.

"Mending the Old Coat," Molly Hutchinson Peixotto, is strong, and in drawing and color will compare favorably with the work of more famous and more experienced artists. "Some Onions," a still life piece by N. L. Murtha, is quite good, and suggestive of Carlsen, the master in that line of art. "Chinese Child," Jane R. McElroy, shows good taste in color.

There are in all thirty-three oils, and the prices are marked in the catalogue after each. They range from \$7 to \$150, the latter being the figure at which Miss Peixotto values "Mending the Old Coat." Some of the more conservative artists have not set the price to their pictures. A fair number have been sold already.

There are twenty-two water-colors on exhibition, embracing an extensive variety of subjects. "Spring," Pauline Dworzek, and "Spring," Anne Frances Briggs, give a poetic conception of the month of the birth of flowers. "Hollyhocks," Mathilde Hampe, is one of the most original and cleverly painted studies in the collection. There is a delicious bit of distance disclosed, and the handling of the light and shade on the right of the picture is very artistic. "A Street in Chinatown," by the same artist, is not so pleasing. "A Muddy Road," Anne Frances Briggs, has some excellent points. It is good in tone, and the wintry air, illustrated by the withered poplars in the middle distance, and the cloud-flecked sky, with the purple haze beneath, show a close study of nature, and careful painting. Miss Stella Austin exhibits some good work in this department. Two pictures of violets, and "Baby Blue Eyes" are capital, with a nice attention to detail and harmony in color. "Chrysanthemums," Mathilde Eggers Hampe, is quite an ambitious, and certainly a well executed picture of those fashionable flowers, odorless, passionless things that they are, and always suggestive of a rag baby. But Miss Hampe has brought out all their good points. "A Field of Mustard," Pauline Dworzek, and a "Quiet Spot," by the same, are good. Lilian Veseria contributes "Moonlight" and the "Edge of the Marsh." Both, especially the latter, possess merit,

which may be said of "A Willow Pond," a good study in bright greens, with a bit of mirror-like water.

There are thirteen pastels, four of which are contributed by Miss Helen Hyde. The "One-legged Dancers," of the latter, is well handled. "A Gray Day," Sylvia Rey, "Castle Crags," Marie Rey Sander, "Ethel," Blanche Letcher, and "Evening," N. L. Treat, are worthy of mention.

Miss Grace Wetherell almost monopolizes the black and white, showing six of the sixteen hung on the walls of this department. "Puck on Asparagus," by Albertine Randall Wheelan, is a clever little conceit, and the study of an aged Nun, by the same artist, is decidedly good.

The officers of the Sketch Club are: President, Josephine M. Hyde; Vice-President, L. Macdonald Sleeth; Treasurer, Helen Hyde; Secretary, Anne Frances Briggs; Directors, Anne Frances Briggs, Nellie Stearns Goodloe, Marie Rey Sander, L. Macdonald Sleeth, Nellie L. Treat, Josephine M. Hyde, Nellie L. Murtha, Helen Hyde, and Caroline L. Cook.

"PICTURESQUE San Francisco" gives place this week to a double-plate group of a number of the Sons of the American Revolution, all of them well known in this city and prominent in social or business circles. The picture is exceptionally clear, and is an interesting supplement to the NEWS LETTER's article upon that organization.

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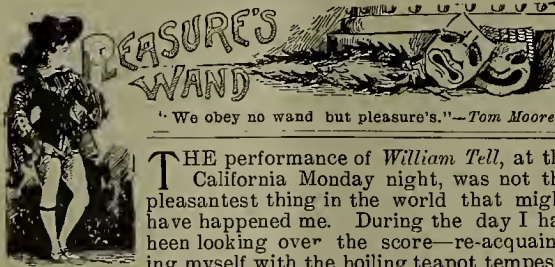


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THE performance of *William Tell*, at the California Monday night, was not the pleasantest thing in the world that might have happened me. During the day I had been looking over the score—re-acquainting myself with the boiling teapot tempests

of recitative, the cumbersome dialogue, the oratorical bursts of pompous melody, the tenor's dizzy top-notes, the fraternal old overture. What an overture! It had lived for near seventy years, it would live longer—and with all that length of verbose opera wagging behind it. What a beautiful thing! How complete, compact! What a monument of melody—I thought to myself—if some one had cut off the tail! Altogether I was in just the mood for reflection. Given half a chance, I felt cheerfully competent to settle the relative unworth of operas of the diddle-dee and um-pa schools in a single column. Ten shakes of the leader's baton, and my mood fled. Poor, pre-Verdian Rossini was clean forgot. His hug-a-boo recitatives did not frighten the oldest infant in the house. They were turned to wild comedic extravagance. The feetful rushes of rythm were so tangled and lamed in the giving forth that the youngest critic forgot to sneer superiorly. And the overture—after waiting an act that everybody might be there to hear it—came out drivelling, senile, bald, shorn of all its might and meaning and tone. Every musician in the band had a different system of tempo, nuance and pitch to play it with. Nicosias heat the air wildly for a while; then he dozed while his men waged civil war in the allegro.

So my good schemes came to naught. Rossini's case is postponed.

I understand that early in the last act—which I did not wait to witness—Mons. Charley, the sphinx-like impresario, removed his hat for the first time during the engagement, smote himself on the hair, said "William t'ell!" and ordered the curtain down. Down it came in the middle of the act. William and his how-arrow are still in the hands of the enemy.

God bless the enemy!

If there were any scraps of honor to be got from this night's awful work, Berthet—who sang Mathilde—carried them off on the tip of her fleet, hirdie voice. Albers was completely out of condition. He sang *Tell* with a strain in every note, and his acting was dull and banal. Somebody told me that Prevost, too, was on the off list, and that he could turn only half a head of steam into Arnold's music. It was enough. He hlistered my ears, the noisy ruffian.

I have seen a great many had opera productions in San Francisco, but never such a sensational, go-as-you-please scramble as this one of *William Tell*. From the orchestra in front to the choruses in back, and in all that lay between, it was unfit for publication. A deaf mute could have discovered that there was something unfragrant in Switzerland—it was in the air. Out of curiosity I read the reviews written by my colleagues for Tuesday's newspapers. In only two instances was I disappointed. All the others were unqualified puffs.

Otis Skinner and his own play, *A Soldier of Fortune*, did not seem to have so much luck with the gentlemen of the press. I went to the Baldwin Tuesday night, and for the life of me I can not see why this particular play should be slated by these particular critics, whose policy seems to be this: praise everything that is strong enough to reach the town, and some day we will strike a masterpiece in disguise. *A Soldier of Fortune* is not the masterpiece. But that is not the question—it might have been. My colleagues acted very imprudently.

Like a handmaster's opera, Skinner's drama seems to have a little of all the good old tunes in it. I think he might have named it *The Star-Actors' Dream* with a more considerable patness than the present title shows—but that is no particular business of ours. *A Soldier of Fortune* is a good title; it has a warm, rich, romantic ring, and in several ways the play lives up to it. It is not fair to call a man a plagiarist when he takes openly and avowedly, as Skinner does. Skinner wanted Lucretia Borgia for his play, and he took her and he programmed her in her full name. She brings circumstance and conviction to the otherwise trite poison bottle. He wanted a hero, a ready, romantic hero, a daring, devilish fire-eater, and he took D'Artagnan, transposed him to the Borgia period in Italy, and gave him the lyrical Latin name of Fabian Torelli. Then he drew forth an imperious maiden who has hut to be insulted and Fabian does the rest in noblest s'death-villain style. Any author will tell you that history covers a multitude of play-maker's sins. Skinner very tactfully makes the imperious Laura a ward of old Niccolo Macchiavellio's—of course you may not believe that Macchiavellio ever had such a beautiful, statuesque ward, but then if you don't believe it you have no imagination and you do not belong at the plush-mounted, dagger-studded, romantic drama. Add to these I have mentioned a trusty soldier to companion the hero, Caesar Borgia, for high lord villain, Daubigny to assist him, Daubigny's wife, to love the hero with an unrequited passion and wear man's clothes for his sake, and be made love to in a perfectly shameless manner, while she is in doublet and hose, by warm, poisonous Lucretia, and finally die in the last act saving the hero's life that he may be spared to the beautiful, Imperious One. Then put in the Cardinal of Narbonne in the act of being poisoned, and season with sundry sworded gentlemen of rival factions full of "s'hloods!" and "what hos!" stew the whole violently, and you will see how Otis Skinner made romantic drama that is the real article. It is the easiest thing imaginable after you see Skinner's work. I forgot to detail the plot. But it does not matter much; attend closely to the plush and the swords and the people, and the plot will take care of itself.

As I have intimated before, it takes a vigorous imagination to receive the modern idea of the romantic drama in the proper spirit. You must not look for reality of any kind; you must not expect character building—you must reckon fever the equivalent of dramatic power, and find the finesse in the costumes. Skinner's play will ask you to appreciate dispatch. It has a wonderful move ou, so to say. No critic can say that it lacks action. In ten times my allotted space I could not tell you one-tenth of what takes place during those four momentous acts. And Fabian Torelli, you may be sure, is in the thick of the hest of it; for Skinner plays Torelli, and there is absolutely no limit to Skinner's self-sufficiency in the romantic drama.

I do not know whether I like Otis Skinner hetter as an author or actor. By comparison with Clyde Fitch of last week he is an author not to be sneezed at; by comparison with himself as His Grace de Grammont he is a most live and re-vitalized actor. In either capacity he entertained me Tuesday night. But I cannot imagine why any actor so young and ambitious as Mr. Skinner is, should hurden himself with such mannerisms as an abject cringeing of the shoulders when he would appear to be most intense, an unchristian working of the eyebrows when he would seem most passionate, and a fabulous expulsion of breath when he would retain his audience's respect for his stage sufferings. These are the things that stamp out the young actor's anonymity; we get to know him too intimately, and he loses the chance of some day surprising us into helleving him a first-rate actor. What I cared for particularly in Skinner's acting of Fabian Torelli was the mettle, virility, and spontaneity which were noticeable in his less theatrical moments. And these fresh qualities were apparent only when the actorisms I have mentioned, and several others not so important, were not.

The company was at much hetter advantage all round in *A Soldier of Fortune*. Maud Durhin would have brought a pretty perfection out of the part of Blanche Daubigny if she had not voiced her serious lines in what, for lack of a truer expression, I must call a whine.

Otis Skinner broke away from a great many *Hamlet* traditions Saturday night at the Baldwin. For instance, in the speech before the curtain he neither grovelled toadily to the audience nor apologized for himself. He said quite sincerely and ingenuously that the audience always played the bigger part of *Hamlet*, and he congratulated this particular audience on its success. The people were very enthusiastic throughout the play, and certainly such demonstration of sympathy and approval could not be without good effect on the actor. In fact, Skinner's *Hamlet* charmed me most by its special qualities of enthusiasm, which, though they often ran away with him and left me in rather ambiguous understanding of just what manner of madman he construed *Hamlet* to be, at other times gave a fine nervous grip and bold youthfulness to the character that were undeniably attractive. Beyond its youth, Skinner's *Hamlet* is unlike others that I have seen in that it is at its worst in the passages which are most famous for bringing out good acting, and at its best in the passages that are not celebrated for any marked feats of virtuosity. In the soliloquies Skinner was theatrical and unimpressive; in the direct action of the play, in the ensembles I may say, he was perhaps equally as theatrical, but there was a genuine burn under it all—the friction that comes from line against line and action for action. It is a very difficult thing to read through a soliloquy on the stage and not detract from whatever illusion the play may have built up for the auditor by thrusting upon him the personality of the player. To do this sort of thing perfectly, I should think, must be almost as difficult as to give a satisfying monologue in vaudeville. I have seen not one satisfying monologist and but few capable soliloquists. I admire the youth, color, and velocity that have so many timely moments in Skinner's *Hamlet*, and I hope that he will grow to be more successful in maintaining apart the super-sensationalism of the modern romantic play of costumes and valor and the intellectual excitement of a play of brains. Hero worship is a bad thing to practice on one's self in *Hamlet*.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Monday night will find four new acts on the Orpheum stage: the Merilles Sisters, who are modestly billed "Europe's premiere singing and dancing artistes;" Harris and Walters, eccentric comedians; Kronemann Brothers, comedic acrobats, and Evans and Vidocq, jocular musicians. Delmore and Lee, who have made a big hit in their revolving ladder act, will be retained, together with several other favorites.

Otis Skinner will present the double bill of *The Merchant of Venice* and *Katherine and Petruchio* at the Baldwin to-night. Monday and Saturday nights of next week will be given to *Richard III.*; Tuesday and Saturday matinee, *The Lady of Lyons*; Wednesday, a repetition of to-night's double bill; Thursday, *Romeo and Juliet*. On Friday night Skinner will give another performance of *Hamlet*.

Georgia Cayvan comes to the Columbia Monday night a full-fledged star in Buchanan's pastoral drama, *Squire Kate*. The Eastern critics have been more than kind to Miss Cayvan and her company in the revival of the old Lyceum company's success. During the second week she will give us *Mary Pennington*, *Spinster*, a feminine problem that caused some discussion in New York.

Only two more nights of French opera at the California. To-night a big bill, embracing the second act of *L'Africaine*, third act of *La Favorita*, *La Navarraise*, the ballet scene from *Pastor*, and the *William Tell* overture and the *Carabinieri Rusticana* intermezzo. Sunday night, *La Traviata* at popular prices.

The Tivoli company will sing romantic Irish opera next week—Benedict's *The Lily of Killarney*, founded on Boucicault's celebrated play, *The Colleen Bawn*. After the Easter holidays the Tivoli promises a number of breezy novelties, beginning with *Miss Frisco*, a genial satire on the town.

The sixth and last of the present season of symphony concerts is postponed a week, the regular day falling on Holy Thursday.

Gertrude Auld announces a song recital for Friday night week at Golden Gate Hall.

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SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

IN this age, in which the absorbing necessities of commercial existence are pressing out and driving from the general heart that respect and reverence for the early struggles for American independence, and the heroes whose blood cemented the original thirteen States, due them, it is particularly gratifying to emphasize the fact that the State of California more than twenty years ago gave birth to an organization whose purpose and intent contemplated the perpetuity of that loyalty to country and inspiring appreciation of those brave spirits whose sacrifices and unwavering courage made possible a republic of more than seventy millions of freemen. It is an honor that cannot be too widely known, that the order of the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires"—now the "Sons of the American Revolution"—was organized in this city on the 22d day of October, 1876, and that after a wavering and doubtful existence, during which time a few tenacious and patriotic citizens struggled against almost overwhelming adversities, the order has grown until its branches are found in every State in the American union, its members are numbered by the thousands, and its influence, making for better citizenship and broader patriotism, rapidly extending throughout the nation. It has not yet taken root in foreign soil—save only the Sandwich Islands—but there can be no doubt that in time under every flag, where are found the descendants of those who struggled for the freedom of the country, its seeds will take root and its existence be made perpetual.

It would be impossible in fewer words than are found in Article II of the Constitution of the National Society to set out the scope of the organization:

"The objects of this society shall be to perpetuate the memory of the men who by their services or sacrifices during the war of the American Revolution, achieved the independence of the American people; to unite and promote fellowship among their descendants; to inspire them and the community at large with a more profound reverence for the principles of the Government founded by our forefathers; to encourage historical research in relation to the American Revolution; to acquire and preserve the records of the individual services of the patriots of the war, as well as documents, relics, and landmarks; to mark the scenes of the Revolution by appropriate memorials; to celebrate the anniversaries of the prominent events of the war; to foster true patriotism; to maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom, and to carry out the purposes expressed in the Preamble to the Constitution of our country and the injunctions of Washington in his farewell address to the American people."

"Article III provides that any man shall be eligible to membership in this society who, being of the age of twenty-one years or over, and a citizen of good repute in the community, is the lineal descendant of an ancestor who was at all times unfailing in his loyalty to and rendered actual service in the cause of American independence, either as an officer, soldier, seaman, marine, militiaman, or minute man, in the armed forces of Continental Congress, or of any one of the several colonies or States; or as a signer of the Declaration of Independence; or as a member of a committee of safety or correspondence, or as a member of any Continental, Provincial or Colonial Congress, or Legislature; was a civil officer, either of one of the colonies, States, or of the National Government; or as a recognized patriot who performed actual service by overt acts of resistance to the authority of Great Britain."

Thus comprehensively are set out the aims and objects of the Order of the Sons of the American Revolution. They are made for all time, and will meet the requirements of a century hence, when the Order shall have gained a membership of hundreds of thousands, and assumed an importance and influence in the councils and accomplishments of the nation second to none other.

The first notice which suggested the formation of such an organization was written by a woman, which appeared in the *Alta California* of June 26, 1876. In that article it was suggested that the then approaching city centennial celebration should in its procession have a representative from every State in the union who should be the son or daughter or grandchild of one of the Revolutionary heroes. The idea was eagerly seized, and on the 27th day of that month Dr. La Fayette Cogswell issued an invitation to all those who were interested in the matter to assemble at his office. The meeting resulted in subsequently meeting at the Palace Hotel on the morning of July 4, 1876, where there met fifty descendants of Revolutionary sires, who marched in San Francisco's procession.

Organization was further advanced on the evening of July 11, 1876, at Dashaway Hall, at which time a committee was chosen to prepare a constitution and by-laws, which were accepted at the Palace Hotel on the evening of August 2d; and the "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" became an accomplished fact.

From the Sons of the American Revolution have grown up kindred Orders throughout the country. Originally the organization was known as "Sons of Revolutionary Sires," and it was under this signature that the original bulletins and all other literature was sent throughout the United States. The record of the meetings of this parent society were faithfully kept, and their proceedings were regularly sent to prominent people in the East, to public libraries and historical societies—in fact, wherever it was thought the seed might fall upon fruitful soil. Provision for co-operative societies had been wisely provided for in the original organization under the head of "co-equal branches." In 1883 a society of the "Sons of the American Revolution," was formed in New York city. Again, in 1889, in view of the approaching centennial anniversary of the inauguration of President Washington, a meeting was called in New York city for the purpose of further arousing interest in the heroes of the glorious past, and the lasting perpetuation of their patriotic deeds. At that meeting, which took place on April 30, 1889, and to which the California Sons and other societies had been invited to send delegates, the national organization became an accomplished fact. The name "Sons of Revolutionary Sires" disappeared, and in its place appeared the "Sons of the American Revolution"—a more fitting and comprehensive title.

Since that time the organization has grown rapidly. In this State there are more than two hundred members, and an active interest is taken in the Order. It may be said to be the parent of all the similar societies—the honored pioneer whose children are actuated by the same patriotic impulses and inspired by a similar love of country and veneration of those who made American achievements what they have been in the past and what they promise in the future.

The Presidents of the California society down to the present time have been: Dr. Peter Wilkins Raudall, Gen. Albert M. Winn, Hon. Caleb T. Fay, Captain Augustus C. Taylor, Loring Pickering (all of whom are dead), Colonel A. S. Hubbard (also an Honorary President General of the National Society), Colonel Edward Hunter, U. S. A., Judge E. W. McKinstry, C. J. King, and Sydney M. Smith, the present incumbent.

A TYPE.

"Wisdom, humility and dignity are woman's fairest attributes
—Unidentified Fossil.

The San Francisco girl may not be wise,
If wisdom be the knowledge conned from books,
But there is witchery within her eyes,
And in her laugh one hears the rippling brooks
Go tinkling on their way through sunny nooks.
So much has nature doue for her in looks,
In voice and gesture and in supple grace,
That gazing in her bright, uplifted face
One is not prone to monrn much, I surmise,
If she be not Minerva-browed and wise.

The San Francisco girl may not be staid;
O'er much of primness is beyond her ken.
Her merry glance rests on you unafraid;
Perhaps she flirts a little now and then—
Such is the dreadful influence of men.
I am not here to chide her with my pen.
Nor wise, nor meek nor staid. And yet were she
The perfect incarnation of all three,
Methinks a wallflower's fate were hers, poor maid.
Who would adore her, were she prim and staid?

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

THE photos of Messrs. Requa, Bonnell, and Colonel A. S. Hubbard, published in to-day's supplement, were taken by Howland & Lonergan, of the Imperial studio, 724 Market street. The photo of Z. U. Dodge was taken by Thors, and that of Byron Mauzy by Marceau.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



IN spite of the enforced seclusion of many society buds, the surplus who are not Lent keepers have been pretty busy the past week with theatre parties, card ditto, and suppers *ad lib.* The Chutes has grown in favor with those who find a Baldwin theatre party or the French opera quite an item in finance. Mrs. O'Neil Reiss has taken several parties out there, and now that pale Luna is trying to shine, no doubt the Park will be a favorite place for riding parties.

The brides to be—all pretty girls—are vieing with each other in the little details which give tone and finish to a brilliant wedding. The Burton and Cohen affairs will be strictly military, therefore very showy in gilt buttons, gold lace, etc; and the maids chosen by each bride are culled from the loveliest buds of the swim. Miss Emma Butler will be maid-of-honor to Lieutenant Bent's future bride, and Miss Leila Burton will fill that role for her sister. The weddings take place within a day of each other, and while one will be a church ceremonial, the other will be solemnized at home.

Why does not some enterprising social light undertake to coach the swim in its epistolary efforts. Surely many of the dear creatures—male and female—require more than a hint as to polite *écriture.* The stationery stores do much to cultivate a taste for the beautiful and artistic in paper, but it is what goes on the paper that, as Hamlet says, is "the rub." These reflections are the result of frequent experiences told of, and met with, in our best society.

The appendicitis fad seems to be the latest in fashionable circles; every young person who has a stomach-ache is "operated" upon at once, as the physicians say the taking away of the useless little affair is practically "nothing" at a tender age. The craze has broken out in the Eastern boarding schools, where all the girls are offering themselves as subjects for the surgeon's knife.

The Hotel Rafael grows in favor daily as a place for society's summer outing. Even Eastern visitors are making Major Warfield's admirably kept hostelry their selection for an abiding place for the spring and summer months. The residents of Koss Valley are hoping that a large *fête champêtre* may be given by one of the householders in the merry month of May.

Rumor is again insistent upon the fact that a young lady of Southern States stock, and the Lieutenant who abandoned the study of war tactics for legal maxims, are subjects for congratulations by their friends. They are both of the same studious tastes, and society is unanimous in declaring it would be a charming match.

What a charming ante-nuptial trip a mother can manage for her son is evidenced by the Southern *passéar* being enjoyed together by three prominent society people—mother son, and *fiancée.*

"What a Godsend Wiltsee has been to the swim!" the women say. This popular beau can always be depended upon for flowers, theatre tickets, and lovely little suppers—so no wonder he is always a welcome guest.

Every one is pleased to see Hon. Frank McCoppin able to be out among his friends again after his long illness. Mrs. McCoppin is slowly recovering.

Gossip credits Mrs. J. D. Fry with the amiable intention of giving a very elaborate entertainment shortly after Easter.

The plaint of our most stylish stores is that so many of the swagger set go to Gotham for their wardrobe as the seasons change, and from there to Paris. As they feelingly observe, "How can one expect business to be better with all our rich folks going away to spend their money?"

To judge from the various pretty devices adopted by the several givers of social entertainments lately, it would seem that the chief object to be attained by the hostess is an opportunity to bestow a dainty gift as a "prize" to the luckiest of her guests.



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"In Bamboo Lands," by Katharine Schuyler Baxter. Illustrated. New York. The Merriam Company, 67 Fifth Avenue.

We were for some time rather doubtful as to the nationality of Mrs. Baxter, but now feel satisfied that, despite the fact that she started from a Canadian city on her trip to Japan, the United States is the land of her birth. On page 253, in commenting on the topsy-turviness of Japanese customs, she writes: "Wine is used before dinner," without saying for what purpose it is used. Cooks "use" champagne to boil ham in, and the Romans under the Empire "used" copious draughts of wine as an emetic, to make room for the heavy repast to follow. Do the Japanese employ it in cooking, to induce nausea, or to wash their hands? The handsome volume before us gives an account of the author's travels in the land of the Mikado, and of her observations of the manners, customs, and habits of the Japanese. It is illustrated with many excellent reproductions of photographs, and is further supplied with a glossary of Japanese words and a map—the last always a desirable adjunct to a book of travel. The volume opens with a short description of the journey from Montreal to Vancouver, which is called "a young ambitious city, with a fine harbor, a beautiful park, and real estate agents enough to buy and sell every foot of land on the Coast." On board the *Empress of India* she was fortunate enough to become friendly with a married lady, who turned out to be the eldest daughter of Sir Harry Parkes, who was Britain's able representative in the Far East for forty-three years, and at the time of his death was British Minister at the Court of Peking. This lady's acquaintance proved most valuable, rendering all letters of introduction superfluous, and freely opening to Mrs. Baxter everything worth seeing. She describes well what she saw, but has done her work too conscientiously: she has the idea, commonly entertained by the inexperienced writer, that you must faithfully record all you see. Now, a lively narrative owes quite as much of its vivacity to what is suppressed as to what is expressed; it is in knowing what not to tell, and not telling it, that the good narrator excels. By this we do not mean to be understood as saying that Mrs. Baxter's book is not readable; merely that we think that she is too faithful and minute a recorder. The book is a good epitome of the things, places, and people that a visitor to Japan is most likely to see and to want to learn something about. Much of the scenery of Japan is very beautiful, while the temples are perfectly bewildering in number, variety, and richness of decoration. Indeed, one cannot help suspecting from Mrs. Baxter's book that, if one had the good fortune to visit the Britain of the East, one would be tempted, after carefully examining a thousand shrines or so, to take the rest for granted. There are some notes on the manufacture of pottery, cloisonné, and lacquer ware, that will be interesting to people who are interested in things of that sort, and a good description by Major-General Palmer of cormorant fishing has been rescued from the columns of the *London Times*. The press-work and paper of the volume are very good, and the photographs excellent.

"An Ambitious Slave," by Reginald Rowland. Buffalo. Published by the Peter Paul Book Company. 1897.

The publishers' note accompanying this little paper-covered tome informs us with needless particularity that the writer's mother's name before she married the writer's father was Oakman, that Mrs. Rowland (*née* Oakman) lived in Atlanta, that the youthful Reginald at the age of twenty-one left the said Atlanta, and went to reside in Norfolk, Va., that he has been an employee of the Richmond & Dansville railroad, etc., etc. We are further told that the principal character in the story was "taken from real life," and that some of the incidents are founded on real facts, and are presented from "an unbiased standpoint." All of which is either unimportant or erroneous. The author it not yet, at any rate, of sufficient note for

the precise details of his early life or present employment to be of interest, nor is the value of the tale he tells enhanced by the fact that his hero lived somewhere and somewhen. A work of fiction is an offspring of the imagination, not a narrative of facts: if a man's talent lies in the direction of narration of actual events, let him write historical sketches. The characters of a tale are good or bad according as they interest us or not: you cannot make wooden puppets live for the reader by telling him that the people from whom they are "taken" did once move and have a being. The reader may reply: "Did they? Well, they are dead enough now." The story is that of a negro slave whose freedom is purchased by some Bostonians, and who becomes a person of importance among his fellow-negroes. The principal event is the attempt of the liberated slave to warn President Lincoln of the intention to assassinate him at Ford's Theatre, Washington. There is really no story, and no plot: but there are some queer phrases, as, for instance, "An unlimited degree of impunity;" and "the counters were strewn with . . . all manner of old jewelry and bric-a-brac too numerous to mention." The little hook does not contain any strong evidence of the existence of the story-telling gift in its writer, and without that gift all tales are naught.

In an article in the March issue of McClure's Magazine, Mr. W. D. Howells, while speaking in terms of the highest admiration of Rudyard Kipling, whom he calls "The Laureate of the larger England," and strangely claims as in some sort an American, also takes occasion (after a nasty fashion that he has) to say that the name of England "awakens only a cold disgust" in Americans. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Howells is expressing his own feeling only, and not that of the great body of his fellow-countrymen. For Mr. Howells' individual opinion on such a matter we do not care a snap of the fingers, and we do not believe that his view is the one entertained by Americans generally. It would be passing strange if disgust were all that England spells to Americans, when we reflect that upon all that is greatest and best in the United States is writ in large characters the legend, "Made in England." Is it possible that Americans feel nothing but "disgust" for that little isle set in the silver seas, whence sprang their forefathers, their language, law, literature, and most of their religions? Does an American feel only "disgust" as he walks over London Bridge, gazes at the Tower, stands in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, listens to a debate in that House of Commons to which he owes his own liberty, or stands under the bust of Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon church? We think better of human nature in general, and of American nature in particular, than Mr. Howells' utterances (if we did not excuse them as the result of unfortunate early environment) might perhaps permit us to think.

The Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P., Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whose marriage to Miss Leiter of Chicago reverberated over the whole North American continent, and awoke echoes in distant Japan and India, was one of Dr. Jewett's young men at Balliol College, Oxford, where he was familiarly known as

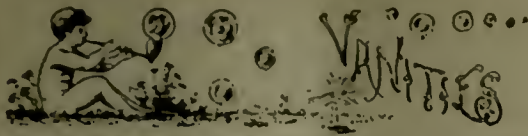
"George Nathaniel Curzon
A most superior purzon."

It is said that he has lately developed a long-windedness and verbosity that are infinitely tedious to the House of Commons, which is not at all patient of men ambitious to practice oratory at the expense of their hearers.

Massey's Magazine (Toronto, Canada), for March, opens with an account of Edouard Detaille, the famous French painter, whose spirited pictures of military life are so well known. Dr. William Clark continues his series of articles on Parkman in Canada, and W. L. Marschamp contributes a well-illustrated article on the 13th (or Winnipeg) Field Battery of Canadian Artillery. Stories, editorial comments, and verse, round out the issue.

Among all the many fine restaurants in San Francisco, Swain's Original Bakery, at 213 Sutter street, holds its own and improves with age. A fine dinner is served there every day from 5 to 8 P. M., for \$1. The very best service—every detail quiet, appetizing, complete. Also, orders for pastry and confections, promptly filled by telephone.

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DEAR EDITH: Reds, green, black, and white are to be the prevailing colors this season, and particularly the latter two colors are marked for greater popularity than ever before for spring and summer. The variety of black and white silks is probably equal to all the other designs put together. The black and white furore appeals to the middle-aged woman, for it may be youthful though elegant and yet suited to her forty or forty-five years. A complete novelty, as far as the writer's knowledge goes, is a pinhead check moire. Imagine this in black and gray white or in black, white and lavender. It admits of many artistic effects and is a joy to the proficient dressmaker, who studies materials as a painter does his canvas and pigments. A costume may be dressy according to the proportion of white, and the designs range all the way from those in white sprigged with black to those in black sprigged with only a little white. Black and white petticoats are numerous and exceedingly popular.

Petticoats, by the way, deserve a word, for they are anything but prosaic. The new styles in white muslin embroidery trimmed are out, selling from \$3 50 to \$5 and \$6. Hamburg insertions and flounces are the rule here. The dressy petticoat is of black brocaded silk, flounced with lace and trimmed with ribbon the shade of flower. Black mohair, trimmed with a corded flounce or with silk ruffles, is a good petticoat for common wear. Moreen has its admirers. In selecting this fabric one should know there are several varieties, of which silk moreen is the best. The colors are gray, dull blue, black, brown and yellow.

Moire velour is the material par excellence for dressy toilettes and stem green is the stylish color. The costume that has possessed the feminine mind is made with a stem green moire velour skirt and a black velvet coat bodice. While the skirt is plain, if a skirt fitting so perfectly can be called plain, the bodice is most elaborate, with small revers faced with green silk and covered with Brussels lace. The full vest is an intricate arrangement of yellow and white lace frills. The black velvet coat, of course, offers a striking contrast to the shimmering, soft green skirt; but another almost equally pretty costume can be made of green moire, with the bodice of the same cut, with a plaited position back and a blouse front of yellow chiffon, trimmed with bands of ostrich feathers.

Sleeves of silk dresses are, in nearly every case, covered with chiffon or gauze, shirred from wrist to shoulder puff.

A quaint color scheme for an afternoon frock can be made in the following way: The silk is effective, with a white ground covered with green wall paper scrolls and black sprays, so that the green predominates. The skirt is made double, with the upper one accordion plaited and reaching just below the knee, when it is finished all around with a black lace flounce. A black lace bolero edged with a fine piece of lace, a black satin girdle and a fancy collarette of finely plaited blue silk, the stock and collarette being in one, suggest the piquancy of the bodice. There is a scheme of economy in these collarettes, combining stock, for, when removed, the dress may do service for evening wear, with its pretty, round throat.

Other very handsome gowns for afternoon and reception use in velvet and cream guipure are made thus: Bodice of the lace confined round the waist by a velvet belt fastened with a strass clasp. Short bolero of velvet with lacings in front. Collar and sleeves frilled with guipure. Plain skirt. Pale gray green cashmere cloth gown. The skirt has a row of black braiding at the foot. The smart little coat has a plain vest of the cloth closed at the side, and is confined to the figure by a wide belt of black satin, which passes through openings at each side. Princess dress of gray cloth or peau de soie, trimmed with velvet set on in Vandykes. At the top the front is cut in V shape over a chemisette of pink velvet, the same lining the high collar. Silk muslin bow. These are some of the many new styles that are handsome and nearly always becoming.

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Old Tuolumne To the Front.

That section of the mother lode in the neighborhood of Sonora has proved so far the richest of any heretofore opened up along its entire line. At other points, of course, there are mines which have made a record, but they alone represent separate and distinct localities. Take the Utica, for instance. Outside of this particular mine and the extensions which constitute that group, no other property has yet been able to do much in the way of brag outside of the hackneyed bid for distinction so common in expert reports from the vicinity, which always locate the ground "within half a mile of the wealthy Utica," or on the same vein; anything, in fact, to claim relationship to the representative mine of the district. Of course, down Sonora way, the Rawhide has to do duty as sponsor for no end of locations, but at the same time there are some outside properties which furnish additional proof of the extraordinary prolific character of the "lode" in this vicinity. It may interest the people in London, who turned the Rawhide down at \$150,000, to learn that after producing some millions in gold, the ledge at a depth of 1,100 feet, the point to which the shaft is now down, shows up thirty feet wide, and is of an exceedingly rich grade. They lost the best bargain on this occasion they are ever likely to get again. With the Rawhide they would have had something to fall back upon to offset the severe salting they have had in nearly everything they have touched in the past, not to speak of the similar reckoning which is bound to fall to their share in the future. The App and Jumper are next in line as representative properties of this section. Lately the Tarantula has begun to loom up with a strike of ore of a remarkably fine grade. Present appearances would seem to indicate that the new owners of this property have got a very valuable piece of ground.

The Alaskan Gold Bubble.

The season is now approaching when the steamship lines doing business with Alaska ports begin to dispense attractive literature, calling the attention of the public to vast deposits of gold which are alleged to exist in this distant and inhospitable region. The bait takes with a class of people ever ready to ensnare themselves in all kinds of trouble, and a large proportion of their scanty purses finds its way into the coffers of corporations which would as lief transport them to Satan's domain itself could any inducement be held out to turn travel thither. Steamship owners were enriched last year by the same ruthless game. A large number of unfortunates squandered their little savings to gain the bitter experience that Alaska gold fields are not poor men's diggings, and return broken down in spirits and health, and without a dollar. The authorities should take some steps, if possible, to protect such people from misadventure and the hardships entailed in chasing the dazzling, colored illusions so skillfully spread before them by the rapacious managers of transportation companies, whose acts are equivalent to wholesale murder. Experience in the past shows that where one man makes money in Alaskan gold mining, a hundred drift homeward in a state of pauperization or remain to perish of starvation.

Deep Mining on the Rand.

A doubt has been expressed for some time past of the existence of ore at any considerable depth in the South African mines. Some news has just been received in this city which will practically settle that question. A Johannesburg correspondent of Mr. E. A. Wiltze, the prominent mining engineer of this city, reports a strike south in the Robinson Deep property in that district, at a depth of 2,390 feet, and a superficial distance of 3,900 feet from the outcrop, the "deepest strike yet made." "The strike," he continues, "is important as proving the existence of the reef at depth, and removing all doubt as to the maintenance of value." An assurance of this kind should have a good effect in stimulating the mining market in London by a revival of interest in speculative shares of this description. This in turn will help out some California ventures which have been hanging fire woefully of late.

Mining Again Is Favored.

Not so many months ago a mining item was barred on most of the great daily papers of this city. The author of it was regarded with suspicion, if it was not openly intimated that a job of some kind was behind the story. Now it is altogether different, and the editorial columns of one and the other in turn give expression to the opinion that mining for gold is the future basis of the State's prosperity. They might go further, and say that bad it not been for the contempt showered upon the industry for years past, and the obstacles thrown in the way of developing our mineral resources, California would to-day be the most flourishing State in the Union. When the citizens of San Francisco can be persuaded to embark their money, now tied up in the savings banks, in legitimate mining work, the town will begin to take new life, and the more the press enlarges on the proposition the better it will be for every one concerned. A careful investigation in other branches of business does not develop much in augury of a bright future, if the truth were told.

What is a Known Mine?

The question, what is a "known mine?" has arisen in the Mirabel mine litigation, which involves the validity of a United States patent for land afterwards found to be mineral in character. Mr. A. H. Ricketts, the attorney for the plaintiff, shows in his brief that a "known mine" in the eyes of the law is an actual operated mine, susceptible of profitable working. That veins of cinnabar do not necessarily impress land covered by an agricultural patent with its character of mineral land. That a vein is not legally known to exist until it has been duly located, and that a mine is not properly so called until it is opened; before that it is but a "vein." Or, in other words, that the existence of unlocated out-croppings of a vein does not constitute a mine, nor prove that the land will ever be sufficiently valuable to be worked as a mine. That until ore is shown to exist within the "location," it is only a "prospect," and the mere existence of shafts and other workings on the vein is not sufficient evidence of a "mine" to exempt the land from agricultural entry and patent.

Comstock Shares More Active.

Prices firmed a little during the week on Pine street, creating a better feeling among the speculative fraternity. Business has been more active in all the leading stocks, and the only prayer is that it may last. The touter has not been in evidence, for a wonder, which probably accounts for the revival of confidence to a certain degree. That this feeling may continue to grow and extend to the outside masses is the prayer of all who are interested in seeing the business again restored to a basis of prosperity. A good many bear operators are wondering what struck them. Those who have not filled and taken their losses have been half scared to death. The scarcity of stocks with the brokers makes the situation precarious, should prices shoot up to a point which would bring heavy operators back to the street. A boom in any particular stock or line of stocks would undoubtedly attract buyers, with the inevitable result that the bear pen would be speedily vacated by its occupants, not a few of whom might be expected to take to the woods, never to return.

A Deadly Explosive Gas.

Acetylene gas is not held in much esteem in Great Britain; in fact, it has been branded as highly dangerous, owing to the number of serious accidents which have attended its use in different parts of the country. On the first of the current month, the new illuminant came under Government control in accordance with an order in council made under the 14th section of the Petroleum Act, 1871, promulgated in a circular issued from the Home Office. Accordingly, from the date mentioned, viz., April 1, 1897, it will be unlawful to keep carbide of calcium except in virtue of a license, to be obtained from the local authority, under the act mentioned. Any local authority to whom application may be made for license to keep carbide of calcium can, if it so desires, obtain on application to the Home Office, a memorandum showing the character of the risks to be guarded against, and containing suggestions as to the nature of the precautions likely to be most effectual for securing safety. We will probably come to something of the same sort in this country after the coroner has had to do with a few victims of the craze for new fads of the kind.

Down Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

ANOTHER blow has descended with stunning severity upon the lonely heads of such sighing spinsters as survive in San Francisco; and the tender heart of many a frisky young thing of fifty or sixty winters, whose pulses palpitated with the hope that '97 would in its mercy send a husband her way, is crushed by the announcement that a second shiplod of bachelors is about to sail to the South Seas and there wot the dusky, gambolsome native, whose petticoat is a fig-leaf, and who wears naught else to speak of but a pair of ear-rings and an engaging smile. The CRIER is sympathetic, though he is not suspected of possessing that Christian virtue, and advises these disheartened sisters not to despair, but get a move on, charter a brig, lay in a stock of cocoanut oil for their skins and some epidermis dye warranted not to fade, and haste to the tropics. By the time they arrive, they ought to be a rich *café au lait* tint. Fig leaves are cheap, so are smiles and nose rings—and there you are. Cheer up, girls. Bananas are ripe.

Why sadly mope at home and mourn,
And wish that you were never born?
Quick, hie you to the southern seas,
Where husbands are as thick as bees.
First, sell your duds at second-hand;
You will not need them in that land;
The sun, my dears, will keep you warm—
Indeed, your clothes would be bad forru.
A lifeleaf for a place like this
When emigrating brings you bliss!

IT having been decided by the medicos and public at large across the pond that the Czar and Emperor William are rapidly going crazy, and other distinguished personages who wear glittering crowns for a living are showing unmistakable symptoms of disintegration in the upper story, the idea of a Royal Freak Asylum is at once feasible and appropriate. By all means let a nice, sunny wing of the structure be set apart for a colony which might easily be spared this side o' the water. That hoary-headed crank, ex-Mayor Sutro, would look real picturesque if added, stuffed, to the collection. And there are others.

WITH the gay and gladsome announcement that the Sunday picnic season has opened, comes the usual list of casualties. Several women on the last holy Sabbath day had their ankles twisted from over-indulgence in dancng. Considering the fact that these picnics are such twisters of morals as well as ankles, it is unfortunate that an equal number of necks cannot undergo the twisting process. The chippy and its mate flock altogether too numerously as it is. 'Twere a benefit to San Francisco were there an open season—say the picnic season—for this species of game.

THE man who would expectorate
In public, must beware his fate.
No longer can he take the floor
Or pavement for a cuspidor.
The citizen who thus defiles
The sidewalks and the street-car aisles
From now henceforth, to jail must go.
So far, so good, I say. But oh
Great City fathers, I entreat
You'll take your eyes from off the street
And frame another ordinance
The public comfort to enhance—
A law to fit that worst of hores
And nuisances, the man who snores!

EMMA Griffiths rashly, but with great success, dosed herself with rat poison the other day because, according to her statement, her Jim, who had a mortgage on her youthful affections, "did not greet her with the same old smile." Take warning, lads, if you would not drive your sweethearts to suicidal despair. Cultivate the old smile for all it is worth. It won't work with the tailor and the landlady, I know, but it may keep your best girl out of the Morgue. Smile. It may save you costly floral emblems; and times are hard, lads, hard.

WHENCE has he fled, this Windsor Keefer?
Alas, would his career were hrier!
He hypnotized each willing dupe,
Then left him quaffing in the soup.
A clever ruse his, I opine,
To represent he owned a mine!
He floated shares of bogus stock,
And wound his victims like a clock—
So promptly did they come to time.
His nerve was something quite as blime.
Yet, stay. Perhaps it was, in truth,
A mine that Keefer worked, forsooth,
Before he vanished like a rocket—
The kind the miners call "a pocket."

THE ways of Providence are mysterious, but we admit they are sometimes exceeding wise. One Charles Kleuper, in a condition of presumed insanity (mortally drunk), recently committed a double murder. Being in jail in Stockton, he last Tuesday quietly hung himself. Thus in an act of sanity he demonstrated the recovery of his reason. He hung himself to escape the disgrace of being hung. So the scales of Divine Justice are evenly suspended, and the money of the people saved to be distributed among the politicians.

SOMEHOW a wrong impression got abroad this week that the Miller mixed up in fight by heroically trying to defend a woman was our own Joaquin. The inference was but natural, as the leonine Poet of the Sierras has ever been noted for gallantry. In truth, his fondness for the fair sex has led to many romantic entanglements in his tuneful career that would not exactly do for Sunday-school literature. Joaquin, however, was always safe from legal complications, being armed with a poet's license.

BENJAMIN F. Ames avers in court that his wife has been addicted to the unpleasant habit of scratching his face in the solemn watches of the night while he was endeavoring to sleep the sleep of the innocout and just. He also claims that she refuses point-blank to cook his meals. The first charge savors of cruelty, the CRIER admits, but the second is not so clearly proven. Many a man's life has been saved by his wife's refusal to cook his meals for him.

THE steeple hat that woman fair
Now dotes in placing on her hair,
And loves especially to wear
When sitting at the play,
Produces (so they say)
Such frightful mental irritation
That Lawyer Vogelsang's vexation
Will send him, says he, "to damnation."
Now this is news, I do declare!
Damnation, eh? I thought, I swear,
The lawyers were already there.

MR. Wm. J. Bryan last Tuesday told the United States Supreme Court what the law was, then stalked into the White House, like a living spectre, to make Mr. McKinley uncomfortable, and later congratulated Carter Harrison on being elected Democratic Mayor of Chicago. Trouble enough for one day, and Willie slept all night and dreamed he was President. And yet they say "dreams go by contraries," whatever that elegant sentence may mean.

MEDICOS Mizner's, Livingstone's, Tait's, and Rosenstiru's fees for attendance in a professional capacity upon the late James G. Fair prove how much more difficult it is to kill a rich man than a poor mau. Were the TOWN CRIER, for instance, to be brought low with a malady that required a consultation of doctors, the chances are that the learned gentlemen would attend to his case with such neatness and dispatch that he would not have time to say his prayers.

THE fact that Blanther was much handsomer dead than alive, according to pictorial evidence in the papers this week, ought to appeal somewhat to Durrant's well-known vanity. He might possibly be tempted to assist justice by becoming a cadaver, provided a written agreement between himself and the camera man were signed, to make him good-looking. Old Nick can safely be entrusted with the finishing touches.

GEOLOGIST Attwood's office was broken into by thieves the other night. They were probably after rocks.



THE OLD SOLDIER—FORT RUSSEL KNAPSACK.

THE soldier was old and his hair was white,
Where it fell away from his polished pate,
And bid the scar that a bullet's flight
Had left as reminder of red man's hate,
The soldier was old and his hair was white,
But it mattered not, for his beard was light,
And his clear gray eyes with youth shone bright,
Though a veteran soldier of high three score.

Deep-chested and broad, he's at home in the gym,
In the field or the post he's contented,
Whatever the grub, it satisfies him.
And he laughs at the ill-feelings vented.
He's a hero, that's what!—say what you will,
Revere him who wish for some fancied ill,
He's a soldier and a veteran still.

A veteran soldier of Uncle Sam—
Aged in the service—but how or where?
As straight as an arrow, or southern palm,
As lithe as a panther though not so spare—
Strong of limb and disciplined well,
A soldier of fortune—its ebb or swell
Find him unconcerned though it pass or dwell;
The fates have dealt lightly with him they adore.

EN TOUT CAS.—ANTHONY FOX, IN FALL MALL.

Accept, dear heart, this silken shade,
Proclaimed for equal service made
In sun and shower;
And may it prove companion meet,
Whether noon-splendors on thee beat
Or storm-clouds lower.

For both 'tis meant! And yet I deem
It augurs less of gloom than gleam,
Shaped most for light:
So, though some passing drops must fall,
Yet may thy years, my darling, all
Be chiefly bright!

But know that as we tread together
Life's path, with all its changing weather,
Its rain and shine,
For ever, thy dear head above,
Remains a canopy of Love
En tout cas t'bine!

CONSCIOUSNESS.—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Within the silent rock exist
A billion yearning lives.
Man is a petty egotist
To think he only strives—
To think he only stroggles up
To God through toil and pain:
He is but one drop in a cup
Filled from the mighty main.

The flowers have tender little souls
That love, repine, aspire.
Each star that on its orbit rolls
Feels infinite desire.
The diamond longs to scintillate
When hid beneath the sod.
The universe is animate
With consciousness of God.

WHENNE HATTE-TREES BLOCM.—GOOEY'S.

Whenne batte-trees bloom and blue skyes shyne
Lives there ye mayde who can declyne
Toe crympe ye bange and curl ye locke,
Or steele ber bearte agaynst that knocke
Wybch promptes Easter offeryngs fyne.

In sootbe each fayre must falle in lyne
Toe sporten Springe's garbe divyne,
And all ye maydes uponne ye blocke
Have battes ye witte of man toe mocke,
And rove where bonnet-husbes twynne
And hatte-trees bloom.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Malson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DAIRIES.

Oakland Dairy Depot, 330 Fulton street, S. F. Absolutely pure Milk and Cream. Telephone. Pine 1692.

DENTISTS.

Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawalian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval; any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

BOILER MAKERS.

P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street.
Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

CANDIES.

Maillard's Chocolates in ½ and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Hermann Schwarze (known as Hermann at Strozynski's) has opened
Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 225 Powell st. Telephone Main 5820

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
Capital Paid Up.....\$3,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 500,000
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
NEW YORK—Merchant's Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

San Francisco Savings Union.
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
Deposits. Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

The German Savings and Loan Society. No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
Guarantee capital and surplus...\$3,040,201 68
Capital actually paid up in cash.. 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,700,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.

Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank. N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
John J. Valentine.....President
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
Homer S. King.....Manager
F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. | Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank. 222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.
INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.
William Alvord S. L. Abbott, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Bahcock O. D. Baldwin E. J. McCutchen
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln



An English captain of a regiment stationed at Natal was paying off his command and happened to give one of them a Transvaal half-crown which bears the image of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown." The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. It's all right. You can pass it at the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's a right, sir, it's a right; but it's the first time I've seed the Queen wi' whiskers on."—London Answers.

Now her sins she repents—
Though you'd scarcely expect it!
But a place to commence?
At what charming offense?
'T would puzzle the sense
Of a saint to select it!
But her sins she repents—
Nowadays "they" expect it. —Life.

O'Hoolahan (laying down morning paper)—Bridget. MRS. O'HOO LAHAN—Well, Pat? O'HOO LAHAN (ferverently)—Arrah, O'm glad Oi voted fer protection this last election! Sure, our American citizens down at Cuby do be needin' it bad enough!—Brooklyn Eagle.

"A capital invention, these horseless carriages!" "Don't talk rubbish. We have had for a long time things quite as remarkable in their way as horseless carriages, and nobody takes the slightest notice of them." "Indeed! What, for instance?" "Cowless milk."—Exchange.

Aunt Geehaw (of Hay Corners, laying down weekly paper, horrified)—They're havin' terrible times jist now, over to Crete, Joshuway! UNCLE GEEHAW (sympathetically)—Yes, I'm blamed sorry for ther poor Creters!—Mail and Express.

Poet—Let me tell you, sir, that poem cost me a week's hard labor. EDITOR (who has read it)—Is that all? If I'd have had the passing of the sentence you'd have got a month.—Tid-Bits.

Jenkins (of New York)—Well, what are you looking so sour about, my dear? MRS. JENKINS (severely)—John Henry Jenkins, you have been drinking again! I can smell ham sandwiches on your breath!—Brooklyn Eagle.

First Deaf Mute (speaking by finger signs, sympathetically)—How did you sprain your wrist? SECOND DEAF MUTE (speaking by ditto, with one hand)—I was reading Scotch dialect aloud.—Globe Democrat.

"What is Bexton hustling around so in the interest of a curfew ordinance for?" "His boy saw him coming out of a variety theatre the other night and went home and told about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wallace—I notice that Hargreaves isn't wearing his diamond. FREDDY—No; he pawned it last week. "I wonder what he got on it?" "Drunk."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Why do you hate soap so?" asked the inquisitive lady. "I don't," said Mr. Dismal Dawson. "I simply ignore it. We don't move in the same set; that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you know that your confounded dog barks all night?" "Yes, I suppose he does. But don't worry about him. He sleeps all right in the day time."—Tid-Bits.

Miss Adipose (gratified)—So a gentleman likened me to something sweet, last evening? PHYLLIS—Yes; he said you were a pudding.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

All the latest and handsomest gentlemen's furnishing goods at Carmany & Co.'s, 25 Kearny street.

BANKING.

Bank of California,
San Francisco.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided
Profits (October 1, 1894)... 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Asst Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....3d Ass't Cashier
CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of the Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boalman's Bank.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit
and Trust Company.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.
DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Trendwell, F. W. Louges, Henry E. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon, and J. Dalzell Brown.
OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank
of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President.

S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hoops, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.
GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchanges on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and
American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard des Capucines. Draw direct on the principal offices of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.
SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Californian
Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000
Paid Up.....1,500,000
Reserve Fund.....700,000
N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Crocker-Woolworth
National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
AND POST STREETS.
Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather
Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
Established 1851, San Francisco.
CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Brugiutere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.
AGENTS—New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

INSURANCE.

THOS. C. HINDMAN, formerly General Pacific Coast Manager of the defunct Columbian Fire Insurance Company, and a heavy stockholder thereof, is retrieving his fortunes with the Mutual Life, of New York, in Kentucky. As manager of that company he captured the Presidents' cup for doing the largest amount of business during the months of November and December of last year.

W. S. Du Vall has been appointed Inspector for the new compact for all territory in this State north of Tehachapi.

Affairs in the recently organized Fire Underwriters' Association are running smoothly, and there is every indication of permanency. With the exception of the Thuringia and Continental, all companies of any consequence are in the Board.

During the visit here of John A. McCall, he was agreeably entertained by Charles A. McLane, the company's chief representative at this place, and others of the insurance fraternity. He left for the East on Thursday night.

Manager Callingham, of the Sun Insurance Office, has appointed Crawford & Conover representatives of the company at Seattle.

Manager Beggs, of the Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company, has moved his Pacific Coast headquarters from Portland to San Francisco. With the exception of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, the headquarters of all companies doing business on the Pacific Coast are now located here.

The much-advertised Denver Life Insurance Company is having its books examined by the Colorado State insurance officials. It has been discovered that the \$25,000 securities deposited with the Insurance Department are practically worthless, and that the majority of the Directors are ignorant of its financial standing. Many of them have resigned the past week, and the vacancies have not yet been filled.

Risks written last year in this State amounted to \$336,334,238; for which premiums received were \$3,817,317. The largest amount written and largest amount of premiums received in any one year in California was in 1892, when the amount written was \$398,623,490, and premiums received \$7,067,460. From these figures some interesting deductions as to the cost of the recently-ended rate war may be obtained.

The business of the Nederland Life, since the retirement of that company on the first of the month, is being rapidly absorbed by other companies, and the probabilities are that there will be little cause for continuing the New York office for finishing up its business in this country.

Five of the seven Directors of the Massachusetts Benefit Life have resigned, and their places have been filled.

Will D. Jenkins, Secretary of State of Washington, and acting Insurance Commissioner, desires us to say that until further notice checks, drafts, or certificates of deposit will not be received by his department for the payment of any fees or licenses, as the department has lost money through the failure of several northern banks.

Manager Houghton, of the Aetna Life, has appointed J. W. Edmonds general agent for Oregon and Washington, to succeed W. J. Hunter, who died January 27th.

Manager Cofran, of the Hartford, after a two weeks' visit, has returned to Chicago.

Alfred Stoneman has been elected manager of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific. This gentleman filled the same position under the old Pacific Insurance Union.

The Norwalk Fire has been admitted to South Dakota and Colorado.

The Hartford Life and Annuity Company will hereafter be known as the Hartford Life Insurance Company.

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GAYETIES OF FORTY YEARS AGO.—Second Paper.

THE most noted semi-public ball given during 1864 was the fancy dress one given at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in the month of December, of which mention was made in the NEWS LETTER a few weeks ago.

One of the earliest events of 1865 was the ball given by General and Mrs. McDowell, which may be called of a semi-public character, as it was not alone their personal friends who were entertained at it. The ball, which was given on the 21th of January, at the Occidental Hotel, was the sensation of the hour. The dining-room was made the ball-room for the occasion, General and Mrs. McDowell receiving their guests in the parlors, the supper tables being laid in the broad halls near by, the new portion of the hotel not being yet opened.

Very nearly all society was present, regardless of the North and South war feeling which pervaded it at that time. Society being largely composed of the Southern element. Among the belles were the Misses Maxwell, McMullin, Butterworth, Atherton, Raymond Foard, Chamberlains, Hort, etc., and among the most noted guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who were then playing an engagement at Maguire's Opera House.

The Navy proved that they could play hosts as well as guests, by a delightful ball given on board the flagship Lancaster on the 22nd of June, 1865. The weather, fortunately was most propitious, and the trip to the ship, by means of small boats, was one of the pleasant features of the evening. The entire deck was covered in for dancing, and brilliantly lighted with lanterns, and a superb supper was served by Leland of the Occidental Hotel. The officers of the ship included Admiral Pearson, Captain Davenport, Lieutenant-Commander E. P. McCrea, Lieutenants W. R. Bridgeman, A. S. Barker, present Commander of the Oregon, M. W. Sanders, Surgeon Potter, Lieutenant Webster of the marines, etc.

The Occidental Hotel was again the scene of a brilliant gathering on Thursday evening, July 6th, when the young gentlemen of society gave a ball in honor of Admiral Pearson and the officers of the Lancaster as a return compliment for the very delightful one above mentioned. Cutler McAllister had entire charge of this affair, and it was as perfect as it could be made; W. H. L. Barnes, Lieutenant W. W. Tompkins, U. S. A., W. C. Little, and Ben Smith were his assistants and floor managers. Being a button dance, the scene was a dazzling one, and of the belles, both married and single, there was not one missing. Then followed another button affair, a military one this time, given at the Presidio by the officers of the Second Infantry of California Volunteers, who were garrisoning that Post while the regulars were in the field.

When the new dining-room of the Lick House was opened, it at once sprang into popularity for ballroom purposes, and the "Lick House Ball," given on the 21st of February, 1867, was the first of a series that took place therein. The second came off one week later, and was a masquerade, at which Miss Alice Risdon appeared as the Goddess of Liberty, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Schmiedell as two peasant girls, Mrs. Fred Castle as Diana, Mrs. C. R. Story as Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Speyer as the game of Bezique, Mrs. A. Seligman as the Queen of Clubs, Mrs. Fred Low as a French Marquise, Mrs. Bandman as Pocahontas, Miss Lotty Hall as Queen of Night, Mrs. Janes as a Gypsy, Miss Gummer as a Snow Storm, Mrs. Frank Hassey as "Night." Fred Castle appeared as Hamlet, General Hewston as a Matelot, Eugene Dewey as a gallant of the time of Louis the 15th, and John McCullough as a knight in armor. A number of ladies created quite a sensation by going in a party, in domino, and fleeing at midnight, when unmasking time came. Among them were Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss Ella Maxwell, Miss Jenny McNulty, Miss Alexandra Atherton and Miss Noyes. The escorts of this "Cinderella Brigade," as it was called, included General C. A. Whittier, Colonel Neil Dennison, W. H. L. Barnes, Charley Le Gay, Ben Smith, etc.

A new aspirant for ballroom honors was Pacific Hall, over the new (old) California Theatre, inaugurated on the 6th of February, 1869, by a ball given by the San Francisco Verein Club. It was a fancy dress masquerade, at which Mrs. J. W. Kidwell wore a Plantagenet costume,

her cousin, Miss Mamie Kelly, appeared as "Cherry Ripe," Miss Dingee as Satanella, Mrs. Braverman as an Albanian, Miss Nonie Smith as an Indian Princess. Mrs. Schmiedell, Miss Kate Robinson, Mrs. Tom Cash, Miss Lotty Hall, Miss Fanny Daniels, Miss Lount, and the Misses Greenhood were among those who wore dominos. Captain Roberts appeared as a fireman, Coll Deane as Raoul, Charley Le Gay as Pierrot, W. C. Ralston as the Doge of Venice, Raphael Weill wore the dress of a German Dragoon, George C. Bodie was Cardinal de Richelieu. One of the most effective dresses was that worn by Miss Emma Adams, who appeared as a Peasant Girl.

During the spring and summer of 1870 the port of San Francisco was paid frequent visits by U. S. M. S. Zealous. Admiral Farquhar and his officers gave innumerable dances on board the ship; indeed, during one long stay of nearly three months these hops were of weekly occurrence. Therefore, towards the close of this visit, gentlemen who had been among their guests on many occasions, deemed it only fitting that some return should be made by them, and the result was a handsome entertainment in the shape of a ball, given at Pacific Hall September 13, 1870. It was on a very elaborate scale; the decorations of the brilliantly lighted hall, the excellent floor, superb music, delicious supper, and the beautifully garbed ladies, who represented the cream of our social world, rendered it an affair to be proud of, and a theme talked of for many a day afterwards. The committee of invitation were Thomas H. Selby, Cutler McAllister, Delos Lake, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Judge H. A. Lyons, and H. B. Williams. The floor managers included the best known young club men of the city. Admiral Farquhar and officers of the Zealous, escorted by Mayor Selby and the floor managers, entered the ballroom to the strains of "God Save the Queen," and after they had made a tour of the ball the ball was opened by Admiral Farquhar selecting a partner for the "Admiral's Quadrille." Once dancing was inaugurated, the ball went with a brilliancy seldom seen, and never excelled in San Francisco.

The dining-room of the Lick House was the place chosen for the ball given on the 15th of September, 1870, by the city to General Sherman on his visit here that summer, General Sherman and General Schofield entering the ballroom together at 10 o'clock. It was a veritable jam; so great was the crowd in the ballroom it was a pleasure to the guests to wander through the broad halls, the lemonade and punch tables which were placed in one of them near the door of the dining-room attracting almost as many as the dance inside. Among the handsome women present were Mrs. C. A. Low, Mrs. Pepe Barron, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. P. S. Van Ranselaar of New York, Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mrs. M. S. Latbam, and Mrs. Wherry, the wife of one of Schofield's aides.

During the Ralston regime at Belmont, many delightful entertainments were given there; probably the two most of a semi-public character were the receptions given by him in honor of Admiral Farragut and Schuyler Colfax, September 24, 1869, and of General Sherman, September 10, 1870. On both occasions the guests went down by special train, were conveyed to the house by carriages, and found that palatial abode ablaze with lights, Ballenberg and his band to provide the music for dancing, and a magnificent supper for a finale.

One of the public balls of 1870 was given at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in compliment to the Boston Board of Trade, which, with a large party of ladies, paid San Francisco a brief visit. It took place on the 17th of June, and was known as the \$50,000,000 dance. This Boston party was composed of many leading members of the Hub's social and business circles, and with them they brought a bottle of water from the Atlantic Ocean, which with great ceremony they poured into the Pacific from the beach near the Cliff House, thus mingling the waters of two great oceans, and uniting Boston and San Francisco.

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PAUPER ALLEY has been much exercised over the mysterious disappearance of Windsor A. Keefer, the well-known mining man, who, for many years, has been a familiar figure on the lane which serves as a thoroughfare for every one having the slightest connection with stocks. Keefer spent most of his waking hours on the alley, and notwithstanding his apparent prosperity, took many of his meals at a cheap little kitchen, the only virtue of which was its proximity to the Stock Boards. He was the first man to be seen in that vicinity in the morning, arriving before the shutters were taken from the saloons and invariably being served with the first national cocktail. Long after the stars came out, he took his final and purposeless promenade through the quarter. Keefer's costume was as peculiar as were the hours he kept. He invariably wore a suit of black broadcloth, of antique cut, a black slouch hat and a small black cravat tied in a bow, leaving a wide expanse of skirt bosom.

This costume and his habitually solemn countenance were once responsible for a ludicrous mistake which caused the mining speculator much secret gratification. Up in Tuolumne County, while investigating a reported mineral discovery, he had occasion to spend a day or two in a mountain hamlet where he was quite unknown. Misled by his broadcloth and his demeanor, the miners mistook him for an itinerant Methodist minister—an assumption quite justified by his appearance. A clergyman was an unknown quantity in that camp and the novelty made the miners anxious to utilize his talents promptly. Accordingly a deputation waited on Keefer and asked him to preach that evening. Without changing countenance or making verbal response to the request, he sauntered toward the bar of the inn, the deputation following from force of habit.

"Everybody step up," shouted Keefer, in stentorian tones, and the population of the entire camp was soon crowded about the saloon.

There were not glasses enough to go around and so the barkeeper passed out bottles from which each man took as big a drink as he was able.

"Here's to you, Parson," they shouted, a toast which the supposed minister modestly acknowledged.

Then Keefer, without any reference to his prospective sermon, paid his score, slung his hag over his shoulder and silently departed. The miners looked after him with admiration and wonderment.

"He's O. K., he is," was the emphatic verdict of the spokesman of the deputation, "hut I'll be jiggered if he ain't the rummest parson I ever seed!"

Everyone, including babies and dogs, likes James C. Adams, who practices law on Sansome street, lives in Oakland and is famous for voiceless cachinnation. So good natured and approachable is he that he is daily accosted by people he does not know, hut who want to see his parted lips. As Adams was crossing on the ferry one day this week, he was greeted by a very inebriated individual, confident of the friendly sympathy which he at once received. The haccchant warmly grasped the hand of the popular member of the aristocratic Lake Merritt set.

"You're a good fellow," he proclaimed, with alcoholic effusiveness. "I like you. Now, where's your joint? I want to give you all my trade. I know every joint from Second street to East Oakland and I've never yet seen you behind a har. Where's your joint?"

All his acquaintances are now asking Jim the same question.

Comment is made that at the noon meetings for business men conducted by Archdeacon Webber in the Chamber of Commerce, the Episcopal clergy, who share seats in the audience with the down-town contingent, are as tardy as the hankers and brokers are punctual in their attendance.

No one has been quite so late, however, as the Reverend Robert C. Foute, rector of Grace Church. Thereby hangs a tale, and thereby also hung, for a time, the fashionable priest. As the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce is on the second floor and up a long flight of steps, many elderly gentlemen *en route* to hear the Archdeacon have recourse to the Merchants' Exchange elevator, an old-fashioned contrivance which frequently illustrates Matthew Arnold's declaration that it is the unexpected that happens. Mr. Foute knew that he was late when he stepped into the elevator, hut when it stopped between the first and second floors he foresaw that he would be later.

"Never mind taking me up-stairs," he shouted, in his abrupt way. "Just let me out of this confounded thing, and I'll walk."

Even this was impossible. The lift stuck fast; all efforts to move it were unavailing, and it was as difficult to go down as up. There soon gathered a crowd, composed of the unregenerate who were not going to the meeting, and who amused themselves with jeering the caged occupants of the suspended elevator. Rector Foute, having graduated from the navy into the church, was able to express his opinion as forcibly as the less reverend.

"The preacher don't seem to be stepping heavenward at a very rapid gait," said a scoffer, at whom the clergyman hurled muttered anathemas.

After half an hour's hard work the lift slowly descended to its starting place. Mr. Foute rushed out, and hurriedly made for the stairway. He was in time to meet his descending brother clergymen, who had left the chamber, the meeting being long over. The portly rector's ruffled sensibilities were not soothed to any noticeable extent by the evident incredulity with which the other ministers received his explanation of absence.

A tapping at the studio door of a young woman who is a member of the Art Students' League, brought the fair tenant to the entrance. The vision that met her eyes was more gorgeous than sunset at the Cliff House. A pink shirt with broad bars of yellow, a bright blue necktie, white hat, black clothes, brown waistcoat, and about seven inches of grin—all bowed to her at once. She rubbed her eyes, hut it was still there, and, oh, horrors! the grin was perceptibly widening!

The artist realized that she had been working too steadily. She resolved to lay aside her palette, stop mixing tubes of paint, and take a long rest in the country.

Then her reflective monologue was interrupted.

"I'm Jimmie," piped a voice, which came from the center of that growing cavity.

"So you are a real, live Brownie? And it wasn't a mirage, and I haven't strabismus!" ejaculated the artist, in surprised relief. "But, who is Jimmie?" she added, haughtily. "This is no Christmas pantomime. I am not accustomed to such introductions, sir!"

The animated rainbow, without a word, produced a stubby pencil, and, with a few strokes, sketched on a panel of the artist's door the outlines of a diminutive bear and the head of a cherub, of which the most distinguishing feature was its expansive smile.

The unmistakable evidences of frost vanished, and were succeeded by a sunshine which was almost tropical.

"Oh! I see. How do you do? Wou't you come in, Mr. Swinnerton?" invited the artist cordially. "I am so pleased to meet you."

Joaquin Miller has issued invitations for a dinner party on Sunday at his quaint cabin on The Heights. Like everything else with which the Poet of the Sierras is connected, the invitations were highly original, although irreverent, bordering, indeed, on the sacrilegious.

"Come and have a good time with me," said old Joaquin, to his prospective guests. "We will emulate the example of the Creator. God always took Sunday off and lay around, and smoked and had a good time. He didn't hold any of those praise services that are so fashionable nowadays. No; he wasn't so damned egotistical."

And now it is Oakland which, according to the Thespian verdict, from which there is no appeal, is a jay town. It all came about through the way the mud flat residents re-

ceived the presentation of Gismonda. At the end of the third act it was quite in accordance with the nightly programme that flowers for Miss Davenport should be passed up over the footlights, and plump Fanny and the stalwart Melbourne Macdowell were always called before the curtain.

Now, among the trifling details of the handsome stage setting is a bunch of artificial roses which conscientiously imitate a bloom from their vase on a small round table. During his impassioned love-making, Macdowell unconsciously upset this imitation bouquet, which fell, unnoticed, to the floor. The Oaklanders were somewhat shy on the proper standard of enthusiasm that night; even the manager forgot his cue, and so, no flowers were forthcoming from the orchestra leader at the critical moment. Macdowell perceived this omission, as also the manifest disappointment of Miss Davenport.

Suddenly he caught sight of the paper roses at his feet. In the excitement of the moment, he mistook the property bouquet for the genuine floral article, and gracefully presented it to the now smiling Fanny. But those in the dress circle, who had noted all the movements of the stage roses, and who appreciated the significance of Melbourne's mistake, unkindly laughed; while the gallery howled with malicious glee. There was no recall after the third act that night, and now Oakland is added, in the dramatic catalogue, to the list of uncultured communities.

A taste of his own medicine was administered this week to Professor L. Du Pont Syle of the English Department in the State University. Syle is noted in college circles as a particularly severe critic and his students often write under his sarcastic shafts.

"What they need is a tonic, not a sedative," is his defence for biting judgments harshly expressed.

Outside of his lecture room Syle is amiable enough and is considered an accomplished dramatist. He recently wrote a comedy, "The Chaplain's Revenge," which was produced by his students. The play was so favorably received that Syle thought he could afford to invite class criticisms upon it, anticipating comments from his own scholars at least as favorable as those of the critics in the daily press. Unfortunately for him, Professor Syle had forgotten that characteristic of collegians which never overlooks an opportunity to get even. To his pain and surprise one after another in his class poured hot shot into his little comedy, and it was small comfort to the unhappy instructor to feel that most of the aspersions of his critics were unjust. His cup of bitterness ran over when a "co-ed," who had had a leading role in the cast and who, Syle naturally supposed, would rush to his defense, declared that the play was sadly lacking in unity and was merely a succession of commonplace incidents, inartistically strung together. Syle hotly defended the child of his brain, but it is understood he will change its name to "The Student's Revenge."

Her ostensible purpose in visiting the Anglo-California Bank was to have a check cashed, but she almost forgot about the money in her eagerness to discuss Edwin K. Alsip's little slip, the flight of Attorney Morgan, the baby, the fictitious mamma, the discomfiture of those concerned in the blackmailing scheme and all the details of the victim's misadventure.

"I know Alsip quite well," she said, volubly, to genial Billy Stinson, the paying teller. "Alsip's all right. In his case, it was not an error of the heart," she continued, oracularly, "but of the—ahem!—of the—"

She floundered, hesitated, blushed and gasped. With a dexterous sweep of his arm, Stinson spread in a shining semi-circle on the counter, the gold pieces represented by her check. Then he looked steadily at the confused female and leaned confidentially toward her.

"My dear Madam," said Billy, in his blandest tones, "you are in deep water. Swim out."

Some of his opponents in the Hale & Norcross management are now unkind enough to say that it was the irony of fate which sent Jeremiah Lynch to the State Senate. His political triumph came just after he completed his memorable trip on the Nile, under the direction of a tour-

ist's excursion party. That expedition was directly responsible for the book about Egyptian sand, and mummies, and obelisks, published after the travelers return, and to the editing of which was ascribed the sudden affluence of Harry Dan, now of London. Jerry has always been a great favorite among the ladies, and his successes are supposed to be due to those well-known charms of person, of which he is not unconscious. When he arrived in Sacramento to attend the Legislature, Senator Lynch wore bushy whiskers, on which he lavished a wealth of affection. He took a seat in the Chamber next to a hold-over Senator, of whom he asked an embarrassing question, in his famous lisp, while he caressed the curls on his chin.

"Can you tell me, thir," Jerry said, sweetly, "who wath the handthometh man in the lath Thenate?"

There could be no question as to the identity of the handsomest man in the Senate during that session.

The decorative soul of John Harrold has been finding a partial expression in the work of college settlement, established in San Francisco two years ago by Professor Bernard Moses. Harrold has been showering his talents on a band of ungrateful little street arabs, but who, he is firmly convinced, will be more appreciative some day. They view the entire plan for their mental and social improvement in the light of a huge joke, their conception of its benefits being confined to the many opportunities it presents for "stringing" their instructors. By way of inducing better deportment, and with his own dignity in mind, Harrold organized the kids under his supervision into a club, to meet two nights a week, all business being transacted by the boys themselves. The first test of the new order of things came at the second meeting of the club, when the juvenile secretary gravely read the minutes of the previous session, recording the first vote thus:

"Eight ayses, nine noses."

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IF music be the food of love, what a feast there has been of late! The opera will, however, soon be a thing of the past, and for the closing nights of the season there have been quite a number of parties arranged to enjoy them. The concert of the Loring Club, on Tuesday night, was one of the best the club has ever given, and the attendance—always large at these popular society affairs—was even more so than usual. The art lectures of the Henri Fairweathers, which Sorosis has been enjoying during the past weeks, have been great treats. The Wagner series has been finished, and now Browning is to be the theme.

Social festivities have, in the main, been confined to dinners and suppers, the latter preceded by theatre, opera, and Chute parties, of which last Mrs. J. O'Neil Reis has proved to be one of the most successful arrangers. On Monday evening the members of the Sketch Club gave a reception in their rooms on Montgomery street, the musical features being provided by the University Mandolin Club, and the Spring Show has, during the week, attracted many visitors to their pleasant quarters.

By far the handsomest entertainment of the Lenten season was the pink luncheon which Mrs. William Alvord gave on Tuesday last in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Fifteen ladies were seated at the round table, the floral adornments of which were pinks of various tints combined with smilax, and a couple of hours were delightfully spent in discussing a most elaborate *menu*. Among the guests were Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. Lawrence Poole, Mrs. Willie Howard, Mrs. Chas. Brigham, Mrs. Ed. Hopkins, Mrs. Willie Babcock, Mrs. Russ Wilson, etc.

Dinners were quite plentiful during the closing days of last week, one of the prettiest being given by Miss Genevieve Goad, whose guests were all young people. William Alvord presided as host at a very elaborate dinner given at the Pacific-Union Club, at which D. O. Mills was guest of honor, to meet whom twenty-two other gentlemen were hidden at what was a veritable hanquet. The *menus* were in hook form on white cardboard, and the guests' names were hand-painted on the front leaf. Miss Grace Hecht's recent white dinner was to signalize her formal *début* in society, and the evening hours were delightfully passed in dancing.

On Sunday last the marriage of Miss Henrietta Weil and Leopold Sondheimer took place at the home of the bride on Ellis street. Rabbi Voorsanger performed the ceremony, relatives and intimate friends only being present, and at its conclusion a handsome wedding *déjeuner* was served, later in the day the young couple departing on a honeymoon trip to Coronado. There were neither bridesmaids nor groomsmen, and the bride wore a travelling costume of gray cloth, which was very becoming, and a hat to correspond.

It has been a matter of comment the disagreeable weather most of the brides of the past winter and early spring have had to mark their wedding days. Miss Aileen Goad had, therefore, to congratulate herself on her better fortune in having one of the brightest days which has fallen to our lot of late, for her marriage to Charles McIntosh, which was solemnized at the Goad residence on Washington street, on Wednesday afternoon, Bishop Nichols tying the nuptial knot in the presence of quite an assemblage of relatives and intimate friends. Miss Genevieve Goad officiated as her sister's maid-of-honor, and Claude Terry Hamilton supported the groom as best man.

Still a third wedding for the 21st of April is arranged to take place in addition to those of Miss Mattie Whittier and Miss Minnie O'Neil; the bride and groom in this instance will be Miss Helen Sutro and Samuel Schwartz, and the ceremony to be performed at the home of the bride's mother, on Pine street. The Low-Bush wedding,

which will be an event in New York society, will take place in Gotham during Easter week. The fair bride-elect is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Adolph Low, former popular members of San Francisco's swim.

The coming June weddings are a leading topic in fashionable circles, and the indications are that they will be brilliant affairs. June 1st will be the wedding day of Miss Minnie Burton and Lieutenant Pierce, and the ceremony will be performed at the residence of Colonel Burton on Pacific avenue. It is to be a blue wedding, and Miss Leila Burton is to appear as her sister's maid-of-honor, and the Misses Grace Sabine, Lottie Woods, Kathro Burton, etc., will officiate as bridesmaids. A large reception will follow the ceremony.

The nuptials of Miss Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Bent will be solemnized on Wednesday evening, June 2d, the Rev. Horatio Stebbins tying the knot at the Unitarian Church on Franklin street, after which there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's uncle, Dr. Henry Gibbons, on Polk street. Miss Cohen's bridal robe will be of white satin, and Miss Emma Butler, as maid-of-honor, will be arrayed in blue. The bridesmaids, who will wear dainty gowns of white organdie, will be the Misses Ida Gibbons, Helen Wagner, Julia Crocker, Bernie Drown, and Alice Moffitt of Oakland.

A very pretty wedding was that which took place at the residence of J. H. Swain, in Stockton, on last Wednesday, when Miss Mahel Swain was united in marriage to H. E. Plummer, of Lathrop. The family home was profusely decorated with flowers, and the ceremony was performed beneath a mass of smilax and white rosebuds. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer will spend their honeymoon in an extended tour of the Coast.

Recently announced engagements include that of Miss Lauretta Cook and J. C. Applewhite.

But one more week of Lent, and then a brief but gay season of dances and weddings ere the summer flit from town begins. First on the list of gay doings will probably be the Oakland fancy dress *bal masque* at Ehell Hall on Easter Tuesday night; quite a large party will go from this side of the bay to take part in the festivity, and it promises to be a brilliant affair. On Friday evening, the 23d, the last meeting for this season of the Saturday evening Cotillion Club will be held in Native Son's hall. It will be on quite an elaborate scale, and more formal than any of the dances last winter. Howard Adams, who will lead the cotillion, will introduce several new figures, for which favors are to be distributed, and after supper it is the intention to have general dancing.

The opening day of the Pacific Yacht Club is set for the 15th of May, for which preparations will soon be made, ensuring the club and its guests one of those delightful times for which in the past it has been famous.

The entertainment under discussion by the lady managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage has resolved itself into a concert and tea, which will be given at the new building on Seventh avenue and Lake street on the afternoon of May 22d. The lady managers of the Children's Hospital are busily preparing an entertainment for the benefit of that popular charity, of which due notice will be given.

Mrs. W. L. Gerstle is visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht at their home on Washington street during the absence of Mr. Gerstle in Alaska, who anticipates returning about the first of June. Mrs. and Miss Skea, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Dr. George Sheils, Mrs. T. W. Lillenthal, Mrs. J. L. Little, Miss Little, Mrs. Gustave Sutro, and Miss Sutro, are among the guests at the Hotel Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth and family, have returned from a year's sojourn abroad, during which time they very thoroughly did Continental Europe. Miss May Hoffman is expected home by the next steamer from the Sandwich Islands.

Among those making the annual exodus to San Rafael this season, we may count upon the Slosses, Gerstles, Hechts, Greenwalds, and Hasses, all of whom are already preparing to leave the city. The Neustadters will frequent their usual "haunts" at Tahoe, while Alaska and Yosemite parties are now being planned galore.

The most important affair of the week was the magnificent theatre party given by Miss Hellman at the opera on Wednesday night. Unlike the usual theatre party, the guests arrived on time, and enjoyed the rare treat of hearing the overture. After the opera the party adjourned to the Hellman mansion, corner of Franklin and Sacramento streets, where a most sumptuous feast awaited them. It was not until the "wee sma' hours" of the morn that the party broke up. Mr. Albert Ehrman and Miss Rosalie Neustadter were guests of honor.

It is noted from a late copy of the Berlin (German) Times that Miss Mariou Bear, a well-known young lady of this city, who has been abroad for the past four years studying music, made her initial appearance in concert at Berlin on the 10th of March. The Times speaks in very flattering terms of Miss Bear's *debut*. Her performance is described as brilliant, powerful, and effective. Miss Bear intends returning to San Francisco this fall, when she will doubtless be heard.

Miss Laura McKinstry accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott on their recent hurried trip East. Mrs. Frank Carolan is visiting Mrs. George Pullman in Chicago. Mrs. Fred Castle and Miss Blanche have departed for Europe, where they will remain until the early autumn. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reed, leave for their home in New York to-day, and to-day also Mrs. McNutt and her daughters, accompanied by Miss Genevieve Goad, leave for a several weeks' visit to Santa Barbara.

Club elections is the talk of the hour. The San Francisco Verein has nominated Mr. I. Strassburger for President for the ensuing year. The nominating board is to be congratulated upon its selection, as their choice is a gentleman of wide experience and good judgment in club matters, who fortunately has the time at his disposal to devote to the club's interests.

On the 2d inst., Mrs. Leila Ellis and Miss L. Owen Ellis, both of whom have a wide acquaintance in this city, gave a most enjoyable dramatic recital at the residence of Mrs. Gilbert Jones, 222 Madison avenue, New York city. The subject of the entertainment was "Word Pictures of Plantation Life in the Old South," and was illustrated by scenes from modern literature. The recital was so well received that it is to be repeated on next Monday evening at the Carnegie building in that city.

Not so with the Concordia, however; their board has been laboring arduously, endeavoring to make the right selection for the place. The enormous amount of work connected with the executive office, in this instance, has made the available element rather wary about accepting the honor. Henry Wangenheim, last year's Vice-President, has been looked upon as a possibility, although younger members are to be placed upon the Board of Managers.

Miss Ella Morgan will spend the summer months the other side of the continent. Mrs. Homer King will be another absentee from our social world for some weeks, but when she returns from her trip East, her daughter, who is there at school, will return with her. Colonel Fred Crocker and family will occupy their villa at San Mateo in June.

Mrs. A. Schwabacher and Miss Mina Schwabacher have returned home, after an extended sojourn in the East.

GENERAL Francis J. Heney left Wednesday night for Arizona and Mexico, where he goes for several weeks in the interest of the San Rafael de la Zenja Mexican land grant as against the government of the United States. This grant contains 255 square miles of land and belongs to Senator Don Cameron.

The Japanese may not capture the Hawaiian Islands, but if you want to see their exquisite art work, curios, tapestries, etc., a visit to George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, is the place to find them. Constantly receiving new and beautiful art goods from Japan.

Excellent taste, combined with wide experience, is necessary to make the successful caterer. All these, Max Abraham, at 428 Geary street, has. He superintends nearly every swell banquet and supper given in the city, and his services are always most satisfactory.

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37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



THE SEÑORA'S DINNER PARTY

By G. A. Danziger

CAN I ever forget that New Year's dinner at the house of the adorable Señora? Not that I have not tasted such sweet birds, such salads, such soup, or such wines before or since. I am not speaking of that. Things of the kitchen are like yesterday's smoked cigar—he it ever so rich—soon forgotten. But that which transpired during the dinner, or rather after, has stirred my heart and left an indelible mark upon my memory. The story of Bechinia de Leon, the tragic end of one of the guests, and Donna Anna's vendetta are fresh. I see them before me as I pen these lines.

The dinner party was the Señora's tribute to the Bohemians of San Francisco.

A dinner at the Señora's was an affair, and all were eager to be there. Her house had not exactly the air of a convent, nor was it quite a *salon du demi monde*. They sat in corners by pairs, but the best gas light would not have revealed a rumpled skirt or a disarranged corsage. Of course Pety was an exception; but he was not bound by ordinary rules of conduct. He was the Señora's favorite, and as he had a penchant for whispering—a habit most unbecoming yet uncontrollable—he was polite enough to retire into some dark corner, or into an adjoining room, and the Señora—dear heart—would keep him company for a brief spell. If anyone asked for Pety, the Señora would put her bejewelled and plump little hand upon her dazzling hosom and say: "Ah, dios mio, de Señor Pete, he seek; he lie on de lounge."

The Señora's husband, a learned man, was a splendid talker, and she adored him—she adored all men who had brains and heart and looks. The Señor did not have much looks, and he was rather of diminutive size; but then, he was hrainy and a splendid cook.

However, I am not to write of the viands, but of the tragedy, perchance of men. Had you been present at that dinner, you might have been guilty of the same digression. There were so many interesting people present. I have spoken already of Pety, whose conversational powers were as unlimited as his capacity for punch. Pety the beautiful, whose cherubic face and perennial smile made him the favorite of his superiors and the envied of his equals; the incomparable Pety, who had dined with Lords and Princes; the sailor, soldier, journalist and champion liar of the universe.

Then there was that little curly-headed, black-eyed musician, who spoke of his violin as his mistress, and when in drink, spoke of his mistress as his violin.

Then there were the "brothers," both rather small and slender, but endowed with a Gambrinian capacity for beer. Willis, the elder, had long, light hair, that fell in matted strands from the middle of his head. His brilliant, glistening eyes were almost as marvelous as his mouth, which, in its semi-circular stretch, frequently caught the lohes of his ears in the corners. Dan, the younger, was a musician, a painter, a poet, and an all-around minstrel; next to cigarettes he loved the Señora's second daughter, who he called his Moon-kissed Pink.

And so, one and all of those fellows who constitute the *vie du Boheme* and its hangers on, of San Francisco, might he said to have accepted the invitation of the Señora, and to have turned in ready to eat and drink in honor of her who was prolific in her favors to those she liked.

Among the great number of people at the table, there was one person who had attracted my attention more than the rest. Firstly, because he was a stranger to me; secondly, because he was a queer looking man of an uncertain age, who had evidently disguised his looks, and, thirdly, because he sat a little too close, I thought, to Katy, the finest specimen of a Spanish creole I had ever seen. Katy was a type of beauty, Madonna-like in expression, with that dreamy, pensive look in her eyes, the light and fire of which are a mixture of heaven and hell;

the power of which no man ever successfully withstood. The person referred to looked into Katy's face with the insinuating smile of a hyena. He was almost ghastly pale and this I thought so unnatural that I was tempted to throw a glass of wine in his face, just to see whether that whitewash would come off. His waxed mustachios, which stood out straight on either side, had that dark lack-luster tinge which dye gives to hair; and when he moved his lips those waxed points moved automatically.

The Señora, in the flush of wine and in the grace of Pety's attentions, suddenly cast her dancing eyes upon Katy's neighbor and exclaimed:

"*Usted es un pobre comedor; Usted no come nada, Señor Campo-Novo.*"

"*Gracias Señora, you no desco nada mas,*" replied he, addressed as Señor Campo-Novo.

Few noticed this parley; most of the guests were either jesting, or swearing eternal friendship with liberal portions of red, red wine, and the Señora continued her whisperings with the divine Pety.

Our host dilated upon some of the Italian dishes he had prepared, and told stories to those near him. When black coffee and cigars had been served, the door opened and Donna Anna, mother of our hostess, entered.

"*Yo te saludo, mama,*" cried our host, and all present gave the quaint, swarthy little woman a roaring welcome.

"Donna Anna does not dine with us on New Year's eve," said our host, "she only partakes in a smoke as a peace offering to the family; hey, mama?" he cried, handing her a long Virginia.

Donna Anna smiled, showing a set of symmetrical white teeth that contrasted beautifully with her dark face.

"It is just fifteen years to-night," our host continued, "that Don Francisco de Leon took dinner with us in this very room and fell dead at the very place now occupied by Señor Campo-Novo."

By this time the noise had somewhat subsided and all were listening to the Señor.

"You are burning the table-cloth, Donna Anna," cried our host.

Donna Anna put her dark hand upon the smoldering cloth.

"*Lo siento,*" she said, and all laughed at her contrition, she was such a good soul, no one could be harsh with her.

"As I was saying," the Señor continued, "Francisco de Leon died of money. That is a strange disease. But old Francisco was a miser, and when a miser gives away his money—something breaks. Look out, Donna Anna!" cried the Señor, seeing that the hand holding the Donna's cigar had sank upon the table and the fire was igniting the cloth. She started, put the cigar on a plate, and while our host continued his narrative she held her gaze riveted upon the place occupied by Señor Campo-Novo.

"Francisco had an only child, Bechinia, upon whom he doted, and for whose sake he labored and lived in a miserable hovel, though he owned all the property on the north side between Bush and Pine streets. Bechinia was a beautiful woman, and when she became engaged to Señor de Cima the old man was not quite satisfied. 'She ought to be a great lady,' he would say. De Cima did not suit him. In one of Francisco's houses there lived at that time a German music teacher, a handsome fellow, who went by the name of Count Duerstein. He was the fashion, and Bechinia, too, became his pupil. In less than a month she threw over de Cima and married the Count."

At this juncture Señor Campo-Novo, who I soon learned was engaged to Katy, whispered into the latter's ear, whereupon she proposed that the company go into the parlor. But we objected sotto voce, clamoring for the end of the story.

"The majority rules," said our host, and continued:

"Francisco de Leon always dined with us on New Year's

eye and while at the table the last time, told us of the virtues of his son-in-law, and that the Count had taken Bechinia to Germany to be introduced to his people. Donna Anna did not like the Count. "I don't believe he is a Count at all and he may have a wife and children somewhere in the world," she had said. Old Francisco grew very angry at his sister-in-law's remark; his face turned almost purple, he wanted to get up, but fell and was dead.

"However, he made a will, and had stipulated that under no condition should the estate be sold by Bechinia or her husband, that they were to draw the income during their lives, and on the death of her without issue, the husband should receive the sum of ten thousand dollars, and the whole estate to revert to my wife.

"Two years had gone by and all that was heard of the Duersteins was through their European bankers, to whom we sent a princely sum every three months. One day an order was sent from Germany for a very large sum of money. The executors of the estate had a consultation and concluded not to honor the order, claiming that it would affect the estate. Two months after this a cablegram announced the death of Bechinia, and having received the necessary papers, we sent ten thousand dollars to the Count. Donna Anna was inconsolable; Bechinia's death seemed to have clouded her life.

"One day a letter reached me from the Mexican Consul in Strassbourg, that chilled my very blood. It ran thus:

"I happened to make a tour through the asylum for the insane in this city, when I came upon a Spanish woman from San Francisco, California. She told me that her husband had put her there two years ago. She is a sad sight, though no more insane than I am. Her name is Bechinia de Leon. Countess Duerstein."

"The trustees of the estate, being informed of the outrage, sent a trusted agent to Europe to bring Bechinia home. Poor thing, she died on the steamer. It is just twelve years, three years before that, old Francisco dined with us."

"And what became of the Count?" we asked in chorus.

"I have never heard of him since, and I hope never to hear of him again. It would not do for him to meet Donna Anna."

The latter had risen, her oval face livid, her black eyes shooting flashes, and her blue lips covered with foam.

"The murderer of my poor child, my Bechinia," she shrieked, "there—there he sits," pointing at Señor Campo-Novo. "I know you, Professor Duerstein in spite of your shaven chin and waxed moustachios! You murdered my Bechinia, when you could not get her fortune, you—"

Like a puma, Donna Anna leaped over the table, and before any one could as much as move, she struck the Señor Campo-Novo in the chest. He groaned and fell from his seat, blood maculating his white shirt front. She had driven a stiletto into his heart.

Donna Anna has since died in the asylum whither she was taken a few days later.

FOOLING HIS SHADOW.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
 And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
 He is very, very like me, from the beels up to the bead;
 And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.
 The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
 Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
 For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India rubber ball,
 And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all,
 One morning very early, before the sun was up,
 I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup,
 But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead,
 Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

THE annual election of the Directors of the Southern Pacific Railroad took place Wednesday in this city, and resulted in the re-election of the entire old Board. Julian Kruttschnitt was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of A. L. Tubbs. President Huntington will succeed himself.

THE performance to take place on Monday evening in aid of the relief fund, at the Standard Theatre, promises to be well-attended. The programme includes three one-act plays, *A Fair Encounter*, *The Violin Maker of Cremona*, and *Off the Stage*.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY--PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From April 6, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsy, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Colco, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojavo (for Randshurg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Orden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	6:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE,	10:45 A
10:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCBBURG,	12:45 P
2:00 P	SAN LEANDRO,	11:45 P
3:30 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:30 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:00 P	From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 12:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 and 8:00 P. M.
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡ Tuesdays and Saturdays. §Sundays and Thursdays.

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GAELIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 20, 1897
COPTIC	Thursday, June 17, 1897

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S S "Australia", for Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 20th, at 2 P. M.
 S. S. "Monowai", Thursday, April 29th, at 2 P. M.
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 Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 27 Market St., San Francisco.



WHAT a revelation to those who think cycling a fad fast dying out, the thousands of wheels at the finish of the relay last Sunday must have been. Many of the bikes were of this year's vintage, and showed that the riders of last year appreciate fully the pleasures to be enjoyed by pedaling a new mount. It is safe to say that, until the problem of aerial navigation is settled, that wheeling will be the nearest approach to flying we of the human race may indulge in.

Now that the cup is won and the race ended, it behooves some enterprising business firm or public-spirited wheel enthusiast to present another trophy to the California Associated Cycling Clubs, to be competed for under the same conditions, but with several restrictions, that the Varney cup was ridden for. In limiting a club's representatives on a relay team to those bona fide members who reside within a radius of one hundred miles from the headquarters of the club, a check is put upon the wholesale importation of the "cracks" from all parts of the country, thus giving clubs not financially able to bid for a rider's services an equal chance with their more wealthy adversaries.

That the coming year will see the daily use of motor vehicles in the larger cities of the country is presaged by this week's reports, which show that two companies are in active preparation to meet the demand which is sure to come. Chicago has had a company in successful operation for the past year, several of its vehicles having been purchased by business houses for various uses.

Too often the cycling reformer with a mission is looking for a commission, and because a man has had some success as a trainer of racing men, it is no reason why he should shine as a promoter of bicycle meets and "booster" to the trade. The manager and "his secretary" of the late lamented indoor tournament are bright examples of promoters who fail to promote. When it comes to reckoning up the cost, the trade may very well congratulate themselves that although they benefited in a way, it was not through the endeavors of the management, and the professional riders who were beguiled into parting with their hard-earned cash for the privilege of riding on a so-called California circuit are mourning their loss and wondering if ever again they will let an outsider promise them forty dollars for a first prize, and pay them one dollar and fifty-five cents as their share of the percentage, as was the remuneration at Santa Rosa.

EASTERN advices say that California prunes are in great demand and prices rising. The same conditions exist as to oranges. The prune is not so gaudy as the orange, but Central California's crop brings annually a large sum of money into the State. Take the prunes, oranges, olives, dried fruits, and grain of California into account, and they make a combination for prosperity that even McKinley cannot break.

THIS evening a lecture will be delivered in aid of the boulevard fund by Henry A. Butters, who has recently returned from South Africa. The lecture will be illustrated by one hundred superb stereoptican views of that most interesting country. It should be attended by every one who believes in helping the poor and needy. Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, corner Ellis and Mason streets.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4 1/2 DAYS TO NEW YORK. The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—A. W. BELLAW.

A simple flower, and the night,
And neither night or flower forgot.
When coming years looked dim through tears
She gave me this Forget-me-not.
O never tongue more tenderly
Murmured a maiden's pleading prayer,
"Farewell. Well fare.
Forget-me-not. Forget not me."
A little maiden, and the night,
And Love that drew of Sorrow's lot,
When unresigned I left behind
All save this fain Forget-me-not.
Moved all my soul to hear the plea
That scarcely stirred the stilly air,
"Farewell. Well fare.
Forget-me-not. Forget not me."
The maid, the flower, and the night.
The lingering at the parting spot,
And then the past which was so vast
Was closed by this Forget-me-not.
Sweet spirit, saintly memory,
Still in this flower abides thy prayer,
"Farewell. Well fare.
Forget-me-not. Forget not me."

ONE of the neatest souvenirs that has been issued here for a long time is that of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, descriptive of the country through which the line runs. The little booklet is a pleasing invitation to travel via the S. F. & N. P. R. R., and is a beautiful example of half-tone work.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street. WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thureday—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO. WEEK DAYS—8:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturday—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundaye.	DESTINATION.	Sundaye	Week Daye
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Novato,	10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	9:30 A.M.	Petaluma,	6:10 P.M.	10:25 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Santa Rosa.	7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
.....	Fulton, Windsor,	10:25 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Headleburg,	7:35 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	Geyersville. Cloverdale	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P.M.	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sonoma,	10:40 A.M.	8:40 A.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.
7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A.M.	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	6:10 P.M.	6:22 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Canto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka. Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundaye, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. TICKET OFFICE—450 Market St., Chronicle Building. A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaeka, 9 A. M. April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter. For Britis Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M. April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. April 2, 8, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Loe Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st, S. F.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco
MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.
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PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
SCENES IN CHINATOWN—God in Joss Temple.

Taber Photo. S. F.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 17, 1897.

Number 16.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 5½ Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 508 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

CHARLES P. Welch has resigned from the position of Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It is the only thing he has done since assuming the office that entitles him to the thanks of the community.

IT is estimated that five hundred delegates will attend the pure food congress to be held here on the 30th inst. This congress should accomplish great good, and stimulate the manufacture of wholesome foods, composed of California products, thus excluding Eastern trash.

DR. STAHL, former Superintendent of the City and County hospital, has been indicted by the Grand Jury for a failure to discriminate between "mine" and "thine." The thrifty doctor is charged with having appropriated furniture and carpets paid for by the city for hospital use. This is an ugly accusation. If it be true, the only proper and harmonious place for their use by the doctor would appear to be in the city and county jail.

THE San Francisco Carnival has been abandoned. It never seriously got beyond the offices of the newspapers. There was no enthusiasm and less money in the movement, and sudden death, rather than a halting, half-hearted parade, is desirable. The coin subscribed should be speedily transferred to the boulevard fund, where its expenditure will yield excellent and permanent results. Evidently Los Angeles holds the patent rights of this Coast for la fiesta.

INASMUCH as self-preservation is the first law of nature, mankind may hail with delight and a new sense of security the statement that the cooking departments are to be abolished in the public schools. Strict adherence to the original intent of that branch of instruction would have undermined the public health and resulted in a race of dyspeptics in San Francisco. The morning flap-jack and the dinner steak will now proceed along their alimentary way, unobstructed by had grammar or mathematical conundrums.

THE Horticultural Society of this State has placed an embargo upon the beautiful custom of wreathing the Hawaiian steamships bound for San Francisco with plants and flowers of the islands. These evidences and testimonials of friendship are often alive with red wax-scales, which, once here, would spread with amazing rapidity. The pest is very destructive, and is exterminated only at great cost. It is possible that there are those in California who want to annex the islands, but there is no disposition to annex the Honolulu red wax-scale.

THE people of Indianapolis secured the passage of a law by the Legislature of Indiana cutting street railway fares in that city from five to three cents. The New York Central Trust Company, the trustee of the street railway bonds, has brought suit to perpetually enjoin the company from observance of the law. It will doubtless maintain that the law is illegal in that its application would virtually amount to confiscation of private property, and the courts will more than likely sustain the contention of the Trust Company.

IT is said that the commission men of the city will attack, by injunction, the law enacted by the last Legislature which empowers the Harbor Commissioners to establish a free market on the water front. The enterprising purveyors of fruits, vegetables and etceteras, by their active opposition to the free market, are giving voluntary testimony against themselves. They have played both ends against the middle so long that a single commission will not satisfy them.

JUDGE Campbell has fined Louis Hartter, of the grocery firm of Hartter, Hayes & Co. of this city, \$60 for having sold adulterated Eastern jellies. Hartter filed an affidavit for a change of venue, declaring that the Judge was prejudiced and that he could not get a fair trial. Campbell was assigned all those adulterated food cases at the beginning of this crusade, and the fact that he has fined every man brought before him clearly disposes of the theory that he is not treating them fairly.

THE report that John W. Mackay has determined to drive out the disreputable habitues of the old Cremorne building on Market street, raze it, and purify the air thereabout by erecting a creditable building that should be leased to respectable occupants, was premature. Mr. Mackay did intend to remove that shameful deadfall, but his temporary lapse has been succeeded by usual convalescence: The Cremorne will run for another three years—unless the Supervisors refuse a license for the Midway Plaisance and its hula-hula charms.

SUPERVISOR Rottaui is nothing if not dauntless. He introduced on last Monday, for the second time within the month, his anti-high hat ordinance. Like the bead-gear against which he tilts, he will not down. Seriously, there is substantial reason and justice in his crusade. The high hat is a nuisance, and there is every reason why it should be prohibited at the theatre. The Supervisors can spend some time very profitably in literally clipping its wings. The constitution gives every woman the right to pursue her own inclinations so long as there is no interference with the happiness of others. But the high hat not only interferes—it eclipses.

THE warship Oregon has met with a serious mishap in the waters of Puget Sound. Thus the misfortunes of our new navy are not confined to the Atlantic squadron. The exact extent of the Oregon's injuries are not known; but there is consolation in the fact that this is the first accident that has occurred to one of the Pacific-built vessels of the navy. The English drydock at Esquimalt may be employed to make necessary repairs on Uncle Sam's fighting machine. Should the misfortunes that have befallen the Atlantic squadron become epidemic here, as a means of protection we would suggest the equipment of war vessels with sets of legs.

AID of the Cuban revolutionists by enthusiastic citizens is a matter of personal judgment; but there can be no question that there are at our own doors those who are very much more in need of assistance and far more deserving. The Cuban situation is not correctly understood here, owing to the untruthful and distorted press reports; and the stories of Spanish atrocities and lamb-like rebel virtues are in essentials false. The continued outrages by one and the uncomplaining forbearance of the other have no place in fact. A half-caste, clad in rags, waving a machete and yelling "Cuba Libre!" at the top of his lungs, is not the only proof necessary of his nobility of character and claim for the contribution of American dollars.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

THE NEWS LETTER takes considerable interest, as well as pride, in the work the Board of Health is attempting to accomplish in suppressing the adulterated, and deteriorated food that constitutes so large a share of the retail trade of this city. This work is now going ahead like a flame through a burning bush. For years, commencing about 1880, it was impossible to arouse public attention to the food evils, unspeakably bad as they then were. The NEWS LETTER's plans of action were then more costly and efficient than any thing that has yet been substituted for them. We procured samples all over the city, and without the knowledge of the purveyor. Beginning with milk, we went on to coffee, sugar, jellies, jams, but did not reach, perhaps the most important of all: lager beer. We paid for all our samples but kept quiet as to the purpose to which they were destined. The NEWS LETTER had the good fortune to secure the services of, perhaps, the most accomplished quantitative, and qualitative analyst that ever came to this coast. The late Dr. John Bleasdale D. D. had no superior as an analytical chemist in this country, and probably in no other. He took hold of the work for this paper with a zest born of his interest in the subject. Samples were obtained for him in two parts, one to be analyzed by him; the other to be retained as evidence that the analysis of the first was correct. When the undeniable results were reached they were written up in words that breathed and in thoughts that burned, by a writer who was then and still continues a contributor to these columns. The microscopic examples of horribly bad products were enlarged, engraved and printed, and samples of sugar, full of live insects, were kept on our office counter, and materially lessened the sales of the candy makers. The exposures we made of whiskey and imported wines were almost beyond belief. The fusil oil in the one, and the sulphuric acid in the other, rendered them both vicious and dangerous, beyond the power of the lay mind to comprehend. The milk proved to be worse, rather than better, than Mr. Dockery found it to be. There can be no doubt but that hundreds of innocent babes were being sent to untimely graves because of the poisonous character of the milk they then consumed.

The advantage Mr. Dockery had was that he was sustained by good officers, and strengthened laws. His earnestness in stamping out had milk brought him prestige from all quarters. The daily press, instead of being jealous of his success, hacked up his every good movement with support, as they ought to have done in all other cases. Moreover, public opinion had become educated and ripe for an earnest raid upon all adulteration in both food and drink, and thus we cheerfully concede that Mr. Dockery has hauled better than even he himself at first expected. But he has much yet to accomplish. He needs more help, better analytical arrangements and power to enforce quantitative, as well as qualitative virtues in all the food and drink that go to sustain the vim and force in young America. He needs to be, as happily he is now being, better backed up by the force of a healthier public opinion.

The NEWS LETTER recently pointed out the urgent need there is for looking into the wretched stuff sold under the name of Lager Beer. Some of it is not "kept" as long as it ought to be, it is vilely concocted, and most abominably adulterated, which, no doubt, accounts for the ill effects it has upon the policemen in our suburbs. The jams and jellies have not been severely enough dealt with as yet, and astonishing facts remain to be evolved. The milk campaign is on the wane, and needs stirring up. It should never be lost sight of. Many of the grocery stores need a watchful eye kept on them all the time. Eternal vigilance, on the part of the officers charged with the work, is the price of getting what you can buy and what you pay for in San Francisco. We are cheated in all we buy, from the cradle to the grave. When the NEWS LETTER sampled coffee, we succeeded in procuring one pure sample in all San Francisco, and that was in a little unpretentious shop; whilst the very worst specimen came from the then store that held up its head with more pretense and show than the others. Fraud in what we may buy, may be said to be every man's individual affair, but no one man can be an expert in everything. That is the truest experting which provides the greatest good for the greatest number.

The Grand Jurors Seeking Popularity.

The Grand Jury are travelling far afield of legitimate duty in search of popularity. A reduction of water rates may be an admirable thing to many consumers, but it may be loss and practical confiscation to a host of investors in a great public use. Of the two the latter has a right to no less fair play than the former. The one invests and risks his money in an enterprise which the other could not get along without, and saves the city from fire and drought. Nobody these times puts his money in the safest of local securities, such as banks, building societies and the like, at less than six per cent per annum. The Grand Jury of this city is poking its nose into a matter over which it has no judicial control, and for no other purpose, as we believe, than to gain a certain kind of popularity that has never proved as certain as it appeared on the surface. The owners of capital in this city are now so wide spread as to be abundantly able to take care of themselves. Demagogism is not as rampant as it was, and men are counting the cost of helittling capital in street cars, water works and the like. We are all seeing the local utility of owning a share in these public necessities. If the people are but honest they are about the best security a city can hold. Besides building up the municipality, they afford a perfect security among an honest community. They keep money and interest at home and localize municipal improvements. A dollar spent in improving our city is worth two dollars sent to improve some other city. The Grand Jury of this city and county has taken the Examiner's figures as correct, although they have time and time again been proven as inaccurate as its statements usually are. That is at least bad form for the grand inquest to find itself in, and tends to weaken the findings it has more right to deal with. As a matter of law it has nothing whatever to do with the water rates at all, unless it finds that somebody has been criminally stealing them. There was a law passed by the late Legislature that may cause grand juries to consider how they pass upon acts, over which they have no jurisdiction. "Reports not ending in indictments are no longer privileged," and are subject to prosecution as libels. It is a good law, unless the jury be held in public, and a hearing given to both sides. It is monstrous that men should get on to juries in order to wreak their vengeance on men better than themselves. This is frequently done, and is doing more than all other causes combined to bring our jury system into contempt. The filing of infamous law papers, in order to harken a man, but with no intention of trying them is one of the many outrages now perpetrated and at which the judges blink. Grand Jurors have in times passed perpetrated more malicious libels than all of our scandal loving newspapers put together. Hereafter, jury reports will have to be followed by indictments, or they will be *per se* libels. Jurors passing upon the charges for public utilities are practically declaring that some one is being allowed to steal. So grave a charge ought to be proven, and hereafter it will have to be, as is meet and right.

Holographic Wills.

When the holographic will of Mme. Saroni, who died in Alameda in January, was offered for probate before Judge Coffey last week, the acceptance of the instrument was opposed on the ground that it was not in legal form, and was therefore void. The testatrix, in dating her last testament, had failed to write in the full four figures of the year 1895. Following a general custom, she had employed an abbreviation: '95, rather than 1895. The contention of counsel was that this omission, which to the mind of the layman appears to be really trivial and unimportant, was vital; that '95" did not legally express the date of the will, and that it was therefore no will at all. Judge Coffey sustained this position, and in summing up, said: "It's a very astonishing thing, but every layman, every woman on top of the earth thinks that he or she can draw a will correctly. And not one of them can. I've no doubt that when Mme. Saroni drew that will, she imagined it to be perfect in every particular. Yet the omission of those apparently insignificant letters '18' in the date '1895' caused all this trouble. And it is an omission which is practiced by everybody, every day, too. . . . Why can't people obtain advice before attempting to draw such an important thing as a will." It has been held, and

often truly so, that the tendency of courts is toward a technical construction and interpretation of laws; that this hair-splitting of sharp points frequently results in the defeat rather than promotion of justice. Our courts have often become, through the sharp practice of lawyers and the technical development of the bench, a means for the delay of relief, and sometimes its absolute denial. In the case of Mme. Saroni, whose intent appears to have been transparent and unmistakable, Judge Coffey was guided by the statutes. In the drawing of wills nothing can be taken for granted; the instrument can leave nothing for imagination or conjecture. The document must be complete within itself. In a comparatively recent case, one of the two witnesses to a will wrote his initials, but by some inexplicable mistake signed the surname of the testator as his own. The intent of the witness was clear and undoubted, and all the circumstances were susceptible of absolute proof; yet the court declared the instrument to be void. In another case in this State, the testator made a holographic will, in which every line was written by himself, with the exception of the year date, which was printed. He had taken a letter head with the figures 1880 printed thereon, but had in all other ways complied with the letter of the statutes. The court held, because of his failure to write with his own hand every character employed in bequeathing his property, that it was invalid. In any other instrument to which the man might have attached his name, the printed figures would have been sustained as sound and legal. The right to make testamentary disposition of property is not an inherent right or a right of citizenship, nor is it even a right granted by the Constitution. It rests wholly upon the legislative will, and gains its life and force from the statutes. In conferring that right, the Legislature has seen fit to prescribe certain exactions and requirements looking to the execution and authentication of the instrument, say the courts, and exact compliance with these requirements becomes necessary to its exercise. While the primary rule governing the interpretation of wills when admitted to probate recognizes and endeavors to carry out the intention of the testator, that rule cannot be invoked in the construction of the statute regulating their execution. In the latter case courts do not consider the intention of the testator, but that of the Legislature. Judge Coffey could have rendered no other decision with the least hope of having it stand finally.

A Telling Attack. Relief from the scourge of the new journalism seems not far distant, if one may judge from the systematic attacks now being quietly made in the East upon the Journal and World. As the venality and unstrained filth of these papers find justification in the unclean minds of their publishers in large sales, the only way in which the cure can come must be along similar lines. Realizing that no sense of shame or sentiment of self-respect could bridle those publishers, a vigorous boycott was inaugurated a short time ago by numerous societies, libraries, and other institutions. Among most recent additions to those that have purified their files by the exclusion of these sheets, we note the Omaha public library, public library at New Haven, Conn., New York Military Academy public library, the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Library, which is one of the largest in the country, and others. The total number of these societies that have purged their shelves number more than seventy-five. In themselves these amount to little; but their example and moral influence upon the general public in the East must be very great. No doubt thousands of individual subscribers have discontinued their support for similar causes. This is the only way in which the evils of unreliable, sensational, and fraudulent journalism can be bridled. It is idle to appeal to any other sentiment than that which controls the nickels. The business office receipts alone can settle the issue. When it becomes unprofitable to sink virtue and elevate crime, to outrage decency and heroize the low and brutal in man—then only will these shameless agents of immorality bend to a sense of right. To make wrong-doing unpopular with the new journalism it must be made unprofitable. The vigorous discipline undertaken in the East, which is a measure of self-protection, should continue. The new journalism should be made as odious as it is now odorous.

Against the Opera House. There have been many times within the past ten years when the need of a thoroughly equipped modern opera house in San Francisco has been felt. Before the approach of an opera company, or after its departure, the complaints have been loudest, and the demand apparently most insistent. This is natural, because at such times the painful object lesson is most clearly impressed upon the public mind. The recent French opera season in this city has again crystallized this dormant feeling, and grand opera house talk is heard among those who are patrons of the art. It is understood that the gentlemen who guaranteed a large sum in order to bring the French opera from New Orleans to San Francisco have been very seriously considering the advisability of organizing a company for the purpose of building an opera house in this city.

San Francisco is distant from other large centers, and pays the penalty of isolation whenever musical or other great attractions are obtained. This is particularly true of opera organizations where large numbers of people require transportation, necessitating an unavoidable and heavy expenditure, which must be guaranteed entirely independent of the merit of the companies or the support given them here. Thus we are compelled to secure the management against loss in the first instance, and in the second place accept good, had or indifferent artists as the case may be, and pay exorbitant fees for the privilege. Had the city a modern opera house, the two most objectionable and unjust features would be eliminated. The prices of admission would be reasonable, and the guarantee would not be necessary. San Francisco is a good show town, and is so recognized by every manager in the United States. If we had a suitable temple of music, meritorious companies, upon their own responsibility, would be willing to come here, depending upon the appreciation of a discriminating public for support, rather than a cast-iron guarantee in advance. Sufficient seating capacity would permit a popular scale of prices, so that, in very great measure, the cost of tickets in San Francisco would relatively be little, if any, higher than they are at the East. In fine, with a suitable opera house we should get infinitely better operas, pay much less for them, and would not be forced to guarantee expenses. Abundant money is here, and there ought to be little difficulty in stimulating the enterprise necessary for the construction of a grand opera house in this city—at once a broad public benefaction and an honor and source of profit to its promoters and stockholders.

A Good Road Fight. There is a fight in down right earnest in Kentucky over good roads. The populace is at war with private owners of public roads: This is the outcome of neglect in early days, and promises to recur here in our own State. The people were not enterprising enough in the past to make roads for themselves, so that this work was done for them by the corporations. In order to recompense themselves for the expense, the owners collected toll and paid themselves many times over. Is there not a disposition in California to procure our much needed roads in the same old way? Recently civilization has penetrated in Kentucky and citizens in that State who have traveled, have returned with tales of the ease with which farmers on Long Island now get to market over smooth, broad-highways, and how in even hilly New England and New Jersey, people may drive for miles without losing wheels, disabling horses or breaking vehicles. They have even witnessed bicyclers going to these regions, driving their wheels and spending their money among the inhabitants thereof. So the Kentuckians mean to have similar roads, come what will. As the private owners would do nothing and not sell out their rights-of-way, or their toll gates, the people have risen in their might and are burning the toll houses, driving away the toll takers, and, when resistance is offered, shooting the employees of the companies. In the end the people will have a larger bill of damages to pay than if they had paid an extravagant price for the right of way in the first place. The incident is instructive as it shows good roads to be a live subject. It is a most important matter to California, but we must begin right. We want good roads, but must tolerate no such thing as tolls upon them.

The Outlook Greece is not paying the deference to the so-called European Concert she once did, and Turkey is bent upon war no matter what else happens. This would seem to mean war all round, the extent and end of which no man may surely foretell. The European Concert will go to pieces, and divide according to their sympathies, or their supposed interests. Already both the Germans and Russians are showing their hands in favor of Turkey. The "Times" says that considerable comment is caused by the news from Constantinople that General Grumkoff, the well-known German military tactician, is going to Ellassona to inspect the Turkish military, and that Admiral Kallay of the German Fleet has gone to the Dardanelles to inspect the Turkish squadron and Flotilla there. The Russian Consuls have been instructed to do all in their power to influence Russian Christians to abstain from listening to evil counsels from their own countrymen, and to be patient and prudent. The Turks threaten to follow the Greeks into Thessaly and give battle at once. A despatch to the "Times" from Constantinople says it is evident from the Porte's language to the Powers, remains civil, but is tinged with scorn, and it renders clear that the concert of the Powers is not regarded there with the consideration paid to it prior to the wavering policy of Europe in dealing with Greece. A Vienna correspondent says that one of the least favorable consequences of the course of action taken by the Powers, is that it has not failed to overawe the Greeks, but there are unmistakable signs that it has diminished the prestige of the European Concert. All this means war with Russia and Germany on the one side, with, perhaps, England, France, Italy and Austria on the other. Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Greece will join in the fray on the one side, whilst, of course, Turkey will be expected to go with the other. It will be a terrible war and better the markets for American products. Our people are a mixed people, and will have mixed sympathies. Many will be for Russians who are esteemed friends, whilst not a few will be for England, although she is not as well liked as she might be. But we shall keep out of the fight, make money, and thank God it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Striking at The proposed new tariff strikes sore discomfiture at Canadian industries, and would do more, were not the Dominion pretty well able to take care of herself. The Toronto Globe, the leading liberal organ of Canada, makes the point that "when the American tariff shuts out from the United States a dollar's worth of Canadian products, it does for all practicable purposes send that dollar's worth of Canadian products into the British market, there to compete with the products of the United States." But if we want that kind of competition, our neighbors declare perfect readiness for it. If we drive them to look to Great Britain for their market, it will be to their advantage to secure more favorable terms than are given to us, and therein reappears the Zollverein scheme of the Imperialists, which we practically force the Canadian liberals to adopt. We thus, without intending it, help to consolidate and build up the British Empire. It is not a proposal in the line of John Sherman's scheme to be content with three great republics, the United States, Canada, and Mexico. The more each buys from the others, the less there will be to huy from abroad. That is the way to build up American interests and cause pan-Americanism to thrive.

The Betterments How to make pavements good and of Pavements. keep them so, has been one of the live questions for San Francisco, time out of mind. The last movement has been to bring the Merchants' Association together with the teamsters, in order to devise the best possible pavements for the different portions of the city. They do not materially disagree. The teamsters are for basalt blocks for streets that carry heavy loads, and the association urged, whilst the carriers did not disapprove, of the use of asphalt and wooden block pavements, where the owners are not averse to that kind of street. The two plans ought to settle the whole matter, if the parties on both sides are really sincere in the agreement they have reached. But we doubt their sincerity. They both agree or rather rely upon "the pull" they in-

dividually have. The carriers are politicians to a man, and exercise the influence that all organizations of public men do. The Association yet lacks the power to pull together, and would be likely to get beaten every time. Stone blocks are favored in the heavy business part of the city, whereas the smoother, and less noisy pavement is desired in the quieter suburbs. These two interests have long clashed and are likely to fight it out on the same old lines. It will be every man for himself, with no promise of God for us all. The agreement reached, if there were any likelihood of its being adhered to, would give good results. The Belgium Blocks give fairly good satisfaction from the water front to Sansome, and for the first half of Market, but in all the region beyond that, they are a nuisance and out of place. Wooden, or stone blocks, laid on sand, and covered with bitumen, make the very best possible roads for the suburbs, and, if a vote were taken, would be sustained by an immense majority vote of the dwellers outside of the city proper. The city officials should take care to provide for due competition in building the different kinds of roads. Special attention should be given to good building and to good workmanship.

The Sierra The early construction of a feeder to the Southern Pacific railway system by an independent company, tapping the rich mining districts between Stanislaus and Mariposa Counties, will be of great benefit to the sections through which the rails will be laid, and will prove a valuable addition to the side lines of the greater corporation. The road will be 124 miles in length, starting at Oakdale in Stanislaus County and ending at Coulterville in Mariposa County. The line will be of the greatest value in developing the country through which it runs, and will very greatly stimulate all agricultural interests of those sections. The growth of interior California has been retarded because of the lack of trunk line feeders. This has in some measure been unavoidable, because railroads are constructed only when there is reasonable expectation of return upon investment of capital and payment of fixed charges. In the present case, the line will be of benefit to the two great interests of California—mining and agriculture. The road completed will reach the heart of the mining districts of Calaveras, Amador, and Tuolumne Counties. Touching, as it will, the great Mother Lode, the "Sierra Railroad Company of California" will open up a section that has hitherto been accessible only by tedious, expensive, and circuitous routes, but which has for many years been an immense contributor to the gold aggregate of the State. It is the most important part of California at present without railroad connection. Work is already under way, and several miles of track are now laid. Incidentally, the road will greatly shorten the distance to the Yosemite Valley from this city.

Letting Down The Republican administration is not keeping the pledge of its platform. It promised faithfulness to the Civil Service rules, but is violating them at every turn. "The present crush of office-seekers," says the fair and reliable Springfield Republican, "may have been equaled, but never has been exceeded in the past." Senator Cullom offers an interesting view of the situation. He left word with the house servant one evening to send callers up to his second floor. "In a short time every available chair in the room was occupied, and in sheer despair he suggested that an overflow meeting be held in the bedroom. This did not deter the horde of office-seekers, but they took the Senator at his word and proceeded to file into his sleeping apartment, where there were beds and sleeping chairs, and lounges, too. Those who could not be accommodated with chairs, sat on the sides of the beds until they broke down, and then waited until they could obtain an interview. Meanwhile, the Washington correspondents are sending home word that the civil service bars are being let down in all directions. The consuls are to go, because it is said there are inferior men (Democrats) who cannot be got rid of in any other way. This is not what the country expected, nor what the platform promised. Ere long the cry will be: "Oh, for a month of Cleveland!" The plain fact is that we have a weak administration, out of which very little good can come.

ART JOTTINGS.

THE artists have been industrious this spring. A good deal has been done in both in-door and out-of-door painting. Portraits in oil and pastel have come into fashion, and this once almost totally neglected branch of art has experienced a distinct revival.

Fred Yates has completed a portrait in oil of General W. H. L. Barnes. It has all the strength and peculiarities of Yates, and is of the distinct Rembrandtish type. The likeness is good, though perhaps possessing more sternness than the genial General usually wears, even when undergoing that ordeal of sitting for his picture. The shadows, *a la* Rembrandt, are so heavy that the outline of the perspective portion of the face is almost merged in the deep color. But Yates has made a hit in England, and those dark canvases are the correct thing in portraits.

Joseph D. Strong has no end of demands for his pastel pictures. He has completed portraits of Bruce Elder, W. H. Bagley, and Tony Hellman, the latter in full length. All three are admirable, and will bring more grist to Mr. Strong's mill.

Joseph A. Harrington, the Roman painter, has done up Andromeda chained to her rock, and awaiting the arrival of her faithful lover. While there are some fine points in this last work of Mr. Harrington, it is to be regretted that he was not more fortunate in his selection of a model. The face of the daughter of Kephens would not be likely to attract the regards of such a dashing fellow as Perseus, nor does her décolleté costume disclose any remarkable charms. A head of Archbishop Alemany is a gem; indeed, by all means the best portrait of that good prelate that has been executed.

In landscape, Joullin exhibits an Indian scene, a prairie with wigwams in the distance and two Indian figures in the foreground. It is a pleasing picture, delicate in tone and color, and shows careful study.

Charles Rollo Peters was in town this week, with some of his moonlights from Monterey. A lone and weird cypress tree outlined against a sombre sky, and a long streak of moonlight on the water, is a very clever bit of painting, and indicates how closely Peters has applied himself to the study and expression of moonlight effects. An old house, the moonlight falling on the gables, and dark grasses in the foreground, and moonrise on the water, will be hung at the spring exhibition of the Art Association. Peters sent some of his characteristic work to London recently, which was commented on by "The Sketch" in the most laudatory phrase. It is likely that this artist will leave for London in December, and make it his future home.

John Stanton is at work on a portrait of General Huston, which promises to be a striking picture.

Cadenasso exhibits a landscape, showing much improvement on his last olla-podrida of sky and cloud. His sky is still considerably stirred up, but the trees in the foreground are good in color, and indicate how closely he is following Keith in his treatment of those subjects.

The artist members of the Bohemian Club have introduced a new and interesting feature, sketching in the wine room of the club on the panels, which has not only furnished much amusement, but has also produced many clever caricatures, some excellent portraits, and several charming bits of landscape. During the year this club has acquired in all twenty-six new pictures, which brings its art collection up into the hundreds.

The name "Maison Riche," at Geary and Grant avenue, at once calls up pleasant memories of hanquets and feasting. This restaurant is one of the landmarks of the Coast—noted alike for the completeness of its cuisine, the quality of its wines, its perfect service, and refined, polite attention. An elegant dinner is served at the Maison Riche from 6 to 9 o'clock every day, and the gratification of the taste is made more complete by choice selections played by a string band.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

Board of Health's
Investigation

OF

CONDENSED

MILKS and

CREAMS.

An Item of Interest
TO MOTHERS

It has been disclosed by the investigation of Dr. Wenzell, the chemist of the Board of Health, that the so-called evaporated creams are nothing but pure and simple condensed milk, and in many instances very poor condensed milk at that, and while little or nothing can be said in favor of these evaporated creams by Dr. Wenzell still less is said in favor of most brands of condensed milk, which suffer equally under his searching analysis.

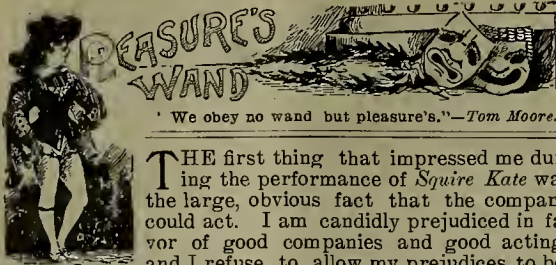
Amidst all this investigation and hue-and-ery one prominent fact has been brought out with unusual distinctness, and that is, the

Gail Borden Eagle Brand

of Condensed Milk has passed through the fiery furnace of investigation of a most searching character, with its usual great success.

Every brand, except the Gail Borden Eagle Brand, that has come under the attention of the chemist, has had more or less criticism bestowed upon it, but the Gail Borden Eagle Brand has been found to be without a single flaw, and has been pronounced to be the purest and the richest in quality of any brand on the market; superior to evaporated creams in richness; stronger than any milk now before the public.

The Pure Food investigation bids fair to be a most searching one, and the public have a great interest at stake, and it is with pleasure that we refer now to one brand that seems to have met with the approval of all.



'We obey no wand but pleasure's.'—Tom Moore.

THE first thing that impressed me during the performance of *Squire Kate* was the large, obvious fact that the company could act. I am candidly prejudiced in favor of good companies and good acting, and I refuse to allow my prejudices to become corrupt. Gaudy stars and cheap-Jack companies may come and go, but there will still remain persons who have seen good acting somewhere at some time, and will recognize craft of the same quality, or anything like the same quality, just as soon as they meet it face to face, and not a moment sooner, even if it takes a whole season. This form of stuhhornness is too common, perhaps, to give distinction to any one of its devotees, but in the instance of critics, say, it will at least keep the one kind from being confused with the other—those unconscious humorists of the press who promote the gaiety of the county by shouting such loud and loud esteem for every tramp show outfit which wends westward, that when something of real art value comes along it finds them hoarse and speechless.

* * *

For me there is some art in this fantastic melodrama of the soil, and much art in the earnest, competent acting of it by Georgia Cayvan and her associate players; and for the casual playgoer—the one who pays his money and expects to be entertained without worrying about the how or why of it—there is, it seems to me, capital diversion in the play and the acting. The manager of a theatre reverses this order of things by very sensibly considering his public first and his critics afterward; but in this instance he gets two strong elements of success either way: artistic value and popular value. At a first glance many persons, having seen much rustic scenery and not remembering how little a play they usually got with it, will say that what *Squire Kate* lacks is novelty—or they may even concede that the good acting constitutes that, and entirely overlook what, to us of Western America, is a suggestion of novelty in the way of dramatic literature. I mean by this that the average patron of the theatre will not note, or, possibly, care to note, the Ibsenite flavor of Robert Buchanan's play. And for two good reasons: one is, that the average patron, having unconsciously taken his Ibsen in small, diluted doses from small playmakers (who in turn had got their Norwegian essence from somebody else at second-hand) thinks no more of the cunning Ibsen sub-urbanity tincturing the play he witnesses than he does of the microbes making merry in the water he drinks; the other is that Mr. Buchanan, while in some respects a modern, is still far too respectable and usual a man to entirely disbelieve in the debilitated logic which taught our grandparents to reason, "if all the world's a stage, then all the stage's a world." Mr. Buchanan pins his colors to the New only so far as he can make them fuse with the Old. He has neither the foolhardiness nor the genius, nor yet the lack of romantic idealism to get his play so near to earth and close to humanity, so far from Stageland and all its pretty refinements and trustful traditions, that it would reveal a soul-exposure of ourself or our neighbor, which might be strong and absorbing, but surely not tasty or decorative. And if he had given us an expression of Life—Life as it is not lived on the stage—unfrescoed and unperfumed, it is more than probable that we would have received it frowning and blinking and wondering what it was all about.

* * *

It is because this play, with all its incorrigible optimism and picturesquely pathetic ending, occasionally comes so near to huge, unvarnished Truth that I have taken this round-about way of considering it. It were an easy matter to be brief and just, and say that Mr. Buchanan had written a play of strong dramatic incident and feeling, and written it vigorously and well in all acts but the last. But he has done more than that. He has given us a study of a big, sturdy, open-hearted, country-bred woman, who gives up all the rough tenderness of her heart to a man,

who, instead of loving her, as she supposed, loves her sister; and her sister loves him—the softly-nurtured little sister whom she had mothered and cuddled and protected at every sacrifice to herself. With this for a theme, Mr. Buchanan set about the work of elaboration bravely, but with fatal disregard of his inability to cope with the last act. The strong sister—Squire Kate she is called, for she is the owner of the little Sussex farm where the scenes are placed—not only loves where it is hopeless, but is hopelessly loved by her farm overseer, a man of few words, much generosity, and many virtues. Besides handling the mortification, rage and passionate grief of Kate after she comes upon the lovers in the field and sees that George is not for her, and the diminuendo of all this high feeling—which must be accomplished before Kate reaches the hysterical calm of her renunciation scene—the author imposes upon himself the task of sustaining throughout the piece the tranquil, faithful, deprecating devotion of Jeoffery the overseer. And as this of necessity makes the psychologic contrast between these two hopeless loves one of the most urgently potent possibilities of the play, it is particularly exasperating that Mr. Buchanan realizes this possibility only by such flimsy make-shift as Jeoffery's weird suspicion that Kate had poisoned her little sister, and the gushing finale where Kate hesses the lovers, dowers them with every pound of her legacy, and permits Jeoffery to continue in his modest hope that some day she may be his. The ending is of course a compromise with those peculiar patrons of the drama who would not enjoy their after-theatre supper unless the play closed with respectable gladness. But it is bad art any way you take it.

For the rest of *Squire Kate* I have nothing but good will. If I have thought that it might have been a bigger play it is all the author's fault for writing something which is important enough to be taken seriously.

* * *

This is the first I have seen of Miss Cayvan in several years, and it seems even longer than that. I went to the Columbia Monday night remembering her as the feminine Herbert Kelcey of the Lyceum Company; a woman well grown and well groomed, always in the best of health, if looks counted. I used to wonder why some enterprising medicine manufacturer did not get out an edition of Georgia Cayvan's "System Builder," or "Pulmonary Balsam," or "Bloom of Life." It would have sold. It would sell still. But I had no such thoughts Monday night. I forgot the enthusiastic health of Miss Cayvan—in truth, I forgot all about Miss Cayvan. I was so absorbed in the girl Kate. And in the third week of Skinner, Skinner, Skinner, it was real refreshment to forget, even for a little while, that there was such an accomplishment as star acting. So far as I remember, *Squire Kate* is the best acting Miss Cayvan has ever given San Francisco. It seems to be limited only by the weak spots of the play, for if ever a part fitted an actress, this one fits Georgia Cayvan.

That effusive "womanliness" of voice which used to duet with Mr. Kelcey's high-bred elocution in the old Lyceum days now finds a character value in every word that Kate utters; those incurable gestures that once played havoc among the Lyceum scenery are now fitting the action to the word, as Mr. Skinner would say. In all seriousness, Miss Cayvan's work in this play is something to thrill to and remember. That second act! The farce-comedy situation of the little army of suitors rushing to Kate's farm so soon as she has got the legacy—the absurdity of the courting—the absurdity of George's old stepfather joining the ranks, asking her to marry him—the dramatic moment and swift surprise of his asking her to marry George—George, whom she has loved so long and silently, and who, she thinks, loves her. Then the exaltation, the shy, awkward pride when she meets George—for us who sit in front there is something unspeakably pitiable, cruel, tragic in her very bumptious coyness, as we look ahead and see the humiliation that must follow. It is a remarkable act in the first place, and it is remarkably acted in the second. In the third act comes the storm. Kate comes in at the log gateway in the twilight. Her sister is in the field in George's arms. Then breaks the fury of the woman scorned. It has the power of vulgarity, the strength of long repression; it falls with sheer, blind brutality on the lovers' heads. Nature may have been generous in equipping Miss Cayvan for these scenes, but I hend

low to the art that knows when to let nature take its course

The last act is a sad drop. I will not discuss it.

My space is short. I cannot mention all the good acting in *Squire Kate*, but there is room for the bad. Frank Athery, as the overseer, does all the bad acting. Please remember, one bad actor in a cast of fifteen! Well, one Mr. Athery is enough. If I had the space I should make special paragraphs for George Woodward and Orrin Johnson. Their work was spotless.

Otis Skinner gave the rest of his repertory at the Baldwin during the week, and while I saw more or less of his *Shylock*, *Richard III.*, *Romeo* and *Claude Melnotte*, I find myself in a poor way to write anything about them that Mr. Skinner's previous efforts have not inspired me to write before. *Shylock* being a part that, first of all, demands the semblance of age and a certain amount of unique characterization, was to me thoroughly unsatisfying, if for no other reasons than that *Shylock's* years were insufficiently suggested by several score, and his character stopped at the make-up.

It is Bernard Shaw, I believe, who says, "Richard is the prince of Punches: he delights man by provoking God, and dies unrepentant and game to the last." Mr. Skinner's *Richard* doubtless provokes God; not by incurate fiendishness and a devil's wit, but by the utter absence of wit appreciation on the part of the actor. Man is less tolerant than his Maker, so we are not expected to take kindly to a *Richard* whose humor is farce-comical and whose rage is bathetic.

Youthful *Romeo*, tingling with romance and heroism, found a happier life at Mr. Skinner's hands. But the surprise of the week was *Claude Melnotte*. He bounded from the grave, gave the jubilant ha! ha! to the critics who had written his epitaph so many years ago, and drew the biggest house of the Skinner season.

* * *

Somebody told me the Merilles Sisters were very naughty girls, so I went to the Orpheum to see for myself, intending, of course, to write them a few lines of Christian reproof if this were true. It is not true. The Misses Merilles are merely gay. Their skirts are short and their stockings are ebarged with curves that are all their own, and they dance with wonderful poise and fling, andsing a song of peaceful measure that is good to hear—even if you cannot understand the words—but the Misses Merilles are moral.

ASHTON STEVENS.

The Tivoli springs a sensation on the town with the announcement, for week after next, of Charles Villiers Stanford's new opera, *Shamus O'Brien* and Denis O'Sullivan, who created the title role in the English production. It is a timely stroke of enterprise, for it gives us a celebrated operatic work while it is still in the glow of London and New York success, and our townsman O'Sullivan, while he is still in the enthusiasm of his maiden fame. Dr. Stanford is essentially a modern composer, and this, his most ambitious work, has made him one of the celebrated tone dramatists of the day.

Georgia Cayvan plays *Squire Kate* at the Columbia until Monday night, when *Mary Pennington, Spinster* is the bill. This play is said to be a satire on the "advanced woman," showing that in spite of modernity and independence, a woman's heart, like murder, will out. Later in the week Miss Cayvan will present a double bill of *Goblin Castle*, a comedy by Mrs. Elizabeth Bisland, and *The Little Individual*, a comedietta by Thomas Haynes Bayley.

The Orpheum opens Monday with its big Easter bill. Sig. Achille Alberti, late baritone of Mapelson's company, and Mme. Annina Orlandi, late soprano of the same organization, will sing selections from the Italian operas. Marzelli and Millay, comedy acrobats; Ed Latelle, comedy musical artist, and our old friends, the educated monkey and the cultured baboon—who will exhibit Herr Graiss in friendly and scientific tricks—make up the rest of the newcomers.

In the meantime, Benedict's Irish opera, *The Lily of Killarney*—which, by the way, is not noticeably Irish, in music, flavor, or dramatic, either, but cheerful and melo-

dious in the old, popular style—is doing so well that it will be continued until the coming of *Shamus*. There will be a wealth of comparison between these two works, the old and the new.

Primrose and West's minstrels open at the Baldwin tomorrow (Sunday) night. They gave an excellent show at the California last year, and we are promised even more this time. George H. Primrose, William H. West, George Wilson, Jimmy Wall and all the fluent favorites are on the bill, also the other baud of gorgeous gentlemen who are not colored but born that way.

Thursday afternoon, at the Columbia, gives us the last of the present season of symphony concerts. In addition to an attractive instrumental programme—which includes Rubenstein's 5th Symphony, a work new to San Francisco—Denis O'Sullivan, the hero of *Shamus O'Brien*, will sing.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

SUNDAY evening, April 18th, engagement for two weeks, matinee Saturday, Primrose and West's

GREAT BIG MINSTRELS

Black and white. One hundred performers.

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During the second and last week of her engagement, beginning Monday, April 19th

MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN

and her company will present for the first time here, a new and original comedy, by W. R. Walkes, entitled

MARY PENNINGTON, SPINSTER

Every evening (including Sunday), matinee Saturday Monday, April 25th, Ward & Vokes in A RUN ON THE BANK

Columbia Theatre.—Extra—

Thursday afternoon, April 22d, at 3:30 o'clock,

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Gustav Hinrichs, Director. Soloist—MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN. Rubinstein's Fifth Symphony (first time), and the famous Nut Cracker suite. Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1. Box-office now open.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KREILING, Proprietor and Manager

Every evening, the artistic rendition of Sir Julius Benedict's Irish opera,

THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.

Great cast; superb effects; magnificent ensembles Monday evening, April 26th—Careful presentation of Charles Villiers Stanford's romantic comic opera, SHAMUS O'BRIEN. First appearance in this city of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the eminent baritone.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week beginning Monday, April 19th.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

of the noted singers, Sig. Achille Alberti, baritone, and Mme. Annina Orlandi, mezzo-soprano; Marzelli & Millay, comedy acrobats; Herr Graiss, and his marvelous trick baboon and donkey; Ed. Latelle, comedy musical artist; in conjunction with the Kronemann Brothers, Merrieles Sisters, Evans & Vidocq, Harris & Walters, and Delmore & Lee. Reserved seats, 25c.; balcony 10c.; opera boxes and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Pacific Coast Jockey Club.

(Ingleide Track.) The only perfect winter race track in America. Racing from Monday, April 19th, to Saturday, May 1st, inclusive.

FIVE OR MORE RACES DAILY.

Rain or shine. First race at 2 P. M. Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend streets' depot, leaving at 1 and 1:30 P. M.; stopping at Valencola street. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission-street electric line direct to track. The Corriigan Stakes will be run Monday, April 19th; the Spreckels Cup, Saturday, April 24th; the California Hurdle, Wednesday, April 28th; the Ingleide Stakes, 4 miles, Saturday, May 1st

S. N. ANDROUS, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

GAYETIES OF FORTY YEARS AGO.—Third Paper.

AMONG the public balls of the '70 decade was the grand calico ball at Platt's Hall, February 1872, in aid of charity. Mrs. General Schofield, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. O. C. Pratt, and Mrs. Cutler McAllister were among the ladies who received. Colonel Julian McAllister, John Middleton, Noble Eaton, James L. Beyea, Eugene Deuprey, Alfred VerMehr, Hugh Davidson, and A. J. LeBreton were among the floor managers. The ladies all wore cambric or calico dresses. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Frank Hassey wore yellow; Mrs. Shorb, Miss Lotty Hall, and Miss Lizzie Miller in black and white; Miss Theresa Lawton and Miss Laura De Russey in blue; Miss Head' Miss Carrie Gwin, Lilly Tompkins, Fanuy Daniels and Mary Mears were in white. Mrs. Sam Wilson, Mrs. Frank Pixley, Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, Mrs. W. H. S. Barnes, Miss Flora Main, wore Dolly Vardens.

Another calico ball was given in Union Hall on January 8, 1874, which was also for charity; during the evening Mme. Anna Bishop sang several ballads, notably "Home Sweet Home;" and "the little sisters," twelve in number, sold *boutonnieres*. Mrs. Ralston wore corn color, Mrs. Lilly Coit drablineu; Mme. Gros, Mrs. Jos Spear Jr., Miss Mamie Reilley, Mrs. D. J. Staples were in white. The prettiest and most effective dress in the room was worn by Miss Lita Ogden, a charming combination of black and yellow.

A Dickens Ball was given at Union Hall in 1874, at which Sumner Bugbee personated Charles Dickens, Louis Townsend as Dr. Venus, George Bromley and Smyth Clark were the Cherryble brothers, Mrs. Sophie Macconochie personated Mrs. Luttrell, Mrs. de Haven, Dolly Varden, Carrie Wyatt, Oliver Twist.

On October 12, 1877, Senator Sharon gave a reception at Belmont in honor of General Sherman, when the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and the Countess of Dufferin were also his guests. The opening quadrille was danced by General Sherman and Lady Dufferin, Lord Dufferin and Miss Sherman, Major-General McDowell and Miss Cameron, Secretary of War Cameron and Miss Sharon.

It must not for a moment be supposed that San Francisco's early day society was dependent upon public balls for its pleasures. Quite the contrary in fact, for not alone were there many delightful little home dances, weddings, and frolics of various kinds, but there were excursions by land and by water, every excuse being taken advantage of for one or the other.

It must be confessed, however, that water parties were the most popular, land travelling being a pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. Among the earliest of these water parties was one given by Messrs. Jos. A. Donohoe and John Y. Hallock of this city and Edgar Mills of Sacramento, who in June 1859, decided upon taking a tour around the world, and they made their departure the occasion of a most charming party *d'adieu*.

Of course this was long before the days of steamers across the broad Pacific Ocean and the voyage to the Orient had to be made by sailing ships. The vessel which was to bear these three gentlemen away, was the clipper ship "Storm King," and to see them sail and at the same time wish them *bon voyage*, they chartered the steamer "Surprise" and invited a number of their friends to accompany them on it as far as the Heads. The day proved a most beautiful one for such an affair; the water was like glass and of wind there was no more than a gentle breeze. The company assembled at the wharf, where the steamer lay alongside, at ten A. M., and on going aboard a band of music was heard discoursing a selection of inspiring airs which when once the steamer started was changed to dance music, so that while a tour round the bay was made tripping the light fantastic was indulged in by the three hosts and their guests. The dance was followed by an elaborate luncheon when champagne flowed like water, in which the departing ones were toasted again and again. In the mean time the "Storm King" had sailed down the bay and off Fort Point lay to for her passengers, and when they left the steamer's side in the Clipper's boat, cheer after cheer followed them across the dividing waters. The "Surprise" accompanied the "Storm King" as far as the Heads, reaching the city upon its return late in the afternoon.

An excursion which was of a combined public and private character, was the occasion of the launch of the first Man-of-War built upon this coast. This vessel was known first as "No. 2," then the "Toucey," and finally the "Saginaw." The launch took place at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, on the 3rd of March 1859, and as befitted the importance of such an event it was made a very gala affair. For the general public the steamer "Wilson G. Hunt" under command of Capt. R. J. Vandewater went up from the city with about four hundred people, reaching the Island about noon. Two other excursion steamers also carried passengers from San Francisco, and crowds arrived from Benicia and other parts of the country thereabouts. Captain James B. Alden, U. S. N. (afterwards Admiral Alden), then on this coast in command of the Surveying steamer *Active*, was ever on the *qui vive* for just such an occasion for the frolic on board his vessel, and several days previous to the third, printed invitations were sent from him and his officers to nearly all the best known members of the social world to witness the launch under their protecting care. It is almost needless to say there was not a single regret received in reply. The deck of the *Active* was covered in with flags and the band of the Sixth Infantry provided music for dancing, which was kept up unflaggingly until Mare Island was reached, about the same time that the "Hunt" arrived. There were fully five thousand people assembled to see the new ship glide into its future element which was done at precisely thirteen minutes to one o'clock, Miss Molly Cunningham, daughter of the Commandant of the Navy Yard, performing the ceremony of naming the vessel. As soon as the launch was successfully accomplished, Capt. Alden's guests were invited to the Commandant's house, where a handsome luncheon was provided for them. Over the entrance door hung a square of white linen on which was painted the words:

"Welcome to see
The Toucey to sea."

After luncheon the entire company joined the rest of the excursionists in the carpenter shop, which was very tastefully decorated with flags, and there was more dancing for a couple of hours. At half past three the signal gun was fired and a start soon after made for home.

An excursion of which mention should not be omitted was the one given by Collector John F. Miller in honor of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands during her visit to San Francisco in September 1866. For this purpose the *Shubrick* was called into service, the party consisting among others of Her Majesty and suite, Major-General Halleck and staff, Colonel Drum, Hawaiian Consul Hitchcock, Collector Miller and a number of ladies. Alcatraz was the first point visited, Major Darling receiving the party and doing the honors of that Island. Thence a trip round the bay was made, a royal salute of twenty-one guns greeting the steamer as she passed Black Point. General French was in waiting at Fort Point, where some target firing (with the big guns of those days) was done for the entertainment of Queen Emma, after which Angel Island was rounded. During the trip an elaborate luncheon was served, the military band on board providing the music for the occasion.

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Your chimney has as much
to do with your light as your
lamp has.

The Index tells what Num-
ber to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl
glass."

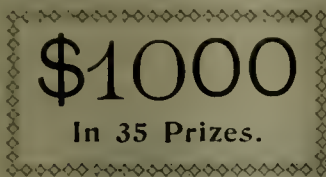
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THE CENTURY CO. announces an educational competition. It is on a most interesting and original plan. Thirty-five prizes, amounting to \$1000 (first prize \$500), will be given for the best answers to 150 questions. The topics selected deal with matters of general information ; they are not scholastic, but are educational. Your training at

\$1000

In 35 Prizes.



school was only mental drill; you have forgotten all you learned there but "reading, writing, and arithmetic." You will never forget the information derived from answering these questions, because every one deals with a living and useful fact. No cube-roots, no parsing, no memorizing of dates; instead, the learning of things that every one ought to know. If you make an honest attempt to win, you will learn to concentrate your mind; sharpen your wits, secure most valuable information, and stand a good chance of making \$500 (perhaps \$ 000; see below). If you gain first prize, the knowledge you have acquired will be worth more to you than the \$500 you receive.

To find the answers to these questions you must use the encyclopedic material in The Century Dictionary and Cyclo-
pedia, because these, like thousands of others, can best be answered by reference to this great work. If you do not

**Small Monthly
Payments**



already possess a set, you can easily procure one. A limited number of clubs are now being formed for the purchase of sets at the lowest wholesale price. Each person joining a club (and those who apply at once can join) secures his set at a reduction of 40 per cent., and has the further privilege of paying for it in small monthly payments. A first payment of \$5 will bring you the work and enable you to try for the first prize

of \$500, as well as the supplementary prize of \$500 more.

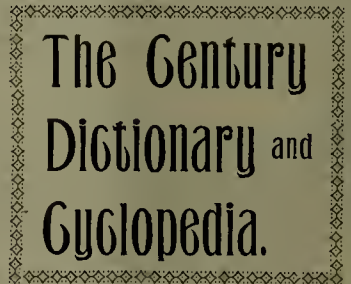
The 150 questions are divided into three sets of 50 each. A month is allowed to answer each set. Try them at home. They will be an intellectual recreation for you and your family ; also a good test of your ability to deal with words and facts. Have your children try them; it will be a real education for them. Write to us for sample questions, to see how instructive and useful they are, or for a description of the work.

\$500

First Prize.



**The Century
Dictionary and
Cyclopedia.**



\$500 MORE. We offer a further prize of \$500 to the competitor who, laying aside The Century, succeeds most successfully in answering 90 per cent. of these questions from ten other works of reference, no matter in how many volumes each is published. This offer is made for the purpose of showing that The Century is superior not to any other one work of reference, but to any other ten.

THE CENTURY CO. (Dept. Hi.), New York.



MISS Julia Crocker is being pestered to death, her friends declare, by people asking her when her wedding is to come off, and why it is not to be a June wedding, which is the great fad just now. Apropos of June weddings, the list of army affairs is likely to be increased, says gossip, and the maid-of-honor at one of the weddings already announced for that date is spoken of as the probable bride number three. Not of one man *bien entendu*, but in the trio of pretty girls who will don bridal robes at that time.

* * *

There is a rumor that a very wealthy matron who has three daughters is meditating a trip to Japan with them and a party of young friends. A visit to Honolulu has become a means to the end of one or two matrimonial engagements in the swim, and there is no saying what an extended ocean voyage might not accomplish in swelling the number, there being an old saying about the wonderful results obtainable by propinquity.

* * *

A prominent member of society was complaining the other day upon the scarcity of nice tourist travel this year; but the trouble lies in the fact that "nice tourists" are not entertained and welcomed as of yore. A put-up at the club, and possibly a dinner by one's hanker, is all they receive from San Francisco society nowadays. So whose fault is it that our girls do not oftener meet agreeable, well-bred Eastern men on a visit to the Coast?

* * *

At length that incorrigible old bachelor, Claude Terry Hamilton, is said to be captured by Cupid's wiles, and surely, to judge from appearances at the recent wedding breakfast, things looked very much that way. Well, Claude is an awfully nice young fellow, and hence the woman and the lucky "she" is to be congratulated sincerely, if the thing is a go.

* * *

The numerous social friends of Mr. W. S. Jones are delighted to find that hospitable gentleman resuming the charming little musicales which have made his name famous. Mr. Jones has very powerful adjuncts in the singing of Mrs. McGavin and Miss Bowie, while his *recherché* suppers are feasts in themselves.

* * *

The people in and about San Mateo and B'lingham are in raptures over the acquisition to their neighborhood of Colonel Fred Crocker and family. The beautiful residence, erstwhile the home of the Willie Howards, will be occupied by the Colonel, his young family, and their grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Easton, during the coming summer.

* * *

How true it is that once Dame Fortune turns her head in your direction, she showers you with gifts. The genial Downey Harvey is an illustration of this, and his friends are joshing him as to who will be the next to leave him coin. But every one is glad to know of his good luck.

* * *

When a married man who is inclined to be flirtatious—to put it mildly—adopts the paternal tone with young girls of a breezy style, he should burn his boats behind him, and not let a jealous wife find documentary evidence in his pockets when he comes home o'ights.

* * *

If girls would only ever learn to be cautious as to whom they write and how they write, the "cute little notes," which are so dangerous in the hands of an unprincipled man. A well-known society girl can now acknowledge the wisdom of this.

* * *

One of the most attractive girls in society is the graceful young daughter of A. N. Drown, the well-known lawyer. Miss Bernie is very popular with her own sex as well as with the beaux, which is an evidence of her worth.

There is a lady in society whose great boast is that she can lure a man to the very verge of the proprieties and then bring him up standing in "haughty scorn." Men and boys, beware! Take warning by this timely hint.

* * *

A large party of fashionable folk will spend the Easter holidays at San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip, with their charming daughters, are said to be among those who will pass the early summer at the Hotel Rafael.

* * *

A suffering community will thank the Catholic priest who surrendered his legacy of Miss Murphy's property to her relatives, and thus saved another cleansing of the Murphy family linen in public.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



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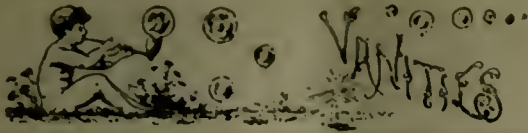
Wm. B. Hooper, Manager.

San Francisco

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DEAR EDITH: Nature, intended, no doubt, that woman should look beautiful, and the gay Parisians, I think, are justified in improving upon an adage that a woman has the right to look as young as she can. They hold that it is her duty to cheat old Father Time, rather than a passive privilege; and they all live up to the obligation with more than religious promptness. In this determination the modistes and dressmakers ably assist the fair Parisienne, so that the battle against old age is a winning one up to a period long after we Americans have resigned ourselves to the *passé*, the yellow leaf. A friend of mine, just writing from the French capital, describes most entertainingly her recent experience among the styles and the married ladies of Paris. She says:

"Let me describe a group of young matrons, among whom were Lady Terrence Blackwood and the Countess of Essex, trying on gowns for Easter. In Paris they have such a delightful way of showing dresses. You walk through the prettiest rooms, sip the clearest tea, and hear all the gossip while "trying on" the most beautiful French creations. Had there been no names mentioned I should have asserted that not one of these matrons was on the sunny side of thirty—nearer forty, most of them—yet their gowns gave them the delicate figures of young girls. The Easter gown of the Countess of Essex was of mignonette grenadine over green taffeta. A little green satin stripe ran through the goods. The waist had a vest and lapels of pale green satin-faced cloth, and the hat repeated the pale green shade and was set off with black plumes. Another dress, a black and white striped canvas goods, was made up over white silk. The material was not really silk, but that heavy imitation of silk which wears so well, and is called by so many names. These materials are patented, many of them, and very useful, being cheap and silky. The tiniest bolero of dahlia silk fell over the shoulders, and there was a belt and collar of dahlia. Another gown was of full primrose ladies' cloth, with a satin face. At the side there was a panel of white cloth, with gold embroidery, and the yoke was of the same material. Another dress was of the new royal purple, lined freely with changeable taffeta. These gowns were none of them marvelously elegant, but they gave a nice hint of the coming fashions in materials and colors. From them it might be learned that navy blue and seal brown have "gone out," and their places been taken by purples, greens, and reds. A very pretty gown, also of the X-ray variety, was of canvas plaid. This is silk stripes plaid in a field of openwork; the stripes are silk. This is to be worn on all street occasions over a brown taffeta. In the house, or for calling or dress occasions, it will be slipped over tan silk. This wearing of one X-ray dress over several slips is a trick much resorted to by economic matrons. The under slip is cut in princess shape, without a belt. The skirt has an ingenious arrangement of godet plaits in the hack that makes it set out well underneath the canvas outside. The waist is puffed in front for the same reason, but otherwise, in plainness of back and sides, the under slip is a princess. All of the gowns shown me had some pretty, soft finish of lace or chiffon at the neck and wrists. For French women insist on fluffy materials coming next to their faces and hands, especially if they are no longer young."

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**British Columbia
Mining Sharps.**

There are some people in this city who have come to the conclusion recently that "there are others," when it comes down to accusing California mining men with sharp practice in promoting the sale of property on the market at home or abroad. For a time past an endeavor has been made to float a copper deposit alleged to exist on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and some fine specimens of ore have been received here. The bait was tempting enough to attract the most cautious investors, and a very prominent copper expert left to report on the property in the interest of a buyer, who was willing to take the mine if the ore in sight amounted to only one-half of what the owners claimed. He has returned disgusted and angry at what he terms a bold imposition on the part of the vendors. His samples taken are totally different from those previously received, and show no value whatever in the workings. He is now demanding the repayment of the money expended in travel there and back, threatening to sue for it. The only copper found was a small blow-out of little value, where the report called for a ledge of 270 feet in width. At another point where it was claimed the ledge was 1,500 feet wide, the prospect was absolutely valueless. This is one of the most extraordinary cases we have heard of for a long time in connection with mining promotion, for the reason that the owners are men of repute in other lines of business unless it is that mining is getting down to a par with horse trading, at which even a church deacon is apt to turn up a little shy now and again. Two of these men are well-known clothing dealers, one is a steamboat captain, another a big grocery man, and another a lawyer of good standing. Were it not that the reputation of the expert is above suspicion, a person would naturally suppose there was some mistake. As it is, it seems most outrageous to take a man so far away on a wild-goose chase. The case is one which we trust will be thoroughly investigated, for such conduct cannot but reflect most discreditably in the future upon our neighbors across the line. The properties in question are known as the Sareta River and Santa Maria Island, ou Barclay Sound.

**Worrying
Mine Owners.**

The owners of promising properties all over the State are being literally worried to death by correspondents wanting an opportunity to dispose of their mines. The thousand and one promoters now engaged in mine selling on paper have a new system which is down to a very fine point. The plan is to look over the list of mines contained in the State Mineralogist's reports and the owners' address, accommodation in this line being arranged for on the last publication of the kind. He is then addressed a communication, setting forth the advantages to be derived by bonding his mine to the writer, who poses as a close associate of capitalists eager to own a California mine. Before the game became known, quite a number of mine owners fell into the trap, and paid the penalty by no end of annoyance and disappointment. It is needless to say that nine out of every ten of the writers are incapable of carrying out a single promise made in their haste to get bonds on property likely to attract a buyer.

**Bankers in
Convention.**

The fifth annual convention of the California Bankers' Association will be held in Los Angeles, April 19th and 20th, in the rooms of the Concordia Club. The Executive Council will meet on Monday an hour prior to the assembling of the convention, which will be welcomed by General Forman, President of the Chamber of Commerce. Papers will be read by J. E. Baker of the Bank of Alameda, Frank A. Gibson of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, Charles Altschul of the London, Paris and American Bank (Limited), Lovell White of the San Francisco Savings Union, J. T. Burke of the San Francisco Clearing House, H. W. Magee, Bank Commissioner, and B. C. Wright of San Francisco. The Los Angeles Clearing House will entertain the visiting bankers.

**The Market
for Mines.**

If one half of what appears in print could be believed about California mining, South Africa would not be in it, except as a graduation place for experts. The most extraordinary stories are retailed by the yard about strikes here, there, and everywhere, done up usually *à la* Margueritte, the Placer County bonanza, with its \$75,000 assays. Mines of all sizes are on tap for the accommodation of the "leading expert" and the "prominent mining operator" with a grip on the Rothschild auricle, who are done up proud for a column or so as possible investors ready to perform the most extraordinary financial feats at a moment's notice. Wishy-washy bosh of the kind has become so voluminous that it is as nauseating as the cultured airs of the imported mining expert, particularly if he happens to have been a little successful. For all the talk and boasting going on, sales have been few and far between. The syndicated millions are in the air, bombastic conceptions of nickel-plated charlatans, posing for the edification of an untraveled class of people apt at all times to be deceived by appearances. Mine owners here are not so easily gulled as they were formerly, and they are, as a rule, about as approachable as a porcupine. Some of them are inclined to carry matters too far this way, although they certainly can scarcely be blamed, after the manner in which they have been trifled with and deceived. It is still possible, however, to dispose of \$20 for \$5 in property of this class, and any number of agents, or whatever they choose to call themselves, are on the look-out for the miner ready to sacrifice the labors of a life-time. The man with some money for legitimate development work on a small scale is still as scarce a commodity as ever.

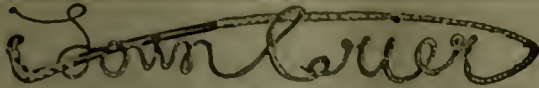
**The Pine-Street
Market.**

Enthusiasm is still dull in the local mining share market, and business is abnormally slow with the commission brokers. How some of the poorer men on the street hold on is a wonder to people outside the fraternity who have heretofore labored under the delusion that a stock-broker was a gilt-edged genius of expensive tastes, which had to be indulged at any cost. The mystery of it all just now is where a living could be made by one man in the business, let alone a hundred. Prices have firmed up a little in many instances of late, and would likely have done much better had it not been for the efforts made by men on the floor to turn a cent or two of profit on every opportunity. The speculative broker always gets ahead of the unfortunate outside operator, who pays a dollar each way to turn a few shares. A commission on one purchase and sale is not a bad day's work, judging from the lists, and a dealer on the floor can clean this up on a two-cent raise where the client could only come out even. With cross-cutting now well under way on the 500 level of Cbollar-Brunswick, and favorable conditions in Potosi and elsewhere along the old lode, better times might be looked for in the market, were there only some one to handle the stocks. Without a head to the game, it proves too monotonous to invite speculation. An assessment of 20 cents on Savage was levied during the week.

**Big Electric
Power Plant.**

The most active mining operations in the State seem to center around the Rawhide mine of Tuolumne. Prospectors are as thick in its vicinity as flies around a cask of molasses, and from all that can be learned the travel in that direction shows no abatement. It is satisfactory to note that many of the mines are also looking very well, with no end of claimants for the distinction of being a "second Rawhide." It is a moral certainty that had it not been for this same Rawhide the chances are that the country side would have been as dull to-day as it was three years ago. There is no getting around that proposition. In the beginning of June work will be commenced and rushed through on the 1,000 horse-power electric plant for the Rawhide Company, which will be located either on the Stanislaus or Tuolumne river. The force generated will also be used in operating the machinery about the App mines.

THE total transactions of the Imperial Bank of Germany and its branches for 1895, were \$30,000,000,000. This bank, in fact, performs in large measure the work of a clearing house for the business of the Empire.



"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

MISS Phoebe Couzius, a veteran in the suffrage war of Rebellion Against Tyrant Man, is railing at her sisters in general, and the San Francisco branch of the family in particular, because they do not pension her off handsomely. The unhappy lady is mad clear through because Doctor of Divinity and Envoy Extraordinary Anna Shaw is gobbling up golden shekels galore for her lectures, while she is laid up with the rheumatics, and can no longer hurl invectives from the platform at pantalooned oppressors of down-trodden woman. Her case should prove an awful warning to her sex.

A sorry sight, this, to behold—
A woman grown infirm and old,
Degenerated to a scold!

Behind her lies a wretched life
Whose loneliness and needless strife
Knew not the blessed name of wife.

'Tis true, mistakes are made; but then
The world, you know, is full of men,
And she who wills may wed again.

Oh, sisters, cease to tramp the earth.
Contented stay beside the hearth.
Fulfill the destiny of birth.

We men were made to love, not hate.
Take heed, before it is too late,
Lest yours may be poor Phoebe's fate!

MR. Dennis McCarty, who was to have banged Friday for "one of the bloodiest murders in the annals, etc.," has been so fortunate as to be discovered to be insane. The bloody taking-off of his victim is thus made the easier, and the Governor has granted the murderer a stay of execution for six months. It is pretty well recognized that we are all more or less insane—the only difficult problem is to determine just how intense this insanity must be to make murdering a safe occupation. Governor Budd has apparently fixed the point of demarcation, and can no doubt inform us.

THE career of Mrs. Carey Higby Dimond, erstwhile of Honolulu, who, as a preliminary step to going on the stage, gained considerable divorce court notoriety, does not loom up with the scintillating brilliancy that the frisky matron fondly expected, and which her name implies. A few more such fiascos will, it is to be hoped, have a sanitary effect upon other feminines who regard scandal as the easiest path to the footlights.

CHARLES Empey wants the Chutes to pay him the trifling sum of twenty thousand dollars because on the day that he visited the grounds he was whacked by a stick of lumber and bitten by a monkey. Some people are very unreasonable. Empey gets two distinct kinds of diversion not down on the bills, and wants to be paid for them into the bargain. He should have been charged extra by the management.

CAREFUL perusal of expert testimony in the Craven-Fair case ought to enable almost anybody to dash off a bogus will when the spirit moves him to thus acquire wealth that does not belong to him. The information gleaned might be compiled with profit to agents into a condensed volume entitled "Wills Knocked Endwise; or, Forgery Made Easy." Special terms to would-be widows.

IT does not really mar our joy
When grocers sell us bogus jam,
Nor do we kick if butcher boy
Palms mutton off on us for lamb;
We're used to fakes, and do not mind
Deceptions of a sugar kind,
But we will hang the dealer, sure,
Who does not give us whiskey pure.

DISSENSIONS among the brethren in the Presbyterian pow-wow this week would indicate to the ordinary layman that brotherly love is as scarce an article in the tents of the godly as it is in the haunts of unordained sinners.

A JILTED man, one Eragorri,
Now tells in court a painful story.
His lacerated bosom burns
To wreak revenge on Bridget Stearns
Who, as the fickle widow Ranage,
To his affectionous did such damage,
That he compels the dame to face
A lively breach of promise case.
Ten thousand dollars, he demands,
Be paid him at his rival's hands.
Coquettes, beware the worm who turns,
Or, like inconstant Bridget Stearns,
The man you gave the ha-ha to
May some day have the laugh on you.

WU TING FANG, the newly appointed and recently arrived Chinese minister to the United States, will depart from this city with a rather disturbed idea of California politeness. He finds himself unable to leave or enter his apartments without being subjected to a scrutiny and personal examination very much more earnest and persistent than gratifying. Gaping, wide-eyed crowds stand for hours gazing at his hotel windows, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the Chinese dignitaries; and the remarks heard by the Minister must make him thank the Deity of his land that the barbarians of the Pacific Coast are unlike his civilized fellow countrymen. The distribution of tracts, taken at random from Confucius, would exert an elevating influence among such people.

THE sudden and extraordinary activity in the hat pin trade, noticeable around town this week in the shops where those birds of bright plumage, women, most do hover, has puzzled the local merchants not a little, used as they are to the whims of their feminine patrons. While they are laying in a new stock of that innocent-appearing but deadly article of torture, the CRIER will explain the mystery. An Oakland man of an economical turn of mind, on suicide bent, waiving the purchase of sword or pistol, rammed his wife's hatpin down his esophagus the other day, and would have ornamented a slab at the morgue had not a minion of the law interfered and yanked the pointed weapon of destruction out again. It is not surprising that wives should offer every encouragement to the undesirable husbands in the way of nicely sharpened hatpins with which they can jab themselves to death at their pleasure. The idea naturally recommends itself to all neat housewives with a yearning for widowhood.

Why toil to pay drygoods bills
When husbands may shirk these ills
By a skillful stab?
A marble slab
May give one the cold, cold chills
But think of the peace it instills!

Why slave in a world of woe
I respectfully want to know
When one may slip in
At the point of a pin
To heaven—or slide below
To a climate not troubled with snow?

ALICE Edith Dickason Blythe is now the bride of one J. H. von Brahmstead, which goes to show that a woman may acquire questionable notoriety, become habitually intoxicated, and yet find some one to marry her. It is a discouraging outlook for spinsters who rely upon respectability and decorum to recommend them to the matrimonially inclined, but we hope that they will not be tempted to embark upon a dizzy career in consequence. The old tradition that virtue is its own reward must be maintained somehow.

IT is hardly right to give publicity to Durrant's daily menu at the Hotel San Quentin. The luxurious fare served to tempt that young gentleman's epicurean appetite may incite others in our midst to do that which will entitle them to play the role of star boarder at that caravansary.

WHEN millionaires lay down their lives
And "dust" to "dust" we have consigned them,
'Tis not good deeds the public strives
To count—it figures on the wives
The gay old boys have left behind them.

THE legal noose is coy and nimble, but Durrant is beginning to see that that persistent runner, Time, is destined to overtake it in the end.



PURITY AT PRAYER—TOWN TOPICS.

A MEMORY OF EASTER SUNDAY.

AN earnest face, with blue and humid eyes,
 Trustful and pure, yet innocently proud,
 Confronts me as the music slowly dies
 And heads in prayer are reverently bowed.
 The drowning priest intones his solemn lay
 With hands upraised, his penitents to bless,
 Whilst I, that came to dream and not to pray,
 Smile at the thought of my unworthiness.
 In the cathedral's consecrated space
 I, worldly, stand in mute irreverence.
 And in the hymnal of this slim girl's face
 For all my earthly ills find recompense.
 Regard her well; the golden head humbly bent,
 The red lips parted in her whispered prayer,
 The folded hands, so white and reverent—
 O sweet young saint, who stands so meekly there,
 I'll give my all—yes, all my mad past years,
 With all their splendor and with all their glow,
 Could my tired eyes the luxury of tears,
 Like those that tremble 'neath your lashes, know.
 Sweet maid, whose purity has kindly shed
 Upon a life all barren radiance new.
 From yon gilt crucifix I turn my head
 And bend it in humility to you.
 And why? Well, let me whisper it all low,
 And not this host of worshipers appall:
 You are so very different, you know,
 From the brown witch that holds me in her thrall.
 Loud peals the final hymn; the white, pure face
 Has disappeared; the crowds move slowly hence;
 I rise and yawn, and saunter from the place
 The better for a sight of—Innocence.

WITH THE TIDE.—ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The tide went out with a sigh and a sigh—
 Speak low, my dear, speak low—
 Without word or tear was their last good-by;
 Yet hearts may break although eyes be dry—
 Speak low, my dear, speak low.
 What's for a woman except to wait—
 Winds are wild and nights are dark;
 Love's a fever that's fiercer than hate,
 It burned in her veins from early till late—
 Winds are wild and nights are dark.
 She watched the waves in their ebb and flow—
 Life is long to a waiting heart:
 And dreamed the story she dared not know
 All the dreary day till the sun was low—
 Life is long to a waiting heart.
 And one gray dawn when the cold night died—
 Speak low, my dear, speak low—
 An empty boat reached the old pier side;
 And a girl's soul fled with the outward tide—
 Speak low, my dear, speak low.

THE SISTERS.—WILLIAM EMORY GRIFFITHS, IN THE LOTUS.

Night, in the chambered east,
 Sits with Dawn at the door.
 Dropped from her golden feast,
 Star-crumbs scatter the floor.
 Mice, from behind the sun,
 Patter along the sky.
 Nibbling the crumbs they run,
 Touching with foot-prints shy.
 Echoes, of purring sound,
 Softly begin to grow,
 Nothing more to be found—
 Scamper—away they go!
 Dawn, in the chambered east,
 Sits by an open door.
 Night has gone from the feast:
 Barren of crumbs the floor.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
 Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Oakland Dairy Depot, 320 Fulton street, S. F. Absolutely pure Milk and Cream. Telephone, Pine 1692.

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Maillard's Chocolates in 1/2 and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Herrmann Schwarze (known as Herrmann at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 225 Powell st. Telephone Main 5820

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia.
 Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
 Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
 Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000
 SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
 HEAD OFFICE.....80 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
 BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.
 This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
 NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

San Francisco Savings Union.
 CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895..... \$24,202,327
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus ... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
 DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co. or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9. A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8

The German Savings and Loan Society.
 No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
 Guarantee capital and surplus... \$2,040,201 68
 Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
 Deposits: December 31, 1895.....27,709,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourney; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

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 N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
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 H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
 Homer S. King.....Manager
 F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier
 Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$8,250,000

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 Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln



SWEET Mamie was a fair young thing,
 But her papa was gamey,
 And when he heard the doorbell ring
 He softly said " Now, Mamie,
 " He's got to leave by half past ten!"
 Sure, he was not to blame; he
 Was getting rather tired by then.
 " Yes, dear papa!" said Mamie.
 But when it got to half-past ten
 The cool young man who came, he
 Stayed on, just like the other men,
 And pale and wan grew Mamie,
 There came a voice chock full of sand—
 She thought it said, " Obey me!"
 She up and told the young man, and—
 He said good-by to Mamie.
 Now, Mamie, as she went to bed,
 (She went, though, all the same!)
 She sobbed and wished that she were dead—
 So mortified was Mamie.
 Then she stole up to papa's door
 Before she said her lay-me—
 Alas! That noise was papa's snore;
 And oh! how mad was Mamie.—N. Y. Press.

A little girl about four or five years old was enjoying a slide upon the sidewalk, when to her consternation her heels flew up, and she fell with great force upon the stones. A lady who was passing by saw the accident and ran to the child's assistance. She picked her up, brushed the snow from her clothes, and asked kindly: " You poor little mite, how did you fall?" The tiny child looked up into her kind friend's face, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbed: " Vertically, ma'am."—Boston Watchman.

Aunt Geehaw (of Hay Corners, in surprise, to husband, just back from the city)—Lan' sake, Joshua, what be them china things, anyway? **UNCLE GEEHAW** (exhibiting his purchases, proudly)—They're new-fangled flower jugs, I guess. The crockery man calls them cuspidors. I got 'em tew decorate our parlor mantel.—Exchange.

" You say that Jones is living a dual life? I am astonished!" " Yes. He has rented a private box at the postoffice and gets letters from his wife, who is visiting her people, without having them pass through the hands of his typewriter."—Exchange.

" If I'm not home by 11, Bessie," said a husband to his better, and bigger, half, " don't wait for me." " That I won't," said Bessie, significantly; " but I'll come for you." He was punctual, as usual.—Household Words.

" The Streets of New Jerusalem," said the Reverend Mr. Sprockets, " are paved with the smoothest asphalt, and truck delivery wagons are not allowed on the road." There were eight hundred converts.—Figaro.

" What became of that Samuels girl that Pottersby was flirting with last summer?" " You mean the girl that Pottersby thought he was flirting with? She married him."—Tid-Bits.

FIRST FRIEND—My doctor advises me to cycle, but I don't think I will do so. **SECOND FRIEND**—You don't. **FIRST FRIEND**—No. I think he is biased—he's a surgeon.—Larks.

She—It would have taken a great deal of persistence on your part to learn to play the violin so well. He—It did. I had to go constantly armed for five years.—Life.

" Is Maud still thinking of joining a religious sisterhood?" " Gracious, no! Her father bought her a new bicycle."—Exchange.

"On the Santa Fé There's No Delay."

Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at Barstow with Santa Fé Limited. Dining cars, buffet, smoking car, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York. Ticket office, 64 Market street, Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

BANKING.

**Bank of California,
 San Francisco.**

Capital \$3,000,000 00
 Surplus and Undivided
 Profits (October 1, 1891)..... 3,158,109 70

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ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary
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CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-Pres't
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
I. F. MOUTON..... 2d Ass't Cashier

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 Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWN DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

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 Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

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 American Bank, Limited.**

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 Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
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HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. **PARIS**—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

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 Paid Up..... 1,500,000
 Reserve Fund..... 700,000
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The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

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Successor to Sather & Co.
 Established 1851, San Francisco.

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ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWWILL, Cashier.

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AGENTS—New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co



"In Maiden Meditation." By E. V. A. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago.

This little collection of the musings of an unmarried girl consists of five chapters, entitled "After the Ball," "After Dinner," "After Church," "After a Wedding," "After One Summer." There is nothing particularly profound or specially original in any of the young lady's remarks, but they are often true enough, and are stated in a not altogether uninteresting, though occasionally rather slipsbod, manner. Evidently the relations of the sexes occupy a good deal of the thoughts of the writer, whose dreamy and rather highstrung imaginings are somewhat hard for a mere man to follow understandingly. The fair E. V. A. is fully possessed of the notion that woman is an enigmatical creature, too deep for the comprehension of man. She says: "If any man says that he understands woman, he is convicted of folly by his own speech." That women are "less logical, more whimsical, more uncertain in their mental processes than men" she admits—and so do we. We must confess that we have not much sympathy with this notion of the incomprehensibility of woman, and are inclined to the opinion that the dear creatures are by no means so deep as they like to think they are: indeed, often enough they are charmingly transparent. Why is it that we often group "women and children" together? Is it not because women always remain children in some sort? Woman is more precocious than man, attains her full development at an earlier age, most of her strength after maturity being reserved for the great end of her existence—maternity. High intelligence, exact reasoning, and correct thinking, are not necessary to the adequate fulfillment of her functions; hence, Nature has not dowered her with these characteristics in any marked degree. Her smiles, coquetries, and personal attractiveness have usually the very natural and obvious purpose of enchaining the affections of the opposite sex, and of securing support and maintenance thereby. To this end, as Schopenhauer points out, she is gifted during the years of early womanhood with considerable charms of complexion and figure, and these she enhances in every possible way. What is the secret of woman's long skirts and dainty clothing? Are they not intended to gently tickle the fancy of men? and do not men humor this feminine notion by pretending not to understand "the mysteries" of woman's apparel? Yet are not these same "mysteries" devised by men, or manufactured and sold in establishments directed and superintended by men? Nor must it be forgotten that men have much more unrestricted opportunities for studying and understanding women than women have for investigating men. What does the ordinary, well-brought-up girl know of men's habits compared with a young man's knowledge of women's habits. E. V. A. says that "women are not very mysterious objects to each other . . . the silliest girl can see through the most astute woman as though she were of glass." Do you not think that a clever man, with fair opportunities for observation, can see as far as "the silliest girl?" If women are really cleverer than men in affairs of the heart, is not the reason to be found in the higher development of their emotions, and in the greater importance to them of love and matrimony? All women like to hear, read, and talk of love, engagements, weddings, christenings; how few take any serious interest in politics, war, diplomacy, philosophy, or even literature, except in so far as these things concern men? But E. V. A. seems to be a "real nice girl," round whose chairback (to slightly adapt her own words) we should be pleased enough to reach an arm, and suffer our fingers to play idly with her curls; to clasp with our other hand her little white fingers, to draw nearer to her laughing, teasing, loving eyes: to clasp her rounded waist, and to feel the warm breath, growing warmer and warmer—.

Two weeks ago we referred in these columns to a theory of criticism (so-called) propounded by a Mr.

O. L. Triggs, of the University of Chicago, and we took occasion to remark that, if the theory were adopted, criticism would be an extinct thing. We are glad to see this frankly confessed by Mr. Edward E. Hale Jr., of Union College, who writes a letter in *The Dial* of March 16, strangely entitling his communication "The true critical attitude." In this letter he says: "To understand or appreciate anything you must surrender yourself to it entirely, and for the time being judge everything else by that one thing . . . this is the only way to criticize anything. Dismiss former standards, get wholly absorbed in what you are to judge, look at every thing from the point of view so gained, and then express your views. This is the only true criticism of literature, or of life: although I do not know that before Mr. Triggs any one ever stated it quite so definitely." Yet a little further on Mr. Hale says that Mr. Triggs "does shrink from going to the logical length of his theory." However, young Mr. Hale has no hesitation, and hegs to formulate the new gospel in the following propositions: or, as he naively expresses it, "lay down the following truths:"

"1. There is no such thing as criticism . . . or rather, if there is, it is cold, hesitating, niggardly, judicial, negative, professional, and no one need consider it.

"2. There is nothing but appreciation, which must be deep and widely sympathetic, without reservation, boundlessly enthusiastic, emotional, and various other things—in fact, absorption."

We do not know what the "various other things" are: perhaps they may be hysterical and absurd. Nor do we wonder that Mr. Triggs, if he wishes to preserve an outward appearance at least of common literary sanity, hesitates to follow his theory to its logical limit, which is, as young Mr. Hale sees and confesses, the abandonment of criticism altogether. Nor is young Mr. Hale content to apply his new theory of "absorption" to literature only: he wants to extend it into the domain of life. On this theory, when some new, revolting and hideous crime is committed, we must "dismiss all former standards" of right and wrong, "get absorbed in" the criminal, and "look at everything from the point of view so gained." What sloughs of unreason men fall headlong into when they abandon the cardinal principles, and follow will-o'-the-wisps! The truth is that the leading principles of human conduct and of literature are settled beyond all dispute, and we have no choice but to abide by them. If Messrs. Triggs and Hale are instructors, we pity the young people who sit under them. To adopt their theories of life and letters is to abandon sanity, and welcome hysteria. Is there anybody who in his heart imagines that sensible men and women are likely to reject Matthew Arnold, Saint Beuve, Andrew Lang, J. R. Lowell, George Saintsbury, Edmund Gosse, Frederic Harrison, Hamilton W. Mahie, and the whole army of critics, to accept Triggs and Hale? If *The Dial* is going to spread nonsense of this kind broadcast over the land, it should begin by removing from its title page the words "A journal of literary criticism," and should cease to quote in its advertising pages John G. Whittier and Sir Walter Besant's references to *The Dial* as the best and ablest "literary journal" in America. Some ingenuous young person may read this stuff of Triggs and Hale, and contract foolish ideas that will cost him years of painful struggle to get rid of.

We are sorry to find our good friend, Mr. Edgar Saltus, in "Our Note Book" in *Collier's Weekly* employing the barbarism "electrocuted." This is a monstrosity against which every friend of good English should set his face like a flint: it should not so much as be mentioned among decent people. To use it even in jest is a crime, for which the Lord High Executioner should be asked to devise a fitting punishment: say, hoiling in oil, or something humorous of that sort.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has been recently guilty of employing the word "claim" in the sense of "declare," or "profess." Speaking of a recently published hook, entitled "Masses and Classes," he writes: "Mr. W. H. Mallock claims to have delved deep among statistics: why not 'professes'?" The word "claim" in this sense should be abandoned to embezzlers, detectives, reporters of the water-front and police-courts, and other lewd fellows of the baser sort.

Our good friend and contemporary, The Philistine, humorously quotes upon the cover of its April issue Charles Lamb's words "Here cometh April again, and so far as I can see, the world hath more fools in it than ever." After quoting some remarks from a recent NEWS LETTER, The Philistine goes on to say "The Coast is a long way from New York, to be sure, but I didn't know that the Golden-Gate-keepers had forgotten that Americans also talk English—even Yone Noguchi knows that." Now, we never undertook to be responsible for the ignorance of The Philistine, nor do we consider the points in which the young Japanese poet's knowledge surpasses that of the Philistine either very interesting or important. The Philistine must kindly spare us the recital of all that it doesn't know. There isn't time on this side of eternity to lend our ears to so long a tale. Ancient the reading of newspapers, we beg leave to quote the following: "We read too much. We have no time to think. How can men meditate who take a daily paper, four weeklies, and six monthly magazines? You subscribe for 'em and you've got to read 'em or else conscience will smite you for being a spendthrift. 'I've just canceled my subscription to The Outlook,' said George Dudley Seymour the other day. 'Why, don't you like it?' I asked. 'Certainly; the paper is all right, but it came every Friday with such damnable regularity.'"

Ella Wheeler, the poetess who cooled the fires of her passion by marrying a drummer named Wilcox, lately made a sensible remark when she wrote: "The free circulation of the 'literature' which reports all the criminal doings of each day is one great cause of our present crop of child burglars, shoplifters, and precocious criminals in all lines." Mr. Hearst and his peanut-vending editor have to answer for the production of a large number of the youthful criminals of California. If the existence of vast fortunes is a wrong to the community, surely a double wrong is inflicted when wealth is used not in mere high living and ostentation, but in unceasing efforts to lower the standard of taste, honor, and decency throughout the population of several States.

The frontispiece of the April Traveler is a reproduction of a photograph of Oakland estuary, showing an afternoon effect. An article by Charles Frederick Holder describes the wonders to be seen in Pacific waters through a glass-bottomed boat, and one by Arthur Inkersley tells of the animals in Golden Gate Park. Other contributions describe "Street Scenes in Mexico," the observance of Easter by the Spanish, and the University of California. There is a good half-tone reproduction of a photograph of Miss Corinne Tebault, a New Orleans girl who has lately been visiting San Francisco.

THE American Fibre Chamois Company of New York has inaugurated a novel system for advertising. The company will run a special full-vestibuled train of ten cars from New York to this Coast about the 1st of May, consuming six months' time and covering about 9000 miles before returning to the point of starting. The cars of this unique train will be fitted up for the exhibition of all manner of goods, and will give the public along its route excellent opportunity for examination of the exhibits. In short, the train will be a sort of advertising exposition, which will visit all principal points throughout the country. Exhibitors may send salesmen with their goods, who will in this way come in direct contact with the consumers. A second similar train will leave the East about December 1st. Full particulars by addressing the United States Trades Exposition, New York.

THE Mayor of Bridgeport has appointed Miss Susan Watson to the new and novel office of "hat matron," says the New York Tribune. Her duties take her to all the theatres, where she secures a commanding position and "views the landscape o'er." Any women wearing tall hats are immediately pounced upon and requested to remove them. If they refuse Miss Watson takes down their names and reports them to all the theatrical managers in town, who promptly refuse to sell front seats to them ever after. Of course, if they repent and wear low-crowned hats or none at all, they can get front seats. But until they do, the only reserved seats they can get are in the rear.

FOOLIES repeat themselves. It was Edward IV who decreed that a shoemaker making peaked toes more than two inches long should be fined twenty shillings. Now, untrammelled by such laws, one of our most fashionable bootmakers has introduced long-pointed toes, which have to be filled in with cork at the tips, and are mostly carried out in the finest patent-leather with small buckles on the instep. In the Tudor and Stuart time women desirous of rising in the world borrowed inordinately high heels from Italy, and these went by the name of "choppines"—Evelyn in his Diary calls them "scaffolds"—and the ladies who wore them to walk abroad had to have a servant on either side for support. This unpractical fashion is not likely to have any great following; but some beautifully made shoes, with heels varying from three to seven inches in height, are to be seen at a modern shoemaker's, rendered in the most costly stuffs, such as floral brocaded velvet on cream satin, and gold and silver brocades introduced on the high heel as well as on the upper part of the shoes. It seems almost impossible that the wearers could walk in them, but they do.—St. James Gazette.



"Every one to her taste

—as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." If you'd rather

do your washing and cleaning in a slow, laborious way, spending your time and strength in useless, tiresome, ruinous rubbing, it's nobody's business but yours. You are the one that will suffer by it. But if you want the easiest, quickest, most economical way of washing and cleaning—then you'll have to use Pearline. There's nothing else, among things absolutely safe to wash with, that can be compared to it 515

Millions NOW USE Pearline

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Overman Silver Mining Co.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of April 1897, an assessment, No. 77, of Ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 7th day of June, 1897 to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

GEO. D. EDWARDS, Secretary.

Office—No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Seg. Belcher & Mides Con. Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 6th day of April, 1897, an assessment, No. 19, of Five cents (5c.) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the company, room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

10th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 29th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary

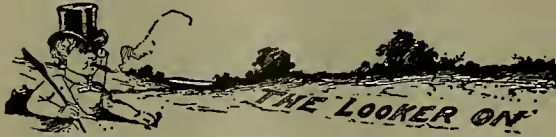
Office: Room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 42, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Tuesday, April 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Wednesday, April 14, 1897, at 3 o'clock P.M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 323 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)



ALL Bohemia will be rejoicing to-night because of a double anniversary within its portals—the twenty-fifth birthday of the Bohemian Club and the eightieth birthday of its patron Saint, “Uncle” George Bromley. Apropos of the twin celebration, D. J. Staples, the veteran insurance President, recalls a reminiscence which is characteristic of the idol of Bohemia.

In 1852, Staples and Bromley were fellow travelers from New York for San Francisco. As the party, dusty and begrimed, toiled on toward Panama in a slowly moving caravan, Bromley was suddenly missed. A careful search failed to reveal any trace of the missing argonaut, and the others feared some serious accident had befallen their sprightly comrade. At the entrance to the town, however, the missing traveler rejoined them as unexpectedly as he had disappeared. In marked contrast to his travel-stained friends, Bromley was freshly clad in an immaculate suit of white duck, within which he very comfortably carried a good quart of gin. He had got ahead of his friends, a happy faculty which has been remarked many thousand times in the succeeding forty-five years.

Something like four decades ago, “Uncle George” organized what he called the “Young Men’s Moral Reform Club.” Many religious people were much interested in the new institution, but they were somewhat curious about the fields in which the club intended to operate, for the reformation was scarcely perceptible at first glance. The scope of the organization was finally understood when some feminine unbeliever was an involuntary and much shocked witness at the solemn observance of the rites of the members. It was then discovered that the unwritten constitution and by-laws of the club consisted of a sacred mutual agreement on the part of the reformers to take nothing but *straight* drinks!

Among the many accomplishments of the gifted President of the Leland Stanford Junior University, is a highly cultivated ear for music. He came up from Palo Alto last Saturday especially to hear the French Grand Opera Company’s rendering of *Carmen*. After listening with much appreciation to the music, the great piscatorial authority studied with grave interest the graceful evolutions of the ballet. He recalled his condemnatory views concerning all forms of religious excitement. Dr. Jordan pondered a minute or two, and then, borrowing a pair of opera glasses, took another long look at the pirouetting females.

“Here’s work for some revivalist,” he remarked, with apparent earnestness.

His companions, believing that the protector of the Pribyloff Island seals was taking a high moral stand, silently assented.

“Yes,” continued Dr. Jordan in a meditative tone. “Poor girls! No one seems concerned about their *soles*.”

Then he walked out into the foyer.

Some social courtesies were extended, on his temporary return trip hither, to Bob Davis, who, a year ago, forsook this city to try his Western yarns on innocent New York editors. Among other compliments of this kind which he received was a visitors’ card to the Bohemian Club. Now, Bob prides himself on his Nevadan simplicity, and his manners are as fresh as his own windy stories about his breezy native State. He greeted all alike whom he encountered beneath the wings of the owl,—old and young, members or attendants,—for Bob is no respecter of persons.

“Here, Tom!” he would shout to a servant in the Social Hall, disdaining the use of a bell. “Come here, Tom. Bill and I want a drink,” Bill being a member. “What’ll have, Bill? A cocktail? All right, Bill. Make it two, Tom!”

Upon its expiration, Mr. Robert Davis’ card was not renewed.

Rollicking Colonel Pat Lannon, the jovial editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, and a well-known and unique character, is in town, as many of his San Francisco friends know to their sorrow. Lannon has all the natural wit of his race, and his fund of humorous anecdote seems inexhaustible. His appearance alone is a huge joke, for his corpulence is marvelous, and he is accustomed to quote his own dimensions as “four feet square.”

“To please my wife,” he says, pathetically, “I have been fasting for almost forty days. But it’s no use!” despairingly. “After all that mortification of the flesh,” with a sigh, “no one is stuck on me shape!”

Lannon has a new story about his former partner, who wrote the editorials for their paper, and whose caustic pen seemed perpetually steeped in gall. The partner bitterly attacked a prominent citizen, scorching him with frequent editorial denunciations. In the fullness of time this citizen died.

“Then I went to my partner,” said Colonel Pat, “and tried to soothe him a little. ‘Now, for heaven’s sake, let up,’ I says. ‘The man is dead’—he is in hell, by the way. ‘Now, you have assailed him often enough. Be a little magnanimous and give him a nice little send-off in the paper.’

“Pat,” replied he to me, ‘I am surprised at you! Would you have me tell a lie about a dead man? This fellow was a damned scoundrel, and I am going to print it. *Lie about a dead man? Never, Lannon!*’”

The old aphorism about the lack of honor accorded to a prophet in his own country, has been pretty well disproved in the case of Denis O’Sullivan, the fashionable London baritone, who came to his home by the Golden Gate a day or two ago, that he might share his laurels with his own people. His appearance at the Tivoli the latter part of this month, in the title-role of “Shamus O’Brien,” suggests his comical experience at the hands of the English critics.

Denis is a son of the late C. D. O’Sullivan, who, in early days, accumulated a fortune in the paint and oil trade, and was prominent in many mining ventures. The rapid rise of the young dramatic vocalist has been almost phenomenal, and his name and operatic associations gave force to the idea that he was born with emeralds in his eyes. The London critics gravely remarked on the natural odor of peat which pervaded his presence. They pointed out that much of O’Sullivan’s success in Irish operas was due to his Irish birth, adding that the nativity of his brogue was unmistakable. All this was amusing enough to the native San Franciscan for a time, but when, in touring the towns of Ireland, the perfection of his accent caused him to be hailed with delight as a native of Donegal, Denis thought the joke had become rather flat.

“Begad,” he said, in some heat, “hereafter I shall produce Irish opera in Italian!”

And then the critics triumphantly announced that they needed no further justification.

Collection Day has its terrors for cashiers, not alone because of the large payments involved, but frequently because of the myriads of petty accounts requiring settlement and entry, the bill for a dime necessitating as much clerical work as that for a thousand. George R. Maxwell, Paying Teller of the First National Bank, ordinarily the most urbane of men, was much annoyed this week by a succession of tardy collectors, each with a trifling account, and all delaying presentation until after the regular banking hours. Maxwell remonstrated with them, one after another, his normal supply of affability visibly decreasing with every fresh offender. About four o’clock in sauntered a whistling boy, who gracefully dropped a folded paper before the busy teller methodically balancing his cash.

“Bill?” queried Maxwell, curtly.

“Yep,” was the nonchalant reply of the hoy, who immediately resumed work on his tune.

“Why in thunder did you not bring it here two hours ago?” demanded Maxwell, sternly.

Without a word the boy, still whistling, turned on his heel.

Then Maxwell opened the bill. It read as follows:

To fixing type on typewriter.

No charge.

It was too good to keep,—that story of the gold brick which Jim Corbett sold to W. R. Hearst of the New York Journal and the San Francisco Examiner,—and the details form an interesting chapter in the unpublished book, "How to get something for nothing." The episode concerns the "copyrighted" fakes before and after the Carson fight, the "news" which proved such a hollow mockery to Willie's subscribers and the ostensibly "exclusive" interviews, from which no newspaperman was excluded, unless he choose to accept the exclusion.

On the west bound train from Chicago, Corbett's party included Sporting Editor Hackett of the New York World. To lighten the tedium of the trip he, half-jocularly, offered the pomp-doured pugilist five hundred dollars if he would sign a contract for exclusive signed statements in the World.

"That's a good scheme and a handsome offer," remarked the wily Corbett. "I'll think about it."

At the next station the fighter sent the following telegram to Hearst:

"World offers me fifteen hundred dollars for exclusive statements."

Corbett rather expected a telegraphic reply the next time the train stopped, and he was not disappointed. Hearst's message read:

"I will pay you two thousand. Wire acceptance."

The alacrity with which Corbett obeyed this admonition convinced his backers that his condition was irrefragable.

* * *

"Long John" Wilkins, whose immaculate "gall" is only equaled by his Ethiopian cuticle, went up to Porter Ashe's office the other day, and after waiting for nearly an hour, finally secured an audience.

"How'd a-do, Mistah Ashe?" was "Long John's" greeting.

"Pretty good, John. How are you?" pleasantly replied the always gracious Porter.

"Oh, I'se fust rate, Mistah Ashe," said John. "I just come up heah to 'gratulate you, sah. I'se felt myself overlooking my duty, sah, hadn't I come up heah, sah. I'm so glad, sah, dat dat horse Ruinhart win, sah."

"Thank you, John, thank you," returned Porter. "Your kind feeling is appreciated," and Mr. Ashe started to go into his private office.

"I beg pardon, Mistah Ashe," hastily remarked John; "I almost fo'got, sah, to say dat I had a dollar bet on Salvation, sah, and I lost, sah. So if you could kindly, sah, let me have a dollah I'd feel very thankful, for, honest, Mistah Ashe, really I couldn't affo'd to lose de dollah, and—"

Here Porter interrupted the loquacious negro. "Take this dollar, John, and in the future never look for Salvation around a race track. Good-by, John," and he made his escape.

* * *

At the cathedral choral service in Grace Episcopal Church on the evening of Palm Sunday, the vested male choir had such arduous duties to perform that the singers deemed it proper, and even necessary, to fortify themselves in advance for their special musical efforts by such potations as are not customary in the sanctuary. Each of the numbers was creditably rendered. As the gowned choristers marched down the aisle, singing lustily the recessional hymn, all doubt was lifted from the olfactory nerves of the standing worshippers, regarding the character of the motive power behind their fervid praises. Carrington Wilson had attended the service to hear Clarence Eddy play the great organ. Someone solicited his opinion.

"It has been an intensely interesting service, I assure you," replied Wilson, with his British precision. "Why, I could discern *spirits* in the air!"

* * *

Now that the announcement of Jack Casserly's engagement to Miss Cudahy, the pressed-beef Princess, has placed a limit upon his bachelor days, his friends are recalling some of the pranks of his untamed era, from that interesting historical episode connected with the entertainment of the Gaiety Girls at the Burlingame Club, down to the current history of the present season. The

latest story told about this vivacious youth concerns a dinner party at Joe Grant's picturesque cottage at "B'lingham." On that occasion Casserly was placed next a charming woman, whom he had not previously met, and of whose connections he was ignorant.

In the course of their somewhat confidential *tête-à-tête*, Jack gathered, incidentally, that his table companion's husband was an absent physician. By the time the cheese appeared her statements formed a jumble of recollections in the Casserly brain, and suddenly noting that her silk gown was black, he conceived the idea that he was in the presence of affliction. Believing it a case for that delicate sympathy for which he is famous, Jack bent over the fair "widow," and with moistening eyes, softly asked her a question, while a tearful thrill shook his melodious voice.

"And is the Doctor in heaven?" he asked tenderly and meaningly.

Jack supposes it was hysteria which caused the he-reaved woman to burst into uncontrollable laughter, in the midst of which the ladies rose, and the Casserly query is still unanswered.

* * *

To guard against all possible contingencies at Central Park this afternoon, when the second of the series of intercollegiate baseball matches will be played between the teams of the two big Universities, some solicitous friends of the players have provided a chest of all the liniments known to the patent medicine vendor. Charlie Elston, the popular Berkeley captain, suggested with quiet irony, that since the idea of a few bruises was so appalling, it might be prudent to lay in a large supply of wood alcohol.

"Oh! Don't get wood alcohol," objected Pete Karsberg, "the cowhoy pitcher," who comes from Fresno and who threatened to resign because he was not allowed to wear his sombrero during the game.

"Why not, Pete?" came a chorus of interrogatives.

"Because we would all get splinters in our legs," was the scornful rejoinder of the Fresno athlete.

* * *

A fussy lady walked into Stanton's studio one day this week, and brusquely inquired if the artist were in.

"No, madam," said Paul, the Indian painter, "if you call later you will find him."

She called again, and this time the statuesque Stanton was at home.

"Humph," said the dame, surveying the stalwart painter critically, "seems to me you don't look much like an artist."

This uncalled for insult sent the rich blood coloring Stanton's damaged cheek, and he replied in accents of ineffable scorn:

"Nor could I say, madam, that from your language and appearance, I should ever take you for an art patron. Paul, show the lady down stairs."

The sassy thing was crushed, and the honor of the Stantons avenged.

* * *

Joullin is a man of distinguished appearance, and that excellent artist has frequently been taken for a foreign count. Not so on Tuesday, however, for as he hoarded a Clay-street car, a big German considered himself discomposured by Mr. Joullin. When the latter came to his destination, as he stepped off the car he heard the German inquire:

"Who is dot hig fellow, anyhow?"

"Oh," replied the gripman, indifferently, "he is one of them waiters at Camp's."

The scowl from Joullin's dark, rolling eye, when this remark fell upon his ear, was withering.

Wedding and Birthday Presents. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.



THE last week of Lent brought us the first hot weather of the year thus far, which *par parenthese* caught us like a thief in the night, quite unprepared for it. Still, for that the week was welcome, as no doubt it has also been to a majority of our young people, who are glad that the penitential period, with its enforced quiet, has at last come to an end. Easter millinery has been the chief subject occupying the thoughts of the fair sex, and the indications are that to-morrow the churches will blossom like the most gorgeous conservatories; not only the buildings themselves, but the heads of most of the congregations, and will be sights worth seeing.

Gay doings have been scarce this week. Even dinners and luncheons have in a measure failed, and theatre parties one may say have not been "in it" to any great extent. But then there is a good deal on the *tapis* for the near future, and next week will lead off with some club dances, to say nothing of several weddings and minor affairs that have been kept waiting until after Lent; and there is a probability of some hops at the Presidio before the troops go off for the summer to Yosemite and elsewhere.

The Native Sons of Vermont gave a charming entertainment at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening. The first part consisted of a musical olio, followed by *Dream Faces*, which was excellently cast and played; and then there was dancing until after midnight, a most enjoyable evening being passed. On Tuesday afternoon the Henri Fairweathers gave their series of Browning lectures at the Sorosis Club rooms on Pine street.

Wednesday this week was selected by several fair brides, both in this city and Oakland, for their nuptials. Among them was an evening wedding, which took place at the First Unitarian Church, the Rev. Mr. Stebbins uniting in marriage Miss Mae Belle Green and George Lipman. The handsome bride, who was robed in white satin trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, was attended by Miss Ada Young as maid-of-honor, and the Misses Clementine Allardyce and Edna Donaldson as bridesmaids, and T. H. Ramsay officiated as the groom's best man. After the church ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride on Hawthorne street, followed by a handsome supper.

One of last week's weddings was that of Miss Edith Kittridge and Henry A. Sargent of Portland, Oregon, the ceremony taking place at the Howarth residence on Laurel street, where the Reverend John Hemphill tied the nuptial knot. This was a yellow and white wedding, the elaborate decorations of the house being entirely in those tints, and the costumes of the maid-of-honor, little Geraldine Howarth, and of the bridesmaids, the Misses Kate Durhrow and Amy Swain, being of white mousseline de soie, and their hand bouquets yellow roses. The beautiful bride wore a robe of white moire trimmed with chiffon, a tulle veil, and pearl and diamond ornaments. She carried a bouquet of brides' roses. The happy pair left for their future home in Portland last Saturday.

The date for another of the spring weddings has been set this week, and it is now announced that the marriage of Miss Quita Collier and Atherton Macondray will take place during the first week of June.

There will be a number of weddings next week, chief of Wednesday's ceremonials being the one in which Miss Mattie Whittier will be the bride. It will be a home function, taking place at the Whittier residence on Jackson street Wednesday evening.

At San Rafael the entertaining season has been inaugurated already by Mrs. W. F. Babcock, who last week gave a most delightful luncheon in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who left for her Eastern home last Saturday. The dinners of Colonel Fred Crocker and of Horace Davis, the musicale

of W. S. Jones, and the luncheons of Mrs. Davis and Mrs. J. B. Crockett were among recent pleasant gatherings, the *menus* of which were scarcely what one would call Lenten. A delightful piano recital was given at Beethoven Hall on Saturday afternoon, when Miss Helen Hager charmed the large crowd of friends who were present by the brilliancy of her playing. She was assisted by Miss Caroline Little, whose sweet voice was heard in a number of German and English songs. Both young ladies were most becomingly costumed, one in Nile green, and the other lavender and white, and were the recipients of a profusion of beautiful floral tributes.

The managers of the Women's Congress are making great preparations for the annual meet, which will be held in the First Congregational Church the week after next. The programme of the speakers and their subjects, which has been given to the public, gives also assurance that it will be well attended.

The long anticipated *bal masque* at Ebell Hall, in Oakland, on Tuesday evening; the last dance of the Saturday Evening Cotillion Club at Native Sons' Hall, and of the Winter Cotillion Club at Beethoven Hall on Friday evening, are some of the pleasures in store for young society next week.

It having been decided that the projected Golden Gate Carnival is not to materialize next month, as anticipated, many of our residents have betaken themselves to Los Angeles to view the beauties of the Fiesta in that city of orange groves as a slight compensation for their disappointment at home, one large party leaving last Wednesday.

There are likely to be a number of changes at the Presidio ere long, and among the losses none will be more regretted than the Misses Young, who during their stay at that post have been among the most popular ladies ever in residence there.

George Boney has gone East en route to Europe for a *passage*. Among the week's overland passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Florence Breckenridge for Kentucky and Gotham, this being the first visit Mrs. Tevis has paid to her old home in the South for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis have been passing the week at their country home in the Santa Cruz mountains, preparing it for their occupancy this summer, as it is likely they will spend the greater part of the season there.

Mrs. and Miss Quita Collier have come down to the city from their home in Lake county, and will remain here for several weeks. Mrs. Daniel Roth and the Misses Roth, who recently returned after a year's absence passed in foreign travel, will be "at home" on Saturdays and Sundays during April at their handsome residence on Baker and Hayes streets.

Recent returns of absentees from the East and Europe include General, Mrs. and Miss Houghton. Mr. and Mrs. Henri Kahn leave Paris for home next week. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Raas and Mrs. E. G. Lyons are visiting in Los Angeles.

Mizpah Charity Club will give an Indian picnic on the evening of the 24th inst. at Golden Gate Hall, for the benefit of the fund. The hall will be decorated in rustic fashion, and baskets with lunches for two will be sold. A farce, vocal selections and dancing will fill out the evening. Tickets, 50 cents, to be had of the officers or members of the club.

Alfred S. Gump left for the East and Europe this week to visit the art centers for the firm of S. & G. Gump.

You can't get *Schilling's Best* tea except in packages. We want the credit for the pleasure and comfort and health that it gives you.

Your money back if you don't like *Schilling's Best*.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco.

One of the most prominent social events of the season will be the grand Parisien fete, called the "Gingerbread Fete," for the Children's Hospital during the month of May, which will be under the personal direction and management of the Lady Managers of the institution. The elegant mansion and grounds of one of the leading families of the city have been tendered the institution, and the entire proceeds from the fete will pass to the General Fund of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses.

The Concordia Club nominating committee has at last completed its task. Mr. Leopold Michaels has been selected for President and Mr. Chas. Hirsch for Vice President. Both gentlemen have been prominently identified with the club's management for many years. Many changes are looked forward to, and a new policy favorable to the younger members is being planned. The finances of the institution are in a most flourishing condition.

Buena Vista Parlor, No. 68, Native Daughters of the Golden West, will celebrate the fifth anniversary of the parlor by giving a ball at Native Sons' hall, on Mason, between Geary and Post streets, on next Tuesday evening, the 20th inst.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris, of the Otis Skinner Company, gave enjoyable dramatic readings at Irving Institute on last Thursday afternoon to the young ladies of the institute and their friends.

The Esberg dinner, which was given at the family residence on Pacific avenue on last Wednesday evening, was greatly enjoyed by those present. Miss Edith Esberg very gracefully assisted her mother as hostess. Covers were laid for twenty guests, and the hours were late before the adieux were said.

The boulevard fund will be the worthy object of a second lecture, to be delivered next Monday evening, April 19th, at Y. M. C. A. hall, on Mason and Ellis streets, by Mr. Henry A. Butters, the noted South African mining expert. The lecture will, in addition to treatment of the gold fields, review the recent political disturbances in that country. Tickets, 50 cents, to be had at the hall or of the Boulevard Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Morse arrived Monday evening from Washington, where they have been the guests of President and Mrs. McKinley at the Executive Mansion since the Inauguration.

The P. D. Club will give its sixty-fourth party on the evening of April 27th at Odd Fellows' Hall.

THE Pacific Coast Syrup Company is one of the manufacturers of syrup and jellies in San Francisco that courts the fullest investigation, not only into its methods of manufacture, but the quality of ingredients used. The company makes a raspberry syrup which will hereafter be known as "Imitation Raspberry Syrup." All the materials of which this product is made are certified as wholesome, clean and nutritious. They are: Granulated sugar, water, citric acid (lemon juice), extract of raspberry, red fruit color. It is a wholesome, healthy article of food. The company, in order to meet Eastern competition, is also making a jelly composed of apple stock, glucose and sugar. This jelly is also wholesome, and has been used with satisfactory results for years on this coast. The company labels this jelly: Fruit, sugar, glucose jelly, or jam, as the case may be. It has obtained a large sale and is an excellent product. The company also make the celebrated Tea Garden Drips—an unexcelled article. The Pacific Coast Syrup Company is proud of the large business it has built up; it misrepresents nothing, invites everywhere and at all times the fullest investigation of its plant and products—all of which have a valued and recognized place in the grocery trade of the Pacific Coast.

The Lenten season is over. Dinners, parties, and banquets will be the order, and at this time it will be well to remember that Max Abraham, caterer, at 428 Geary street, is prepared to take complete charge of these functions, and his wide experience and constant attention guarantees perfect success in this most important feature of entertaining.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for wind and distress after eating.

AT INGLESIDE.

RACING will be resumed next Monday, the 19th inst., at Ingleside, and continue for the following two weeks, ending May 1st. The programme indicates an unusually high-class entertainment for the lovers of this sport. On opening day the Corrigan stakes, five furlongs, will be run. This is a handicap sweepstakes for two-year-olds, with first purse \$1,000. On Saturday, the 24th, the Spreckels' Cup race, one mile and a quarter, will be run—a handicap for three-year-olds. The first prize for this great race will be the Spreckels Cup, valued at \$1,500, and a purse of \$5,000; second, \$2,000; third, \$500. This will bring out the best horses on the Coast, and result in a battle for first place worth going a long way to see. The California Stakes, two miles over eight hurdles, will be run on Wednesday, the 28th inst., for \$1,200 first money, \$200 second, \$100 third. On Saturday, May 1st, the Ingleside stakes, four miles, for \$3,000 first money, \$500 second, \$300 third, will be run. The general racing for the two weeks will be fully up to the standard, which, with these special additions, will make up a programme exciting enough to satisfy the most exacting sportsman.

For High Grade Diamonds go to Hirschman's, 10 Post street, (Masonic Temple.)

ONE INSTANCE
IN WHICH
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If the teeth attacked
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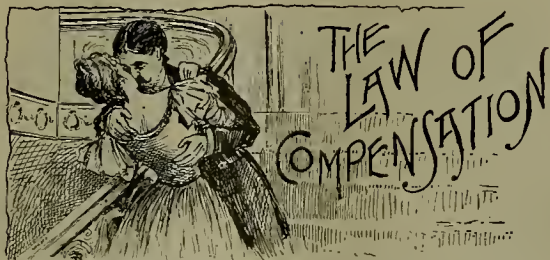
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THE SKIN
no other cosmetic
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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,

37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



ELOISE seemingly smiled to her righthand neighbor at the dinner-table, but in reality to herself, as she felt on the opposite side a nervous touch against the hand resting on her chair-arm.

"Poor boy!" she thought, smiling still at his opponent, yet she could hardly restrain an impulse to yield a warm clasp to the hand so dumbly begging, but she did resist. Twenty-eight years was too late an age to dally with youths.

"I have done with them long ago," formed her thought in the midst of the conversation; but rose odors, light, and champagne always floated the senses of Eloise away in a luxurious dream, and to-night the warmth within, and hovering spirit of love with its inevitable memories, made it easy to flash worlds almost unconsciously into the eyes of the boy at her side. It was a long time since she had met this same sweet boy love, so tender and reverential. A dew clouded her eyes, but musical voices and the motion to leave the table broke her momentary wanderings.

As for Harry Hastings, he understood, in the mysterious way of hudding passion, that some softness lay within Eloise for him. The blonde collegian thrilled with sweet doubt in all his live young heart and flesh. True, he hardly dared touch her or speak to her. For what would she say to him? She with her beauty and dignity, the center of those favored men. One of them would take her to the hall to-night, while he would have no share in her, except for a glance. His heart beat tumultuously as Thurston, her dinner partner, gradually and entirely absorbed her attention—Harry's helplessness was so patent to himself against the man of years, position, and self-poise.

When his mother spoke he was glad, even to the sending of their fair guest from his presence. "Eloise, you girls must sleep before the ball; your long morning drive and two afternoon receptions will necessarily involve a return in the way of rest."

"Yes, I for one am a little weary," she answered languidly, amidst the protests of her companions, in her eyes that bright promise of something to come that always left behind her the greatest desire for her return. The girl knew sleep did so much for her these days, and some-way a feeling of sadness disquieted her. She did not like the looks of those hurt young eyes across the room.

"I want to be alone; then I can decide." She could have laughed at her affection for the boy. The other girls had passed on out, but Thurston still kept Eloise dallying over some flowers he had sent her for the hall. His confidence racked Harry's very soul, and he moved away from them down the hall.

"If I speak to her perhaps that will lull the longing," thought he in smothered and fretting suppression.

"I must go," came to him in her clear tones.

"For two long hours," answered Thurston, then light footfalls passed the recess in which Harry stood.

"Should he follow her? Would it only make things worse?" Swift pursuit avowed his decision. Eloise felt rather than heard his coming. An inexpressible softness crept over her. Five years gone since she had been so warmed by the presence of any man. He was like Hubert—but Hubert had taken all her heart and left her eating out her soul with bitterness. Her succeeding thought in these few steps was:

"Yet how sweet even a semblance of the dear, engrossing love! It would be hard, though, for the boy."

They were at the head of the stairs now; still she had not turned. Faint odors of violets floated down to her pursuer from the flowers on her bosom. They electrified and mastered Harry for a moment. As he reached

Eloise his arm closed strongly round her waist. The very soul of the girl cried in recognition:

"Hubert! My Hubert!"

Flinging back her head to him, she received Harry's fresh, pure lips, quivering in one wild instant upon her own—and fled—to Hubert.

Harry stood there, dazed with his newly discovered delight. She loved him! She had given that kiss. The boy's blood flowed with renewed power in great warming waves, and with eyes turned inwardly upon his own unexpected happiness, he sought solitude. The sight of those men below, with their cynical jokes and world-gathered disbeliefs, was shameful to him in this time of his sacred and almost incredible triumph.

Oh! what an hour of Heaven to Harry!

In her room, Eloise, wrapped in her dressing-gown, loosened with tender fingers the hair Hubert loved. It brushed her face like Hubert's own caresses. The boy outside was forgotten, but for a guilty sense of betrayal. That kiss was not his. It was Hubert's. She drowsed away in an utter lethargy of happiness. Hubert held her to his breast; her lips and eyes trembled to his enchanted fondling. She sunk in the pillows lost, steeped in the old love. Oh! he had come back to her—with him time had no beginning and no end.

Eloise shivered. The maid wakened her by stirring the fire. How chilled she was, and how cold to be torn from her paradise!

"A delusion," she murmured; "he is gone forever, and I have been faithful so long!" Two burning tears soaked in the pillow. "Oh, how my arms ache for his beloved care! It is there, and will not leave me, but he has forgotten!"

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street. WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO. WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect Oct. 14, 1896	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:35 P. M.	10:35 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma, Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka. Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "P. C. S.," at 2 P. M. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Caño, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market St., S. F.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone No. 507.

Still the hot stream trickled down her cheek. She sat up with cruel impatience of her mood.

"Why not solace myself with some advantageous marriage? Why not accept Thurston, his money and his selfishness? It was my purpose, why suffer pangs for this boy, Harry? Did Hubert pity me?"

But Harry's sweet, boyish faith and love tugged at her tenderness. Again she saw the reproachful eyes and felt in some cold and far-off way that she had tacitly accepted him.

"I am fond of him," she murmured dreamily. "He brings back my youth that seems so long gone," and she rose with almost a sob. Suddenly Eloise missed the opal pin she wore that evening. She remembered pressing it against her breast as she threw back her head at the top of the stairs. It must be in the hall, and then she went to look for it.

"Ah!" and as Eloise rose with the recovered pin, she came face to face with Harry on his way down the stairs. The boy hesitated; his eyes grew luminous as he took in the girl's slim figure, dressing gown, and flowing hair. She had given him before: now he would claim. Instantly his young arms gathered close and gently her soft, round body. His cheek flamed against her veil of hair, and kisses fell like flowers upon her face. She clung there weakly.

"You love me a little?" he whispered. Her face nestled close in his throat for answer, and then, in the quick way peculiar to her, she tore herself free. It was no place to wait.

The ball went like some unreal and dazzling hour met once in life. Harry stood off in the palms, following with his eyes and soul the girl who after to-night would be his own. After this he would claim her against those men who floated about the room with her as if she were a part of themselves. He fumed at the thought.

"But she is so fair and glad. Ah, for to-morrow! just for to-morrow, the beginning of my reign!"

He waited, meaning to see her last that night, but, annoyingly, she passed out unmissed by his watchful eye, and on searching for her, it was only to find that she had left the ball. When Eloise reached home, the ball-room effulgence had long since sunk from her face.

"After all," she murmured, in painful concentration, I cannot do it. I cannot take either Thurston for my own sake, or the boy for his. I must go at once before seeing them again. Mamma's letter will come in the morning. Upon that I can easily frame an excuse."

It was a girl of weary body and sore heart that tossed and cried that night in sleep, but morning broke in the end, and hours crawled and doubled upon themselves till rising-time.

The letter came. A sudden illness of Eloise's father called her home immediately, amid the sympathies of Mrs. Hastings' family. Harry, down in the city, counted the minutes to luncheon, when, obstacles or none, he would see Eloise again. Midday found him at home—and waiting for him, a note from Eloise.

"Forgive me! It was a mistake. I love someone else. E."

A hundred miles away with the pleading thought, "If he will but thank me in the end," she sped southward to loneliness and Hubert's wraith.—Lucy S. Orrick in Lotus.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THE supplement accompanying this issue of the NEWS LETTER gives the Christian an idea of the Celestial's place of worship, with its weird, grotesque object of adoration. There is no absence of imagination in the image or the furnishings of the interior of the Temple, which in a way affords one something of an idea of Chinese character.

An article well bought is half sold. J. F. Cutter Whiskey is always well bought, because it is of the highest quality, and to sell it once is to sell it always. For many years this fine liquor has held a first place in every first-class bar. E. Martin & Co., at 411 Market street, are sole Coast agents for J. F. Cutter Whiskey.

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, are all very well; but Leopold, at 35 Post street, has the choicest buds and blossoms to be found in San Francisco, and at prices that defy competition. Look at them.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY--PACIFIC SYSTEM.

TRAINS LEAVE and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From April 6, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ordean and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Honolulu, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iona, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*9:30 A	Peters and Miltoa	7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
*10:00 A	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*6:40 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Alameda, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Alameda Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	6:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	†7:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A		10:45 A
10:00 A	MELROSE,	11:45 A
11:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	12:45 P
2:00 P	PITCHBURG,	†1:45 P
3:00 P	and	4:45 P
4:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P	‡ Rues through to Niles.	8:45 P
8:30 P	† From Niles	9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
††11:15 P		††12:00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; †12:00, *1:00, 13:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ††† Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

GABLIC	Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897
COPTIC	Thursday, June 17, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S S "Australia", for Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 20th, at 2 P. M.
S S "Monowai", Thursday, April 29th, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. San Francisco.

INSURANCE

THE resignation of M. R. Higgins not having been accepted by the Governor, will allow him to draw two salaries—that of General Superintendent of the Pacific Mutual, and Insurance Commissioner, as well. Higgins is not making any complaint at the neglect of Governor Budd.

The \$50,000 damage suit of Jacob Wolf of Portland against the Aachen & Munich, the Home of New York, the Commercial Union, and the Fire Association, for arrest on a charge of arson, is considered a big bluff.

The Fire Patrol of San Francisco, which has been supported since organization by contributions of the different fire offices, has secured official recognition by the Legislature, and now all companies, including the Lloyds, will be taxed for its maintenance.

The Alliance Assurance Company will at once erect a five-story modern building on its property at 416-418 California street.

Manager Lowden, of the Norwich Union, has returned from a visit to the Northwest.

J. W. G. Cofran, Chairman Governing Committee of the Western Union, Chicago, is spending a month's vacation in California.

David Lawrie, of the London Assurance, en route to Japan, is visiting Manager George F. Grant.

D. E. Miles, Assistant Manager of the London & Lancashire, is in Honolulu.

The Marine Underwriters Association held its regular meeting on the 15th.

H. K. Field, General Agent of the New England Mutual Life, with his son Charles K., attended the reception given in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of President Stevens' official connection with the company on the 9th inst. in Boston.

Charles F. Wilson has been appointed a special by General Agent Medcraft of the Scottish Union and National.

The Helvetia-Swiss has been admitted to Washington and Montana.

Manager J. G. Conrad has returned from a business trip to Chicago.

Manager L. B. Edwards, of the Manchester, has gone to Chicago to confer with representatives of the home office.

Mrs. D. W. Dohrmann, of Stockton, has been appointed Agent of the Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company by Manager Biggs.

The passage of the County Mutual law, providing for the organization and management of county fire insurance companies, will probably act as a great stimulus for the growth of irresponsible wild cat schemes for cheap insurance throughout the State. It will be perfectly safe for those who contemplate insuring to look twice before they insure in the coming county insurance companies.

Boston is to have a horseless fire engine, of a pattern practically valuable. It will be remembered that Chicago tried the experiment, and horses had to pull the engine out of the street.

Seattle has introduced the latest improved fire alarm boxes with glass fronts.

J. L. M. Shetterley, Manager of the Fidelity Mutual Aid, was some time ago married to Miss Kate V. Heavey, an accomplished young lady from Tehama County. The secret was so carefully guarded that the fact has just leaked out, and his many friends are showering him with congratulations.

MR. WENDELL EASTON delivered a very interesting lecture at Golden Gate hall last Wednesday evening on "California's Country Homes." The lecture was illustrated with colored stereopticon slides, and was both entertaining and instructive.

Japanese art is the most distinctive, dainty, and delicate of all. George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, have a splendid variety of Japanese art goods and quaint tapestries that are worth a long journey to see. Drop in and get a liberal education in Japanese art. Spend a pleasant hour and get prices.

FOR HOARSENESS, COUGHS, ASTHMA AND BRONCHIAL TROUBLES, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

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309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets..... 3,192,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$3,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
SCENES IN CHINATOWN - Opium Den Underground, by flashlight.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 24, 1897.

Number 17.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54, Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 505 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE Board of Health should stand firm in its determination to prevent the sale of adulterated foods.

IT is now estimated that more than 20,000 Christian Endeavorers will visit San Francisco during the national convention in July. They should be made welcome, for they represent the very best elements of practical Christianity. The Endeavorers stand for an earnest purpose that commends itself to every man who respects character and sincerity. Before they leave us, they may be able to help some of our churches that are short on piety and salvation and long on creed and sensation.

THE milkmen of this city, who have been compelled to sell milk without water, are crying out against their sharper brethren of the can without cream, and declare that they adulterate their lacteal fluid with choice Spring Valley after their wagons are turned loose by the inspectors. These newly-honest dealers desire that all shall fare alike, and are anxious to aid the inspectors in detecting the milk and water criminals. All of which shows that enforced integrity has sometimes a keener nose than native honesty.

THE death of an aspiring young pugilist resulted at San Jose Wednesday night from a "terrific right-hand swing," which landed on his jaw, which also knocked the life out of the athletic club at the same time. It may be noted that the police were present to see that the fight was properly conducted! It is nearly time for some muscular bruiser to awaken the sleeping conscience of San Francisco by peaceable slaughter of a fellow pugilist in the presence of the police and a few tender-bearded Supervisors.

MILLIONAIRE Bradbury of San Francisco, who was fined for having expectorated upon the floor of a Sacramento-street car, says he will spit wherever he may choose—at least, until the highest tribunal in the country denies him the right to inflict his mouth upon those about him. The ordinance violated by the obstinate citizen rests upon a foundation of good sense, good health and good manners. Possibly Millionaire Bradbury might defeat his persecutors and win his case by setting up that the Supervisors did not intend the order to apply to bogs.

THERE is room for extending the business of San Francisco with West Coast centers of South America, and certain gold awaits it. There is nothing new in the statement; but it is possible that the business men of the city will organize for the purpose of trade development with South Pacific peoples. Germany and England have long dominated the commerce of those countries, have become opulent, and have amassed millions upon millions of money by exercising ordinary adventure and energy. Their conquest has been unobstructed and unchallenged by one of the richest cities of its size in the world—San Francisco—which has the better right, and which comparatively lies within hail of this passing commerce. This matter has been talked about here for some time; and notwithstanding the warm weather, it is announced that the Chamber of Commerce has published and is distributing a circular calling for a future meeting for more talk.

THE great sugar industry of this State is to be stimulated by the addition of large Eastern capital. The American Sugar Refineries Company has purchased an interest in the Spreckels properties; and although the industry was being rapidly developed, the new deal will increase this activity. California has within its own borders every element necessary to the erection of a prosperous empire. The future holds permanent development and material progress for the people of this State.

THE fight for pure food meets with general approval, but the result of the chemist's work shows that sale of adulterated jelly goes sweetly on, notwithstanding. The gelatinous stuff bearing the strongest guarantees of purity is found to be the worst. The mixture in many cases is harmless, but that fact does not lessen the fraud. These local purveyors of impure foods have shown that they can meet Eastern competition. Their consciences are diluted quite as much as their goods. Truly, this is a wicked and adulterated generation, and the man who knows what he is eating hath wisdom.

IT is announced that President McKinley will appoint Judge McKenna to a position on the Supreme Bench, upon the retirement of Mr. Justice Field; and the Washington dispatches say that the aged jurist would step down at once except for the desire of his wife to accomplish certain brilliant social functions before sinking to the level of private life. The gallantry of the distinguished octogenarian will be regarded with deep grief by Judge Waymire, who expects to warm the chair now occupied by McKenna, when the Attorney-General steps up higher. Recent political vicissitudes have painfully sharpened the apprehensive faculties of the Alameda statesman.

MR. AMBROSE, Superintendent of Streets, will be given an opportunity by the Supervisors to deny that he has men on his pay-roll who do nothing but draw their existence from politician Graney and their salaries from the tax-payers. Also, why others are paid \$4 and \$5 per day for services that are worth not to exceed \$2.50? Graney and Ambrose, the Supervisors think, are operating as a close corporation, and have no respect for a square division of the spoils of insolent office. The street committee of the Board of Supervisors will smoke out the unfeeling Ambrose by refusing to agree to his appropriation for next year unless he develops a disposition to recognize their rights in appointments. Really, Ambrose seems to have forgotten the old adage that there should be honor among—politicians.

MAYOR PHELAN has called the attention of the Board of Supervisors to the fact that cemetery associations are continually selling lots for burial in the city limits, in utter contempt of resolutions of the Board. The Mayor further has expressed a decided objection to these places of sepulture, for the reason that they obstruct progress, and are to be condemned upon sanitary reasons. The Mayor's views are those of intelligent understanding. Sentiment is all right in its place; but it is nothing less than amazing that we continue to inter our dead in the precincts of the living. The cemeteries should be condemned as a positive and growing menace to health. The sacred dead should be removed to more distant and harmonious place. We may justly reverence the memory of the departed, and consecrate the ground where their bodies sleep, but we should not forget the living, nor allow a false sentiment to raise up and maintain a certain menace to health and life at our very doors: We love the dead—but do not wish to join them.

THE ERRATICS OF THE NEW TARIFF.

THE new tariff is a mosaic which no man can piece together. The House, under the lash and whip of Czar Reed, has hurried it on without regard to its symmetry, form, or applicability to the existing condition of things. It has gone to the Senate where the whip and spur are being applied with vigor, and some chance of success, as it is understood that deals have been made by which the silver Republicans are to "stand in," as it was expected they would. The passage of the bill is therefore assured, but a crop of amendments in the Upper House are pretty certain. The proposed tariff was incubated by a Committee not yet sworn in as members of the present House. All accounts agree that if the House had been permitted to vote on these amendments most of them would have carried. But it was not allowed to vote upon them. Thus a committee drawn in its entirety before the present Congress met, has been imposed from the outside upon the inside without adequate debate or opportunity for amendment, and then the Senate and Country were told that this was the spontaneous voice of the House of Representatives! Who framed this tariff bill? Accurately speaking, the tariff beneficiaries pulling the strings that move their puppets on the Committee. The solid trusts "that had the fat fried out of them" for campaign purposes are palpably now leading the country by the nose on the great tariff question. We are all to be over-taxed to pay the cost of Major McKinley's election as President. The whole bill is full of inconsistencies that can neither be explained or argued away. Mr. Dingley, for instance, is on record, as bitterly opposed to the principal schedule of his own bill. His bill of last session with duties on wool and woolsens at about half the rates now proposed was his idea of what the tariff should be. But now he has been outvoted and humiliated in his own Committee and is forced to get up in the House, and defend schedules which he privately denounces as monstrous. The articles of perfumery and especially hair tonics, dentifrices and similar alcoholic preparations are practically shut out of this country altogether, and are not produced here. Take for instance *eau de quinine* and we find that whereas the duty under previous tariffs was but 31 per cent, it is proposed that it shall at once jump, under the new law, to 150 per cent. To point out all the absurdities and irrational proposals of the new law would take several pages of the NEWS LETTER, and no little fun could be made out of even so dull a subject. But it is not going to pass as it is. The Senate contains men who will not stand it and mean to amend it out of all recognition. Many of them have records and will stand by them. If the so-called house committee had three months to work on the tariff bill, the Senate Finance Committee may well demand two. A sub-committee of four is, in fact, already at work on a measure of its own. To oppose a tariff framed in the House by practically six men, a tariff will be offered in the Senate made by three men. This Committee will do well to take advice from a source that Mr. Dingley and his advisers have strangely neglected. We refer to the recorded views of Wm. McKinley. He said in a speech in the House upon the adoption of the tariff that bears his own name: "If a new policy is hereafter to be inaugurated, and new departures made, it is to be hoped that the change will be made sufficiently remote from the present time to enable business men and trades people to prepare for the new order of things and adjust their new trade conformably to it. A law passed presently to go into operation at once, or in the near future would be without justification on the part of the House, and, I may almost say, would be an act of criminality."

Remodeling Governor Budd has just appointed three the Codes. new Code Commissioners, who supersede the old ones. The men who have just left office patched up the existing codes rather gingerly, but were conservative and safe. Some good and no evil would have come of their handiwork, and the Legislature might well have accepted it *en globo*. But for some reason hard to fathom it was emphatically opposed to the commission and all its work. It took revision into its own hands and added about three hundred amendments to the existing codes, rendering confusion worse confounded. We do not yet

know, because of the trouble with the printing office, what changes have been made. The evil to be cured is about as bad as it can be, but to remedy it by special legislation is a mistake from whatever point of view it is looked at. The codes ought to be so framed that they will stand criticism, ensure justice and equity, and made so clear to the Appellate Court that cow county Judges will either administer them as they are, or suffer such reprimands from the higher court as could not fail to have a due effect. It does not seem to be generally known, but it is nevertheless the fact, that a persistent refusal to follow the rulings of the court above renders the Judge below amenable to disbarment and removal from his bench. We are not of those who cry out against our highest appellate court. It cannot accomplish the impossible and keep abreast of its calendar, but it can and it does straighten out the crooked law of many an inferior court. There are counties in which no man's life, liberty, or property would be safe if it were not for the existence of a higher court. Said the late Professor Calhoun Benham to the writer: "Thank God we have a Supreme Court, as otherwise the judiciary of the interior would mean chaos." The main difficulty of the upper court is to keep decisions below from unsettling determined principles of law. If the new Code Commissioners succeed in giving us a code that will remain intact on the statute book, they will deserve all the honors that can be showered upon them. We fear such a consummation impossible, because the Legislature will not have it so. It will amend and amend every session over again, so that no possible code will remain definite and settled. If we all are to know anything whatever of the laws under which we live, those laws must not eternally be undergoing changes. The New York code has won such approval that it is well nigh impregnable. California hadly needs something like it. We have the belief that Shanahan of Shasta, ex-Congressman Caminetti, and Bulla of Los Angeles, are a head and shoulders above the average Legislator, but that they are just the men to give us a permanent code we somewhat doubt.

The Present Position Of Italy. The present position of Italy is to some people an enigma. She is yet in the Dreihund but not of it. She is not adrift from the Concert of Europe, yet she is not for it, because her high spirited people decline to be put on record as favoring the Turks against the Greeks. The Italians have had many soft words, which hutter no parsnips, said to them, but they decline all advances from that quarter. They refuse all overtures from the Mussulmans and adhere to the cause of their kith and kin. Blood is thicker than water even on the shore of the Mediterranean. The ultimate attitude of Italy is not in doubt. Already it is given out from Germany that she is to be put out of the Dreihund, because she cannot keep step to the needed expeuses. Germany is the head and front of the reactionary influences of Europe at the present time, and Austria is her shadow, in the Greek matter. Italy's place will be fouud with France and England, the other great powers in which the Government is amenable to the popular will. Russia ought to and probably will, take the place in the triple Alliance which she had when that combination was first formed, and which, on her withdrawal was taken by Italy a league of the three Emperors, and an Alliance of France, England and Italy would end the present artificial arrangement, in which there is neither heart, or soul, or true feeling or real interest. There is nothing in common between Italy and Germany or between Russia and Italy, or between Russia and England. Germany is going her own road, and that is incompatible with everything French. Germany kept England and France apart for awhile, but the exposure of the Bismarck secret treaty with Russia ends all that. Germany has made the mistake of the last decade, and her hot headed Emperor is to blame for it. Not during this generation will Germany and England be found on the same side again.

Is Cuba Sold? If there be anything in appearances, it would seem that Spain has sold Cuba to somebody representing the insurgents. Spain is withdrawing her troops to a mere handful. The insurgents are doing little or nothing, and the helligerants are not saying the ugly things of each other that they were a few

days ago. The financial strain on both must be severer than either can bear. Spain is virtually bankrupt, and the Cubans are in debt beyond the possibility of their ever making repayment. Yet the story that has the appearance of truth is that they have bought their independence for \$100,000,000. No doubt the merchants and owners of large estates could find the money in return for profitable concessions from the new Government. But it is hard to believe that the money power would have faith enough in the negroes, ereoles, and mixed races of Cuba, totally unacquainted as they are with the art of self-government. It is easier to believe that Spain would sell than that the Cubans can find the money. It is said that they can procure it in New York by mortgaging their rich sugar estates, but that will involve the United States in some sort of interference sooner or later. There will ere long be trouble among the people that will lead to much the kind of differences that so frequently occur in the worst parts of South America. The interests of our people must be protected, and our Government *must* protect them. That italicized *must* means a great deal. It will mean civil war in the first place, and to interference on our part in the next. There will soon be local hatreds, strifes, and even war. In that pretty certain event, the American money loaners can do nothing better than lean upon Uncle Sam, and all the time we shall practically be collecting English bonds, held in American names. The ramifications of money are multitudinous, and the coin that goes to Cuba will pretty surely be, in fact, English. Collecting Cuba's English debts will be a newer and more agreeable way of "twisting the British lion's tail." Although in many aspects undesirable, annexation ultimately may become the lesser of two evils. As to the pride of the Spanish, which is undoubtedly at home, has not cut much of a figure abroad. Her great colonies she has let go one by one, upon very easy and even humiliating terms. In view of her past, there can be no great loss of pride in her selling Cuba now. We regret that it should be so. We should like to see the Mother of Colonization retain the little that is left to her. But that seems hardly possible now. A want of frugality has been the cause of most of her troubles. Once the world's storehouse of gold, she has not saved enough to protect herself from foes at home and abroad.

The Torrey Bankruptcy Bill.

Congress has been promising the Country a Bankruptcy law for many years past, but, as the promise had no money at the back of it, and no lobby, what was everybody's business proved to be nobody's business. But something is going to be done this session. The measure has been given an early start, and as it has the support of almost all the Boards of Trade, and Chambers of Commerce in the country, it appears to have a good chance of enactment. The repeal of the old law in 1886 without substituting another for it, was a dirty parliamentary trick which was severely denounced at the time. The South has kept the matter hung up ever since and has not improved her credit thereby. The disposition to evade passing such Bankruptcy laws as are found in other States, and to prevent the Federal Government passing a general law, has been regretted by the best Northern friends that section has. All the great business centres have for years urged the enactment of the Torrey bill, but with surprising non-success. The sooner it gets on to the statute book the better. It is essential to the restoration of business confidence.

The Trouble In The Transvaal.

England never seems to be out of one trouble until she is into another. Her membership in the combine known as the "Concert of Europe" is enough, in all science, for one power to attend to. It might well break down half a dozen statesmen to meet the numerous difficulties that wait upon existing European conflicts. But the British foreign office is not only able to attend to them all but is ready to give attention to whatever corner of the world in which others may turn up. In all these affairs our popular papers predict that she is going to get the worst of it, and the very mischief is going to happen as a consequence. Yet as a rule she comes out something more than even. At present she has a pretty considerable affair looming up in the Transvaal. The foreign miners,

consisting mostly of British and Americans, will either have to abandon their mines, or Kruger will have to change his policy. In that case about three men of Anglo-Saxon blood would have to fly before one Boer, and abandon their property. It is pretty safe to predict that no such thing would happen. That the Boers are becoming more and more determined to drive the Uitlanders out, by means of adverse legislation, is perfectly clear. They are a people very stubborn and fixed in their views. It is hard to make them see either the inevitable, or accept it. They will fight with splendid valor, without hardly knowing why. The task before England ought only to be one of diplomacy, but the Boers know little and care less about blandishments of that kind. They know what they want, and do not care for much talk about it. They want the Uitlander out of the country in fact, as well as in name. As the Uitlander will not go voluntarily there seems nothing left to the Boers but to try and make him. This they are seeking to do by indirection: that is by legislation under which it is impossible to live and conduct mining operations. It would, under these circumstances, seem inevitable that there will be a fight, the result of which can be in no manner of doubt this time. The strength and temper of the Boers have been tested, and England knows how to make the means equal to the end. Her great Indian army are only a little way off, and would be found much more than equal to the emergency. If Oom Paul can only induce his people to see that the Uitlanders are there to stay, the peace may not after all be broken. But that is not the outlook at present.

\$100,000,000 Worth of Sugar.

These figures represent the yearly total of sugar we buy from foreigners. It is a vast sum. Last year every pound of wheat and flour we exported was required to pay for the sugar we imported. That is a startling fact that must seem hardly credible to the uninitiated. There is no reason why such a huge sum should much longer remain on the wrong side of our commercial ledger. California alone is abundantly able to produce the whole, with profit to herself and with advantage to the nation. It has been considered a misfortune that our fertile plains and valleys have so long remained comparatively uncultivated, but it begins to look as if a kind Providence had preserved the virgin soil intact for the production of the sugar beet. Beet sugar has become of so much importance to the farmers, manufacturers, and merchants of Germany and France that they are engaged in a sort of protective duel over the first place in its exportation, for which both countries pay a bounty. Supplying sugar to the world is clearly a profitable business. Our own cash payment averages \$274,000 a day, which is proof enough that there is money in sugar from this one customer alone; and that average will necessarily increase with the greater canning output. We produced last year about 40,000 tons of beet sugar of the best quality, which is not much, to be sure, but it is an excellent beginning, and shows that time will do wonders for us in this direction. The new tariff has been fixed just as the sugar growers wanted it, and will undoubtedly give a great impetus to the production of this wonderfully money-making article of commerce.

Collector of the Port.

The appointment of Colonel John P. Jackson to the position of Collector of the Port of San Francisco, on Wednesday, by President McKinley, and his prompt confirmation by the Senate on the day following, was an expected and deserved recognition of the Colonel's services to his party in this State. There is no one in California better known than John P. Jackson; and his services to the Republican cause in the last campaign entitled him to substantial remembrance by the President. The appointment will meet the approval of his party generally, and of the business community, and what is more, will give this port the services of a thoroughly competent and faithful official. Colonel Jackson was a candidate for Collector of this Port when General Harrison became President; but failing to secure the Senatorial endorsement of the State, was appointed to the United States Sub-treasury by Harrison. That was the only office the Colonel ever held, notwithstanding his prominence in the party and valued services in the ranks. The new appointee will take office on the first day of June.

Adulterated Food. The vigorous and persistent efforts of the Board of Health to protect the consumers of San Francisco from adulterated foods put up and fraudulently sold for pure products, are to be commended. It appears that in no other way can the wholesale manufacture of adulterated goods be prevented or even partially suspended. The plea made by California makers of jellies, etc., that they have been forced into the manufacture of impure food by the unchecked competition of the East, is not worth a moment's consideration. If they were aware of the frauds, they should have warned the public against them, rather than attempt to meet fraud by fraud, for the imposition upon the consumer can be no less harshly described. The NEWS LETTER is particularly pleased that the city has a Board of Health that cannot be influenced by improper motives, nor turned aside from performing a valuable service to the people. The Board should be provided with every assistance promptly for the effective prosecution of its work, and the money just appropriated for a special attorney will be well spent. There is sufficient work to justify it, and the tax-payers will endorse all necessary expenditure in this or any other legitimate direction by the Board in its crusade.

Years ago the NEWS LETTER, alone and unaided, took up the fight against adulterated goods, spent money freely in making analyses, obtaining information, and exposing frauds in food products, with most beneficial results. The Board of Health, with the power at its command, can accomplish an almost inestimable public service, and while the temporary commercial loss to manufacturers will be something, if they will co-operate hereafter with the authorities in their work, will find that this just reformation will result in their direct and lasting benefit. It is unfortunate that innocent retailers should suffer for the wrong-doing of the makers; but there appears no other practical method of reaching the really guilty—the manufacturers. Appended is a list of those whose goods were examined by the Board of Health chemist, W. T. Wenzell, during the month of March, and found impure:

Golden Star lemon jelly, manufactured by Tillman & Bendel, consists principally of starch jelly and tartaric acid; contains some lemon.

Orange jelly, from Faust E. Mascherine, 718 Greenwich street; not orange jelly, but made of starch jelly and tartaric acid.

Epicurean raspberry jelly, manufactured by Tillman Canning Company, Oakland; compounded with raspberry and apple jelly and adulterated with starch.

Raspberry jelly, from Dick von der Mehden, Fourth and Mission street; is apple jelly, colored with coal tar colors.

Paragon raspberry jelly, manufactured by Temescal Packing Company, Oakland; is starch jelly colored with coal tar colors.

Tomato catsup, from Maas Packing Company, 1424 Valencia street; below the standard in solids, contains horic acid, salicylic acid and coal tar coloring.

Paragon lemon jelly, from Temescal Packing Company, Oakland; not lemon jelly, is composed of starch jelly and tartaric acid.

Paragon blackberry jelly, manufactured by Temescal Packing Company, Oakland; is one-half blackberry and one-half apple jelly, colored with coal tar colors and adulterated with starch.

Blackberry jelly, manufactured by Cutting Packing Company; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Paragon blackberry jelly, made by Temescal Packing Company; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Quince jelly, made by Cutting Packing Company; is quince jelly adulterated with starch.

Strawberry jelly, from Sharboro & Co., 531 Washington street; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Columbus brand strawberry jelly, made by Fontana & Co.; is apple jelly colored with coal tar coloring.

Warranted pure strawberry jelly, made by F. Saunders, San Francisco; it consists of one-half of strawberry and one-half of apple jelly.

Golden Star strawberry jelly, made by Tillman & Bendel; is strawberry jelly containing starch and coal tar colors.

Blackberry jelly, made by King-Morse Canning Company; consists of one-quarter blackberry jelly and three-quarters apple jelly.

Paragon raspberry jelly, by Temescal Packing Company, is raspberry jelly adulterated with starch and coal tar colors.

Golden Star lemon jelly, by Tillman & Bendel; is made of starch jelly and tartaric acid.

Orange jelly, from Solomon Brothers, 396 Sixth street; is apple jelly with tartaric acid.

Currant jelly, by Alvarado Packing Company; is made from three quarters apple and one-quarter currant jelly, and colored with coal tar colors.

Alvarado raspberry jelly, by Alvarado Packing Company; is apple jelly colored with coal tar coloring.

Raspberry jelly, by Code, Elfelt & Co., is apple jelly with coal tar coloring.

Raspberry jelly, by Cutting Packing Company; is apple jelly colored artificially.

Paragon strawberry jelly, by Temescal Packing Company, is apple jelly artificially colored and adulterated with starch.

Star strawberry jelly, by F. Saunders from the Emporium; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Star raspberry jelly, by F. Saunders; consists of one-fifth raspberry and four-fifths apple jelly.

Strawberry jelly, by Cutting Packing Company, from C. G. Tredell, 1222 Howard street; is made of apple jelly and starch jelly, and colored with coal tar colors.

Columbia tomato catsup, by Mullen-Blackedge Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; contains a considerable amount of salicylic acid and coal tar colors.

Raspberry jelly, by Code, Elfeld & Co.; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Raspberry jelly, by Cutting Packing Company; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Raspberry jelly, by Standard Packing Company; is apple jelly artificially colored and adulterated with starch.

Raspberry jelly by Cutting Packing Company; is apple jelly artificially colored and adulterated with starch.

Raspberry jelly, by F. Saunders; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Raspberry jelly, from Johnston Brothers, 318 Sixth street; is apple jelly artificially colored.

Lemon jelly, by San Jose Fruit Packing Company, San Jose; is made from starch jelly and tartaric acid, colored and flavored.

Private Jugs That Belong To The State. Down in South Carolina the State owns and runs the whiskey business and has a right to enter a private dwelling to examine the contents of a demijohn or of a

smaller measure, such as a jug. Finding it to be a profitable traffic she is just now paying special heed to it. A startling instance of her vigilance, has just presented itself. A like case in California, would, we think, create somewhat of a ruction. A citizen was convicted of having in his possession a jug of whiskey which did not bear the certificate of the State Liquor Association. For this offense he was adjudged a criminal and sentenced to serve three months in the chain gang. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, and that body, on a division of its members, confirmed the decision of the Court below, and committed the offender to serve his sentence. A man's house is held to be his castle, but in South Carolina his jug is the State's. This on its face is a harsh and outrageous decision, but it is consistent with the Gottenberg system, which has been adopted by more States than South Carolina. If the commonwealth has a right to create a monopoly of the whiskey business for the nominal purpose of raising revenue, it has by implication the right to protect its monopoly, even to the extent of invading the house in quest of the unlicensed jug. The house is sacred from intrusion, but the jug is not. The rain may descend upon the one, the wind may blow through every crevice, and the sun may shine through every aperture, yet the President may not unbidden so much as lift the latchet. Yet if there be a suspicion of a whiskey jug being in it a petty officer may enter, rumage through every corner, and finally attach the owner for three months to the chain gang. Verily! We have some queer laws in parts of this country!

The Fate of the Greater Charter. San Francisco has defeated four charters, and would be likely to outvote another to-morrow if she had a chance.

Nor do charters fare any better at the hands of an individual than at those of the mob. Mayor Strong has just vetoed the proposed charter for the Greater New York, which the people and both houses of the Legislature had approved. All through the battle he himself warmly advocated it, but changed his mind at the last moment. He now wants only one chamber, a single Police Commissioner and a full Board of Election Commissioners, with the Mayor's veto to stand as it was. There has been an immense amount of work done, with all of which Mayor Strong has appeared to agree, but suddenly he has gone back upon himself, and two or three years' work has to be done over again. The Mayor promised in advance to support and sign the Greater Charter, and many are the guesses as to his ignoble recalcitrancy.

Durrant's Case. The statement is heard on excellent authority that an effort will be made to secure commutation of the death sentence passed upon Theodore Durrant. There appears no just cause for such attempt. The statement that the prisoner did not have a fair trial finds no foundation in careful review of that celebrated case. In fact, it is admitted that the Judge before whom the trial took place was, if anything, more than fair to the defendant. Circumstantial evidence sometimes plays us false, but in the case of Durrant there appears no possibility of mistake. Not one crime alone was thus proved, but a second, although not at bar, carried double conviction, and pointed with equal certainty to the defendant's guilt. The proceedings were regular in every particular, as was determined by the ruling of the Supreme Court. There has been nothing produced to show that the verdict was influenced by the press or public opinion. It is natural for the relatives of the condemned man to desire the commutation of his sentence. The record of crime furnishes no instance where all ties of blood have been broken, no matter how dark the deeds of the criminal; and that some effort would be made to save Durrant from the gallows was to have been expected.

The petitions for executive interference with the sentence of the Superior Court, now said to be abroad in the State, will doubtless have very little influence with Governor Budd. Petitions of general and indiscriminate signatures are not entitled to serious consideration, for the reason that there are in every community a considerable number of people who will sign almost anything so long as it costs them nothing. That sort of sympathy is inexpensive, and a few well-chosen words will frequently awaken it in the hearts of the thoughtless or emotional. These facts are known by no one better than Governor Budd. He will not look at the number of names or any petition for clemency addressed to him, but at their quality. Being himself a lawyer, the Governor will review the evidence in the case, if it ever comes officially before him, and from the facts that induced the verdict of the jury, make up his answer. More than two years have elapsed since the awful crime for which Durrant has been declared responsible was committed; and nothing has occurred to shake the verdict given or remove the belief, doubly clear, that at his death only should the slow steps of justice halt.

The Boulevard. More than \$26,000 have been subscribed to the boulevard fund, and with the exception of the small balance remaining in the hands of Daniel Meyer, have been wisely expended. The work done has kept many people from actual suffering, and if the few thousand dollars still necessary are obtained, will complete a permanent and valued public improvement. The responses to urgent appeal have been fairly free, and more than one generous citizen has given twice; but there are a considerable number of large estates and wealthy individuals from whom nothing has been obtained. The fact that the poor we have always with us takes nothing from the urgency of the present moment. Actual want has in hundreds of cases been averted by this charitable work; but the funds gathered are nearly exhausted, the boulevard is not yet completed, and the season is not so far advanced that the congested idleness of the city can find employment in the interior. To perfect and preserve the admirable improvement already accomplished, and to save the city from the charge of actual want within its borders, more money is required. Contributions, to be of the most value, must be promptly made. It is certainly the duty of all who can afford little or much to send in their subscriptions, and send them in at once.

A PETITION is being circulated for signatures, to be presented to the Board of Regents of the State University, asking for the establishment of a chair of "Norse language and literature." It is justified by the rich mythology, history, language, and literature of the far north of Europe, and is doubly worthy a place in the State's educational institution.

The daintiest and most fashionable neckwear and gents' furnishings goods at Carmany's, 25 Kearny street.

The best of all Pills are BEECHAM'S.

A MONK'S DISCOVERY.

It is not generally known that the sparkling wine which takes its name from the French province of Champagne, was not made until near the end of the 17th century, when Dom Perignon and Dom Ruynart, Benedictine monks, who had charge of the cellars of St. Peter's Abbey at Haut Villiers, gave to the world this valuable discovery.

Dom Perignon conceived the idea of marrying the products of one vineyard with that of another, and found that by his method a white wine could be made from the blackest grapes without turning yellow, as it had always done. He also substituted a piece of eorktree bark (*cheve de Bouchon*) for the flax dipped in oil, which had formerly been used as a stopper for a bottle; but the greatest of all his discoveries was the method by which the sparkle or "mousse," as the French call it, was obtained. This effervescent wine naturally became more popular than the old-fashioned still wine formerly used in the province.

These monks died in the first quarter of the 18th century, and in the floor of the old Abbey Church at Haut Villiers, close to the altar, two black marble slabs, side by side, mark to this day the last resting places of Dom Perignon and Dom Ruynart, to whom the world owes a debt of gratitude for the discovery of sparkling champagne.

"Dom Ruynart" imparted this then secret process to his nephew, Nicolas Ruynart, who in 1729, at Rheims, founded the house of Ruynart, the first establishment to produce champagne for the public market, and which house has been presided over by an unbroken line of Ruynarts from father to son, until to-day we find directing the firm of Ruynart *pere et fils*, Andre de Ruynart, Vicomte de Brimont, the seventh generation since that of the old Benedictine monk, cellarer of the abbey at Haut Villiers.

As this house made the first champagne, it seemed eminently proper that the jury at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, should have given, as it did, the highest and the only award for "Brut" champagne to Messrs. Ruynart *pere et fils*.

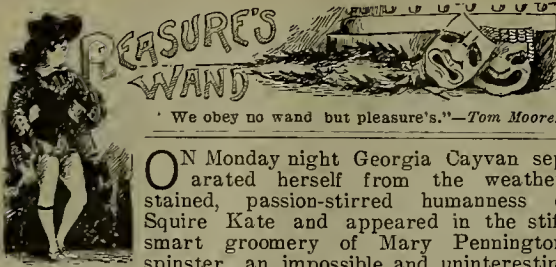
The word "Brut" means that no artificial sweetening is used in the preparation of the wine, and is used in contradistinction to the terms "Dry" and "Extra Dry."

In America, champagne can hardly be too much iced to suit the general taste, some epicures going so far as to drink it *frappe*. This practice is probably open to criticism, although it greatly assists sweet wines in making them palatable, as they are generally made from inferior grapes. The "Brut" wines can only be made from the finest selections of the best years, and require no sweetening to hide deficiencies in flavor and no extra chilling.



Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



ON Monday night Georgia Cayvan separated herself from the weather-stained, passion-stirred humanness of Squire Kate and appeared in the stiff, smart groomery of Mary Pennington, spinster, an impossible and uninteresting young woman who is the central figure in a comedy of that name, written by W. R. Walkes, of London. Miss Cayvan's press agent says that Mr. Walkes is a well-known young London author. All I know of him is that his comedy lasted through one afternoon performance in London. Miss Cayvan bought this play and produced it, early in the present season, in New York. It failed there almost as fleetly as it had failed in London. I knew all this before I went to the Columbia Monday night—and still I had hopes. I remembered some of those New York "successes," which had come all the way to sunny California to find themselves below zero, and I thought it was a poor rule that couldn't work the other way around once in a while. Now I have seen the play, and in it Georgia Cayvan—whom, under such conditions as those of last week, I regard as an artist. And now I am sad. For *Mary Pennington, Spinster*, is a new woman joke—written by a man—a coarse, unsympathetic man—and an English man at that. Why, oh why, I say to myself, did Miss Cayvan go shopping in London for such goods as this? Does not her true American heart tell her that America is the home of all such jest and pleasantries—that the new woman, together with the mother-in-law, the plumber, and the rejected manuscript jokes, belongs by all the rights of discovery and conquest to us?

Mary Pennington, Spinster, is an alleged satire on the woman of advanced ideas. As satire, or as anything else that people go to the theatre to see, it fails: first, because the author has no story to tell, and, second, because he has no cleverness of pen with which to conceal that fact from the audience. Almost half of Mr. Walkes's work consists of those uncivilized parts of drama known as the Soliloquy and the Aside. Being paid to witness the performance, I was possibly more attentive than the man who paid for the same privilege. Out of the Soliloquies and Asides, and the cheerless patter which limped between, I was able to glean that the author was struggling to portray Mary Pennington as a sex-sufficient Amazon, who takes man on the broad basis of brotherhood, provided he acknowledges woman's equality and independence. To accomplish this, Mr. Walkes gives Mary the ownership of a paper manufactory, and a masculine junior partner. By means of the accustomed physician of the stage, who has no visible practice besides that of diagnosing the personal affairs of the people about him, it is discovered that Mary and her partner, Geoffrey Armstrong, are the subject of much gossip over the village teacups. The sly process of awakening femininity is, I presume, supposed to commence when Mary harks to this gossip; for, sooner than have Geoffrey leave the mill—as he intends doing, to save her fair name, although he is suffused with vast, unspoken love for her—she follows out the physician's prescription by proposing marriage with him, in a cordial, business-like way. He would take her to his bosom on the spot, but she gives him the senior partner's eye; so they shake hands on it and close the bargain.

Of course there is another woman. Lady Maitland is her name. She would have been worldly, cynical and epigrammatic, if Mr. Walkes had known how to make her so. As it is, she is impossible, impolite and insistent. She jilted Geoffrey several years before the play begins, to marry money. Now she is a widow, and seeing him again, in the glory of grizzled hair and paste "side-boards," her heart re-flames. She wants him for herself. "You sell yourself to Mary Pennington," she says; "sell yourself to me—I can pay you a better price." She repeats this tactful phrase to Mary, adding that she saw him first, had always loved him and is willing to pay whatever his loss

costs the firm. Lady Maitland pleads, and Mary consents to release him—just when she has found her heart and the fallacy of feminine sufficiency. She bids Geoffrey go—it had only been a business proposition in the first place, she tells him—somebody else loves him and he loves somebody else. Geoffrey is heart-broken, hut proud. He goes. Then somebody rushes in to say that the mill hands have struck. "What do I care for the strike!" cries Mary. "He's gone! Geoffrey's gone!"

Another act is necessary to bring the bruised hearts together. The paper business has gone to smash. Lady Maitland and her hulging wallet trail Geoffrey to the doctor's dwelling (where Mary is). Again she offers to purchase him at a handsome figure. He is about to accept—to save the business—but the good doctor holds him back. "This is a firm affair," he says, "and the senior partner must be consulted." Mary is called in, and she promptly hustles Lady Maitland and her money out, and falls into the eager arms of Geoffrey—where, it may be imagined, she finds adequate felicity, to say nothing of the glad consciousness that at last the suspenders are on shoulders strong enough to bear their weight.

As I have hinted before, the play is devoid of dramatic invention. The situations, characters and dialogue are heavily, obesely, Britishly banal. If our best plays come from England, so do our worst. And what can even a good company like Miss Cayvan's do with such a piece as this? Nothing. Miss Cayvan plays Mary in a half-hearted, hopeless way, as though she were saying, "It's not my fault, I'm doing my best; I wish you could like it, but if you don't, I won't blame you a bit." The company is not so amiable. Orrin Johnson perceptibly sulks at the part of Geoffrey; and George Woodward, whose misfortune it is to be the doctor who has so much to say and nothing to do that counts, can be heard muttering in his teeth, "And me a character actor!" Anne Sutherland takes it out on the author by making Lady Maitland even worse than she really is. Mary Jerrold is too young to know just how bad a part she has.

There was a time when old-fashioned Methodist minstrels were good enough for San Francisco; hut times change, and now it is high church minstrels or nothing. The Reverend Doctors Primrose and West, at the Baldwin, come high enough, I think; still there is trouble in the congregation. It is all about the music. "Listen to that stuff!" said a pew holder to me during the Easter services. I listened. One of the choir was singing what appeared to me to be touching moral on the impotence of gold. A young man and a young woman were in the song; his name, strange to say, was Jack. Jack bade her begone—"Another will be my bride," he said, "and gold will help you to forget." And she answered bravely:

Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me,
Take back your gold and promise to be true;
Give me the love, the love that you deny me,
Make me your wife—that's all I ask of you.

And there was another song which pleased him even less. In it there was a young man who spoke right up to his father, saying, "Father, she's my sister, I don't care what she's done." He followed that up with the dread alternative, "If you turn my sister from her home, I'll go too." "Did you ever hear such rot?" the pew holder growled. "Why, it's worse than that fellow Sankey's sniffing. Bah! I'd like to throw an Easter egg at him."

I cannot understand it. Nobody complained last year when these same minstrels sang the same songs, or almost the same songs—"It don't seem like the same old smile" and "Tell them that you saw me." This culture is sudden. It must be the result of that French opera season.

However, there are other songs and other things besides songs which will offend no one. George Wilson's Rock-of-Ages humor is still inspiring and intact; the eccentric musical trio has found some new post-office harmonies, and the club swingers do many neat turns. Mr. Primrose sings a graphic song about the "Hot time in Old Town to-night." The Primrose legs have lost none of their eloquent address. And the Primrose Easter vesture—well—hountiful, gorgeous, intoxicating, does not describe it. I observed Mr. James Swinnerton taking it in with a hungry

eye. But Primrose is not the only bud in the bouquet. There is Bea Brummel West, for instance

Denis O'Sullivan faced an ordeal at the First Unitarian Church on Wednesday night—he faced his friends. It is one thing to go abroad and win success, and quite another to come home and prove it. Mr. O'Sullivan's distinct success in England was in opera. It was found that he could not act as well as sing—possibly not better than he sings, for it is said of him that he is a remarkable actor. So amid glum church surroundings, under the zealous, proprietary scrutiny of his friends, and with twenty songs to sing—songs running all the way from Schumann's "Dichterlieb" to Boito's *Mefistofele*, via Rossini, Dvorak, Cornelius and Korby, to say nothing of the Irish pieces—it must be understood that his task was not an easy one. And to have come out of it as gracefully as he did is not to be regarded, by Mr. O'Sullivan, or by any one else, as the least of his several triumphs. I have noted the conditions and restrictions of Wednesday night, and now, in all fairness, can lay aside localism, let slip the dogs of criticism, and consider Mr. O'Sullivan as an artist—which he certainly is, and, as such, merits nothing less than absolute sincerity from his reviewers. Mr. O'Sullivan's voice has not lost the old tremolo that, so far back as I can recall, has always marred the full beauty of his tone. He steadies it most of the time, but it is still there, to sound upon you when you least want it and to be regarded as an inevitable drawback to the singer. It is not an aggressive tremolo, not a "nanny," but just enough of a tremulous injustice to a big, frank, swinging barytone to make one think what this voice might have been without it. Even with it there is much to admire, and at times something to thrill to; for the rich, virile quality is there, the enthusiasm of power and the caress of magnetism. And where he once charmed us by the bounding generosity of these good characteristics, he now charms us by the discriminate, musicianly manner in which he marshals his forces. Not that Mr. O'Sullivan is freed from the healthy animal spirit which so often impels a singer to shout out a good, strong note for the good, strong note's sake, and no other reason in the world—no, indeed, he is not; we read about singers who are, but they seldom really happen. But he has acquired the sense of values. His imagination is finer; he has the character appreciation of the man who has acted and who feels what he sings, and something of the musician's decent respect for his instrument, even though not enough of it to always keep him from blaring uneasily on his high notes or falling into bad breathing when the song calls for a special gush of tenderness. To my thinking, Mr. O'Sullivan's best work was in the "Fischio, Fischio," from *Mefistofele*, the Zegeuner Melodie by Dvorak, the first of the Schumann songs ("Im wunderschönen Monat Mai"), Rossini's "Gia La Luna," and the Irish air, "Kitty Magee." The nervous dramatic power of the Boito, the safe agility of the Rossini, and the tender grace of the Schumann and Dvorak, marked splendid singing and broad versatility. And "Kitty Magee" promises some rare Irish humor for next week in the lighter parts of Shamus's music.

The symphony season closed creditably at the Columbia Thursday afternoon. Denis O'Sullivan sang; Horace Platt made a speech, urging the subscribers to come out strong and early for next season; and Hinriehs played the band with exceptional fluency. Although the novelty—Rubinstein's fifth symphony—turned out to be a palpably ungreat work as a whole, it is beautiful in the slow movement, and it was beautifully played. Mr. O'Sullivan was at his wavering worst in the *Don Carlos* aria, but he pulled himself together in the *Pagliacci* prologue, singing with firmer tone and convincing dramatic feeling.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Monday night, at the Tivoli, will tell the tale of *Shamus O'Brien*. Denis O'Sullivan will sing his great role Shamus, and San Francisco will be among the cities which have witnessed Dr. Stanford's famous Irish opera. The Tivoli has gone into this enterprise with a generous hand, new scenery and costumes modelled after the originals, two weeks' rehearsals, and everything that is available to make the production a big success.

The lady-like baboon with dainty gold didy, the plucky donkey, and the beautiful Herr Grais are again making merry at the Orpheum, where they are undoubtedly the stars of the week. Next week we are to have Tachianu, the gentleman soprano, the Midleys, who do a juvenile burlesque, and Al and Mamie Anderson, flat foot buck dancers, plantation warblers and cake pedestrians.

Farce comedy pure and simple at the Columbia Monday night. No subterfuge this time. The author says of his work. "*A Run on the Bank* is an invasion of the drama, an unassuming effort to present in a few character sketches in an amusing form." Such modesty could not travel with anything but a good show; besides, Ward and Vokes, the stars, are reputed to be among the cleverest farce-comedians extant.

Primrose and West's Minstrels will have a change of programme for next week at the Baldwin, which includes a *bona fide* cake walk by eighty prancing niggers.

NO SAFER OR MORE EFFICACIOUS REMEDY can be had for Coughs, or any trouble of the throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*"

FINE stationery, steel and copper plate engraving. Cooper & Co. 746 Market street, San Francisco

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers
A jolly time. Monday, April 26th, and two weeks. The king plus of comedy on their first Pacific trip WARD & VOKES, in the satirical craze.
A RUN ON THE BANK.
Full of farce and finance. Nothing like it. Thirty people. All farce authorities unite their best efforts to render a rapid, joyful, 20th century night of fun and frolic. Largest organization in the comedy business.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.
To-night, Sunday night, and all next week. Last performances Primrose & West's
GREAT BIG MINSTRELS
Commencing with Monday night, our famous Cake Walk Carnival will be given every evening, in addition to the regular performance. Forty couples in the walk.
Monday, May 3d: De Wolf Hopper in Sousa's opera, EL CAPITAN.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Commencing Monday evening, April 26th. Every evening The London success, the romantic comic opera,
SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
with Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the eminent baritone, the creator of the title role. Superb cast; correct costumes; appropriate accessories. New scenery from the original models.
Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.
Week beginning Monday, April 26th,
MORE GREAT IMPORTATIONS.
Alexander Tachianu, phenomenal male soprano; The Midleys, juvenile character delineators; The Andersons, greatest of all colored artists; in conjunction with Sig. Achille Alberti & Mme. Annina Orlandi, Marzelli & Millay, Herr Grais, and his trick baboon and donkey, Merrilees Sisters, Harris & Walters, and Ed Latell.
Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Pacific Coast Jockey Club.
(IngleSide Track) The only perfect winter race track in America. Racing from Monday, April 19th, to Saturday, May 1st, inclusive.
FIVE OR MORE RACES DAILY.
Rain or shine. First race at 2 p. m. Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend streets' depot, leaving at 1 and 1:20 p. m.; stopping at Valencola street. Fare for round trip, including admission to grounds, \$1. Take Mission Street electric line direct to track. The Corrigan Stakes will be run Monday, April 19th; the Spreckels Cup, Saturday, April 24th; the California Hurdle, Wednesday, April 28th; the IngleSide Stakes, 4 miles, Saturday, May 1st.
S. N. ANDROUS, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

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TELEPHONE BLACK 2464
Suits cleaned and pressed \$1.00
Two suits per month - - \$1.00
Four suits per month - - \$1.50
Called for and delivered free.
S. B. NORDLUND

THE EXHIBITION AT THE ART ASSOCIATION.

THE San Francisco Art Association opened its doors on Thursday evening for its annual spring exhibition. The motives which prompt the presence of the usual crowd who gather on such occasions is a matter for speculation. From the perfunctory attention given the exhibit, it certainly cannot be love of art which brings the people together. Love of mankind would seem to be the actuating impulse, judging from the manner and attitude of the majority of the lookers-on. No one, however, can be blamed for turning a back on the collection of pictures which the Association has had the effrontery to dub an "exhibition," and, furthermore, invite the public to its inspection. There have been poor exhibits in the Hopkins Institute of Art before now, but this is by all odds the very worst. They say it was a disputed point as to the advisability of giving the exhibition this spring, and that the question was carried by two small votes. It would have shown good judgment and common sense on the part of the committee to have overlooked those votes when they saw the material offered for admission. To have "hung" jury and "hanging" committee instead of the pictures would have been a meritorious deed. The committee certainly had poor material with which to work, but even so, they could have attained other results than the indiscriminate massing of oils, pen and inks, pastels, water-colors and sketches, which make the spectator, if he knows aught of the canons of art, gasp with horror.

Good pictures are hidden in dark corners, while poor ones flaunt their imperfections in the light. In fact, the whole exhibition is bad, and would be a rank failure were it not for a few paintings carefully scattered among the poor ones, with the probable object of encouraging the gazer to continue his inspection with the hope of finding another after unexpectedly meeting with the first meritorious work.

The portraits are a saving grace to the collection. Fred Yates has three excellent pieces, particularly interesting, as they are the counterfeit presentments of well-known men. It is worth while to compare the three and note the differences in treatment.

A new aspirant has entered the portrait field, and shows remarkable talent in that direction. Elizabeth Curtis O'Sullivan has returned from her European study with evidences of her improvement in every stroke of her brush. She bids fair to hold her own against the more mature work of her accomplished aunt, Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson.

Arthur Mathews' painting holds the place of honor in the rotunda. The subject is the sentence of banishment pronounced by the Angel upon Adam and Eve. Mathews is a hard and conscientious worker, and his drawing is beyond criticism. He is undoubtedly the best figure draughtsman in San Francisco. The reflected light from the flaming sword of the Angel is a nice bit of work, well handled.

Keith is represented by one of his delightful compositions, "From the Berkeley Hills," which makes one conscious of green pastures, blue skies, and fresh spring breezes. His other contribution, "A Warm Morning," is in the same vein of out-doors, and glows with the touch and atmosphere of nature.

A new name on the list is that of Sidney Yard, who sends in one modest canvas, "Hillside in Spring." This man knows Nature, and can interpret her, for it is a hillside up which one may ramble, sure of a glorious view at the top. Mr. Yard arouses one's expectations as to what he will do in the future; there is promise in this little bit he has given us.

L. P. Latimer is another artist who paints close to Nature and follows her moods carefully. His large picture, "Solitude," is full of harmony and quiet tones. He has two sunny little canvases in another room that are charming in their freshness and delicacy.

A marine, "Coast Near Santa Cruz," by Chris Jorgenson, attracts the attention as an interesting piece of work. A close inspection, however, reveals carelessness of handling which should not be found in the work of so good an artist. In fact, that criticism can be applied to the paintings of several of the artists from whom better things are expected.

The impression received, after a view at the collection, is one of no effort, ambition or energy. It would be much better to have but one exhibition in the year, and give the artists the opportunity of sending in something worth looking at. To call public attention to such work as is now on the walls of the Hopkins' Institute, is to fully warrant the verdict that San Francisco knows nothing of art. A stranger, judging only from the "Spring Exhibition," would be justified in thinking so.

One word more: Among the pen and ink drawings is the original sketch of an illustration which recently appeared in a daily paper. While no one can deny the excellence of the work, one can only deplore the excessively poor taste which displays in such a place an illustration recalling to the memory the committing of an atrocious crime.

TRAUMERIE.—CAROLYN WALDO WADE.

All happily I drift;
And see, with half shut eyes, the willows reach
Over the water's edge, where you and I
Are wont to linger, caring not for speech.
Expressing our contentment with a sigh,
Or glances deep and swift.

Ah! but the world is fair;
And white the lilies that you love so well;
And azure all the ripples 'neath the boat.
The dear old story still is sweet to tell.
I listen for your low words as I float,
Stirring the fragrant air.

Sweetheart, row on and on,—
What! may I not my joyous dreaming keep?
For one glad moment I had bridged the years
That long have held you in your dreamless sleep,
The lilies on your breast wet with my tears.
Now all the sunlight's gone.

THE Realty Syndicate, whose attractive advertisement appears on the title page of the NEWS LETTER, has some of the most desirable property across the bay for sale. The properties of the syndicate are all located upon the line of growth of San Francisco. Its tracts in Berkeley and Oakland are desirable for permanent investment and for residence, and have been selected with excellent judgment as to future growth. The wealth of the syndicate and its large interests enable the smallest holder to enjoy the profits and advantages that come from concerted action by great capital. Full knowledge of the Syndicate properties, its methods of doing business and the safe opportunities offered by it for both small and large investors will be furnished upon application at its principal office, 14 Sansome street, this city.

THE Easter display of flowers at John H. Sievers', 25 Post street, on last Saturday, was a most beautiful exhibition of bloom and bud. Azaleas, Bermuda lilies, rhododendrons, roses, huds, violets—in fragrant profusion—delighted the eye and taste. This successful florist's place of business was thronged during the day, and its handsome display a subject of general remark by those who saw it.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THE mysteries of the underground Chinese opium joint, of which so much has been said and written, are presented to the NEWS LETTER's readers this week. The picture tells the story better than any words, and presents the rude and uncomfortable furnishings of this particular den with interesting distinctness.

"Pearl top," "pearl glass,"
"tough glass," "no smell,"
and "best light," are great
big things. "Macbeth" in-
cludes them all, if you get the
chimney made for your lamp.

Let us send you an Index.

Geo A Macbeth Co

A NOVEL EDUCATIONAL COMPETITION

Combines Pleasure with
Information and Mental
Training.

The Century Co. announces an educational competition which it is hoped will arouse very general interest. Three examination papers, each containing fifty questions, have been prepared; the competitors have a month to answer each set. The prizes are as follows: \$500 to the person sending in the best set of answers, \$100 for the second best, \$50 for the third, two of \$25 each for the fourth and fifth, and thirty of \$10 each for the next thirty in order of merit. For another and further offer of \$500, see NEWS LETTER of April 17th.

wheels for one that uses dumb-bells. The reason is perfectly evident. Bicycle riding combines pleasure with mental exercise; the use of dumb-bells is drudgery. So with these questions; they combine pleasure with exercise. You cannot start work on the first one without continuing on to the last, and when you finish them you find that you are repaid a hundred fold.

An analysis of the first fifty questions shows that they deal with or touch upon a very large number of different and distinct points or bits of knowledge. That is, in answering fifty questions you have investigated fifty subjects, and in addition have touched upon hundreds of others. History and literature, the Bible and Homer, travel, machinery, and law, operas and music, Shakespeare and Scott, Paris and Boston, art and architecture, grammar and arithmetic, earthquakes and the heavens, cards and the stage, Napoleon and the North American Indians, the Amazon and the Mississippi, gold-mining and puddling, questions of home and of business—all these and a multitude of others are covered by these questions. Thus, in addition to the pleasure and the mental training comes the new knowledge that will broaden you as Greely said it broadened Lincoln. On request, we will forward you sample questions and full particulars of the competition.

If you do not possess a set of The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, address us and we will send your name to one of the few clubs that are still being formed, each member of which secures a set at a large reduction from the regular prices, and has the privilege of paying for it in small monthly payments.

THE CENTURY CO. (Dept. Jo.) New York.

THE QUESTIONS in these examination papers are based on the supposition that a public school graduate of average intelligence can score 75 per cent. if he gives ten minutes of serious application to each question. Any one, therefore, who devotes to them three hours a week should make a better score and stand an excellent chance of winning a prize.

The aim of the questions is to impart knowledge and to lead to a habit of investigation that will be of value through life. This they do in an astonishing degree. If you gain first prize, the knowledge you have acquired will be worth more to you than the \$500 you receive. But whether you win that prize or not, you learn to concentrate your mind, sharpen your wits, and secure most valuable information.

Do not cease your education when you leave school or college; keep on learning. Horace Greely said of Lincoln that his success lay largely in the fact that every day he lived he acquired new knowledge and therefore broadened. Get the information that is in these questions. They are not the kind that are found in school-books; they deal with facts that men, women, boys and girls ought to know. No university extension lectures, no course of reading can help you as these questions do, because the lectures and the reading deal with theoretical knowledge, these questions with practical every-day knowledge.

Dumb-bells and bicycles may be equally useful in physical development, yet a thousand persons ride their

Pleasure and
Education
Combined

University
Extension
Surpassed

\$500
First
Prize



"HOW like all earthly things," say the girlies. "Here we have been looking forward to such a festive time after Easter, and there ain't a thing but a lot of old teas." It looks as though there was some cause of complaint in there being no Eastertide cotillion. No dancing class even. The truth is, coin is not superabundant anywhere, and parents who have to get their daughters "in shape"—i. e., fresh outfits for the summer campaign, with hotel bills at rural resorts looning up, are not very enthusiastic about cotillion subscriptions. Then the beaux have had an expensive winter. French opera, theatre parties, club suppers, etc., make big holes in salaries, and the average society beau lives on a salary. However, the buds will soon have the out-of-town pleasures to engage in—lolling on the broad veranda of the Hotel Rafael, tennis, paper chases, moonlight rides and straw rides, picnics, and the like, which result in far more genuine fun, and profit, too, than a dozen cotillions and hops. By the way, speaking of the Hotel Rafael reminds me that Manager Warfield has made more extensive preparations than ever before to entertain his many guests this season.

Evidently our esteemed fellow townsman, George Bonny, does not take old Weller's advice in regard to "vidders," for if rumor speaks truly, 'tis a widow who has been the attraction in his recent Eastern and European trip. Well, 'tis time for the old fellow to take upon himself the responsibilities of married life, and a right glad welcome will be get from his friends should he bring a wife back with him when he returns to the Coast.

Gossip says a very funny incident of the *bal masque* at Oakland was when a well-known clubman from this side of the bay made fierce love to his own wife without being aware of her identity, and it may be serious, as he "let the cat out of the bag," to use a homely old phrase, most beautifully when he called the unknown mask by tender names!

Apròpos of hops, the Presidio is to be congratulated upon the success achieved by the success of their delightful dances. Our prettiest maids and matrons are always glad to go out to them, and the military circles of the different posts hold many pretty and attractive women as well. So that the hop-room is a brilliant scene independently of the glitter of gold lace and buttons.

Miss Laura McKinstry seems to have taken the place left vacant by Miss Millie Ashe, when she became Mrs. Harold Sewell, in the affectionate regard of the B'ingham matron. But although Miss Millie—as was—was always ready for jollity, Miss Laura is by far the more brainy girl of the two. Hence, a delightful companion, whether *du voyage*, or in a country bouse.

How pained one of our prettiest belles must have been on Easter day by the way the weekly falsifier served up to its readers her Easter hat brilliant in scarlet and green. And the young lady in deep mourning for her mother! So much for "news."

It looks now as though the Fred Sbarons will not make their yearly visit to San Francisco until winter—if then. The Queen's Jubilee will be the attraction in London first, and later a visit to Mr. Sharon's sister Flora in her English bome.

Society is wondering if it is true, the report that comes from New York, of Wilcox being engaged to Miss Keeney.

Rumor goes that a popular belle has but to speak the word to Winn a soldier for a husband.

What is the matter with the slim young bud, Miss Florence Breckenridge, that the newspapers in announcing her departure Kentuckywards with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, persistently styling her a "little miss," and she just on the verge of coming out next season.

What a jolly couple Harry Benson and his wife make, is the general comment of their numerous friends. But wait till Bent brings his bride to the Presidio, and you'll see ideal wedded bliss, is the dictum of society in general.

It was a sight to behold to walk along Van Ness avenue on Easter Sunday, and see the Easter gowns, hats, and wearers! Surely California may well boast of its beauties in many forms.

The appointment given Colonel W. R. Smedburg by his friend Alger, of visitor to West Point, has elicited many expressions of approbation from the popular Colonel's friends.

What a lot of buzzing will go on at the Woman's Congress. An inveterate woman hater of an old bachelor wants to know what is the good achieved by them, anyhow?

The best dinner in town for one dollar is served at Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street, between the hours of 5 and 8 o'clock p. m. The choicest viands served in faultless style and great variety, tempt the most jaded appetite. Closest attention to every little detail is observed, and the result is a delicious dinner. Orders for confections, pastries, etc., by telephone or otherwise, promptly filled.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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Two modern, exquisite, home-like first-class hotels, both under personal supervision of Gen. Warfield.	
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Under new management. Rooms single or en suite. Restaurant unsurpassed. Elegant in all appointments at moderate prices.

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EUROPEAN PLAN. New York

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A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

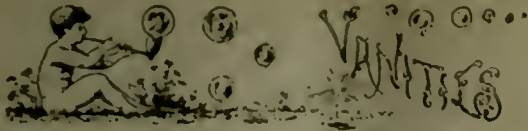
Wm. B. Hooper, Manager. San Francisco

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU N. E. corner Van Ness and Myrtle avenues. The principal and finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.



DEAR EDITH.—It is evident that the trick of building up dresses and wraps high about the throat that prevailed all winter long is to be continued into summer. Of course there is a change in the materials, but collars will touch ears just as they did in midwinter. A new gown just shown well illustrates this point, yet it was intended for wear in weather that necessitates little protection for the most sensitive throat. Its material was shot Nile green silk, and the skirt was banded with narrow black Chantilly insertion that met in points in front. The fitted bodice was trimmed with lace bands and fastened invisibly at the left side. Its sleeves and stock collar were green silk, covered with lace, but the puffs were from the plain material. Nile green velvet gave the wide girdle and long ends.

One development of the coming swathing for the throat is entirely new. The limit to the upstanding possibilities of the neck ruff, or other kindred arrangements, seems to have been reached, so, as women still wish the building about their throats to rise, they have taken to ruffled veils. These deceptive ruffles are set on the veil along the lower edge, except the little portion where the chin shows through. This ruffle, therefore, hangs high on the very top of the collar elaboration, and seems to be part of it, thus extending it at least a half inch higher. If the ruffle crossed the chin, the deception would betray itself.

Embroidered grass lawns are dainty and beautiful, but after one wearing they will not be nearly so attractive, so there's no need of turning covetous over them. Lace striped liens are not so dainty, perhaps, but they will make up charmingly and were never shown in such profusion. Figured muslins come in black, with bright roses or vines sprinkled all over them. Very artistic and pretty gowns can be made of these over either black or a color that is suggested in some part of the design. A black muslin lasts better than do the lighter ones.

No doubt you have heard that skirts on yokes will be popular. The yoke is usually made pointed in front and rounded and shorter in the back. It fits stiffly and close, sheath-like in its exactness of surface. The skirt that flows from under this sheath-yoke is attached to an under yoke, for it would never do to risk pulling the outer yoke out of line by fastening the rest of the skirt to it. A skirt thus planned can be worn by a really stout person and allow them the full and sweeping lines of a wide skirt at the hem, while their hips are not in the least widened. To such women this sort of a skirt offers a rare advantage, while to a slender woman the style is all the more becoming.

Skirts shirred on to the edge of a bodice belt are extremely pretty. The bodice thus outlines the figure from just below the bust line to just above the hips, the skirt falling very full from there. Thus the wide hips, at present rather favored by fancifully fashionable women, are secured and the contrasting small waist demanded is emphasized.

A broad the modern ball glove is considerably shorter than the one worn heretofore. It reaches only just above the elbow, leaving the fair upper arm well in view. In color the glove follows the dainty gown with which it is worn and often is trimmed or embroidered to match. Narrow lace insertions adorn the glove to be worn with a gown profusely trimmed with lace, and with ball costumes embroidered or studded with spangles and glittering stones the glove must be equally studded and embroidered. The soft suede glove has fallen into disuse and the glace is universally favored.

BELINDA.

All the finest things in Japanese art curios, figures, tapestries, and the like, are to be found at George T. Marsh & Co.'s, 625 Market street, under Palace Hotel. The stock is of rare value and the most unique. A visit there is always full of interest.

S. STROZYNSKI, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apron fees; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5997.

Up-to-Date Styles In Cloaks and Suits

Our Great Cloak and Suits Department has been thoroughly reorganized under a new management, new Fitting Rooms have been added, and we open the season with a complete stock of thoroughly up-to-date styles and novelties in Ladies', Misses', and Children's outer garments, all on sale at

MATCHLESSLY LOW PRICES



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

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EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

Ao incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

MEDICATED GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

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Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession.

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A Wonderful Medicine

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. **THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.** This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

**Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver**

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthen the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes.

25c at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO. 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.



Many Millions
In the Air.

The annual report of the London Exploration Company is disappointing, in its way—very much so, indeed, to Californians who read it and learn that, outside of the Oneida, not a property in the State is represented on the list of the company's possessions. This, too, after having been introduced through the press to so many gentlemen acting as its agents as men hocked with plenary powers to place millions in gold here, there, and everywhere, at their sweet will, whenever a mine took their fancy. At one time, between this and one or two other high-falutin concerns, it looked as though there would be nothing left of the "Mother Lode" for plain, ordinary folks, but ideas have changed considerably since then. The much-vaunted allegation that the concern had gobbled up a slice of the Mariposa estate is not even borne out by this report, while one thing is morally certain from the financial statement: they not only have not money enough, without enlarging their capital, to purchase the whole of this graut at the price set by the owners, any more than they have millions for distribution elsewhere. While undoubtedly the Exploration Company is a well-managed and prosperous concern, operating on a scale of the highest magnitude, it is but a shadow of the estimate placed upon it by the "spielers" at this end. But this belongs to another chapter in the future. Suffice it, however, to say that with the figures now in print there will be no further necessity for information second-hand about the financial position of the company. Another notable feature of the report is the absence of any reference to men who were put up here as the pivot upon which the whole concern evolved. Of all those, Captain Mier alone is mentioned. It would be hardly fair to hold the company itself responsible for the wildly exaggerated statements which have appeared about it and its operations here from time to time. It seems altogether unlikely that its every movement should be blazoned out all over the country with the consent of its managers, a method rather unusual by people who mean business. The wonder is, however, that after so much trumpeting and noise of all kinds that there is so little to show for it in the way of investment. It has been another case of "much cry and little wool" all through.

Still Gathering
Them in.

If all the sales reported on paper from time to time were genuine, there would not be a ghost of a mine left in the State to haggle over. Scarcely a day passes but an announcement is made of a sale in some district, and modestly does not usually set a limit on the price paid. When it comes down to money changing hands, however, it is a horse of different color entirely. There have been more "turn-downs" than sales, if the truth were told, and this is probably the best thing that could happen in the long run. It will make our people more self-reliant, and lead to the investment of home capital in legitimate development work, putting a stop to the trickery and sharp practice of the company promoter and his ally, the parasitic mining tout. There are few mine owners in California who have not gained in experience during the past six months. They have read a lot of bosh about the money at command abroad for mining investment, and wasted months in proving the utter unreliability of such reports. Men have visited their mines alleging an ability to put up certain amounts at a given time, but invariably they have fallen down at the crucial moment. This has served to make mine owners very guarded in their dealings with strangers, and it is high time that this was so. The State is infested with a plague of schemers, ready to promise anything to make their game. No sales of note have taken place recently. Some dickering is going on Mr. P. Diederheimer experted the Confidence mine last over the Keystone and a group of mines in the vicinity. week with the representative of a prospective buyer, but so far nothing has come of it. It is said now, on the best authority, that the London Exploration Company has finally decided to withdraw from the State entirely.

Webbs of Mining Illusion.

It is evident that the tales from California of mining romance which appears from time to time in an old and highly respectable British financial paper, to some of which attention was drawn by the NEWS LETTER a few weeks ago, have not escaped notice in other quarters. The Mining and Electrical Review, an up-to-date paper of this city, says in its recent issue: "The London Mining Journal can be relied on for saying something concerning the mines of California which has been said before undoubtedly by some uninformed Pacific Coast paper, whether it is true or not. A recent report of some of the mines in that sedate old journal, though exceedingly flattering to the State, is also excruciatingly funny. The reason the parrot causes us to laugh is the sober and sedate expression of its countenance, while giving expression to the most atrocious statements." We might add that this foreign paper does not surpass in entertaining matter of the kind some of our home journals which, in catering to the subscription end of the industry, evolve in competition a series of fairy tales covering a stretch of country from Siskiyou to San Diego, lurid with millions in either strikes of gold or the investment of foreign capital. Like all other tales of the kind, they end with the delusion. They also carry about the same weight even with the novitiate in the art of mining, and strangers who have arrived within our gates ready to credit almost anything they are told about California wonders, from the Breyfogle phantasy down to the missing Pegleg and other nuisances of the space fiend. Continued disappointment in after results acting as an alternative, is, however, the safest self-cure in such cases of mental hilarity.

Where the Biter Got Bitten.

A Tuolumne correspondent writes: "I note with interest your remarks on Tuolumne mines, and agree with you that the Rawhide is the hub, and that Captain Neville has done more to boom our county than all the other mine owners together. In your issue of the 2d inst. you poke fun at some of the statements in the London Mining Journal. Now, I can assure you that those about the Fish Commissioners were not far wrong. They paid \$25,000 for the mine (the Norwegian). The owner had left a streak of gold at one end of the shaft as an inducement to buyers, and on taking this down the fortunate buyers extracted more than they paid for the property. If you will take the trouble to go round to the Bank of Commerce in your city you will see the results of two blasts put off one day last week. About half of it is in bars, the rest as it was crushed in a hand mortar, that being the only mill they have finished. The Black Oak mine, I am glad to say, is looking so well that the owners refused a second payment (which did not come to time) from the New York and Belgian people, they being satisfied that their mine is the best investment they could make with the money. I omitted to state that at the Norwegian they estimate that they have fully \$50,000 in quartz, which is not rich enough for a hand mortar, lying on the dump, and which is awaiting the completion of the mill." A person can be excused for considering anything connected with this commission as rather *fishy* in character, but our correspondent does well in rescuing so estimable a proposition from a maelstrom of absurdities such as we mentioned in the article to which reference is made.

The Bank of England.

A meeting was held recently at the Bank of England for the purpose of electing a Governor and Deputy Governor for the ensuing year, in place of Mr. A. G. Sandeman and Mr. H. C. Smith. Mr. H. C. Smith was elected as Governor and Mr. S. S. Gladstone as Deputy. The new Governor, Hugh Colin Smith, of Hays Wharf, Tooley street, is Chairman of the Ceylon and Oriental Estates Company, and a Director of the Alliance Insurance and Australian Agricultural companies. Mr. Samuel Steuart Gladstone, a member of the old East India firm of Ogilvy, Gillanders & Co., is a Director of the Peninsula and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

A little movement in Con.-Cal.-Virginia Pine-St. Market, and a higher range of prices for Chollar, were the features of the local mining market on Pine street during the week. Business was active for a time, and the hope is general that the movement will widen out into something like old-time speculation.

Don't Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

WARDEN Hale is being severely criticised for permitting two convicts under his jurisdiction to engage in murderous warfare. There is another view of the case, however, that recommends itself to the thoughtful observer interested in the survival of the fittest. It would save an infinite amount of expense—to say nothing of suspense (from a scaffold)—were the variously distinguished eight hundred gentlemen now doing time at San Quentin as guests of California tax payers, lined up in battle array and permitted to indulge in their murderous instincts in a fight to the finish. Besides, it would prevent maudlin sympathy on the part of the tender souls who condemn hanging as an unchristian-like form of punishment.

REVEREND W. D. Williams, D. D., who for some years has been doing his clerical sprinting toward the pearly gates via the Congregational road, has shaken the creed that shackled him and turned his ministerial toes into the Episcopal path of righteousness, along which he purposes to cavort hereafter. Whether the influences that caused Pastor Williams' sudden change of faith were of a spiritual or financial nature, the CRIER cannot say, not being posted in matters ecclesiastical, and not enjoying the gentleman's confidence on either mundane or ethereal topics. It is exceedingly puzzling in these days to tell which is hardest hit, the pocket or the conscience, both being invisible to the naked eye.

WILLIAM D. BRADBURY, the pugnacious millionaire, has had his pride humbled this week by the imposition of a five-dollar fine for expectorating with malicious intent upon the floor of a street-car. Mr. Bradbury labored under the delusion that the moneyed aristocracy of this city could secure transportation and cuspidor privileges by dropping a nickel into the slot. He now finds that the vulgar rich are subject to the same laws as the respectable poor. Mr. Bradbury would better study the ethics of politeness as practiced by any honest hod-carrier. The elderly millionaire is not too old to learn.

A HOWL has gone up from the Merchants' Association in general and W. S. Chapman in particular against what is claimed by them to be a monopoly in the garbage line. Even the ash barrel in one's back yard, it seems, is not exempt from corruption of a political as well as vegetable kind. The arm of the law would fain penetrate to the family doorstep. It is now in order for a man to secure a license from the municipality before shying a bootjack by moonlight at the f-line intruders who may make night hideous on his back fence.

A NEW tamale plant and a pickle factory have been started this week, but it is not true that their incorporators are physicians. The rumor to make the latter accessory to the crimes is clearly a malicious one. It is a well-known fact that the fraternity has its hands full already, without an increase in either the tamale or the pickle trade.

ARTHUR Sears and Nellie Covington sued Belasco, the actor-maker, for \$150 because he failed to fit them with the intellect necessary to a successful career on the stage. These aspirants to footlight glitter and mimic life imagined that they were entitled to brains as well as elocution, carriage, and articulation; but Judge Barry ruled that grey matter was not included in Belasco's contract.

THE joy we Californians naturally feel at the prospect of advanced prices in wheat, should Europe become involved in war, is somewhat dampened by the fear that the excitement may awaken that windy demagogue and political weathercock, T. V. Cator, and incite him to again let loose the valves of his leather lungs.

IT may be merely a coincidence, but statistics show that during the week when the attention of the Medical Society of California is absorbed by its annual session, the mortality record of the city is at its lightest.

DURRANT has been dubbed "The Criminal of a Century." No wonder. It takes a century to hang him.

MEDICAL science has received another boom in Carrasquilla's leprosy serum cure, and Dr. Winslow Anderson asks permission of the local Board of Health to make experiments with it free of charge. The sight of a doctor doing anything without the inspiration of a fee will be quite as novel in its way as the new cure which is arousing so much professional interest. But while it is about it, why doesn't wisdom-endowed Science turn its goggles upon the moral lepers that infest civilization? An experiment tried upon Durrant, for instance, might have saved the lives of two pure girls, as well as a vast expense to the city. Hanging is, of course, efficacious, but it fails miserably as a prevention of crime.

THE Congregational Minister Rev. Mr. Rader is a bold mau, and has challenged the brethren's shuddering attention by declaring that one may get through heaven's pearly gates without believing that Jonah resided for several days in a whale's interior. In fact he intimates that a man should not be condemned for employing common sense in scouting out the steep and thorny way; nor be sent post haste to perdition because he declines to believe that everythug between the Bible's lids is literally true. If the worthy and reverend Wm. escapes the fangs of the brethren he need have no fear of the displeasure of God.

THE scientific portion of this community sympathizes deeply with the irreparable loss sustained by Professor E. W. Hilgard in the recent fire which destroyed the College of Agriculture at Berkeley. A large and extremely choice collection of stuffed bugs, representing the scrambles of a lifetime and dangerous encounters sufficient to fill a volume, went up in smoke, uninsured. Had the blaze started, instead, at Sacramento's capitol during the late disrespected Legislature, the occasion might have been fraught with more or less good. It might have destroyed some of the prolific bugs in the bills.

MISS Frances Lane, Oakland's young lady lawyer, who has turned the "God Bless Our Home" motto in the Lane household to the wall, and proposes to camp in the more congenial environs of the Police Court hereafter, is ambitious to secure the release of Convict Wood, who has been languishing at San Quentin for thirteen years. San Francisco has several specimens of the emancipated sex, but heaven has kindly denied us the pain of this petticoat lawyer, Frances Lane. The women on this side of the bay are content with sending men to jail, not getting them out again.

ATTORNEY W. D. Grady, the Fresno lawyer charged with masticating a San Francisco waiter's ear, has been adjudged not guilty of mayhem. Down where Lawyer Grady hailed from it is so ordinary an occurrence for people to get bitten that he had no idea he was infringing upon our ideas of decorum, and pleaded ignorance of the law as his excuse. As a matter of protection to our citizens, an ordinance should at once be passed requiring all visiting Fresnoites to go muzzled.

W. A. CLARK, superintendent and resident physician of the Alameda County Infirmary, is being rudely chided by Secretary Godchaux, of the San Francisco Board of Health, for supplying Cooper College with ten bright, new cadavers within the past year without having obtained the Board's permission. The Secretary should not be so critical. If Alameda wants to furnish San Francisco with material for hospital service, there should be no objection so long as the subjects don't kick.

AT the Congregational Bay Conference, which celebrated a sort of religious Spring Opening this week, Brother Rader is reported as having asked his confrères if it were "time to build for Congregationalism an ark of safety?" This lack of progressiveness is indeed astonishing. Only fancy trying to steer another Noah's ark through Golden Gate! She would founder before she struck the Farallones. What's the matter with an up-to-date gospel air-ship, Brother Rader?

"THE Celtic Union is determined to have a hall of its representatives in politics, and its general strength of "push" and "pull," the sons of Erin hereabout come devilish near having a City Hall of their own, be jabbers.



MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.—GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, IN CENTURY.

"THERE, on the left!" said the colonel; the battle had shuddered and faded away, Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay—
 "Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood.
 Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood!
 But for their bullets, I'll bet, my batteries sent them something as good.
 Go and explore, and report to me ther, and tell me how many we killed.
 Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was fulfilled."
 Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field—scarred and forlorn,
 Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn;
 Fiercely, and hurning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow,
 Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of woe; These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know,
 Thence to the ridge, where roots outtrust, and twisted branches of trees
 Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.
 "What's your report?"—and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last.
 Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished." And strangely his face looked, aghast.
 "Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line of parade.
 Brave fellows, colonel, to stay as they did! But one I most wish hadn't stayed.
 Mortally wounded, he'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end he prayed—
 Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held
 This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"
 Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned
 Four short pages of writing. "What's this, about 'Marthy Virginia's hand'?"
 Swift from his honey-moon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;
 Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,
 Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.
 Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line:
 "If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."
 There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread.
 "Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa"—so the words on the little palm said.
 Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled,
 Never again woked the old hattle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled,
 Long ago ended the struggle, its union of brotherhood happily stilled;
 Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,
 See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Marthy Virginia's hand!

VIOLETS.—EOTH MAUDE OUNAWAY, IN PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

I bring thee Violets all dew-pearl'd,
 As fresh and sweet as the awakened dawn
 Which found them hudding into fragrant bloom,
 Like thoughts of Love, from gentle Pity born.
 And if thou wilt—I fear to ask too much—
 I pray thee have them nestle on thy breast;
 Since fade they must, let their last perfumed sigh
 Be one of Peace, at such a perfect rest.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Molson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
 Poodee Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant avs. and Bush st. Privats dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Oakland Dairy Depot, 330 Fulton street, S. F. Absolutely pure Milk and Cream. Telephone. PINS 1692.

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Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

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 Selections on approval: no. place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

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Maillard's Chocolates in 1/2 and 1-lb boxes. Rohsrt's, Polk and Bush.

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Hermann Schwarze (known as Herrmann at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 235 Powell st. Telephone Main 5320

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Bank of British Columbia.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.

Capital Paid Up.....\$3,000,000
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This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
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San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

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The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,201 66
 Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
 Deposits December 31, 1896.....277,024 45

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"Why, you don't even dress me," she said reproachfully to her stingy husband. "Of course not," he replied with the chuckle of a professional humorist. "I supposed all the time that you wanted a husband and not a lady's maid." Then he escaped before she had recovered sufficiently to tell him what she thought of him.—Chicago Post.

"What a severe rain storm that was which we had last night!" exclaimed Eve, walking over a muddy crossing on her heels in the garden of Eden. "Yes," responded Adam, standing on one foot while he rescued one of his rubbers, "it was the heaviest rainful in the memory of the oldest inhabitant."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The whale spouted in triumph. "Never you mind!" shouted Jonah, vindictively; you've given me a good deal of trouble, I'll admit, but you just wait till the latter-day theologians tackle you!" With a hoarse chuckle he struck out over the sanddunes toward Nineveh.—New York Press.

Cannibal King (approvingly)—Yarrum, you cooked this last touring bicyclist perfectly! CANNIBAL COOK (complacently)—Well, your highness, when I begau operation, he attempted to scorch, but I put a stop to anything of that sort.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Going out to the club with that party to-morrow night?" "No; I can't. Are you?" "I should say I was. Young Mrs. Wallingford is to be the chaperon, and, say, an hour's flirting with her is worth a week with any one else."—Cleveland Leader.

Miss Grimes—He insulted me grossly. He kissed me—Miss CHIMES—The monster! Miss GRIMES—I could have forgiven him that; but he had the meanness to apologize and say that he thought it was his wife!—Boston Transcript.

Sigh and the world sighs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone,
For it's mostly the rule that each durned fool
Can't see any joke but his own.

—Globe Democrat.

"What is your new painting called?" "The Gleaner." "Ah, a young girl with a sickle and a bundle of grain?" "No; an elderly girl with a flat pocketbook and an armful of bargain dry goods."—Chicago Record.

"Well," said the approached; "I suppose you are another one who claims the world owes you a living?" "That's just it," replied the mendicant, "I'm trying to collect now."—Philadelphia North American.

"What's the matter between Blims and his typewriter?" "He thought when he hired her that he was going to dictate to her, but he has discovered his mistake."—Detroit Free Press.

Phyllis (airily)—How do you like my Easter hat, dear? PHOEBE (sweetly)—Why, it looks just like new, love!—Omaha Republican.

Bertwhistle (skeptically)—What did you give up during Lent? JAMESON—Conundrums.—Chicago Record.

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Surplus and Undivided
Profits (October 1, 1894)..... 3,158,129 70

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SHE had received a letter in the morning begging her to somehow procure him a little money. Things were going badly, and he had been ill. She thought of it all day long, having dispatched the little she had, and, for the thinking, things looked no better. Her brother had not enough to live upon, and there was an end of it. Fate was niggardly with them all. During the afternoon the girls came in, and Mrs. Hamlin. Mrs. Hamlin was always delightful and cheery. Her lovely dresses and sweet face and fragrant elegance reminded Maisie that at least she was the right person in the right place—with fitting surroundings, and the beautiful things of life that all women instinctively claim as their right, hers. She did not mean the actual material possessions, but these others, that, after all, in these days at any rate, wealth alone can procure.

"Maisie, you look preposterously dejected. What is it? Are you in love with an Anarchist or is it only general aspirations towards the impossible?"

"No, I am not in love: but I am thinking of proposing to some one."

"Why?"

"Because I am in a hurry. Fred, you know, is frightfully hard up."

"But why don't you accept Mr. Howard, when he's so devoted, poor man?"

"That wouldn't be fair, because, you see, he is devoted and I—no, I think a fat man with a beard and glasses is the sort of thing—in the abstract."

"Oh, excellent in the abstract. Protects you, is kind to you, and gives you cheques. In the concrete he—"

"Dear Mrs. Hamlin, don't! The matter is not discussable in the concrete."

"Fancy Maisie proposing!" said one of the girls.

"You don't know what I am capable of," returned Maisie.

"I'll dare you, Maisie!" Mrs. Hamlin twinkled, "twenty pounds on, and I'll give you a month."

"Twenty pounds!" repeated Maisie, and there was an odd sound in her voice.

"Twenty pounds."

"Done!" she said, to the astonishment of the room.

"It's a bet!" Everyone sat up and bristled with delighted curiosity. Maisie, of all people, who invariably treated her swains with a good tempered scorn that was the envy of her friends.

"I will do it now!" she went on excitedly. "Mabel, give me those telegraph-forms. Of course, I won't undertake to carry out the contract if any one accepts," she added.

"No, no; but a bona-fide proposal!"

She then sat down and addressed seven telegrams and dispatched them by the maid. "Reply paid," she said.

"And now we'll have tea!"

"What have you done?" questioned Mr. Hamlin.

"I have asked seven men to marry me!"

"Seven?"

"Yes. Law of averages, you see."

"Maisie!"

"Well, seven gentlemen will hardly be able to say that I am pining for them all; and they'll exchange notes."

"Men never do that."

"Ah, what men never do, that surely man always," she laughed. "Honor with them is a collective virtue that has no honor in the singular. You shall read the answers."

* * * * *

In due course of time the answers came. One by one the girl opened them before her expectant friends, who refused to go till all had come. "Regrats," quoth Maisie, holding up one, with mock gravity. "Next, please. Ah! thank you, Susan. 'Sorry, previous engagement,' 'Alas! im-

possible!' 'Circumstances over which I have no control!' 'I would if I could, but I can't.' 'No!' That's rather impolite, and he really—well, one mustn't be kissed and tell. 'Twas so long ago, too. You see, ladies, how devoted my lovers all are; but I have won my bet. Ah! here is another one more polite refusal. No? 'Of course. I am honored,'" she read. A crimson flush of shame spread over the girl's laughing face. The wild impulse of that moment's joke—the daring that had made her on the instant accept the challenge, and act upon it before time could sober the uncontrollable spirit of fun that had come to her in a mood too despairing to care for any result so long as she could gain the twenty pounds for her brother—had passed. Oddly enough, consciousness of what she had done came to her whimsical soul only on the receipt of an acceptance. "That's chivalrous of him," she said, trying to hide her embarrassment. "And now to invent a polite refusal to my own proposal."

* * * * *

Horace Sands was in chambers when Miss Maisie's telegram—reply paid—arrived. He was smoking a cigarette with Max Welby. They generally smoked together after lunch, in a kind of sympathetic silence. He read it slowly and then said, "God!" and then (it must be recorded) "Damn!" After which, for him, unusual ejaculations, he went out of the room. On returning, his friend noticed an expression of most pathetic woe upon his placid features, and such a hang-dog look that he refrained from putting any questions from fear of intruding on private matters. Horace, after some fidgeting said, "You know, after all, it's a dreadful thing, but what could a fellow do? She's a charming girl, of course—but I don't think of exactly—in fact, I am not a marrying man, you know—I never thought of marrying—don't know anything about it." He got up and paced the room. "I couldn't do anything else—a man would be such a beastly cad—but it is appalling, all the same. I feel rather inclined to run a—"

"If you'll explain what you are talking about, I may be able to understand."

"Well, the fact is, Miss Maisie wired and asked me—don't you know; and I, of course—"

"Asked you what?"

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't to say," he said, suddenly flushing crimson.

"Did she propose to you?" asked Welby with an incredulous look of amusement. "Answer paid, too. The devil she did! And you have accepted?"

"What else would you have me do?" returned Sands, stolidly.

For the next few days Horace Sands experienced a general sense of bewildering depression. He was an engaged man—to a very lovely girl, it was true, but nevertheless he was engaged, tied up, as it were—somebody's property. He must buy presents and rings, and think of furniture. Never in his life had he thought about furniture. Even at college he had not, as many of the men did, troubled how his diggings were arranged. He passed a man in the street carrying a kitchen safe. He tried to think what a safe was meant for, and realized that they would certainly have to have a safe. Some perambulators in a great shop caught his eye, and he blushed and looked obstinately on the other side of the road. He had postponed calling—he had not dared yet. He would never summon courage to behave as a lover should to such a wonderful piece of femininity. He remembered now that her eyes were grey and serious, and laughing all at once; that she had a delightful, petulant mouth. The thought of her was sweet. The reality at present was terrifying. He could not yet face his betrothed. He must have time to get used to himself under these new conditions. If she had only hit on Welby—Welby was an awful decent sort. Still he would-

n't do, perhaps. Welby wasn't really good enough for her. Would she want a flat? No, he couldn't bear a flat. A little house, perhaps, with a garden, would be nice. They might live in the country part of the year. She would look awfully sweet in a flower garden! Another day passed. On the fourth he dressed himself in a frock-coat, adorned his buttonhole with a bouquet, and started for her house. When he arrived as far as the street in which she lived he turned round and went to the club. There, there was a note from her—three days old. Again he flushed, and thrust it into his pocket. He went out, and, in the busy traffic of the streets, read his first love letter from Maisie. "Dear Mr. Sands,—How chivalrous and nice of you! It was a lot, you know." He did not read any more, but strode homewards. He had been a pretty kind of fool, anyhow—a vain ass, too. As if a beautiful girl like that—then he began to laugh. At any rate, he was free again, free!—but somehow he wasn't quite sure that he wanted to be so very free. The furniture had begun to interest him.

They met the next evening at Lady Vaughn's. She received him with a very bright smile, and they danced. They danced several times and then he said at the end, "I suppose you couldn't care for me, could you?" And she colored all over, and said, "Oh! no, I couldn't, not anyhow in the world!"

Fate threw them together. They constantly met. She tried to avoid him, but he would not let her, and she ceased at last to try. At the end of three months he again asked her to be his wife. The tears crept into her eyes then, and she said, "You are very kind and chivalrous, and I am very grateful, but I can't, indeed I can't!" So that he went away conscious that there was a barrier between them he could not break down. He went abroad with Welby, and proved a preposterously dull companion.

"She will never have me!" he said one day irrelevantly. "I believe it's all because of that confounded telegram!"

"Most likely."

"What shall I do?"

"Forget her."

"That's what I have been trying to do, but she's crept somehow into my heart, and I can't."

"Wire, then!"

"What?"

"What she wired to you."

* * * * *

Maisie was sitting with Mrs. Hamlin, and her pretty face was even paler than on the memorable occasion of the sending of the telegrams. "Ah!" she said, "it is a pity. I care for him so much—so much—and it could never be now! Could it?"

"It's rather difficult," said Mrs. Hamlin. "How mad of us all to have let you do it! We didn't realize till the things were gone. Your spirits carried us away. He's abroad, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I can't bear it, but I must; that's life isn't it?" she said, with a little sad smile. "We all manage to bear what we can't." And then a telegram came, reply paid.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Hamlin.

"He has wired. Look!"

"And what are you going to say?"

The girl sat down upon her heels, on the floor, and looked first into the fire and then at Mrs. Hamlin. "I think I ought to be polite, don't you?" she said. "He was to me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamlin, "I think you should be polite!"

And Miss Maisie was.—Westminster Gazette.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 24th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 70) of twenty cents (20c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

28th DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 19th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Overman Silver Mining Co.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of April 1897, an assessment, No. 77, of Ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

17th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 7th day of June, 1897 to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

GEO. D. EDWARDS, Secretary.

Office—No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Seg. Belcher & Mides Con. Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill Mining District. Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 6th day of April, 1897, an assessment, No. 19, of Five cents (5c.) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the company, room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

10th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 29th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office: Room 50, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 42, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Tuesday, April 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Wednesday, April 14, 1897, at 8 o'clock P.M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.



ONE of the difficulties about a suburban residence is the promptness which marks the departure of last trains from the city. When Paul Jarboe sought and obtained domestic permission to attend the anniversary dinner at the Bohemian Club last Saturday night, he really intended to keep his promise to return to his Burlingame cottage on the 11:15 train. But the cheer was good, and the stories were better, and Denis O'Sullivan's singing was very soothing, and—when Paul first thought of the hour, and took a surreptitious peep at his watch, he was amazed and dismayed to find that it was long past midnight. As he could not possibly reach home, he consoled himself as best he could with the sympathetic companionship of other belated husbands at the club. He might have taken the early Menlo Park train on Sunday morning, but he preferred the Sabbath quiet of the city.

Some time in the afternoon he began to realize the enormity of missing last trains, and, procuring a trap, he started to drive to his country house. On the way he met a hoy on a small gray hurro, and purchased it on the spot as a propitiatory offering to his own household gods, for the legs of Paul's son and heir are just long enough to straddle the back of such an animal. The journey home with his new acquisition formed the most exciting episode in Jarboe's adventurous career. Having seen calves taken to market with their legs tied, Paul similarly fastened the legs of the jackass with a strap and dumped him into the bottom of the trap. After the dashboard had been kicked out and the trap otherwise damaged to the extent of about \$40, the captive was released, and the tardy Jarboe essayed to drag him along behind his conveyance. It was hard work, but they made some progress until they came to a steep hill. The hurro pulled as hard as the horse, but in an opposite direction, and all efforts to advance were futile. Finally the strap broke, the hurro disappeared in a cloud of dust, and Paul went home empty-handed.

The worst of it all was that his story of the burro was regarded as a wild dream, and his explanation of the damaged trap was received with such tolerant incredulity that he fears that nothing but his resignation from the club will suffice to square his transgressions.

* * *

After dreaming all night that he was in Hades, where his inconsiderate master had set him the difficult task of swallowing a football, Gellett Burgess awoke one morning to a realization that he was still trying to gulp down that impossible leather sphere. The artist-poet consulted a specialist, who made a cursory examination, and promptly informed him that he possessed an ulcerated throat. The doctor forbade smoking for a week, and prescribed the usual remedies. Burgess wandered out in great dejection, affectionately clutching his roll of forbidden cigarette papers. While he lay moping on a divan in the Bohemian Club, Harry Dimond came in briskly, and slapped the prostrate figure on the back.

"What's the matter, Gell?" he said, cheerily. "You look like a dead man. Brace up, my hoy, and have a cigarette," extending his box of Turkish favorites.

Burgess languidly waved a declining hand. "No—can't do it—not allowed," he answered in a lifeless tone.

"Why not," demanded Dimond, in amazement. "Because I have an *illustrated* throat," pathetically answered the artist, the ruling passion strough within him.

Harry Dimond says privately that the committee really ought to prohibit the supplying of absinthe frappe in the club to persons of nervous temperament.

* * *

There are many things which Richard E. Kelly can do well, such as managing mining companies, but among those accomplishments which he does not possess is the sailing of a boat. With not unusual perversity, Dick longs, above all else, to achieve nautical excellence, although he is in actual terror whenever he is afloat. Some

friends who have bestowed on him the honorary title of "Commodore Dick" invited him to go on the first cruise of the season in the yacht "Nita," a few days ago. Having sacrificed his nerves to his ambition, he stepped into a small hoat to be rowed out to the yacht, and was alarmed at noticing that the skiff was leaking freely from a hadly calked seam.

"I say," he remarked, warningly. "Do you fellows see that this hoat is filling fast?"

"Oh, that's nothing," airily replied Jack Finlay, who was skipper. "We never pay any attention to a little thing like that. If the water gets up over your ankles, you can bail her out, hut leave anything short of that alone. You know," he added, with preternatural gravity. "Water makes fine hallast."

The others solemnly corroborating this, Kelly dared make no further remonstrance and sat with his feet in water until the jolly tars hoarded the yacht. The yachtsmen say it was a mere coincidence that the "Nita" also had considerable water about her center board. Dick said nothing about this new danger, but set vigorously to work with a bailing car, a self imposed task which kept him occupied during the entire trip. The wind was rather fresh, and the yacht shipped a good deal of water,—accidentally, they protest. Matters grew so hazardous on Kelly's eyes, that he hegged to be put ashore on Alcatraz, and was with difficulty restrained from taking a header and swimming for the Island.

When he reached home that night, Richard discovered a new field of gray hairs under his hat, and he did not go to bed until he had drafted a hill for presentation to the next Legislature, prohibiting yachting as a pastime. If anyone secures a discarded title of Honorary Commodore he can secure it upon his own terms by negotiating with Mr. Kelly.

* * *

Members of the canine family have no more loyal friend than Jack de Ruyter, vice-president of the San Francisco Kennel Club. Once or twice a week, he resolutely turns his back on the wheat market, and joyfully hies him to Livermore, on an inspection tour of the Verona Kennels, where he spends many happy hours. De Ruyter's florid complexion suggests a degree of dissipation not at all justified by the facts, hut it occasions Jack no worry to hear the reputation of a bacchante. When women look him over and sadly remark: "What a hard drinker that young man must be!" Jack recklessly pulls his hat down over one eye and assumes the wicked air of a had huccaneer. On one of his regular trips to his Kennels, he encountered a party of acquaintances, as he was hoarding the train at the Oakland mole.

"Oh, Mr. de Ruyter, are we to have you as a travelling companion?" they ask with flattering eagerness. "Where are you going?"

"Going to the dogs!" replied Jack, desperately, as he turned to enter the smoker.

And now those shocked ladies, whenever de Ruyter's name is mentioned, shake their heads sadly, and will tell you, in mournful confidence that "he is going the pace!"

* * *

That Harry Wise is inaptly named is the practically unanimous conclusion of his most intimate friends. But Harry does not suspect it, considering his cognomen singularly appropriate, while his father, the Collector of the Port, sanquinely considers his pert offspring a rising young statesman. On the floor of the Merchants' Exchange, the other day, young Wise encountered Philip Alston Williams, who was smoking his inevitable cigar. Phil shares the general opinion regarding the extent of Harry's wisdom, an unflattering estimate of which the latter is serenely unconscious.

"Lucky dog, you are, Williams," he said, with a complacent leer at his own facetiousness. "The vilest weed doesn't care who smokes it, does it?"

"That's so," quickly responded Williams, as if suddenly convinced of a great truth. "Have one, Harry?" he added, pointedly, though with apparent cordiality.

And young Wise, who is never known to refuse, mechanically hut eagerly extended his hand for the proffered cigar, and then withdrew to puzzle over the reason why every one laughed at him.

Attorney George A. Knight is not noted for piety, and his attendance in houses of worship throughout a long and brilliant legal career has occurred at distant intervals. For the sake of appearances, however, and possibly to propitiate the Almighty, who is suspected of being prejudiced against him on account of his record as a criminal lawyer, Mr. Knight is in the habit of assuming a thoughtful and repentant expression, which illumines his countenance like a sunset glow on Mount Tamalpais, and hincing himself to divine service once a year, on Easter Sunday. According to tradition, he therefore betook himself on the Sabbath just passed to a sanctuary which, out of consideration for that edifice and his friends, shall be nameless. Now, music hath such charms to soothe Mr. Knight's savage breast that it was not long before the melody invoked by the choir had wooed him to slumber as peacefully sweet as that of an infant, and the scriptural eloquence which, alas, he so much needed, fell on unheeding ears. When the pastor engaged in prayer befitting the beautiful Eastertide, the lawyer was seen to stir as though about to awaken from his comfortable but ill-timed nap. Perhaps the unaccustomed supplications for sinners disturbed his repose. At all events, the preacher had just uttered the solemn and impressive words, "Thy will be done," when the attorney electrified the assemblage and broke the prayerful hush by springing to his feet and exclaiming: "Your Honor, I object! The will is a forgery and I can prove—"

Kind hands bore him out into the spring sunshine, where the mortified Knight explained that he had been dreaming he was in Judge Slack's court-room.

* * *

The delicate sensibilities of the men on 'Change were so much offended by Sim Erlanger's little black pipe, with its two inches of stem and its unmistakable characteristics of the dudheen, that they took up a private subscription and purchased him a substitute of the orthodox German type, the chief feature being a stem with as many curves as a baseball pitcher. Sim accepted this gift without demur, and the other brokers chuckled complacently at the pointed reproof they had administered. A day or two later, however, it was remarked that young Erlanger was smoking an atrocious mixture of tobacco, no leaf of which had ever seen Virginia. Even the beans turned yellow at the pungent odor, and the indignant commission men threatened all kinds of disinfectants and the use of a hose, but they subsequently concluded to present the offender with a five-pound box of the choicest fine-cut, as the most effectual mode of abating the nuisance.

This generous feat was duly performed, to Sim's huge delight, although he made a faint display of rather tame resentment when he received a season's supply of tobacco. He is now wondering whether the wearing of the most disreputable garments obtainable, on the floor of the Call Board, would secure him a present of a new suit of clothes of fashionable cut. In view of his recent experiences, he considers the experiment worth a trial, anyhow.

* * *

On the day of the departure for Washington of Wu Ting Fang, the new Chinese minister, the apartments of that functionary in the Occidental Hotel contained a large number of his countrymen from the local Chinese colony, anxious for a final word of supplication or suggestion in the ear of their ambassador. One villainous-looking highbinder who, through some mistake, obtained an audience with Wu Ting Fang, after grovelling for several minutes on the carpet, so far recovered his assurance, as to invite the Minister to be his financial hacker in a plan he had purchased from a white huncoman for the manufacture of a new kind of flying machine. The great diplomat politely declined the opportunity to make his fortune, but the highbinder was insistent. As he peremptorily closed the interview the Minister explained that he was too poor to embark in such a speculation. The common Chinaman looked over the retinue of his uncommon countrymen and noted the evidences of wealth and luxury with a kindling eye.

"Oh, no," he replied, jauntily, but with an added touch of sarcasm. "You not poor. You only saving."

* * *

His ability to talk tender sentiment to an indefinite number of girls at one and the same time, with absolutely

no danger to himself, is an accomplishment which Dr. Harry Tevis has thoroughly mastered. But he was caught at his own game the other day, and was very nearly brought up with a round turn. Handsome Harry was in a comfortable sitting-out place, his companion being a particularly pretty girl. How could he help saying the sweet little things expected of him?

"You have the most beautiful eyes in the world, Miss Fannie," he said, softly.

Just then the cosy *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the approach of the young lady's cousin. The new-comer was the last person in the world Tevis desired to see at that moment, for he remembered that he had been making rather violent love to her also an hour or two earlier. He tried hard to conceal the discomfiture he felt, but his companion's remark hardly increased his composure, and made him feel that he had strewn his pearls inadvisedly.

"What do you suppose Dr. Tevis has been telling me, Nellie?" asked this unappreciative young woman, with a sly glance at her cousin. "He says I have the most beautiful eyes in the world."

The *debonnaire* Doctor, with feigned sincerity, glanced critically from one pretty girl to the other, inwardly wishing both were far removed.

"And so she has," he protested, vehemently—"barring yours, Miss Helen," he added, in an undertone.

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ANNUAL MEETING
Justice Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Justice Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 30 DAY OF MAY, 1897.

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, May 1, 1897, at 12 o'clock M.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office: Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.



HOW gladly the Eastertide has been welcomed this year, the entire week being well filled with festive gatherings, which were of the most varied character. Among the earliest to celebrate were the Colonial Dames of the Sequoia Chapter, who enjoyed a breakfast at the Occidental Hotel on Monday in commemoration of "Lexington Day." In the evening the Mouday Night Club had their last dance of the season, which was well attended and altogether delightful. The athletic sports at the Presidio drew a large crowd of spectators on Monday, but the turn-out of society thereat on Tuesday was something quite remarkable, and several very pleasant little luncheon parties were given at the post. Mrs. W. D. O'Kane's pink dinner, which was a very elaborate affair, was given as an *adieu* to Peter Donahue, who left for the East on Thursday; and the *bal masque* in Oakland was a brilliant scene and a great success. Some of the costumes worn by the ladies were extremely handsome, and their wearers much admired. Wednesday was largely given over to Hymen, and on Thursday the Philomath Club gave a tea. Yesterday's gay doings included a tea at Mrs. Jewett's and one in Oakland at the residence of Miss Holt, who, with the Misses Kitteridge and Simmons, were the hostesses of the occasion.

The Eastertide is always a favorite time for weddings, and this year has proved no exception to the rule. On Monday, at noon, Miss Minnie Bradbury, of Los Angeles, and Isaac H. Polk were the bride and groom whose nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Father McSweeney at the residence of Mrs. Bradbury, on O'Farrell street. The decorations of the house were decidedly Easter in character, lilies and white roses being used in great profusion, with other sweet-scented blossoms. The bride's robe was of white satin and tulle, with trimmings of point lace; a wreath of orange blossoms and a sunburst of diamonds held the feecy tulle veil, which quite enveloped her pretty figure, and she carried a bouquet of white violets. Miss Laura Bradbury, who was one of the attendant maids, was gowned in white dotted muslin over a slip of yellow silk. The other bridesmaid, Miss Mary Vernon, wore a similar gown over green silk. Two pretty children, the Misses Marion and Louise Winston, officiated as flower bearers, and James Winston was the groom's best man. A dainty wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, and later Mr. and Mrs. Polk left town on their honeymoon trip, their destination being a profound secret.

In Oakland, Miss Alice Kimball and James Campbell, of Honolulu, were joined in marriage at the noon hour on Monday, in the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church, which was prettily decorated for the ceremony. Miss Helen Campbell appeared as maid-of-honor, and the Misses Georgia Emerson, Fanny Bently, Louie Pierce, and Daisy Kimball as bridesmaids. The Hawaiian Consul, Charles Wilder, supported the groom as his best man. After the church service a reception was held at the Kimball residence.

Alameda's wedding was an evening one at the First Unitarian Church, when Miss Gertrude Peck and Herbert Atherton Page were the bride and groom. Miss Maud Miller was maid-of-honor, the Misses Olita Lunt, Carrol Baldwin, Edith Brown, and Edna Gillis the other attendants of the bride. Willard Francis appeared as the groom's best man. A dancing reception followed at the home of the bride on Central avenue.

Another of Monday's weddings was performed at the residence of Archbishop Riordan, where the Rev. Father Mulligan united in marriage Miss Thama Dickenson and William K. Speed. It was a very quiet affair, the bride's family alone being present at the ceremony, and later the happy pair left for a honeymoon trip East. They expect to make California their future home when they return several months hence.

Wednesday was another popular day with the brides, to judge from the number who selected it for their nuptial ceremony. Among the day weddings were those of Miss Helen Sutro and Samuel Schwartz, Dr. Voorsanger performing the marriage service at the home of the bride's mother on Pine street; and of Miss Maud Alberger and Lieutenant E. J. Dorey, which was another home ceremony, taking place at the house of the bride on Pacific avenue, the Rev. Dr. Chetwood officiating. Those of the evening included that of Miss Minnie O'Neil to J. J. Baumgartner, and Miss Margaret Daily to Charles B. Tomson, who were united in marriage at the residence of Mrs. Harry Hunt on Geary street.

The Wednesday evening wedding of chiefest interest was that of Miss Mattie Whittier and W. B. Weir, of New York, which was solemnized in the Whittiers' handsome brown-stone mansion on Jackson street. It was a pink wedding, and the floral decorations, which were both profuse and beautiful, were chiefly of that tint. The bridal party was also an extremely pretty one. Miss Lottie Woods was the fair bride's maid-of-honor, the Misses Hattie Jackson, Harriet Griswold and Jessie Weir, the groom's sister, officiated as bridesmaids, George Danforth, of New York, appearing as the groom's best man. The ceremony was witnessed by comparatively a few relatives and most intimate friends only; but the reception, which followed later, was very large. It was in a hower of green palms, Bermuda lilies and white snowballs that the Rev. Dr. Church tied the nuptial knot, the bride wearing a robe of white satin elaborately trimmed with point lace, a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and her hand bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were gowned alike in pink tulle over pink silk, and they carried clusters of Bon Silené roses.

It would seem as though the Easter season is to be as prolific of engagements as of weddings from the way in which they are being announced. First on the list this week came two, of which the bride-elect of one and the groom-elect of the other are well-known residents of San Francisco. Miss Addie Mills, who will wed Chester Holcombe, a member of the Chinese Legation in Washington, was, after her debut, one of our belles during a couple of seasons in San Francisco society.

Joe Grant is one of the most popular young men of the swim, and his future bride, Miss Macleay, is not quite unknown in our social circles, having made several visits both here and at Burlingame during the past two years. It will be a disappointment, however, that neither wedding takes place in San Francisco, as that of Miss Mills will probably be at the home of her uncle, D. O. Mills, in New York, and of Miss Macleay at her home in Portland, Oregon.

Oakland contributes an announcement this week, also, Miss Lillian Mastick and Oliver Ellsworth being the interested parties, with the wedding to take place in the very near future. And from New York comes the news of the engagement of a former Oakland beau, who has for a couple of years past been a resident of Gotham. William H. Little is the groom-elect and Miss Anna Boelter of New York will be his bride. The date for the postponed marriage of Miss Belle McKenna and Peter Martin will no doubt soon be announced now, as it has been decided that the wedding shall take place in Washington city as soon as the family of Judge McKenna become settled there. The 2d of June is the day named for the wedding of Miss Quita Collier and Atherton Macondray.

The review which General Forsythe held at the Presidio last Saturday recalled the many similar turn-outs of troops during General McDowell's *regime* as Commanding General of this Department. He was particularly fond of showing foreign visitors of distinction what his boys in blue could do, and as a general thing the reviews at the Presidio were followed by a luncheon and a dance at Black Point (Fort Mason), where he and his family resided, at which the beauty and fashion of San Francisco participated. Among the visitors thus entertained were H. R. H. le Duc de Penthieve, Sir Arthur Keunedy, Governor of British Columbia; Earl Dufferin, the Governor-General of Canada; Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, whose entertainment at Black Point was in the form of a tea.

The Sandwich Islands promise to be a popular place to visit this year, judging from the number of folks whom 'tis said contemplate a voyage thither. Mr. Thomas Brown and his daughters, and Miss Leta Robinson, were the members of a party which sailed on the Australia last Thursday. That steamer on her recent arrival brought back quite a party of San Franciscans from their visit to the Islands, which they all declare was most delightful from first to last. Among the returners was Sam Boardman, greatly improved in health by the trip. Ed. Greenway has been taking in the beauties of the fiesta and the gaieties of Los Angeles this week. Miss Jennie Flood has gone East on a month's visit. Mrs. Webb Howard will soon be with us again, after a lengthy visit East and abroad. Mrs. Sherwood and her son Will, and A. B. McCreary, are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Among the affairs on the tapis for next week is the reception and tea to be given at the Nursery for Homeless Children, on Harrison street, on Wednesday, between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock; and on Friday evening the Entre Nous Club will give their last cotillion of the season in Maple Hall of the Palace. The "Gingerbread Fête," for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, which is to be an accomplished fact next month, is awakening much interest in the swim. The idea is new, and everything novel takes. It will be held at the Clark Crocker house, on Sutter street, and will last an entire week.

Among the notable wedding feasts of the week were those given on Wednesday last at the O'Neil residence, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Minnie O'Neil and J. J. Baumgartner; and at the residence of Colonel W. C. Alberger, when Miss Maud Alberger was married to Lieut. J. E. Dorey. The elegant dinners served were prepared by the well-known caterer, Max Abraham, of 428 Geary street.

The Country Club has made a new departure this year, whereby the members can take their wives and a few lady friends with them to enjoy the pleasures of life at their comfortable quarters for a few days in the middle of the week, reserving the "over Sunday" portion for their bachelor frolics.

Hotel El Monte, the favorite summer hostelry of Sausalito, will open for the season to-morrow, the 25th inst., under the management of J. E. Slinkey.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

RAILS on this road, we learn from Cosmos (Paris, February 6th) are laid for a distance of 8,000 kilometers (5,000 miles); the section of Western Siberia is ready for service, as well for freight as for passenger traffic, but the bridges over the Irtysh and the Obi are not yet finished. These rivers are crossed on the ice in winter and by means of ferry-boats in summer.

"The line from Cheliabinski to Ekaterinburg was opened in 1895, but with temporary wooden bridges that are now being replaced with iron ones. In Central Siberia only the short section from the Obi to Bolotna (about 75 miles) is in service; but that from Bolotna to Krasnoiarisk is almost finished, all bridges east of the Obi being built provisionally of wood. The iron bridge over the Yai is finished, but it will be at least a year before the 1,760 kilometers (1,094 miles) of line that crosses Central Siberia will be completed.

"Beyond Irkutsk, as far as Listvinitchna, the preliminary work has not been done. Nothing more than this has been accomplished in the basin of Lake Baikal, except an enormous embankment not yet finished.

"In the Amoor region, the preparatory work has been almost completed; in this region there is more than the average amount of difficulty, and it will be necessary to construct at least one long tunnel. In the Lower Ussuri, 400 kilometers (249 miles) of line have been built. This section extends from Vladivostok to Grafksa; and from this latter place to Juran it follows the bank of the Ussuri for about a dozen kilometers.

"In official circles it is believed that there will be uninterrupted communication by rail between St. Petersburg and Vladivostok by the beginning of the new century."—The Literary Digest.

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America and the Americans, from a French point of view. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1897.

The preface tells us that this clever little volume with the poster-ornamented cover is a transcription of the notes made by a Frenchman for the benefit and amusement of his sister during two visits to the United States. But, notwithstanding these prefatory statements, we are decidedly of the opinion that the book was written by an American horn and hred. Though the writer has some acquaintance with the French character, and makes many criticisms such as might well enough be made by a Frenchman, yet one feels that he is merely assuming a virtue, though he has it not. For, if he were really and truly a Frenchman, and writing for the delectation of his sister, living in France, he would write in French. But his hook is in English. "Ah!" but you say, "it has been translated. You know that M. Paul Blouet writes in French, and Madame Blouet translates for him into English." Quite so: but this hook bears none of the ear-marks of a translation; while it does bear clear marks of being an original work, written in a language native to the writer, who has merely fitted a pair of French spectacles on to his Yankee nose. Several phrases seem to us clearly American, and clearly not French: e. g., on page 18 we read of a party of four at a hotel, "two gentlemen and two ladies, the ladies *decolleté* (sic) to the point of emharrassment." Why not *decolletées*? On page 141 we read of the "holders of American securities in Europe literally *dumping* them hack upon the market here." Elsewhere we find "claim" used in the thoroughly American sense of "profess, declare, assert," and mention made of "a sandy *chin-whisker*"—an expression utterly unknown to a Frenchman. The book is full of sharp comments upon the society of New York, Boston and Chicago, upon class distinctions in the United States, upon children, and their manners (or their lack of them), the newspapers and many other matters. Perhaps one of the most amusing things in the book is the description of the "imp of infernal origin, who wends his way up and down the aisles of the railroad cars offering newspapers, magazines, fruit, chewing-gum, smelling-salts, cigars, candy, for sale, and shouting the while at the top of his lungs." The author professes himself unable to understand the continued existence of his "peripatetic fiend." The writer pays his respects to the traveler "who at one of the stopping-places, in seven minutes by a watch, ate two little bird-dishes full of raw oysters, four ham sandwiches, a large section of pie, which looked as though it were stuffed with insects—mince-pie they call it—and drank one glass of beer, and two bowls of *café au lait*, and then hurried to the train with two doughnuts and an apple." If the traveler swallowed the "two little bird-dishes" in addition to the oysters and all the other dainties, he certainly made a surprising meal. The author makes lots of fun of the "clubmen," the "society women," and the talk about "old families" in this new country. He certainly touches the right spot when he says that what is called "society" in the United States is a poor thing indeed compared to the society of Paris, London, Vienna or Rome. In those great cities you meet in society eminent men of every kind—soldiers, sailors, diplomatists, statesmen, painters, writers, physicians and explorers. In "society" in the United States you meet the wives, sons, and daughters of wealthy porkpackers, patent-pill-venders, and such like. You never see the men who are really making the country. At the great watering-places and "summer resorts," our author says, "the women make the laws, and the men put up with the manners of the women." The hook is lively and sparkling throughout, and satisfies us that the thorough knowledge and understanding of the United States which it exhibits could not have been acquired by a foreigner in the course of two visits. To feel sure that the hook is not the work of a Frenchman, one has only to turn to Max O'Rell's vivacious notes upon Jonathau and his continent, which

are genuinely and unmistakably Gallic. But, though the book is not what it professes to be, it is full of amusing and clever remarks, and decidedly interesting.

The Atlantic Monthly for last month contained a forcible plea by Irving Babbitt for the rational study of the classical languages of antiquity. Hitherto the tendency of American scholarship has been to become too minute, pedantic, and philological: the broad, humanizing, cultivating effect of the study of the great writers of Greece and Rome has been missed. The literature of Greece, especially, supplies the best antidotes to many of the most serious faults of American civilization: it teaches men to respect and honor the past, and strips them of the mischievous and grotesque idea that each decade represents a gain over the last decade. The first step the average American "has to take in the path of culture is to realize that movement is not necessarily progress, and that the advance in civilization cannot be measured by the increase in the number of eighteen-story buildings." But in order to render the study of the classics fruitful it is necessary that they should be taught by men of high and broad general culture, by men almost as familiar with modern literature as with that of the ancient world. The teacher should be able to show that human nature has at all times been essentially and fundamentally the same, harassed by the same doubts, tormented by the same anxieties, puzzled by the same mysteries. The Greek spirit, with its sweet reasonableness and never-failing sense of proportion, tends to counteract the most dangerous tendencies in American character, viz., the lack of the power of sustained and concentrated attention, the proneness to hysteria in religion, politics, and social economy, and the inclination to apply a purely materialistic standard to all the concerns of life. No man who has to any serious degree become imhued with the teachings of Plato and Aristotle can ever be inoculated with Bryanism, Bellamyism, Edenism, or any other of the intellectual dehaucheries and spiritual harlotries into which so many millions heedlessly plunge.

The Pall Mall Magazine (London) seems to us the handiwork of the monthly magazines. The paper is of the best, and the etchings, sketches, and reproductions of photographs are excellent. The April issue is of somewhat special interest to Californians, for the list of contents displays three names very well known to readers on the Pacific Coast—Geraldine Bonner, Horace Annesley Vachell, and the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Miss Bonner's story is entitled "The Strange Adventures of Joan Archer;" Mr. Vachell, whose "Quicksands of Pactolus" first appeared in the Overland Monthly, contributes "The Breaching of Sammy," while chapters 16 to 18 of Stevenson's last story, "St. Ives," are given. The sport of the month is "Trout Fishing," by the Hon. T. W. Legh, M. P. Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is in charge of the department headed "From a Cornish Window," a record of the personal impressions of a very genial and clever critic. "The Jubilee Cup," a poem of some thirty verses, by Mr. Quiller-Couch, is a delightful hit of irony on the "pieces" that professional (and alas! amateur) elocutionists are so fond of trying on us whenever we are so foolish as to permit them to do so: it has plenty of "go," and is really better "by a whole jugful" than many of the compositions it satirizes. A particularly well-illustrated article in the issue deals with Honiton lace, which is made in several small Devonshire towns, and derives its name from one of them.

The "popular" ten-cent periodicals have a strong family likeness: in almost every one of them we find articles on beautiful women, ambitious young actresses, and the bicycling mania. Of course, the wide prevalence of these features is largely to be explained by the fact that they are producers of revenue. For twenty dollars or so Miss Tiny Tintype may pose as the helle of Tinville, or Miss Gay Spanker as a brilliant tragedienne. For twice that sum you may have a half-page portrait and be called a "society leader" of Leadville, Colo. Who would refuse fame on terms so easy? The April Godey's contains all these indispensable features, and also well-illustrated articles on rose culture and the development of the reed-organ. In "The Bookery" are some remarks upon the mechanical, perfunctory, and professional humor of that dreary

and now happily defunct journalistic jester, Bill Nye. One phrase in this article puzzles us: "The antipodal Walter Pater." If this means an Australian philosopher, we may say that there is no Walter Pater in Australia, nor will there be for several centuries. Besides these matters the issue contains the usual fashion article and hints on the toilet.

The Sportsman's Magazine for April is a "fishing number," containing articles on angling in various regions for various kinds of fish. We also find the usual departments of amateur photography, current topics, and editorial notes. In the photographic department, reproductions of the pictures to which were awarded the prizes in the recent competition for flashlight studies are given, with comments upon them by "Professor." The entries for the next competition close on June 1st.

The International Magazine for April furnishes four articles translated from French magazines, three from German, two from Spanish, one from Dutch, and one from Italian. In addition to this, there is Chat from foreign journals, also notes on books, American travel, etc.

The Easter number of Life is full of interesting matter. Its pictorial features are unusually strong. There are various articles—humorous, satirical, and sentimental, and short sketches and poems in the best vein of Life's contributors.

Sickness Among Children

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York City.

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Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

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7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Novato,	10:40 AM	8:40 AM
3:30 PM	9:30 AM	Petaluma,	6:10 PM	10:25 AM
5:10 PM	5:00 PM	Santa Rosa.	7:35 PM	6:22 PM
7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Fulton, Windsor,	7:35 PM	10:25 AM
3:30 PM	Healdsburg,
7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Geyersville, Cloverdale	7:35 PM	6:22 PM
7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 PM	6:22 PM
7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Guerneville.	7:35 PM	10:25 AM
3:30 PM
7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Sonoma,	10:40 AM	8:40 AM
5:10 PM	5:00 PM	Glen Ellen.	6:10 PM	6:22 PM
7:30 AM	8:00 AM	Sebastopol.	10:40 AM	10:25 AM
3:30 PM	5:00 PM	6:10 PM	6:22 PM

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedoin Heights, Huliville, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Harris, Scotia, Eureka.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Polaris," at 2 P. M. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 2, 5, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st. S. F.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco
MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.
Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY--PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From April 18, 1897.	Arrive
*6:30 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	9:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Bonclin, Vacaville, Rumsay, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P
7:31 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Millton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	6:15 P
.....	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*10:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
1:30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	6:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
6:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6:00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK, FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO, and HAYWARDS. Runs through to Niles. From Niles	7:15 A
8:00 A		6:45 A
9:00 A		10:45 A
10:00 A		11:45 A
11:00 A		12:45 P
12:00 M		1:45 P
2:00 P		3:45 P
3:00 P		4:45 P
4:00 P		5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
7:00 P	7:45 P	
8:00 P	8:45 P	
9:00 P	10:50 P	
11:15 P	12:00 P	

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8)—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 3:00, *4:00, 5:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 12:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Tuesdays and Thursdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897
COPTIC	Thursday, June 17, 1897
GABLIC (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, July 7, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.
For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S. S. "Monowai," Thursday, April 29th, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australis," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, May 18th, at 2 P. M.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

INSURANCE

THE Aetna Indemnity Company, of Hartford, has been organized to do a surety and plate glass business. Percy T. Morgan, President of the California Wine Association of this city, is a stockholder in the recently organized National Surety Company of New York, and will probably be made a director.

Foreign home office figures of all insurance companies doing business in this State must be filed with the California Insurance Department before the first day of next month.

E. S. Rich & Co., of Denver, will hereafter manage the business of the Frankfort Marine Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Company, they having received the appointment from United States Managers Voss, Conrad & Co.

A. M. Smiley, of Denver, will do special work for the Thuringia Fire Insurance Company.

In all probability the action of the New Mexico Legislature, in compelling a deposit of \$10,000 from all foreign insurance companies, will have the effect of driving fire insurance companies from that State. The fire business in New Mexico has proven very unprofitable to the companies, and this hostile legislation will have a discouraging effect. Similar results are not improbable in Washington, owing to the recent hostile enactments of a Populist Legislature.

It is noticeable that as the business of the giant insurance companies in this State declines, that of the smaller companies together increases in volume. The battle for supremacy during the past five years between the three giants has been very expensive, the price paid for new business forcing the less wealthy companies to lie on their oars. A return to business principles has enabled the smaller companies to enter into competition on an equitable basis, and will result greatly to their advantage.

M. R. Higgins, the recently-appointed General Superintendent of the Mutual Life, enters upon the discharge of his duties on May 1st. He leaves on that date for a trip through the Eastern States, to appoint agents and otherwise supervise the business of his company.

General R. H. Magill, once prominent in the management of the Home Mutual Fire Insurance Company of this city, is said to have a new company under way in Alameda County, where, no doubt, under the privileges of the recently enacted County Mutual law, a profitable business could be done.

The Frankfort will deposit \$50,000 with Ohio, and enter that State for business.

P. B. Armstrong, the California fruit grower and ex-fire insurance man, is in New York, resisting the efforts of the Mutual Life, of that city, to change its name. Mr. Armstrong at one time controlled that company, and still holds an interest in it.

A company has just been organized in England to insure parents against twins; this is the natural sequence of the Old Maids' Insurance Company, which has been in successful existence in England for years.

The rate of compensation to agents in all cities on the Coast, excepting San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and Portland, has been fixed by the new compact at 15 per cent.; the rate for San Francisco 25 per cent. on preferred and 20 per cent. on ordinary business. Under the old compact Los Angeles, Sacramento and Stockton were also "excepted cities," with a higher rate to agents, and much dissatisfaction is expressed by them at the new apportionment.

Webb McNall, Superintendent of Insurance for Kansas, who ruled out the Mutual Life, New York Life, and Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Companies from that State for refusal to settle the Hillmon claim, which has been in the courts of that State for eighteen years, has been indicted by the Grand Jury for an attempt to obstruct the administration of justice.

There is a new experience and unexpected pleasure in store for the man who has not yet tasted Argonaut Whiskey. This is a drink fit for the gods and for men who know a superior article. Argonaut is the finest liquor made, and all connoisseurs endorse it. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are sole Pacific Coast agents.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1739.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,
413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.
No. 316 California et., S. F

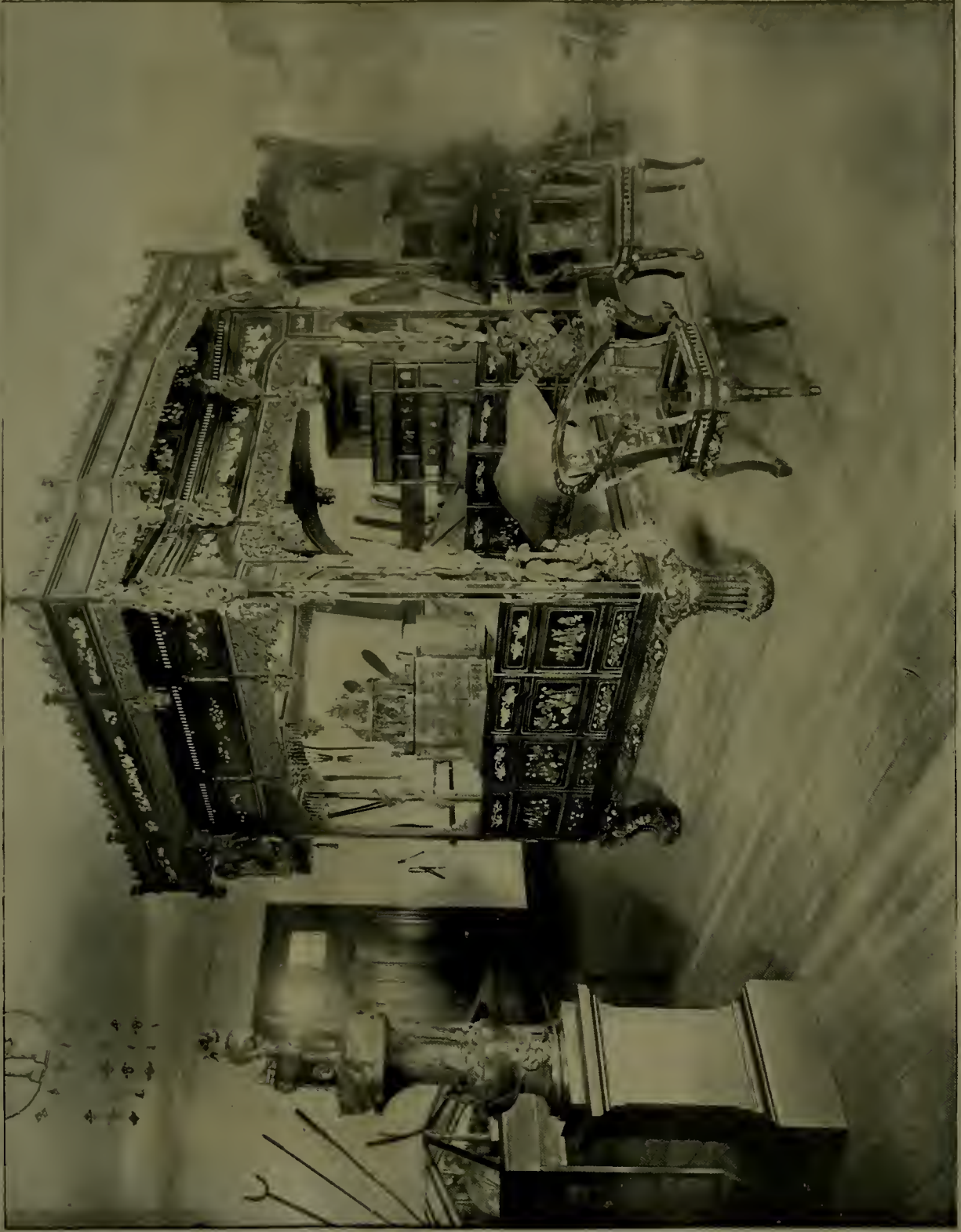
THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF ERFIEST, GERMANY.

Capital, \$3,250,000 Assets, \$10,984,248.
Pacific Coast Department: 214-205 SANSOME ST., S. F.
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States: J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.
A CARVED CHINESE BEDROOM SET: PROPERTY OF MRS. JANE STANFORD.

Taber Photo. S. F.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 1, 1897.

Number 18.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

SUPERVISOR Smith says he opposes improvements in the disreputable districts of this city. The Supervisor should make himself clear. Does he object to the completion of the City Hall?

IT is said that the ballot-box stuffer Sternberg, now serving a three-years' sentence at San Quentin, is trying to escape punishment through the sympathetic offices of the Board of Prison directors. Pardou is not for Sternberg, who deliberately debauched the ballot-box. He is now valuable as an example of the fact that election frauds in San Francisco are sometimes punished. That he was the instrument of others should count for nothing. His guilt was clearly proved, and pardon for such a man would be a monstrous outrage.

POLICE-CLERK Foley, of Department 2, Police Court of this city, has made himself the subject of investigation by the Grand Jury and the Board of Supervisors. It is alleged that Foley has been accepting bonds of straw, and that in consequence criminals who should be doing time go unwhipped of Justice. That straw bonds are popular in San Francisco is no news; but if Foley has been guilty, as now seems probable, he should be sent hunting a bond to keep his own precious hide outside the prison bars. And care should be taken that no straw bond need apply in his case.

SAMUEL J. Ruddell, Deputy Surveyor of this port, has been weighed in the official balance and found wanting. Ruddell was charged with being neglectful of his duty, and found guilty. He permitted forty-two Japanese to land at this port before they had been regularly examined by Dr. Jordan of the United States Quarantine Service; and now he is likely to lose his head and be compelled to work for his living. If Samuel had been as prompt in discharging his duties as he was in drawing his salary, he would have been entitled to honorable mention rather than dishonorable discharge.

JAKE RUDOLPH has twice within two years escaped San Quentin and found shelter at Stockton Insane Asylum instead, for attempting to commit murder in this city. His method is simplicity itself: He drinks whiskey, which makes him crazy, and when he is crazy he tries to kill people; is promptly sent to the asylum, where he recovers his reason and regains his liberty—and his pistol. This beautiful illustration of the applied perfection of human reason—which is the law—may be expected to continue until the whiskey is all gone, Rudolph dies of old age, or shoots all his enemies.

THE Chicago mechanics are growing restless, and the dispatches indicate that they are likely to strike for higher wages soon; and even the plumbers are thinking of further confiscation. It is time for labor to lift up its horny hand and grasp the throat of enterprise. The country is not yet beyond the depression of the past few years, but the indications of returning activity are quite enough to rouse the unions to ask for the profits on their employers' business, without sharing their uncertainties; and now we shall hear the blatant voice of the walking delegate, whose overworked jaw has had a few month's rest.

A GENERAL investigation of Police Court methods is promised by the Grand Jury and Supervisors. No one will doubt that there is enough legitimate material for fumigation about the City Hall to absorb all the disinfectants in town. The hope is expressed, however, that the work will be done and the dead buried before the arrival of Christian Endeavorers in July next.

MISS Harraden, the authoress, has written a story, "Hilda Stafford," whose plot is laid in Southern California. The writer literally roasts the country south of Tebachapi, and declares it to be unfit for the habitation of ladies. "Only men and animals should live there," says the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." Miss Harraden's ideas of good literary work are about as accurate as her knowledge of the country she describes.

THE proposal to give the \$3000 usually voted by the city for observation of the Fourth of July to the unemployed fund, now being expended in building a boulevard, is a good one. The money is worse than wasted in the celebration. These natal day jubiliations have degenerated into noise and bluster—into sound and fury, signifying nothing. They drive people with nerves out of the city; teach nothing grand, inculcate no permanent lesson. Parades, plumes, and politicians incite to more profanity than patriotism. If it can be done, let the laborer and the boulevard have the old flag and the appropriation.

SUPERINTENDENT Webster, of the public schools, is in favor of practical studies. He intimates plainly that too much attention is being paid to branches that are not useful to the average school boy or girl. He is right. Our children are taught all manner of nonsense, and their time is taken up with questions and studies that are never heard of outside the schoolrooms. There is such a thing as too much education—and San Francisco's taxpayers are getting it. Better go back toward the three R's of our forefathers; otherwise we shall soon require the services of an interpreter in order to communicate with our own children.

COMPLAINTS are made that there is unnecessary delay upon construction of the new Hall of Justice. It appears to be absolutely impossible to secure the attention, energy, and business ability on municipal work that goes begging for a chance to earn an honest dollar on private enterprises. The moment contractors come in contact with the city, complete metamorphosis ensues, business methods are thrown to the winds, and the systematic cinch of taxpayers begins. San Francisco has been a sufferer from delayed Justice in a hundred courts; and it would be little less than marvelous if the hall of the blind goddess should fare any better.

AT the Unitarian banquet at the Palace the other evening, Professor Joseph Le Conte, in the course of an address, uttered these prophetic words: "I call upon you, you cultivators of art and you teachers of religion, to hold up your end. Science wins because all scientific men work together. You must all work together. If you do not, and if you do not hold up your end, there will come such a landslide as the world has never yet seen." And the landslide is coming; for at that very moment the editor of the Occident, the Presbyterian organ in this city, was writing a blistering editorial, roasting before his time the Rev. Wm. Rader for intimating that eternal salvation does not depend upon the fable of Jonah and the whale!

CONSTANTINOPLE AS THE KEY.

MUCH has been written about Constantinople, and much remains to be written. It is to-day the Key to the European Situation. Let Russia possess it, and at once she becomes the mistress of the world. The greatest naval and military authorities of the century have held it to be the best site on Earth for a great dominating centre, which, in a sense, might become a world's capital. Its possession gives control of the Mediterranean and largely of Southern Europe, Northern Africa, and South Eastern Asia. To prevent that prize falling into the hands of any one dangerous power, we have the policy of the "Concert of Europe," and with it the maintenance of the "sick man," too feeble to take advantage of the centre of power he possesses. If that can be maintained as a certain, fixed and governing policy, the peace of Europe must continue to be kept, and, out of some evil, not a little good must arise. But it requires great good faith among the contracting powers for their agreement to be strictly kept. It is doubtful if there be more than an ounce of sincerity in the whole of the powers in the concert, and that ounce is to be found in the warm hearts of the people of France and Italy on this subject, who abhor even the appearance of maintaining the unspeakable Turk. They, regardless of personal profit, or gain, would drive him into Asia bag and baggage, and in short order, but they cannot do it alone. Russia and the German Emperor, strange to say, are for keeping the sick man where he is, until they are ready to divide his effects. England, at heart, is with France and Italy, but, whilst protesting against the course of the two Kaisers, takes care not to diplomatically break with them. The exact why and wherefore of all this, the blue books in due time will disclose, but allowance is being made for the delays of diplomacy, and for posing for position, but the great heart of England is as sure as to where Salisbury will ultimately stand, as it is of any known fact in life. It is certain that the war is now on, and that it will not be declared "off" in a hurry. The longer it lasts, and the wider it spreads among the people, the greater the certainty that it will become "the great war" that has so long been dreaded. Kings and Emperors do not always make hattles, any more than they fight them. The spirit of the age and of the people, have now practically the initiative. Neither Salisbury, nor the President nor the King of Italy combined, could make war in favor of the Turk at present. Their people would simply take hold of the reins of power and drive over to the other camp.

The diplomats keep a keen eye upon Constantinople as the key of the situation, and the ultimate prize to be fought for. The people for the time being, are for flesh and blood, kith and kin, the preservation of the earliest center of the arts and mid culture, and for the christian faith of the Armenians as against the hutchery of the wretched master of the Harem. It is idle for the two tainted sons of Russia and Germany to think of staying the tide which is stirred by such issues as these. Let these "two youthful despots," as Mr. Gladstone calls them, order as they may, civilization is against them, and, in the end, the triumph will be for truth and justice, against which they are warring. A power has arisen greater, higher, better far than that of autocratic rulers. A press with a conscience, combined with a telegraph that does not fear to transmit the news; bring the people together, cultivate their thoughts, unify their minds and raise them to a standard that will not permit the world's greatest revolution to turn back upon itself. We see how this is in the present prompt change of allies in Europe. France no longer goes wild over the mere prospects of an alliance with Russia. England takes no interest in whether the Czar visits Edinburgh, or stops at home, and Emperor Williams pops in upon the sick man, gives him a dose of courage, and then hastily departs, nobody caring why or wherefore. But let three Parliaments talk, and some seven or eight newspapers thunder, and the world is all attention at once. The listening to these powers of moral force is the way that decisive wars are brought on these times. Kinglake in the opening volumes of his history of the Crimean war, tells the story as perhaps no other man ever told it. It is a good book to read at this juncture. It tells of the same

issues as those now uppermost, and demonstrates Russia's aims and ends from the beginning. What he shrewdly guessed, is now clearly apparent. Use Turkey as an earth-work to fight behind; when she is exhausted, step forward and secure the plunder. That is the programme. It means first the crushing of the christians, because they are liable to give trouble in the final settlement. Will such a game succeed? We think not. The temper of the world is against it.

**The Progress
of the War.**

The tug-of-war between the Turks and Greeks is located partly in Macedonia, which was declared a neutral zone by the Berlin Conference, and partly in Thessaly, which is undoubted Greek territory. During the passage from Macedonia into Thessaly the Turks are reported to have had the best of it, although the Greeks fought most valiantly, contesting almost every point of advantage. The native population were not as well organized as was hoped, but since Thessaly has been reached and become the scene of operations, the Greeks have given the Turks a far different reception, and have generally heated them gloriously. If the war could be confined to that particular region, and it is said to be the intention of the European concert to prevent its spreading any further, it is almost beyond a doubt that Greece would much more than hold her own. But there is talk of the Dardanelles being passed and Constantinople entered, and if matters once proceed that far, the general war is on, and no man may predict the end. The war spirit is up, and blood is in the eye throughout South and South-eastern Europe. Men are massing together everywhere, hegging for leaders, ammunition and organization. When 20,000 imperfectly organized Macedonians fall in a day, and are still as eager as ever for the fray, there can be no doubt about the blood being up, and the dogs of war being loose in dead earnest. The navy of Greece, small as it is, is showing wonderful efficiency. The Balkan provinces are still to be heard from, and sympathy for the Greeks is liable to break out in several different quarters. The Roumanian Government is plainly strengthening her credit and her armies, and talking fight against Turkey. The rage and discontent of the Greek populace because of the failure of their arms, and the formation of a new Cabinet by King George, make the future still more dubious. Rumors of peace and European intervention are not to be trusted. From latest information the contest will not be prolonged; but the whole truth as to this question has not yet appeared, and prognostication as to the future must be subject to constant revision or total change.

**Grant's Final
Resting-Place.**

The remains of the great American General were placed in their final resting-place on the bank of the Hudson last Tuesday, in the midst of a demonstration such as has rarely been witnessed in any land. Soldiers, citizens, statesmen, diplomats, Americans and foreigners, paid reverent respect to the memory and name of Grant. The impressive ceremonies were made the occasion of a spontaneous outburst of affection for the dead General that can leave no doubt as to the place held by the hero of Appomattox and Shiloh in the heart of the nation. A third of a century has elapsed since these stirring epochs in the world's greatest struggle transpired; but the deeds and their chief actor are fresh in the memory of the people, whose estimate of their import and regard for the great Captain found expression on last Tuesday.

During his life General Grant was accorded the highest honors that have ever been conferred on an American citizen. In his journey around the world he received one continual ovation, and was hailed by the crowned heads of the earth with entertainments and honors without parallel. Time has revealed in brighter light the services rendered to his country by General Grant, and has made his place in the history of the nation and the world more secure. Those qualities of character that made him great on the battlefield and in the councils of the nation shone out as he neared the end of life in touching splendor. As a citizen, a statesman and a soldier, he filled up the full measure of all, and he will forever hold a place in the hearts of the people of the nation as a patriot and a hero.

Pure Foods Congress. If one may determine from the number and earnestness of the delegates attending the Pure Foods Congress now being held at

Pioneer Hall in this city, adulterations of food products have received a body blow in this State from which they are not likely to recover. The interest taken in this first meeting shows clearly that the public is thoroughly aroused, and that hereafter the question will be one of quality rather than quantity. The vigorous attack that was made upon all adulterations of articles of food by the San Francisco Board of Health is shown by this congress in the interest of healthy, honest goods to have been timely. The abuse has grown rapidly in recent years, and if it had not been met by drastic measures for eradication, would in a short time have driven pure foods entirely out of the market. The arguments made by the local manufacturers of adulterated goods, that they were forced to resort to these extremes to meet Eastern competition in similar products, is fallacious and vicious. Prompt and vigorous exposure of imported trash would have made a complete and abundant protection. The adulterations were made so perfectly that nothing short of chemical analysis and expert testimony could prove their character. In taste, color, and general appearance the good stood no higher than the half bad or wholly fraudulent. Their effect upon health is quite another and more serious matter.

Of all States in the Union, California has the least right to indulge in such business. The prolific soil, quality and quantity of crops, and the cost of labor remove the necessity—waiving the question of integrity—of resorting to such methods. Competition from the East could prove to be only a temporary embarrassment. The moment that the tests of purity were applied, the sale of Eastern trash would have been stopped. The proof that California goods were pure would have endorsed them in the larger markets of the world, and have forced an honest competition.

The Pure Foods Congress carries with it the weight of the State's name; and in its moral effect lifts the issue out of the circle of mere locality and stamps it with the endorsement of the commonwealth. It will carry into the different parts of California something of the interest existing in San Francisco, and will stimulate and make general the sentiment and action which had their birth in the Board of Health of this city. In their native state the qualities of California fruits are second to none in the world; they should lose nothing of their excellence, no matter what form they take, in reaching the table of the consumer. This fact once known and applied, an immeasurable service will have been accomplished.

The Poster Nuisance. The NEWS LETTER has frequently called attention to the outrageous abuse of privileges by the various bill-posting companies in this city. There is no limit to their greed or care for appearances. They began by erecting modest advertising walls along the streets wherever they could secure permission from the owners; but as competition increased and available spaces were occupied, the bill-posters began building their fences higher, until at the present time there are many places where these frail and dangerous walls are fully twenty feet in the air. The city begins to present the appearance of one vast bill board. These poster advertisements disfigure every residence portion of the city, shutting out the view and interfering with adjoining property. They are a nuisance, in the first place, and in many instances a serious menace to life and limb in the second. They glare on every street, and obtrude themselves upon the helpless view from every point of the compass. Erected in the cheapest manner possible, the walls are liable to be torn from their insecure fastenings by the high wind and thrown upon passing pedestrians or vehicles. That some such accident has not already occurred is due to good fortune alone. The Supervisors have taken up this nuisance at the request of the Merchants' Association. It is a matter of considerable importance, and it is to be hoped that it will receive serious attention. Fece advertising should be restricted to a safe height; and some consideration should be given to this imposition from the standpoint of ordinary municipal pride in the general appearance of the city.

The Woman's Congress. The Woman's Congress, just closing an interesting session in this city, has become the very glass of fashion and mould

of form in the eyes of sensible men for all future conclaves at which the female presence may be profitably invoked. The woman of this Congress has not taken hold with a masculine grip and strident voice the male person at scruff of neck and seat of trousers; she has not proclaimed that man is a tyrant and lovely and lowly woman his slave; she has not intimated that there awaits her in the field of politics and at the ballot box the conquest of a world and the regeneration of a race. She has not turned her back upon the kitchen furniture nor scorned the care of her offspring as beneath her ambitious notice. The harness of the Amazon has not once clanked grimly upon the scene, neither have ideas arrayed in bloomers and short hair, and armed with claws, charged down the stage in a mad tilt against the sweetness and modesty of woman's character. The Congress, with rare good judgment, has turned away from the clamorous host whose plaint of political inequality and personal wrongs, have divorced them from the gentler attributes, and has shown the way where the worth of woman and the grace of her mind really lead the world and best adorn the field of human advancement.

The Congress has discussed the subject of education, in its practical application to the young, and has taken up and intelligently treated the questions of manual training and their relation to the requirements and conditions of to-day. The essays have largely covered the entire sphere of woman in the struggle for permanent progress, and have borne a direct and pertinent relation to the environments of the present. The organization of the "California Home and Child Study Association" is one of the prominent accomplishments of the Woman's Congress; and its title indicates admirably the spirit and character of the gathering. The mothers and the teachers of California are facing in a direction of promise, and a field of limitless possibilities and expansion. This gathering of California women obtained an added strength from the presence of men prominent in educational, religious and business matters. It has accomplished much, and its influence will be wholesome and lasting.

Wheelmen. It is time now for the bicyclists of the city **Attention!** to speak out in a body, and by their prompt assistance assure the completion of the Balboa boulevard upon the lines originally intended. The grading is almost done; the asphaltum surface alone is necessary to make the long stretch of road a permanent source of pleasure and recreation to the fifteen thousand wheelmen in San Francisco. The merchants who have liberally contributed to the fund have done so because of a pride in the work and in answer to the call of charity. But every man, woman, or child who rides a wheel has a personal interest in the boulevard; for they will, as a class, be the first to enjoy it. It will become a daily highway for every one who can get out, for the road is designed on ideal plans for the bicycle. The grade on the first two miles beyond the Park and to the highest point on the boulevard, is not great, and once at the top there follow three miles of beautiful descent to the beach, where the rider need never touch foot to pedal. The smooth asphaltum surface is absolutely necessary to the purpose of the wheelman, and now it is the time for him to come forward. If each rider in the city should give but one dollar to this fund, the committee would have abundant money to complete the boulevard in first-class shape. Horses and carriages can get along without much care as to the surface of the roads, but the wheelman must have smooth highways if he would enjoy his outing. The finish is in sight; there is no time to waste. If the boulevard is to be completed to the liking and pleasure of the army of wheelmen in San Francisco, the contributions must come in promptly. Let every man who knows the delights of the bicycle put his foot to the pedal and help out this work. The club officials should take the matter up at once, bring it to the attention of their members, and urge them to contribute one dollar each. The unattached riders, of whom there are thousands, should immediately send their subscriptions to Daniel Meyer, at 214 Pine street. Let the wheelmen be heard from now.

Federal Authorities Major H. A. Moore, special agent
After the Traffic at this port of the U. S. Treasury
In Chinese Women. Department, promises to root out
 the shameful curse of importing

Chinese women for evil purposes. The present traffic amounts to about three hundred per year, and never before has it been known to be so low. We know whereof we speak when we say that it has been the fruitful field of official corruption, the cause of the fights between the rival tongs, and the source of evils unmentionable to white girls. The new Chinese Minister has been taken into confidence, and professes to be shocked at what he has seen and learned. Like many of his predecessors, he will probably not long remember the shock. Secretary Gage is reported to have "received representations from certain of the missionary societies, who, however, have not supplied him with evidence of sufficient weight to justify a resort to drastic measures." No, and they never will. Their principal work consists of maintaining certain homes for these people, which are paid for chiefly by New England philanthropists, with more heart than head. These homes kidnap the Chinese slaves, and then marry (that is sell) them to other Mongolians at low prices, and, of course, where the differences goes may be imagined. We have had occasion to learn of some very bare-faced tricks in this connection. The missionary business of "house to house visitation" by young white women, has produced a thousand times more evils than the whole hand of missionaries have done good. This is easily susceptible of proof. It is at least doubtful whether the missionaries can claim the conversion of a single Mongolian, whereas it is too painfully easy of proof that Chinamen have captured women of the white race, and from among the missionary fold. The matured ladies, of most excellent intentions, who undertake to meet once a month to look into the management of the homes, are deluded and deceived by many of those whom they trust, and the Chinese habits of lying and deceit prevail, rather than the true, frank, honest utterances of a Christian home. Chinese exclusion has not yet reached its obvious and necessary limit. Their permanent abode must be without the city, and ways and means can be found to accomplish this. Major Moore need not look far afield for useful information.

The Yukon Country. It appears that the United States has a new mining region on its hands but in such an inaccessible location, that it is difficult to tell how to reach and work it. The Yukon country has been known to be of exceeding great promise ever since it came into the possession of the United States. In 1867 a strong party were sent out to explore the country by a company that intended to connect the United States with Siberia by means of a telegraph cable, via British Columbia, Alaska, and Bering Straits. The company started out big with promises but soon fell through for lack of capital. The members of the exploring party were all able men and one of them, Mr. Fred Whympier, subsequently became a member of the NEWS LETTER staff. He was the artist of the party and published the first valuable and detailed report of the Yukon. It remains to this day the fullest and most authoritative work in regard to that region. The Yukon was explored to a considerable distance and valuable facts put on permanent record. Mr. Whympier was strong in the faith that it would ultimately be found to be a vast and valuable gold region. His opinions are now being justified to the letter. From recent press despatches, by way of Portland, we learn that discoveries have been made in the Clondyke district of the Yukon, that promise a repetition of the great mining districts of California and Australia. Gentlemen well known in Portland have just arrived from the new gold field and give particulars that are really astonishing. One pan of dirt taken from a crevice in the bed rock actually yielded \$293. On the Rhodes claim the pay dirt at the surface runs an average of \$2.47 per ton and at the bed rock at an average of \$4.90. The depth from the surface to bottom is an average of nine feet. If there be much country like that, and we are told there is, it must be an almost incomparable gold field. With the severity of the winters, the difficulty of transit and the uncongeniality of the place generally, it will be a hard locality to mine, but American pluck and energy will "get there."

The Kind of Citizens
Who are Unworthy
Of Protection.

We are all, of course, in favor of "protecting" *bona-fide* American citizens who are ready to fight for their own flag, and, in order to be able to do that, are mindful not to imperil their lives by fighting for another. A dead soldier is of little use to the United States. We want live men, and the more of them the better. When a man joins a foreign army, whether it be rebellious or regular, he has cast aside his American citizenship, and should, as a soldier of fortune, abide whatever betides him. We have more than once stamped and raved, and threatened Spain with war, and all because soldiers of that sort have lost in the chances of battle. We may be sorry for the man, and may even use our good influences on the side of mercy, but beyond that we have no more right to dictate than when an American in a foreign land has disobeyed its laws by fighting a duel. A few days ago we were ready to rush to arms if Spain did not at once release Sanquilly. He was reluctantly released by reason of our pressure. He swore not again to give aid or comfort to the rebellion. Yet within three or four days he was captured on board of a filibuster attempting to land troops and munitions of war for use against the Government that had so lately pardoned him. This places our Government in a plight that our best citizens must regret. It ought to put the jingoes to shame. And it may be remembered that while the Spanish war vessels were taking part in the splendid exercises at Grant's tomb, a big filibustering party was just clearing the Atlantic coast with arms and recruits for the cause of "Cuba libre."

Panama and Nicaragua. The publication of an article in an Eastern magazine by Cyrus Adams goes far to show that the French are slowly but surely pushing the Panama Canal to completion. The prominence given a year or two ago to Nicaragua has served as a stimulus to the Panama concern, and, in well-informed quarters, was intended to subserve that very purpose, and at the same time to give the American people a little scare over the prospect of an isthmian canal under the control of a foreign power. But if France has the money and the will to finish her big ditch, why not let her do it? If France can build a canal at Panama, let her build it. When completed, our people will take good care that it is not used to our disadvantage. We shall have our money, too, and France will have the experience. We observe that England never objects to the building of such works by other powers at great expenditure of resources. When the canal is dug, however, she uses it more than any other nation, and gets the most benefit from it. She waits to see what dividend it earns, and then buys up the stock at its earning capacity. France ardently desires the honor of being the great canal builder. She has achieved much, and has spent a great deal of money, and is still pegging away, notwithstanding her losses. Why not let her have the glory she seeks? It will please her and hurt nobody else.

The Gold Commission. President McKinley has kept faith with the platform, and appointed the delegates who are to represent bimetalism in Europe. That was the programme of the Republican party at the late election. It was taken as a joke then, and puts on no other appearance now that it has taken on official form. It is not taken as a serious proposal by any of the great powers. Russia has just announced that her resolve to go to the single gold standard is not to be changed. Germany declares that she will make no move unless England does. Japan is, by the payment of the Chinese war indemnity, enabled to go to a gold basis, and very jubilant she is about it. England, as a great gold producer, sees nothing but loss in her falling in love with the white metal, besides pretty nearly all the gold there is in the world is either hers, or due to her. Where we are to find 50-cent dollar allies does not anywhere appear. Our delegates will go to Europe, be treated hospitably, talked to nicely, and come home wiser but not more outspoken statesmen. The subject will then be dropped. Simply that and nothing more. Silver may give trouble in the Senate for some time to come, but it will hardly be heard of elsewhere until 1900.

GRANT'S MEMORABLE VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE dedication of the Grant Memorial, and the consequent ceremonies which took place in New York this week, recall the arrival in San Francisco of General Grant after his tour around the world, which with its *rites* and the honors bestowed upon the hero in every country which he visited, resembled more closely a triumphal march than the ordinary pleasure trip of a private citizen of the United States as it was supposed to be; so a brief *resumé* of the main incidents of his visit here may prove interesting.

Seldom has San Francisco been seen in such gala attire as its streets presented for the welcome of General Grant on his homecoming. Committees of various kinds had been hard at work for days before, and most thoroughly did they carry out the work assigned them. Among others were Mayor A. J. Bryant—who was chairman of the executive committee—Colonel Sam Mayer looked after the music, Governor F. F. Low had charge of the finances, and of the ex-confederate soldiers J. C. Maynard was chairman.

The steamer *Tokio*, which brought the honored guest, was looked for on Wednesday, the 17th of September 1879, but it was not until twenty minutes past three p. m., on Saturday, September 20th that eleven strokes from the fire-alarm bell—the signal agreed upon—gave notice that the long expected *Tokio* with the conquering hero, General U. S. Grant, on board, was off the Golden Gate.

The bay was fairly alive with excursion steamers, tugs, yachts, and craft of all kinds going out to meet the incoming ship; the steamer *China*, gay with hunting from stem to stern had on board at least three thousand people, the *Humboldt*, *St. Paul*, *Ancon*, *George W. Elder*, and *Parthenius*, being also crowded with guests. The *Millen Griffith* carried among others, U. S. Grant Jr., Frank Pixley, General J. F. Miller, and ex-Senator Cole of the invitation committee; the receiving committee were on the *St. Paul*; the Government steamer *McPherson* carried General McDowell and staff.

At 5:40 the first gun of welcome was fired from Fort Point; then followed salutes from Angel Island, Alcatraz, the Presidio and Black Point, the smoke effectually hazing the incoming vessel as well as the fleet that accompanied it, the increasing darkness clouding the hopes of all who had spent hours waiting to view the water pageant, in vain. It was amid a din of steam whistles, clanging of bells, music, and explosion of gunpowder that at half past seven General Grant set foot upon his native land again, and as he came down the gang plank, arm in arm with General J. F. Miller, was received by Mayor Bryant, Governor Irwin and staff, the Board of Supervisors, etc.

After an address of welcome by the Mayor, and a brief response by General Grant, he and General Miller entered a barouche drawn by six bay horses, which was followed by another carriage drawn by four horses, in which were seated Mrs. Grant, U. S. Grant Jr., and Frank Pixley, chairman of the Marine parade. Behind these came other carriages conveying General McDowell, Governor Irwin, the Foreign Consuls, Supreme Court Judges, State Officials, Army and Naval Commanders, etc. The rest of the procession consisted of a grand turn out of all the federal and State military, Board of Supervisors, Fire Department, Foreign military Companies, Clubs, Musical Societies, etc., it requiring one and a quarter hours for it to pass a given point.

Grand Marshall W. L. Elliott, wore a yellow sash; Chief of staff, Colonel A. W. Preston, a crimson sash; Chief Aides Major Smiley and Colonel Stuart Taylor wore blue sashes; the other aides, some fifty in number, had on white sashes.

The line of march was up Market to Montgomery, to Montgomery avenue, to Kearny, to Market, to Sixth, and back Market to the Palace Hotel, where their rooms, beautifully decorated with choicest flowers, were ready for the party. The court yard of the Palace presented a brilliant appearance, with its bright illuminations; and every balcony from the ground to the roof packed with an enthusiastic crowd of ladies and gentlemen. A chorus of voices from the second balcony sang, "Lo He Comes Triumphant," as the General alighted from his carriage. Later, General Grant appeared for a moment on the first

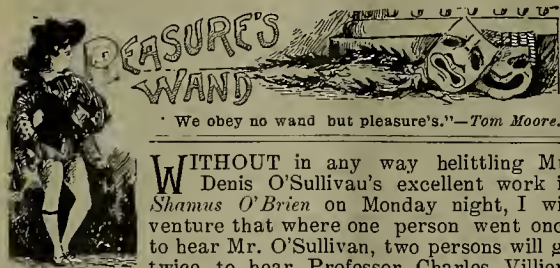
floor balcony, and bowed his thanks to the cheering which greeted him.

During the period of their stay in San Francisco, General and Mrs. Grant had little time for rest. Sunday morning was passed at the Palace receiving calls from friends; in the afternoon the General drove to the Park and Cliff House with Mayor Bryant, taking in Chinatown on their return. Monday evening General Grant and party witnessed the *Color Guard* at the California Theatre; and on Tuesday he and Mrs. Grant were guests of honor at a reception at the City Hall, and in the evening they were present at a ball given at the Pavilion for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the Police Department. On Wednesday General McDowell gave a reception in their honor at Black Point, when Mrs. McDowell and Mrs. Grant were assisted by Mrs. F. F. Low and Mrs. D. O. Mills; and the Baldwin Theatre was visited in the evening. On Thursday Oakland was the objective point, and in the evening the party was present at a masquerade ball got up for their entertainment by Colonel A. A. Andrews at the Pavilion. On Friday a special train conveyed the party to San Jose to attend the Fair of the Santa Clara Agriculture Society, where they were the guests of Mayor Archer. On Saturday the Stock Exchange gave General Grant a reception in the morning, and in the evening he and Mrs. Grant heard *Pinafore* sung by Emelie Melville and Company at the California Theatre, after which he attended a camp-fire meeting of the Veterans at the Pavilion.

On Monday General and Mrs. Grant dined with Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills at Milbrae; and on Tuesday, October 1st, they left town for the Yosemite, the party including, among others, Miss Flora Sharon, Miss Dora Miller, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Nellie McDowell, U. S. Grant Jr., and John Russel Young. It was after the return of General and Mrs. Grant from Yosemite that Senator Sharon gave the famous "Grant hall," at Belmont, on the 8th of October, a special train conveying the guests from town, the General and his party having gone down there the day before to rest. They returned to town the day after the hall, when the merchants of the city gave them a reception in the Chamber of Commerce, when M. P. Jones, James de Fremery, W. F. Whittier, and J. C. Patrick were the special committee of reception. Governor-elect George C. Perkins delivered the address of welcome, and General Grant's response to it was received with rounds of cheers.

A large party, which included ex-Governor Low and wife, Fred Crocker, General Miller, wife and daughter, Miss Flood, Hon. A. A. Sargent, Louis Sloss, J. P. Hoge, Captain Hasbrouck, and George W. Dent, accompanied General and Mrs. Grant to Oregon, sailing on the *St. Paul* on the 10th of October. They returned on the 21st, and the same evening were present at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker.

The 22d of October included a reception at Mills Seminary, a visit to the Oakland race track, and in the evening a banquet at the Palace Hotel at which two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen were seated. The invitation cards bore the monogram, "U. S. G." interwoven with a vine of laurel and the names of the executive committee—A. J. Bryant, Charles Crocker, W. M. Bunker, Charles Kohler, R. P. Hammond, Charles Main, J. P. Jackson, D. F. Verdenal, George Hewston, Colonel W. E. McArthur. General Grant was seated between General Miller and Mayor Bryant, the latter acting as toast-master on the conclusion of the feast. The first toast offered was "Our honored guest," to which General Grant responded at some length, in which he expressed his gratitude for the hospitality and cordiality with which he had been received, and that while it had been a quarter of a century since his last visit, he hoped it would not be another quarter before he came again. The other toasts were: "California, the Golden State," responded to by Horace Davis; "San Francisco," F. F. Low; "The Press," M. D. Boruck; "The South," Colonel Stuart Taylor; "Nevada," Senator Sharon; "The American Bar," J. McM. Shafter; "Our Volunteers," A. A. Sargent. At eleven o'clock the "Exempt Firemen," with a band of music, arrived to escort the city's distinguished guest to Oakland, where General Grant and his party took the train for Virginia City, en route East—this time never to return.



WITHOUT in any way belittling Mr. Denis O'Sullivan's excellent work in *Shamus O'Brien* on Monday night, I will venture that where one person went once to hear Mr. O'Sullivan, two persons will go twice to hear Professor Charles Villiers

Stanford's Irish opera. For *Shamus O'Brien* is an absorbing work. It has the two-fold value of appealing to the appreciation of the laic listener and to the respect of the musician. It gives color, circumstance and romantic reality to a type of Irish melodrama that even Irishmen have come to regard as stale entertainment.

When I first read through the book and score, I thought that Professor Stanford had builded his music on an infernally cheap text; when I saw *Shamus O'Brien* acted I changed my mind. The triteness of the characters, the obviousness of the situations, the time-worn greenness of the whole hook are the very body of Stanford's themes; for the themes are typically Irish, the essence of that trustful, traditional Ireland familiarized by the Irish drama. I cannot but regret that Mr. George H. Jessup did not get an occasional good joke into his hook. If Professor Stanford's academicism did not shy at the bad jokes, surely it could have stood a few good ones. Besides, Mr. Jessup was no slouch of a humorist in the old days when he wrote for the NEWS LETTER, and it is sad to think of him now with the fun running out just so soon as fortune runs in.

But *Shamus* does not depend much on its fun; the comedic element is purely incidental to extraneous moods of the opera, and it flags perceptibly only in the spoken lines. The real value of Mr. Jessup's hook lies in its admirable proportions, cumulative skill, the swift address with which it fits the music to the action and the action to the word. There is such thorough inter-blending of composer and librettist that, except in the spoken lines, one never considers the two apart. Anyway, a librettist's lot is not a happy one. Harry Smith says with as much truth as wit: "If an opera is a failure, everybody says, 'What a stupid hook!' If it is a success, 'What clever music!'"

* * *

The music of *Shamus O'Brien* finds the real spirit of Irish defiance. It celebrates the ascendancy of the Irishman's pulse over his reason; it flings the jeer in the teeth of death; and in the hopeful, superstitious background it sounds the harbinger of death—the banshee. The opera is candidly melodious; the melody runs in stirring Irish meter, but it is written in the modern idiom with tense, dramatic scoring for the orchestra, so that even in the most detached melodic bits you feel the onward sweep of the drama. It is this oneness of the work, the suspense it excites from the rattling opening of the prelude until the final crash of that oft-used phrase, "Listen to *Shamus!*" that stamps the power of the music. It is a melodrama boldly told; and throughout its three acts it has that compact excitement which heretofore has been monopolized by such one-act composers as Leoncavallo, Mascagni, and Massenet.

Of course all this means Wagnerism, more or less. All new music seems to mean that now; the new composers either revel in the power of speech that Bayreuth has taught man is in him, if he will only give it free expression, or else they fly to the other extreme of lyric absurdity. There is no pre-Wagnerian music being written today; it is either Wagnerian or anti-Wagnerian.

Professor Stanford, who is at heart essentially a classicalist, the director of the Bach Society in London, and heaven knows how many academic things, is possibly the last man in the world from whom a new opera with new life, new light, and new color was to be expected; and possibly he never would have given it to us if he had not gone to a new field—old enough in itself, mind! old in farce-comical comic opera and all sorts of ballad mélanges, but absolutely new for the new method of exploiting it. And

this was where the familiar story and the familiar heat of Irish rhythm were the accessories of genius: they made the characters unmistakable, the colors unmistakable. Stanford had but to dip his pen in the green ink, forget that there had ever been such musicianettes as drawing-room and houdoir opera builders, and write in the new tongue to the limit of his invention. A bigger man might have made a bigger opera of it, but *Shamus O'Brien* is not to be sneezed at for a generation at least. It is the best operatic work that has come out of England in many a day. In fact, it is the only recent English work in the romantic or comic class that has not turned out to be a comic oratorio or a musical farce.

* * *

When a man does as much as Stanford has done with this Irish subject, it is only human nature to ask, Couldn't he have done more? I doubt if Stanford could have gone in much deeper without imperiling the popular value of his work; for, even viewed from the most fastidious modern standpoint, the only thing he did not do was to build up a counterdistinction for every one of the characters, and exploit the leit motif to a more generous extent. *Shamus* has a character value of his own; Trevor, the British officer, is moderately removed from the Celtic taint; Mike, the informer, is villainized in a deliciously grotesque vein, and Nora and Kitty are given unmistakable moods, if, indeed, they have no striking musical personalities. Sure, it is hard enough to criticise a composer for what he has written without bothering with what he has not. And no one can write a comparative review of this Irish opera without fetching the comparisons a long way from posterity—for *Shamus* is an ancestor.

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I do not know whether or no the orchestration was "contracted" to fit the modest dimensions of the Tivoli band. To me it sounds full and satisfying, and is a lesson in structural symmetry. I am glad to say that in it there is not a single instance of freak instrumentation—no hardware or firecracker effects. Professor Stanford focuses attention to the stage. The play is the thing; the story is in the songs, in the action, in the people. The shifts of color, the commemorative voices, the harmonic sympathy, are in the orchestra. And the orchestra is subservient, suggestive, assistant to, rather than dominant of, the drama. Even where Stanford melodizes most scrappily, giving free vent to the pace of Irish 6-8 time, there is a note of deeper significance in the orchestra, a warning of impending disaster. The songs, the stage, are the luminous expression of a deliberate, symphonic scheme.

But after one has been keyed up during three acts to all this musical portent of dire fatality, one cannot but feel some disappointment that the banshee has done such a might of witchwork to no better purpose than the death of Mike, the informer. Stanford's good music, it seems to me, would have more than justified a little extra conjuring with the Fanu poem. *Shamus* could die a game and glorious death, the reliability of the O'Brien banshee could be preserved, and we would not feel that a false alarm had not been rung on our creeps.

* * *

To all appearances the Tivoli has a cast-iron monopoly on the opera patronage of San Francisco. But it is not without a rival in the form of its past record—a rival that has so pampered the Tivoli patrons that now nothing short of an exceptionally insane extravaganza or a particularly well-arranged legitimate piece will fire them to anything like grateful enthusiasm. *Shamus O'Brien* adds to the dangerous precedent of good productions. It is well managed, staged and sung. And the chorus sings its difficult music with real Irish zest and ginger.

Mr. O'Sullivan finds his very own in the part of *Shamus*. It calls for strenuous, melodramatic singing and acting, and he does all that is called for—and even a little more. What I wrote about his singing last week will hold good in *Shamus*. The tremolo is there, and very frequently he forces his tone, but there are warmth and vitality and a splendid width in his voice withal; and his acting is the better for its wild enthusiasm.

Miss Millard has suddenly developed a wonderful state of wakefulness. She has a modest little tremolo of her own, but her Nora is abundantly dramatic, and, in parts,

excellently sung. Miss Myra Morella, a new Tivolite, does rather neatly with the part of Kitty, and Mr. Thomas is quite an ideal figure of a man for the British officer. Mr. Thomas has a good voice, and he sings as well as a bad method will let him. Mr. West, reliable for anything from low comedy to oratorio, dispatches the Priest's part easily. Nimble Mr. Darcy has the role of his life in Mike; and, after O Sullivan, Darcy is the sensation of the cast. I never dreamed that so much character appreciation was in him.

There is a wild, irresponsible farce-comedy at the Columbia Theatre that will make you laugh. It may have other virtues, but I did not discover them. It is called *A Run on the Bank*, but that does not matter. It is funny. It is an avalanche of seething, disordered fun, which never stops during the first act, and only slows up a bit during the second and third, so that you may catch your breath. A few of the jokes that travel with this show have been here before, but they are still in good health, and all the others are strangers. Many people take part in this silly show. Particularly Mr. Ward and Mr. Vokes, who owe it, and who, no doubt, feel glad that they have such a good thing. These gentlemen own the show, but Miss Lucy Daly makes them divide on the audience.

ASHTON STEVENS.

DeWolf Hopper, Edna Wallace Hopper and the big company which made such a success of *El Capitan* in New York, come to the Baldwin Monday night for a two-weeks' season in that famous Sousa work. From all accounts *El Capitan* is one of those Eastern successes which will stand the climate of a Western audience. We know the value of Hopper and the charm of dainty Edna Wallace, and with a good company and a good show the Baldwin returns to swiftness.

This is what one gets for missing a week at the Orpheum: Haven't seen you this week, and am sorry. Alexander Tacianu, the female impersonator, is the greatest artist in his line who ever struck the town. He has a combination soprano and baritone voice that beats anything in the register. At the end of a long programme, he gets six and seven encores, and then the people want more. Next week he will have several new songs. Mlle. Fleurette and her "Four Fleurs-de Lis," direct from Paris, who do a dainty dancing act coupled with songs, and Mlle. Ani, a European aerial marvel, will make their first appearance. Ed Latell, the musical comedian, plays a great banjo. The parquet in the Orpheum has been raised, and new settees, accommodating two persons, are being put in.

Yours for health,

PHILIP HASTINGS.

Mr. Otto Bendix, who is one of the foremost, if not the very first, of our local pianists, will give a recital at Byron Mauzy Hall on Thursday evening. The programme includes Schubert's *Fantasia*, op. 15, Schuman's *novelette*, No. 8, several of Brahms's shorter pieces and Chopin's *Sonata*, op. 58.

A Run on the Bank has another week at the Columbia. Then Rice's big burlesque, *Excelsior Jr.*

Shamus O'Brien is up for a good run at the Tivoli.

A MEETING of Englishmen was held at Scottish Hall on Wednesday evening, and preliminary arrangements made for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, by the appointment of several committees. It is evident that Her Majesty's loyal subjects here will celebrate in enthusiastic and appropriate manner the Jubilee. Three days will be devoted to the occasion, and sports, feasting, and literary exercises will be the order. The Jubilee will occur on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 19th, 20th, and 21st of June.

THE inaugural bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club, which takes place on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d of this month, promises to be a great success. The show will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

Many changes have taken place in San Francisco; but at the "Maison Riche," at Geary street and Grant avenue, that famous French restaurant of the Pacific Coast maintains its high excellence for the perfection of its table. An elegant dinner is served at the "Maison Riche" every day from 6 to 9 o'clock, and stringed instruments make fitting music to the sparkling wines and the good cheer.

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May 1st to May 9th. Last week of the big hit. The king-pins of comedy, WARD & VOKES, in their laughable creation,

A RUN ON THE BANK.

New songs, dances, and specialties for the farewell week. Monday, May 10th—The great spectacular production, EXCELSIOR, JR

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SHAMUS O'BRIEN,

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the eminent baritone, in the title role. Superb cast; correct costumes; appropriate accessories. Look out for MISS FRISCO, Our first annual review.

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FLEURETTE

and her novelty dancers, the four Fleurs-de-Lis: Mlle. Ani, the European aerial marvel; unparalleled success of Tacianu, male soprano; in conjunction with the Midgleys, Edwin Latell, the Ander-ons, Herr Grais and his trick hahoon and donkey, Marzelo & Millay, and Sig. Alherti and Mlle. Orlandi, in new grand opera selections

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

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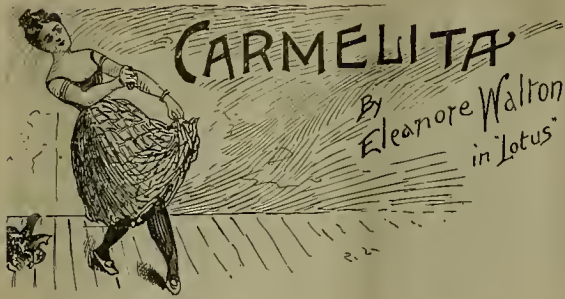
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L. B. NORDLUND



"CARMELITITA, Carmelita, *mia bonita*, sing to me." The little village of San Louis Rey is drowsy with the feeling of a perpetual summer afternoon. Long shadows and a golden yellow atmosphere are over all.

There is a faint humming as of bees. There is nothing doing.

There are few things worth striving for, and one of them is peace. The peace which, to some degree, may come in this world is nearer idealization in these old Franciscan Missions among the olive hills of California than anywhere else. The peace here cannot be put into words or painted. It is in the air, and breathes the feeling that the past has not yet gone away.

The dust lies thick in the crooked paths, and one almost looks to find a print of sandals.

The voices of the natives—inherited from the Spanish conqueror—are soft and musical. There are glimpses of bright shawls over black tresses; feet shod, but stockingless.

There is no wind, no noise, until the evening comes on, bringing that cool breeze, stirring the beautiful palm and pepper trees, which all through the hot day have remained motionless.

The rambling and roofless adobe, its brown walls crumbling with age, is near the Mission. The Padre's dwelling—being a little better than the others—is on the banks of the little river.

"Sing, sing to me, *caro mio*." This from a swarthy ranchero, bent and old, with hard, drawn features, which soften only when his eyes turn to the beautiful child near him.

The child is little Carmelita—his only treasure. Left to him—left before the door of his adobe—with no name, no dowry, save her peerless beauty and a voice like the song-birds.

Pico, oldest and poorest of the poor beggars of this summer village, has for eight years spent his earnings on Carmelita—Carmelita, with roses in her hair and cheeks—Carmelita, dancing, laughing, praying, and weeping with an inconsistency that is bewitching.

The tinkle of the guitar and a silver voice ring out. Old Pico listens and dreams and is content.

Carmelita must marry—yes, and some handsome caballero would, bye and bye, come along, and this flower, this gem of budding womanhood, would be a happy wife—a mother; but now his little one must cheer his old days. He would not be here long. Yes, he would work for her—he would—

The song dies away on the soft evening breeze. Pico sleeps peacefully, with a smile upon his face. The birds are still and the insects' hum is hushed.

* * * * *

The fierce sun pours down again. The old man awakens and drags his weary limbs about to prepare the breakfast of fruit and milk. He goes softly towards Carmelita's bed.

"Carmelita, Carmelita! Sweet one, where are you?"

The bed has not been touched. Carmelita cannot be found. No one has seen her.

Only the little red dress, the coarse lace mantilla and comb thrown carelessly near the door, and—what is that? A glistening object—a bright gold-piece. Yes, yes, the kind the tall, insinuating Americano yesterday offered Pico for a draught of native wine.

Poor Pico is alone—a fever seizes him. For months he is at death's door, and rises a mere shadow of the man he once was. Still ever the cry, "Carmelita, Carmelita! my little one, let me find thee."

The way is long and rough to the great city, but old Pico sets out on his way, haggard and working as best he can. For eight years we hear of him wandering about the gay city—living God knows how; a poor, bent cripple, haunting the *cafés* and open gardens, looking vainly for a dear lost face.

He listens to the voices in the great churches, hoping to hear the sweet, familiar tone.

"Mother of Christ, help me to find her, my Carmelita!"

It is night. Pico, bowed by grief and utter dreariness, creeps past the gay plaza where, coquetting and laughing, are women clad in rich satins, of bright colors, sparkling with gems, their white shoulders peeping above the lace; rich caballeros, in velvet and silk, with fiery eyes looking out beneath the black sombreros.

Creeping along, he crouches in the shadow of the walls of a palatial house in the rich American quarter of the city. The rays of light from one of the windows fall upon his drawn face as he sleeps on the cold, damp stones.

Hark! Is he dreaming? Can it be—the beloved voice—the rich, deep notes?

"Madre de Dios, look!"

Staggering to his feet, he gazes in at the open window: A brilliantly lighted room, filled with luxurious works of Oriental art. A table with luscious wines and fruit crowded upon it. Half a dozen men, their faces showing the wine they have drunk and the lives they have led. The *jeunesse dorée*, representing American capital in this half-Spanish town. A guitar—a woman once beautiful, now hollow-eyed and hardened, rough cheeks, blackened eyes, and tinsel dress that tell their own story.

She sings—holding her wine-glass high—a seductive love-song of old Spain.

The men cheer and drink again.

The old man falls against the wall.

"Carmelita, Carmelita! Mother of Christ! Why did I find thee?"

In the gray dawn the wine-sleepy revelers reel from the house. They stumble over an old man by the gate—dead, his hands clasping his heads, his eyes fixed as though in prayer.

OBITUARY.

THE death of Mrs. Mary A. Ellert, which occurred on the 26th ult. at the residence of her son, ex-Mayor L. R. Ellert, in this city, takes away a pioneer of 1854, and a widely-known and most estimable lady. Mrs. Ellert had been ill for two years or more, and her death was not unexpected. She had reached the age of seventy-five years. The remains were interred in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, on Wednesday, and were followed to their last resting place by a large number of sorrowing friends.

A MOST interesting paper was read before the California Bankers' Association, which completed its annual meeting at Los Angeles last week, by Mr. John J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of this city. Mr. Valentine's subject, "International Bimetallism," was a review of that question, which contained an array of facts against the proposed international agreement for the coinage and circulation of silver, as seems to be contemplated by the present administration. The Bank President address has been published in a pamphlet of twenty pages, and, as may well be supposed, contains a mass of expert opinion in opposition of this movement. Mr. Valentine has given a great deal of study to the subject, and his address presents unanswerable argument, not only against the contention of the so-called Democratic party for its adoption in the United States; but as well shows the impossibility of favorable international action. The paper is a valuable contribution to the bimetallic literature of the day.

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MIRA MONTE COUNTRY CLUB.

FANCY expecting to come across a perfectly appointed club house in the midst of a wide stretch of Marin marsh land, perched on a knoll well wooded with old oaks—and incidentally, twelve miles from a lemon. Yet here a dozen young men, enamored of hunting, fishing and kindred quiet sports, pitched their tents. Later the tents were transformed into a beautiful club house, with the thick, stuccoed walls and leaded casements, the low, flat roof and wide wings, the heavy column supporting the roof of the wide veranda, all so faithfully carrying out the Spanish style of architecture that seems to be part and parcel of California, so completely does it harmonize with the landscape.

To be entertained at Mira Monte is a joy of delightful anticipation, for it means an entrancing diversion from the rush and bustle of this windy city to the hushed solitudes disturbed only by the curlew's cry or the quail's measured call; and if rest is what you crave, those piazza chairs, inviting couches, hospitable rockers, woo to sweet repose. And to enjoy the *doler far niente* of this idyllic spot one has only about one hundred minutes' trip to the station at Burdells' and thence, across the marsh but a few hundred yards. Then, too, several of the members own vapor launches which can carry a party from this city, via bay and river, up to the very threshold of the domain, which is by far the more romantic mode of transportation, and well suited to the charm of these moonlit nights. But in no case must the mandolin and guitar be forgot, for the serenitas would be as lost without this finishing touch to the scene as without the flirtatious fan. Which brings to mind a charming house party that assembled within the hospitable walls of the Mira Monte club house recently, gracefully chaperoned by Mrs. Thomas Magee, who, with her husband and the Misses Genevieve Goad, Mary Belle Gwin, Belle Hutchinson, Clara Crockett and Mamie McNutt, were, with Mr. Ed. M. Greenway, the guests of four of the club members: Messrs. Geo. A. Martin, Nat N. Wilson, L. S. Adams Jr., and Milton S. Lathan. The entertainment was, of course, in keeping with former social affairs for which the members have established an enviable reputation, and upon arrival, after refreshing themselves, the guests were invited to the dining room where an elaborate dinner was in waiting, after which the cool piazzas and cosy nooks under the oaks or down by the water's edge were in demand. Then came music—and there is plenty of talent in the Mira Monte club—piano, mandolin, banjo, guitar, and a tripping to waltz measure or deux temps. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" finally claimed a hearing, and the party dispersed to their rooms, after viewing by moonlight the miles of surrounding hills and lowlands from the roof observatory. Next morning, after a meal wherein the oft-quoted "speckled beauty" was ruthlessly sacrificed and other dainties provided to make it an ideal country house breakfast, the party set sail (to use poetic license) in the launch Olompali, stopping at Point Pedro for luncheon, thence to Tiburon, from which point the remainder of the trip was made most prosaically via ferryboat.

Besides the above four members of the Mira Monte Club the list includes J. B. Burdell, its president; W. H. Fairbanks, secretary and treasurer; J. H. Follis, A. H. Whitney, W. K. Hill, J. Downey Harvey, Harry B. Houghton. The death of Colonel Fred F. Follis last December depleted the list of original members. The retirement of W. R. Whittier, one of the charter twelve, on the occasion of his recent marriage to Miss Carroll, may be only temporary, the delight of domesticity being a very powerful rival to the pleasures of bachelordom; but his former confreres hope to make him see the error of his ways, and bring him back into the fold; Mrs. Whittier would make such a delightful chaperone, too, for the young ladies who know the delights of this suburban retreat.

But these young bachelors are by no means mere society butterflies, else why would they lease the shooting privileges, for ten years, of the 1,600 acres of marsh land and ten or twelve thousand acres of high land on the famous Burdell rancho, two leagues in extent? The gun racks in the big living room are not merely ornamental, by any means, and the young sportsmen could tell tales of some big game secured in the chaparral of the mountain

side—the club name, by the way, being suggested by the grand view of the mountain just back of the Burdell ranch house.

Upon entering the big ohlong hall or living room of the club house, the first thing noted by the feminine eye would be a certain masculine solidity of things in general, and especially to the great fireplace that fairly wants to embrace the assembled company in its wide hospitality. Then there are no stupid little footstools to insist upon waylaying the unwary, no fragile tables with spindle legs to everlastingly argue the point of right of way; but plenty of big, comfortable rockers, and arm chairs and an immense, pillow-laden divan—this latter usurping the veranda side of the room. Above this couch, along the entire side, are wide windows from which a view of the river—yes, even the bay—is obtained. From this room, on each side, a wing extends, containing the sleeping apartments of the members. The narrow halls stretching into the perspective, the thick, plaster covered outer walls with the projecting roof beams, the heavy columns supporting the veranda roof—all help to suggest the fantastic idea of a nunnery. Could anything be more absurd—a bachelors' club house like unto a convent! Suppose we liken it to a monastery, instead?

The most delightful room is the dining room, opening out of and two steps higher than the living room, with entrances on each side of the fireplace. This room has one side and corner given over to windows, from which such a superb view is obtained that the pen halts in the telling. On two other sides are the fireplace and the handsome oaken buffet built into the wall. In the basement is a fully equipped billiard room.

The site of the club house is historic, being the scene of the battle of Olompali, between General Fremont, (when he was returning to San Francisco after the capture of Sonoma), and Chief Carmelo. The story goes that while Fremont was placidly ambling along with his command he encountered the gallant chief with 200 braves at his heels. A two-hours' battle was fought before Carmelo was convinced of the error of his ways and with his henchmen ignominiously routed. Perhaps if it had ended differently we might not be telling the story with so much gusto. There was great slaughter, so runs the legend, but legends take on a surprising elasticity sometimes, and the club members say they've never come across any Indian bones. But then Indians had a peculiar post mortem fad of perching in trees, so perhaps the crows could tell a different story.

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"The King, the Knave, and the Donkey." By Pythias Damon.
Published by T. L. Denison. Chicago. 163 Randolph street.

This book resembles a wasp, in that its sting is in its tail, the tail being a vocabulary, wherein certain terms in common use in the United States are defined, after this fashion: "Lobbyists; very smooth persons, male and" (? or) "female, who infest capitals to influence legislation in the interest of corporations. Their methods are simpler and much easier than 'laying salt on a bird's tail.' The Lobbyist gently passes a roll of 'fat' before the eyes of the Legislator to be operated upon, and immediately the subject passes into the condition described under 'out for the stuff.' The subject is then completely under the influence of L., and is ready to sell his vote or his soul, if the latter had any market value." The ten chapters which make up the body of the wasp tell, in a rude way, how, since the world's dawn, the "plain people" have been robbed, abused, hoodwinked, and fleeced by the knaves for the benefit of the rulers. Though the volume does not give indications of any considerable degree of cultivation being possessed by its writer, it is yet by no means so badly written as most tirades against the injustice and inequality of men's worldly conditions. The writer asks what the remedy is for the constantly growing discontent of the "plain people," who, once splendidly oppressed by emperors, kings, and nobles, are now ignominiously ground beneath the heels of vulgar millionaires, too cowardly to fight in the open, and too tricky to be caught by the law. The writer suggests education as the remedy, though he admits that the rudimentary education furnished by the public school, and the superficial, pretentious education supplied by the University, are not what is wanted. He says that the system of education in the United States tends to turn out a vast horde of underbred, under-educated, and imperfectly-trained lawyers, doctors, and parsons. What is needed is education of character. As Matthew Arnold, though pre-eminently the man of culture and high training, and often spoken of by persons utterly unfamiliar with his work as a mere academic, was never tired of insisting, "Conduct is three-fourths of life." Knowledge of grammar, science, art, history, jurisprudence, political economy, government, is not the really important matter; what a country needs is not well-informed rascals, smooth of tongue and slippery as eels, but honest men. A quite well-informed man does not know on any given subject as much as can be enclosed within the covers of a moderate-sized volume, and it is not necessary that the majority of the citizens of a State should be even well-informed. The possession of a varied stock of information by no means saves a man from falling into the most deadly heresies about Government, social and political economy, and a hundred other things. But let a man have a few principles of right conduct thoroughly implanted in his mind and heart, and it is surprising how correct his ideas will be on almost all matters of daily life. Abraham Lincoln was a man of very moderate intellectual attainments and of very narrow culture, yet by his firm grip upon a few cardinal principles he became a nation's hero. Did the history, the geography, the science, the art he knew make him what he was? Certainly not. Fortunately for the hulk of mankind, an exceedingly moderate degree of knowledge is sufficient for the purposes of life: it is not knowledge that counts, but character. And the main principles of conduct are as well understood by an honest man who does not know the meaning of the word "ethics" as they were by Aristotle himself. The misfortune is that most people think that the only difference between an ordinary man and a great man is that the great man knows more facts. One might have supposed that Matthew Arnold, a type of academic training and the highest culture, would have been inclined to exalt knowledge above all else, yet no one in our time has so persistently, or so effectively, taught the comparative worthlessness of mere knowledge, and the surpassing value of conduct.

As Mr. E. L. Godkin has recently so well pointed out, the idea is almost universally entertained in the United States that one man is as fit as another for the performance of almost any function. A deduction from this is the notion that official plums should be distributed evenly among applicants, without any impertinent inquiries into their fitness for the work to be done. This notion is now being further extended by some ingenious person into the domain of literature. From a recent issue of a periodical we extract the following: "As the January issue of your magazine contained a poem from this city, it might be desirable to you to represent some other section at this time. If so, my address might be printed — instead of —, as — is my home when not in school here." This poet evidently has the notion that the publication of verse is, or ought to be, based on population, or on residence in particular "sections." Of course, besides the wild absurdity of this notion, there is also the dishonest suggestion of a change of address, so as to make the readers of the magazine believe that they are reading the work of another writer, resident in another town. Yet this absurd notion is only a strictly logical deduction from the idea commonly entertained and acted upon in public affairs, and shows that, the more nearly correct the reasoning from wrong premises is, the more entirely erroneous is the conclusion. Logic is indeed a two-edged sword, which should be handled only by experts.

Every Month is a magazine of literature and music for women; it is published by Messrs. Howley, Haviland & Co., New York City. The Easter issue is a handsome one, containing profusely illustrated articles on the ladies of the present administration, Easter flowers and decoration, the Havemeyers at home, and other topics. There are also some original pieces of music. An article entitled "Photography at its Best," gives reproductions of several photographs by Mr. M. B. Parkinson, which show much skill and artistic feeling. We are, however, by no means at one with the writer in thinking that the portrait painter is in any danger of being superseded by the photographer; the limitations of the photographic art are so numerous, obvious, and apparently insurmountable. The photographer, however skillful he may be, cannot give us color, and has only a limited power of excluding undesirable details. People would scarcely pay artists like the late Sir John Millais, for example, ten thousand dollars for a portrait, if it were only equal in value to a photograph that can be produced for a dollar or two. Photography has risen above the level of a mechanical trade to that of an art, but it is not yet, and, so far as we can see, is not likely to become, a fine art. It is far easier to make a good photograph than a good watch, yet no one calls watch-making one of the fine arts.

Perhaps no one to-day more thoroughly understands the value of a famous or notorious name than the smug, self-complacent, enterprising Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal. Whether the bearer of the name can write or not is of little or no moment to young Mr. Bok—it is the name he wants. He has discovered, and turned to great profit, the fact that, in democratic circles at any rate, the utterly undistinguished niece or daughter (till she is married and done for) hears the same name as her distinguished father, and for advertising purposes is nearly as valuable. Acting on this great principle, Mr. Bok tempts the young woman, by the offer of a substantial check, to put down on paper her impressions of something or somebody, and (after proper editing) these impressions are printed in Mr. Bok's paper. In an early issue Mr. Bok promises an article from Miss Olga Nethersole, whom everybody believes to be an actress, but whom nobody suspects of being a writer. Her article is to be entitled "The girl who aspires to elocution." May the good Lord grant that Mr. Bok's enterprise may not be the cause of inspiring any ambitious girls to indulge in those elocutionary performances that have made so many evenings a horror and a nightmare. For goodness' sake, kind Mr. Bok, don't spring the amateur elocutionist on us!

See the elegant line of neckties just arrived at Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. Also gent's furnishing goods—latest, best.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



THEAS seem to have broken out again and the buds are in despair. Why don't some one give a dance? is the question heard on all sides. Gossip says Mrs. Louis Parrott will soon have a lawn party at San Rafael; and indefatigable Baron von Schroeder is credited with the most elaborate designs for the summer gaieties at the Hotel Rafael, being a most efficient aid to Manager Warfield in planning and executing pleasures for the guests of that favorite caravansary. The June weddings will delay the exodus to country resorts a few weeks, but by the middle of June the swim will be disporting itself in various localities.

What a change a few months will oftentimes make with some, while with others monotony reigns supreme. As an example of the first stands Captain Marion Maus—that gallant soldier, whose flirtatious ways brought woe to more than one bud of the swim—who, after sipping sweets from the flowers in his path here, took himself and his fascinations to Coronado, and is now going to see real warfare between the Greeks and the Turks, having been detailed to accompany the General of the army on his European tour. Our belles are wondering if some Greek maideu will capture the elusive Captain, or will he inspect the Turkish harems in preference to Grecian abodes.

Sometimes it happens in life that one sees a person placed in a position which recalls a square peg in a round hole. In the case of the recent appointment of Mr. Harold Sewell as Minister to Hawaii, however, nothing of this sort of thing is apparent, for if ever any one was fitted to fill a place in the jolly, pleasure-loving society of Honolulu, it is the new Minister's wife—our own popular Millie Ashe—who will, beyond doubt, be the center of fun and frolic in the Islands. And equally without doubt many a party of her San Francisco friends will be made up for a trip to the Islands to visit the United States Minister and wife.

The attendance of beauty and fashion at the recent tournament held at the Presidio reservation goes to prove how much San Francisco needs some place for the *beau monde* to congregate, as in Europe at flower shows. What a good idea a lawn party at the Park would be! Not the Sunday music for the people at large, but an afternoon in the week when the band would play—say near the conservatory—and the *élite* would assemble for a chat or a stroll while listening to the music.

The owners of rural abodes at and about B'lingham are jubilant over Joe Grant's impending marriage; for the settlement at that aristocratic locality have had the charming bride-to-be among them for some time past as a visitor, and as the young lady is thoroughly versed in the art of entertaining, they look forward to Joe's cottage being a head center for much that goes to enliven a rural *locale*.

There are to be several functions in honor of the two pretty brides-elect, Minnie Burton and Ethel Cohen, during the month of May. Some one has suggested that the dejected bachelors who have been "left" should unite in tendering them a farewell dance. Needless to say, the future bridesmaids are all in accord with this idea.

Among the novel ideas propounded by society is one that Mrs. Pixley should utilize her lovely place for a garden party. She is almost the only one possessing grounds extensive enough for such a purpose in the city.

Surely the happiest young mother in the city is Walter Hobart's fair wife. One of the prettiest sights imaginable is the baby's daily outing, with its beautiful mother superintending the proceeding.

The Jewett tea exhibited, as all that lady's receptions do, a wonderful mingling of the past and present in the guests, more especially observable in the *entourage* of ladies "receiving" with the hostess.

One of the possible announcements of the near future, we are told, may be that of two young people who recently made the trip from Honolulu on the same steamer.

Gossips are linking the names of the maid-of-honor at an approaching wedding; and one of the military ushers at the same who bears the name of a famed trapper.

Boyd is the favorite soldier beau of the newly arrived at the Presidio, and bids fair to take the place so long left vacant by the popular Strother.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating it. The proof of good whiskey is in drinking it. And J. F. Cutter whiskey is pronounced by people who know, to be a liquor of the finest quality. It has a delightful bouquet, and is smooth, and mellow. E. Martin & Co., at 411 Market street, are sole Pacific Coast Agents.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wenzell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme. Marchand's Preparations. Use Creme de la Creme. Positively prevents sunburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick Headache.

<p>THE</p> <h2 style="margin: 0;">California Hotel</h2> <p style="margin: 0;">Absolutely Fireproof.</p> <p style="margin: 0;">San Francisco . . . Cal.</p>	<p>THE</p> <h2 style="margin: 0;">Hotel Rafael</h2> <p style="margin: 0;">Open all the year. Only 50 minutes from San Francisco.</p> <p style="margin: 0;">San Rafael . . . Cal.</p>
<p>Two modern, exquisite, home-like first-class hotels, both under personal supervision of Gen. Warfield.</p> <h3 style="margin: 0;">R. H. WARFIELD & GO., Proprietors.</h3>	

<p>New York.</p> <h2 style="text-align: center;">HOTEL BARTHOLDI</h2> <p style="text-align: center;">EUROPEAN PLAN.</p>	<p>Madison Square, Broadway and 23d Street.</p> <p>Under new management. Rooms single or en suite. Restaurant unsurpassed. Elegant in all appointments at moderate prices.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Reed & Roblee, Props.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">New York</p>
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Occidental Hotel,

A quiet home, centrally located, for those who appreciate comfort and attention.

Wm. B. Hooper, Manager. **San Francisco**

Hotel Bella Vista

1001 PINE STREET The Pioneer First-class Family Hotel of San Francisco.

MRS A. F. TRACY

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. corner Van Ness and Myrtle avenues. The principal and finest family hotel in San Francisco.

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Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.



The Pine-Street Market.

Little spurts which take place in the market for Comstock mining shares show a latent life in the business, dead and although it may appear on the surface, which cannot but be reassuring to dealers, almost worn out under the burden of expense incurred in carrying on the work of the mines. One of these flare-ups may kindle some of these days into a flame which will bring the old *regime* of operators back to the street. The whole of the Pacific States are hungering for another era of mining speculation. Talk of activity in legitimate mining about ends there. Where money can be obtained in dribbles and hegrudgingly for legitimate work, it comes in an overwhelming flood for speculative purposes. The dull times in this city, and all over the West for that matter, cannot be ascribed to any lack of money. There is a plethora of wealth here, and people are literally famishing in the midst of plenty, simply for the want of something to put surplus funds in circulation. The only channel available for the purpose is the mining market on Pine street, and if the men backed with money for heavy investment could only be persuaded into operating different lines of Comstocks, their profits would exceed those of previous boom periods in history. Wheat speculation does not come natural to our people as a rule. A few understand the game and play it, but it is not popular with the masses, who now content themselves with lotteries and schemes of the kind. The scope of mineral territory in and around Virginia City render the chances for important discoveries of ore absolutely inexhaustible, and new mines and new districts can be depended on to keep up public interest once it is again awakened. Would it not be possible to get a syndicate of wealthy operators together to stir up the dying embers of local mining speculation?

Possible Mining Sales.

The latest among the possibilities of the future in the way of mining sales is a reported deal between the London Exploration Company and the owners of the De la Mar mine, known and transcribed as "The Great" in the territory where a nod from the man who honored it with his haughty cognomen ranks next to an autograph letter from the President. This surmise is based upon a recent examination of Victor Clement, who, strange to say, has hitherto been attached to the African caravan of the Gold Fields Limited. It is only a few weeks since an almighty bluff was made at closing down the mine, "it might be for years, and it might be forever," because His Altesse objected to a miners' union in his neighborhood. Small blame to him for that. The threat carried the day in the demesne, and was followed by retrenchments and changes in the staff. Next comes the visit of Clement and the rumor of a sale. The latest report made to the Tax Collector for the quarter ended on January 1st last, discloses the fact that during that period 20,677 tons of ore were worked, the gross value of which was \$575,462. From this, \$77,000 was taken for extraction, \$22,000 for transportation, and \$372,186 for milling, leaving a net profit of \$100,000. With all respect to the De la Mar mine, it would need be a high-grade proposition, if this return is correct. Low-grade ores could not stand such charges for any great length of time. And yet the figures are presumably official.

Drawing the Long Bow.

A New York correspondent of a big local daily, in praising a highly promising prospect in a Tuolumne mine, speaks of "three-foot ledge of gold ore that sampled over \$50,000 per ton from the grass roots down." This almost equals the Placer County daisy which blossomed out with \$75,000 a short time ago. And yet people wonder why California gets a name abroad for exaggeration in mining reports. The first to condemn such statements in the \$50,000 case, at least, would be the owners of the mine to which reference is made, as they are not fakers in any sense of the word.

All the preaching that is done about the wealth of Arizona mines does not seem to entuse people to the point of investment.

Arid Plains Of Arizona. A few go into the territory, but outside of the one or two big copper plants in successful operation, one has yet to learn of any marked success. Experience is gained at the expense of capital, and monuments in the form of abandoned plants are to be found in all directions, marking the march of outside investors, as skeletons are wont to do along the highways of the American Sahara. The Salt Lake Tribune, one of the recognized mining authorities of the Coast, in commenting on a recent trip of well-known mining men through the diggings of Arizona, says that it was "fraught with more hardship than fancy can possibly paint. They (the prospectors) rode over barren acres, tramped among frogs and snakes, and ate their lunches beneath suns that were almost unendurable. They did not find the claim to which their attention had been called what had been represented to them, and came back like others have come, to resume the search for copper in this State, Nevada and Idaho." All of which is very complimentary indeed to Arizona.

The State Gold Product. Charles G. Yale, Statistician of the U. S. Mint in this city, has furnished his report of the product of gold and silver in California for the calendar year of 1896,

which has been forwarded to the Director of the Mint for subsequent publication in his report, which will appear at a later date. The report shows a product of over \$17,600,000 for the year, of which \$17,181,562.70 is gold and \$422,463.60 in silver, against \$15,934,108 in 1895, of which \$13,863,282 was in gold and \$297,331 in silver. This is the largest yield in several years. In 1896 the total yield was only \$14,160,613, of which \$13,863,282 was in gold and \$297,331 in silver. Thirty-three counties in the State contributed to the total last year. Seven of these counties reported a gold yield of \$1,070,142 to \$2,380,756, the last named total coming from Nevada County. Anador, Calaveras and Placer Counties reported \$1,523,357, \$1,546,399 and \$1,674,844 respectively, and Siskiyou, Tuolumne, and Trinity upwards of \$1,000,000 each.

Local Stocks are Active. The efforts to influence and change existing tariff rates on sugar have had the effect of stimulating speculation in the stocks quoted on the local Stock Exchange.

Prices have dropped considerably on account of heavy sales by the bearishly inclined, but a large contingent of bull operators stand ready to absorb the shares when the point of value reaches what may be considered hed-rock. The chance for money-making eventually on the long end is emphasized by the possibilities that no decision will be reached regarding the trusts in this session of Congress, and perhaps never. Other stocks are in fair demand and generally firm. In May, interest will be due and payable on the following bonds: United States fours (new issue), quarterly; Edison Light and Power sixes, quarterly; Natoma Viueyard first mortgage sixes, semi-annual; Sacramento Light and Power sixes, semi-annual; Southern Pacific Railroad of California first construction (guaranteed in gold) fives, semi-annual, and Spring Valley Water fours, quarterly.

A Nevada Mining Deal. The passing of the Charman mine, of White Pine, Nev., into the hands of such an expert miner as Charles Lane will be watched with much interest.

The property, which has been experted by some of the best men in the West, among others by John Hays Hammond, has heretofore proven a most rebellious subject. The quantity of ore is great, and the facilities for working, in the way of cheap power, etc., are excellent, the difficulty experienced being in treating the ores, which can be mined for almost nothing. It is not likely that Mr. Lane would have taken hold of the mine without some idea of the difficulties in store, and his success will be another proof of his ability to cope with a ticklish mining proposition over which so many failures have been recorded in the past. It is understood that to begin with he will put in an elaborate electric plant.

Town Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will lay the devil, str. with you."

SERGEANT Puckett, of the Presidio, started out to be a Gay Lothario on \$20 per month, and has already come to grief. A wronged maiden has appeared upon the scene, and the glory of the scintillating sergeant's military achievements is rapidly fading, while his brass buttons are looming up as brilliantly as ten-cent pieces in a Farallone fog. Moreover, the sorrowing sergeant is accused by his associates at Uncle Sam's reservation of hoarding his princely income in miserly fashion, and lending out sums of six-bits and less at exorbitant rates of interest. This is truly infamous. Puckett's dual career of crime as a seducer and usurer should be promptly nipped in the bud. It is preposterous that the accomplishments of our millionaires should thus be usurped by a \$20 infantry officer.

THE sympathy of the devil is due to the unprotected people who worship at the sanctuary of the Green-street Congregational Church in Chicago. Dr. C. O. Brown, who disgraced the name of decency, to say nothing of the name of religion, in San Francisco, has become the pastor of the Chicago flock. To say that all the charges made against Brown in this city, and which resulted in his dismissal, were true, would be to repeat that which is everywhere known. The people of Iowa and Illinois—more particularly those of Dubuque and Chicago—require attention. That they receive with open arms this direct representative of Satan should quench the foreign missionary spirit of weak-headed and soft-hearted philanthropists, and direct their contributions to the Windy City instead.

CHARLES Montgomery, savior of San Francisco souls, is busily baptizing local sinners in the bay, ducking as many as eleven per day in the same spiritually-purifying briny that yields up its wealth of tomcods and other finny delicacies to more worldly fishermen. There is a large and notable assortment of sinners, however, that the CRIER fears Evangelist Montgomery will never get his boly clutches on. They are to be found at the City Hall and in other municipal places, as well as among the legal fraternity. The CRIER recommends that they be so effectually doused they will never come up again.

THE Gavigan person is desirous of filling his belly at the sociological crib of the San Francisco School Department, and is preparing through the Supreme Court to compel Governor Budd to show cause why the Gavigan appetite should not be appeased. This enterprising citizen was a lawyer until he became a doctor, and he became a doctor in order that he might fill the position of sociological instructor in the city schools by means of a bill that be caused to be passed by the last Legislature. Budd vetoed the bill, which fact cuts off the salary and promises to set Gavigan killing people in some other way than by sociological injections. Hence the Gavigan wail.

MILLIONAIRE Finigan, of Marin County, who is now embellishing with indifferent success a cell in the San Rafael jail, declared that he preferred the quiet of his quarters to the domestic felicity of his home; but it is noted that he spoke as a false witness. He is already making overtures to escape further punishment by the payment of alimony to his wife and attorneys' fees in her suit for divorce. Gnawing a file is hard on the teeth, and Finigan now prefers the turmoil of female contact rather than the introspective silence of the jail.

ONE Floethe, a conductor on Suto's railroad, has been accused by an elderly school teacher of squeezing her hand while collecting her fare. The CRIER does not see that the lady has any kick coming. Many a lonely bachelor of the gentler sex would think it a bargain were she, by the dropping of a nickel, to get transportation and love-making too.

SOMEBODY interrogated the TOWN CRIER the other day as to "what was to be seen at the theatres?" And the CRIER, being a modest man, blushed.

THE Missionites, with George D. Shadburne as President of the movement, demand a park of their own. In getting it, 'tis to be hoped they will not be hampered by propositions from that antiquated nuisance, Cogswell, the Fountain Fiend, to erect thereon another school and a job lot of drinking fountains surmounted with cast-iron facsimiles of himself. Should this calamity occur, however, the CRIER suggests that the irrepressible Doctor be gently but firmly conveyed to the city pound, and there fatally immersed in his favorite fluid.

IT will be a ministerial miracle if the unfortunate fate of young Lehmann, who missed his footing and was drowned in the bay while yachting last Sunday, does not furnish the parsons hereabouts with a text for to-morrow's sermons. The righteous landlubber who sits piously in his pew o' Sabbaths, may not find a watery grave, it is true. He elects to take his dampness in another form later in the week. Perhaps it is the dryness of the discourse that induces his terrible thirst.

SOME one stole a few pages of a Grand Jury report in Los Angeles which reflected severely on two Justices of the Peace in that community. Upon discovery of the theft, the heartless secretary of that inquisitorial body filed with the Judge an exact copy of the sheets stolen. In San Francisco the theft would never have been discovered, or if it had been, there would have been no official memory on hand to reproduce it. Bad memory and official integrity are rarely twins.

CHARLES O. BROWN, late of the First Congregational Church in this city, but now of the Windy City, will preach in Chicago, where his paramour, Mattie Overman, is engaged in rescue work. When Charles and Mattie have joined forces to redeem Chicago, Satan's anxiety about that particular section of the country will be at rest, and His Majesty cau redouble his attentions to San Francisco, knowing that Chicago is in the safe hands of his emissaries.

DR. John Fryer, professor of Oriental languages at the State University, who so successfully juggles with the Chinese language that the Mongolian Government has given him the lucrative job of translating its scientific works into English, sailed on Wednesday for China. It now transpires why Joaquin Miller declares that he "will sing no more." No one but the gifted Fryer has ever been able to interpret the hard's manuscripts for the printer.

IN the programme of the Woman's Congress this week, in the name of Professor Griggs, Doctor Anna Shaw's "ideal man," is conspicuous by its absence. The Professor is a brainy young man, who should have more backbone than to go into hiding because a spinster with a yearning to be a bloomed policeman has fixed her glittering eye upon him in admiration. He should be lured from his lair, and Anna bound over to keep the peace.

"THE Hall of Justice has been delayed," quoth a contemporary this week. The statement savors of irony. Justice herself having suffered delays interminable throughout her career in San Francisco, it is but in the order of the eternal fitness of things that her temple should share her fate. It is too much to expect, anyhow, that Justice can make a haul of any kind in this neck of civilization's woods.

"JOAQUIN MILLER will sin no more" is the startling statement made by a contemporary. A mere typographical error, this; just the dropping of an insignificant little letter; yet those who read will labor under a grave misapprehension. No such miraculous reform will cloud the bard's interesting, if not strictly orthodox, career. It is not true that Joaquin will sin no more, but that he will "siug no more."

WIDOW ARCHER, the fair speculator who won \$1,555 at the race track this week, has had no less than nineteen matrimonial offers since her accession of luck. Times are indeed hard when men will resort to such desperate means as marriage in order to gain wealth.

ARTICLES of incorporation were filed this week by a Teapot Company, whose capital stock is \$1,000,000. A million-dollar tempest may be expected if the directors disagree as to the manner in which it should be boiled.



Uncle Reuben was visiting the metropolis for the first time. "What do you think of New York?" asked his city nephew. "Waal," replied the old man, "it's a mighty big place, hut it don't seem sified. I hain't seen a telegraph pole in the hull town." "The wires are underground." "Underground?" "Yes—in conduits." "Conduits? What's them?" "Suhterranean passages." Uncle Reuben was thoughtful. "Waal," said he, "they must be powerful deep to take in them tall poles."—New York World.

The club of old was, we've been told,
A den of wickedness,
And e'en in Lent the members bent
Toward sipping B. and S.
But now they say men hail the day
When gone are things infernal,
For everywhere the clubs forswear
The World, the Flesh, and Journal.

—Life.

"Master has got eyes like these here rays you read about." "How so, Delia?" "I was standin' in the doorway when he came up an' says: 'Delia, your back hair is comin' down,' an' when I threw up both me hands he kissed me. Now, how did he know my back hair was comin' down?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Playwright (in excitement)—They are calling for the author. What shall I do? STAGE MANAGER (who has seen the crowd)—You'd better slip out of the stage door and make your escape while there is time.—Philadelphia North American.

Mother—You should consent to let her marry him. They have two hearts that heat as one. FATHER—Yes, and two minds without a single thought. I shall enter no objection at all.—Ex.

Priscilla (just arrived)—Are there any men here? PHYLLIS—Oh, there are a few apologies for men! PRISCILLA—Well, if an apology is offered to me I shall accept it.—Tit-Bits.

Blakely—So you want to sell your tandem, eh? I thought there was nothing like it. FOXBALL—Oh, yes, it was all right then; but we're married now.—Cleveland Leader.

He—When I married you, you hadn't a cent. SHE—Oh yes, I had. My face was my fortune. HE—Now I know what they mean when they say money talks.—Life.

Teacher—Give an example of a paradox. PUPIL—My pa is a tall man, hut ma says he is always short.—New York Sunday Journal.

The Wife—John, the parrot talks all the time. THE HUSBAND—Yes, I know, hut it never asks for money.—Town Topics.

Molly—A gypsy once told me I would be married before I was thirty. DOLLY—That ought to cure you of superstition.—Ex.

"Your wife is such a brilliant talker I could listen to her all night." "I often do."—New York Journal.

Burglar—Yes, Judge, I'll repent if you'll only give me time. JUDGE—Six years.—Boston Ideas.

Young Mothers

should esrly learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing habies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.

It will make no difference to George T. Marsh & Co. whether Japan captures the Hawaiian government or not. They are constantly receiving all the choicest works of Japanese art, enrios, tapestries, etc., and are displaying them at their store, 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel. Something always unique, striking, and ornamental.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reade all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and hanquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and hanquet rooms, Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. R. Cutlar, 818 Sutter street.

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POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street. Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

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P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street. Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

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Maillard's Chocolates in 1/2 and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Hermann Schwarze (known as Hermann at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 225 Powell st. Telephone Main 5230

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000
SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
HEAD OFFICE..... 60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Naniamo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rate upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

San Francisco Savings Union.

COENE CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of the Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 8.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,702,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstman; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

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Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
John J. Valentine.....President
Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

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DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
LOANS MADE.

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Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln

OUT OF ALEXANDR' BAY.

A JANUARY FISH STORY.

POKE the fire a little, yonkers, till the log begins to blaze,
For the January blizzards hev a lot of chilly ways;
Bring the apples an' the doughnuts, an'—the cider, understand,
An' he mighty sure to place 'em some at handy to the han';
An' I'll string you up a story illustrative of the way
That I used to go a-fishin' out of Alexandr' Bay.

First, I asked the wind an' current fur to furnish me a lift,
Then I sailed away a distance in my double p'inted skiff;
An' I tuk it when desirous of a half a day alone;
For the biggest of the fishes doesn't like a human tone.
An' I recollect I anchored on one mornin' bright an' clear,
Where the basses used to gather in that season of the year.

When I found 'em, they was huddled near a little islan'-beach,
An' they measured—O, my gracious, twice as much as I ken reach;
(An' I don't believe there's any hev their arms in a posish
Fur to stretch 'em more than I ken, in describin' of a fish;)
An' the mornin' was so gentle, an' the water was so clear,
I cud see 'em smell my minny jus' as if they all was here.

But a lot o' rich New Yorkers hed their summer-housen nigh
An' my gracious them 'er fishes was a-eatin' cake an' pie!
Cooks had throwed it in the river when it cluttered up a dish,
An' f's'pose it tasted hetter to the fishes, than a fish;
An, I whispered to my conscience, "Yon are very near a fool,
Ef you waste your time a-danglin' overneath a boardin'-school!"
Then my conscience answered, "Stiddy; keep a-givin' 'em the bait!
There is al'ays blessin's comin' to a feller that can wait."
An' I kep' a peekin' down'ard so 's to see how matters stood,
An' I held a lively minny jus' as near em as I could;
An' I meant it as a primium for the scholars; hut alas!
Not a single one would offer fur to jine my cookin' class!

Then they sort o' laid an' rested in the water still an' deep,
An' they dropped their noses down'ard, an' appeared to go to sleep;
An' they nestled near an' nearer to the river's sandy floor,
An' I listened till I reckoned I could hear the fellers snore!
An' I says, "Lie still and slumber; I'm a-watchin' o'er your bed;
If you'll only wake up hungry, here is blessin's on your head!"

Bye an' bye the leader started, scratched his forehead with a fin,
An' he stretched an' yawned a little, an' my minny wiggled in;
('Twas a knowin' breed o' minny's we was rearin' at the Bay.)
An' the bass he shut his mouth up, an' the hook got in the way;
An' before he had the priv'lege fur to yell a single note,
He had left his loved companions, an' had started for the boat.

Then I winked unto the minny, an' I thought I see him grin,
An' I 'magine he enjoyed it, so I sent him down ag'in;
An' he run among 'em lively—like a wiggler in a cup;
An' kep' knockin' at their doorways, till he woke another up;
An' the fish embraced his caller, more in passion than in love;
An' immediately started for the happy land above.

One by one the others wakened; an' the word was passed aroun'
There was somethin' there fur nothin' that hed jus' come into town;
An' they soon was crazy fur it—an, the smartest of 'em led
(Fur a fish is partly human, as I think I al'ays said);
An' may Ananias' spirit come and visit me to-night,
Ef them everlastin' fishes didn't stan' in line to hite!

An' my boat was overloaded till it sort o' sagged an' stuck,
An' I sold 'em out in messes to some fellers scant of luck;
An' some fifty reputations as a fisherman, no doubt,
Was established on the fishes I'm a-tellin' ye about;
Anyhow, the rich New Yorkers, they was buyin' all the way
From the islan' of the basses into Alexandr' Bay.

—Will Carleton in Every Where for January.

THE Chinese wall is the most extensive fortification in the world. According to the surveys made within the last few years, this wall is 1,728 miles in length, and it passes up steep mountains, down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys, and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. It is 25 feet thick at the bottom and 15 feet at the top, and from 25 feet to 30 feet in height, with turrets or towers 35 feet to 40 feet high every 200 or 300 yards during its entire length. The exterior walls are of well-cut granite block, the interior is filled with earth and stone, and the passage-way is paved with bricks 1 foot square. The erection was begun in 211 B. C., and it was designed to protect the northern frontier of China against the savage tribes of Siberia.

All manner of beautiful buds and blossoms are kept by Leopold, at 35 Post Street—fresh, dewy, fragrant. It's a pleasure to drop in and see the lovely bouquets he makes up—and so reasonable. Small prices appear to have little to do with the excellence of his flowers.

BANKING.

Bank of California,
San Francisco.

Capital..... \$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided

Profits (October 1, 1894)..... 3,153,120 70

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Ass't Cashier

CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-Pres't
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
I. F. MOULTON..... 2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nov.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and in London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit
and Trust Company.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

Capital Fully Paid..... \$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and values of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, J. G. Wickersham, Joseph C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry E. Fortmann, R. E. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Daizell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Daizell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Looch & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank
of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital..... \$1,000,000

Paid-Up Capital..... \$ 300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.

JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and
American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANSOME & SITTER STS.

Subscribed Capital..... \$2,500,000

Paid Up Capital..... \$2,000,000

Reserve Fund..... \$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE..... 58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cle, 17 Boulevard des Capucines. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Californian
Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized..... \$6,000,000

Subscribed..... 3,000,000

Paid Up..... 1,500,000

Reserve Fund..... 700,000

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Grocker-Woolworth
National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
AND POST STREETS.

Paid-Up Capital..... \$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER..... President

W. E. BROWN..... Vice-President

GEO. W. KLINE..... Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather
Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.

Established 1851, San Francisco.

CAPITAL..... \$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON, President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. A. Brugulere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.



DEAR EDITH:—The Queen's Jubilee has brought into prominence for this spring a new kind of a bonnet—or rather, an old style under a new name. They are quite the vogue in New York. The are called "Jubilee" bonnets but are really nothing more or less than pokes, newly named because Queen Victoria wore a poke when she ascended the throne; not, perhaps, at the very moment when she walked up the steps, unless she had the crown made over for the occasion, but pokes were in fashion that year. This being jubilee year, poke bonnets are made the fashion again, just to remind Victoria how she used to look. They are very becoming to young faces, and the reason that they are not more generally liked is that so many women like to be dashing instead of demure. If you are going to wear a poke, you must be demure; not to be would be like going to church on roller skates.

Demureness should win new converts, however, when women see these chic affairs with a little row of pink rosebuds under the brim against the hair and framing the face. They have white or delicate green moire ribbon laid quaintly over the outside and drawn down under the chin in a great big bow that could tie at least half a dozen hearts within, such hearts as the men have these days, anyhow, which are much more likely to succumb to a bonnet than to a girl.

For her who neither wants to be dashing nor demure, there is a host of medium-sized hats in gay New York, most of them striking because of brilliance of color or through their masses of bloom. One of this type was shown, its puffed crown and its brim, composed of violet glaze taffeta, the brim almost hidden by masses of violets. Separating brim and crown was a full twist of violet velvet. On the left side was a high loop of the taffeta supported by an aigrette of violets and foliage, and a corresponding loop without flowers was on the other side. The back was filled in with small rosettes of velvet, violets and leaves.

I have just seen a bride's gown fresh from Paris. It was made of white poplin with a little boero jacket of white chiffon. It was trimmed all around the edge with pearl embroidery, upon white satin. There was a big collar-like effect, front and back; something like a sailor collar, and the pearls were continued on the ruffle around the neck and upon the heavy ruffling that fell over the hand. Two short, pointed panels of the pearl embroidery trimmed the skirt.

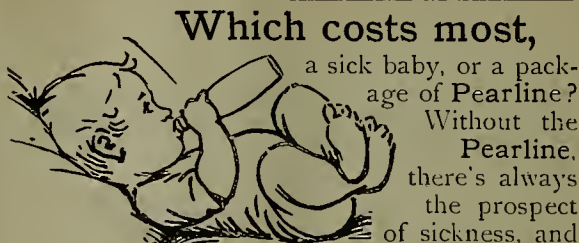
The sleeves were rather peculiar. They were shirred upon the inside seam and pulled up to give a puffed effect. Short gloves could be worn with this dress, or, as the style is here, none at all. The bridal veil was designed especially to go with this gown. It was of the thinnest chiffon, caught at the head with a beautiful ornament, which matched the embroidery upon the dress. Should the bridegroom in this case be so inclined he can substitute something of his own buying in the place of this pearl ornament.

You are hardly prepared for cloth wedding dresses, yet I can describe one to you that was certainly the prettiest thing that I have seen this year. It was of a very light-weight ladies' cloth, satin-faced, and not any one, even an expert, could tell it from heavy satin in the effect.

This skirt was elaborately trimmed with heavy lace, of the kind that looks as though it had been cut in a pattern. It was a kind of point lace, being undoubtedly made with the point of a needle, and yet it was not the Irish point. It was, perhaps, the new Brussels point, which you hear so much about. It was very open, so that you could put your fingers through the mesh anywhere. There was the heavy, pointed yoke, front and back, and a little bolero that began at the armholes and went around the sides and back. It was scarcely visible from the front, and hung most gracefully in the back.

BELINDA.

FINE stationery, steel and copper plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.



Which costs most, a sick baby, or a package of Pearline? Without the Pearline, there's always the prospect of sickness, and perhaps worse for your baby or for any other baby. It comes from nursing bottles that are imperfectly washed. This is a source of infant trouble that can't be watched too closely. Pearline will set your mind at rest. Nothing washes them so thoroughly as Pearline. One of the largest makers of nursing bottles sends out circulars with his goods, recommending Pearline for washing. He is wise, for milk in any form cannot adhere to anything, if washed with Pearline. 520

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

MEDICATED GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

50 cents and \$1.00

Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession. Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent.

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city who makes a specialty of . . .

FACIAL TREATMENT

Permanently removes Wrinkles, Small-pox Scars, and all Facial Disfigurements.

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UNITED STATES LAUNDRY.

Office, 1004 Market Street.

Telephone South 420,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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Rooms 16-17-18-19

over "City of Paris."

J. D. SULLIVAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.



Imperial Hair Regenerator

If you value your hair, use only the Imperial Hair Regenerator, to make GRAY HAIR its natural color, or BLEACHED HAIR any color desired. Baths do not affect it. Neither does curling or crimping. Incomparable for the BEARD on account of its durability and cleanliness.

No. 1, Black; 2, Dark Brown; 3, Medium Brown; 4, Chestnut; 5, Light Chestnut; 6, Gold Blonde; 7, Ash Blonde.

PRICE, \$1.50 and \$3

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL M'FG. CO.

292 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists and Hairdressers in San Francisco; sold and applied by Stanislas Strozynski and Goldstein & Cohn.



INSURANCE

N. T. JAMES, formerly general agent of the Alliance, has been appointed city agent of the marine department of the General Insurance Company of Trieste, Austria.

Chas. McLane, Pacific Coast manager of the New York Life, is visiting the home office of the company.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company will be celebrated on the 25th of next month.

The North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, of London and Edinburgh, will follow the example of other British companies, and form an American company of the same name, with \$200,000 capital and \$100,000 surplus.

The tabulated results of fifty-five American life insurance companies, from their organization down to January 1, 1897, show that they have received in premiums \$3,167,-380,734, which has been increased by interest and profit earnings to \$4,013,126,352. Of this amount \$1,246,378,340 is held in hand to provide for future obligations, and \$2,043,858,429 have been distributed to policy holders and their beneficiaries.

Thornton Chase, superintendent of agencies for the Union Mutual Life, has been visiting the California agency. He returned to Chicago last Wednesday.

Mr. A. Dalton Harrison, manager of the Union Assurance Society of London, has gone to England for a three months' visit.

The Palatine Fire has deposited \$100,000 with the Ohio Insurance Department.

The newly-elected officers of the Utah State Board of Fire Underwriters are Hugh Anderson, President, and E. W. Watson, Secretary.

The two biggest fire engines in the world belong to the Liverpool Fire Department.

The Mutual Life, of New York, will hereafter make no distinction between the sexes, so far as rates are concerned. Hitherto women have been compelled to pay \$5 on the \$1,000 more than men.

In the two \$20,000 damage suits brought by the New York Life and the Mutual Life of New York against the Kansas Superintendent of Insurance for refusing them licenses to do business in Kansas, McNall's bondsmen are made co-defendants.

From the first day of last January up to February 27th, various English marine associations lost \$10,000,000 in shipwrecks.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, of London, has absorbed the Marine Credit Guarantee Company of New York.

The First Municipal Bond Insurance Company of America has been organized in New York, with a capital of \$1,000,000 and a surplus of \$500,000.

Mr. Thos. W. Aisbitt, manager Coast Department National Life of Hartford, with headquarters at Louisiana, will be in this city until June.

The Senate bill authorizing the New York insurance companies to invest in the stock of other companies, has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law.

The cash in surrender value of life insurance policies will hereafter be assessed in Indiana.

The Frankfort will deposit \$50,000 with the Ohio Insurance Department, and enter that State.

The Aetna Indemnity Company of Hartford has been organized.

Edward M. Needles, of the Penn Mutual Life, has resigned the presidency of that company, and is succeeded by H. F. West, formerly Vice President.

The Germania Life, the only American life insurance company doing business in Germany, will be ruled out of Prussia, owing to the New York retaliatory law.

D. E. Miles, of the London and Lancashire, is spending his vacation in Honolulu.

Manager L. B. Edwards, of the Manchester, is in Chicago.

E. S. Fowler, Pacific Coast manager of the Preferred Accident Insurance Company of New York, died at his home in Oakland last Tuesday. He had been here but three years, and was popular among his associates, besides making a most successful manager for his company.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,192,001.69
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,499.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,
413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY.

Capital, \$2,250,000 Assets, \$10,984,248.
Pacific Coast Department: 204-208 SANSOME ST., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States, J. G. STEELE & CO., 835 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



A GOOD story comes from the Produce Exchange anent the threatening weather of the past week. At lunch in the University Club, last Monday, George P. Morrow, the ex-President of the Exchange, thought the prevalent cloudiness indicated rain, but Ed Eyre, with bearish instincts, said no.

"Tell you what, Eddie," said Morrow, "if you want to back your judgment, I'll lay you twenty that it rains before 1 o'clock to-morrow."

"That's a go!" said Eyre. "You can settle with me here at lunch."

During the next twenty-four hours there were clouds, no sun, but neither was there rain. George Morrow demanded no storm. All he asked was a trace—a single drop. When noon passed without precipitation from the hovering clouds he grew desperate. And then his inspiration came to him. It cost him only one dollar to induce a boy to walk several times slowly by the University Club with raised umbrella about 1 o'clock.

"You're a good thing, George," chaffed Eyre in the club a few minutes later. "Your own bet, too," he chuckled.

"I have not given up all hope yet. That cloud looks pretty black," replied Morrow hopefully. "But I tell you what I'll do," he added suddenly. "I'll give you \$5 right now for your bet, and we won't go to lunch for ten minutes yet."

"Oh, no, George," was the sarcastic rejoinder, "I wouldn't take your money. Why, man, the bet is as good as won."

Morrow carelessly threw himself into an easy chair near the window, with his back to the glass. Eyre, following, glanced toward the street. He rubbed his eyes. The boy's umbrella was certainly up. It must be sprinkling. He had lost his bet!

"Well, Morrow," he said, trying to steady his voice, and silently praying that his friend would not turn around, "you can have that bet for two fifty if you like, seeing it's you."

Without a word Morrow passed over the amount of the compromise. At luncheon he ordered champagne, and they had more than one bottle.

"You had better sign these," he remarked casually at the end of the meal an hour later, tossing the lunch cards toward Eyre. "This little feast is on you."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Eyre in surprise.

"Well, you see that boy with the umbrella—he is an unprincipled young scoundrel—put up a job on you."

What are known as observatory clocks are planted in several offices about town, all connected by a telegraphic circuit wire with the Western Union. They are all supposed to ring a bell simultaneously at noon, and perpetual motion is one of their properties. During an exciting scramble for water front jobs, one of these clocks, located in the office of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners, stopped, and a message was dispatched post haste to the headquarters of the telegraph company to seek the repair of the mechanism.

"That's a department charge," said Billy Martin, manager of the clock department, and incidentally of a number of wires and poles and things, when he received the complaint. "That clock is strung with wires to the sun, and it never stops itself. It would have kept going all right if you had not had so much nervous agitation in the office."

Not without some secret misgivings did George Hoffman, fresh from the University course in mineralogy, accept his father's commission to assume the active management of the Red Point mines in Nevada County. The miners were reputed a particularly hard crowd, and his friends thoughtfully predicted trouble for him. He arrived at the mines prepared for an unfavorable reception, and he was not disappointed. He determined to preserve

a bold front, however, even when the gang, after a series of petty but annoying actions, openly jeered at his opinions, ignored his orders and worked about as they chose. The hardy mountaineers made no effort to conceal their contempt for the book-taught and youthful foreman. After a few days of this, and just as they were flattering themselves that they had "broke in de kid," young Hoffman caused them no little amazement by discharging every man in the mine. They marvelled at his nerve, but they were confident he would soon realize his dependence on them, for there were no other available miners in the district.

"No, thanks; I can swing a pick myself in the meantime, and in a few days, I shall have a new crew here," said George, as he refused the application for reinstatement of the malcontents, who perceived their mistake, and suddenly abandoning their dignity, made a wild break for cover.

He was as good as his word, and temporarily constituted himself the entire working force of the mine. When his new crew arrived, there was no necessity for a word on the subject of discipline. Hoffman now operates his mine, for the most part, from his comfortable offices in the Nevada Block, but when he goes up to the Red Point for a periodical inspection, he is greeted as a king by the hardy prospectors.

While travelling recently in a part of the country where his quaint costume was no identification, Joaquin Miller was regarded in silent adoration for a time by an old woman who was a fellow-passenger. She seemed anxious to speak to him, fidgeting about in her seat and sending imploring glances at the Poet of the Sierras. Finally she mustered up sufficient courage to address the old man with the long beard, and the curling locks which fell to his shoulders.

"Please,—will you,—may I—touch your hand?" she stammered, pleadingly.

"Why, certainly," replied Joaquin, as he extended his brawny fist. "But why should you wish to touch my hand?" he added, much gratified at this evidence of his widespread fame.

"Because—you look,—so much—like Jesus Christ," explained his admirer, slowly.

Joaquin is very fond of relating this story to his friends, a party of whom he recently entertained at his house on Oakland Heights. The poet had been dining much better than wisely, and finally collapsed.

"That old woman would hardly perceive the fancied resemblance if she could see Joaquin now," was the ill-mannered comment of one of the guests, as they made an unceremonious departure.

Three newspapermen have encountered the enemy, and he is theirs. Representing the three morning papers, they were simultaneously interviewing T. R. Price, the South African railroad king. While the four were talking together Tom Mein, agent of the London Exploration Company, entered the room. Mein is an ex-resident of Johannesburg, sinned in company with John Hays Hammond *et al.*, was brought into captivity by Oom Paul and is now obliged to find an abiding place outside the Dark Continent. Journalistic comments on his career have given Mr. Mein an antipathy of a peculiarly healthy growth toward everything that is printed.

"Who are these fellows, Price?" he shouted, courteously. "Reporters are they? Well, look out for them. They'll garble you. They're no good! Look out for them, I say, or you'll regret it."

The suddenness of the attack caught the interviewers at a disadvantage. President Coe of the Press Club, who does hotels for the Call, was the first to recover his breath.

"Well, Mr. Mein," he said, significantly. "We may be hard game, but we have never been in jail."

"And we have not been exiled for treason," chirped "Birdie" Hunt.

"Nor fined for conspiracy," solemnly chanted Sam Ewing.

"You are well named, Mr. Mein," added "Birdie."

"And if—"

But the enemy had retreated, precipitately.

If there is one thing Judge John Hunt likes better than unwinding his reel, it is spinning a yarn. If anything can arouse him to greater enthusiasm than catching a fish, it is to catch a friend napping. The Judge went fishing on Sunday, and as he returned home late in the evening, he encountered Aleek Vogelsang on the train. The judicial costume caused no uncertainty. It was of the fish fishy.

"Well, Judge, what luck?" asked the Fish and Game Commissioner, with the erudition of the sportsman.

The jurist slowly opened his creel an inch or two, thrust in his hand, and produced a fish about four inches long.

"That is the smallest one I caught," he said modestly.

"Did you get many others?"

"Oh, yes," said Hunt, impressively. "By the way, I have to decide an important motion to-morrow."

"Let's see one of your big ones," persisted Vogelsang, not to be turned from the practical subject on hand by the sunny ways of the specious occupant of the Superior Bench.

The judicial arm again dived into the angler's basket, a small fish was momentarily held up for inspection, and then hastily consigned again to the depths of the creel.

"Yes, it's very import—" began Hunt again.

"Now, produce the biggest fish you caught," ordered Aleek, impatiently.

Very slowly and carefully was a fish brought to the light. Very quickly and suddenly was it popped back to its receptacle.

"I thought so," was Vogelsang's quiet comment. "It's the same fish."

Dressed with his usual elaborate attention to details, Henry Redington was descending the stairway of a California-street office building, the ancient interior of which was being rejuvenated by a corps of painters, a few days ago. He picked his way somewhat gingerly down the darkened stairs, his progress made doubly uncertain because of the dubious light from the entrance. In spite of all his precautions, he splashed into a large pot of paint, carelessly left in the middle of a step. From his waist to his heels, Henry's trowsers were instantaneously dyed a beautiful ceru, but his language was much darker.

After the painters had given the dabbler in futures a benzine bath so thorough that the corrosive liquid removed not only the paint from his trowsers, but likewise the skin from his legs, Redington was placed on the edge of the sidewalk to dry. John Dempster McKee passed by, without apparently having noticed the mishap, and to avoid comment on his helpless plight, Henry inquired unconcernedly if the other had noticed any one run foul of the paint.

"Well, I should say so," replied the bank cashier, who is somewhat shortsighted. "It was the funniest spectacle imaginable. I was passing a few minutes ago, while some fellow was coming down stairs, and the blithering idiot walked deliberately into a paint pot, splashing his clothes from head to foot! Served the duffer right, too; he should have watched his bearings."

Not for one moment does Dr. George L. Fitch cease to regard the woman suffrage movement with disfavor and its advocates with dislove. Passing a clothier's window with a brother medico, his attention was drawn to a placard which generously proclaimed that "These pants are only 85 cents. Worth \$2."

"Happy Anna Shaw!" exclaimed Fitch, in seeming ecstasy. "That will be grand news for her. Victory is now within her reach! Equal rights for all! Hooray!"

J. J. Jamison, the jovial Assistant Grand Secretary of the Native Sons, the order now engaged in painting the Redwoods a still redder hue, is fond of a good time, and, with true Californian frankness, doesn't care who knows it. In the various entertainments promulgated by his especial parlor, Jamison is a leading spirit, and loses no opportunity to boom the parlor in question. The other day, just before the grand lodge convened, he met a reporter and buttonholed him confidentially.

"I say," said he with the engaging persuasiveness that has made him popular throughout the order, "give our parlor a good send-off, will you? We had a glorious time

last night—big attendance, lots of enthusiasm and a splendid programme."

"What did you do?" asked the scribe.

"Oh, somebody made a speech and somebody else played a pino solo. Come to think of it, I believe there was a vocal solo, too. We had an elegant entertainment, though. Never had a bigger time in all my life," and the Grand Secretary beamed benignly at recollection of the previous evening's hilarity.

The reporter looked puzzled. "Wasn't there anything else on that programme?" he asked.

"Betcherlife, my boy!" was the enthusiastic response; "one hundred gallons of beer."

EFFECTS OF WAR ON AMERICAN GRAIN.

A CONTRACT by cable has just been made between an English syndicate and the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad to transport 5,000,000 bushels of wheat from Buffalo to New York. A New York Central standard freight engine will haul a train of fifty-five loaded cars, each of which, without load, weighs 30,000 pounds, and has a capacity of 60,000 pounds of grain. The weight of grain in such a train is 3,300,000 pounds. The weight of the cars is 1,650,000 pounds. Total weight of train loaded, 4,950,000 pounds. This means that it would require one hundred such trains to fulfill the above contract. The New York Central claim that they can land the whole amount in New York thirty hours after it is delivered to them in Buffalo.

PRINCESS Louise and her niece, the Duchess of Fife, are, according to a contributor to the April "Woman at Home," the two royal ladies who affect as much as circumstances will permit the role of private ladies. The former delights in the society of literary and artistic people, and one day her Royal Highness made arrangements to take a country drive with a distinguished literary lady. When about to start Princess Louise said: "I do not wish to be treated as a Princess. Pray let me drive with you just as any other of your lady friends would do." All ceremony was accordingly dropped, and the two ladies drove off a tête-à-tête, stopped at a village through which they passed to make purchases and call upon some poor people, and her Royal Highness confessed to having had an unusually delightful time in thus escaping from her rank.

THE Palace Hotel subscribed \$250 to the boulevard fund last Thursday. This is not pointing the way, but leading it. Other hotels should see in Manager Kirkpatrick's action a pertinent and timely suggestion for personal application.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

cures Poison Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands At all druggists.

BICYCLE Sunday racing begins at the Velodrome to-morrow, and a number of exciting events have been arranged for the opening day.





PROSPECTIVE brides are so busy with their trousseaux, and the helles in preparation of bewitching toilettes for their summer outing, they do not seem inclined to give time or thought for much else, and as a consequence it has been very quiet in social circles this week. The Woman's Congress drew a goodly sprinkling of society to its inaugural ceremonies on Monday morning, and the Tivoli was the great objective point to which all the fashionable folk of the city found their way on Monday evening to give welcome to Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, and incidentally enjoy his rendering of Shamus O'Brien.

Mrs. Jewett's tea last week was her final entertainment for the season, she and her family having gone to their country home in Sonoma County for a few weeks prior to a trip to Alaska. Mrs. M. R. Higgins gave a tea in her rooms in the Wenhan on Monday afternoon of this week. On Wednesday a very pleasant tea was given at the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, on Harrison street. The Andrews concert at the C. A. Auditorium on Thursday evening was another fashionable crowd, the young beneficiary being a favorite in the swim. To-day Miss Wilkinson gives a tea at her home in Berkeley, and Mrs. W. A. Magee one at her residence in Fruitvale.

Church receptions the other side of the bay have been quite a fad of late. Among them was one given to the Rev. J. K. McLean on Tuesday evening, in the parlors of the First Congregational Church in Oakland, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate, and on Thursday evening the ladies of Christ Church, of Alameda, gave a reception in honor of their newly arrived rector, the Rev. T. J. Lacey.

Weddings have not, however, failed, and this has been another week well filled up with them. The Coleman residence, on Post street, was the scene of the marriage of Miss Martha Washington Coleman and Mathias R. Fleischman last Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Nieto tying the nuptial knot beneath a floral hower placed in the how-window, in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white organdie over white satin, a tulle veil held in place by a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Alice Oppenheim, as maid-of-honor, was gowned in lavender tulle over silk of the same hue, with pearl ornaments. The other attendants were Florence Cleve and Arthur Stoltre, and Louis Newherger, who was the groom's best man. An elaborate dejeuner followed the ceremony, and the young couple have been spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Miss Adele Rottanzi and Professor J. B. Argenti were united in marriage by Father Mulligan at St. Mary's Cathedral at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning; Miss Ottie Sotarie was maid-of-honor and Frank Argenti best man.

Tuesday evening's wedding was at the residence of Mrs. Goodman on Post street, when her daughter Lillian and Leon Lewin, of San Salvador, were the bride and groom. The Rev. Dr. Nieto officiated, the ceremony being performed beneath a floral canopy, which was suspended by white ribbons held in the beaks of numerous white doves. The bride looked charmingly in a robe of rich white satin and point lace, and her tulle veil was fastened to her coiffure by a diamond sunburst. Dancing followed the elaborate supper which was served after the ceremony. On Wednesday the bride and groom departed for a year's tour abroad.

On Wednesday, at noon, Miss Elizabeth Vero Wate and Dr. James Albert Brown were married at St. John's Church on Valencia street, by Rev. Dr. Spalding, and the ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride on Pierce street.

The wedding of Miss Loretta Cook and J. C. Appelwhite was a home one, at the residence of the bride's mother on Turk street, on the evening of the 23rd ult.

The marriage of Miss Grace Young and Francis Churchill Williams will be solemnized at the home of the bride-elect, on Pacific avenue, at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Schwartz, *née* Helen Sutro, who were recently married, left San Francisco last Sunday evening for Costa Rica, where they expect to remain for about two months. On their return here they will reside at the Sutro home on Pine street.

The engagement of Miss Hattie Bastheim, of this city, to Mr. L. Frankenheimer, of Stockton, has been announced.

Recent pleasant entertainments included Mrs. Thos. Watson's coaching party to San Mateo; Mrs. W. P. Buckingham's luncheon, at which twelve ladies were seated at table, and Mrs. J. F. Merrill's dinner, at which Miss Georgia Cayvan was chief guest. Last Saturday's affairs included the first "Meet" of the season at Burlingame and the opening of the yachting season by the Corinthian Club.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Lowenberg was the guest of the Philomath Literary Club at a high tea given in her honor at the Beethoven Hall. Mrs. Lowenberg has for many years been President of both the Century and Philomath Clubs, whose members have often been her guests; but this was the first chance the members of the Philomaths had of reciprocating. The affair lasted till late in the afternoon, and if numbers constitute a success it was indeed one, as well-nigh the entire membership was represented in the gathering.

The entertainment for the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses will begin on May 11th, continuing throughout the week, afternoons and evenings, at the house of Mrs. Clarke Crocker, corner of Sutter and Octavia streets. It will be very novel as well as instructive, being a sort of Midwinter Fair in miniature. There will be varied entertainments afternoons and evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons will be specially devoted to children. There will be an Oriental Room, an Art Treasure Room, where Toby Rosenthal's last picture will be on exhibition, and an Indian Room, in which there will be specimens of Indian work, baskets, blankets, etc., from Oonalaska to Mexico. In the grounds, which will be illuminated at night, there will be a shooting gallery, kinelescope, anamatiscope, etc. It is to be hoped the public will generously respond for the many sick children for whom the lady managers are working so hard. Admission to the house and grounds will be 50 cents in the evening and 25 cents in the afternoon.

The news of the appointment of Lieutenant Cloman to succeed Lieutenant Winn as Military Instructor at Berkeley has been received with much favor by our helles who, while regretting the loss of one favorite, will be glad to welcome back another. It is probable that Lieutenant Winn will go abroad for a vacation when his term of duty at Berkeley expires in August. Another Army Officer popular with our helles, Lieutenant Strother, is at present stationed at New York as Aid to the newly appointed Commanding General, Wesley Merritt, who is General Ruger's successor at that post.

The summer resorts are all preparing for the coming season and "Opening days" will soon be in order. Society as yet seems to be rather undecided as to which shall be the place selected by them for their locale, but the Hotel Rafael is decidedly in the lead as favorite, and from now on a steady stream of guests may be looked for, the hegrira having already begun, and what is something new over there, the arrivals include a long list of Eastern visitors. The Whittell's have gone to the Hotel Rafael for the season, and Mrs. J. A. Folger goes over next week. Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter will also spend the summer there. We may soon now have a visit from Mrs. Harold Sewall who as Miss Millie Ashe was such a popular helle in our swim. Mr. Sewall has received the appointment as Minister to Hawaii and they will of course spend some time here en route to Honolulu.

The last assembly and german of the seventh season of the *Entre Nous* Cotillion took place at the Palace Hotel last evening, and was most enjoyable. Three beautiful and intricate figures were danced "Parisian Novelty," "Grecian Cross, and "Sleigh Bells." The german was led by Sanford G. Lewald and Miss Mabel Hollis. Those in the first set were Mr. and Mrs. George D. Graham, Edward G. Carrera and Miss Emily Herzer, W. W. Funge, Jr., and Miss Louise Hoppner, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Spalding, A. H. Meussdorffer and Miss Leah Young, Geo. W. Craig and Miss Beatrice Hughes, Wm. Westfeld and Miss Mizpah Frederich, J. J. De Haven and Miss M. T. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Whitney, Robert F. Haight and Miss Felice Kingsford, Herman H. Herzer and Miss Frances Burtou, Wm. G. Barr and Miss Emma Prosek, Chester Judah and Miss Mae Folsom, Wm. Hochseher and Miss Sadie Gardner, H. C. Warwick and Miss Nellie G. Martland. The eighth season of the club will commence early the coming winter.

Arrivals have been quite numerous of late, including Mrs. Daggett who comes to be present at the wedding of her sister Miss Ethel Cohen; Mr. and Mrs. Henri Kahn who have spent the last two years in Paris, and Mrs. and Miss Delmas from a lengthened absence abroad. Miss Alice Boggs is looked for to-morrow after an absence of several months in the East. Mrs. and Miss Blakeman and Miss Ethel Keeney are expected home in a few days. Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger will come out in June from their Chicago home to visit their daughters during the heated term of the East. Mrs. L. F. Ralston has been the guest of her son, W. C. Ralston, at Georgetown for some weeks past.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. D. Spreckels have gone East for a visit of several weeks. The Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Moreland, left last week for a visit to relatives in South Carolina. Other recent departures included ex-Senator C. N. Felton; Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman for the other side of the continent, and Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King for the City of Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson are on the eve of departure for a trip to Oregon.

Mr. and Mme. Adolphe Roos have been giving a series of dinners. One of these took place on Tuesday evening last at their home on Post street, and, like the others, proved itself a most delightful affair. While Mme. Roos has long been looked upon as a queen of hostesses, Roos, senior, took this occasion to tender his guests the choicest selections from his cellar, which is stocked with rarest old wines. The decorations, as usual, were rich, and were beautified by the handsome background the house itself affords. Covers were laid for twenty.

Tuesday, the 11th of May, is the date finally set for the opening of the "gingerbread fête" for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Next on the *tapis* is the concert which the Saturday Morning Orchestra will give on the 15th of May at Golden Gate Hall, under the direction of W. A. Sabin, which will be for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home; and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan has promised his valuable assistance.

Rumor has it that the Calliopean Club is not to be outdone by its older brothers, nor will it let summer interfere with its entertainments. President Triest has been anxiously scouring the country for a suitable place where the members and their lady friends may enjoy a pleasant day's outing and seclusion from the city's turmoil.

A SMOOTH and velvet skin is an essential to beauty, or even good looks. Dr. Dupuis, at 713 Post street, near Jones, treats these hemishes and facial disfigurements on scientific principles, and has given permanent relief and perfect satisfaction to many of the ladies of this city. Information gladly given by the Doctor, or Mrs. Dupuis, at their office.

The season of jollity, dinners, weddings, suppers, and banquets is at hand. Max Abraham, the popular caterer, of 428 Geary street, is the busiest man in town. His knowledge of his art is complete, and he is in demand at almost every swell function in the city. He takes complete charge, with the happiest results to all concerned.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEAKER, General Agent.

Why *Schilling's Best* tea is in packages!

- (1) to keep it fresh;
- (2) to make sure that you get it.

The grocer returns your money in full if you don't like it.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco.

PACIFIC
CONGRESS
SPRINGS
HOTEL

Santa Cruz Mountains,
Santa Clara County.

Remodeled and under
New Management

Only two-and-a-half hours
from San Francisco.

Six miles from Los Gatos. Tea
miles from Santa Clara. Twelve
miles from San Jose. Address

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523 Market St - - San Francisco.

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Management

BLUE LAKES HOTEL,

(Bertha Postoffice)
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Only 19 miles from Ukiah.
Finest summer resort in California.
Good hunting, fishing, boating, and Bathing.
Finest cuisine and best accommodations.

R. E. WHITEFIELD, Manager.

SUMMER NOVELTIES
JUST OPENED

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121 Montgomery St.,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Merchant
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DR. D. E. DUNNE,

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Office Hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, Mr. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL
CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies
the skin, and
no other cosmetic
will do it.



R. moves Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,

37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

TO KNOW HOW.

"SUNDAY'S a dull day," remarked Elton.
 "Yes. What are you going to do this afternoon?"
 inquired Tibbets from the other side of the club-stove.
 "I think I'll take in the Louvre," answered Elton.
 "Want to come?"

"No. I'm going for a stroll on the Champs-Élysées."
 So they met, an hour later, in Miss Auber's drawing-room, on the Rue Boccador.
 "I suppose you've both been working hard all the week,"
 said Miss Auber.
 "Work," Elton said, airily, "in Bohemia! It's a country
 of play."

"What do you do in that giddy land?"
 "Live. To work is to exist."
 "How nice!" Miss Auber exclaimed, "I must go exploring
 over there."
 "H'm. I wouldn't," Elton answered. "I don't think
 you'd—I mean I fear they would not appreciate you."
 "I know I am not very clever."
 "Ab, modesty has a great charm. But you see, while
 they admire beauty, they are apt to be prejudiced critics
 of the spiritual."

"And she weighs one hundred and forty," remarked
 Miss Auber's cousin.
 "I don't either, Tom. But, by the way, Mr. Elton, you
 intend something for the Salon, do you not?"

"Certainly."
 "Aren't you doing anything on it?"
 "A little; but there's more than time in a picture."
 "Still, you might spend more on it. Just think how you'd
 feel if your work was refused!"
 "I have no fear," said Elton, confidently. "They ac-
 cepted a piece last year that I had skimmed off in a few
 weeks."

"Is there nothing beyond acceptance to be had at the
 Salon?" inquired Miss Auber's cousin, whose name was
 Jones.

"O, mentions and medals come in due season. 'I'm so
 young that if I took one now it might dull my ambition.'
 "Don't permit such as that to occur," said Mr. Jones.
 "May I smoke?"

"Certainly," responded Miss Auber. "Won't you all do
 so? I enjoy the odor of tobacco. Here's a match. Mr.
 Tibbets—I'm sure you deserve one for listening to us so
 long. You have been working, I know."

"Yes," said Tibbets, "I have."
 "And is your picture for the Salon?"
 "I hope to have it exhibited."

"Nothing more than hope?" Mr. Jones asked.
 "No."
 "That's refreshing. But I must be off now, Maude.
 Good-day, gentlemen."

"Well," he continued, as he turned into the Avenue
 de l'Alma, "a woman with two minds and two men with
 one each. A comedy that needs no funny man."

* * * * *

It came about at a dance. Mr. Jones, with cousinly
 forethought, had left Miss Auber to sit alone in a secluded
 place while he went off to the smoking room. On the
 other side of a screen which hid her were two young wo-
 men students from the Latin Quarter, busy tearing people
 up.

"Did you see that awfully handsome Mr. Elton at the
 club dance, the night before last?" asked the fair girl in
 blue.

"Yes. Isn't he lovely! I danced with him three times,"
 answered the sweet thing in yellow, red, pink, green, and
 every other color that could be put into five feet three
 inches.

"They say he's such a great painter."
 "And he's got lots of money."
 "Altogether very eligible. I heard he was in love with a
 wealthy American girl on this side of the river."

"Yes, but he's got a rival, that What's-his-name? who
 can't say a word, and only sits and stars—oh, Tibbets."
 "Is that why Mr. Elton sticks so closely to him? But I
 don't see what he's got to fear from Mr. Tibbets. He
 looks like an old-clothes shop."

"No one is negative to jealousy, my dear. But Mr. El-
 ton will be sure to get her. He knows how."

"They say he's rather gay."
 "Yes; I heard he went down to the Café d'Harcourt the
 other night, and—"

When Mr. Jones returned he found Miss Auber sitting
 alone near the screen, gnawing her fan.

* * * * *

"You're not looking very well this afternoon," said Miss
 Auber.

"No," answered Tibbets, "I'm feeling blue."
 "It was too bad of them to refuse your picture."

"How did you know?"
 "Oh, Mr. Elton was here last evening." She smiled.

"Did he tell you?"
 "Yes."

"And that his work had been accepted?"
 "Yes."

"And that Carolus Duran has said that he'll probably
 receive a medal?"

"Yes."
 "And that he expected to go home soon?"

"Yes."
 "Did he say anything else?" he asked very earnestly.

"Yes." Her smiles had increased.
 "Then I won't." He arose.

"Why not?" Her smiles vanished.
 "What's the use?" he asked, wearily.

"If I had anything to say," she said, decidedly, "I'd say
 it."

"Then I will."
 And he did.—EDWARD BEDLOE MENDUM, in Quartier
 Latin.

ANCIENT RUSSIAN JEWELS.

AMONG the most precious jewels in the treasury of the
 Russian imperial family are a few relics of olden times
 which are no longer used. The old hereditary crown of
 the Russian czars is one of the most interesting and at the
 same time one of the handsomest of these antique pieces.
 It is worked in wonderfully fine gold filigree, says the
 Jeweler's Circular, bearing on the top a massive golden
 cross, the four ends of which are adorned by large and very
 valuable pearls. The upper part of the crown is formed
 of a large topaz, a sapphire and a ruby set between three
 large pearls. The lower part of the crown, consisting of
 eight fields, is adorned with four immense emeralds and
 four rubies, about twenty-four pearls set in golden caps
 surrounding these gems. Like all Russian crowns, this
 crown is bordered at the bottom with beautiful sable fur,
 and on the inside lined with red silk. It is a notable work
 of art. The most interesting piece, probably, is the old
 imperial orb with a large cross. No less than 58 diamonds,
 89 rubies, 23 sapphires, 50 emeralds and 37 beautiful
 pearls go to make it the magnificent jewel it is. Minia-
 tures painted in enamel adorn the orb. The pictures in
 the four fields represent the anointment of David; his vic-
 tory over Goliath, his return from the fight and David
 pursued by Saul. Between these miniature symbolic
 figures of heraldic animals are arranged. They are the
 eagle, lion, griffin and unicorn. This orb authentically be-
 longs to the period of the latter Byzantine Empire and
 was brought to Russia from Constantinople probably in the
 eleventh century.

THE official stamp of the great World's Columbian Ex-
 position, since sustained by the Supreme Court, gave
 the final award to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association
 for the quality of its beer. This beer has stood the test of
 experience and time, and the efforts that are made by be-
 lated competitors to obscure the facts or to deceive the
 public, are futile and useless.

"On the Santa Fé There's No Delay."

Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at
 Barstow with Santa Fé Limited. Dining cars, buffet, smoking car,
 Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half
 days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York.
 Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

LOVE'S LARCENY.

As Cupid, on a summer's day,
In idle sport was flitting
From place to place, he chanced to stray
Near where my love was sitting.

"Now, here's a face," Dan Cupid cried,
To shake my filial duty,
For mother Venus foudns her pride
On far inferior beauty;

"I'll paint a picture, ere I go,
Of these enchanting features,
And thus admiring Gods shall know
The loveliest of their creatures!"

From out his quiver then he drew
His palette and his brushes;
Then from a rose-leaf stole the hue
To paint my lady's blushes;

To catch the color of her eyes
He hesitated whether
To rob the violet, or the skies,
Or blend their tints together.

That problem solved, another vexed
His mind, and set them racking
His feather-brains, for sore perplexed,
He found his canvas lacking.

Impatient to display his art
(His subject well excused it),
The roguish God purloined my heart
And as a canvas used it!

—Arthur W. Gundry, in Life.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.
WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—
Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—
Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:25 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 26, 1897	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
8:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Petaluma	6:10 P. M.	10:35 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa	7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdals	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guernsville	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sshastopol	10:40 A. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:22 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyservills for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Elghland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vlchy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laursi Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Llerley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Hsights, Hullville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal. Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Prss. & Gsn. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
For Britlan Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Nwspport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26 31, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Disgo, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Emsenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamers "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 2d, and 2d of each month thereafter.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY--PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave	From April 18, 1897.	Arrive
6:00 A.	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	9:45 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P.
7:00 A.	Honolulu, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iowa, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Peters and Milton	7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo	6:15 P.
10:00 A.	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P.
11:00 P.	Sacramento River steamers, and Stockton	9:00 P.
1:00 P.	Nliss, San Jose, and Livermors	8:45 A.
1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations	7:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Vranco and Santa Rosa	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Bsnicia, Vacavills, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A.
4:30 P.	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysvills, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gaugs).

17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P.
8:45 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P.
8:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Nsw Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Nswark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Thlrd and Townsend strsts).

7:00 A.	San Jose and way stations (Nsw Almaden Wednsdays only)	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grovs, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and way stations	6:00 P.
11:30 A.	Palo Alto and way stations	5:30 P.
12:30 P.	San Mateo, Msnlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grovs	10:40 A.
1:30 P.	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	8:05 A.
5:30 P.	San Jose and principal way stations	8:45 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San Jose and way stations	7:45 P.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

8:00 A.		7:15 A.
8:00 A.		9:45 A.
9:00 A.	MELROSE,	10:45 A.
10:00 A.	SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A.
11:00 A.	FITCHBURG,	12:45 P.
11:00 A.	SAN LEANURO,	1:15 P.
2:00 P.	and	12:45 P.
4:30 P.	HAYWARDS.	4:45 P.
5:30 P.		4:45 P.
5:30 P.	i Runs through to Niles.	6:15 P.
7:00 P.	l From Niles	7:45 P.
8:00 P.		8:45 P.
9:00 P.		10:50 P.
11:15 P.		11:20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Ship 8).—7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 12:00, 13:00, 14:00, 15:00 and 16:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—16:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:00, 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡‡Sundays and Thursdays.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enqurs of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897
COPTIC	Thursday, June 17, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, July 7, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corners First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S. S. "Monowai," Thursday, April 23rd, at 2 P. M. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, May 18th, at 2 P. M.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 227 Market St., San Francisco.



LOVE AND MAYTIME.—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

LOVE, gentle Love, I am weary of waiting!
Why hast thou lingered so long on the way!
Birds 'mid the hoshage are wooing and mating,
It is May!

Cold was the winter with snow-plumy pinions,
Holding our hearts in his insolent sway.
Now he has gone to his icy dominions.
It is May!

Brooks down the hillsides are leaping and singing—
What makes their laughter so-rollicking gay?
Why are the hedges with merriment ringing?
It is May!

Love, gentle Love, I would welcome thee gladly,
Yet far aloof from my roof thou dost stray.
I cannot sing, for my song would sound sadly.
It is May!

Come, gentle Love, bring me joy without measure,
Make me thy debtor this jubilant day!
Here is my heart in exchange for thy treasure.
It is May! It is May!

—MEMORY.—CHARLES C. NOTT JR., IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

Upon a night long after I had died
I rose and passed the portals of Her heart,
Therein no wreck nor ruin I espied,
But fair and quiet its dim-lit chambers lay
And a sweet silence breathed in every part.
And I, who once had dwelt there, stood and sighed
And thought, "While I have slept in the cold clay,
How soon the stains of grief were washed away,
That soon some tenant new might here abide."
And as I thought, one quietly entered in,
And in his hand a key to every door.
I bowed my head and turned away and said:
"Pardon me if I return here from the dead;
I dwell here once, though I dwell here no more."
But he the keys did place my hands within,
And said, "Whate'er thy steward's is, is thine;
My name is Memory, and this place is mine."

CLOSE TO SPRINGTIME.—FRANK L. STANTON, IN THE CHAPERONE.

Gittin' close to springtime—know it by the way
The sun is streamin', gleamin' in the middle o' the day;
Know it by the river that is lazyin' along,
An' the mocking-birds a-primpin' o' their feathers fer a song.

Gittin' close to springtime—know it by the signs;
Hear it the whisper o' the maples an' the pines;
Feel it in the blowin' o' the breezes, singin' sweet;
See it in the daisies just a-dreamin' at my feet.

Gittin' close to springtime—hope she'll come to stay;
Got a million kisses for the red lips o' May.
Wearyin' to meet her, list'nin' all the time
Fer the twinkle o' her footsteps, her roses an' her rhyme.

LONGING.—VALERIC KOHUT, IN CHAPERONE MAGAZINE.

I lean from my western window,
As darkness falls on the sea,
And the white sails pass in the distance,
Stately and proud and free.

To what fair ports are they tending;
To what fair lands do they go;
As their white wings fade in the twilight
And die in the afterglow?

My spirit yearns with a looqing,
Never to be expressed,
To follow the paths they are tracing,
Toward the distant, luminous west.

Forever and ever to journey,
Toward the gleam of the evening star,
Toward the luminous west in the distance,
Tender and faint and far.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of Chinese carving appears in this issue of the NEWS LETTER, in the shape of a bedroom set, purchased years ago by Senator Stanford, and now owned by his widow. It is without doubt the most interesting, elaborate, and artistic work of the sort in the country; and is very valuable. The entire series of these Chinese subjects are furnished by Taber, and that one which was given last week—a Chinese opium den—by an oversight failed to give credit to him.

Wedding and Birthday Presents. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 111, of 10 cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d DAY OF APRIL, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO., Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal. April 22, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of this company, held this day, the date of delinquency of stock for Assessment No. 111 was postponed until May 24, 1897.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the

24th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment be made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, June 15, 1897, to pay said delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company and to all others concerned:

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from Room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11 in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, Stock Exchange Building, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the Nineteenth day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 111, of Ten Cents (10 cents) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

23d DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

R. U. COLLINS, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, THE 11th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close Friday, April 30th at 3 o'clock P. M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Justice Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Justice Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 30 DAY OF MAY, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, May 1, 1897, at 12 o'clock A. M.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

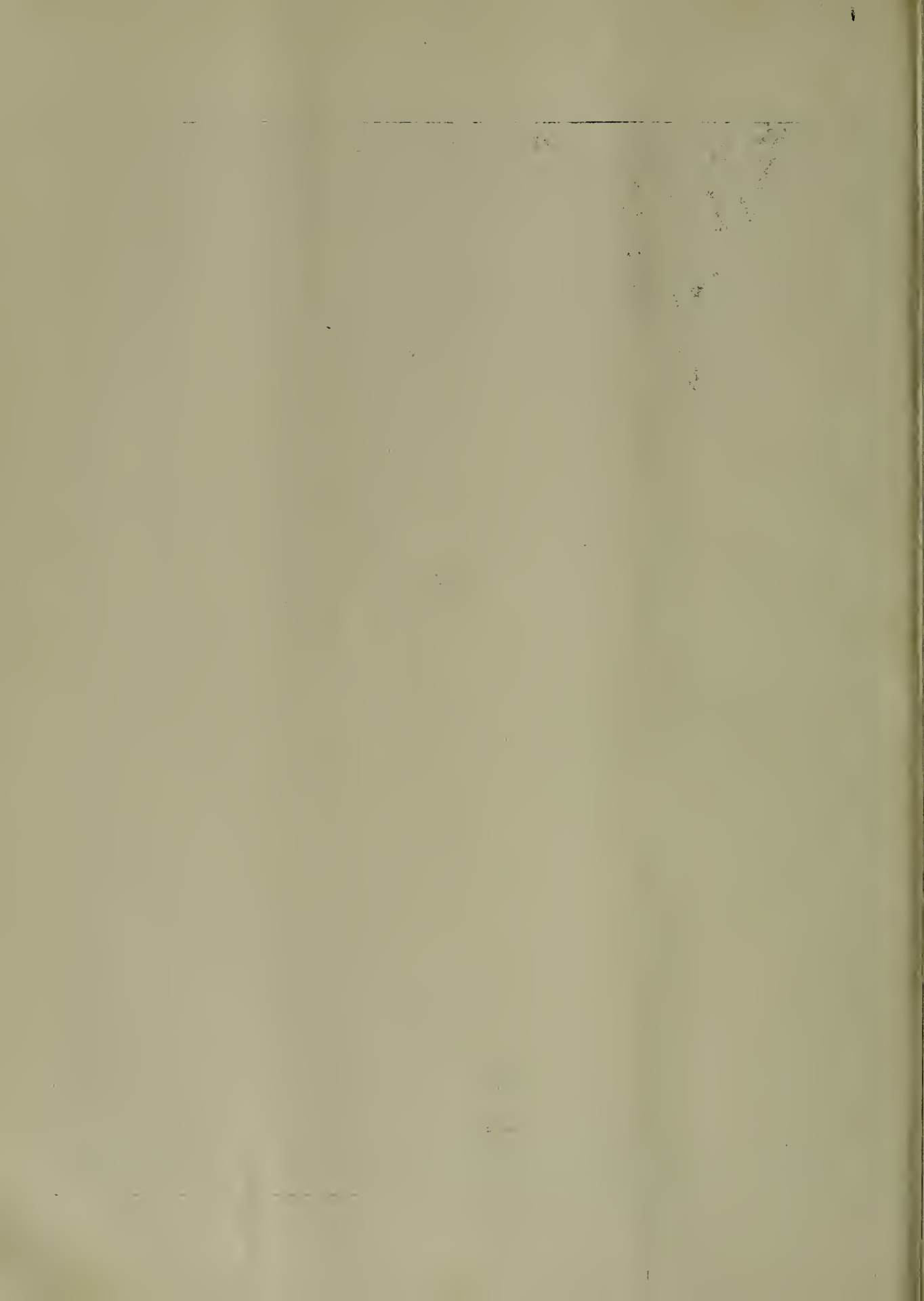
Office: Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

Relics of Old Iron Buildings, Jackson street, in Rear of Postoffice, Shipped Around Cape Horn in the Early Days of San Francisco.

Taber Photo. S. F.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 8, 1897.

Number 19.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 674 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE investigation of Police Court methods of releasing prisoners upon personal recognizance, in the hope of curing the evil, will be likely to accomplish very little good. The aim of the Grand Jury is commendable; but it were better engaged in attempting the possible.

THE boulevard fund is still below the mark necessary to the completion of that fine road upon the plan originally intended. The wheelmen, from whom something handsome was expected, have signally failed to come forward. No concerted effort has been made by them, notwithstanding the fact that the boulevard will contribute directly to the pleasure of every person about the city who rides a bicycle.

AN example of the influence of organized effort in municipal matters is found in the work being accomplished by the various improvement clubs throughout the city. The latest to enter the field is the Mission Club. The Mission has been sadly neglected in everything aside from the collection of taxes, and an organized demand is now made for a division of the moneys paid into the City Treasury. The fact is, the tax-eaters have only been dividing with the Western Addition, and supplemental provision will have to be made for that part of the city lying south of Market street.

WITHIN the last year a half dozen penny-purchase Clubs have been started—and stopped—in this city, every burst-up being followed by wild outcries of those who have become members—and also victims. The daily press of Wednesday recorded the last failure of one of these penny-purchase agencies. Doubtless the necessity of purchase of a penny's worth of brains as an original investment, never presented itself to the members of these clubs.

THE Southern Pacific has made arrangements to give the fruit growers of this State excellent freight service, in getting their products to the Eastern markets. Special fast fruit trains made up of refrigerator cars will be hurried through with the utmost dispatch—reaching Chicago at an early hour in the morning for immediate distribution, and points further East will be handled in the same satisfactory manner. California's fruit crop promises to be large, while unfavorable weather beyond the Rocky Mountains will greatly curtail the home supply. This new arrangement means many thousands of dollars to the fruit growers of California.

THE Rev. Dr. McLean of the Congregational faith has reached the conclusion that there are too many churches. This good minister at a meeting of his co-laborers declared that there are one hundred more churches in this State than there should be; and that "if they should die off it would be the best thing for the Kingdom of God." The Dr. claims that there should be more inter denominational unity; that religion should be of more importance than any sect or creed. All true. But with our friends, the ministers, it is always the other fellow's denomination that should be sacrificed. The Dr. is facing in the right direction; but we fear that the hundred ministers and Satau would object.

THE ladies of the recent Woman's Congress are making more of the breach of the peace between an Indian night robe and the United States than the occasion warrants. The character of the Congress was an abundant guarantee that the hitherto distinguished guest of the ladies received the respectful attention and courtesy due his rank. That the bucking B. Bodarhoskshu lost his temper and his manners should be no concern of theirs. The young man of the nightgown should have been cordially spanked and sent to bed.

THOSE who have investigated the mysteries of hypnotism, say that in the hands of irresponsible and unscrupulous persons it may be made a potent influence for evil. During the present week an instance of hypnotic power has illustrated the uses to which it may be put. It became necessary for the parents of a boy eighteen years old to obtain a warrant for their son's arrest before they were able to rescue him from the clutches of Dr. H. M. Thornton, in whose "hypnotic institution" he was profitably used as a "subject." If the allegations concerning this institution be true, its proprietors should be given an opportunity to study their occult science in quiet and at the city's expense.

THE Directors of the Merchants' Association have adopted resolutions favoring the transfer of the municipal \$3000 appropriation for celebration of the Fourth of July to the boulevard fund. These gentlemen represent nearly one thousand of the leading business firms of San Francisco, and the Supervisors should accept their opinion as the conclusive voice of the people. They should not hesitate, if the transfer can be legally accomplished. Three thousand dollars' worth of valuable, permanent improvement with incidental bread and meat for deserving labor, against a day of windy chestnuts, distracting tumult, brass-banding and meaningless parade! There is no room for honest argument here.

THE giving of a silver service to that noble patriot, Samuel Rainey, by his admirers in the Fire Department demonstrates the fact that gratitude has not yet fled the earth. Mr. Rainey was the virtual (not virtuous) author of the legislation which increased the salaries of the department, and added another straw to the back of the ass—that docile animal in this instance being the people of San Francisco, who tamely submit to the burdens of the place-hunters, the politicians and their unclean benchmen. The resolutions which accompanied the silver service give an added flavor to the offering of the appreciative firemen; and they are simply returning service for service when they chip in for a memorial celebrating the venality of a legislature and the adroitness of a rogue.

AS the windy season advances, the great need of sprinkling the principal streets is again pressed upon the public attention, and into the public's eyes, and hair, and nostrils. The present street sprinkling combine is a most unjust, unequal, and monstrous grab. Some merchants pay \$5 per week, where others who have equal frontage and have the same service, pay but half as much, or even less. The whole arrangement is a fraud on the public, who are outraged by it, the store keepers who pay for it, and a disgrace to San Francisco which allows it. The sprinklers in some manner—certainly not by the giving of bribes—defeated the efforts of the Merchants' Association to have the sweeping and sprinkling done by the same contractor, and as a result the filth deposited on the streets is literally forced down the throats of those who walk abroad.

HAWAIIAN RECIPROCITY DOOMED.

THAT reciprocity which is genuine is a most excellent thing. That which is reciprocity merely in name is a fraud, and in fact a downright steal. It is obtaining something for nothing, and securing benefits by false representations. The Hawaiian planters loot the people of the United States out of about \$4,000,000 a year in the shape of rebated sugar duties. Since 1890 the sugar duty remitted has amounted to \$24,586,900; the duty remitted in Hawaii on goods arriving from this country has in the same period amounted only to \$1,848,600, or nearly 12 times greater benefit to that country than to our own. That kind of reciprocity is like Mr. Curran's cheek. Coming into Court one morning with the side of his face greatly swollen, the judge who, by the way, always ruled for the crown, said: "I congratulate the prisoner on the counsel he has this morning; you will today surpass yourself as a pleader, Mr. Curran." "How is that?" quoth the eminent counsel. "Because you have plenty of cheek, Mr. Curran," replied the impertinent and always unfair man on the Bench. Promptly came the retort that "as times go I think my cheek would better qualify me for a Judge." "How is that?" queried Lord Clonmel, for it was he who was on the Bench. Quick as a flash Mr. Curran flung back the retort: "because my cheek is all on one side, my Lord." Just so it is with Hawaiian reciprocity. It is all for a small band of island planters, and nothing for the people of the United States. Since the treaty first went into operation we have given that hand remitted sugar duties to the amount of \$80,478,272. It is a mighty sum to have put around among such a pack of hungry and ungrateful wolves! No wonder that these tropical weaklings are becoming rich beyond any needs or merits of their own.

Whilst all this is true, it is also true that we have an infant but promising industry that needs fostering and caring for. Our great valleys are proving preëminently fitted for the growth of the sugar beet. There is no reason on earth, except the so-called Hawaiian reciprocity, why all that region of our country West of the Missouri, should not be supplied with home made sugar. Its production means employment to many millions of capital, and to hundreds of thousands of laborers. From every stump the doctrine has gone forth that we must above all things preserve the home market for the home producer. That is the key stone of our whole tariff policy at present. To extend protection to Hawaiian sugar, as against our own, means the making of foreign planters rich, at the expense of what otherwise can be made the greatest industry of our State. The Hawaiians are gorged with our 80 millions of remitted duties. They are now abundantly able to go it alone, and should be permitted to do so. They have the wide world for a market and are very well able to compete in it. There is no hardship in letting them do so.

The Senate appears resolved to follow nearly the course, in regard to this matter, which the NEWS LETTER has for many years advocated with vigor and effect. It perpetrates a mistake, however, when it hesitates to make a clean sweep of this wretched Hawaiian treaty business. There is no logical reason why Hawaii should still be made a present of $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cent per pound. Her trade will come here anyhow, because she has nowhere else to go with that part of it which already comes to us. Our law-makers are worried to find revenue and are at their wits ends to make the National ledger balance. In view of that condition of things there is no sense in sending away to the islands \$1,500,000 per year for nothing. It is high time that our charity began at home. The population of the islands is but 109,000. Of these 24,407 are Japanese, 21,616 are Chinese, and 15,191 are Portuguese, whilst 47,806 are Kanakas. There are but about 8,000 people of other nationalities, consisting mainly of Americans, English and Germans. Except the latter and there is little hope of finding among such a population a further purchasing power for our products. Moreover, theirs is not a kind of population that we should care to help at the expense of our own. Looking at this question from every practical standpoint, and more particularly holding in view the interests and prosperity of this State, the treaty should be abrogated. The Islands are near enough at 2200 miles.

Will Durrant Be Governor Budd, may, if he so chooses, Hanged, Or Not? take council with the Board of Prison

Directors, as a counsel of advice merely, as to whether Theodore Durrant should be hanged, or imprisoned for life. But the responsibility for ultimate action rests with him and him alone. It is a terrible responsibility, very hard to bear, and should render the Guernatorial office unendurable to sensitive minds. There are ugly duties to perform in this world, and as somebody has got to be hanged, it is necessary that someone should be equal to the emergency. The late Governor Booth was not. His clear intellect believed the man guilty, but his hand felt as if it had become paralyzed, and his heart forbade the signing of the warrant. When the time came he couldn't do it, and signed a reprieve instead. He sought the forbearance of his critics, said it was a plenary power placed in his hand for the use of which he was responsible to no one but his God, before whom he some day expected to plead for mercy for himself. He begged those inclined to condemn him to first put themselves in his place. For the moment public feeling was against him but, ere long, the great heart of the State went out towards him, and said he had done right. Newton Booth lost nothing by that reprieve, and it may be believed that the God before whom he has since gone has held it as a sin against him.

We are not, however, of those who believe, with Victor Hugo, that "the worst use a State can put a man to is to hang him." We believe that if by hanging him such a deterrent, example is set as to prevent nine other murders; the greatest good to the greatest number is accomplished by the hanging. John Stuart Mill, the most sympathetic humanitarian this age has produced, being elected to the House of Commons for the great constituency of Westminster, made his first and perhaps his best speech on the subject of capital punishment. Up to that time there had been annual motions for the repeal of the extreme penalty and the time had arrived when it was believed that the repeal would surely carry. Mr. Mill rose to his full strength and delivered an address so full of sound philosophy, that from that day to this no one has ventured to renew the subject in the House of Commons. He showed from well determined statistics that the deterrent example of hanging was the only proven preventive of murder. It saved lives, and those the innocent and the best ones. We do not pretend to any occult knowledge of what will be the final decision in Durrant's case, but there are two signs that appear to us indicative. His parents are self-contained and apparently satisfied, as if they were resting upon a promise, and Governor Budd is casting around among Prison Directors and others to procure aid in bearing the responsibility of a reprieve with him. Public opinion is clearly in favor of permitting the law to take its course.

Farmers and The law directing the Harbor Commission-
Commission ers to establish and put in operation a free
Merchants. market at some convenient point on the

water front, and the real or apparent inactivity of those officials, has awakened earnest inquiry among the growers of garden truck and fruit, the season for which is now at hand. The NEWS LETTER has been, and is now, an advocate of a free market for this specific purpose. where the grower and the consumer may be brought together. But it will not do to assume because in this matter the middle man may be ignored that the principle applies with equal force in other directions.

As a matter of fact, and as a general rule, the farmer looks upon the merchant, the commission man, and the agent who stands between him and the consumer, as a privileged character—a sort of licensed robber, who sits in his office all day over schemes how he may gouge the seller and defraud the buyer of the articles in which he deals. The farmers imagine that all their ills are the result of studied intent upon the part of the merchant; and whenever half a dozen of these sons of toil assemble in the grange or at the corner store, they pass sanguinary resolutions condemning the city merchant as a Cræsus—a sort of hold huccaneer who wrongfully piles up as his thousands the money which by right of creation belongs to them. The markets and the merchants—which to the average farmer are convertible—he holds are put up with a definite

design to get his products for half of their worth and sell them for double their value. No class of people are so intolerant or so dumb to the appeal of reason. Their experience comes out of the ground with their grain, rather than from the world where their harvests find a market. The legitimate and all-powerful law of supply and demand has no place in their economy, and all their misfortunes are promptly charged up to the commission merchants, who live on the fat of the land by fleecing the simple-minded and innocent tiller of the fruitful soil. The cause of this misapprehension lies in the mercurial temperament of the farmer as applied to prices, and intolerance of combines in any other direction than his own. Let the telegraph announce an advance in grain or dried fruits, or let the forecast for short foreign yield reach him, and he walks on air—fancies that he owns the world and the merchant in the bargain. When the result does not materialize, he seeks the commission dealer as the object of his wrath, the cause of all his misfortunes. This fact has been proved over and over again in San Francisco. The commission merchant is as necessary a part and parcel of the business routine of to-day as the railroad and the steamship. He is the invaluable and unavoidable connecting link between the farmer and the consumer. He simplifies the problem of sale and purchase; and instead of clogging the wheels of commerce is the ready lubricant that smoothes the way. The efforts that are from time to time made by the producers to override the established lines of trade and enjoy the fancied wealth of the commission barons, are always met by crushing and disheartening failure. The organizations of farmers who feel that they are simply wearing their lives and lands out for the enrichment of the merchant, should look at the merciless competitions of the city, the money involved, and the chances taken by those who stand between their granaries and the mills and mouths of Europe. And lastly, if the complaining and incredulous farmer were to apply the method and precision, the intelligence and judgment, to his acres that the commission dealer does to his business, he would find himself to blame for nearly all his misfortunes.

After the Pure Food Congress. The Pure Food Congress has met, had a good time, and adjourned without accomplishing much worth placing on record. It simply relegated the pure food question to the different Boards of Health, which in effect leaves the whole subject matter just about where it is. Much more is needed. The Boards of Health are very well in their way, but they are not so constituted as to take up this matter and push it until pure food is everywhere the rule rather than the exception. Medical gentlemen have not the time nor the aptitude required for the active performance of the duties involved. Unsalaries officers as they are, too much is already expected of them. The way to do a thing is to do it. The way to regulate the sale of the food of the people is no new thing. It is now, and long has been in successful operation in most countries we know. New York has a very excellent department in operation, and Ohio has a still better one. What is needed is a thoroughly equipped department, with a few energetic detectives to procure samples, a few analytical chemists, and earnest prosecuting officers. We cannot do better than pattern after the plans that are elsewhere in successful operation. A State department is found to work better than a municipal one. Local "pulls" and influences are less potent in the former case than in the latter. California, of all places in the world, has need of food inspection. We export largely, and it is essential that our customers should be guaranteed genuine articles.

The Tariff Mixture. The party now in power is in dire straits over its tariff mixture. Chairman Dingley admits that imports are being rushed in at such a rate that little or no revenue will be realized through the Custom Houses for over a year. Thus, if no change were made, the deficiency would go on increasing, which would mean the political ruin of the new administration. Accordingly, the tariff, as it left the House, has been thrown aside, and a substantially new measure improvised by the Senate. Protection for protection's sake, which was the cry of the campaign, has been practically abandoned, and the additional revenue needed is now to

be almost solely raised from internal products. The tax on beer has been raised to \$1.50 a barrel. On tobacco it has been raised from six to eight cents a pound. Hides are to bear one and one-half cents a pound. Sugar is to pay one and one-half cents, with a differential in favor of Hawaii and other countries with which we have reciprocal arrangements, of one-eighth of a cent per pound. Lead ore is to be dutiable at one and one-half cents per pound. Tea, which is now on the free list, is to bear ten cents per pound. The higher grades of wool have been reduced. The free list has been greatly enlarged and now exceeds that of the Wilson tariff. Of 1000 changes made in the House bill, nearly all represent cuts. And so it comes that the need for revenue is driving McKinleyism as near as possible into free trade. It is a most curious condition that confronts the party in power, the outcome of which will be watched with more than passing interest. The long-drawn-out discussion upon the tariff seems doomed to reach a most wondrous, strange, and impotent end. These changes are what the Republicans have up to date agreed upon, but their opponents have yet to be heard from. The Democratic members of the finance committee of the Senate will not agree to the proposition of their Republican colleagues to allow the tariff bill to be reported back without being discussed by the full committee. In this it seems to us that they are only doing the duty for which they were put upon the committee. If a majority of a committee may prepare a bill in secret, and the minority then withdraw, and agree that it shall be reported without their looking into it or considering whether it is good or bad, or what kind of measure they themselves would recommend, there is obviously no reason for their being on the committee at all. The object of having the different parties represented on the committees is that a thorough preparation shall be made for debate. Hence, there is much talk ahead over the tariff, and in view of the state of parties in the Senate, it is pretty certain that further changes will yet be made in the bill before it can become a law. At the Reform Club banquet, which took place just two weeks ago, Senator McCaffery indicated what was coming in this tariff matter in language that seems to mean a reconstruction of parties. He said: "There are many Republicans who do not believe in erecting the 'Chinese wall' of protection so high as both to keep out foreign imports and to keep in domestic manufactures. These forces ought to unite with the gold Democrats for the weal of a common country, whose prosperity lies so close to their hearts." Importers are paying little or no attention in the retroactive clause, because they know that it is utterly illegal. There can be no authority for collecting taxes not yet authorized by law.

The Cause of Spain's Weakness. If Spain had kept her forests she might now easily keep Cuba. When her woods were cut away she lost her springs and rivers; therewith she lost her farms and schools and arts; her population diminished, her initiative disappeared; therefore she is to-day a weak nation, unrecognized among the powers. All this is the truth of history, and should bring home to the people of the United States an important lesson. We are denuding our forests at an alarming rate; for which senseless act of spoliation those who are to come after us will pay only too dearly. Keep the forests that we may have rivers, keep the birds that we may have crops, and we shall continue to be a great people. Save the big trees, save the redwoods, the pines, the spruce, and all the rest of the forest giants, and then the rains will come in due season, the soil will bring forth abundantly, and wealth will remain and increase throughout all our borders. Let us learn all this from the present impoverished condition of old Spain. She will lose Cuba because she has no money. Her debts are crushing her worse than are the arms of the Cubans.

Overman Brown Reinstated. The Chicago Congregational Conference has voted fellowship to the notorious C. Overman Brown. To be sure, the majority was not great. Sixty-seven members voted for Brown, whilst fifty seven voted against him. This is doing pretty well for Chicago. It shows that the immoral congregationalists only exceed the moral ones by

hardly nine per cent. Of course if that showing were for the whole population it would not be so bad, but as it applies to a picked assemblage of strict religionists, it shows that Congregationalism in the windy city is not what it ought to be. It is enough, however, to save it from the application of the words that were applied to Sodom and Gomorrah: "there was none found good there, not one." The Chicago Conference, it is to be presumed, knew Brown's character, or they had no right to pass upon it. Knowing it, they have condoned in a clerical brother the sins of adultery, perjury, and subornation of perjury. The public trial held here in San Francisco, which was reported with great fulness in the daily newspapers, shocked this community and drove Brown to seek fresh fields and pastures new. In an incredibly short time he has found what he sought in the wicked city of Chicago. The rehabilitating of him into the Congregational church, is a shame to the conference that admitted him, and a sad blow at religion itself. If these things may be done in a green tree, what may not be done in a dry? If religionists have no discipline for a man like Brown, how may the common dehauchee be held up to merited scorn? In other words, how can religion be respected and society protected? If the church can see no evil in these things, how is a sound public opinion to be cultivated, and purity of life maintained? Certainly no such Congregationalism can be reckoned among the forces for good. Its influence can only be baneful. All of which we feel constrained to say with more of sorrow than of anger. Yet it is a case about which it is very possible to wax indignant and sin not.

Tests of Newspaper Popularity. Circulation and advertising are *not*, as the Examiner claims, true tests of a newspaper's real popularity. A newspaper may be widely read for a combination of incongruous causes that in no manner constitute popularity. A crowd may be attracted by a freak parading the streets, but that does not prove that he is in any true sense popular. Mere curiosity to look upon a deformity, or to watch for scandals, or libels upon men you know, may bring nickels to the counter, but it is not popularity. It is very possible to attract attention without inspiring respect. Half the State would like to go and see a celebrated murderer hanged, but that would not indicate that they were his admirers, or that he had enlisted their good will. Popularity, in its true sense, means the good will, approval and respect of the populace. It does not mean the mere attraction of attention by doing things out of the way, or scandalous, malicious, or startling to the sense of right. There is no respect in that sort of attention, and without respect there can be no real popularity. For years the old Bulletin ruled the politics of this city and State. The people believed it sincere and trusted it; that meant popularity. The Examiner cannot rule even its own party, and is profoundly distrusted by it. Many read it, but no one trusts it, which clearly means unpopularity. When the Examiner has any influence upon the judgment of thinking men, on serious matters, it will have to be about everything that it is not now, and then it may be on the way to become popular. At present its ways are those of the gutter-snipe. The mere winning of nickels, as times go, more often means the telling of things which are not, rather than the things that are. The number of nickels thus gained are almost invariably in inverse proportion to the amount of respect inspired.

The Pending Treaty Of Arbitration. We seem in California to have pretty nearly forgotten the great treaty of international arbitration. The case is very different, however, in the East. Petitions in its favor are pouring in upon Congress from all quarters. A very suggestive and neatly worded one comes from the Confederate veterans of Louisiana, representing that these veterans "have intimately known the actualities of war and forcibly realizing its evils" respectfully ask to be heard "as an authority against it as a method of settling disputes between peoples." They say that "the recent proffer of a powerful kindred nation to substitute, in the adjustment of international differences, the arbitrament of a calm and mediatory tribunal for the inflamed passions of partizan or popular prejudices, offers

an opportunity of inaugurating a rational and radical revolution of international procedure which, if now repulsed, may never recur." They therefore ask the Senate of the United States to ratify the treaty, and conclude by saying that as they have accepted in good faith the result of the civil war, they now ask for clemency, not for themselves, but for the generations of both sections who are to come after them. When we compare the tone of this simple and solemn memorial with the vaporings of Senator Morgan, we marvel that demagogues can get into Congress whilst the brave and sincere are kept out. The arbitration treaty is not meeting with the treatment in the Senate that its merits and importance demand. Since the foregoing was written, the treaty has been defeated in the Senate by a vote of forty-three for to twenty-six against. It requires a majority to make it law of two-thirds. It is a wicked and had ending to a great measure.

The Libel Law. It does not seem to be understood as generally as it might be that there is a vast difference between libel trials and those of other suits. In all cases, save those of libel the jury is bound to take the law from the court and are judges only in the facts. The exact opposite is the rule involving the freedom of publication. Our State constitution provides "that in libel cases the jury shall be judges of the law as well as of the facts." The court may rule out question after question, and counsel may keep on repeating them, because in the end the jurors are sole judges of whether they were proper questions or not. They and they alone are the sole judges of whether the matter sought to be brought out was material to the issue or not. If the questions be not put, despite any ruling of the court, there is no law before the jurors upon which they can exercise their constitutional right of passing an opinion, and hence the necessity of bringing out both law and facts. We doubt very much the right of the court to charge the jury at all in libel cases. If they, and not he, are judges of the law what remains for him to talk to them about? Anything he may say is merely *ex Cathedra* and to which they are bound by their oaths to pay no attention whatever. Upon them alone rests the responsibility of what is law, and what are legal rulings in cases of the nature we are referring to. Judges endeavor to try these cases as they do others, they rule in and rule out questions as if they alone had control of the law, but, as we have shown, that is far from being their right. In fact it is a mere usurpation of power, not warranted by the constitution. As a matter of dry fact, we believe that, if the law were strictly followed, the jury ought to be polled every time the competency of a question is involved. This of course would be inconvenient, but it would be the law. This strong buttress to the liberty of the press we come by in a grand historical way that leaves no doubt of the original intention. The Kings of England in other days had the power of packing the benches with their creatures, who, in most cases, were selected for the express purpose of preventing free discussion. They declared that "the greater the truth the greater the libel," and would let no testimony go to the jury except as to the fact of publication. After a long and stubborn fight, the House of Commons was induced to see the necessity of changing the law of libel, taking away from the judges and giving to the jury, all power to decide what was law and what was not. This safeguard all American constitutions have copied *verbatim et literatim*. It is in the fundamental law of California. It is the Supreme law of the State. If jurors were to ignore it, they would be forgetting how they came by the rights and liberties they possess, and would be recreant to their oaths.

ON last Saturday morning Clay W. Taylor, a well-known politician and attorney, died at his residence in this city. During his life he was frequently called to fill many important positions, and was held in general and high respect by all who knew him. For some time, Mr. Taylor's health had been bad, but his death came as a surprise to his friends. He was a prominent Mason, at one time having been Grand Master of the order in this State.

Wedding and Birthday Presents. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

A ONCE FASHIONABLE QUARTER OF THE CITY.

THE recent sale of South Park to the city recalls to many old-timers recollection of the period when it was the fashionable residence quarter of the city. South Park was designed and laid out after the plan of English Crescents, about 1853, by the late George Gordon, an early pioneer, than whom there was never a man better known among the business fraternity of this city. George Gordon was an erratic genius. He was very fond of rushing into print on the slightest provocation, and loved to air his opinions in the daily press. He knew well, also, how to drive a sharp bargain, and one of them is in connection with this same South Park. He retained in his own name the title to the plot of ground which formed the Park of the enclosure, and when the different parties to whom he sold lots and houses in the Crescent refused to take a share in the expense of keeping it up, he threatened to build a market thereon, which speedily brought them to terms. It was for many years the nucleus around which gathered a goodly portion of the social lights of that decade. Within its limits were the dwellings of its founder, George Gordon, Colonel B. F. Washington, Commodore Watkins, Horace P. Janco, John H. Redington, Lloyd Tevis, Isaac Friedlander, Charles de Ro, Alexander Forbes, the agent of the S. S. Co., Russian Consul Kostromitnoff, James Bell, founder of the house of Falkner, Bell & Co., (now merged into Balfour, Guthrie), R. P. Ashe, George C. Johnson, Mrs. M. Ritchie, James Otis, Wm. M. Lent, T. J. Polterer, etc. The colony, for it was one, far removed from the other parts of the city, was very sociable within its own circle, and among other attractions boasted three young ladies whom one of the three dubbed "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil"—Miss Lottie Hall was the first, from her fondness for dancing; Miss Rosa Gore was the second, owing to her plump form, and the sponsor, Miss Patsey Ritchie, completed the trio, her sharpness of tongue being proverbial. She sometimes met her match, however, as an instance will show. Miss Patsey was remarking upon the size of Miss Pauline Hoge's nose (now Mrs. Delmas.) That young lady at once replied: "I'm not always looking at it, at any rate,"—referring to Miss Patsey's oblique vision. South Park still remains, but fashion deserted it ages ago.

THE APPROACHING DOG SHOW.

DURING the current week entries for the coming bench show have been coming into the office of the San Francisco Kennel Club at the rate of a hundred a day, and from now until the close—next Monday night—the rate will probably be doubled. Among the number thus far claiming place no particular class or breed has come forward with prominence. The club at the outset declared itself out for dogs, and it is securing them. Cash prizes have been offered to the amount of \$1,500; silver cups—many of them of magnificent design—valued at \$750; and gold and silver medals worth \$500 more. And yet the entrance fee remains at \$3, as in previous years.

Among the most notable features of the exhibition will be the number of kennels benched. The vast number of new dogs entered will not only lend much to the speculative interest in the disposition of the ribbons, but in the end will afford to the San Francisco Kennel Club the satisfaction of having given a bench show never before equalled west of St. Louis.

THE "Hygienic Ralston" is the name of a restaurant just opened at 315 and 317 Bush street. The name "Ralston" comes from the fact that the system of cooking at this restaurant is not only the preventive of dyspepsia, but its cure. The Ralston prepares food upon proved hygienic principles, which ensures freedom from all stomach troubles, biliousness, or indigestion. The place is fitted up in a quiet, substantial manner, pleasing to the eye. The service is superior, and all dishes found in any modern restaurant may be had, in addition to the Ralston specialties.

A Pound of Facts

is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y.

SALE OF THE

DOANE & HENSHELWOOD

AND OTHER STOCKS.

Such values as we are offering now on fresh, clean, new season's merchandise, are a revelation. They have never been equaled. Thousands of buyers have come from all parts of the city and near-by towns.

Read this list of Extraordinary Reductions from the Domestic Department.

50c yd—Linen Table Damask, 72 in.—D. & H. price was... .75
 90c yd—Double Table Damask, 72"—D. & H. price was... 1.35
 10c each—Huck Linen Towels 17x34—D. & H. price was, doz. 1.50
 20c each—Huck Linen Towels 21x43—D. & H. price was, doz. 3.50
 5c yd—Lace Stripe Dimity.....D. & H. price was... .10
 7½c yd—Printed Batiste.....D. & H. price was... .15
 15c yd—Printed Organdies.....D. & H. price was... .25
 20c yd—Scotch Lappets.....D. & H. price was... .30

Read this list of Extraordinary Reductions from the Dress Goods Department.

22½ yard—Choice Printed Challies—D. & H. price was .50
 \$1.20 Suit—Novelty Dress Patterns—D. & H. price was 3.00
 \$2.00 Suit—Novelty Dress Patterns—D. & H. price was 5.00
 2.50 Suit—Novelty Dress Patterns—D. & H. price was 7.50
 3.50 Suit—Novelty Dress Patterns—D. & H. price was 10.00
 5.00 Suit—Novelty Dress Patterns—D. & H. price was 12.50
 35c. yard—Black Dress Goods.....D. & H. price was .95
 59c. yard—Black Dress Goods.....D. & H. price was 1.25
 \$3.00 Suit—Black Dress Patterns...D. & H. price was 6.50
 3.50 Suit—Black Dress Patterns...D. & H. price was 8.50
 4.75 Suit—Black Dress Patterns...D. & H. price was 10.50
 6.75 Suit—Black Dress Patterns...D. & H. price was 15.00

Read this list of Extraordinary Reductions from the Silk and Velvet Departments.

25c yd—Imported Foulards.....D. & H. price was .75
 40c yd—Printed Indias (French)...D. & H. price was .85
 70c yd—French Printed Indias...D. & H. price was 1.25
 65c yd—Finest Crepe de Chene.....D. & H. price was 1.25
 50c yd—Fancy Figured Silks.....D. & H. price was 85c

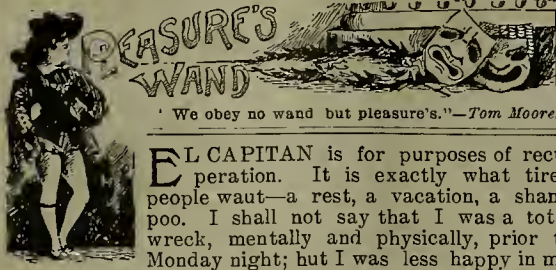
Read this list of Extraordinary Reductions from the Hosiery Department.

12½c pair—Ladies' Black Hose...D. & H. price was .20
 17c pair—Ladies' Black Hose...D. & H. price was .25
 25c pair—Ladies' Black Hose...D. & H. price was .35
 25c pair—Ladies' Fancy Hose...D. & H. price was 1.00
 25c pair—Ladies' Fancy Hose...D. & H. price was 1.50
 35c pair—Ladies' Lisle Hose...D. & H. price was .75

Read this list of Extraordinary Reductions from the Suit and Gloak Department.

\$5.00—Ladies' All-Wool Outing Suits; were.....\$15.00
Light or dark colors—all sizes.
 15.00—Ladies' Silk-lined Tailor Dresses; were \$25.00 and 30.00
Skirt and Jacket lined throughout with Silk Taffeta.
 6.45—New Tan Covert Fly-front Jackets; were..... 10.00
All Silk-Lined—all sizes.
 7.50—Black Silk Velour Moreen, separate skirts; were 12.50
 2.85—Fancy Silk Foulard Waists, lined; were... 4.00
 69c—Dimity and Lawn Shirt Waists; were... \$1 and \$1.25

THE EMPORIUM.



EL CAPITAN is for purposes of recuperation. It is exactly what tired people want—a rest, a vacation, a shampoo. I shall not say that I was a total wreck, mentally and physically, prior to Monday night; but I was less happy in my

daily work, less of a sunbeam to my family and less satisfaction to myself, than I am now since witnessing Messrs. Klein & Sousa's opera as performed by Mr. Hopper and his company. I could write a testimonial on the spot, and assert that I have tried Vin Mariani, Del Monte, iron, gold and other minerals, sea voyage, sleeping with my head to the north, lime fruit, Indian clubs, Jaeger flannels, kumys, pulley weights, old ladies' herb soup, bicycling, glass of hot water before breakfast, spiritualism and alcohol baths—and that none of these gave me that rejuvenility, that inspired *sans gêne* which I derived from *El Capitan* on Monday night.

Because I take *El Capitan* as a tonic is no reason why the perfect man should not enjoy it. I can imagine no one so strong and unjaded that a three hours' percolation of this healthy, idle fun will not do him good, infuse the glad spirit of springtide in his breast, and make him think better of the world in general, and of "comic opera" in particular. I use the term "comic opera" in its most unmeaningful way. *Carmen* is called comic opera—so is *El Capitan*. Yet there are many differences between them; and Sousa, judged by the standard of a Bizet, would be found considerably minus. But you must not take him that way. Sousa is a genial tunesmith, and he gives Klein's burlesque some smart, tuneful settings—music with smash, power—mostly foot power—and hing. But this does not infer that he has written an opera: quite the contrary. Of course, it would be a hard matter to convert Mr. Sousa to this opinion. The people flock to *El Capitan*, laugh at DeWolf Hopper—the funniest funnyman in the business,—laugh at Charles Klein's hook—one of the best burlesques ever got together in this country,—applaud the springy "two-steps," whistle the jocose Zauzibar song, and go off to supper amused and diverted, as we all did Monday night. And Mr. Sousa tunes his Stygian whisker, adorns his bosom with sundry specimens of hardware, performs a sonata in drum-major on the baton, and says to the world, "Ah! perceive me; I am your John Philip, and I did it." Of course, he did not. He wrote the incidental music to a sensationally good burlesque. The march is splendid, the Zanzibar tune is fresh and witty, and the finale of the second act is noisy and valuable. But any handmaster, without a whisker or a medal or a double-back-action gesture to his name, could have written the rest, which is neat, handmaster melodizing, quite as good as any cheap imported fluff opera music, and quite as commonplace.

I am not undervaluing Mr. Sousa's share in the success of *El Capitan*. I think as much of him as any fair-minded appreciator of music can think. The "Washington Post," "High School Cadets" and "Liberty Bell" are genuine music. They are marches; and, after the negro songs of Foster, the most convincingly American melodies that have been written. It is not improbable that some day Sousa might write a "Marseillaise" for Americans. But the promise of it is not so strong in *El Capitan*.

All this Sousa seriousness is an after-thought. I did not think for a single minute on Monday night. I did not care whether *El Capitan* was an opera or a circus. I was swallowed up in a sensation of large, unusual content. And who couldn't be contented with the facile tomfoolery of Mr. Klein's book, and the cultured clownishness of DeWolf Hopper, and the easy, cheerful music, and the pretty good company?

The hook is a treasure. Only one hand-me-down hanality—a tipping scene for the comedian—and that is so unctiously acted you forgive it without a struggle. No

cheap gags, no sewery slang, and, above all, no cues for acrobatics. I do not remember a single instance of one comic person kicking another comic person upon—as the gentle Goldsmith described it—that side least capable of making a defense. This last innovation is daring, but it works like a charm. And Mr. Hopper has legs, too, that are a temptation to that business. Mr. Klein seems to have studied closely the comicality of his comedian. Hopper has a part that fits him to the limit of his luxurious length. It is fluent, affable, full of sumptuous language. Hopper is happy when he is wallowing in rhetoric, and Mr. Klein gives him a vast, continuous gush. Some of the lines are really too good—that is, they were too good for the Baldwin first-nighters.

"You have met before?" says the jealous lover, overhearing Estrelida's fervent greeting to the warrior, El Capitan.

"Only in dreams," El Capitan answers.

"Whose dreams?" shouts the lover.

Nobody seemed to think this was funny enough to laugh over. And nobody even winked an eyelash when El Capitan said, "My mother was a vivandière, and I was the child of the regiment."

The librettist is usually the fortieth consideration in light opera—he comes somewhere between the understudies and the scene-shifters, and he usually deserves his position. Mr. Klein is different. He divides the top honors with Mr. Hopper. I did not pay attention enough to the lyrics to know if they are clever. But the plot! The hilarious ingenuity that conceived the Viceroy of Peru masquerading his cowardly bones in the armor of El Capitan and joining the insurgents, so as to win either way; and the attendant complications of his leaving the little, yard-high Chamberlain in the Palace in his stead; and the brilliant, unswerving, legitimate humor with which everything is worked out! Well, Mr. Klein is a young man, I understand, and this is his first offense of the kind, and if he is not champagned to death by his admirers, or led down some dark alley by his competitors, there is something in this soiled old world for him to look forward to.

Among Mr. Hopper's company there are a large, competent chorus which makes itself justly eminent, the usual paper tenor and the dubious basso, a notably forceful prima donna soprano assoluto—Miss Nellie Bergin—who sings a strong, shrill, birdie note with good Sousanian effect, and a middle-aged comedy mezzo-soprano—Miss Alice Hosmer—who can both sing and act her role.

There are very few chances for Edna Wallace Hopper in her part this time. Mr. Alfred Klein is not much better off, but he plays the Chamberlain with such fine accomplishment, such dry sincerity, such concealed consciousness of how funny a little fellow he is, that I regretted when necessity put him out of sight in the prison cell. I could have more easily spared Mrs. Hopper, who, finding nothing in the part of Estrelida to fit her specialized daintiness, takes it out on the audience by an extravagant system of ogles, smirks, and leg agitations, which must sorely try even a man of Mr. Hopper's uxorious complacency.

I am candidly prejudiced in favor of DeWolf Hopper, and while I fear he is not a versatile comedian, I have never seen so much of him as to grow tired of his unique personality and his unique methods. There is something ingeniously delicate, intimate and artistic in his work which I have missed in that of other operatic comedians, and his magnetism is sure and compansiaole. It glows in his playing, as it glows in the speeches he makes before the curtain. He is confidential with an audience, and yet he is refined—a nice distinction if you will observe many comedians. And Hopper can sing. This is not considered vital by most singing comedians, and one admires Hopper the more for the eccentricity. There is a soulfully humorous throb in his voice that, to me, is the true vocal expression of comedy. Mr. Hopper is nine-tenths of the cast in *El Capitan*, but nobody seems to object. For my part, if it were not for Alfred Klein, he could be the other tenth.

Modest man, with sublime faith in the superior advantages of his sex, can better understand why "girls will be boys"; but the effeminated male person will ever be something of a mystery to him. Until Tuesday night, when I

heard Alexander Ticianu at the Orpheum, I enjoyed a special contempt for the "female impersonator," a weird creature who usually struts like a peacock and sings like two. Ticianu is a surprise. He wears the garb of woman, and he-sopranoizes in hysterical falsetto, and, just as you are wishing for the hand of God or man to reach out and smite him where he is noisiest, he drops into a clean, musical barytone, and finishes out his song with unchallengeable virility. Ticianu's abnormal genius is not feminine, it is epicene.

A few respectable patrons of music and myself sat between the pianos in Byron Mauzy's Hall on Thursday night and listened to Mr. Otto Bendix's recital. It was solemn, good, unsensational. Mr. Bendix's playing of the Schubert Fantasy was not, to my thinking, a revelation of the work. It was heavy rather than strong, and pedantic rather than poetic. In the Schuman Novelette he found a better mood, and in the Brahms's pieces he asserted crisp understanding of the music and keen tonal discrimination. I left after the Liszt transcription of Schubert's "Spinning Wheel," which, so far as I heard, was the best of the programme. He colored it vividly and tempered it in beautiful rhythm. ASHTON STEVENS.

Mr. Frawley has a brilliant outlook for the coming season at the Columbia. He has re-engaged Frank Worthing, Blanche Bates and several other members of last season's company. J. M. Colville, Theodore Hamilton, Grace Henderson, Gladys Wallis and Georgia Bushy are among the newcomers. Some of the plays secured are: *The Fatal Card*, *Two Little Yagants*, *Sue*, *The Henrietta*, *Held by the Enemy*, *A Social Highwayman*, *The Case of Rebellious Susan* and *Shenandoah*.

The Columbia promises a big spectacular show next week in the engagement of Rice's *Excelsior Jr.* Sadie Martinot, Joe Cawthorne, Johnny Page and Carrie Behr, and David Abrahams, the English pantomimist, are of the company. The scenic display is said to have engaged the attention of all the art editors in the East, and the chorus girls, so says the honorable press agent, have youth and beauty and elie that will set the youths of the town mad as March hares.

The Orpheum has another strong bill for next week: Edmund Martin's educated dogs, the "Crocodile and Demon" Eclair brothers, and the return of little Guile, the tenor. Tacianu, Fleurette and her four fleurs-de-lis, and other favorites are retained. The Venetian Ladies' Orchestra plays in the Orpheum Annex every afternoon from four to six, as well as after the regular evening performances.

The great Irish opera, *Shamus O'Brien*, continues at the Tivoli. Next week Mr. O'Sullivan will interpolate several Irish ballads. After the run of *Shamus* comes Dellinger's opera of waltzes and marches, *Captain Fracassa*.

Frederick M. Biggerstaff, pianist, will give a concert at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening.

El Capitan will crowd the Baldwin for another week—then Nat Goodwin.

THE annual spring sale of road, harness, work, and draft horses, from the famous Haggin ranch, will take place on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., corner Market street and Van Ness avenue. Kilip & Co., auctioneers.

MR. J. O. Harron, Vice-President of the Parke-Lacy Company of this city, has gone to Guatemala to attend the exposition there, on a visit that may be protracted for several months.

THE Mining Journal has another whoop-up for the new railroad from Oakdale to Sonora. The Rawhyde (*sic*) mine comes in, as usual, for honorable mention.

The art of serving a fine dinner, perfect in its variety and appointments, suitable to every taste, and all for \$1.00, is seen at its best at Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter street. The best in the market, cooked in the best manner, and served in faultless style from 5 to 8 o'clock every evening. Fine pastries, and confections of all kinds promptly supplied.

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the "Crocodile and Demon"; return of the world's greatest tenor, A. L. Guille; EDMUND MARTIN'S EDUCATED DOGS, in conjunction with Fleurette and her "Four Fleurs-de-Lis," Mlle. Ani, Europe's greatest aerial artiste, Tacianu, Edwin Lutell, The Midgleys, and The Andersons. Concerts in the Annex every afternoon between 4 and 6, and evenings after the regular performance, by the VENETIAN LADIES' ORCHESTRA. Our never changing popular prices.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

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Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and other Amusements.

Refreshments at city prices.

FARE, ROUND TRIP, 25c.

Children 15 cents. Including admission to grounds.

The steamer Ukiah will leave Tiburon Ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M.

Returning leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

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MAMZELLE NOISETTE

A SALON STORY

CARL HUYSMANN IN QUARTIER LATIN.

WE, that is to say, about half-a-dozen of us "indigent artists," with Robert Summers the only financially successful one amongst us, were gathered together in the smoking room of the Crayon Club. We had just entertained Summers at dinner—why is it always that the fat and rich are fed and feted, and the poor and thin sent empty away?—and now were to hear the story of his first successful picture. Most of us hoped that some day we ourselves should be "dined," and have to tell the story of our own first success.

"It was in this way," he began, after lighting a shilling cigar (*we* all smoked *pipes*). "I had done my time at Julian's, and had mastered the Flesh, or; at all events, the way to paint it—if not the World and the Devil. I decided that my chances were better in Paris than here in London, and, the worst come, there were the *p'tites pièces d'art* for the shops of the Rue de Rivoli, *baigneuses* and studies of the toilet, to fall back on, so I took a studio not far from the Passage des Panoramas at the top of a house in a by-street.

"It was not at all a bad little place. The studio was well ventilated and splendidly lighted, its last tenant having spent a good deal of money on fixtures; there was a good stove, and a little gas one for cooking. The bedroom was *en suite*, and had also a door opening on to the stairs. The studio had been to let some little time, and for this reason they had reduced the rent, which was now decidedly low; so I took it, and moved in as soon as I could. This was in November or December.

"Whilst I was working at a study of the nude at Julian's—from a model, a girl with Titian red hair, a lovely skin, and the most graceful pose of any model there—a connoisseur who used occasionally to drop in took a fancy to my treatment of the figure, especially the handling of the flesh tints, and one day, soon after I had settled down in my new quarters, he called and gave me a commission to paint a picture.

"'I'm going to give you a chance,' he said, naming what was to me at that time a considerable sum. And then he described what he wanted. Well, the subject was quite unconventional, not such a one as many English collectors would commission or hang without a locked frame. He was a cute enough man, and he knew that if I did my part well the thing was sure to be hung in the Salon, he talked about a lot, and he would get the credit and enjoy the pleasure of 'discovering' me.

"'You must get hold of someone who won't either look ashamed of herself or as if she liked it. I want it to be a perfectly natural picture,' he continued, 'and I believe you can do it.'

"I hinted that I thought models of the type he wanted were not too easily found.

"'Oh,' said he, 'don't spare expense. I'll pay everything over and above the usual fee that may be necessary if you find the right kind of girl.' And then he said good-day, and promised to look in again in a week or two.

"Of course, I immediately began to look out for what I wanted, letting a few of the fellows at Julian's know the sort of thing I was in search of. I remember Jackie Fenwick (poor chap, he's dead) saying with a laugh, 'Bob, my boy, it will be some time before you find *la belle fille*. The ones who've been through the mill couldn't look shy to save their lives, and those who haven't "sat" won't "sit," my boy, for five francs a day.'

"I had plenty of applications, of course. I think the fellows used to take a delight in plaguing me by sending me anything they came across in the shape of a woman. I had Junos, Venuses, Psyches without end. The first mostly too fat, except for a picture of the 'Mère de la Nation' class, the second class mostly too knowing, and the third mostly slips of girls with no figures (though some had good skins) to speak of, several of whom had never posed before, but had no objection to doing so for five francs a day if I'd take them.

"I selected one in sheer despair at last—one of the Venus type. I wasn't at all satisfied with her, however, and was in a despondent sort of mood one morning in February, got from gazing on the canvas, when I was startled by a knock at my door, and in response to my 'Entrez,' a young lady appeared. She was of slight, girlish figure, very well dressed, and somewhat heavily veiled.

"Bowling her to a seat I awaited her pleasure.

"Lifting her veil, and thereby disclosing one of the loveliest faces it has been my good fortune to see, she said in a low, clear voice—

"'Monsieur Summers, I presume.' And when I had intimated that she was correct in her supposition, she continued, 'I have heard, Monsieur, that you are in need of a model. Is that so?'

The temptation to throw over my somewhat *coquette* Venus at once assailed me. Here was my ideal, at last. So I said—

"'Mademoiselle——' waiting for her to fill in the blank, which she did with a slight hesitation, and with a blush caused by the giving of a name other than her own. 'Ah, thanks! Mamzelle Noisette is correctly informed. But does she know the subject?' I asked.

"'Yes. And does Monsieur think that I should serve?'

"'That I cannot——' I commenced. But she interrupted me with 'Ah! no. Of course; how stupid of me. But pardon, Monsieur, I am not accustomed—that is,' she hastily added, her face and neck getting crimson, 'not very much accustomed to sitting.' Then she glanced round, and seeing her eyes rest upon the door of my other apartment, I signified that it was entirely at her service.

"The outcome of it was that she arranged to sit to me—to come at eleven o'clock next day. And then she dressed herself, and pulling her veil over her face went down the somewhat dark staircase, with a promise to be punctual on the morrow.

"When I went into my room to write to Venus, I perceived a delightful odor of heliotrope.

"At eleven precisely next day I heard Mamzelle Noisette coming up the stairs. I had tidied up my room in readiness, and had even put a bouquet of white narcissus and daffodils on the small dressing-table. I had got a new canvas on my easel, having turned the old one with the commencement of Venus thankfully to the wall.

She came out almost shyly, with the studio robe enveloping her till I was ready to commence, walking forward with the dainty grace of a well-born woman.

"As she took her stand, a few moments later, in a patch of sunlight near the stove, I thought that I had never seen such a perfect figure or so beautiful a woman.

"As was perhaps natural, I speculated very considerably as to the identity of my sitter. That she was no model I immediately decided. That she was a young lady was almost equally certain, at least from her manner and address, as well as from her attire.

"At the end of a week I was ready for the background. The subject of the picture was, briefly, the morning 'tub' of a well-born young woman of about twenty. And for this purpose I had to temporarily fit up a part of the studio as a dressing room. Articles of feminine attire played a conspicuous part as accessories. A rose-colored satin garment lay, just as it had evidently slipped from a chair, on a fur mat, and a pile of white, lace-trimmed linen (difficult, indeed, to paint well) was heaped on the chair standing at the side of the large china bath. Mamzelle Noisette, half facing the spectator, was just trying the water by lifting it in her pink hand. Behind the tub and her body, with its golden and pink shadows, was an olive-green Japanese paper screen, on which were cranes and other waterfowl. The morning I began the background I had explained the general scheme of the picture to her, and laughingly she helped me dispose the *dessous* of her toilette with artistic and natural negligence. It was the *lingerie* of a woman of taste and position, exhaling the same faint odor of heliotrope I had noticed on a former occasion.

"When she had posed, looking at the pile of laced whitenesses on the inlaid rosewood Louis Quinze chair, I said, 'I thought all women were tidy.' 'Not when they keep maids,' she replied, and then blushed lest she should have betrayed a secret.

"The weeks went by. The picture was almost finished. For several days I had been working at the final touches on the face. There was really no necessity for further sittings, but I was in love with my model, and sought to postpone the time of her going, and the time of my declaration.

"I had found out very little about her beyond the fact that she was undoubtedly a lady, and had no need to sit to me or anyone else.

"Whilst she was dressing a few days before the completion of the picture, I had ventured to express regret that she was so soon to discontinue her sittings. I even suggested another picture, but the conversation was at once turned by herself into another channel.

"On the day I was finishing the face, I realized that I could ask her to come only once more. I decided to postpone until then the avowal of my love.

"On the morning of the last sitting I received a note. It ran--

"Avenue ———
 "Paris,
 "le 7 avril, 188—

"Dear Sir,

"I cannot come to-day or any other day. I shall not, probably, see you again. I have sat to you, and allowed you to paint my beauty for a bet. I have won 10 000 francs, which I needed to save me from disgrace. I hope that the picture will make you a name. I shall go to see it once if it is hung in the Salon (as it is sure to be), and then I shall leave Paris with my family for a long time. If you should meet me, which, however, is improbable, do not seek to address me. With my best friendship's regard,

"Ever to you,
 "MANZELLE NOISETTE."

"I never saw her again. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of her when a smart Victoria swept round a corner of the Place de la Concorde, and for a moment disclosed to me a lady in a veil; but I have never been able to decide whether it was really Mamzelle Noisette, or not.

"The picture did make me a name. The critics were kind, except, perhaps, a few feminine ones. To them the realism of clothes is very real. I overheard a group of ladies discussing the latter one day. They admired my painting of the rose-colored satin garment immensely. But one young demoiselle of the party exclaimed, 'No one wears ribbon trimmings like that now,' and she pointed to an article of attire with her parasol. 'Nor that kind of frills! How very old fashioned!'

"And yet Mamzelle Noisette had laughingly assured me one day not two months before that they were the latest *nouveautés!*"

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THE supplement of to-day's NEWS LETTER will recall vividly to pioneers of San Francisco the material of which many of the structures in early days were made. The dilapidated section reproduced may be seen on Jackson street, between Sansome and Battery. The corrugated iron came around the Horn by sail half a century ago, and is of a kind very generally used before lumber mills were built on the Pacific Coast. The battered and rust-eaten material, as Caesar's clay might have done, stops up the holes and keeps the wind away in a part of the city very much out at heel and elbow. It recalls to the argonaut the fact of the shifting and uncertain trend of trade; for in early days the part of the city now given over to junk shops, neglect, and squalor, were the most important streets of San Francisco.

No other people equal the French for the quality and artistic perfection of cooking. The Maison Riche, Geary street and Grant avenue, is an admirable example of this fact. The finest French dinner to be had in San Francisco is served daily at the Maison Riche, between the hours of 5 and 9 p. m. Music by a string band adds to the dainty creations of the chef. Faultless service. Rare wines.

The adornment of any home is made more complete by the presence of tasteful Japanese works of art—carvings, curios, figures, tapestries, etc. George T. Marsh & Co., at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, have a full line of these unique and beautiful goods, for sale at most reasonable rates.

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"Book and Heart." Essays on literature and life, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Published by Harper & Brothers. New York. 1897.

Of the three dozen save one articles in this volume twelve deal with literature, and are placed first. It seems a favorite trick with Mr. Higginson to place words in a different order from the usual one; just as some British people, out of mere perversity, say "Cambridge and Oxford," though all the world long since decided to say "Oxford and Cambridge." As Mr. Higginson once wrote a book entitled "Women and Men," we are quite prepared to find him writing "literature and life." Whether he means thereby to put literature before life, or women before men, or not, we neither know nor care: the order of importance in which things stand in Mr. Higginson's mind is a subject of no concern to us. Of the literary essays the most interesting to us is that entitled "A world outside of science," in which the author shows that the mere man of science is a very narrow man, large areas of whose heart and spirit are uncultivated. Thus Charles Darwin, perhaps the greatest and purest man of science that ever lived, as he progressed in his life-long studies, lost, slowly but surely, his taste for literature, art, and music, for which as a young man he had had much aptitude, until at sixty years of age he found the poetry of Shakespeare so intolerably dull that it nauseated him, pictures bored him, and music was a lost pleasure. Of fervor or emotion, of course, he had not a trace left: the dry light of science had withered his heart and soul. In another essay, Mr. Higginson very truly says that the best thing that Americans have to learn at Loudon dinner-tables is to abandon the habit of monologue; no man, however brilliant or self-assertive, is permitted to monopolize the talk there. The "orating" habit smacks of a condition of semi-civilization, just as does the inordinate esteem in which long-windedness and wind-bagginess are held in the United States. Mr. Higginson says that the daily press is the greatest foe to eloquence in the United States, and speaks feelingly, as though some fine flights of his own had been spoiled by the reporters. We cannot agree, being rather disposed to think that most of the silver-tongued, brass-throated, iron-jawed, leather-lunged orators, possessed of the cheek of the devil, have been incited to their misdeeds by the adulation of foolish newspapers. The twenty-three articles on Life are all of them readable, and give the reader a very favorable idea of the essential soundness of the writer's mind and heart. We note little of that tendency to over-emotion of which we seemed to find traces in "Women and Men," or of that inclination to twist the British lion's tail which is occasionally apparent in "Concerning all of us." In "Book and Heart" we have the reflections of a man who has seen many years and got rid of many ideas. There is just one matter on which we must join issue. In "Anglo-mania and Anglo-phobia" Mr. Higginson speaks of the "widely-spread dislike" of England in the United States, and leads us to suppose that something of the same kind is present in Englishmen's minds. This is not so at all. The Briton, as a Briton, has no feeling of dislike for the United States: rather, indeed, the reverse; he is naturally disposed to be kind and hospitable to Americans visiting the Old Home. He may, perhaps, be a little surprised to find that an American is an excellent classical scholar, but then he would be just as much surprised at finding that an Australian was one. When Mr. Higginson assigns British sympathy for the Confederates as a reason for mistrusting Britain and Britons, he is merely falling into an error almost universal among his countrymen. When the War of Secession began, it was impossible to tell which side would gain the day, and, had the Southerners prevailed, the British would have found themselves sympathizing with the "upper dog": as it was, they sympathized with the dog that eventually turned out the "under" one: but were not both the dogs American? It is surely rather hard that, when a nation splits into two nearly equal parts,

a foreigner should be blamed for wishing well to one rather than the other. Nowhere, so far as we know, in the United Kingdom, would a solitary American visitor find himself or his country a target for abusive and insolent attack; yet how frequently in the United States does not a pack of jackals snap and snarl at the heels of any British lion whom they may have succeeded in isolating? Indeed, we have heard a pleasant American woman, who had traveled considerably in Europe, say that she dearly loved to chaff an Englishman. Now, the teasing of a pretty woman may be endured by men who have no stomach for the vulgar insolence of the opposite sex. To turn to another matter: Mr. Higginson clearly sees that wealth is powerless to secure great social prizes in America, because there are no such prizes. Whereas, in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, wealth can consolidate and perpetuate itself (almost beyond the possibility of wreck) in the hereditary nobility. Whether this is to be considered an advantage or not depends on the views one takes of society, Government, the hereditary transmission of capacity, and other matters. We think that the excellent administration of almost every branch of the public service in the British Empire is largely due to the fact that affairs are in the hands of a body of men fitted by heredity, social environment, education and ideals for the tasks they perform. Thank God, the British Empire is not yet administered upon the theory that one man is as good as another, but on a recognition of the fact that some men are incomparably better than others.

Mr. Edgar Saltus has lately been speaking of Sir Edwin Arnold as a newspaper reporter: he never was anything of the kind. After his Oxford career Edwin Arnold became an assistant master at King Edward's school, Birmingham, a famous school that gave the late Archbishop Benson, the late Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Westcott, and many other great scholars, to the English Church; thence he went out to India, where he became Principal of the Poona College, and a Fellow of the University of Bombay; on his return to England he became an editor of the Daily Telegraph. Young men possessing the scholarship and attainments that Edwin Arnold possessed after his graduation at Oxford do not become reporters on English newspapers; if they take up journalistic work at all, as Mr. E. T. Cook or Sir Alfred Milner did, they enter the editorial room at once.

The May issue of Scribner's Magazine appears in a very pretty colored cover. E. S. Martin and Robert Grant write of life at Harvard, and C. D. Gibson of a London drawing-room. There is an article on golf by the amateur champion of the United States, and an elaborately illustrated account by Charles D. Lanier of "The Working of a Bank." Charles Edwin Markham contributes a short poem of two stanzas, entitled "The Whirlwind Road." It has amused us to see on the back cover of Scribner's a tinted cut of a young woman in a corset waist, when we remember that a certain association of would-be women writers on this Pacific Coast affected to resent the publication of a cut of a plump young person, *bien corsetée*, in the souvenir of an entertainment. Is Scribner's immodest, or are the Pacific Coast women prudish? If we may judge from some of the young ones we know, we should not consider prudishness their most strongly marked characteristic.

Newnham College, one of the ladies' colleges at Cambridge, England, furnishes some striking proofs of the great advantage of having people of high intelligence and training for one's parents. Miss Helen Gladstone, who has just retired from the position of First vice-Principal of Newnham in order to solace her distinguished parents' declining years, is a daughter of William Ewart Gladstone, four times Prime Minister of Great Britain, and controller of the British Empire. She is succeeded by Miss Katherine Stephen, daughter of the eminent lawyer, Sir James Stephen. Miss B. A. Clough, the Head of Clough Hall, Newnham, is the youngest daughter of the brilliant Arthur Hugh Clough, the favorite pupil of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby.

Carmany, at 25 Kearny street, will supply you with the latest and most fashionable gent's furnishing goods at most reasonable prices.



MINE Host Warfield has cause for rejoicing, for he could not ask a better adjunct to his efforts in making San Rafael the objective point for our beauty and fashion this summer than Mrs. Hager. Society people will be safe in choosing the Hotel Rafael for their summer "Season," for between Baron Von Schroeder and Mrs. Hager, with Major Warfield at the head, a constant stream of pleasure is sure to flow.

The list of guests, as given by the press dispatches, who were invited by Lady Hesketh (Flora Sharou) to meet the Prince of Wales on his recent two days visit to the country home of Sir Thomas Hesketh in Northhamptonshire inclines one to think that our erstwhile native daughter is getting inducted in the ways of "the Prince's set." Firstly, as 'tis said, Sir Thomas was absent in Africa, and the little lady had therefore all the responsibility of collecting the guests, who comprised the Duke of Grafton, whose reputation is well-known in the London swim, the Earl of Euston, who married the notorious Dolly Tester, and Lord Fitzroy, whose name was associated with Oscar Wilde. One is led to wonder in reading this list, who the women were that completed this aristocratic "house party."

Rumor has it that our respected townsman, Winfield Scott Jones, has taken a trip to Washington for the purpose of bringing back a bride to his Hyde street home. The lady is said to be an old love and one who was an intimate friend of the rival belles—Addie Smith (now Mrs. Holt) and Addie Cutts, the widow of Stephen A. Douglass. Should this be true, what a warm reception she will receive at the hands of Mr. Jones's numerous lady friends in San Francisco.

"Milty Latham is the jolliest kind of a fellow," is the dictum of the guests at the recent gathering at Mira Monte Club House over in Marin County, where Milty is a leading spirit. By the way, gossip asserts that this "jolly fellow" is "gone"—and a very bad case too—on the last remaining sister of a charming trio of sisters who are very great favorites both in the city and Sausalito.

A propos of moonlight frolics, the members of the riding school are credited with the intention of getting up a large riding party during the next moonlight, and after a trip through the Park the evening will wind up with supper at the large home belonging to one of the party. Some of them wanted to bring up at the Presidio, and others the Occidental, but nothing has been settled so far.

"Bonnie Bernie"—as Miss Bernice Drown's girl friends style her, is said to be a young lady whose mental attainments place her in front rank of our many bright girls. Miss Mary Kip bids fair to take the place left vacant by Miss Hannah Williams when she became Walter Hobart's bride, her rare beauty making her a bright feature of any entertainment at which she appears.

The nearness of Sausalito to San Rafael will no doubt occasion many a merry-making between the two places this season. Already several frolics are being discussed, and when the moonlight nights come, a picnic by pale Luna's beams is on the tapis to be awfully jolly, and desperately select, don't ye know.

The Tivoli has been rehabilitated in a society point of view by the favorite son of the soil, Denis O'Sullivan, singing his famous "Shamus O'Brien" there, and swell theatre parties to hear him have been the rule, with suppers at the University Club or at home almost every evening during the past week.

On dit that the gallant Lieutenant Winn will make his projected European trip a wedding tour.

There is no doubt about it, the new men at the Presidio are the soul of hospitality. Ever since their arrival they have kept the ball rolling in fun of some sort for their lady friends, and the dinner dance to the bride elect of Lieutenant Bent, Miss Ethel Cohen, tops it off. Only a few of the most popular city belles were guests at the dinner, but they were the merriest crowd imaginable. What a graceful compliment to this charming fiancée for her bridesmaids—to be—to combine in an entertainment of like nature before the wedding, and have it take place at the biggest house of the lot.

The recent reception, supper and exhibition of riding under the tutelage of Captain Dilhan, was a delightful affair, much enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be present. All rode well, though of course some were better than others. Special mention must be accorded Miss Rose Hooper and Mrs. Fanny Leut for their skill and graceful daring, especially in the "tandem" act. It is a matter of congratulation that this delightful art is being taken up by society, for surely never did woman appear to greater advantage than when on horseback—if she knows how to ride.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wezell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme Marchand's Preparations Use Crème de la Crème. Positively prevents sunburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

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The London Mining Journal publishes a lengthy editorial in defense of the nation's experts. It originated in the rather pungent criticism of Indian Engineering, which is accredited with the assertion "that the men who leave England and apply for appointments as mining engineers are, for the most part, simply a set of adventurers, who have during some time or another, served at a mine, and picked up a smattering of mining. The Journal, while reluctantly admitting the decline of the English mining engineer, takes exception to the view that the majority of *soi-disant* mining experts are a "set of adventurers," asserting that the majority of men in all walks of life are adventurers, a term which in this sense hardly carries with it a reproach. California has not been happy in the selection of the class under discussion. While of course it would be absurd to deny that some of the men imported in the profession are able and fully competent for the positions, the majority come under the category of our East Indian contemporary. While their scientific training may be excellent in every respect, they lack in knowledge of practical mining and the common sense which should teach them that in every new territory there is much to be learned from experience. Time and again the opinions of the best men in this State, who have been brought up in its different mining sections, each of which has its own peculiarities of formation and general conditions, have been offset and counteracted, to the heavy loss of capital by self-sufficient individuals who, if skilled in science, were practically lost in the field. For this reason we have repeatedly urged the necessity for the employment of trained and competent California engineers in reporting on property in this State in the interests of the foreign investor. The most reliable class of English experts fully recognize the necessity for this, and invariably secure the services of a local professional engineer. The man who does this can be set down as level-headed and trustworthy, but unfortunately in the past he has been the exception. We would have had no fiascos to regret, such as the Union Gold, Ilex, and some others, had home talent been employed, instead of feather-weight English experts. The best argument of eternal fitness in the profession is the selection of California mining men as managers by the most prominent mining companies of London operating in South Africa and Australia.

Dredging for River Gold. With the passing of the control of the Bowen dredging outfit some days ago, the possibilities of reaching the gold in the sands of California rivers are now being discussed. The success which has been attained in operations of the kind up north in Washington has stimulated a desire for operations of the kind elsewhere, and during the week a strong company has obtained by purchase the Rogue river, which will soon be under active exploitation. A company of the kind has just been formed in London, called the Quesnelle River Gold Dredging Company, Limited, which will work the bed of that river for gold, which has been found to exist in amounts ranging from \$1.70 to \$17 per ton. The men at the back of this company were formerly connected with West Australian mining. An effort is now being made in this city to place one or more of the Bowen dredgers at work on the Sacramento and some of the other Californian rivers. The working capital of the London company is placed at \$75,000.

Con. Virginia in Ore Again. Just on the eve of the dissolution of the speculative mining market in this city, Con. Virginia again looms up as the possible savior of the business. A most important strike has been made in upraising from the 1,650 level. About 60 feet above the sill floor of this level high-grade ore has been found, which is already promising in its dimensions. What the extent of the new find may be is something which time alone can determine, but it is safe to say that the development is the most important made in the mine since 1886, a year of happy memory to

shareholders. So far no official announcement has been made as to the character of the ground in the locality of the strike; whether it is absolutely new and clear from previous workings. The general impression is that it is virgin territory, but it will be more satisfactory to have this statement come from Mr. Lyman himself whenever he feels justified in expressing an opinion on the subject. The effect of the development so far on the market has been salutary. Business has been active at a higher range of prices, and the ranks of dealers have been already recruited from the vast army of speculators which during the past twelve months retired from the field in disgust. Should the development make into a big ore body in the course of exploration, the question of the future of the business is solved for a long time to come. The management of the mine is highly popular and backed with capital to protect its own interests in every way. So far the advance has been light in all directions.

Millions for Mexican Rubber. All the good things seem to drift Londonward nowadays. With all the boasted wealth of the New World, strange to say, whenever financial aid is required to promote an enterprise of magnitude, the British public is called upon through the London promoter. New York cycles, down East railways, Western mines and industrial projects of varied description all drift toward the great monied center of the universe. One of the inducements held forth just now to investors is what is known as the India Rubber (Mexico) Limited, brought out in London with a capital of \$2,300,000, is the unlimited demand for chewing-gum in the United States of America, which the property is in a position to supply, no less than 250,000 *chick* or chewing gum trees being ready for tapping, according to the prospectus. This will be glad news to the millions of masticators in this country—male and female—who have been laboring under suspicion, while cud-chewing, that the material was anything but a natural product. One would think that with such a demand alone to supply, that American manufacturers would have found it expedient and profitable to have coraled this font of the chewers' delight, before taking the output second-hand from Great Britain. The "tapping" process for working capital is possibly an easier matter over the Atlantic than it might be in America, or the trees on the vast estate of Llano de Juarez, in Oaxaca, Mex., might remain untapped for another generation, and this in the face of the Mexican Government's subsidy of three cents for every new tree planted up to a limit of 15,000,000 trees. The omission of chewing-gum from the Dingley bill, in view of the new India Rubber (Mexico) Limited, is an oversight upon the part of the nation's legislators, fraught with peculiar danger to the chewing-gum manufacturers of the country.

A Prosperous Scotch Concern. The Griffiths mine, of El Dorado, recently purchased by syndicate represented here by P. George Gow, is rapidly developing into a valuable property. Prospecting on the surface has revealed some fine veins on the seven claims, with first-class ore at all points, justifying the management in starting a tunnel at a depth of 1,000 feet to crosscut the whole property. Sinking a shaft is also progressing 1,500 feet from the north line, which is down 250 feet, exposing good ore. This Scotch company is one of the most prosperous concerns in the State, and deservedly so, as its management, while always ready to put money up for the development of a promising prospect, has the faculty of minding its own business, without interfering with that of other people.

Mining on The Feather. Some of the directors of the Development Syndicate Limited, of London, will arrive in town next week on a visit of inspection to the company's property at Oroville. This includes the Banner, Long's Bar, and several other promising mines in this vicinity, making one consolidation. Work is being carried on with excellent results under the direction of Colonel J. B. Low, the consulting engineer of the company. No work has been done yet this year in the river mines below, owing to high water, but everything is ready to start up when the time comes.

The Down Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

GUN practice at the Presidio languished sadly on Monday, there being, apparently a hoodoo upon the day's proceedings. The guns kicked, so did the weather, the wind howling like a banshee and the powder being dampened by a lack of ardor. No wonder that Lieutenants Randolph, Hubbard and Miley feel mortified at the fiasco, which took place under their direction, but they made a fatal mistake in not having any targets to fire at. If the laws of the land only permitted the slaughter of assorted hatches of unjailed miscreants upon such occasions, gun practicing in Uncle Sam's pretty Presidio yard would be of immense advantage to the city and to the soldiers. The CRIER would be overjoyed to sit on the fence at such performances, and would take unholy delight in seeing a procession of blatherskite politicians, and blackmailing soundrels of the journalistic ilk march forward to a deserved doom.

BOSS Rainey's Sacramento labors in behalf of the fully-paid fire department bill have been rewarded by a "pelone" in the shape of a silver tea-service, an illuminated text, and other flattering but inappropriate testimonials of the department's adoring regard. Rainey, being in politics, is of course familiar with silver, and its acquirement in any form is doubtless pleasing to a man who has been out for stuff so long as he has, but his unfamiliarity with such a beverage as tea, and his long-distance acquaintance with texts of any kind, tend to invest these complimentary but useless gifts with ironical significance. With Rainey as guardian angel of the fire department above ground, and Satan as guardian of the fire department below, these necessary adjuncts to civilization should be faultlessly controlled, provided the brimstone supply does not fail.

AHINDU nuisance, who calls himself Bramacharin Bobbabbishksku for short, and who is earning his living here by picturesque posing and the gift of gab, has grossly insulted the American women because they wear modern millinery instead of towels about their heads. He also accuses persons unknown of pulling his pajamas. The man from India's coral strand will soon be stranded himself if he does not put a padlock upon his vituperative mouth-piece. He has no kick coming, since he does not, like his Christian brothers, have to foot the bills for the dear girls' head-gear, and as for the familiarity of yanking at his nether garments, it is too trivial to mention. What if this wild Indian's leg had been pulled in true American fashion? Away with him! Tie his name around his neck and drop him into the translucent waters of the bay.

MADAME Lydia Mamreoff von Finklestein Mountford, a distinguished prophetess from Jerusalem, admonishes us to practice brotherly love in the spirit and not in the letter. The lady is dead right. Many a millionaire would have lived in comparative peace, instead of suffering mental and financial torture unspeakable, had he communicated his affections to the fair object thereof by the spirit instead of the letter route. Letters are dangerous, deucedly dangerous, and the CRIER advises his wealthy brothers who have susceptible leanings womanward, to avoid ink-slinging absolutely, and work the spirit trolley for all it is worth. Only the devil himself knows the number of breach of promise suits and other embarrassing legal complications that will thus be prevented.

SOME of the Missionites want a zoo and others want a park. By all means let them have the zoo. A brand new park would increase the suicide record unnecessarily, Golden Gate Park having somewhat exhausted its popularity as a happy hunting-ground for despondent souls to shuffle off their mortal coils upon. Give 'em a zoo.

LITERARY note: It is rumored that a volume of especial interest to the legal fraternity and the general public is now in press. Advance sheets have already been furnished to the daily papers. Its title is "A Knight and a Fair Lady."

MISS Eliza D. Keith, a school teacher, read a paper at the Woman's Congress, advocating the spanking of infants in the primary grades. This idea will, if acted upon, be anything but a welcome innovation to the city's taxpayers, although it may be hailed with joy by the schoolm'ams, who yearn to practice upon the anatomy as well as the minds of insubordinate kidlets. It would be physically impossible, even for an athletic teacher, to administer corporal punishment to a class of several dozen small rebels in the good, old-fashioned way, and the department has enough to do to pay salaries without incurring the expense of spanking machines. Meanwhile the maternal hand and the paternal slipper will doubtless continue to get in their deadly work.

A LOVE feast was held by the Congregational Club this week, the Methodist and Presbyterian brothers breaking bread together. Love feasts seem to be extremely popular with the Congregationalists hereabouts, the most successful in the holy history of the local denomination having been held in a series by one Charles O. Brown, D. D., who did not, however, content himself with breaking bread, but broke the commandments and the clerical record of the church simultaneously into most unholy smithereens. To follow his career consistently, this pastoral animal, instead of browsing in Chicago's fertile fields, should be financially broke, and breaking rocks in the congenial environs of a penitentiary.

IN days of old it was fashionable for a shepherd to walk at the head of his flock. Later on the mode changed, and he drove it with the assistance of a dog, whose menaces terrified it, but perceiving that the beast's bark was worse than his bite, the sheep laughed and ceased to fear. This is a parable of the church; the dog is the devil. Dr. Dille, of the Central M. E. Church, has been uttering the weekly wail because young men prefer cycling to church-going. It is not surprising that they find fresh air more invigorating than the average sermon. The cycle is up-to-date, but the sanctuary is behind the age.

MRS. Carrie Higley Dimond is wondering whether she made such a good exchange after all in leaving her luxurious island home to become a giddy burlesque actress. There seems to have been a hitch in the elopement in the first place, for the fascinating drug clerk soon became invisible, and has not been heard of since; and now those photographs of her extremities so freely scattered over the town don't look as appetizing as she fondly hoped they would, even when painted pink. Carrie is a star, but she's barely twinkling.

THE TOWN CRIER is pleased to notice that the poppers and mommers of San Francisco have been protesting against the length of the racing season on the grounds that the race course has injurious effects on the budding morals of their sons. This shows that the old-fashioned custom of training up a child in the way he should go is not entirely out of vogue, as some suppose. A boy who is not brought up on Puritan principles is cheated out of a glorious heritage. He can never know to the full the joys of going astray.

POLICEMAN Cassius Blackburn abused his deadhead privileges by demanding that the Sutter-street ear upon which he was enjoying a free ride, should stop in order to allow him to make his exits and entrances in a dignified and majestic mauuer. Now the company retaliates by putting him off the free list. Now Blackburn should be frozen out by the fruit and peanut stands, and frowned upon by all the pretty chambermaids and nurses on his beat.

CIGAR dealer A. Mass and wife have been arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. People are continually getting into trouble, trying to amass wealth. The TOWN CRIER rejoices in his poverty, and righteously condemns the course of the acquisitive tobaccoist and his spouse for endeavoring to live up to the family name.

ALATTER day wit says that cosmetics are the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disgrace. If this be true San Francisco is the most immoral city in the world.

THE Balboa Boulevard's sinking fund will soon be out of sight.



"I must say, dearest," said the young man in a tentative way, "that you—ah,—er—make love rather—um—scientifically for a girl who never kissed another man." "I suppose," said the young lady in the case, "that I must have had some practice in a previ us incarnation. Don't you think so?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Homespun—Land sakes alive, Josiah! I won't let our Henry stay at college another minute. MR. HOMESPUN—What is it now, my dear? Mrs. HOMESPUN—W'y, here's an article says there are several young women at that same college and that they are outstripping the men.—Judge.

Department Store Photographer (suavely, to sitter)—Now, look pleasant, please. VAN PRUNE (being photographed while waiting for his wife, miserably)—I can't. My wife is downstairs attending your spring bargain-sales of dress goods and millinery.—Puck.

"Pa, who was Shylock?" "Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday school every week, and don't know who Shylock was?" cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. "Go and read your Bible, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Son (who had been caught reading a dime novel)—Unhand me, tyrant, or there may be bloodshed! FATHER—No, my son; there will be nothing more serious than woodshed. Come; that is where my strap hangs.—Prucceton Tiger.

Lady Shopper—These boots are a mile too big for me. SHOPKEEPER—Really, madam, I cannot allow my wares to be slandered. I think it is that your feet are a mile too small for the boots.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Bount ful (after hearing the new organ at the village church)—What I most admire, Mr. Simplex, are the wonderfully human tones of the Nux Vomica stop!—London Punch.

"I saw your mother going to the neighbors' as I crossed the street. When will she be home?" asked the lady caller. "She said she'd be back just's soon as you left," answered truthful Jimmie.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Henry Peck—I read here that a western state proposes to tax bachelorhood! MR. HENRY PECK—A good idea. All luxuries should be taxed.—Puck.

"This is an awful big bill for Turkish baths. Why do you go there so often?" "Where else can a girl go who has nothing to wear?"—Boston Herald.

"Papa, we have come back to ask your forgiveness." "All right. Have you paid the parson, or is that charged to me?"—Truth.

"What a firm, manly tread that young Simmons has." "Yes, he's commenced using a higher gear."—Cleveland Leader.

Only a lock of auburn hair caught on the front of his vest. He carelessly "pressed the button," and his wife she did the rest. —Exchange.

"May I kiss your hand?" he asked. She removed her veil. "No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."—Ex.

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THE DOLL'S FUNERAL—WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, IN N. O. PICAYUNE

WHEN my dolly died, when my dolly died,
I sat on the step and I cried, and I cried;
And I couldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right when my doll was dead.
And Bridget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head and "Oh," said she.
"To think that the pretty has gone and died!"
Then I broke out afresh, and I cried and cried.

And all the dollies from all around
Came to see my doll put under the ground;
There were Lucy Lee and Mary Clack
Brought their dolls over all dressed in black.
And Emmeline Hope and Sara Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too.
And all the time I cried, and I cried,
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbons and laces all around;
And made her coffin in a box
Where my brother keeps his spelling books,
And we had some prayers, and a funeral, too;
And our hymn was "The Two Little Girls in Blue."
But for me, I only cried and cried,
'Cause it truly hurt when my dolly died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And we raised a stone and wrote quite plain:
"Here lies a dear doll who died of pain."
And then my brother he said "Amen,"
And we all went back to the house again.
But all the time I cried and cried,
Because 'twas right when my doll had died.

And then we had more jam and bread,
But I didn't eat 'cause my doll was dead.
But I tied some rrape on my dollhouse door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
I couldn't be happy, don't you see!
Because the funeral belonged to me.
And then the others went home; and then
I went out and dug up my doll again.

HEARTS FOR SALE.—MAUD HOSFORD, IN LIFE.

For sale: A very fine line of hearts
At prices far below cost,
A circumstance which affords you a chance
To replace the one you have lost.

Hearts that are tender; hearts that are brave;
One that's been worn on a sleeve
Is marked down so low it surely must go,
Though it is somewhat soiled, you perceive.

Broken hearts, too, that have been "restored;"
One that has only a crack;
And hearts that are set on a coronet,
For lovers of hric-a-brac.

Sad hearts, glad hearts, hearts of gold,
Hearts that gold only can buy;
And a heart so true it will just suit you
If you'll only take it to try.

MY THOUGHT—AND HER'S!—PAUL DUNBAR, IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The gray of the sea and the gray of the sky,
A glimpse of the morn like a half-closed eye;
The gleam on the waves and the lights on the land,
A thrill in my heart—and my sweetheart's hand.

She turned from the sea with a woman's grace,
And the light fell soft on her upturned face.
And I thought of the floodtide of infinite bliss
That would flow to my soul with a single kiss.

But my sweetheart is shy, so I dared not ask
For the boon, so bravely I wore the mask;
But in her face there came a flame—
I wonder could she have been thinking the same?

BANKING.

Bank of California,
San Francisco.

Capital..... \$3,000,000 00

Surplus and Undivided

Profits (October 1, 1894).. 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWERS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit
and Trust Company.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuations of all kinds are stored at low rates.
DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickerham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Louge, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Dalzell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank
of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. (GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.)

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and
American Bank, Limited.

N. W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.

Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000

Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve Fund.....\$ 550,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal office of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SG. GREENEBAUM } Manager.
C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Californian
Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized.....\$3,000,000

Subscribed.....3,000,000

Paid Up.....1,800,000

Reserve Fund.....700,000

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART } Manager
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Grocker-Woolworth
National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
AND POST STREETS.

Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President

W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President

GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather
Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
Established 1851, San Francisco.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON, President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President

L. I. COWOILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. G. Lukens, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.



DEAR EDITH: Bright colors are fashionable now, but when true feminine taste blends the combination the effect is pleasing rather than otherwise. Of course, the senses are shocked by the blaze of coloring; but as a rule the colors are so mixed that they please and delight the eye. One of the neatest examples of this treatment I note in a dress of bright billiard green crepe cloth. Its texture was so soft, it was so closely covered with tiny crepe wrinkles that did not seem to ridge the surface, that the color took on a thousand lights and made the green harmonize with any shade of green put with it, and with any other color, too, as a leaf does on a rose tree. The skirt was made over black satin, the breadths rounded short at waist and hem to show the satin. A deep facing of plaid silk reached the knees on the under side of the skirt, the plaid showing dark blue, dark green, and lines of scarlet and light green, a tiny streak of daffodil yellow striping here and there as inconspicuously as a streak of sunshine on a lily pad. One bodice for this skirt was plaid silk, crossed in a lot of folds over the front and fastening under a big frill from shoulder to belt. The belt was wide, fitted, and from black satin. A green cloth bolero, that fastened also at the side with a series of straps, between which the frill of the silk bodice showed, was for wear over this silk bodice. The jacket was lined with bright green.

The trick can be done too when the variety of colors is not great, and when the dominant one is very brilliant. The skirt was serge, and had a row of appliqued black braiding at the hem. The bodice was cerise taffeta, was tucked between the hretelles, gathered at the waist, and held by a belt of scarlet India foulard. The hretelles of scarlet silk were trimmed with appliqued braiding, and a full ruching of black chiffon finished the neck. Even when worn with a scarlet hat of turban shape, trimmed with black tips, this dress will not seem too striking or too high colored, so effective is a little black in softening the brilliancy of reds. The proportion of black is much greater than this in many cases, and women who are fond of quiet effects will be pretty sure to use more. They need not, however, for scarlet is to be so abundant that a dress like that just described will not seem assertive.

A favorite resort of those who are a bit fearful of overdoing bright colors is to mask them with a sober, but semi-transparent material. This method of making is highly fashionable, as by it the two chief characteristics of the season—bright colors and elaborateness—can be combined in one dress. Besides this point it has much to recommend it. Beauty of result is strongly on its side, and then it affords a fine chance for her who is ingenious as well as of sound judgment in dress matters.

From the standpoint of economy there is, perhaps, less to say in its favor. True, there is a host of beautiful transparent fabrics that are stylish and inexpensive, but what of saving is scored up by these is all wiped out by the outlay necessary for the silken lining. In these circumstances it is some comfort to remember that new styles are very seldom favorable to economy, and after taking all possible solace from this fact, the next thing is to consider how to do the trick inexpensively. There are many models that tend toward this end, and a very pretty one is thus described: Its skirt was of black grenadine over salmon silk lining, three small ruffles of the silk trimming it near the foot. Shirring on the back and front of the bodice supplied a yoke effect, and from this hung a pleating of salmon chiffon. The sleeves were gathered to the elbows, ending in chiffon frills; salmon chiffon and black chiffon were combined in the collar, and very handsome figured salmon ribbon gave the belt and the elbows at the shoulders an effect that saved the outlines there from bareness. Tight sleeves may be coming, indeed they can be seen not infrequently, but seldom without some elaboration at the shoulders to take the place of the departed puffs.

BELINDA.

Great Unloading and Clearing-Out Sale

Our Gigantic

OF

Overstock

New Spring Styles and Novelties

At Prodigious Reductions.

See daily papers for particulars.



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

MEDICATED GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

50 cents and \$1.00

Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession. Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent,

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city who makes a specialty of . . . **FACIAL TREATMENT**

Permanently removes Wrinkles, Small-pox Scars, and all Facial Disfigurements.

713 POST ST, Near Jones.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, oandy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Company,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

General Agents

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
GILLINGHAM CEMENT.

327 MARKET ST., Corner Fremont, S. F.

Pacific Towel Company

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week \$1 50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 month; 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1 25 per month.

INSURANCE

THERE will probably be a change in the management of the Union Casualty and Surety Company in the next thirty days, if, indeed, it does not retire from the Coast altogether.

It is rumored that there will be a change in the Coast management of the Atlas.

The mercantile community is taking very kindly to the return to old P. I. U. rates, which were announced as the result of the new insurance compact.

Arthur M. Brown has become a partner with his father under the name of Brown & Son. They have the Coast agency of the American, of Philadelphia, and the Svea.

The year book of the Spectator Publishing Company is out.

The different Casualty companies are making an effort to combine against the Frankfort—the only company outside the board. The plan is to cut the rate made by the Frankfort, and all such business will be reinsured in the different companies.

The Metropolitan Life has completed a large 8-story building in New York, and will occupy the entire structure.

The Caledonia Insurance Company, represented by L. B. Edwards on this Coast, has issued a magnificent brochure, which is being distributed to the patrons of the company in this city.

Julius Ach, the well-known Manufacturers' agent, has been appointed inspector for the Kalamazoo Sprinkling Company.

Wilcox & Company, agents for the Battery Insurance Company, are issuing a handsome calendar.

The New York Insurance Department this year is issuing a complete record of all business done by insurance companies in that State, together with a statement of their standing.

The State Glass Insurance combine in the East is moving Westward, and it is likely that there will be an increase of rates in this city shortly.

Ex-Commissioner Higgins left for the East on Tuesday. His successor is Henry G. Gesford.

HEAVILY OVERSTOCKED.

J. J. O'Brien & Co.'s Great Sacrifice Sale of New Spring Goods.

THE great sacrifice sale of J. J. O'Brien & Co., which began last Monday morning, has crowded that mammoth establishment with customers in search of genuine bargains. The fact that the tremendous reduction applied to every article in the great store, and that the prices that were cut in two meant new, up-to-date spring importations of the best designers and the most famous manufacturers.

The extraordinary character of the sale can be judged from the fact that the Messrs. O'Brien, having nearly doubled their usual spring importations in anticipation of the proposed great increase in the tariff, found themselves heavily overstocked, owing to the backwardness of the season; and this compelled them to adopt the most radical measures to unload the vast quantities of goods on hand before the season becomes too far advanced and while the goods are yet seasonable. That their efforts would be successful was a foregone conclusion in view of the reductions made, the prices in many cases having been cut in two; and these reduced prices are not confined to a few special lines, but extend to every article in every department of the firm's mammoth establishment, including black and colored dress goods, silks, laces, ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, dress trimmings, ladies' shirt waists, jackets, capes, suits, dress skirts, hosiery, underwear, corsets, men's and boy's furnishing goods, wash dress fabrics, curtains, linens, housefurnishings, and the thousand and one other articles that go to make up a first-class dry goods stock.

Finally, and most important of all, and the point that appeals with resistless force to those in search of the best values for their money, is the fact that the goods are all new, fresh and clean, of this season's importation, instead of the usual run of old, shelf-worn, obsolete styles that are generally offered at the conventional reduction or cut-price sale. This great sacrifice sale continues next week.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London

SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,182,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

418 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$5,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF ERFIEST, GERMANY.

Capital, \$2,250,000 Assets, \$10,984,248.

Pacific Coast Department: 304-308 SANSOME ST., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States: J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



IN the palmy days of his career, no office in the gift of Shasta County would have been withheld from Clay Webster Taylor, the Democratic politician and attorney who died here a few days ago. Among other honors was his election to represent his district in the State Senate, where he had as his deskmate Attorney Charles W. Cross, now of this city. The story goes that the debris question was the dominant issue during that session, and Taylor's constituents made many demands that he declare himself upon the mooted question.

"You'll hear from me all right," said the stentorian-voiced bearer of three famous names, "and it will be no uncertain sound, either."

Then he carefully prepared and wrote out a speech which was to reverberate down the hills of time, change the entire vote of the Legislature, and accomplish several other equally impossible results. After finishing the compilation of this oration, he placed the manuscript, as he thought, in his desk, but inadvertently deposited it in that used by his neighbor, Senator Cross. Now, Taylor and Cross had taken opposite sides in the debris controversy, and when Cross discovered this manuscript in his desk, he considered it ammunition sent him by the gods. He carefully mastered its legal points, and on the very day on which Taylor had planned to deliver it, Cross made a rattling speech, anticipating and refuting in advance all the arguments Taylor had intended to state. The latter was furious, and despite the clamor of his constituents, he was obliged to sit through the debate in speechless rage. Cross told it everywhere, and although Taylor threatened to denounce his opponent in the chamber, he found himself laughed out of the Capitol.

* * *

True harbinger of summer, Henry J. Crocker burst forth this week in a magnificent waistcoat of the fashionable tint of the season,—slate colored blue. Wherever he went, he was conscious that people glanced at him in amused surprise, and to escape vulgar observation he sought the seclusion of the University Club.

"Oh, where did you get it?" was the wailing greeting of young Harry Stetson.

"We heard you coming, Henry," added Jack Casserly, with his famous grin.

"Looks as though he had just stepped out of Bond street, you know," remarked Jack Parrott, significantly.

Mr. Crocker hardly considered these personal comments so screamingly funny or killingly witty as to justify the uproarious laughter with which they were greeted. Hastily buttoning up his coat to hide his new raiment, he turned on his heel, feeling somewhat affronted. Jack Casserly, with a deterring arm, turned him around, in full view of the other men.

"My son," said Jack, with paternal demeanor, "it is a pernicious practice to buy your clothes in London. I am glad you patronize the tailors of your own land. But why do you wear the badge?" and he skillfully removed a tag, bearing the words, "Ah Wong, \$1.35."

It cost Crocker the price of several bottles. He says he will get even with Eddie Eyre for that tag, if it takes all summer.

* * *

Anticipatory joys abound in art circles over the expected arrival from New York of Emil Carlsen, who is about to revisit his old hunting grounds in this city, after an absence of five years. During his sojourn here, his friends assert that he will again occupy his old studio quarters on Barbary Coast, the former Mecca of all lovers of still life. There, Emil gracefully played the role of entertainer, and his "Four O'clocks" were famous in Bohemian circles. No girl of his acquaintance ever needed to go thirsty. A pilgrimage to Montgomery avenue would always insure her a foaming gin fizz or a cool cocktail, artfully concocted by the sunny-tempered painter. He was intensely proud of the degree conferred upon him by that

club within the Bohemian Club—the Knights of the Round Table—which dubbed him "D. D." (Dissipated Dane) and he used the mystic initials with as great a flourish as does any learned parson with his much-prized "Doctor of Divinity."

Carlsen's work in San Francisco was spasmodic, and the sale of a picture always meant the relegation of palette and brushes to a dark corner, the studio being used solely as a place of lavish entertainment until the artist's purse again became depleted. Many of his best pictures adorn the walls of the Bohemian Club, the ransom for princely bills, lavishly contracted in dining room and *café*.

Emil's greatest success was achieved in paintings of fish, and one, which he considered his masterpiece, represented a big harracuda, sent him by an admirer from Catalina Island. The fish was packed in ice, and Carlsen worked on it several days. When the odor became too pungent in his studio, during a party, he shied the fish out of a window, and noticed it, early next morning, lying in the alley. Emil had been accustomed to take his meals in an adjacent Spanish restaurant, but when the waiter brought him barracuda on three successive days, the still-life painter concluded to change his caterer.

* * *

To the visit of E. L. Thayer is ascribed much of the recent gaiety of the clubs, although the once rollicking Eddie of San Francisco's most advanced bohemianism is now transformed into a supposedly staid business man of Boston. It was during his residence here that he wrote, anonymously, that famous epic poem, "Casey at the bat," and it was penned during great financial stress. Thayer and Eugene Lent, fresh from Harvard, having had a disagreement with their respective sires, decided to carve out their fortunes unaided. To that end, they applied for work to their former classmate, the then youthful proprietor of the Examiner. They were given regular assignments on the paper, although they were disgusted to find no resemblance to the companion of their college escapades in the distant and unapproachable employer whom they accordingly dubbed "The Great White Throne." This dread being was absolutely pitiless on questions of finance, and the petted darlings of rich fathers, with luxurious college habits added, found it no easy task to maintain their membership in the Pacific-Union Club, go the pace and pay car-fare, on their salaries of twenty dollars per week. After an elaborate dinner, one night, they gave their last dollar to the waiter, and then decided that nothing but a carriage would restore their shattered health. Having issued a mandate to a hackman, they proceeded to climb in, but the cabby, familiar with the condition which prompts such abandon, demanded a retainer in advance. As this was impossible, a consultation was held.

"It's no use asking for another order on the cashier from the Great White Throne," said 'Gene. "Give him 'Casey,' Eddie."

The poem had hitherto been heard only indoor, with the recitative author on the table, each verse punctuated by mugs and bottles. But Thayer was in the humor for it that night and no party of his friends ever heard him so well describe the lack of joy in Mudville as the open-mouthed Jehu on the pavement. Casey and Thayer between them won the cabby's heart and he not only drove the boys to the Cliff House, but waited for them all night. The bill? Oh, that's another story.

* * *

In the person of the accomplished dramatic singer at the Tivoli, it is hard to perceive much resemblance to the Denis O'Sullivan, as San Franciscans principally remember him, who, less than ten year ago was a bashful boy making no pretension to vocal merit. Some of the other boys, indeed, declared that he could sing like an old-time minstrel, but no amount of coaxing could sufficiently overcome his modesty to induce a display of his talent before young women.

One summer, while the O'Sullivan's were staying at the Hotel Rafael, the talk of their brothers and friends concerning Neely's wonderful singing aroused a keen desire to hear him in the hearts of the society girls of that season. It was a case of Mahomet and the mountain, so the girls begged for eavesdropping facilities. One of the men arranged that, as young O'Sullivan would sing to a male

audience that afternoon in the billiard room, the girls could be secreted in an adjoining apartment, entrance to which was provided only through the billiard-room. All of the arrangements were carried out and the young singer delighted his audience, both seen and unseen. Many drinks were ordered and their co-conspirator managed to smuggle some glasses to the imprisoned but joyful young ladies. One song led to another, each man demanding his favorite. Finally, the selections degenerated from the classical to the ballads of the concert hall and Denis was persuaded to sing a French ditty, more remarkable for its melody than its morals. Unfortunately, the society girls understood French, and it would be difficult to estimate their relative chagrin with that of their escort. Unconscious of these unwelcome auditors, Denis was about to respond to a rapturous encore, when the unhappy prisoners, unable to endure another Parisian number, rapped on the table with their glasses, in sheer desperation.

And then there was a scene! Denis had been trapped, but so had the girls, and they dared not express their mutual reproaches, but they all turned their indignation on the wretched man who had arranged the secret audience. Most of those girls are young matrons now, and that is why the story is being revived, for the incident has hitherto been a strictly tabooed topic.

Included in the paraphernalia which the De Wolf Hoppers brought to San Francisco is a thousand-dollar pug, presented to Edna Wallace by Willie Hearst of New York. To the unbounded admiration of Willie for the *petite* opera singer is ascribed the laudatory telegrams published in the Examiner from every water tank along the transeontinental journey of the company. Great interest in that diminutive canine is taken in the Mission-street editorial rooms, and daily bulletins are posted by City Editor Garrett regarding its health and the character of the food it consumes. Intense rivalry is manifested among the members of the staff for the honor of attendance on the dog, and it is adjudged high treason to refer to the animal as a "pup." Its advent has been the means of shattering the friendship of two old chums, for since the managing news editor detailed Fred Lawrence for the honorable assignment of leading the pug from the ferry to the hotel, Jake Dressler has been unable to conceal his jealous rage, and now refuses to speak to his former companion.

The proximity of Senator W. J. Biggy is always readily discernible by the cigars he smokes, suggestive of Cuba before the revolution. While the quality of his *perfectos* admits of no question, his friends have little hesitation in guying the genial statesman, in the supposed belief that his Havanas are so many bluffs to the hox. Biggy takes the chaffing good naturedly, and occasionally goes the gayer one better.

"Ahem! Is that imported, Senator?" was the suspicious query, a few days ago, of a friend, with a disdainful sniff.

"Yep. Brought in through the customs all right."

"Oh, I see. From Chinatown?" persisted the friend.

"Well, no. They were imported in bulk by the Kittle Cordage Company," replied the Senator, cheerily.

While all the other insurance men on the street are praying for rain, which would produce big crops of grain and give the companies fat premiums for policies covering the growing cereals, Ned Bosqui is quite content with dry weather, so long as there is plenty of it. Being a true sportsman, he is naturally more interested in the hatching of young birds than in the writing of prosaic policies, for which there is not even a closed season.

"No, sir, you are mistaken. We don't want rain," he asserted to J. D. Maxwell. "It would spoil the crops."

"Why, you are crazy, man," replied Maxwell. "Then his curiosity got the better of his judgment. "What crops would it spoil?" he asked.

"The crop of quail," joyously replied the crack shot of the Country Club.

Moore's Polson Oak Remedy

cures Polson Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands At all druggists.



J. D. SULLIVAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Rooms 34-38, 3d Floor Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

SANDS W. FORMAN,
Notary Public
and Commissioner.
19 Montgomery St., Lick House Block. San Francisco.

DR. BYRON W. HAINES
Dentist
14 Grant Avenue
Rooms 16-17-18-19 over "City of Paris."

DR. D. E. DUNNE,
Chiropodist.
Office: Hammam Baths,
11-13 Grant Ave. Ingrowing Nails a Specialty.

DR. ARTHUR T. REGENSBURGER
Dentist
Office and Residence, 409 1/2 Post street, San Francisco.
Office Hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

Annual Spring Sale of ROAD, HARNESS,
WORK AND DRAFT - - - - -

HORSES and
Shetland Ponies

From the Ranchos of J. B. HAGGIN, Esq.,
to take place on

WEDNESDAY,
May 12th,
at 10 o'clock a. m.

At Salesyard, corner Market Street and Van
Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

KILLIP & CO., Live Stock Auctioneers, 11 Montgomery St.



If Tivoli parties were the rule last week, the Baldwin has been similarly favored this week, society turning out in large numbers to welcome the DeWolf Hoppers and enjoy *El Capitan* in the first place, and in the second the delicious little suppers that followed the performance. Otherwise the week has also been much livelier than the last one was, and though it is now rather late in the season to expect anything very formal, some of the entertainments given approached that style very nearly. For instance, the musical tea given by Mrs. Darling at the Occidental Hotel on Monday afternoon, when she entertained a large number of her friends, and at the same time received their congratulations on the news just received of Major Darling's appointment as Military Attache at Vienna—one of the most brilliant courts in Europe. Mrs. C. P. Huntington was chief guest of the occasion, and one of the features was a number of Major Darling's compositions, which were given, making it almost a recital of his musical gems, which were listened to with delight by Mrs. Darling's guests. The decorations were all in crimson, including bunting, roses, carnations, etc. Major and Mrs. Darling having given up their trip to Japan, expect to leave for the East in June, and will form a part of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington's party over the road.

There were several card parties on Tuesday, and a very delightful tea given by Miss Meyerstein at her home on Octavia street, her guests being all young people, and twelve of her young girl friends assisted her in receiving.

On Wednesday Mr. C. P. Huntington gave a banquet at his residence on California street, entertaining one hundred guests, representing chiefly members of the different departments of the Southern and Central Pacific Railroads.

The event of principal interest to the young people on Wednesday was the dinner dance at the Presidio, given in honor of Miss Ethel Coben, the bride-elect of Lieutenant C. L. Bent, and which was a most charming affair, as are, in fact, all the entertainments given at that most hospitable army post. Among the party of twenty-eight at dinner were the Misses May and Alice Hoffman, Ida Gibbons, Emma Butler, Clemmy Kip, Kate Salisbury, Bernie Drown, Helen Wagner and Julia Crocker.

Among the last of April weddings was the ceremony which united Miss Marguerite Heister and Robert Higgins, performed by the Rev. Dr. Spalding, at the Heister residence on Howard street, last Friday at noon. White roses artistically arranged with green foliage converted the parlors into veritable bowers, and the toilettes of the bride and her maid-of-honor, Miss Kate Hyland, were springlike in their dainty freshness, the bride's robe being of white organdie over white satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; her fleecy tulle veil held in place by a diamond star, and her bouquet was of bride's roses. Miss Hyland's costume was of white *mousseline de soie* over pink satin, and she carried a cluster of long-stemmed La France roses. Herbert Calinan supported the groom as best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, and later in the day the newly-wedded pair left town for their future home at the Needles.

First on the list of May weddings comes that of Miss May Spencer and Ira N. Breedlove, which took place at Trinity Church at 4 o'clock last Saturday afternoon (May Day), the Rev. George Walk officiating. There were no attendants, and the wedding reception was held in Oakland at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Jacobs on Oak street.

The wedding of Miss Grace Young and Francis C. Williams was solemnized at the home of the bride, on Pacific avenue, on Wednesday evening.

June, the month of roses, is to be prolific of weddings, an announcement made this week adding another to the

long list of those already arranged to take place. The bride and groom-elect in this instance are Miss Helen Wright and Chas. L. Davis. Another recent announcement is of the engagement of Miss Eva Estelle Worth and George R. Gay.

Miss Minnie Burton has reconsidered her first intention of having a number of bridesmaids, and has decided that her sisters, the Misses Leila and Kathro Burton, shall be her sole attendants. However, a whole bevy of her pretty girl friends will assist at the reception which will follow the ceremony, for which several hundred cards have been issued. Lieutenant Thos. Pierce, her groom-elect, will arrive from Fort Logan about the 23rd, accompanied by his best man, Lieutenant Wm. Sells, also from Fort Logan.

The reception and exhibition given by the Thursday evening class of the San Francisco Riding Club; Mrs. Joe Crockett's luncheon party of twelve ladies; Mrs. Walter Campbell's musical reception for Mrs. Bishop, and Miss Florence Sharon's *début* tea in Oakland, are among the recent society gatherings.

The details of a Poster Show and Matinee Concert to be given at Golden Gate Hall, for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, on next Saturday afternoon have been arranged, and the indications are that it will be a society affair and very well attended. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan will sing, the Misses Ames and Marie Wilson, as well as the Saturday Morning Orchestra, will assist, and at the conclusion of the concert the Art Posters will be sold by auction. Mr. Fred Yates and Miss Helen Hyde are among the artists who will be represented in this line.

The lady managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage will celebrate the opening of their new building, on Lake street, on Saturday, the 22d of May, with a musical reception. Herr Schott, Frank Coffin, S. Homer Henley, Miss Alice Bacon, Mrs. Richard Bayne and others will take part in the programme.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lewin (*née* Goodman) have departed for Europe. Mrs. Lewin's farewell reception at the Palace Hotel on Monday was very largely attended. Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip and their daughters, who will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael, left town for that charming hostelry on Saturday last. Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Masten are also among the guests at the Hotel Rafael. Mrs. George Howard, who leaves to-day for Europe, where she will join Mr. Howard, expects to make a visit of some duration in the Old World.

The engagement is announced of Theodore E. Schucking, son of Mrs. E. Schucking and nephew of the Hon. Adolph Sutro and of the late Levin Schucking, a well-known German author, to Miss Ella Leichter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. L. Leichter and niece of Mr. Frederick Hess of the Demokrat. Both young people are well and favorably known in the best German society circles of this city.

The marriage of Miss Oppenheim and Hugo Lyons has been arranged to take place on the 30th of May. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Raas returned from their Southern trip on Sunday last and are at the Hotel Baltimore, on Van Ness avenue. They will spend the summer in San Rafael.

In response to the many requests for a repetition of Mr. Ad. Locher's mass, it will be sung at the French Church (Notre Dame des Victoires), on Bush street, between Stockton and Grant avenue, Sunday, May 9th, at 11 a. m. Mr. Locher's composition has been accepted at Bordeaux, and will be sung there shortly at St. Peter's Church by eminent artists.

Colored tea is poisonous, but it won't kill anybody.

Neither will poison oak.

Your money back if you don't like *Schilling's*

Best tea—sold only in packages.

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San Francisco.

The Gingerbread Fête, to be opened at the residence of Mrs. Clark Crocker, corner of Sutter and Octavia streets, on next Tuesday evening, the 11th, and continue afternoon and evening for the rest of the week, in aid of the Children's Hospital, is attracting great attention. A most interesting programme of entertainment has been arranged by the ladies having the fête in hand. The handsome grounds will be brilliantly illuminated at night, a shooting gallery will be provided, and especial arrangements made for entertainment of children on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. A number of noted paintings will be exhibited, among them being "The Cardinal's Portrait," by Toby Rosenthal.

In a monastery, seated in an arm chair near a table, on which is a bottle of Italian wine and a dish of fruit, is a Cardinal whose portrait is being painted by a young monk. The Cardinal is rather well advanced in years, and apparently not strong; still, judging by his partially finished portrait on the easel, it will be noticed that he desires to appear as a man in the full vigor of life.

While the monk has been at work the Cardinal has fallen into a sound sleep. His head has dropped on his chest, and a book which he had been reading has fallen to the floor. It is at this moment that the monk turns away from his canvas, and seeing the Cardinal asleep, he stands, palette in hand, bewildered and nonplussed. He dare not awaken the high dignitary of the church, neither can he proceed with his portrait. With his hand in his chair he is a picture of astonishment, as he gazes on the Cardinal.

The contrast between the latter as he is and as he is made to appear on the canvas is remarkable. The canvas is 43x55 inches, and the many details that Rosenthal introduced are beautifully carried out. A handsome piece of tapestry forms a part of the back-ground, while a rich carpet covers the platform on which the Cardinal's chair stands.

The artist Defregger gave it as his opinion that this latest work of Toby Rosenthal is the most brilliant that he has ever done, while Kaulbach, in speaking of it, said that it reminded him of, or rather appeared to him like a large Meissonnier. In Munich the Prince Regent went to see it twice; while in Berlin, where it was afterwards exhibited, it attracted the attention of Emperor William.

The object of the fête is most worthy, and a generous response to the praiseworthy efforts of the ladies having it in charge will be made. Admission for the evening will be 50 cents; afternoon, 25 cents.

The Vendome at San Jose easily takes rank among the few first-class hotels on the Pacific Coast. Its appointments are both abundant and refined, its management in all respects thoroughly up to date, and cuisine and service are everything that the guest can desire. The grand popular concerts given every Sunday afternoon by the Vendome orchestra, are a feature of the Sabbath's recreation, and are greatly enjoyed by the people of the Garden City, and the guests of the hotel. The music is of a high class, and is rendered in a finished and artistic manner. Hotel Vendome is a source of pride to the citizens of San Jose, and a pleasant home for those who sojourn there for a day or remain a season.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, in this city, is reported to be slated for military attaché of the American Embassy at Vienna. His many friends, and the friends of his charming wife, who was Mrs. Catherwood, are greatly pleased at the Major's reported good fortune.

JOHN PARTRIDGE, stationer, printer, and book-binder, at 306 California street, has recently added a large space to his manufacturing department, and has greatly increased the capacity of his printing establishment by the purchase of new type and other materials. All kinds of half-tone, line drawing, color work, etc., done at lowest prices consistent with legitimate trade.

When pondering over the worry of getting up your dinners and entertainments, it is a relief to remember that Max Abramam, the caterer, at 428 Geary street, takes complete charge of your banquet hall or dining room and prepares the wedding feast or the banquet with perfect satisfaction to both host and guests. Tell your troubles to him.

SANDS W. FORMAN, ex-Supervisor, has been appointed a notary public for the city and county of San Francisco, and has opened an office at 19 Montgomery street. Mr. Forman will attend to the taking of depositions, protests and notes, acknowledgments, affidavits, etc., with promptness.

EL CAMPO, the popular Sunday bay resort, is open for the season. The steamer Ukiah will leave Tiburon ferry at 10:30 A. M., and every two hours thereafter until 4 P. M., and will make the final return trip at 5 P. M.

**"PROCRASTINATION
IS THE THIEF OF TIME;
YEAR AFTER YEAR IT STEALS,
TILL ALL ARE FLED."**

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**ARRESTS DECAY
OF THE TEETH**

and prevents their loss. It also
cleans them without injury, strengthens
the gums, perfumes the breath
and imparts a most refreshing
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Only 19 miles from Ukiah.
Finest summer resort in California.
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Good hunting, fishing, boating, and Bathing. Manager.
Finest cuisine and best accommodations.

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Purifies as well as Beautifies
THE SKIN
no other cosmetic
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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth
Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and
every blemish on beauty, and defies de-
tection. It has stood the test of 35 years
and is so harmless we taste it to be sure
it is properly made. Accept no counter-
feit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre
said to a lady of the haut-ton (a pa-
tient): "As you ladies will use them, I
recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the
least harmful of all the Skin prepara-
tions." For sale by all Druggists and
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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

GEORGE Meredith, in "Rhoda Fleming," speaking of Margaret Lovell, says, "She was a most distinguished sitter in a luxurious drawing-room chair, which is a more difficult thing than you may suppose," but one must be phenomenally awkward to manage to sit ungracefully in the "luxurious drawing-room chairs" of to-day. So cunningly are they fashioned to fit every angle of the room and adjust themselves to every curve of the body, that one only requires a certain yieldingness, as it were, to become a "distinguished sitter."

The variety in chairs is so great, and the patterns shown are so excellent, that if you have only one chair to buy it will be worth your while to make a comprehensive study of the subject before making your purchase. A few years ago, the Turkish chair was considered the acme of luxury, but beside the creations of to-day it looks clumsy and stuffy. It has no grace of outline.

Other high-back chairs are an arm-chair of English oak which, already upholstered in heraldic English tapestry, and one with mahogany arms and legs, but seat and back upholstered in gold and green Cambridge cotton.

Lighter high-back hall, library or parlor chairs are popular, either in mahogany or the dark-veined toa-wood. Others are in forest-green ash, and there is an infinite variety of wicker chairs in natural wicker or stained forest-green, brown, black, or blue.

The green satin sometimes called "Epping-forest green," is especially admirable for country halls, or for libraries, unless one affects the heavy black English or Dutch oak style of furnishing.

Among oddities in chairs is one of California "toa-wood," in massive, rectangular lines, with a rush seat of coarse grass. It is not exactly the chair you would choose for the boudoir of some lithe, latter-day damsel, but her portly father would take infinite comfort in its capacious depths.

Never stain furniture in imitation of some other kind of wood. In carrying out a color scheme, especially in chambers, soft-wood furniture may be greatly improved by staining it the dominant color; but hard-wood furniture, however simple the design, is handsomest when given a varnished, polished or dead finish that brings out the natural tint and grain of the wood. Enamel is not a pretentious humbug like stain in imitation of hard wood. On the contrary, it is often the most effective method of renovating cheap, old soft-wood bed-room furniture, but, like stain, it never improves hard wood.

Lukewarm soft water, a clean, soft sponge and fine chamois-skin are all that is needed to freshen fine, highly-polished furniture that is only dulled by use. Wet both the sponge and chamois, and wring the latter dry; wash with the former, wetting only a small part of the article before drying, and polishing with the chamois; and in doing the last-mentioned operation, rub always in one direction. Slight dents in furniture can usually be raised by wetting the spot, then placing a wet cloth over it, and holding a hot sad-iron close enough to steam. White spots can be removed with spirits of camphor, but it also takes off the varnish. No matter what finish is to be given furniture, it should be first well cleaned. Use turpentine or ammonia in warm water, and a flat, rather stiff paint brush for the corners and crevices.

Manufacturers have evidently learned that however attractive in design and coloring they make cheap casement muslins, that are faded and stringy with a month's use, the woman who knows what economy really is cannot be deluded into buying them a second time, for the shops show less of such trash than heretofore.

For sash curtains—either half or full length—plain swiss; dotted, woven figured and cord and lace striped white muslins are far more popular than those with woven or printed colored designs.

Tamboured muslins are in little favor, consequently no new styles are shown.

Lace-striped and plain scrim has regained much of its old-time popularity, and there is a beautiful quality of cream cheese-cloth at fifteen cents a yard that is in every way desirable for casement or long drapery curtains.

In colored draperies there are printed gossamers thirty-six inches wide, that are beautiful in quality of weave, but

like cheaper muslins, the greater number are printed in strong colors and hold designs. Penang muslins show smaller and more dainty designs, in softer tints of color; fifty-four inches wide.

Nottingham, Tamhour, Irish point, Brussels, and all other kinds of pattern lace curtains come by the piece in white, or both white and ecru, for sash curtains; are twenty-seven inches wide.

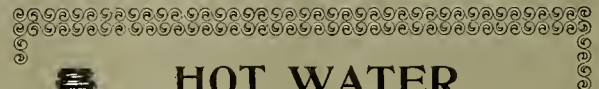
Point d'esprit lace is charming for either casement or long curtains, but it is too flimsy, unless the best quality is purchased.

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Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at Barstow with Santa Fé Limited. Dining cars, buffet, smoking car, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

There are any number of brands of whiskey, but there are only a few that are positively the best. One of them is Argonaut whiskey. Every connoisseur will instantly place Argonaut at the top. It is old, mellow, and has a rare flavor, which, once tasted, is not forgotten. Call for Argonaut. E. Martin & Co., 411 Market St., sole Pacific Coast Agents.

S. STROZYSKI, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no appec ices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5897.



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SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. THURSDAY FERRY—Foot of Market Street.
WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:10, 11:00 A. M., 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:50 P. M. **Thursdays**—
 Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. **Saturdays**—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:40, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. **Saturdays**—
 Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 26, 1897	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Novato, Potluma, Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:35 P. M.	6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Headlands, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.			6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.			6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:35 P. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.			6:22 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma, Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sehasiopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:25 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.			6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Shaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal. Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
 For Britiso Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
 For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 2d, and 2d of each month thereafter.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
 TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.
 GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st., S. F.

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Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

DORIC (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, May 11, 1897
 BELGIC (via Honolulu)..... Saturday, May 29, 1897
 GOETIC..... Thursday, June 17, 1897
 GAELIC (via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, July 7, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.
 For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First.
 D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S S "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, May 18th, at 3 P. M.
 S. S. "Alameda," Thursday, May 27th, at 2 P. M.
 Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
 J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Southern Pacific Company-Pacific System.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From April 18, 1897.	Arrive
7:00 A.	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	9:45 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 P.
7:30 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsy, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iono, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P.
*8:30 A.	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo	7:15 P.
.....	Niles, San Jose Livmore, and Stockton	7:15 P.
*10:00 P.	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A.
11:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11:15 A.
4:30 P.	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11:45 A.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Rndsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	17:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	11:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P.
8:45 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Houlter Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P.
*2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A.	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and way stations	6:30 P.
11:30 A.	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P.
*2:30 P.	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A.
*3:30 P.	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A.
*4:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A.
5:30 P.	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San Jose and way stations	17:45 P.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

7:00 A.		7:15 A.
8:00 A.		8:45 A.
9:00 A.		10:45 A.
10:00 A.	MELROSE,	11:45 A.
11:00 A.	SEMINARY PARK,	12:45 P.
11:00 A.	FITCHBURG,	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	SAN LEANDRO,	2:45 P.
2:00 P.	and	3:45 P.
3:00 P.	HAYWARDS.	4:45 P.
4:00 P.		5:45 P.
5:00 P.		6:45 P.
5:30 P.	Runs through to Niles.	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	From Niles	8:45 P.
8:00 P.		9:45 P.
9:00 P.		10:50 P.
11:15 P.		17:00 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, 12:00, 13:00, 14:00, 15:00 and *8:00 P. M.
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 2:00, *3:00, 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

For Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. †‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. ‡Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco
 MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.
 Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month Telephone: Grant, 507.

THE great firm of Miller & Lux filed articles of incorporation on Monday, with a capital of \$12,000,000. The incorporators and directors are Henry Miller, Henry Lux, Thomas B. Bishop, J. Leroy Nickel, Edward T. Allen, Jesse S. Potter and Azro N. Lewis. The object of the incorporation is for the purpose of facilitating the distribution of the estate and legally winding up its affairs. The property of the incorporation consists of lands from Oregon to Texas, and thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs, besides other property; and it will require several years to dispose of all their varied interests to advantage.

THE San Francisco and North Pacific Railway has issued a beautiful little booklet descriptive of the country through which the line runs. It is filled with photographic views of some of the many lovely points along its route. The San Francisco and North Pacific Railway is the picturesque road running out of the city; and it pierces a section of the State that is the ideal cruising ground of the summer camper, the fisher, and hunter. Ticket office, 650 Market street; general office, Mutual Life Building.

FINE stationery, steel and copper plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 736 Market street, San Francisco.

YOU WILL FORGET.—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

You will forget—a few swift hours,
Fortune and fame and all to woo,
And ere the bloom forsakes the flowers
The lips you kiss have kissed for you,
And ere the morrow's sun is set,
You will forget.

You will forget—a mile or so,
And out of sight is out of mind;
The easy tears soon cease to flow
When life's before and life's behind;
Aye, love, while still your eyes are wet,
You will forget.

You will forget—in other years
When you behold that white starshine
We see so dimly through the tears;
When you shall pass these doors of mine.
Or that dear spot where first we met,
You will forget.

You will forget—let me love on,
You have been all in all to me;
So when the past is dead and gone,
Like some fine golden phantasy,
Let me love on, to pay my debt—
You will forget.

THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG.

THE Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations, or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort; and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern, with board, will be furnished at a monthly rate of \$65 a person; and rooms on the third floor, with board, at a monthly rate of \$50 a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first-class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for outdoor sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths, and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California and Oregon railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento thirty hours from Los Angeles, and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock P. M., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

For particulars apply to
GEORGE SCHONEWALD,
Room 59, Union Trust Building, San Francisco.

KORN, the Hatter, 726 Market street, near Kearny, is the sole agent for Knox. See the latest spring styles.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 111, of 10 cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the
23d DAY OF APRIL, 1897.

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO.,
Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal., April 22, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of this company, held this day, the date of delinquency of stock for Assessment No. 111 was postponed until May 24, 1897.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the
24th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment be made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, June 15, 1897, to pay said delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company and to all others concerned:

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from Room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11 in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.

By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 11, Stock Exchange Building, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the Nineteenth day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 111, of Ten Cents (10 cents) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the
23d DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

R. U. COLLINS, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Bullion Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia Mining District, Storey county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held the 4th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 50) of 10 cts. per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, 331 Pine Street, room 11, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the
8th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 81
Amount per Share.....	30 cents
Levied.....	April 24, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 1, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	June 22, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office: Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company will be held at the office of the company, 327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. on

TUESDAY, THE 11th DAY OF MAY, 1897.

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close Friday, April 30th at 3 o'clock P. M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.
Office—327 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens.

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

Bay of San Francisco, Showing Goat Island, from Harrison and Essex Streets.

Taber Photo. S. F.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 15, 1897.

Number 20.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 503 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE Mayor suggests that Lotta's perpetual fountain be gilded. The suggestion is well in its way; but, unfortunately, to gild a nuisance does not abate it.

IF Mayor Phelan prove himself able to enforce economy and business methods in the different departments of his official family, he will have manufactured a plank large enough to carry him from the City Hall to Sacramento.

SOCKLESS Simpson, the Kansas Representative, asked Speaker Reed the other day: "Where am I at?" To which the Maine statesman responded: "I have never been able to find anybody who knew that." Judge Hebbard has just propounded the same question to twelve of his fellow-citizens, and has received about the same answer.

EMPLOYEES who will have to wait three months before their warrants can be cashed by the city are fortunate. They can afford to wait. Their hours of toil are shorter, their labors lighter, and their pay greater, than rule in commercial circles for similar services. Were they to resign to-day, five thousand competent men would clamor for their shoes at half their salaries.

EFFORTS to put the wires strung about the city underground should receive the assistance of everyone who wishes to see San Francisco dressed in modern garb. But it is far more likely that the irony of fate, and the ordinary course of nature, will see the progressive citizens who advocate this innovation well and securely under the ground before the wires reach that desired destination.

WHILE the fate of a celebration of the Fourth of July by the people of San Francisco appears to rest upon an annual municipal appropriation of \$3,000, it may be observed that the patriotic subjects of Great Britain here resident have put up \$3,500 for a proper celebration of the good Queen's Jubilee. It might not be inappropriate to add that there are not as many Englishmen as Americans living in this city.

THE Mechanics' Institute Fair management has determined to make pure food the central idea and *motif*, so to say, of the exhibition. This will prove to be a drawing card, and is good business judgment, as well as, incidentally, the right thing. It is promised that one of the attractions will be a dairy in full operation, even including the presence of the mild-mannered and genteel cow. Thanks to the efficient Dockery, the appearance of the female hovine will not be thought to be superfluous or inappropriate.

NO one questions Auditor Broderick's sincerity in his contention that there can be found no warrant of law for voting money from the emergency fund in aid of the unemployed now temporarily employed in completing Balboa boulevard. The Good Book declares that charity covers a multitude of sins; and the Auditor may err on the side of right in this case without fear of incurring the criticisms of the taxpayers or complaints of his bondsmen. Broderick's hesitation might mean just the difference between an empty belly and a full stomach to many.

IN the Fair-Craven will case, some comment has been occasioned by the touching solicitude shown by the attorneys for Mrs. Craven for certain handwriting experts. The solicitude is natural, and is no doubt born of observation. It is really astonishing that the testimony of experts should be held of the slightest consequence; for whoever heard of one of them disagreeing on the stand with the fee obtained in payment for his services? or forgetting in his yearning for the truth which side of the case his testimony was expected to support?

LABOR Commissionier Fitzgerald may be big enough to handle himself on American soil, but when he becomes a self-elected diplomatic representative of this country to Hawaii, he painfully illustrates the difference between ability and absurdity. His threat made to the planters that Congress would oppose annexation if the islanders did not open their arms to the unemployed of the Pacific Coast, who are supposed to be anxiously peering over the bosom of the ocean toward the cane fields of the Hawaiians, was a stretch of the Fitzgerald imagination. Our Labor Commissioner should be chained up in his office, or sent to join the ranks of the unemployed himself.

THE Manufacturers' and Producers' Association held an important meeting Wednesday, and determined to employ every effort to make the Pure Food Congress a permanent organization, with branches in every county of the State. Delegates will be named by President Kerr to attend the Trans-Mississippi Congress, to be held at Salt Lake on June 14th. A fight will be made there to prevent the shipping of convict-made goods into this State. A telegram was ordered sent to W. R. Hearst, in New York, asking him to use only California materials in his new building to be erected in this city. The association might well have added a request that Hearst send out a gentleman to take editorial management of his paper.

EDWARD BOYCE, President of the Miners' Federation which has just adjourned at Salt Lake, in his address before the assembled miners, urged them to arm for the purpose of maintaining their rights. "Every miners' union," says this anarchist, "should form a rifle club, so that the inspiring music of the martial tread of 25,000 armed men in the ranks of labor might be heard." And in this revolutionary and treasonable utterance this arch enemy of the laboring man found a hearty amen in the endorsement of Eugene V. Debs. It is well that the headman stalks behind these incendiary and turbulent spirits; and the sooner Debs and Boyce are looking through the bars or wearing stripes in some penitentiary, the better and happier will be the fate of the laboring element in the United States.

SOUTH American trade is just now attracting the attention of the mercantile community of San Francisco, and it is well that the truth is dawning that trade, to be obtained, must be worked for. Too long have this city's merchants lived in the hope that they were entitled by right of original possession to the tribute which, in a few years, made many of them opulent. They have seen trade gradually seek other channels, until to the north and south have been raised up important centers of commerce. It is time to reach out for trade; it is time to get rid of the old-fogy, sleepy ideas of the past. South American trade waits for San Francisco to take it. Some money and more enterprise are necessary. Will our merchants rip the commercial harnesses off the seats of their somewhat un-commercial trousers?

INVOKING THE LIBEL LAW.

JUDGE Hebbard has wasted six weeks, that he owed the public, in a fruitless attempt to gain glory out of libel suits. He has had his benchmen around him; they have beaten the big drums and made much noise; but what have he and they gained by it all? Hebbard came through his election in a blaze of glory. The public, who did not know him, took him at the valuation Sheehan, Baggett and the Examiner put upon him; he received a phenomenal majority at the polls; all his sins of omission and commission were forgotten, and it remained only for him to justify the promises made on his behalf by his friends, and honor the dignified position to which he had been so handsomely elected. But he turned out not to be that kind of a man. He has exhibited himself as he is, and not as our citizens took him to be, and, as a consequence, he could not to-day be elected to any office within the gift of the people. Because of the false pretenses of his friends, he went up like a rocket, but through his love of notoriety, and hatred of all newspaper men, except Long Green Lawrence, he has fallen as rapidly as the stick. He has done little or nothing since the 1st of January last but virulently prosecute two libel suits, has lost in both cases tried, and has seven on his hands yet. During all that time he has drawn his official salary amounting to \$1,333.33, his clerk and bailiff have also been paid large sums, and his reporter, we presume, is out and injured, and above all, the public interests have been treated as of no account. A strictly conscientious Judge would have deemed his first duty to be the discharge of the onerous obligations with which our citizens had intrusted him. Not knowing him, they had vindicated him, and at that he ought to have rested. But Hebbard, whose face indicates the man, went in quest of fresh notoriety, and he has got it.

If he were to abide by his own pretenses he would now resign his official position. He claimed that his usefulness was gone until he had been vindicated by a jury of his fellow citizens. Well, he found that such a jury was not to be humbugged by his claqueurs as were the voters, and so the expected vindication turned out to be an utter condemnation. Will he follow the logical course which his own pretenses and judicial propriety alike indicate to him? We think not. He consorts with men of too low a calibre to make clear to him high-minded obligations of that character. The men he consorts with, and who speak for him with great accuracy, make good the old saying: "Tell us the company he keeps, and we will tell you the man he is." He was hail-fellow-well-met with bank emptiers, and now shares with them the unpopularity, if nothing more, of a course that left widows and orphans minus their hard-earned savings. It was a poor and paltry plea he had the hardihood to set up. "He was not responsible," he said, "for the acts of his appointees." He was, when he appointed, in the face of protests from good citizens, and when he failed to remove them when the stockholders called his official attention to what they were doing. If Hebbard was not responsible for Sheehan, their boon companionship and secret confabs lasted a long time for nothing. The breakdown of this particular Judge should teach the lesson that only men of proved qualities and ability should be elected to the Superior Bench. If Hebbard, as a lawyer, ever tried a case in court, we never heard of it. He was for a time a Justice of the Peace, but that is the highest and only legal experience he had prior to reaching his present office. He lacks legal knowledge, in

our judgment, and certainly is devoid of the judicial temperament. To all of which is now to be added the wreckage the libel court has strewn around and about him.

The NEWS LETTER has, more in sorrow than in anger, stripped the plumage from this gay bird. It at all times likes to speak well of good Judges. They ordinarily cannot strike back. But it should be remembered that Hebbard was a candidate and free as well as able to defend himself. He did not do it then, just as he did not submit himself to examination in court the other day. That was a bad break for a man of his pretensions to make. If he were conscious of nothing to hide, why did he not speak out? He knew that he would have to submit to a cross-examination, and knowing the cross-examiner, he avoided it. As to the law of the case, we shall have something to say hereafter. Now, as ever, the NEWS LETTER has endeavored to maintain the liberty of the press, without using its privileges as a license or in a bad cause. This has been a contest for the freedom of the press against the dangerous assumption that the judiciary of the country is above criticism; that because a citizen has been made a Judge by the votes of his peers he may not be subject to the same obligations and penalties to which they are amenable. The establishment of such a precedent as has been sought by the prosecution in this case, would be a travesty upon the spirit and the letter of the Constitution of the United States; it would close the mouth of honest criticism and silence the press against any outrage that might stand forth if it were but clothed in judicial garments. We have felt from the first that not the NEWS LETTER alone, but a great principle, in which the press of the country and the whole people were vitally interested, was on trial. While we have been silent, the personal fight against us has been urged on and fed by a desire for revenge of a weak Judge; but we have never felt that the result could be other than the triumph of final Justice, and the deserved and lasting rebuke of a man whose whole career shows that he is unfitted for the high office to which accident and a fortuitous combination of circumstances elevated him. Judge Hebbard has been beaten; the vindication he sought has been spoken by twelve of his peers, and their verdict is a victory for freedom of speech, personal rights, and criticism of the judiciary in which honest men should everywhere rejoice.

Public acknowledgment of the invaluable services of Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge, who conducted the defense of the case, is doubly due him, not only on account of the NEWS LETTER, but for the further reason that his exposition of the law and his arguments involved the principles of personal freedom, without which the guarantee of our constitution would be as shifting sands: they were in reality an able defense of the press and people against a pernicious and dangerous assumption of judicial freedom from legitimate responsibility.

City Finances. Ante-election pledges and post-election performances were drawn in very significant parallel lines at the conference between heads of departments last Saturday at the City Hall. The meeting was held for the purpose of devising some method of staving off the threatened assaults upon the municipal coffers, or of raising or saving money enough to pay for supplies and other necessities aside from salaries. The meeting resulted in a sort of show-down by the different department heads, and the only patriot that could be found with a magnifying glass was Auditor Broderick, who boldly declared that he had discharged two men and compelled the remaining five to work each one hour longer daily. But Broderick stood alone; not another man emerged from the financial ruck who had discharged any of his assistants, or could do so without seriously crippling his office.

The most remarkable exhibition of municipal maladministration, however, was accidentally uncovered by F. W.

Lees, Collector of licenses. He declared with all the rest that he could not run his office for one dollar less than it is costing now. One of his men draws a salary of \$1,250 per year, and his collections amount to \$1,200. In other words, the city is paying out \$50 per year more than it is receiving in this particular branch of Lees' department! This is no doubt an exaggerated illustration, but it shows the loose, wasteful, and more than unsatisfactory manner in which the people's business is being done in some departments. How long would a merchant be able to meet his bills on a basis of this sort; and where is the man who would in private enterprise for a single day permit such a condition of affairs as is known to exist at the City Hall?

The general public who know anything of the hours and the amount of labor performed by the city's employees, will not believe for one moment that the different departments cannot be kept well within their appropriations, or that in such a pinch as at present faces the treasury, cannot satisfactorily perform all reasonable duties with reduced forces. It is safe to say that a level-headed business man could take charge of any branch of the municipal service, and under contract perform every duty for sixty per cent. of the money now paid out.

The fact is, that the people's interests are of secondary consequence—if they are even considered. The offices are first of all for the politicians and their creatures. Some good men are doubtless elected, but they are too often powerless to prevent the loot of the taxpayers by the appointment of incompetent and unfit persons, who have qualified for soft jobs by manipulation at ward meetings and around election booths.

Mayor Phelan, in his determination to personally investigate and for himself determine the value of the statements made at Saturday's conference, meets the approval of every man who wants to see justice done. The Mayor is a business man, and his judgment will be accepted by the people of the city as conclusive. The mere claim of politicians that they are doing the best they can bears no conviction to the minds of intelligent taxpayers. Something reliable and authoritative is wanted now.

The Hawaiian Swindle. To obtain something for nothing, by false representations, is an undoubted swindle. That is why we feel entitled to apply that epithet to the so-called Hawaiian reciprocity treaty. Under it the sugar consumers of this coast pay an average of \$4,000,000 a year in rebated sugar duties to a few Hawaiian planters. In return we practically get nothing. It is true that they give us a small trade that would come here anyhow. It could go nowhere else. We are their nearest market, and we have for sale the articles that use has accustomed them to. After all, they bring us only about 8,000 customers. Most of the others are Chinese and Japanese, who do not buy of us, but yet are given an enormous bonus with which to compete with the very people who furnish the bonus. Every pound of sugar imported from Hawaii comes into competition with our new and promising industry of beet-sugar growing. We as a people hold to the doctrine of protecting the home market. But so far from doing that in regard to the Hawaiian article, we actually give a bonus of 1½ cents a pound for the pleasure of having it as a competitor. We, in other words, give protection to the foreigner, whilst applying free trade to our own sugar producers. That is a reversal of the national policy, and substantially filching the benefits of the home market from the home producer.

Senator Perkins avows that he finds himself impaled on the horns of a dilemma on this question. He is a protectionist, but is being urged to vote for free trade by our merchants, and between the two he is troubled to make up his mind as to what he ought to do. Clearly there is no path before him but the straight one. As an honorable man he is bound by the principles he advocated prior to his election. He was then a thick and thin advocate of the home market being preserved for the home producer. He knows perfectly that the Hawaiian treaty does not do that. He admits that it is only "the commercial organizations, banks and exporters of San Francisco who deem the treaty of importance to them." He confesses that "all the interior cities and counties are against the treaty, and that they base their opposition on their desire to see the

beet industry succeed." To which he replies that "no one can be more alive than myself to the importance of that industry, and I hope to see it grow and give to the State that prosperity which I believe it is capable of producing." Just so. Then, as a protectionist, why subject it to a free trade competition with Hawaiian sugar? If he is such a believer in the future of the beet, why put this new and struggling industry under a ban? The Senator is very hazy in his words when talking about protection, and seems better posted in the logic of the free trade school of political economists. He is likely to hear language from his constituents that we, in common with his many friends, will regret.

Our silly contemporary, the Examiner, thinks it is a free trader, but knows as little about either free trade or protection as it does about decent journalism, saves less than half a column of space for the discussion of the Hawaiian treaty. Among other stupidities, it actually has the amazing ignorance to claim that we pay for \$15,244,977 worth of sugar by parting with \$4,184,351 in goods, \$1,065,278 in gold and \$73,900 in silver. Such a claim seems incredible as coming from even "the new journalism." It goes on to say: "that by paying out \$5,323,529 all told, we bought goods worth \$15,244,977. Is there any objection to that kind of balance of trade? Is there any one in California who would object to a trade in which he got \$15 worth of goods in return for \$5? That is what we are doing right along in the Hawaiian trade." Generous Hawaiians! They let us off with a payment of about 33 per cent of the value of the goods they send. Such liberality has not before been discovered in all the world. The Examiner man, as a discoverer, is greater than Nansen. The former has reached the end of financial foolery, whilst the latter has failed to get as far as the pole of folly. It may be accepted as a certainty that the astute missionaries collect dollar for dollar on all they send to us. They do not import their balance of trade to Hawaii, because they have use for it elsewhere, and Honolulu is not a market for gold. Hawaii buys largely from England and Germany, and permits her to do her remitting there. Moreover, the plantations are not all owned in the Islands, and dividends (paid out of our rebated duties), have in large part to go to New England, France, Germany, Great Britain, and to our own State. Again, money goes to the Islands through the mails in the shape of bills of exchange, greenbacks, and the like. England every year imports more than she exports, and according to the Examiner man, to be getting poorer instead of richer. The reciprocity treaty was conceived in jobbery, is a fraud from every point from which it is viewed, and ought to be swept out of existence.

The Tariff Question Goes By the Board. McKinley and Dingley are nowhere these times. They and all they represent have been given the go-by, and the Senate has done it. The House was docile enough, and promptly and without debate passed a measure that within two years would have rendered the Republicans as unpopular as the framers of the Chicago platform. It was simply full of outrageous proposals, that would have grown more and more unpopular every day, and in the end would have buried McKinley as deep as the gold in the Comstock mines now appears to be. The Senate was wise enough to see all this ahead, with the result that we have a brand new set of tariff proposals that out-Herod Herod, and surpass Wilson at all points, that lead towards free trade. It admits that Mr. Dingley's figures are all wrong, and that to make receipts equal to expenditures, an entirely new plan must be adopted. Hence, the increasing of the beer and tobacco taxes, and putting a large duty on tea. These items alone mean an increase of about \$60,000,000 a year to the revenue, without an atom of protection to home industries. The other changes all favor lower duties, and some are against all the definitions of protection as we have been taught them from the stump. Thus, while the duties on clothing wools are materially reduced, those on carpet wools are raised to an extent almost, if not quite, ruinous to the carpet industry. The duty of one and one-half cents a pound on bides, while logically sound from a protection point of view, will arouse fierce resistance from

all the leather manufacturers of the country. New England is already up in arms, and the fate of the tariff is not as sure as it at one time seemed to be. The tacit abrogation of the present treaty with the Hawaiian Islands is protection to our sugar beet industry, and is a matter of much moment to this coast. No true representative of California can favor the retention of the planters' treaty, all one-sided, monopolistic, and fraudulent as it is. The omission of the retroactive clause was necessary in order to conform to the law. Duties could not be collected until a law authorized their collection. The sugar duty is increased from one cent to one and one-half cents per pound, and the act is to go into effect on the 1st of July. All these changes are of great import, and together constitute a better tariff than we had expected from the party in power. There is still a great deal of paying of election debts, but not nearly so much as was at one time apparent. If the latest proposals go through, we trust that they will never again be changed, except at the instance of a permanent and non-partisan tariff commission.

How the Money Goes. Once more there is to be a shortage in the municipal funds of the year. The sum of \$166,180 is said to be the amount needed to make good the deficiency. There will again be a long wait for creditors, much discomfort to teachers and other officials, and confusion in the public accounts. These things occur year after year with unhappy regularity. The last Supervisors went on the same track as their predecessors, and a task is upon the new men to tide the municipality over the difficulties they have inherited. Nearly every one of the departments have overrun the appropriations set apart for their use. How this can be done with the one-twelfth act still on the statute books surpasses our comprehension. In this instance there does not appear to be any particular official upon whom to fix the blame. About all alike have sinned in exceeding the amounts appropriated, and then wrangles over the new Fee bill, and the assessment of bank deposits, reduced the revenue that had been calculated upon. It would be better always to anticipate difficulties of this nature and make allowance for them when the rate is struck. The overdrawing of fixed appropriations is inexcusable, and a way ought to be found to put an end to it. A charter that would regulate these things is badly needed. But if we may judge from past experiences, relief by this road is far off, for there appears only a small disposition upon the part of the majority to accept a way out along this line.

On the Streets at Night. There is a new moral movement on foot in several of our States to prevent young people, under the age of sixteen, parading the streets and out of the way places after nine o'clock at night. A number of towns and some cities of considerable size, both in the West and the South, have yielded to this demand, and the Michigan Legislature has been persuaded to pass a "curfew law," as it is called, for the whole State. Governor Pingree has shown more sense in this matter than the law-makers, for he has vetoed the bill on the ground that it involves interference by the State in matters of purely domestic concern. Roaming the streets at night is bad business for young people, but it would be worse for the community to have the State attempt the role of a beneficent parent. In our own Queen City of the Pacific the evil practice of night prowling, on the part of young people, is perhaps as bad as it is anywhere. But it is difficult to see how in a free city it can be regulated by law. The streets are free, the air we breathe is free, and our coming and going are free. None of these, in this free land of ours, can be subjected to license, limit, or litigation. Any such venture is bound to prove a failure, and would simply aggravate an evil which can only be cured by persuading fathers and mothers to do their duty by their children.

Nervous Prostration and Insomnia. The medical men of the city report an unusual prevalence of nervous prostration, accompanied by insomnia, in our midst, and especially among men past middle age. This condition is in part accounted for because of the exceptionally large number of cold north winds that have prevailed all through the winter and spring, and in

part because of the worry and harassment of hard times. The evils we speak of are found mainly among men who work with their brains. The struggle to make ends meet is breaking down many a sturdy son of the Golden State. Patient after patient tells the same story. He goes to bed at his usual hour, falls off to sleep very much as usual, but instead of sleeping through the whole night until six or seven in the morning, he wakes about two or three, or even earlier, and do what he will, he can get no sound sleep after that time. He may lie more or less still, and may even doze off occasionally, but if he does, he dreams and is more than half conscious all the time, and when he rises he feels not only unrefreshed, but as if he would give all his day's profits for one single hour of sound, refreshing sleep. But that may not be. Now, there are three things to be said on this point: First, something as to the cause; secondly, as to the treatment to be avoided, and thirdly, as to the treatment that will probably cure. The cause is, no doubt, abnormal weather. Our north winds are trying to the strongest nerves. These have been accompanied by a damp, relaxing atmosphere, and this again by worries of the mind occasioned by the state of business. Under the circumstances, what is to be done? One thing must certainly not be done; soporifics must not be resorted to. The right thing to do is, if possible, to diminish or altogether stop excessive brain activity. The most effectual step to this end is to run away for a time to the sea side or to the foothills, where it is cold and bracing. The undefiled ozone of a cool atmosphere works wonders in such cases, and mental rest will do the remainder. To take sleep producing remedies may answer the purpose for a time, but such a course cannot but be attended with after injury under the peculiar physiological condition. A few days of brain resting in a brain bracing climate will, with certainty, effect a natural cure in most cases, and the effect upon the whole system will be as lasting as it will be beneficial. We are not puffing any particular resort, but merely telling a truth that the entire medical faculty, we think, will indorse as one of importance at the present time. The mountain and seaside resorts cannot be too well patronized this year.

The Proposed Park and Zoo.

It is being often repeated, and it is true, that the people cannot have too many breathing places. But as the people cannot have parks in every block, and must necessarily set a limit on their desires in that regard, it is the part of wisdom to see to it that those they have are placed where they will do the most good. Where the population is likely to be densest, or, in other words, where the greatest good is likely to be done to the greatest number, is the best place for a new and popular breathing place. No doubt the Mission is becoming the most crowded part of San Francisco's residential population. It will continue to grow, and in the end will be occupied mainly by the working classes, who most need open squares and pleasure grounds. It is, therefore, the first place that should be attended to by the Supervisors, who are being so strenuously urged thereto by the energetic committee of citizens who have the matter in charge. But it will be well for the parties to moderate their plans to what is practicable. We cannot afford a second Golden Gate Park, and a Zoological Garden talked of for that section of the city. While it would cost a large amount of money, it would be a source of pleasure and education. San Francisco is to be a great city, and the full cost need not be an original investment. The foundation could be laid, the plan could be mapped out, and a creditable beginning made, without very great expense. It is true that the Mission has been neglected, and it is but just that taxation should have representation. Let us have a park and a zoo south of Market street; but if we cannot have both, and the people prefer the latter, let us see that it is provided.

MORE money will be necessary immediately, or work on the boulevard must stop. A few hundred dollars will complete this splendid highway and make it permanent. It must not be said that San Francisco will permit the work to end now when it is so near a lasting finish.

KORN, the Hatter, 726 Market street, near Kearny, is the sole agent for Knox. See the latest spring styles.

SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

It is only a comparatively recent idea among San Francisco merchants that the ocean commerce of this port offered a profitable field for their capital and energy. The pioneer idea was to develop interior trade over the same lines that brought merchandise westward, but competitive points have deprived this city of a large part of this distributive commerce, and our merchants have been forced to look out through the Golden Gate for business. It was high time they came to this conclusion.

The result has fully justified the effort, and a large trade has been developed in Oceania (including Hawaii), Central America, Alaska, and measurably in China, Japan, and Australia. In the development of this ocean commerce the question of cheap transportation has figured largely. The rates formerly charged were practically prohibitory, but have been largely reduced. Take the instance of Central American trade, now the most prosperous of San Francisco's ocean commerce. Prior to 1893 it amounted to little, and was restricted by very heavy transportation charges. The organization of the North American Navigation Company inaugurated a contest for fifteen months, which reduced the rate of freight to Central American ports to two dollars per ton southward, and coffee, northward, to five dollars per ton. These abnormal rates made a loss to carriers, but the effect was almost magical, and the business increased beyond expectation. When the contest ended by the withdrawal of the Company, it had sunk \$300,000 in the too cheap carriage of merchandise between San Francisco, New York, and Central America. But the money was very profitably expended, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has recovered its losses many times in its increased traffic. Judiciously restricting its advanced rates, it has retained the trade, and now makes it pay a remunerative rate. Its steamers leave always full, and seldom cleaning up the offerings; in fact, the tonnage available is now much too small, and must be increased. With the advantage of geographical position, we have higher rates to reach that market, and we need for its development a direct line of steamships to South American west coast ports. The miserable policy of our Government, which has permitted the American foreign carrying trade to be destroyed through hostile legislation, prevents the inauguration of such a line of steamships, unless the legislation now proposed by Senator Elkins applies a remedy.

While the products of the west coast of South America are largely identical with those of the California coast, there are still many articles which our merchants can sell there. The finer forms of manufactured leather, refined sugar, confectionery, mining machinery, portable mills, agricultural implements, cotton fabrics, carts and carriages, horse accoutrements, firearms, cutlery, beer, sewing machines, chemicals, rope and twine, canned meats and canned and dried fruits, and, to the nearest South American ports, cereal products in large quantity, are all in demand, while the long and varied manifests of ships discharging at those ports from the Atlantic States and Europe contain many other articles not above enumerated, which can be added thereto. One serious impediment to the development of the commerce of this coast with our port is the rate of exchange, owing to those countries being on a silver basis; but in this we are no worse off than our competitors, while there is a disposition in Chile to adopt a gold standard, after a fashion, and at a ratio which we would not entertain as practicable.

The Chamber of Commerce has successfully inaugurated combined action in Asiatic and Central American trade. The results have fully warranted the efforts, and have encouraged the trustees to invite our merchants to join in a like effort on the southwestern coast of America. A reduction in freights has been obtained, and still lower rates are possible if the volume of traffic can be increased. The time appears propitious, and it is to be hoped that our merchants will respond to the invitation by a combined movement to increase our trade in that inviting field. Certainly, they cannot expect prosperity in foreign commerce to come to them uninvited, since their competitors are always ready to take the initiative.

Connected with the subject is that of the proposed establishment of a College of Commerce, Manufactures and

Navigation at the California State University. This recognition of the commercial situation is itself encouraging, and evinces a desire to make the University practically useful in commercial pursuits. The education of our young men intending to take up a commercial career, in the Spanish language, is one of the necessities connected with South American trade, vastly more important to our people than any other language, not excepting French. The Germans have paid special attention to this by educating their commercial representatives sent to this coast, not only in the language, but in the geography, productions and customs of the people whose trade they have acquired to a large extent.

San Francisco must hereafter make her record as a great seaport, and the development of her maritime commerce should be the aim of our merchants and capitalists. In this there is an assured future prosperity. We have too long delayed action on this important commercial fact, but the awakening is full of hope. WILLIAM L. MERRY.
San Francisco, May 14, 1897.

Beautiful buds and blossoms, rare plants and fragrant flowers, are always found at Leopold's, 35 Post street, at the most reasonable prices.

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Before leaving for your Summer trips protect the contents of your home by securing a policy in the **NEW ENGLAND BURGLARY INSURANCE CO.**, which covers all losses caused by burglars. Full particulars given by

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MARTIN BURNELL, Special agent.

PLEASURES WAND

EXCELSIOR JR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Western village passed
A show, that bore the name of Rice
Oo play-bills with the strange device,
Excelsior Jr!

His brow was sad, his eye beoeath
Bespoke the critic, and his wreath
Of dusky hair proclaimed the same.
"To see the show," he said, "I've came—
Excelsior Jr!"

"Try oot the Pass," the old man said;
He heeded not, he went dead-head
(And took a friend along beside)
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior Jr!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
"Nay, nay," he said, "I'd rather go
And see sweet Sadie Martinot
In *Excelsior Jr!*"

"Beware the choruses' withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche
Of doleful song and senile smirk
And palsied jest and gibe that lurk
In *Excelsior Jr!*"

At break of day they found him there,
Froze fast within his velvet chair,
Still grasping to his hand of ice
The play-bill with that strange device,
Excelsior Jr!

And on its margin this was writ:
"Once Martinot, now Martinit."
A tear was frosted in his eye,
His glacial lips still seemed to sigh,
Excelsior Jr!

There in the theatre, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay.
A steamy voice from far below
Groaned, "Better here than at that show,
Excelsior Jr!"

Nat Goodwin comes to us again next week. We may be remote, but sometimes we are lucky. That was, for us anyway, a fortunate day when Goodwin resolved to go to Australia. We had in *Mizzoura*, with his indelible character of Jim Radburn—the finest individual acting of the decade, to my thinking—before he steamed away; and we got the first blush of the most humanly comedic Bob Acres of the stage when he came back—to say nothing of his trim, tailor-made work in Mrs. Ryley's comedy, *An American Citizen*. Ever since Jim Radburn I have been penning away that Nat Goodwin is the greatest of American actors; a fact, strange to say, not universally accepted. In New York they persist in regarding him as a funny actor with magnetism and geniality—an entertainer, nothing more. New York is a long, large place. It wakes slowly. By the time Mr. Goodwin has established his ability for serious acting to the complete satisfaction of Podunk, Fresno and Chicago, he can commence to rebuild his metropolitan reputation on that line—that is, if any theatres besides the vaudeville houses are left for him to work in, and the syndicate does not object to his using one of those.

To a sincere student of the drama and the day, Nat Goodwin is the only hope for real greatness on the American stage. He is an actor; but, better still, he is a maoager. And he is now nearly in a positioo to give the people, not what they think they want—the tradesmen of the syndicate will look to that sort of thing—but what he wants. And unlike Mr. Mansfield, who has bad taste and worse mannerisms, or William Crane, who is pre-eminently *bourgeois* in talent and taste, or Mr. Haworth, who

cannot even manage himself, Mr. Goodwin has the mind, the appreciation to choose the play, to direct the miutest details of its preseotation, and, so far as I have seen, the artistic naturalness to play his own part as no other living actor can play it.

It is easy to understand how the New York critic—who, as a rule, is so busy writing that he has little time to think—could overlook Mr. Goudwin in the shuffle of the season. Goodwin has never been a fad; he has a jovial, chummy personality, and for years he traveled on that, fitting plays to it, as his tailor fitted clothes to him, gaining general popularity all the time, and, at the same time, the sure, definite touch of the artist—poisiog himself and placiog his audience. When he took himself so seriously as to play Jim Radburn in New York, he was ready to wake the next morning and find himself famous, and doubtless arose early for that express purpose. There are soils where the early bird has no advantage. Mr. Goodwin found the town peacefully encased in its pajamas, enjoying the unruffled slumber of the innocent, and smugly unconscious that anything had happened, or ever would—unless it was imported.

Yet a few persons found out in *Mizzoura*: several commuters, Charles McLellau of *Town Topics* (his brother was afterwards Goodwin's mismanager on the Australian tour) and a few obscure gentlemen of the pictorial, dialect magazines. But the bulk of the people and the bulk of the critics passed it over as a good show—"atmospheric," "conscientious detail," "Goodwiu quite convincing in his serious role," I believe they said. That was all. No fire-crackers, no notoriety, no interviews.

That *David Garrick* had fared even worse is a part of dramatic history. The critics insisted that there was a joke in it.

So, if it is not too much to expect the old rule to work the wrong way once again, even the dullest of us may anticipate something of artistic consequence in Goodwin's *Garrick*—which was not a hundred nights' success in New York.

The repertory for the fortnight's engagement at the Baldwin consists of *David Garrick*, *The Rivals*, and *An American Citizen*. My interest centers in *Garrick*, which I never have seen Goodwin play, and which to my knowledge is the only work of the romantic class that he has ever essayed. The play belongs to the "trustful" age; much of its sentiment and much of its comedy are highly artificial, builded, it would seem, as man and woman never were nor will be. But the opportunities are big to the leading part; there is a splendid scale of diverse expression to be got from it by the versatile actor; and Goodwin, with his transcendent comedy gift, his sensitive fervor, and that fine, nervous, magnetic character-grip of his, should bring out all there is in it.

Bob Acres he played here for the first time in America. It gave promise of being the best on the stage,—a rosier, blusterer than Jefferson's Bob, more of a younker and less of a Yank.

An American Citizen is three hours of Nat Goodwin in his everyday clothes. It is clever and diverting for us, and easy play for him.

Altogether, the season seems to be worth living to see. The Baldwin has a long list of high-sounding attractions on the way, and Mr. Frawley comes to the Columbia with an enticing array of plays, and what reads like a good company. I hope Mr. Frawley has secured a stage director of some accomplishment—ensemble and deportment were the weak points last season.

A pink-inked annex devoted to plays and players is the glowing feature of last week's *Musical Courier*. I cheerfully recommed it to aoy one who cares to read clever, competent paragraphs on the drama. A new broom sweeps clean, and the New York theatres are sadly in need of one. In Loodon, weekly criticism is power and authority; in New York it is almost uoknown. There is a big field for the *Courier's* new department. Mr. James G. Huneker (of whom I recently wrote at some leugth) and Mr. Vance Thompson are the editors. They are not play reporters, but students, essayists, critics.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Next week at the Tivoli a new German comic opera, *Captain Fracassa*, will be presented. This work is said to abound in catchy solos, beautiful waltzes, stirring marches, and magnificent ensembles and finales. The score was written by Rudolph Dellinger, the composer of *Lorraine* and the *Palace of Truth*. The book is by Genee and Jell, adapted into English by Harry B. Smith, the author of *Robin Hood*, *Tar and Tartar*, and other successful works of this character. *Captain Fracassa* has been running for over two years in Vienna.

The Orpheum announces a big bill of novelties for next week. George Osrani and his burlesque pantomime company in a fantastic creation entitled *Yvette*, and an eccentric musical act, "Do-mi-sol-do," the Baggesens in an intricate specialty called "the juggling waitress and the twisting waiter," and the Kroneman Brothers, humorous acrobats, who have been secured for a return week. Fleurette and her four fleurs-de-lis, Ed Latelle, the music-maker, Tachianu, with lightning change of sex, and several other favorite acts are retained.

At the Baldwin Mr. Goodwin will play *David Garrick* on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday matinee. The rest of the week will be devoted to *The Rivals*. *Garrick* will be preceded by *The Silent System*, the curtain-raiser which Miss Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing played so cleverly at the Columbia last season.

Excelsior Jr., with Sadie Martinot, Joe Cawthorne and Johnny Page in new specialties, will be continued another week at the Columbia, after which the house closes for a week's renovation. Then opens the Frawley season with *The Fatal Card*, a melodrama of reputation.

Mrs. Charles Dickman, contralto, prior to her departure for Europe, announces a concert at the Young Men's Auditorium on Monday evening. Donald deV. Graham, Bernhard Mollenhauer, J. C. Hughes, Will Wood, and Mrs. C. A. Keesing will assist Mrs. Dickman.

The McKenzie Musical Society, a hundred voices strong, will give a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening. A special feature will be Mr. McKenzie's arrangement of several popular marches for the big chorus.

Miss Hattie Nathan will give a dramatic reading in the Maple Room on Thursday night week, under the auspices of the Eureka Society for the Protection of Children.

ONE of the most important recent patents is the Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light. It has the merit of giving three times the light at one-half the cost of the ordinary gas burner. Thousands of the Welsbach burners are in use in this city, among large consumers being: Western Union Telegraph Company, Pacific Telephone Company, Murphy, Grant & Co., J. J. O'Brien & Co., Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Company and Bank, Mechanics' Institute Building and Library, Knights Pythias Castle, Red Men's Hall, Foresters' Hall, and hundreds of others that can be mentioned, besides many of the finest residences, are fitted up with the lights. W. W. Gillespie is the agent for the city of San Francisco for Welsbach Gas Lights and Supplies. His office and salesrooms are located at No. 134 Ellis street, where the lights and apparatus may be seen in operation, and any information concerning the same will be cheerfully given, and all orders entrusted to him will be promptly filled.

Owing to the unprecedented success of her New York establishment, Miss A. L. Stone, of 217 Post street, will be compelled to leave for Paris on May 22d, an earlier date than heretofore. Previous to her departure at 217 Post street, Miss Stone will offer her choice and exclusive designs in fine millinery at less than cost. This will be an opportunity to purchase fine millinery at lower prices than ever before offered in this city.

The "drink which cheers but not inebriates" is J. F. Cutter whiskey—the delight of good judges and the favorite of all connoisseurs. This liquor is pure, properly aged and has a smooth, grateful flavor. E. Martin & Co. at 411 Market street, are sole Pacific Coast Agents for J. F. Cutter Whiskey.

Wedding and Birthday Presents. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

FINE WATCH and Jewelry Repairing. Low prices. All work guaranteed. J. N. Brittan, watchmaker and jeweler, 20 Geary street.

Baldwin Theatre. AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Engagement limited to two weeks, commencing next Monday evening, May 17th. Mr. N. C. GOODWIN, supported by Miss Maxine Elliott and a superb comedy company.

First week—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee

DAVID GARRICK

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

THE RIVALS

Second week, "An American Citizen."

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Monday, May 17th, second and last week of Rice's gorgeous extravaganza.

EXCELSIOR JR.

Note—During the week of May 24th, the theatre will be closed for renovations, etc. Monday, May 31st—THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELINO, Proprietor and Manager

Last nights of SHAMUS O'BRIEN. Next week, a real German opera. Dellinger's great success,

CAPTAIN FRACASSA.

(The Prince of Liars).

Beautiful waltzes; magnificent marches; great ensembles; stirring finales; superb cast; new scenery; correct costumes; "The Great Carnival in Venice" scene.

Popular Prices..... 25c and 50c

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets

Week commencing Monday, May 17th. George Osrani and his burlesque Pantomime company in their humorous creation,

YVETTE,

Also the eccentric musical specialty, "DO MI-SOL-DO"; the Baggesens, the juggling waitress and the twisting waiter; return for one week only of the Kronemann Bros., burlesque acrobats, in conjunction with Fleurette and her four Fleurs-de-Lis, Ed Latell, Taclanu, the Andersons, and Mile Ani. The Vedtlian Ladies' Orchestra in the Annex after regular performance. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 100; opera chairs and box seats 500. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Mechanics' Pavilion. Southwest corner Larkin and Grove.

May 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d,

DOG SHOW.

The largest number of dogs ever on exhibition on the Pacific Coast.

Tickets 50 cents; children 25 cents.

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El Campo.

THE POPULAR BAY RESORT.

Now open every Sunday during the season.

Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and other Amusements.

Refreshments at city prices.

FARE, ROUND TRIP, 25c.

Children 15 cents. Including admission to grounds.

The steamer Ukiah will leave Tithuron Ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M.

Returning leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M.

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FACE BLEACH



FACE BLEACH has stood the test of 20 years, and is to-day acknowledged to be the best remedy known for BLACKHEADS, CHILY SKIN, PIMPLES, FRECKELS, AND ALL FACIAL BLEMISHES.
FACE BLEACH sells at \$2 per bottle, or three bottles (sometimes required) for \$5, and will be sent to any address on receipt of price, in plain wrapper.
Sample bottle of FACE BLEACH sent with my book, "How to be Beautiful."

MME. RUPPERT begs to announce to the ladies of San Francisco that she has recently removed to Rooms 15-16, 131 Past St., S. F.

TAKE ELEVATOR



A Reminiscence of Monte Carlo

WE were floating lazily down the Grand Lagoon in Venice,—Douglas McIntyre and I.

The full moon, in her southern splendor, spangled the sea, as it chanted mysteriously on its way to the broad ocean.

Our gondolier's form, hending far down to the oar, looked like a black half-moon struggling with the shadows. Snatches of songs came to us over the water, and the whole *mise-en-scene* was fraught with the glamour and romance of a Venetian night.

Somehow—perhaps it was the moonbeams chasing the amethystine waves—but my thoughts flew back to Monte Carlo. I was sitting again in the Casino gardens there, watching the Mediterranean turn from dewy violet to darkest hyacinth beneath the strange spell of that warm clime.

My hair was brown then, but now it shines like little drifts of snow round my temples, so a friend of the gentler sex tells me, but she is amiable, especially so since my trouble.

"A penny for your thoughts, old man!" and Douglas McIntyre's buoyant voice startled me out of my reverie, almost making me drop overboard the cigar which I had just settled down to enjoy.

"Would you really like to be bored with my thoughts?" "Bored! I can't imagine you causing such an emotion. Why, all the fellows say you are most interesting; a certain episode in your life particularly so." His frank eyes glowed with natural curiosity as he paused.

"I suppose I should feel flattered at being the subject of the conversation of my friends," I muttered stiffly, feeling curiously annoyed.

"Oh, don't be huffy, Lee, for you know it is impossible for some people to escape greatness. It's destiny. Remember George Washington, Gladstone, Roseberry, Bismarck, and all those fellows, dear boy." He laughed in his cheery way, and lit a fresh cigarette. No one could hear a grudge to him when he laughed, and I felt my displeasure rapidly melting away.

"So you would really like me to tell you what I was dreaming?" I began, hesitating only a moment. "I was living over my Monte Carlo experience of three years ago. The winter when frost stopped hunting for so long and I was snowed up in the country. Growing tired one day of the inaction and the attractions of the library, I turned my desire to the fascinations of the South, and three days later I was comfortably installed in a bright suite of rooms on the hill at Monte Carlo.

"Several nights after, when, as usual, luck turned against me, I rushed from the hot rooms and went for a stroll on the terrace facing the sea.

"The scent of tropical flowers made me languid, as I threw myself full length on a bench, half yielding to the delicious lassitude stealing over me. Just then a tall, gaunt, old man, very poorly clad, passed hurriedly, talking to himself excitedly in a foreign tongue. His grey hair and beard straggled down long and unkempt, and he looked on the ground in a preoccupied manner as he stumbled along.

"When he had gone on about fifty yards, my attention was attracted by a youth, who was evidently following the old man.

"Suddenly the moon sailed out from behind a cloud in all her glory, lighting up the slim figure of the boy, and as he turned his head, I could see the beauty of his fair hair and face.

"A cigarette case dropped out of his pocket, but he continued on his way, ignorant apparently of his loss.

"Going over, I picked up the case, over-took the owner, and restored it to him. Thanking me in a nice, frank, English way, he looked me full in the face. Our eyes met, and I shall never forget what a tender blue his were.

"Will you not do me the honor?" and he proffered me the open case. Charmed by his pleasant manner, I was about to select a cigarette, when he cried out: 'Oh, no, don't take those; these on the left side with the gold tips are much more superior.

We walked on for a bit, smoking and chatting together. Finally the conversation drifted to Heidelberg, where he was studying.

"Having many friends in Heidelberg, I became interested, and begged him to come and sup with me at the *Café de Paris*, an invitation which he accepted with all a boy's enthusiasm.

"His beautiful face was Greek in its purity of outline, and his long, lovely hands revealed an artistic temperament. I judged that he was not more than sixteen years of age, although remarkably precocious for that spring-time of life.

"After promising that I would dine with him the next evening, I had him a drowsy good-night, and hurried to my room, almost overpowered with sleep. Before I slept, it struck me that I had been the more confidential of the two, and that the boy had been a very good listener, for when I came to remember, he had only spoken of Heidelberg, for he seemed so excited by his surroundings and appeared to drink more wine than was permissible for one of his youthful experience.

"The next morning I awoke with a dull headache. When the *garçon* brought me my *café au lait*, he handed me a message, which I found was from my lawyer, advising me that my presence in London was imperative.

"Knowing that fresh complications were brewing in a lawsuit I had on, I made immediate preparations for departure, and only remembered my dinner engagement with the pretty boy at the last moment.

"Expressing my regrets to him in a short note which I dispatched by a *commissionaire*, I hurried down to the station to secure a compartment in the Cluh train; but missed the train, unfortunately, by a few seconds. I found, however, that an express, which was almost as good, would leave for Paris in half an hour, so I consoled myself by watching the mixed crowd coming and going until the express was ready.

"A *fiacre* rattled up, and to my surprise, my young friend of the evening before alighted, and walked leisurely over to the ticket office window, followed by a porter laden with his luggage. On seeing me he expressed the keenest delight, and insisted on our traveling in the same carriage together, when I told him that I had been called away to England.

"He, also, had received a message telling him to return at once.

"Just while ago I sent you my regrets about the postponement of our little dinner," he said.

"Both our notes had crossed, so neither of us had received the other's.

"I followed my friend as he opened the door of the nearest carriage and swung himself in.

"To my relief there was only one other occupant, and he seemed so interested in a newspaper that he didn't look up.

"We settled ourselves and our traps to our satisfaction, then my youthful companion drew a long sigh as the train moved slowly out of the depot.

"I'm jolly well glad to get away from Monte Carlo. The tables were too much for me, and should my governor hear of my playing, there'll be a rumpus, and no mistake," he said.

"As he offered me a cigarette our eyes met, and he blushed like a girl, until his face had the glow of a wild rose.

"Wasn't it difficult for you to get admittance to the

gaming rooms?" I ventured to remark. "Minors aren't allowed to play, I have heard."

"He blew a long, clear cloud of smoke through his well-bred nostrils, before answering. It is odd how well I remember every detail of that time."

"Oh! I got in very easily—by presenting the card of a friend. And—and how can they tell a fellow's age, anyhow?"

"Smiling at his bravado, I wisely forebore telling him that he didn't look to be more than sixteen at the most."

"These late hours make one rather stupid," he murmured presently, with a yawn, and in a few minutes he fell asleep with his golden head resting back on the carriage cushion. He looked so fresh and innocent that, callous man of the world as I was, I felt a vague pity, because he had begun to see the seamy side of life so soon."

"I smoked on for some time, watching the pink and white villas in their flowery bowers on one side, and the dazzling gleam of the Mediterranean in the brilliant sunshine on the other."

"After awhile I became drowsy, and soon fell off to sleep. Just before doing so I saw the other occupant of the carriage staring at my young friend. I had a disagreeable impression that I had seen the pale face, with its shaggy grey beard, somewhere, but I could not locate it."

"We must have been journeying for some hours, for I was awakened by the cold and sat up, cramped and unrefreshed."

"Shiveringly drawing my rug closer about me, and glancing over at the opposite seat I saw that the boy had departed."

"The old man in the corner seemed to be sleeping. I gazed at him idly, wondering where I had seen him before. It dawned upon me slowly that he was the same man I had seen the previous night when my young friend had dropped his cigarette case."

"It appeared to me, after awhile, that the old man was in a very awkward position. His head was hanging down on his breast helplessly, and he was too still to be sleeping. Something tickled sluggishly over his coat. I watched it, like one in a nightmare, as it fell in a red pool on the floor. With a sickening fear at my heart I sprang to his side, calling aloud and shaking him roughly by the shoulders, but he was far beyond human help. His head rolled and almost fell off—it had been nearly severed from his body. Near by, on the carpet, I discovered a razor, clotted with blood, still wet. Picking it up I saw, to my great terror, that it was one of my own, which some one had abstracted from my dressing bag. My predicament was a very dreadful one, and I sat down opposite the corpse, appalled with the horror of it all. Quickly making up my mind, I rang the alarm bell. The train stopped with such suddenness as to pitch the dead man over, and he fell with a heavy thud against my traps."

"I told the excited guards how I met the boy, of his journey with me in the same carriage and his absence when I awoke; but they only sneered at my story and protestations of innocence, and arrested me for murder."

"After I had had three months of imprisonment in a bare cell, where the rats made night hideous, friends contrived to obtain my freedom. They convinced the French authorities that I had no motive to induce me to kill the old man, who was afterwards identified as a traitor to the Russian Nihilist cause."

"While I was confined in prison my hair turned white, and I became prematurely old."

"Last season, in London, I attended a reception given by a literary friend. We were chatting about her latest book, when I suddenly heard a laughing voice that made my heart almost cease to beat. It was the voice of the pretty boy I had met at Monte Carlo. I listened eagerly, quite forgetting my hostess."

"Yes!" chirped up the voice. "Those were ideal days, yachting on the Mediterranean. The blue of the sky, and the languor of that fair land coax one into happy illusions. Come! let's go into the conservatory, I couldn't get a chance to smoke after dinner. No! you won't like those—these gold-tipped ones are better." Then I heard the click of a cigarette case as it closed, and the swish of a woman's gown.

Rushing round the jungle of palms to obtain a glimpse of the boy, I was confronted by a slender, lovely woman. A radiant smile lit up her sweet, fair face, but her sea-blue eyes gleamed like steel in the candle light, as she glanced carelessly full in my face. Then she slipped her hand through her escort's arm and they leisurely walked through the crowded rooms. I watched them until they disappeared. Feeling as though turned to stone, but recovering my normal condition, I went in search of my hostess, who had escaped to talk to other guests, when she found me so engrossed. Finally coming upon her, I gasped out: "Who is she?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked my hostess, regarding me as one would a mild sort of lunatic.

"Why, the lady with fair hair, who stood talking to that journalist by the palms a few moments ago."

"Oh! that is the Countess Gonboroff, the great agitator for free Russia. Shall I present you?"

"When we went in search of her, she had flown, and hasn't been seen in London to my knowledge since that night. She disappeared completely from my horizon."

Douglas McIntyre ejaculated: "By Jove! what a marvelous experience!"

Just then the familiar scent of a Russian cigarette and the clear music of a woman's laugh made me tremble, as a gondola sped past and shot under the arch of a bridge.

Again she had eluded me, and the darkness covered her path, while the plaintive strains of a mandolin sobbed through the warm night, saddening my mood until I throbbled with an infinite pity for my beautiful youth.—Irene Osgood in Travel.



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"The Stand-By," by Edmund P. Dole. Published by the Century Company, New York. 1897.

The hero of the story, the "Stand-by," is William H. Craigin, stroke and captain of the Yale Eight, which, after a terrific race against Harvard, crosses the line victorious. Immediately after the race, the stroke is introduced to John Denman and his beautiful daughter Isabel, whose girlish heart at once goes out toward the strong and modest young fellow. Just after taking his degree, Craigin has offered to him the editorship of *The Tocsin*, a newspaper recently established in John Denman's town, Apsleigh. Now, John Denman owns Apsleigh, and to edit an organ of prohibitionism there is to incur John Denman's undying enmity, for he is a millionaire whiskey-dealer. However, despite some warnings, Craigin accepts the post, and soon the hattle is raging. Craigin saves Denman's life from a vicious horse, and gratitude and admiration stay his spite for a time. But the Prohibition Party gains strength, and at last hundreds of complaints are piled up against Denman and the other whiskey-dealers and sellers by a bold county attorney. Then comes out the unscrupulous nature of Denman; he bribes one jurymen, lends money to another, frightens a third, and so defeats the actions. But he has a game antagonist, whom he can neither hoodwink, cajole, nor "bull-doze"; who fights on, and marshals the Prohibitionist Party till it gains strength enough to render itself irresistible. The great whiskeyman is forced to give up his business; maddened by rage and a sense of defeat, he tries by underhand means of all sorts to gain control of *The Tocsin*, that he may turn its bold editor, the savior of his life and the lover of his daughter, out into the street: failing, he hires six ruffians to break into the pressrooms and smash the presses. Craigin happens to be on the spot, and, taking the scoundrels singly, fells some, and holds the rest off till help comes. This act of unscrupulous rascality turns even Isabel, his pampered daughter, against Denman, who loves her as the apple of his eye. When Craigin is unanimously nominated for the House of Representatives, Denman is seized by a paralytic stroke. Though the author tries his best to make John Denman out to be a very fine fellow, and continually barps upon his generosity, goodness of heart, and noble nature, he only succeeds in depicting a thorough-paced scoundrel, who, if thwarted in any dirty scheme that he has invested money in, will bribe, corrupt, intimidate public officials, and even hire others to beat, maim, or murder the people who are bold enough to oppose him. Of course, such a man, if let alone to pile up wealth in his own way, will pay his servants good wages, pet his wife and daughters, and give good cigars and wines to his friends. But, for all that, he is a rascal at heart, without principle to sustain him when any severe strain comes; then the essential vulgarity, meanness, and treachery of his nature come out unmistakably. But we think that Mr. Dole (who is Assistant Attorney-General of Hawaii), has written a very readable story, although we consider his attempt to whitewash Denman eminently regrettable, because it tends to obscure the clear distinction between Right and Wrong, and to cause people to think that a man is justified in committing any crime to save the dollars he has invested in his business. This loose thinking is responsible for much crime. Though Mr. Dole writes interestingly, his English is by no means free from blemish: he makes a United States Senator say, "I'm very glad to have you *feel that way* toward me"; and "I don't know as I would want to influence you." Other queer phrases are: "You've never seen me but twice," "I don't know as that's any worse," "Most people like a glass of wine or beer at the table when they *feel* like it"; how does a man feel when he feels like a glass of wine? Craigin is spoken of as being "Most as old as Napoleon was when he crossed the Alps"; on another occasion he takes a boy on his knee and "feeds him grapes."

Sir Walter Besant has kindly forwarded to us a copy of the April issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which still retains the yellow covers with designs showing ploughing, sowing, reaping, and thrashing that it had when W. M. Thackeray and Anthony Trollope successively edited it. The opening article, by Sir Walter Besant, is entitled "A Day of Celebration," and contains a quotation from the Christmas 1896 *NEWS LETTER*. Sir Walter comments on the facts that sentiment rules the mass of a people in any country, and is largely fostered by flags, emblems, fireworks, bonfires, brass bands, and other things not much beloved of educated people, but highly useful for all that. He attributes the patriotic sentiments of Americans to the deliberate fostering of national pride by school text-books, days of celebration and spread-eagle speeches, and thinks that the British will do well to set apart Shakespeare's birthday (April 23d) as a day of general rejoicing throughout the Empire. As the ultimate, though yet far-off, culmination of this celebration, he looks forward to the federation of the whole Anglo-Celtic race. The article is very interesting and suggestive, and we sincerely trust that the proposal may meet with the same success that attended Sir Walter's efforts to establish a palace of recreation for the poor of East London slums. We learn from Sir Walter that the article was published simultaneously in many parts of the English-speaking world.

"The Mill of Silence," by B. E. J. Capes, has just been issued in book form by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago and New York. It is a story of mystery, and won the second prize in the competition for weird stories organized by the *Chicago Record*. At a period perhaps not yet so long past that the short-memoried newspaper-reader has forgotten it entirely, the *Examiner* printed "The Mill of Silence," and invited the readers thereof to furnish a *dénoncement*. What the result of this invitation was we are quite unable to say, but doubtless those persons to whom it was a matter of concern remember what happened. Personally, we cannot abide the newspaper tale of mystery, for, to our mind, the better it is (*i. e.*, the more completely bewildering, mind-torturing, and abnormal it is), the worse it is. To take satisfaction in the perusal of such horrors is one of the many pleasures of bad taste. However, any person who prefers to read "The Mill of Silence" in a volume decently printed on decent paper, instead of in the multi-colored, variously-defiled sheets of a blanket supplement, has now the opportunity to gratify his preference. May sound sleep attend him!

When Robert Louis Stevenson died, he had just finished writing a story entitled "St. Ives, or the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England." The serial rights of the story for America were purchased by S. S. McClure, and for Great Britain by W. W. Astor, proprietor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in the November, 1896, issue of which the publication of "St. Ives" began. As the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which is probably the handsomest and most expensively gotten-up periodical (except, perhaps, one or two artistic publications) in the English language, has an extensive circulation in the United States, Mr. McClure intends to try to get an injunction against the further publication of "St. Ives."

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has lately (and with much wisdom, as we think) urged young and pretty women to wear flowers, but to avoid jewels, especially the hard and brilliant diamonds commonly so beloved of the fair sex: mature women he recommends to wear diamonds, so as to distract attention from their faded charms. As regards apparel, Mr. Fawcett thinks that plain women gain by gorgeous raiment, but that pretty women lose by it. This is true enough, but where are the women who will confess themselves mature, faded, *passées*, or plain?

Sir Alfred Milner, the newly-appointed Governor of the most difficult dependency of the British Empire for an administrator, is one of the many brilliant pupils of the late Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford. As an undergraduate, Milner of Balliol made a reputation by his splendid speeches at the debates of the Oxford Union Society, of which, as were W. E. Gladstone and the late Sir Stafford Northcote before him, he was President. After hearing him speak at the Union, Mr. Goschen came away saying that he had heard "an undergraduate speaking

like a statesman." At the dinner given in his honor in London prior to his departure for Cape Colony, there were present sixteen former Presidents of the Union, the best known of them being H. H. Asquith and the Hon. G. N. Curzon. Sir Alfred learned under eminent teachers: as Mr. Asquith said of him, he studied scholarship and metaphysics under Jowett and Green; the art of writing under John Morley; he was introduced to official life by Mr. Goschen, learnt the practice of administration under Lord Cromer, and the discharge of the delicate and responsible duties which fall to the permanent head of a great department of the State under Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt. Sir Alfred is a Liberal, but of a decidedly non-partisan type: he is too thoughtful, too earnest, and too highminded to care for party politics. In no other country than Great Britain could a man of Sir Alfred's tastes and qualities reach eminent public position.

The following interesting item is culled from the Court Journal: "A remarkable circumstance in relation to the so-called unlucky number thirteen is recalled by Lord Roberts in "Forty-one Years in India." On January 1, 1853, thirteen officers, including himself, messed together at Peshawar, and so far from any of them coming to an untimely end within the year, eleven years afterwards they were all alive, despite the fact that nearly the whole of the party had taken part in the suppression of the Mutiny and five or six had been wounded. Another instance is the fact that Nansen and his crew of twelve have, notwithstanding their unpopular number, returned safely to teach us more about the northern regions than we ever knew before. These facts should of themselves be sufficient to knock the bottom out of the superstition concerning the fate waiting those who have the temerity to dine in parties of thirteen, and indeed should be sufficient to promptly disband the Thirteen Club as an institution that has no reason for its existence."

The most striking feature of the May Traveler is a full-length portrait by Taber of that winsome and winsome young person, Cissy Fitzgerald. There is also a fine reproduction of a photograph of the Empire State Express in motion at the rate of about sixty miles an hour. An article on the Los Angeles Fiesta by J. F. J. Archibald fills two pages, and a story by Lillian Ferguson nearly two more.

DURING the session of the present Congress a bill is to be brought before that body to abolish ticket scalping and to make the same illegal. In several of our States there already exists a similar law, but it is more or less inoperative, and it is therefore desired to make a national one. The business of ticket scalping in its incipiency was undoubtedly a reputable, as well as a needed one, when there was no provision made by the railroads for redeeming unused tickets, but all railroads now promptly redeem unused tickets or portions of same. This being a fact, the ticket-scalper lives principally upon stolen tickets. George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, during his argument before the Senate Codes Committee recently, laid upon the table counterfeit tickets to the amount of \$50,000, which had been taken up by railroads in the State of New York, mostly during the year 1896. Over two million people have already signed petitions favoring this bill, and it is hoped that this iniquitous business, which a Supreme Court Judge has termed a "fruitful source of crime," will be entirely eliminated.

PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NEWS LETTER presents its readers to-day with an interesting view of the bay, with Goat Island in the middle ground and the Berkeley hills in the distance. The shifting scenes on the bay are always full of life, and our view shows the shipping and water front of one of the world's great commercial marts.

The "Maison Riche" has long held the first place in the hearts of true connoisseurs of the art of French cooking in San Francisco. This restaurant, at Grant avenue and Geary street, gives a splendid dinner every day between the hours of 5 and 9 o'clock at which all the delicacies of the market are served, in the most delicious and appetizing manner. During the dinner hours a string band renders the popular selections of the day.

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The Pine Street Market.

There has been considerable activity in the Comstock mining market during the past week. Favorable official reports on the Con. Cal.-Virginia mine have served to build up business in connection with some good fluctuations in the price of these shares. All leaks having been stopped from this mine by a change of men employed in the lower levels, the street has been practically left at sea in regard to daily conditions of the new development, and this is another influence for the good of trade. The usual lack of unanimity is of course noted in the action of the other managements along the lode. The rise at one end has been the signal to throw cold water at the other, leaving one mine to do all the dragging. Of course, if the development holds out, all will be well, and the bonanza mine can stand the strain. If not, then another general falling to pieces can be expected, with worse conditions than before. The public will get a stronger feeling of disgust than ever over a dog-in-the-manger policy which is only too fully apparent, no matter how much its framers may imagine they have concealed it, and another nail will be driven into the coffin of mining speculation in this city. One would naturally expect that all the different managements along the Comstock lode would stand in at a time like this and help the market along, but the inclination is evidently the other way for reasons which can only be appreciated by people acquainted with the system of business on the old-fogy Stock Exchange of the Universe. That the people here would like to have a chance to speculate cannot be denied, but it seems that if they ever do, the new growth of business in that line will be spontaneous and natural, free from any cultivation on the part of the very men who, one would think, are the most interested in the event. Chances like the present cannot be thrown idly away, and the folly of checking the growth of a speculative movement at such a time is criminal. All that can be done is to hope for the best, and that Con. Cal.-Virginia will open out into ore big enough to stem the current of all opposition. With an ore body will come public support and a stimulus of the kind will be apt to force the laggards eventually into action, for self protection if for nothing else. Work has been started up again in the Nevada Queen mine of Tuscarora.

Fortune Wooed by Religionists.

Colorado has a little wonder in the way of a mine dedicated to God, and the superstitious miners in the vicinity of its location on Russel Gulch are on the *qui vive* for future developments. The ancient Latins and Greeks, in offering libations at the shrines of the Deities presiding over the undertaking they were about to engage in for the time being, were not any more religious in their intent than the clerical owners of the Colorado property, and the send-off the new mine got was an eye-opener to the heathenish or infidel resident thereabouts. A poor selection has been made in the name of this new bulwark of Zion, *Bon Ton* smacking a little too much of the irreverent class, dwelling in shady Bohemia or amid the revelers of the Latin Quarter. If the churches stand in now, as will naturally be expected, the "cheerful giver" will have abundant opportunity to ante up for working expenses. As might be expected from such good people back of a good enterprise of the kind, good luck will provide profits to be "set aside for a good cause." And the clerk says Amen!

Africa's Shares Picking Up.

Londou still seems to have full confidence in the good judgment of John Hays Hammond as a mining engineer. Since his return from South Africa, the shares of the different companies working there have strengthened up, due, according to the financial papers, to some favorable remarks made by Hammond in an interview on the prospects for deep level mining on the Rand. This, too, in spite of the previous failure to stimulate them, it is said, by "various rumors concerning political events" which were circulated in the hope of bulling prices.

Winning Out in Westralia

It is a source of pleasure for the old-time California friends of Henry Callahan and W. A. Irwin to note the continued successes which have marked their career since taking up their residence in Australia. Both are rich men now, with the self-gratification of knowing that their wealth is due entirely to their own brains and ability. The Sydney Bulletin has just published some very complimentary notices of both of these gentlemen in the mining department of a recent issue. Mr. Irwin, who is now manager of the Associated mines at Kalgoorlie, thought better of a ten-acre strip of mining ground than the Wentworth Company did, and bought it from them, the result showing that, as the Californian had figured, the ore pitched into the ground he acquired much above the 1,000 level. This, says the Bulletin, is "truly a nice state of things for the Earl of Kilmorey to reflect over. He is chairman of the Wentworth mines, and has come out to see them. This puts a feather into the judgment cap of W. A. Irwin, now managing the associated mines at Kalgoorlie. But, at the same time, it is a bit of a staggerer for the present company, which has over 1,000 acres mostly where it doesn't want them. Another strip of the ten acres of the Wentworth estate would have carried the contract down another 1,000 feet, and then there would have been no D'Arcy mine. At the Lake View Consols, Manager Henry Callahan is also doing big work according to the same paper, and preparing for a larger output of ore than ever. In all respects his judgment, it is said, is being fully borne out by the results. A correspondent, addressing the NEWS LETTER on the success of Messrs. Callahan & Irwin, and the glowing opinions expressed of them from time to time in print, says: "If there were more of this kind of California mining engineers in Australia, there would be relatively just as good results obtained, due to both experience and knowledge of the different propositions they undertake to treat or to work."

A Mexican Bonanza Mine.

Some years ago a number of Mint officials picked up a prospect hole in Mexico, which was very favorably reported upon by an expert. The fact that employees in this branch of the Federal Department took shares in the mine was the signal for a general attack from a portion of the local press always on the lookout for misconduct on the part of officials, and some even went the length of charging jobbery and compulsion upon the part of the Superintendent himself. The sequel to the affair has been such as to make many outsiders wish they had been "jobbed" to the same tune, as the shareholders are now receiving about as much in dividends as they get in salary from the Government. The mine has turned out to be even better than was predicted for it, and seems destined to exceed even the most sanguine expectations. Some waste ore shipped from the property during the past month, averaged somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1100 per ton in gold. The shares of the Santa Rosalia mine could command a high premium in the open market just now, were any of them marketable.

The Burmah Ruby Mines.

There are some of our readers in this city interested in hearing how the Burmah ruby mines are opening out. A meeting of the original founders' shares has just been held, at which the chairman's report showed a satisfactory profit on the working, a dividend being suggested at a rate of 25 per cent to the shareholders. In January, rubies to the value of 67,000 rupees were obtained, and in February to the value of 70,000 rupees. The famine in Upper Burmah and the plague in Rangoon had checked the production, but the prospects were considered very bright. Some trouble has been experienced in dealing with the founders' shares, which it was decided should not be declared remunerative until the company had a net profit of upwards of £37,300 per annum.

A Victorian Mining Review.

The Victorian mining industry is ably handled in a supplement of the Melbourne Leader, under the direction of Minister of Mines Foster. The different gold fields are taken up seriatim and treated at great space, showing the leading mines, with the output and prospects. Victoria still holds her own among the later gold producing sections of the Australian Continent.

John Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

HIGH Priestess Annie Besant, who is supernaturally blessed with a private wire to the next world, avers that our astral bodies go junketing every night while our physical bodies are peacefully reposing in their accustomed beds. The CRIER emphatically denies that his soul is cavorting among the angels of other spheres, the while he is placidly snoring in his bunk in San Francisco, but it may be that this is because he has no soul to project into space. Nocturnal picnics sans the formality of railroad fare must be a pleasurable sort of excursion, but the CRIER fears that such ghostly pilgrimages are not for him. Free passes for souls are, however, to be expected. Naturally, we will all be dead heads in the spiritual world.

PASTOR BOYNTON, once guardian of the First Baptist Church flock, has resigned after a three-months' period of bitter factional strife with the pew-holders, some twenty of whom, it is claimed, want to engineer the religious machinery of the edifice themselves, and decline to recognize the authority of any other pebble on the beach. The Reverend Boynton says he resigns in the interests of Christ. He is endowed with sense in thus leaving his congregation to fight matters out among themselves, and is certainly a shining contrast to one C. O. Brown, who should have resigned in the interests of Christ, but who preferred to hang on in the interests of Satan.

FAIR but fractious Evelyn Ferry, who distinguished herself once upon a time in gay Paree by biting off her husband's nose because he happened to object to such a trifling defecation as her marital infidelity, is heard from again as defendant in a suit brought against her for recovery of furniture, the lady having blossomed out as a San Francisco lodging-house keeper. Considering the litigant's unsavory reputation and proclivities for mayhem, there were more reasons than one for those present at the trial in Judge Hunt's court to hold onto their nasal appendages.

MOVEMENTS are on foot to close the city cemeteries. Not yet, gentlemen, not yet. Graves are yawning for local prey that should have been planted long ago. What this city needs is an increase of cemetery facilities or else an appropriation for a nice large crematory, where batches of defunct miscreants and soulless sinners can be roasted properly. It might damage the tombstone trade, but it would keep out Satan wonderfully, for if His Majesty were to get his share of San Francisco patronage he would be laid up with nervous prostration for the next decade.

W. B. BRADBURY, capitalist and champion expectorator at large, is again in the cold clutches of the law for making a public nuisance of himself. The aged offender is, however, a public benefactor as well, for by paying a five dollars' fine into the city treasury every time he boards a street-car, the municipal revenue will materially increase. Similar offenses at the same rates on the part of other pigheaded millionaires are respectfully solicited.

BLANTHER'S brides are popping up with the usual posthumous celerity, and so far San Francisco has furnished the largest number of his supposed spouses. This is indeed a happy hunting-ground for would-be widows. The TOWN CRIER himself is beginning to fear death, lest his unsullied bachelor name be dragged in the postmortem matrimonial mire.

IT is to be hoped that the recent publication of a poem by Theodore Durrant, the popular young murderer, will not encourage ambitious but obscure bards to follow his example in order to get their effusions printed. As the author of that poem, if not of the murders, the gallows yearns for him.

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the gas companies must be making a good thing out of the recent suicides.

MISS Lillian Ashley, whose claims against Lucky Baldwin as the popper of mommer's blue-eyed baby girl have been exploited in court *ad nauseam*, says that the bogus Count von Turkheim was also an ardent suitor for her somewhat damaged and blasé affections, but that she gave him the glassy eye. It would add another interesting chapter to the detective's dizzy history if the Amazonian Mrs. John Martin, who when last heard from was painting houses instead of painting the town red, were to come forward with the same blushing confession.

CHRISTIANS are quarrelsome folk. The CRIER does not hear tales of dissension from the other places of amusement. One objection made against Mr. Boynton, the pastor of the First Baptist Church, and which had its weight in bowling the divine gentleman out, is that he is too young. Now, this seems unreasonable, for youth is a fault that is soon outlived, and in any case it isn't Mr. Boynton's own fault that he is so young—it's the fault of his parents. And really, retroactive punishment should be barred. The future Hades is enough.

AN Oaklander named White is attracting considerable attention because he has erected a house adjoining the family homestead where he can retire in solitude when the fusillade of flatirons, rolling-pins and other paraphernalia incident to domestic disagreement gets too exciting for him to dodge the missiles. The idea is not, however, an original one. Many a San Francisco benedict maintains one or more establishments between which he divides his time, but he is not so eager as the Oakland man to take the public into his confidence.

BROTHER Hayes C. French and Brother William Rader, both of them salaried toilers in the Lord's vineyard, are at loggerheads about Jonah and the whale, the former being ready to swallow the whale and its cabin passenger, while the latter discredits the literal application of the scriptural story. The CRIER, being a peaceable devil with no religious prejudices whatever, advises that these excited gentlemen be "heard to cease." The case should be promptly dismissed, owing to the absence of the principal witness.

WILLIAM G. Bell, an aspirant for Senatorial honors at the last election, appropriated a horse and buggy belonging to License Collector Lees the other day, and proceeded to enjoy himself, under the supposition that he was playing a practical joke on a friend. He wound up by being arrested. Of course, it is but natural that a Senator should want to take everything in sight, but the startling part of this transaction is the law's prompt intervention.

AN appeal is to be made for the pardon of John W. Flood, ex-cashier of the Denohoe Bank, who appropriated \$161,000, and is now serving a seventeen-years' term of imprisonment in consequence. If the case were a mere murder one could better understand such misplaced sympathy, but to the passionless crime of embezzlement no mercy is due. As Flood is reported to be an exemplary convict he has evidently found his proper sphere.

MAYOR PHELAN is to be commended in his efforts to obtain better fire protection for patrons of the theatre, but the good work of protection should not be confined to the exits and entrances of playhouses. What's the matter with extending the work of reform to the stage and affording the public protection from bad acting?

TONY Hellman, the Bohemian Club wag, says he finds himself so much sought after by the ladies that he seriously contemplates making merchandise of his popularity by selling his conversation at so much an hour. Why don't he sell his jokes by the pound? They would fetch more.

PASTOR Gibson yearns for companionship and declares that he does not care to live alone. It will be remembered that Pastor Brown, now exerting his demoralizing influence upon the susceptible Chicagoese, holds to the same doctrine that it is not good for man to be alone.

IT is said that Mr. Stead is writing a sequel to his "If Christ Came to Chicago," the book which created such a sensation three years ago; it is entitled "When Dr. Brown Came to Chicago," and promises to be even more spicy reading than the former famous work.



'TIS said that a woman 's as old as she looks,
And a man as old as he feels.
Perhaps; but the question of size is the one
With which this short homily deals.

For, size up humanity's hustling hordes,
From the Four Hundred down to the cooks:
How seldom a man is as big as he feels,
Or a woman the size that she looks!—Life.

"Where do all the pins go to?" said the girl to her best beau, when the talk about bicycles had lapsed into obnoxious quietude. "I'm pretty sure I know where a million of them go," he answered. "Indeed! Why, where?" she asked, with a start of surprise that made him withdraw his arm hastily from around her belt. Gazing ruefully at the brand-new scratches on his wrist, he pointedly replied, "They go to waist." The next time he called she wore her brother's ulster.—Judge.

"It is unnecessary for me to dwell longer on the many virtues of the deceased," said the Rev. Dr. de Biker, at the close of the solemn services. "You all know the splendid account he has rendered of his stewardship, and he always rode his wheel on the right-hand side of the street."—Detroit News.

Cholly—Beg pawdon, deah fellah—yaw seem to be—aw—limping this mawning, doncherknow. Gussie—Yaas, doncherknow—I was courting an—aw—young lady in a conservatory lawst evening, when her—aw—father came in and gave me a rare old plaunt, doncherknow.—Judge.

"Brother Jim has the bicycle face, Joe has the bicycle back, and sister Sue has the bicycle leg." "Any other bicycle ailments in your family?" "Well, papa says he has the bicycle pocket, and its hadly punctured."—Truth.

Bighead—I wonder what Cain's curse was? You remember he claimed that his burden was greater than he could bear. PERTLEY—He was the first man in the world to have a mother-in-law.—Truth.

"I noticed the doctor's carriage at your door yesterday afternoon. Was it anything serious?" "Serious? It is absolutely mournful—cries all the time it is awake."—Typographical Journal.

A Hot Springs merchant, who is a baseball enthusiast, hung nine dressed chickens out in front of his store the other day, and labeled them thus: "A picked nice."—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

May—I wouldn't break my heart over the best man in the world. CHAPERON—Certainly not, dear. It is over the worst man that the girls break their hearts.—Truth.

"Marriages are made in heaven," remarked the observer of men and things. "There is an odor about matches that suggests where they are made."—Detroit Journal.

Young Squire—And what, John, do you intend doing, to commemorate Her Majesty's glorious reign? OLD DRUNK—I shall try to keep sober for a week.—Judge.

"My pa's goin' into the chicken-raisin' business," said Johnny. "He's goin' down town to-morrer to buy a incubus to put the eggs in."—Puck.

Teacher—How old are you, Willie? WILLIE—I'm five at home, six at school, and four in the cars.—Washington Times.

Grace—Harold, why did pa call that Mr. Blowhard a liar? HAROLD—'Cause he's smaller than pa.—Punch.

Tourist—How did the gentleman come to his death? ARIZONA PETE—He didn't come; we went after him.—Ex.

An Ill Wind—That which escapes the puncture.—Ex.

S. STROZYNSKI, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apron ices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

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CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Molson Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms, Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
Capital Paid Up \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000

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CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS
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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

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No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896..... 27,702,247 45

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DEATH OF WILLIAM B. CARR.

THE death of William B. Carr, which occurred at his residence in this city last Saturday night, by accidental asphyxiation, came as a profound shock to the thousands of acquaintances of the deceased, and a heavy and abiding sorrow to his family. Saturday evening Mr. Carr retired in excellent health and untroubled spirits; on the following morning his wife, entering his sleeping apartment, found her husband dead in his bed, legal papers strewn about him, and the room charged with gas, which was escaping from an accidentally half-opened burner. Evidence was clear that Mr. Carr had grown drowsy, and in extinguishing the light had unconsciously half turned it on.

Few men were better known in California financial or political circles than William B. Carr. He had long been a resident of this State, having arrived here in 1851, and had from poverty and obscurity won his way to wealth and great influence in the shaping of public affairs. He was associated with J. B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis in heavy land and other investments, from which he amassed a large fortune. He was equally successful in political as in financial matters; and for many years was an important factor in the Republican party of the State. He was sixty-seven years old, having been born in Clark County, Indiana, November 16, 1830. Mr. Carr had a very wide acquaintance throughout the State, and numbered his warm, personal friends by the hundreds. He was a true man, faithful in all his obligations, warm in his friendships, earnest, aggressive and forceful in all his undertakings. He leaves a widow and three children—George G. and Ralph M. Carr of this city, and Mrs. Mary M. Leeb of Louisville, Ky. The funeral services were held at the family residence, Broadway and Fillmore street, on last Tuesday afternoon.

ANTIQUITY OF CHESS.

THE latest excavations on the pyramid field of Sakkara have led to an extraordinary discovery as to the origin of chess. Hitherto it was assumed that the ancient Indians had invented the game, that it was introduced from India to Persia in the sixth century, and that by the Arabs, and in consequence of the Crusades it spread from east to west. This theory was substantiated by the fact that an Indian, Persian, and Arabic influence is traceable in the character of the figures at present used, and in some of the words connected with the game, such as "shah" (check) and "matt" (mate). Now, north of the pyramid of King Tetu or Teti, two grave chambers have been discovered, which were erected for two high officials of that ruler. Their names were Kakin and Mernker, called Mera. The grave-chamber ("mastaba") of the former, consisted of five rooms, says the British Chess Magazine, built up with limestone. Its walls are covered with exceedingly well-preserved bas-reliefs and pictures representing various scenes. The other grave-chamber, that of Mera, is the most valuable. Up to now no fewer than twenty-seven halls and corridors have been uncovered. There are beautiful grave-columns; in the chief room there is in a niche a tinted statue of the departed, about seven feet high, with a sacrificial table of alabaster before it. Among the many wall-paintings in this and other rooms, hunting and fishing scenes, a group of female mourners, the three seasons, Mera and his sons, holding each other by the hand, and Mera playing chess, are to be seen. King Tetu belonged to the sixth dynasty, and his reign was assigned by Professor Lepsius to about the year 2700 B. C. Professor Brugsch, correcting this chronology, puts it back to still greater antiquity, namely to the year 3300 B. C., so that chess would have been known in the once mysterious land of Misraim something like 5200 years ago.

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Surplus and Undivided
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DEAR EDITH:—No doubt you have observed that ready made costumes of wash materials are just now leading features. An opening of this style of costume is rather an unusual event, but at one of recent date were shown some smart designs in new cotton and linen fabrics, including such novelties as the linen and cotton and cotton grenadines, the canvas cloths, and foulard lawns, batistes, organdies, dimities and linens. Tailored outing suits and separate skirts in pique, cotton tweeds, crash, denim and duck are now chief lines of interest.

Their severe simplicity is in sharp contrast with the elaborate blouse waist and trimmed skirt of the cloth or wool tailor suit, but they must be even more carefully cut and fitted. The skirts measure from four to five yards in width and have the front breadths narrow at the top and broad at the foot. When possible the circular side breadths are fitted without darts, and when darts are necessary they are made to show very little by careful cutting and pressing of the seams on the inside. The skirts are finished with a deep hem, with no lining or stiffening. The Empire, Eton or bolero jackets are all popular for the wash material outing suit. The short blazer is one of the most approved styles, while the English mess jacket is an extreme, the least appropriate of all. The material for a wash suit should be shrunk before making up, otherwise the first washing will render it unfit to wear. A dark blue denim suit will be found both smart and serviceable for one expecting to spend the summer in the country.

Cotton canvas cloths can be purchased in an almost endless variety of tints and colors by those who desire to have such suits made by the home dressmaker. Tan, blue and red are suited for these simple costumes, also the designs in blue, striped with narrow white lines. All kinds of braiding show to advantage upon canvas cloth, although tolets of this fabric will not be so much adorned with braid as dresses made of denim.

Embroidered muslins and linens in dress patterns are very effective and are not so expensive, when you remember that they require no trimming. For the most part they are made over colored silk slips which throw the embroidery pattern into strong relief. Full and fluffy looking waists are made up with ribbon belts and stocks. Lawn is another cotton fabric which is popular for youthful gowns. One of pale pink is made with a skirt trimmed with numerous rows of insertion. The waist has the fronts cross each other in surplice fashion, leaving a pretty modest V at neck which can be filled in with lace or worn open. A smart white lawn waist is trimmed with band of insertion and has a double ruffle of Valenciennes down the front.

Irish point and guipure are favored laces for these wash dresses. Ruffles edged with narrow Valenciennes are always dainty and pretty. In Swiss muslin embroidery there are many new styles. Linen batiste embroidery is very beautiful and much worn.

It is generally conceded, except in midsummer, that the best dressed woman is the one in a plain tailor-made gown, but the productions of this season are not confined to the simple coat and skirt models. The English women are especially addicted to the severe style in tailor-built gowns, but the French woman's tailor dress is a thing of beauty, embracing every opportunity for decoration. One striking example is a green cloth dress with a yellow and green brocaded silk vest, a cloth bolero embroidered all over with narrow silk braid, a high braided collar cut in battlement squares, and a jabot of fine creamy lace over the vest. The skirt and sleeves are braided, and frills of lace fall over the hands.

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203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EGYPTIAN
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GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

50 cents and \$1.00

Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession.

Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent,

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET,
San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city
who makes a specialty of . . .

FACIAL TREATMENT

Permanently removes Wrinkles, Scars, and all Facial Disfigurements.

713 POST ST., Near Jones.

Pacific Towel Company

No. 9 Lick Place

Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each week \$1.50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 month; 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1.25 per month.



Imperial Hair Regenerator

If you value your hair, use only the Imperial Hair Regenerator, to make GRAY HAIR its natural color, or BLEACHED HAIR any color desired. Baths do not affect it. Neither does curling or crimping. Incomparable for the BEARD on account of its durability and cleanliness.

No. 1, Black; 2, Dark Brown; 3, Medium Brown; 4, Chestnut; 5, Light Chestnut; 6, Gold Blonde; 7, Ash Blonde.

PRICE, \$1.50 and \$3

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL M'FG. CO.,

292 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists and Hairdressers in San Francisco; sold and applied by Stanislas Strozynski and Goldstein & Cohn.



INSURANCE

COL. SMEDBURG, of the New Zealand, has been called to Washington by the Government on business relating to the pension department. The Colonel will be accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Col. L. L. Brownell, of the Milwaukee Mechanics', is visiting Los Angeles.

Major D. E. Miles, of the London and Lancashire, who has been visiting the Sandwich Islands during the past month, is expected home next week.

The entrance of the Home, of New York, to the Board of Underwriters, cements that body and guarantees its permanence as an organization.

T. M. Morgan, of Oregon, is acting as the Pacific Coast manager of the Preferred Accident Insurance Company, pending the appointment of a permanent successor to E. S. Fowler, deceased.

Russell R. Osburn, of the Pennsylvania Fire, has returned from a month's visit to the North.

The Guarantors' Insurance Company is thinking of establishing a Coast agency, and there are many applicants for the position of manager.

The poor example set by the Aachen and Munich in constituting a firm of brokers United States managers, has been followed by the Alliance of London, Weed & Kennedy having secured the management of the latter company for all territory East of this department.

The old Alliance building, on California street, has been torn down, and will be replaced by a new five-story business block, which the Alliance Insurance Company will occupy jointly with the Commercial Union.

The regular meeting of the San Francisco Life Underwriters' Association was held on May 14th. A banquet will be given by the Association on June 11th next.

Those companies remaining outside of the Compact are pretty generally adhering to the rates established by those working under the rules and regulations of the majority.

The American Protective Accident Association has begun operations on this Coast, with headquarters at 401 California street.

A British manufacturer is now giving to each purchaser of a bicycle made by him an insurance policy against death or disablement while using the machine, or against loss of the same by theft or fire.

The Equitable Aid Union, of Columbus, Penn., has gone by the board with heavy liabilities and no assets. There are about six hundred members in this State.

Mrs. Clara Case, editor and publisher of the Insurance Sun, delivered an able address before the Convention of Homœopathic Physicians, held last week in Los Angeles.

Mr. Henry J. Reinmund has retired from the Presidency of the Security Mutual Life of New York. The Security is authorized to do business in California, but has no representative at present.

Charles C. Little, Vice President and Secretary of the Phoenix Insurance Company, is dead.

The San Francisco premiums reported to the Fire Patrol for the first quarter of 1897, amounted to \$310,697, nearly eighty thousand less than during the corresponding period of last year.

President Irving, of the Fire Association of Philadelphia, was in this city last week.

The fire chiefs will meet in National Convention at New Haven, Conn., next August.

A State Association has been organized among the local agents of Colorado.

There is a law in this State forbidding the insurance of State buildings.

The semi-centennial of the Penn Mutual Life will be celebrated on the 25th of this month.

The Denver agency of the English-American has been placed with the Security Agency Company.

A uniform rate of 4 per cent. has been established by the Compact on growing grain.

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
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INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1793.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,010

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,182,001.69

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,506,409.41

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,
413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$5,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.
No. 316 California et., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of ERFIEST, GERMANY.

Capital, \$2,250,000 Assets, \$10,984,248.

Pacific Coast Department: 234-208 SANSOME ST., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical, Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



IT is utterly impossible for James C. Adams to be anything but agreeable, and the handsome young attorney is locally famous for his polite good humor. As he was returning a few days ago to his Oakland residence, his courteous nature received a severe shock, which somewhat ruffled his proverbially sweet temper. At the ferry waiting-room he encountered a heavily-laden woman, shabbily dressed, carrying a dozen parcels of varying shapes and sizes, her burdens not lessened by the fat baby who was the culminating point to her mountain of packages. Jim Adams instinctively went to her rescue.

"Can I carry some of your parcels, madam?" he asked, with a bow, and a suggestion of his engaging smile.

"Yes, sir, you can," promptly replied the woman, and, without more ado, she thrust into his astonished arms a large package of infant. "I can manage the rest," she added reassuringly, as she again gathered up her paper bundles and led the way to the boat.

The situation was decidedly embarrassing for Jim, and his task was not lightened by some considerate acquaintances, who had witnessed the episode, and who followed the apparently domestic procession, with personal comments, very audibly expressed.

"How young to be a father," said one.

"But doesn't the kid look like him?" remarked another.

"He is a nice chap, making his wife carry all the heavy parcels, while he amuses himself with the child," was the sarcastic comment of Adams' younger brother.

"Dresses quite like a gentleman, too, and lets his poor wife wear any old thing," added his particular chum, in simulated disgust. "I suppose he makes her support him, too!"

Strange to say, Jim's sunny disposition was not permanently soured, but since that unhappy experience, he ignores all the other passengers on his ferry trips, and now devotes his attention to literature with an eagerness which is almost feverish.

* * *

When Jim Hallock decided to escape the heat last Saturday by a retreat to the country, at the same time accomplishing a visit to his suburban relatives, he was careful not to go unfortified, and his ammunition included a bottle of fine, ten-year-old Holland gin. With such an ambitious thermometer it was not necessary to transport a very extensive wardrobe about the country, so all the baggage Hallock took with him was a small leather satchel, in which he placed a suit of pajamas, carefully rolled around the bottle containing the precious elixir. He had neither occasion nor opportunity to open his prize package until he retired for the night. When he unrolled the pajamas, what was his surprise and grief to discover that the bottle had been unaccountably broken, its precious contents spilled, and that a decided odor of gin pervaded the pajamas, which had been saturated with the liquor. He needed some garment to sleep in, and nothing else being available, he wrapped himself up in the intoxicated pajamas. The night was warm, Hallock was restless and rolled about in his bed a good deal. When he tried to arise in the morning, he found that he was decidedly unsteady, and his efforts to navigate his apartment were not exactly successful. He says it was twenty-four hours before he was himself again. The pajamas had been the cause of his downfall. He had acquired it altogether by absorption.

* * *

From the inmost recesses of the luxurious Concordia club comes the champion hard luck story of the season. Hoping that the wager would operate in the nature of a fetch, Jonas Erlanger bet Moses Blum one hundred dollars that it would rain in San Francisco during the week ending at midnight Monday, the authority to be the Weather Bureau official. It was a dry week, and on the last day of the seven, Jonas had about given up hope of receiving

five big twenties from Blum. In the evening, he sauntered over to the Concordia Club, where he mentioned the wager, and received the condolences of his friends. As they sat talking, Nat Gerson started up.

"Why, that sounds like the patter of rain drops now," he said.

There was a rush for the windows, where a slight drizzle could be discerned sufficient to be denominated a trace, and enough to win a hundred.

"Saved, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Erlanger, in accents of thanksgiving. "I was afraid I was a goner. But won't Blum swear? He thought he was a sure winner.

"Well, I suppose we crack a bottle with you, Jonas, on your luck," suggested Mose Adler.

"A bottle?" repeated Erlanger, scornfully.—he is the prince of entertainers. "Not a bottle. We'll have twenty bottles!" and they did.

After he had settled for the wine cards, there was still a small balance left of the wager and early next morning Jonas hunted up Blum, and extended his palm.

"Well, you're a promising youth!" ejaculated Blum. "I'll collect that bet myself. You are the loser, not I."

"Not at all," persisted Erlanger. "We all saw the rain up at the club. A dozen fellows can prove it."

"Ah, but that was on Van Ness avenue," replied Blum.

"There was no rain at the Mills Building. I was in the Weather Bureau till twelve."

Rain Secretary Hammon upheld Blum's position and so Jonas paid up, without a squeal. But his friends in the Concordia Club think it is pretty hard lines to be buncoed by a rain cloud like that.

* * *

After a pleasant sojourn with his friends by the Golden Gate, Chase Osborn, of New York, decided to take the Alaska trip before returning home. He engaged passage on the north-bound steamer Walla Walla, and shortly before the vessel sailed, he visited the steamship office to purchase his ticket. He enquired the amount due, and carelessly drawing his check for the required sum, tendered the paper to the agent. Now the clerks of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company know little about New York people, and absolutely nothing about Chase Osborn—at least that was their mental condition on Thursday, but they are better informed now. Osborn considered their ignorance regarding him as a personal reflection necessitating resentment, and he proceeded to furnish the reproof by attempting to clean out the office. Before the wreck of the place was absolute, Osborn was persuaded that only current coin was acceptable in that office, and as he returned with the cash half an hour later, his apparel seriously disarranged, the clerks were carrying hack the shattered steel safe from the gutter, into which it had been cast by the infuriated visitor.

* * *

The uncomfortable habit of some auctioneers who take advantage of a removal to rent temporarily the vacated house and therein hold a sale of furniture, "as good as new," has frequently been a source of intense annoyance to people who have had occasion to change their residence. The name of the late occupant is generally mentioned in the auctioneer's advertising announcement, and purchasers suppose that the frayed and tarnished ornaments, musty and tattered carpets, and rickety furniture, were actually used by the unfortunate ex-householder. The friends of Dr. W. J. Younger are indignant, because since the departure of the fashionable dentist, they say that auctions of his alleged belongings have been held periodically. No less than six different sets of villainous old furnishings have been palmed off as Younger's by thrifty wielders of the hammer, with leather lungs and impenetrable consciences.

"No wonder he wanted to get rid of such traps," say those who habitually follow the waving of the red flag.

* * *

Fun abounds when Howard Taylor, the Olympic Club leader, and Aleck Rosborough, put on their war paint and make their bows as christy minstrels. The other night one of their efforts was received with loud laughter, so out of proportion to the effort it inspired, that the minstrels were non-plussed for the nonce. During a certain interval, Taylor appeared alone and told a long story full of

puns and local allusions, about a man, who, riding on a street car, was amazed that the conductor should know personally all his passengers, because whenever he called at the door, "Jessie," "Annie," "Eddy," and so on, a passenger would alight. The yarn was received with good natured tolerance by the audience, but when, later on, Rosborough appeared in a recitative solo, and told the identical story, with variations only slight enough to make the similarity the more marked, his auditors were seized with uncontrollable convulsions. The audience anticipated each pun and when it came, greeted it uproariously. Rosborough at first bowed his acknowledgments with much gratification, but finally the audience got away with him, and he was obliged to retire before he reached his climax. When notes were compared behind the scenes and Taylor and Rosborough each found that the other had used the property story, there were mutual accusations of stolen thunder. Their minstrel repertoire is at present without an anecdote.

East street is the scene of many strange spectacles, but its frequenters have seldom seen anything more odd than the antics of a band of burros, lauded on the wharf by the Stockton boat yesterday. There were two score of these wild asses, and they had no sooner reached East street than they were greeted by the braying welcome of a passing team of the same species. At the first sound of the resonant haw-hee-haw of the domesticated mules, the long ears of the entire drove were uplifted simultaneously, and all forty of them trotted off in brisk pursuit of the rapidly driven wagon. The burro drivers were in despair how to secure the return of their troublesome charges, when valuable assistance was suddenly received from an unexpected quarter. The truant asses paused, stopped, turned and started back, first in a walk, quickened to a gentle amble, and ending in a mad gallop. Passersby were at a loss to account for the asinine proceeding, until they caught sight of a man with an immense, broad-brimmed hat, haranguing a group at the ferry. The burros had been lured by the deep, bass tones of Thomas V. Cator, the Populist orator.

Shipping and commercial circles can present no more unique character than Charles D. Clarke, agent of the California Navigation and Improvement Company. His artistic possibilities in the line of profanity leave nothing to be desired. Clarke is of the type of the Mississippi steamboat captain, and swears with consistent regularity, wearing a good-natured smile the while. His friends do not seriously object to his little idiosyncrasy, which they know is simply a matter of habit, and they understand that he does not mean the picturesque oaths to which he gives voice. Clarke frequently employs at the wharves men known as lumpers, who work about the fleet of river steamers for which he is agent. The task of supervising these lumpers keeps him in practice, and gives his tongue daily exercise. On a recent busy day, Clarke had no time to smile, as he called upon all the legendary deities to consign the lumpers to various unexplored regions. He regretted the bad temper, and felt that an explanation of his unusual irritation was due.

"I have had so much swearing to do to-day," he said, apologetically, "that the first thing I knew I was mad clear through from listening to myself!"

While Judge Coffey's sarcastic tongue is the cause of much trepidation among the legal fraternity, his shafts are not always directed against others, and he can tell as good a story at his own expense as if the point is directed at any one else. The great probate authority is fond of swimming in the salt water, and while he was enjoying a recent dip, he was conscious of an irritating sensation in one of his legs. An investigation showed a young mackerel shark, which was nibbling, without causing much injury, at the judicial calf. Judge Coffey glanced reproachfully at his finny antagonist. Then, with dignified precision born of a prolonged occupancy of the bench, he uttered a mild reproof.

"I had supposed," he said, with a tinge of sorrow in his voice, "I had supposed I would meet with professional courtesy in these waters."

Members of the local bar take great delight in the ready wit and sharp tongue of Attorney D. M. Delmas. Apropos of his ironical comments on the conduct of the Fair-Craven controversy, lawyers are recalling a story of a passage-at-arms between the brilliant barrister and Superior Judge Seawell, illustrating how dangerously near Delmas can approach the flame of judicial wrath without being burned. During the trial of a case before Judge Seawell, Mr. Delmas was repeatedly overruled on a point which the skillful pleader presented under many and various guises and disguises. The court was courteous, almost deferential.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Delmas," he said, soothingly, "but the law is against you. You must blame the law, and, of course, you can save your exception."

With a Chesterfieldian bow, Delmas waved a declining hand.

"No, your Honor," he replied, suavely, but with marked emphasis, "I have no oak to find with the law."

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

cures Poison Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands. At all druggists.

Japan art in all its peculiar and unique attractiveness is a never failing source of interest. Geo. T. Marsh & Co. at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, are in constant receipt of the best things in curios, tapestries, carvings, etc., which are worth a long journey to see. Visit Marsh and see some of the beautiful things he has for sale.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

MORRIS & KENNEDY'S

19 and 21 POST ST., S. F.

Art Gallery

New and Elegant PAINTINGS, PICTURES and FRAMES.

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Company,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

General Agents

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, GILLINGHAM CEMENT.

327 MARKET ST., Corner Fremont, S. F.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, hook-blinders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-bangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....No. 81
Amount per Share.....20 cents
Levied.....April 24, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....June 1, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....June 22, 1897

ALFRED K. DUSBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 60, Nevada Block, 300 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 43, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Thursday, May 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Friday, May 14, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1873-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.

THE RALSTON Restaurant.

315-317 Bush St., S. F., Cal.

A Lunch Place.

Ralston Coffee—A delicious drink. Ralston Whole Wheat Bread. Ralston Cooked Meats. Ralston Cereals and Must. WM. E. ALLEN, Prop.



THE society event of the week has been the Gingerbread Fête, for the success of which our prettiest maids and most charming matrons have so untiringly labored for weeks past. It did seem too bad that the weather should have changed so decidedly for the worst for the opening, which took place on Tuesday evening; but to judge from the pleased expression of the crowds in attendance, it would not have very much mattered to them had the elements been openly at war outside, so long as it was so delightful indoors. The attractions offered have been manifold—beautiful tableaux, sweet music, works of art, priceless curios, Russian tea, delicious refreshments, Punch and Judy, the anamatiscope, lemonade and flowers, to say nothing of the DeWolf Hoppers, Ferris Hartman, and Henry Payot. This will be Children's Day, and the arrangements made for the pleasure of the young folks are so perfect that they will have a "real good time" goes without saying.

The swim can thank Mrs. C. P. Huntington for most of the festivities which have taken place here this month, as she has not only been the *motif* for a number of card, luncheon and dinner parties, but has also been hostess herself on several occasions. It will, therefore, be a decided loss to society when Mr. and Mrs. Huntington take their leave of San Francisco, which will probably be within a very short time. However, the loss of one is often the gain of another, and the pleasantest news heard in an age is that of the approaching return to their native heath of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair for an indefinite stay, for whenever they come to San Francisco, gay doings follow in their footsteps, as witness the innumerable lunch and dinner parties that are always consequent upon their arrival. The old Fair home, on Pine street, was ever the center of hospitality during Mrs. Fair's *régime*, and Mrs. Oelrichs has proved a worthy successor of her mother as a hostess, so society is to be congratulated upon the prospect of having her here for some time to come.

There was a pretty home wedding last Wednesday evening, when Miss Agnes Smedberg was the bride and Max Rosenfeld the groom, who were made man and wife by Judge J. M. Seawell in the prettily decorated home of the bride's mother, Mrs. James Smedberg, on Pine street. Miss Hallie Smedberg was her sister's maid-of-honor, Miss Annie White officiated as bridesmaid, and A. W. Follansbee appeared as the groom's best man. The guests, some fifty in number, comprised relatives and intimate friends only, and after the ceremony a handsome supper was served.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., Miss Frances M. Herbert was married to Harold C. Ward, the ceremony taking place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Morton street, Alameda. The halls and dining-room were beautifully and profusely decorated for the happy occasion. After the ceremony an elegant supper was served, and dancing followed.

Wednesday evening, June 9th, is the date set for the wedding of Miss Mahel Estee and Leonard Everett.

The engagement of Mrs. Dolly Brown and Chas. Wood has at last been officially announced, though it has been an open secret for several weeks past, and while the wedding day is not actually named, it is said the ceremony will not be long delayed.

The most prominent of recently announced engagements is that of Miss Laura Gashwiler and Samuel M. Shortridge, so the swim has yet another wedding to look forward to in the near future. The young bride-to-be is one of the beautiful Native Daughters that California is so proud of; and the groom is one of the most prominent attorneys of the State. The happy pair have been receiving hearty congratulations on all sides.

The tea given by the Sketch Club at the studio of Miss Kate Thompson, on Sutter street, last Saturday afternoon, was a delightful affair; the silver wedding anniversary dinner of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard at the Hopkins Villa, near Redwood City, last Sunday, was enjoyed by eighteen of their friends, who heartily wished them "many happy returns." Besides these, have been the Lockett reception at the Presidio; Mrs. McLaren's tea in honor of her sister, Mrs. Harold Sewell, who is here *en route* to the Sandwich Islands, and an unusually large number of theatre parties, of which the Baldwin and Columbia have each had their share.

Opening days continue to be heard of at all the summer resorts, but as yet society has not migrated to any great extent. The season has been delightfully inaugurated at Santa Cruz by Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, who gave a fancy dress ball at Golden Gate Villa last Saturday evening. The barn, which was lighted with Japanese lanterns, was elaborately dressed with fancy draperies, flowers and foliage, and here the dancing took place. At midnight a handsome supper was served at the Villa. The costumes were very pretty, and altogether the affair was a great success.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Lilienthal and Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter are among those who have selected Santa Barbara for their summer location. The Louis Gerstles, Marcus Gerstles, W. T. Gerstles, Leon Slosses and Louis Slosses will spend the summer at San Rafael, where they all have lovely cottage homes of their own. There also will be found Mrs. Elizabeth Hager and her daughters, that lady having taken a house there for the season. Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and Miss Blanche have gone to their Mill Valley cottage for the summer months. The H. S. Crockers and H. Dutards have chosen the Hotel Vendome as their abiding place. Miss Gertrude Goewey is the guest of Mrs. Emma McMillan at Pasadena; Miss Lily Lawlor is visiting Mrs. Will Tevis at Bakersfield.

New York has been full of San Franciscans of late, among the sojourners being Mr. and Mrs. Russ Wilson, Miss Caro Crockett, Dr. and Mrs. McMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Rounceville Wildman, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, James V. Coleman, J. C. Stuhls, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Miss Breckinridge. Prince Poniatowski and Will Crocker sailed from New York for Europe last Wednesday. Col. Fred Crocker was an East-bound passenger over the road last Tuesday evening. Our newly fledged Brigadier, General Shafter, arrived from Washington on Tuesday, and was given a reception on Wednesday evening by the Presidio Club.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Sol Ehrman returned home, after an extended tour of the East. At Baltimore Mr. Ehrman visited his mother, whom he had not seen in some twenty years, and while in New York they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stiefel (*née* Schweitzer), formerly of this city. With them came Miss Ruth Meyer, of New York, who will spend the summer in San Francisco as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ahe Stern. Being a native daughter, and having a host of friends here, a good time is already assured her. The fact that our city is not altogether unpopular with the Eastern girl seems to be gaining every day. A niece of Mrs. Sylvain Weill, Miss Stettheimer, sister of Mrs. Ferichtwanger, and the Misses Jacobi, of this city, will be included in this summer's influx.

The "musical" at Professor Alois Lejeal's residence last Saturday afternoon was not only an artistic success, but a social one as well. The rendition of a very carefully selected programme was accomplished in a most satisfactory fashion, especially the playing of Mrs. Franklin and Miss May Hyman, both of whom possess a touch and technique excelled by few professionals. The solo by the younger Lejeal was quite a feature, and if he reaches the prediction of his friends and admirers, California may yet produce a Paderewski. The afternoon's entertainment ended pleasantly in a sumptuous repast.

A great many people are just now arranging to go out of town for the season, and at the Hotel Rafael have already been reserved a large number of apartments for the next few months. Manager Warfield has made elaborate preparations for the reception of his guests, who may rely on anticipation of all the luxuries and comforts usually found only at home.

Mme. Algeria de Reyna Barrios, the first lady of Guatemala, and wife of President Barrios, of the Republic, is at present a guest of the Occidental, this city, having arrived from the South early this week. Mme. Barrios is not a stranger to San Francisco; and her former acquaintances are exerting every effort to make the stay of the beautiful and distinguished visitor a pleasant one. Mme. Barrios is a native of the United States, having been born in New Orleans. The wife of Guatemala's President takes a very active interest

study their children and educate themselves in the principles and facts that underlie the wisest child-training. To this end this organization, belonging primarily to the home, desires to co-operate with kindergarten, school and university as fully as possible.

One of the most picturesque and slightly locations in Sausalito is occupied by Hotel Geneva, formerly the El Monte, on the hill opposite the ferry. The Geneva has recently been thoroughly renovated throughout. Electric lights, most sanitary plumbing, elegant and new furnishings, hot and cold salt water, the best table, tennis court—in fact, every means for the comfort, both indoor and out, for guests, is provided. The Hotel Geneva is just a step out of the city, regular and rapid connections being made by the North Pacific Coast ferry. An ideal home for business men who must reach the city daily, and yet who require a summer outing. Chamberlin & Co. are the present proprietors, and every want of their guests is anticipated.

Miss Virgilia Foltz, who is well known in this city, sailed on the 29th ult. for Italy from New York. The young lady recently graduated from the Conservatory of Music there, and later took the role of the Queen in *The Bohemian Girl* in a company of professionals. The musical critics were enthusiastic and unanimous in their praise of her voice, which is a deep, rich contralto of great range. Miss Foltz will complete her musical education abroad. A brilliant future certainly awaits this accomplished young lady.

Mr. Thomas Watson, accompanied by Mrs. Watson, will leave the city on next Tuesday, the 18th inst., on his usual business tour through Oregon and Washington. At Tacoma they will join the steamer Queen, sailing for Alaska, on June 8th. They will be away from here about six weeks, returning on the 27th of next month.

The many friends of Mrs. Dr. Byron Haines will be pleased to learn that she has fully recovered from her recent severe illness. The Doctor, by the way, seems to have succeeded to the large society practice enjoyed by Dr. Younger previous to his departure for Chicago.

Arrivals to date at St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh street, New York, are H. C. Coleman and Stewart Menzies of San Francisco, and M. Welsh of Los Angeles.

"On the Santa Fé There's No Delay."

Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at Barstow with Santa Fé Limited. Dining cars, buffet, smoking car, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

Flatulence is cured by BEECHAM'S PILLS.



Mme. Algeria de Reyna Barrios.

in the women of her adopted country, and has done much to advance their station in life. She is a patron of the recognized charities of her country, and is a most generous as well as a most beautiful woman. An illustration of her generous nature was shown in her prompt purchase of a box at the charity benefit that took place at the Baldwin Hotel on last Thursday afternoon. Mme. Barrios will remain in the city for some time, and thence proceed to New York and Europe, her trip covering a period of five or six months.

It seems that the promised activities of both the Calliopean Club and San Francisco Verein for summer outings have dwindled to nothing, and both "tug party" and "outing" will live only in the memory of some of the directors.

The Palace Hotel has added materially to the pleasure of its guests and the attractions of the grill room by the introduction of a musical programme of twelve numbers, beautifully rendered by the Vienna Trio, every Wednesday and Saturday at the noon hour, at which time violin, piano and cello will discourse popular airs of the day and selections from the operas.

"The Portrait of the Cardinal," by Toby Rosenthal, of which Mr. Jacob Stern is the fortunate possessor, has been on exhibition at the Gingerbread Fête.

The Board of Administration of The Home and Child Study Association will meet in the parlors of Golden Gate Hall on Saturday, May 15th, at 10 o'clock. Members of Mrs. E. G. Greene's Child-Study classes, and other persons interested in educational work, will be welcome. The purpose of this organization is to unite all persons, and especially mothers, who wish to keep in touch with the new movement in child study; to stimulate mothers to

Coloring in tea serves one purpose—keeps tea flavor in, other flavors out.

The package (vellum) around *Schilling's Best* does this.

Your money back if you don't like *Schilling's Best*.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco.

D R. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies THE SKIN no other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,

37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



AS the two military weddings draw near, one sees much rushing in and out of the stores by our pretty belles, and the lovely gowns that will result from all this shopping will make the weddings most attractive sights. A large party of guests will come over from San Rafael for the Cohen-Bent nuptials, as well as numbers from across the bay on the Oakland side. Some novel and artistic effects in decoration, etc., are promised at the Unitarian Church, where the ceremony will be performed; only the bridal party and their relatives will partake of the wedding supper at Dr. Gibbons' residence afterwards. Much speculation is rife in the swim as to which will make the prettier bride of the two, Miss Cohen or Miss Burton, but they are so totally different in appearance and style that comparisons cannot be instituted. That each will look lovely goes without saying.

Some envious fellows (and that this state of feeling is not by any means confined to the fair sex is thus proven) are inclined to think that Addie Mizner—our own unique Ad—has had a soft thing of it in directing and arranging the poses, etc., and being the head center of a flock of sweet girls in the week's Gingerbread Fête. But not so, thinks the young man himself, say his friends, for admitting the charm of being surrounded by, appealed to, and gazed upon by so many lovely creatures, the unpleasantness created by having to decide in favor of this or that one, and thus entailing loss of popularity from the others, has been a great drawback to his happiness. It is a lucky thing indeed that the "sweet girl graduates" from our fashionable seminaries are used to slang and somewhat strong expressions, for without this safety valve poor Addie might have been a candidate for Stockton or Agnews. Apropos of this charming entertainment, a wretched old hatch was heard growling to a sour-visaged female in one of the rooms that it was a pity the pains bestowed upon the outside of the heads could not have been given to the inside, and tableaux show the progress made in the mental condition of women in the series of years portrayed; but query, Has it been progress? Women's Congress, reply.

Advices from abroad give our society the pleasing intelligence that at the conclusion of the Jubilee celebration ceremonies and consequent thereupon, a party of Britons, swells all of them, will make a trip to California, coming from England to Canada, and on by the Canadian Pacific—no halt to be made on American soil save in our own Golden State. We can imagine the flutter their arrival will cause in our *beau monde*, as not only titled men, but titled women will be of the party; and who knows? perhaps the ambitions of Jim Phelan, Fred Crocker, or Terry Hamilton might be reached by capturing a sure enough "lady" for a wife.

Mrs. Millie Ashe Sewell's well-remembered smile was strongly in evidence at the reception given in her honor by her sister, Mrs. Linie McLaren, last week. Mrs. Sewell certainly holds front rank in the favor of her friends, who all crowded to meet and congratulate her upon representing America in Hawaii. Already numerous parties are being talked of for a trip to the Islands, and as they are likely to be composed of jolly people they are certain of a rousing welcome at the U. S. Consulate, and a good time generally is an assured fact.

Gossip from Gotham indicates that there is a chance of the long and patient waiting of Miss Jennie Flood's Eastern admirer being rewarded at last; and another hit goes that George Mayre will bring a bride hack with him.

Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?" But a name is sometimes productive of much annoyance, to say the least, as must have been the case upon the announcement

by our dailies that Miss Flora Low was to be wedded in New York. Hence Miss Flora Low, daughter of the late ex-Governor Low, has, say her friends, been the recipient of endless notes of congratulation from friends far and near, all of which has proved somewhat embarrassing under the circumstances, as it was not she, but her cousin (a daughter of C. Adolphe Low, a former resident of this city) who was the young lady alluded to.

If any one supposes that high-toned gambling is confined to men's clubs, they ought to be guests at some of our aristocratic card parties, when a "little game" is hugely enjoyed by the women players, and sips of champagne fortify them for losses or marital chidings over tardy dinner serving.

Mrs. Chauncey Boardman's initial effort at a dinner party was pronounced a great success by the guests. This young matron is very popular with her girl friends (as any one with three eligible brothers-in-law would naturally be), and every one who knows Chauncey himself is aware what a genial host and good fellow he is.

The return of those vivacious cousins, the Misses Blake-mau and Keeney, has set Berkeley in an uproar of delight. The strong resemblance in personal appearance between Miss Ethel Keeney and Miss Gladys McClung is much commented upon by the Brownies.

The swim is greatly excited over the rumor from the rural districts that an announcement will shortly be made from San Rafael, the parties being a well known belle and a popular beau.

Max Abraham, the caterer at 428 Geary street, superintends banquets, marriage feasts, dinners, suppers or luncheons with perfect satisfaction to those who employ him. His services are really indispensable, for he takes complete charge and relieves one of the worry incidental to the entertainer.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wenzell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme. Marchand's Preparations. Use Creme de la Creme. Positively prevents sunburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

<p>PACIFIC CONGRESS SPRINGS HOTEL</p> <p>Santa Cruz Mountains, Santa Clara County.</p>	<p>Remodeled and under New Management . . .</p> <p>Only two-and-a-half hours from San Francisco.</p> <p>Six miles from Los Gatos. Ten miles from Santa Clara. Twelve miles from San Jose. Address</p> <p>GEO. O. WATKINS, 523 Market St. - San Francisco.</p>
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Under New Management

BLUE LAKES HOTEL,
(Bertha Post office)
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Only 19 miles from Ukiah.
Finest summer resort in California.
Good hunting, fishing, boating, and Bathing.
Finest cuisine and best accommodations.

R. E. WHITEFIELD,
Manager.

Sea Beach Hotel,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

California's favorite resort
Located on a flowering slope from the beach
Unsurpassed view of Beach, Bay and
Mountains SALMON FISHING. Tennis
court, Croquet grounds, and musio.

REASONABLE RATES. For terms address **John T. Sullivan, Manager**

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

By Rail, Boat and Stage.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Co.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. THROUGH FERRY- Foot of Market Street. WEEK DAYS-7:30, 9:30, 11:10 A.M.; 12:30, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P.M. Thursdays-Extra trips at 11:30 P.M. Saturdays-Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P.M. SUNDAYS-8:00, 9:30, 11:30 A.M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 P.M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS-9:15, 7:30, 9:30, 11:10 A.M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P.M. Saturdays-Extra trips at 1:50 and 6:30 P.M. SUNDAYS-8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P.M.

Between San Francisco and Suisun Park, same schedule as above.

Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., IN EFFECT April 20, 1897, ARRIVE IN S. F., Week Days, Sundays, DESTINATION. Lists routes to Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Headshurg, Geyserville Cliverdale, Pleta, Hopland, Ukiah, Guerneville, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cliverdale for the Geysers; at Pleta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay and Lakeport; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverdale, Lierley's, Hucklell's Sashedin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. TICKET OFFICE-450 Market St., Chronicle Building. A. W. FOSTER Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Southern Pacific Company--Pacific System.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From April 18, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and arrival times from 6:00 A.M. to 11:15 A.M.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table listing Santa Cruz Division train routes and arrival times, including Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table listing Coast Division train routes and arrival times, including San Jose and way stations, Newark, Monterey Pacific Grove, San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table listing San Leandro and Haywards Local train routes and arrival times, including Melrose, Seminary Park, Fitchburg, San Leandro, and Haywards.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO--Foot of Market street (Slip 8)--7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 13:00, 14:00, 15:00 and 16:00 P. M. From OAKLAND--Foot of Broadway--8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 12:00, 13:00, 14:00 15:00 P. M.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Tuesdays and Saturdays. †Sundays and Thursdays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month Telephone: Grant. 507.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P.M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Table listing Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company routes: BELGIC (via Honolulu) Saturday, May 23, 1897; COPTIC Thursday, June 17, 1897; GAELIC (via Honolulu) Wednesday, July 7, 1897; DORIC (via Honolulu) Tuesday, July 27, 1897.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, Mag-Ialena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 21, and 2d of each month thereafter.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE--Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents. 10 Market St. S. F.



S S "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, May 18th at 2 p. m. S. S. "Alameda," Thursday, May 27th, at 2 P. M. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. San Francisco

THE dog show, which opens next Wednesday at the Mechanics' Pavilion under the direction of the San Francisco Kennel Club, will be a howling success, the greatest possible interest being taken in it. Entries have been numerous, and everything points to an immense attendance. The prizes are generous, and the kennels benched are valuable and varied as well.

MADAME A. RUPPERT, complexion specialist, and sole manufacturer of Madame A. Ruppert's face bleach, has opened new and commodious offices at rooms 15 and 16, No. 131 Post street.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street, below Montgomery. Rooms for ladies and families; private entrance. John Bergez Proprietor.

FINE stationery, steel and copper plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.



A SUNSET DREAM.—ARTHUR L. SALMON, IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

BESIDE the hearthstone old and gray,
Whose fires throughout the passing years
Have lit a home of mirth and tears,
I sit and watch the close of day.
Here where I breathed my earliest breath,
And cried my earliest cry of joy,
And played my pastimes when a hoy,
I linger still—and wait for death.
I see myself again a child,
With laughter ringing high and low,
And playmates of the long ago,
As glad as I was and as wild.
And voices through the deepening gloom
Are whispering fondly in mine ear;
And hands that seem so strangely near
Are beckoning in the dusky room.
Then beckon to the golden west
Where sunset's perfect glory lies;
While higher in the quivering skies
Appears the star of evening rest.
And crimson clouds—like angel hands
Assembled near to watch and pray—
Have gathered round the dying day
With palms of glory in their hands.
The darkened twilight deeper falls;
The misty moon hangs large and red
Above the forest's shadowy head.
And hark!—I hear a voice that calls!
Still further do my dreamings roam,
And further take the hue of truth;
I feel a sudden gush of youth,
And some one points the pathway home.

A REASON FOR SILENCE.—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEZ, IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

You sang, you sang! you mountain brook,
Scarce by your tangly banks held in,
As running from a rocky nook,
You leaped the world, the sea to win,
Sun-bright past many a foamy crook,
And headlong as a javelin.
Now men do check and still your course
To serve a village enterprise,
And leeward drive your sullen force,
What wonder, slave! that in no wise
Breaks from you, pooled 'mid reeds and gorse
The voice you had in Paradise.

THE CHANGED ROSE.—FLORENCE A JONES, IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

The white rose leaned her stainless heart
To the red rose at her feet;
Ah, never was red, red rose so false,
Or white rose half so sweet.
She hreathed, "Beloved, I will draw
You up to my own fair height,
Then shall we smile at the mocking world,
When my red rose blooms white."
I of the mocking world leaned out,
As they touched my window sill,
And I saw a white heart crimson-stained,
But the red rose was red still.

AT ANCHOR.—M. ELIZABETH CROUSE.

Sunrise and God's fresh day,
The dew on all the grass,
And in the harbor ships that nestling lay
Unfurl their sails and pass.
Sunrise and God's fresh day,
Life's craft the waters spurn;
And may the vessels never go astray
But home to God return.
Sunset and God's tired day
Seek heaven thro' the west—
And in the harbor ships that sped away,
Now furl their sails and rest.

Take along
some Pearline. Keep a little
in your
Bicycle
tool-bag.
It cleans
dirty and
greasy hands quicker and better than any
soap can. Takes grease and mud stains out of
your clothes. You need it to clean yourself with,
after you've cleaned your wheel. Pearline and
water is the best for cleaning and washing any-
thing that water won't hurt. Wheelmen and
wheelwomen have a hundred good uses for Pear-
line. Unequaled as a lubricant for the chains. 521
Millions NOW USE Pearline

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 111, of 10 cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23rd DAY OF APRIL, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO., Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal. Ad 11 22, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of this company, held this day, the date of delinquency of stock for Assessment No. 111 was postponed until May 24, 1897.
Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th DAY OF MAY, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, June 15, 1897, to pay said delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Chollar Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 10th day of May, 1897, an assessment, No. 43, of Fifteen cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th DAY OF JUNE, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of July, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary
Office: Room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of April, 1897, an assessment (No. 81), of twenty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 1st DAY OF JUNE, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 23d day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DUSBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Con. Mining Company.

Assessment..... No. 27
Amount per Share.....10 cents
Levied.....May 11, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....June 12, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....July 1, 1897

ALFRED K. DUSBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO.

View of Golden Gate, Fort Point, Harbor View, and S. F. Gas Company's Works.

Taber Photo. S. F.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 22, 1897.

Number 21.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-office as Second-class Matter.
The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court; and at Chicago, 503 Boyce Building. (Frank K. Morrison, Eastern Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscription and advertising rates.

THE following little table, showing the costs of two libel suits, will be of interest to the tax-payers of this city.

EXPENSES DEPARTMENT NO. 2.—JUDGE DAINGERFIELD'S COURT.	
Marriott Case—	
Jury Fees.....	\$432 00
Reporters' Fees.....	180 00
Clerk.....	105 00
Judge.....	207 00
District Attorney.....	200 00
Bailiff.....	90 00
	\$1,214 00
EXPENSES DEPARTMENT NO. 4.—JUDGE HEBBARD'S COURT.	
Judge's Salary.....	\$333 33
Clerk.....	175 00
Bailiff.....	125 00
	\$633 33
Williams Case.....	600 00
	1,214 00
Grand Total.....	\$2,447 33

OUR over-worked justices of the Peace are carving up the summer time for their annual vacations.

A NEW suit may fit never so well, and still not make the wearer proud. For further particulars the unduly inquisitive are confidently directed to Judge Hebbard.

THE city of Glasgow will levy no taxes for municipal purposes after 1897. The revenues from gas plants, street railways and other municipal holdings will lift the burdens from the people's shoulders, while at the same time giving them most excellent service. Here is a hint to San Francisco; but Glasgow is run on strict business principles. The pull of the political boss, the gargantuan girth of the average Supervisor, and the absorbing enterprise of the contractor are not known in Glasgow. The difference is fatal!

THE effort being made to prevent the export of adulterated brandy from this State should be backed up in every legitimate way. The temporary advantages of such traffic would in the end prove a costly experiment. But it would be well for the authorities to see to it that the adulteration of liquor be stopped. It is all right to protest against sending it abroad, on account of the ultimate injury to trade, but it is even more necessary to protest against its sale at home as a matter of self-preservation. That the domestic stomach certainly equals the foreign market the rankest free trader will admit.

THE advice of that anarchist, Boyce, President of the Western Miners' Federation, to the miners' meeting at Salt Lake last week, that they arm themselves and protect their "rights" with powder, bayonet and ball, has already borne fruit. Guns and ammunition have been stolen from an armory of the Idaho National Guard, and, it is said by miners of the Coeur d'Alene, as a direct result of the criminal advice of Boyce. When the clash comes, and the strong hand of the United States is at the vitals of the deluded and misguided followers of such a cowardly torch as their President, Boyce will be far from the smell of gunpowder, drawing a fat salary as the price of his treason to the country and enmity to labor.

THE howl against Mrs. Atherton's latest book, "Patience Sparhawk," by the Mechanics' Library, is not defensible upon the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number. The action of the Directors will cause a run on "Patience Sparhawk" that will surprise Mrs. Atherton's warmest admirers, and prove a source of profit to this hard-speaking handler of twilight subjects.

THE Yerkes telescope, like everything Chicagoese, is the biggest glass in the world. It is four inches larger than the great Lick glass at Mt. Hamilton. It is said the Yerkes telescope will discover many new heavenly bodies, and vastly enrich the science of astronomy. We suggest, before its gaze be turned skyward, that the glass be given a test in trying to locate the tide of prosperity due to reach the Earth at 11:45 A. M. of March 4, 1897.

THE attaché of License Collector Lees' office whose salary equalled his total annual collections, of whom mention was made last week, is, upon investigation, found to have been drawing his salary for an office which had no legal existence. This report does not dislodge the tax-eater, however, who, his superior explains, is now engaged in clerical work in the office. If one may judge from his brilliant achievements outside during the past year, his "work" indoors consists chiefly in drawing his salary and keeping the grass off the political fences of his boss.

COMMENTS upon the great libel suit, in which Judge Hebbard, from a bumptious and aggressive prosecutor and persecutor, became a badly damaged and beaten defendant, are pouring into the NEWS LETTER office; and they contain, in straight-thinking English, opinions on the case. These will appear, duly credited, next week and thereafter, as space and time may warrant. These criticisms show where the Judge stands in the eye of the public throughout California, and, in effective limelights, uncover a luckless jackass ruthlessly plucked of his lion's skin.

THE Merchants' Association has turned its great influence toward giving San Francisco better lights. The Association is practical in all it undertakes, and it may be able to bring about the result it now seeks to accomplish. Better street lights are badly wanted; but it would give more personal comfort, make a better impression upon visitors, reduce profanity and stimulate piety—since cleanliness is next to Godliness—if the Association would choke the miserable existence out of the present street-sprinkling combine, and keep the atmosphere of the city clean by wetting the streets. Besides, the Park needs the compost which is really superfluous in lungs, ears, clothing, eyes, and nostrils.

JUDGE Joachimsen electrified his hearers last Wednesday by declaring from the Bench that he would no longer listen to trivial excuses for delays, continuances, and other slyster tricks familiar to the Police Court lawyers who infest the City Hall. "I will not countenance any such proceedings," said he, in well-simulated or genuine wrath. "It is about time a halt was called in such cases as this, and I propose to make an end of this business of thieves and vagrants coming into court and asking for favors that would not be granted to honest people." If the Judge accomplish these miracles, he will have marked an epoch in Police Court history in San Francisco that will richly entitle him to the respect of honest men. Our Police Judges have too long enjoyed the affectionate regard of the push, the pull, and deeper criminals. There is hope for them yet. Joachimsen leads the way.

WILL JUDGE HEBBARD RESIGN.

BY all the rules that should govern the personal action of a man fit to be a Superior Judge, Hebbard ought to drop the ermine and resign an office for which a high jury of his fellow-citizens have substantially declared him to be unfit. The appeal to that body was of his own taking, and he was very persistent, if not malevolent, in taking it. Many of his friends advised him that he could make nothing, but might lose much, by resorting to an attack upon the liberty of the press to criticise him as a candidate for a public office. It was all without avail. "His usefulness was gone," he said, "unless he obtained a vindication from a jury." He is, or ought to be, the best judge of how to safeguard his own honor. He has chosen that way, and the result is practically a verdict of "guilty" as charged by this journal. If his usefulness was gone before that verdict was rendered, how much less is it now that a judgment of condemnation has been rendered against him? By all the rules of logical reasoning, by all the impulses of a conscientious man, and by all that goes to constitute a judicial mind, he has passed final judgment upon himself, from which there is no appeal, except it may be from Philip sober to Philip drunk. He was charged with being "the tool" and "creature" of bank emptiers, and the verdict of an exceptionally strong-minded jury is in substance "guilty as charged." The trial was to him more than fair. He had two counsel to the NEWS LETTER's one. He had a Judge his warm personal friend, and probably had the case assigned to him for that very reason. He had the environment of the court all his own way. He had a fat official salary, and took care to draw it with regularity in order to help him to the goal he finally reached. And perhaps above all, he had his own "Superior" services as a lawyer to help him out. Of all these he made free use. Yet his path is now blazed with the words "guilty as charged." We have reason to believe that the jury directed their attention all the time to the question as to whether Judge Hebbard committed the acts charged, and their verdict is the result. If a different conclusion had been reached, Mr. Marriott would, of course, have been declared guilty, and would have had to suffer the full penalties of the law. He has been exonerated, and his opponent is left in the mire of his own creating as a "tool," a "creature," and, as a consequence, a dishonored Judge. For him there can be no future on the Bench, and nothing honorable now remains for him but to accept his own forewarnings and resign. In his former libel trial against one of the depositors of the wrecked Savings Bank, his counsel, W. W. Foote, declared in his presence and hearing that "a verdict of vindication was necessary to his re-assumption of the Superior Bench; that he did not seek revenge, and would himself pay any fine over one dollar in which the defendant might be mulcted." This big bluff almost snatched a verdict in his favor. Fortunately, as it happens, he lived to see another day, and that has proved his Waterloo. His much deluded constituents now know Hebbard better than they did, and their information will increase, unless, indeed, he takes the one step obviously open to him, and resigns. By the way, his loud-mouthed organ, the Examiner, barely published the judgment against him. That will be accounted for in due time. Those who read that sheet will remember how, contrary to a well-established rule of the press, that journal tried to prejudice our case, influence jurymen, and prevent us having a fair trial. The result shows how limited its influence is in this city.

Hawaiian Canes Nearly the whole of the Hawaiian question is stated in our head line.

Against California's Beets. Shall the Hawaiian cane sugar be given a bonus of one and one-half cents a pound, with the effect of suppressing the growth of the most promising industry that California has to-day? Our beet sugar industry has made a big start, has great possibilities, and, indeed, bids fair to become the leading industry of the State. Our great valleys of deep, rich soil are unsurpassed for the growth of the sugar beet by any part of the known world. Their cultivation and manufacture will give our own farmers, carriers, and refiners an ever increasing amount of profitable labor. With our country on a protectionist basis, why should we give up our own home market to the fat, lazy, and opulent Hawaiian planters, and to their semi-slave laborers of Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese origin. To do that is to reverse our whole tariff policy, and to lead to the suspicion that certain of our Senators have tasted Hawaiian sugar, and found more in it for them than in that grown in their own country. The right kind of legislation on this subject is so palpable to the Protectionist majority that those of them who vote against it are obvious betrayers of a great public trust, and, as such, unworthy of confidence. The truth is, that the young missionary descendants who have fled from the natives nearly all their lands, have too long been a pampered, coddled and spoiled class. They toil not, neither do they spin. Yet, by abusing the hospitality of the natives, who so generously received their sires, they have become the lords of the manor, and rule over the country as despots. They employ imported heathens, who are paid and treated very much as if they were chattel property, and all this whilst these planters have been paid over \$80,000,000 by the American wage-earners in the shape of rebated sugar duties, and that to the injury of what can be, and ought to be, the leading industry of California's free labor. The white population amounts to only about 8,000, or about as many people as are found housed in a single street in San Francisco. We send this select band \$4,000,000 a year in rebated sugar duties, or more, on an average, than the United States has spent on the whole State of California. In return for all this, the Hawaiians buy of California wines, brandies, flour, lumber, canned goods, etc., to an amount just about equal to the sugar duties we present them with. That is to say, in fact, we virtually make a free gift of all that they care to order from us. Machinery, refinery material, and other articles of a more costly character, they take either from Germany or England, and order from us only what they must, which they would do treaty or no treaty. American consumers get nothing out of this subvention to the Hawaiians, because the latter take care that their sugar shall not sell for less than what is charged by countries with which we have no treaty. All this is a transparent wrong that has continued too long. It should no longer continue as an example of the jobbery and robbery of the period.

Taxing Inheritances. New York State did not like the Supreme Court's overthrow of the income tax, and is now playing for even by passing an inheritance tax bill. That it is an extreme measure no one can doubt. The rates are graduated, and are as high as ten to fifteen per cent on estates which mount well up into the millions. This feature may render it unconstitutional, inasmuch as it invades the requirement that taxation shall be equal. But its almost unanimous passage by the Legislature of our greatest State serves to indicate the trend of the times, that may well be taken to heart by the very rich. These men have for the most part acquired their wealth through special privileges of one kind or another conferred upon them by the Government. They can and they ought to bear a larger proportion of Governmental expenses than they now do. That is the feeling that is abroad in the land, and if it is not in some measure placated, it will sooner or later breed lamentable mischief. The masses have votes, and they are coming dangerously near to using them for socialistic purposes. Once let them carry a national election, and we may then witness scenes not unlike those of the French Revolution. The prevailing dissatisfaction is dangerous. The present Congress and administration are doing nothing calculated to alleviate it. The promised good times are

not being realized. A considerable proportion of our population is made up of dangerous classes. Conservative men may well take serious thought of these gathering clouds and put their heads together to forestall and circumvent them. The reorganization of our present incidents of taxation is inevitable, and it is to be feared that dire will be the consequences if it is much longer postponed. The NEWS LETTER's consistent course during its whole career renders it unnecessary for us to say more of ourselves than that we are treating of this matter more as a friend and counselor of acquired capital, than as a critic.

The opposition to the New York measure, which still awaits the Governor's signature, is raising heaven and earth to have it vetoed. Being an extreme and inequitable law, that ought to be its fate. But shelving the issue in that way will not solve it. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down. Its defeat now will only lend exasperation to the dissatisfied classes. The millionaires of the metropolis, who seemed to be struck dumb with amazement when the bill was going through the Legislature, now hazes forth upon the man who alone is empowered to put it on or keep it off the statute books. The New York Evening Post refers to the measure "as a direct tax on accumulation." But are not all taxes that? It is only a question of degree. The New York Times questions "whether it will not destroy all incentive to accumulation and industry." But may not the same thing be more justly said of the present too heavy burdens upon the poor? These are fair specimens of the arguments used up and down the State among its newspaper exponents of public opinion. All of which is as applicable to the struggling man's savings as to the vast accumulations of the very rich, with this difference: that the latter is able to stand it without suffering, whilst the former is not. This bold assumption on the part of these misguided organs is that extraordinary individual wealth is the sole product of honest thrift and industry, rather than of privileges created by the law, or taken in spite of the law. If the millionaires of the land will not abstain from buying vetoes, legislatures, and court decisions, as they are reported to be preparing to do in New York, we warn them that a worse evil than an income tax will befall them. The wealth of New York will not always impress its will upon the laws of this land, and that is so palpable that it would be the work of wisdom to study the trend of the times, and be preparing moderate measures that will turn aside a condition likely otherwise to come upon us. It is better to yield in part than to be altogether captured and at the mercy of the enemy. These are grave considerations for accumulated wealth in this Republic.

The President Usurping Congressional Privilege.

A suggestive story comes from our Eastern exchanges. It appears that a tall, finely formed and well-educated colored man appeared in Washington with unexceptionable credentials, and an application for a Postmastership at the South. He was presented at the White House, and by his modesty, manly bearing and record made a most favorable impression. He was booked for the place, and was happy. But a storm arose. The white lady clerks "would not retain their places under him, that they wouldn't." The Senators from the State—Georgia—would harass the Executive "if the nigger were appointed." All this, and much more, although many of the most prominent white men in Georgia had signed the man's credentials. After warming his heels around Washington for weeks, he was at last bluntly told by the President that "he would not be appointed; was wasting his time in Washington and had better go home." To this the crestfallen office seeker replied that he would gladly follow the President's advice, but that he didn't have a cent to go home with. Whereupon the President pulled out a ten-dollar bill from his vest pocket, and sent the colored man on his way, if not rejoicing, at least able to pay his fare out of town. This payment by the President is a distinct usurpation of the privileges of Congressmen. Every one acquainted with the national capital knows the ordinary stages which the unsuccessful office seeker experiences. He arrives at Washington proud and confident. He puts up at an expensive hotel, as befitting his anticipated dignity. He sees the Representatives from his district. He files his papers and "pays his respects" at the White

House. Then he waits, and oh such a wait! It soon becomes that "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." As the days pass his pocketbook dwindles. He abandons the hotel for a cheap boarding-house. The new suit of clothes he bought before leaving home begins to look seedy. His countenance takes on lines of chronic discouragement. Sooner or later he gives up a struggle that has become hopeless, and obtains a loan from his Congressman to pay his return to civil life. It is an ever-recurring tale, of more pathos than humor to many of our free and independent. But it is invariably the privilege of the Congressman to send his constituent home. Mr. McKinley has been there himself, and knows all about it. He has set a bad precedent, and has only himself to thank if he suffers from it in the proportion to which \$50,000 a year holds to \$5,000 a year. The colored gentleman in question is reported to have spent his time and not less than \$200 of his own money to help secure Major McKinley's election. Ex-President Harrison met a similar difficulty in a very different way. He had appointed a colored man to a position in one of the departments, whereupon the lady clerks addressed the President a remonstrance, saying they "could not get along with a negro in their midst, and would have to resign." The General replied that "he regretted their inability, as it was a distinct disability to office holding." They overcame their squeamishness. His weaker successor demonstrates that he is not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

The Roll of Honor.

The NEWS LETTER would fail of an honorable and pleasing obligation did it not thus publicly extend its earnest thanks upon its own behalf, no less than of the entire community, to the twelve citizens who sat in final judgment upon the case of Judge Hehhard against the liberty of the Press and the Rights of the People; for the NEWS LETTER and its proprietor were mere incidents in that happily abortive attempt to strangle free expression of opinion and protect our judiciary from honest criticism. The men who gave this emphatic verdict are substantial and active business men of this city. It is safe to say that a more thoroughly representative and intelligent jury never listened to testimony nor rendered a verdict in a San Francisco court. They sifted the testimony, reached the facts, and upheld justice in an atmosphere not over-friendly to the defense. That they did their duty courageously, and in their verdict maintained a great principle of justice, is the unanimous opinion of the people and press of California. If all our juries were animated by the clear sense of right and personal recognition of their sworn duties as were these men, we would have no cause to cry out against the insolence of office or the law's delays. These are the men: D. Farquaharson, hanker; Wm. Deeney, capitalist; K. Gamhitz, commission merchant; W. C. Kramer, hotel proprietor; R. Kaiser, grain dealer; Henry Levy, manufacturer; A. M. Lawyer, insurance and realty; Willard Perkins, bicycles; Joseph Simon, grocer; Thomas S. Taylor, mining; Adam Wagner, manufacturer, and D. B. Collins, merchant.

The Wilson Tariff Working.

The Wilson tariff is working as Grover Cleveland predicted it would. It is yielding all the revenue required, and never would have done less had not the Supreme Court knocked the income tax out. It has yielded another surplus, this time for April of \$6,000,000. The total deficit now would be only \$18,000,000 if the last Congress had not recklessly increased appropriations without adding a dollar to the revenue, and there is to-day a net balance in the Treasury, above the gold reserve, of \$128,000,000. The folly of moving heaven and earth, putting business on the rack, and running big chances of turning the country over to the Bryanite Democrats, all for the professed purpose of getting money into a Treasury which already has too much, is apparent on a mere statement of the facts. The Wilson tariff is clearly working out its own redemption, and would have done well enough if left alone. Business men had become accustomed to it, and were abundantly content to work out their salvation under it. Now things are being turned upside down, and the end is not yet.

The Promotion of Judge Morrow.

The promotion of the Hon. W. W. Morrow from the position of Judge of the U. S. District Court to that of

Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court, is one that at once honors the recipient and the appointing power alike. It is one that was eminently fit to be made, and gives satisfaction to all classes of our citizens, without distinction of party. That he will well and faithfully perform the duties of his new position goes without saying, because he has already been tried, and never found wanting, no matter what the emergency. His promotion brings him, we believe, an increase of salary of \$1,000 a year. It also entails less work, greater dignity and usefulness, and is one step nearer to the Supreme Bench: the goal of the ambition of all good judicial officers. It is also satisfactory from the standpoint of civil service reform. As Judge of the District Court, he was in the direct line of promotion, and that he received it is creditable to President McKinley, who was elected on a civil service platform. Judge Morrow is a thorough Californian, is singularly well acquainted with its vast and varied interests, and few, if any, practical issues will come before him of which he does not know the direct bearing. He is still in the prime of a sturdy and energetic manhood, and still well calculated to achieve the hopes and expectations formed for him by his many friends.

Exit, the High Hat.

Rottanzi has triumphed. The anti-high hat ordinance, with a little sawing off of its wings and mowing down of its plumes, to borrow from the art of millinery architecture—has passed the Board of Supervisors, and will, it is to be hoped, become a law. There may a danger lurk in the chamber of his honor the Mayor; but we trust not. He has, so far as is known, "laid low and kept dark" as to his most secret thoughts of the blooming and desolating high hat. It is true, Mayor Phelan is not a benedict. He yet delights in the charms of his cluh. But he is a gallant gentleman, with all the compliment implies, and his duty—usually quickly seen, and no sooner seen than fearlessly done—may be fatally entangled in the roses, the silks, the ostrich tips, and the laces and ribbons of one of those fearful triumphs of the dry goods store and taxidermist's wonderful cunning—at once the despair of the first-nighter and the joy of the feminine heart. But the Mayor is human; he is not a man of great stature; he is an inveterate patron of the theatres, and we charitably hope that he has suffered and torn his hair in impotent rage, as others of us have, when the heroine and hero—aye, the whole ballet—have been suddenly engulfed in the gloomy shadow of the milliner's riotous imagination. This is the one touch of the high hat that makes male mankind kin. Let the ordinance be signed, and the horizon cleared.

Tilting at Windmills

Dr. Lyman Abbott, a man of deep practical piety and profound knowledge—at once an honor to Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and worthy successor to the garments of the great Beecher—has called from the other side of the continent to the small and valiant warriors of the faith in San Francisco in a voice that appeals to the reason of the unsectarian world, even though it fail to arrest the intol-erant attention, or stay the discordant babel that bursts from the congregations of the Godly in condemnation of the conservative doubts of the Rev. William Rader, who questions the authenticity of Jonah's whale. Dr. Abbott has spoken as one who has traveled beyond the shallows near the shore, and from the deep ocean of a ripe and gracious experience hales back the way to those who clamor in de-feuse of the literal letter of the law forgetful of the spirit of charity and toleration—the great absorbing and vital facts for which the name of the lowly Nazarene has stood through the centuries. The emient divine, whose clear vision and broad wisdom none may successfully contradict, reads the Bible without the spectacles of tradition, and uses brains in penetrating its mysteries. He does not see in this fable of the fish and Jonah anything that bears upon the spirit of true Christianity; and he has holdly declared from his pulpit that a mau may gain a place in Abraham's bosom without consulting the possibility of temporary residence in a whale's belly. The Rev. Mr.

Rader has been subjected to the severest censure by many of his brethren, and in particular has he been scored by papers representing other than the Congregational faith on this coast. He had the temerity to say at a meeting of the ministry, that he did not take much stock in the Biblical allegation of Jonah and the whale—in fact, he regarded it as improbable, not to say absolutely without foundation. For this exercise of sincere personal belief, the brethren proceeded to rend him. They have not sought to meet his disbelief by reason; argument and logic are not in their lexicon. They say, let him who doubts be cast into outer darkness; may his uame be anathema; may he fade from the fold and perish from the earth. Blind acceptance, undoubting belief must take the place of individual opinion, and because the fables are of the Bible, no question of their literal truth can be entertained. To be a man first and a Christian after, will not serve their turn.

It is this indiscriminate and sweeping position of the orthodox faith that does the cause of religion greatest hurt. There is enough of vitality, of hope and divine sympathy within the lids of Holy Writ to claim the respect and stir to action the best emotions in the human heart. The grandest character in history is that of Jesus Christ. Its beauty and strength are not touched by the trivial causes which set by the ears half of the orthodox world, and exciting the mirth and inviting the ridicule of the struggling humanity of the earth. When these furious Don Quixotes of the faith cease to tilt at windmills, and practically take to heart the eternal truths taught by the Carpenter of Nazareth, and of which He stands as the sweetest and most gracious impulse and influence for the happiness and hope of a Race, they will find less time for small quarrels and windy battles over incidents of doubtful authenticity and less significance.

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BRILLIANT MARRIAGES OF EARLY DAYS.

WHEN one looks upon the beautiful and elaborate decorations of the church, the long train of charmingly attired bridesmaids, and the correctly got up ushers, whilst listening to the musical program of the organist, all adjuncts of a fashionable wedding nowadays, the mind often turns backward to early day ceremonies, comparing the simplicity of weddings then with the display of to-day. Take for instance the wedding of Judge Stephen J. Field and Miss Sue Swearingen which was performed at Grace Church on the 2nd of June, 1859. Could anything be simpler than that? The congregation of Grace Church at that time worshipped in a little wooden building on Powell street, near Jackson. The edifice is still standing and occupied by a colored denomination. Simple as the little church was it bore the distinction of being the fashionable church of the city. Church weddings were very infrequent in those days, but nearly all the society weddings which were performed in church took place therein as on this occasion. Such a thing as ushers were then undreamed of, "reserved pews" were also still in embryo, and so the guests at this ceremony, who were many in number, were allowed to seat themselves according to their own pleasure. There were no flowers—not even a bouquet upon the altar; the sun having not yet set there was no artificial light, and the only music heard was the wedding march as the bridal party entered the church at seven o'clock. Judge Field was in full evening dress; the bride and her sister, Miss Belle Swearingen (now Mrs. Audy McCreary), who was bridesmaid, wore gowns of simple white muslin. Bishop Kip, who was then acting as rector of the church, tied the nuptial knot.

But simple as this service was, the wedding of Miss Belle Swearingen (the bridesmaid at the above mentioned ceremony,) and Andrew McCreary was still more so. The bride and groom, with a couple of friends, drove up to Grace Church (the present edifice), at nine o'clock one evening towards the close of 1865, and were married by the rector, there being no one present but themselves. What greater contrast can be presented to this than the elaborate wedding festivities of their son and Miss McAdam, which took place so recently in England, and of which news has just been received? or of the still grander ceremonial when their eldest son married the only daughter of Colonel Lawrence Kip in New York not long ago? Judge J. M. Seawell, who so gracefully united in marriage Miss Agnes Smedberg and Max Rosenfeld last Wednesday evening was the groom of one of the prettiest bridal parties ever seen in San Francisco. The wedding ceremony of himself and Miss Gertrude Ver Mehr took place at Trinity Church on Pine street, on the evening of November 12, 1863, the father of the bride, the Rev. Dr. Ver Mehr, (a pioneer among our city clergy) officiating. At the reception which followed at the home of the Ver Mehrs on Sutter street the beauty of the bride and her attendants were the subject of comment, the bride being a blonde of the most perfect type, the Misses Ella Maxwell and Sarah Poett, who were the bridesmaids, equally lovely and perfect brunettes. These were all church affairs, and in contrast to the elaborate marriage ceremony which took place in New York a year or so ago, of Burke Holladay and Miss Clara Huntington, was the simple home ceremony which united the groom's parents—Samuel Holladay and Miss Kate Ord, performed by the Rev. Ferdinand Ewer in the parlors of Judge H. I. Thornton's residence on Green street one morning in September, 1858. Judge H. J. Thornton and his son-in-law, Judge James Thornton (ex-Judge of the Supreme Court) occupied adjoining houses on Green street in 1857, and both houses were utilized for the marriage of Miss Bessie Thornton, the belle par excellence of that period, and Ben Nesbitt, which was solemnized on the sixth of November 1857. It was one of the earliest weddings among San Francisco's swagger set, and the lovely bride and handsome groom, who was a junior partner in the banking house of Lucas Turner & Co., were looked upon as the most fortunate of mortals by the host of friends who crowded the rooms on the occasion. It was an evening ceremony, performed in the long parlor of her father's house by the Rev. Dr. Scott. The bridesmaids were Miss Eliza Van Ness (Mrs. Frank McCoppin), Miss Lucy Judge (Mrs. Sam Brooks),

and Miss Martha Scott (Mrs. Nick Kittle), and the groomsmen were Harry Thornton, Lieutenant G. H. Elliot, U. S. A., and Lafayette Hammond. Supper was laid in the adjoining residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. James Thornton. The beautiful bride wore a robe of white moire trimmed with orange blossoms, a wreath of the same flowers, and a tulle veil.

Had the marriage of Wm. C. Ralston taken place now instead of on the twentieth of May, 1858, what a magnificent function it would have been! Ralston, although not the money-king he afterwards became, was even then rapidly looming up in the financial world, and his wife was a niece of Colonel J. D. Fry. The marriage service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Scott, in Calvary Church on Bush street, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Again, there were neither flowers, attendants, nor wedding guests proper, no invitations having been issued. The church was well filled by their friends, and a reception followed at the residence of Mrs. Darling at North Beach. The notable feature of this wedding was the bridal trip to Yosemite Valley, which was a regular camping-out frolic; the ladies wore bloomers, the trip having to be made principally on horseback, the valley being almost inaccessible in those days. The party was a lively one, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ralston, Miss Sarah Haight, Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Kinkead, Colonel Fry, Judge McCreary, J. Y. Hallock, Edgar Mills, J. A. Donohoe, Tom Morrison and General Josh Haven.

A pretty home wedding was the ceremony which united the parents of those popular young beaux, Samuel and Danforth Boardman, and Chauncey Boardman, whose recent marriage to Miss Mary Mercado was such a society event. Mr. Geo. C. Boardman and Miss Julia Hort were married by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler in the parlor of the handsome new residence of the Horts on Sutter street, on the morning of August 16, 1863. Sunlight was excluded and the rooms brilliantly illuminated with gas; the bridal party and many of the guests were in full evening dress. The bride never looked prettier than she did on that occasion, and her bridesmaids formed a trio of pretty maidens. They were the Misses Cora Lyons, Nelly Gordon and Sue Throckmorton. Only a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, but a large reception followed afterwards.

The approaching marriage of Atherton Macondray and Miss Quita Collier recalls the wedding of the groom's parents, Fred Macondray and Elena Atherton, who was not only one of the prettiest, but one of the most popular, belles of San Francisco early-day society. It was the first country wedding ever celebrated hereabouts, the ceremony taking place at the country home of the Athertons, near Menlo Park, on the 11th of September, 1865, and was performed by Archbishop Alemany. A special train from town conveyed the guests to the scene of the nuptials. The lovely bride had three pretty bridesmaids, her eldest sister being one, and the others Miss Ella Maxwell and Miss Quita Smith. The *déjeuner* which followed was *à la fourchette*, and later the party returned to town by special train.

THE California Title Insurance and Trust Company elected officers for the ensuing year on the 1st inst., as follows: Charles Page, President; Oliver Eldridge, Vice-President; Howard E. Wright, Secretary. All the gentlemen are well known in business circles in this city. Mr. Wright was a member of the Assembly in the last Legislature, and is a prominent financial broker. Capital stock of the company is \$250,000; reserve fund paid up, \$25,000.

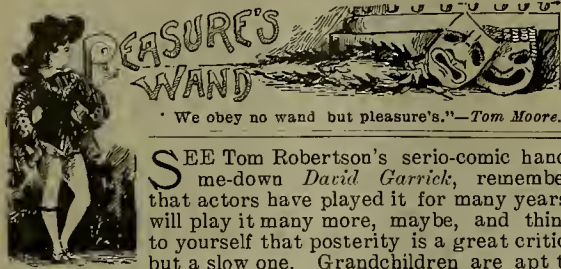
There are many kinds of Argonauts—but only one kind of Argonaut Whiskey, and that is the best. This fine liquor is represented on this Coast by E. Martin & Co. at 411 Market street, who are sole agents. Argonaut whiskey is pure, mellow, and the very perfection of good drinks.

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'We obey no wand but pleasure's.—Tom Moore.'

SEE Tom Robertson's serio-comic hand-me-down *David Garrick*, remember that actors have played it for many years, will play it many more, maybe, and think to yourself that posterity is a great critic, but a slow one. Grandchildren are apt to be just as bad judges as their pro-progenitors: it is a wise child who knows more than his father knew; and bad art often descends unto the third and fourth degeneration. It is not necessary to be an impertinent modern and a pro-traditionalist to recognize *David Garrick* as a fogey impossible, imposter "classic"—to me, at least, it does not seem necessary for man to be anything more than alive and awake to know that the play is bad, downright bad. Yet I sat in the neighborhood of ostensibly intelligent persons on Monday night at the Baldwin Theatre, and heard *Garrick* discussed as a master-piece. Everybody did not regard it that way; in fact, one first-nighter told me that he had always liked the play, but somehow his illusions were shattered after the Goodwin performance. "Shattered illusions," you may have noticed, is a bit of high language applied by whining man to those sudden shocks that mark the evolution of his taste. I am in a bad way to make myself convincing to the old-timer, who numbers *Garrick* among his cherished traditions, for I have never seen any of the "great Garricks" of the stage. I did not see the elder Sothern's—for reasons best known to my parents—nor Lawrence Barrett's; I was not in London when Charles Wyndam played the part—nor when he did not, for that matter—and those Garricks whom I did see were acted by rough, inexpensive actors whose names would give no formidableness or circumstance to the present occasion. If I remember well, the *David Garrick* who precedes Mr. Goodwin's in my experience was a fat young gentleman, who wallowed porkily in the lines, and had to be handled in the drunken scene by three brave men, and who has now, I believe, fallen to conducting a school of dramatic art. So, you see, I stand no chance in a discussion where comparisons are the weapons. The only good *Garrick* whom I have ever seen is Nat Goodwin's, and that is not so good that I have gained any respect for the play, or increased the almost unincreasable admiration I candidly hold for Mr. Goodwin. I wanted to see him in the part, just as I would hear Paderewski in a fire-cracker piano piece—to watch his fingers go round—to watch Goodwin in the various phases of dramatic virtuosity the part of *Garrick* is supposed to call forth. I satisfied my curiosity without diminishing by a single crumb my art appetite. Mr. Goodwin wastes enough good force on this loose, leaky part to keep several lesser actors vitalized for the rest of their lives.

* * *

My strongest reasons for esteeming Goodwin as the very best of American actors are the degrees of humanness, naturalness, unostentation, that lift his work to a realness unattained by other actors. And all this fine artisticness is as good as thrown away, it seems to me, on a part that is obviously artificial and theatric from start to finish. If Robertson had said of his *Garrick*, "Here is a poser and a prig, who lords it over a pack of ignoramuses, tells them what a devil of a fellow he is, sacrifices himself in one act by playing drunk before the girl he loves, because he has said to her father with puffing pride, "*David Garrick* has given his word," and then goes off and tells the whole business to the first roystering crowd he falls in with, and, proud and imperious to the last, will not wed the girl until her father remembers the *Garrick* vow, never to marry any man's daughter until her father comes hat in hand to beg the honor of the alliance—if Robertson had said this fairly, and lived up to something like it throughout the play, there might be some chance for a consistent character. But he did not; he intended his *Garrick* to be nothing less than a hero to the last letter of the word. That he reads a prig is only the accident of bad playwriting and

worse ideas as to what constitutes the actious of a hero. In the time of *Garrick* the actor was patronized by the world; his praises were sung in royal measures while favor held him high; but when luck was against some unfortunate member of the "perfesh," none was too low to hurl at him the stinging epithet "playactor!" *Garrick*, the player, believed in his craft and believed in himself. In the play he is presumed to elevate his calling. He does it by speaking of Shakespeare in reverent, religious tones, and patronizing the world. His deportment is meant to be a lesson to one sex and a joy to the other. In a small way he is as big a snob as Chesterfield, and in a big way he is as small a snob as the average star actor of the present day who is suffering from an obese opinion of himself.

Now it would be hard to find an actor who damns the oh-me-Gawd style of playacting as devoutly as Nat Goodwin does. Any one who remembers his career—from lowest comedy, mimicry, to that marvelous life-likeness, Jim Radburn, the Sheriff in *In Mizzoura*—must acknowledge that every detail of his work has been achieved by the purest and most unaffected of legitimate methods. In this case he tries to do more for the part than the part justifies. He overestimates the capacity of *David Garrick* for fine treatment. The first act starts beautifully; the delicate irony he brings out of his side of the situation when Ingot questions him and offers to bribe him to leave England; the eloquence of his facial expression; the rich humor suggested in his laconic replies—the general assumption and execution of this scene is nothing short of first-rate comedy art. And the noiseless unimportance which he attaches to that blithering line, "*David Garrick* has given his word," deserves a panegyric on gold plate. I do not like so well the scene where he discovers Ada's identity. It is the only incident that I remember in the play where Mr. Goodwin forces himself to anything like theatricalism, and it stands out incongruously.

* * *

The drunken scene—which has been unfavorably reviewed by several of my colleagues—strikes me as being more a question of interpretation than of execution. It is worked out in the same spirit of delicacy that characterizes the entire portrayal. Mr. Goodwin seems purposely to avoid making *Garrick* as extravagantly comical as a comedian of his known resources could easily make him. He subjects himself to the tomfoolery of the scene with some reserve, never going so far as to completely lose us the illusion of the sober *Garrick*. He is frankly playing drunk, not being drunk. He assumes a role within a role, and he takes pains to maintain the two apart. The average leading man, given this part, would make Rome howl with *Garrick's* drunken revelry, taking it for a great character chance. Goodwin's comicality is an established institution; in *Garrick* he asks for serious consideration, and instead of hinging the entire play upon the boozing episode, he makes that nothing more than incidental to the whole. Many a worse actor could get more violently successful results out of it—and make Chivy's following scene an anti-climax. For it is well to remember that Chivy is no imitation; his is a real drunk. The last act Goodwin plays with unusual gentleness. He is ingeniously sentimental rather than volcanic with Ada; and with something of superhuman decency he contrives to get real comedy out of that fearful moment when, hat in hand, Ingot asks the honor of the alliance. But artistic discrimination, subtle subtlety, and sensitive magnetism, get poor return from *David Garrick*. It is a rank old play.

* * *

The Smith, Jones, and Brown people are furiously farcical, and William Ingersoll is excellent just so long as Squire Chivy is boiling drunk—he takes the sober moments with bad grace—but there are two palpable cases of miscasting in *David Garrick*. Neil O'Brien, who has an honorable record in "below stairs" bits, is woefully inadequate to Ingot, and Miss Gertrude Elliott, who is clever at the "maudlingly emotional," should have saved her sister from playing an impossible Ada Ingot. I cannot see for a minute where Miss Maxine Elliott comes in in this play. She is no more the clinging, cooing, gushing, actor-smitten matinee girl of last century than she is of this; and she patronizes the part quite openly.

The Silent System follows for a curtain dropper, and is well worth the waiting. It is the best little sketch of its size that I know, and in it Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott realize more art than in all of *Garrick*. The performance is absolutely perfect. Miss Elliott finds her happiest comedy pace, and Mr. Goodwin's plastic, unerring pantomime is easier to read than print.

On Thursday night Nat Goodwin donned the Jeffersonian wig for the second time in San Francisco. And there was a better Bob Acres under it than Joseph Jefferson ever dared to play. I have seen Jefferson more than once in the part of Acres. I appreciate all he did in cutting and polishing the play to its present practical form: but I think that the best thing he ever did in his life was to hand it over to Nat Goodwin, together with the famous wig—it gave *The Rivals* a new chapter in stage history. I reviewed the performance last December, when Goodwin played Acres for the first time in America. The production throughout is improved now, and Goodwin makes good the promise of famous acting that was in his first performances. The delicious bumpitiousness of his first entrance, the irreproachable nuances of expression with which he merges Bob from bluster to quakes in the challenge scene, the comical yet almost pitiful piteousness at the dueling field—why, from the standpoint of technique alone, these scenes marked great acting. And, enveloped and warmed in Goodwin's compelling magnetism, they made old comedy live again, rejuvenated and humanized. It requires no whiskered traditions for one to appreciate the rare excellence of *The Rivals* as Goodwin gives it. I sat there in the Baldwin, Thursday night, sincerely believing that this play would be a success had it been written yesterday. This would be a hard test for any "classic," but I think *The Rivals* could stand it. That Irishman, Sheridan, was the Osear Wilde of his day.

During the run of *Shamus O'Brien* at the Tivoli I noticed that a score or two of people usually left the house at the end of the second act—the music was too much for them. To those persons I commend *Captain Fraacassa*, a matty comic opera composed by Dellinger, book by Genee and Zell, done into English, I am told, by Harry Smith of De Koven fame. It will see two more performances at the Tivoli, at neither of which shall I be present. DeWolf Hopper once played the title role. Rhys Thomas is following in Hopper's footsteps, and honestly confessing for once and all that he is no comedian. The production is an elaborate and an expensive one, and I could easily praise nearly everybody in the cast—Miss Millard particularly—for not making out the melancholy book and the weinerwurst music to be any deadlier than they really are.

The Baggensens (mother and son) are the only fun to be found among the Orpheum's novelties for this week. Mother Baggensen is very expert at juggling plates and bottles, and son has a new, if rather long-winded, scheme for playing stage-drunk. The pantomime, *Yvette*, committed by George Osrani and accomplices, is vulgar without being funny.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Mr. Goodwin will devote all of next week at the Baldwin to Mrs. Ryley's clever comedy, *An American Citizen*, in which he and Miss Elliott have scored one of the biggest successes of the season since the piece was introduced to us several months ago.

The Tivoli people will sing *Martha* next week, with a strong cast. A big ballet and several specialties will be introduced. Great preparations are being made for the local satire, *Miss Frisco*.

Nearly everything new at the Orpheum next week: The mysterious Omene, magician and illusionist, assisted by La Belle Nadine; Jules and Ella Garrison, travesty artists; Little Anna Laughlin, character specialist; Mitchell and Love, comedians, and the Eclair Bros. in their weird act, "The Crocodile and the Demon."

The Columbia closes for a week, prior to the Frawley engagement.

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The Celandine grew in the rank weeds. Sad was its life in the deep shade. It longed for a sight of the sky; and it loved the sky-bird, the Swallow. Crushed and broken by rude hoofs; but still alive and longing! Then chance cleared the way and it faced the sky, and the Swallow, oh, joy! paused for a moment beside it. But the Swallow's true mate came by, and away they flew together. Again rude hoofs, and ruder chance, o'erwhelmed the poor, little Celandine. One glimpse of sky, one moment of love, and then lowly life in the shadow.

HE had longed all his life to be loved. Nature, by making him a hunchback, seemed to have cut him off from the greatest of all things.

With what clinching of hands and low forced-out groans had he wrestled with the consuming agony of desire to be in all to someone!

At last, as the one wonderful gift from the gods, it came.

He was loved; loved for himself and for eternity. She was going to spend her life with him, and in return he had given his very soul into her keeping.

The habitual look of restless yearning in his eyes was changed to a happy sparkle, and even the weird bronze bell-pull on his outer gate in the Rue Boissonade seemed to grin with reflected joy as it peered through the vines.

With unspeakable happiness of heart he looked forward to the spring when they would return to America and become man and wife.

Ah, Life was rich and golden after all!

How she came to do it she never quite knew.

She had been rash, perhaps. He really was very unsatisfying to look upon. But then he was so kind; his gray eyes had looked at her with such an intense longing. She had felt sorry for him. He was so noble and so unselfish, and he loved her so devotedly—madly; he almost frightened her with his intensity of feeling.

There was really no one she liked better.

And these longings after an ideal, after an indefinable something that would complete her, were absurd. All right for novels and silly girls, but for an art student in Paris, with the weary Philistine world to struggle against, and the scarcity of prosaic necessities—well, he was so kind and could give her a home, and she could work her way to fame so much easier if she had not that to worry over.

And then he was so clever, he told such witty stories that one almost forgot that—well, what difference did it make if—if he were not like other men. Was she so petty that she prized a mere structure of perishable flesh and bones to a mind that she acknowledged as superior and to a nature she knew to be noble?

No! she would think only of these things. And she would go back with him on *La Normandie* and visit his people in Philadelphia, as it had been arranged. And they would be married a month later and then—Oh, well, something would turn up, and there was no need of thinking so far ahead.

The Friend does not quite know how it all came about. Fate, he supposes, the inevitable must be.

It was to be, and that was why his passage was booked for *La Normandie*, and he found himself traveling to Havre on the same train as Creighton and his fiancée.

It was deuced stupid of him, but he was lonely, and they were jolly, so he attached himself to their party.

Creighton was his best friend, and Alice Webb was a beautiful and interesting girl.

At Havre, as he watched Creighton assist the being dearest to him on earth up the long gang plank of the French steamer, the picture made his flesh creep.

He checked his thoughts with a start, astonished and annoyed at this disloyalty to his friend.

"My God, Aline, I love you! I can stand it no longer! I despise myself; I feel that I have lost all honor and self-respect. I hate myself for the treachery I have developed since we came on this ship seven days ago. Seven days—or is it seven years? Everything is chaotic, everything but my love for you, Aline. You belong to me. You know it; I know it. You can't help it, dear girl, any more than I can. You must tell him, Aline! You are mine. You must tell Creighton before we leave this ship."

"Carl, I cannot. It would be a crime. You may as well give me a knife and tell me to stab him. To lose me would be to lose everything." She looked at his athletic figure. "No, Carl, I cannot."

"Do you—love him?" asked the Friend.

She hesitated.

"No!"

"Do you love me?"

"Yes!"

"Then you must tell him. You are mine. It is but a choice of crime, since you put it that way. Better one stab than slow poison—I will go with you. Come!"

The Friend assisted the trembling figure of Creighton's fiancée to her deck chair beside him. They had just been standing by the guard-rail, partially screened by a life-boat. The watch had just tolled eight bells, and in the gloom the three were together.

The sea was calm and the sky free from storm, but under the very shadow of that life-boat took place a wreck, a hopeless wreck, not planned, but foreseen, and avertible—but at what cost! It was one wreck or else two.

"Are God and Nature then at strife?"

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

Half an hour later Creighton was carried to his state-room by a steward, and the Friend, who had the upper berth, changed to another room for reasons not made public.

For the three days following Creighton did not appear. But when the vessel steamed into New York harbor he came on deck and stood by the guard-rail waiting for his friends—those who had come to welcome him and his bride-elect.

He was very pale, and alone.

They were married, the Friend and the *Fiancée*, and returned to the Quartier to set up housekeeping in one studio-room in the Rue Delambre on nothing to speak of a month.

Creighton tells his witty stories in Philadelphia among the bachelors. There is more sarcasm in their texture than formerly, and the look in his gray eye has changed since the greatest of all things slipped forever away.—GRACE GALLATIN, in Quartier Latin.

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HOW "TATTERS" WON THE BLUE RIBBON.

It was about time for Miss Van Alston to be descending the steps of her home for her afternoon constitutional. There were also times when Miss Gertrude could be condescending but sometimes it was too much trouble. She hadn't much use for the line "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Miss Van Alston never deigned to move other than in the most dignified manner, and so, as she leisurely walked along Pacific avenue to the corner to take a down-town car, it was very provoking that an ugly spike should rear its head and insist upon an introduction to her patrician toe. However, upon inspection, the patent tip of her dainty *lottie* was still found to be in its pristine lustre, and the momentary annoyance fled. Once in the car, fair Gertrude gave herself up to maiden meditation, scorning the meek efforts of a woman nursing an immense basket from which peeped the family rations, who seemed to wish to speak to her. The canaille never had any interest for Miss Van Alston, not even as a study. It was fatiguing. A messenger boy, with alert eyes, was sitting opposite, and seemed to find something very entertaining about the floor in her vicinity. "Seuse me, Miss," he began, but when she bent upon him one of her most icy glances he thought better of his charitable impulse, and dropped off the car at the next crossing, saying disgustedly sotto voce, "Let der bloomin' nobility take care o' dereselves. Wot t' ell's de dif?"

Arrived in the frivolous precincts known as down town, Miss Van Alston left the car and began her demure promenade toward Kearny street, pleasantly conscious of the fact that her new Easter hat with cerise and violet trimming was in perfect accord with her walking gown fresh from the modiste's, and also feeling the flattering looks of the many promenaders of the one sex, and the envious glances of the ditto of the other.

At Sherman & Clay's corner some hypuotic power forced her to glance up Sutter street, and there she saw Reginald Forbes, her *fiancé*, out for an afternoon stroll with his diminutive, perky little terrier Tatters ambling serenely along beside him. But she had had a little bit of a misunderstanding with Reggie the evening before, and so she decided that she would not let him see that she knew of his vicinity. With her most stately step Miss Van Alston crossed the street to the northwest corner, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but with the little blush of excitement on her cheek so becomingly matching the cerise above it that more than one pair of the mauy masculine eyes usually to be found in that neighborhood was ravished at the sight.

But what was happening? What a peculiar sensation! Something seemed to be tugging at her skirts and almost forcing her to a stand-still—and at that corner of all places.

She tried to move faster—to break away from the clutch of the unseen power that seemed to rivet her to the spot; and, horror of horrors! the next time she tried to take a step she found she could not move an inch backward or forward! She glanced over her shoulder with some wild thought of calling a policeman to rescue her, and there, tugging with all his little furious might, was Tatters with several yards of blue satin bebe ribbon wound round and round his fat little body. Tatters, firmly convinced that it was some infernal machine seeking to destroy him, was savagely pulling and gnawing to get away, while the more he pulled the closer the ribbon shirred up in the founce of her silk petticoat and, pinioned the stately Miss Gertrude Van Alston as if in an inverted pudding bag.

Just then Tatters' teeth, vindictively worrying the ribbon, gave a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and *something* gave way. Tatters was sent sprawling, the ill-mannered brutes in the cigar store gave an extremely audible snicker, and Miss Gertrude was free to continue her fashionable promenade, leaving some eight or ten yards of ribbon as a memento to Tatters. But the promenade had lost its charms, and utterly crushed the fair Gertrude went home in hysterics and a cab.

That evening, after her nerves were somewhat restored, a messenger called at the parental abode with a large parcel for Miss Van Alston. Upon investigation it proved

to be a small, repentant, appealing terrier, and attached to his collar was the following touching message

"My Dear Gertrude—

Since Tatters has formed such an attachment for you, and judging from certain indications that separation would be a trying ordeal, though it breaks my heart to part with him, he is yours.

Devotedly, Reginald."

And Gertrude is undecided, up to date, whether to keep the dog and return the ring, or vice versa. But at any rate Tatters, although not entered at the San Francisco bench show, won the blue ribbon.

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819 Market street



"Patience Sparhawk and her Times," a novel, by Gertrude Atherton. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, London and New York.

This is a new edition of a novel originally published in 1895, and is well printed on good paper, and neatly bound. When we first read the title, we supposed the phrase "her times" to mean the period of the world in which Patience Sparhawk lived, but a perusal of the book leads us to the conclusion that "times" is to be understood in the same sense as in the phrases "a high old time," or "a real nice time." Patience, the daughter of a beautiful but dissipated woman, spends her early days on a ranch near Monterey. She is a dreamy, passionate child, without religion to console, or principle to guide her. Often when her mother's company becomes insupportable, she wanders alone over the fields and through the woods. A favorite haunt of hers is an old tower, in which she indulges in reveries, and the companionship of a blinking owl. In one of her night wanderings she meets a young Irishman, a lawyer and a clever fellow, who makes some sensible remarks that imprint themselves deeply on her mind. After her mother's death she is introduced to New York society, and blooms out into a handsome girl with excellent taste in dress. A very queer society she finds New York "society" to be: the women are entirely devoted to dress and the arts of captivating men; and the men treat the women on the assumption that they are harlots. On a first acquaintance a man takes a girl's hands, squeezes them, and will not let them go: on next meeting her, he grasps her round the waist, hugs her violently, and kisses her. No wonder a girl of common decency is disgusted. If the New Yorkers commonly met in "society" are the unlicked cubs that Mrs. Atherton represents them to be, they can be succinctly and accurately described in four letters: they are CADS. Nor do they even belong to that "improved species of cads" of which Mr. M. W. Hazeltine somewhere speaks. They are of the unadulterated and unmitigated sort. Even Patience, though the more vulgar of the men repel her, has a fair number of experiences ("times") herself. Ere long she is so unfortunate as to inspire a violent passion in the breast (he has no heart) of one Beverley Peele, who, though represented as belonging to one of the best families in Westchester County, is a more utterly unredeemed and unredeemable blackguard than the rest of the men in the story. Tempted beyond her strength by the passion, animal magnetism, and physical beauty of the man, Patience marries Peele. She has not been married long ere she hates him: he becomes daily more violent and unbearable. At last she leaves him and takes refuge for a day with a friend of her childhood, Rosita, now a petted *prima donna* and the spoiled mistress of her manager. Patience takes up journalistic work, and with considerable success. Her editorial chief is a man named Steele, a clever journalist who, though taking the queer and distorted views of life that work on a "great daily" almost inevitably gives, does bear some remote resemblance to a gentleman. Patience grows attached to him, and they spend much time together. At last Peele's jealousy makes him ill, and Patience is sent for to nurse him. She does her duty, distasteful though it is, faithfully. Sometimes, when he is in pain, she has to administer morphine: but one night Peele pours it out for himself, and dies from the overdose. Patience is accused of murder, and after a highly sensational trial is condemned to death. But Bourke, the Irishman whom she met as a girl on her night walk near Monterey, makes unceasing efforts in her behalf, and at last secures an affidavit from one of the most important witnesses at the trial to the effect that, through jealousy and hate of Patience, she had lied: Patience is pardoned, and falls into Bourke's arms, for she has some time before discovered that she does not love Steele with her whole heart and soul, as she does the voluble advocate. That "Patience Sparhawk and her Times" is a clever and interesting story we do not deny (in spite of Mr. Leggett's inability to per-

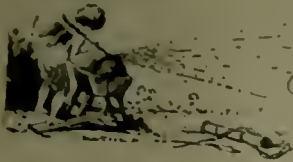
ceive its literary merit), but we think it an unwholesome one. It is not often that the professional and the amateur coincide in their opinions about a book, but in this instance we confess that, somewhat to our surprise, we find ourselves in accord with Messrs. Joseph Leggett, Patrick F. Healey, and Ferdinand Formhals, the amateur book critics of the Mechanics' Institute. We think, as they do, that overmuch rumination upon sexual matters is unwholesome. But, though we chance on this occasion to take the same view as Messrs. Leggett & Co. we hold that these good gentlemen are entirely out of their province in criticising books, the function of one of them being to practice law in the courts of California, of the second to buy and sell books, and of the last to vend drugs. We beg to direct their attention to a little essay entitled "A Case of Bookstall Censorship," in which Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch discusses the similar case of Mr. Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," having been excluded by certain well-meaning but misguided persons from the railway bookstalls of Great Britain. Paraphrasing Mr. Quiller-Couch's words, we say: That Joe, Pat, and Ferdie, by the process of being appointed the Book Committee of the Mechanics' Institute, should be exalted into supreme arbiters of what men and women may be allowed to read—this surely is unjustifiable by any argument. The public has no reason to suppose that they know a good book from a bad one. If there must be a censorship of literature, let the community choose a man whose qualifications have been weighed, and on whose judgment it decides that it can rely. While we cannot pretend (as Messrs. Leggett *et al.* do) to be shocked at the mention, or even at the sight, of a woman's legs, and while we think that some women stand upon a better footing than others, we do not think that Mrs. Atherton's highly-wrought, sensational tales of promiscuous flirtation are calculated to do any good. We observe that Mr. Leggett has recklessly offered to stake his "reputation as a man and as a literary critic" that the recital of Patience Sparhawk's gay times is not wholesome. If Mr. Leggett will separate his "reputation as a man" from his reputation "as a literary critic," and will lay the latter reputation to a red cent, he may find a taker.

At the end of The International Magazine there are now several departments, one of which is conducted by Mr. W. E. Curtis, under the heading "Matters Diplomatic." In the May issue Mr. Curtis girds at Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, for refusing to accept an invitation to a dinner at the national capital, at which his host informed him that he would not be permitted to occupy his proper place at the right of the hostess. We may feel entirely certain that Sir Julian was simply doing what he conceived to be his duty in insisting upon proper respect being paid to his official position as the representative of Great Britain: to himself, as a distinguished Englishman, it must be a matter of incalculable utimportance whether he sits to the north or the south, to the east or the west, of the consort of a Washington lawyer or doctor. A man who would insist on due respect from an Emperor of Russia, Germany, or China, cannot reasonably be expected to yield place to a provincial attorney.

Now we have Miss Gilder in her department, "The Lounger," in the May issue of that excellent literary periodical, the Month, writing: "It is claimed that this alteration (the elimination of all expressions distinctly American) 'will make Louisa M. Alcott's 'Little Women' more suitable for reading in English class-rooms.'" Instead of "claimed," why does Miss Gilder not write simply "said"? that is all she means. "Claimed" in this sense is certainly an "expression distinctly American"; as also is "hesitancy" for "hesitation" in such a phrase as "One sometimes feels a hesitancy in sending out his manuscript," which we observe in an earlier paragraph of "The Lounger."

Swain's bakery at 213 Sutter street has for years been held as the standard of excellence in this city. This splendid restaurant serves a first-class dinner—first-class in service, in quality, good taste and refined attention, between the hours of 5 and 8 o'clock every day for \$1.00. The best dinner in the city. Also fine pastries, confections and candies promptly supplied.

Only fashionable gentlemen's wear is to be found at John W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street. Newest, latest. Strictly up-to-date.



Sparks

THE sights which one enjoyed at the delightful charity affair, veiled Gingerbread Fête, held at the Crocker residence on Sutter street last week, were not all down on the programme by any means, and each evening a new "show" was to be seen by those who look beyond the public gaze. What, for instance, more interesting to observe than the way the girls watched the devotion of the popular young couple so soon to be made one flesh. No doubt about the affection in this case, say the girls: it speaks in every action, every look. Then for those who seek the comic element there was the view presented of the pretty spiekers "going for" C. P. Huntington, and a gallant officer who was the objective point for scores of women, matrons as well as maids, for women are always attracted by what is styled "toney."

"The sounds of revelry by night" are beginning to be heard at the Hotel Rafael—Saturday night such an influx of Fashion arrived there the halls resounded with merriment, and the delightful moonlight was taken advantage of by several parties in several ways. There is no lack of opportunity for enjoyment to suit all tastes where the urbane Warfield presides, and from present indications the trouble will be not what to give the guests in the way of amusement, but where to put them, so many applications for rooms have been received. Afternoon card parties for the dowagers are at present in full swing over there, and sometimes that amiable young lady, Miss Clementina Kip, takes a hand *pour passer le temps*.

The reliability of the Examiner as a medium of fashionable intelligence can be judged by their New York correspondent asserting that the Herman Oelrichs are at present in Newport preparing to open their house there for summer residence, when every one knows that Mr. Oelrichs is in San Francisco making the Fair residence ready for the occupancy of his wife and Miss Fair, who are expected here shortly for an extended stay among their old friends in our Golden City.

Expressions of pleasure are heard on all sides upon General Shafter taking command of the Military Department of California, the place vacated by General Forsythe's retirement, for although the latter officer has made himself very popular with all, it will be good news to society, at least, to have the Black Point residence occupied once more by a family that will undoubtedly offer hospitality therein.

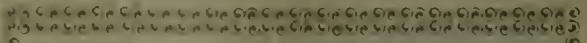
Rumor says that Mrs. Hager and Mrs. de Young will rival each other this summer in suburban festivities, as each will be in residence in San Rafael. The de Young place, Meadowlands, is well adapted for lawn parties, and *on dit*, Mrs. Hager will have a grand picnic in mid-summer; so no doubt the friends of both ladies will benefit by their amiable intentions.

"Al Bowie has been changing his steps of late," said a girl at the Gingerbread Fête, to a vacuous-looking youth, whose mother has more money than he has brains. "Ah, really; so I suppose he can't do the two time as well as the old glide," was the response that sent her into a peal of laughter.

The Downey Harveys are gradually emerging from their seclusion and mourning for their wealthy aunt, and are once more a bright feature in theatre parties, dinners, and dog shows, at which their numerous friends are greatly delighted.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wenzell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme Marchand's Preparations. Use Crème de la Crème. Positively prevents sunburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

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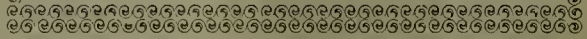
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The Pine Street Market. There is little to be said regarding the speculative mining market for the week now closed. Business has been dull and altogether in the hands of the small fry,

who still suffer themselves to be led by absurdities of many king's still greater than themselves. There is a wide field for the close observer on Pine street in reviewing the peculiarities of the slaves and their herders. In no place is human credulity more elastic, and, it might be added, more profitable. The official report from Con. Cal.-Virginia has to be drawn upon for all information regarding the new development, or quasi-development, perhaps, is the safest way to put it. This is a benefit in the way of shutting off the avenues for robbing people on a small scale by small people figuring their status from a basis of dollars and cents. The middle stocks have done a little better of late, and were it not that the fractional advances are now on an infinitesimal scale, a few profitable turns could have been made. Elsewhere nothing of interest has developed to arouse enthusiasm outside the ring of investors who for years have hucked the game and grown weatherworn in their devotions to it. Outside patrons are not to be allured by such slow work as that now going on the street.

Consuls as Financial Advisers. A prominent London financial weekly is inclined to dispute the right of Consuls to act as commercial and financial advisers, or as the

writer puts it, "to act as a spy upon the business of his countrymen which are carried on in the neighborhood." We differ with our esteemed contemporary on this point. A Consul has it in his power to assist his countrymen very materially by his advice on all matters of the kind, for the reason that he is in a position to obtain direct information of a local hearing which is not otherwise readily available to the foreign resident. Furthermore, it is in his power to sound a note of warning as to cases of fraud, protecting the pockets of his countrymen as well as their persons, which he is supposed to look after in time of peril. It matters not where his lash may fall in dealing with villainy in any form. Should the delinquent belong to his own people, there is all the more justification for special severity. No argument can be put forward to sustain the position that an honorable and scrupulous official must blind his eyes to what is going on around him prejudicial to the interests of the people he represents. The closer watch he keeps upon commercial and financial enterprise of all descriptions, the better he fulfills the duties and responsibilities of his position in the opinion of honest men without regard to nationalities.

Money for South Africa. It is about time the result was known here of the effort made by the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, to raise additional capital to the extent of \$3,625,000. An extraordinary meeting of the shareholders was called for May 8th. The money is required to open up the deep levels, and the report of John Hays Hammond is depended upon to sustain the management in their new departure. The company now controls about 609 claims, and by the end of the year it is expected that a new 280-stamp mill will be dropping, in addition to the one of 100 stamps now running. There are now 7,594 shareholders in the company, and it is expected that they will absorb the new issue of stock. The success of this company in raising the proposed capital is of interest here, as it will tend to revive the market for mines, which has been practically closed to projects from California and elsewhere for some time past.

A Valuable Concession. The Mexican Government has, it is said, renewed the concession originally granted in 1882 for the colonization of the Angel de la Guarda, Tiburon and San Estaban Islands in the Gulf of California, which were subsequently forfeited. The concessionaire has, however, been deprived of two-thirds of the Angel de la Guarda and San Estaban, originally held by him, while he is allowed to retain condi-

tionally two thirds of Tiburon, his title thereto to be held conditionally on the performance of the following colonization projects: He must, within eight years from April, 1897, settle on the land in Tiburon Island ten families, who may be either Mexican, European, Japanese or Chinese, conveying by sale or otherwise to each family a lot of not more than fifty hectares. The concessionaire is also empowered for twenty-five years, terminating in 1907, to establish oyster, seal, whale and general fisheries in the Gulf of California, and to erect canneries and works for extracting from fish their fat, commercial salts or phosphates. This, on the surface, looks a very valuable concession in the hands of the right man, backed by sufficient capital. With the embargo off regarding China and Japan, it should not be very difficult to fulfill the provisions of the concession in regard to colonization. However, the scheme failed before, although the Government confesses that the concessionaire did all in his power to carry out the terms of the old concession.

The Gold of Buckeye. Residents of Nevada are excited over the recent strike made in the placer mines at Buckeye. Their wealth seems phenomenal, and comparisons are now being drawn between the camp and the Rawhide mine, both having been

turned down by alleged experts as worthless, or practically so. In this connection the death the other day of Schiefflin, the discoverer of Tombstone, Arizona, recalled the fact that he also had some experience with "ye expert," who turned down as a fraud what afterwards turned out to be one of the richest of Western mining camps. It is easier to make a condemnatory report in any case than to show possibilities of a favorable nature, which require a peculiar technical education to understand and appreciate. There is one consolation, that the loss by such expert reports invariably falls in the long run upon the men who pay for them, so that little harm is done to any one else. The Schiefflins lost nothing by the wild and sweeping denunciation of Tombstone, the Rawhide bonanza has reacted like a homerang upon the savants who couldn't see enough to take it in for \$150,000, and now the Buckeye will probably reiterate the force of the moral that the professional expert is not always as expert as he thinks he is.

What Does This Mean? The statement which appeared in the Chronicle recently, in an interview with President Neff, of the California Miners' Association, to the effect that that body will take no part in the conflict between the farmers and miners, precipitated by the Anti-Debris Association, seems hardly creditable. "Our body was not formed for that purpose," Mr. Neff is quoted as saying. If not, for what purpose was it formed? Not purely political and anti-railroad, surely. For some time past the practical mining man has looked askance at the combination of manufacturers and politicians gradually working into control of the organization, and if Mr. Neff is now quoted correctly, the sooner dissolution comes, the better it will be for the honest contingent which lent a sustaining influence under the impression that the Association was a protection to the mining industry in all its branches. Is the Anti-Debris Association such a power in the land that the politicians connected with the Miners' Association are afraid of incurring its enmity by doing their duty in the premises? If this is the case, the death-knell of the organization may as well be sounded, for its end is near at hand.

Latest from Bounce & Co. The London Shareholder says: "The Rothschilds have had bad luck of late. This celebrated 'house' is known to be largely interested in South Africans and in Brazilian stocks which are in a very rotten condition. The Grand Central Mine of Mexico is evidently doing badly, and now something appears to be wrong with Anacondas. In spite of the recovery in the price of copper, these shares have been pressed for sale of late, and as the price of 5¢ carries a 5s. dividend, it cannot be attributed to inflation. The sooner the real position is known the better for all concerned."

A NEW YORK financial contemporary says: "It may be discourteous to criticise the U. S. Supreme Court, but a decision that allows the telephone patent to cover a period of thirty-four years, instead of the ordinary seventeen, is open to some comment."

John Lauer

"Hear the Crier" — "What the devil art thou?"
"Oo that will play the devil, sir, with you."

PASTOR Gibson has inflicted another letter upon the public through the obliging medium of the daily press. If these literary effusions are an index of the sermons that the Reverend J. George perpetrates, it is advisable that his resignation be at once accepted. The erstwhile spiritual adviser of Durrant, it is averred, has the warm sympathy of his ministerial brethren. They should transfer their pity to the people who pay out their hard-earned nickels to peruse the Gibsonian effusions in their epistolary form.

IF the bold, bad "Baron" were indiscreet enough to return to San Francisco, he would find himself amorously besieged by a multitude of maidens on the shady side in veils and morals. To have all the sensation of a wedding and a European honeymoon, and none of the reactionary flatness of the connubial state, is many a woman's ideal of marriage; it's the plums without the stomach-ache. And the role of forsaken female is highly popular just now—there's money in it.

GOVERNOR BUDD, in the course of his investigations into the Durrant case, has visited that now notorious edifice, Emmanuel Church. It is too much to expect, however, that the Recording Angel will chalk this pilgrimage up to gubernatorial credit, although it is believed that there is always joy among the heavenly throng when a public officer enters the house of God. Emmanuel Church, however, is not the house of the Deity.

ATTORNEY Deuprey is still looking ahead. He seems to place but a flimsy hope in Governor Budd's investigation, for it is said he is already getting up fresh evidence for the next appeal. He does not expect to conduct this in person, but has engaged the services of a prominent archangel, who is now busy arranging the great mass of facts, and hopes to have all ready by the time Durrant comes up for his final trial.

CONSIDERABLE comment has been made over ex-Mayor Sutro's perilous escape from disaster the other day, when the white-whiskered Seer of Sutro Heights and Duke of Seal Rock barely avoided collision with a runaway. So much for the brevity of the public's memory. The narrow escape of our glorious commonwealth from municipal ruin when it came into collision with Mr. Sutro seems to be quite forgotten.

THE plea that train-wrecking is only murder in the second degree, because the malice of the murderer is not directed against a specific individual, is monstrous; and yet one of the attorneys in the Worden case did not hesitate to present this argument to Governor Budd. Presumably he is one of those people of narrow intelligence who think it is more respectable to be in a wholesale business than in a retail.

THERE is a row in the Woman's Press Association, but it is not true that it originated in any aspersions among its members as to which was the oldest pebble on the beach. It was merely a difference as to the authority in the managing board. Let the good ladies settle the matter among themselves. Hairpins are cheap.

"IMMORTALITY" was the subject of Reverend W. M. Reilly's discourse on Sunday. Considering the defections of certain of his clerical confrères hereabouts, it seems to the CRIER's unorthodox mind that a disquisition on "Immortality" would have been a more timely topic.

COFFEE is by no means the most important of Guatemala's exports. Men with money to burn are of much more value in the cargoes that reach the local market. At all events, a heavy price is upon their heads, as well as a heavy tax upon their purses.

NAT GOODWIN is authority for the statement that a man can't be a successful actor unless he is an adept at making love. Nat ought to know.

DOCTOR Irmer, dubbed the Pook-Bah of the Southern Seas, having filled the position of Governor of Germany's islands in the Pacific, is temporarily tarrying in the midst of us. The gentleman has a remarkable record, for it is said that besides being thoroughly onto the executive job, he has administered justice, looked after commercial and trade interests and kept the natives on their good behavior. This genius should not be permitted to escape. Cannot something be done to induce him to devote his rare talents to San Francisco, and keep the natives here on their good behavior?

POLICE Judge Campbell would better encase his luxuriant crop of whiskers in a protection mask, for Chief of Police Lees is after his scalp and may confiscate the accompanying beard. It all came about through His Honor's too precipitate release of Mabel Keating, a light fingered lady of the lower levels who picks the pockets of gentlemen for a living. Her bonds were supposedly of straw, but this is not proof that the Campbell whiskers are adorned with hayseed.

BOSS Rainey's pet lambs are being slaughtered in wholesale batches, and their erstwhile guardian is powerless to protect the loudly bleating flock as their heads fall one by one into the municipal basket, while the guillotine goes merrily on its decapitating way. Ed Graney, official horse-shoer of the city, is also in jeopardy, which proves that a man may be a successful political heeler and still lose his head.

BURGLAR Harris so successfully projected his astral and physical body through the dock in Police Judge Low's courtroom on Tuesday that he has escaped the clutches of the law and is now at large. With his natural proclivities, and bearing a charmed life, Mr. Harris should not confine his accomplishments to common burglary. He would make a brilliant record as a member of the next legislature.

UNDER cover of the fusillade of legal shots in the Barillas-Blair melodrama, our local Lotharios have crept into temporary obscurity. It is indeed an ill wind that blows nowhere. One of the dizziest dazzlers of them all, is enjoying a sweet surcease of public attention while he murmurs sympathetically and softly to himself, "There are others. Miue was not the only Lily on the stem."

ADESPONDENT actress out of a job set fire to her dresses this week, with the desired result, free advertising. Other unlucky Thespians of the feminine persuasion will, it is feared, work the conflagration scheme until it is as common as the lost-diamond gag. The experiment is startling but absolutely safe, provided the incendiary wears a property wig.

ARCH-PRIESTESS Annie, surnamed Besant, at present turning a four-candle-power astral searchlight upon San Francisco audiences that sit in spiritual darkness, declares that there is no hell. To substantiate this statement, however, it would be necessary to secure post-mortem affidavits from some of our gone-but-not-forgotten millionaires.

SATURDAY night's rain, it is stated, did considerable damage at the City Hall, several of the offices and court rooms being flooded. The City Hall is a great place for leaks, anyway. It is not, however, always so easy to locate them as in this instance, most of them being of a financial nature.

THE morbid gloating over horrors is one of the most unpleasant characteristics of the age. The story of Hollman, the murderer, anticipating his doom by cold-bloodedly rehearsing his own hanging, is thoroughly revolting—it's as bad as a man rehearsing his wedding ceremony.

THE average citizen who is not a householder takes no interest in the discussion about a cut in water rates. So long as the fluid does not contaminate his whiskey he does not care what its fate may be.

WHILE Redwood City is preparing for a sweet pea fete in June, Durrant is also preparing for his June fate, but the sweet-pea girl with him is but a memory of the past.

BARILLAS, the frolicsome South American Don Juan, is unlike the Arkansaw Traveler. It is impossible to estimate the number of girls he has left behind him.



A young lady sings in our choir,
Whose hair is the color of phoir,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be nhoir.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Low cut at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I shall sique:
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regrette,
She shall share my \$6.00 a wique.

—Norwich (N. Y.) Telegraph.

Two Irishmen, just landed in America, were encamped on the open plain. In the evening they retired to rest, and were soon attacked by swarms of mosquitoes. They took refuge under the bed clothes. At last one of them ventured to peep out, and, seeing a firefly, exclaimed in tones of terror: "Mickey, it's no use; there's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."—Pearson's Weekly.

"What did Noah live on when the flood subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land."—Chattanooga Times.

"They didn't have all this siang and idleness in my day," said grandma. "When a girl meant 'no,' she said 'no,' and she put in her time knitting." "And now," said Gladys Edyth, "instead of knitting and saying 'no,' the girls are knowing and saying 'nit.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lucy—Such an exquisite skirt your dear little daughter wore at the children's fancy-dress party! Was it your design? ELLA—Not exactly. You see, the time was very brief, and I just let her wear the shade of the drawing-room lamp.—Exchange.

"Mr. Henpeck," said the doctor, after examination, "I fear your wife's mind is gone." "That doesn't surprise me," said the poor man. "She has been giving me a piece of it every day for ten years."—Memphis Scimitar.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis, in perfect confidence: "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby?" "Well, really, now, what a coincidence," said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine!"—Tit-Bits.

The Bright Youngster—Mamma, if I'm good will I go to heaven? THE MAMMA—Yes dear. THE BRIGHT YOUNGSTER—How'll I get back?—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Stranger (to man in front)—Won't you please ask your wife to take her hat off? I can't see the stage at all. MAN IN FRONT—Ask her yourself; I daren't.—Exchange.

Visitor (behind the scenes)—Say, why do you call these "dressing-rooms?" No one ever dresses in them—do they? DOLLY DIMPLE—Oh, yes—after the show is over.—Life.

"When I was first married I thought my wife was the only woman on earth." "How do you feel about it now?" "Well, there's our cook."—Chicago Record.

"Why are they putting that glass front in the savings bank?" "So that the depositors can see how homely the president's typewriter is."—Chicago Post.

"For a while he was clear out of his mind about that girl." "And now?" "Oh, now the girl is clear out of his mind."—Indianapolis Journal.

"On the Santa Fé There's No Delay."

Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at Barstow with Santa Fé Limited, Dining cars, buffet, smoking car, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

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Dr. R. Cutlar, 318 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street. Selections on approval; any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 327 Brannan The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

BOILER MAKERS.

P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street. Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

CANDIES.

Maillard's Chocolates in 1/2 and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Hermann Schwarze (known as Hermann at Trozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 235 Powell st. Telephone Main 5320

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1892.
Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President; E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signatures of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fees. Office hours—9. A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 8

The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,7 0 247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horsman; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B A Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Oh and

Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
John J. Valentins.....President
Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
F. L. Ltpman.....Assistant Cashier

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; Salt Lake City, J. E. Donly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentins, Benj. F. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank.

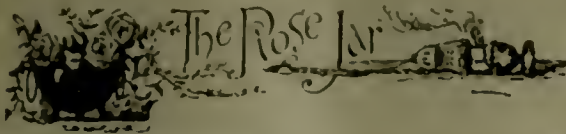
222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord S. L. Abbott, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin E. J. McCutcheon
Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln



A SONG—JOHN REEVES EDITOR, & LOTUS

Come, boys, pile up the crackling logs,
Be merry while we may
Outside the winds shriek through the bogs,
The wailing cats and howling dogs
Give portent of the day
We die!
Long life to Death!

Come, take the jug and fill your glass,
And drink to all a toast,
The modest wife, the shameless lass;
Life is but short, and soon we pass
From flesh and blood to ghost;
We die!
Long life to Death!

Come, while away the passing hour
And give no need to time!
The Devil take the crab'd and sour,
We'll drink a toast to him whose power
None can withstand. A crime
To die!
Long life to death!

THE MAID O' THE MILL—CHARLES MURRAY, IN CHAPERONE MAGAZINE.

The cushie doos are cooin' in the birk,
The pee-weets are cryin' on the lea,
The starlings in the belfry o' the kirk
Are layin' plans as merry as can be.
The mavis in the plantin' has a mate,
The blackbird is busy wi' his nest,
Then why until the summer should we wait
When Spring could see us happy as the rest?

There's leaves upon the boortree on the haugh,
The blossoms is drappin' fra the gean,
There's buds upon the rantree and saugh,
The ferns above the Lady's Well are green
A' the herd is singin' on the hill
The o'er come o' ilka sang's the same:
"There are owre mony maidens at the Mill,
It's time the ane I trusted wi' came hame!"

MEMORY.—CHARLES C. NOTT JR. IN SCRIBNER'S.

Upon a night long after I had died
I rose and passed the portals of Her heart,
Therein no wreck nor ruin I espied,
But fair and quiet its dim-lit chambers lay,
And a sweet sience breathed in every part.
And I, who once had dwelt there, stood and sighed,
And thought, "While I have slept in the cold clay,
How soon the stains of grief were washed away,
That soon some tenant new might here abide."
And as I thought, one quietly entered in,
And in his hand a key to every door.
I bowed my head and turned away and said:
"Pardon me if I return here from the dead;
I dwell here once, though I dwell here no more."
But he the keys did place my hands within,
And said: "Whate'er thy steward's is, is thine;
My name is Memory, and this place is mine."

MAY.—ARTHUR J. BURDICK, IN BUFFALO NEWS.

A burst of melody, divine,
From where the leafy branches sway;
A glimpse of blue—sweet violets—
Amid the grasses by the way;
A breath of perfume on the breeze;
The vagrant brook's soft, liquid lay—
And this is May.

A sheeny glimmer on the lake
Where soft and dancing sunbeams play;
A hazy, mazy, shifting cloud,
Of giddy, basking insects gay;
A medley rare, of scent and sound;
A dream of sweetness all the day—
And this is May.

BANKING.

Bank of California, San Francisco.

Capital \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided 3,152,129 70
Profits (October 1, 1894) 3,152,129 70
WILLIAM ALVORD... President | CHARLES R. HISHOP... Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY... Secretary | THOMAS BROWN... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH... Ass't Cashier | J. F. MOULTON... 2d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CRINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

Cor California and Montgomery Sts.
Capital Full y Paid... \$1,000,000
Transacts a general banking business
and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upwards according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.
DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Louge, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Dalzell Brown.
OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.
DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANBOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000
HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.
SIC. GRENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Galifornian Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized.....\$3,000,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000
Paid Up.....1,500,000
Reserve Fund.....700,000
N. E. COR. PINE AND SANBOME STS
HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
IGN. STEINHART } Managers
P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Crocker-Woolworth National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
AND POST STREETS.
Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000
WM. H. CROCKER... President
W. E. BROWN... Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE... Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
Established 1851, San Francisco.
CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000
JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.
Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. G. Lukens, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.
AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.



DEAR EDITH : The color epidemic this spring was red, and for this reason red is the scarcest and most carefully handled color in the wardrobes for summer. It has such use as for bicycle hats, toned down with black, and for accessories of rough serge outing gowns; having been made popular, it is felt to be in best harmony with utility dress—dress that is meant to be frankly democratic. The fever for red has, in fact, brought about a reaction in favor of blue, green, and mauve. The large use of these colors has already been noticed in the matter of Scotch plaids. These plaids remain in vogue, and there is no need to return to them here; but what is entirely new is the mingling of blue and green in separate materials, which takes the form, principally, of green trimming on blue. Thus, blue veiling gowns and blue jackets of various material are covered with green silk appliques, scroll work stitched flat; thus, blue serges are trimmed with green soutache. Last year these colors were mixed in the weave, now they are placed in contrast side by side, and the principal novelty lies in this change.

But if a truly aristocratic color is wanted, a color that only the few will or can wear, this color is yellow. Among all the others yellow has an air of distinction, and will give value to a gown that has cost almost no money at all. For example, a burlap skirt of tow color and a silk blouse of deep saffron is an easily made gown that has great effect. Over the blouse goes a little sleeveless bolero of the burlap with square jockeys that stand out straight, and the skirt and bolero are lined with the tint of the burlap. The sleeves of the blouse are in ridges running round from top to bottom, an effect seen on many new gowns. The ridges are made by stitching the smallest possible tucks at regular intervals apart in a piece of cloth and then cutting out the sleeve from the piece. The bolero has an application of white cotton embroidery that enriches the gown, but adds nothing to the style. To complete this dress should be a hat of yellow straw, trimmed with white ribbon and black gauze rosettes and coque's plumes.

Serge and flannel costumes are being made with a loose jacket, whose principal new feature is the cut of the collar. Last winter the high collar stood close to the ears, but the new one falls away from the face with a look more conformed to warm weather. It is made by sewing to the top of a band a collar that flares or that in godets falls out with a more or less fluted effect. The edge is round, or it may be irregularly cut. Sometimes it runs only across the back. This collar may be faced so as to contrast with the gown, and a stylish effect is got by facing it to match the blouse, as for example with a black serge face the collar with white satin covered with yellow embroidery, and make the blouse front to match the collar. This carries the white low down in front and high up behind, in a slightly diagonal line that throws out the chest, and is very becoming. But a collar facing to contrast may be an inconvenience, for one does not always wear the same blouse, and a similar effect is given by setting a high ruffle in the neck of the blouse round the back. Another expedient is worth mention. One of the trimming novelties this season is tulle ruffled up in little ruffles, forming a surface of something less than an inch thick, and among other uses to which it is put is the facing of collars.

The "sun" skirt has grown so in favor that it is now for thin materials the one in most frequent use. This skirt, as you will recall, is in radiating plaits, which, as they fall out loose, are rather crimps than plaits. As there is no thickness at the top, this skirt is advantageously worn by the stout. These skirts may be trimmed, and some muslins have lace applique set in before plaiting, with an effect as exquisite as the doing is difficult, but ordinarily the crimped surface is quite decoration enough.

BELINDA.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Great Unloading and Clearing-out Sale

Our Gigantic

OF ———— K

Overstock

New Spring Styles and Novelties

At Prodigious Reductions.

See daily papers for particulars.



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal. 7

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

MEDIGATED GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

50 cents and \$1.00

Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession. Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO where I have no Agent.

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city who makes a specialty of . . .

FACIAL TREATMENT

Permanently removes Wrinkles, maul-pox Scars, and all Facial Disfigurements

713 POST ST., Near Jones.

UNITED STATES LAUNDRY.

Office, 1004 Market Street.

Telephone South 420.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SUMMER NOVELTIES

JUST OPENED

W. H. RAMSEY,

121 Montgomery St.,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Merchant
Tailor.

THOS. PRICE & SON,

THOS. PRICE. ARTHUR F. PRICE

ASSAY OFFICE, CHEMICAL LABORATORY
BULLION ROOMS and ORE FLOORS.
524 Sacramento St., S. F.

INSURANCE

THE Equitable Aid Union of Columbus has gone by the board. No assets.

Mr. Emil Oelbermann, President of the German-American Insurance Company of New York, is dead.

The North British & Mercantile of Great Britain has fallen in line, and will have a United States tender of the same name.

R. S. Brannen, Secretary of the National Association of Local Agents, has been elected President of the recently organized Colorado State Association.

Manager W. C. Lenvitt, of the Union Mutual Life, has appointed J. W. Spinney metropolitan agent.

H. T. Lamey, of Denver, Coast Manager of the Western & British America, is contemplating making his headquarters at San Francisco.

Thomas W. Aisbett, Manager of the National Life Association of Hartford, who has been visiting this city for the past six weeks, left for his home in Los Angeles yesterday.

The Liverpool, London & Globe will do business in South Africa.

Mann & Wilson have been appointed Coast Managers of the Teutonia Insurance Company of New Orleans.

The Frankfort, through Voss, Conrad & Co., has appointed L. C. Jones State agent for Oregon. Mr. Jones formerly represented the Employers' Liability, and will transfer a large block of business to the books of the former company.

Mary A. Berliner has failed to win her \$20,000 suit against the Travelers' Insurance Company.

George L. North is waking up the agents of the Provident Savings Life.

The appointment by the Governor of Andrew Clunie to fill the unexpired term of Insurance Commissioner Higgins, while disappointing to Mr. Gesford, appears eminently fitting, when it is remembered that Mr. Clunie will succeed himself a year hence.

The Fidelity and Deposit Company has added \$250,000 to its paid capital and \$250,000 to its surplus since the 1st day of January last.

Mr. F. C. Moore, President of the Continental Fire Insurance Company of New York, seems to have a busy pen. Now he writes of an opponent: "I commend to him (Mr. Kennedy) the example of the Kansas editor, who, in a moment of indignation and excitement, smarting under a supposed grievance at the hands of a brother editor, wrote to him: 'Dear Sir,—You are an ass!' and signed himself, 'Yours, fraternally.'"

INSURING EMPLOYEES.

THE Surgical Assurance Company of California is an organization, the first of its kind in this State, but similar to many in the East, which guarantees medical and surgical attendance of the employees of the assured. Thus it is noted that the San Francisco Chronicle has just insured all its employees in this company, thereby guaranteeing every man on its pay roll the needed attention in case of sickness or accident. The field of insurance would seem to have been exhausted, and protection for a fee given against every possible phase of misfortune. The soundness of the principle last noted is certainly one of the best, for it brings the employer and employee into closer and more sympathetic relations, which is always desirable, aside from the material physical benefits which must be apparent to every one.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDEKER, General Agent.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 430 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,018

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....3,300,018
Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,668,332

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO, Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

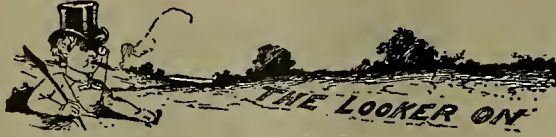
OF ERFIEST, GERMANY.

Capital \$2,250,000 Assets, \$10,984,248.
Pacific Coast Department: 204-208 SANSOME ST., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco—Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



QUARRELS among his appointees, and dissatisfaction between the two wings of the local Democratic party—the chivalry and the shovelry—to say nothing of the conflicting influences of the Durrant case, have occasioned Governor Budd much worry of late, and he foresees a troublous path ahead of him when he either strives for reelection or, what is nearer to his heart, the Senatorial prize. Having convinced himself that he is in great need of relaxation, he has been spending much of his time in this city recently.

"In Sacramento he feels his Governorship [and] spreads his pinions a bit," as Aleck Vogelsang says. "But when he comes to San Francisco he's only Jim Budd, and he's strictly on the diversion lay."

Nor are the galleries forgotten. A Budd disciple, meeting the Chief Executive at the entrance to a cheap restaurant in one of the markets, and recalling the fondness of the gubernatorial palate for dainties, expressed his surprise.

"Oh," replied the Governor, with the pride that apes humility, "I belong to the people—I must eat with them."

Somewhat later in the evening the Stockton ruler was rescued by some friends as he was addressing a boisterous but inappreciative audience on the Barbary Coast, regarding the good fortune of Californians in the possession of a certain public servant. But that was after dinner.

* * *

To be a continual reminder of some one else is the penalty for the distinguished bearing of Dr. Daniel D. Lustig. The haudsome Insanity Commissioner quite expects to have a double, and is properly resigned to the existence of the inevitable twin, but he considers that he has a legitimate ground of complaint when he is made to form one of a triplicate series. As the Doctor was walking down Market street the other day, a stranger accosted him:

"By the way, Henry," he began, "there's a funny thing about that divorce case of mine—this is on the quiet, of course"—

"Excuse me—I don't hanker after your confidences—my name is not Dinkelspiel," interrupted Lustig, who had been there before.

A few minutes later he was mounting the steps to the Press Club, when he encountered a pretty girl who stopped, stared hard at him, and then gracefully seized Lustig by the arm.

"Why, Mr. De Vries," she said, with a radiant smile, "what cloud did you drop from? Now, when are you coming to see me?"

She had mistaken Dr. Lustig for the grand opera star of last year's Tivoli season. This time he did not correct the error. He says it would have been too harsh.

* * *

It is a fortunate matter for E. W. Davis, of Santa Rosa, whom the Board of Regents of the University of California has just elected as its secretary, that the University charter, requiring the incumbent to be an agriculturist, does not fix also a standard of deportment. His manners are brusque, and his usual remarks uncouth. Besides being School Superintendent of Sonoma county, he is lecturer for the State Grange—and looks it. While recently addressing a convention of women teachers at Petaluma, Davis was perceptibly under the influence of a medicine which, as he says he takes it as a cure for consumption, was probably cod liver oil. Naturally, there were a few whispered comments among the pretty young schoolma'ams concerning the speaker's condition.

"If you women can't keep your mouths shut," shouted the successor to the scholarly Dr. Bonte, "I'll have a policeman among you to keep you in order!"

The young ladies, shocked and humiliated beyond expression, relapsed into a silence that was almost breathless.

"Didn't I give them h—l?" audibly remarked the courtly Mr. Davis as he left the platform.

It has been unofficially announced that the literature of the Pacific Coast is soon to be enriched by an important and valuable addition in the form of an autobiographical work, comprising four quarto volumes, in which will be recounted the rise of an eminent journalist. It is entitled, "How to Be Busy Without Working—a Bluff," and the name of the author is given as Andrew M. Lawrence. Advance sheets indicate that the narrative will have a peculiar charm for one William R. Hearst. Among other interesting revelations the work will recount how the author succeeded in ingratiating himself with his employer. When the latter was in his editorial office in this city, Lawrence, who then held a subordinate position, would rush violently past Hearst's open door with a handful of proofs in his hands—proofs of articles already published, and, therefore, harmless—and at the same time generously damning some writer, who was, of course, at a safe distance, the while impressing his employer that he was a devil of a fellow.

"Andy's a shrewd, careful chap, devoted to my interests," reflected Hearst. "He shall be my managing editor. I won't be happy till I get him."

He has got him.

* * *

An artistic young lady, who is as fond of her housekeeping arrangements as of her adjacent studio, delights in giving little dinners as frequently as the resources of her slender purse will permit. She has a morbid fear of the claret dripping from the bottles and staining the handsome table linen, of which her store is limited. As an artistic preventative, she ornaments the bottles with bows of ribbon, which absorb the vagrant wine drops, and the color of these ribbons is always made to harmonize with the prevailing decorations of the dinner. Her latest entertainment was a scarlet dinner, and after arranging her table she went upstairs to put the finishing touches to her own toilet. As she was hurrying about, she heard the bell, rung by the early guest. She could not find the ribbons with which she wished to bind the short sleeves of her dinner gown.

"Where can I have mislaid them?" she soliloquized, nervously. "I cannot do without those ribbons."

Then her truant memory came to her aid.

"I am lost!" she wailed, in hopeless desperation. "They are around the bottles!"

* * *

At the Gingerbread Fête last week, the central figure in the management of the amusement department was John G. Housman, who acted as stage director, and who has much local fame as a lay reader, with dramatic tendencies, in various Episcopal churches in and about San Francisco. When becomingly arrayed for his ecclesiastical duties in his black cotta and white surplice, with his gray hair and his contrasting black moustache, carefully curled at the ends, he is the hero of many an altar guild and ladies' aid society. On a recent Sunday as he walked across the chancel of St. Luke's Church to the reading desk, he stumbled over a stool, and slightly disarranged his vestments, displaying about two inches of his shoe. Housman blushed like a girl, and was plainly disconcerted during the reading of the first lesson.

"How perfectly bold of him," whispered Lieutenant Harry Benson. "Did you see his ankle? I tell you, he's no lady!"

* * *

Neither hosts nor guests expected that it would develop into such a frolic,—that quiet little stag party at the old fashioned cottage on Buchanan street where Carrington Wilson and Goodwin Harris maintain joint bachelor quarters. Denis O'Sullivan dropped in after the Tivoli, Jack Casserly was already there,—and there were others. The fun waxed faster and more furious toward daylight and by dawn everyone firmly expected that the place would be raided. After the sun had fairly risen, Jack Casserly made several inarticulate remarks, finally translated as an announcement of his intention to attend early mass.

"Where are you going for mass?" was chanted by an incredulous chorus.

"St. Dominic's," replied Jack. "But I'll be back to finish up the evening," he added, artlessly, as he steered for the temple on Steiner street.

Ambitious floriculturists have been sadly duped by a designing individual of insinuating manners and low morals, who flattered the vanity of his patrons, took their coin and, when they protested, laughed in a loud and coarse manner and calmly went his way. It is the aim of every suburban resident to develop new varieties of roses, and without much trouble a gentleman was found in every town on the sunny side of the bay, willing to bestow his name on a new flower and, what was more to the point, able to pay for the glory of creating a rose.

After the negotiations had been concluded, there was much comparing of notes about new flowers reported from various localities. One grew in Berkeley in the garden of James Palache and was christened the Palache rose. Alfred Cohen, the recluse of Alameda, came to the front with a new flower, which he called the Beauty of Glazewood, and Harry Fortune, of San Rafael, announced to the horticultural world the birth of Fortune's Yellow Rose. Other enthusiasts joined the amateur florists and felicitations became general. Congratulations perceptibly decreased when one similarity after another was discovered, until finally the complete identity of the three "varieties" was established.

The same rose had been sold many times,—and so had the purchasers.

One of those jovial characters whose fund of good-fellowship wins general regard is J. Downey Harvey. Owing, perhaps, to his stature, which is not great, and to his geniality, which, on the contrary, is large, he is much petted by the other men in the Pacific-Union Club. No one thinks of addressing him as "Mr. Harvey." He is "Downey" to every one, a familiarity to which Harvey himself does not usually object, but which his wife resents as entailing some damage to her husband's dignity. He was somewhat surprised the other day, however, at being freely accosted by a man whom he had no recollection of ever seeing.

"Hello, Downey," he called, in easy greeting. "How are you, old fel?"

Harvey was somewhat taken aback, and showed it. "It is Downey Harvey, is it not?" asked the other, his assurance a trifle shaken. "I thought—I believe—I——" "Oh, don't mind me," responded Downey, airily. "Don't apologize. I'm a familiar kind of a cuss, I guess!"

Church courts are not usually sources of particular diversion, but a clerical joke, if slow in coming, pays for the waiting. The Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal church which has been in session here this week has been, for the most part, as dignified and formal as its own traditions. On Wednesday morning, however, there was a spasmodic effort to throw off ecclesiastical restraint. It was "missionary day," and a long list of frontier parsons had recounted the uninteresting details of church work at their respective stations. One good brother, whose parish is on the edge of Death Valley, made a report which was as dry as his own locality. He was not without hope, however.

"All we need," he concluded, in a tone that was almost sanguine, "is water and society."

The Rev. George Edward Walk, rector of Trinity, could not let such an opportunity pass.

"That's all they need in the other hot place," he said, quickly and wittily, "*water and society.*"

A QUARTER of a dollar is a small sum, yet it is quite enough to give one a pleasant Sunday's outing at El Campo, just across the bay. Four boats each way.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

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250. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO. 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.



THE great event of the present week has been the Dog Show, which opened at the Pavilion on Wednesday. Many of our matrons made up parties for the opening night, entertaining the members at dinner before visiting the canines; and several stag dinners were also given with a like conclusion, and society at large was well represented at the show that evening. Theatre parties have again been a feature this week, and some of the prettiest girls in the swim were included in the one given by Mr. Wiltsee.

And now approaches the time when the sweet girl graduate will be largely in evidence, and for some weeks we shall both hear and see them in their pretty gowns, and as the recipient of school honors, diplomas, and flowers innumerable. In fact, school commencements have already begun—one of the first being that of the Irving Institute, which took place at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening, and those of Trinity School will be held in the school hall on Tuesday evening next, the 25th. There will be a promenade concert at the new building of the Maria Kip Orphanage, on Lake street, this afternoon from three to seven o'clock. The programme to be executed promises a musical treat, and the attendance will, beyond doubt, be large and fashionable.

The expectations of the swim are wrought up to a high pitch regarding the floral decorations of the Unitarian Church for the Cohen-Bent wedding on the 2d of June, something very unique, beautiful and elaborate in that line being promised. The fair bride-elect has herself designed the gowns of her bridesmaids, and her well-known taste gives assurance that they will be dainty creations. St. Luke's Church has been selected by Miss Mabel Estee for her marriage to Leonard Everett on the 9th of June, and it goes without saying that here also the floral decorations will be worth looking at, that little edifice being one of the easiest to dress effectively.

On Thursday of this week Miss Maud Roberts and N. A. Borland were the bride and groom of a ceremony taking place at the Borland residence on O'Farrell street. On Wednesday of next week Miss Lillian Mastick and Oliver Ellsworth will be married at the residence of Mrs. Frank Otis on Santa Clara avenue, Alameda. The 23d of June will be the date of two weddings of note in our social world, though neither of them will take place in San Francisco. The Coleman residence in Oakland will be the locale of Miss Jessie Coleman's wedding with Harry Knowles, while in Portland, Oregon, the Macleay-Grant nuptials will be solemnized.

The recent wedding in Stockton of Miss Louisa Bours and Charles Lowell Otis was another one in which San Franciscans were interested, inasmuch as the family of the groom has been well known among them for many years. The marriage took place in St. John's church on Wednesday afternoon of last week, the Reverend Mr. Bours—a brother of the bride—performed the ceremony. Miss Lily Bours was her sister's maid-of-honor, and Atherton Macondray—a groom of the near future himself—officiated as best man. A reception and wedding breakfast at the Bours residence followed the church service, at which all the groom's relatives and many of his friends from San Francisco were present.

Recent engagement announcements include those of Miss Anna Grube and Harry Durbrow; and of Mrs. Annie L. Worcester, *née* Jackson, and A. H. Small, the latter coming as a great surprise to their friends.

The Gingerbread Fête was a great point of attraction last Saturday, many attending it before going to the concert at Golden Gate Hall, and others dividing their time between it and the very pleasant tea given by Dr. Char-

lotte Brown that afternoon. The Fête closed in a blaze of glory and dollars on Saturday evening much to the regret of those who took part, as well as their visitors, who found it the pleasantest place imaginable to spend both time and money. It was in every sense a great success.

The unpleasant state of the weather rather spoiled the opening day of the Pacific Yacht Club at Sausalito last Saturday afternoon, so far as the out-of-door arrangements were concerned; but inside the pretty club house the guests had a delightful time between dancing and feasting, and enjoyed every moment of their stay.

The Mills Club musical reception, in the rooms of the Sorosis Club, on Pine street, was greatly enjoyed by a large number of guests. Other recent pleasant affairs were Mrs. J. B. Crockett's tea in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewell; Mrs. Asa Wells' progressive euchre party; George de Long's tug party, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Willie Gwin; Mrs. Charles A. Low's reception in honor of Miss Lizzie Knox, and the luncheon given by Mrs. O. F. Long at the Requa residence in Oakland. The dinner *d'adieu* given by Mrs. Kruttschnitt to Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington was one of the most elaborate at which they were guests during their visit here. Another feast in honor of a departing visitor was the luncheon given by Mrs. Hager for Mrs. Gale, who had been spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, and who has returned to her Eastern home. A dozen ladies were invited to meet her on that occasion. Mrs. McKittrick has arrived from Bakersfield on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Shafter, at the Presidio, and will remain several weeks. The Shafter's will be at the Presidio for some time longer, before taking up their residence in the lovely quarters of the Commanding General at Fort Mason.

The swim are later this year than usual in deciding upon out-of-town quarters, the several June weddings which are to take place in society circles having much to do in keeping people in town. The Hotel Rafael, from its nearness to the city, has already received many acquisitions, and later on Castle Crag will, it is said, be well patronized. To dwellers near the sea coast—such as San Franciscans are—what can be more delightful than the delicious mountain air and the odor of the pine groves which are obtained in that *locale*. Del Monte grows in favor with Eastern visitors every year, and the assurance of meeting pleasant people from the other side of the continent is to our residents one of the least attractions of that most charming place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Whitney, the Messrs. A. B. and L. McCreary, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Henry L. Tatum, and others, are among arrivals at the Hotel Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shreve, and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walkington are at the Hotel Mateo for the season; Mrs. Jarhoe and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarhoe are occupying their new villa at San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kohl are among the visitors at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry are at home again: Mr. Harold Sewell has arrived from the East, *en route* to Honolulu; he and Mrs. Sewell are the guests of Mrs. C. L. Ashe on Sacramento street. Mrs. Younger has decided to postpone her contemplated visit to San Francisco this summer, and sailed for Europe last Monday. Dr. Younger will, however, be with us again next month. Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice, and the C. P. Huntingtons have gone East; Louis Sloss, Jr., leaves for Alaska early in June; Colouel and Mrs. Smedberg, accompanied by Miss Cora, anticipate an absence of several weeks, paying visits to friends in the East.

Mme. Barrios, of Guatemala, is one of the guests at the Hotel Rafael, and her present intention is to remain there a month or more.

Dr. Byron W. Haines contemplates closing his Belvedere home in the early fall, and, with his family, taking a several months' vacation in Europe.

An enjoyable concert will be given on the evening of next Friday, 28th inst., at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, 223 Sutter street, at 8 o'clock, in aid of the San Francisco Boys' Club Association. Tickets of admission, 50 cents, to be had of the managers, or at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Vickery's, Doxey's, or of any of the patronesses.

The fourth annual Festival of the Vested Choir Association of San Francisco, will be held in St. John's Church on Fifteenth and Valencia streets, on the evening of the Feast of the Ascension, May 27th, at 7:30 p. m. Six choirs of men and boys, aggregating two hundred voices, will be present. The director this year is Mr. W. A. Sabin, F. R. C. O., organist and choir master of St. Luke's church. The organist is Mr. W. H. Holt, of Grace church. Admission to the Festival is by ticket, but the doors will be thrown open to the general public at 7:30 p. m. A certain number of tickets are set apart to each parish whose choir participates in the Festival, and may be had next Sunday of the parish authorities. The choirs taking part are those of St. Luke's and St. John's, San Francisco, St. John's, Oakland, Christ Church, Alameda, St. Mark's, Berkeley, and Trinity, San Jose.

Geo. T. Marsh, dealer in Japanese curios in this city, who makes annual business trips to Japan, has often been requested to chaperone parties from here. Mr. Marsh speaks the language fluently, and has an intimate acquaintance there that would be invaluable to those who might accompany him; and he is thinking of organizing a small party for a trip to Japan early in August, as that is the time to see that country at its best. The cost of such a trip would be greatly reduced by an arrangement of this sort, to say nothing of the superior opportunities for obtaining information and seeing sights under Mr. Marsh's direction, that would not otherwise be possible.

The moonlight riding party that Miss Jeannie Moore intended giving in honor of Miss Anna Simon was summarily changed, owing to climatic influences. It seems that our hostess failed to consult Weather Prophet Hammon, and at the last minute was compelled to change to a theatre party at the Columbia. Sixteen young folks enjoyed *Excelsior Jr.*, and then adjourned to the Moore home, on Jackson street, where a delightful supper and dance were indulged in. Miss Anna Simon has just returned from Europe, where she has been visiting friends for the past year. Previous to her departure she was one of the most popular of the "Verein" girls, and her long absence has in no way impaired her popularity.

One of the most pleasant memories of a trip to the top of Mount Tamalpais via the scenic railway is the beautiful Blythedale, six miles beyond Sausalito. Blythedale is just the sort of place to visit for the summer's outing. The hotel and cottages, under the management of Mrs. Gregg, is one of the features of Blythedale to linger in one's mind with a wish for happy returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks left for Europe last Monday for quite an extended tour. They will be absent seven or eight months. The trip is taken for the enjoyment of a much-needed vacation.

Amongst the latest arrivals from the East are Mr. and Mrs. Julius Weill (*nee* Scheffel), who are on their honeymoon. Mr. Weill is an ex-resident of San Francisco and a brother to Mrs. Max Brandenstein.

The latest planned Alaskan trip is that of Mesdames Hellman, Esberg and Weill, who contemplate taking their families for an ocean jaunt about the end of June.

The S. Schwabachers will summer at Sausalito; also the Fehheimers. The former have the Sheppard home and the latter the cottage by the sea.

Mr. Nathan I. Cook left last week for an extended trip south.

THE Nelson Amycose Company has incorporated, and has established offices at the corner of Clay and Front streets. Nelson's Amycose is recognized by physicians and dentists as being a splendid antiseptic and a toilet article—especially valuable for sore throat, catarrh, and diphtheria.

To get up a banquet, supper, or marriage dinner—perfect in its appointments and satisfying the tastes of the most refined is an art; but Max Abraham at 428 Geary street is a master of that art, as his superintendence of all the swell dinners in the city very clearly proves. Practice has made him perfect.

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NOTES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THE NEWS LETTER has frequently received requests, both from abroad and at home, asking for news of the army and navy. Inasmuch as we endeavor to do well whatever may be undertaken, and as it is somewhat difficult to arrange for complete and reliable information, there has been unavoidably delay. But, beginning with this issue, the NEWS LETTER will each week present a full, accurate, and complete budget of current army and navy society notes, and official movements, which will be found to cover this important department to the complete satisfaction of our wide circle of acquaintances throughout the United States.]

In military circles there is much discussion regarding the system under which men in the service are held in the grade of subalterns until they have reached the age of fifty years and upwards. This is considered radically defective, and an immediate change is desired. It is argued that although the United States can progress well with a small standing army, still the interests of the public and the safety of the nation demand that it shall be officered by men who have the physical as well as mental qualifications to meet any emergency that may arise. As it is now, it is a lamentable fact that many of our field officers, by reason of age and physical infirmities, are unable to mount to the saddle, and others, through a long period of inactivity, are incapable of efficiently conducting even the ordinary drills of their regiments. By all means give the younger element a chance.

The location of some of the vessels in commission in the Pacific and Asiatic stations is as follows: Philadelphia and Marion at Honolulu, Bennington *en route* to San Francisco, Alert at Mare Island, Oregon at Bremerton, Wash., Monterey and Monadnock in San Francisco harbor, Olympia and Yorktown at Yokohama, Monocacy at Shanghai, Machais at Chemulpo, Boston at Nagasaki, Petrel *en route* to the Asiatic station, Adams at Honolulu, and expected at Port Angeles on June 28th. When the Philadelphia returns from Honolulu she will go to Mare Island for extensive repairs. The McArthur is surveying a part of the harbor near Alvarado. The Alert left here Tuesday for Alaska, and will act as convoy to the aged gunboat Pinta upon her return from Sitka. The Pinta is practically useless and will doubtless be sold. The gunboat Concord, now at Mare Island, will go into commission to-day under the command of Commander Asa Walker, U. S. N. The Baltimore, now at Mare Island, will not be ready for service until August 1st. She will then become flagship of the Pacific station. The Charleston, which is being overhauled at the Mare Island navy yard, will be ready for service about next January.

Rear Admiral Joseph N. Miller, U. S. N., who has been assigned to the command of the Pacific squadron, to succeed Rear Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., was commandant of the Boston Navy Yard during the past three years.

Commodore H. L. Howison, U. S. N., formerly commandant at Mare Island, has succeeded him in the latter position. Mrs. Howison returned from Honolulu last week and has gone to Boston to join her husband.

The recent death of Rear Admiral R. W. Meade, U. S. N., retired, in Washington, D. C., recalls the fact that more than three decades ago he was attached to the Saranac and the Cyane in the Pacific squadron.

It is rumored, upon excellent authority, that Colonel William M. Grabam, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is making strenuous efforts to secure promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. He will be retired from active service in 1898.

Colonel S. B. M. Young, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is now on duty at the Yellowstone National Park.

Colonel Edmund C. Bainbridge, Third Artillery, U. S. A., having attained the age of sixty-two years, has been retired from active service.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

Lieutenant Commander Charles G. Bowman, U. S. N., has been ordered to Mare Island to take charge of the equipment department.

Major William H. Heuer, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is on special duty at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Major E. B. Mosely, medical department, U. S. A., is now on duty at his new station, Benicia Barracks. He was on duty in this city in 1884 as attending surgeon of the Division of the Pacific.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marcus P. Miller, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Colonel of the Third Artillery.

Major William H. Bisbee, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Infantry.

Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., formerly aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his troop at Fort Apache, Arizona. Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., who was his fellow aide-de-camp, has been ordered to Fort Riley. The latter was also Inspector of Small Arms Practice and Acting Engineer Officer. Both of these gentlemen were uniformly courteous in the discharge of their duties, and their departure from the Presidio is felt with regret.

Captain Charles Morris, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant G. O. Squier, Third Artillery, U. S. A., both on leave of absence, are in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to his station after a prolonged detail on special work at Washington, D. C. Lieutenant Dapray was on the staff of General Miles when he was stationed here a few years ago.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who has been ill during the past three months, has returned to Fort Riley greatly improved in health.

Lieutenant George A. Skinner, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has reported for duty at Fort Spokane, as the relief for six months of Captain Edward R. Morris, U. S. A., who has been granted a leave of absence.

Lieutenant James Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has returned to duty after enjoying one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Thomas Bentley Mott, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed Assistant Adjutant at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Benjamin H. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed Ordnance and Engineer Officer and placed in charge of the beautiful gardens at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Charles W. Hobbs, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Second Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in the Third Artillery.

Second Lieutenant John W. Joyes, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now on duty at the West Point Military Academy, has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. He was very popular in society circles when he was stationed at the Presidio.

Chief Engineer George J. Burnap, U. S. N., has been appointed Fleet Engineer of the North Atlantic station. It will be remembered that he was invalided home from the Asiatic station a few months ago after the sudden death of his daughter at Vallejo, so it is a matter of congratulation to know that he has recovered and is again on duty.

Medical Inspector J. C. Wise, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Philadelphia as fleet surgeon, relieving Medical Inspector J. A. Hawke, U. S. N., who has been ordered detached and granted three months' leave of absence.

Surgeon C. U. Gravatt, U. S. N., will leave New York to-day by steamer for Piree for duty on the San Francisco. He will relieve Medical Inspector H. J. Babin, U. S. N., who has been ordered home and granted three months' leave of absence.

Passed Assistant Paymaster T. H. Hick, U. S. N., has been detached from the Marion and placed in waiting orders. Paymaster J. E. Cann, U. S. N., has been ordered as his relief.

Assistant Surgeon William M. Kneeder, U. S. A., now stationed at San Diego Barracks, has leased a cottage at Coronado Beach for himself and family.

The new gun boat Marietta will go to Alaska when completed.

Assistant Engineer R. E. Carrey, U. S. N., and family, will pass the summer near Ben Lomond, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Dr. James F. Kearney, of this city, has been appointed surgeon to the U. S. revenue cutter Perry, of the Bering Sea fleet.

Brigadier General Zenas R. Bliss, U. S. A., commanding the Department of Texas, has been appointed major general. He will soon apply for retirement under the veteran service law. Brigadier General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., will be his successor.

Rear Admiral W. A. Kirkland, U. S. N., is at Port Orchard investigating the causes of the grounding of the Oregon.

Colonel Evan Miles, First Infantry, U. S. A., came down from Benicia barracks last Wednesday and assumed command at the Presidio.

Colonel R. T. Frank, First Artillery, U. S. A., of Fort Monroe, Va., and Colonel T. M. Anderson, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., of Vancouver barracks, are the leading contestants for the vacancy in the rank of general.

The first day of June will witness a very pretty military wedding at the residence of Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., the Inspector General of the Pacific District. The bride will be his beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Minnie Burton, and the gallant son of Mars whom she is to wed will be Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Logan, Colo. The wedding will take place at half past one o'clock at the family home, 2111 Pacific Avenue. The Misses Lulu and Kathro Burton will be the bridesmaids and Lieutenant William Sells, U. S. A., will act as best man. An informal reception will follow the ceremony. The young couple will reside at Fort Logan.

Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., will become the husband of Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen, of Alameda, on Wednesday, June 2d. The ceremony will be performed at 9 o'clock in the evening at the first Unitarian church in this city. Afterwards there will be a reception at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, 920 Polk street. Miss Cohen is bright, vivacious, handsome, accomplished and wealthy, so Lieutenant Bent is to be congratulated upon securing such a charming partner for life.

Captain G. W. Sumner, U. S. N., and Lieutenant J. M. Roper, U. S. N., of the Monadnock, and Chief Engineer Richard Inch, U. S. N., of the Mare Island Navy Yard, are to conduct the trial trips of the Marietta and the Wheeling that are now in course of construction at the Union Iron Works.

Past Assistant Engineer Frank Eldridge, U. S. N., has been promoted to be chief engineer.

Past Assistant Surgeon M. J. Rosenau, U. S. M. H. S., was appointed quarantine officer at San Francisco last Tuesday.

Lieutenant E. B. Babbitt, U. S. A., of the Benicia arsenal, will leave June 8th on the steamer Queen to visit Alaska. Mrs. Babbitt will accompany him.

Lieutenant Harry M. Field, U. S. N., of the Monterey, and Ensign Louis A. Kaiser, of the Monadnock, will be detached from duty on these vessels to-day and he assigned to the Concord.

Ensign Yates Stirling, U. S. N., of the Albatross, is being congratulated upon his engagement to Miss Myra Noyes, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Washington, D. C.

The Albatross has been ordered to the Tacoma dry dock for repairs, after which she will go to Alaska to obtain statistical data regarding the progress of the salmon canneries.

Brigadier General Elwell S. Otis, U. S. A., has been relieved from the command of the Department of the Columbia, and ordered to the command of the Department of the Colorado, with headquarters at Denver, Colo.

THE Imperial Hotel, at Stockton, is now under the management of W. S. Low, formerly of Santa Barbara, with F. H. Clark chief clerk. These gentlemen are thoroughly competent, and will doubtless make a great success of the Imperial.

KORN, the Hatter, 726 Market street, near Kearny, is the sole agent for Kaos. See the latest spring styles.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Male & Norcross Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, hold on the 10th day of March, 1897, an assessment, No. 111, of 10 cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d DAY OF APRIL, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE MALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO., Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal., Ap 11 22, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of this company, hold this day, the date of delinquency of stock for Assessment No. 111 was postponed until May 24, 1897.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21th DAY OF MAY, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, June 15, 1897, to pay said delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Challenge Consolidated Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 23) of Ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of July, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Con. Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 27
Amount per Share.....	10 cents
Levied.....	May 11, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 12, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	July 1, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 81
Amount per Share.....	20 cents
Levied.....	April 24, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 1, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	June 22, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, rooms 35 and 36, third floor Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 7th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Thursday, June 3, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 35 and 36, Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 43, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 27 Market St., on and after Thursday, May 20, 1897. Transfer books will close on Friday, May 14, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Company,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

General Agents

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

GILLINGHAM CEMENT.

327 MARKET ST., Corner Fremont, S. F.

AMYCOSE	NELSON'S AMYGOSE	AMYCOSE
Cures		Cures
Poison Oak.		Sunburn
AMYCOSE	For all Skin Irritation	AMYCOSE

By Rail, Boat and Stage.

Southern Pacific Company--Pacific System.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From May 16, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 P
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	5:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	8:45 P
7:00 A	Vacaville and Rumsey	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	12:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*10:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
†1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	†7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Varano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	9:45 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	12:15 P
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 P
8:00 P	Vallejo	†7:45 P
8:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7:45 A

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL. (Foot of Market St.)

*6:00 A	MELROSE	7:15 A
8:00 A	SEMINARY PARK	8:45 A
9:00 A	FITCHBURG	10:45 A
10:00 A	ELMHURST	11:45 A
†11:00 A	SAN LEANDRO	12:45 P
†12:00 M	SOUTH SAN LEANDRO	†1:45 P
2:00 P	ESTUDDILLO	†3:45 P
3:30 P	LORENZO	4:45 P
4:30 P	CHEERY, and	5:45 P
5:00 P	HAYWARDS.	6:15 P
5:30 P		7:45 P
7:00 P		8:45 P
8:00 P		9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
†11:15 P		†12:00 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market St.)

†7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	†8:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	San Jose and Glenwood	8:50 A
†4:15 P	Felton and Santa Cruz	†8:50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 13:00, 4:00, 15:00 and *8:00 P. M.
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; †12:00, †1:00, 12:00, *3:00, †4:00 *5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
†7:30 A	Sunday excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal way stations	†8:35 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	7:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
†11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	†12:00 A

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡Saturdays and Sundays. ‡Sundays and Mondays.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month Telephone: Grant, 507.

THE Remington Typewriter Company has found it necessary to establish a fully equipped and direct branch of the manufactory in this city, where machines and supplies of all kinds are kept in quantity, and the trade supplied from the branch. Excellent quarters have been fitted up at 211 Montgomery street.

THE National Athletic Club will give an exhibition at Woodward's Pavilion on next Wednesday evening, May 26th.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Co.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.
 WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
 SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
 SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
 Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 26, 1897	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Novato	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
8:30 P M	9:30 A M	Petaluma	6:10 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa	7:35 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M	Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Guernaville	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M			6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sonoma, Glen Ellen	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sebastopol	10:40 A M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dal Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedown Heights, Hullyville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—450 Market St., Chronicle Building.
 A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
 For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every 5th day thereafter.
 For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., June 3, and 2d of each month thereafter.
 The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
 TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.
 GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st. S. F.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
 Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
 BELGIC (via Honolulu).....Saturday, May 29, 1897
 COPIC.....Thursday, June 17, 1897
 GABIC (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, July 7, 1897
 DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, July 27, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.
 For freight or passaga apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S. S. "Alameda," Thursday, May 27th, at 2 P. M.
 S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June 15th, at 2 P. M.
 Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
 J. D. SPRECKELS & PROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. San Francisco.

MRS. Alice Lee Stratton, wife of Senator F. S. Stratton, of Oakland, died at her home in that city Sunday morning. Mrs. Stratton was widely known throughout the State as a woman of unusual mental attainments, and a leader among the most intelligent people of Oakland. Her death will be a long time remembered, and her demise at the early age of 38 years mourned by those who knew her.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

POSTSCRIPT



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
California Advertiser.



SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 22, 1897.

The Hebbard Libel Suit.

Argument of Samuel M. Shortridge, Attorney for the Defendant,

Frederick Marriott, Department 2, Superior Court for

the City and County of San Francisco,

Thursday, May 13, 1897.

*Argument of SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, in behalf of
Free Speech and a Free Press, on the trial of Frederick
Marriott, accused of libeling J. C. B. Hebbard: In the
Superior Court of San Francisco. May 13, 1897.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR, AND I TRUST IT WILL PLEASE YOU, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: I would do myself a wrong and my profession an injustice if I did not, at the outset, return to you my grateful thanks for the patient attention you have given to a case which, from my point of view, I regard so important to every citizen. The nature and importance of this case cannot be over-stated. It is not the personalities of the prosecuting witness or the defendant which give dignity to a cause which you have been listening to for four weeks, and which you will very soon be called upon to decide. The prosecuting witness will run his little course and be forgotten. The Judge upon the bench and his successors, in the fulness of time, will pass away, and you and I and all of us will lie down to sleep in the quiet and equal grave. Our lives, our deeds, our names, may not be remembered among men; but the great principles which are here at stake—the principles of free speech and a free press, the principles of free government, of self-government, which are here attacked, and feebly but earnestly by me defended—are vitally essential to the permanence of our country, and will be enduring, if future jurors are as brave and fearless and true to the spirit of liberty as I believe you,

each and all, to be. It is not, I repeat, a question of mere personalities. If it were so, this would be a small and inconsequential case. No; it is the mighty cause, the great principles, which are here at stake that give our deliberations dignity, and your decision far-reaching importance. And it is because of these very principles, which underlie and give life and vitality to our government, that the people await with solicitude, but not without confidence, your verdict. These principles, here attacked, scoffed at and derided, are as alive and vigorous to-day, I trust, as they were when our ancestors fought and bled and died for them. The principles thus attacked and in peril are the same principles for which English patriots laid their heads upon the block, and Irish patriots mounted the scaffold. Gentlemen, you are called upon to perform a high duty, and to determine by your calm and mature verdict, whether these principles shall be upheld and triumph or perish to gratify private vengeance and un-Christian revenge. In a word, the principles at stake are these: In a free country, in a republic, in a self-government such as ours, have the people a right to criticize their public servants, or to comment upon, or express their sentiments concerning, those who seek public office of great importance and of great power? I beg to repeat to you, and to impress upon your minds, that this is not a case wherein a private citizen has been criticised and denounced; it is a case where a public servant, your servant and mine, has been justly and severely censured for his official misconduct. For I need not remind you that the Judge upon the bench is the servant of the people, subject to their law, charged with carrying

out and enforcing their decrees, the same as the humblest and poorest man that to-day works upon our streets. The Judge is not above but below, and governed by the law, and you and I and every citizen has the right freely to discuss his merits or demerits, freely to comment upon his official conduct, freely to approve or to oppose him, freely to eulogize and praise him, or to censure and denounce him; and no man shall deny us that right, guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of California. And if you or other juries, or other Courts, shall deny that right to the citizen, it is not too much to say that self-government will be at an end and liberty a dream not realized.

Free Speech and a Free Press.

These observations carry us back to the great struggles of our fathers for self-government, for freedom of conscience, and for liberty of speech. Thus far we have preserved in this country, and enjoy at this hour, what our ancestors fought for and achieved. No man who is familiar with the struggles of England and Ireland for self and free government; no student who is acquainted with the struggles of our Revolutionary fathers, and with the debates and discussions which led up to and culminated in the framing and adoption of our Federal Constitution, is unacquainted with the studied and tyrannical efforts of Government to suppress free discussion, or with the vital importance of free lips and an untrammelled and uncensored press. Time was when to criticize Government or men in high official place, was to be flung into a dungeon, robbed of property, stripped of reputation, or to die upon the scaffold. When our fathers came to the great work of adopting a Constitution for the new nation, they sought to preserve for all time the inestimable blessing of free speech and a free press; and to that end threw around them the shield of the Constitution itself. Indeed, had not free speech and a free press been guaranteed to the people for all time, the Constitution itself never would have been adopted. It is a well known historical fact that, had not Marshall, and Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and others of the great champions of the Constitution, promised Patrick Henry and those who opposed the adoption of the Constitution through fear of centralization, fear of tyranny growing up, that they would agree to the original eleven Amendments being engrafted upon the Constitution, the great charter of our liberties would never have been ratified by the people of the original thirteen States. What was that fear? What did our fathers seek to protect us against? It was not an idle, but a well-founded fear, that the press might be shackled, and that the citizen might be stripped of his liberty to criticize Government and men in official station. There was a fear that power would become arrogant, that government would become tyrannical, and that unless prevented, Congress might pass laws in restraint of the liberty of the press. To guard against usurpation of power and the enslavement of the people, our fathers made haste to adopt certain amendments to the Federal Constitution, first and chief among which is Amendment No. 1. That Amendment reads as follows:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

This great bulwark against tyranny, this great shield against oppression, was proposed as early as the 25th of September, 1789, and ratified on the 15th of December, 1791. This constitutional guarantee of free speech and a free press is a castle of refuge, not an ambuscade of danger. The pioneers of California bore with them a love of free government and a belief in this doctrine of free speech and a free press, and lest a venal Legislature should seek to rob the people of their heritage, the people enacted in their organic law that lips of men and the press should be free forever. In their Declaration of Rights the people of California declared:

"Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press. In criminal prosecutions for libels, the truth may be given in evidence to the jury; and if it shall appear to the jury that the matter charged as libelous is true, and published with good motives and for justifiable ends, the press shall be acquitted, and the jury shall have the right to determine the law and the facts."

Gentlemen, the defendant in this case invokes the protection of these Constitutional provisions, and I appeal to you to uphold them in their true spirit and their true meaning. If men may not express their sentiments, to use the good word of our Constitution, their opinion, upon public questions and public men, then indeed have we fallen from where our fathers started us; then, indeed, are these Constitutional guarantees a delusion and a snare! And who, let me ask you, wishes it established in this country that a man can only exercise his Constitutional privilege of criticising public officials at his peril, that he must express his honest sentiments with fear and trembling? I answer, none but the rogue, none but the hypocrite, none but the unworthy.

Impressed with the importance of these great principles, I almost forget that I am defending Mr. Marriott; I almost forget the small personality of the prosecuting witness. I stand by the Constitution

and for a great principle, and I look with confidence to the upholding of that principle by you. What if the sentiment expressed is hostile in the extreme? What if the censure is severe? What if the opinion of the citizen is expressed in language strong and indignant? What if he employs withering invective, biting sarcasm and destroying irony? May not the citizen employ his native tongue to express his sentiment or his opinion? Are we to be told that a citizen must express his opinion of public servants at his peril, lest others may not agree with him, and therefore seek to punish him? Are we to measure men's rights and rob them of their liberty by their peculiar use of the English language? Are we to deal lightly with wrong in high places, with iniquity in the Temple of Justice, and when, expressing with righteous indignation a just wrath, indulge in soft mellifluous phrases? Are we to deal lightly with official corruption—daily with it, handle it gently, gloss it over with cowardly phrases? Shall malfeasance in office and breach of public trust go unexposed, unwhipped of justice? If so, the Constitutional guarantees which I have read are meaningless, and the labors and struggles of our forefathers were in vain.

The People the Source of Power.

In this country, gentlemen (and we should be so grateful for it) the people are the source of all power, and officers are the servants of the people, chosen by the people to act for the people, and for their greatest good. We have long since exploded and discarded the notion of divine right of kings—the notion which enslaved the world.

As we proceed, you will observe, if you do not fully realize it now, that this is a prosecution urged against a citizen for expressing his political sentiments, in regard to a public question, and as to the merits, or rather demerits, of a man then a candidate for public office, who, at the time, was an officer and servant of the people. And I say now, and may have frequent occasion to repeat it in the years to come—and will stand or fall by it—that when I see a man in public office, or seeking public office, that I regard unfit or disqualified by virtue of passion or of ignorance, by virtue of his associates, his conduct, his private life or public official action, I shall oppose him, I shall denounce him with whatever vigor of language I possess, and I shall expect every honest citizen to exercise the same privilege and perform the same duty. Let the press be free; let discussion be without restraint; let men voice their sentiments upon all public questions without fear, and then let the people decide the fate of men and measures. If Mr. Marriott, who, let me here observe, is not proved to be the author of this alleged editorial opinion; if Mr. Marriott, the citizen, the elector, like you, like me, is to be prosecuted for the expression of his political opinion, I doubt if there is one of us who might not be subjected to a like prosecution. I had hoped that the expression of political opinion would not be the subject of personal vengeance or of personal and revengeful prosecution in the courts of our State. I had hoped that when, in the heat of a campaign, fellow-citizens wrought to excitement expressed in strong and vigorous language of invective, or of denunciation, men would allow something for the passions and heat of the hour, and that the State would not be made to prosecute one of her own people for freely expressing his political opinion. I had hoped that when the late campaign was over, after the discussion in newspapers, from the rostrum, from the platform, from the stump had ceased, after the heat, the passions, the excitements of the hour were over, men would let the campaign, its battles and its strife, rest and be at an end. Some of you may have championed that peerless orator, William J. Bryan; some of you may have followed the banner of that masterful statesman, William McKinley; some of you may have expressed yourself with power and vigor and earnestness in favor of one and against the other, and feeling that the one or the other was the friend or the enemy of his country, you may have advocated or opposed him; or, believing that the purposes or policy of the one was dangerous and injurious to your country, you may have denounced him as the enemy of the people. But are you to be brought into Court for expressing those political sentiments? Are you, and is this citizen, to be prosecuted for expressing a sentiment concerning a public question? May not men oppose candidates fearlessly? Is the citizen to have the danger of a criminal prosecution hanging over him when he dares to assert himself during the campaign, whether it be by spoken or by written words? Is this the beginning of a series of political prosecutions? These are the questions, and this is the great issue which we are here now to consider and to decide.

The Wrong Done the State.

Who are the parties, gentlemen, to this case? Who are the parties that have engaged your attention thus long? The nominal parties—the parties, so to speak, on the record—are The People of the State of California—my State and yours—and the defendant, Mr. Marriott, a citizen. My State is made to come here, and day after day seek to punish one of her own people for doing what our State Constitution says he may do—express himself on a public subject—touching the qualifications of a candidate for public office. The real parties, however, gentlemen, are otherwise. The real parties to this case are the prosecuting witness here, J. C. B. Heh-

hard and Mr. Marriott, the defendant. You understand that, we all understand that. But the State is made to take this hostile position against one of her citizens. And the State, instead of the real plaintiff in this case, is made to bear the expense of this long and costly prosecution. This case has a ready cost the State nearly \$2000, and it was a very desirable thing on the part of the prosecuting witness to bring to bear the pressure of the State upon the citizen rather than to institute a civil suit and stand on an equality with the defendant, as man to man, and fight his own personal battle out. But in a civil suit he would have had to bear the expense of trial; this he sought to avoid, and has avoided, by throwing the State into this unjust prosecution. The prosecuting witness here represented by Mr. Kahn; the State is misrepresented by one whose name is unfit to pass my lips.

I repeat that the State is here made to say that one of her citizens has violated her laws; the State is made to say and to take the position, that the citizen, for expressing his sentiments upon political matters, for commenting upon official conduct and censuring a candidate for public office, has violated some criminal law. I venture to say that every one of us is equally guilty. I venture to say that every one of us has uttered sentiments which if brought against us here, would show us equally, if not more, guilty than Mr. Marriott. But I thank God that we are not guilty of any infraction of our laws, nor is this defendant when he uttered his sentiments, expressed his opinion as to the merits or the demerits of a candidate for judicial office.

It is said that Mr. Marriott has done—what? That he has violated some law hurtful to the State—that he has disturbed the peace and insulted the dignity of the State. Wherein has our old State suffered? Wherein has her peace been disturbed? What has Mr. Marriott done to wound her dignity? And wherein has this prosecuting witness suffered at his hands? We had it flung out to us here during this trial—and we know from the public records—that despite these expressions of opinion, this particular candidate, like another O'Donnell, swept into office. Whether he was elected or defeated, no crime was committed; but we know that no harm was done to him, as is evidenced fully by the result. It must have been harmless; it must have had no effect; it must have been easily nullified and corrected, because nobody sealed his lips, nobody prevented him from speaking through the press, nobody prevented him a hearing before the great body of the people; and the record shows that the people, for reasons which perhaps to them then seemed sufficient, treated this little editorial as harmless, without hurt, and disregarded it. Consequently I have a right to say, and I do say, that it did no harm even to the prosecuting witness, who comes here day after day and week after week, urging on this revengeful prosecution. It did not provoke a breach of the peace; it did not cause a riot. It was the truth then; it is the truth now; and as the truth it stands and will stand forever on the records of this Court.

Equal Before the Law.

Gentlemen, you are American citizens—whether born on this soil or coming from foreign country—I would do violence to you to say or to suggest or to hint, that you did not love this country just as much as I do, or just as much as the defendant loves it. There is no privileged class, there is no official class, in this country. We are all equal; we are all on a common level; and whether a man stands in rags or is clothed in purple and fine linen, whether he stands single and alone, or with the vast majority, he has a right to express his sentiments freely and fearlessly. This Mr. Marriott has done. Majorities are not always right; heroes are generally in the minority. But what if Mr. Marriott stood alone in the expression of his opinion? He was entitled to that opinion and to the expression of that opinion. I have yet to learn or to hear, either in a court of law or in the history of the world, drowned as it has been in blood and tears, that the majority are right. Is the majority right to-day, yonder on the plains of Thessaly? Is the majority right, yonder bearing the crescent and tramping on the cross? May not the humblest man stand up and express the truth, regardless of those who oppose him? Is a citizen to be stripped of his rights to criticize or comment upon, or to oppose a candidate for office, because he may chance to be in the minority? If this be so, then we have a despotism worse than anarchy. But, gentlemen, I am proud and happy to believe that no such monstrous doctrines will find approval in your minds. So to fear or to doubt, would be to insult your manhood and to despair of the Republic!

Julius Cæsar Bonaparte Hebbard.

Through the influence of the prosecuting witness, who was at that time a candidate for office, and upon the eve of a heated political campaign, an indictment was filed against Mr. Marriott. By whom and under what circumstances was that indictment found? It was found by a body of citizens holding secret session—the Grand Jury. That body of citizens did not know what you know, what the people of this city now know. Had they known what this record discloses, this indictment would never have been filed, nor would you have been taken thus long from your business and your families. Who appeared before that secret tribunal? One who dared not get upon this stand and look us in the face and speak to you! Before that

secret tribunal, where there was no cross-examination, where there was no opportunity of laying the facts, and all the facts, before the jury, where there was no adversary to question him—in that secret tribunal, the prosecuting witness and one Richard Dillon appeared and testified. Where was the prosecuting witness when the time came for him to speak here in this court-room? Where was Mr. Dillon—whoever he is. I know not—where is that creature, Richard Dillon, who, in the darkness of a secret and private tribunal, added the prosecuting witness in bringing about the indictment of Mr. Marriott? And where—I repeat it again—where was Julius Cæsar Bonaparte Hebbard? Why not appear before you, gentlemen; why not appear before you; why not come out, man to man, when the opportunity was offered, when the light was streaming through these windows, when counsel, able, vigorous and attentive, was watching his interests? Why not come here and exculpate himself from the grave and serious charges preferred against him originally and proved by sworn testimony? Why go into the secret chambers of a Grand Jury, where many a reputation has been stabbed and many a heart broken, and then not dare to appear in the open, where all brave men fight? It is only the coward who goes into the star chamber; it is only the coward who fights in the dark. Why did he not come; why did he not exonerate himself; why did he remain silent, and by all the arts and all the objections good or bad, known to the law, seal his own lips, and lock forever the books which we sought to open and spread their contents before you?

Dared Not Deny.

Under the circumstances, gentlemen, I submit it to you—to your consciences, to your judgment, to your sense of fairness, which, I hope, and have always believed, and still do believe, is in the heart of all true Americans—why did he remain silent here? On some occasions "silence is golden," and speech, we are told, is silver. But as we are taught in Sacred Writ, there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. And the time to speak is when charges have been made. After a man has spoken in the secret chambers of the Grand Jury, in the absence of his adversary, the time to speak is, and was, here in this courtroom before you and before all men. Gentlemen, the prosecuting witness dared not take the witness stand. Silence, under the circumstances, and in view of the damaging testimony from so many honorable and respected citizens, is confession of guilt. You will remember the great speech of Webster, wherein he said that there were but two things for a certain wretch to do—confession or suicide. And suicide is confession. I say it with sorrow, and with a blush for our courts, that the silence of the prosecuting witness in this case, in the face of the testimony of so many gentlemen who came here and testified from this witness chair, is confession that they uttered and spoke the truth. He dared not deny, under oath, the testimony of official conduct which was so grossly reprehensible. He dared not contradict Mr. McCarthy. He dared not contradict Mr. Pike. He dared not contradict Mr. Thomas Williams. He dared not contradict Mr. Arthur Williams. He dared not contradict Mr. Kendall. He dared not contradict Mr. Mahoney. He dared not contradict Mr. Harris. He dared not contradict Mr. Frace. He dared not contradict Mr. Steadman. He dared not contradict Mr. Spelling. He dared not contradict Mr. Dickson. He dared not contradict Dr. Harris. He dared not contradict Mr. Conant. He dared not contradict Mr. Lucy. He dared not contradict Mr. Hutton. He dared not contradict Mr. Dimas. He dared not contradict Mr. Henley. He dared not contradict Judge Denson. He dared not contradict Mr. Flournoy. He dared not contradict Mr. Livernash. He dared not look any one or all of these gentlemen in the face, and contradict their statements of his misconduct, official and otherwise. He dared not deny that he received those resolutions passed by the assembled depositors, censuring the unlawful acts of his Receiver, and addressed and sent to him by the secretary, Mr. Pike. He dared not deny that he had received the letter written and addressed to him by Mr. Steadman, recalling his name from that bogus protest, which served the court and others as an excuse for violating a promise voluntarily and solemnly made. He dared not deny that Mr. Barnett, in open court, begged him to desist from his contemplated action, the discharge of that unlawful Receiver, and the exonerating of his bondsmen. He dared not deny—and I would impress this upon you—he dared not deny that in the darkness of night, when good citizens are supposed to be at home or attending to some legal and proper business—that in the darkness of night, here in this courthouse, he was conveniently present to receive certain politicians who came in a hack from the Palace Hotel, and then and there entered orders and made appointments which were utterly null and void. You remember that Mr. Spelling testified as to the issuance of the injunction and the appointment of the Receiver the second time in the Knight case. Here was the Judge of our high Superior Court, at night alone in his chambers, no Clerk of the Court present, to receive his favorites and his political friends, and to make an appointment which he must have known, if he was qualified for the bench, was contrary to law and in the direct face of the decisions of our Supreme Court. Shameful and disgraceful as was that transaction, he did not have the courage to make even a plausible excuse or explanation. Nor did he have the courage to get upon this witness stand and deny knowledge of all these wrongful things, done

by the Receiver and his advisers. This partiality shown by the Receiver, the insults heaped upon the committee of depositors, the trampling upon the rights of those who have lost all and begged only for the poor privilege of representation in that bank—he dared not, I say, deny that he knew of all these illegal and shameful things, and had knowledge of them from these resolutions presented and forwarded to him, from letters addressed to him, from private conversations, from public rumor, from the daily papers—from all those well-known sources of knowledge which we know he had. He did not have the audacity to deny, and he dared not deny, that he had broken a promise voluntarily and treely given—a promise given as a Judge to parties interested in the subject matter of that promise. He dared not deny that he had violated a promise which was given, or supposed to have been given, for the purpose of putting men in control of that bank, whose savings were there, and which savings represented the toil and the tears of widows and of orphans.

His Silence was Confession.

Why did he not go upon the stand like a brave and fearless man and deny those charges, or seek to palliate their enormity? Why not make a clean breast of it, and state why he did those things, and deny, if he could under his oath, that he knew all about the infamous transactions which have now for the first time been brought into the light of day? I repeat that his silence, when given an opportunity to speak in open Court, is a confession that he could not, in honor and in truth deny the truth of the statements made by all the gentlemen I have named; could not deny that he had been consorting with evil men, and doing things which reflected discredit on himself and dishonor on the Bench. His silence is no more significant than the silence and the absence of his detective, John Gamage. Gentlemen, the State's representatives may think and may indulge in the foolish, fond belief that you did not see quite through that whole business, and the connection of this private detective with a Superior Judge! When I called Mr. Benjamin Lucy to the stand—and I have yet to learn that it is any dishonor to be a poor man and to work in the Union Iron Works—when I called Mr. Lucy to the stand and he said that this creature Gamage had approached him a few days before the late election, when he was at his work, and had asked him to go to the office of certain lawyers who were the friends and boon companions of the prosecuting witness, there was a chorus of objections upon the ground that there was no showing that Gamage was the agent of this candidate! What was the prosecuting witness afraid of? What had he done which should he kept secret? What had he urged or advised that should be kept hidden? I was not aware, and perhaps you were not aware, that under our reform election laws, passed to insure the purity of elections, candidates for the Superior Bench had to have, or would so disgrace the Bench as to employ private detectives or agents to advocate their qualifications or fitness for public office. Although we were there checked for the moment in proving what the detective Gamage had said to Mr. Lucy, do you for a moment question why and for what purpose he had sought out that gentleman? Prevented from disclosing the truth by Mr. Lucy, the prosecution having objected and closed his mouth, we undertook in the utmost good faith to bring that detective here before you, and with what success you know. He had been here in this court-room, flitting about the corridors like a guilty thing, whispering in the ear of the prosecuting witness, advising with him, suggesting to him—his bosom friend, his particular friend—he was in evidence until he was called for as a witness to go upon the stand; and then, like a guilty thing, he fled away, and every effort was made by me—not by the other side—*by me* to serve him with a subpoena and bring him here. Although I knew he would be a hostile witness, I was not afraid to grapple with his conscience and to tear out the guilty secrets from his breast. And we all heard the prosecuting witness pretend to make an effort to have that detective in Court. "He will be here in the morning," said he; "I will go and telephone to him and bring him here." He went; he telephoned; and Gamage never came! He had gone to Sacramento! Why didn't this bosom friend, this particular friend, of a Superior Court Judge, come into Court and tell why and for what purpose he had interviewed Mr. Lucy and asked him to go to the office of certain lawyers? Gentlemen, the prosecuting witness, though professing great friendship for this detective, dared not produce him before you. I pause to remark that I was not before aware that our Superior Judges were so proud of their close relationship and warm comradeship with that class of private detectives! I have heard something about "men being known by the company they keep." At any rate we wanted that man here, and I regret to say that we were not successful in our efforts to produce him.

What was Gamage doing in and about these things? Why was he calling on Mr. Lucy? What was he doing in and about this court-room? And why, when he heard that he was wanted, did he disappear? Gentlemen, Mr. Lucy was a depositor in that bank; he was a member of the committee of seven, representing as it is admitted, originally some 1600, and later on some 2800 depositors, whose little savings had been sunk in that institution; and this prosecuting witness was seeking then, as he seeks now, to stifle public censure and to intimidate men! He failed then; and if I know aught of you or your character, he will fail now.

Judges Should be Above Reprach.

I again observe, gentlemen, that the prosecuting witness's silence here was the best evidence of the truth of the statements made by gentlemen who were upon this stand—a confession of the truth of facts which reflect the highest dishonor and disgrace upon the bench; a confession that the opinion expressed and the facts stated in the editorial in the NEWS LETTER were well founded and true. I can imagine that an inferior ministerial officer, such as a Sheriff, might do some things which might not square with exact morality, or comport with the dignity which should mark the walk and the life of a public official. I can well imagine that such inferior officers might do things questionable, if not criminal, and conduct themselves without dignity and carry on the business of their offices without courtesy; but we have been taught to believe that our Judges should be above reproach, and above suspicion, should not be consorting with milk inspectors—with all sorts and conditions of political hirelings and "hangers-on," with private detectives who fear to show their faces from the witness stand! And I doubt not that you were shocked and ashamed to learn that one of our Superior Court Judges was confederating with such a motley gang in breaking up a private meeting of respectable citizens, met together to discuss their own private affairs and consider their distressing grievances.

No Proof Against Marriott.

When the State closed its case, the defendant might have safely rested without putting in one word of testimony. The State has the burden of proof, as you understand; it must prove every essential fact; it must prove those facts, not only by a preponderance of testimony, but beyond all reasonable doubt. The presumption of innocence in favor of the citizen goes with him from the beginning to the end, and the defendant, presumed to be innocent, throws around him the barrier and the shield of that presumption, as it is now thrown around and protects you and protects all men. The State undertook to prove—to establish beyond all reasonable doubt—that the defendant was guilty of a crime. In order to make out their case, they asserted that he was the author and the publisher of a certain editorial. It is enough to say that there was no proof at all that he was the author of the editorial in question; not one word of proof, not even a suggestion of proof. Is there any testimony that he was the publisher of that editorial? I ask you gentlemen, as business men, as men of affairs, would you buy the NEWS LETTER and take title to it upon the testimony which you have heard in this court-room? For you will pardon me if I remind you that under your oaths, you are to act upon the testimony which you have heard in this court. Would you take the testimony of Mr. Dreypolcher as evidence (and that is the only testimony) of title to the San Francisco NEWS LETTER? I say, there was no proof of ownership, no proof of authorship. You might as well think of convicting Mr. Cahill, Mr. Whitcomb or Mr. Scott for any publication in the Examiner, the Chronicle or the Call, as to convict Mr. Marriott upon the proposition that he is the owner and the publisher of the NEWS LETTER. It may be his venerated mother who owns that journal; it may be the estate of his lamented father; it may be a corporation; we do not know, and all we do know about the title to that paper is a statement of Mr. Dreypolcher that, some two years before October 31st, 1896—the day of the publication in question—he had heard Mr. Marriott speak of the NEWS LETTER as "my paper." If that were proof of title, every reporter in this city would be the owner of a newspaper; if that were proof of title, every clerk in every store would be a merchant; if that were proof of title, every driver of a team would own that team. If, to speak of a paper as "my paper" two years prior, is proof of title on the 31st day of October, 1896, then any idle remark which I might make or which you might make, touching property with which we had to do, would be to establish our title to that property. Since, therefore, it was the duty and the burden was upon the State to prove that Mr. Marriott was the publisher of the NEWS LETTER on the 31st day of October, 1896, and to prove that essential fact beyond all reasonable doubt, and since they failed to introduce any proof at all that he was such owner on that day, the defendant was not obliged, under the law, to say one word, and he might have confidently appealed to your oaths and to your consciences, and, rapping on your breasts, asked you for and received from you an acquittal. But I have never yet where great principles were at stake, or where there might be the least doubt, or the remotest shadow of a doubt upon any essential point, rested a case until I had laid every fact possible before the jury which seemed to me proper, or which might strengthen the case of my client, or assist the cause of justice. I remind you again, that whatever proof of title was adduced, was at a time two years prior to October 31st, 1896—the day of the publication which has caused this iniquitous persecution. I am very far from regarding that as the important proposition here to determine; but I am doing what you would expect to be done for you; I am reminding you, and do now insist, that the State failed, and has failed utterly, to prove title to this paper in Mr. Marriott on the day named. And for that reason he is entitled to an acquittal.

Is there any evidence that he caused his name to be put in the paper as its editor and publisher? Not one word. Such proof, if I may dignify such testimony by that word, is no proof at all in a court of law; it is not proof in the ordinary transactions of life, and there is not one of you gentlemen, as business men, who would take the testimony of Mr. Dreypolcher as evidence of title and pay one dollar at this moment for the NEWS LETTER, no matter what the value may be. The State must prove beyond all reasonable doubt, and if there is any reasonable doubt upon this question of title, I need not remind you again for the court will instruct you, that it becomes your duty to acquit the defendant; for, otherwise, you might

arrest in the prosecution of a lawless reporter upon any of our daily papers who uses the phrase "my paper" in relation to the journal on which he is employed. Why the State did not undertake to prove and if it were true, prove ownership in the due and legal way I do not know. Suffice it to say, leaving this point that the State did not prove it, and it does not stand proved now on the record of this court. Will it be maintained in a court of justice, under the strict rule of law, where every presumption is in favor of a defendant that the essential proposition of his guilt is to be proved or can be proved by language which would not establish title to a load of hay or to a most inconsequential or valueless thing? Can it, in view of these presumptions and these indulgences of law in favor of innocence, be seriously maintained that you can prove ownership, which is essential to the crime here charged by testimony which would not prove ownership in the smallest and most petty civil case?

The Rights of the Citizen.

But gentlemen, that is not the question which we are here to discuss and determine, although upon that one point the defendant is entitled to an acquittal at your hands. You cannot presume a man to be an owner; you cannot presume a man to be an author; you cannot presume a man to be guilty because every presumption is the other way. And these things, each and all of them, the State was bound to prove, and I submit to your good judgment has failed to prove. The defendant is, therefore, entitled to an acquittal. That he will receive it upon other and broader grounds I do believe; my faith in this result is unshaken from my view of the testimony and my appreciation of your good judgment, courage and fairness.

It is charged, however, gentlemen that Mr. Marriott is the owner of the NEWS LETTER and that he published this editorial. Well, what is this editorial which seems to have so greatly wounded the sensitive nature of the prosecuting witness, which, we are told, threatens the peace and offends the dignity of the State? Why, if you and I should turn aside to pursue people who now and then indulge in playful merriment, or irony, or sarcasm, or flippant humor, or idle jest, at our expense we would be busy the remainder of our lives in hunting down reporters. Talk about De Wolf Hopper and "El Capitan," and his bloodthirsty propensities! Why, every lawyer in this town, perhaps every citizen, would be buckled on with armor, with a knife in each boot and a revolver in each pocket, pursuing reporters and publishers, if we took affront at editorials of this character. But, I take the bold position, and will maintain it before you, that a citizen has a right to oppose with invective, with sarcasm, with scorn, with irony—with all the arts and force of language—a candidate who offers himself before the people, asking their suffrages. I maintain that it is not a criminal libel to oppose a man bitterly and vigorously; to express in strong terms your opposition to men or the principles which they represent. And I say it is not criminal libel to tear the mask from brazen impudence and speak the truth concerning official misconduct. If, by your verdict, you shall deny to the citizen that right, you have gone back five hundred years, and we are again on the fields of battle where our fathers fought and died in order that they might be free in religion, in politics, and in their government. I am not dealing in abstractions. Let us realize where we are—that we are in a court of justice, and that a citizen is prosecuted for uttering his political sentiments and speaking the truth. Was he obliged to use gentle and complimentary words in denouncing wrongdoing, and is the citizen obliged to express scorn and contempt and opposition in eulogistic phrases? Suppose a judge in private life is a libertine; on the bench, arrogant and partial; in his knowledge of law, ignorant and obstinate—on the bench, a tyrant; off the bench, consorting with vile men—and you oppose him for these reasons, and express your opposition with vigor and indignation. Are you to be convicted of criminal libel because you had the hardihood, or the want of prudence, to call attention to that official's unfitness or unfairness, or because you expose him to those whose support and suffrage he seeks? Has the citizen a right to express his sentiments and to state the truth? That is the great question. I had supposed that in this country, in California, the time of political prosecutions had ended. I had supposed that the labors of English patriots and the blood of Irish patriots had done something towards fixing the laws of the Anglo-Saxon race, or established certain principles which were imported into, or which had further grown up in the United States. I had supposed men were free, politically, in this country, and that the beggar might look the prince in the face and tell him that he was a scoundrel! I had supposed that poverty had the same rights to express its sentiments as wealth and power. But here we see the spectacle of official power and influence seeking to stifle public criticism of official misconduct and to degrade and convict a citizen who has ventured to plead the cause of the lowly and the poor.

Is it a crime to plead the cause of the widow and the orphan, without money and without price? Is it a criminal libel to say of a demagogue judge that he is a disgrace to the Bench? Is a man to be convicted and imprisoned for saying that tools should not be elected to office, but, rather, that they should be relegated to the oblivion they so richly merit? Is it a crime to censure, denounce, and oppose a Superior Judge whose bosom friends are private detectives and whose ideas of decency and dignity cause him to break into a private meeting and by the presence of an obsequious Sergeant of Police, attempt to overawe and intimidate into silence citizens lawfully assembled to consider their grievances? Time was when men dared not criticize officers, and for so doing patriots' heads were dropped into baskets over the block. But that cruel time has gone, thank God, forevermore. You cannot now stifle just criticism. The letter of our laws and the spirit of our country proclaim the equality of man, and no Superior Judge—not even the President—can terrorize the people by prosecutions for the utterances of honest sentiments, or censure, however severely. We are the inheritors of the past; we have succeeded to and enjoy much from our ancestors. I trust we shall not throw away all they won by their sacrifice and their blood. No, gentlemen; although in moments of pique or anger we may question the utility of free speech and a free press, yet are they vitally

essential to a free government and the pure administration of law and justice. And I love to believe and I do believe that principles for which I contend to-day are as full of life and strength as they were when Erskine pleaded in English forums and Fox declaimed in the House of Commons.

Judges of the Law and the Facts.

The mention of these immortal names brings me to consider and to impress upon you what I deem to be a most important legal truth—essential at once to the stability of the Government and the liberty of the citizen—and that truth is, that you twelve men, within the railing of that box, are not only the judges of the facts of this case, but also judges of the law of this case. And I am glad that it is so. Innocence never feared to look into the face of an American jury. Much as I respect the Bench, and much as our forefathers respected the Bench, it is well that in criminal libel cases the jury are the judges of both facts and law. And great as the power of the Judge is, under our system, he dare not invade that sacred place—the exclusive province of the jury. It was because venal judges in the olden time dared to do it, and did do it, against the more ancient and better law and against the protests of patriots, in order to work out the tyranny of English Kings, that by statute of Parliament the law was enacted in England and by Constitution established in this country, that in all criminal libel cases the juries—the people—should be the judge of the law, as well as of the facts. To secure this great protection to the citizen meant a struggle that threatened the throne of England; and had not our forefathers been assured that that protection would be vouchsafed to them, by way of Amendment, the Constitution of the United States never would have been adopted. So important did our fathers regard this privilege. In the old and tyrannical times, when Judges were the pliant tools and creatures of power, the Courts assumed the right to decide that a publication was a libel, and the Judge would say to the Jury: "This publication is a criminal libel; all you have to decide is, whether the defendant published it." What chance for life or liberty had the innocent who had incurred the frown of the King? A corrupt and infamous spy or private detective would set in motion a prosecution against a patriot for criticizing the Crown, or its Ministers, perhaps for pointing out the iniquities of Government or the wrongs done the people. The patriot citizen would be imprisoned and dragged into Court. A corrupt and vile judge, appointed by a vile and venal King, would say to the overawed jury: This is a criminal libel on the Crown, or against the State. The only question for you to decide, is: Did the defendant publish that article, that editorial? That, I repeat, was the only question submitted to the jury. The cowardly or corrupt Judge, cringing before power and seeking to bask in its smile, would declare certain words to be criminally libelous, which were, perhaps, an honest protest against official abuses, and the question of *criminal intent*, without which there can be no such thing as a crime, was withdrawn from the jury. The Court invaded and usurped the province of the jury, and thus tyranny oppressed the people and undermined and destroyed their liberties.

It was against this encroachment upon the ancient liberties of Englishmen, this infamous subversion and overthrow of the powers of a jury, which enlisted the genius of the great and liberty-loving Erskine and his compatriots. It required his and their united efforts, and the efforts of the patriots of Ireland to get a bill through Parliament, changing this Judge-made law and going back to the more ancient and correct theory—that the jury were the judges of the law in criminal libel cases. Our forefathers who fled from the tyranny of the old world to find liberty in the new, bore with them in their hearts a knowledge of this great principle, so essential to liberty; namely, that in criminal libel cases the jury are the judges of the law, as well as of the facts. This law, as I have heretofore sought to impress forcibly on your minds, is engrafted in the Constitution of the United States and in the Constitution of our State. This law I have sought to impress upon you—not that I am fighting against the Court, not that I think it will in this case or in any other case, attempt to usurp power not rightfully belonging to it—because it knows its province and will not seek to invade yours; but I love to look into the faces of a jury, drawn immediately from the people, and to remind them that they are, after all, the true and best guardians and defenders of free speech and of a free press, and that it is for them to determine what may or may not be said of or concerning candidates for office, or of ad concerning official conduct of our servants, chosen to execute our laws. When the day comes—long may it be deferred—when a citizen cannot express his sentiments on any and all political questions, without fear and without being hounded, pursued and prosecuted, then, indeed, will the light upon Liberty's altar be put out; then, indeed, will we have fallen into the dust and our country be not worth preserving. I impress this great proposition—your power to pass on law and facts—upon you, because from this time on to the close of your deliberations I wish you to feel that you are called here to render a great and important service which includes something more than merely to pass upon facts. You are to determine the law. In and about your deliberations, the Court can advise you, can suggest to you, can give you rules as to the presumption of innocence, as to the law upon the doctrine of reasonable doubt, and upon other matters helpful to you in arriving at your conclusions; but when it comes to the final question as to whether this citizen is guilty of a crime against the people of California for expressing his sentiments, you, and you alone, are the judges—you, and you alone, determine whether a crime has been committed.

The defendant is charged with having published the following words of and concerning J. C. B. Hebbard:

A Worthy Judge Forsooth.

"In another part of the NEWS LETTER appears an article signed by a committee of the People's Home Savings Bank depositors, showing adequate cause why Judge Hebbard should not be re-elected. The statements made in this terrible document will cause every

honest man to shrink from voting for a creature who is therein clearly proven to be the enemy of numerous widows and orphans, and morally liable for the loss of their little savings. Is that the sort of man to re-elect Judge? Not so. Intelligent men will learn well the lesson that article teaches, and will see to it that he is removed from the high position he disgraces. If tools are to be elected to the Judiciary, then honest men had better get out of the city. But it will be more natural for us to relegate the tools to the oblivion they so richly merit."

Gentlemen, in view of the testimony in this case, may we not say that this is a mild and temperate censure of official conduct? Are not the opinions therein expressed supported and well-grounded in the facts proved in this Court? And did not the defendant, under the law, have a perfect right, as it was his duty, to communicate that opinion to the people?

And here I beg to read to you from the opinion of a great Judge in a great State—the case of Briggs vs. Garrett, decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. This was a case of libel, and among other things the Court said and decided, that the utmost freedom of discussion, touching the qualification and fitness of men for office must be allowed to the citizen. I read from this decision:

"The case narrows itself down to this: Conceding that a public officer, or a candidate for a public office, may not be falsely and maliciously charged with crime, or with anything else injurious to his reputation, have the voters whose suffrages he solicits the right to canvass and discuss his qualifications, openly and freely, without subjecting themselves to fine or imprisonment, or a ruinous suit for damages? If the voters may not speak, write or print anything but such facts as they can establish with judicial certainty, the right does not exist, unless in such form that a prudent man would hesitate to exercise it. Is not the fact that a candidate is charged with crime by reputable citizens, a matter proper for public information?"

And here, gentlemen, you will observe it is in the testimony that 2500 men, women and children were complaining; they were appealing to the people for a redress of their grievances.

"Suppose, in the case in hand, the charge against Judge Briggs had been one for which he might have been indicted. Is it possible that when two or three voters are gathered together, or where two or three hundred are assembled to consider his fitness for his office, the fact that such a charge had been made may not be stated by one voter to the other without the peril of being mulcted in damages in case the charge should subsequently appear to be unfounded? And this for an office for which the incumbent or the candidate should be like Cæsar's wife? A man's reputation may be had upon many points, that it would be difficult to prove. So long as he remains in private life it matters little. But when he becomes a candidate for office, even his private vices become a matter of public concern. There are some official positions as to which the people are properly jealous of the character of those who aspire to them. The judicial office is one of them, and it is not too much to say that there are many private vices which the people would not tolerate, if openly and notoriously indulged in by a judge. They would tear the ermine from his shoulders and hurl him from the bench. If then a candidate be a person of evil repute in the sense that it affects his fitness for the office which he seeks; if respectable citizens honestly so believe and so state, may not such statement be repeated by others in connection with the canvass, at proper times and upon proper occasions without the penalty of a libel suit? If not, we have indeed fallen upon evil times, and our boasted freedom is but a delusion. The principle contended for here, if sustained by this court, would put a padlock upon the mouth of every voter, and intelligent free discussion of the fitness of public men for office would cease. It would be a burden too grievous to be borne, and the people would be swift to reverse our decision, either by an Act of Assembly, or if necessary a change in the organic law.

"Referring to the three tests of privileged communications to which I have already alluded, they will all be found in this case. The occasion was a proper one. The meeting was composed of a body of citizens and voters assembled for this very purpose of considering the merits of candidates for office. At such meeting it certainly was the right, if not the duty, of any person present to state any fact bearing upon the fitness of either of said candidates for the positions they respectively aspired to. The circumstance that one of the candidates had been charged by a reputable citizen with conduct which was not consistent with a proper performance of official duty, was a fact which every elector present had a right to know and state. For aught that appears it was done from a proper motive, and we have already said it was based upon probable cause. It was a mistake, but an honest one, and corrected as soon as discovered. It was a subject of just annoyance to Judge Briggs, and if the law does not furnish him the redress he seeks, it is because of a rule of public policy of far more importance than the inconvenience of a single citizen. That rule requires that free discussion, especially upon political topics and candidates, shall not be so hampered, as to make its exercise dangerous. The rule furnishes no shelter for the malicious libeller of private character, but it will not impute malice to one who honestly acts upon information received from other reputable citizens. We are accustomed so to act in all the affairs of private life, and if we restrain it in public matters, we afford protection to all the rogues and thieves, who may by their own cunning or the negligence of the people, get into public office.

"In the enforcement of all general rules there will always be cases of individual hardship. But this is the sacrifice which the individual must make for the public good just as the soldier is shot down in battle to preserve for others the blessings of free government. Speaking for myself, I would rather endure undeserved reproach, than by any act of mine impair a rule of so much importance to the public welfare. The people, sometimes hasty, are in the end always just, and will not long permit any public man to remain under a cloud, unless it is one of his own raising."

The Supreme Court of the imperial and splendid State of Texas

has announced the same broad and wholesome rule in the case of the Express Printing Company vs. Copeland. Permit me to read briefly from the decision in that case, which was one of libel:

"In our form of government, the supreme power is in the people; they create offices and select the officers. Then, in the exercise of this high and important power of selecting their agents to administer for them the affairs of government, are the people to be deprived of the right of discussion and comment respecting the qualification or want of qualification of those who, by consenting to become candidates, challenge the support of the people on account of their peculiar fitness for the office sought? Usually it is by such discussion and comment concerning the qualification of opposing candidates that the people obtain the requisite information to enable them intelligently to exercise the elective franchise. Any abridgment of this right of discussion and comment beyond the limitations heretofore stated, it seems to us, would be extremely unwise. And in this respect the press occupies the same position and should be included in the same category with the people. Public journals are supported by and are published with a view to the dissemination of useful knowledge among the people, and the comments and discussions of these journals are entitled to the same privileges, subject to the same limitations, respecting the qualification and suitability of candidates for office, as those of the people."

Gentlemen, the editorial to which I have invited your attention, and of which the prosecuting witness in this case complains, is the statement of facts which we have proved to be true, and of opinions and sentiments which those facts fully warrant and justify.

What Constituted the Libel.

If, then, gentlemen, this editorial be the expression of the opinion of Mr. Marriott, he is guiltless of crime; for the Constitution guarantees to the citizen absolute freedom to publish his sentiments on public questions. If the language complained of charges the prosecuting witness with specific wrongful and criminal acts, involving and imputing to him moral turpitude, Mr. Marriott is guiltless of crime; for the testimony abundantly establishes the truth of each and all of those charges. Before the State's representatives had paused to consult a dictionary, they told us that the word "creature" was very harmful, that it imputed moral delinquency, that it implied criminality, that to make use of it and apply it to a candidate for office was to be guilty of libel. Why, such a contention is ridiculous and absurd. The Judge of the Court is but the creature of the law; furthermore, he is our creature, and I know he will not take offense when I tell you that he is our servant. And who has not been, at some time of his life, the creature of circumstances? What of the word "tool," used in the editorial? We all know that amounts to nothing. I have said again and again, that a man may be the tool of another, knowingly or unknowingly. A "tool" applied to persons, may be a simple fool or a designing knave. The word, however, as generally used in a light, playful, or sarcastic sense, or by way of ridicule. It does not necessarily impute wrongdoing. The dictionaries show this: the text of the best authors proves it. Mr. Kahn has admitted that there is nothing libelous in the word "creature;" we see there is nothing libelous in the word "tool." And the Court has told us that it is not libelous to say of a Judge that he disgraces the bench. Well, then; if to say of this candidate that he was a "creature" is not a criminal libel; if to say of him that he is the "tool" of others is not a criminal libel; if to say of him as a Judge that he is a disgrace to the Bench is not a criminal libel, what is left in this editorial which makes it such a dangerous and such a criminal publication?

Is it libelous, and a crime, to say that facts have come to light "showing adequate cause why Judge Hebbard should not be re-elected?" Is it libelous to say that "the statements made in this terrible document" (put forth by the Depositors of the People's Home Savings Bank) will cause every honest man to shrink from voting for him? Is it libelous to express the honest opinion that he is "clearly proven to be the enemy of numerous widows and orphans, and morally liable for the loss of their little savings?" Is it libelous to say that intelligent men "will see to it that he is removed from the high position he disgraces?" Is it libelous to say: "If tools are to be elected to the Judiciary, then honest men had better get out of the city?" Finally, was it libelous for Mr. Marriott to say that the conduct and judicial acts of this Judge and candidate were such as should cause him to be "relegated to the oblivion he so richly merits?" If this be criminal libel, how many of us are innocent? Are we not all guilty? For have we not all expressed that sentiment? Do we not all entertain that sentiment now?

In view of the facts which we have dragged into the light of day, and in spite of every effort of the prosecuting witness to suppress them, the editorial in question was altogether too mild, too gentle;—"the punishment did not fit the crime." However, it was the opinion of an elector, touching a candidate for office, and regarding one of his and our servants. That is all; no more, no less.

Would you like to be sitting here as defendant for having said that some candidate was the tool or creature of some vile boss? Would you think it just to be convicted and imprisoned because in discussing the merits of candidates, you had in good faith said that one was the tool or creature of men? Great God! our language was given to us to use—to express, not to conceal, thought. And these are words of common use among common people. I concede that the word "creature," or "tool" may be used by way of censure and to express a feeling of scorn or detestation. Applied to a candidate, it may mean that he is not independent, that he is subservient, that he would do the bidding of corrupt men, his masters, that he would grovel and crawl in the dirt at the feet of wealth or power, that he was devoid of honor and character and manhood. Spoken of a Judge, either word might mean that he would deny justice to the widow and the orphan; that he would prefer the enpurpled rich to the ragged poor—or which is just as bad—decide in favor of the poor and against the rich, when the latter are right. They might mean that the Judge was not upright of heart, pure in character, spotless

in private life, or learned in the law. They might mean to convey the idea and the truth that a given Judge was the vilest and most dangerous thing on earth—a political demagogue on the Bench, from which Heaven defend us! On the other hand, these words, spoken by a Judge, might mean that he was a simple, ignorant fellow—a cat-spaw for other men to use, an instrument for designing rogues to play upon. It might be admitted that he was honest, but through over-confidence in his friends was their tool. Yes, gentlemen; a man may be the soul of honor and truth and yet be made the tool of others; his very simplicity makes him unsuspecting; his purity of heart renders him an easy prey for the designs of hypocrites. I am indebted to a learned and eloquent gentleman, whose voice has echoed so often for freedom and good government, and who now sits in this courtroom, for this illustration and this truth. A man whose heart was pure, whose life was spotless, whose services were the greatest ever given to our beloved country, was made a tool by designing ambitious politicians, who sought to gain power by conjuring with a patriot's name. A few years ago, one whose image is in every heart, whose name is on all lips, whose splendid services to his country enthroned him in the affections of a grateful people, whose genius shed immortal lustre on our ever-triumphant flag, was induced by cunning politicians to seek the Presidency for the third time. He failed. And those who loved him most, who speak his name with emotion, said and say, in sorrow and in pity: General Grant, victor in war, lover of peace, was made a tool by ambitious men who sought to accomplish through him their selfish purposes.

Not Libelous if False; Not Libelous if True.

Gentlemen, you cannot presume that a man uses a word in its criminal sense; you must presume that he uses it in a legal and harmless sense; because the presumption is that a man is innocent, not that he is guilty. Presumption, therefore, is that the objectionable words here complained of were used in a proper and legitimate sense, rather than in a criminal sense. The burden is upon the State to show the criminal use of the words in question. And if you will not be offended by my reminding you of it, under your oaths you must presume that the defendant used the words in a proper, legal and harmless sense, rather than in a hurtful and criminal sense. But perhaps it will be said that it was, and is, a criminal libel to say of this candidate that he was the enemy of widows and orphans. Such language is not libelous, even if false; certainly it is not libelous when we know it now to be true. If I see a man aspiring to office whose purposes I think are bad, whose qualifications unfit him, whose principles I deem hurtful to my country, I will oppose him and denounce him as the enemy of my country. If I see a man aspiring to high judicial office whom I deem disqualified by reason of his past life, by reason of his evil associates, by reason of the influences that surround him and control him, I will oppose him, and I will say that he is an enemy, not only of widows and orphans, but to every good citizen. And is Mr. Marriott to be convicted of a crime against the people for saying what you would say, saying what I would say, or what any good citizen might legally, properly and justifiably say? Thus analyzed, thus torn apart, we see that the editorial which seems to have so wounded the sensitive nature of the prosecuting witness is but the simple expression of an opinion, or the truthful statement of facts. And I say that if this defendant is to be convicted for publishing such an editorial, we will have commenced a series of prosecutions which will involve every citizen and engross the time of our courts not only until the Christmas bells are ringing, but from this time forward, from the time one campaign closes until the echoes of the next are heard. If citizens are to be continually dated and prosecuted for the expression of their sentiments upon public questions and public men, then I say in the language of our great judges that liberty in this country is a delusion and the constitution is as brittle as glass, its foundations as insecure and unsafe as quicksand. Such, however, is not the law. If it were the law, I should seek to leave a country whose Declaration of Independence meant nothing, whose constitution was a sham, and whose boasted liberties were the dreams of idealists, not the possession of men. If it be the law, or if there can be found twelve honest men in San Francisco to say that a citizen shall be punished because he opposes with vigor and expresses his sentiments with force and earnestness, a candidate for office, then it were better indeed that we all leave this town. Public censure is a mighty weapon to deter rogues and thieves from plundering the people. Mr. Marriott is charged with saying "if tools are to be elevated to the judiciary, it were better that honest men get out of the city." Is not that true? Is that a sentiment which ineits with your approval or your condemnation? "If tools are to be elevated to the judiciary, then honest men had better get out of the city." Is there anything the matter with that sentiment? What do we want upon the bench? We want learning; we want purity; we want character; we want men above suspicion; we want men about whom there is no rumor even, or suggestion, of wrongdoing; we want good men, with "high erected" thoughts; good men with pure past lives, good men of charitable and merciful natures, fearless and impartial in the discharge of all their duties. We want Judges to whom we can look up with respect and reverence; from whom we may expect and receive justice—men whose private lives are as pure as their ermine is spotless. We don't want political Judges; we don't want ignorant Judges; we don't want Judges of evil temper, whose natures are full of petty spite and vulgar revenge, and enmities, and passions, and all uncharitableness. We don't want Judges who violate the law they are sworn to enforce, who trample upon principles they should uphold, who load their favorites with bounty and deny justice to the poor, receive politicians in their court rooms at dead of night, and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of widows and orphans in open court! We ask for men to sit in judgment whose knowledge of the great body of the law is drawn from years of study, and whose hearts and natures are filled with the true spirit of equity. We want as Judges neither tools, nor creatures, nor demagogues, nor boon companions of private detectives, nor prosecutors of the people. We want Judges wrapped up in honor, whom we can trust, knowing that, if the wealth of the Indies were put into one scale and the tears of a widow into the other,

Truth would have a hearing and Justice would prevail. We want men who, at the termination of their service, might not immodestly or untruthfully say:

"The young men saw me, and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up.

"The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand upon their mouth.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessings of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

"I put on righteousness and it clothed me. My judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

"I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out.

"And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

How far the prosecuting witness falls below this sublime character of the ideal Judge, this record discloses and the people know!

What are the Facts?

What are the facts, gentlemen, which warrant the opinion expressed in the editorial complained of? What are the facts as they have been developed in this case? What attempt has been made to suppress truth, to conceal facts; and who has attempted to suppress the truth and to conceal the facts? Did I not undertake to reveal them? Did I not call for the books; did I not call for every bit of evidence that would throw light upon every transaction? And who was it that sealed the lips of witnesses and locked the books of this bank? Who was it objected again and again, and was successful in most instances, in keeping the facts from your knowledge? I called Judge Denson to the stand to tell of certain transactions in which the bank was interested. Who was it objected and kept the lips of Judge Denson closed? I called Mr. John Flournoy, one of the most able and one of the purest gentlemen practicing at this bar, and who was it that kept his lips closed and denied and prevented him from telling us why he was dismissed and discharged from his position as attorney for that bank? I called Dr. Harris, who was selected by the depositors in meeting to act as a Director, and who was it that prevented him from telling us what the attorney for the Receiver had said to him, touching his relations with the prosecuting witness? I called Mr. Dickson, also selected to act as one of the Directors of this Bank, and who was it that prevented him from telling what this same attorney had said to him? I called Mr. Benjamin Lucy, who, according to the prosecution, has the singular misfortune and the disgrace of being a poor man. Who was it that prevented him telling us what that private detective had said to him when he visited him at the Union Iron Works? I asked Mr. McCarthy what the attorney for the Receiver had said to him in the office of Mr. Hutton, and who was it that kept the lips of Mr. McCarthy closed? I produced the Minute Book and asked to read the transactions of that July meeting. Who was it objected and prevented you from knowing what then and there transpired? I called for and produced the Cash Book, to ascertain where the money of this bank had gone, and to whom, and for what purposes; and who was it that objected to opening those pages and spreading before you the facts which they revealed? I called for every book and paper and document which would throw light upon these matters, and in every instance the prosecution objected, and for reasons which seemed sufficient to the Court, we were denied the privilege of laying before you many facts which we deemed vital and fully justifying the charges preferred against this candidate. And throughout this whole trial there was and has been the cowardly pretense that the Judge of the Department was ignorant of what he did, and ignorant of the law! Why, the most ragged tramp that walks the dusty roads in the San Joaquin is presumed to know the law, and is held liable for the consequences of his voluntary acts. And here have been told that a Judge upon the bench is not to be presumed to know the facts about which he enters important decrees, makes important orders; not presumed to know the law which he is charged with administering. We have been told that he is not presumed to know anything that he does; that he does nothing but sit upon the bench like an automaton, worked by a string pulled by some one else! And when his official conduct is brought into question, when his acts are being scrutinized, when the reasons for his decrees or orders are being inquired into, he throws around him the cowardly barrier of ignorance! In this case, you are asked to believe that he did not know what his Receiver was doing; did not know what his attorney was doing; did not know how they were trampling upon the hearts of widows and orphans, how they were throwing their defenders out of the Bank building, and traducing men who had toiled for their money and who were seeking to guard and husband it; did not know that men were dismissed from office who had been willing to resign; did not know that fraud and trickery, misrepresentation and chicanery had been indulged in to gain and to keep control of a bank whose management and assets should have been turned over to the watchful care of the depositors! You are asked to believe, gentlemen, through all these days and weeks and months of agitation, of appeals, this Judge had ears and heard not; had eyes and saw not! You are asked to determine that it is honorable to make a promise and break it; to appoint a receiver against the law; to appoint him a second time without authority, to appoint him a third time without a pretense of authority; and finally, to discharge him without an accounting! In some countries it might be a crime to criticize such a Judge; but not in this country. In Turkey, in Russia, or in other despot governments it might be a crime to criticize a Czar, or a Sultan, or a Judge, for this reprehensible conduct; but in this country it cannot be a crime to express your detestation for such conduct, whether the person guilty of it be a Justice of the Peace, a Superior Judge, or the President of the United States.

Home Savings Bank Scandal.

I again repeat that if you wish to find a reason which prompted this editorial, you will find it in the facts proved in this case. Against law, in the face of the decisions of our Supreme Court, and directly in the face of a late decision of Judge Ross, of the United States District Court for the Southern District of California, this prosecuting witness, on the first of May, 1891, appointed a Receiver and turned over to him all the assets of the Peoples Home Savings Bank. A complaint had been filed wherein many charges were made against the then Directors, all of whom have since been acquitted and vindicated by juries of honorable citizens, called to look into and pass upon their conduct as Directors of that bank. The attorneys for the bank at that time claimed that the lower court had no power to appoint a Receiver of the bank's property, and their contention was upheld by the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court. At the time of appointing the Receiver, the Court also granted a certain injunction, about which we have heard so much. The injunction was so broad and so sweeping that the Directors were prevented from meeting as a Board of Directors for any purpose whatsoever. The depositors were clamoring against them; the depositors were angry, hostile and aggressive, and they demanded that the Directors lay down the trust which, it was alleged, had been by them grossly violated. In other words, the depositors demanded that the old Board of Directors resign; and, gentlemen, they were willing and anxious to resign. The injunction, however, stood in the way. They were threatened with severe punishment by the Judge if they met for any purpose or transacted any business, however lawful and however necessary for the welfare of the bank, and were in so many terms commanded not to meet for the purpose of resigning. The Judge of the Court, who had appointed the Receiver and granted this sweeping and binding injunction, was then appealed to by the depositors. An interview was held in the Judge's chambers in this very building. The testimony is absolutely uncontradicted that he then and there, pretending to be anxious to serve the depositors, promised to make an order modifying that injunction, so as to permit the old board to meet, resign, and elect their successors. But, it was suggested that they might meet and resign and elect their creatures as successors, and thereby continue their power. Therefore it was agreed between the Judge and all parties in interest, that if the depositors' committee of seven, would meet and decide upon a new Board that was suitable to them, he, the Judge, would modify the injunction, to the end that the old Board might retire and the new Board, a majority of whom, at least, might be depositors, or selected by the depositors' committee, might take charge of this sinking bank. It is in evidence that thereupon a meeting of the depositors' committee, with the counsel then representing the bank, did take place. This meeting resulted in an amicable selection of six gentlemen, all of whom were men above reproach, and all of whom were willing and expressed their willingness to serve as Directors. The names of the gentlemen agreed upon were: Mr. P. B. Flint, the wool merchant; Mr. J. K. Wilson, of Wells, Fargo Express Co.; Mr. S. A. McDonnell, the druggist; Dr. H. M. Logan, Dr. Frederick W. Harris and George W. Dickson, President of various building and loan societies. The seventh gentleman who was acceptable to all parties in interest was a member of the old Board—a man who was, and has been, abused, misrepresented and outraged, more, perhaps, than any other man in this city, but a man upon whom I look and regard as one of the truest Christian gentlemen that ever engaged in charity or Christian work. I refer to Charles Montgomery. If there be one genuine, true Christian in this town—one who has gone, and will go, down into the gutter to lift up the fallen and to put hope into the heart of the despairing; one who goes among thieves and robbers, the outcast and the abandoned, into the brothels, into the dives of iniquity and sin, to rescue men and girls and boys from paths of evil and moral death; one who exemplifies in his work the teachings of Christ—that man is and was Charles Montgomery.

So it was agreed that these seven gentlemen should constitute the new Board of Directors. And I invite your attention to a most significant fact: The attorney for the Receiver, who theretofore had affected to be friendly with the depositors, was informed of the names that had been agreed upon to succeed the old Board of Directors. Thereupon, as we now know, that attorney immediately called upon Dr. Harris to make certain inquiries of him. Dr. Harris was prevented by the objection of the prosecution from telling us what the attorney had said; but you may well imagine what he said from subsequent developments. The attorney for the Receiver then called upon Mr. Dickson; and you can well imagine his purpose. Thereafter, pursuant to notice, the matter of modifying this sweeping injunction came up in open court. The attorney for the plaintiff was present, the attorneys representing the bank were there, the depositors' committee represented by counsel was there; and all joined in asking the court to carry out its agreement and modify the injunction to the extent promised. These depositors, through their counsel, represented nearly three-quarters of a million dollars—over half of the total liabilities of the bank. They asked for, they demanded representation on the board, and the court had promised to give it to them. Indeed, it was in pursuance to that promise, as I have said, that the meeting was held and the new Board agreed upon. Had one word been said against the character or the fitness of the men selected? Was there one word against Mr. Flint, or Mr. McDonnell, or Mr. Wilson, or Dr. Logan, or Dr. Harris, or Mr. Dickson, or Mr. Montgomery? No one in interest had said one word against them because they stood above reproach and enjoyed the confidence of men.

The Court Dishonored its Promise.

And so, counsel and depositors and all parties, other than those in the secrets of the court, confidently expected that the injunction would be modified and the troubles be at an end. But in that court there was enacted a scene which aroused the righteous indignation of every honest man. The Court, disregarding its promise, in the face of the fact that the old Directors sought to lay down their trust,

had expressed their willingness to resign, and had, in fact, put their resignations in writing—that Court, turning a deaf ear to the depositors' appeal, refused absolutely to keep its promise and modify the injunction; and so refused, and so violated its promise, either upon its own motion or at the request and at the behest of the Receiver whom he had appointed and the attorney who represented him.

Why did he refuse to modify that injunction, gentlemen? Subsequent events and developments tell us why. Consider for a moment the situation then. Upon the one hand was the old Board, hounded, assaulted, charged with all manner of crimes, called upon to resign, threatened with violence if they did not resign, and begging for the poor privilege of meeting that they might retire, having lost the confidence of the depositors. Upon the other hand, there stood the depositors who should have been, and had a right to be represented, whose wishes should have been respected, asking that the Court permit the old Board to meet and resign, to the end that the depositors might have representation and control of the affairs of the bank. And the Court turned a deaf ear to all, except the Receiver and those who represented him,

In the meantime, however, an appeal had been taken to the Supreme Court, the object of which was to have declared void the order appointing the Receiver. To defeat that proceeding, we now know, that in the dead of night, without authority, without power to do so, the Court, upon the application of the attorney for the Receiver and without notice to any one, appointed John F. Sheehan for a second time Receiver of this corporation. So that, when the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court reversing and annulling the first appointment was handed down, lo and behold, the Receiver was in possession under the second appointment! And so, the old Board of Directors, against their wish and the wish of the depositors, was prevented from meeting and could not resign. Although they were advised that they might safely disregard the injunction of the Court, it being utterly null and void, still, out of deference to the Court and fearing contempt proceedings, they did not venture to disregard the injunction. A proceeding was instituted in the Supreme Court to set aside and annul the second appointment of the Receiver. Then a scheme was set on foot to remove the old Board; and we know now from the lips of Mr. Livernash and other gentlemen what the Supreme Court never knew—we know how that meeting was brought about and the old Board removed. Why, the very Receiver and his attorney, who should have been absolutely impartial, and no more take sides than the Judge upon the bench, engineered and carried out the whole transaction—prepared and published the notice calling the stockholders' meetings; got possession of and voted stock which was fraudulent; and dismissing the old Board, elected successors to do their bidding. We see it all now. Having elected the new Board, the purpose of these conspirators was revealed. They put into the office of Secretary the then Receiver of the bank, and substituted his attorney as the attorney for the bank. Then they went before the Judge of that Department and had the attorney for the Receiver substituted on the record as the attorney for the bank; so that he stood in the double position of attorney for both Receiver and corporation! The purpose of this movement was, to enable this attorney to go to the Supreme Court and he substituted there as the attorney for the bank, and then dismiss as he did dismiss, the petition there of the bank, so that the Supreme Court would have no chance to pass on the order appointing the Receiver for the second time. Thus, and in this way, could the new Board so elected retain its grasp on the assets of the bank; and thus, and in this way, were the depositors denied any representation.

Juggling of the Appointments.

Prior to this last move, however, and fearing that there might be a reversal of the order making the second appointment, these same parties caused to be commenced a third suit; and the Receiver was appointed for the third time. Having got control of the Board of Directors in the manner which you know, there was no one to petition the Court for the reversal of the order making the third appointment. I remind you that the Receiver was first appointed and took possession of the bank's property on May 1st, 1891. He continued to hold possession as Receiver up to the month of January, 1895, when, it seems, having in the meantime been elected Secretary of the bank, having in the meantime got control of the Board of Directors, he desired to be discharged as Receiver and to have his bondsman exonerated. Gentlemen, what do you think of the action of the Court in discharging that Receiver and exonerating his bondsman? It seems that his accounts had been passed upon and approved. By whom? By a Board of Directors who had been chosen through his own influence, and by the use of means which must have amazed and shocked you as they were related by Mr. Livernash! What do you think of the so-called accounting which he filed in Court? It was not even sworn to, nor did he appear in Court in person to swear or testify to its correctness. But there were others in Court. There was Mr. Spelling, who represented somebody in interest, and who objected to a discharge of the Receiver upon a so-called accounting, which he pointed out was utterly insufficient in point of law. There was Mr. Bartnett, representing the California Safe Deposit & Trust Co., the assignee of some twenty-eight hundred depositors, who then and there asked the Court not to discharge the Receiver, but to require of him a full, proper and itemized statement of receipts and disbursements, a full and legal report of his stewardship. Observe the so-called accounting was not sworn to; nor was the Receiver present in person to verify it as correct. Both of these gentlemen asked the Court to continue the matter and to order the Receiver to make a proper accounting. To all of these reasonable and proper requests, the Judge of that department, the prosecuting witness here, turned his deaf ear; to all of these requests he would not listen, and discharged the Receiver and exonerated his bondsman. Why did he do these things? You will answer by your verdict. During all this time, and throughout all these proceedings, the depositors, represented by their committee of seven gentlemen, were protesting, were passing resolutions, were

on communicating their wishes to the Court, and when they asked for bread he gave them a stone!

I wish now to consider the relations existing between these two men, and to inquire whether the prosecuting witness, in whose court all these cases were pending knew of these abuses. I say, gentlemen, that common sense and common experience teach us that the Court knew, as we know he did know, he must have known—he ought to have known—of everything that the Receiver and his attorneys and advisors did during and throughout that whole period from May 1, 1894, to January, 1895. Don't suppose for a moment that because he was elected Secretary of the bank at the meeting held in July, 1894, this Receiver did not have possession of all the assets of that corporation from May 1, 1894, to January, 1895. He did have possession of them, according to the record and according to the law, from the time he took possession up to the time of his discharge, or up to a few days before the order discharging him.

When we undertook to find out what that Receiver and his advisers had done during that period of eight months, we were met by the objections that the Court was not aware of his actions, and, therefore, could not be bound by them. Whether in point of fact he did know of each and all the illegal acts of the Receiver, we have claimed throughout this case that the Court was morally responsible and morally liable for the acts of the Receiver, and, therefore, morally responsible and morally liable for the losses that accrued to the widows and orphans whose property was in his keeping. We have said that the Court was the "creature" through whom these men worked out their purposes. We have said that he was the "tool," without which they could not have accomplished their designs, and we have said, and do say, that he was and is morally responsible and liable for the losses suffered. It is a monstrous doctrine—a reflection upon the Bench—to say that a Judge can shut his eyes to the appeals of men and women, and thereby permit wrongs to be done to them, and then claim that he was ignorant of the facts, and seek to escape moral liability. From May 1, 1894, to January, 1895, and later on, we find that certain men were appointed to place and power in this bank, who were the particular political and social friends of that Judge; and that in spite of all protest, in spite of all appeals, in spite of every effort, they continued to hold positions of emolument, either as Receiver or as Secretary, or as agent for the sale of all the real property of that corporation. And never to this day has that Receiver and Secretary and agent been called upon by the Court for a proper and legal accounting!

Who is this great "General" who, if he ever smelt gunpowder, smelt it on some dress parade on a peaceful May day; or, perhaps, mounted on some charger on the Fourth of July? Who is this great Receiver-General? What services did he perform, what abilities had he displayed, which so commended him to the Court, and qualified him to take charge of a great banking institution? The record tells us that he belongs to that very plentiful class in California known as professional office-holders.

Denied the Prayer of Widow and Orphan.

Gentlemen, you remember, and will not soon forget, the startling testimony of Edward J. Livernash. Able lawyer, clever journalist, clear-eyed and brave-hearted, he told you how these conspirators—bogus Generals and office-loving Colonels—gained a victory over the depositors, and held control of this bank. According to the low conceptions of duty of the person who addressed you yesterday, Mr. Livernash was guilty of some impropriety in defending R. H. McDonald, Jr. Mr. Livernash told you that he was at that time the attorney of McDonald; nor did he insult and disgrace his profession by apologizing for defending a man accused of crime. Is there a doubt in your minds as to the entire truth of every word he uttered? He told you how he, as the attorney for McDonald, sought to cooperate with and aid the depositors in modifying the sweeping injunction, and inducing the old Board to resign, and in gaining control of the bank at the July meeting of stockholders; and he told you how his every effort, so worthy and so honorable, was thwarted and defeated by men who should have been fair and impartial. And during all these disgraceful proceedings—outrages on decency—the worthy Judge looked on, nor stayed the hands of those who were striking down the widow and the orphan. If the testimony, or any word, of Mr. Livernash was false, why did you this great Fourth-of-July General and May Day warrior, this Three-Times-Receiver, come upon the stand and deny it? If what Mr. Livernash told you was not true, why not confront him with that lawyer, who at one and the same time was attorney for plaintiff, attorney for defendant, and attorney for Receiver, in a litigation pending before this prosecuting witness? Why not deny and disprove the ugly things with which they were charged? Gentlemen, they dared not; they could not; and they sought the poor protection of silence. Mr. Livernash threw light on those dark transactions, of which the Court had knowledge or means of knowing, and no one has dared to come forward to explain or deny.

The old Board of Directors were bound hand and foot, like slaves in the shambles, and prevented from even resigning, while the Court permitted these conspiring villains to call a meeting to remove them from office and elect as their successors the creatures of the Receiver! The Court had been deaf to the law, deaf to appeal, deaf to entreaty. Petitioned in open court to modify his own void order of injunction—petitioned by depositors, women and children, by lawyers, by the Committee of Seven, the Judge sat there, denied the prayer of the poor, and allowed his own favorite appointee to plan and scheme to secure control of that bank. Yes, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Livernash; in spite of the efforts of the old Board; in spite of the efforts of their attorneys (if you will pardon me for alluding to Mr. Delmas and myself); in spite of the efforts of the Depositors' Committee; in spite of us all, the Court would not move. Think of it. And then, when these poor people went into Court complaining, or as American citizens dared to lay their grievances before the public, and to express their sentiments on his outrageous and infamous conduct, this Judge goes into the darkness of a Grand

Jury room and causes seven of them to be indicted! Gracious God! Indict the strong, the powerful; don't strike down the helpless and the poor! And this honest, this "worthy Judge, forsooth," who denied the prayer of the widow and the orphan, now permits, now urges on attorneys to stand in this Court and traduce and vilify their champions and defenders—the Committee of Seven. Do you believe that Mr. McCarthy—you saw and heard him, gray-haired, one-armed teacher in our public schools, honored, respected, loved—was seeking to loot or "hog" that bank—to repeat the vulgar language which was used here yesterday? Do you think that Mr. Lucy, honest, straight-forward workman, was seeking to plunder widows when he acted on that Committee? Do you think that Mr. Pike, intelligent and courageous, burning with righteous indignation, was a scoundrel when he acted for the depositors? Do you believe that Mr. Williams, Mr. Conant, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Casavaw, and Mr. Qualman are each and all thieves because they acted the part of brave men and spoke the words of fearless men? Do you discredit them because they were indicted through the instrumentality of a coward, who went into the secret chambers of a Grand Jury to swear away their reputation and liberty, but dared not confront them here, in the broad light of day, from the witness stand?

Looting the Bank.

Why did he not modify that injunction and permit the depositors to take control and place on the Board of Directors the names of the well known and honorable gentlemen agreed upon? You remember their names—Mr. Fliut, Mr. Wilson, Mr. McDonnell, Mr. Dickson, Dr. Harris, Dr. Logan, and Mr. Montgomery. Why not let them take charge of the bank? The answer is, because the Court knew that that Board would not perpetuate in office the Receiver and his friends. Were the Generals, and the Colonels, and the politicians, and the office-holders—were they the only men who knew how to run banks and conduct business affairs? And when Mr. Livernash sought to have the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank or the Anglo-Californian Bank take charge of and conduct the liquidation of the Peoples Home Savings Bank, why did the Judge of that department not co-operate with, and assist him in carrying out that very desirable plan? Why did the Court prefer this cheap and ignorant office-holder, this May Day General, instead of putting the affairs of that bank into the hands of a corporation such as Mr. Livernash suggested? Had the Court not given his favorite enough? Had he not appointed him referee and allowed him some \$11,000.00 for his services? We know now that without any order of Court and in direct violation of law, this great Receiver-General took \$4000 from the Peoples Home Savings Bank for a few months' looking on and looking wise. We know that the money was taken during the period of a void Receivership, and we know that the Court against the protest of men in interest, discharged him upon the pretense that that Board of Directors which he himself had called into being, had passed upon and found his accounts to be correct. How much more was paid to him, we were prevented from proving; for you remember that when we began to investigate his accounts, the prosecution would not permit us to open the books of that corporation. How much more he was paid while Secretary, we were not permitted to prove. How much more he has been paid, or is to be paid, for acting as agent for the sale of the real property of that little bank, we do not know; for the prosecuting witness closed the door on inquiry in that direction. How much this Receiver's attorneys or the Directors received out of the funds of that bank we do not know; and for the same reason—a padlock was put upon the books. But we have it in the record that thousands of dollars were illegally paid to this Receiver, because the Supreme Court decided that his appointment was utterly null and void. And I beg to remind you again, gentlemen, that it was after the Supreme Court had so decided that the prosecuting witness here authorized and approved this illegal payment of money to the Receiver.

Gentlemen, it makes me indignant to think that men of the character of Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Conant, Mr. Williams, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Kendall, and their associates, having been outraged in the past, should now be denounced in this Court as vile persons, when their object was open and above board and their only aim and desire the preservation of the assets of that bank. Observe, they did nothing in secret. They did not go at night to Court for ex parte orders; they did not draft blanket resolutions, passing upon the accounts of a Receiver, nor discharge him without an accounting; they did not violate promises; they did not deny justice; they did not, like cowards, sneak into Grand Jury rooms; they did not employ private detectives; they did not invade and attempt to break up meetings of gentlemen. They acted the part of brave, honest and fearless men, and as such they stand before you, unimpeached and unimpeachable.

A Fatal Comparison.

But what is this prosecution, gentlemen. Is it a crime to say of a Judge who will gather about him a gang of cheap politicians and office-holders, and under false pretenses break into a meeting where gentlemen are assembled, to over-awe free men and to stifle free speech—is it a crime for men to say that such a judge, guilty of such outrageous conduct, is a disgrace to the bench, if he is not a disgrace to humanity? What do you think of that performance at the Bush-street theatre? What do you think of that stenographer of his court going there under false pretenses as a spy to take down the proceedings? What do you think of the Clerk of his Court going under false pretenses, to assist in breaking up that meeting? What do you think of the Receiver and one of the Directors attempting to get into that meeting through false pretenses? What do you think of the Judge, who, forgetting the dignity of his station, called in a Sergeant of Police to force his way without right into that meeting of indignant citizens? Can you imagine Chief Justice Beatty engaged in such a disgraceful adventure? Can you imagine Judge Coffey or Judge Seawell or any other of our honorable Judges, taking part in such a cowardly affair? That whole proceeding and

the part played by the prosecuting witness here were characteristic of low-browed and ignorant political strikers, rather than of a dignified, pre-mind, upright Judge of our Superior Court. And yet, because these citizens who have lost their money, who have been denied a hearing, who had been refused a place on the directory, who had been denounced and thrown out by the Receiver, the servant and the creature of the court itself, whose rights had been trampled on, whose petitions had been ignored—because these men expressed their indignation and commented upon official misconduct seven of them stand indicted upon statements made by this prosecuting witness in the secret Grand Jury room. And because Mr. Marriott expressed his sentiments, and gave the depositors a hearing before the people, he stands indicted, and it is asked that you find him guilty of a crime.

Gentlemen, as for myself personally, when the time comes that I shall feel it necessary to turn aside to answer the criticisms or the comments of men, when I feel that the time has come when it is necessary for me to go into court and indict men in order that I may vindicate myself, I trust that I shall meet with such a reception as I hope and believe this prosecuting witness will meet with here. When a man is conscious of his own rectitude, and of the purity of his own purpose, when he knows the truth and dares to stand by it or to fall with it, he does not fear the criticisms of men or of newspapers. As was said in the Pennsylvania case, "The people, sometimes hasty, are in the end always just, and will not long permit any public man to remain under a cloud, unless it is one of his own raising." Thus far in life, I have followed, and shall continue to be guided by the advice of Lord Wolsey to Cromwell:

Cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

Gentlemen, Mr. Marriott is charged with saying that the prosecuting witness was the enemy of numerous widows and orphans. Apart from his past conduct, what is he doing now? What has he done, and what is he doing to their champions? What has he done, and what is he doing to the Committee of Seven, who speak for them and represent them? Indicting them, pursuing them, hounding them—poor men as they are—following them into courts with criminal prosecutions!

Proved Every Allegation.

Gentlemen, the defendant stands here charged with a crime. He is presumed to be innocent. It is for the State to establish his guilt—to establish every proposition essential to a criminal libel. But it is for you to determine what a criminal libel is. It is for you to determine what a citizen may speak of and concerning a candidate for public office. It is for you to determine whether this Judge was morally liable for things that took place. It is for you to determine whether these depositors were justified in opposing his candidacy. This you will determine. Neither libelous, neither malicious, this editorial is the expression of an honest man's opinion touching this particular candidate, and every fact that we set out to prove we have proved. "Creature," "tool," "enemy of numerous widows and orphans," "morally liable for the loss of their little savings," "a disgrace to the Bench"—these, and more, we have proved this prosecuting witness to be. We have justified, and we may safely rest. You know the story; I think you understand it. I think you understand how the first, second and third appointments of Receiver were made; how the old Board was willing to resign; how the Court agreed that they should resign; how they met and agreed upon a new Board; how the Court refused to modify the injunction; how the meeting was called in July to remove the old Board and to elect a new one; how, in January, the Receiver was discharged without any legal accounting, and how these men, by the active assistance or silent acquiescence of this prosecuting witness, have held control of that bank from May 1, 1894, down to the present moment. I think you understand how the depositors have struggled and fought in vain for representation or control on that Board of Directors. I think you understand all this, perhaps quite as well and remember the story just as distinctly as I do. I have only to ask you to render unto others what you would have measured out to yourselves, and I have only to ask you to do what we have been taught is right in morals as it is just in law—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." And unless you are ready to determine that the citizen has no right to express his opinion upon public questions, and unless you are willing to deny to others a privilege which you demand for yourselves, you must acquit this defendant. Gentlemen, is this to be the beginning of a long series of political prosecutions? We have seven now of these depositors indicted, and Mr. Marriott is on trial for championing the cause of the poor and helpless. Is this worthy Judge to go on and indict the rest of the depositors, or indict others of the committee, or indict other citizens who have opposed his candidacy in the last campaign? Is that the programme? If so, where is this thing to end?

Important Principles at Stake.

I have necessarily detained you long; but I have not discussed the matter in greater detail than I deemed the interests of my client demanded and the importance of the case warranted. I do not apologize to you for performing my duty; but I thank you for your thoughtful attention. The case, I said at the outset, is of great importance—important because of the principles at stake. These principles are alive to-day. They may perish; but I trust in God not at your hands. These principles which are by the State attacked and by me defended, have been fought out for five hundred years by the labor and valor of our ancestors. The moment it is established that we cannot criticize public officers and candidates for office, that moment liberty in the true sense perishes in this country. I do not upon bended knee ask you for merciful consideration. No, no; I

ask you for a just, fearless, American consideration of this cause. This is our country, and if there be anything in it worth preserving it is free speech and a free press, and free speech and a free press, to be of any value, include the right of freely and openly commenting upon and censuring public servants. These rights and privileges we must not sacrifice under any circumstances, or at anybody's request or demand. No harm has come to any human being from this publication or from the expression of opinion here complained of; but a great harm, a mortal hurt, may come to us and to our country if you, confused by sophistry or inflamed by passion, shall feel it your duty to say that the citizen shall be punished for expressing his opinion. I feel satisfied that you will not take such a narrow view of this case or the questions involved. I want you to remember that you sit here as your forefathers sat, defending the true principles of liberty, and that you are to decide the law and the facts in this criminal libel case. Each one of you must be a judge for himself, each one of you is answerable to his own conscience, answerable to his country, and answerable to God, for the verdict he renders. Although I hope and believe that, under the law and the evidence, you must and will speedily send Mr. Marriott back to the wife of his bosom, back to his home and his labor, (I have a right to expect it), I do earnestly ask it of you as a citizen, interested as much as any one else in the laws and their enforcement. Acquit him promptly; rebuke this prosecuting witness; condemn him and his confederates, and vindicate the true principles of our government. I ask you to do this in the name of the law, in the name of justice, in the name of these widows and orphans whose property has been squandered, in the name of these seven honorable men who have been traduced and indicted because they took up the cause of the poor and spoke their honest sentiments concerning official misconduct. I ask you to acquit Mr. Marriott on behalf of yourselves, and on behalf of every citizen in this State. Determine for all time by your verdict that there can be no such thing in this State or in this country as political prosecutions for the expression of political opinion.

Gentlemen, I have done. On behalf of the defendant, whose cause I now leave with you, on behalf of myself for the patient attention you have been pleased to accord me, I again return to you my grateful thanks, and await, not without confidence, a verdict which I believe will be approved by all the people.

NOTE.—The Jury returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

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NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 29, 1897.

Number 22.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54, Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

THE Supervisors are indulging in a criticism of the Board of Health. Perhaps they are doing this to get even on the taxpayers who are in the habit of saying uncomplimentary things of the Honorable Supervisors with far greater cause.

MAYOR Phelan says that he will probably sign the high hat ordinance. Speaking of the proposed law he said: "Whatever may be its weak points, I am of opinion that its moral effects will be felt." The high hats, unlike the ordinance, have no weak points. The trouble is, they are all adult, well-grown, clearly defined, and in aggressive evidence. The Mayor may feel certain the proposed law will promote morality. Men will forget their thirst between acts and cease swearing during the play.

THE great Craven-Fair case is drawing out a vast deal of expert testimony in handwriting. Mr. Max Gumpel, a resident of this city, and who has for many years figured as an expert in all the great local will cases whenever such testimony has been necessary, is one of the principal witnesses; and in his appearance before the jury is demonstrating a remarkable knowledge of the theory and bases of value of such testimony. He is particularly skillful at practical illustrations, and his blackboard tracings are one of the features of this important case.

WHEN Adolph Kutner, the California millionaire and philanthropist, presented himself at the Russian Legation in Washington the other day, and was refused the vising of his passport by the Charge d'Affairs, he was doubtless very much surprised and chagrined. Accumulation of wealth, a position of influence, and the respect of his fellow-citizens in California should be a sufficient endorsement to admit a man into any country where civilization is even partially recognized. The Czar of all the Russias ought to amend his laws so that men of honorable station in life could call upon him without fear of a trip to Siberia. Kutner is a better man than the Czar of Russia, and we can prove it.

WHEN General Dimond was among us he gave his energies and unremitting efforts up to business; and in the course of his honored life accumulated a moderate fortune, which at his untimely death was divided equitably among his children. Not millions were so divided, but an abundance for their comfort, and even luxury. This being true, it is with regret, not unmixed with surprise, that those who knew and loved him see that the heirs of the General have permitted his good name to be drawn into a scandal in the hope that a few extra thousands may be added to the bequests he made. The life insurance, for which suit has been brought by a once-named beneficiary of General Dimond, is hardly worth enough to his children to permit its inevitable consequent scandal. If he were alive, it is unlikely that he would value the \$10,000 in issue as of sufficient importance to justify the parade in courts and public print of the circumstances from which this action springs. Without respect to exact material justice—waiving the final distinctions which may have influenced General Dimond in this matter—the friends of his memory, who are legion in this State and wherever he was known, can look on this spectacle only with profound regret.

CLAUS Spreckels has given a practical turn to the efforts now being made to colonize the poor of the city on country lands. The six hundred acres which he proposes to turn over to the colonists is adapted to sugar beet culture. If the theory pans out in practice the labor question will be nearer a solution in this State than ever before, and the Sugar King will have produced another reason for calling him Santa Claus.

THE earth has not yet settled upon the grave of our honored fellow-citizen; but already is the air filled with intrigues, and the wires between San Francisco and Washington made hot with telegrams planning and plotting for the shoes of Frauk McCoppin. The office-seeker is a sort of ghoul who has neither self-respect nor ability. He is oblivious of contempt, and to him true dignity of character is a thrice-sealed volume.

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company is adding to its Trans-Pacific service. The company desires to meet more than half-way the Japanese vessels soon to be laid on regularly between San Francisco and Yokohama, but it does not wish to cut rates. San Francisco can endure a cutting of rates of transportation with equanimity, even joy, in all directions excepting Hades, Hougkong, Yokohama, *et als*; but for these ports they cannot be too high to our liking.

IT will be in order for the University Regents to explain why they paid Attorney Julius Kahn twelve hundred and fifty hard dollars for services which it is not apparent that gentleman performed at the last Legislature. The fact is, the whole system of lobbying is bad, and usually operates as a premium upon dishonesty. The Regents should explain. It is obvious that Mr. Kahn will not: being the chief and perhaps only beneficiary of their unusual generosity, his modesty will keep him silent.

AT last the great Blythe case has been settled. Fourteen years have passed since Thomas H. Blythe joined the innumerable caravan, and the final disposition of his estate has just been determined. In view of the location of the property and its increase in value, Mrs. Florence Blythe Hinckley will have something left to remind her pleasantly of her father's sound business judgment after the lawyers have been paid. There is consolation to the profession in the fact that this is the bright particular exception which proves the general rule of universal disappearance through legal absorption.

A. S. BALDWIN recently returned from an Eastern trip, and in response to an interviewer said: "If our people, instead of continually harping on the 'dollar limit,' would go and see what other cities are doing to add to the comfort and enjoyment of their inhabitants in the construction of superb boulevards and new parks, it would arouse some civic pride in their breasts. The proper sort of economy in the administration of the city government is all right, but I tell you strangers won't come to San Francisco to see the 'dollar limit,' and the sooner we realize and appreciate the importance of spending money, not extravagantly, but liberally, for the beautifying of our city the sooner we will have good times." There is more good hard, practical sense in this admirable avowal of Mr. Baldwin than was ever dreamed of in the moldy philosophy of all the aggregated silurians of this city. The "dollar limit" has too long been worshiped as the salvation of the city and the safeguard of the mossback brigade. The fact that the policy outlined by Mr. Baldwin might produce a few deaths from paralysis of the pocket should hasten its practical adoption.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

THERE has all along been a mystery about the Cuban insurgents. Who and what are they? They fight no battles, make no progress, and pretty nearly all the reports favorable to them emanate from a New York syndicate, which, with large promises, has secured more or less press support in this country. But the truth is beginning to leak out. The Boston Transcript prints the reports of two tried correspondents, one from an Eastern and Democratic newspaper, and the other representing a Western and Republican journal. They have recently returned from Cuba, where both men spent some months quietly but thoroughly investigating the real situation. Each found a way to go everywhere and see everything. They agree that there is no army, to be properly described as such, representing the so-called Cuban Government, which cannot be found, and has no existence, except, perhaps, in the aforesaid syndicate in this country. What there is of an insurgent force is formed of bands of brigands, which have for years flourished in Cuba, living off natives and Spanish indifferently. They are pelf seekers, and anything but liberty-loving heroes. There has been "warfare," if the term is to be used at all, against these brigands, but the facility with which they are summoned for action, to be speedily dissolved upon the approach of an organized force of police or soldiers, makes it extremely difficult to come up to them in a body, or to capture or punish them except in detail. The Cuban insurgents are lawless thieves, worse than the moonshiners, who descend from the mountain passes of the South to dispose of their unlawful wares, and steal their way back again, and not at all unlike the early Higblanders of Scotland, who made such frequent and devastating raids upon the flocks and herds of the Lowlanders. The Cuban insurgents do not, it is admitted, include the business or property owning inhabitants of the island. They are lawless mercenaries, who live on what they can pick up by the way, and upon what the schemers in this country can send them. Yet these are the heroes over whom our Senate waxes eloquent, and would violate treaties with a weak but friendly power, and even throw down the gage of battle!

According to both these correspondents, there is nothing to recognize. No head, no cabinet, no responsible men, no seat of government, and nothing but detached bands of brigands, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They are much like Geronimo's band of Arizona Indians, who gave General Miles and his sturdy soldiers so much and so prolonged and arduous a struggle. They refuse to stay and be caught. Their knowledge of the fastnesses of the country gives them an immense advantage over the regular troops. If we want Cuba, let us, in the name of all that is creditable, say so, appraise its value, pay the price, and take it. But let us cease this long drawn out pretense of helping an independent and brave people to gain self-government and freedom. To talk of extending belligerent rights to such half-savage knights of the road, is as much like Mexico extending aid and comfort to Geronimo's band, as are two peas. Neither of the correspondents sees any hope for Cuban achievement of independence, and are not clear as to how the trouble can be ended unless the hands are captured and deported, as was Geronimo's. They are agreed that the circumstances are so peculiar that the insurgents may be able to keep up their desultory resistance long after the island has become uninhabitable by civilized workers. Truly a pretty possession to hanker after!

Our only trouble is that not a little American capital is invested in Cuban sugar plantations. We have some show of right to protect our own interests even in Cuba. How can we do that? Certainly not by lending support to guerilla bands, incapable of stable and intelligent government. So long as the Cubans cannot meet the test of international law in regard to their recognition as belligerents, we cannot afford to belittle ourselves in the eyes of the world by a step that would have no justification, but would leave us open to much misapprehension and suspicion. If the Cubans, as Secretary Olney declared as late as December last, have not so much as a "nucleus of statehood," let us approach the Cuban situation from an entirely different direction. There is another way, and that is friendly intervention, or intervention by force in the last

resort. If the Cubans cannot show that they are entitled to belligerent rights, as they certainly cannot, the fact remains that they are making a fruitless war upon our interests and on our humanitarian impulses. We have a right to say that this state of affairs has lasted long enough, and must now end. We should stop such irregular and monstrous warfare, take guaranties for the better government of the island in the future, warn other powers that Cuba is not for them, and rest at that, satisfied that we have done the best we could under the circumstances.

Still Humbugging Its Readers. The unscrupulous Examiner refuses to be set right, because it wants to be wrong, to serve a personal end. It

persists that we should tax ourselves over \$4,000,000 a year to literally give to the Hawaiian planter. It then endeavors to humbug its readers into the belief that there is large profit to us in this absolute gift. It has the temerity to foist these manifestly false deductions upon a people believed to be intelligent. It says that during the last calendar year: "We received from Hawaii \$15,244,977 in goods, whilst we sent only \$4,184,351 in exchange. On any system in private business, these figures would show that we made a profit of \$11,060,626." What arrant nonsense! Fancy those notably avaricious planters being satisfied with about twenty-seven cents on the dollar! But this planters' organ tries again in these words: "We sent to Hawaii during the year 1896 the sum of \$1,065,278 in gold, and \$73,900 in silver. This is the total shipment in settlement of the balance. The other \$9,221,448 was profit. We swapped off \$5,323,529 in cash and merchandise for goods worth \$15,244,977." It then estimates that we have, during the twenty years the so-called reciprocity treaty has been in existence, received from Hawaii \$107,557,455 more than we have paid her. Poor little country of only 8000 whites! How in the name of conscience has she stood such a drain upon her very limited resources? Marvelous, is it not, that such hungry blood suckers of peon laborers should be distinguished by such unbounded and unparalleled generosity towards the rich children of Uncle Sam? But the Examiner's statement is on its face an obvious, bold, and unblushing lie, intended to delude and obfuscate the ignorant and unwary, and to serve an end the Examiner dare not frankly state. The truth is, that Honolulu is not a money center. The little coin it takes from here is what it needs to pay its Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and native laborers with, and that, it appears, amounts one year with another to only one-fifteenth part of its total export. In other words, the planter pays his labor less than six and one-quarter per cent upon his surplus product, with nothing for that required for the home market. The remainder of the balance of trade in favor of Hawaii goes from here to wherever the planter can find the best use for it, which is certainly not Honolulu. It goes either for investment or debt paying wherever it is needed. It is certain we owe not those money grabbing planters a dollar. We pay either them or their assigns a hundred cents on the dollar all the time. Furthermore, we have made them a total present of \$80,000,000 in rebated sugar duties, and this whilst they have exacted from us the same price for their sugar as the least favored nation. All this in the much misused name of reciprocity.

Are the Japanese Handicapping Themselves? A daily contemporary attempts to explain how the Japanese are handicapping themselves in the race for enlarged commerce. It first quotes

from an English trade journal, which says that the Japanese are manifesting a strong inclination to prohibit the employment of foreign capital in the development of their industries. There is no doubt but that the tendency to exclude all foreigners from employment in Japan is increasing, and it may safely be predicted that the few outsiders now in her service will soon be discharged. Under the existing treaty foreigners cannot own real estate, except in a few square rods abutting on or near the treaty ports, nor can they own shares in Japanese enterprises. This leads our contemporary to remark that "if such a policy of exclusion be persevered in, much of the apprehension created by the really remarkable forward strides made by the Japanese will be removed. It was feared by many that the Japs would take advantage of the mobility

of capital, and permit their cheap labor to be exploited for the benefit of foreigners, but this restrictive system, and the virtual adoption of the gold standard, have decisively settled the matter and removed them from the list of possible competitors for the trade of the world."

Just so. But this is strange doctrine to come from a high protectionist, and a supporter of the St. Louis platform. The Japanese are but carrying the principles of protection to their ultimate conclusion, and are but saying ditto to the Republican gold platform. Here at home the Chronicle predicts that these two things will bring progress and prosperity to our country. But we cannot for the very life of us understand how our contemporary can say that the application of its own principles to Japan "removes that country from the list of possible competitors for the trade of the world." That is precisely what our own free traders have all along been saying must be the ultimate effect of our own exclusive policy. It is true that the Japanese borrow but little, whilst we stretch our credit to its utmost limit. But Japan hoarded money for hundreds of years, and has recently come into possession of a vast sum from China. She appears to have all the money she wants, for she establishes vast steam lines, and is hiding for commerce all over the world, without any disturbance of her finances at home. Well would it be for us if we could say as much. We have borrowed abroad to excess. Our profits in trade and production go to repay the foreign bondholder. Happier is Japan with those profits staying at home. One hundred years to come will not see us in the freedom from debt that Japan now enjoys. Our railroads alone owe to foreigners a sum about equal to all the gold and silver there is in the world, and our country is being drained of its productiveness all the time to pay the interest. Our contemporary must have been nodding when it spread such stuff before California readers.

Inspector Dockery
and
Collector Wise.

Whatever the technical merits of the case may be, the sympathies and interests of the public, and the equities of the case, are all in favor of Inspector

Dockery in his fight to prevent the exportation from this city and State of impure brandy. The facts already developed in the case are a sufficient basis for intelligent opinion. The stuff sought to be held by Dockery bears the label "Pure California Brandy," and thanks to the zeal of Collector Wise, is now speeding across the continent, bound for England. The liquor so labeled is known to be a miserable decoction of prune juice, bad whiskey, grape brandy, water, and disreputable "stiffening," and if it were accepted anywhere as a fair sample of "Pure California Brandy," would do the greatest possible injury to the honest industry of this State. This is sufficient cause to justify the pure food inspector in taking the vigorous steps which precipitated the interference of the Federal authorities. Collector Wise can have no object in this matter distinct from the interests of the State, and while he no doubt acted in good faith, there is abundant room for criticism of his judgment. The "brandy" is not perishable; no penalty would have resulted from its detention for three or four days, or until the legal rights of the officials in contact could have been determined. In any event, its shipment abroad is a disgrace to the State, and a direct and positive injury to a growing industry. These facts should have had weight with the Collector.

The publicity that has been given this particular fraud will no doubt defeat its consummation. Telegrams have been sent to Washington to the Secretary of the Treasury, and the consignees of the stuff in England, as well as English customs authorities will be warned of the "Pure California Brandy" to arrive. The English pure food laws are stricter than our own; and while goods for export manufactured there may be impure or adulterated to any degree, under all sorts of labels, foods for consumption at home are subject to the most careful investigation, and violation of the laws are rigidly enforced. This shipment of prune juice and bad whiskey will be given a warm reception should it be lauded in England. There is not one chance in a hundred that a single quart of the fraudulent stuff will find its way down British throats.

California is just now making every effort to prevent the manufacture of impure food products, and also stop their import from the East or elsewhere. This attempt to defy

the clear will of the people, perpetrate a gross fraud upon innocent purchasers abroad, and strike a most hurtful blow at the brandy industry of this State, should be throttled. Technicalities may sometimes be interposed in the interests of Justice, but in this instance, no trivial defense should be permitted to defend such dishonorable methods, or shield the perpetrators from the utmost consequences of their acts.

The Tariff
Struggle
As It Stands.

The tariff debates in open Senate have begun in excitement which there is little hope of ending until about the 1st of August. As one Senator truly remarked, if closure obtained in the Senate the tariff could be put through within a week, and fully \$100,000,000 saved to the Government in duties that would at once be collectable. But there is no Czar in the Senate, and it must as usual drag its slow length along. The final outcome is a mere matter of chance. Compromise is the order of the day and will have to be resorted to in regard to almost every item in every schedule. The state of parties is such that no hard and fast lines can be drawn, and the ultimate shape of the tariff is altogether in doubt. Meanwhile, there is a sudden awakening of Republican organs all over the country to the fact that the proposed tariff will not do, that it violates the principle of protection, and fails to realize the expectations raised by the St. Louis platform. The taxes "for revenue only" are so numerous as to pretty nearly constitute it a Democratic tariff. There is no protection in a tax on tea, and none that is necessary in an increased tax on beer. It is true that a considerable revenue will thereby be raised but that is throwing up the sponge in favor of the Democrats. This is more than consistent Republican journals can stand, and, in consequence, they are kicking up a lively racket all over the land that hodes no good to Senators bound by all sorts of dickers and compromises. The sugar schedule is just where it was when the Wilson tariff was in the Senate. What Gorman and Brice were to that measure, Aldrich, and Platt of Connecticut, are to the one now under consideration. In both parties the sugar trust has friends who must be placated, or tariff legislation is impossible. President Cleveland worn out, disgusted and unable to see his way to better legislation, was constrained to let the Wilson bill become law without his signature. As the new bill gives the go-bye to McKinleyism, it looks as if Cleveland's successor may have to follow in his footsteps.

The Turk Defies
Europe's Concert.

It looks as if the European Concert will have more on its hands than it bargained for. Turkey flatly refusing to relinquish her conquests, has determined to retain Thessaly. She sends defiance as an answer to the collective note of the powers, and at Athens active preparations are being made for a possible renewal of the war. At the same time it is believed that England has made known to the powers her intention to retire from the concert if Turkey be allowed to take territory, except in rectification of boundaries, from Greece. She claims that the principal purpose of the concert was to maintain in all Europe the statu quo as to territory. No power was to be allowed to take more than she then owned. That was thought to remove all motive for war. If that idea is now to be abandoned, the purpose of the Concert is at an end and England proposes to withdraw. The Czar and Emperor William are believed to be secretly directing the Sultan's course. The Grand Turk has been pleased to direct his Grand Vizier to talk out in meeting, and to direct his speech to be published. The Ministers refused to discuss the abandonment of Thessaly and the Vizier urged the Sultan to regard the powers "as enemies, who were plotting to destroy Turkey" and he went on to say that "if we yield to European pressure now we shall alienate Mussulmans. Therefore I employ your majesty for the sake of your victorious ancestors to retain Thessaly. Refuse to be dictated to as you did in the case of Armenia, with the result that your Majesty gained the victory." All of which, if true, looks more serious than anything that has happened since the Greco-Turkish controversy began. What the end of all this secret diplomacy may prove to be no man can tell. It looks like a reopening of the dangerous Eastern question.

The Problem Of Municipal Government. During the past five months Dr. J. H. Stallard of this city contributed to the Overland Monthly a series of interesting and timely articles upon the problem of "Municipal Government as illustrated by the Municipal Government of San Francisco." The articles have since been gathered together and published in convenient form for general circulation. The pamphlet is full of practical matter bearing directly upon the intricate, and as yet admittedly unsolved, questions of Municipal Government, and will abundantly repay careful study. In summing up the subjects treated and the suggestions contained in them we cannot do better than chose Dr. Stallard's own words:

"It would be presumptuous and premature to dictate the details of the form of government proposed in the foregoing pages. It is obvious that great care and deliberation will be necessary. But it may be useful to present a brief recapitulation and also to submit for discussion some important subjects which have not received the attention they deserve.

1. The evils connected with the franchise and the enrollment of the citizens have been pointed out, and the remedies suggested are, some better method of ascertaining the fact of citizenship and the adoption of a special register.

2. The complete separation of the municipal from the State and federal elections is necessary.

3. The question of selecting councilors from electoral districts or from the city at large, is one of great importance. If by districts, the boundaries need to be revised from time to time.

4. It having been clearly proved that the present system of election by a plurality of votes is not truly representative, the introduction of proportional representation ought to be seriously entertained, especially as it seems to promise the election of a better class of councilors.

5. Laws for the prevention and punishment of bribery need to be improved.

6. The initiative and referendum might probably be adopted with advantage, in order to determine the incidence and limit of taxation, the creation of a public debt, the exercise of the right of eminent domain, the imposition of any new duty on the government, the removal of dishonest and incompetent officials, and the control of corporations. With the election of a council, the initiative and referendum will be very little used.

7. The relations between the city and the governor of the State will need to be accurately defined.

8. The construction of the council is of paramount importance, and either the English or Italian systems may be taken as a model, although the former seems more conformable to republican ideas. The number of councilors should be large enough to supply supervising committees for every department of the public service and to prevent the possibility of combinations of seven or nine for evil purposes. From twenty to twenty-five for every one hundred thousand of the population would probably be advisable. A degree of permanence is necessary, and at no one election should it be possible to revolutionize the council's policy.

By this means alone is it possible to exclude the improper influence of politics and popular clamor. The term of office being thus prolonged, every councilor will enjoy the advantage of acquiring knowledge, experience, and interest, in the work entrusted to him, and this becoming known will contribute to his re-election. The longer a councilor retains his office with respect, the better will the citizens be served. The council must be entrusted with complete authority and sole responsibility.

9. The mayor must be divested of his veto, but the proposal to give him disciplinary power ought to be discussed. It would probably be well to give him authority to suspend any member or employee of the city government for malfeasance, dishonesty, or neglect of duty, and if given the power to submit any important question to the referendum of the citizens, the importance of his office would surely be increased. The English method of appointing the assessor works well, and is probably better than popular election.

10. Accounts should be audited and published twice a year,—one auditor to be a member of the council appointed by the mayor, the other elected yearly by the citizens.

The auditors should have no control over the items of expenditure.

11. The people must relinquish their right to put separate checks upon their own elected government. They elect one auditor, but all other officials must be appointed by the council, including the tax collector, treasurer, sheriff, heads of departments, and employees, without restriction as to salaries or numbers. It would be wise to consult the practice of other countries with regard to the conditions under which appointments shall be made, taking the best from each. Special care should be taken that no official be discharged on political or religious grounds.

THE HON. FRANK McCOPPIN.

IN the lamented death of this distinguished gentleman San Francisco loses a most useful and public-spirited citizen. He died full of honors in this city on Wednesday morning last at the age of sixty-three years, from an operation, made two days previously, for cancer in the stomach. He leaves a widow, the daughter of the late General Van Ness, after whom our most celebrated boulevard is named. He came here in the early fifties, when only twenty-five years old, and at once took rank as a clear-headed and a most capable and responsible man. He was at once entrusted with the building of the Market street railroad line, which he managed with success for years. His ability was soon recognized by the voters of the Eleventh Ward, who again and again elected him to serve as a Supervisor, or Councilman, as the office would in some places be called. In 1867 he was chosen by the people at large as Mayor, or Chief Magistrate, of this city, in which place he proved himself a most efficient opponent of the reigning corruption of that period. No jobs could get through the Board of Supervisors without being met with his veto. As an instance of his strict sense of duty, it may be related how, at the last moment, he abandoned a pleasure tour through Mexico as the companion and guest of the late Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, in order to defeat the ruling ring and protect his constituents. Mr. Seward's reception in this city much pleased him, and he was greatly taken with its Mayor, Democrat though he was. An invitation to accompany him on his celebrated Mexican tour was given by Mr. Seward, and accepted by Mr. McCoppin, who had but three weeks of his official term to serve. It soon leaked out, however, that with his powerful veto out of the way, the Supervisors contemplated putting through several jobs inimical to the well-being of the young municipality. Mr. McCoppin at once explained the situation to Mr. Seward, begged to be released from his promise, and remained at his post to defeat official jobbery and corruption. He was subsequently elected to the Senate of the State, where he originated legislation which at once stamped him as a practical statesman of no mean order. He took the police out of politics, gave us a uniform street-car fare, and by his "One-twelfth Act" kept San Francisco out of debt from that day to this. He settled the outside land question, and, in spite of much opposition, saved Golden Gate Park to the future use, recreation and pleasure of our people. He was offered by President Cleveland the position of Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan, but avoided its acceptance by giving it as his opinion that the public interests would not be best served by taking the Minister to either China or Japan from this Mongolian-hating part of the country. He was given a most pleasant trip as United States Commissioner to the Melbourne Exhibition, where he discovered the lady-bug which has done so much to save our southern orange groves from the ravages of the cottony cushion scale. He was subsequently appointed Postmaster of this city, which office he held at the time of his death. San Francisco never had a more faithful, upright or useful citizen. He passed through a long period of corruption in official life without so much as the breath of suspicion attaching itself to his name. With all his chances to enrich himself, he died a comparatively poor man. A proud, self-respecting man, he was not always popular with the crowd, but he was at all times singularly trusted by those who knew him, and no man ever found that trust misplaced. Peace to his ashes.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

OPINIONS OF THE STATE PRESS.

THE NEWS LETTER has been literally overwhelmed with congratulations from constituents throughout the State upon the now famous libel suit, from which its proprietor emerged completely vindicated. The press comments received would fill this journal if published in full, so we are reluctantly compelled to reproduce only brief extracts taken from articles running from twenty-five lines to a column in length, appearing in such papers as have reached us. But only second to the appreciation of prompt vindication of right as it has been presented to the proprietor of the NEWS LETTER, will ever be held the staunch and hearty support of the contemporaneous Press of his State

It is a victory for free speech.—San Jose Mercury, 15th inst.

Once more the rights of a free press have been upheld.—Haywards Review, 14th inst.

It is not libel to say that Hebbard is a disgrace to the Bench.—Oakland Telegram, 15th inst.

The jury has virtually determined that the NEWS LETTER'S charge is true.—Redding Free Press, 18th inst.

This case presents a situation that would justify executive attention.—San Bernardino Times-Index, 15th inst.

It would seem to be in order for Judge Hebbard to resign and retire to private life.—Alameda Encinal, 15th inst.

The verdict was unanimous, and a merited rebuke was given to unscrupulous politicians.—Auburn (Cal.) Republican, 20th inst.

A jury has decided that it is not libel to say that Judge Hebbard is a disgrace to the Bench.—Stockton Independent, 15th inst.

The suit was a crucial test, and public estimation of Hebbard has slumped to a disastrous degree.—Alameda Argus, 15th inst.

A striking illustration of the newspaperman's course in fearlessly criticising a candidate for office.—Santa Cruz Sentinel, 15th inst.

It was proved at the trial that Hebbard had permitted himself to become the tool of unscrupulous men.—Sacramento Bee, 15th inst.

The verdict was unanimous, and a merited rebuke was given to unscrupulous politicians.—Placer Co. Republican, 20th inst.

The acquittal of the editor of the NEWS LETTER of the charge of libeling Judge Hebbard will meet public approval.—San Jose Herald, 15th inst.

The verdict of the jury in this case is a victory for freedom of speech, personal rights, and criticism of public officials.—Solano Republican, 21st inst.

The only way he (Judge Hebbard) could have won this damage suit, was to have tried the case himself and refused the defendant a jury.—Los Angeles Capital, 22d inst.

The jury before whom the case was heard, by their verdict decided that Hebbard was not libeled, and that what Editor Marriott said was true.—Arizona Citizen, 22d inst.

The acquittal of Marriott is a great victory for the accused. The case is one in which every publisher and every citizen is interested, and the craft generally will rejoice in the outcome.—Stockton Mail, 20th inst.

Hebbard was accused with entire truth, * * * but the unjust Judge dared not take the witness stand in his own behalf, and the jury promptly acquitted the defendant.—Sunday Welcome (Portland, Or.) 22d inst.

The "Holier Than Thou" toga of Julius Caesar Bonaparte Hebbard has been pulled aside, and, after all, it is a very common man inside it—one to whom no one of twelve men could find it in his heart to afford the balm of a disagreement.—San Francisco Call, 15th inst.

Men, women and children had been heartlessly robbed by these official custodians. * * * Marriott took it upon himself to lay the matter before the public. * * * Twelve good men and true unanimously declared that Mr. Marriott had published nountruth.—Greater Los Angeles, 22d inst.

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MRS. RYLEY'S comedy, *An American Citizen*, is enduring. It stands the test of repetition securely, and one feels as one felt when Mr. Goodwin produced it first at the Baldwin some six months ago, that the part of Beresford Cruger exploits

him in the best quality of his popular work. It does not exact from him anything like the best of which he is capable, but it is a lovable character, human and true in a bright, optimistic way; and even those of us who would always see Goodwin advancing to greater things can take satisfaction out of the fact that he plays this part as no one else could play it. And after a week of public sacrifice at the Goodwin shrine in such misfit roles as those of Ada Ingot and Lydia Languish, common courtesy demanded that Miss Maxine Elliott be given a chance to reclaim herself. I can imagine no one finding fault with her Beatrice Carew in *An American Citizen*, or praising her beauty to the point of patronizing her art. Nearly all of us who write about the things we see on the stage had more to say of Miss Elliott's beauty than of her acting when she first came to San Francisco and played with the Frawleys. I daresay we were just. The one critic who did not agree with us—a ladicritic, too—thought Miss Elliott foredoomed to fatness, and said, as I remember it, that, all things being equal at the time, if Miss Elliott did not look to her diet, in a twelvemonth she would be more actress than beauty. The time is up; Miss Elliott, it seems, has looked, not only to her diet, but to her acting. I cannot see that she is any less of a beauty, but it is perceptible that she is twelve times over a better actress—which was not exactly what the critic meant.

* * *

Miss Elliott has evidently worked hard, since it is work, and nothing but work, that brings perfection in this craft, as in all others. People prate of the born actor. They might as well talk of the born playwright. Neither ever happened. It is common enough to hear Goodwin spoken of in this way—Goodwin, who by twenty years of incessant work has evolved himself from a song-and-dance comedian into the finest dramatic artist in the country. Acting is a hard art; there are so few really good actors that it must be the hardest of all—bar play-writing. It requires some knowledge of dramatic values to walk across a stage and appear like a human being to the people in front; it requires skill to talk on the stage with a voice that will sound like a human being's to the audience. To be "natural" on the stage requires an artifice that has become second nature and lost every trace of its artificiality. Actors go to school, even when they are their own schoolmasters.

* * *

The critic is not born either, and in the long run the best of critics gets less appreciation from the worst of actors than the actor gets of him. Criticism is a peculiar craft. The critic is commemorative or annihilative, rather than constructive. He is to see much, and out of his experience select, compare, analyze; he is to have effect upon actual dramatic effort by lifting his voice in intelligent, logical praise of what is good, and intelligent, logical condemnation of what is bad; his is not supposed to be the voice of the people, the voice of the people is rather his, for the people will absorb what he writes and unconsciously give it out as their own opinions, and so the word passes round, and public opinion is influenced, if not made. Whether he be a critic of plays, play-actors, pictures or pies, makes no difference: his office is that of taster and commentator. Having made a business of the thing, he will cultivate himself to a point where his senses tell him what is good, or bad, as the case may be, and his technical training tells him how to express the opinion to whosoever may listen. He is not supposed to be able to personally paint a picture, play or write a play, or build a pie, but presumed to have

a cultured taste and both facility and discretion in the expression of it.

The dramatic critic is practically an expert audience on whom the author and actor (whose sole aims are to create illusion and produce effect) try their craft. He is sensitive, impressionable, appreciative, fearless, and learned, above influence and beyond prejudice. . . . All this, of course, means the ideal critic, who has yet to be born.

In the meantime, the critic is considered a bane or a blessing by the boxoffice, a self-appointed unnecessary by the actor. For all of which he cares little. His obligations are entirely to the public and himself.

* * *

I have sought the journals of the world for a perfect critic, and found him never. George Bernard Shaw is immense and dazzling, but he loves Shaw and Ibsen too much to be really just to the rest of the world. And he sells plays to Richard Mansfield and calls him a good actor. That is too much. A. B. Walkeley is scholarly and beautiful to read, but he lacks suddenness. Clement Scott has middle-class prejudices and favoritisms, and he writes with painful lack of distinction and without enterprise. William Archer, who brought Ibsen out into the broad glare of English daylight, is placid, conservative, learned, but limited—for he cannot be blithe on occasion—and there are occasions, you know, when nothing but blitheness will do. These all are of London. In our own land the play-reporter usurps the office of the critic. William Winter has tried to preserve some of the critic's pride and elegance, but a generation has passed by his vast, wet rhetoric and his old-school standards. There is no critic whose judgment may be accepted as final and infallible. There is no man in England or America fit to serve his country as a censor of plays and players.

* * *

We English-speaking people have some pretense to a standard of moral decency, in our plays and play-actors, but of artistic decency we have none. I see actors on the stage who are obscenely inartistic in every essential of their craft. While they are on the stage vision is fouled hearing outraged, and civilization retarded. There is no mau, there is no law, to banish such as these. If there were, dark thousands of actors and actresses who now exist with the help of soft-hearted, soft-headed writers, would be driven to the sturdier trades. Talk about elevating the stage! Push off the sodden weight of men and women who soil the picture and mutilate the speech, and the stage will rise up with the buoyancy of a balloon. The Dramatic Art is robbing us of too many good plumbers, gasfitters, and chambermaids.

* * *

There is undeniable uniqueness in Francis Powers's Chinatown melodrama, *The First Born*. The locale is unmistakable; any one who has ever visited the Chinese quarter of an American city will feel the realness of the pent, mystic atmosphere which the author has contrived to translate to the Alcazar stage. Compared with the good scheme of general construction and the vivid treatment of externals, the lines are not valuable. One feels that the piece would be more wonderful played as pantomime. The diversity of dialect that Mr. Powers has given his characters is very confusing and, I should say, a drawback rather than an aid to illusion. I cannot understand why a Chinese should speak his own language one moment, a Fenimore Cooper version of ours the next, and pigeon-English the next. He might use the Cooper oratory—I understand that the Chinese tongue translated reads not unlike the garlanded rhetoric of the Leather Stocking Indians—to represent John Chinaman as he is to his own, and the pigeon-English in depicting his discourse with the trustful tourist, and maintain probability; but for the life of me I cannot see the utility of John jabbering something that sounds very much like real Chinese just as we are delightfully accepting him done into Cooper Americanese. *The First Born* is well staged and well acted by the author, George Osborne, Miss May Buckley, Harry Benrimo, George Fullerton, and other members of the Alcazar company.

* * *

I have an apology to make. In alluding to the Baggensens in my Orpbeum paragraph of last week, I stated

that Mrs. Baggensen was Mr. Baggensen's mother. I was told this by an Orpheum habitue, and printed it in good faith. I have since learned that my informant falsified. Mr. Baggensen is not Mrs. Baggensen's son; Mrs. Baggensen has no children, and the Mr. Baggensen alluded to is Mrs. Baggensen's husband, and I am pained to learn that all has not been love, kisses, fruit and flowers in the Baggensen ménage since the publication of my paragraph. And furthermore, Mrs. Baggensen is only twenty-three years old, and therefore could at no time have been the mother of Mr. Baggensen, who is thirty-six.

ASHTON STEVENS.

There is rich, new blood in the Frawley Company, and a long list of plays of reputation in prospect for the season which opens Monday night at the Columbia Theatre with *The Fatal Card*, a modern melodrama that saw 250 performances in New York. The coming of the Frawleys has been long heralded: the company should be stronger than ever this season, made up as it is of such players as Frank Worthing, Blanche Bates, Eleanor Moretti, Gladdis Wallis and J. M. Colville. Monday night will tell the tale. There will be a swell crush at the Columbia.

On the evening of last Friday week the Sherman, Clay & Co. Hall was formally opened by the Musicians' Club. The concert programme was versatile and entertaining, and the new hall easily proved to be the best in town. Having the advantages of size, appointment and location, it will doubtless house whatever concerts of consequence are given here. On Tuesday night it was the scene of a novel entertainment—"An Irish Evening," consisting of Irish poems read by Daniel O'Connell, and Irish songs sung by Denis O'Sullivan. A big audience and a big success.

For next week the Orpheum promises a real sensation in the engagement of Adgie, who dances a serpentine dance in the cage with her troupe of trained lions. Others, too: Billy Carter, the comedian and banjoist; Morton and Elliott, musical entertainers; and The World's Trio, consisting of Perry Ryan, Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood, introducing what they significantly term "the latest craze of the day." The Eclair Brothers, who are a big hit, the Garrisons, Omene and others of this week's show will be on the new bill.

Mr. Goodwin closes his engagement at the Baldwin to-night, presenting a special bill composed of Act II *David Garrick*, *The Silent System*, Act II *The Rivals*, and Act III *An American Citizen*. Our diminutive friends The Liliputians will open at the same theatre a week from Sunday night, presenting their latest spectacle, *Merry Tramps*.

Martha will continue to be the bill at the Tivoli until Monday night, when *Nanon* will be revived, with Miss Morella in the title role, and Raffael, Hartman, Thomas, West and Miss Millard, Miss Holmes and Mrs. Seabrooke in the cast. The week following will bring out the Tivoli's first annual review, *Miss Frisco*.

Traviata will be sung at the Baldwin to-morrow night by the Italian Society Philharmonic.

THERE are many pretty places for summer residence outside of the city and near by it, and among them the man who forgets Blythedale will overlook the most beautiful of all. Nestling at the foot and in the shadow of grand old Tamalpais, lying directly on the route of the scenic railway to the mountain's peak, and within frequent and comfortable reach of the city, it presents really ideal attractions for summer residence for city folks. There are numerous convenient cottages at that place, and Mrs. Gregg, who has had very large experience in the hotel business, and is most favorably known, has charge of Blythedale—which is another way of saying that the guests of that pretty place are well treated.

The Second Summer,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

Wedding and Birthday Presents. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

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ADGIE,

The dancing girl and her trained lions; Billy Carter, America's greatest comedian and banjoist; Morton & Elliott, musical entertainers; "World's Trio," Perry and Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood, in the latest eccentricities; in conjunction with mysterious Omene, the Garrisons, the Eclair Brothers and the Baggensens.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

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One week only, commencing Monday, May 31st. Gence's beautiful comic opera, in three acts,

NANON,

The Hostess of the Golden Lamb. Superb cast; sumptuous costumes; splendid scenery.
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Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and other Amusements.
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"Prisoners of Conscience," by Amelia E. Barr. Published by the Century Company, New York. 1897.

Liot Borson, of Lerwick in the Shetland Islands, is a brave, strong, tall fellow, the descendant of a long line of sturdy fighters and fishermen, but oppressed by the feeling that he and his family lie under the curse of God, and that none of his undertakings will prosper. He falls in love with Karen, the handsome niece of Matilda Sabiston, the richest woman in Lerwick and a pillar of the church. But, though Karen's heart is soon won by Liot, Matilda favors Bele Trenby, Captain of The Frigate Bird, as her niece's suitor. Bele and Liot, being candidates for the hand of the same girl, naturally become enemies, and one stormy night, while Liot is guiding Bele across a dangerous morass, his (Liot's) shoes become undone: he stops to tie them: Bele, angry at the delay, foolhardily presses forward alone, misses the only safe crossing, and perishes in the black peaty waters. Matilda accuses Liot of being a murderer, but no one believes her. Karen leaves her aunt's house and marries Liot, who grows very fond of their only son David. But soon Karen sickens and dies: Liot, broken-hearted, and attributing her death to God's displeasure, leaves Lerwick and sails away with David, his only and dearly-beloved son. He suffers wreck and sickness, and after years of hardship in a strange land, dies, an exile, in the island of Skye. After his father's death, David, now a strong young man and a splendid sailor, is seized by a fervent longing to return to Shetland and revisit his kindred. The story of his love-making, and of his slow release from the stern Calvinistic creed in which he had been brought up into a brighter belief, is strongly told. Evidently Mrs. Barr has had good opportunities for studying the people of the Shetland Islands and familiarizing herself with their habits of life and modes of thought. The unyielding, harsh Calvinism that plays so important a part in "Prisoners of Conscience" appeals with strong force to religious, narrow, and bitter natures, and is capable of being used by them as an instrument of the greatest cruelty. Gentler natures are embittered, stunned, oppressed, and frequently crushed by it. Matilda Sabiston exemplifies the former effect, and Karen and Nanna (David's cousin) the latter. The story, though sombre, is strong, and shows that an excellent tale may be woven out of simple and apparently unpromising materials by one who has the art to use them skillfully. The volume has scattered through it several photogravures which really serve to illustrate the text: they are reproductions of sketches by Louis Loeb, who was sent to the Shetland Islands to make them.

Godey's Magazine for May contains "Washington Favorites," by Carolyn Halsted, illustrated with about a dozen portraits; "Power Boats," by Fred Worden, with pictures of electric launches and boats propelled by gas-engines of various sorts; and Beaumont Fletcher's "Eulogy of Vaudeville," with portraits of Cissy Loftus, Marie Dressler, Juniori Valarez, and several other lights of the variety stage. Of course, it is impossible to avoid seeing the cloven foot in these articles, but it seems that a ten-cent magazine cannot get along without interjecting revenue-producing articles among its letterpress. The great superiority of the six-penny "popular" English magazines over the American ten-cent periodicals lies largely in the fact that you do not meet in their pages with obvious puffs of manufactures, paid-for eulogies of unknown persons, or advertisements of notorious ones. Some of the ten-cent periodicals are galleries of portraits of high-priced members of the half-world. You do not see these things in the pages of The Strand, Pearson's, or the New Illustrated Magazine. The passion for cheap notoriety seems by no means so highly developed in Europe as it is (thanks largely to the daily press) in this country, where it seems possible, by persistent spending of money, to swell almost any frog into a bull. An article on "American Literary

Diplomates" mentions many of the writers who have at various times held office as Ambassadors, Ministers, Envoys, or Consuls. But we must object to "Consuls" being termed "diplomates": there are, properly speaking, no "diplomates" at all in the United States, there being no diplomatic service. It is the quaint practice of the Government of the United States to send men who have spent their early days in measuring ribbons behind a dry-goods counter, setting up type in the office of a little country newspaper, or inhaling the atmosphere of Police Courts, ignorant, moreover, of the language of the people among whom they are to live, to cope with men who from boyhood have made modern languages their study, have lived among statesmen and men of affairs, and since twenty years of age have passed through all the grades of a highly organized diplomatic service. And, even if there were a diplomatic service in the United States, "consuls" would not be "diplomates"; consuls are commercial agents. However, for lack of others better fitted, the literary men of the United States have honorably represented their country in foreign lands, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the important Ambassadorships may not be made the prizes of political party service. If you cannot get trained men as Ministers, it is at least well to get men of cultivation and wide reading.

The International Magazine for May announces that hereafter its price will be 25 cents per copy, and three dollars per annum, instead of ten cents and one dollar, as hitherto. The proprietors say that it is not possible to supply a really good magazine for ten cents, unless advertisers are permitted to enter the body of the publication, and largely to influence its contents. It is just this necessity which has rendered the most successful of the ten-cent periodicals—Munsey's—little else than a collection of inferior stories and portraits of actresses and other people willing to pay for notoriety. Interspersed among the pictures of the people who pay are the portraits of a few real celebrities, just to keep up appearances and lend an air of genuineness to the whole business. So far as we have observed, the Cosmopolitan is the only ten-cent magazine that has kept its pages clear of this advertising matter, and it has gained greatly in dignity thereby. Our own Overland Monthly is just about to make exactly the opposite change to that proposed by The International, that is, whereas it has hitherto been a twenty-five-cent magazine, it will, beginning with its June issue, become a ten-cent one. It certainly does seem, with so attractive publications as the Cosmopolitan, McClure's, and Munsey's before the public, almost impossible to secure a very large circulation for a two-bit magazine. In Great Britain, the magazines of large circulation are retailed at nine or ten cents, and the New Illustrated and the Strand are sold in the United States at ten cents. Pearson's and the Ludgate, both of them excellent periodicals, do not seem to have much sale in this country, though Mr. Arthur Pearson some time ago told us that he hoped to introduce his monthly here. The Pall Mall Magazine sells at one shilling in Great Britain, and at twenty-five cents here, and is a very handsome publication. We wish the Overland success in its new departure.

Mr. P. J. Healey, of this city, is about to publish a little volume of poems by Howard V. Sutherland, who has for several years been a well-known contributor of verse to the newspapers of San Francisco. The volume will contain eighty or ninety poems, many of them reprinted from various publications, but many which will be presented to the public for the first time. The collection has our best wishes, and will, we doubt not, add to Mr. Sutherland's reputation as a writer of graceful verse.

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Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.



THE Dog Show was great fun. The girls gushed over the canine beauties and petted them so unremittingly as to rouse the jealousy on Saturday of one young man, who uttered the plaint that he would like to exchange places with "the curs" if only for that evening. "You are in quite another grade," was the reply made by a society girl; while another girl of the swim, who sparkles with subdued insolence "on occasions," remarked that, after all, one could see the same thing in society life at any time, if only the human brutes were classified, the same names even would suit, curs, puppies, etc., being peculiarly fit, while other dog names were also equally applicable. This remark so ruffled a man of the party that he turned to her and said, coolly: "Well, you would never be put on the list of thoroughbreds, that's quite certain."

This has been a week of harvest for jewelers and art dealers, as wedding presents have been flying about in profusion, the two charming next week's brides being the happy recipients. It is safe to say that the Unitarian Church of Brother Stebbins has never seen such an assemblage of beauty and fashion as will crowd it to see Miss Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Bent united, while the wedding reception of Miss Burton and Lieutenant Pearce will fill her father's residence to its utmost capacity. The swim is agog over these two weddings, but one that is not yet announced as coming, will, it is safe to say, astonish society more than anything in the line of nuptials for many a long day.

San Rafael holds its own bravely, and each week Fashion sends over a quota of her followers to swell the crowd of guests already there. A great point in favor of this resort is the number of dwellers in Ross Valley who are always ready and willing to do the civil towards the hotel guests; and picnics, riding parties, and tennis ditto, are of frequent occurrence. The hospitable home of Consul-General Warburton is sure to be a head center of enjoyment during the summer; his charming daughter, so noted as a perfect horsewoman, is very popular with the residents of the Valley.

The insolence of wealth, as it is called, is getting more apparent daily. Time was when shocking bad manners and bad taste were endured socially if the exhibitor thereof were rich, and there was an air of deprecation on the part of the newly rich which appealed for tolerance, but now— The swagger and assurance of the money-bag contingent is as marked a feature as their wealth. It really seems a pity that the people who go about with a "can buy any or everything" air, do not purchase good manners.

Del Monte still stands first with the tourist fraternity, notably the British traveler, who finds the hotel, with its perfectly appointed service, its highly ornamented grounds and delightful bathing advantages unequaled the world over. Our city folk seem to fancy the mountain air of Castle Crags where, even when old Sol beams most fervently upon them, the air has a bracing effect and the thoroughly unconventional life that may be enjoyed—if one so minds—is very attractive to those seeking a respite from the cares of society.

Gossip says that the English friend of the Sharons, who rejoices in a name composed of one for Christian and surname alike, will at last decide to take a Californian bride, and the fair lady will be a connection of his patron.

Rumor has it that the queenly Emily has switched off from railroad tracks to a time table of quavers and semitones, but alas, there are bars in music as in other things,

Our pretty belles have serious cause of complaint against the Sunday newspapers for giving out such fearful caricatures of their sweet faces, and many are the pouts in consequence. As one maiden says: "Just as if we were more Durrant witnesses, on one side notorious characters and on the other, ours; it's simply outrageous." Miss Leila Burton, too, has been unceasingly dubbed "Lulu," much to the disgust of the admirers of her poetical cognomen.

Apropos of British Consuls, "Oldman Booker," as his numerous friends delight in styling the venerable ex-Consul of Her Britanic Majesty at this port, has, with his American wife, gone back to England, after a lengthy visit to his old haunts here. He found so many gaps in his circle of by-gone days he felt strange, so he said, and he bled him, like a loyal Briton, to take in the sights of his Queen's Jubilee.

On dit that the Presidio people are whispering about giving a welcome home to Lieutenant Bent and his bride upon their return from their honeymoon trip, and one of the bridesmaids is credited with the intention of playing hostess at a dance in their honor, so no wonder the girls prefer choosing an outing place that is of easy access to the city with all this gaiety in perspective.

The Hotel Rafael guests will take much to console them for the loss of the Baron von Schroeder and his family, who have all departed for their San Benito ranch, and much speculation is indulged in as to who can, and will, take the popular German's place in giving the young people a good time.

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THE HOTEL RICHELIEU



A WOMAN REPORTER'S FATE

From *The Argosy*

"A LADY to see you, sir."

Jeremy Grigson used very unparliamentary language, but taking into consideration the fact that his visitor might be close at hand, in compliment to her sex, his anathemas were uttered in German.

"How charming!" she exclaimed, coming into the room with a little rush. "I got my first point already. You are familiar with the modern languages." And she made a note.

"Madam," said Jeremy Grigson, with a severe bow, "I have an excellent memory, but I cannot recollect having made your acquaintance on any previous occasion."

"You have an excellent memory? Thanks." She made another note. "May I set down? I am rather tired."

"Certainly, madam," Jeremy placed a chair for her. "And you will then, perhaps, kindly let me know to what I am indebted for the pleasure of your company."

"Just let me take down"—she scribbled rapidly, murmuring to herself: "Rigid manner, stately, old-world form of address, furniture chosen with an eye of comfort rather than beauty."

Her pencil paused, and she glanced at him with a smile apparently intended to set him at his ease.

"I am from the Weekly Chatterer," she said. "Can you let me have a photograph to go in with the interview?"

"Never had one taken in my life," said Jeremy. He was not a handsome man, yet there was something in his face better than good looks.

"Not even when you were a baby? Almost anything would do."

"Not even then."

"Abl of course not. And you were reared on—"

"Green tea, I believe. Don't I look like it?"

She wrote down. "Highly nervous, rather dyspeptic," and went on. "Talking of things that came after your time—how old are you exactly! Of course it is only women who are guilty of the weakness of objecting to tell their ages."

"I shall be a hundred if I live to the end of this. Allow me one question: What have I done that I should be interviewed."

She wrote again, murmuring: "Modest, and apparently unaware of his own fame," and then answered:

"Don't you know that the whole town is talking of your book?"

"I don't know anything about it," he said savagely, "except that I sold the copyright for £20, and that the £20 pounds is spent."

She had got hold of an immense fact, but she dropped her pencil, and her flippant, aggressive air with it.

"What a shame!" she said; "what a wicked shame! Your publishers will make hundreds and thousands out of that book. It is creating a furor. Such a case should not be possible; and especially when a man really needs the money."

He looked attentively at her for the first time. He had seen already that she was young and pretty; but he noticed now that there was a worn, pinched look about her small, very pretty face. He had seen the same look growing on other faces in Bohemia; it had grown upon his own; and he knew the meaning of it.

"You understand about needing money?" he asked her.

"I should think I do," she answered sharply. "Do you suppose I should be here now if I didn't?"

"Sometimes people work at a trade because they like it."

"If it were a trade I liked, everything would be different. I aspired to literature once, but I could not even

make dry bread by it. Ever since I have been hanging on to the skirts of journalism, and sometimes there is a great deal of mud on them. If you only knew how people treat me now and again when I go to interview them! You may thank your stars and your genius for having placed you above all that at any rate."

"Are they often as brutal as I was?" he asked gently. "I am awfully sorry; won't you forgive me?"

"Don't mind about it," she said huskily. "I know very well what I must have seemed like to you—an impudent, brazen little wretch. I am horribly nervous by nature, and I put all that side on just to cover up the fright, and impress people with the idea that I intend to get any information I want, no matter how reticent they try to be. Often they tell me more than they intend—as you did just now—merely to get rid of me, because they think I am writing down a whole lot that they don't want said about them. I should stand a bad chance if they only knew that I am quite as anxious to get away from them as they are to get away from me."

"If this interview is any object to you," he said, in an awkward, shame-faced way, "I will tell you all you want to know. I am not quite such a churl as I pretended to be. Only—well, I am proud as well as poor, and I suppose there is no need to make the details of my poverty public?" He glanced first at the meager furnishing of the room, and then at his threadbare clothes.

"Oh!" It was actually a little cry of pain. "Do you think so badly of me as that still? I will go now. I wish I had not come."

She turned very white as she rose, and caught at the chair to steady herself.

"For heaven's sake, don't faint!" cried Jeremy, desperately. He made a stride toward her, and without a word of apology he caught her by the arm and pushed her back into the chair. "What did you do it for?" he asked with a great show of indignation. "What is the matter with you?"

"I couldn't help it," she said. "If I had gone on walking I should have been all right, but the short rest finished me. I am very tired, and"—she gave a little gasp and her eyelids fluttered.

Jeremy dived into the wall cupboard, and came forth with a brandy bottle. There was very little in it, but enough for the purpose. He stood over her in a threatening attitude until she consented to drink a teaspoonful. He tried to insist on a second.

"I cannot, really," she said. "I dare not. It would go to my head at once, because—because—"

Jeremy Grigson knelt down beside her and took her hand.

"Is it because you have had no luncheon?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; and her color began to return.

"Do you know how it feels?"

He nodded with sympathetic gravity.

"Been there dozens of times," he said; and he did not let go her hand, neither did she withdraw it. "Possibly you have walked the whole way from the Chatterer's office to this house!"

"I had no choice. This represents my whole fortune until such time as I am paid for the interview."

She pulled three half-pence out of her pocket and showed it to him lying on the worn palm of her little gray glove.

Quite involuntarily he lifted to his lips the hand he was holding. Then she drew it away, and tried to return to her former manner.

"Just tell me where you were born," she said, "and how the central idea of your book first occurred to you, and I will go."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Jeremy, firmly. "I am just going to have my tea—'high tea'—because I

am a homely sort of fellow. I will not tell you another word unless you stay and share it with me."

"But I have to write up the interview now at once. It must be put into type to night."

"Very well. You can do it here while our cutlets are being cooked. You will find plenty of paper, pens, and ink on my writing table, such as it is. Here are a few notes for you. He filed half a sheet of paper quickly in a small, clear hand. "Now I shall leave you for half an hour to your work, if you will solemnly promise me not to run off while I am away."

"I don't want to run off in the very least," she said; and she looked away from him to hide the tears in her eyes. But he saw them all the same.

When he came back he was accompanied by a waiter laden with material for a feast, brought from the nearest restaurant, and he had letters in his hand, because he had encountered the evening postman on the doorstep.

She wanted to help him to spread the tablecloth and arrange the food, but he said it would make him ill if he did not wait on himself, because he was so used to it. So she read her manuscript aloud to him instead, and he criticised it as he stumbled about with plates, knives, and forks.

They took their meal together in merry, picnic fashion, like children who had known each other all their lives, and when hunger was satisfied they exchanged some further confidences. They were both alone in the world, both dependent on their pens, although in vastly different lines; and they were both young, notwithstanding the fact that Jeremy's hair had a sprinkling of gray in it. Her name was Margaret, and he told her that had been his mother's name. She was very glad, although she scarcely knew why.

"I have several literary irons in the fire," he said, presently, "and those letters look like business. May I open them? Thanks. Then, if the news is good, you will be the first to congratulate me; and if it is bad, it will be some consolation to hear you say: 'Poor dev—I beg your pardon, I mean 'poor fellow'—I have not spoken to a lady for three years."

He opened the first letter.

"Good," he said. "The Tip-Top Magazine accepts Mr. Grigson's serial, the first installment of which will appear next month. That manuscript has been lying at the office of Tip-Top for six months, and I have written about it three times without being able to elicit a reply."

"Nothing succeeds like success," said Margaret. "Open the next."

He did so.

"Still better!" he exclaimed. "I applied for a post just vacant on the staff of the Pulverizer. It means \$300 a year for a weekly column of criticism. The last man was a great swell, and he gave it up because one of his own books was smashed to atoms by mistake in another part of the paper. Well, I have got the post."

"Splendid!" she said. "Now, the last one."

"Best of all!" he cried, as he glanced through it. "Because it shows human nature in an agreeable light. My publishers inclose a check for £200 in consideration of the phenomenal success of 'The Book,' and they will be happy to allow me to make my own terms for the next one. Margaret, I am waiting to be congratulated."

He had called her by her Christian name quite unconsciously.

She sprang to her feet, blushing furiously, and began hunting for her gloves.

"I can't say half I mean about it," she stammered. "Won't you take for granted how glad I am? I must go now; the evenings are long, but they don't last forever. I want to thank you, and I don't know how."

"When may I come to see you?" he asked, retaining her hand again.

"Oh, never! I live in such a wretched place, and you are among the great ones of the world now, you know."

"Of course," he said, coolly, "it doesn't matter in the least whether you give me your address or not, because I am going to escort you home, and then I shall find it out for myself. Are you ashamed to be seen with me? We could stop at a tailor's on the way, but there would be certain drawbacks to that compromise."

"My clothes are infinitely worse than yours," she said, bumbly.

"Quite a different case," he assured her. "I believe you would look well dressed in a 'gunny-sack.'"

Then they set out together. He did not offer to take a cab. An hour earlier he would have done so, but he was, comparatively speaking, a rich man now, and he dared not run the risk of seeming to patronize her poverty. She understood, and liked him all the better for it.

This was a day to be remembered in both their lives.

Three months later there was a much-talked-of little wedding breakfast, at which most of the guests were literary celebrities, but another interviewer "wrote it up" for the Weekly Chatterer. Jeremy had married Margaret.

Quaint carvings, rich tapestries, and the most curious of curios are to be found at George T. Marsh & Co.'s, at 625 Market street. Japanese art is distinctive, unique, delightful. Marsh always carries a full line, and the newest as well as the oldest creations of Japanese skill are to be seen there.

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The New Mining Law.

On Wednesday last the new State mining law went into effect. Under its provisions locators of mining claims within this State are given sixty days' time in which to perfect their locations, subject to the following requirements: viz., the discoverer of any vein or lode shall immediately upon making a discovery erect at the point of discovery a substantial monument or mound of rocks, and post thereon a preliminary notice which shall contain: 1. The name of the lode or claim; 2. The name of the locator or locators; 3. The date of the discovery; 4. The number of linear feet claimed in length along the course of the vein each way from the point of discovery; 5. The width claimed on each side of the center of the vein; 6. The general course of the vein or lode, as near as may be; 7. That such notice is a first or preliminary notice. This first or preliminary notice must be recorded in the office of the County Recorder in the county in which the location is situated within twenty days after the posting thereof. Within sixty days from the date of discovery the discoverer must do \$50 worth of work in developing his discovery, and distinctly mark the location on the ground, so that its boundaries can be readily traced, and within that time the locator must file in the office of the County Recorder of the county in which the claim is situated a certificate of location, which said certificate shall state: The name of the location, name of locator, date of discovery and posting of notice; description of claim, defining boundaries, etc.; also a statement that the aforesaid \$50 worth of work has been completed. Further than this, it must be remembered that the work required by the State law upon a mining claim is in addition to the annual assessment work required by the United States law, as such labor must be done during the second year of the location to be effective. One thing can be said of the new law, that it will be fruitful enough in dispute, being just sufficiently complicated in its requirements to slate the efforts of the illiterate prospector, no matter how good his intentions may be to carry out its provisions to the letter. It will serve, however, to bar out a lot of individuals who never overlook jumping a piece of ground when nothing more was required than to stick a notice up.

That Thirteenth Mining Report.

The thirteenth annual report of the State Mining Bureau is the subject of caustic criticism by the Mining and Electrical Review. Among other things the Review says: "No sane business man will suppose for a moment that certain so-called mines, some of them mere prospects, would be written up and even 'puffed' with half-tone illustrations, unless somebody had paid for the advertising." Also that "it is a significant fact that the mines which have received extended notices and illustrations in the report are, with a few exceptions, for sale." The NEWS LETTER expressed its opinion of the report at the time it came out, and citizens and taxpayers generally are privileged to their own views on the production, and whether it fairly represents an outlay of the thousands spent annually in support of the institution. Of course, it is not fair to pull the newly appointed State Mineralogist into a matter for which he is not responsible, and for this reason it is unfortunate that the present charges have been delayed until this late day. We understand that one of the Directors has written to the proprietor of the paper, asking for some proof of his charges, and also that, the paper avers, this will be forthcoming in at least one case. An investigation into the matter by the Board of Directors, which consists of men of the highest reputation, will be satisfactory even at this late day. Let the truth be told on whichever side it exists.

A New Copper District.

A company has just been formed in London, with a capital of \$400,000, to open copper mines in the districts of Ario and Morelia, in the State of Michoacan, Mexico. This find is a more modern one than the usual run of investments of the kind in this quarter, and something of an experiment.

The Pine Street Market.

Business during the past week has been kept active by Chollar, where an improvement has taken place in drifting south on the 500-level of the Brunswick ground. The ore was cut in the east side of the drift, but was not followed for the present, the workings being more westerly of late. The change for the better in this ground again has been a source of much gratification to those who believe that the Brunswick lode has a future before it, and that on it depends largely the salvation of the market, notwithstanding the maledictory croaking of its enemies, who have poured forth their virulent denunciations ever since the first pick was stuck in the ground. The ore from the new find, above 1650-level of Con. Virginia, has been lower in grade of late, but the Superintendent still speaks hopefully of the appearance of the mine in that section. That the ground thereabouts is fertile in mineral there is no doubt. Whether the stringers found from time to time are feeders of a new ore body or not, is another question, and a highly important one for the shareholders. The drift, or cross-cut, in the South-end mines, run jointly by the Confidence, Challenge and Imperial companies, is still being pushed westward in search of the ore supposed to exist in that direction. The results so far have been far from satisfactory, but the management do not seem to have lost any of their confidence.

American Flat Development.

A proposition has been made by the company formed to develop the mines of American Flat by draining them through connection with the Sutro Tunnel, which seems very fair on its face. These companies are asked to give up two-thirds of their ground, and in return will have their ground opened up for them free from cost if no ore is found, and on a percentage if it is. The sticking point, of course, is the Comstock Tunnel, which does not seem disposed to act as promptly as might be desired. The trouble at this end is lack of funds to carry on work of the kind independently. The treasury of the concern is not overflowing with money, and it is not likely that any of the wealthier men who hold stock are going to take the money from their own pockets in the interest of the small fry who have nothing wherewith to meet demands of the kind. It is a pity that this company is not better heeled financially, as it could do much to help matters out many ways if it were. Vesting the control of the different mining companies owning in this location in one corporation is also a good idea, if it serves to check the rapacity of the chronic office-holder, who only sees in operations of the kind a chance to levy assessments for salaries.

The Local Stock Board.

Outside of the sugar stocks there is little going on in the local Stock and Bond Exchange. The brokers manage to keep the pot boiling, and that is about all. The combination in the powder stocks has rather deadened speculation in that line, and lighting shares are about as dead. By way of variety, the Board keeps a discipline among its members, and its laws are like those of the Medes and Persians—unalterable—unless at a heavy cost to those who make the attempt. The Directors, in such a case, unite into a veritable personification of the great Artaxerxes, and their vengeance is swift and sure. Just now two members are walking the pave as exiles from the Board, under a sentence of suspension for a twelve-month, each \$1000 poorer in pocket, the extent of fines which have found their way into the treasury of the association. It pays the Directors to be strict in more ways than one.

African Nitrate has Petered Out.

Not long ago the reported discovery of nitrate in South Africa was announced with a flourish of trumpets which made South American holders quake in their shoes. A company was immediately formed in London to open up the industry, known as the African Saltpetre Company. Its capital was \$1,500,000, out of which \$225,000 was paid in cash to the owner of the ground. He is just that much richer and the company the poorer, as the ground is not worth a cent upon investigation. Storms do not improve a deposit of the kind, but the interposition of a Divine Providence was not taken into consideration by the experts who made the examinations. An effort will be made now to rent the land as a farm to pay office expenses.

Down Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE number of "actresses" recently graduated from the courts is so great that it is impossible for them all to shine as stars, despite their willingness to assist theatrical managers by appearing in a minimum of clothing—there are not firmaments enough. It is therefore suggested that they all come out together in a ballet, thus enabling many people, whose respectability prevents them from observing the planets singly, to indulge their curiosity under cover of a constellation. Each lady should be ticketed with the name of her particular affair to prevent confusion among the audience, as the stage is likely to be extremely crowded.

THE CRIER notes with pain to his civic pride that Eastern despatches relative to the doings of such notorious gentry as thieves, cut-throats and professional thugs, including the passing of senile rich men from the sepulchre to the will-contest courts, now invariably conclude with the significant statement: "It is suspected that he has a wife in San Francisco." Is it possible that our city has in the eyes of the world become but an incubator for wives, widows and fatherless progeny? Away with such lying insinuations.

TAXPAYERS of this glorious commonwealth are paralyzed by the statement of Inspector O'Brien that \$283,770 must be forthcoming to repair the school buildings of the city. Strange what a difference the object makes in the willingness or reluctance of taxpayers to part with their coin. To the high and noble cause of education our wealthy citizens are apt to give the glassy eye, while in little matters of the heart the miser and his money are easily parted. Education is great, but petticoat persuasion is greater. Selah.

COLONEL A. Andrews believes that California is a good diamond field, and that by exploring in hidden places in the interior he can unearth these coveted treasures. The Colonel is not alone in his theory. It is not necessary, though, to pay railroad fare in order to strike a diamond pocket. San Francisco offers a lucrative field, and one which women have worked with brilliant success. The latest operator in this interesting industry was a young woman of the name of Blair.

WATERFALLS will replace asbestos as fire-protectors in the theatrical drop curtain. The next move in the line of stage improvements should be a patent of some kind—a hose or any old thing that accomplishes the purpose will suffice—to quench the conflagrant fires of genius that burn with such alarming persistency in the brain cavities of stage-struck thespians hereabouts. The CRIER craves permission to turn on the faucet.

JELLY is doing such deadly work in our midst that we have flown to fresh fruit as a substitute. Now comes Inspector Dockery with the alarming intelligence that there are disease germs in fruit. The CRIER is indifferent to all these discoveries so long as his favorite regime of beer and hardtack is not proscribed by scientific investigation. May science pass favorably upon the pretzel; and may the beer supply never be damned.

SINCE one reform is being made among theatrical audiences, why not several more? Small fines should be exacted for petty nuisances, such as late arrivals and whisperings, and a penalty of not less than one thousand dollars upon the atrocious nuisance who persists in telling you what's coming next.

EMMA Ashley's theatrical debut in tights as a statue may not be an outrage upon the poseur's feelings, but it is a most frightful outrage upon art. The Ashley curves are fearfully and wonderfully made.

FULLY four days have elapsed since Mrs. John Martiu has been heard from. The circumstance is suspicious. Silence from such a source is ominous, and points to foul play.

PROSPECTS are looming up cheerfully for the permanent retirement from local courts of dank and mouldy family skeletons, whose bones have erstwhile made music like unto the clicking of castanets at a legal dance, or the merry rattle of bits of vertebrae in the dexterous paws of a minstrel end-man. Bones must and shall go. In their place come job lots of ashes, fresh from the crematory, duly labeled and classified like other exhibits. Such is the convenient and novel custom inaugurated this week in the Davis will contest. Certainly, for cleanliness and sanitary recommendations generally it can't be beat.

IT is said that Mr. Leggett and his satellites are rejuvenating the Mechanics' Library to suit the fabulous taste of *la jeune fille*, and are about to close their present extensive premises, as they find that one small apartment will be sufficient accommodation for their volumes. The TOWN CRIER is apprehensive about the results of this action, for at present it is only through reading novels that *la jeune fille* acquires a knowledge of the spicy side of life, and if this channel is denied her—well, she's bound to find out somehow.

WE are threatened with another influx of Brahmins in this unfortunate burg, and now comes the terrifying intelligence that William J. Bryan will swoop down upon us with his cyclonic oratory in the near future. What we need is a supply of Gatling guns and the legal authority to use them upon all such noisy disturbers of our peace. We already have a Cator and an O'Donnell, and all other windy Demosthenes politicians of the stump variety should be kept at bay.

FORKED lightning is synonymous with flashes of anger in frail humanity, according to the philosophy expounded by Theosophist Besant, the lady who has succeeded Blavatsky in the occult right to reicuarlate herself and smoke cigarettes. Now we know what it was that struck the Woman's Congress all of a heap, when the turbulent and turbulent Bramacharin Bob sortied forth his wrath because his Hindu trousers were tweaked.

WITH the passing of the high hat ordinance, some lively sceues are expected at the theatres. The ushers are already practicing warwhoops, in anticipation of scalping excursions between the acts; these will excite the keenest emulation, he who has the greatest number of millinery trophies depending from his girdle at the end of the performance being accounted the most valiant.

KYTKA, handwriting expert on the witness stand in the Fair case, referred familiarly to the Lord the other day, for which he was justly rebuked by Judge Slack. His Hour realized that the Deity ought not to be called into the case. A San Francisco court room is the last place on earth where the Lord's influence could penetrate.

THE protraction of suspense about Durrant's fate is an intolerable nuisance in more ways than one. It is serving as an excuse for obscure persons to gain free advertisement for themselves and their wares after the manner of Mrs. Schwartzler and her cosmetics.

BELSHAZZAR, of biblical fame, was startled by handwriting upon the wall. He would probably have succumbed to heart failure then and there had it assumed the terrifying proportions of the pencil-will characters as magnified in the Fair-Craven case.

"THE tightening of the rope around his neck caused Lopez to complain," says the Examiner in describing the hanging of the ancient Spaniard. This complaint is so commonly heard at the scaffold that it seems hardly worth a special mention.

HOWLS are going up from the site of the Hall of Justice, concerning the delay in the construction of that building. It is comforting to know that Justice in these diggings is blessed with any sight at all.

THE difficulties of the uphill road to Fame have been so often proclaimed that people have become discouraged and taken to the down grade—it's much quicker and just as sure.

A CONTEMPORARY observes that the difference between Democracy and Americanism is the difference between "Any man is my equal" and "I am any man's equal."



THOUGHTS OF MIDDLE AGE.—CHAPERONE MAGAZINE.

I STOOD on the level hilltop,
 In the glowing hour of noon;
 I knew my faithful shadow
 Must fall behind me soon.
 I sighed as, looking backward,
 I saw, in the light of Truth,
 So little but vain endeavor,
 And the barren dreams of youth.
 There were broken cups of promise,
 There many a wasted day;
 There were shrines my hands had builded,
 To gods with feet of clay.
 Then I wept to know the morning,
 With all its blossoms fair,
 Had left but withered thistles
 To fill the noontide air.

THE PHANTOM JOY --CHARLOTTE MELLEN PACKARD, IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

"I see their unborn faces shine
 Around the never lighted fire."
 Forever and forever they will shine,
 The mocking flames consume
 Shadows that lurk about a phantom hearth,
 Within a phantom room.
 For Love and Fancy paint in rarest tones
 The things that shall not be,
 And light with haunting faces many a hearth
 No human eye can see.
 In song-pierced twilight, in the hurrying dark
 Of winter afternoons,
 In lonely watches of the solemn night,
 Beneath fair harvest moons.
 The life forbidden, sways the life that is,
 Through the one joy we miss,
 Husband, or wife, or child, who never came
 To take the waiting kiss.
 As it hath been, it evermore shall be,
 With vague, unmet desire,
 Men will behold the unborn faces shine
 Around an unlit fire.

KISSES—CURTIS HOOEN PAGE, IN COSMOPOLITAN.

I kiss thee first, love, as I would a queen—
 Kneeling, just touching with my reverent lips
 The quivering sweetness of thy finger-tips.
 And then I kiss thy hair, where with the sheen
 Of shredded jet, it falls to cool and screen
 Thy heating breast. Then, as a bee first sips
 In honey-longing round a rose, then dips
 Deep into it, as if there'd never been,
 Nor ever was to be, another flower,
 So I first touch—just touch—my lips to thine;
 Then with deep kisses, that are strong to bring
 Thy inmost soul beneath my passion's power,
 I take possession, make thee mine, all mine.
 My rose thou art! My queen, I am thy king!

LIFE—UNIDENTIFIED.

We meet and part; the world is wide;
 We journey onward side by side
 A little way, and then again
 Our paths diverge; a little pain,
 A silent yearning of the heart
 For what had grown of life a part,
 A feeling of somewhat bet fit,
 A closer clasp on what is left,
 A shadow passing o'er the sun,
 Then gone, and light again has come.
 We meet and part, and then forget,
 And life holds blessings for us yet.

A MADRIGAL.—LAURA C. BEOEN.

The sun stole to a red rose, and wiled her leaves apart;
 May dew and June air had wooed her at the start;
 But was't not fair the sun should have her golden perfect heart?

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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 H. Wadsworth..... Cashier
 F. L. Lipman..... Assistant Cashier

Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
 DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank.

222 MONTGOMERY ST. MILLS BUILDING.
 INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
 LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord
 Wm. Babcock
 Adam Grant

S. L. Abbott, Jr.
 O. D. Baldwin
 W. S. Jones

H. H. Hewlett
 E. J. McCutchen
 J. B. Lincoln



He swore that for true love he'd marry;
 In a cottage he'd live rather tarry,
 With his love by his side,
 Than take for his bride
 A girl who had millions to carry.
 He was twenty.

Years passed, he was thirty and single;
 In society's gay whirl he'd mingle.
 He had loved half a score;
 He was loving once more.
 A lass? No. Her coin's golden jingle.
 He was thirty.

A bachelor still, the old sinner
 Met a maiden and tried hard to win her,
 Not because she was fair
 Or had money to spare,
 But—because she could order a dinner.
 He was forty. —What to Eat.

"Now," said the anxious mother, "you do not want to marry that reporter. Think of having a husband who never gets home until two or three o'clock in the morning." "But," said the shrinking maiden, "aren't all husbands that way? Papa is not a reporter, and yet—" But the anxious mother declined to listen.—Typographical Journal.

"On our last trip," said the captain of the ocean greyhound, "we had a temperance advocate aboard who lectured on two occasions." "Well," replied his funny friend, "I believe waterspouts are common at sea."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Mrs. Skimmills says that her husband never spoke a hasty word to her in his life," said the lady who gossips. "That's perfectly true," replied Miss Cayenne. "The dear man stutters."—Washington Star.

"We have decided not to send our son John away to college." "What; changed your mind?" "Well, there wouldn't be anything for him to learn; he is head over ears in debt already."—Chicago Record.

"What is the difference between an alias and an incognito?" asked the examiner. "About the same as the difference between kleptomaniac and theft," said the student.—Typographical Journal.

"You refused me, and then boasted that I had proposed to you." "Of course; your offer was a distinction that I hadn't any reason to be ashamed of."—Chicago Tribune.

Clay—By thunder! that's the worst cigar I ever smoked? COXCHA—That's what I suspected. It's the one you gave me the last time we met.—Boston Transcript.

"Jack, dear, it isn't a bit nice of you to let such small troubles worry you so soon after our marriage." "They do seem insignificant when I think of that."—Life.

"I wonder why the proprietor of that society sheet calls his paper 'The Keyhole?'" "Wants people to look through it, I suppose."—Typographical Journal.

He—My mind has been running all day on that song I heard last night. SHE—It is soft enough to run, goodness knows.—Typographical Journal.

Cat—What are you running for? MOUSE (shivering)—I'm cold. CAT—Poor little thing. Come inside and get warm.—Chicago Tribune.

She—I wonder why they hung that picture? HE—Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist.—Philadelphia Press.

"Poor Jim! Just as he recovered he was paralyzed." "What paralyzed him?" "His doctor's bill."—Life.

Caller—Are you sure that Miss Rich is not in?" MAID—Can you doubt her word, sir?

The French are the greatest cooks in the world. To receive a pleasing illustration of this one has only to visit the Maison Riche, Geary and Grant avenue, between the hours of 5 and 9 o'clock, and enjoy a French dinner served daily. Beautiful string orchestra, choicest wines, and refined service.

To be up to date in all your furnishing goods is to buy them at Carmany's, 25 Kearny street.

BANKING.

Bank of California, San Francisco.

Capital \$3,000,000 00
 Surplus and Undivided Profits (October 1, 1894) 3,158,129 70

WILLIAM ALYDOR... President CHARLES R. BISHOP... Vice-President
 ALLEN M. CLAY... Secretary THOMAS BROWN... Cashier
 S. FRENZISS SMITH... Asst. Cashier I. F. MOULTON... 2d Asst. Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BOSTON—Tremont National Bank; LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres; VIRGINIA CITY (Nov.)—Agency of The Bank of California; CHICAGO—Union National Bank, and Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of New Zealand; CHINA, JAPAN, and INDIA—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; ST. LOUIS—Boatmen's Bank.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
 DRAWS DIRECT on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

Cor California and Montgomery Sts.
 Capital Fully Paid..... \$1,000,000
 Transacts a general banking business
 and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's notaries and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickert, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Loughe, Henry F. Formann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Daizell Brown.

OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Daizell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Bartnett, Attorneys

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
 MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING
 Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
 Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
 JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, O. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
 Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
 Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
 Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIC. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
 C. ALTSCHUL }

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized.....\$5,000,000
 Subscribed.....3,000,000
 Paid Up.....1,500,000
 Reserve Fund.....700,000

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS
 HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
 The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
 IGN. STEINHART } Managers
 P. N. LILIENTHAL }

Grocker-Woolworth National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
 AND POST STREETS.
 Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER... President
 W. E. BROWN... Vice-President
 GEO. W. KLINE... Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
 Established 1851, San Francisco.
 CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON, President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
 L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. G. Luken, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co

NOTES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THE retirement of officers who have recently been promoted to the rank of Major General is due to certain conditions precedent to their advancement and not particularly a matter of personal desire. By those in the service the motive of President McKinley is deemed highly commendable, as its proper execution will result in a large number of promotions in all grades of the army. Our chief executive has borne in mind the fact that all brigadier generals should become major generals before retirement as a reward for long and valuable services rendered to the country. His plan of nominating three new major generals means the promotion of three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, three majors, three captains, three first lieutenants, and three second lieutenants, in addition to one officer in each of these grades who will be advanced as the result of the selection of Major-General Forsyth.

The composite gunboats *Wheeling* and *Marietta* took preliminary spins around the bay last Monday and Tuesday. It is confidently expected that on their trial trips they will attain a speed of fifteen knots an hour, which is three knots in excess of the contract rate.

Owing to the present scarcity of seamen to fit out the new gunboats it is possible that the *Marietta* and *Wheeling* will have to wait a couple of months for their crews.

The *Petrel* has arrived at Yokohama. The *Adams* left Honolulu last Thursday en route to Port Angeles.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and his aide-de-camp, Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., were granted a special audience by the Sultan, at Constantinople, on May 21st. They were introduced by United States Minister Terrill after the ceremony of the Selamluk which the party attended. President McKinley has assigned General Miles to represent the United States military service at the Queen's Jubilee in London, and he will arrive there on June 16th.

Major-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., formerly Commander of the Department of California, and his successor, Brigadier General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., were the guests of honor in the evening of May 21st at a banquet given at the Pacific Union Club by a number of their friends. Covers were laid for about fifty prominent gentlemen and a most elaborate menu was enjoyed. Some happily expressed toasts were given and responded to. Colonel O. D. Greene, U. S. A., Major A. E. Bates, U. S. A., and Major Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., were among the officers present.

When Major-General Frank Wheaton, U. S. A., was placed upon the retired list it was after a continuous service of more than forty-two years, exclusive of five years of service with the topographical engineers. This length of service is greater than that of any officer on the active list. During the war of the Rebellion he participated in more than fifty-five battles and skirmishes, and since then his services have been valuable and creditable.

Major-General Z. R. Bliss, U. S. A., after one day's service with that rank, was placed upon the retired list last Saturday upon his own application under the forty years' service clause.

Brigadier-General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Missouri, has been promoted to the rank of Major-General, succeeding Major-General Z. R. Bliss, U. S. A. retired. It was generally supposed that Brigadier-General J. J. Coppinger, U. S. A., would receive the advancement, but as he has been promoted twice over the head of General Brooke, the latter's promotion was deemed advisable.

Brigadier-General E. S. Otis, U. S. A., assumed command of the Department of the Colorado this week, having been relieved of the command of the Department of the Columbia by Colonel T. M. Anderson, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A. General Otis has his headquarters in Denver. Lieutenant F. W. Sladen, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is his aide-de-camp.

Brigadier-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., commanding the Department of California, has appointed Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John D. Miley, U. S. A., his aides-de-camp.

It seems that Rear Admiral T. O. Selfridge, U. S. N., is

considerably nettled over the detailing of Rear Admiral Miller, U. S. N., as the naval representative of the United States at the coming celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, and has so informed the Secretary of the Navy by cable, much to the displeasure of the latter official. Admiral Selfridge was promptly notified to keep in close communication with the United States Ministers at Athens and Constantinople, in order that he might be able to dispatch a vessel to any point where American interests were in danger. Rear Admiral Miller will go to London.

There is an esoteric rumor that Commodore H. L. Howison, U. S. N., will be appointed to the command of the Pacific Station instead of Rear Admiral Miller, U. S. N. The selection would be an admirable one, as Commodore Howison is well and favorably known here, and through years of service is thoroughly cognizant of the requirements of this station.

Commander George M. Book, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the *Marion*, now at Honolulu.

Chief Engineer R. W. Galt, U. S. N., arrived here from Portland, Or., last Sunday, on a visit, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Chief Engineer W. H. Harris, U. S. N., formerly of the *Columbia*, sailed from New York last Saturday to join the *Sau Francisco* as fleet engineer.

Passed Assistant Engineer T. F. Burgdorff, U. S. N., of the *Oregon*, has been commissioned Chief Engineer.

Passed Assistant Engineer Horace W. Jones, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and assigned to the *Concord*.

Paymaster A. W. Bacon, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Sunday for a brief visit, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Assistant Surgeon Richard G. Broderick, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the New York navy yard and ordered to the *Concord*. He was formerly on the training ship *Constellation*.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, has been transferred from the Brown University at Providence, R. I., to the Starrs Agricultural College, at Starrs, Conn., where he will act as professor of military science and tactics.

Captain and Mrs. Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N., are passing the summer at their country place on Long Island, and will remain there until next fall.

Captain Seldon A. Day, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who has been passing part of his leave of absence at Fresno, came to the city last Sunday to visit his fellow officers at the Presidio.

Captain G. W. Crabb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, is quite ill at Fort Hamilton.

Captain E. Rice, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., of Fort McPherson, Ga., has been assigned military *attaché* of the United States Legation at Tokio, Japan, upon the request of Mr. Buck, the newly-appointed Minister to Japan.

Captain Rogers Birnie, U. S. A., has been visiting Fort Stevens, Or., and Seattle, Wash., on official business connected with the ordnance department.

Captain Merritt W. Ireland, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty with Troop K., Fourth Cavalry, at the Yosemite National Park.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Harry A. Benson, U. S. A., of the Fourth Cavalry, left the Presidio on Saturday for the Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks.

Lieutenant J. C. Cresop, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Franklin* and ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant H. H. Ludlow, Third Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty about June 10th.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, to commence on August 14th. As he has permission to go beyond the sea, a trip to Europe is within the possibilities.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., after enjoying part of his leave of absence in Los Angeles, is visiting the City of Mexico and other points of interest in the land of the Montezumas.

Lieutenant H. A. Field, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and assigned to the *Alert*.

Lieutenant R. M. Sturdevant, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Grant* and ordered to the *Perry*.

The Concord will remain at Mare Island about one week more, and then make her trial trip under the supervision of the Board of Inspection. She will be assigned to the Pacific Squadron and ordered to Honolulu. Her officers will be Commander Asa Walker, U. S. N.; Lieutenant G. P. Colvocoresses, U. S. N.; Executive Officer: Lieutenant T. B. Howard, U. S. N.; Navigator, Lieutenant P. W. Hourigan, U. S. N.; Ensign Guy H. Burrage, U. S. N., and Ensign L. A. Kaiser, U. S. N.; watch officers; Paymaster, E. D. Ryan, U. S. N.; Assistant Surgeon, R. G. Brodriek, U. S. N.; Assistant Engineer, H. P. Jones, U. S. N.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., left Constantinople last Wednesday for Athens.

Lieutenant Commander C. A. Adams, U. S. N., was detached from the Richmond last Wednesday and ordered to the command of the Monterey. Lieutenant Commander A. B. Speyer, U. S. N., has been ordered home and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant R. E. Peary, U. S. N., was detached from duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last Wednesday, and granted five years' leave of absence. The Secretary of the Navy took this action in order to allow Lieutenant Peary to continue his Arctic explorations. The latter has made no definite arrangements yet, and will not leave for the Far North until next year.

The order issued detailing Lieutenant J. C. Cresop, U. S. N., to the Concord was revoked, and Lieutenant T. B. Howard, U. S. N., was ordered here instead.

Assistant Engineer D. E. Dismukes, U. S. N., has been appointed Passed Assistant Engineer. He is now at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

The Bennington went to the Mare Island Navy Yard last Wednesday to receive a thorough overhauling in the dry dock.

The Oregon has gone to Port Angeles for target practice and hattalion drills.

The Comanche will soon take the Naval Battalion out for a cruise, after which she will go to the Mare Island Navy Yard to be overhauled.

Lieutenant P. W. Hourigan, U. S. N., who has been on duty at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md., has been ordered to the Concord.

Lieutenant D. P. Menefee, U. S. N., who has been on duty with the Monocacy at the Asiatic Station, arrived here May 21st, en route home on a leave of absence.

Lieutenant John W. Joyes, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the West Point Military Academy, and ordered to report to the Chief of Ordnance for assignment. Lieutenant Joyes was formerly on duty at the Presidio, and is well known in society circles here.

Lieutenant T. B. Howard, U. S. N., has been ordered to take a draft of men to the Concord, instead of Lieutenant J. C. Cresap, U. S. N.

Lieutenant C. C. Marsh, U. S. N., and Miss Charlotte Evans, daughter of Captain R. D. Evans, U. S. N., were united in marriage recently at Port Monroe, Va.

The home of Lieutenant R. E. Coontz, U. S. N., in this city, was brightened recently by the advent of a son.

Lieutenant George P. Colvocoresses, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md., and ordered to the Concord.

Lieutenant H. McL. Powell, First Infantry, U. S. A., of the Presidio, has been joined by his charming wife and her mother, Mrs. McClelland, of Omaha.

Lieutenant C. P. Elliott, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is passing his leave of absence at San Diego.

Lieutenant Paul F. Strauh, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty with Troop C, Fourth Cavalry, at the Sequoia National Park.

Ensign F. B. Bassett, U. S. N., has been detached from the Thetis and assigned to the Alert.

Ensign L. S. Thompson, U. S. N., has been detached from the Alliance and ordered to the Naval War College.

THE Partington School of magazine and newspaper illustrations, at 424 Pine street, gives an exhibition of work by the scholars to-day from 2 until 6 o'clock.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children white teething.

Jackson's Napa Soda lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

THE Pacific Coast Jockey Club assisted the Boulevard fund by the races given last Tuesday and Wednesday, something more than \$2,000 being turned over to aid the work. President Androus and Vice President Henry J. Crocker in particular deserve credit for their efforts to make the races the success the handsome check proved them to be.

Mme. A. Ruppert

New York, London, Paris, San Francisco
Sole originator of the world renowned

— FACE BLEACH —

FACE BLEACH has stood the test of 20 years, and is to day acknowledged to be the best remedy known for BLACKHEADS, CHILY SKIN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, AND ALL FACIAL BLEMISHES.

FACE BLEACH sells at \$2 per bottle, or three bottles (sometimes required) for \$5, and will be sent to any address on receipt of price, in plain wrapper.

Sample bottle of **FACE BLEACH** sent to any address in plain wrapper on receipt of 25 cents, accompanied with my book, "How to be Beautiful."

MME. RUPPERT begs to announce to the ladies of San Francisco that she has recently removed to Rooms 15-16, 131 Post St., S. F.

TAKE ELEVATOR

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Justice Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3rd) day of May, 1897, an assessment, No. 62, of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th DAY OF JUNE, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office; Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Alta Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 56), of five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th DAY OF JUNE, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 16th day of July, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Challenge Consolidated Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 23) of Ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th DAY OF JUNE, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 9th day of July, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 81
Amount per Share.....	20 cents
Levied.....	April 24, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 1, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	June 22, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
Occidental Con. Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 27
Amount per Share.....	10 cents
Levied.....	May 11, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 12, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	July 1, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.



ONE of the most dashing and dehonair members of the Stock Exchange is not quite so happy as he was, but with his lost peace he has purchased some valuable experience. He has long prided himself on the number and variety of his feminine conquests, and his trail is easily identified by the broken hearts strewn in his wake. At an adjoining table in a fashionable restaurant, he noticed, one evening not long ago, a handsome young woman dressed in black. As he gazed, a passing diner, much the worse for wear, upset the carafe on the lady's table, deluging her somhre garments with the water. The gallant broker hastened to her assistance, and so cleverly did he turn to his advantage the little accident, that before her departure for Boston, three days later, he had been permitted to pay various little attentions, including a long drive in the Park, to his new friend, who proved to be a fascinating widow.

As he wished her *bon voyage*, he could not conceal his elation at her evident sadness, which he attributed to sorrow at leaving him. Noticing his ill-concealed air of triumph, she explained that her depression was the result of her assiduous labors in nursing her husband, whom she had lost only about five days earlier.

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. Narcissus complacently to himself, "she does not wish me to see that she cares for me."

Then, by way of showing a polite interest, he asked:

"Of what ailment did your husband die?"

"Smallpox!" replied the sorrowing widow, demurely.

That unhappy broker now fumigates himself twice daily, to the great edification of his friends, who happen to know that the widow's hereavement occurred two years ago, and that her husband died of no more contagious disease than old age.

* * *

A little story, hitherto unpublished, concerning Henry M. Stanley, is told by Chief Engineer Robert Ware Galt, U. S. N. The anecdote concerns Stanley's early days at Charleston, where, on one occasion, a negro lad who had stolen a package of cotton, or had committed some other equally heinous crime, was in imminent danger of lynching at the hands of a mob. In behalf of the life of the condemned boy, Stanley essayed to make a mollifying speech to the crowd. This oration was worse even than some of his efforts recently delivered before his English constituents.

"Hang it all, boys," he said, "you don't want to hang the boy."

Crude as this rhetoric was, it served to effect the release of the captive. The Southern crowd, with its inherent love of eloquence, was so disgusted with Stanley's attempt at oratory that they turned their indignation against the speaker, and meanwhile the boy, in whose behalf he had interfered, made good his escape.

* * *

Bohemianism in San Francisco suffered a sad blow three years ago, when Eddie Morphy, the gifted, went to Japan as a war correspondent. Every one predicted that he would return by the first steamer, but Morphy disproved all prophecies, and not only remained in the Orient until the conclusion of the trouble between Japan and China, but is there still, the editor of a Tokio paper. His brother Alex not long ago received an appointment in the service of the China fleet, and upon his arrival at Yokohama on his first trip across the Pacific he sent a message to Eddie at Tokio that "a gentleman who had formerly known him would like to see him." Eddie somewhat grumhlingly obeyed the summons, and was met by a figure gorgeous in brass buttons and gold braid.

"And is it you, Alex?" he asked, in inimitable greeting. "What a lovely creature you are! Now, tell me, do you own the ship, or are you only the captain?"

On the following day no issue of Eddy's paper was obtainable.

A notable instance of a man rising superior to his calling is that of Jim McGinn, who, although an undertaker, is exceedingly popular among the Native Sons, enjoying a practical monopoly of the patronage of that order in his particular branch of the pathetic business. In the parlor to which McGinn belongs, the Committee on Visiting the Sick was drafted, for the current quarter, from the M's on the roster, the names including that of the subject of this anecdote. Now, Jim's visits are not usually made to the sick, and he feared such an innovation on his part might be considered a trifle premature, but as a fine is imposed on each committeeman derelict in his duty, he could not profitably avoid the service assigned to him. So, despite his distaste for the duty, he determined to perform it conscientiously, and promptly called at the residence of the Native Son at the head of his list. The young undertaker's praiseworthy motives deserved a more happy result, but the fact remains that at first glimpse of him, the sick brother suffered a severe relapse.

"No, Jim. Not yet! Not yet!" he constantly cried, in the delirium which succeeded the visit of the committeeman. "Go away! Oh, Jim, not yet!" he moaned, in an agony of apprehension.

In vain McGinn assured the invalid that his call was not professional, but fraternal. The sick man was driven frantic at mere sight of his gruesome visitor.

Jim's name no longer glooms the roll of the Sick Visiting Committee.

* * *

Police Judge H. L. Joachimsen has been almost twenty years on the bench, and the worst enemy of the usually genial old gentleman is the gout, which periodically turns him into a suffering cripple, and which has as injurious an effect upon his temper as upon his gait. With his feet swathed in countless bandages, the lenient disciplinarian of the followers of Bacchus hobbled into the lounging room of the San Francisco Verein a few days ago.

"What's the matter, Judge?" inquired a callow youth, who has not yet discovered that he possesses a liver.

"Gout," replied the jurist, shortly, disliking the reference to his ailment.

"That's too bad," was the sympathetic rejoinder. "How does it affect you, Judge?"

Joachimsen looked at his interrogator with wrath in his optic. He meditated committing him for contempt, but the young clubman looked innocent and interested, so the judicial anger was slowly transformed to disgust. He turned away without answering.

"How does it affect you?" repeated the tormentor, thinking his question had not been heard.

"First in one foot—then in the other," snorted the gouty Judge, as he stumped out of the rooms.

* * *

If the Reverend Robert C. Foute had not chosen to leave the deck for the pulpit, his qualifications for command would have ensured high rank in the navy, of which he was an officer many years before he became rector of Grace Church. Among the worshipers in that fashionable temple on the California-street hill, last Sunday evening, were two sailors who had migrated by easy stages from Chinatown into the sanctuary. They watched the progress of the service with more curiosity than devotion, until finally Mr. Foute thundered out in stentorian tones; "Let us pray."

The peremptory accents reminded the sailors of the quarter-deck. They exchanged glances apprehensively, the influence of long discipline strong within them.

"I guess we had better," whispered the older mariner, fearfully, referring to the rector's command, and then the pair sank submissively to their knees.

* * *

When Governor Budd appointed Druggist Waller to membership in the State Board of Pharmacy, the latter signified his desire that the further honor of the Secretaryship should also be conferred upon him. The Governor suavely "thought it could be managed," and straightway proceeded to forget all about the matter. Relying on what he considered as equivalent to a gubernatorial promise, Waller prepared to assume the secretarial functions, and on the night of the first meeting of the new board he ordered an elaborate banquet at a French

restaurant in honor of his forthcoming election. The board was duly constituted, a President selected, and then nominations were invited for Secretary. As in a dream, Waller heard John Calvert proposed, and a motion that nominations close, without any mention of his own name. Fearing that he had been overlooked, the man who had trusted to the Governor hastily proposed himself, but Calvert was elected, only one vote being cast for Waller. The latter was dazed for a few moments at the sudden collapse of his ambition. Then he thought of the costly feast he had prepared.

"Oh, well," he said, philosophically, "we may as well gather around that table. It's Calvert's board—but it's my whistle."

CATCHING THE PUBLIC EYE.

CATCHING the public eye in the chase for the elusive dollar has in one particular, at least, in San Francisco, developed into astounding popularity. This is out-door advertising. Its success has been phenomenal and unquestionable. Closely identified with its growth and now recognized as leaders and masters of the field, are George H. Siebe and J. Charles Green, comprising the firm of Siebe & Green. They own three-fourths of all the bill posting and painted sign privileges in San Francisco and all in Oakland and Alameda Co., having lately succeeded to the business of the Stillwell Advertising Co. of Oakland. Under their aggressive business methods, out-door advertising has become better understood and has demonstrated its usefulness to the general satisfaction of most advertisers. Both Mr. Siebe and Mr. Green have ripe business experience and are known wherever there is business as an alert, up-to-date business team, who have won success by working for it.

PROFESSOR Charles F. Graeber gave a very interesting musical entertainment at Native Sons' Hall on the evening of May 21st, which was enjoyed by a large number of people. The Professor is teacher for the banjo, mandolin and guitar, and has the distinction of having gathered at one time on a single stage the largest number of pupils in concert ever seen in this city. At his concert of Friday evening sixty-four of his scholars were present and took part in the entertainment. He has large classes for each of the instruments named, and is a popular instructor.

THE races to be given on Monday afternoon next, 31st inst., by the Pacific Jockey Club, at Ingleside, in aid of the Boulevard fund, promises to be largely attended, as it will be unusually interesting. Many fast horses will be entered, and both trotting and running races are on the card. The Boulevard Committee hope that Monday's effort will close the active work of money getting for the completion of the work. As the 31st is a holiday, and the charity doubly worthy, thousands of people of the city will doubtless attend.

THE camping paraphernalia of the average California is so complete that it is small wonder that people prefer to live in tents rather than cottages. What with awnings and partitions, floors and hammocks, to make one comfortable, the odds are rather in favor of the camp. Neville & Co. say they are outfitting an unusual number of campers with these facilities for a month's comfortable outing among the trout streams and many resorts about the State.

EVERYBODY goes to El Campo on Sunday for a pleasant outing. Frequent boats each way, and round trip costs only twenty-five cents.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

cures Poison Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands. At all druggists.

An elderly gentleman of literary ability and extensive travel is desirous of securing a quiet home in exchange for his services as tutor in a family or companion. Town or country. References Address E. J. J., 553 Mission street, San Francisco.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

The Best Tool-bag
is the one that carries a little can or bottle of **Pearline**. Then you're ready or anything in the shape of mud, dust, grease, or dirt. Nothing will so quickly and thoroughly take away all wheeling-grime and stains, from hands or clothes or anywhere. There's no weight or bulk to speak of. How many times you have needed **Pearline** when far from home! Unequaled as a lubricant for Bicycle chains.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE


PACIFIC CONGRESS SPRINGS HOTEL

Remodeled and under New Management . . .

Only two-and-a-half hours from San Francisco.

Six miles from Los Gatos Ten miles from Santa Clara Twelve miles from San Jose. Address

GEO. O. WATKINS,
533 Market St - - San Francisco.

Vichy Springs  Three Miles from UKIAH.

Terminus of S. F. & N. P. Railway Mendocino County

The only place in the United States where Vichy Water is abundant. Only natural electric waters. Champagne baths. The only place in the world of this class of waters where the bathtubs are supplied by a continuous flow of natural warm water direct from the springs. Accommodations first class.

Miss D. D. Allen, Prop.

Blythedale,  **NOW OPEN.** Hotel and Cottages

A pretty California spot on line of Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway. Carriage meets all trains at Mill Valley. Five minutes' drive.


Mrs. Gregg.

Under New Management **BLUE LAKES HOTEL,** (Bertha Postoffice) LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Only 10 miles from Ukiah. Finest summer resort in California. R. E. WHITEFIELD, Manager. Good hunting, fishing, heating, and bathing. Finest cuisine and best accommodations.

Sea Beach Hotel, California's favorite resort. Located on a flowering slope from the beach. Unsurpassed view of Beach, Bay and Mountains. **SANTA CRUZ, CAL.** SALMON FISHING. Tennis court, Croquet grounds, and music.

REASONABLE RATES. For terms address John T. Sullivan, Manager

THE RALSTON  **A Lunch Restaurant.** 315-317 Bush St., S. F., Cal. Place.

Ralston Coffee—A delicious drink. Ralston Whole Wheat Bread. Ralston Cooked Meats. Ralston Cereals and Mush. W. M. E. ALLEN, Prop.



SOCIETY was well supplied with attractions last Saturday. At the Maria Kip Orphanage there was a large crowd of fashionables to inspect the new building and listen to the music, which was both vocal and instrumental. The Dog Show had its devotees also, and in the evening, which was the closing night of the exhibition, the place was fairly packed when the awards were announced and the prizes bestowed by Henry Crocker, who, his friends declared, performed the ceremony with a happy blending of grace and dignity.

Gastronomy has been taking quite a leading place of late with our entertainers, dinners and luncheons being almost the sole items to be heard of in that line. Mrs. Charles Josselyn's luncheon was a veritable feast, as was to be expected; Mrs. McBean entertained fourteen ladies at her rose luncheon, and Mrs. Charley Page had eleven guests at hers. Of the two most elaborate dinners, or rather banquets, to properly designate them, the one given by Mr. James Phelan in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewell, took place at the Cliff House; and the other, which had General Forsyth as a guest of honor, was at the Pacific-Union Club, General Shafter, our new Commanding General, sharing the honors of the occasion. Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Center and Mrs. Hopkins have also appeared among the dinner hostesses.

Last evening the Loring Club gave the closing concert of their season at Odd Fellows' Hall.

To-day the Lawn Tennis Association will hold its annual tournament at the Hotel Mateo, where there will be a hall given this evening in celebration of the event. Tennis will be one of the leading attractions at the Hotel Rafael this summer, the courts there being admittedly among the best in the State, and are always occupied by devotees of the game.

The present week has not been so prolific of weddings as the previous weeks of May have been, while several of those to take place the first week in June will be among the most brilliant known in our social world. One of last week's wedding celebrations was a very pretty one, taking place at the California Hotel on Thursday evening, when the Rev. Jacob Nieto united in marriage Miss Florence Olcovich and Henry Goldstone in the presence of a large number of guests. The bridal procession entered the parlors led by the three flower girls, Miss Pauline Olcovich, Miss Ethel Cooper and Miss Jeannette Lewis. They were all dressed in pink satin, covered with white accordion pleated tulle and trimmed with pink roses. The maid-of-honor, Miss Esther Goldstone, was dressed in light blue satin covered with white *mousseline de soie*, and was accompanied by Joseph Goldstone, the best man. The bride was accompanied by her father. Her gown was white satin covered with tulle and trimmed with point applique lace and satin ribbons. The veil was attached to the hair with a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and orange blossoms. The mother of the bride wore a corn-colored moire, trimmed with duchesse lace, and diamond ornaments. Mr. and Mrs. Goldstone will leave for the East Thursday evening for a six weeks' tour. On their return they will reside at 1716 Geary street.

One of next Tuesday's weddings will be that of Miss Helen Wright and Charles L. Davis, which is to take place at noon at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley. The marriage of Miss Quita Collier and Atherton Macondray will be solemnized at Lakeport on Wednesday evening, and a number of their friends will go up from the city to be present at the ceremony. The young couple will make their home at Menlo Park, occupying one of the Atherton cottages in that vicinity. The wedding of Miss Anna Grube and Harry Durhrow will also take place on Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Henry

Williams on Octavia street. It will be a very quiet one, with only relatives and intimate friends present. One of this week's announcements is the engagement of Miss Stella Locan and Fritz Denicke.

The wedding of Miss Bessie May Stevens, daughter of Mr. Wm. T. Stevens, of this city, and Dr. Henry Simpson Goddard, of Goldendale, Washington, took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the home of Mrs. J. W. Carlyle, sister of the bride, in Portland, Oregon. The wedding was private, only relatives and intimate friends being present. The young couple will make their home at Goldendale, Washington. The bride is a sister of Mr. A. C. Stevens, well known in this city.

There will be three weddings next week in which army officers will be interested. On Tuesday, June 1st., Second Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will be married at half-past one o'clock to Miss Minnie Burton, daughter of Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., Inspector General of the Pacific District. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's father, 2111 Pacific avenue. The Misses Kathro and Lulu Burton will be the bridesmaids, and Lieutenant William Sells, U. S. A., will act as best man. There will be a small reception after the ceremony. Lieutenant Pearce will take his young bride to Fort Logan, Colo., where he is stationed. The next wedding will take place at the First Unitarian Church on Wednesday evening, the contracting parties being Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Emilie Ethel Cohen, daughter of the late A. A. Cohen, of Alameda. Several hundred invitations have been issued. Miss Emma Butler will be the maid of honor and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Bernie R. Drown, Miss Marguerite Jolliffe, Miss Moffitt, Miss Helen Wagner, and Miss Ida Gibbons. Lieutenant T. G. Carson, U. S. A., is to be best man and the ushers will be Lieutenant S. M. P. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. F. Gardner, U. S. A., Lieutenant John P. Harus, U. S. A., and Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A. A reception will be held afterward at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, 920 Polk street. The third wedding will take place at half past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at the home of Captain William Bell Collier, U. S. A., retired, in Lakeport, Lake Co., Cal. The bride will be his daughter, Miss Mary McPherson Collier, and the groom Mr. Faxon Atherton Macondray. Gerald Rathbone will act as best man.

The marriage of Miss Helen Elizabeth Wright to Charles Lott Davis will take place on next Tuesday, June 1st, at 12 o'clock, at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley.

Mrs. Lilly Cort and her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, are on the eve of departure for a visit to Europe, which may extend over the rest of the year. They expect to take in the Queen's jubilee in London, and afterwards spend some time in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick and family left this week for a trip to Europe—especially Great Britain—and will be away several months. Major Groeshack, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Groeshack, left last Saturday to spend his leave of absence in the East, and expects to return about the first week in August. The Von Schroeders have gone to their ranch near San Luis Obispo for the summer months. The Ignatz Steinharts have been visiting their ranch in Napa Valley.

Raphael Weil, of the White House, who has been absent in Paris for some time, has returned to this city.

\$1,000.00

for those who find the missing word.

Rules of contest in daily papers June 1st.

Schilling's Best money back tea is at your grocer's.

The following are the guests located at Hotel Rafael for the summer Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and family, Mrs. S. H. Hort, Miss M. E. Adams, Miss A. G. Adams, Miss E. F. Adams, Madam Barrios and party of eight, S. C. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Schloss, Mrs. S. D. Freshman, Mr., Mrs. and Miss D. B. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Grove, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Miss Evelyn H. Stocker, S. M. Rosenbaum, wife and children, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss M. M. Horing, Mr. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. A. J. Dibblee, Mrs. A. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip, Miss Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis, P. A. Finnigan, Misses Maud, Lillian and Marie Finnigan, Dr. George Shiels, Miss Belle Shiels, Dr. C. Biddle, U. S. N., and wife, Ward McAllister, and others. Transient guests at Hotel Rafael are: Mr. E. R. Johnston, Mrs. L. Ellis, J. A. Folger, Dr. C. M. Richtera, Geo. C. Boardman, Mrs. Boardman, Miss Kate Dillon, S. D. Freshman, E. M. Greenway, S. Lewis and wife, C. W. Rosenbaum and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, San Francisco; Miss Hannah Lynde, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. W. Buckman, Caroline Wharton, Trenton, N. Y.; Dr. W. N. Watson, Dr. J. H. Grove, Philadelphia; Mrs. Thos. Dibblee, Santa Barbara; Hugo H. Moore, wife and child, Chicago.

Walter Raymond, President of the Raymond & Whitcomb Excursion Company, and owner of the Raymond Hotel at Pasadena and Colorado Glenwood Springs, arrived at the California Hotel, this city, from the Yosemite last Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. One hour later he left for San Rafael, returning at 6 o'clock, and at 8 that evening was on his way to Portland. The veteran excursionist could not visit San Francisco without taking a glimpse at the Hotel Rafael, where he sends all his people who visit the West.

On Thursday, June 3d, the marriage of Miss Annette Lander West and Hugh McDonnell will be solemnized in this city. Miss West is well known in society circles, and is the daughter of the late Charles L. West, a pioneer of 1850. Mr. McDonnell is a successful miner, and has accumulated a fortune in these enterprises during the past few years, and is a widely known and popular gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. McDonnell will extend their wedding tour to Europe, and will be absent from the city for several months.

All those who recall what a delightful success the historical carnival, given by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, proved to be last year, will be pleased to hear that it is to be repeated, and will be held, as it was before, at Odd Fellows' Hall, commencing on the 20th of September; and the indications are that it will be in every way even better, were that possible, than its predecessor.

Dr. Luella Cool, who has been practicing dentistry for two and a half years in Central America, and recently escaped death from yellow fever, is slowly recovering, and will return to California about June and open dental offices in Oakland and Haywards.

FRED H. PRAY has just become chief clerk at the Imperial Hotel, Stockton. He is a most affable and obliging gentleman, and the Imperial is fortunate in obtaining his services.

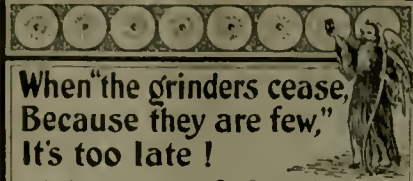
Another Victory In Court For The Imperial Hair Regenerator.

After the remarkable victory which the Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Co., of 393 Fifth Avenue, New York, obtained in the Circuit Court of the United States, against the firm of Stein, Hyman & Oppenheim another infringer was enjoined Saturday.

This time it was the so-called Victoria Hair Regenerator which Judge Kirkpatrick of the United States Circuit Court in Trenton was decided to be an infringement of the Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company's patent. The decisions hold that the invention of complainant, which consists of ingredients that restore the natural color to gray hair, and which at the same time has been proven perfectly harmless, is one of the most important discoveries of the age and properly patented.

Practice makes perfect; and Max Abraham, at 428 Geary street, is master of the art of preparing banquets of any dimensions, dinners at all times, and marriage suppers to suit parties large or small. He officiates at all the swell weddings and functions, and always gives perfect satisfaction.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.



When "the grinders cease,"
Because they are few,
It's too late!

Take care of the Teeth
BEFORE OLD AGE.

Sozodont

cannot be tried too early in life—the liquid daily, the powder twice a week. Many families have used it nearly forty years.

HALL & RUCKEL
New York Proprietors LONDON

A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.



THE
UNITED STATES
CIRCUIT COURT

has granted an injunction against all infringers on the patented Imperial Hair Regenerator, manufactured only by the Imperial Chemical Mfg. Co., 292 5th avenue, N. Y., and the learned Judge on the bench pronounced it "a useful and meritorious invention."

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR

FOR GRAY OR BLEACHED HAIR.

Clean, odorless, lasting. It does not contain an atom of poisonous matter, will not stain the scalp and baths do not affect it. Neither does curling nor crimping. Price \$1.50 and \$3.00.

ANY SHADE OF ANY COLOR.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING CO.,
292 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

In San Francisco sold by: Stanislas Strozynski, 24 Geary street; Goldstein & Cohn, 322 Market street; G. Lederer, 111 Stockton street.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies THE SKIN no other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 46 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,

37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



DEAR EDITH:—How can a woman make up her mind what is "style" when almost everything seems admissible, and yet there was never a season when the indefinable balo of vogue was so indispensable to any costume, no matter how simple. In mid-winter we were told that fancy waists were on the wane, yet as the season for making ourselves comfortable in warmer weather approaches fancy waists multiply. And while they are all stylish, yet so varied are they, and the "style" is accomplished in so many different ways that the investigator becomes confused. The adviser, too, finds it difficult to convey instruction. She cannot proclaim that round waist effects are essential, because many of the prettiest models disappear under some sort of belting at the waist. It won't do to insist upon frills and elaborations, for lots of stunning bodices are dependent for their style on the dashing attractiveness of the material of which they are made. And yet you can't dictate tailor-made severity, for what has a ruff away up about the ears to do with a tailor-made effect?

The strictly tailor girl may follow the collar-and-cuff dictates of her brother's taste, but the feminine girl, shirt-waist beauty, runs her hard with an apparently severe, yet all feminine, affair. This type of waist hasn't a frill, except the fetching one about neck and ears, and the other at the wrist. It fits neither in flat-chested, gentlemanly fashion, nor yet in rounded, unyielding and skin-tight modeling of the form.

The material of these waists, which are a blend of shirt waists and fancy bodices, may be either glazed, stunningly plaided gingham, chevot, or silk, or a gossamer lawn, with filmy lace insertions. Only one thing may be claimed; the belt usually droops at the front. Much of the stylish effect depends upon the kind of belt and its management. Nearly all droop a little towards the front, but that is not essential. Many of the newest belts are finished with buckles set slightly aslant, which aids the down-droop in front, and yet permits the belt to be drawn close about the figure. Belts of plaided ribbon, the plaid bearing no relation to the color or material of the bodice with which it is worn, or with anything else in the costume, are entirely correct, and seem to make the waist especially small. Such a belt may be worn either as a finish to the edge of a bodice or the bodice may appear below it. Other belts fit the figure with elastic smoothness from the waist line to just below the bust line. Many of these bodice belts as they are called, are actually of elastic webbing. They lace at one side, and a flap goes over the fastening almost invisibly, so that when adjusted the belt seems to be all in one. Quaint and becoming effects are secured with these belts, by allowing them to pass over the bodice except here and there where tabs, folds, or other portions of the bodice itself fall free over the belt. Length of waist is restored by these effects, while all the trimness of waist circumference is still given by the round of the belt.

All sorts of expedients are restored to increase the apparent round of the bust, and at the same time to emphasize, or at least not to sacrifice, the length and slenderness of the waist. The bolero is much used, though often, it is simulated by braiding, the "cut-off" under the arms and under the bust seeming to exist. The back, extending long and panel-like to the edge of the bodice in such cases usually appears below the belt. The panel piece may pass under the belt or not, as seems most becoming.

BELINDA.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wenzell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme. Marchand's Preparations. Use Creme de la Creme. Positively prevents sunburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

FINE WATCH and Jewelry Repairing. Low prices. All work guaranteed. J. N. Brittan, watchmaker and jeweler, 20 Geary street.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

The Latest Novelty



"Mess" Jackets

All colors, regular price

\$12.50

On special Sale at

\$7.45

J. O. Drient Co

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.

203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

MEDICATED GERATE.

The Famous Skin Food. It makes the skin soft and smooth, the complexion clear, and cures tan, sunburn, and pimples.

50 cents and \$1.00

Endorsed by leading physicians and the theatrical profession. Trade supplied by REDINGTON & CO. where I have no Agent,

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city who makes a specialty of . . .

FACIAL TREATMENT

Permanently removes Wrinkles, maul-pox Scars, and all Facial Disfigurements

713 POST ST., Near Jones.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.

ANNUAL MEETING

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, rooms 35 and 36, third floor Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 7th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Thursday, June 3, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 35 and 36, Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Caledonia Gold Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Caledonia Gold Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, ninth floor, Mills building, San Francisco, Cal., on

TUESDAY, the 1st DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. G. DRUM, Secretary.

Office—Room 30, ninth floor, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

By Rail, Boat and Stage.

Southern Pacific Co.--Pacific System.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave	From May 18, 1897	Arrive
6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 P
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	8:45 P
7:00 A	Vacaville and Rumsey	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:00 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	12:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
10:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	9:45 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	12:15 P
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojaro (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
5:00 P	European mail, Ogden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
8:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7:45 A

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL. (Foot of Market St.)

1:00 A	MELROSE	7:15 A
8:00 A	SEMINARY PARK	9:45 A
9:00 A	FITCHBURG	10:45 A
10:00 A	ELMHURST	11:45 A
11:00 A	SAN LEANDRO	12:45 P
11:20 M	SOUTH SAN LEANDRO	11:45 P
2:00 P	ESTUDILLO	12:45 P
3:30 P	LORENZO	4:45 P
4:00 P	CERRY	5:45 P
5:00 P	and	6:15 P
5:30 P	HAYWARDS	7:45 P
7:00 P		8:45 P
8:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	9:45 P
9:00 P	From Niles.	10:50 P
11:15 P		11:15 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market St.)

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	San Jose and Glenwood	8:50 A
4:15 P	Felton and Santa Cruz	28:50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO--Foot of Market street (slip 8).--*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; 11:00, 13:00, 4:00, 15:00 and *8:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND--Foot of Broadway.--*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, *1:00, 2:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
17:30 A	Sunday excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal way stations	18:35 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	7:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
*5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. *† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡Saturdays and Sundays. †Sundays and Mondays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 208 Stockton St. San Francisco
MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress.
Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month Telephone: Grant, 507.

THERE are many beautiful camping places in the Santa Cruz mountains, among them Ben Lomond, Pacific Congress Springs, Camp Felton, Boulder Creek and Rewardan. Also on the upper Sacramento, at Sweet Brier Camp, Shasta Springs, Castle Crag, Shasta Retreat and Mt. Shasta. The Southern Pacific has made a low round trip excursion rate, including berth, from this city, and good until October 1st, which brings these places within the reach of everyone, as follows: To Sweet Brier Camp, \$11.50; Shasta Retreat and Shasta Springs, \$12; and Mt. Shasta Camp, \$12.50.

San Francisco and North Pacific R'y Co.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY--Foot of Market Street.
WEEK DAYS--7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays--Extra trips at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays--Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS--8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.
WEEK DAYS--6:15, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays--Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS--8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schoutzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.	In Effect April 20, 1897	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	Sundays Week Days	
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
3:30 P M	9:30 A M	6:40 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	7:35 P M	6:22 P M
	8:00 A M	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	6:10 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	10:40 A M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	6:10 P M	6:22 P M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skags' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedown Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE--650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. June 1, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 31; July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 30; Aug. 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28.

For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Caho, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., the 2d of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

TICKET OFFICE--Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st. S. F.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

calling nt Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

BELGIC (via Honolulu).....Saturday, May 23, 1897
COPTIC.....Thursday, June 17, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, July 7, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, July 27, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.
For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S. S. "Alameda," Thursday, May 27th, at 2 P. M.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June 15th at 2 p m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

A. W. FOSTER, President of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, has been appointed a Director of the Mendocino Insane Asylum. Governor Budd could not have made a better selection. Mr. Foster is not a politician, but he is a broad-minded, vigorous, and successful business man, and will fill the bill with credit to himself and the distinct betterment of that institution.

KORN, the Hatter, 736 Market street, near Kearny, is the sole agent for Knox. See the latest spring styles.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

INSURANCE

THE Security Mutual Life, of Binghamton, New York, will establish an agency in this city. The office will be located in the Columbia building.

The Fidelity Mutual Aid Association, J. L. M. Shetterley Secretary and General Manager, has established a general agency in Michigan, with headquarters in Detroit.

J. D. Maxwell is in Los Angeles.

James N. Reynolds, of the Royal, was in town this week.

The notorious Jos. R. Dunlop, of Chicago, at one time busily engaged in throwing mud, through his journal, at reputable insurance companies, and who was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails and sentenced to two years at Joliet, has failed in his efforts to secure a pardon from President McKinley. During President Cleveland's administration he was refused a pardon in very vigorous language, President Cleveland saying that in his opinion the sentence was a righteous one and should be served out.

John W. Connell, of Montana, was injured by a falling tree at 11 A. M. November 22d last. He held an accident policy expiring at noon the same day, but at the time of the accident it was 1 o'clock at the place of issue, New York, so the company disclaims liability. This is splitting hairs with a vengeance.

State Auditor McCarthy, of Iowa, excluded the Bankers' Life, of St. Paul, from that State, and in retaliation Commissioner Dearth, of Minnesota, excludes the Bankers' Life, of Des Moines, from his State, although the latter has complied with the law in every respect. Now McCarthy threatens to expel all of the Iowa associations from his State, some thirteen or more.

An asbestos fireproof wallet, to keep valuable papers in, is the latest offer of fire insurance companies to clients, and in cases of fire certainly would prove to be very useful. The entire envelope, pockets and flap, also encircling strap and loop, are of asbestos. Smaller envelopes are also made by stationers for single papers or cherished souvenirs of our sentimental age.

The purchase of the Pacific Bank premises from the Continental Insurance Company by the Royal Assurance Company, of London, represented on this coast by Rolla V. Watt, will add to that company's popularity among those having the city's interests at heart, and make a convenient office for the Royal and Queen Insurance Companies. Improvements will be made and the premises he occupied by the new purchaser within the next sixty days. Office buildings are now owned in this city by the following insurance companies: Fireman's Fund, Home Mutual, Liverpool and London and Globe, Mutual Life of New York, Royal Assurance, Pacific Mutual Life, and Alliance of London.

The Norwich Union Fire Insurance Company, of Norwich, England, celebrates its centennial this year, and the event is celebrated in the issue of a special stamp to be used on all correspondence sent out by the company and its numerous employees throughout the world.

In a recent case against the Fidelity and Casualty Company by the widow of a man who had died from drowning, the heart of deceased was exhibited in court and passed around from hand to hand in an effort to disprove the company's liability. The jury found for the widow.

VICHY Springs is now open to receive guests for the season. Vichy Springs is the only place in the United States where champagne baths are to be enjoyed without costing a fortune. The hotel is kept by Miss D. D. Allen, and the guests are provided with every comfort and luxury. Take the S. F. and N. P. Railway to Ukiah.

"On the Santa Fé There's No Delay."

Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at Barstow with Santa Fé Limited. Dining cars, buffet, smoking car, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York. Ticket office, 644 Market street. Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDEKER, General Agent.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. - - - - San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1792.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,300,013

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,668,332

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF ERFURT, GERMANY.

Capital \$2,250,000 Assets, \$10,664,248.

Pacific Coast Department: 204-208 SANSOME ST., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States. J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA,
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Showing The Three Brothers and Merced River.

Taber Photo. S. F.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 5, 1897.

Number 23.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54, Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Bayce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

NOW let the high hat be heard to cease.

THERE appears to be some question among the gentle-
 men having charge of the Queen's Jubilee banquet, to
 be given at the Palace Hotel on the 21st inst., as to
 the admission of ladies. The dinner without the gracious pres-
 ence of the fairest of God's creation would be much like
 the play of *Hamlet* without the melancholy Dane. Gentle-
 men, let us solemnly remind you that Queen Victoria is a
 woman.

THE Yosemite Commissioners contemplate making im-
 provements in the Valley by the erection of a more
 commodious hotel and the construction and improvement
 of the roads. No doubt the utmost care will be taken to
 add to the attractions of this marvelous picture land, and
 this can be done by leaving the majestic scenery in all par-
 ticulars as it is, aside from a more commodious tavern for
 travelers and the mending of the means of locomotion.

IT is gratifying to note that the "pure" California
 brandy, sent out of this State despite the vigorous ef-
 forts of the health authorities here, will be detained at
 New York pending investigation. Ex-Collector Wise may
 find food for thought in the action of the Eastern author-
 ities. His zeal exceeded his judgment by the difference
 between right and wrong. The disgrace of sending a
 fraudulent and hurtful product out of the country as an
 article of California manufacture would have been his, ex-
 cepting for the prompt action and clearer judgment of the
 Eastern authorities.

THERE is to be a monument in honor of Frank McCop-
 pin placed in Golden Gate Park. Such remembrance
 of that honest citizen has been earned by him many times.
 The people of San Francisco owe to him more than any
 other man their beautiful park—a heritage for all time.
 The qualities possessed by McCoppin, and which were
 recognized by every one who knew him, were enduring.
 With many opportunities for wealth in public service, he
 died a poor man. Let the marble shaft be reared. It
 will speak a well-defined and lasting tribute to a lofty and
 self-respecting character.

CLAUS SPRECKELS has sued the Examiner for
 \$1,000,000 because that object of general disesteem
 has made false statements about certain transactions of
 his. In this community, where the character of the Ex-
 aminer is known, it would be hard to convict of libel,
 for the reason that its bad reputation destroys the venom of
 its utterances. But Mr. Spreckels has large interests,
 and his business connections extend beyond local con-
 ditions and influences. The untruths appearing in the Ex-
 aminer are likely to be copied by publications throughout
 the country, where Hearst's paper is not appreciated at
 its true value. For this reason, doubtless, Mr. Spreckels
 feels called upon to take notice of the Examiner's ut-
 terances, and bring it to account for its libelous state-
 ments. Wherever it is known the Examiner, being with-
 out character is without influence, is powerless for either
 good or evil.

EUGENE V. DEBS is sending missionaries out West,
 in the hope of organizing labor for the seemingly inevi-
 table struggle between labor and capital. Mr. Debs is
 forwarding his missionaries in a "co-operative commercial
 van," and his representatives are men who were connected
 with the Chicago riots and the events which preceded
 them. Debs will find in many localities soil awaiting this
 sort of seed; and if the harvest is not ripe by the fall of
 1899, we shall be surprised. The elements are plainly to
 be seen looming through the distance, and their combina-
 tion may very well excite apprehension.

WORDEN, the murderer and train wrecker, has been
 respited, pending the action by the Supreme Court
 upon his case. In the interests of good order and the sanc-
 tity of life, this man should pay the penalty of his crime.
 Governor Budd did well his duty when he refused to inter-
 fere in his behalf. When Worden planned to wreck that
 train at Sacramento he did not know whether the life of
 one man or of a dozen men would be sacrificed; and it is
 evident that at that time he did not care. The bones of
 engineer Clark lie under the ground, but they call in an
 unmistakable voice for justice. The safety of society de-
 mands that Worden shall hang. Durrant's life is also
 temporarily spared; but there is the least possible hope
 for him. These delays will put off but not defeat the day
 of retribution.

SEÑOR ANDRADE, the new Mexican Consul at Los
 Angeles, is the right sort of a man. On the 21st inst.
 the Manufacturers' Association of that city holds a meet-
 ing, and Señor Andrade says he will urge upon that organ-
 ization the sending of two energetic representatives to
 Mexico for the purpose of drumming up trade for Los
 Angeles. The Consul says there is business in his country
 to be had for the asking, and that the merchants of Los
 Angeles are entitled to it. This is an object lesson for
 San Francisco. There is business in Mexico that belongs
 to this city, in the sense that San Francisco has the best
 facilities for getting it and holding it. But it will be
 necessary to be awake, to utilize every advantage, and
 to overcome every opposition. Beautiful resolutions and
 ponderous whereases will hardly fill the bill. The people
 at the South use a different sort of ammunition to bring
 down their trade.

A NOTORIOUS woman chose to end her life in this
 city one evening this week by taking poison, because
 of the sudden termination of a temporary attachment.
 There was nothing remarkable in such a tragic ending of
 an unfortunate existence, for the records of every great
 city remorselessly spell out the fate of those who travel
 such a path. But the daily press of San Francisco seize
 upon this dragged page torn from the half-world's his-
 tory, and flaunt it in the face of innocent youth and self-
 respecting men and women in all its repulsive and unclean
 details as being worthy of their attention and fit for the
 atmosphere of their homes. Pictures embellish their
 pages, and columns of space are devoted to the parade of
 subjects that ought to be excluded from the fireside as one
 would shut the door against the plague. And if in its re-
 cital the reputations of respected and innocent persons
 can be dragged into the circle of the nameless creature of
 a moment, so much greater the satisfaction. There is
 no limit, no bound, to the brutal "enterprise" of the daily
 press, which thrives on scandal and gloats over the re-
 pulsive.

THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW AND OF MEDICINE

PROFESSOR JORDAN, President of the Stanford Junior University, invariably knows the truth of the matter about which he is going to talk, before he opens his mouth. He is not a man given to making assertions first and seeking proof of them afterwards. He has just said substantially that there are not more than twelve able lawyers of the first class in the whole bar of San Francisco, and not more than the same number of really skilled physicians in the whole city. This is a strikingly small percentage of genuine ability to find in a city that contains about 1,800 lawyers and 1,200 doctors. According to this showing, there is but one lawyer in every 150 to whom a man may, in case of need, entrust the legal safeguarding of his life, liberty, or fortune, and only one physician in every hundred who excels in the greatest of all the professions. Of course it is not possible to demonstrate the truth of these statements with the accuracy of absolute mathematical precision. But with good opportunities for judging, and undoubted capacity to judge, it is very possible to come near enough to the facts. In opinions formed in that way, Professor Jordan's judgment does not stand alone. It has been expressed in these columns, time and time again, during the past twenty years. Indeed, in regard to the doctors it has been more than expressed. Some years ago it was pretty well demonstrated by the NEWS LETTER in one of the most persistent and thorough journalistic efforts ever made anywhere. Something like 400 doctors (?) were found to be in active practice, who were mere charlatans without education, license, or fitness. After a long struggle against this state of affairs, a law was placed on the statute book which required doctors to have a license from some school "incorporated" for that purpose. It was a poor measure of relief, but was the best that could be had at that time, and has only been slightly improved since. As a result, all the medical-isms "incorporated" and began to turn out others of their own kind at short order. That is how it comes that the State is flooded to-day with the class of medicos that President Jordan must have in his mind's eye. Even at this late day, there are five medical "schools" in this young city, where there are not hospital and other facilities for more than one. Though both the Toland and Cooper Colleges are making very creditable efforts to reach a fair degree of efficiency, they are not producing physicians of a high order of merit. Even their own faculties seem to be conscious of this, for they persistently resist every effort to have their graduating classes examined by an independent State Board, or by anybody but themselves.

The same lack of sound and thorough training afflicts most of our lawyers in about the same degree that it does our doctors. Half-educated attorneys are the result of any legal education being imparted in this State at present, and, unfortunately the office practice that young men can acquire with too many firms is about as bad as it can be. In the pioneer days, the gold fever drew many able lawyers here, and the Bar of the State was at one time a credit to it. But the giants of those days have nearly all passed away, and their places have seldom been taken by men of anything like their mental stature. The practice of the law has fallen from its high estate, and many of the successful attorneys of to-day are those who join clubs, societies, and even churches for unworthy personal purposes; who dip into the filthy pool of politics in order to secure pushes, and pulls and other malign influences with which to defile our Temples of Justice; who fix juries, tamper with officials, find witnesses to order, and even trump up cases with which to bedevil honest citizens. To stem this evil tide we have underpaid judges at the mercy at every election of these corrupt owners of pushes and pulls. It is really a marvel that we have judges as good as the many who now adorn the Bench. The twelve really able and strong men, who are at the head of their profession and to whom President Jordan refers, are the men who ought to be our judges. Seats on the Judicial Bench ought to be the Supreme ambition of such men's lives. It is the fault of the State that it is not. It would find it cheaper in the long run, and in every way more acceptable, to attract the best talent in the only way that it can be attracted, *i. e.* by paying for it. As to the trickery,

unscrupulous, and, in too many instances criminal practices of attorneys, some way must early be found to bring them out into the light of day, and to prevent them further abusing the high privileges conferred upon them by law. New York has made a fair beginning in this direction. The Legislature has provided a new and easier way of purging the profession of the law of its unscrupulous members. Proceedings for disbarment in this State are available, but the initiative is left to the Bar Association, and, as a consequence nothing is done. There is a feeling growing up in the public mind that will not much longer tolerate the crying abuses found around too many of our Courts.

Cover the Patrol Wagons. The patrol wagons of the Police Department of this city should all be covered, so that those who are compelled from any cause to ride in them, may be hidden from the gaze of the curious. Nor is it at all an inspiring spectacle to note the hurried transit through the streets of gentlemen inebriated or injured, elevated to the view of all the street, on the seat of a patrol wagon, and literally forced upon the gaze of everyone within the block by the violent and continuous clanging of a bell. No sight can be more disgusting to the refined, or brutalizing to the vulgar than the view of a broken and bruised head or face—bloody, dirty and sickening, as its unfortunate possessor is literally paraded toward the Receiving Hospital on a perch in the official van. The innocent unfortunate deserve no such disgraceful distinction, and the guilty should not be thus inflicted upon the sight of inoffensive citizens abroad on the streets. There ought to be a defense for both; and it can be brought about at once at small cost, and to the distinct advantage of San Francisco's good name. Not being harbarians, we should look upon this sort of thing as civilized people elsewhere do. The wagons should not be sent out uncovered.

Again, there is another feature of this particular branch of service which requires different treatment. When the patrol wagon is sent from the Receiving Hospital, it should be accompanied by one of the attendant physicians. Within the memory of the writer a considerable number of injured persons have died in the wagon from their injuries on their way to the hospital. A few simple remedies taken by the physician to the scene of accident or sudden illness—a brief account of which might in the great majority of cases be telephoned to the office—and by him judiciously used, might save life that would otherwise be lost. In cases of poisoning, or apoplexy, or violent hemorrhages, and in many other troubles, the time lost between the scene of accident and the hospital frequently means death. Should the patrol wagon be accompanied by a physician, temporary relief could be at once given, and so much precious time saved.

But, first of all, let us have no more such disgusting spectacle as was witnessed on last Wednesday afternoon, when a poor wretch was hauled through Kearny and Market streets in the clanging patrol wagon, his face streaming with blood and his hair matted with gore—a sight to sicken men and horrify women.

Bibles, Philanthropists and Chinese.

In the minds of intelligent and unprejudiced men, who are by careful observation entitled to respectful consideration and weight, the opinion is practically unanimous that the efforts made by Eastern philanthropists and Western enthusiasts for the moral elevation of the Chinaman and his ultimate salvation along the perplexing and multiplied theological highways honored by civilization, have been a disappointment and a failure. It is held, and not without corroborative testimony strong as proof of Holy Writ, that the well-meant efforts of the Christian churches are wasted upon the child-like Celestial, whose Confucian philosophy, hacked by four thousand years of tradition and precedent, has thus far been able to withstand the tender messages of the gospel of peace on earth, good will to men, so justly dear to the hearts of the faithful. It is asserted that the thunderbolts of truth have been broken and shivered about the feet of Joss, whose followers absorb only such knowledge from the wreck as is instructive in the ways of wickedness and a light to the paths of deceit. Those who have watched with dispassion-

ate eye the grafting of our civilization upon the peculiar character of the Chinese, through uncolored spectacles noted practical developments, and summed up the Celestial vineyard, have abandoned hope of the contest, and declare loudly that the prayers of the righteous and labors of the missionaries avail not; that the millions of bibles sent them effect no good end, and the millions of money lured from the reluctant pockets of Eastern philanthropists and poured into the Chinese Empire accomplish nothing.

There are two sides to this question, as there are to all others. Those who are looking at the moral advancement of the Chinese, through the importation of millions of bibles, have confined their observation to the Chinese character alone; they have failed to follow out in all its branches the vast industry of book-making as applied to the Chinese trade, and have overlooked the beneficent results of such enterprises. It is a fact that the Chinese use many of the bibles sent to them for fuel; and it is equally undeniable that the thrifty heathen have a habit of stuffing the leaves of their missionary bibles into the soles of their shoes. Owing to the primitive make of celestial walking gear, they are of great thickness, and it is undeniably true that the Chinese use up thousands upon thousands of bibles in making their shoes. As a means of education applied in this manner, even the bible would be seriously handicapped, and its power for good very greatly curtailed. But there is another and much more hopeful view to take of this industry of Chinese bible trade. The manufacture involves the employment of many thousands of deserving and industrious people of our own color. Men, women, girls, and boys are necessary to the production of these books. Machinery, paper-makers, bookbinders, packers, ink-makers—and a hundred and one articles necessary to the work must be paid for. The wealthy philanthropist whose generosity turns toward China as a field for spiritual development and moral elevation, usually has no time to note the wants of humanity at home, nor has he particular care for the sufferings of those about his door. He is not, as a rule, the man who heads the subscription for fresh-air funds, free ice in summer and free coal in the winter for those of his own blood whose misfortunes bring them want and suffering. In his advance upon idols beyond seas he unconsciously tramples on the flowers at his feet. If his money did not swell the Chinese bible funds it would remain hoarded in his strong boxes. When his purse strings are loosened for the saving of the beathen he sets machinery in motion, gives employment to thousands of deserving poor, and thus indirectly is made to perform a valuable service—circulate his wealth at home and his bibles abroad—at once putting bread in the mouth of want and a covering to its body, and affording fuel to the beathen and a foundation for their feet.

As To The New Water Rates. The Board of Supervisors by a vote of eight to four have adopted a schedule of charges which the Spring Valley Water Company may not exceed in its dealings with its customers. It is admitted all round that under this schedule the company will have difficulty to maintain the 6 per cent dividends which it has paid for years. Under no circumstances can it earn more, whilst the chances are that it will earn less. The owners of a public use, such as our city's water supply undoubtedly is, are entitled to earn a reasonable interest on their capital stock, and any rates that will not permit them to do that are clearly illegal and void. There can be no doubt about that fact, because the law of the matter has been finally determined in our Courts. In the case of this very company a test case was made up and taken before three of the ablest and most upright judges that even sat upon the Superior Bench, and it was by them decided that the Supervisors could not fix water rates at a point below that which would permit of the payment of reasonable dividends. We all know that 6 per cent per annum is below, rather than above, the earning power of loanable money in this city. Our principal Savings Banks charge from 6½ to 7 per cent for loans on the most stable securities. With risks of damage from floods and other causes, and with the cost of repairs and betterments that are nearly always needed, our local water company has every right to earn a margin above the market value of money.

It follows necessarily that a bare 6 per cent is a very low allowance. It is not up to what the use of money well secured, brings in this market, to say nothing of the attendant risks in the case before us. In fixing the rates they have, the Supervisors favored water consumers as much as they dared to do, in view of the law. It is almost certain that they went too far, and that a test case would result in the setting aside of schedules of more than doubtful adequacy. We know not what the company may decide to do, but we do know that many of the stockholders favor legal resistance to the reductions.

In the face of this plain and undeniable statement of the situation, that demagogic organ of the mob and enemy of everything that is fair and of good repute, the Examiner, comes with glaring head-lines, statements that it must know to be false, and accusations that are as atrocious as they are libelous, and endeavors to work up an excitement that either means destruction of the company's investments, or its inflammatory words mean nothing. The eight Supervisors who went as far on the road to confiscation as they dared, are nevertheless branded as "enemies of the people," and charged with a "brazen disregard of duty," as "men who have betrayed their friends," and have "abandoned honesty for plunder." All this and much more of the same tenor. These Supervisors, be it remembered, have not been deciding a political question, but one of mere equity. They were in a sense judicial officers, and were bound by clear decisions of the courts. They knew, by hard figures, that they could not travel further on the road with the Examiner than they did, without their work being set aside, to the great detriment of everybody concerned. Yet we are told that these men "violated their public and private pledges" (which, by the way, they had no right to give in a quasi-judicial matter), and that they stand out as "a band who have sacrificed honesty, decency, and reputation," and as having been "elected for honesty but worked for plunder." Is this outrageous language such as self-respecting men ought to endure without rebuke, such as, perhaps, only the courts can administer? We think not. It is due to public life, and to the men in it, that such charges should be answered. That they are without an atom of truth is obvious to every man with an understanding of the situation. This annual recurrence of turmoil and attempts at confiscation of vested interests, ought to be brought to an end, and no better time to end it could possibly be than right now. It should be remembered that there are something like 8,000 stockholders in the company, and that its shares are well scattered around among the thrifty middle class.

They have invested their money for the city's good, and have no right to be annually subjected to the hounding, harassing, and plunder-threats of this unscrupulous organ of the great unwashed, who for the most part pay no water rates. If the popularly elected Supervisors withstand this pressure as well as they do, it is because of the persuasion and influence of the many friends they have among the respectable classes of our citizens, who are interested in Spring Valley. It is well that the stock of the company is so well held at home. It is that fact which annually defeats the would-be confiscators, and will, let us hope, succeed in protecting this valuable public use, until the people see fit to make it their own by honest purchase.

Our Penal Institutions. The outbreak of the prisoners at San Quentin should bring home to every reflecting mind the truth of what the NEWS LETTER has been saying for long years past, namely, that our whole penal system badly needs reforming and should be made to conform more nearly to the practices and principles of modern penology. The world during the last half century has not been standing still in the matters of deterring and reforming criminals. Penology has become almost an exact science, and very beneficent have been the results of its rigid application. Goals once crowded are now almost empty, and crime has been lessened from sixty to seventy per cent. Those are the latest figures of the British Penal Department. In our own land good work has been done. The prisons of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York are a credit to those States. Unfortunately, up to this time little or no attention has been paid in California to reforms in this direction, and,

as might well be expected, we are bound to pay dearly for our neglect. Our easy-going prison discipline is attracting criminals from all over the union, whilst it is failing to reform those of home manufacture. Our two penitentiaries are full to overflowing, and the end is not yet, for the criminal classes are increasing at a lamentable rate. The trouble at San Quentin may be subdued for the time being, but it will remain a smoldering fire that will, as surely as effect follows cause, break out into a flame some day. It is the system, or rather want of system, that is to blame. Warden Hale we know to be a kind-hearted man, and that the prisoners are only too well fed and treated generally, we have reason to believe; but he is not a good disciplinarian, and has not the means and appliances to be one, if his bent were that way. No man alive to-day could make good prisoners out of the congregated system, which necessarily prevails in the inadequate buildings at San Quentin. Of the inmates, about one-third are young hoodlums, who freely mix with hardened criminals, of whom many have passed half their lives in durance vile. In consequence, the youth who once enters those walls leaves all hope behind, and we manufacture criminals instead of reforming them. Young men with criminal opportunities, and perhaps inclinations, can be reformed, and it is being done in a most marked degree wherever the principles of modern peology are applied. It is not possible within the limits of a newspaper article, to give a clear and intelligent description of what have become the tried and established principles of prison treatment, nor to spread before our readers statistics of the happy results that have flowed from their adoption. These things must be studied by our Legislators and others responsible for the management of our public institutions. Perhaps a special commission, composed of the right kind of men, would be better still. Clearly our stock of knowledge on this exceedingly important subject badly needs to be increased. For the present it is enough to say that it is a burning outrage and a shame that women prisoners are confined within the walls of San Quentin in the sight and hearing of men there for the period of their natural lives. There is more in this than meets the eye, but it may not be stated. It is found to be a disturbing element as long as it continues. Again, there is little doubt that the sudden stoppage of opium sales produced the recent outbreak. It ought not to have been done in the way it was, and especially as the officers were mainly responsible for its existence. For many years, and under all administrations, guards have engaged in this traffic and grown rich on official salaries of \$60 a month. The penitentiary at Folsom should be enlarged and improved. Its large area of untilled land should be walled in and made to produce most of the food required by the prisoners, and those nearing their discharge should be treated differently from the others, and taught how to use their liberty when they get it.

John H. Wise John H. Wise, the ex-collector of the Port, is in an unenviable position with certain strong-minded, out possibly mistaken women after him with grave charges that whilst in office he lent aid and comfort to Chinese engaged in the nefarious traffic of importing Chinese slave girls for immoral purposes. We do not pretend to know what truth there is in the charges, but, if they can be proven, he has violated a law that is very sacred in the eyes of many of our people, and the case against him is all the worse, in that he was the chief executive officer whose oath and duty alike made it obligatory upon him to rigidly enforce the law. If he has been aiding and abetting the rascally Chinese engaged in its violation, or even winking at their operations, he is in a bad fix. Whilst referring to this matter, however, we can not refrain from saying that whereas that law was approved by almost everybody at one time, circumstances have since arisen that render its wisdom more than doubtful. We have amongst us in this State over 100,000 China-men, and only a few hundred China-women. The world is the world, and the men and women in it do not much change because of the color of their skins. We know how it would be in a like case with men of our own race and higher civilization. There are startling facts within our knowledge that this restrictive law is indirectly responsible, together with the hard times, in instilling a very shocking degree of vice, and demoral-

ization generally, into women of our own race. The subject may only be very lightly touched here, but it needs probing by some authorized body. If an ordinance existed rendering it a misdemeanor for white women, (female missionaries and teachers included) to be found within certain described limits known as Chinatown, we believe it would soon prove a measure that would commend itself to all men. If there be any doubt about the urgent necessity of such an ordinance, the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors has full power to investigate and get at the bottom facts. If they could be fully published, we think there would be danger of Chinatown being razed to the ground within 24 hours. Australia, notwithstanding a British treaty, adopted an exclusion act 25 years before we did, and did it on the sole ground of the social demoralization that would inevitably flow from a one-sexed immigration. Our people will yet be driven to attack the evil from that point of view.

Marriages The people who are rushing off in tugs to be married in evasion of the laws of the State are likely to bring upon themselves a peck of trouble. They remain citizens of the State and as such are bound by its laws. Our statutes provide how, and between whom marriages may be contracted, and it is a well known rule of law that that cannot be done indirectly which is forbidden to be done directly. A tug or other vessel with an American register is deemed at sea to be part of American soil, and a marriage entered into on one is subject to the laws of the State whence she hails or to which she returns. A marriage on a local tug outside the three mile limit is as if it were entered into within the boundaries of the State, and, to render it legal, it must be recorded in the same manner that all other marriages are. The rule that a marriage that is legal where it is contracted is legal everywhere, does not apply to the class of cases we are discussing. That rule is intended merely to legalize foreign marriages. There is no law at sea, except the Captain's will, and that must not be exercised in contravention of his country's laws. He cannot by any act of his legalize that which would be illegal if done at home. He cannot, without the consent of parents or guardians, legalize marriage between parties under age, nor those within the forbidden degree of consanguinity, nor protect bigamy from its due punishment. Divorced persons cannot now remarry in California within twelve months of the filing of the final decree. No sea Captain, at any distance from the shore, could relieve parties of the disability imposed by this section. It is a popular fallacy to believe that a streak of water three miles wide legalizes that which would otherwise be illegal.

The Labor Leaders' Way To Prosperity. The labor leaders have recently been attempting to solve the problem as to how to bring about better times. The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, at the head of which stands Mr. Samuel Gompers, has addressed to the President, Cabinet, and Congress of the United States, a memorial describing in strong terms "the humiliating poverty and countless privations suffered by multitudes of our working people," and appealing to the National authorities for speedy relief. It is to be feared that there is only too much truth in many of the representations made, and if there were any merit in the remedies proposed, the Labor League would be entitled to all possible sympathy and support. It makes four recommendations for immediate adoption: (1) it wants a rigid enforcement of the 8 hour law, (2) restricted immigration, (3) an increased volume of the National currency, and (4) "liberal appropriations for government public works and for the improvement of rivers and harbors." If all classes of labor are to work but 8 hours, the cost of production must be enhanced, and our commerce correspondingly reduced. The exclusion of the right kind of immigrants is an impossibility in this country. An inflated currency never has and never will prove a lasting benefit to working men. Appropriations for public works are simply taxes, of which the poor have to bear their full share, and usually prove wasteful devices to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. The Labor League should try again. There is obviously nothing for them in their present recommendations.

The Man
for
Postmaster.

The duties of the postmaster of this city are of a practical character. The fact that an aspiring and ambitious citizen has made a certain number of speeches during a political campaign, or that he has held office through the kindly assistance of political friends who may have found him useful to their personal ends, do not constitute a valid claim to the place made vacant by the death of the lamented McCoppin. It has been the custom to regard this high and responsible office as a political perquisite, and, as a result, the best men have not always filled the position. If the will of the people of San Francisco were consulted in the selection of their postmaster it would be found that they would select one of two men—either an employee who has been in the department for years, who has shown himself capable and efficient, and who has by practical application mastered the intricacies and details of the service; or they would choose a business man whose successful efforts were known to them and whose recognized qualities would guarantee their application to the office. A practical business man would necessarily measure the position of postmaster by the same general principles obtaining in his private fortunes; and such application would mean that the postoffice would be conducted on strict business principles. The introduction of civil service into the various branches has gone very far toward relief of the public from the unfortunate effects of changing administrations; but why not go a step further and advance to the highest office a subordinate who is familiar with all details and personally well-equipped for the greater responsibility? Such a course would meet the hearty approval of business, which knows little and cares less about politics, and reward faithful service by merited recognition. But if this cannot be done, then give us a business man who will devote his personal attention to the details of the office. The politician who is always hanging on for something to turn up—whose lips are expectantly puckered to grasp the plethoric public teat, should be given a prolonged rest.

The Queen's Jubilee. Long to be remembered will be the scenes to be witnessed in and around London during the week of the Queen's Jubilee.

The press of that city came down hard on the disposition at first evinced to make money and a gaudy display of wealth out of the occasion, and matters are reported to have improved in that regard. It would have been a pity if the idealism that should mark this great commemoration, should have been lost sight of in the most sordid money grubbing. It is not alone the 60th anniversary of the Queen's reign that is to be celebrated, but the idealism of a mighty, peaceful and prosperous Empire upon which the sun never sets. The British people at home and abroad, owe even more than they probably realize to their constitutional Queen, who throughout her long reign has reconciled the theory of Monarchy with the fact of Republicanism, without diminishing either the dignity of the throne, or the self-governing habit of the people; who has enabled the unwritten constitution to pass in quiet and safety over the deep ravine which divides the England of the past from the England of to-day. Her people everywhere are rejoiced at the length and achievements of a reign not even yet terminated, and with a very natural instinct are disposed to look upon it as an answer to their oft repeated prayer, "God save the Queen!" Our local British residents will on the occasion be as united and as enthusiastic as are their brethren all over the world. For Americans, we think, we can truly say that they respect good Queen Victoria, and are at one with their kinsmen in doing her honor.

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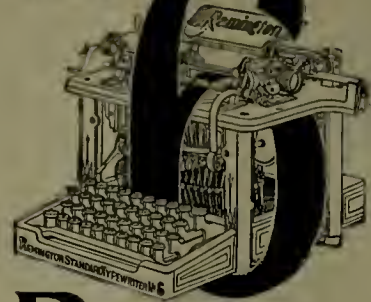
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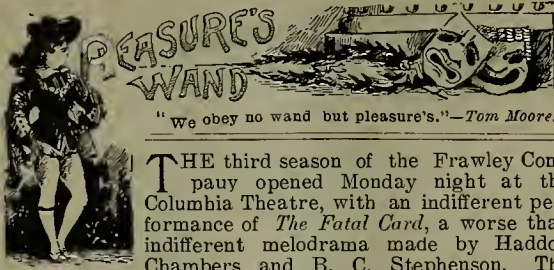
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THE third season of the Frawley Company opened Monday night at the Columbia Theatre, with an indifferent performance of *The Fatal Card*, a worse than indifferent melodrama made by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson. The theatre, freshly beautified for the occasion, was crowded to the walls with a fairly representative first-night audience, many of whom could, without exceeding the bounds of modesty, feel themselves to be persons of better taste than Mr. Frawley's choice of play would pre-suppose. There were those, however, who approved the piece riotously, and others still who, loving the Frawleys with something of fierce, domestic loyalty, found entertainment in the personalities of such members of the old band as were in the cast, which was wholly disproportionate to their enjoyment of the drama itself. I have a friendly feeling of my own for the Frawley players, a little of that local pride which seems to have infected the community; but fortunately for the *entente cordiale* that exists between my editor and my conscience, it is the kind of friendship that is an incentive rather than a drawback to candor. In all goodwill, I can say that I did not enjoy myself Monday night; that *The Fatal Card* is not the sort of a play to invite the enjoyment of persons who purposely stay away from Morosco's; that it was a big managerial error for Mr. Frawley, in the face of having seen an Eastern performance of this nightmare, to have been gulled into purchasing the rights to it by the old gold brick game of "New York success;" and, after once having it on his hands, that it was a bigger managerial error still to have unloaded it upon himself on the very first week of the most ambitious and expensive season he has yet undertaken in San Francisco. The present Frawley Company is no joke; it is a high-salaried organization, consisting mainly of players of reputation. It is not to be slighted by faint praise from the critics, for it aims to give first-class productions that as such challenge criticism. The opening week is naturally the most important of the season—it is supposed to give us a fair sample of the quality of the plays and the quality of the players. And in justice to the company and the repertory, it must be said that both had a very bad introduction on Monday night.

It is a question if even a good melodrama would have justified opening the season with a type of play so foreign to the clean and Godly drama in which the Frawleys have made their prosperous record. I am not on principle opposed to melodrama, even of the common or kindergarten variety; there are melodramas that are wholesome, exciting and diverting. Bar the scene between the father and son in this *Fatal Card*, and you have a play that is an offense to sanity. In it there are practically no inventive originality, no legitimate constructive skill, no picture of manners that may appeal to civilized man—absolutely nothing that is not an affront to the intellectual and artistic senses. It out-yellows fake journalism on its own field of crime, underclothes, illiterature, disordered sensation and cheap vulgarisms.

The fatal card—an ordinary playing card—is torn in two in the prologue, which is laid "At the foot of the Rockies" (a London pastoral picture of the wild and bleeding West, which looks as though the author's credulity had been imposed upon by one of those daring tourists who shoot bear and bison in Golden Gate Park), and it takes four acts loaded with action and remarks of an extraneous character before they are brought together again. The hero saves the villain from the lynchmen's rope, and receives from him one-half of the card to serve in lieu of a strawberry mark for future identification. And later, after the Wild West has gone home to England and the villain has been an accomplice to the murder of the hero's father and finally got the hero himself bound to a newel post in front of an infernal machine that is guaranteed to blow him into shreds in five minutes by the clock, the long-

lost pasteboard is discovered in the hero's bosom—and he is sa-haved. Somebody has to die in order to oblige the plot, so the villain does it in dynamite and pink calcium. The hero loves the villain's daughter, and they are united in the same rosy glow that illumines poppa's demise.

I have only told the beginning and end. I could never hope to tell all that happens between. There is a bathing scene that for sheer, clumsy vulgarity beats anything I have ever seen. The suggestion of a naked man behind a fence, decorating the air with his raiment, being peered upon by a lascivious old maid, wallowing in disreputable *double entendre* with the soubrette, is something of a shock even to my shiny morals. Mr. Thomas Ross was to have played this part of the merman, but it was announced from the stage that Mr. Ross had been attacked by tonsillitis (doubtless having caught cold at the uddress rehearsal) and Mr. Frawley sacrificed himself to the occasion. Mr. Frawley had already announced his annual forswearance of the stage, and I felt rather sorry to see him make his annual reappearance under these embarrassing circumstances. I can only hope that the complications which attended Pilar Morin's similar specialty will not overtake Mr. Frawley in the very flower of his career.

As I intimated earlier, there is one good scene—that between the hero and his father. It is the single touch of character in the play, and Frank Worthing and Theodore Hamilton make it stand out beautifully. Mr. Worthing's acting in the prologue was surprisingly ghastly and atrocious, but after that he pulled himself together and put some very excellent work into this very bad play. Mr. Hamilton had only the one scene, but it was enough to mark the artist.

Miss Gladys Wallace acted a poor soubrette role rather uneasily, and Miss Eleanor Moretti's genius was smothered in a bad dialect. There seems to be a superstition at the Columbia that because Miss Madge Carr Cook is an impossible actress she should always play an impossible part. If this is going to continue I should prefer Miss Cook when there is no impossible part in the cast—she fits altogether too well. Miss Bates, as the heroine, had little to do and accepted it gracefully. Wilson Enos had a great deal to do as the assistant villain, and I am sorry to say that he largely overdid that. If Mr. Enos would be satisfied with exerting the energies of one man instead of two, I see no reason why he should not be a character actor. J. M. Colville, an actor of excellent experience and repute, added gratuitous comedy to the agonies of the villain. The part is had enough as it stands, an arrogant, introspective, self-worshipping, and self-pitying villain, highly psychologized and gloweringly pessimistic, who envies the dead and makes wide ironic speeches as he crimes. A character of this kind, abetted by blind staggers and other wild actorisms which Mr. Colville brought to bear upon it, not only exceeds humanity but passes imagination.

At the end of the third act Mr. Frawley, in a characteristically sincere and ineloquent speech, thanked everybody, including the critics, for having made the Frawley company a possibility. He said that he believed in, asked for, criticism, but that he did not believe in personal criticism which ridiculed the player. Then he said, "I am glad of this opportunity to square myself with the critics." This was apropos of an interview with Mr. Frawley, published by Mr. Frawley in the *Dramatic Mirror*, wherein it would seem that the only criticism in San Francisco that Mr. Frawley admires is written by Mr. Peter Robertson for the *Chronicle*. Some of the other critics, it was intimated in the interview, indulge in "brutal personal attacks" that are very trying to the manager and the actor. Now, for the life of me, I cannot see that it was necessary for Mr. Frawley to thus publicly "square himself," as he phrased it. Mr. Frawley has just as much right to publish his opinion of the critics as the critics have to publish their's of him; and I cannot find it in my heart to believe that any of us are so vindictively sensitive as to resent Mr. Frawley's judgment to an extent where it would influence our judgment against him. Criticism, as I take it, considers the actor, the author, or the manager only as subject matter of a particular department of art in which the people are largely interested.

The critic is supposed to be the opinion of one man written to the best of his knowledge, and impartially for an impartial public. If the critic's reward were only to bask in the sunshine of Mr. Frawley's, or any actor-manager's approval, Mr. Frawley's "squaring" of himself on Monday night would have had promise and purpose. But Mr. Frawley forgets that criticism is not written for the actor, but about the actor, and while it is part of the actor's business to please the critic, I have never heard that it is any honest concern of the critic's whether he pleases the actor or not.

ASHTON STEVENS.

Daniel Boone, the veteran lion-tamer, contends that it is only a question of time and opportunity when the best regulated lion in the business will try to make a meal of his master. At the Orpheum are three lions, all in the pink of appetite, and a young woman named Adgie, who sings, dances and makes general merriment with them in the cage. Up to the time of writing Adgie is still alive and active, but she can scarcely be regarded by life insurance men as a good risk. There is excitement in Adgie's act, and there is a lot of fun left in old Billy Carter, who is again at the Orpheum with his trusty banjo. Next week Russell Brothers, "the Irish servant girls;" Vaidis Twin Sisters, aerial experts, and Johnson and Dean, imperial exponents of cultured colored aristocracy.

Nanon is being well done at the Tivoli. Next week comes the long-promised review of the town, *Miss Frisco*, mirroring familiar characters, scenes and incidents in the manner of the New York, Boston and Philadelphia reviews, which have been very successful. Emperor Norton, Ned Weanaway, and various local celebrities will be gently satirized. The entire Tivoli company, augmented by Tommy Leary, who has just finished a successful season in the East, will be cast in the production. Special features will be the ballet, and a novel light dance executed by Miss Ida Watt.

Sunday night the Lilliputians open at the Baldwin in their new extravaganza, *Merry Tramps*. Bertha Jaegar, Adolph Zink, and Franz Ebert have tramp parts, and tiny Ludwig Merkel is said to be drolly cast as Pisang, the missing link. The scenery will of course be gorgeously spectacular, and it is promised that the music is new and snappy. Special matinees will be given on Wednesdays for children, old and young.

The Fatal Card will run another week at the Columbia, at the expiration of which the Frawleys give the first production of Lorimer Stoddard's new comedy, which has been named *The Interloper*. The author is now in San Francisco, and will witness the premiere.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan will be given a testimonial concert at the Native Sons' Hall on Monday night, prior to his departure for London. Mr. O'Sullivan will sing fifteen or more songs. Mrs. Walter McGavin will also sing. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, accompanist.

Mrs. Eunice Westwater, whose fine contralto voice has won her the reputation of an artist of ability, announces a song recital to take place next Wednesday evening at Native Sons' Hall. The lady will present an excellent programme, and this, with her rich voice and artistic method, should, and doubtless will, insure a large attendance of music lovers.

Moët and Chandon.

The cellars of Messrs. Moët & Chandon, the largest champagne house in the world, contain over eight miles of walks and about twenty-six million bottles of champagne. The different sections of the vast cellars are named after the various countries to which shipments are made. Russia and England occupy the largest place, special provision having been made for the requirements of the Courts. In this country Moët & Chandon has also been received with great favor.—Hotel Gazette.

That intelligent person who declared that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach, must have just dined at the Maison Riche, Grant avenue and Geary street, where the magnificent service, splendid viands, fine wines, and appropriate music, drive discontent and care away every evening from 5 to 9 o'clock. The man who hasn't dined at the Maison Riche has yet a delightful surprise in store for him.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.

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Sunday, June 6th. Two weeks Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The famous and only

LILLIPUTIANS,

in their greatest success, the brilliant spectacular play, **MERRY TRAMPS**. Beautiful costumes; magnificent scenery; original music, dances, effects, etc.; three gorgeous ballets.

Columbia Theatre. The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Monday, June 7th. Second week of the great success,

THE FATAL CARD

Presented by THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.

Monday, June 14th—The new comedy, **THE INTERLOPERS**.

Orpheum. San Francisco's Greatest Music Hall. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell streets.

Week commencing Monday, June 7th, the zenith of vaudeville entertainments.

RUSSELL BROS.,

"The Irish servant girls;" Vaidis Twin Sisters, aerial wonders; Dailey & Hilton, comedy creators; Johnson & Dean, the "king and queen of colored aristocracy;" tremendous success of Adgie and her lions. In conjunction with a great big bill. Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c; balcony, any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

Tivoli Opera House. MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Last nights of NANON. Next week, our first annual review,

MISS FRISCO.

A melange of song, dance, ballet, and humor. All the favorites in the cast. The past and present blended in a novel manner. A perfect scenic production.

Popular Prices.....25c and 50c

Native Sons' Hall.

Wednesday evening, June 9th, at 8 o'clock,

SONG RECITAL

By MISS EUNICE WESTWATER, contralto, assisted by Mr. A. Borini, baritone; Mr. Giulio Minetti, violinist; and Mr. S. Martinez, pianist. Tickets 50c, including reserved seat, at Sherman, Clay & Co's store, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8th and 9th, and at hall Wednesday evening.

El Campo.

THE POPULAR BAY RESORT.

Now open every Sunday during the season.

Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and other Amusements.

Refreshments at city prices.

FARE, ROUND TRIP, 25c.

Children 15 cents. Including admission to grounds.

The steamer Ukiah will leave Tiburon Ferry 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P. M.

Returning leave El Campo 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P. M



The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People. By W. C. Morrow. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 1897.

In a brave cover gleaming with scarlet and gold there comes to us from the Lippincott press a collection of short stories by Mr. W. C. Morrow. Who Mr. Morrow is it is not necessary to tell the readers of the daily or weekly papers of San Francisco (and how few there be that escape reading them!) for of the fourteen stories in the volume a baker's dozen appeared first in *The Overland*, the *NEWS LETTER*, the *Argonaut*, the *Examiner*, or the *Call*. They are remarkable stories, and manifest a strong and active imagination—an imagination predisposed to dwell upon the weird, the terrible, and the abnormal. It is not easy to say which is the best of the stories: suffice it to say that we read all with interest and pleasure, and liked best "The Inmate of the Dungeon," and "An Uncommon View of It." Some of the stories tend to raise the hair more than we, personally, quite like: but then we have perhaps an over-fastidious dislike to getting our locks ruffled. For this reason "An Uncommon View of It" pleases us better than "His Unconquerable Enemy" or "The Monster-maker," both of which, however, are excellently told. "An Uncommon View of It" tells how an able and prosperous lawyer discovered that his most trusted and intimate friend had stolen his wife's affections: and follows the workings of his mind from the first wild animal desire to kill the guilty pair to his ultimate resolve to kill himself, and leave them all his property. There is little that is funny in any of these stories: indeed, only one of them can be said to have any humorous touches at all; the one entitled "Two Singular Men." Mr. Morrow is a practised and skillful teller of a short story: indeed, he tells a tale so well that we would fain see him now and then devote his pen to themes less somber and tragic than these, to gentler scenes and a lighter vein. Why should the writers of Western short stories turn so constantly as Mr. Morrow, Francis Emma Dawson and Ella Higginson do, to the tragic and terrible? Is there nothing light, gay, or joyous in this Western life? Of course, there are tragedies, wasted lives, broken hopes, shattered fortunes, and blasted characters in plenty: and it is not the fashion nowadays to retain the simple faith that sustained our parents in their hours of suffering and adversity, but are we therefore to be forever deprived of our just due of "cakes and ale?" Even the tragedies of Shakespeare are relieved by touches of humor and flashes of fun. Aristotle tells us that the function of tragic poetry is to excite fear and horror by contemplation of fit objects of those emotions, and we suppose that the rule is applicable to the short story as well. We congratulate Mr. Morrow upon the elegant appearance of his little collection of stories, and thank him for the pleasure which a perusal of them has given us.

Lady Kilpatrick, a tale of to-day, by Robert Buchanan. Published in the *Globe Library* by Rand, McNally and Company, of Chicago and New York.

Many years before the date at which the story opens, a young Irish nobleman had fallen in love with a beautiful peasant girl, Moya Macartney, by whom he has a son, Desmond, who is brought up in ignorance of his parentage, and becomes a great favorite with the people who dwell in and around Kilpatrick Castle. He is a handsome, jovial, open-hearted youth, full of fun and love of sport. His father has long believed Moya to be dead, but in due time she turns up, is rescued from a burning building by her son, and acknowledged as Lady Kilpatrick. For it is satisfactorily proved that the good-for-nothing fellow who performed what was believed to be a mock ceremony of marriage between the peer and the peasant was really a clerk in Holy Orders, and that the marriage was binding. Thus the schemes of the villains, Conseltine and his son (the latter of whom expects to be the next Lord Kilpatrick) are foiled, and Desmond and his sweetheart, Lady Dulcie, a charming, saucy, Irish girl, are united. The best

character in the book is the old Scotchman, Peehles, Lord Kilpatrick's body-servant and conscience, and the *deus ex machina* who solves all the difficulties in the path of the lovers. The tale is interesting, but seems hardly to possess the strength that we expect to find in a story by the author of "God and the Man."

Recently, in commenting on Mr. Edmund P. Dole's novel, "The Stand-By," we remarked on the singular and distorted views of morality entertained, and strenuously fought for, by John Denman, the millionaire whiskey-dealer in the story. In connection with this it is interesting to read the following words recently spoken by one of the officers of the Liquor League of Ohio, and quoted in *The Outlook* of May 1st: "The success of our business is largely dependent upon the creation of the appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. After men are grown, and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the hoys; and I make the suggestion, *gentlemen*," (this is the word actually used) "that nickels expended in treats to hoys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed! Above all things, create appetite." Exactly so: and a few dollars expended now in strong rope for the necks of these "gentlemen" of the Liquor League will save thousands of lives from misery, of homes from ruin, of souls from damnation.

People who are sick unto death of the vapidity, inanities, banalities, vulgarities, and brutalities of "metropolitan journals," may now boldly abandon the reading of the daily papers, and trust to a weekly for their news. *The Outlook* is published every week: it costs ten cents a copy: is of convenient size to hold in the hand: is decently printed on decent paper: tells all that one need know, and a hundred times as much as the reader of daily papers remembers after an interval of seven days, and has as many illustrations as, even in this age, when a world that is entering its second childhood has reverted to picture-writing, seem necessary. Each issue has about 140 pages, quite as many as are required to chronicle and comment upon the really important doings of the world during the space of a week. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone" is running through the pages of *The Outlook*, and has already reached its twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth chapter. It is copiously illustrated with portraits and other pictures. "The Higher Life of Paris," by Charles Wagner, is another fully illustrated article.

The *Inceudinary*, a story of mystery, by W. A. Leahy, has just been issued in book-form by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago and New York. To this tale was awarded the fourth prize in the Chicago Record competition. It is the story of a mysterious fire, and of the efforts made to trace its origin. The volume is well-printed, and has an effective cover in light green, with red and gold embellishments. We do not doubt that the complications of the story are as numerous and puzzling as the most devoted admirer of the apparently inexplicable could desire. As we do not care a particle whether A. B. or C. D. or the devil himself, started the fire, we have wisely refrained from burning the midnight (or any other) oil in disentangling the confusion of a tale which is entirely out of our line. But we do no wish to throw cold water upon the fires of enthusiasm of those who care for printed things of this sort: and we feel satisfied that lovers of the mysterious will suck out of this tale much satisfaction.

Starved to Death

in the midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Company, N. Y.

The Japanese temperament is truly artistic, and the art work, carvings, tapestries, and curios, to be seen at George T. Marsh & Co.'s, 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, are both interesting and instructive. A visit to their store will repay the time it takes, and also give the visitor some fine bargains.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



THERE is an old proverb which runs: "To him who hath shall be given," and the recent appointment of Oddy Mills (son of D. O. Mills) as secretary to his brother-in-law, Whitelaw Reid, the special Envoy of the United States to the Queen's Jubilee, would seem to forcibly illustrate the truth of it. Truly the country is called upon to pay the junketing expenses of enough military and naval representatives, attachés, and the like, without helping the Mills family to pay its passage to Europe. This is the view the taxpayer takes these hard times, when more taxation is called for to meet national expenditure.

How funny our fashionable set is. Here the town has been as stupid as possible, nothing but Wiltsee's theatre parties to enliven it ever since Lent closed, the promised Easter gaieties having turned out "nit," and then came several weddings, all crowded into three days. Miss Burton had the advantage of no counter-attraction; but the Collier-Macondray wedding up at Lakeport the same night as that of Miss Cohen, carried off a number of society beaux and belles—notably Al Bowie, El Sheldon, *et al.*, and Miss Emily Carolan, Edith McBean, and Mollie Thomas. However, there were enough and to spare of lovely faces at the Unitarian Church on Wednesday evening. Which was the prettiest bride of the army weddings? is the question on all sides. There was no comparison to be made at all—they were each so different. One was tall, sparkling, and dashing; the other dainty, quiet and clinging. Both extremely *distingué*, and both exquisitely gowned, while the bevy of lovely maids in attendance on each showed the beauty and fashion of our buds in an eminent degree. Gossip whispers that a third military wedding will be seen ere the winter comes; a pretty maid-of-honor and a gallant soldier the parties thereof.

The Taylors are going to spend the entire summer out of town. Mrs. George Pope having rented the old Howard homestead at San Mateo, will undoubtedly add another attraction to B'lingham, and although that settlement has been somewhat dormant of late, when it does wake up things will "hum" in a lively manner. Joe Grant will soon bring his bride to his home there, which arrival will be the *motif* for many social attentions at this swagger spot, and no doubt when the Wilsons and Crocketts are in residence there, much gaiety will ensue. The place needed new blood to avert stagnation. Much pressure is being brought to bear on Herman Oelrichs, they say, to induce him to bring his wife and Miss Fair down there as householders this summer, but the chances are strongly in favor of Del Monte being the chosen locale of these ladies in the event of their summering among us—the love of Miss Fair for aquatic sport making a swim to the raft a thing of joy to her not equaled by anything B'lingham can offer.

The Hotel Rafael is now in the full swing of a prosperous season, and every day adds an accession of people from the city's *beau monde*. Various schemes for the pleasure of his guests are concocted by the popular Warfield, who lives but to please the ladies; hence his being such a favorite with them. Tennis is being played vigorously these cool days before the heat of summer sets in.

It is astonishing that fashion does not take up the Tamalpais trip more than it does. Surely no better opportunity for a girl's making a conquest could he found than a jolly companionship up the mountain the utter *sans gene* of it all making it doubly attractive to people satiated with the fuss and feathers of conventional regulations of society life.

Can the report be true that our own Donald deV. is meditating matrimony? The Bohemian Club must be in a twitter about the possibility of such a thing.

Menlo Park folks are credited with the determination of running a race with B'lingham this summer in social festivities, the arrival from the East of Ed Hopkins's young daughters to spend their vacation there and the newly-married young Macondray couple will make things lively at the same place. Mrs. Willie Howard having become the chateleine of the Moses Hopkins place at Redwood City is another cause of hilarity to Menlo residents, that lady being noted for her hospitality.

Santa Cruz is pretty sure to have many sweet speeches made by the sad sea waves this season, that little place having been chosen for their summer residence by Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Emma Butler. Castle Crags will have several wealthy widows as guests at the Tavern, and some of our prominent men are going up there for their holiday. The absence of form and ceremony in the life make the Tavern an ideal spot for those who seek repose as well as healthful recreation, and it is a perfect Paradise for those who love the *dolce far niente* in life, while the children find fun and freedom combined.

Is there any place except California where the sensibilities of people appear so blunted that it is possible for a lady to figure as testifying to her husband's insolvency one day and as the hostess of a theatre supper party the next?

One of the sights of the day is the carriage exercise of Mrs. Craven and her lovely daughter Margaret, accompanied by the "will smasher," Counsel Curtis, as they take their outing.

Shakespeare says, "the evil that men do lives after them." Speculation as to what the heirs of a prominent citizen—now defunct—think on this point, is rife at present. Who next?

Is there to be another match in the Kip and McCreary families? ask the guests at the Hotel Rafael.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wenzell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme. Marchand's Preparations Use Creme de la Creme. Positively prevents suoburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

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A Meeting by Proxy

by G. A. Danziger.

CHAPTER I.

WAS she beautiful? Yes. From her limpid and pleading eyes to the small foot, there was a melting of serene dignity into fragrant suppleness. Everything was perfect: the Greek masters could have conceived of no finer symmetry, could have given no more majestic pose. From her wonderful face to the gentle motion of her full bosom, thence to the gracefully contoured hips—she was as desirable as Eros in the gown of a nun.

To be sure, her name and her relations were just a little disappointing at first—but nature does not take into consideration names and relations, and Mary Ann O'Flannigan was more beautiful, aye, more desirable than a titled dame, and her teeth and complexion far more reliable and charming.

Her smile was intoxicating; it made one deliriously happy.

I cannot recall, nor do I care to, the many thoughts we exchanged or how often we met. She was an assistant school teacher, and I became madly interested in educational affairs. I could afford the luxury; there was a triple combination that assisted in this laudable purpose: love, education; and money, of all of which, singly and collectively, I had an abundance.

But happiness is a relative term, and though prismatic in color, it sometimes turns into positive blue; and one day Mary Ann was blue; and I was blue, because she, my bright sunbeam, would not smile.

Her father had an exaggerated notion of a parent's prerogative and the destitution of young men's morals in general.

By a certain intuitiveness quite unaccountable, I sought to eschew an acquaintance with the father of Mary Ann. It might have been due to the fact that he was big in stature, with fists like sledge hammers. But it was more probably because he was a blacksmith and his hands and face would naturally be black—I had never seen him in person.

Be that as it may, Mary Ann felt blue, and as this was the first time this color had become thus manifest, I inquired the reason.

The information was not tranquillizing. Her father had discovered her secret and had "an eye on her," which annoyed me—no one should have an eye on Mary Ann but myself.

She implored me to go and see her father; I promised and asked her to meet me next day in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco at 10:30 A. M. For once I wanted to be alone with Mary Ann and consider means of straightening our tangled affairs.

"Never fear, darling," I said, "I will settle that business, and then you shall introduce me to your folks."

And thus it was settled: she was to go to Golden Gate Park and—in case I was not there—wait for me behind the new music stand. But I was sure to be there ahead of time, for "time has the pace of a snail in the race with love."

CHAPTER II.

"Hello, Al, what are you doing round here so early?" said Jim Peterson, the champion middle weight of the world, meeting me on the way to the music stand.

"Why, hello, Jim," I cried, "I am delighted to see you." May I be forgiven this prevarication; for, as a matter of fact I wished Jim to the wilds of Africa just then. This statement is made to assist my soul at a time when an open confession may prove an advantage—

"Wither are you bound, Jim?" I asked with dread in my heart.

"To the music stand," he said.

"Ah, I am going there myself," I said, with an emerald

smile that would have offended any person less coarse grained.

"I have an appointment at half-past ten," he said.

It was fortunate that I had left my batchet at home—

"You know, Jim, I am not inquisitive, but I'll bet the drinks you are going to meet a woman."

"They are on you, old man," he said, with a grin.

I could have embraced him; but I refrained. Nor could I have explained to him the situation; Jim Peterson was the slowest thinker in the world and dreadfully prosaic.

On reaching the coveted spot, I thought of many schemes to remove Jim from this world, but it was easier to think than to act. Seeing no way out of the dilemma, I told him that I was going to meet a certain party somewhere in the vicinity, and left him ensconced in my place with a paper in his hand.

Taking a position whence I could overlook the entire field I waited for Eros (as I loved to call Mary Ann), with a *melange* of misgiving and delight. To while away the time I smoked.

I was just about lighting a fresh cigar, when I saw a man cross the "equestrian ring" and walk toward the music stand.

"That lucky dog, Jim," I thought, "here comes his man, and God knows how long I shall have to wait for my sweetheart—if she comes."

As I looked at the man, a strange thought entered my mind—there was something in his movements that spoke of "fight." I wondered if Jim was going to have an "open-air bout"; in that case, Jim Peterson, I thought, was going to have a fair subject for lunch, as the man was gigantic in stature, and was sure to give a good account of himself.

The big fellow peered sharply behind the music stand, jumped nimbly over one of the benches and walked up to Jim.

The latter looked up for a second, and then continued reading his paper. The man was evidently not the one he expected.

The big fellow planted himself squarely before Jim, and said:

"Who in — are you waitin' fer here, you —"

As I said, Jim was not a fast thinker at the beginning of a proposition, but when he had mastered it, then a casual observer would have been struck—if he happened to be the proposition—by the marvelous quickness of Jim's thinking ability and the power of his logic—a sort of sledge-hammer logic.

For a moment Jim looked into the man's face without dropping the paper—then Jim's foot shot out and the man dropped.

In a moment Jim was on his feet, calmly waiting for the man to rise. The fellow did rise with some difficulty; but he was no sooner on his legs than he squared off, and in spite of Jim's watchfulness, caught him straight between the eyes. It was done so quickly that it surprised Jim. But it left him undaunted, and a moment later he was executing his marvelous feats of fighting that made him famous.

Forgotten were love and disappointment. I took out my watch and timed them, and behold, in precisely two minutes and four seconds the big fellow was knocked out.

Who was the man? I did not know, nor did I care to inquire even of Jim, as a crowd was fast gathering and a policeman approached. I did what any sensible man would have done under the circumstances—I walked rapidly away.

At the Haight-street entrance to the Park I experienced a shock; for there, right before me, stood the ideal of my sleepless night and watchful morning.

She colored to the proverbial "roots of her hair," and a few minutes later we were flying toward the historic Cliff House.

Seated in a nook facing the "Cliffs," I told her how anxiously I had awaited her arrival, and that I was quite determined to call on her the very next day for the purpose of asking her parents' consent to our engagement.

Mary Ann's face lit up with heavenly smiles; she sank into my arms with the abandon of pure love.

"I told Pa that you were honorable," she said.

I felt touchy.

"You don't mean to say that your father thought me otherwise?" I cried.

"Oh, darling, don't be angry; but papa is awful strict. At first, he would not let me go out, and swore he would take me away from school. Then he made me confess all, that you called on me at school. You won't be angry, pet, will you?"

"No, no, sweetheart: go on—it is all right."

"Well, I had to tell him of my appointment at the music stand—and—and—he said he would teach you a lesson—he was going to fight you. Oh, he is terrible. But, thank God, he did not meet you."

"No, darling, he did not meet me," I said, with a sigh of relief.

L'ENVOY.

Our boy is seven years now. He goes to school and is exceedingly bright for his age. The other day he asked his mother what "proxy" meant.

"Ask papa," said his mother, with a knavish smile.

The dear little fellow encircled my neck.

"Papa, what is a proxy?"

"A proxy—is—a proxy—is——" I stammered; "a proxy is—you see, my son, if you deserve a punishment and another boy takes it, that is a proxy."

"Was you ever a proxy, papa?"

"No, dear; your grandpapa was once."

Mary Ann smiles and threatens me with her finger.

"Naughty boy," she says.

THE scenic railway to the top of Tamalpais passes through romantic scenery, and Blythedale is the most charming of all the points of interest along the line. Mrs. Gregg takes every care of the guests who stop at beautiful Blythedale.

GET a breath of fresh air at El Campo to-morrow. Fare twenty-five cents; four boats each way; refreshments served at city prices. Quiet and orderly.

THE SOCIAL SECRET.

"Oh, my! How charming you look this morning, Mrs. Cleveland. Do you know, Mr. Redington made us all envious of you by saying you had the most beautiful complexion of any lady at the Browning Reception. We are old friends, and if I appear a little inquisitive on this matter, pardon me? There are half a dozen of us in our set, of about the same age, while you are the only one who looks positively ten years the youngest of us all. There is some secret in this; as a friend, you should impart it to me."

"My dear Lillian, if I did not know your sincerity, I would surely believe you were trying to flatter my vanity; but, knowing your candor in all our affairs, I will tell you to what I attribute those charms you mention, and how I was induced to use the great Elixir, Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream. My mother has always been, and is now, a very beautiful woman—her years lending a charm to that beauty, which care and art have preserved by the aid of Gouraud's Beautifier and Purifier of the skin. Although she is now over fifty, she passes for forty, thanks to the 'Oriental Cream' that has been prescribed for nearly half a century to the very elite of American and continental society; it is easy of application and harmless in its effects. By applying the 'Cream' through the day or evening and washing the face well on retiring, afterwards using Mutton Tallow or Camphor Ice, the skin is given a soft, pearly whiteness, removing all skin blemishes, leaving the complexion clear and bright as crystal, while its certainty and naturalness of operation are such that the use of a cosmetic is not suspected, and, dear Lillian, it is the only preparation that meets the wants of refined ladies, who require a harmless and efficient beautifier, and we all do. You possess the secret; I follow in the footsteps of my mother."

"Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove."

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Dentist

Rooms 4 and 5, Academy of Sciences Building,

819 Market street



**Pine Street
Mining Market.**

Business during the past week has been dull in the local mining share market. Prices have held firm in the Middle and North End shares, however, much to the satisfaction of dealers, who still look forward to a lively deal in this quarter. At one time it looked as though Con. Cal-Virginia might lead off with some of the old-time vigor, but, although it must be admitted that the news from this mine is favorable enough, interest seems to center again in Chollar, where the Brunswick workings on the 500 level are especially flattering just now. This, of course, will serve to wake up the gnats in the business, who will die hard battling against the Brunswick lode. Results so far have established very clearly in the public mind the fact that this antipathy is due entirely to purely personal reasons. The Chollar mine has turned out considerable money from the 200-level down to the point where work is now being carried on, and nothing serves to offset unfriendly comment like the steady extraction of a high grade of ore. Friends of the business who are not swayed by prejudice in matters of the kind, will continue to hope that this new ground will develop into a valuable property. The prospects that such will be the case are favorable just now, and this serves to sustain confidence among live operators who never falter in their belief that there is a future for the market, despite the dull times which have prevailed for years past. At the South End interest still attaches to the drive now being made westward by the Confidence and other companies. A strike there would in itself ignite a flame that would soon spread along the entire lode, ushering in a new era of prosperity and activity in pushing exploring work in this direction. From whichever quarter it may come matters little to the folks on the street so that the happy event is hastened. Assessments are not coming along very heavy at present, and collections of those now pending are good in the majority of cases.

**Dredging the
River Channels.** The work of recovering the gold deposits in river beds by dredging will soon become fashionable. A company has been formed in London to begin operations on the Fraser River, and within the week another syndicate at Tacoma announces its intention of starting work with a Bowers' dredger on rivers in Washington. A concession has also been granted by the representatives of the same machine in this city to Eastern people for Rogue River, and work is about to begin there immediately. So far, the idea does not seem to have caught on with Californians. This might be strange were it not for the pronounced slowness which always attends the formation of any home enterprise which would necessitate the outlay of money for a plant. With millions of dollars on hand for a gamble of any kind, from horse racing down to lotteries, and betting on prize-fights, capital becomes shy at once when sought for the legitimate work of developing the vast resources of the State which are still practically uncovered. Time will undoubtedly change all this, but it is a weary wait for the man of energy and progressive ideas. With the knowledge that no richer river beds exist than those of the Golden State, it is more than likely that before long Eastern or outside money will be forthcoming to carry out plans of work similar to that now inaugurated on the other side of the line.

**Gold Mining
In California.** Outside of private enterprise, which is slow enough, and the one or two large mines going in full blast, investment in California gold mines is not what people might infer from the rose-tinted narratives which appear continuously of sales. The names of certain properties here become like household words, and prospectuses are hawked around from office to office with a freedom which does anything but benefit the reputation of the mines. Mining engineers who have yet to win their spurs as successful guarantors in effecting a sale, are as plentiful as the ubiquitous promoters, but everything goes now, it seems, in this line of business. The only scarcity noted in

the way of making up the deficiency is the supply of men with money, and people are beginning to wonder why they do not come along to pick up the good things tied up in their behalf. English and continental money is plentiful enough over the border, and British Columbia miners find little difficulty in obtaining all the financial aid they require. This is explained to some extent by one of the London financial papers in commenting on the absence of any desire for California mines, by a statement of facts showing that the Canadians, like the Australians, are ever ready to back their propositions up with their own money. Outsiders only share the investments in the northern mines; they do not, nor are they expected to monopolize the business for stock jobbing purposes. Confidence begets confidence here as elsewhere. There is much truth in these remarks as applied to California. Here a property might go a-begging at a reasonable figure, so far as interesting a dollar of San Francisco capital, and if it is taken up abroad the value is inflated to a degree calculated to awaken a suspicion of robbery among all sensible investors and drive them away. It is nothing to find commissions tacked on by middlemen, aggregating in many cases over twice the purchase price of the property. It is not a promoter seeking the sensible, level-headed investor, but a hungry horde of irresponsibles angling in muddy waters for "suckers." This game has been played once too often, with the result that the "pig in the poke" trade is played out so far as California is concerned. The worst of it is that honest men are forced at the same time to suffer for the sins of others.

**Mined Gold
in Wales.** W. Pritchard-Morgan, M. P., who arrived here from Australia the other day, is set down very truly as one of the great miners of the day, and accredited with most wonderful success in Australia. No one, however, touched on one of his greatest achievements—the mining of gold in Wales. Some years ago Mr. Pritchard-Morgan began work in his native mountains on a large scale, and with good success. The Crown rights in the product brought him eventually into a dispute with the authorities, who found a lively fight on their hands before they got through with the sturdy Welshman. It will be hoped that the influential visitor will find time to visit our leading mining districts and thereby familiarize himself with California mines to an extent which may prove useful at times in the hereafter.

**A Visitor
From Colorado.** F. H. Pettingill, one of the most energetic and prosperous mining men of Colorado, registered at the Palace during the week from Colorado Springs. Mr. Pettingill is well-known all over the States and abroad where the circular letter of his firm has penetrated. As a man well informed on mining matters his visit to California will doubtless put him in touch with the situation of affairs in the industry. The resources of California in the way of mineral are unexcelled. So far, with a few exceptions, it has been all surface scratching. There is no reason, outside of lack of enterprise, why this State should not be the largest gold-producing territory in the world.

**The Jubilee
Pandora Box.** It is an unusually cold day when the London promoter fails to take advantage of a chance to bring grist to his own mill. The Jubilee season is to be worked for all there is in it. Companies have already been launched by benevolently inclined individuals who link patriotism and coin together. Among these may be noted the "Commemoration Syndicate," "Unparalleled Reign Syndicate," "Prince of Wales Hospital" Jubilee Syndicate, and half a dozen others similar, all ringing the change on "The Jubilee."

MR. Ernest Terah Hooley, the latest financial accident of the century in London, is behind a scheme to promote Schwebbe's, a company brought out to take over the old firm's business in aerated waters for £950,000. The magic name of Hooley is expected to scare up the millions in short order.

NEXT to Tuolumne County, Amador is the most active mining region of the State just at present. A number of mines there are opening up well under the intelligent management of men who learned their business thoroughly before branching out as mine managers.

The Town Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

THE TOWN CRIER has long felt that his views on the marriage question are quite unfit for print, but he was in hopes that some of the difficulties incidental to their realization might be overcome when he heard that "Bob" McCaully of Portland had eloped with Mrs. Brady and her nine children. Though the risk of detection by Paterfamilias Brady must have been great while the ten descents from the lady's lattice were in progress, the escape was accomplished successfully, and the problem of the disposal of children in cases of temporary marriage seemed at last solved. But subsequently the family flight was arrested; Paterfamilias experiencing no difficulty in getting on the trail, owing to its unusual length, and now the TOWN CRIER, like Senator Perkins in a crisis, doesn't know what to say.

THE mauling of helpless infants, with which gentle diversion the "Reverend" Allan L. Kennedy has beguiled his leisure hours at the so-called home presided over by himself and wife, is regarded by Judge Whiskers Campbell as so trifling an offense that a \$25 fine is quite sufficient to cancel it in the courts. It is many a decade since the Judge graduated from swaddling clothes, but if he had been subjected to similar facial punishment in the long ago, the chances are that his injuries would have been such as to make his present luxuriant hirsute crop a failure, and San Francisco would have been deprived of a peculiarly picturesque bench show.

IT is useless for Mayor Phelan to try and improve the appearance of the streets while they continue to be used as picture galleries illustrating the horrible results of scandal. It is high time some restriction were placed on the revolting exhibitions of matronly limbs, hulging like over-charged sausages, which were lately so numerous. It was bad enough, though more natural, when the premiere of a *cause celebre* revealed herself to our disgusted gaze, but if sisters and cousins and aunts are allowed the same privilege, where is the nuisance to stop? If the ladies must pose, let them wait till the new zoo is ready; that's the proper place for Fat Woman Shows.

THE CRIER understands that the Book Committee of the Mechanics' Institute Library (the chairman of which is Joseph Leggett) objects to a passage in Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's story, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," because it contains mention of a girl's legs. Surely the chaste chairman must blush every time he hears his own name mentioned. How did he, or will he, ever dare to ask a lady to become Mrs. Leggett? In certain strata of society "lower limb" is the accepted euphemism for the offending "leg." Why not, in the interests of propriety and delicacy, let the worthy man change his name to Lower-limb-het.

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the age we live in is the variety of accomplishments found in a single individual. An actor is at the same time a poet, a painter and a musician, or a business man is also a novelist just as Governor Budd and the Emperor William, not content with governing, are ambitious to shine in the world of art or journalism.

RETRENCHMENT is the order of the day. Mayor Phelan has been making sweeping reforms at the City Hall and his excellent example has so permeated the whole State that an enormous decrease of public expenditure is expected. The judges are all to be discharged as Governor Budd considers them entirely superfluous.

W. R. HEARST'S extravagance has broken out in a new form. From dogs to haberdashery is a far cry, but Willie's fickle fancy has lightly turned from canines to a brand new million-dollar suit.

A WIT of the TOWN CRIER's circle objects to the French Hospital being used as a home for fallen women. Last Sunday a girl was taken there after falling out of an upper story window.

IT is true that the purpose of the drama is to hold the mirror up to nature, but when it comes to holding the mirror up to San Francisco, the most unprejudiced must admit that there are subjects which are unfit for dramatic representation. *Miss Frisco*, who makes her *début* at the Tivoli next Monday evening, promises us "a review of the town's doings for the year." After this announcement, no one need be told that we have no public censor of plays, interludes, and other entertainments of the stage.

ONE Maguire, who became a bridegroom this week, had a little altercation with somebody on his wedding day, and went home with a broken nose. It is easy for any loving spouse to make the best of such a misfortune, but he who values domestic peace and would keep forever huring the altar-fires to wifely devotion, would better confine his mishaps to broken bones. The one calamity that tender woman cannot forgive is to have hubby come home with his pocketbook broke.

BOSTON blushed at Bacchante, and the raimentless statue was hustled hack to the sculptor's studio. Out here, however, we are not so careful of our art reputation. The hapless ladies whose plaster-o'-Paris curves are harked at by the distant seals and blushed at by the art connoisseurs who stray unguardedly to Sutro Heights, still totter on their pedestals. They should without further delay be encased in nice, warm, opaque bloomers.

SAN QUENTIN has been the scene of remarkable wholesale conversion this week, and Warden Hale appears in a new but eminently successful role as an exhorter of sinners to repentance by the nozzle route, smashing all previous records and casting the Salvation Army completely into the shade. In one day he baptized no less than 600 insubordinate souls and brought them to repentance. Evangelist Hale's methods may be damp, but they are efficacious.

YOUNG Lynch, the bosom friend and confidant of Dur-rant's former spiritual adviser, has taken the terrified Gibson under his wing, and will hereafter protect the parson from kidnapers and newspaper reporters. He declares that he will not permit his dearly beloved associate to write any more letters to local journals. The CRIER herewith offers up a hymn of thankfulness that Pastor Gibson is within jurisdiction of Lynch law.

TEMPTING bargains in baby carriages are being offered this week by a local firm, and the public patronage in response ought to be encouraging to such pessimistic souls hereabouts as gloomily exaggerated the blighting influence of the new woman. Even Dr. George Fitch would be gratified, could he know the present activity of the perambulator trade in our midst.

MATTERS in the pencil-will case, now dragging its Fair-Craveu way through the courts, are assuming an alarming aspect. Judge Denson has been accused by a brother lawyer of perpetrating poetry, and very naturally smarts under so damaging a reflection upon his character. The will-smashers should be at once bound over to keep the peace.

IT is something of a coincidence that the pastor of Oakland's First Congregational Church should bear the name of C. R. Brown. The cognomen is painfully reminiscent of our own First Congregational and its erstwhile evil genius, C. O. B. Fortunately for Oakland the Overman is missing.

REVEREND E. H. Jenks gave an address on "The Perfect Man" at the Young Men's Christian Association last Sunday afternoon. As the ladies are always on the lookout for this desirable specimen, it seems a little hard that they should have been excluded on this interesting occasion.

LANGTRY, the Jersey Lily, fearing that her California ranch is going to pieces for lack of her personal supervision, is hastening hither to repair it. The actress evinces far more interest in her farm than she has ever manifested in her reputation.

"IN the Kingdom of Heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,"—a highly scandalous state of things, considering that love is not tabooed, but one which will commend itself to the California contingent of "angels."



ORGIA.—BY CAYLPSO.

A RHAPSODY OF MADNESS.

WHO cares for nothing alone is free—
 Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me,
 With a careless heart and a merry eye,
 He laughs at the world as the world goes by.

He laughs at power and wealth and fame;
 He laughs at virtue and laughs at shame:
 He laughs at hope and he laughs at fear,
 At memory's dead leaves crisp and sere.

He laughs at the future cold and dim,
 Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him,
 O that is the comrade fit for me,
 He cares for nothing his soul is free.

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine,
 Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine,
 For I heed not custom, nor creed, nor law,
 I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cup I quaff,
 And o'er the chalice I riot and laugh,
 I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave,
 I laugh at the church and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
 That I merrily laugh at woe.
 I terribly laugh with an oath and a sneer,
 When I think that the hour of death is near.

For I know that death is a guest divine.
 Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.
 And he cares for nothing, a king is he—
 Come on, old fellow, and drink with me.

With you I will drink to the solemn past,
 Though the cup I quaff shall be my last,
 I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth,
 To ruined hope and a wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe
 In the diamond morning of long ago.
 To a heavenly face in sweet repose.
 To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose,

To the splendor caught from Orient skies
 That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes.
 Her large eyes wild with the fire of the south,
 And dewy wine of her warm red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time,
 To innocence gone like a death-hell chime,
 I will drink to the shadow of coming doom,
 To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,
 Dimly and solemnly understood,
 And, last of all to the monarch of sin,
 Who conquered that palace and reigns within.

My sight is fading—it dies away—
 I cannot tell, is it night or day?
 My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
 And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

I cannot see you—the end is nigh.
 But we'll laugh together before I die.

SOMETHING MISSING —HARRY ROMAINE, IN LIFE.

I know that she is going away,
 Because the sodden skies are gray
 Instead of blue;
 Because the sun shines hot and fierce,
 Or else too cold and weak to pierce
 The dull clouds through.

Because the thronging crowds I meet
 Wear mournful faces on the street,
 And downcast eyes;
 The horses have a jaded look;
 The sparrow chirps from out his nook
 With restless cries.

I know that she is gone away,
 Because each moment seems a day:
 Each day a year;
 Because the city lacks that grace
 Which marks here mere abiding place
 When she is here!

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street, below Montgomery. Rooms for ladies and families; private entrance. John Bergt Proprietor.

Malsou Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.

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 Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

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 Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 225 Powell st. Telephone Main 5220

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Bank of British Columbia.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
 Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
 Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,00
 Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON
 BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

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San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
 Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,222,327
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

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The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
 Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,201 66
 Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,060,000 00
 Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,7 0 247 45

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 H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

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 LOANS MADE.

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"It's very absurd for men to make fun of the fashions which women adopt," said Miss Cayenne, "when their own attire is so unreasonable." "It seems to me," replied Willie Washington, "that men dress very sensibly." "But look at the absurdly high collars they wear!" "Don't you know what they are for?" "No." "They're for us to rest our chins on so that we won't get so tired looking over the hats in the theatre."—Washington Star.

Mr. Rounder (who has been reading the Greck war news)—Actium? Let's see, wasn't that the place where Anthony learned the folly of depending on a woman's fidelity? Mrs. Roender—No, sir, it wasn't! Actium was where Cleopatra taught an old masher the folly of middle-aged men in running after other women, instead of staying at home to support their families. Served him right, too.—Truth.

Farmer Hayrick—Yaas, back f'um collidge, and yer don't do nawthin' but set 'roun' an' see other folks work. I've a daru good mind tew send ye up tew t' county fair as a prize pig! CLAUDE HAYRICK—I wouldn't take a prize, father. "Ye wouldn't! Yer a big 'nuff pig!" "Yes, father, but I haven't any pedigree!"—New York Evening Journal.

"I think," said the man who had bought a season ticket to the opera, whispering to his neighbor, "that I'll try to have my seat changed. Every night that girl sits in front of me with that same huge hat on and—" "Excuse me," said the girl, turning round indignantly, "it's a different hat every night."—Truth.

He—Well, what are you speaking about, now? SHE (severely)—Why were you so cool to Mrs. Masham this evening? HE—Was I? I didn't know it. SHE—Oh yes, you did, wretch! You were afraid of arousing my suspicions by showing your real feelings. Oh, you brute!—Truth.

Dismal Davis—Say, boss, yer believe in de sayin' dat money talks? UNCLE RUBEN—Yes, what of it? DISMAL DAVIS—Yez see I gets so lonesome walkin' around wid meself dat if yer could give me a dime fer company it'd make me feel better.—Odds and Ends.

Mother—Well, what did the minister ask you to-day, Willie? WILLIE—He asked me what I'd hev done if I'd lived durin' the flood. MOTHER—Aud what did you tell him? WILLIE—I told him I wouldn't a' done a t'ing but fish and swim.—Odds and Ends.

"Of course, all my aunts say that the baby looks like me," said the blushing young man. "What does your wife say to that?" asked the elder man. "Well, she admits that perhaps I may resemble the baby a little."—Indiana-polis Journal.

Visitor (in Washington)—Isn't it unusually dark this morning? DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN (with much ferocity)—Yes; the sun is rising very reluctantly. It is afraid Speaker Reed won't recognize it.—Chicago Record.

Smith—I wish I had studied boxing when I was a boy. You see, I need it so much in my profession. JONES (surprised)—What! As a lawyer? SMITH—No. As a father.—Odds and Ends.

The Poet—Poets are born, not made. SHE—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Town Topics.

Food Value of Cocoa.

The *International Journal of Surgery* says: "Experience has shown that a properly prepared cocoa product constitutes an ideal beverage for invalids and convalescents, acting as a mild nerve stimulant and at the same time supplying a considerable amount of available nutritive material. Such a product is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa, which differs from all preparations of its kind in that in the process of manufacture great care is taken to retain, in a pure and unaltered form, those active principles and nutritive elements of cocoa seed which render it both a luxury and a food. This preparation is esteemed an agreeable, comforting, and nourishing beverage in chronic disorders, during convalescence from exhausting diseases, for feeble children, and during the after treatment of severe surgical operations."

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Bank of California, San Francisco.

Capital \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided
Profits (October 1, 1894) 3,158,129 70

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ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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Capital Fully Paid.....\$1,000,000
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Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
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Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
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Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Straat, London

AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cia, 17 Boulevard Poissonnera. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

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Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000
Subscribed.....3,000,000
Paid Up.....1,500,000
Reserva Fund.....700,000

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NOTES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THERE has been considerable talk about a wholesale transfer of troops this year from one station to another, which would have involved the removal of the First Infantry from this coast, but as the cost of transportation and other necessary expenses would mean an outlay of about \$75,000, Secretary Alger has decided not to make the transfers.

A matter of interest to army and navy officers who contemplate going abroad is the fact that hereafter special passports will be issued to them whether the trip be made officially or personally. Heretofore only those officers who went on official business were granted these special passports, which was a certain deprivation to those who traveled for personal reasons and at their own expense.

In New York city, on May 20th, Mr. H. E. Keyes, son of the late General E. D. Keyes, U. S. A., was married to Miss Mary Louise Ward, daughter of Captain G. S. L. Ward, U. S. A., retired.

One of our esteemed weekly contemporaries indulged in a semi-satirical editorial last Saturday, in which it inveighed against Lieutenant Peary, of the United States Navy, who is known prominently as the Arctic explorer. There was one thing correct about the editorial: to wit, that Civil Engineer C. E. Peary is not a naval officer. There is not an officer of that name in the naval service, but there is a Civil Engineer R. E. Peary in the naval service who is properly registered as an officer in the United States Navy, and who bears the relative title of Lieutenant. It may also interest the writer of the article to know that a Lieutenant is never addressed colloquially by his title; he is simply Mister.

The vessels in the United States Revenue Cutter Service on this coast are the Bear, en route to Bering Sea, the Grant, Perry, and Rush, all at Seattle, Washington, and the Golden Gate, at San Francisco.

The Minneapolis will be ordered home and go into the reserve squadron as soon as hostilities cease in Europe. She has been found to be too expensive to keep in active service when the extent of her usefulness is taken into consideration.

The Marion, which was scheduled to sail to Samoa, is disabled at Honolulu. A board of officers declared a new engine bed necessary to make her seaworthy, and it is now being constructed.

At last accounts the Adams was at Honolulu preparing to sail for Puget Sound.

Rear Admiral J. N. Miller, U. S. N., will sail to England on the cruiser Brooklyn to represent the United States Navy at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. His staff consists of Commander William H. Emory, U. S. N., chief of staff; Lieutenant T. S. Rodgers, U. S. N., flag lieutenant; and Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., secretary. The Brooklyn was recently presented with a handsome set of silver service by the citizens of the city of Brooklyn.

Rear Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., the senior rear admiral in the service, was placed on the retired list last Tuesday.

Major General Frank L. Wheaton, U. S. A., retired, and his family intend to pass the next two years abroad.

Three Colonels have been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. They are Colonel William M. Graham, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., Colonel James F. Wade, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Colonel John K. Mizner, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel John I. Rodgers, Second Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Colonel and transferred to the Fifth Artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Waters, Medical Department U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at Columbus Barracks on July 15th, and then proceed home to await retirement at his own request.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marcus P. Miller, First Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying six weeks' leave of absence.

Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., retired, is residing at Aiken, S. C.

Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the Dolphin, and granted five months' leave of absence.

Major William L. Haskins, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and transferred to the Second Artillery. He was stationed at the Presidio several years ago.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., is apparently between the devil and the deep blue sea. President McKinley has an idea of revoking the order of the last administration which provided for Major Darling's retirement in June, in order that the latter may be sent to Austria as military *attaché* of the United States Legation at Vienna. Secretary Alger, so it is said, has declined to order Major Darling to Vienna, but influence is being put to bear upon him to reconsider this determination.

Major Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the War Department in Washington, D. C., and ordered to perform the duties of engineer and signal officer at the headquarters of the Department of Columbia.

Major M. J. Cooney, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and transferred to the Third Cavalry.

Captain G. H. Gale, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is en route to the Yosemite National Park with Company C.

Captain J. A. Augur, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Major and transferred to the Fourth Cavalry.

Captain James B. Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is en route from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Yellowstone with Troops D and H, and expects to reach his destination about June 21st.

Medical Director George W. Woods, U. S. N., formerly of Mare Island, is now on duty at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Medical Director A. L. Gihon, U. S. N., retired, is residing at 233 Fifth avenue, New York city.

Passed Assistant Paymaster E. D. Ryan, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the Concord.

Passed Assistant Engineer H. W. Jones, U. S. N., of the Thetis, came down from Mare Island last Saturday to visit friends for a few days, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Assistant Engineer G. H. Shepard, U. S. N., is at Salinas, Cal., on waiting orders.

Post Chaplain W. F. Hubbard, U. S. A., is at 943 Tenth street, San Diego, on sick leave.

Lieutenant Clermont L. Best, First Artillery U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., is on waiting orders at Shelbville, Ky.

Lieutenant H. Osterhaus, U. S. N., has been ordered to a course of instruction at the War College.

Lieutenant William C. Davis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will go to Fort Collins, Colo., on September 1st, to act as professor of military science and tactics at the State Agricultural College of Colorado.

Lieutenant John W. Joyes, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the West Point Military Academy on July 21st, and then report to the Chief of Ordnance for duty.

Second Lieutenant E. S. McGlauchlin Jr., Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant and transferred to the First Artillery.

Additional Second Lieutenant Lloyd England, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant and transferred to the Fifth Artillery.

Ensign L. S. Thompson, U. S. N., has been detached from the Alliance and ordered to a course of instruction at the War College.

The reported engagement of Miss Myra Noyes, of Washington, D. C., to Ensign Yates Stirling, U. S. N., has been denied by the young lady.

Passed Assistant Surgeon E. P. Stone, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Tuesday and passed a few days at the California Hotel.

The army and navy were represented at four weddings during this week and each affair possessed many elements of pleasure. The first wedding was that of Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Minnie Burton, daughter of Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., Inspector General of the Pacific District. The

wedding took place last Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific avenue, Rev. G. E. Walk officiating.

Next in line came the wedding of Miss Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Bent, which was solemnized at the First Unitarian Church on Wednesday night. Two noticeable features in the Church programme were promised—the decorations and music—and in both respects the anticipations formed were fully realized. The decorations were more military in character than are usually seen in a church, the national colors taking a very prominent part, stacks of arms, etc., and were artistic to a degree. The front of the organ was draped with flags and ornamented with palm leaves and white flowers. To the left of the organ two large flags gracefully draped the window at the rear of the platform in the center of the church, and directly in front of it stood a pretty tent-like canopy of flags, which was adorned with white flowers, giant palms being placed at the foot of the four supports and stacks of arms surrounding it; the background was filled in with a solid bank of Bermuda lilies, the effect of the whole being extremely beautiful. From the moment that the doors opened until the bridal party entered, the ushers, Lieutenants R. C. Croxton, J. P. Haines, R. F. Gardner, S. McP Rutherford, Dana Kilburn, and D. E. Nolan, who were all in full uniform, had their hands full finding seats for the immense throng of friends who filled the church; a few were in evening dress, the majority being in calling costume. During the assembling of the guests the Lyric Quartette, under the leadership of Mrs. Martin Schultz, sang several selections, and finally the Bridesmaid's chorus from *Lohengrin*, which changed to a bridal Hymn, the words of which were written by Greer Harrison. At its first notes forth from the door to the right of the organ emerged the maid of honor, Miss Emma Butler, and the six bridesmaids—the Misses Julia Crocker, Helen Wagner, Ida Gibbons, Alice Moffatt, Bernice Drown, and Marguerite Joliffe. They proceeded down the center aisle to meet the rest of the party as it entered the church. The procession then re-formed, the ushers leading, then the bridesmaids, followed by the maid-of-honor, and finally the stately bride walking alone. She presented a striking and handsome appearance; her robe of heavy white satin was made with a court train, the body trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms; she also wore orange blossoms in her hair. A voluminous tulle veil quite enveloped her figure, and she carried on her left arm a large cluster of St. Joseph lilies. Miss Butler, as maid of honor, wore a gown of blue organdie cut *décolleté*, and with innumerable little frills upon the skirt; the gowns of the bridesmaids were similar in style, but were all of pure white. They also wore short tulle veils from the back of their heads, and each carried a shower bouquet of red sweet peas. At the bower the groom and his best man, Lieutenant Carson, awaited their coming, and the Reverend Dr. Stebbins speedily tied the nuptial knot. After the church service the bridal party, relatives, and a few intimate friends of the family proceeded to the residence of the bride's uncle, Dr. Henry Gibbons, where supper, prepared by the well known caterer, Max Abraham, was served at a number of small tables placed in the several rooms. The decorations here were simple but pretty, pink being the prevailing hue. Lieutenant and Mrs. Bent departed upon their honeymoon trip on Thursday, and upon their return will occupy one of the cottages at the Presidio. Wednesday was prolific of society weddings, for in addition to that of Miss Cohen were those of Miss Anna Grube and Harry Durbrow; Miss Josephine Eichbaume and Frank Hosmer.

The navy was represented on Tuesday at a quiet little wedding that took place over in Oakland. The groom was Assistant Paymaster John Irwin Jr., U. S. N., of the Thetis, son of Rear Admiral Irwin, U. S. N., retired. The fair bride was Miss Genevieve English, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. English, a bright and handsome girl who is very popular in society. Only intimate friends and relatives were present at the wedding. The honeymoon is being passed on a trip up north. They will make Oakland their home.

Jackson's Napa Soda leaves a good taste in the mouth.

Liver Complaints cured by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Justice Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3rd) day of May, 1897, an assessment, No. 62, of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 8th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. E. KELLY, Secretary.

Office; Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Alta Silver Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, California. Location of works—Gold Hill, Gold Hill Mining District, Storey County, Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 56), of five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Friday, the 16th day of July, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Challenge Consolidated Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business—San Francisco, Cal. Location of works—Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 23) of Ten cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 8th day of July, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 35, third floor of Mills building, N. E. corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 81
Amount per Share.....	30 cents
Levied.....	April 24, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 1, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	June 22, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary

Office: Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Occidental Con. Mining Company.

Assessment.....	No. 27
Amount per Share.....	10 cents
Levied.....	May 11, 1897
Delinquent in Office.....	June 12, 1897
Day of Sale of Delinquent Stock.....	July 1, 1897

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING

Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Crown Point Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, rooms 35 and 36, third floor Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal., on

MONDAY, the 7th DAY OF JUNE, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Thursday, June 3, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 35 and 36, Mills Building, corner Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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OF all the accomplishments which Henry J. Crocker has mastered, that which gives him the greatest pleasure and of which he is most proud, is his dexterity as an amateur pickpocket. The deftness with which he can "nip" a handkerchief, or "lift" a watch, is often a cause of unpleasant surprise to his friends, who miss scarf-pius and jewelled pencils after a *l'ite-à-l'ite* with the genial founder of the Horse Show. He often affects to join in the search for such missing articles, and when the lost is found, Crocker's simulated surprise is a rare study.

At the Call Board, on Tuesday, he quietly appropriated Henry Sherwood's timepiece. The intrinsic value of the watch was not great, but Sherwood had owned it for twenty years, it had been with him in the big Sperry fire at Paso Robles, and it not only registered the day, month and year, but it also called the turn on the moon. Sherwood was in despair until he recalled Crocker's practical jokes. Then he lost no time in demanding its return, and what was apparently his watch was promptly passed over to him. It was really an ancient timepiece of Crocker's own, of a similar design to Sherwood's, but the former had had the face repainted so that the numeral twelve adjoined seven, two came after nine, and the moon was hopelessly mixed up with the date. Sherwood studied it in bewilderment, to Crocker's huge delight.

"Better swear off, my hoy," cautioned the joker.

Sherwood made no reply, but, in an affected frenzy, dashed the watch on the floor. Crocker ceased to smile.

"What are you doing that for?" he demanded. "Do you want to ruin the watch?"

"It's no good," said Sherwood, gloomily. "Besides, it's my watch, isn't it?" and he procured a poker to complete the work of demolition.

Crocker never realized how much he prized his own old watch, until he saw the destructive poker descending towards its face.

"Here, that's mine!" he shouted. "Take your own," and he fished the genuine article from the depths of his pocket.

Sherwood smiled blandly, but said nothing.

"It's no fun playing a joke on you," growled Crocker. "You lack the saving sense of humor!"

And then Sherwood's smile broadened.

* * *

Opinions are divided in the Bohemian Club on the general question of whether Bert Stoue's temporary resumption of bachelorhood is altogether an unmixed blessing. However, Bert has not failed to improve the shining moments, and he considers that the others should not object to his spreading his wings once in two years, even at the cost of a little momentary disturbance. His constant companions during his vacation are Ed Hughie and the latter's brindled bull-pup. After a day of exacting enjoyment, the three went to a German restaurant a few nights ago, when the pup ate shrimps in the shell, but struck at drinking Bavarian beer from a stein. There were several disagreements about other courses, but finally all three dined to their general satisfaction.

Thereafter, the men concluded to spend the evening at the Orpheum, but the dog objecting, it was decided, after a prolonged debate, to go without him. Accordingly, Hughie dragged the pup by a rope to Powell street, and hailed a passing green car. After a hard tussle, the canine sport was landed on the dummy, where he was securely fastened by his master, Stone meanwhile, with folded arms, assuming his favorite Napoleonic attitude of victory on the pavement. Then Hughie also jumped off the car, and started to walk unconcernedly away.

"By the way," he called over his shoulder to the gripman, with cheerful coolness. "Just let that dog off at Octavia street, will you?"

"Well, of all the dashed cheek! But I'm damned if I don't, young fellow!" ejaculated the admiring gripman.

To the guests of the Palace Hotel is periodically accorded a spectacular treat when Chris Henne, the Beau Brummel of Stanford University, comes up from Palo Alto from Saturday to Monday. His apparel is unique in its gorgeousness, lavish of flaming colors, and fantastical in its effects. As he sails about the court of the Palace, spectators line the balconies and gaze upon his glory through opera glasses. Chris is said to be the beloved son of adoring parents, who, residing in an interior town, desire their offspring to dazzle the world, and to that end lavish their ducats upon the whimsicalities of the radiant young creature. Henne was being piloted about town a few days ago, by a hotel acquaintance, when the organizer of the Yukon River expedition espied one of the tall, narrow ladders used by window cleaners. He became so deeply interested that he examined the ladder carefully from every point of view.

"Now, what do you suppose that's for?" inquired Henne.

"Rescue work—dive brigade!" was the staccato reply.

"Really!" exclaimed the scholarly fop, innocently. "I have often wondered how they got down to the slums!"

* * *

The Bohemian Club has made a movement to encourage its artist members, which is already meeting with marked success. Under the direction of Mr. W. G. Stafford, who is an art connoisseur, and always an active friend of the artists, the social room is now used for the exhibition of pictures, not merely for the delectation of the members of the club, but for sale. A memorandum is kept of the prices the painters put upon their works, and the club acts really as the artists' agent. Another change has been the restriction of ladies' day to the first Wednesday of the month. Formerly the female friends of the members were free of the club rooms every Wednesday afternoon. This rule meets the approbation of those stern old bachelors who do not like to be disturbed at their whist or newspaper, while the young fellows, who enjoy the frou-frou of the silken garments of the sex, growl at the change.

* * *

To defray the expenses of the coming Christian Endeavor convention in this city, the societies connected with the various churches were assessed certain sums proportionate to their numerical strength. The Swedish church was eager to contribute its quota, but experienced no little difficulty in securing the actual cash from many enthusiastic subscribers. A meeting of the congregation was called to discuss ways and means, and it was generally agreed that it would be necessary to canvass the church for the needed amount. Old John Swanson, the sailmaker, was an interested listener, and anxious to assist.

"You needn't worry 'bout dat," he said, heartily. "I thank I got plenty cloth in my loft to canvas the church. You can have it for nothing to canvas the church!"

* * *

It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Ambrose Bierce, now a resident of Los Gatos, devotes nearly all his leisure time to the training of horned toads. Mr. Bierce has collected several hundreds of those intelligent reptiles, and puts them through their "acts" in great shape. They can, under his direction, draw toy carriages, tumble, wrestle, stand on their heads, play dead toad, roll over, play leap-frog to perfection, and execute many other surprising feats. Mr. Bierce's "toadery" is remote from the public eye, but the small boy still peereth through the hole in the fence at the satirist's circus, and is aghast at the magical power he wields.

* * *

The University Club has been boasting so much of late about the superiority of its *cuisine* to that of any other club in town, that a tournament of *chefs* may be looked for among the novelties of the near future. A dinner, or rather a series of dinners, cooked by the artists of the different clubs in competition, and their merits judged by a syndicate of epicures, would be a most interesting contest. Of course the epicures would have to lay up for repairs after their trying labors, but then this much mooted and perplexing question, "Which club has the best cook?" would be settled at once and forever.

Business frequently takes Frank Shea, the City Hall architect, to the other side of the bay, and a story relating to one of these pilgrimages is going the rounds of the Builders' Exchange, where Shea is held in high esteem. When he boards his train at the Oakland mole, Shea usually occupies a certain seat, where he is frequently joined by one or two friends, who endeavor, through various devices, to break the tedium of the trip. After he had comfortably settled himself in the car one day, about a week ago, Frank was disappointed to find no one about whom he knew. As it happened, he had just come from a high lunch, lasting all afternoon, and was in a particularly talkative mood. Immediately behind him, in the car, sat a lady who was escorting home a nice, new, green parrot. With somewhat of an effort, he squared himself in his seat.

"Polly talk?" he inquired, jauntily.
No reply being vouchsafed by the bird, Shea turned to the owner, and asked, blandly:

"Madam does your parrot speak?"
The lady paid no attention to the question, and the architect again addressed her.

"Madam!" rather reproachfully. "Madam!" louder. Then crescendo. "MADAM! I say, does your parrot talk?"

Much affronted, the woman affected not to hear, and gazed with seeming unconcern out of the window. Shea regarded her attentively for several seconds. Then he rose with an air of having solved a problem, bowed a trifle unsteadily, and with inimitable dignity made a concluding remark:

"Madam," he said, solemnly, "I comprehend. There is the place for you and the parrot—that long, red building over yonder."

And with an indicating finger he pointed to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

* * *

Young Addison Mizner, many of his girl friends believe, has not a few features and characteristics in common with the famous Fat Boy of the Pickwick Papers. They have much quiet sport at his expense, and they aver that it is a most congenial task to elude the attentions of the ponderous youth. He was the unconscious butt in a coterie of society girls the other day, and the wit of the young women flashed harmlessly about him.

"It was delightful, meeting you on the ark at Sausalito last Saturday, Mr. Mizner," remarked one *piquante* damsel, with suspicious sweetness.

"How I envy you, meeting Mr. Mizner in the d-ark!" exclaimed another.

If it had not been for the general laughter which greeted this sally, Addison would have plumed himself at receiving such an appreciative tribute. As it is, he is still trying to fathom the precise sentiments of this admirer.

* * *

It was the misfortune of Attorney Edward P. Cole to run up against Superior Judge Wallace not long ago, and he says his fate was similar to that of a wave which strikes against a rock. Cole had made a motion, and was overruled—improperly, as he thought.

"Permit me to remind your Honor," he said, gravely, "that the Supreme Court of this State—"

"Overruled," said the positive Judge.

"Well, the United States Courts—"

"Overruled," calmly reiterated the terror of all criminals brought to the Superior Court.

"And even the Constitution of the United States—"

"Overruled," shouted Wallace, imperiously.

"Oh, well, if your Honor overrules the Constitution," remarked Cole, with a profound obeisance, "I withdraw my motion!"

Dr. Jordan says there are but twelve first-class physicians in the city. Swain's, at 213 Sutter street, is the first-class restaurant of the city, where a strictly first-class *table d'hote* dinner is served daily between the hours of 5 and 8 o'clock for the low sum of one dollar. Elegant service; choicest viands.

"The apparel of proclains the man," says Shakespeare; and Carmany, 25 Kearny street, has all the latest and most fashionable gentlemen's furnishing goods.

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Furnishes clean Towels at the following low rates: Clean hand towels each week, \$1 per month; 12 clean hand towels each weeks \$1.50 per month; 4 clean roller towels each week, \$1, 6 month; 6 clean roller towels each week, \$1.25 per month.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens,

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878-1889. These pens are "the best in the world." Sole agent for the United States, MR. HENRY HOE, 91 John street, New York. Sold by all Stationers.

SOCIETY

IF the brides whom the sun shines on are said to be more blessed than others, surely the first brides of June may justly feel they can claim that distinction. In fact a more lovely day than Tuesday does not often fall to our lot, and that was the day upon which the first of the June army weddings, of which so much has been said and printed, took place at the residence of Colonel Geo. H. Burton on Pacific avenue, when his eldest daughter, Miss Minnie, and Lieutenant Thos. A. Pearce, of the Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., were the bride and groom. The entire house was beautifully decorated with a floral garniture, the prevailing tints being pink and green; in the hall and dining-room, and in the parlor to the left of the entrance, the flowers used were white roses and sweet peas. Here the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Walk at half-past one, the bridal party standing in the how window, which had been converted into a hower of fern leaves, with an overhanging canopy of white roses and smilax. The lovely brunette bride wore an exquisite robe of white satin *en traine*, trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms, a cluster of those sweet blossoms and several diamond pins confining the tulle veil to her coiffure. The Misses Leila and Kathro Burton, who were their sister's only bridesmaids, wore dainty gowns of pale blue *mousseline de soie* over blue taffeta, and carried bouquets of La France roses. This being a hutton wedding, the groom and his best man, Lieutenant Sells, U. S. A., as well as the bride's father, Colonel Burton, and most of the army and navy officers present, were in full uniform. Mrs. Burton wore a handsome gown of black brocade trimmed with rare old point-lace, and looked remarkably well. The rooms were all artificially lighted, and an extremely pretty incident of the ceremony—which was witnessed by a small circle of intimate friends—occurred as the clergyman pronounced the nuptial blessing. A puff of air from the open window at the back lifted the drawn blind, and a hurst of sunlight enveloped the kneeling figure of the bride. A large reception followed the ceremony, during which time an orchestra discoursed sweet music, and elaborate refreshments were served in the dining-room. A bevy of pretty maidens, Miss Sahin, Miss Stone, Miss Drown, Miss Conner, Miss Hooper and others, gave efficient aid in looking after the guests; and at 4 o'clock the bride cut the wedding cake, using her husband's sword in doing so. Lieut. and Mrs. Pearce departed by the evening train on their honeymoon trip, which will include Salt Lake and other points of interest *en route*, expecting to reach Fort Logan, where the groom is stationed, about the 20th of June.

In Berkeley, on Tuesday last, Miss Helen Wright and Charles L. Davis were married at the hour of noon, the ceremony being performed by Rev. George A. Swan, at St. Mark's Episcopal church. The fair bride, who wore a beautiful gown of moire trimmed with chiffon, was attended by Miss Ella Holmes, who wore white organdie over pink silk, and Miss Katherine Warfield, whose gown was of white organdie over yellow silk, and both wore leg-horn hats trimmed to correspond with the gowns. Fred Pierson appeared as best man, and Messrs. Hedley, Field, de Long, and Danforth Boardman officiated as ushers. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's brother, Hallock Wright.

Next Thursday evening, Miss Mahel Estee and Leonard Everett will be married at St. Luke's church; the ceremony, for which a large number of invitations have been issued, to be followed by a reception at the Estee residence on Sacramento street. Another wedding of the near future will be that of Mrs. Olive Reed and Seth Cushman, which is named to take place at the Reed residence on Filbert street, Oakland, on Wednesday evening, June 16th.

The weddings of the week have been of such absorbing interest that society has not given much thought to any other subject. There have been some theatre parties to welcome back the Frawley Company at the Columbia, and to witness the Chinese play at the Alcazar, which seems to grow in interest with each performance.

The marriage of Miss Annette Lander West and Hugh McDonnell, took place in New York on last Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. McDonnell will make an extended European tour before their return to California.

A recent engagement announcement is that of Miss Carrie Kosbland and Emile Greenebaum.

The season has been so backward that society has not seemed inclined to exchange the comforts of their city homes for, in many cases, the discomforts of country quarters. However, the month of June will no doubt see a large begira from town, and already many have decided upon their locale for several weeks to come. Dr. and Mrs. Wagner have taken a house in Berkeley for the summer months; Miss Eva McAllister will remain in the East with her other sister, Mrs. Frank Newlands, and will, with Mr. Newlands and family, spend the summer in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott are to be among the Alaskan tourists, and leave by the "Queen" to-day. Del Monte has been chosen by Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family; Mrs. Towne, the Clinton Wordens, Mrs. Low and Miss Flora, Captain Payson and family, Mrs. George Wells and Miss Marie, Mrs. Simpkins, the R. L. Colemans, Mrs. Charley Keeney, the Oysters, Tuhhs, Adam Grants, etc.; and the George Popes will be there in July. The Butlers and Clark Crockers go to Santa Cruz, and the Ed Hopkins to Menlo Park. Burlingame will claim the Tohins, Joe Crocketts, Frank Carolans, Will Crockers, George Newhall, and others. The Spencer Buckbees and J. J. Crooks will be found at San Mateo. Among the householders at San Rafael will be the Gerstles, Slosses, Sydney M. Smiths (who are there already), the Rudolph Spreckels, who go over this week. Mrs. Hager, who leaves town about the 10th, and the Ignatz Steinbarts have taken the cottage of the de Youngs, who have gone abroad for a lengthened absence. At the Hotel Rafael will be found among others: Mrs. Schmiedell, Mrs. John Cunningham and family, the Fred Greens, Ward McAllister, Ed Greenway, Miss Kate Dillon, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman have been over visiting Mrs. Hort. The Greenwoods have taken a house in Ross Valley; the Jim Robinsons and the Will Barnes at Sausalito; Mr. and Mrs. Lovell White and Judge Seawell and family at Mill Valley; the Sands Formans, the Babocks, and Brighams go to Lake Tahoe; the Currys to Wawona, and the Phil Lilienthals left last week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer. Bishop Nichols expects to leave for the East in a few days en route to the Conference of Bishops to be held in London. Mrs. Nichols and family will accompany him as far as New York, and there await his return, visiting friends in the East during his absence. Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover are coming to spend the summer in California at the Miller place in Napa Valley.

At the final meeting for the season of the Channing Auxiliary next Thursday afternoon, Miss Lilian O'Connell will appear in the dramatic essay, "Puritan Pictures." An unusually large audience is expected, as Miss O'Connell's work has excited so much interest, that those who were unable to see her in the Colonial Recitals last winter, are seizing this opportunity of enjoying the first of the series.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, the distinguished authoress, who has many friends in this city, is stopping at the Hotel Bella Vista. Mrs. Pacheco's health is at present not the very best, but her early recovery is hoped for.

\$1,000.00

Get *Schilling's Best* tea of your grocer; take out the yellow ticket—one in every package; save all you get; and guess at the missing word.

See daily papers about the first and middle of the month for details.

On Thursday night the Schwabacher mansion, on Clay street, was again the scene of festivities. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher, assisted by their daughter, Minnie Louise, entertained about fifty of their friends at dinner, after which the young folks scattered themselves throughout the house—most of them seeking the beautiful ballroom—where dancing was indulged in. Their beautiful home was most artistically decorated, and, with the aid of the handsome furnishings for a background, presented a very pretty picture. Mrs. Julius Weil, of New York, looked quite the belle of the matrons; while among the younger girls Miss Madelaine Bear, Miss Norma Bachman, Miss Jacobi, Miss Ruth Meyer, and the young hostess herself were most charming.

On Monday evening Mrs. D. N. Walter gave a theatre party at the Columbia Theatre, in honor of Miss Madelaine Bear, of New York, who is visiting friends in San Francisco. The party included some twenty couple—both married and single—all of whom enjoyed *The Fatal Card* with all its exciting features. Mrs. Walter being in mourning, her daughters, Mrs. Adele Walter Heller and Mrs. Abe Meertief acted as chaperones.

In the general exodus to the seashore and mountains, Hotel Rafael is receiving its full quota of people. Being so near town, and so delightfully situated from a social as well as business standpoint, Hotel Rafael presents advantages that are not combined elsewhere; and then, General Warfield, the lessee, gives his personal attention to the wants of his guests, which fact is a guarantee for everything.

The annual return of the Misses Jacobi has caused the usual flutter among their friends, each trying to out-do the other in order to make the time pass pleasantly during their sojourn on the Coast. Already have theatre parties, dinners, etc., been planned, and later a monster excursion to Alaska is on the tapis.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd will spend nearly all of June, July, August, and September at "Casa Boyd," their lovely summer retreat in Alameda County. Mrs. Boyd will, during these months, discontinue her "at home" day in the city.

Mrs. Sylvain Weil is entertaining as a guest her niece, Miss Madelaine Bear, who will spend the summer here. She is a delightful girl of the brunette type. She has been here but a short time, and has already won a host of friends.

Mrs. Feuchtwauger, who has always been a great favorite with the members of the younger set, shortly expects a visit from her sister, Miss Stettheimer, from New York.

General E. C. Humphreys and Frank H. Pettingell, a prominent banker and broker of Colorado Springs, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Edwin Stevens, wife of the famous comedian, is in the city, and a guest at the Hotel Bella Vista.

AN important decision in the celebrated Hale & Norcross case has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of the State of Nevada. The decision of the court is averse to the Fox, Baggett, and Lynch interests, and means that Joseph Ryan, the Superintendent recently chosen by two-thirds of the stockholders, who are opposed to the Fox-Lynch combination, but to whom possession of the mine was denied, will assume active charge of the property, vice James Cronan, present Superintendent. The decision is a substantial victory for the majority of the stock of the property, and sustains and makes permanent the control and possession of the Hale & Norcross in the hands of R. R. Grayson and his friends.

AT the enjoyable concert given by the First Congregational church on the 28th, several numbers were rendered by Professor Graeber's mandolin and guitar club; and also at the Hibertian concert on the 29th the Professor's banjo and guitar classes were heard to advantage.

Wedding and Birthday Presents. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture."

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Absolutely Pure.
Delicious.
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COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP

Be sure that you get the genuine article, made at
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The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies THE SKIN. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,

37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



DEAR EDITH—A friend of mine just returned from Paris brings a lot of fashion gossip. She declares that the best dressed woman in the gay French capital is the beautiful Princess de Sazan. Here is one of the costumes in which this charming butterfly recently appeared: Her frock was of cerise and velvet taffeta, trimmed exquisitely with narrow black velvet ribbon and black tulle. The skirt was made up over an independent underskirt, and it was seen plaited from the waist to the ground, the plaits being very small at the top, and lost in the waistband, but widening out downward. The black velvet ribbon trimmed the bottom, and was set on in points in several rows. The corsage was in blouse shape and accordion plaited. Over the shoulders was a large collar-like cape descending very low in the center of the back and just covering the upper part of the sleeves. This was made of black frilled tulle, embroidered with silver and steel beads and with passementerie of gold thread and silk. The waistband was of black piece velvet, cut on the bias and forming a high corslet at the sides, slightly hollowed in the center both in front and behind and fastening on the left side with a large bow of black velvet. The sleeves were slightly draped at the shoulder, and were lightly gathered from the elbow to the wrist on the inner side, and the outer side were trimmed with a frilled crest of cerise taffeta. The hat which crowned the princess' bronze coiffure was of white satin straw. The brim was narrow and the crown high. On the left side was a white aigrette, falling over the edge, and beside this stood a tall white ostrich plume, and there was a narrow half wreath of pink roses which turned behind to form a *cache peigne*.

She also is in raptures over the *chapeaux* affected just now by the ladies of Paris. They are dashing and dazzling and so gorgeous with color that they make your eyes blink. They are worn tilted far over the eyes, and are all sorts of shapes and styles. They are trimmed with everything that is beautiful. Tulle flowers, ostrich plumes, taffeta silk, ribbons, wings, birds, everything. The straw is usually coarse, and satiny, and fanciful, and comes in brilliant purples, cherises, yellows, greens, and scarlets. There are sunburnt manillas and fine white Milan straws, too, and horsehair straw, chip and leghorn, so one is sure to be in the fashion whatever.

One of the most fetching styles she describes is the walking hat of either fine or coarse straw, with the brim rolled up to the crown on each side and the trimming consisting of great fluffy ostrich plumes, the latest fad being to have one black plume and one pure white; sometimes these are both on one side, or again one on each side, but always hanging far down over the back of the coiffure.

Hats of vivid cerise straw are extremely popular, and no end pretty. They are always trimmed with different shades of cerise, and are tremendously becoming to all women. One of these hats, shown by a Place Vendome shop, was of coarsely plaited straw, with a medium brim. It was trimmed with enormous ruches of cerise mousseline de soie of two shades, and on one side an aigrette of cerise goura feathers placed in the center of a bow of cerise silk. The back was dashed up sharply, to show a smart *cache peigne* of cerise flowers.

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The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4 1/2 DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street. San Francisco.

SHIRT WAIST BUTTONS, Silver Links, and other novelties in sterling silver at J. N. Brittain's, watchmaker and Jeweler, 20 Geary street.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

The Latest Novelty



"Mess" Jackets

All colors, regular price \$12.50

On special Sale at \$7.45

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EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless. 50 cents and \$1.00

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A celebrated French preparation. It prevents and removes wrinkles. \$1.00. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Trial pot 10 cents

FACE BLEACH. Guaranteed superior to all others, \$1; trial bottle 15c. at office; 25c. by mail. I use only plain wrappers and envelopes.

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By Rail, Boat and Stage.

Southern Pacific Co.--Pacific System.

San Francisco and North Pacific R'y Co.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From May 30, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 P
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogdens and East	5:45 P
7:40 A	Benicia, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	8:45 P
7:50 A	Vacaville and Rumsy	6:15 P
7:50 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	4:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff	*7:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	6:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	12:15 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	7:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	9:00 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	8:45 A
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	7:45 P
1:30 P	Martinez and Way Stations	9:15 A
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	9:45 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	12:15 P
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
5:00 P	European mail, Ogdens and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
8:00 P	Vallejo	7:45 P
8:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7:45 A

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL. (Foot of Market St.)

*6:00 A	MELROSE	7:15 A
8:00 A	SEMINARY PARK	9:45 A
9:00 A	FITCHBURG	10:45 A
10:00 A	ELMHURST	11:45 A
*11:00 A	SAN LEANDRO	12:45 P
11:30 A	SOUTH SAN LEANDRO	1:45 P
12:00 M	ESTADILLO	1:45 P
2:00 P	LORENZO	4:45 P
3:00 P	CHERRY	5:45 P
4:00 P	and	6:15 P
5:00 P	HAYWARDS	7:45 P
5:30 P		8:45 P
7:40 P		9:45 P
8:00 P		10:50 P
9:00 P		12:00 P
††11:15 P		

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market St.)

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	13:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:20 A
4:15 P	San Jose and Glenwood	8:50 A
5:15 P	Felton and Santa Cruz	28:50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Slip 8).—*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, *2:00, 13:00, *4:00, 15:00 and *6:00 P. M.
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—*6:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 11:20, *1:00, 12:20, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
17:30 A	Sunday excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal way stations	18:35 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe. Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	7:30 P
11:30 A	Falo Alto and way stations	5:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
††11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. †Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. †Saturdays and Sundays. †Sundays and Mondays.

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SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.
 WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
 SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.
 WEEK DAYS—6:15, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
 SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 26, 1897		ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.		Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa.		10:40 A M	8:40 A M
3:30 P M	9:30 A M			6:10 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M			7:35 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale		7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M					6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Hopland, Ukiah		7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M					6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Guerneville.		7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M					6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sonoma, Glen Ellen.		10:40 A M	8:40 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M			6:10 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sebastopol.		10:40 A M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M			6:10 P M	6:22 P M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hulville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.
 For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter.
 For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. June 1, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 31; July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 30; Aug. 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28.
 For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.
 For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.
 For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., the 2d of each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
 TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.
 GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st, S. F.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
 Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

COPTIC	Thursday, June 17, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, July 7, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, July 27, 1897
BELGIC	Saturday, August 14, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.
 For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S S "Australia", for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June 15th, at 2 p. m.
 S. S. "Mariposa", Thursday, June 24th, at 2 P. M.
 Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
 J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco

THE committee having in charge the coming Queen's Jubilee exercises, to take place here on the 19th, 20th and 21st of this month, held a meeting on Wednesday evening. All arrangements are being made for a splendid celebration of that event, and the Jubilee in San Francisco will doubtless be worthy the good Queen and her loyal subjects on this shore of the Pacific.

FINE stationery, steel and copper plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

INSURANCE.

GEORGE C. PRATT, until recently Coast Manager of the Provident, has been appointed general agent of the Union Central Life, with J. F. J. Archibald. The office will be removed from 303 California street further up town.

Insurance Commissioner Clunie has removed the office from 401 California street to the Parrott Building. The move is decidedly unpopular with insurance men, as it is out of their district.

The Pacific Mutual Life has added \$100,000 to its capital, just doubling its original stock. The present stockholders will be privileged to take their pro rata of the new issue at par.

H. E. Webster has been appointed general agent of the Security Mutual Life, of Binghampton, N. Y., vice C. N. Comstock, resigned.

P. B. Armstrong, the California fruit grower, has sued the American Union Life and its directors for \$300,000. Mr. Armstrong organized the American Union three years ago, and this suit is brought for services rendered then; and for libel.

The widow of Luther Egbert has recovered \$11,118 from the Fidelity and Casualty Company on a policy issued to her husband in this State.

The Bankers' Fidelity and Security, capitalized at \$100,000, has been organized at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A party of Japanese insurance men, who have been investigating the science of insurance as it is exemplified in the United States, have returned home loaded with valuable information.

The Franklin Mutual Fire has been placed in the hands of a receiver.

The newly-elected officers of the Fire Underwriters' Clerks' Association are: J. S. French, President; H. H. Young, Vice President; H. P. Blanchard, Secretary; T. P. D. Gray, Treasurer.

The National Convention of Life Underwriters will meet in annual session from the 22d to the 25th of this month at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

W. H. Whiting, the Actuary of New York, was in the city last week.

Complaint is made that Referee Reed is permitting his duties, as speaker of the House of Representatives, to interfere with his insurance office.

R. W. Groff has been appointed special agent of the Pacific Mutual, under Kilgarif & Beaver.

A new insurance company has been started in Chicago, for the purpose of insuring employees against the loss of positions—the only one of its kind in the United States.

The officers of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific are: Chas. D. Haven, President; Wm. J. Dutton, Vice President; George Butler, Treasurer; Executive Committee, Chas. D. Haven, Wm. J. Dutton, Robert Dixon, A. E. Magill, Harry Mann, C. F. Mullins, H. K. Belden, George H. Tyson and G. W. Spencer.

An insurance company has been organized at Richmond, this State, to insure the lives of women only.

The fire insurance companies have reconsidered their determination to leave the State for Washington on account of recent hostile legislation; but rates will have to be elevated very materially.

Of the twelve largest cities in the United States, San Francisco has fewest fire hydrants.

Mr. Theobald, of the Union Casualty, has returned from a business trip East.

Unless a desirable tenant can be found for the ground floor of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company's building, made vacant by the removal of the Royal to its new building, the former company will probably move downstairs. These offices are the handsomest in the city, and should be occupied by the Pacific Mutual.

"On the Santa Fé There's No Delay."

Leave San Francisco Mondays and Thursdays, and connect at Barstow with Santa Fé Limited. Dining cars, buffet, smoking car, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars. Three and one-half days to Chicago or St. Louis, four and one-half days to New York. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle building. Tel. Main 1531.

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FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1789.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,018

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets..... 3,300,018

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 1,668,332

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

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BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

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THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF ERFIEST, GERMANY.

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PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.

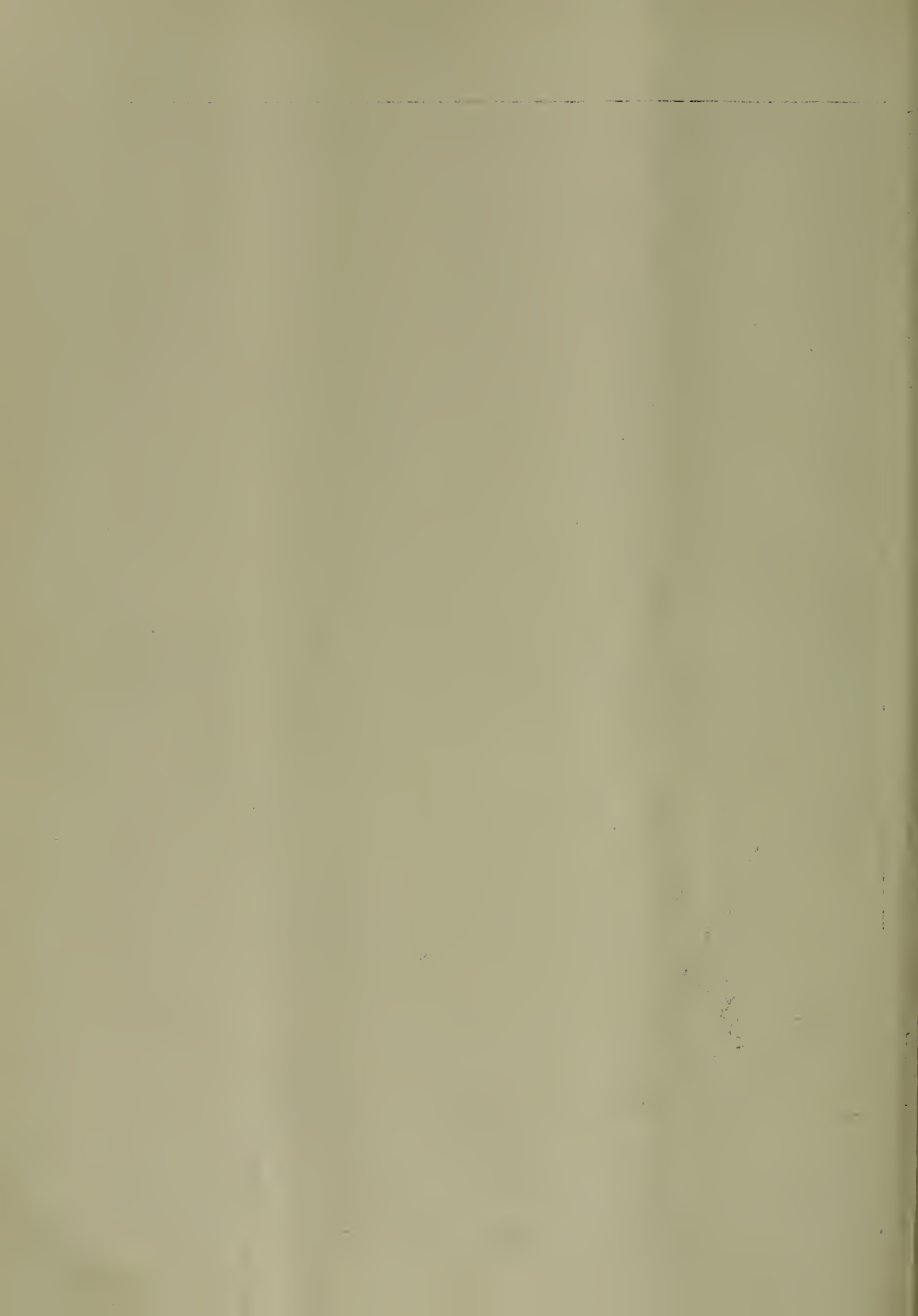


PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.
VIEWS ON THE MOUNT TAMALPAIS SCENIC RAILWAY.

Tibber Photo, S. F.

The Crossing at Blythedale.

One of the Curves in Slide Gulch.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 12, 1897.

Number 24.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 5 1/2 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 903 Boyce Building. (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

“GREATER New York”; why not “Greater San Francisco?”

THE star-gazers at Mount Hamilton Observatory are again in a turmoil; and it is apparent that the usefulness of old James Lick's splendid gift to the people of California and the world is being seriously impaired. It is also equally obvious that Professor Holden has a keener faculty for discovering faults in his assistants than he has for finding stars in the heavens.

INSPECTOR Dockery has said that he would follow the fraudulent brandy recently sent out of this State, bound for England, to London if necessary, and there denounce the mixture as impure and unfit for use. The duties of the efficient inspector will hardly carry him so far. He can do more good peering into vagrant milk wagons about San Francisco than in pursuing prune juice abroad.

WE shall have to change the hitherto accepted statistics that ten thousand murders are committed in the United States every year; for if Isaac Hoffman took his own life, it is evident that there has been many an innocent person hanged by the neck. It is suggested that hereafter the murdered man leave an affidavit setting out the facts of his taking off—that is, if Hoffman killed himself: it will be a necessary protection against the stain of suicide.

THE endorsement of C. O. Brown by a Chicago congregation and the denouncing of this city as “hell” by a fellow gospeler, need excite no concern. The Congregationalists of San Francisco have warned their Chicago brethren of the true character of Brown, and their skirts are clean. The man who defended him and denounced this city is both fool and knave, his mouthings bringing only himself into contempt. That this man and the unspeakable Brown are not in San Francisco goes far to disprove his utterance.

THE usual deficit bobs serenely up in the Street Department, and Superintendent Ambrose has laid off about 150 men. Possibly no serious inconvenience will result from this course, but the regularity of the deficit ought to suggest some way of avoiding its recurrence. The general withholding of the salaries of employees, and the neglect of the streets are necessary in order that merchant creditors of the city may get their money. All of which shows that San Francisco has need of a new financial policy conducted on lines of old-time integrity.

IT is said that William Jennings Bryan, late Democratic candidate for President, and at this moment statesman minus a job, is planning a trip around the world. This is a shrewd move, and about the only thing the Kansas orator could do. He cannot talk all the time intervening between the present and the meeting of the next free silver Presidential convention; and if he leaves the United States for two years, returning just before the national meeting of his party, he will sweep all opposition into the ditch, and unless signs fail, come very near warming McKinley's chair.

IT is not improbable that an armor plate plant will be erected at San Francisco at no distant day. There is necessity of such an enterprise here, and there would be work for it from the first. The Scotts have proved that this coast can make warships and armored cruisers second to none in the world. California can show other products than fruits and grain, beautiful women, mossbacks, fast horses, and politicians. We make ships that stay on top of the water—something rather more than Atlantic hulkers of Uncle Sam's new navy have been able to accomplish.

THE department at Washington has finally refused to prevent the shipment abroad of the stuff called pure California brandy, which was recently banled across the continent from this city. In view of the undoubted fact that the English authorities will be notified of the quality of the prune juice and poor whiskey, the position of our government is in this case somewhat immaterial. English law demands a straight certificate of character for everything consumed at home, and the “pure California brandy” made of Nebraska corn and diseased prunes will be very apt to be used in flushing London sewers instead of illuminating English throats.

THE sons of ex-Presidents of the United States appear to imagine that they have a claim by inheritance upon the patience and the people of this country. Young Arthur has been tagging about the Capital in search of a foreign appointment. R. B. Hayes Jr. is willing to accept a job in the library at Washington; the Grants are a standing joke and a source of disgust to ordinary folks, and Russell Harrison has his lightning rod up for a collectorship. Robert Lincoln is engaged in the difficult task of chasing pedigrees for Chicago's hustling Four Hundred, and is about the best of the lot. These degenerate sons of illustrious sires annoy the President, and by their presumption add to the gaiety of nations.

THE high hat ordinance has been on trial one week, and it has worked like a charm. Ladies are finding out what any man could have told them long ago—that they are more attractive indoors without the addition of millinery adornments than with them. There has been developed no opposition to the humane and kindly order of the Supervisors, which is based on the foundation of good breeding, kindness, and consideration for the feelings of others. If we desire to study birds, we naturally go to an aviary or museum, and we seek nodding flowers and buds at the florist or in the garden; they are out of place at the theatre or opera. Thanks to the brave Mayor and the persistent Rottanzi, the high hat “has went.”

IN the mind of the average San Franciscan the distinction between the thick-necked, low-browed bruiser, whose breeding is confined exclusively to his fists, and those who plan for his appearance and take in the dollars earned by the exercise of his developed animal instincts, is so thinly drawn that he refuses to admit its existence. This observation has been brought out by the recent amazing action of the Olympic Club. That this organization of gentlemen has been led into the business of giving prize-fights, and permitting the meeting of professional bruisers for gate money, is a harsh and most ill-seeming descent from the original intention of the organization. A serious mistake has been made, and the sooner the Olympic Club recognizes the fact and gets back to more familiar and higher ground, the better will it be for its reputation.

CAN WE HAVE A GREATER SAN FRANCISCO?

THE present tendency of large American cities is to absorb their outlying suburbs. In union there is strength, and in numbers there are power and grandeur. Moreover, there are many favors conferred by our national government upon large majorities, that are altogether denied to small communities. Ours is a Government by numbers and the many rule. Therefore, the more citizens we can claim for San Francisco, the greater will be its power at home, and its importance before the world at large. A city of half a million, ranks higher and is deemed of more consequence than one of only 300,000 inhabitants. Chicago was prompt to find out how that was, and exalted herself as a city of consequence and renown by uniting with all of her suburbs. She increased her population over one third, without increasing her Governmental expenses in a like ratio. The union of her different parts increased the strength of the whole, resulted in greater economy, and an improved administration. Better men got elected to her councils, her civic pride became aroused, and to-day the promise of her future no man can set bounds to. New York was not slow to take note of what her great rival was doing, and to go and do likewise. It is not necessary to recount what has happened in the Empire City. It is now "THE GREATER NEW YORK" in both name and fact. Mighty difficulties had to be overcome before this much to be desired result could be reached. But an era of good will and reform sprung up, the leaders of both political parties were agreed, and the independents did not differ. To all of which was to be added the general confidence inspired by the really great men who were persuaded and elected to serve as the greater charter makers. What Chicago has completed, and New York has almost finished, may with undoubted profit commend itself to cities similarly situated.

The peculiar situations of New York and Brooklyn, and of San Francisco and Oakland are as alike as two peas. Both New York City proper and San Francisco are located on peninsulas not capable of expansion to the extent that will be required by both places a few years hence. Between New York and Brooklyn there is a wide and rapid stream, whilst between San Francisco and Oakland there is an arm of our beautiful bay which may be easily tunnelled. Within a less area than Greater New York, or Chicago now occupy, we have some five or six municipal governments, which are run at an extravagant cost, and where efficiency is almost unknown, and rascality abounds on every hand. One government, strong because of the greater admixture of good men behind it, could hardly fail to be an improvement upon the municipalities, more or less rotten, which now constitute the petty little governments around us. The men of Oakland would not be likely to care overmuch for Buckleyism on this side of the water, whilst we should be still less enamored of the pettier bosses that are everlastingly capturing more or less of the territory on the other side of the bay. We should help to blot out the Oakland bosses, whilst Oakland would lend her aid to defeat ours, and between the two, honest government would be given a chance. The voters of Alameda County would be as desirable an addition to those of San Francisco as it is claimed those of Brooklyn will be to New York. The greater the number of men of standing and good repute, the greater the chance of securing good men for nominees, with increased probabilities of electing them. The day will come (it ought to have arrived before this) when there will be tunnels across the bay through which steam or electric cars can pass with ease. There will also be tunnels, very easily constructed, running up and down Market street where the water channels now are and having means of ingress and regress at the corners. There would thus be continuous rail communication between the extreme West of our City to the far East of Alameda, or, better still, from our open ocean clear through to the Atlantic. That is an extension or improvement that must be accomplished at no distant day, but to render it practicable we need municipal union. That is what our new charter makers ought to set themselves to accomplish. It is one of the first duties before them. Convinced of the value of these suggestions, the NEWS LETTER will not let them die for want of clear exposition and zealous advocacy.

Extraordinary Imports. Talk about dull trade, indeed! As a matter of fact, our commerce never reached such proportions as now. The Bureau of Statistics at Washington shows during the month of April last the heaviest importations of foreign merchandise that ever took place in the history of the United States. For April of 1896 the aggregate value of imports was about \$58,000,000. In March 1896 it was but \$16,000,000. In April 1897 the total amounted to \$101,305,131. Of course there is no disguising the purpose of these excessive importations. It is to get around and evade the higher duties of the new tariff, over which Congress is still wrangling. There is an estimated profit to the importer on April's business of from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. That is what we pay for our bungling system of changing one tariff for another. Jobbery and robbery are the outcome of tariff legislation, and will be so long as our methods are based on temptation and fruitful of dishonest rewards. Our proposed tariffs should not be known or allowed to miss fire for periods varying from five to nine months, and when they are so allowed, somebody is about to turn a dishonest penny. Tariffs should be introduced either by a committee, or a special commission, or by the administration, and a joint resolution of both Houses should make them law, and collectable as such from the moment of their introduction. If any proposed duty fails to pass or is reduced, the difference is refunded to the importer. That is the method in vogue in England, France, and Germany, and in all other civilized countries we know of, except the United States, and it would be the practice here but for an overweening desire to leave doors open through which money may be passed. These large importations mean that the new tariff will be practically inoperative for nearly a year after its passage, and that it will produce little or no revenue during that time. About half of McKinley's term will have expired before the great cure-all is applied to the disease of hard-times. It has been computed that about 70 per cent. of the cost of manufacturing goes to labor. Here, then, are over \$70,000,000 of money turned over to the pauper labor of Europe, and that at a time when one million of our own working men are out of employment. No such blundering will bring about better times or satisfy the people. The times are growing harder.

A Bounty On Wheat Exported. It is reported from Washington that several Republican Senators have decided to block the passage of the tariff unless a bounty on wheat to be exported is provided for. This is important, if true, and should make David Luhi of Sacramento happy, as he has for many years advocated it as the only possible way of permitting our farmers to share in the general protective policy of the country. He holds that a tariff on products of which we have a surplus for export, is absolutely without protective effect, and he is obviously right. Hence the farmer, as the case stands at present, must work to a disadvantage under any tariff; for he must sell under free trade conditions, whilst he is compelled to buy in a protected market. Either, then, the farmer must be given a bounty on his exports, or in self defense, and in all fairness, he must insist upon free trade all round. It is logically a strong position to take up. It has taken a strong hold upon the farmers of the West, and Grange after Grange has passed resolutions in its favor. A number of Pennsylvania Ministers, taken with the idea recently waited upon the President to learn what he proposed to do about a policy so manifestly just. Mr. McKinley promised an early reply but it has not come yet, and it will not come, for, from his standpoint, no reply is possible.

How We Are Assessed. The State Board of equalization is made up of five members. Four are elected by districts, and one, the Comptroller, is a member ex-officio. Thus it comes that the country is usually represented by four representatives, whilst San Francisco has only one. In this condition of things it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that the Board almost invariably evinces a disposition to cinch the city whilst letting the country off as light as possible. It is not at all unusual for the city's assessments to be raised from 10 to

20 per cent. over the values our local assessors deem to be fair and just. This has time and again caused intense disgust amongst our citizens, and a disposition to resist payment, if they only knew how. It is a misfortune that the State Board cannot increase individual assessments that may be too low, but must, in order to cure a few evils, perpetrate a great many wrongs. It is safe to say that most of the owners of moderate homes in our suburbs are paying on the basis of a fair and full assessment, but that is hardly quite as true in regard to large establishments down town. Tax shirking is as old as tax collecting. It is as natural for many of us to shirk taxes as it is for a duck to swim. The remedy is the procurement of officials who will, with fairness and courage, assess both the rich and the poor alike. The possessors of great establishments should be assessed proportionately as much, but no more than the dweller in a humble cottage in Richmond or at the Mission. When that is not done at present, the only remedy permissible is to still further crush the class that are fully taxed already. The assessment of the whole city must be raised, and not merely the parts that are favored with comparative immunity. The law badly needs changing in this particular. There is no right or reason in punishing the many for the sins of the few. In regard to the assessing of personal property, there is not one good word to be said. That kind of property is not always to be detected by the eye of an assessor, and it too often escapes taxation altogether. Then it is an invidious, prying tax, which nobody likes and everybody tries to escape. It is in human nature so to do, and the only remedy is a less obnoxious system of taxation. The Examiner is as demagogic in regard to this vexed question as it is in respect to all others. Yet it is the most under-taxed institution in the city. Assessed at less than \$50,000, that sum does not to-day equal the value of its hook debts, or of half its presses, and one million would not buy the whole concern. It is easier to excite the mob than to solve the ever-recurring difficulty as to equality of taxation.

Valueless Agency Reports. As they are at present operated, the commercial agencies of this country fall very far short of their true usefulness, and it would appear that in these days of almost universal insurance their alleged mission might be made of far more practical value to the business community than is at present derived from it. The commercial agencies are supposed to furnish confidential and reliable information to their subscribers concerning the standing of men in business throughout the country. The information is accepted as of sufficient accuracy to form the basis of commercial credit, and upon it accounts are opened and goods are sold. The subscriber feels that the rating given the person or firm seeking to establish credit justifies a certain financial standing. The demonstrated facts show that the information paid for by subscribers is often misleading and unreliable, and to its acceptance may be directly charged a very considerable percentage of the losses of business. The writer has in mind a striking illustration of the value of these so-called "reliable" reports. A firm in this city desired credit for several thousand dollars, and as its rating justified the credit, the wholesaler readily granted the accommodation. A short time thereafter the principal of the debtor firm died, and even a hasty investigation showed that the business was actually insolvent, and had been for a long time. The wholesaler who trusted to alleged protection for which he pays annually a large sum, found himself out and injured. The goods had not been opened, so short a time had elapsed between their delivery and the purchaser's death; but the seller failed to recover them, or up to the present moment get one dollar. This is a single instance of the unreliability of the average commercial agency. To those who know how, it is not difficult to get a rating; and as we have shown in this single instance, it is misleading and becomes a positive trap, which, being accepted in place of a more thorough personal investigation or satisfactory security, does the merchant out of his goods and destroys his profits. There is something radically wrong where such a condition exists. The agencies should be held responsible for reports for which good money is demanded, but which, when the facts are developed, are found to be misleading, worthless, and in reality the very instrument by which losses are incurred.

How to Make Money. There is just one sure way to make money in this country that we know of. It is as simple as it is sure. Take twenty-four cents worth of silver of standard fineness, put it into a crucible over a hot fire; when it is melted pour it into a mold, and when it is cool it is equal to fifty cents in United States coin. With the cost of this operation subtracted, there remains about 100 per cent. profit on the transaction. It is estimated that fully \$2,000,000 worth of these half dollars are already in circulation, and their number is being added to every day. To what limit they may reach no man can tell. They so exactly imitate the Government's coinage as to defy even experts to determine which is the genuine and which the false. The banks and even the Sub-Treasury have about abandoned the task of determining which is which. So that the business goes on substantially unmolested! Detection and prosecution are next to impossible. The coinage is believed to take place over the Mexican border, so that the venue for false coinage does not lie in our own country. The "passing," of course, takes place here, but it must be "knowingly passed with intent to defraud," but with the hogs coin in such general circulation that even the Government accepts it, how is it to be proven that any one "knowingly" passes it? It is the easiest way ever invented to make money, and where there is so much profit in times like these, hogs coins are bound to increase abundantly. The making of money is the game we are all trying to play, and if "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1" will enable us to succeed, who has the right to say nay? Not the Democrats, the Popocrats, or the silver Republicans, or even the straight Republicans, who are pledged to silver in a round-about way. Certainly the 6,500,000 citizens who voted for Bryan will not object to this kind of coinage, except that it is not being coined free of cost by the Government. As Congress is at present constituted, this spurious coinage cannot be legislated against, and yet it cannot go on forever without hankering the Government. It is an almost perfect object lesson on the silver question. We must either have the white metal hacked by the yellow, or fifty-cent dollars must be the consequence.

The Merchants' Association's Review. The Merchants' Association has just published its third annual review of the work it has accomplished, all of which is deeply interesting, and marks no small part in the history of our city's new departure on the matter of civic pride. Of the past our citizens are pretty well informed. But the association marks out not a few plans for the future of which it is well to take cognizance. It calls attention to the fact that Mayor Phelan has been asked to appoint a committee of one hundred citizens, representing all classes in the community, to prepare a new charter for San Francisco. It is to be hoped that the result will be the early preparation of a model charter that will merit and win the support of every citizen who has the welfare of the Queen City of the Pacific at heart. With a new organic law, and the new primary election law, it is hoped and believed that San Francisco will at last have a real home rule, and be in a position to govern herself in her own way. The construction of a new sewer system is ardently recommended. The health of the people should be the first duty of their municipal officers. By reason of the exceptionally favorable environment of this peninsula, San Francisco should be one of the healthiest cities in the world, but it has a large death-rate, by reason of its defective drainage. This can be and must be remedied. With a new charter and good officials, our citizens would be very willing that bonds should be issued for the consummation of this much-needed improvement. The re-pavement of Market street with modern and improved paving would constitute this great artery of San Francisco's travel and commerce one of the most imposing streets in the world. It is thought that asphalt or bituminous rock still hold the field as the best paving for suburban streets. The efforts of the present Mayor and Board of Supervisors to bring about economy and reform in the management of the city government are very highly and deservedly commended, and the cooperation of every civic organization is urgently invited. The hope for the future of our community rests in the civic pride of our people.

Criticism Unfair and Unscrupulous. The Examiner is in a rage because it cannot so fire the popular heart as to induce it to do something rash and lawless to a two-thirds majority of the City Fathers. Vituperous and grossly libelous language is employed with total disregard to reason and sense, to describe action that is only open, at worst, to an honest difference of opinion. The Supervisors say, and produce evidence in proof of what they say, that the schedules they have adopted will rarely permit of Spring Valley paying a dividend of 6 per cent. The Examiner declares that they will yield not far from 7 per cent. Admit, for the sake of argument, that the Examiner is right, and what then? Seven per cent. is what most of our savings banks charge, and is about the average loanable value of money at this time when the security is gilt-edged and the danger of loss nil. The Spring Valley has always to take the risk of floods, repairs of plant, and the need of betterments. In view of the facts, net earnings of seven per cent. are not out of the way, and certainly not such as ought to lead to incitements to riot and public disorder, such as the Examiner is indulging in. The majority of us would doubtless like to obtain water free, but then there are about 8000 stockholders who invested their money in a belief in the honesty of purpose of a vast majority of our ratepayers, and we think that belief well founded. The signs all point that way, the consumers appear contented, and the Examiner's fury does not prove to be catching. Certainly no condition has arisen which justifies our contemporary in hurling charges easily within the purview of the libel law. We are told that the Supervisors have "performed the services for which they were paid" and that "they attempted to justify their action with a foolish and ridiculous plea * * * Such men are not expected to reason, but simply to do as they are bidden by the owners who have bought and paid for their political souls and bodies." City Fathers are expected to stand much, but no men who know what honor is care to associate with public officials who can stand such language as that. If what the Examiner says be true, and there is not the slightest indication that it is, eight of our Supervisors ought to be forced to step down and out. If it be not true, and we are convinced to a moral certainty that it is not, they owe it to themselves, their families, and to the good name of the city to apply the usual remedy. The laws of their State will afford them adequate protection.

Brutal and Depraved. The attention of the Society for the Prevention of Vice and the eyes of Postal Inspector Monroe are pointedly called to a pamphlet issued by Kapp & Street, whose place of business is at the corner of Market street and Golden Gate avenue. This firm has had printed, and is busily engaged in circulating, a large number of these little advertising books, in which are pictures so obscene and suggestive that further description of them is forbidden. Every copy of this filthy publication is cause for prompt and vigorous action by the local authorities, as it constitutes a distinct attack upon morality and virtue. That men who claim respectability will employ such methods to advertise their traffic or gain a few dollars is amazing; but if their vulgar propensities find no restraint in the instincts of self-respect and claims of ordinary decency, they should be taught a lesson at the rough hands of the law that will in the future restrain them from further offense. The law says that every obscene, lewd, or lascivious pamphlet, picture, print, or other publication of an indecent character is declared to be non-mailable; and that any person who shall knowingly deposit, or cause to be deposited, for mailing or delivery, anything declared by this section (333 U. S. Statutes) to be unmailable matter, shall upon conviction be fined not more than \$5,000, or imprisonment at hard labor not more than five years, or both, at the discretion of the Court. United States Courts have defined indecent literature as anything the tendency of which is to "deprave and corrupt the minds and morals of those open to lascivious influences." Many copies of this indecent publication have doubtless been sent out through the mails; and for each and every such offense the above penalty may be enforced upon those against whom it can be proved.

Aside from the attention of the postal authorities, the local Society for the Prevention of Vice will find this illustrated pamphlet worthy of its immediate and vigorous at-

ention. The strong hand of the law should be at once laid upon these offenders. They have printed literally tens of thousands of these abominations, which are designed and expected to fall into the hands of the youth of the city. Let prompt action be taken; let such brutality and moral depravity find swift and merited punishment.

The Ferry Depot. There have been many complaints made because of the delays that have prevented continuous labor and early completion of the ferry depot at the foot of Market street. Injunction after injunction has confronted the Harbor Commissioners, despite their united effort to hasten the work, and, even when the courts have not been called upon to settle other difficulties, the contractors adopt dilatory tactics. It will be remembered that the durability of the foundation, which is the largest concrete work of its kind in the world, was called in question, and charges made that it was not built according to the specifications. After repeated tests made by borings, it was found to be everything that could be desired. But the test cost a year's time. The solidity of the foundation having been passed, the Commissioners advertised for the superstructure, but were met by further obstructions, which resulted in the enactment of laws compelling them to let the contract in six different parts, thus causing further delays for which the Board was in no manner responsible. Then came up the question of the stone to be used. Oregon gray stone was competing with Colusa rock—a home product—and the power of the Commissioners to choose the latter material had to be settled in the Courts. Commissioner Chadbourne brought the different quarry owners together, so that the matter was finally patched up; home material was used, and the State saved more than \$50,000 by the deal.

Now, however, the contractors are resorting to dilatory methods. They are delaying the completion of the depot by working a small number of men, when every condition favors the employment of a large force and the speedy completion of the structure. The patience of the Board is about exhausted; and Commissioner Chadbourne is especially incensed, and has finally declared that he will sign no more contractors' demands unless they put on more men and rush the work to its finish. He favors the use of electric light and night shifts in order that the depot may be completed by the first of December next. In this determination the entire Board are united, so that we may expect to observe the greatest activity at the foot of Market street until the last spike is driven and the great work an accomplished fact.

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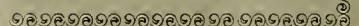
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ART JOTTINGS.

THE admission to the green room in the Bohemian Club of the pictures of the artist members for exhibition and sale, has had a most salutary effect upon the artists. It convinces them that their theory that the town is "dead" in an art sense is not correct, and that there are many disinterested people who are more than willing to assist talented artists with their own purse and their influence upon the purses of others. The men who lie back, and growl, and wax lazy, will kick at everything, and want the coin current of the country slipped into their socks, but the genuine, industrious fellows always get a helping hand, and all of them, with a very small exception, need it.

Fred Yates has placed his strong and effective picture of General Barnes on exhibition in the green room, and also a quaint illustration of the verses of Omar:

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Oh, wilderness were paradise enough.

The old philosopher is represented graybearded like Merlin, and the girl, a weird-looking lassie, lies at his feet. The cartoon is of the Beardsley type, and is quaint and forcible.

Arthur Bennett, of Memphis, the animal painter, is here, and has been doing some work in a quiet way for the owners of crack dogs and horses. Mr. Bennett was here several years ago, and painted several of the pets of Harry I. Thornton's stable. His work is of the very best in this line.

Joseph D. Strong exhibits a portrait in pastel of Mr. Clift, which will rank among the best things in this line he has accomplished. It is not alone a perfect likeness, but has an artistic virility, so to speak, which is not often found in the counterfeit presentment of the human face.

Charley Rollo Peters is finding a good market here for his moonlight pictures. He has sold to W. G. Stafford, Fred Yates, and others, and meanwhile keeps painting for the fall exhibition in New York.

Amadee Joullin exhibits a study in Alameda, a landscape full of nice effects and tender feeling. The marsh in the foreground, the sluggish water in the middle distance, and the faint greens on the other shore, with High-street bridge on the left of the picture, make a clever composition, and in all respects a most desirable picture.

Charles Robinson is at work at some marines which will shortly meet the public eye. Robinson is a most conscientious artist who studies from nature, and his work of late shows excellent progress.

Alexander Harrison, the very swell American artist of Paris, and the intimate friend of the eccentric Whistler, will soon be here, and the Bohemian Club will make merry welcome for him.

THERE are many places about the bay to spend a pleasant Sunday; but El Campo leads them all. Round trip, twenty-five cents; four boats each way.

NEW SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Safes \$4.00 to \$150.00 Per Annum.—The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts a executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge.

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Dr. Franklin Pancoast, the dentist, has moved his parlors from 6 O'Farrell street to better suited offices at 20 O'Farrell street (the Curtaz building). Dr. Pancoast is now permanently located, and his many patients, and others who may desire to avail themselves of his services, will find him at rooms 16, 17, and 26 in the building named. Dr. Pancoast has a splendid reputation as a first-class and experienced dentist.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

THE Baldwin Theatre opened quietly Sunday night with the Liliuputians in a new fairy tale called *Merry Tramps*. If you feel any burning anxiety to know what it is all about, buy a libretto. The secret is sold in the lobby for ten cents. To my simple un-German mind it would seem that this "grand spectacular production" is not quite so grand, spectacular and productive as other pieces in which we have seen the Liliuputians. The scenery is proud and sufficient, the ballet is commodious and energetic, and the music is bald and banal—no particular innovation there—yet the opportunities of exploiting the specialized cleverness of these condensed comedians is fewer than usual and farther between. Ebert's miniature jag and undressing scenes—how sacredly they are preserved and handed down from year to year!—are still valuable, and a gaiety-girl dance and a chorus of "East side, Vest side," are exorbitantly comical; several instances of clever pantomime, too,—but these are not half enough for artists of the mammoth capacity of Zink, Ebert and Merkel. *Merry Tramps* is a bit slow for us children, but of course it will give the old people a good time.

Franz Ebert, poor old gentleman, is ageing! Gout is in his step, and his gestures are beginning to dodder. He is funnier than ever to us, but it's no joke to him. His grandson, Kaleb the Giant, is not with the company this season—gone home to learn German, I understand.

The ballet is composed of Native Daughters of the Golden West, mostly Floral Queens. This saves transportation. The big people of the cast are shipped as freight, and three adult tickets will carry the eight stars.

This is the season when the Tivolite turns to idiocy, and he gets it by the asylumfull in the new review, *Miss Frisco*. Sixty minutes have been cut since the opening Monday night, which means that several dead scenes and dull songs are out entirely and the pace hastened generally. As the show stands now, it is wild, terrible and funny. Joseph B. Cassell is guilty of the book, the music seems to have been committed by everybody on earth. Tommy Leary's song, "There's no place like 'Frisco,'" has made the particular hit. It is a wonderful tribute to the town, and Leary slugs it with lusty enthusiasm. Hartman has a good one, too, "Nit, nit, nit." Hartman is really funny this time as Tommy Nothing, a caricature of the old fellow who used to shout "matrimonial papers!" on the streets. Darcy is his companion grafter, Sammy Less, and not so good—perhaps for the lack of a fit song. Darcy can dance anything, and the part of Mike in *Shamus O'Brien* stamped him sterling as a character Irishman, but nature draws the line when Darcy tries a coon song. Who is there in the Tivoli can sing a coon song? Hartman?—never! It's a State's Prison offense whenever he tries. To sing the modern coon song requires the real rag temperament and the fancy nigger essence—the scarcest commodities in the business to-day.

West, like Raffael, is indispensable to the Tivoli. Observe the easy, legitimate worth of him as he plays the Emperor Norton. Raffael is less kind to Greenway. In fact, he doesn't flatter him a little bit, except when he sings like a ripe 'cello. And he makes him wear a ready-made evening tie. Raffael's life will not be worth Adgie's, when the original finds this out. Greenway is a Southerner, you know. Miss Morella has the title part. I should like her better if she would acquire the blessed art of occasional repose, arch herself less, and wreathe fewer smiles. Of the women, Miss Seabrooke and Miss Intropodi are the best. There is brutal truth well acted in Miss Intropodi's boozing scene, and Miss Seabrooke's gracile gentleness is a reproach to all the aggressive chirpiness she has given us in shows past. I admire her work im-

mensely as Mrs. Alameda Mole, the dashing widow of a depraved county; she takes her songs sweetly and unaffectedly, and gives picturesqueness and human pose to her acting. I congratulate Miss Seabrooke on her reform-ation.

The author has lean chances of distinction in this sort of a review, where specialties are of first consideration and satire an after-thought. Mr. Cassell's scheme is all right so far as the beginning and the ending are concerned. He was oddly inventive to vitalize Emperor Norton's portrait and turn it loose on the town, and cleverer still to get it back into its frame by means of the mystic Brahman—*in fact*, the hypnotic dance in this last scene makes the best situation in the piece. But anybody could have written what goes between, which is only so clever as the actors can make it by upholstering with all sorts of extraneous specialties. Maybe Mr. Cassell is not to blame. Maybe the eager actors crowded him out. Anyway, the show fills the bill. It is full of Junebug craziness, and serves those people right who want to see something fast, furious and irresponsible.

You have seen the young woman who associates with the three life-sized lions at the Orpheum? Well, here are her announced prospects, just as I received them:

Special! Positively last week of Adgie. At the conclusion of her dancing entertainment the animals will be fed in view of the audience.

Deliberate and horrible! isn't it?

That act of Adgie's is a wonder. It dwarfs, pales, and tranquilizes everything else on the Orpheum bill. Who is going to become excited over the peaceful Irishness of the Russell Brothers or the life-prolonging exercise of the Vaidas Sisters on the domesticated trapeze? There was a time when Daily and Hilton's "eccentric comedy creations" would have been attended by considerable risk—but the Orpheum gallery seems to have lost much of its old wildness; weapons are the exception rather than the rule now; almost any old act is allowed to live.

Very often I find myself thinking of Adgie; then I leave some listless show in time to see her enter the cage. The fine, cruel excitement of it fascinates me, and the picture is something that painters do not paint. I shall not forget it soon—those big, lissome brutes, nervous-eyed, clean-jawed, with their paws of velvet and steel, and their soft, feline gestures that are so beautiful, so false, so ominous! And the girl, sometimes dressed in white, sometimes in a red that reflects blood in the beasts' eyes, is as stirring to see as one of her lions. She has the face of a lioness—the broad, strong nose, the bodeful eyes, and the alert, sensuous mouth. In the cage she is one of them. She sings to them, dances to them—not to us; sings the Paloma with sultry seduction in the rhythm of it, dances with indolent, catty grace. And the lionesses bound and hiss, and the big young brute of a lion snuggles lovingly, and goes confidingly through his silly little tricks. Of him she has no fear; the others she watches—as they watch each other.

I sit and see this act many times, and each time I go away wondering from what breed of devils this girl Adgie sprang, wondering when the last night will come. I remember what Daniel Boone said: "There is no such animal as the tamed lion. It is only a question of time and opportunity when the best lion caged will try to kill his master." Boone never would enter the cage without a dog, a Dane, the only animal, he said, that will fight a lion at a pinch. And Boone's lions, compared to Adgie's looked like moth-eaten rugs stuffed. Adgie has no dog. There is nothing between her and death but her nerve and the beasts' caprice.

Prize-fights are against the laws of some States, because they are dangerous, I believe. I saw a prize-fight once in which one of the combatants was killed by the other. I do not remember that it affected me to any ex-

tent. I felt rather ashamed of being there, that was all. If anything happens to Adgie, I shall cry, and write her epitaph.

I missed two concerts at Native Sons' Hall—Mr. Denis O'Sullivan's farewell of Monday night, and Mrs. Eunice Westwater's annual of Wednesday night. So with all good will I can join with my colleagues in celebrating both as brilliant successes. I hope that Mr. O'Sullivan will return next year and bring with him another new opera.

Monday will see a genuine first-night at the Columbia—the first production on any stage of Lorimer Stoddard's comedy, *The Question*. A prize of fifty dollars was offered for the best title, and somebody's idea of *The Question* won it hands down. It is almost as good a title as that of George Bernard Shaw's new piece, *You Never Can Tell*, which is to follow *Under the Red Robe* at the Haymarket, London. Both titles are speculative to a degree. I hope Mr. Stoddard's comedy is a good one. Another bad play would be a hard blow to the Frawleys. In any event it is to the credit of Frawley that he has the nerve to buy untried plays. While it would seem that he has a pretty sure thing in the work of Mr. Stoddard—who dramatized *Tess* for Mrs. Fiske—you never can tell. *The Question* is said to concern itself satirically with Kniekerbocker society, two unsophisticated Westerners are introduced by way of contrast, and there is a scene in a woman's club wherein the author has undertaken the manipulation of fifteen female characters of various excitability. But everyone will want to find out for himself, and I can perhaps write better about *The Question* next week.

The Liliputians play another week at the Baldwin, then the Lyceum Company in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The First Gentleman of Europe*, *The Mayflower*, and *The Late Mr. Costello*. It was in this last-named play that Miss Mary Manning, the Lyceum's new leading woman, won her first success in New York. James K. Hackett heads the company.

Miss Frisco, you know, is only an incident at the Tivoli. It is bridging time up to the Stevens engagement. Edwin Stevens, N. S. G. W., comic opera king, ex-Dalyite, and past master in the gentle art of painless comicality, has gone back to his first love. A week from Monday night he will begin an eight-weeks' season of light opera at the same Tivoli Opera House that sheltered his first efforts ten years ago and more. He brings with him a valise full of metropolitan vogues, *The Princess Bonnie*, *The Isle of Champagne*, *The Grand Vizier*, Wang, and others.

Conway and Leland, merry monopedes (don't ask me what that means) and Josephine Sabel, who can sing, come to the Orpheum Monday night.

That's all. ASHTON STEVENS.

BLYTHEDALE, in addition to occupying one of the most beautiful locations on the line of the scenic railway, is fortunate in having a proprietor whose large experience has peculiarly fitted her for the duties of hostess. The neat and convenient cottages scattered about are everything one could desire, and the hotel is supplied with every comfort and luxury that the most exacting and traveled guest could wish. One thing beyond these bountiful tables and admirably arranged accommodations which is particularly noticeable is the perfect system of lighting employed. Incandescent lights are scattered everywhere within and without, and add greatly to the picturesque and charming appearance of Blythedale.

It is always wise to remember a good thing, and in this connection there is nothing ahead of J. F. Cutter Whiskey, for which E. Martin & Co., 411 Market street, are sole Pacific Coast agents. J. F. Cutter is the finest drink sold anywhere. It is a smooth, mellow, and pure liquor.

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The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty. by Elizabeth Phipps Train. Illustrated. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1896.

This is a record of the experiences of Evelyn Hilliard, a handsome American girl, in English upper class society. Evelyn has been regularly trained by her mother, whose own social antecedents are somewhat dubious, to play the rôle of a beauty, and she does it with great success. Quite early in her career she is invited to good houses, and makes herself so charming that two or three noblemen are anxious that she should share their rank and titles. One of these, the Earl of Denhigh, who is really a splendid fellow, she admires exceedingly, but does not love. It is at the Earl's country seat that the most important incident of the story takes place. A rich French girl, named Yvonne d'Alembert, who is in keen pursuit of Lord Denhigh's coronet, is visiting at Denhigh Court at the same time as Evelyn. Yvonne has a valuable collection of jewels, part of which she carries about with her in a trunk, only herself and her maid, however, being supposed to know the precise place and manner of their concealment. One day, when the guests are kept in the house, Yvonne displays her jewels to Evelyn Hilliard, and a day or two later a Mr. Tresham, also a guest at the Court, in performing some hypnotic experiments to amuse the party, becomes aware of Miss Hilliard's knowledge of the place of concealment of Yvonne's jewels. Having placed Evelyn under complete control, he sends her to abstract the jewels from Yvonne's trunk, and hand them over to her maid, who subsequently gives them to Tresham. An evening or two after the hypnotic experiments, an earring belonging to Yvonne is found clinging to the *ruche* at the edge of Evelyn's skirt, and it seems almost impossible to resist the conclusion that she stole the jewels. A bright lady suggests that a clever hypnotist be sent for, who will throw Evelyn again into a hypnotic condition, and make her do all that she had done on the night when Tresham controlled her. This is done: where upon Evelyn at once goes to Yvonne's room, opens the secret compartment at the bottom of the trunk, and behaves precisely as she had done before. Tresham had meanwhile left Denhigh Court, and was about to leave England, but was delayed by illness. On investigation being made, the jewels are discovered in his rooms. Cleared of this charge, Evelyn pursues her triumphant career: at the next country-house she goes to she engages in an outrageous flirtation with her host, and captivates him so that he throws discretion to the winds, and makes violent love to her: then, of course, as the sweet creatures generally are, she is frightened by his impetuosity, and throws cold water upon the fire she has lighted and industriously fanned into a blaze. But, not being an altogether had-hearted girl, Evelyn sees that she has done wrong; and experiences a revulsion of feeling in favor of Paul Sturgis, an American lawyer, and one of her earliest admirers, who has been much shocked and pained at her somewhat reckless behavior since she became a recognized beauty in English society. How Evelyn and Paul are ultimately united may be left untold. The story is a good one, and well written, the author, unlike many of her sister novelists, seeming to be reasonably well acquainted with the details of the life she describes. The little volume is well printed, and embellished with photographs from wash-drawings. It forms one volume of the Lotos library, a collection of stories issued by the Lippincott company at seventy-five cents a volume. The volumes are 16 mo. in size, and are covered with "polished buckram," a material which looks to our inexperienced eyes like glazed calico.

There recently fell into our hands a pleasantly written article entitled "An American Woman's Glimpse of Oxford," illustrated by views of Oxford Cathedral, the cloisters of Magdalen College, the Tower of Magdalen from the Botanical Gardens, etc. One luckless paragraph bristles with mistakes: it reads thus: "Christ Church

meadows, opposite to which are moored the skiffs and boats and the University barge. A stroll through the famous Broad Walk, which is bordered on either side by magnificent old oaks," etc. Now "skiffs" are in University language racing single-sculling boats, and are never "moored," but are taken out of the river as soon as the scullers step out of them. "The Broad" is "bordered" with grand elms, not with "oaks." The article proceeds: "Though the racing does not take place at this point" i. e., opposite Christ Church meadows. This is just where much exciting racing does take place: the Oxford University Boat Club barge, moored just off Christ Church meadows, is the finishing point for the Eights, the Torpids, and the Fours. But Oxford is a peculiarly dangerous place to write about after a day's visit: to write correctly requires an esoteric knowledge.

In a recent issue of *The Dial* Mr. John Jay Chapman makes some true and interesting remarks upon the tendency of the Magazines, especially the older and more prosperous ones, to fall into ruts, and to exclude good matter because it does not coincide with "the policy of the magazine." He says that, once a periodical has attained success (i. e., in the eyes of nearly everybody, a large circulation) every new departure represents risk: the safest thing to do is to go on printing the same issue every month. An article or phrase that does not chime in with the ignorance or lack of taste of the average subscriber, that does not pander to popular prejudice, but perhaps even audaciously opposes it or tries to remove it, will alienate subscribers, and, worse than all, cause advertisers to drop off. For nowadays it is not truth, good sense, or right reason that are considered, but patent soap, infants' food, and washing powders. The editor of no periodical in the country dare print a line likely to affect injuriously the sale of a pill or a porous plaster. Such is the boasted independence of the press.

It is really hard to keep track of the changes of form and policy that come over some of the periodicals. Romance began as a publication devoted to short stories: then, despite its name, it became a somewhat feeble illustrated collection of odds and ends. In September, 1896, it doubled its price and the superficial area of its pages. The enlarged Romance was published by the Current Literature Publishing Company, and promised to supply to its purchasers information of a literary, scientific and romantic sort, with abundant pictures. In January, 1897, it passed into the hands of a new proprietor, Mr. Gilson Willets, of 1440 Broadway, New York, who announced that Romance would become a story book, pure and simple, once again. Of course, by "pure and simple" we merely mean that the periodical, which is now of a small octavo size, will be wholly made up of stories. We do not vouch for their purity or their simplicity. Indeed, we have not been encouraged, on turning over the pages of some issues, to tackle any of them.

Mr. C. B. Fernald, the short story writer, has returned to the United States after a bicycling trip with his wife through Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Fernald penetrated to the interior of Japan, where cycles are objects so unfamiliar that the children offered carrots to them as food. Mr. Fernald, however, was disappointed with Japan and the Japanese. Both the country and the people have departed considerably from their old picturesque national life, and so much has been written about them in late years that it is difficult to find new material. Altogether, Mr. and Mrs. Fernald found China more interesting than the land of the chrysanthemum.

The story of the Farallones, by C. Barlow, with half-tones by Bolton and Strong, has just been issued from the Press of Town Talk. It is a neatly got-up brochure, giving an account of the islands, with views of the principal points of interest, pictures of the sea-lions, puffins, cormorants, and other creatures found there. Some of the pictures are from photo-engravings that have been already published in "The Museum" and *The Overland Monthly*, but many are new. Mr. Barlow is evidently an enterprising photographer, for several of the pictures reproduced can have been by no means easy to secure. The little book costs fifty cents.



NOW that the weddings are over, people are beginning to turn their thoughts countrywards. To the swim, however, "going to the country" does not mean green fields, cozy nooks in winding paths under shady trees, sweet milk and freshly-churned butter, a perfect freedom from social obligations, one dress all day, with a fresh one for dinner—if so inclined, but not a necessity—a good book and a lazy life generally; not much. But to the fashionable devotee the country visit means a change of base merely from the fun and fuss of society life to a place where a shady spot means a quiet flirtation, a clubhouse balcony, a place for mixed drinks and jolly good fellowship with the men. Thin dresses and simple muslins are allowable. Yes, but toilettes must be changed several times a day, and full evening costume for dinner obligatory. Cards day and night, and pleasure in any and every shape the one thing sought, whether a sacrifice results or no. Daughters to be settled in life require the outlay, so paterfamilias learns to acquiesce.

"Why is it," said a girl at one of the recent weddings, "that Wiltsee always has so many nice men friends, real men, and most always hailing from New York?" This probably is one reason of the great popularity of the returned African traveler. However, Wiltsee is so universal an admirer of the fair sex, and so general in his attentions to the girls, it is hopeless to think of him as a possible *fatur*. Southard Hoffman is another society beau very popular with the women, but as a pretty girl just back from the East is said to have lamented, "Old man Mayne didn't leave the Hoffman boys anything." Young Brooks seems to be getting his hand in, preparatory to next winter's gaieties. At one of the weddings, lately, he did the "sitting on the stairs" act with admirable complacency.

Miss Leontine Blakeman's bright eyes have been doing much damage among the beaux since her return from New York. She is universally admired. Another girl who bids fair to make many conquests next winter is an Oakland belle who figured as bridesmaid to Miss Ethel Cohen when she became Mrs. Bent. Miss Alice Moffatt's sweet face attracted many admiring glances on that auspicious occasion.

Latest news from a popular young couple making the tour of Europe on their wedding trip, finds them in Paris enjoying every moment as people only can in the French capital. On their return they will make their home in the brown stone mansion on Jackson street. The knowing ones repeat the oft told report, that there will be a consolidation of these two families, and the home on the Avenue will be abandoned.

Two of the prettiest buds at the Bent-Cohen wedding were Miss Carroll and Miss Follis, who attracted universal attention; their piquante brunette style is very fetching. Buds and blossoms will have to look to their laurels next winter, and from present indications several many hearts are beating rapidly on their account.

On dit, the Downey Harveys are going to do a lot of entertaining in a suburban way at their newly-acquired summer home at Belvedere. Downey is the soul of hospitality and can be relied upon for giving his friends a rattling good time. The wonder among society folk has been that the Harveys did not select San Rafael for the summer.

The visit of the Italian prince did not cause the sensation expected; but he was so evidently bent on climbing the big mountain to the exclusion of all social attractions that it was a great disappointment to those who wished to entertain him.

Mrs. Henry Scott is already collecting her guests for the "house party" on the Fourth of July holidays, and those who are of the fortunate number say that B'ingham never saw such a merry crowd before.

People frequently ask why Mrs. McLane-Martin is so long in bringing out in society her daughter, Miss Cook, that young lady being an embryo belle at Santa Cruz for some time past.

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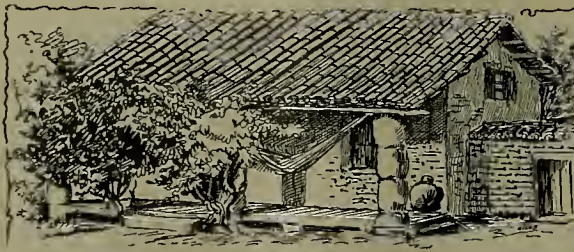
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THE SEÑORA'S SECRET

By Lillian Ferguson

WHEN Bernard Lawton, artist, litterateur, and Bostonian, announced his intention of going to San Francisco for the summer, instead of piloting his mother and sisters about the continent, there was much pouting and dismay in the household. It is really very inconvenient junketing over Europe without a trousered accessory to look after the family luggage. But Bernard was determined to enjoy his outing after his own fashion, and having served in the capacity of envoy extraordinary to his womenkind the summer previous, felt that he had earned the privilege of "flocking by himself" for one season, at least. Accordingly, after seeing his relatives safely aboard an Atlantic steamer, and the last flutter of a Lawton handkerchief or a Lawton petticoat was no longer visible, he started westward with a sigh of relief. One may love one's relatives and still not yearn to be a perennial guide, philosopher, and friend to them.

The young man had two reasons for acquainting himself with San Francisco. He was collecting material for a book of travel, with sketches, and wished to explore the western metropolis; and it was in San Francisco that all trace had been lost of his uncle and godfather in the early fifties. When the latter disappeared, leaving a bag of gold dust and his personal belongings in his lodgings, his friends, believing him dead, had in time forwarded his effects to his brother in Boston, the will naming the latter's son as his heir. The money had been applied to Bernard's education, and Bernard had always cherished a feeling of warmest gratitude for the donor, official proof of whose death had never been established. Of late, a desire had come over him to trace for himself, if possible, the career of his relative in San Francisco.

He had been in the city some weeks without learning more than he already knew. A number of the white-haired pioneers whom he had hunted up gave him corroborative information, but of an unsatisfactory and meager kind. They remembered Lawton well, but shook their heads when Bernard suggested foul play as an explanation of his disappearance. He had no enemies, they argued, and none of his money was missing. It seemed to be the general belief that he had met with a fatal accident and that the body had not been discovered in time for identification.

Bernard, however, could not or would not abandon his search for the final chapter in his benefactor's romantic history. He recalled him as the idol of his childhood, a fine-looking man, to whom he was declared by his parents to bear a striking resemblance. When the elder Lawton had started for California with the gold fever burning high in his veins, he had kissed Bernard, then a little chap, good-bye, with many promises of the good times they should have when he returned. He had also left a sweetheart, a tall, blue-eyed girl, now one of Boston's stately matrons, with two sons at Harvard, for her heart had not broken when her lover failed to come back. Even in those days it was not considered good form in Boston to wither away for mere love.

To Bernard, with his artist's soul alive to impressions and his mind renewing its activity amid surroundings that everywhere appealed to his literary sense, San Francisco and its environs were a fascinating study. Day after day he wandered here and there, drawn by a whim in one direction, by an impulse in another, from Russian Hill to the hay, from Chinatown to Bernal Heights, always finding something new and interesting by land or sea. The Spanish side of life attracted him strongly, and he took especial delight in sketching the relics of adobe architecture that mark the earlier era of romance, and form a

picturesque link between the conventional, mercenary present and the soul-stirring, chivalrous past.

One day after adding the finishing touches to a sketch of an alcalde's moss-grown, ivy-embowered resting place in the Mission Dolores burying ground, which he had obtained permission from the church authorities to visit, he strolled for some time about the neighborhood, when, turning the corner into a narrow, unfrequented street, he came upon a crumbling adobe which immediately caught his fancy. There was an air of inscrutable mystery about the quaint, tumble-down dwelling. He drew nearer it, impelled by something more than an artist's desire for details. An influence that he could not until afterward account for or define led him to lift the latch of the wooden gate, which creaked on its hinges under a mass of honeysuckle that twined over and about it. A gnarled grapevine arbor covered the plank walk leading to a low porch that ran the width of the house. The place was silent as death itself. Evidence of the inmate's fondness for flowers was seen in the brilliant-hued geraniums that brightened the shade from every available nook, rooted in rusty tin cans. Cacti blossomed in cracked earthen pots, and hood-red roses nodded at him from boxes where they bloomed luxuriantly. Bernard had to stoop, so low had sunk the roofing, with bits of sunlight piercing its tiles, while the porch almost gave way beneath his tread. He seated himself on a wooden bench against the wall, for no answer had come to his knock. It had been his intention to beg forgiveness for the intrusion, and state that he was a tourist anxious to get a glimpse of the interior of what must be one of the city's oldest landmarks. He knew that the Spaniards are the most kindly and hospitable of people in their casas, and so did not fear rebuke.

The afternoon was warm, and Bernard bared his head, enjoying the solitude of the spot, though a trespasser upon its peace. He was so near to the prosaic world that he could almost hear its heartbeats, yet hidden from the sight of passers-by. It was a bit of Arcady itself within the city limits; an oasis in the desert of civilization.

A bright-eyed lizard crept from under the doorsill and shot past him into the garden. He closed his eyes, yielding to the dreaminess about him. Whether he slept a moment or an hour he never knew. He was abruptly awakened by an exclamation of terror. A Spanish woman of middle age and imposing figure stood before him in the arbor, which she had entered from the street. Her face, singularly handsome yet, was ashen under its olive tint. Her large eyes, black and dilated, were fixed upon her visitor as though they beheld a ghost. When Bernard sprang to his feet, about to apologize for alarming her, she sank to her knees, crossed herself, murmured "*Dios! Dios!*" and would have fallen to the ground had he not caught her. Presently she staggered to her feet, and flinging him off with sudden strength, rushed to the house, unlocked the door and slipped the bolt sharply into place behind her.

Bernard, nonplussed, and blaming himself for what he had done, picked up his hat from the bench and turned to go, when he caught sight of his own initials cut in deep letters in the panel of the door—B. M. L. He stood as though stunned for a few seconds, and then a light flashed across the darkness of the situation. His uncle's initials were his also. This woman's fright at seeing him who was the living embodiment of the other—surely here was something more than a coincidence.

Inquiries in the neighborhood revealed little more than the fact that the Señora Ygnacia had lived alone in the adobe house as far back as any one could remember. The house itself had been there when all around was but a knee-deep drift of sand. She was very devout, and never left home excepting to go to the Mission or on an errand of mercy or necessity; as much of a recluse as though she were a nun in a convent.

Bernard went to his hotel in an excited condition of

mind. His sleep that night was disturbed by dreams of his uncle, who seemed to be alternately heckoning him on and entreating him to keep silence. In the morning he resolved to learn at any cost what the Señora might know. Her manifest fear at sight of him led him to the belief that she of all others in San Francisco was the one to go to for the truth.

That afternoon he invaded for the second time the old garden of the adobe. No one answered his knock, but he could hear the sound of a woman's sobs within.

"Señora," he called, softly but distinctly, "I must speak with you. Upon my honor, as upon that of my uncle, Bernard Melville Lawton, I will not harm you."

Still there was no reply. "Señora," he finally said, "if you do not open the door, I shall be compelled to force it open. I must speak with you."

There was a quick movement within, and the Señora Ygnacia stood with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils in the dimness of the room before him.

"Coward!" she said, as Bernard advanced. "Would you break like a thief into my house?"

Removing his hat, he walked close to her. "Señora," said he, with winning gentleness, "I am not the brute that I seem. I seek news of my uncle, whose initials are carved upon your door. What of him, Señora?"

The woman's eyes were searching every line of his face. "Dios!" she muttered; "the very image—even the voice." Then she paused and regarded Bernard defiantly. There was silence for a few moments. "Yes," she added, finally, "I once knew the Señor Lawton, but that was many years ago. He went away, no one knew where." She lifted her hand nervously to brush a thickly curling lock of gray hair from her temple, and the young man saw upon her finger a ring which he had often when a child turned round upon his uncle's finger. He decided upon a bold stroke, though a blind one.

"Señora Ygnacia," he said, slowly, gazing at her as though he would read her very soul, "I have come to find the murderer of my uncle."

The woman fell to her knees, elapsing his hands in both of her's, and hurst into a torrent of weeping.

"It was because I loved him," she confessed. "Oh, when we of Spanish blood love, we love; and when we hate, mother of mercy, how we hate! And I hated the Señorita in the East whose picture he wore and whom he must marry, he said, although it was I whom he loved. "Honor" he called it. But what was her love compared with mine? When he said good-by to me that night, I was maddened with jealous rage. I stabbed him. Then, terrified at my crime, dug a grave for him in the sand. Since then I have lived only to expiate my sin. I pray, day and night, for forgiveness."

Bernard helped her to rise. "Take me to his grave," he said.

"He has no grave but my heart," the unhappy woman replied. "I—I removed him after awhile. I could not bear to be separated from my beloved. You may as well know all," she added. "Follow me, and then give me up to the authorities if you will. I shall deserve my fate."

Crossing the room to the door of an inner chamber, she heckoned to Bernard. The apartment which they entered was strewn with freshly-cut flowers. At the head and foot of a couch tapers were burning. The Señora lifted a black cloth, disclosing a skeleton, over which she murmured the name of her lover with ineffable tenderness. Her eyes, with remorse, gloom and unquenehable devotion, sought those of her companion in mute, helpless inquiry.

Bernard's voice sounded huskily strange to his own ears as it broke the stillness.

"Señora," he said, "your secret is safe." Then, softly closing the door, he went forth into the summer sunshine.

Japanese art is as peculiar as the little brown men themselves; but a trip to Japan is not necessary to learn it. Just step in to George T. Marsb & Co.'s, at 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, and there one can see all manner of quaint tapestries, rare carvings, and strangest curios. It is a veritable little Japan right in the middle of San Francisco.

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The Pine Street Market.

There is little to be said of the market during the past week on Pine street. Notwithstanding the cheery talk of good times ahead, another season of dry rot has set in, which has cut the earnings of commission brokers down to the bare bone, and placed the "chippers" in a position where they can not turn a dollar one way or the other. The prospects at some of the mines are all right, but a pity it is people cannot live on prospects. A manipulator with some money, and the brains to use it, would be the biggest kind of a god-send on the street just now. Bonanza strikes would then come along in good time, with more likelihood of their being some use in the way of building up business. Now in face of the prevailing inactivity, news of ore discoveries falls, to a great extent, upon deaf ears. Cbollar held up pretty well during the early part of the week. Con. Cal-Virginia did not. For some reason the last named stock has been drooping for days past, notwithstanding favorable reports from the mine, which continues to produce a fine grade of ore. Chollar-Brunswick, the despised and regretted of the pharasaical censors on the street, is turning out gold at the rate of some \$300,000 a year. Many people will incline to the belief that a property of this description must be possessed of some merit, while surprised at the yield of much decried gypsum, with its streaks and hunches of ore. To the ordinary mind the adoption of a policy which would lead to more active development work along the line of the Brunswick lode, would seem sensible just about this time, when money for practically dead work in other quarters is difficult to raise. This and the prosecution of the development of the west country by the South end companies is of chief importance. The constantly reiterated reports of progress elsewhere are beginning to wear a little on public patience. No new assessments are reported for the week.

A New Dry Washer.

If a new machine invented in this city for the saving of gold in dry districts works out as well in practice as it does in theory, the much vexed question of water supply has been solved satisfactorily for all time. These machines are portable in sizes, which will permit of a profitable day's work. They are also simple in the way of gearing. A cylinder, through which a tight-fitting screw revolves, receives the feed, carried downward under pressure by the blades of the screw to a tank of quicksilver, where amalgamation goes on, the waste being subsequently run off after rising above another charge of quicksilver filling the space around the cylinder. So far the experimental machine has done good work, and one will soon be shipped to the southern portion of the State to be tested on auriferous deposits found there, hitherto valueless owing to a lack of water. One good feature about this machine is that the greatest expense about it is the quicksilver.

The Gold of Silver Peak.

The announcement that a syndicate of American capitalists had at last taken bold of the celebrated Blair mines at Silver Peak, Nev., is of the most interesting character, both from the magnitude of the property and the wealth of the purchasers. The only wonder is that such a piece of property should have remained lost to the industry for so many years past, with so many alleged buyers peregrinating throughout the country looking for a mine, the more especially as the price asked has never been exorbitant, not nearly so much, in fact, as the figures placed upon old, worked-out shells in California, depending for a sale upon their past reputation. All that is to be paid for the Blair mines is a million dollars, and it would not be difficult to point to many an investment of more than that money in this State and elsewhere with little in the way of value to back it. The new owners of the Blair mine will be James B. Haggin, Marcus Daly, J. B. Canda, John W. Mackay and George D. Roberts. The experts reporting on the ground are James T. Hague and Alex-

ander M. Womble. These gentlemen, both of whom are well known in the mining world, have been on the ground with a corps of assistants for some time past, and their reports are voluminous. Mr. Roberts would have reported too, had he been permitted to make an examination, which was not done through some misunderstanding. Roberts, however, did not get left, for he ensured his position in the deal no matter who carried it to completion, by shrewdly corraling all the available water in the vicinity, which is about as valuable, if not more so, than the gold itself. It will be an uncommonly cold day when the same festive George D. gets left, and he is just about as safe to fool with in a mining operation as a mule's hind foot, as the manipulators of the Blair deal have now learned by experience.

The Anaconda Of Gold Mining.

For over thirty years the Blair property, consisting of some sixteen claims, has lain idle. This was the will of its whimsical owner, James I. Blair, of New York, reputed worth more money than any other man in the Empire State. Blair had a good deal of bother with the mine, more than he cared to have, situated as he was in point of wealth. Located too far away for personal supervision, thievery was rampant in all directions, and in sheer disgust the order was given to close down operations, although even then, with crude machinery and methods, the property had established the reputation of being a bonanza. Since then, from time to time, lessees have worked on the mine with excellent results, and judging from these and the extent of the ore deposits, the new owners claim that the Blair will prove in gold mining what the Anaconda has been in the world of copper. John Cbiatovich, one of the former lessees, worked in all, it is said, some 10,030 tons of ore, which yielded at the rate of \$15.00 to the ton, some \$6.50 having been subsequently recovered from the tailings by the cyanide process. Sam Wasson, the latest lessee, worked 1,900 tons, and got \$21.00 to the ton, and assays by F. F. Thomas, now of the Gwinn mine, for a term covering three years, show an average value of \$15.90. The mining conditions are similar to those at the Alaska Treadwell mine, with two separate and distinct veins, one fifteen feet and the other twenty-five feet wide, which can be literally quarried out of the hillside. The surface exposure, where the vein has already been opened, is said to equal a height of 700 feet. It is expected that an immense plant will be erected at the mines by the new owners, who will only be limited in expenditures by the capabilities of the property in the matter of ore production. The passing of the Blair mine into the hands of such wealthy and enterprising men will be a great thing for this part of Nevada.

The Grand Central Purchase.

A letter from Hamilton Smith is now going the rounds of the press in which that gentleman takes the responsibility of advising the purchase of the Grand Central mine of Mexico, originally accredited to Henry Janin. Smith claims to have recommended the purchase of this ground independent of any advice from Janin. The latter will doubtless not object to this explanation, which does not seem altogether necessary, considering that the recommendation was made upon the report of Janin and Mr. Farish. If the mine turns out all right, there will possibly be others ready to assume any responsibility, covering both preliminary reports; their confirmation and subsequent recommendation as a purchasable venture. In the meantime, as it now stands, betwixt and between, the heroism of Mr. Smith stands out noticeably in black and white.

Will Dredge the Yuba.

A company is about to begin work dredging the Yuba river for gold, near what is known as Park's Bar bridge. The system to be used is one patented in New Zealand, consisting of two boats fitted with buckets of a light draft of water, the capacity being estimated at between eighty and one hundred tons of material in the hour. This is a step in the right direction, although so far the bucket arrangement has not proved successful. The newer system of suction will eventually be adopted in work of this kind, being both cheaper and more effective. It will not be long now until all the rivers of California will be systematically exploited for the gold they are known to contain.

Down Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

REVEREND George R. Wallace, before a recent meeting of that anomalous job lot of soul savers, the Chicago Association of Congregational Churches, rose upon his rear extremities, laid back his ears, opened the cavernous mouth of him, and brayed forth the statement that "San Francisco is hell." Brother Wallace was moved to this declaration because we had the good taste to kick C. Overman Brown, his colleague, out of the local fold. The Reverend George has gotten things slightly mixed. San Francisco is not hell. But Dr. Brown, now of Chicago in general and the devil in particular, tried hard enough to raise hell when he was here.

REVEREND V. Marshall Law, rector of the Church of the Advent, in Oakland, made the astounding announcement last Sunday that electricity is God, and that the pentecostal flame was an electric illumination, presumably something like the electric ballet at the Tivoli last winter. But, alas, if the holy man's theory of a God who is seldom found in churches, but turns up nightly in nearly all the theatres and saloons, is true, it is only the rich who can afford to live in daily communion with the Deity, and the TOWN CRIER's well-known penury compels him to still live a goddess existence.

THE TOWN CRIER's excellent friend, Mrs. Perkins, says she don't see the sense in making such a fuss over pulling down that house in Florida, Mo., just because Twain was born there, and as for people hegging for bits of wood or brick as relics, she thinks it's ridiculous. Why, she could show them dozens of houses right here in San Francisco where triplets and even quartettes were born, and she ain't aware that it ever raised the value of the property; for her part she don't think it delicate to call so much attention to an occurrence of that nature.

WHAT with cavorting around the country in ashes or having one's last place of repose in a graveyard placarded over with interment hills against relatives of the deceased, as in the case of the Blanche plot in Laurel Hill Cemetery and Billposter Florist Dauvilliers, there is really no inducement to die. One might as well stay alive and take his chances, as be subjected to persecution and prosecution when he can't fight back.

PLAGIARISM is the somewhat grave charge of which Br'er W. D. Williams, erstwhile pastor of Plymouth Church, stands accused. It appears that the touching verselets appended to certain obituaries of late and signed by the gentleman of the cloth were pilfered from no less a poetical source than Whittier. Our brother's sin is great but it might have been greater. He might have made the poetry original.

NICHOLAS HENNICKER, a frisky septuagenarian, confesses to a fondness for the fair sex, and admits that playing the races is his pet diversion. This combination of temptations has proved disastrous to many a man, and Nicholas should endeavor to reform before it is too late. It would be sad indeed were he to become a confirmed sport in the very flower of his youth.

CHRISTIAN Endeavorers are proudly pointing to the increased attendance at divine service last Sunday as a sign of spiritual growth in our midst, and not unnaturally appropriate some of the credit themselves. But the real reason is to be found elsewhere; since the ladies cannot show off their high hats in the theatres there is nothing for them but to go to church.

ASTRONOMICAL disturbances aloft of Mount Hamilton are to be investigated at the next meeting of the Board of Regents. It is whispered that a total eclipse of salaries will be visible to the naked eye when the professors and their judges come into perihelion.

IT is a common saying that good Americans go to Paris when they die; it is probable that the bad ones go to Chicago.

PENDING the reinstatement of one hundred and thirty-five street department employes, laid off on account of municipal poverty, San Francisco's thoroughfares will probably resemble a garbage heap in the interim. Our streets are none too clean at any time, and the summer winds are likely to have a merry time of it during the coming weeks. Placards explaining the embarrassing situation should be posted at the ferries, that strangers may not be scandalized at our disorderly condition.

THIS Golden State has been painted yellow with bogus five dollar pieces, and the gang of counterfeiters engaged in the nefarious task now repose behind the bars. The efforts of other offenders to blacken our reputation having succeeded equally well, California will soon loom up as brilliantly beside its sister States as a circus donkey in a corral of thoroughbreds. San Francisco is becoming very weary of posing as a goal for the criminal element of the world at large.

THE other day Señor Argandanos, a young Peruvian, avenged an insult tendered his sister by chopping off the ears of the insulter, who was an *attaché* of the Chilean legation in Bolivia. The report goes on to say that "the Bolivian War Minister has been commissioned to visit England for the purpose of buying arms." But it doesn't seem likely that a man would accept arms as a compensation for his ears.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, the hoy orator from the rippling Platte, will be here with the rest of the fireworks on the Glorious Fourth. William is not a dangerous explosive, although he makes a good deal of noise. His pyrotechnics in the late presidential contest were dazzling, but attended with no fatal results excepting the injury to his party, which went up in campaign smoke.

THAT very gentlemanly female person, Mrs. John Martin, who is invariably spectacular, whether painting a house in pantalettes or lecturing to empty seats in behalf of a condemned murderer, appeared this week in court as her own attorney, disproving the adage that he who argues his own case has a fool for a client. Mrs. John is several other things, but she is not a fool.

THE Chicago divines, who welcomed Dr. C. O. Brown so eagerly into the midst of them, seem to have but a slight opinion of San Francisco; they compare it to Hell, greatly to the advantage of the latter region. Well, if they take Brown as a representative Californian, we can forgive them their low opinion of us; he certainly did give the town a bad name while he was here.

ALAMEDA COUNTY is excessively agitated because so much heer soaked into her soil in Niles Canyon while the Brewers' Picnic was in steamy progress. It is not so much on temperance grounds, however, as upon those of economy. It grieves Alameda, its politicians particularly, to have had so much good jag material wasted on the desert soil.

BLANKS innumerable are being submitted as evidence in the Fair-Craven case, now dragging its interminable way through the courts. The blankety-blanks used from time to time by exasperated legal counsel and impatient witnesses have not, however, been placed on record. They would, it is feared, cause spontaneous combustion.

FOUR society young men across the bay will turn tramp for their summer vacation. It is just the other way with us over here. Our gilded youth are frequently tramps first and society men afterward. Vide Singer, the Chicago tenderfoot, who hiked his way to the charmed circle.

CAPITALIST BRADBURY, the obnoxious millionaire who has expectorated his way to notoriety, will take his case to the Supreme Court. En route, he should be provided by the authorities with portable cuspadors.

THE fear of death is common to all, and is attributed to the uncertainty of what comes after death; but strange to say, the certainty of what comes after death increases this fear in San Francisco capitalists.

SALARIES at the State University have gone up. The move toward an increased altitude of compensation is quite consistent with a higher education.



ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.—CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

We must take our lives as we made them, love;
 St. Martin's summer, though bright, is brief;
 And where in spring was the violet's home
 Is now the grave of the fallen leaf.
 We quarreled once when the spring was here,
 But peace is made with the failing year.
 The summer time of our life is passed,
 We faced its glare and its heat alone,
 With aching hearts and with weary hands
 That the mournful farewell touch had known;
 Now the fiercest struggles of life are o'er,
 Our hands are met to unclasp no more.
 The bitter thought of "what might have been"
 Must never trouble your heart again;
 Hide it away from memory's eyes,
 With our angry words and our parting pain;
 Forget the grief that for me you bore,
 In the love that is yours for evermore.
 We must take our lives as we made them, love;
 St. Martin's summer, though brief, is bright,
 And could there aught in the spring compare
 With the tender glow of the autumn light?
 I loved you first when the spring was here,
 More dearly now in the failing year!

THE MODERN BACCHANTE.—ROSALIE M. JONAS, IN TOWN.

She is crowned with deep rubies, not vine leaves,
 She is gowned in dull gold, her bright hair
 Ripples down to her feet in soft splendor,
 Tiny feet in French slippers, not bare.
 She reclines not on hills, where mad tendrils
 Clamber high to be trod by her feet,
 But she nestles, white, languorous, lovely,
 'Mid satins as perfumed and sweet.
 She upholds the gold weight of the goblet
 In the tremulous clasp of her hand,
 And her lips glow like bright poison berries,
 As her eyes feed the flame they have fanned.
 Foolish Bacchus! You are but a mortal!
 And the wine has made heavy your brain,
 While your love, ah; the goddess! or devil!
 With a kiss locks your shackles again.

INTROSPECTION.—CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

O heart of mine, for shame! to ache, and ache!
 Because a few things thou didst love are lost!
 What if some treasures, yielded up, have cost
 Thee dear?—is that a sign that thou needst break?
 Millions of hearts did ache ere thou didst feel
 One stab of pain; for any heart can break;
 But few can play the game of give and take,
 And come out whole from under life's hard heel.
 So heart, brace up, and twang thy quivering strings
 Into new strength. Ask no more tears of me;
 Nor beg of me to voice thy grief for thee.
 Poor heart, thou and thy kind are weakling things!

FETTERED.—FLORENCE HOARE.

Bring me not roses red or white,
 For they belong to the past—
 I look in your tender eyes to-night
 And know the truth at last;
 The love you took and the love you gave
 Have woven a life-long chain,
 And your soul is sighing to be free,
 Tho' constant you remain.
 The white-winged gulls in the open fly,
 Where your restless soul would go;
 'Tis only the love that will not die
 That chains your heart I know—
 And because I hold you dearest—best,
 I long for the time to be
 When you'll lay the roses where I rest
 And think no more of me.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street, below Montgomery. Rooms for ladies and families; private entrance. John Bergez Proprietor.
 Maison Rotoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.
 Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. R. Cutlar, 813 Sutter street.
 Dr. Franklin Pancoast removed to 20 O'Farrell street, rooms 16, 17 & 26

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawallan Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
 Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
 The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

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P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street.
 Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

CANDIES.

Maillard's Chocolates in ½ and 1-lb boxes. Roberts', Polk and Bush.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Hermann Schwärze (known as Hermann at Strozynskl's) has opened
 Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 225 Powell st. Telephone Main 5820

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
 Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
 Capital Paid Up.....\$3,000,000
 Reserve Fund.....\$ 500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:
 NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank;
 LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico;
 SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized.....\$6,000,000
 Subscribed..... 3,000,000
 Paid Up..... 1,500,000
 Reserve Fund..... 700,000

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.
 The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.
 IGN. STEINHART } Managers
 P. N. LILIENTHAL }

The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
 Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,301 66
 Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
 Deposits December 31, 1896..... 27,730,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstman; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Kohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.

Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
 John J. Valentine.....President
 Homer S. King.....Manager
 H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
 F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier
 Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

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 DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.
 INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
 LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord S. L. Abbott, Jr. H. H. Hewlett
 Wm. Babcock O. D. Baldwin E. J. McCutchen
 Adam Grant W. S. Jones J. B. Lincoln



"Yes," said the wealthy member of Congress, "I will name your charitable institution in my will for a considerable sum of money." "You are very kind," said the philanthropist, "but—" "Speak frankly, I beg of you." "We need the money now, and I called to see if we couldn't devise an arrangement by which the bequest could be retroactive.—Pittsburg News.

"My wife caught me last night. When I come home late I usually sit down on the top step of my porch and hunt for my latchkey. She says I never get home until after midnight. I say it's before. She caught me all right last night." "How was that?" "Just at midnight she sneaked out and painted the top step."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Brewer—Why, what's the matter, old man? You look upset! Jones—I should think I am! My wife's learnt typewriting, "as a pleasant surprise for me," and now she's coming to the office to save the expense of Miss Plumpty's salary!—London Society.

"My dear, you should not be so angry about my not mailing that letter. Let your motto be: 'Forgive and forget!'" "Oh, yes, indeed. You do the forgetting, and I can do the forgiving, I suppose."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Laura—I can't help thinking that Aladdin, in the story books, did not show much sense. Nonie—In what way. LAURA—There he had a lamp and never ordered the genie to bring him a wheel for it.—Pittsburg News.

Smythe (from his paper)—If the Cretans want autonomy, why doesn't the sultan give it to 'em? Mrs. SMYTHE—He's a wretch, of course, but perhaps he can't afford it. They do say he's awfully hard-up.—Brooklyn Life.

Nonie—How did Nettie come out in her breach of promise case? LAURA—Oh, the jury gave her a new heart. NONIE—What was that? LAURA—The marble heart, you know.—Pittsburg News.

Mrs. Jorkins—This book on natural history says that seals sometimes shed tears just like men. JORKINS—Yes; just like men who have to pay for sealskin jackets.—Odds and Ends.

"Ah, my poor man," said the benevolent old lady, "I suppose you are often pinched by want and hunger, are you not?" "Yessum; and sometimes by the cops."—Pick-Me-Up.

"I have here a neat and pretty little letter opener," began the agent. "So have I at home," said the business man, sadly. "I'm married."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I've given up working," said the hard cider. "I can still work all right," said the yeast cake, "but I hate to think of the loaf I'll get afterward."—Exchange.

Strawber—Why do you think you will have any trouble in keeping the engagement secret? SINGERLY—I had to tell the girl, hadn't I?—Scottish Nights.

"Why don't you tell your troubles to your wife, Waxly?" "Can't possibly. She's always telling her troubles to me."—Detroit Free Press.

"I saw a rabbit run through that hedge?" "No, dear, it was imagination." "Has 'magninations got white tails?"—Odds and Ends.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4 1/2 DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Jackson's Napa Soda lemonade is a luxury. Try it.

BANKING.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
Capital Fully Paid..... \$1,000,000
Transacts a general banking business
and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.
DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, E. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Dalzell Brown.
OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KRAMRY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.
DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Mofitt, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.
Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1896.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus... 1,675,631
ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Weaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.
Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9. A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000
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AND POST STREETS.
Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000
WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
Established 1851, San Francisco.
CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000
JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWOILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.
Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. G. Lukens, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.
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Bank of California, San Francisco.

Capital and Surplus, \$6,000,000
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ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....2d Ass't Cashier
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

NOTES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

The United States Naval Academy graduates, who are located here, gave a most enjoyable banquet at the Bohemian Club last Saturday evening. Covers were laid for twenty-five, and Mr. Symmes Harrison Hunt, of the class of '61, presided. An elaborate menu, music, and many felicitous toasts made the affair very pleasant.

The reports of the officers of the Inspector General's Department, who are now in their final tours of the fiscal year, will be very interesting. There are 103 colleges and other institutions, with more than 40,000 students, nearly 20,000 of whom are enrolled in the military department. Enough army officers for two fighting regiments are detailed upon this duty.

Lieutenant Colonel Evan Miles, First Infantry, U. S. A., has assumed command at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Colonel John I. Rodgers, Second Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Colonel. He is now at Fort Schuyler, N. Y.

Lieutenant Colonel L. S. Babbitt, U. S. A., and his son, Lieutenant E. B. Babbitt, U. S. A., with their wives, have been down from Benicia Barracks during the past week and stayed at the Occidental Hotel.

Major S. W. Groesbeck, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., was recently granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Rear Admiral Samuel Philip Lee, U. S. N., retired, was stricken with paralysis and died last Saturday at Silver Springs, near Sligo, Md. His death is a matter of deep regret to many officers on this coast.

Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. A., arrived here last Monday with his wife and two daughters. They will pass the summer on their beautiful ranch in Napa Valley.

Paymaster Charles T. J. Cowie, U. S. N., who was detached from the Monocacy, arrived here from Shanghai last Sunday en route home on a leave of absence.

Lieutenant William G. Sills, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Logan, Colo., after his brief but pleasant visit here.

Lieutenant James Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of three months on his present leave of absence.

Lieutenant John S. Culp, Medical Department, U. S. A., has been appointed medical officer of the squadron of the Fourth Cavalry now marching to Fort Yellowstone. Upon the arrival of the squadron at its destination he will return at once to his station.

Lieutenant S. L. Graham, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Graham are at Coronado Beach. They have been residing in the City of Mexico for some time.

Lieutenant H. D. Todd Jr., Third Artillery, U. S. A., was one of the two secretaries of the Academic Board at the graduation exercises at the Military Academy.

Lieutenant F. B. McKenna, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort Sheridan, Ill., has been visiting his father, Judge Joseph McKenna, in Washington, D. C. He was formally presented to President McKinley at the White House on June 4th.

Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detached from duty at the Presidio and ordered to join his regiment at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenant Clermont L. Best, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the First Artillery. He is at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., but was formerly stationed at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Herbert Winslow, U. S. N., of the Yorktown, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

Second Lieutenant G. F. McGlathlin Jr., Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.

All officers of the United States Navy retire by law when they reach sixty-two years of age. If the President would adopt this rule for the army it would rejuvenate the service immensely. He can at once retire two Colonels of cavalry, two Colonels of artillery, and three Colonels of infantry. This would cause promotions from Lieutenant-Colonels all down the line, and make several enlisted men Second Lieutenants. It would bring younger men into higher grades, and enable many officers to obtain well-

deserved promotions before they are retired for age. The Germans are rejuvenating their army by retiring Generals as young as fifty-three years of age.

There is a rumor at the War Department that General William M. Graham, U. S. A., will soon retire, but those who are best informed state that he will serve his entire term. He retires on the age limit on September 23, 1898. He will therefore be a Brigadier about sixteen months. There is a bare possibility that he will be assigned to the Department of Dakota.

Secretary Gage has issued an order prohibiting officers of the Revenue Cutter Service from soliciting the exercise of the official or personal influence of prominent public citizens to obtain for them assignments to duty, revocation of orders, and other personal favors, often detrimental to the public interest and always injurious to the morale of the service. Any infraction of this order will be considered ample cause for summary action.

Commander William H. Whiting, U. S. A., will be detached from duty as commandant of the Puget Sound Naval Station next Tuesday and ordered to command the Monadnock.

Lieutenant-Commander C. A. Adams, U. S. N., was detached from the Richmond at Philadelphia last Tuesday and ordered to the Monterey as executive officer. He will relieve Lieutenant-Commander A. B. Speyers, U. S. N., who will proceed home on waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander J. D. Briggs, U. S. N., arrived here last Sunday, en route to Honolulu. He was recently detached from the New York Navy Yard and ordered to the Philadelphia as executive officer. He will relieve Lieutenant-Commander R. R. Ingersoll, U. S. N., who has been ordered home and granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Coxe, Paymaster's Department, U. S. A., has been elected senior Vice-Commander of the Commandery of Oregon, Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Paymaster T. J. Cowie, U. S. N., has been detached from the Monocacy and ordered home. Prior to his departure, the crew of the Monocacy presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane, suitably inscribed, as a testimonial of their esteem.

Paymaster J. B. Redfield, U. S. N., is now general store keeper at Norfolk, Va.

Passed Assistant Engineer G. Kaemmerling, U. S. N., has been detached from the Bureau of Steam Engineering and ordered to the Olympia at Yokohama, per steamer of June 26th. He will relieve Passed Assistant Engineer W. B. Dunning, U. S. N., who will proceed to the Machias at Chemulpo to relieve Chief Engineer A. V. Zane, U. S. N., who has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain G. W. Sumner, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the Monadnock and granted one month's leave of absence.

Mrs. S. D. Sturgis, wife of Lieutenant Sturgis, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., is visiting her parents in St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. W. H. Allen, wife of Lieutenant Allen, U. S. N., has changed her mail address to the care of the Navy Pay Office in this city.

Lieutenant J. A. Hoogemeerf, U. S. N., has been undergoing examination for promotion during this week at Washington, D. C.

Ensign S. V. Grabam, U. S. N., has been detached from the Oregon and ordered to the Albatross.

Brigadier General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has been appointed President of the Retiring Board here.

Captain C. L. Hooper, U. S. R. C. S., commanding the Bering Sea fleet, arrived in Port Townsend last Tuesday and left the same day for Sitka. He will join the fleet there and then proceed to Unalaska.

Major Delafeld Du Bois, U. S. A., retired, arrived here last Monday in the steamer Newport and is at the Occidental Hotel. He has been visiting Panama.

Passed Assistant Surgeon J. W. Baker, U. S. N., of the Bennington, and Mrs. Baker, are enjoying an outing in the Santa Cruz Mountains at the Hotel Rowardenan.

Lieutenant J. D. C. Hoskins, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has rejoined at Fort Monroe, Va., after a visit to New Rochelle, N. Y.

Lieutenant G. A. Detchmendy, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is on leave of absence from the Presidio until September 1st, is visiting friends at Milton, Ky.

Lieutenant Thomas Bently Mott, First Artillery, U. S. A., has obtained permission to pass the summer abroad.

Mr. William Russell Wright, formerly of Visalia, who was appointed a cadet at Annapolis, from Nevada, has been ordered to report to the Mouterey on June 19th. Mr. Clarence Kemp, of Oakland, who is also a member of the graduating class, has been ordered to the Oregon.

Major John A. Darling, Third Artillery, U. S. A., was retired from active service last Tuesday. He and Mrs. Darling will continue to reside at Madrone Villa, their country home in Rutherford, Napa County. It has been thought all along that Major Darling would be appointed military attache at the United States embassy at Vienna, but no official announcement of this has yet been made.

Captain James Chester, Third Artillery, U. S. A., commanding Aleatraz Island, has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Captain Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., arrived in Santa Cruz last Monday after making the trip from the Presidio on a bicycle. It is probable that the First Infantry will camp at Santa Cruz later in the season.

Civil Engineer Richard C. Hollyday, U. S. N., has been detached from Port Orchard and ordered to Mare Island. Civil Engineer F. O. Maxson, U. S. N., formerly of Mare Island, is his successor.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was in Rome last Tuesday, en route to London, where he is expected next Tuesday.

VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

ALL arrangements for the coming celebration in this city of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee are now completed, and the three days commencing Saturday, 19th inst., will be memorable among the local British born and their friends. Very general and active interest is being taken in the celebration, among the many W. J. Callingham, Reverend W. W. Bolton, Dr. H. Isaac Jones, the well-known oculist, W. Greer Harrison, besides the various members of the committees.

The festival will commence early on Saturday morning with Highland games, aquatic, and other sports at the Chutes. Then there are to be literary exercises, including an oration by General W. H. L. Barnes, an ode written by George A. Adam, music by H. J. Stewart, and sung by 250 voices, and a historic poem read by its author, Dan O'Connell. The day will conclude with a grand ball, splendid fireworks, and magnificent illuminations.

On Sunday afternoon there is to be a grand *Te Deum* sung at Metropolitan Temple, with two hundred voices, fifteen instruments and the Metropolitan organ accompanying. This is the same music sung at Westminster Abbey at the last jubilee. Reverend John Hemphill, Rabbi Nieto, and Reverend W. W. Bolton will speak. A general admission of twenty-five cents will be charged and fifty cents for reserved seats, tickets for which will be on sale on Monday at Sherman & Clay's. The Jubilee will fittingly end with a splendid banquet at the Palace Hotel on Monday night, at which State and municipal officials, judges, and noted citizens will be present. The Consul-General will preside, and representatives of other countries here resident will be invited. Covers will be laid for between three hundred and four hundred guests. The general committee are: Wm. Doxey, chairman; Joseph McNab, 1st Vice-President; Andrew Wilkie, 2nd Vice-President; Joseph McGaulay, secretary; Joseph B. Freeland, assistant secretary. It will be well to remember that the money received for admission to the Chutes and Temple will be added to the fund, the interest on which is wisely expended in alleviating the suffering of needy British subjects.

\$25 Rate to Chicago via the Great Santa Fé Route.

The low rates made for Christian Endeavorers will be open to the public as well, if they travel via the Great Santa Fé Route. Ticket Office, 644 Market street, Chronicle Building. Tel. Main 1531.

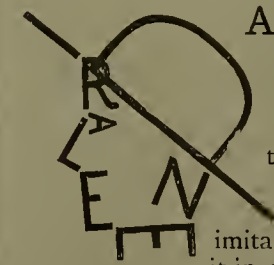
MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.

FROM TAMALPAIS' LOFTY BROW.

THERE are many beautiful bits of pastoral scenery about San Francisco bay; and there are also points within easy reach where the eye may touch the mountain tops and sweep the many-tempered ocean from Point Reyes Light to the distant Farallones. The most accessible of all these is Mt. Tamalpais, from whose bold summit before and beneath the eye unrolls a panorama of bay, mountain, valley, ocean, sky and city of unrivaled beauty and continual change. One who has stood on this ribbed dome at sunrise has witnessed a sight not to be forgotten. Only the highest points come first into view—the shadows lying deep and dark below; but as old Sol glows brighter in the firmament, darkness fades and the shimmering sea, the glittering spires and remoter objects salute the vision. Sometimes the early riser is greeted by an entirely different but more magical scene. Not infrequently the heavy fog lies like a vast white robe upon land and sea—only Tamalpais' lofty top standing like a sentinel upon the wide expanse of snowy white. With the warming rays of the sun the spotless garment of the night sinks silently down; but the appearance is as if the land were rising slowly from a vast and voiceless sea. First may be seen the heights of Angel Island; then the top of Telegraph Hill; next the lower distances are forced upward as if from the depths of an ocean. The scene is almost weird, but none the less beautiful. Finally, the fog melts into air and the beautiful picture opens clear and near upon the vision. Such scenery were well worth a long journey to see; but when it is scarcely sixty minutes from the city, and is made in pleasant safety, the attractions of Tamalpais are doubled. Thanks to the Mill Valley and Tamalpais Scenic Railway, the traveler is carried through lovely and romantic Blythedale, nestling at the mountain's feet and in its shadow—an ideal spot for repose and quiet, homelike comforts; beneath the towering redwood trees, skirting gorges, through patches of sunshine and cool shadows, glimpses of city and ocean, winding about the mountain's sides, always upward until the summit is reached, and the eye drinks in the scenery—unsurpassed, magnificent, beautiful, grand. The illustration accompanying this number of the NEWS LETTER expresses better than any words the romantic and beautiful scenery to be enjoyed on the scenic railway in going to the top of Tamalpais.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.



A-head of Pearline?

Never! Not a bit of it! That is out of the question. Not one of the many washing-powders that have been made to imitate Pearline claim to excel it in any way. All they ask is to be considered "the same as" or "just as good as" Pearline.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOSEPH HOCH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, administrator of the estate of Joseph Hoch, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, administrator of said estate, at his office, room No. 35, third floor Chronicle Building, corner Geary and Kearny Sts., San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Hoch, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 9, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.



THE usual poker party at the little table in the corner of the card room at the Concordia Club received an addition, the other night, in the person of Joe Friedlander, who rarely plays draw, but who covets the reputation of being a reckless, daring spendthrift, when, as a matter of fact, he is exceedingly thrifty, careful in his habits and economical in his expenditures. Nat Gerson was in the game as well as Ed Salz and other jack pot veterans, so Joe played very warily, and gradually accumulated a little tower of blue chips. Then he was dealt one of those phenomenal hands, which occasionally fall to the lot of every persistent player. He had four kings.

"Of course I won't get a play on them," sighed Joe, to himself, as he looked dubiously at his hand, and hesitatingly threw in one blue chip, as if he expected to lose it.

To his inward delight, Ed Salz came back with a good stiff raise. Joe pretended to be deeply puzzled.

"Damme if I don't believe you're bluffing, Ed," he said, and raised back, to the extent of a moderate bet.

They tilted each other back and forth, until Joe was afraid of arousing his opponent's suspicion, and asked for one card. Ed also drew one.

"He has threes," thought Friedlander, "and he's playing me for two big pair. I've got him!" and he laughed softly to himself.

After the draw Salz made a big bet, as if he had an invincible hand. Joe was convinced it was all a bluff, but he responded cautiously, tilting slightly every raise Ed made.

The pot assumed enormous proportions, and men from other tables stopped to watch the battle. Finally Joe threw in his last stack of chips.

"I have to call you, Ed," he said, preparing to haul in the pot. "What have you got?"

"I have four aces," replied Ed, modestly. "What have you got, Joe?"

Friedlander looked reproachfully at his four kings, and mentally estimated his losses.

"I've got a headache," he announced, as he buried his cards.

Before he studied art, Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, took some lessons in carpentering at the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and he still cherishes the idea that he is an expert mechanic. He had given his wife to understand, so often, that nothing in the line of construction was beyond him, that one day last week she requested her husband to make her a bracket. Tilden readily accepted this commission, and set vigorously to work. A few minutes later, John Stanton, the artist, called to see the sculptor, bringing a friend with him. They were ushered into the workshop, just as Douglas was bringing his hammer down on the head of a refractory nail. But the sculptor's aim was bad, and the nail which the hammer struck was attached to the thumb on Tilden's hand. He dropped the hammer, and began gesticulating wildly, waving his arms, clapping and unclapping his fingers, thrusting his thumb in his mouth, and then between his knees.

"What is he saying?" asked the stranger, who did not understand the language of signs.

"Oh, he's just swearing a little," answered Stanton, who can use the dumb alphabet.

The other watched Tilden's antics and noted the look on the sculptor's expressive face.

"By George," he said admiringly. "What a command of profanity he has!"

Clergymen become accustomed to audiences of varying sizes, but it is seldom that the congregation is represented by a unit. Such was the experience of Reverend M. S. Levy, rabbi of the Congregation Beth Israel, whose kindness and good nature are illustrated by the story which is going the rounds of newspaperdom. It had its founda-

tion in an important festival of the Hebrew calendar, fittingly observed by Rabbi Levy, who preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. A reporter for a morning paper had been detailed to cover this service, and had also been given a prior assignment. When he had finished his earlier task, and proceeded to the synagogue, he found that the service had been concluded and that the sanctuary was closed. There was no alternative but to follow Dr. Levy to his home, and to beg the privilege of inspecting his manuscript. Unfortunately for the reporter, however, the Rabbi preaches without notes, and the visitor's dilemma was worse than ever. The latter explained that his City Editor would accept no excuse for failure. Dr. Levy was sympathetic but puzzled.

"I will tell you what I might do," he suggested, after thinking the matter over. "I think I could preach that sermon over again."

In addition to his rabbinical duties, he is editor of the Jewish Times and Observer, and so had a fraternal interest in his visitor.

Although thoroughly tired by his labors in the synagogue, the good Rabbi walked up and down his study and re-preached his eloquent sermon to the favored reporter, who made notes of the discourse. Seldom did Dr. Levy preach better and never did he have a more appreciative audience than the grateful journalist who continues to invoke blessings on the Rabbi's head whenever his name is mentioned.

Having dined so generously that he was quite convinced that, like Monte Cristo, the world was his, Jack Chretien hurriedly rushed into a barber shop at ten minutes before eight a few evening ago. He waved his arm imperiously but all the chairs were occupied, and no one paid any attention to him.

"Have an appointment at eight," he fumed. "Must keep it. Have to be shaved. What am I to do? I have it. The bootblack shall shave me,"—all this in his best dramatic style.

The bootblack grinned with delight at the prospect of the temporary promotion. His assurance rose to the occasion, and with the utmost *sang froid*, he proceeded with his task. The theatrical lawyer's face was soon a white field of lather.

"Don't shave against the grain," cautioned Chretien.

The bootblack tried to look as if he understood what this meant, pursed his lips, nodded wisely, but made no audible reply. He scraped away after a fashion of his own, and pretty soon the shaven territory of the Chretien countenance was a vivid shrimp pink.

"I thought I told you not to shave against the grain," angrily remonstrated Jack.

The bootblack could not comprehend all this talk about grain. He concluded that his customer must be a farmer, and he looked carefully through what hair remains for bits of new mown hay. Then he passed his little black paw over Chretien's unshaven side.

"Dat's not grain, boss," he said, reassuringly. "Dat's only stubble!"

Stout, solemn and important Donald de V. Graham marched up Sutter street the other day, in the rear of an unattractive woman of about his own age. Graham paid no attention to her, although once or twice she glanced at him, timorously, over her shoulder. During these manœuvres she dropped her purse, and proceeded, unconscious of her loss, on her way. The tenor robusto nimbly picked up the pocket book, and, overtaking the woman, raised his hat, with a very grand air, as he was about to return her lost property. Utterly mistaking his purpose, the lady drew herself up in offended dignity.

"Sir!" she said, impressively. "It's a mistake,"—this rather weakly. "I'm a lady!" triumphantly recovering her self possession.

Graham was amazed at the effrontery of the person in supposing he was making advances to her. For once he was absolutely speechless, and turned purple with rage. He is still unable to refer to the episode, in the Bohemian Club, with calmness.

Without deigning to reply to the remarks of the woman, he indignantly deposited the purse on the stone steps of a near-by house, and marched silently and wrathfully away.

At the exclusive Town and Country Club, where women can meet in secret coveau, and where the foot of man may not tread, two members were sitting in the library recently, when they noticed a man at the desk, arranging to take books out on a member's card. The ladies could not overhear all the conversation at the librarian's desk, but caught the words, "Baron von Schroeder." They had never met the Baron, and they gazed at the man before them with veneration.

"What a magnificent head," said one.

"Yes, he shows his breeding," replied the other. "Blood always tells, you know."

"Why one could not fail to pick him out for an aristocrat, anywhere," was a further comment.

Presently the subject of so much discussion departed, and one of the ladies sought the librarian.

"I thought it was a rule that no gentleman should enter this club," she said, severely.

"Gentleman?" echoed the librarian in some surprise.

"Yes. I refer, of course, to the Baron von Schroeder," replied the member, who desired to be impressive.

"But he has not been here," said the bewildered custodian of the books.

"Why, I saw him not a moment ago," persisted the member.

"Oh!" replied the librarian, sweetly. "That was not the Baron. That was his servant!"

A Democratic politician in a country town, a Southerner and one of Mr. Budd's most enthusiastic supporters before and immediately after the Governor's election, has for many months ceased to love the Sacramento Knight of the Double Cross, the promised office never having materialized. Nor did Budd's little joke about his friend's disappointed hopes prove much of a balm for wounded political pride.

"That's all right, Judge," said the Governor, easily; "you're left in good company."

That pleasantry was a trifle too true, and the Judge studied over a way to get even. He was finally inspired with a brilliant scheme for humbling the pride of the Chief Executive. The former's daughter was an undergraduate at the University, and on the occasion of some college function, the Governor was to be the principal guest. When he heard of this, the old man wired to the girl:

"Refuse to allow Governor Budd to be presented to you. He is unworthy."

The only particular in which this drastic treatment failed as a punitive measure was that, there being some three thousand other girls present at the "doings," the daughter of the Judge was lost in the shuffle, especially as the Governor pre-emptorily refused any presentations. The snub, in a perfect state of preservation, is still ready and waiting for the Governor, but the opportunity to administer it is sadly lacking.

Willie Hearst has purchased another gold brick, and as usual, it proved to have but a thin veneer. At the Maher-Sharkey fight, in New York on Wednesday night, the telegraph companies had arranged to place wires at the ringside, so that the bulletins of the rounds could be sent over the country. Just before the encounter, however, Hearst bought the exclusive right for the bulletin service, paying the club ten thousand dollars in good gold coin for the privilege. All the other wires were ordered out, and Willie prepared to enjoy a huge monopoly. But, like other well-laid plans, this, too, "went aglee." The fight was tame, lasted only seven rounds when the police "interfered," and everyone pronounced it a fake. The bulletins were worthless, and everyone was disgusted except the athletic club management, which joyfully jingled Willie's golden dollars, while the pugilists thrust their tongues into their magnificently developed cheeks.

The irrepressible Willis Polk has blossomed out with a new adventure, indicating that his modest and retiring qualities still continue to be his dominant features. With a party of friends, Willis was dining in a private apartment of a large restaurant recently. In an adjoining room a number of Native Sons were enjoying an official banquet. Among the Polk contingent the fun grew so fast and be-

came so very furious that Willis conceived the characteristic idea of enlivening the neighboring party, which, he considered, was conventional to the point of dullness.

The unsuspecting Native Sons were still several steps from their coffee, when the door of their private room was thrown violently open. Willis burst upon them like a shooting star, and before any one comprehended the purport of his visit, he was sharing the space with the flowers and candelabra, and making an impromptu speech from the center of the table. This was very good fun for Polk's dinner companions, who were in a mood to enjoy almost anything, but it was not quite so amusing for the Native Sons, whose appreciation of the oratory was decidedly limited. His eloquence was punctuated with bits of bread, which Willis at first mistook for tributes of praise, but when a cloud of asparagus stalks was showered over him, the young architect looked around in pained surprise.

The speech came to an abrupt conclusion when a discerning Native Son sacrificed his favorite vegetable, and decorated Willis's shirt bosom with an accurately thrown beet of enormous dimensions.

Local politicians at the Union League Club are gathering like bees around boney about W. W. Dudley, the famous Republican campaigner of Indiana. Dudley achieved the major part of his fame during Harrison's first race for the Presidency, when he was Chairman of the Indiana State Committee in Harrison's interests. When Dudley's authorship of the statement that his party "would do the business in blocks of five" had made him notorious, the appreciation of his chief was materially weakened. After the inauguration Dudley went to Washington for the promised reward, but the malodorous "blocks of five" effectually blocked his own path, and through deference to public sentiment, President Harrison felt obliged to turn him down. Dudley never forgave this ingratitude, and his remarks to San Francisco politicians, in the light of his own party history, can be thoroughly understood.

"Harrison's no statesman," says Dudley, deprecatingly.

"But McKinley's the man," with enthusiasm.

At the Union League Club they are making bets regarding Dudley's problematic appointment under this administration.

To enjoy an artistic gastronomic triumph it is only necessary to visit the Maison Riche, at Geary street and Grant avenue. The name suggests a whole category of good things, prepared as only an accomplished French chef can, and every day, from 5 to 9 o'clock, a dinner fit for the gods is spread at this famous restaurant. Fine wines, sweet music, elegant service.

Moore's Polson Oak Remedy

cures Polson Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands. At all druggists.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc

BUCHANAN BROS.,

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 44, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 227 Market St., on and after Monday, June 21, 1897. Transfer books will close on Tuesday June 15, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 223 Market street, San Francisco. (Send for circular.)

SOCIETY

ON Wednesday last Bishop and Mrs. Nichols held a reception at the Divinity School in San Mateo, which gave many of their friends an opportunity of wishing them *bon voyage*, as they departed the next day on their trip abroad. Quite a number went down from San Francisco to be present at the ordination, which took place at St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo, it being the first one of graduates from the Divinity School, making it therefore a memorable occasion.

Banquets appeared to be the rule last Saturday. The Red room of the Bohemian Club was the place selected by the graduates of the U. S. Naval Academy for their annual dinner, when twenty-five guests were seated at a table made beautiful with flowers and other decorations; and after the elaborate *menu* had been discussed, speeches were made and reminiscences indulged in by those present. On Saturday afternoon the Bar Association gave a banquet in its rooms on California street, in honor of the newly-appointed Judges, Morrow and de Haven, which is spoken of as having been a remarkably pleasant gathering; there were upwards of sixty guests present, and wit and wine flowed together to the enjoyment of all.

On Saturday evening Mr. A. Schilling entertained the members of the Deutscher Verein Club in a very handsome manner at his residence in Oakland, the spacious house and beautiful grounds being used for the purpose, while Lake Merritt was also pressed into service to afford pleasure to those of his guests who cared for a row upon the water. The club colors were used in decorating the mansion; electric lights made the grounds almost as bright as day, while upon the lake colored lights gave brilliancy to the scene. The guests, upon arriving, were received in the grounds, which resembled fairy land, by Mr. and Mrs. Schilling, where varied attractions were provided for their amusement, such as an electrical display, music, recitation and light refreshments in pretty nooks and arbors, an elaborate supper being served in the house.

On Sunday the Country Club gave their annual bull-head breakfast to the members of the Pacific-Union Club at their quarters near Point Reyes, and about seventy-five guests enjoyed the feast, which was served in the grounds on tables laid under the branches of wide-spreading oak trees.

The 25th of June has been named by the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club for their grand banquet, which will be given at B'nai B'rith Hall.

The chief society wedding of the week, as well as one of the prettiest of the year thus far, took place at St. Luke's Church on Wednesday evening, when Miss Mabel Estee and Leonard Everett were the bride and groom. Pretty as St. Luke's Church always appears when effectively dressed, it never looked more charming than on this occasion. The decorations, which were very elaborate, were all in white and green. The walls of the church on either side were hidden by large palm and fern leaves; garlands of ivy festooned the spaces between the pillars, around which they were also twined, and in the centre aisle every sixth pew was adorned with a cluster of white sweet peas, fastened to a large stalk of bamboo with knots of white satin ribbon. In the chancel stood a giant palm, smaller ones being placed at intervals here and there. The altar was a mass of Bermuda lilies and white gladiolas; and white sweet peas decorated the altar rails, pulpit, reading desk, choir benches—in fact, they were placed in every available spot. The church was crowded, not an inch of standing room being unoccupied when the notes of the Lohengrin Chorus gave notice of the coming of the bridal party. The cortege was led by the six ushers, Messrs. Woods, Morton, Gibbous, Lucien Knight, J. Hoitt and W. Nichols, who wore sprays of white gladiolas as wedding favors, and as they proceeded up the centre aisle they took positions on either side as they neared the chancel. They were followed by the six bridesmaids, the Misses Churchill, Lowell, Bradford, Ayres, Thompson and Bras-tow, who were costumed alike in green organdie gowns

trimmed with Valenciennes lace, each carried a bunch of white gladiolas, and they also wore sprays of the same flower in their hair. They also placed themselves on either side of the aisle nearer the door below the ushers, and between the lines thus formed passed the bride escorted by her father, M. M. Estee, who gave her away. The maids and ushers then followed the bride, instead of, as usual, preceding her to the altar, where the groom and his best man, James Hobbs, awaited her, and the Rev. W. Shaw, assistant rector of St. Luke's Church, performed the ceremony. The lovely bride wore a beautiful robe of heavy white satin *en traine*, trimmed with duchesse lace; a fleecy tulle veil was fastened to her hair with a pearl and diamond pin and spray of orange blossoms, and she carried a large cluster of Bermuda lilies on her left arm. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Estee residence on Sacramento street, where sweet peas in every variety of tint were used lavishly for decorative purposes, in combination with gladiolas, ferns and scarlet geraniums. Later a handsome supper was served. The bouquet was caught by Miss Mary Heath; Miss Netta Edwards received the coin that was in the cake, and Miss Anna Wainwright received the ring. Some very handsome presents were received by the young couple, and upon their return from their honeymoon trip, they will reside in a home of their own on Baker street.

The 23d of June, which is to witness the Macleay-Grant nuptials in Oregon, and the Coleman-Knowles bridal in Oakland, is the date set for a wedding in San Francisco, which will be that of Miss Carrie Koshland and Emil Greenbaum, which is to take place at the residence of the bride's mother on Pine street on the morning of that day. From Oakland comes the announcement of Miss Edna Wyman's engagement to John Spencer Riley, both of Fruitvale, where the wedding will take place at an early date.

It will seem like old times at Del Monte this summer, so many of those who used to be regular habitués of that charming place deciding to return to their old love instead of seeking pastures new. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker expect to spend the greater part of the summer there, as well as the Bruguieres. The Clark Crockers will only give a part of their time to Santa Cruz; they are altogether too fond of Castle Crags to neglect the Tavern for any other resort; and there also will be found Colonel Fred Crocker's family, that gentleman and his daughter having returned this week from the East. Quite a large party of their friends will pass the Fourth of July holiday with them in the mountains.

House parties are to be the rule this summer, it seems, and a succession of them are to be given by those who own places of their own in the country, from Burlingame to Menlo Park, from Mill Valley to Lakeport, to which latter place quite a party are going from hereabouts to see how Miss Sallie Collier will deport herself as Queen of the water carnival about to take place in that part of the State.

Mr. Henry P. Bowie, who has lately returned from his Oriental trip, is at San Mateo, superintending the building of his Japanese villa. Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin have taken possession of their cottage in Mill Valley, where they will spend the summer months. Mrs. Frank Pixley has gone over to her cottage in Marin County for the summer. The Charley Josselyns are at their San Mateo villa for the season; the Downey Harveys are to pass several weeks at Lake Tahoe. Cal. Byrne is the head and front of a camping-out party in Yosemite. Louis Sloss Jr. has gone to Alaska; Carey Friedlander, Alex. Hamilton, and Eugene Garten are keeping bachelor hall in Sausalito, where they are occupying the Wakefield-Boker cottage. Horace Platt is also a denizen of that hilly suburb, his sister, Mrs. Kent, of New York, being his guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King have returned from their Eastern trip, which took in Mexico en route; and the Russ Wilsons are with us once more. Miss Mollie Phelan's friends have been giving her a warm welcome home from a six months' visit to Los Angeles.

One of last week's pretty brides, Mrs. Pearce, and Lieutenant Pearce, have been the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Burton a part of this week at their residence on Pacific avenue.

Leo Cooper is enjoying his annual summer outing this season at Highland Springs.

The California Hotel is very popular with Hawaiians. Many of the leading people of the Islands can be found there at all times. Among those at present sojourning at this hospitable house are Judge and Mrs. H. A. Wideman, Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, Miss Wideman, Mr. Harry Macfarlane, Miss Ingard Macfarlane, Colonel G. W. Macfarlane and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Falk, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilder, and others. The California seems to be very much favored by newly married couples, the bridal apartments being in constant demand, and, if the present influx continues, extra accommodations will have to be provided for these interesting guests.

Mrs. Lily Hastings-Jerome and Miss Marie Zane are enjoying life together in New York; the Misses Alice and Lucille Younger are also in Gotham; Miss Maud still lingers in San Francisco. Mrs. and the Misses Withrow, who have been the guests of Mrs. W. H. Mills this week, left on Thursday for their annual trip to Europe, where they will pass several weeks. Mrs. Marriner-Campbell expects to leave about the 20th, but her travels will not extend beyond New York, where she goes to attend the musical convention which will be held in July.

At Hotel Mt. View, in Ross Valley, quite a number of social events have occupied the guests' attention for the past fortnight. Progressive euchre, hearts and whist parties have been in order, and Mrs. Bauer being the most lucky winner, was suitably rewarded with a very handsome souvenir, in the shape of a silver ornament. On the other hand, the contestants for the booby prize were indeed many. A hall was given on Saturday evening last, and numerous friends of the guests were present from this city and San Rafael.

General A. W. Barrett entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen very delightfully on Sunday, June 6th, by a sail on the bay. The party lunched at Hotel Rafael, returning to the city in the evening. The General's guests were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. James Keegan, Mrs. W. Beekman, Colonel J. B. Fuller, Mr. John Fuller, and General R. H. Warfield.

Hotel Rafael has one very great advantage for summer residence in that it is just the distance from the city necessary to a pleasant morning and evening trip; and the arrangements for and care of guests are as nearly perfect as it is possible to get them. General Warfield leaves nothing for the imagination to fill in, as those who have once stopped with him at that beautiful hostelry can testify.

Tamalpais is certain to become all the rage now that society has turned its discriminating eyes in that direction. On last Tuesday evening Messrs. Wiltsee and Hoffman chaperoned a party to the summit. It's just the right distance from the city, and the whole journey is one continual scene of beauty.

Much sympathy is being expressed for Mrs. McCoppin in her great loss by the death of her husband. Mrs. McCoppin is herself only slowly recovering from a very serious illness, and is at present residing at the Hotel Pleasanton.

The many friends of Alfred R. Grim will regret to learn that he is confined to his bed at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Herold, 2302 Webster street. He had the misfortune to slip and fall from an electric car and split his knee-cap. Some time will elapse before he will again be out.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Weil, accompanied by Miss Francis Jacobi and Miss Madelaine Beer, left Saturday for an extended trip in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher will spend the summer at Lucerne, on Lake Washington, while their daughters will be members of the Greenbaum Alaska party.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have returned from a three mouths' visit East, and are again at their home, 2600 Pacific avenue.

Mr. S. Gump and his grandchild will spend their vacation at Ben Lomond this year, leaving the city for that place next week.

Weddings are frequent in these early summer days, and banquets, suppers, and swell luncheons the order of the time. Max Abraham, the society eater at 428 Geary street, it kept busy getting up these important features of social functions and marriage feasts. He is prompt, reasonable, and strictly up to date.


\$1,000.00

You might as well have some of that thousand dollars.

Besides, *Schilling's Best* money-back tea is good—at your grocer's.

Rules of contest in newspapers about the first and middle of June, July, and August.


PACIFIC CONGRESS SPRINGS HOTEL	Remodeled and under New Management . . .
	Only two-and-a-half hours from San Francisco.
	Six miles from Los Gatos. Ten miles from Santa Clara. Twelve miles from San Jose. For rates and printed matter address
	JOHN S. MATHESON, Manager.
Santa Cruz Mountains, Santa Clara County.	

Vichy Springs  Three Miles from UKIAH.

Terminus of S. F. & N. P. Railway
Mendocino County


The only place in the United States where Vichy Water is abundant. Only natural electric waters. Champagne baths. The only place in the world of this class of waters where the bathtubs are supplied by a continuous flow of natural warm water direct from the springs. Accommodations first class.

Miss D. D. Allen, Prop.

Blythedale  **NOW OPEN.** Hotel and Cottages

A pretty California spot on line of Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway. Carriage meets all trains at Mill Valley. Five minutes' drive.

Mrs. Gregg.

Under New Management  **BLUE LAKES HOTEL,**
(Bertha Postoffice)
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Only 19 miles from Ukiah.
Finest summer resort in California. R. E. WHITEFIELD, Manager.
Good hunting, fishing, boating, and bathing.
Finest cuisine and best accommodations.

Sea Beach Hotel, California's favorite resort.
Located on a flowering slope from the beach
Unsurpassed view of Beach, Bay and

SANTA CRUZ, CAL. Mountains SALMON FISHING, Tennis court, Croquet grounds, and music.

REASONABLE RATES. For terms address John T. Sullivan, Manager

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies THE SKIN. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Goursaud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canadas, and Europa

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r,
37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



DEAR EDITH:—I notice that collarettes are still worn as a finish and are elaborated ruffs that do not hang as did the much-lamented, but at last defunct, feather boa. A great, handsome sash bow may finish them, and some of the new ones are thus finished, only they fasten at the back. Many of these collarettes, by the addition of a rather deep lace frill, become almost a cape, and are suitable for theatre wear. Among the current capes are severe tailor-made ones, but the ripple and fluty effects of last season are all gone. Collars of tailor capes are high and severe, and the horrid gimped and belaced cloth affair of last season—well, if we have one we don't mention it, and we would rather die than wear it.

The next grade to tailor finish in capes is a long ways from it, for between the severe sorts and the very fanciful "confections" no compromise exists. These dainty garments are made of pretty much everything nice, like the little girl of the nursery rhyme. I saw one which had a cream lace yoke cut into tabs in front and finished with fluffy ruches of black chiffon edged with black velvet ribbon. Attached to the yoke were three more ruffles; two of lace, between which was a third of black chiffon. This cape accompanied a dress of black and white striped liberty silk. This was taken diagonally for the skirt, which was trimmed at the hem with black silk embroidery. The bodice was a simple blouse finished with a lace trimmed collar and a folded black satin belt.

Jacket bodices have been in fashion so long and have appeared in so many forms that it seems as if a radical change in styles must soon relegate them to the despised rank of "has been." Yet this very same condition has existed for many months without change, and new jacket devices have been coming out all the while. They are still coming, and I saw two somewhat novel ones which are well worth describing.

One was a pale gray suiting that had a shaggy white nap, and was trimmed with dark gray braid and narrow steel galoon. The jacket was fitted at backs and sides, and its open fronts, with their pendant tabs, were edged with braid. Revers and sailor collar were edged with steel galoon, and the chemisette was yellow silk banded with embroidered lace-edged stripes. A wide band of braid, headed on both sides with galoon, trimmed the dress skirt near the hem. Green and white mixed suiting was the fabric of the other dress, whose bodice was slightly bloused at either side of its fitted vest. A vest-like insertion at the back was of the same materials as the front—ecru batiste embroidered with white and plaid over ecru silk. Reseda green satin supplied the revers and collar, a band of the satin trimmed with ecru lace coming next to the vest.

The empire coat is dethroned—is so utterly out that women are now wondering how they could have thought it pretty. A few are shown, very jaunty, cut much shorter in the back than in the front and no longer than the hips anywhere. These are boxed so that they stand well out at the back and have an undeniably saucy look, but an empire coat that comes below the hips is simply intolerable. Boxy boleros, fastening in front or at the side, have taken their place. Other coats are of the covert cloth, short-jacket order, slightly boxed in front and fitted back and sides. These come just below the hips and are made strictly tailor finish, the skirts below the waist line fitting closely without a trace of fulness except at the very back, where there is a demure box pleat or so. No buttons show anywhere, and the coat is light weight.

BELINDA.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

The Latest Novelty



"Mess" Jackets

All colors, regular price

\$12.50

On special Sale at

\$7.45

J. O. Drien Co.

MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EGYPTIAN ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless.

50 cents and \$1.00

G. G. GREME

A celebrated French preparation. It prevents and removes wrinkles, \$1 00. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Trial pot 10 cents.

FACE BLEACH. Guaranteed superior to all others, \$1; trial bottle 15c. at office; 25c. by mail. I use only plain wrappers and envelopes.

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Mme. A. Ruppert

Sole originator of the world renowned

FACE BLEACH

FACE BLEACH has stood the test of 20 years, and is to-day acknowledged to be the best remedy known for BLACKHEADS, ONLY SKIN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, AND ALL FACIAL BLEMISHES.

Sample bottle sent to any address in plain wrapper accompanied with my hook,

"How to be Beautiful."

on receipt of 25 cents Madame Ruppert also carries a full line

of COSMETICS, guaranteed to be harmless.

MME. A. RUPPERT, Rooms 15-16, 131 Post St., S. F.

TAKE ELEVATOR

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city who makes a speciality of . . . FACIAL TREATMENT

Permanently removes Wrinkles, mall-pox Scars, and all Facial Disfigurations

713 POST ST., Near Jones.

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All branches of china painting taught; instruction daily from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1:30 to 4:30 P. M. Lessons \$1 00 each. Call and see our novelties in white china.
Tel. Grant 43.

215 Post St., S. F.

By Rail, Boat and Stage.

Southern Pacific Co.--Pacific System. San Francisco and North Pacific R'y Co.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From May 31, 1897.	Arrive
*6:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations	8:45 P
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogdend and East	8:45 P
7:30 A	Benicia, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis	8:45 P
7:00 A	Vacaville and Rumsey	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:10 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Iono, Sacramento, Marysville, Colco, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
*8:30 A	Peters and Milton	*7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	6:15 P
9:00 A	Vallejo	12:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose Livermore, and Stockton	7:15 P
*10:00 P	Sacramento River steamers	*8:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore	8:45 A
1:30 P	Martinez and Way Stations	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	9:45 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	12:15 P
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East	7:45 A
6:00 P	European mail, Orden and East	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo	17:45 P
8:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7:45 A

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL. (Foot of Market St.)

*6:00 A	MELROSE	7:15 A
8:00 A	SEMINARY PARK,	9:45 A
9:00 A	FITCHBURG,	10:45 A
10:00 A	ELMHERST,	11:45 A
*11:00 A	SAN LEANDRO.	12:45 P
*12:00 M	SOUTHSAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P
2:00 P	ESTODILLO,	3:45 P
3:00 P	LORENZO,	4:45 P
4:00 P	CHERRY,	5:45 P
5:00 P	and	6:15 P
5:30 P	HAYWARDS.	7:45 P
7:00 P		8:45 P
8:00 P	Runs through to Niles.	9:45 P
9:00 P	From Niles.	10:50 P
*11:15 P		*12:15 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market St.)

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations	12:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations	*11:30 A
4:15 P	San Jose and Glenwood	8:50 A
*4:15 P	Felton and Santa Cruz	*8:50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO--Foot of Market street (Mill St.)--*7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M.; *2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 and *6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND--Foot of Broadway--*8:00, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; *12:00, *1:00, *2:00, *3:00, 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

*7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1:30 P
17:30 A	Sunday excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal way stations	18:35 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tree Pines, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations	7:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations	6:00 P
*2:30 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove	*10:40 A
*3:30 P	San Jose and way stations	9:45 A
*4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations	*8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations	

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Saturdays and Sundays. ‡Sundaye and Mondays.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 507.

THE letter carriers' annual picnic will be held on the Fourth of July at Schuetzen Park, San Rafael. The proceeds of the outing will be devoted to the entertainment of the visiting delegates of the 8th Annual Letter Carriers' Convention, which meets here in September. The letter carriers are good fellows to a man; they work hard, and their picnic should be well attended.

THE official bulletin of the North Pacific Railway for June is just out. It contains illustrations concerning points of interest along the line of the road; is a neat little book published by E. P. Fish & Co., at 424 Sansome street.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY--Foot of Market Street. WEEK DAYS--7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays--Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays--Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M. SUNDAYS--8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS--6:15, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays--Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M. SUNDAYS--8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M. Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect April 26, 1897	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Novato,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
3:30 P M	9:30 A M	Petaluma,	6:10 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Santa Rosa.	7:35 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Fulton, Windsor,	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	3:30 P M	Healdsburg,	6:22 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M	Geyserville, Cloverdale	7:35 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Hopland, Ukiah	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	3:30 P M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Guerneville.	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sonoma,	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P M	6:22 P M
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sebastopol.	10:40 A M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah, for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sashedoin Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets at all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE--650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M., June 1, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30; July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 30; Aug. 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28. For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M., June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., the 2d of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. TICKET OFFICE--Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market st., S. F.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

GAELIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, June 17, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, July 7, 1897
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.	Tuesday, July 27, 1897
BELGIC	Saturday, August 14, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S S "Australia", for Honolulu only, Tuesday, June 15th, at 2 p. m.
S. S. "Mariposa", Thursday, June 24th, at 2 P. M. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St., San Francisco

ON the 27th of May, A. O. Mulligan withdrew by mutual consent from the firm of George P. Morrow & Co. The firm is now temporarily located at 122 Clay street, and is fully prepared to transact all business entrusted to it with promptness and to the satisfaction of customers. George P. Morrow & Co. have been in business in San Francisco for more than fifty years, and the public may feel assured that the same cordial and faithful treatment of old times will be extended hereafter.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.

Drowsiness is dispelled by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

INSURANCE

THE semi-annual banquet of the San Francisco Life Underwriters' Association was held at the Occidental Hotel on the evening of the 11th inst. Interesting papers were read by the members and guests. These social gatherings of the underwriters are increasing, and it has been determined that the second annual banquet, which takes place December 10th, shall exceed in its importance anything of its character held on the Coast.

The recent action of the Western British America and Westchester Fire Insurance Companies in withdrawing from the Coast Association, will have the effect of throwing rates wide open again. This course has been decided upon by the Executive Committee, unless the resignations of these companies are withdrawn.

E. P. Marshall, Secretary of Union Central Life, will visit the Coast early next month.

Major John B. Day, of the Washington, has returned from an extended trip to the South.

Insurance Commissioner McNall, of Kansas, has notified Robert Dixon, United States manager of the Royal Exchange, that unless he complies with the Kansas insurance law he must withdraw. Dixon holds that his company has complied with all the requirements; but has thus far failed to bring McNall to his point of view.

The Equitable Indemnity Company, of Seattle, has been closed up by Commissioner Jenkins. The assets, which it was claimed equaled \$25,000, consisted of country lands about Seattle, which were the worst sort of wild-cat. In consequence, Jenkins shut its doors in the interest of those who had insured in it. This concern has a number of victims in this State. Its methods, as are those always adopted by similar irresponsible companies, were to operate away from home, where its character was least known and consequently most respected.

The United States Casualty has ceased writing burglar insurance in Chicago, owing to the fact that the festive burglar is too active for the police.

The widow of a Kentucky man has received \$5,000 from the United States Mutual Association for the death of her husband, which was caused by a mosquito bite.

Thos. Godwin has been appointed Pacific Coast manager of the Preferred Accident, vice E. S. Fowler, deceased.

Coast agents do not take kindly to the proposed reductions of commissions, and are preparing to give battle to the managers.

One of the anomalies of insurance is found in that English fire companies are doing an enormous business in this country, with not a single life company in the United States. American fire companies are starving to death in England, while American life companies are making money.

Russell W. Oshorn, a bright insurance man of San Francisco, has published a valuable treatise on the elements of insurance law.

The new Insurance Commissioner intends to devote some attention to the numerous fraternal and other insurance associations which have not complied with the strict letter of the law. Those concerns that are not meeting claims promptly will be likely to get into chancery.

A SUMMER SONG.—HARRIET WINTHROP WARING.

Golden grasses,
 Summer lasses,
 Flowering pink and white and blue,
 Bold sun shining,
 White arms twining—
 O my love, be true, be true!

Moonlight flooding,
 Flowers a-budding,
 (Pity hearts that never knew),
 Young blood rushing,
 Fond words gushing—
 O my love for you I sue!

Far we wander,
 Deep we ponder,
 Life and love forever new—
 O the rapture
 Of my capture—
 O the world was made for two!

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
 SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000
 Assets.....3,300,018
 Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,668,332

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO.

Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF ERFIEST, GERMANY.

Capital, \$2,250,000 Assets, \$10,984,248.
 Pacific Coast Department: 234-236 SANSOME ST., S. F.
 VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

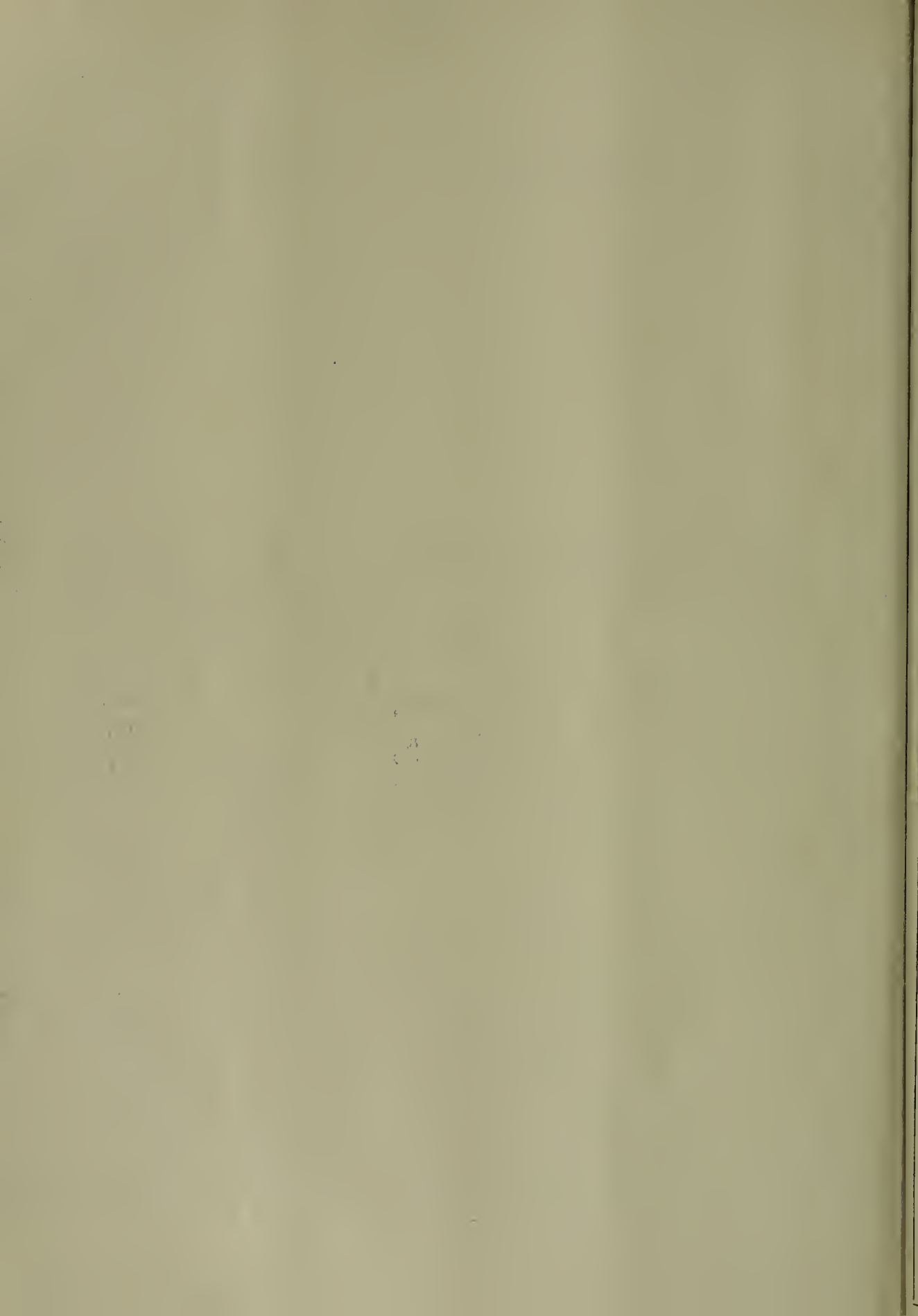
DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States, J. G. STEELE & CO., 835 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco. Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Glacier Point (3300 feet high) and South Dome.

Taber Photo. S. F.





SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 19, 1897.

Number 25.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 808 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

GREATER New York and Greater Chicago lead the way. Shall the cities about the Golden Gate fail to profit by their experience?

HAVE the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Vice turned their attention to the indecent advertising pamphlets issued by Kapp & Street? This lewd publication has been sent through the mails by the thousands, but we hear of no arrests for using the postal service for immoral purposes.

ASPLENDID celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee is arranged by loyal Britons in San Francisco for to-day, to-morrow, and Monday. The Stars and Stripes ripple in the breeze with the English flag to-day, and Americans everywhere mingle in the chorus, "God Save the Queen," heard wherever a Briton salutes the rising sun.

MANY ship-masters coming to this port show a decided aversion to existing quarantine regulations, and the Board of Health is very wisely taking steps to refresh their recollections upon this important matter. Arrest and fine would have a very wholesome effect upon those who refuse to respect the laws. The memory of a great many men lie in their pockets.

THE action of the Supervisors in refusing to allow the use of the sidewalks by the owners of abutting property, for show windows, will be regarded with satisfaction generally. The sidewalks belong to the public, and to permit the least encroachment upon them by ambitious merchants would result in their ultimate absorption for purposes of display, and pedestrians would have to take to the streets.

AUDITOR Broderick has refused to pay the School census marshal and his assistant for alleged overtime amounting to \$580. The NEWS LETTER holds with the Auditor. The presumption is against the idea that any city official works overtime. The precedents are all the other way. That a large percentage of them work overtime could be easily proved, but we have never heard of any drawback on their salaries on this account.

THE Supervisors have informed the directors that the schools of San Francisco must get along next year with less money than is demanded. The people of this city are always willing to vote money for legitimate educational purposes; but it has been practically demonstrated that our public school system has been gradually loaded up with all manner of useless frills and fancies; that thousands upon thousands of dollars have been frittered away in salaries and useless flourishes. Children should be taught the practical branches. The public schools are for the purpose of fitting boys and girls for bread-winning, and all the fineries and superfluities of which we have heard so much should be cut out. The grafting of specialties on to a general system of education can do no good, and really does much harm. Keep the appropriation down to its original and legitimate intent.

IT is said that no more public boxing matches for money are to be allowed in New York. This ought to fill the prize ring managers of the Olympic Club—which organization has turned itself into a small, cheap purveyor of unsavory, not to say fake, prize-fights, for a few ill-smelling dollars—with deep concern. Should San Francisco follow the cleaner example of New York, this congenial occupation of uncongenial fellows would be gone, and they might have to do something more genteel for a living.

JAMES Stranahan, a resident of Brooklyn, was the first man to suggest the economy and necessity of the Greater New York. He began this agitation fourteen years ago, and to-day he sees his dream an accomplished fact. The NEWS LETTER advocates a Greater San Francisco, but does not expect to wait fourteen years to see it an accomplished fact. The political, economical, and physical necessity of a great united city about this Gateway of the Pacific only requires investigation to convince the most pessimistic of its practicability.

THE act of S. G. Murphy, President of the First National Bank, in discharging George Maxwell, for twenty years the faithful paying teller of that institution, because as an involuntary witness he was compelled to testify to certain facts in the Davis will case, as an expert in writing, shows the character that he is. Maxwell had no choice in the matter of his testimony. It is possible that he was unacquainted with the peculiar qualities which mark the President of the First National, and define his unique position among gentlemen. Murphy had consented that Maxwell should testify, but with that fine and delicate sense of honor for which he is noted, discharged him because he failed to perjure himself or go to jail for contempt.

THE Superintendent of the Nevada Insane Asylum has endeavored to boycott the Gazette of that city for having published articles reflecting upon his management of that institution. He informed the merchants of Reno that they could have no asylum trade if they advertised in the Gazette. The Superintendent has adopted a course of retaliation that should be hailed with delight by the Reno paper; for if the merchants of his town have the least independence they will resent such a low attempt upon the part of the asylum official to shield himself from criticism. The Gazette should continue its roast—more particularly as the Superintendent has undertaken to stop its mouth by the most despicable of all methods, the cowardly boycott.

THE Supreme Court has rendered a decision in regard to the collateral heirs law that is of considerable importance. It decides that the Legislature did not exceed its powers in taxing the right to inheritance, which it declares to be a very different thing from taxing an income. The case at bar was that of Henry W. Payne on an appeal from the court below ordering him to pay the sum of \$7,449 as a tax on a legacy left him by his uncle, J. C. Wilmerding, deceased. The court holds that the act is valid because it lays down a general rule for the taxation of inheritances, which it has an undoubted right to do. Inheritance is a privilege conferred by the State, and the State has a right to tax it as a privilege. It is not a right, and could not be claimed as such. It is something the State could give or withhold, and is therefore amenable to State taxation as the State may decide. This is an important decision because of its bearing upon quite a number of unsettled estates within the borders of California.

FOR A GREATER SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Half Million Club, enthusiastic and capable as it was, lamentably failed of its purpose and disbanded. The end it had in view was the increasing of the city's population to half a million. It got up junketing tours, spread itself over the land considerably, sent much readable advertising around, and generally did a good work that may yield results some day. But the times were hard, and the people not in an immigrating mood; so that little or nothing came of the movement. The purpose of the club, however, could be accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. Population would not come within the city, but a Greater San Francisco can be made to go to enough people to make up the desired half million. The addition of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Sausalito would just about do it. Without a doubt it would be a very desirable thing to do. It has proven to be so in the cases of the New Chicago and the Greater New York. Cities are judged of abroad by the number of their people. Half a million sounds a great deal more important than three hundred thousand. Moreover, a city which finds work and bread for a large suburban population has a right to claim them as citizens, and they, in turn, owe loyalty to the city that supports them. The closer the union between them, the stronger they will be, and the better their interests will be subserved. This, we think, will be admitted on all hands. Why not, then, set about creating a GREATER SAN FRANCISCO?

We notice that Mayor Phelan and the election Commissioners are proposing to have two elections this year, the first to give us a Board of fifteen freeholders, and the second to vote on a new charter. The cost will be considerable, and the final result is pretty sure to be as abortive as it always has been. Our ratepaying citizens do not want a charter framed solely in the interests of the tax-eaters, and none other can be passed as things stand at present. With the help of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, the thing would be accomplished at the first attempt. Let a committee of one hundred take in hand the union of our city and suburbs, hold interviews with leading citizens on the other side of the bay, prepare a practicable scheme, which ought not to be difficult with the examples of Chicago and New York before them, and with less effort than it will take to frame a charter to be defeated, the GREATER SAN FRANCISCO will be an established fact. Before the men who may undertake this enterprise a great opportunity lies. The new and greater city would be taken out of many bad grooves in which it has too long been run. A desirable class of voters would be added, who would give strength to our own taxpayers, and the tax-eaters and their friends would be restrained from getting away with everything in sight. That has been the result in Chicago, and in New York it is believed that Tammany will cease to be the grave danger and menace that it so long has been. At present we can undertake nothing of importance because of corrupt Bosses and the large class of voters who sympathize with them. We cannot issue bonds for water works, better sewers, or other desirable purposes, because we are pretty sure the Bosses and their henchmen would divert most of the money to their own uses. How long, O Lord! how long is this shame to last!

The city united would have larger credit, a better population, and more economical government than it now has divided into some half dozen parts. One Mayor should come cheaper than four or five, one street department should be stronger and more equal to its work than half a dozen of the kind we now have, and so it would go nearly all along the whole line of municipal offices. San Francisco at present pays a great deal too much for the little it gets. It should secure a better conduct of its public business, and pay much less for it. In union there is strength, durability, and economy. San Francisco, on both sides of the bay, needs more and better schools. Sanitary sewers, good lighting, and, perhaps, it would be better if it owned its own water works. The purchase of these large plants already in successful operation could be brought about by issue of long time low-rate bonds, and their operation made more secure, economical and satisfactory as a whole under municipal control than under separate management. It is becoming almost imperative that one or more

of these works should be undertaken at once. With a perfect union established these things could soon be obtained, our capacity to borrow money on low terms would be increased, and the pro rata burden of taxation would be less. There are no serious legal difficulties in the way of accomplishing such a union, and by the time the Legislature meets again the whole business should be cut and dried, ready for action. If this view be approved, it follows that it would be a waste of time and money to set to work on a new charter. We cannot get a desirable one, no matter how hard we try, and no matter how strong the noise is at the time for reform. We have tried several times, and failed always. The majority of our incongruous voters have not changed for the better, and the prospects for the success of a good measure are darker, rather than fairer. As we could constitute the GREATER SAN FRANCISCO as quickly and more surely, than we could frame and ratify a New Charter, the better and better project should be adopted.

Pan-American Delegates. The Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of this State is determined that the delegates from the Central and South

American countries to the Pan-American Congress shall visit California before they return home; and to that end the directors of the organization have invited all important local commercial bodies to join in an effort to secure the presence of these influential representatives in this State, where they may investigate the products of California and study the trade relations of our State with the countries south. California is just now reaching out for foreign commerce. The rich countries South of us are more closely united by commercial ties with Germany and England than they are with this State. The distant foreign nations have sent representatives to them, have studied their necessities, trade wants, and business methods, have met them in a practical way, and have captured their commerce. These Central American States lie at our doors; their products are largely dissimilar to our own; they want the products of California's soil, the machinery, agricultural implements, and fabrics of California manufacture. The Pan-American Congress was in the direction of more profitable, larger and closer commercial relations. Having seen the East, the South and the Middle West, it would be especially fitting that the representative members from our neighbors leave this country only after they have seen the fairest portion of it. We hope that the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association may be met promptly by other local commercial bodies, and as a result of their united efforts, that these Central and South American business men may be brought to this State and obtain a practical knowledge of Californian products, trade conditions, opportunities, and people.

Is It To Be Annexation Right Or Wrong? It begins to look as if Hawaii is to be annexed right or wrong. President McKinley appears to have lent his ear

to a few not over scrupulous Hawaiian Planters and to have been beguiled thereby. The treaty of annexation has already been negotiated by the Executive and is now informally before the Senate's Financial and Foreign Relations Committees, to the end that it may be promptly reported the moment the tariff is out of the way. It is a rule or ruin policy on the part of the administration, and must be fought to the bitter end. It is a long and rough road through both Houses, especially when a two-thirds majority must be had. As the treaty involves the finances of the country, it must needs go to the House of Representatives. But we do not believe it will ever reach there. Two-thirds of the Senators, we are persuaded, are not ready to vote for a measure so fraught with future mischief as is this indefensible departure from the teachings of the early fathers and from the uniform precedents established from the foundation of the Government until now. America for the Americans has been our watchword, "the eschewing of foreign entanglements" was the advice of the Father of his Country and has so far been followed with safe and otherwise excellent results. The Monroe doctrine has been the keystone of our foreign policy, not always allowed by other countries, but always stoutly maintained by us until now. Annex a country

2,100 miles away from our continent and away goes the Monroe doctrine! We might as well claim to take Ireland. Moreover, we have unrepealed treaties with France and England guaranteeing the independence of the Hawaiian Islands. What do we want to do all this for? Is it in the line of protecting our home industries? It would forever let in the island sugar duty free, and therein lies the kernel of the scheme. The planters want it for that reason and that alone. They would fight annexation to its death, if it were not for the monstrous advantages that would be extended to sugar production for all time. We are all rejoicing at the vast promises of our sugar beet productions, but annex Hawaii, and beet sugar growing and manufacturing must die. It cannot compete with cane sugar, grown on stolen lands, and produced under labor conditions that can never be permitted to grow up in our own dear country. The semi-slave labor of the Chinese, Japanese, and Kanakas, as it exists on the islands to-day, is revolting to our people. To support, or even tolerate it, on what it is proposed to make a territory or State of this Union, would be to demean ourselves in our own eyes, and to render us a byword and a reproach to other nations. Yet if we annex Hawaii these people will constitute nine-tenths of its population. They are there and there they will continue. We cannot drive them out if we would. The talk of Americans taking their places is idle; Americans, thank God! do not work their hours, nor for their amount of pay, nor could they work at all in such a climate. Hawaii has about enough population to constitute her a State of the Union, and that she would soon seek admission we may be sure. Out of her population there is only about 1 in 14 a white person, so that it is easy to see who would soon govern. We are bound by our constitution to set up a Republican form of Government, so that we could not if we would confine the franchise to the 8,000 whites, the majority of whom are not Americans and probably would not accept citizenship. It is not conceivable that we could set up a free state at such a distance and made up of such ignorant and incongruous elements, without trouble following. Why make the experiment? Simply that a few planters, many of them not Americans, may get the advantage of our otherwise protected market. We would not obtain our sugar any cheaper. That has been determined. Under the reciprocity treaty the planters not only exacted the rebated duty, but the 2 cents a pound freight rate from the East to here. From a naval point of view, what possible use would islands 2,100 miles away be to the defense of this country? If we want a coaling station there, we have one already. Hawaii would be a point of weakness in time of war, because she would have to be defended, a task to which our entire navy would not be adequate. The trade with her would remain ours anyhow, and the bulk of her sugar would come here until beet growing overtakes our demands. Until these arguments are answered—and they never can be—annexation remains an indefensible proposition, and that being so the proposed action by Congress is an outrage.

The New Journalism. The Examiner prides itself on nothing so much as that it is a conspicuous example of "new journalism." It is! It is!! It is something new for a newspaper to swallow itself whole, body, soul and breeches. Yet that is about what it has just done. The other day it affected to be terribly wrath at the Federal courts for listening to an application for a writ of habeas corpus for Durrant. The Federal courts, and all courts, are hectored, lectured and abused in the most approved style of the "new journalism," and the lawyers who apply for writs of habeas corpus, and the Judges who grant them, are told that they must be "disciplined," and that their action must be rendered odious to the community. Fancy such sentiments in regard to the noblest buttress with which personal liberty is safeguarded. They could only emanate from the new journalism, which affects to lack veneration or respect for anything older, or with more promise of long life, than Willie Hearst's fortune. The oldest and noblest of liberty's laws is scoffed at, and those whose sworn and constitutional duty it is to operate it, are threatened with all sorts of dire consequences. Then think of this for impudence! The last man before Durrant to go to that court, and invoke that self-same writ, and, by its means, get released from

the Sacramento jail, was Long Green Lawrence, the Examiner editor! If the court was wrong in the case in which a human life was involved, it follows that it was no less wrong when it prevented a fellow serving a sentence for lying. We notice that Governor Budd is being bespattered almost daily with the most nauseous flattery. It is probably about the worst thing that can be said of that gentleman that he undoubtedly likes it. In requital, he gives out news in advance to the Examiner, and even constitutes himself its reporter. He is credited with some smartness as a politician. Clearly a mistake! There is no "smartness" in thus angering all the other dailies. The ugly fact leaks out that Boss Martin Kelly had a private knock which would give him private audience to the Governor at a moment's notice and at all hours. The Examiner has said such terrible things against Kelly that one cannot help marvelling at its defending anybody for keeping such a man's company. It considers him such a bad egg that his libel suit is about the only one it ever had the courage to stand by. It approves of the Governor's course because he was afraid of a recount, and needed Kelly, the Boss of the opposite party, to save him his office. Well may Budd cry: "Save me from my friends!"

The Mercantile Library. The Mercantile Library has just been made the fortunate recipient of a substantial bequest, which comes at a most opportune time, and will very materially reduce the debt of that institution. John W. Hendrie, an old-time San Francisco merchant, who has for many years lived in New York, spending his winters only in this State, has given to the President of the library a piece of real estate valued at \$15,000, the conditions of the gift being that it should be applied to the principal of the debt of the Library Association, which amounts to \$75,000 and is held by the Hibernia Bank. The Mercantile Library Association has for a long time been struggling with its debts, and the question of the sale of its valuable property on Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues has more than once been canvassed; but this substantial and generous gift, which reduces the principal of the obligation by one-fifth, will give new hope to the members, who are struggling to extinguish this debt and improve the usefulness of the Association. The action of this disinterested non-resident presents an object lesson of significance to wealthy citizens of San Francisco. If Mr. Hendrie, who no longer is identified with the city and its institutions, can without solicitation donate one-fifth of the fixed debt of the library, it should not be difficult to raise the remaining \$60,000 here, and so free the library of a harassing obligation, and very materially enlarge its field of usefulness.

Thomas Magee, the President of the Association, expresses the hope that the donation of books to the library may be of a more practical and scientific character. His desire is that the institution may widen its sphere in a practical way, and by its facilities of education for young men and young women, become of greater value than ever. It may be added that the library is now open to young ladies free of charge. The library room is one of the largest and most comfortable in the country, and young women who have no place to spend their leisure may feel free to go there and enjoy the privilege of its magazines, papers, and books every evening without cost. Surely, the Mercantile Library is a most worthy object, and its debt, now reduced to \$60,000, should be soon liquidated.

Queen Victoria's Affliction. At last evil days are beginning to come upon the British Queen. During her long reign she has been lucky in many things. The politics of the State have been quiet but exceedingly successful. With such men as Melbourne, Grey, Wellington, Peel, Canning, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Derby, Gladstone and Salisbury she has had advisers never equaled in British history, except, perhaps, in the single case of William Pitt. To each and all of them she was in the highest sense of the term a *persona grata*. Loyal to her throne as they necessarily were by reason of the offices they held, they were still more loyal to her person, and not one of them, save Sir Robert Peel, ever gave her one hour's worry that she could possibly be saved. She has unquestionably been fortunate in her Ministers. With

infinite tact she succeeded in marrying her family well off. Her blood runs in the veins of most of the royal families of Europe. She was fortunate in her marriage, but unfortunate in its too early termination by the death of her consort. Even in the matter of weather, on days of State displays, she was lucky, and "Queen's weather" became a household word among her subjects. In the increase of her Empire, and in the peaceful conquering and occupation of many lands, her reign far and away surpasses all previous records. Are evil days drawing nigh? In her old age the good Queen is stricken with blindness. The great Jubilee to celebrate the completion of the 60th year of her reign will be to her a blank. She will not be able to see the multitudes who have come from afar to see her. They will be disappointed that their Queen could not see them, and the disappointment will be mutual. Has Victoria's career ended? We believe not. The eye trouble that has so suddenly overtaken her is cataract, or darkening of the lens. By a delicate, but safe and usually successful operation her sight can be restored. Mr. Gladstone, at a still greater age than hers, became afflicted with the same trouble, and within a few weeks was as keen of sight as ever. Her people will pray that her usual good fortune will see her successfully through this great calamity.

Mrs. Langtry's Divorce. The Court Journal, referring to Mrs. Langtry's divorce, intimates that she had better not remarry and appear in England with that as her justification. Judge Crump's decree from Lake County would not run in England or in America or anywhere outside of Lake County, and there only whilst he is the Superior Judge. The law of California provides that the party complaining shall have had a bona fide residence within the county for three months, and within the State for twelve. It is a matter of the utmost notoriety, and as such perfectly well known to Judge Crump, that the Jersey courtizan never resided for the statutory period in either his County or in the State. We all know that, and it is but an idle falsification of the things that are which permits Judge Crump, or anybody else, to give judicial credence to affidavits that are contrary to their own personal knowledge of the facts. Judge Crump should have taken counsel of his own knowledge, and acted accordingly. He knew that Mr. Langtry knew nothing of the proceedings, that they were in the nature of a farce, that the real grounds for separation existed on his side, that the Langtry woman was within this very Judge's jurisdiction as the open and notorious mistress of Gebhart, and that if the law had received its just dues, she, at any rate, would have passed considerable time in that dirty little jail which is hardly fit for human habitation, but perhaps, is too good for a wanton who, forgetting the parsonage in which she was raised and married, and the good country squire whom she married, advertised her God-given attractions, did her best to render vice known to our young folks, and to put the decent people of two continents to shame. Such divorcees as her's are doing more harm to California than any other cause of which we have knowledge. They become notorious, secure wide advertising, and are far-reaching in their bad influence. We wish we could say that they were confined to far-off Lake County, but they are as easily obtained, as notoriously false, and altogether as unworthy of Judicial sanction in San Francisco as in any part of this State, or any other.

Detectives who do not Detect. The Hoffman case furnishes an example of the state of affairs that has existed in this municipality for at least a quarter of a century past. During all that time we have had a detective force that cannot detect—when it does not want to do so. Ordinarily a bank forger or a burglar of Nob Hill or the Western Addition is run to earth, no matter to what part of the world he flies. That is unobjectionable and all right. But why cannot the same vigilance and sagacity be displayed in regard to crimes against the person, ranging upwards from murderous assault to murder? The reason is that our detective department has no stomach for crimes against the person—if it does not like the person. It has to our knowledge employed stool-pigeons upon whom it has had its hands to murder

citizens whose hoots the whole department is unworthy to black. Now comes the Hoffman case, in regard to which the detectives cannot detect. The consensus of opinion among intelligent men points clearly in a certain direction. One man had the opportunity and the motive to commit the deed, but the Chief of Police says he did not commit it, and of course that settles it, so far as he is concerned. The astounding fact remains that the whole Force is engaged in protecting this man from the charge of guilt, whilst it appears to be doing nothing to find out who else fills the bill of probability, not to say of certainty. In other words, it would not detect if it could. All the indications are that it is retained the other way. It will not work with those who are sincere in their efforts to probe the facts to the bottom, but who are insulted to a degree that is disreputable on the part of public officials. But then, of such is the kingdom of the San Francisco Police Department, though certainly not of the kingdom of Heaven. The daily press must needs get most of its police news, reliable and unreliable as it often is, from the Police Department, and unless it will, when called upon, report the thing that is not, it cannot have the news that is essential to its life. We know this to be true from personal experience. No police news that filters through the dailies is to be relied upon, unless otherwise fortified. The Chronicle is the worst sinner in this connection, and the Call the least. The former knows that Chinatown has always been levied upon in case of need, and about all our morning and evening contemporaries know that all the known women of shame in our city have to pay for police protection. The Examiner at one time made a bluff at exposing and breaking up this state of affairs, but it had personal reasons, as we well know, for calling off its dogs of war. The external Police Department still goes on in its old track rejoicing.

Up-to-Date Straws.

The trip out of town is incomplete and uncomfortable without a straw hat. Groom & Hagan, the up-to-date hatters at 942 Market street, under the Baldwin Hotel, have a choice assortment of the latest styles in straw hats. The warm weather in the country makes it imperative on every man contemplating an outing to secure one of these light and airy hats before starting. This popular firm, recognizing that the straw hat is not worn as much as the derby hat, has put them on sale at very reasonable prices.

Summer wear for gentlemen in the latest and most fashionable shades and patterns at Carmany's, 25 Kearny street.

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AMERICA TO BRITAIN.

[Lines commemorating the Sixtieth Anniversary of Her Britannic Majesty's Reign.]

HIGH o'er the standards of Europe flutter the colors of Britain,
 Britain the white-cliffed and rock-girt—loved of the passionate sea ;
 Britain, whose arm through long ages won for her honour and glory ;
 Britain, the mother of nations—mother of nations to be.
 Under the echoing heavens wanders the boisterous storm wind,
 Kissing the breasts of his mistress robed in their mantle of green,
 Singing the proud name of Britain over the face of creation,
 Telling the stars of her daughters—gems round the throne of their Queen.

Over the flags of the west world towers America's banner,
 Emblem of manhood's grand freedom, subject to God and to law ;
 Flag of a nation whose pages still are unsullied and perfect,
 Flag long devoted to justice—patient in peace and in war.
 Hovers the sun-nurtured eagle over her mountains and valleys,
 Watching the Nation's advancement up the steep steps of the years ;
 Passing from youth into manhood, mighty and sure of attainment,
 Sure of the glories that follow youth's early struggles and fears.

Over the rest of the nations America towers with Britain,
 E'en as the lion or eagle rules o'er its separate kind ;
 Both have the highest of missions—both are humanity's keepers,
 Teachers of virtue and honour, bearers of light to the blind.
 So let our peoples move onward, shoulder close buttressed to shoulder,
 Strong in their unified power, putting all foemen to flight ;
 Working for peace and for plenty, helping the world to advancement
 Out from the gloom that retards it, into the broadening light.

San Francisco.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.


DEATH OF GEORGE E. BARNES.

THE death of George E. Barnes, one of the founders of the Morning Call, and a dramatic critic widely known and as generally respected, occurred on last Wednesday, the 16th inst., in this city. Mr. Barnes's health had been bad for several years, but his demise was totally unexpected. Had he lived until the 4th day of next month he would have been seventy years old, having been born in St. Johns, New Brunswick, July 4, 1827. He came to California in 1854, and practically from that time down to the day of his death was identified with San Francisco newspaper work. Throughout his long career he was regarded as an able and conscientious writer; he was more prone to kindness in his work than harshness, and in his private life, no less than his public career, earned and enjoyed the friendship of all who knew him, and the affectionate esteem of many. He filled a distinct place in the history of journalism in San Francisco, and his pleasing personality and generous character will long be tenderly remembered by a wide circle of friends. The remains were interred yesterday in Mountain View Cemetery, the Press Club having charge of the obsequies.

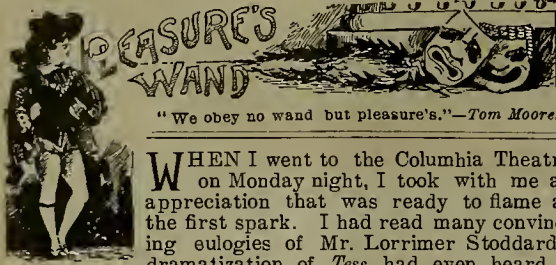
BOAT racing will be the chief attraction at El Campo to-morrow. The oars for the shell races are from Weeks & Co., ship chandlers, at 31 Market street, whose racing oars are the lightest and best to be found in the market.

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by the New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

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"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

WHEN I went to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, I took with me an appreciation that was ready to flame at the first spark. I had read many convincing eulogies of Mr. Lorrimer Stoddard's dramatization of *Tess*, had even heard it whispered that he might be that vague Messiah, the American Dramatist, and somebody who had seen a rehearsal of *The Question* told me that the play was delicate and true, with something of the polished irony of Henry James in its composition.

Here are some Jamesey shafts from Mr. Stoddard's wit works:

"How do you like my ruff?"
"It's rough on you."

"Your eyes are as deep as lakes—
I wonder what's underneath?"
"Mud, probably."

"See that shooting star! it's
out of sight."

"If they hlack-hall me, I'll
hlack-eye-hall them."

Now, in what language may a man express his appreciation of that johherslop and keep within the law?

The scene of this play is Paradeo, New York. (Don't tell anyone, this means Tuxedo. This was published confidentially in all the advance notices.)

The inmates of Paradeo are Knickerhockers. (This is no secret, it is printed on the play bill, and corroborated by their conversation).

Listen to the Knickerhockers knicking on their native heath:

"His wife is a perfect fright."
"Oh, she is a good woman."
"She has to be with that face."

The Question is called A Satirical Comedy. If Stoddard is a satirist, so is Sharkey. I should like to see these two gentlemen in an exchange of satire.

I should het my money on Stoddard.

Mr. Lorrimer Stoddard's question seems to be this:

If Mr. and Mrs. Cannon, wealthy, estimable country folk from the town of Morris, Ill., are landed open-mouthed and dazed at Paradeo, and Mr. Morris is immediately taken in tow by what is known to society intelligencers as a ravishing blonde, and pure but imprudent Mrs. Morris therefore permits a rakish young homebreaker to make love to her, and is horribly shocked when he kisses her full upon the mouth, and the kissing is witnessed by the Homebreaker's jealous mistress and other persons of high degree, and the jealous mistress calls a meeting of the Daughters of Old New York, of which she is vice-president, and endeavors to expel poor little Mrs. Cannon, who has only just attained membership, and through the efforts of Mr. Cannon and the Homebreaker and several other trusty witnesses and lusty speech-makers Mrs. Cannon is acquitted of the charge of osculation, and the jealous mistress is expelled in her stead—if all these things be considered, is it just retribution that in the last minute of the play Mrs. Cannon should be elected by acclamation to the office of vice-President of the Howling Daughters of Old New York?

I think not. What do you think?

This question, however, has only a slight bearing on the real motive of the play, it is merely to satisfy the title and thicken the plot. I have learned that Mr. Stoddard's purpose is to expose the social practices of the Knickerbockers in three acts. He is a strong young man and willing, and he hits hard. Every Knickerbockered joke, every Amsterdanned pun, all the slugs of patrician repartee are bagged, and handed in a play-house by coarse, plebeian play actors to make a Western holiday. Mr. Stoddard has spared nothing and nobody. He is the only dramatist who ever has dared to paint the manners and morals of this pet aristocracy as they are. After the last curtain there is not a manicure in the family circle but feels she would die sooner than be tainted by hase Knickerhocker blood.

You can imagine the consternation the news of this play will strike to the corrupt firesides of Tuxedo. It will kill the place. Gentle strangers from Morris, Ill. will no longer immigrate to be taken in; even the Sabbath picnicker will give it a wide berth; and the Kilkenny servant girl will ask Tuxedo for its references.

It is not to be expected of modest talents like the Frawleys that they play this piece exactly as the author would have it played. Several members of the company persisted in being human beings whenever the lines gave them the slightest chance, and while that undoubtedly galled Mr. Stoddard, the audience was very tolerant. These rebels were Mr. Frank Worthing, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Gladys Wallis, Mr. Thomas Ross and Miss Georgia Bushy. The others, particularly Miss Eleanor Moretti and her dialect laugh, were as much like Mr. Stoddard's Tuxedoodles as he could ask them to be at their regular salaries.

The Question will be quietly hurried after to-morrow night's performance. Mr. Frawley and the gentlemen who share with him the proprietorship of the Frawley Company are neither philanthropists nor reformers, and they have found that anarchistic drama has a very depressing effect on the box office. I wish that Mr. Stoddard's play had been a good one, or even a brilliant failure. Such violent collapses as *The Social Trust* and *The Question* are dangerous to the Frawley company: they shake the grit of the management. It requires money and nerve to buy untried plays, and, without a new one that is a success, it will be impossible to maintain the company in its present state of expensiveness. To make anything like a decent profit, the territory must be increased. New York, Chicago and other big cities must be invaded, and of course this will require a new play. It does not seem to me that the season here and the Coast tour will be sufficient to support this high-salaried company. There are two more chances. One is a play now being written for the Frawleys by William Haworth, the author of *The Ensign*; the other is *The Game of Life*, by Malcolm Watson, the critic of the "St. James's Gazette." Charles Wyndham thinks enough of the latter piece to announce it for the opening of his winter season at the Criterion.

At the Orpheum Miss Josephine Sabel is warhling, and if your senses thirst for something that is galvanic, immediate and special, I recommend Miss Sabel. She has personality, and sings sparks out of her polished steel-pitched throat.

It is a matter of history that that insinuating music to which the hypnotic step is danced in *Miss Frisco* was composed by young Mr. Melville Ellis, of this city. It is supple, intimate and funny, and to my mind the best bit of music in the piece.

The Prisoner of Zenda did not exhaust half its popularity when Frohman's players gave it here last season, so with it the Lyceum Company will open the season at the Baldwin on Monday. Miss Mary Mannering, a young woman who has come in for no end of newspaper panegyrics since her metropolitan debut last season, will play the Princess Flavia. Mr. Hackett retains his admirable monopoly of the three Rudolphs. The company reads much stronger than the one we saw in the first production.

The Columbia is sure of a good week with Bronson Howard's famous money-maker, *Shenandoah*. It was rehearsed surreptitiously all through *The Question's* days of preparation, and a second-to-none performance is promised.

Edwin Stevens opens his engagement at the Tivoli Monday night in *Wing*. Everything from "a nine-foot giant" to a band of tamed banjoists will be used in the production. *Wing* never has been overdone here, and with such an artist as Mr. Stevens and at Tivoli prices, there should be a merry crush at the little opera house around the corner.

The Orpheum announces four big cards: Lew Dockstader, the veteran minstrel; Alex. Heindl, 'cello soloist; John Canfield and Violet Carleton, comic opera burlesquers, and Carton and Herbert, comedy acrobats.

No novelties, you will observe, at the playhouses, but compared to our present afflictions it looks like the coming of a busy, brilliant week. ASHTON STEVENS.

ART JOTTINGS.

KEITH exhibits this week, in the Sutter street gallery, a picture which shows all the merit and characteristics of his later work. It is a view of Mount Shasta, with the Sacramento river, then a pure mountain torrent, brawling in the foreground. The light is strong and bold, and the detail more closely painted than was Keith's wont in his earlier works. The exquisite transparency of the water, the rich brown foliage, and the delightful atmosphere are all in Keith's best vein.

Charles Judson exhibits a Venetian scene in the Bohemian Club green room, entitled "Flirtation"—a gondolier smiling at a fair Venetian serving wench, as she stands on the threshold of one of the grand palaces of the bride of the sea. The composition is good, and the handling clever, though lacking, perhaps, some strength in color.

A really exquisite picture is a view of slough and marsh exhibited by W. S. Fonda in the same room. The artist has caught that marvelous blending of browns and subdued purples which make our marshes a symphony in color, nature's mellow old tapestry, as it were. It is an evening effect, and the shadows of the dun bank lie heavy on the water.

A portrait of William Greer Harrison by Yates, and two clever pastel portraits by J. D. Strong comprise the new features this week of the green room's exhibit.

De Haas exhibits a good moonlight in the Sutter street gallery. But he has painted in the moon itself, which is a mistake. The best that the most skillful artist can do with the moon is to make it a big yellow blotch, usually out of proportion with the rest of the picture. Hide away the moon and use the light, and then the picture has more of the reproduction of nature.

ONE of the most fashionable resorts in this State is Vicby Springs, on the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway. The Springs are famed for their champagne baths, whose beneficial effects make a visit to this place doubly desirable. A bus meets every train, and visitors are quickly whirled away to the Springs, where a commodious modern hotel and neat cottages await their choice. The tables are the best, and every comfort and attention are paid to the guests who resolve on spending a week or a month at this beautiful resort.

Nothing can be more delightful during the summer months than dining out; and Swain's Restaurant, at 213 Sutter street, offers a *table d'hote* dinner between the hours of 5 and 8 o'clock for \$1, which includes the best the market affords, elegantly served by the politest waiters.

Anything constantly before the public, and which stands the test of popular criticism, may claim merit. Argonaut Whiskey is such an article—the man who has not enjoyed Argonaut is a curiosity. This liquor is pure, mellow, and aged. E. Martin & Co., at 411 Market street, are sole agents for this popular whiskey on the Pacific Coast.

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To be followed by the latest New York Lyceum success, "The First Gentleman of Europe," by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

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Reserved seats, 25c; balcony 10c; opera chairs and box seats 50c. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c.; balcony any seat, 10c.; children, 10c., any part.

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The event of the season Commencing Monday, June 21st; every evening, the eminent comedian, MR. EDWARD STEVENS, in

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"Marvelous Evidence; or, A Witness from the Grave." A psychological study. Published by Thomas H. Bates, San Francisco.

The story tells of three young New Yorkers, relatives and intimate friends, who went forth into the world to seek adventure, and, if chance might so ordain, to better their fortunes. Two of them, induced by the offer of a high bounty, enter the Imperialist army in Mexico at the time of the French Intervention, and, in attempting to escape to the frontier of the United States, are shot. At the very hour of their death the third, Henry, on board a vessel off the coast of Europe, heard a rattle of musketry, and on reaching New York, learned that his mother had heard the same sound at the same hour. An *Agnus Dei* that one of the young men had worn comes mysteriously into the hands of Harry, who, fully resolved to find out if his cousins are really dead or not, makes his way down to Mexico. There Harry finds a priest who knew his cousins, and buried their bodies: the priest recognizes the *Agnus Dei* at once, and with the readiness of men of his profession, pronounces its restoration to Harry a miracle. The rest of the story is taken up with various hypnotic experiments in which Harry took part in San Francisco. The general purpose of the book seems to be to induce people to pay more attention to hypnotic and kindred phenomena, and to lead them to the belief that there is a future life. The author is apparently not exempt from the curious notion into which all professors of and believers in spiritual manifestations who are not conscious humbugs fall, which is this: if they can produce certain phenomena, apparently inexplicable, and which you frankly confess yourself unable to understand, they at once offer you, and demand that you accept, some solution much harder to swallow than the phenomena themselves. They do not for a moment appear to understand that a man may confess himself completely mystified by an occurrence without being in the least degree bound to accept the first solution offered to him by a man in the street. Nor do they seem capable of understanding how intelligent people are quite content to admit their inability to explain many things, and are not at all worried thereby. The world is full of mysteries, and there is plenty of plain, honest, every-day work to be done without delving over-deeply into what seems hidden from mortal ken. A weak mind is much more disturbed at a strange, inexplicable occurrence than a strong one, which has long ago accepted the fact that, man's vision being finite, he cannot very well expect to comprehend the infinite. And, fortunately for us, no understanding of the unknowable is necessary to the performance of our daily duties, and excessive contemplation of the mysterious tends to weaken the powers of mind and body for good purposes. For this reason, although we have read "Marvelous Evidence" with some interest, we have not been much impressed, and are of the opinion that a perusal of it is unlikely to do anybody any particular good or to make anything clearer than it was before. The eulogistic passages quoted from the remarks of the literary critics of the newspapers of San Francisco and Fresno do not shake us in the smallest degree from our opinion.

"A Change With the Seasons; or, An Episode of Castle Crags." A novel by Duncan Cunningham. Published by the Dunsmuir Publishing Company and for sale by the San Francisco News Company.

The young and lovely bride of an old and unattractive millionaire meets the hero of this tale at the Tavern of Castle Crags. The two are much impressed with each other, and carry on a somewhat lively flirtation together. Later, when they meet again on a snow-bound train, and spend a night in each other's company in a little solitary cabin in the mountains during the prevalence of a violent storm, they fall madly in love. The old husband is conveniently killed, and the lovers retire to a lonely rancho in Southern California, where we are to suppose they spend the rest of their days in bliss. The people in the story, both men and women, are vulgar and commonplace,

and all speak the same queer English. The general style of the language used may be gathered from the fact that the grill-room of the Palace Hotel is described as "that clean, savory-conducted department of San Francisco's greatest caravanserai." The Lord deliver us! Other queer phrases are: "You was worse scared than she was." "It is better for a girl to marry most any kind of a man." "Mr. B. did not have a very exalted opinion of some of the ultra-ultra guests, who were aping to such an extent that they were killing off the vegetation of the Sierras with their agony." At the end of the volume there is a list of sixteen printer's errors, but ten times that number stand uncorrected. Altogether, the story is a very poor, trashy, vulgar production, apparently the work of a country school-boy. We should be sorry to think that the visitors to Castle Crags, many of whom come from San Francisco, speak and behave no better than this writer represents them as doing.

In the June issue of Godey's is a short story entitled "Two Maids and a Man," which is illustrated by photographs taken from life. Though we think this a most inartistic method of illustrating a piece of fiction, the photographs themselves are quite satisfactory. An article on Cairo by Dr. F. E. Clark, an emissary of the Society of Christian Endeavor, is well illustrated, as also are "French Opera in New Orleans," and "Pottery in America." Fred Werden contributes an article on "Woman and her Boat," in which the following queer sentence occurs: "It is my opinion that every woman who expects to go upon the water ought to learn to row and to manage a boat before she ventures." That is to say, that a woman ought to know how to row and manage a boat before she steps into a boat. Very good: but how in the world is she to acquire the knowledge? This is just on a par with the advice not to go into the water until you can swim. In "The Bookery" Chelifer says that, though foreigners would probably accuse Americans of "ubiquitous flippancy" (whatever this may be), "mysticism is one of the most prominent traits of the American character." Abraham Lincoln, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Walt Whitman, are all classed as mystics. We do not often find ourselves in accord with the sentiments expressed in the Editorial department of Godey's, but in the issue before us we read some remarks upon the so-called pictures supplied to a long-suffering public by the "great dailies," with which we are pleased to confess our agreement.

"Fifty Years of Masonry in California," if one may determine by the first part just issued by George Spaulding & Co., is to be a most beautiful work. Part I. is printed in large, clear type, elegantly illustrated, and is worthy of the noble order of which it treats. The work will appear in twenty parts, and is compiled and edited by Edwin A. Sherman, 33rd degree Mason.

Mr. George W. Cable, till lately Editor of The Symposium, is now editing Current Literature, the June issue of which contains an article on Henry M. Alden, Editor of Harper's Magazine, the first of a series entitled "Great Magazine Editors."

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San Francisco



THE weather, which is so unsatisfactory in the city, is by no means perfect at the near-by resorts, and old Boreas roars and whistles more or less everywhere. Notwithstanding the somewhat sturdy zephyrs of late, San Rafael has been crowded with visitors and the Hotel Rafael the objective point for pleasure seekers. Sheltered in a nook of the broad veranda, the women sit and chat, do fancy work or read, while indoors, in the long parlor, the elder women gather for eards and gossip. After lunch comes the siesta till time for a drive or ride, then train time brings the men, and a dainty dinner gown is in order, and the evening goes by with merriment. The club house is a favorite place for lounging; bowling vies with tennis, and the moonlight has been a thing of beauty and joy for all. No wonder that people like this popular hotel, where General Warfield is ever on the *qui vive* to promote the comfort and pleasure of his guests.

The Tamalpais trip up the big mountain is growing in favor with our swagger set, and since San Rafael and Sausalito have taken it up, it has become quite the thing for society people to make up parties to spend the night on the summit and watch the sun rise on the heights next morning. And now that that universal joy-giver, Wiltsee, has led the way, no doubt others will follow. *On dit*, that favorite beau has of late shown such a preference for May that June is nowhere.

Propos of San Rafael, the resident colony there will suffer a serious loss in the departure of Miss Juliet Williams, whose trip East is said to be for a lengthened period, and if Rumor speaks by the eard, we may never see the young lady as a girl again. When Hymen claims her devotion a change will ensue that will add another to the many charming young matrons who are so distinctive a feature of our California swim.

How strange it is that people who are the pink of propriety and good manners at their homes in the city appear to throw aside these qualities when they "go to the country." Not alone do they exhibit bad manners to a marked degree, but a lack of prudence as well, seemingly unaware (or indifferent) of the fact that numberless eyes and tongues are upon them and their actions.

Delightful Del Monte is beginning to fill up its list of guests for the summer. The Alvords, Paysons, and Lows, are all old stand-bys, the Bruguieres ditto, and later in the season all the other resorts will send a quota of their guests to swell the number. The Lloyd Tevises are said to have engaged rooms for September, when it is expected that Fred Sharon and family will join their party.

Gossip says that society will have a genuine surprise ere long in an engagement of two well-known members of the charmed circle. Much speculation on the subject was indulged last winter, but the soft impeachment was so strenuously denied that it died away. Recently the matter has been taken up again, and now is regarded as something to surprise those not on the inside.

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Manager.



THE hour was late, and even the guardian owls of the Bohemian Club were blinking when Jack Watson, the junior member of the firm of Taylor & Co., was breaking away from a half dozen friends when his chum, George Baxter, called to him:

"By the way, Jack, can't we induce you to attend our cotillion next Friday night?"

"Thanks, old man; but you know I have no time to waste on such niceties as are required for these social 'functions,' I think you call them, nor inclination to shine, even if I could, in their superficial atmosphere, which has light, but no warmth, and even less sincerity. I'm too old to change tactics and mingle in society, take part in its nothings, and drink its froth—even under penalty of losing the favor of San Francisco's pretty buds and matrons."

A fellow of high principle and noble character was Jack Watson. He was square and upright in all his dealings, took a broad, unbiased view of all subjects but Society, the mere mention of which was most distasteful to him. His mother often remarked that the hardest task in her life was to induce Jack, when a mere child, to attend his dancing school on Saturday afternoons. When asked a few years ago to mention the happiest day of his life, he unexpectedly answered: "The day my mother said I might quit dancing school."

Watson claimed he would rather saw five cords of wood, with the thermometer 100 deg. in the shade, than participate in any affair of a social nature for five minutes. When asked for an explanation regarding his ideas on the subject, he somehow or other evaded all further questioning by replying that he simply disliked it on general principles. His friends called him a crank on the subject, but he was rather proud of the distinction. More than one ambitious mother, with marriageable daughters and a penchant for entertaining, was heard to say: "What a pity that such a fine specimen of manhood in every particular should make such a social recluse."

The following evening found Jack and his chum in the latter's rooms, ensconced in deep, easy chairs, and waxing rather confidential over the soothing effects of their Havanas; by means of the most diplomatic measures, worthy of a Tallyrand, Baxter succeeded in bringing the conversation round to the hated theme, "Society."

"Tell me, Jack," he asked, as he nonchalantly puffed away at his cigar, narrowing his eyes as he watched each successive ring of smoke break and fade away, "why have you such a dislike of taking part in social functions?"

"Because," answered Watson, "society is not unlike those rings of smoke you so artistically formed during the past half hour—attractive enough at first glance, I'll admit; they look so real that you are deluded with the idea that they are substantial enough to grasp; you attempt it, and lo, you find—nothing. You take a cursory glance at Society, and you find it attractive, even fascinating, if you will have it so; you make a study of it, and you will find that it possesses the same qualities as the ring of smoke—it is false and flimsy."

"You miserable cynic," he replied, "just mark my words, when I say that the time is not far distant when you will entertain entirely different ideas. Your object is to be stamped as a man with a marked individuality, and what is more, pardon my candor, when I say that I really do not think you feel at heart about it as you so eloquently claim you do."

"Many thanks, dear George, for the very polite way in which you tell me that I lie; however, he that as it may, let us dismiss the subject, as I am positive you will be as incapable of convincing me as I you."

"As you will, old boy; but in conclusion let me say that if you were only to give Society a fair trial, and take it as you find it, you would be a great deal better off."

The only answer that Jack vouchsafed was to suggest in a half-suppressed yawn that they finish the evening at the Baldwin Theatre, at which place *El Capitan* was nightly drawing big crowds.

The usher had escorted them to their seats at the conclusion of the second act.

"Hello," said George. "If my eyes deceive me not, I see my hrother Charley and his wife and her sister occupying the box opposite."

Looking in the direction indicated, Jack exclaimed: "Quite an aristocratic-looking trio, and no mistake; but, by the way, George, you have never mentioned even the existence of your sister-in-law. How's that?"

"Very natural, considering the fair sex are not supposed to have any charms for you."

"True enough; but tell me her name. An Eastern girl? New York or Chicago?"

"Edith Thornton; she has been visiting here for the past two weeks. Her home is in Washington, to which city she intends shortly to return. She is one of the finest young women I have ever met, but—what's all this to you, anyway?" Heaving a heavy sigh, somewhat indicative of the fact that he wished to change the subject, he said: "We must not forget to reserve our seats for the first night of the Lyceum people. They will be here in a short time."

George smiled quietly to himself when he noticed that Jack's eyes were directed more frequently toward Box A than to the stage; but wisely refrained from saying anything. At the conclusion of the play, they slowly walked along Market street toward Powell. Just as they reached the corner, they came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Baxter and Miss Thornton; and George proudly presented his chum to Miss Thornton.

Just before parting for the night, Jack almost apologetically exclaimed: "Say, George—nice girl—that Miss Thornton. Pity she goes East so soon."

A few days after the foregoing incident, a number of Jack's closest friends held a meeting in order to devise ways and means to ensure his appearance at the coming cotillion on Friday night. So long as the scheme were practicable, it was immaterial to them whether the means resorted to should be more foul than fair. After much deliberation, they finally hit upon a capital scheme. One of their number contemplated joining the Benedicts shortly; it was agreed upon giving a last bachelors' dinner in his honor, which was to take place at their club on the same evening as the cotillion.

In due time the unsuspecting Jack was asked to the dinner; he accepted with alacrity, laughing in his sleeve at the folly of the man who was to sacrifice all the comforts of a bachelor's life for a "silly little girl." As for me, he continued in his soliloquy, the world is more likely to come to an end than that I should ever find myself the honored guest at a dinner of such a nature. Such rank idiocy to tie oneself for life even to the best woman in the world! They might call me a "fool," but "he laughs best who laughs last."

The eventful dinner took place shortly after this deeply laid scheme. It passed off with *éclat*, and it was indeed an occasion where there was a "feast of reason and a flow of wit." The repartee, the retorts, and handying of words flew thick and fast, and it really seemed that the guests were disciples of the man who first said that it is wise to "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." It was with a shadow of regret that the conspirators were finally forced to tear themselves from their brandy and soda; but the time was ripe for the carrying out of the conspiracy, and, after cheering the future Benedict with real gusto, they departed for the cotillion, and left Jack Watson in the company of his cynical thoughts and his cigar. Heaving a heavy sigh of relief, after the cessation of all the noise and excitement, he scanned the evening paper in a desultory manner for a few seconds, and ere many minutes had gone by he passed into the land of "Nod," dreaming of the fools who would have to talk themselves tired and dance themselves sick at the cotillion.

Just when his slumber was the deepest and his dreams

the sweetest, he was ceremoniously awakened by the steward of the club, who said

"Beg pardon, sir; sorry to disturb you, but there is someone that wishes to speak with you at the telephone, and he seems to be most excited like."

Hurrying to the instrument he ascertained that George Baxter had suddenly been taken seriously ill, and was waiting in the corridor of the building in which the cotillion took place, to be taken to his home. The party at the other end said that Baxter insisted on having Watson call for him, as he did not wish to cause any undue excitement either there or at his home. He preferred instead to share Watson's rooms with him that night.

It all came so suddenly that the idea that he would have to appear at the cotillion never for one moment entered his mind. His closest friend was ill, and it was his burden duty to be on hand. Without further delay, he rang for a cab, and in five minutes found himself in the corridor of the building and being heartily welcomed by the reception committee, foremost among whom was George Baxter, but not as he anticipated—finding him lying prostrate with a physician anxiously bending over him, but George Baxter, spick and span in his fine full dress, with a face wreathed in smiles. In a second he was received by the rest of his companions of the recent dinner, all of whom comprised the reception committee.

Baxter rather sheepishly advanced towards Watson, holding out his hand for forgiveness.

"Forgive me, old boy, for what no doubt appears to you as a most diabolic scheme. We simply wanted to cure you of your unwarranted ideas, and, realizing that we could do nothing with you by argument, we concluded that main force would be used as a last resort."

Watson did not pay the slightest attention to his belated explanation, but made a desperate dash for the door; he had gone but two steps when he found himself besieged on all sides.

"You can't escape us, Jack," said Baxter, "for what can one man do against such a formidable army? Just as well capitulate. The cloak-room is to your left, and, after you have relieved yourself of your hat and overcoat, I shall wait at the door for you and shall be most happy to escort you to the ball-room."

The expression of Jack's face, in fact his entire attitude, beggared description. He stood there as if rooted to the spot. He saw that he was caught and could do nothing but surrender. He did not relish the idea of making a scene, and so was forced to "face the music" in two senses of the word.

He had reached the threshold of the ball-room on the faithful arm of George, when he espied Miss Thornton, looking sweeter and more beautiful than ever. A tell-tale glow in her cheeks, which found its counterpart in the voice of the cynical Jack, might have been seen had Baxter used half an eye, but he was conveniently oblivious, and after a moment's talk drifted away. The perfume of the flowers, the seductiveness of the music, the brilliancy of the illuminations, and the picturesqueness of the decorations all seemed to wield a peculiar fascination over Watson, and as he recognized his many friends, one by one, and exchanged a word here and there, he felt entirely *en rapport* with his surroundings, and for the time being forgot that he had ever entertained any hostile ideas toward Society. Ere he was aware of the fact, he had filled his card, on which the name of Miss Thornton played no unimportant part. Four hours later, as the delighted man handed that young lady into her carriage, it was easy to see that he had not only buried the hatchet, but was both a convert and a captive.

California climate is sometimes preccious; and it was but a few weeks later that the following notice appeared in the society columns of the NEWS LETTER:

"The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Thornton, of Washington, D. C., and Jack Watson, of San Francisco. This is rather a surprise, but it is a pleasant one, as Miss Thornton is a beautiful and accomplished girl and Mr. Watson a man of wealth and personal worth. Watson has always been looked on as a woman hater and a confirmed bachelor. If rumor tells the truth, Cupid shot his arrow at this would-be misogynist a few weeks ago at the Baldwin Theatre, at which place he first saw the young lady."

Jack's club friends are now waiting for an invitation to his final stag dinner.



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Speculation on Pine Street.

Dealers cannot complain of inactivity in the local mining share market during the past week. Chollar, for one, has done some lofty tumbling, and judging from the indications of manipulation on all sides, the end is not yet. At one time the north and south end mines offered an attraction for dealers, the rise in value being sufficient to enable a line operator to make a handsome turn on an investment. The market certainly looks more promising than it has for months past, and the inducement offered by activity in the fluctuating will not fail to attract capital to the street. Chollar reports a hullion yield of nearly \$29,000 net for the past month from the workings of Brunswick ore. This has been rather a surprise to many people who had accepted the statements about the worthlessness of the newly purchased ground as gospel. It will also serve to strengthen confidence in the possibilities of the future in developing the Brunswick lode, more especially as all of the ore already encountered runs very high in gold. If the other companies would devote the same attention to the ground they own there, as the Chollar people have, it might be better for them in the long run. Great things are hoped for from the work now being done in the Gold Hill group, as the west country now being opened up is believed to be rich in mineral. Sierra Nevada has a very flattering prospect on the 900-level west, and some energetic work is now promised to determine the extent and value of the new find.

Should Be Postponed.

The attempt now being made to revive American Flat has hardly passed into the initiatory stages of development before an assessment is slapped on Rock Island. The holders of some 30,000 shares have revived the company by means of a Board of Directors, consisting of three holders and two newly-elected men, and it is said that the assessment is levied for the purpose of locating the rest of the stock. Many of the holders may have died since the stock dropped out of sight, and others are ignorant possibly of the fact that some of their co-shareholders, and a minority at that, are about to sell them out should they not pay up two cents a share on their holdings. It would be interesting to know in what manner this money is to be expended, more especially as the American Flat Development Company has offered to carry on the work of opening up the mines for a certain interest in the ground. There is no expense attached to this arrangement in so far as any of the companies is concerned, and in view of the fact the present demand for money is totally unwarranted. The assessment should, in all justice to outside holders, be postponed indefinitely or rescinded altogether until such time as necessity arises for funds to carry on work for the benefit of all concerned.

Lane's Mission to London.

Charles D. Lane, the wealthy mining man, has left for London to effect, if possible, the sale of the La Esperanza mine of Mexico to English capitalists. Mr. Lane is a man of a different calibre from the ordinary type of mining promoter. He is a capable expert in all branches of his profession and honest in his convictions, which are not likely to be changed in a hurry. Whatever he may say in regard to a mine will come as close to being correct as anything could be within the power of human ken. In this respect he will be a novelty in London among the mining faculty. He ought to score a grand success in his undertaking, and this might be depended upon were it not for the peculiar disposition of the English investor. People who turn a rawhide down for a catch-penny scheme like the Union Gold and other wild-cat ventures, cannot be accredited with a strong sense of discrimination in matters of the kind. If Lane carries his point in this case, it must be accepted as an indication of a healthier condition of affairs and a more judicious conduct of investments.

A Row Over Water Rights.

The close down of the Texas Consolidated Mine, near Redding, was announced in a dispatch from that town during the week, worded in such a manner as to give the impression that the power company was to blame. If what the representatives of that concern say is correct, the blame rests entirely with the Mountain Copper Company, which desires to monopolize the entire water supply available, despite a prior right to a certain number of inches claimed by the power company. As there was an injunction taken out by the English company's representative, Fielding, before he left for London the other day, the matter will come up immediately before the United States Circuit Court in this city. This will likely throw some light on the case, which is all the more interesting from the fact that a tie-up in the work of an active mine like the Texas must involve one or other of the parties to the dispute in heavy expense sooner or later. As the contestants are well off financially, there is every opening for a lively and protracted litigation, which might expand materially should the mine-owners decide to interfere, provided the counsel retained on all sides are able to raise some knotty law points which will require interpretation at the hands of the higher courts. For aught any one knows this may develop into another *cause celebre* in the local annals of mining litigation. A close-down just now must, however, be particularly unfortunate for the owners of the mine, which has been on the market for some time past. No one can tell where a battle over water rights is apt to end, unless the matter is settled at an early stage out of courts, which would be the most sensible plan.

The Dead Barnato.

The death of Mr. Barnato is to be regretted in many ways. To his manipulations was due in a large measure the enthusiasm which enabled so many people to make money in the mining market, and the popularity generally of mining speculation. Westralia, British Columbia and California itself, in a very small way, unfortunately, all felt the beneficial influences of the boom in the Kaffir stocks. The question is now as to the man capable of filling the gap left vacant by Barnato, inspired with the same ambition and possessed of the natural talent for the peculiar line of operations. Of course it is certain that the puffy little parasites waxen fat and proud through the beneficence of the dead, will cry *parvenue* as they strut their little course of ignobility. The toady is always an ingrate. The name of Barnato will live, however, as one of the successful men of the century, irrespective of an early career, which was from all accounts honest, if not quite dignified enough to suit the ideas of some people who could not in turn say as much. Friends of John Hays Hammond in this city, who know him well enough to judge, will not for a moment credit him with such bad form, to put it mildly, as that displayed in an alleged interview on the death of a man to whom he is so largely indebted for his success. The interview referred to is not, it is unnecessary to state, accepted here as genuine. The vulgarity of tone itself is sufficient to justify the assertion.

Faded Glories Of Aurora.

An Exchange says: "Poor old Aurora has struck hard lines, sure enough. The Postoffice there has been closed down, and all mail for Aurora will go to Fletcher's. Aurora, once the best known town in the inter-mountain county, with a city government, 8,000 population, and piles of money, has so degenerated that it's about forgotten officially. The mining regions are dotted with have-been towns, but few have fallen from prestige equal to Aurora." This was the scene of the labors of the estimable Mr. Alfred E. Ann, who flourished while the Esmeralda Con. boom lasted. Mr. Ann like many another foreign investor fell a victim to an over estimate of his personal knowledge of mining and ability to cope with an undertaking which had already proved a failure in the hands of more experienced men. Aurora had lived and died in history as a mining camp long before Mr. Ann resurrected it and the fortunes of the men who landed him after angling in more or less troubled waters for over a decade. In years to come some other Ann may arise to ring another change on the old old story of the honanza mines of Aurora revamping its glories for another short lived period.

Down-Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"One that will play the devil, sir, with you."

PERJURY, forgery and a few other trifling offenses prevented a supposititious wife and widow, Laura Milcu, accompanied by the inevitable infant exhibit, from being awarded the valuable estate of the late Charles A. James, a medico of three score and more. Miss Milcu claimed to have captured the doctor by her rendition of the song "Love's Sorrow." It is feared that this may stimulate the ballad evil among other adventuresses after the sacks of aged millionaires. Fair woman may talk man to death, but singing him there is indeed horrible torture.

THE estimable Mrs. Perkius says she hopes if they think of annexing Hawaii they'll have some dress reforms before they turn the South Sea ladies into Americans, as she hears they are quite without what she considers the essential parts of their garments and simply wear trimmings, which would give foreigners coming here by way of the Orient quite a wrong impression of the American girl.

FUNDS for firecrackers on the Glorious Fourth have reached the several thousand dollar mark. The CRIER is in sympathy with the popping of the restive cracker, but is apprehensive that the literary committee on celebratiou affairs will promulgate another poem contest, repeating its sin of last year. Poetical pyrotechnics are hereby respectfully unsolicited.

MRS. Florence Blythe-Hinckley is sole heiress of the Blythe estate but this does not signify that her connection with the local courts is at an end. The young widow is defendant in several new suits already. These are probably as nothing in numbers, compared with the matrimonial suits which this interesting little heiress will have to dodge in the future.

IT is to be hoped that all possible leniency will be shown to young Lipp, who shot and killed Miss Goodman the other night, while she and a party of serenaders from Yell County, Arkansas, were catawauling under his window. It is all very well to uphold the name of your county, and these yellers from Yell County may have meant well, but there are limits.

A FIGHT is inaugurated against the Fisk will. The late Asa's shade may not be hovering in the lower regions but if it transpires that his cherished gold be eventually gobbled up by the lawyers in process of litigation, assuredly the released Fisk spirit, disembodied but doubtless a spectre at the feast, will languish in an exclusive hades of its own.

A LOCAL contemporary, which is naught if not insanely sensational, advertises San Francisco's impending doom. The l. c.'s influence is indeed devastating but not so fatal as that. Its destructive operations are, of course, a frightful blight upon our fair commonwealth but they have not yet wrought our everlasting doom.

THIS week there has been another terrible case of suicide by a reckless speculator. No one can help pitying poor Barney Barnato who remembers the awful straits to which the poor mau was reduced. It is said that three million sterling was all he had in the world.

CORSETS are again to the fore in an object-lesson on health of the female form divine. The subject is by no means a new one, and it concerns the wearers only, yet men evince both eagerness and ability to grasp that same.

FROM the legal discord over the famous Bell estate, and the family jars revealed by this week's filing of complaints in court, it would appear that the Bells are loudly out of tune and harsh.

OAKLAND is being held up nightly by thugs and light-fingered gentry. We have 'em over here, too, but they usually do their looting after they get elected to office.

THE charge of selling liquors without a license, for which Inez Forrest, an employee of a Market street restaurant, was arrested by a stupid policeman, in which unjust act the officer was sustained by Sergeant Gleason, has been dismissed without trial. The Sergeant endeavored to have the girl plead guilty, when he knew that she was in reality innocent. Her arrest was an outrage, for which the incompetence of the police sergeant is responsible. The mere right to go in peace is small salve for the indignity of arrest and the brutality of detention in prison as a common criminal.

'TIS true that Oakland has her Honorable Leila Kirkham Yarde-Buller, who has managed to keep herself notoriously before the public of two continents. 'Tis true that Lake County has her own many-tinted Lily, the uow mature Langtry divorcelet who once enjoyed a Priuce's favor. But San Francisco has a petticoated freak, too, in Madame Johnnie Martiu, who as an Amazon of amazing resources in the notoriety business can't be beat. Queer girls, these three, but the greatest of all is Mrs. Johnnee.

WEATHER Prophet Hammon wants to fly a kite in order to test the weather, and is waiting for Uncle Sam to buy him an assortment of them. The Weather Bureau has decided to establish twenty or thirty of the air stations advocated by Hammon and his associate in the weather business, McAdie. It is to be hoped that such operations will be delayed however, until after the Bryan cyclone has safely passed over our heads. Too much wind might do serious damage.

CONSIDERING the sensational scenes, deathbed recitals and dramatic denouements generally that are now a regular part of our court proceedings, it is surprising that the local theatres do not suffer from a falling off in patronage. It speaks well for San Francisco's pride that it does not run entirely to free shows in the alluring line of choice family scaudals, last will fracasas, and murder mysteries.

THAT worthy Judge, Campbell, has added another to the long list of reasons why he should not be a Court. He was accosted one evening this week by a young woman with a salutatiou of "hello, Judge Campbell," and the distinguished jurist ordered her locked up. All of which shows that a whiskered vacuum is a sensitive curiosity where women have no votes.

THERE'S a most uuholy row in the ranks of the Reformed Episcopalians over the garb in which they shall tread their earthly way to spiritual glory. Why not confine yourselves to the cloak of religion, plain and simple, Oh warring representatives of an improved brand of gospel, and leave all drygoods differences to the vain and ungodly who have not your passports to heaven?

WILLIE HEARST'S paper advertises that it will soon contain an article on the strangest thing that ever happened in San Francisco. It would be easy to say what would be the most remarkable thing that could ever occur in this community: The faking Examiner turned into an honest and decent paper; but it will never be truthfully written.

THE water schedule is agitating Oakland consumers, and pending the final settlement of rates the citizens of that suburban centre, refusing to imbibe the liquid at its present price, are assuaging their thirst with whiskey. Any old thing for an excuse to patronize their favorite beverage.

IT is to be deplored that young girls with mistaken longings for the tinsel glitter of a gay life, do not take warning from the suicides of almost daily occurrence in this city that mark the miserable close of some wretched creature's misspent life.

THERE is a smile so debonair
Upon her face engraven,
As if she'd have you think her Fair,
But I believe her Craven.

THERE is complaint among business men that the mails are unnecessarily delayed in landing at this port. Delay in the landing of males is also a cause of perennial complaint with a large contingent of spinsters hereabouts.

THE ROSE JAR

ALL SOUL'S EVE—DORA SIGERSON, IN THE BOOKMAN.

All Soul's Day is a day on which prayers are said for the souls of the faithful dead.

I cried all night to you,
I called till day was here;
Perhaps you could not come,
Or were too tired, dear.

Your chair I set by mine,
I made the dim hearth glow.
I whispered, "When he comes
I shall not let him go."

I closed the shutters tight,
I feared the dawn of day,
I stopped the husy clock
That timed your hours away.

Loud howled my neighbor's dog,
O glad was I to hear,
The dead are going by,
Now you will come my dear,

To take the chair by mine—
Until the cock would crow—
O, if it be you came,
And could not let me know.

For once a shadow passed
Behind me in the room,
I thought your loving eyes
Would meet mine in the gloom.

And once I thought I heard
A footstep by my chair,
I raised my eager hands,
But no sweet ghost was there.

We were to wide apart—
You in your spirit land—
I knew not when you came,
I could not understand.

Your eyes perhaps met mine,
Reproached me through the gloom,
Alas, for me alone
The empty, empty room!

The dead were passing home,
The cock crew loud and clear,
Mavourneen, if you came,
I knew not you were here.

LOVE WAS TRUE TO ME—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Love was true to me,

True and tender,

I who ought to be

Love's defender.

Let the cold winds blow

Till they chilled him,

Let the winds and sun

Shroud him—and I knew

That I killed him.

Years he cried to me

To be kinder,

I was blind to see,

And grew blinder,

Years with soft hands raised,

Fondly reaching,

Wept and prayed and praised,

Still beseeching,

When he died, I woke,

God, how lonely!

When the gray dawn broke

On one only.

Now beside Love's grave

I am kneeling,

All he sought and gave

I am feeling.

VAIN.

"The blossoms fell, the thorn was left to me;
Deep from the wound the blood-drops ever flow;
All that I have are yearnings, wild desires,
And wrath and woe.

"They brought me Lethe's water, saying, 'Drink,
Drink, for the draught is sweet,' I heard them say—
'Shalt learn how soft a thing forgetting is,'
I answered, 'Nay.'"

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

RESTAURANTS.

Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street, below Montgomery. Rooms for ladies and families; private entrance. John Bergez Proprietor.

Maison Tortoni, French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, Proprietor.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. cor. Grant ave. and Bush st. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. A. B. BLANCO & B. BRUN.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Franklin Pancoast removed to 20 O'Farrell street, rooms 16, 17 & 26
Dr. R. Outlar, 818 Sutter street.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Hall, 14 McAllister St., near Jones. Diseases of women and children.

POSTAGE STAMP DEALERS.

Hawaiian Stamps a specialty. MAKINS & CO 506 Market street.
Selections on approval: any place in world. W. F. GREANY, 827 Brannan
The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co., (Incorporated), 105 O'Farrell St., S. F.

BOILER MAKERS.

P. F. Dundon's San Francisco Iron Works, 314, 316, and 318 Main street.
Iron Work of every description designed and constructed.

CANDIES.

Mailard's Chocolates in ½ and 1-lb boxes. Roherts', Polk and Bush.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING.

Hermann Schwarze (known as Bermann at Strozynski's) has opened
Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors at 211 Powell st. Telephone Main 5830

BANKING.

Bank of British Columbia.

SOUTHEAST COR. BUSH AND SANSOME STS.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1862.
Capital Paid Up..... \$3,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 500,000

HEAD OFFICE.....60 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

BRANCHES—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo, and Nelson, British Columbia; Portland, Oregon; Sandon, B. C.; Kaslo, B. C.

This Bank transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts opened subject to Check, and Special Deposits received. Commercial Credits granted available in all parts of the world. Approved Bills discounted and advances made on good collateral security. Draws direct at current rates upon its Head Office and Branches, and upon its Agents, as follows:

NEW YORK—Merchants' Bank of Canada; CHICAGO—First National Bank; LIVERPOOL—North and South Wales Bank; SCOTLAND—British Linen Company; IRELAND—Bank of Ireland; MEXICO—London Bank of Mexico; SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America; CHINA and JAPAN—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Bank of Australasia and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd; DEMERARA and TRINIDAD (West Indies)—Colonial Bank.

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited.

Capital authorized..... \$6,000,000
Subscribed..... 3,000,000
Paid Up..... 1,500,000
Reserve Fund..... 700,000

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS

HEAD OFFICE—18 Austin Friars, London, E. C.

Agents at New York—J. & W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street.

The Bank transacts a General Banking Business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

IGN. STEINHART }
P. N. LILIENTHAL } Managers

The German Savings and Loan Society.

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
Guarantee capital and surplus...\$2,040,201 66
Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,702,247 45

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlhandt.

Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank.

N. E. CORNER SANSOME & SUTTER STREETS
John J. Valentine.....President
Homer S. King.....Manager
H. Wadsworth.....Cashier
F. L. Lipman.....Assistant Cashier

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

BRANCHES.

N. Y. City, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. Salt Lake City, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
DIRECTORS—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, George E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

Security Savings Bank.

222 MONTGOMERY ST., MILLS BUILDING.
INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
LOANS MADE.

DIRECTORS.

William Alvord
Wm. Babcock
Adam Grant

S. L. Ahcott, Jr.
O. D. Baldwin
W. S. Jones

H. H. Hewlett
E. J. McCutchen
J. B. Lincoln



Mrs. Jones—You wretch! You disgrace me before my neighbors coming home in such a drunken state. Mr. JONES—But, m'dearsh, no one saw me. MRS. JONES—No one saw you! No—but everyone can hear me telling you of it.—Sketchy Bits.

Etienne—You look despondent, Peters. You must have got it hot and heavy from your wife this morning. PETERS—That's just what I did get. ETIENNE—What? PETERS—One of her amateur cooking school biscuits.—Town Topics.

Lea (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class. PERRINS (promptly)—Make a chiroprapist of him.—Odds and Ends.

Her Tiresome Admirer—I don't believe you have thought of me once since I've been away. SHE—Well, you know very well that the doctor gave me strict orders to do nothing that would tire me.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Hicks is crazy about etiquette. He saw in the paper the other day that in the best circles the wife ladles out the soup, and he has consequently given up soup." "Why?" "He has no wife."—Free Press.

Mrs. Airtight—Where shall we spend the summer, John? MR. AIRTIGHT (fretfully)—I wish you'd say "pass the summer," Mary; "spend" is so confoundedly suggestive.—N. Y. Sun.

Robert—Funny bout Charley; he persists in calling his bicycle "he." RICHARD—That's right; it would never do to call it "she." It is the silentsteed, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Chumpleigh—What do you think she means by asking me to sit in the hammock with her so often? SHARPLEIGH—Perhaps she hopes you will tumble.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Ragman—Any old bottles to sell? PORTER—Ring the third bell and tell Mr. Gayboy I sent you. I heard his wife was coming home from the country to-morrow.—Pearson's.

Her Father—I thought I told you once I never wanted to see you here again. YOUNG SUTOR—So you did, and I didn't come until I thought you would be in bed.—N. Y. Journal.

Mrs. Tupenny—Why don't you leave your husband if he neglects you so? Mrs. MANNATTAN—He doesn't give me a chance. He's out seven nights a week himself.—Town Topics.

Beggar—Ain't ye got a dime for a poor blind chap? OLD GENTLEMAN—Why, you are only blind in one eye. BEGGAR—All right, make it a nickel, then.—Odds and Ends.

"This game of golf always reminds me of a butcher shop." "In what respect?" "Golf and sausage both come in links."—New York Times.

Hobbs—Why did the cashier leave the country? DOBBS—The only reason was that he couldn't take it with him.—Odds and Ends.

She—And do you mean to tell me I am the only woman you ever loved. HE—Yes! All the rest were girls.—Brooklyn Life.

The Overland Limited.

ONLY 3 1/4 DAYS TO CHICAGO. 4 1/4 DAYS TO NEW YORK.

The Union Pacific is the only line running vestibuled Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Cars daily. San Francisco to Chicago without change. Vestibuled buffet smoking and library cars between Ogden and Chicago. Upholstered Pullman Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, daily. Steamship tickets on sale to and from all points in Europe. For tickets and sleeping car reservations apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Drink Jackson's Napa Soda before breakfast.

For Morbid Conditions take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BANKING.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

Cor California and Montgomery Sts.
Capital Fully Paid ... \$1,000,000
Transacts a general banking business
and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's aorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.
DIRECTORS: J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Trendwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Dalzell Brown.
OFFICERS: J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice-President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice-President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Assistant Secretary; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

33 POST STREET, BELOW KEARNY,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING
Guaranteed Capital..... \$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital..... \$ 800,000
JAMES D. PHELAN, President. S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President.
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President.
DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities.
Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
Deposits. Dec. 31, 1895..... \$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus... 1,575,631
ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President
DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Weaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6:30 to 8.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital..... \$3,500,000
Paid Up Capital..... \$2,000,000
Reserve Fund..... \$ 850,000
HEAD OFFICE..... 58 Old Broad Street, London
AGENTS—NEW YORK—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissonniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.
SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

Grocker-Woolworth National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
AND POST STREETS.
Paid-Up Capital..... \$1,000,000
WM. H. CROCKER..... President
W. E. BROWN..... Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE..... Cashier
DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
Established 1851, San Francisco.
CAPITAL..... \$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.
Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. G. Lukens, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. P. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjes & Co.

Bank of California, San Francisco.

Capital and Surplus, \$8,000,000
WILLIAM ALVORD..... President | CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-Pres't
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary | THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON..... 3d Ass't Cashier
CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BALTIMORE—The National Exchange Bank. BOSTON—The Tremont National Bank; CHICAGO—Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; Union National Bank. PHILADELPHIA—National Bank of the Republic. ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank. VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California. LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres. BERLIN—Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft. CHINA, JAPAN and EAST INDIES—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.



DEAR EDITH:—A friend of mine writing from Paris says: I saw two American girls, one of them the young woman with eleven new gowns, disporting at a little country place in the suburbs of Paris, in gowns that were inexpensive but very chic.

One wore a cream challie skirt with large crimson roses nestling in their green leaves. The vest of the gown was crimson taffeta, with sleeves and bolero of cream challie, over which set a collar of home embroidered muslin.

The other wore a white pique dress with a hand of batiste around the foot. The waist was of the batiste, with the skirt trimmed upon the hips to form a hasque. There were revers and epaulettes of hook linen, and tiny panels of embroidered lineu upon the skirt.

With these were two other young women, also inexpensively gowned. One wore a green gingham, with tiny blue silk thread running through it. A big double ruffle of plaid set over the shoulders. A tall, pointed stock of white linen encircled the neck.

Both young women wore hats of cream straw, trimmed with ribbou and flowers. The second girl's gown was of figured mull, over plain taffeta, of the 20c. weight. There was no effort at show, the object being a pretty and cheap gown for summer wear. She wore a wrap of pale green striped batiste, edged with silk embroidery, and with long taffeta streamers in the front. The wrap was bordered with a ruffle of white embroidered muslin.

The piques and cloth gowns, which are to be worn in the early fall, have sleeves that are long and tight fitting, filled very slightly at the arm-hole. The collars are high and without trimming, and all of the skirts are trimmed elaborately. But, of course, this is anticipating matters. The light gowns we first catch a glimpse of are hardly as unusual as that. We are coming to tight sleeves and severe neck effects by degrees.

I saw such a pretty, girlish gown of pique trimmed with a bright shade of bluet.

The skirt was a godet, rather moderate in width, with the fullness all carried to the back. It was trimmed with narrow bluet braid. Three rows of the braid followed the seams of the front gore to within 6 inches of the waistband. There the braid was turned in sharp corners and continued around the skirt. Below this was another trimming of braid.

The jacket was a bolero of the pique over a vest of bluet linen. It fastened at the bust with a large white pearl button. There was a broad, round collar and lapels of pique, edged with three hands of the braid, that followed the edge of the jacket. The sleeves were the usual coat sleeves, with a finish of braid at the wrists.

The hat to be worn with this gown was of rough, pure white straw. It had a broad brim, faced with bluet tulle. The crown was surrounded by a plisse of bluet tulle and a plaiting of white taffeta ribbon. The hat was turned up at the back, and trimmed with tall bows of taffeta ribbon.

The combining of startling colors that fairly make you wince is just now a freak of fashion, but all do not see fit to follow. I am glad to say. For instance, the most brilliant royal purple hat is trimmed with alternate ruches of vivid scarlet and purple tulle, and an emerald green straw has flowers of bright orange and bows of clear crude purple. Scarlet and crude pale blue is another combination, but the softer tints are far more becoming.

It is almost an inexplicable, but nevertheless very important fact, that any skin under a well-lined shadow veil appears to excellent advantage, and that under this cobweb covering, whether bought in black or white, defects of the facial cuticle are not apparent to the keenest eye.

BELINDA.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.

The Latest Novelty



"Mess"
Jackets

All colors,
regular price

\$12.50

On special
Sale at

\$7.45



MURPHY BUILDING, Market and Jones Sts., San Francisco.
203 to 207 N Spring St. bet. Temple and First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EGYPTIAN
ENAMEL.

An incomparable beautifier. It defies detection and is perfectly harmless. 50 cents and \$1 00

G. G. GRÈME

A celebrated French preparation. It prevents and removes wrinkles. \$1 00. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Trial pot 10 cents

FACE BLEACH. Guaranteed superior to all others. \$1; trial bottle 15c. at office; 25c. by mail. I use only plain wrappers and envelopes.

Mrs. M. J. Butler 131 POST STREET, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Dr. D. R. Dupuis,

The only physician in the city who makes a specialty of... FACIAL TREATMENT

Permanently removes Wrinkles, mall-pox Scars, and all Facial Disfigurements

713 POST ST, Near Jones.

MORRIS & KENNEDY'S

19 and 21 POST ST., S. F.

Art Gallery

New and Elegant PAINTINGS, PICTURES and FRAMES.

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY.
MRS. S. V. CULP.

"Ceramic" Decorative
Art Studio.

All branches of china painting taught; instruction daily from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1:30 to 4:30 P. M. Lessons \$1 00 each. Call and see our novelties in white china. Tel. Grant 43. 215 Post St., S. F.

THOS. PRIGE & SON,

THOS. PRIGE. ARTHUR F. PRIGE

ASSAY OFFICE, CHEMICAL LABORATORY
BULLION ROOMS and ORE FLOORS.

524 Sacramento St., S. F.

INSURANCE

THE Mutual Fire of New York has entered Vermont. J. L. Boyd & Son of Denver have been appointed General Agents of the Globe Fire for Colorado.

The friends of Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, formerly Coast Manager of the New York Life, and now a resident of London, will be pleased to know that he is prospering and enjoying unusual good health.

The Northwestern National has appointed A. A. Allen Special Agent for Southern California.

In consequence of the Governor's veto of the printing bill, the California Insurance Report for 1897 has not yet been printed.

The Board of Fire Underwriters have collected \$100 from G. H. Umben & Co., insurance brokers, as a fine for cutting rates.

A local board has been formed at San Luis Obispo.

A new policy is being issued by the Kansas Mutual Life.

The Duluth Title Insurance Company, through its attorneys, has filed a deed of assignment in the District Court.

The annual meeting of the National Association of Mutual Accident Underwriters will be held at Put-in-Bay June 28-30.

Edward Baumer, who has been connected with the Sun Insurance Office of London for over forty years, for the last twenty years as assistant secretary, has been elected secretary, succeeding E. H. Mannering, resigned.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of Indiana was placed in the hands of a receiver in May by Judge Harvey at Indianapolis.

The assignee of the Wisconsin Odd Fellows Life Insurance Company has begun suits throughout that State to collect unpaid assessments.

A committee consisting of Rolla V. Watt of the Royal, George W. Spencer of the Aetna, and Herbert Folger of the Aachen & Munich Insurance Companies, has been appointed by the Board of Fire Underwriters to confer with the Governor of Washington regarding the hostile legislation recently enacted in that State, and its effect upon the business as at present transacted.

E. W. Carpenter, formerly coast manager of the Royal and Norwich Union, has returned to San Francisco after a two years' absence in the old world, during which time he has visited nearly every country on the globe.

The Kansas Mutual Life Insurance Company has entered Colorado.

President Nichols of the National Fire visited San Francisco this week.

E. G. Loughton Anderson, home secretary of the Guarantee and Accident Insurance Company, is visiting the United States.

The United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company of Baltimore, Md., has applied for authority to do business in this State.

The New England Burglary Company is reinsuring the bulk of its business with the Fidelity and Casualty Company.

—In this fast-living age it is natural that people should resort to stimulants, and one of the best is Vin Pasteur, which is sold everywhere. It is a heart stimulant and nerve tonic of merit. It cures insomnia, aids digestion, and has no unfavorable reactionary effects.

NEW SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Safes \$4.00 to \$150.00 Per Annum.—The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts a executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge.

Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

The Rio Grande Western Railway and connections are offering low rates and superior accommodations to all points East. Before purchasing tickets, call at 14 Montgomery street.

W. H. SNEDAKER, General Agent.

Jackson's Napa Soda is a gentle aperient.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Fire and Marine Insurance Agents,

309 and 311 Sansome St. San Francisco, Cal

CORRESPONDENTS:

FINDLAY, DURHAM & BRODIE.....43 and 46 Threadneedle St., London
SIMPSON, MACKIRDY & CO.....29 South Castle St., Liverpool

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE, AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Firemans Fund

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

Assets, \$3,500,000.

PALATINE

INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SOLID SECURITY. OVER \$9,000,000.00 RESOURCES

CHAS. A. LATON, Manager, 439 California St., S. F.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Founded A. D. 1799.

Insurance Company of North America

OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Paid-up Capital.....\$3,000,000

Surplus to Policy Holders..... 5,022,016

JAMES D. BAILEY, General Agent, 412 California St., S. F.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets.....3,300,018

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,668,332

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager 501 Montgomery St.

B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager.

BOYD & DICKSON, S. F. Agents, 501 Montgomery St

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

PROVIDENCE-WASHINGTON NSURANCE CO. Incorporated 1799

BUTLER & HALDAN, General Agents,

413 California St., S. F.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital..... \$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

No. 316 California st., S. F

THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY.

Capital \$2,250,000 Assets \$10,984,248.

Pacific Coast Department: 204-208 SANSOME ST., S. F.

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers.

DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS.—Buy none but the genuine—A specific for Exhausted Vitality, Physical Debility, Wasted Forces. Approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris and the medical celebrities. Agents for California and the Pacific States J. G. STEELE & CO., 635 Market street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco Sent by mail or express anywhere.

PRICES REDUCED—Box of 50 pills, \$1 25; of 100 pills, \$2; of 200 pills, \$3 50; of 400 pills, \$6; Preparatory Pills \$2. Send for circular.



B. M. LELONG, Secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, is remembered by three of his friends more in sorrow than in anger, and this is why: During the last Legislature he entertained a crowd with tales of perilous encounters with wild boar in Butte's sylvan glades. Among his listeners were Assemblyman John W. Keegan, William Alford, the political tenderfoot from Tulare, and Carleton H. Johnson, the popular and good-looking young secretary of the People's Party County Committee, who laughingly accused Lelong of running to earth no more dangerous a beast than a tame pig, whereupon Lelong invited them to his house, where, sure enough, suspended in chunks from the basement ceiling, were sections of Butte boar, cured by the doughty Sacramento hunter over a manzanita wood fire to impart a fragrant delicacy to it. After a pleasant half hour holding up their host's sideboard, the guests departed, Lelong insisting upon presenting them with samples of the meat. Johnson, upon reaching his hotel, stowed his share away in a bureau drawer. That night he was rudely awakened from dreams of Populistic victory by a fearful scrimmage in his apartment. Springing up, he prepared to wage mortal combat with the miscreant who had mistaken the room of an honest Populist for that of a San Francisco hoodler; but it proved to be an army of rats, and next day he had to foot a bill for damaged furniture. Keegan hoarded the train after packing his pig in a grip along with some choice old Bourbon, and was smoking placidly when he heard a commotion in the baggage car. He hurried forward, to find his grip a wreck, two large hunting dogs having located the wild game therein, the precious whiskey being smashed in the melee. Alford, on his homeward journey, deposited his prize in a paper on the rack above the seat occupied by a young lady. Induced by the heat, the pork commenced to drip, and in time the almost frying fat permeated the millinery beneath, presently precipitating some essence of wild boar down the wearer's neck. Alford paid for the hat.

* * *

A day or two after Col. John P. Jackson's appointment as Collector of the Port, he repaired, early in the morning, to the Customs House. In the ancient elevator, which crawled at a snail's pace toward the roof, there was only one other passenger, and the boy who managed the lift, not recognizing Col. Jackson, improved the occasion by improvising a lively clog dance, at which the collector gazed in silent disapproval. When Jackson made his exit from the elevator, the other passenger remarked:

"Well, young fellow, you have queered yourself beautifully."

"As how?" asked the unabashed Native Son of the Golden West.

"That was your new boss. That's all!"

"The h—l!" ejaculated the kid, dismayed for the first time in his career. "I must square myself with His Customs, somehow."

He studied over the situation silently, and when the Collector left his office several hours later, the boy greeted him with great affability.

"Col. Jackson?" he inquired, condescendingly.

The Colonel nodded.

"Ah! Congratulate you," proceeded the boy, blandly. "Glad to have you with us, colonel," he added, as Jackson gazed upon him.

"I hope you and I will be friends, Collector," continued the amiable youth.

Then he concluded to pursue his advantage and "strike the Collector for a job," as the elevator creaked slowly downward.

"By the way, Colonel," he began. "I've been running this elevator for eighteen months and, —"

Just then the wheezy old lift struck the ground floor, and the door flew open.

"Well, you run it d—n slowly, sir," interrupted the Colonel, as he stepped into the corridor.

When Ed Cutter's wife went away for the summer, the worthy grain merchant thought he could properly allow himself a little more latitude than when under his usually strict domestic government. After the conclusion of the ritual at his Masonic lodge, the other evening, he gladly assented to the proposition of his friend Pulaski to have a quiet little time. In the course of their rambling they were joined by Tom Walkington and Captain Mills, and the latter, finding that Cutter had never seen what he dubbed "the Circassian show" in an old building not far from Grant avenue and Geary, offered to pilot him thither. Cutter was game, and at the darkened entrance, Tom Walkington collected five dollars from the novitiate, for the prospective sights he was to see. Cutter paid up like a thoroughbred, and then was guided through an unlighted and tortuous maze of narrow passage ways and steep steps. From time to time, his trio of guides stimulated his flagging interest to the summit of expectancy, so that poor Cutter was continually on the *qui vice* without procuring anything more gratifying than a hat covered with cobwebs and a pair of badly harked shins. Finally they told him that the fun was actually about to commence.

"Now, my boy," said Tom Walkington, cheerily. "You are about to see something which will make your hair stand on end. You have to go it alone, though."

Cutter stumbled along in the darkness for several minutes, and finally found a door, which he opened with some difficulty,—only to emerge on the sidewalk, where he was greeted by the jeers of his faithful friends.

* * *

Two old-time cronies are Sam Beaver, the veteran paying teller of the Bank of California and Captain Rowe, the Exempt Fireman and man about town. Each is past his first youth, is jovial, portly and fond of a joke. Beaver was gazing into the window of a fashionable haberdasher, a few days ago, when the Captain sauntered up.

"I was just looking at that necktie," said Beaver, pointing to a handsome cravat.

"Yes? Go in and get it," advised Rowe promptly.

Without a word Beaver entered the store, said he would take the beautiful two dollar scarf, and ordered the bill sent to Captain Rowe. The latter was hardly prepared for this outcome of his suggestion, but he was too game to repudiate the obligation. He meditated revenge, however, and presently he got it.

The Captain is a stylish dresser, and he expressed his regret to his chum that he could not find a colored silk waistcoat of sufficient dimensions to suit his girth.

"That's easy," replied Beaver. "I know a store where there is a beauty. It fits me like a glove and you and I are about of a size. We'll go there now if you like."

The garment proved all that Beaver had promised for it in texture and fit.

"I'll take it," said Rowe. "Ten dollars? That's all right. Send the bill to S. Beaver, Bank of California!"

* * *

Much difference of opinion prevails among hotelmen, restaurant keepers and those who desire to rent lodgings as to the benefits to be derived from the forthcoming Christian Endeavor Convention. One such had been asked for a subscription to defray the expenses of the gathering. He was perfectly willing to subscribe, provided he could receive an assurance that the amount of his donation would be returned to him many times multiplied, in profits from his increased business. To satisfy himself on this mooted point, he requested that the question of his subscription be held in abeyance while he quietly hid him to the office of Horace G. Platt, and sought counsel from his attorney. Horace listened gravely while his client stated his dilemma. Then he sat silent, apparently wrapped in profound thought, while the client watched him admiringly.

"We may learn the lesson of experience," Horace remarked sagely, after an interval. "I am informed that at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston last year, the delegates came with one shirt and one five dollar piece,—and, during their stay, changed neither."

Platt refused to make any statement, but that subscription is still withheld.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

cures Poison Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands. At all druggists.

Down at Burlingame, there is a very popular and lively girl, bright and pretty, her only regret being too much flesh—a decided tendency to corpulence. To hide it she assumes a very English gait. She was calling, the other day, at one of the houses in her set, and, with mannish stride, went the rounds of the drawingroom, shaking hands with all present. When she sat down, little three-year-old Elizabeth, the daughter of the house, who had been gazing open-mouthed at the visitor, said, in shrilly, penetrating tones: "Do some more."

The girl did not understand, and turned to the child, with her most engaging manner.

"What do you want, darling?" she asked, sweetly. "Won't loo please walk dat funny way, again," repeated Elizabeth promptly, and to the horror of her mother, began to swagger about the apartment in exact imitation of the caller.

The kid was promptly hustled out and now the girl with the English gait is trying to devise a new style of locomotion.

* * *

The dean of dramatic critics died when George E. Barnes passed away. His embarkation on the sea of theatrical censorship was due entirely to ill-luck, although it afterwards proved no misfortune to his disciples. When he sold his interest in the Call, thirty years ago, to Loring Pickering, for \$60,000, Barnes planned to return to his Eastern home, there to invest his money in some safe enterprise which would ensure him a competence. Unfortunately for him, he considered his capital hardly sufficient for his purpose, and before his departure he concluded that he could increase the amount of his "stake" quickly and surely by a few investments in stocks, then the prevailing California craze. He began to dabble on Pine street, and sustained a few losses, which, of course, his pride forced him to retrieve. The upshot of his speculations was the loss of his entire capital and he was obliged to seek employment in the very office where he had so recently been proprietor. His calamity gave birth to a notable journalistic career.

* * *

If it were not for his good looks and the unintentional admiration which he evokes from his fair friends, the life of Cornelius Sullivan would be a happy one. When he is not soliciting life insurance, he is generally dabbling in Democratic politics, but he occasionally takes time to dine, and a few nights ago, on the recommendation of a friend, he went to a restaurant where the customers are at the tender mercies of a corps of feminine waiters,—stewardesses, they call themselves.

After he had been served with black coffee, Cornelius peered through his eye glasses at his check, upon which he placed a big, round dollar. The fashionably attired attendant, supposing that such a handsome man could not but be generous, especially to a poor girl and a pretty one, gently placed her hand upon the dollar.

"Is this for me?" she inquired, with a coy smile. "Yes," replied Sullivan,— "to pay the check with," he added, sententiously.

"Oh," rejoined the disappointed waitress, tossing her head. "You can do that yourself."

"Great Scott!" said Cornelius, reddening. "She thought my other name was Vanderbilt!"

HIRAM TUBBS, a pioneer of 1853, and widely known as a man of wealth, high character, and influence in this community, died at his home in East Oakland last Sunday. Mr. Tubbs was a gentleman of great energy and executive ability, and during his long and successful career in San Francisco built up a large manufacturing plant, the Tubbs Cordage Company, besides controlling and directing other interests. He was seventy-four years of age and a native of New Hampshire. He leaves a widow and five children. The funeral services were held at 2 o'clock on Tuesday last, and were largely attended.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

GREAT Reduction in prices during the summer months on Art Goods, Pictures, Crookery, Glassware, etc. S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

All sensible people drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

Fireworks

FOR THE FOURTH

Assorted Boxes for Children,
(Including Firecrackers, Torpedoes, etc.) \$1, \$2 and \$3.

Lawn Assortments \$5, \$8, \$12, \$20,

And Upwards.

Save money by buying direct from the makers.

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For a first-class Fish, For a first-class Hunt,
For a first-class Camp,
For a delightful rest at some beautiful Resort,

Go to that country tributary to the

Free Camping Grounds,
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Moderate prices within the
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For detailed information apply at TICKET OFFICE: 650 MARKET ST.,
(Chronicle Building), or GENERAL OFFICE: Cor. Sansome and California streets.

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Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

Scotch Whisky

Sole agents wanted in San Francisco by one of the largest Distillers, commanding five Distilleries in Scotland. Agents must be able to influence a large Trade and will be well supported. Apply confidentially to "Distillers," care Street & Co., 30 Cornhill, London, England.

Nelson's Amygose.

Unequaled for Poison Oak, Sunburn, all Irritation of the Skin, and for the Toilet generally.



THERE was a pretty wedding in San Jose last Monday evening, when, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. F. E. Fisher united in marriage Miss Lottie Brosins, of the Garden City, and Robert E. Russ of San Francisco. The lovely bride, who looked charming in a robe of white silk covered with white tulle, was attended by the Misses Lizzie Hilderbrandt and Olga Buneman as bridesmaids; the groom was supported by Robt. A. Lowenstein as best man. Following the ceremony a large reception was held at the home of the bride on South Fourth street, house and grounds being elaborately decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns, and later a bandsome supper proved a delightful finale to the wedding festivities. Mr. and Mrs. Russ will reside in San Francisco at the groom's handsome new house on Folsom and Twenty-fourth streets.

On Wednesday evening there was another wedding in Oakland, when Mrs. Olive Reed and Seth Cushman were the bride and groom, the marriage taking place at the Reed residence on Filbert street.

There will be a number of weddings next week. On Monday Miss Ada Smith and Arthur F. Bridge, whose engagement was recently announced, will be wedded at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Smith. The marriage of Miss Carrie Koshland and Emil Greenbaum will take place on Wednesday morning at the family residence on Pine street.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Jessie Coleman and Harry Knowles will be married at the home of the bride's mother, in Oakland. It will be a quiet ceremonial to which only relatives and intimate friends are bidden. The bride will be attended by the Misses Dickson and Smith, as bridesmaids, and by Miss Donaldson, of Philadelphia, who will officiate as maid-of-honor. Thomas Knowles is to be his brother's best man. Joe Grant and his bride, who are also to be united the same day in Portland, Oregon, will go direct to Europe for their honeymoon, where they will spend several months in travel before coming to reside in California.

Among last week's weddings was that of Miss Francis Coleman and Arthur Holden, of Boston, which was solemnized at the Coleman residence, on California street, on Wednesday evening. Pink was the prevailing tint, that color being used almost exclusively for decorative purposes, the bridal party standing in a bower of pink blossoms, lit by pink shaded electric lights during the ceremony, which was performed by the Reverend Dr. McKenzie in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride was robed in white satin *en traine*. She wore a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Sara Coleman, as maid-of-honor, was gowned in pale pink satin trimmed with duchesse lace, and the Misses Alice Boggs and Emma Robbins wore gowns of pink *crepe de chine*, and all three young ladies carried bouquets of Duchesse of Albany roses. J. C. Coleman, Jr., appeared as the groom's best man. Boston will be the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, who left us on their return to Europe last Friday, had a good send-off in the way of teas, dinners, etc. The afternoon at the Presidio, where they were the guests of Captain and Mrs. O'Connell, was a most pleasant affair; and the banquet d'adieu in the red room of the Bobemian Club, at which Mr. O'Sullivan figured as chief guest, was a gathering long to be remembered by all who participated.

Benj. J. Schmidt left the city last Thursday for New York, going by way of Los Angeles (where he will spend several days) and Colorado Springs. Mr. Schmidt will be absent some time, returning to San Francisco early in August.

Principal among the events of the month is the celebration got up by our loyal British residents to do honor to the diamond jubilee of Her Gracious Majesty Victoria, not the least enjoyable feature of which will no doubt be the banquet to take place at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, when General Barnes, Rabbi Voorsanger, and Mayor Pbelan will be among the speech makers of the occasion.

A. B. Forbes has succeeded Joe Grant as President of the Burlingame Club, the change being necessitated by Mr. Grant's anticipated prolonged absence from California. To-day and to-morrow will be the second set of "luncheon days," which have recently become a feature of the club, and lunch will be served on the veranda of the club house, during which orchestral music will be in order.

Mrs. E. J. Pringle, of Oakland, is in the van this year among the campers, her party of about a dozen having gone on a tour of the country from Oakland to Clear Lake, intending to camp *en route*, and remain at each as long as the fancy pleases them, and it must be acknowledged that it will be both pleasant and instructive. They expect to be away until towards the end of August.

The Tavern of Castle Crags is now open for the season, and, it goes without saying, will be eagerly sought by those who delight in the pure mountain air which is there to be enjoyed in such perfection. Life at the Inn passes as a restful dream, and those who once pay a visit to it are always sure to go again. A large party are booked for the Fourth of July holiday, and a gala time is anticipated.

There have been a number of departures this week for Del Monte. Those who left on Tuesday include Mrs. Low and Miss Flora, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, who will pass the entire season there, as well as Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, who arrived from Honolulu last week. Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family are spending the month of June at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan will pass the summer at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz; Mrs. Henry McLane Martin is at "The Cabin's," as her Santa Cruz cottage is called. Claude Terry Hamilton is occupying his cottage known as "The Hutch," at Sausalito. Porter Ashe, Jere Sullivan, Dr. Livingston, and H. H. McPike are off on a fishing expedition in Lake County. Mrs. Mollie Latbam is among the guests at Highland Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Moody and Miss Mae are at the Geysers. Rudolph Spreckels has gone to Honolulu, and during his absence Mrs. Spreckels will be at San Rafael.

Miss Juliet Williams accompanied her cousin, Miss Ethel Rogers, who has been visiting her at San Rafael for several months, when she left for the East this week, with the intention of remaining as her cousin's guest in Ohio for the rest of the summer. Miss Jennie Flood's present intention is to remain at the Windsor Hotel, in New York, until autumn.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has arrived in London, for which destination Mrs. Irvine and her sons, J. W. and Cal. Byrne, left us on Thursday, anticipating an absence of several months.

The wife of Admiral Beardslee and Mrs. George M. Stoney were among the passengers of the steamer Australia, for Honolulu last Tuesday.

\$1,000.00

Be sure you get the yellow ticket in every package of *Schilling's Best Tea*. It gives you one guess at the thousand-dollar word.

Many tickets—many guesses.

Watch for details in daily papers about the first and middle of June, July, and August.

Alaska is attracting many visitors from San Francisco this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson have already departed. Among those thither bound this week were Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman and family, Mrs. Esberg and the Misses Francis, Edith and Rena Jacobi of New York, who went in a party, leaving here last Thursday via Oregon. Mrs. M. Eisner, the Misses Reinstein, Alice Wolf and Florence Crowley form another party leaving to-day. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Ehrman, Mr. and Miss Florence Brown, and Mr. Heller leave next week. Mrs. A. P. Whittell and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kohl are among those who will sail in July; and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood have chosen August for their trip.

Mrs. Philip Peck and the Misses Peck sailed on Tuesday for the Hawaiian Islands, where they will spend the summer months at the Peck plantation.

B. Herrman and his daughters, Misses Dorothy and Daisy, have gone to Oregon, where they will spend several weeks at the seaside resorts of that State.

Mrs. Cora Ives, Mrs. Samuel Fitzgerald, and Herman Oelrichs, of New York, are at the Hotel Paso Robles, and will spend the next two months at that sanitarium.

Raphael Weil, who has been in Paris for the past year, will not return until some time next month.

ATTORNEY HENRY ACH.



Henry Ach.

ONE of the most active and progressive attorneys at the San Francisco bar is Henry Ach, of the firm of Rothchild & Ach, and just at this time especially prominent because of his participation in the effort to solve the mystery surrounding the death of Isaac Hoffman. Mr. Ach is a man of strong conviction and great energy. Once enlisted in a case, he never rests content until he has solved it and uncovered the bottom facts. This admirable trait of character, so necessary to the equipment of the lawyer, is brought into very prominent light in the case alluded to above. Mr. Ach is a young man, and enjoys a successful legal career not usually the reward of longer professional effort.

BEAUTIFUL Blythedale is one of the most attractive places in easy daily reach of the city. Commodious cottages, a hotel where every convenience is at the command of visitors, a proprietress whose constant efforts and long experience are exerted for the pleasure of her guests; a table par excellence, delightful view, on the direct route of the Mt. Tamalpais scenic railway—in short, the location, service, and communication all tend to make Blythedale an ideal summer resort.

J. F. BONNET, for a long time connected with the Daily Report, was on last Monday selected by the Board of Supervisors License Collector, to supercede Frederick Lees. The choice of the Board was a good one. Mr. Bonnet is a capable gentleman, and will make a faithful and efficient Collector. His appointment is a just recognition of merit.

Foremost among the restaurants of the country stands the Maison Riche, at the corner of Grant avenue and Geary street, which has entertained many notable Americans and foreign visitors. From 5 to 9 o'clock in the evening, an elegant dinner is served. The finest wines, sweet music, and most refined service to be had in the city.

Preparation of hanquets, dinners, and wedding suppers requires excellent natural taste, coupled with much experience. Max Abraham, the well-known society caterer at 428 Geary street, has both these qualifications, and never fails to give satisfaction.

GREAT Reduction in prices during the summer months on Art Goods, Pictures, Crockery, Glassware, etc S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

Jackson's Napa Soda kills malaria.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as Beautifies THE SKIN no other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canadas, and Europe

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For Bilious and Nervous disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

Weak Stomach
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they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

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25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO. 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.

NOTES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Owing to the fact that there are no vacancies in any branch of the service in the grade of Second Lieutenant, all of the graduating class at West Point this year will receive commissions as Additional Second Lieutenants.

The cruiser Brooklyn, in command of Rear-Admiral J. N. Miller, U. S. N., arrived at Southampton, England, last Monday.

The new gunboats Marietta and Wheeling are at Mare Island and will be ready for service about September 1st. The guns are to be mounted there and military masts put in.

The battleship Oregon has been ordered to Victoria, B. C., to be present at the festivities attending the celebration of the Queen's jubilee.

The Monadnock and the Monterey will sail next Tuesday for Portland, Ore., and will remain there until after the Fourth of July.

The naval department has decided to retain the Marion at Honolulu, notwithstanding the fact that she is sadly in need of repairs.

Brigadier-General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., has been assigned to the command of the Department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio.

Mrs. Lester A. Beardslee, wife of Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., arrived here last Saturday and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Rear Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., will be retired from active service to-day.

Commander J. G. Green, U. S. N., formerly of the Marion, has gone to Puget Sound to take command of the naval station there.

Lieutenant Commander U. Sehree, U. S. N., of the Thetis, passed the early part of the week at the Occidental Hotel.

It is generally conceded that Colonel Heury C. Merriam, U. S. A., will be assigned to the command of the Department of the Columbia when his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General is confirmed.

Colonel William R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired, is at the West Point Military Academy acting as one of the Board of Visitors. Mrs. and Miss Smedberg are with him.

Colonel Marcus P. Miller, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who was recently promoted from the First Artillery, will join his new regiment upon the expiration of his present leave of absence.

Lieutenant Colonel William H. Bisbee, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Colonel of the First Infantry, and ordered to report for assignment to station.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry W. Lawton, U. S. A., who is Inspector General of the Southern district, has been ordered to change his station from Santa Fe, N. M., to Los Angeles, Cal.

Lieutenant Colonel Lewis C. Forsyth, U. S. A., of the quartermaster's department, has been retired from active service.

Major J. B. Babcock, U. S. A., of the adjutant general's department of Washington, D. C., arrived here last Saturday on a visit and has been at the Palace Hotel during the past week.

Major Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., of the Subsistence Department, has been granted two months leave of absence, to take effect June 30th.

Major W. B. Kennedy, U. S. A., retired, is now residing at 687 Rampart street, Los Angeles.

Paymaster J. B. Redfield, U. S. N., has been granted a sick leave of four months.

Surgeon C. U. Gravatt, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of Medical Inspector.

Assistant Medical Inspector James M. Flint, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of Medical Inspector.

Surgeon and Mrs. Clement Biddle, U. S. N., have been at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Passed Assistant Surgeon V. C. B. Means, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of Surgeon.

Civil Engineer R. E. Peary, U. S. N., will leave about July 10th for the north-west coast of Greenland to make preliminary arrangements for his expedition to the North Pole, which will start next year. He will be accompanied

by Mr. Hugh J. Lee, who was with him on his last trip. Mr. Lee will be married late in June to Miss Florence A. Leonard. Their wedding tour will be an uncommon one, as they will pass their honeymoon in the Arctic region.

Chief Engineer G. B. Ransom, U. S. N., has been detached from the Boston and ordered to the Concord.

Chief Engineer Richard Inch, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at Mare Island and ordered to the Boston.

Passed Assistant Engineer E. T. Warburton, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of Chief Engineer.

Assistant Engineer John K. Robinson, U. S. N., of the Olympia, has been promoted to the rank of Passed Assistant Engineer.

Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., will take command of the Monadnock next Tuesday, relieving Captain George W. Sumner, U. S. N.

The order relieving Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., from duty at Brown University, Providence, R. I., has been revoked.

Captain Gilbert P. Cotton, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence. He will take a trip to Europe.

Mrs. H. E. Parmenter, wife of Lieutenant Parmenter, U. S. N., will sail on July 28th for Alaska to join her husband, who is on the Albatros.

Lieutenant Charles J. Bailey, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to commence July 1st.

Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's extension on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is now on duty with Battery E, at Fort Mason.

Lieutenant S. L. Graham, U. S. N., retired, is in this city, and may be addressed in care of the Navy Pay Office.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General William M. Graham, U. S. A.

Ensign T. J. Senn, U. S. N., now on duty in Alaskan waters, became the father of a bouncing baby boy last month at Sitka.

A son of Rear Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., retired, is an applicant for the recent vacancy created in the Corps of Civil Engineers in the Navy.

The following cadets have been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered to join vessels as follows: To the Monadnock, cadets P. L. Pratt, L. R. Sargent, and W. R. Sexton; to the Oregon, cadets C. R. Miller, W. P. Giles, H. E. Yarnell, H. N. Jensen, W. D. Leahy, C. S. Kempf, S. G. Magill, and L. M. Longstreet; to the Monterey, cadets W. R. White, I. F. Landis, and D. S. Mahoney.

General Nelsou A. Miles, U. S. A., arrived in London last Tuesday.

Commander William H. Whiting, U. S. N., assumed command of the Monadnock last Tuesday.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, came down from Rutherford, Napa County, last Tuesday and have been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant J. M. Robinson, U. S. N., formerly of the Monocacy, arrived here last Tuesday from the Asiatic Station en route home.

Naval Cadet Cyrus W. Miller, U. S. N., who was graduated recently at Annapolis, visited his father, Mr. Frank Miller, in Sacramento, while en route to Puget Sound to join the Oregon.

George T. Marsh & Co. will be closed this Saturday afternoon on account of the Queen's Jubilee celebration, but on Monday and every day thereafter, one can buy at their store, 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, the rarest Japanese curios, carvings, tapestries, etc., at bed rock prices.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.



GEORGE W. SHREVE, 739 MARKET STREET.

Headquarters for Hunters', Anglers', and Sportsmen's Goods.

Guns, Fishing Tackle, Athletic Goods.

Supplies for Hunters, Campers, Wheelmen, Boxers, Base Ballers, Trampers. Bed rock prices. Send for catalogue. Tel. Clay 41.

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Southern Pacific Co.--Pacific System.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Leave.	From June 10, 1897.	Arrive
6:30 A	Niles, San Jose, and way stations.....	9:45 P
7:30 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding, via Davis.....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Vacaville and Runney.....	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....	6:16 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Yone, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	Peters, Milton, and Oakland.....	9:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:15 P
9:00 A	Vallejo.....	12:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P
9:10 P	Sacramento River steamers.....	9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore.....	8:45 A
1:30 P	Martinez and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.....	12:15 P
6:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.....	6:15 P
6:30 P	European mail, Ogden and East.....	10:15 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo.....	17:45 P
8:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	7:45 A

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL. (Foot of Market St.)

8:00 A	MELROSE.....	7:15 A
9:00 A	SEMINARY PARK, FITCHBURG.....	9:45 A
10:00 A	ELMHURST.....	10:45 A
11:00 A	SAN LEANDRO.....	11:45 A
12:00 M	SOUTH SAN LEANDRO, ESTUDILLO.....	12:45 P
2:00 P	LORENZO.....	13:45 P
3:00 P	CHERRY, and HAYWARDS.....	4:45 P
4:00 P	5:45 P
5:00 P	6:15 P
5:30 P	7:45 P
7:00 P	8:45 P
8:00 P	9:45 P
9:00 P	10:50 P
11:15 P	12:00 P

Runs through to Niles.
From Niles

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market St.)

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz & principal way stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and way stations.....	5:50 P
8:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal way stations.....	11:30 A
4:15 P	San Jose and Glenwood.....	8:50 A
4:15 P	Felton and Santa Cruz.....	8:50 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market street (Stip 8).—7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 5:00, 15:00 and 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—6:30, 8:00, 10:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

7:00 A	San Jose and way stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1:30 P
7:30 A	Sunday excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal way stations.....	18:35 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf and principal way stations.....	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and way stations.....	7:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and way stations.....	5:00 P
12:30 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	10:40 A
3:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	9:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and principal way stations.....	8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and way stations.....	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and way stations.....

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡ Saturdays and Sundays. †‡‡ Sundays and Mondays.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Furnished rooms by the day, week, or month. Telephone: Grant, 607.

The many friends of President Albert Miller of the San Francisco Savings Union are congratulating him upon escape from what might easily have been a fatal accident. Last Thursday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Miller, he drove from his residence in Oakland to the train, when the team became frightened and ran away, the coachman being unable to stop them. The carriage was overturned, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller thrown to the ground. Mrs. Miller was uninjured, but her husband was somewhat bruised and cut about the face.

Other waters try—Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

San Francisco and North Pacific R'y Co.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIEHON FERRY—Foot of Market Street.
WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.
SAN RAFAEL TO SAN FRANCISCO.
WEEK DAYS—6:10, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park, same schedule as above.

LEAVE S. F.		In Effect June 13, 1897	ARRIVE IN S. F.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays	Week Days
DESTINATION.				
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa.	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
3:30 P M	9:30 A M		6:10 P M	10:25 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M		7:35 P M	6:22 P M
Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale.				
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Hopland, Ukiah.	7:35 P M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	8:00 A M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M
Guerneville.				
7:30 A M	8:00 A M	Sonoma, Glen Ellen.	10:40 A M	8:40 A M
5:10 P M	5:00 P M		6:10 P M	6:22 P M
Sebastopol.				
7:30 A M	8:00 A M		10:40 A M	10:25 A M
3:30 P M	5:00 P M		7:35 P M	6:22 P M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skags' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Del Lake, Upper Lake, Forno, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sashedon Heights, Hullville, Booneville, Orr's Hot Springs, Meadocino City, Ft. Bragg, Westport, Usal.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.
TICKET OFFICE—650 Market St., Chronicle Building.

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Steamer "Pomona," at 2 P. M. June 1, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 31; July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 30; Aug. 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28.
For Newport, Los Angeles and all way ports, at 9 A. M.; June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, (Los Angeles) and Newport, 11 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, and Guaymas (Mexico), steamer "Orizaba," 10 A. M., the 2d of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
TICKET OFFICE—Palace Hotel, No. 4 New Montgomery street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, 10 Market St. S. F.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
Steamers leave wharf, FIRST and BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
COPIEC.....Thursday, June 17, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, July 7, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, July 27, 1897
BELGIC.....Saturday, August 14, 1897

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.
For freight or passage apply at Company's Office, No. 431 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.



S. S. "Mariposa," Thursday, June 24th, at 2 P. M.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Tuesday, July 13th, at 2 P. M.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight office, 327 Market St. San Francisco.

HON. Samuel M. Shortridge has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration on July 4th at Vallejo. The people up the bay may safely congratulate themselves upon securing this splendid orator as the speaker upon that particular occasion.

UNUSUALLY interesting sports at El Campo tomorrow. An oarsman's regatta takes place there. Four trips each way; 25 cents.

FINE WATCH and Jewelry Repairing. Low prices. All work guaranteed. J. N. Brittan, watchmaker and jeweler, 20 Geary street.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

No. I.

A QUARTER of a century ago, to engage the tiger in his lair, and play blue chips all through a deal was not considered a reprehensible pastime. Everybody gambled. The merchant, the judge, the lawyer, the soldier, the granger, all enjoyed the excitement of a night in the halls of the Egyptian King. The professional sports were on terms of social equality with the highest in the land. True, they did not invite the Knights of the Green Table to their houses, but they drank and dined with them elsewhere, and were entertained by them at banquets of royal profusion. For the sports of old were a lavish and princely class, and always had money to throw to the birds. Easily come, easily go was their motto. If fortune was kind on Monday, she might change her mind by Tuesday, so it was well to let the cash fly while they had it. They dressed fashionably and expensively. Indeed, well-dressed as a gambler was among the epigrams of the times.

One of the very swell faro banks of the city was situated on Montgomery street in a building opposite the Occidental Hotel, and over Garcia's saloon. John Scott, a veteran sport, was its keeper, and his favorite dealer was Charley Burroughs, a man who had graduated from Yale with honors, and who never lost his taste for English literature. Scott had the reputation of running an absolutely square game. When Burroughs was at the box all knew that Charley was incapable of taking the slightest advantage of a player, and would rather yield than insist. There was almost no limit to the betting, and any man of standing could have his check cashed by Scott. Around the table one met the best-known characters of San Francisco, chatting merrily, and playing as much for the excitement of the sport as for the gain. It was not considered the correct thing to show any annoyance at losing, and most stoically those old Spartans watched their blue and red chips vanish into the dealer's draw.

In a room adjoining the play-room an all-night supper was served, free to all comers. There were hot and cold dishes, fine wines, the best of brandies and whiskies, and respectful and attentive waiters. The cooking was unexceptionable. So as long as the game was running, drinks and cigars free were served to the guests. Burroughs, while dealing, could maintain a conversation with those near him, and never made a mistake in the paying or receipt of a debt. He had that dual quality of observation which is so valuable to a man of his occupation. Poor Charley fell down stairs in a lodging house on Bush street in the early "eighties," and broke his neck. He was a prince among gamblers.

Large sums changed hands in Scott's house. John Saunders, a wealthy lawyer who resided in San Rafael, played under the most varying luck at Scott's one night. Saunders strolled in after a big dinner at the old Poodle Dog, with but twenty-five dollars in his pocket. He reached the table just as Burroughs had placed the cards in the box for a new deal, and planked all his capital on the ace. It won. Saunders let the bet, now fifty, remain, and the ace won. Still the plucky player refrained from "pinching his bet," and the ace won again. "I'll bet any man fifty it wins clear out," said Saunders. He backed his judgment, and it did, giving him four hundred dollars on the original investment of twenty-five. With this stake Saunders took in \$3,000, then it melted to \$600, and he finally left after a dashing play during the last deal \$1,400 ahead of the game, all raked in from his twenty-five dollar grub stake.

But this was only the luck of the minority. A quartermaster from the Presidio, who was an inveterate gambler, visited Scott's one night with \$800 of the regimental funds in his pocket. He doubled them in an hour or so, and then sat down to supper. Disregarding that superstition almost universal with gamblers, that those who make a break on a winning, and then play again, must invariably lose, the soldier lit a cigar, and thought he'd venture a twenty just as a flyer. He did, and lost it, and in the attempt to recoup, every dollar of his winnings and the original capital followed it. He was in a bad way, but was saved from disgrace by one of the men who had played at the table with him.

It was after a big game at Scott's that Harry Logan and Gus Guerrero met in Garcia's saloon, and some hot words passed. Finally Guerrero drew his pistol and shot Logan in the side, inflicting a wound which was at first considered fatal. But Logan, a big, bealthy stock broker, recovered, and Guerrero paid some thousands of dollars to avoid prosecution. This became the nucleus of Logan's fortune in New York, where he moved shortly afterward.

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Absolutely Pure.
Delicious.
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SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

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OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

GILLINGHAM CEMENT.

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BRUSHES

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candy-makers, canners, dyers, flour-mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stable men, tar-roofers, tanners tailors, etc

BUCHANAN BROS.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS. 609 Sacramento St., S. F. Tel. 5610.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4 2) per cent. on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3 5) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

Office—532 California street, cor. Webb **LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.**

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company.

Dividend No. 44, of 25 cents per share, of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St., on and after Monday, June 21, 1897. Transfer books will close on Tuesday June 15, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M. **E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.**



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Sunrise in Mirror Lake.

Tuber Photo. S. F.



SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
 California Advertiser.



Vol. LIV.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 26, 1897.

Number 26.

Printed and Published every Saturday by the proprietor, FRED MARRIOTT
 54 Kearny street, San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Post-
 office as Second-class Matter.

The office of the NEWS LETTER in New York City is at Temple Court;
 and at Chicago, 303 Boyce Building, (Frank E. Morrison, Eastern
 Representative), where information may be obtained regarding subscrip-
 tion and advertising rates.

I. W. Lees is almost as good a Chief of Police as he is
 an attorney.

JUDGE Campbell this week turned loose some sixty
 Chinameu who had been caught by the police in the
 very act of gambling. The Judge usually rules against
 the evidence of a case; but this is a little surprising, from
 the fact that the Chinese have no votes.

DURING the absence of James D. Phelan, Supervisor
 Rottanzi is acting Mayor. The Doctor's name is in-
 separably connected with the municipal legislation of the
 present year. It was owing to his persistent efforts that the
 high headgear worn by ladies is prohibited at the
 theatres, and men enabled to view the amusements their
 money pays for; besides escape from a desire to commit
 justifiable homicide.

CONGRESSMAN Bailey, of Texas, has publicly de-
 clared that he is for Bryan for President at the
 next general election. The dispatch conveying this an-
 nouncement adds that it created something of a sensation.
 This is the only element of surprise. It is as well settled
 now that Bryan will be a candidate in 1900 as that he was
 defeated in 1896, or that he is totally unfitted for the office.

IN order to placate a patron of his bank, S. G. Murphy
 discharged a faithful and competent paying teller, be-
 cause his testimony as a truthful man was distasteful that
 patron. Accepting this reasoning as correct—and it is
 certainly justifiable in view of the facts—Murphy would
 have promoted his employee if he had sworn to a false-
 hood. This is a peculiar sort of moral code for a bank
 president, and Murphy is the only man in the banking busi-
 ness in San Francisco who occupies such an uncomplimen-
 tary position.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the entertainment of the Christ-
 ian Endeavorers who will be here next month are be-
 ing promptly met. These people, who are to visit San
 Francisco from the East, are representative young men
 and women, and no doubt many of them will remain here,
 or return later. They are vigorous, active, intelligent,
 and are very different from the contingent which annually
 visits the southern part of the State in search of lungs and
 other necessities of existence, and who unfortunately in-
 crease the cemetery, rather than the school, census.

THE Merchants' Association has addressed a communi-
 cation to the Supervisors requesting continued sweep-
 ing on the principal streets, notwithstanding the shortage
 in the street department funds. The Christian Endeav-
 orers are coming many thousands strong, and it would be
 very had policy to let them see our streets as dirty as they
 would soon become if the sweeping were neglected. It is
 to be hoped that some effort will be made to sprinkle
 much more liberally during the sojourn of the Endeav-
 orers. It would be a most excellent idea to sprinkle Mar-
 ket street on Sundays during their stay, otherwise the
 visitors who risk an afternoon promenade on that street
 will have neither time nor mind for Sabbath evening de-
 votious.

MAYOR Phelan has vetoed the ordinance prohibiting
 the laying of asphaltum roofs within the fire limits.
 The Mayor justified his veto on the sound ground that the
 ordinance would injure and displace a local industry and
 product, without compensation. If the insurance compa-
 nies are prepared to accept asphaltum roofings, the
 Supervisors should be content. There are a number of
 leaks in the municipal roof that require plugging, and
 the Supervisor who applies a material warranted to stop
 them need have no fear of Mayor Phelan's veto.

THE movement by Mayor Phelan to put all the overhead
 wires of the city underground has met an encourag-
 ing response from the Southern Pacific Company, which
 has written a letter to the Supervisors signifying its wil-
 liness to put its electric lines in a properly constructed
 conduit within the next six months. This is a good begin-
 ning. Now let us hear from the telegraph, telephone, and
 other corporations whose poles disfigure the streets and
 whose wires are a menace to life.

W. W. Montague has been appointed postmaster at
 San Francisco. He is a capable man and a success-
 ful merchant, and for this reason will give the office a busi-
 ness rather than a political administration. Mr. Mon-
 tague is a Republican. It is understood that he will select
 Benjamin F. McKinley, uncle of William McKinley, as his
 deputy. He has had some experience in the department,
 and is now in charge of Station F. The fact that Uncle
 Ben is a close relative of the President does not necessarily
 imply that he will not make an excellent deputy to Mr.
 Montague, although that fact may have something to do
 with his appointment.

THE Balboa Boulevard fund has been expended, and
 the gentlemen who had charge of it have made their
 final report. They are entitled to the sincere thanks of
 all good citizens, for their efforts have resulted in food
 and shelter to many of the deserving, and in the comple-
 tion of a considerable public improvement. Nearly every
 one is willing to contribute to movements of this charac-
 ter: the difficulty always is to find business men who will
 give their time to the work. In the present instance
 every member of the committee did well his duty; but
 Daniel Meyer, Lipman Sachs, L. R. Ellert, and William
 Bunker, proprietor of the Report, are entitled to and
 freely accorded especial credit. Mr. Bunker really was
 the father of the boulevard plan for helping the poor, and
 the NEWS LETTER thinks Bunker Boulevard would have
 been a more euphonious name for that handsome roadway
 than the one selected.

IT is more than likely that young Figel owes his present
 unfortunate predicament to his passion for the race
 track; and it is admitted that Isaac Norton lies in the
 grave, a suicide, because he "played the races." There
 are two prominent instances of the curse of race track
 gambling. How many deaths, how much crime, disgrace,
 and misery have been caused by this desperate game of
 chance cannot ever be approximated. It is amazing that
 men on moderate salaries, occupying positions of great
 responsibility, handling thousands of other people's money,
 are permitted to regularly visit the race tracks, and be
 seen in the betting ring day after day unchallenged. For
 the losses and disgrace which frequently follow, employer
 is almost as much to blame as the weak employee. As long
 as such freedom is permitted, the story of defalcations,
 embezzlements, and suicides will be told—bringing shame
 and sorrow to the innocent and retribution to the guilty.

WHO OBJECTS TO A GREATER SAN FRANCISCO?

SAN FRANCISCO at present is reckoned eighth or ninth in the rank of large American cities. Let it unite with the suburban population that naturally belongs to it, and it would at once jump up to the position of about sixth. In a few years it would be surpassed only by Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York. Who objects to this advancement? Nobody, we think, who has given a little study to the advantages, rather than to the difficulties, of bringing about such an arrangement. The difficulties would be insignificant compared with those which have successfully been overcome in the cases of Chicago and New York. Whilst San Francisco would be benefited, the municipalities around her would be advantaged in a still larger degree. The weaker would draw strength from the stronger, as is invariably the case. There would be more civic pride, more friendly rivalry, and in such a union there would be more power to effect any great project of common interest, and there will be many such in the near future. Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley have to be brought into closer touch with San Francisco than they are. A tunnel under the bay, from the ferry depot to the Oakland water front, is a certainty of the not distant future. Its accomplishment would be quicker and surer if the two sides of the bay were one great city. Then the Market-street cars will have to be run under ground ere long. It is not possible that that great boulevard can carry for many years more the traffic that is coming to it. No great street in the world is constructed like it. As all the streets to the north and south run into it at an acute angle, and as the ferries are located at one end of it, its traffic is already more than it comfortably carries. It is now almost more than an aged person's life is worth to attempt to cross it during the busy hours of the day, and its dangers would be insupportable were it not for the excellent service of the police at the more crowded crossing places. An under-ground system of cars, with electricity for lighting and as the motive power, could be so easily constructed and so cheaply operated that the marvel is that it is not already in existence. It is bound to come sooner or later. There is no use in trying to dam up Niagara or to try to empty the ocean with a clam shell. The march of progress will not be stayed by any little difficulties that at present stand in the way of putting San Francisco on "the right side of the bay." It will be remembered that when the Goat Island terminus question excited all attention, the late Senator Stanford declared that San Francisco was on "the wrong side of the bay," and although his words were not very cheerfully received at the time, he was undoubtedly right. Had the founders of this city imagined that there would so soon be a railroad eastward to the Atlantic, they never would have looked to this side of the bay for a great metropolis. But with a not very large sum of money, it is now about as easy to put San Francisco in direct railroad connection with the rest of the country as it is to wink one's eyes. The change will come because it will be necessary, profitable, and, therefore, inevitable. With that accomplished, the two sides of the bay will become materially one, and to hasten its accomplishment they cannot too soon become united in the bonds of municipal union.

Then again, the Alameda side of the bay would bring to our aid in governing this city wisely and well a large and most desirable class of voters. Five times have we tried to pass a fair and clean charter, but have failed every time, because the powers that make for corruption in public office were able to poll more votes than honest citizens, anxious only for good and clean Government. It is a lamentable confession to have to make, but every man amongst us knows it to be true. We are about to try a sixth time, with sure and certain failure staring us in the face. No charter that ought to be passed will, as matters political stand, be ratified by a majority of the men entitled to votes. To attempt it is a mere waste of time and money. With a Greater San Francisco established, the taxing owners of homes would be largely in the majority, and a better, stronger, and more vice-suppressing charter than has ever yet been proposed for this city could easily be enacted into a law. A respectable majority of from three to four thousand from the other side of

the bay, which could pretty certainly be depended upon, would end Buckleyism, Raineyism, and Kellyism, and with them the voting power of the Rockrollers of Tar Flat and of the Tigers of Telegraph Hill. People of saving proclivities, with the responsibility of families, and a desire for decent environment, betake themselves to the suburbs, if they can. It is a distinct loss to the city to have such people move away. As we cannot keep them within our present boundaries, we cannot do better than to enlarge the city until it embraces as safe voting power for municipal purposes as there is in the State. We believe the sixth attempt to procure a charter will be as abortive as its five predecessors. The attempt, in our judgment, will be full of worry, annoyance, expense, and ultimate failure. The men are foolish or over-sanguine who imagine that they can succeed where others have failed. It is hardly conceivable that a better charter can be framed than the last defeated one, and there is not an atom of evidence that the voting power has changed for the better since then. The uniform verdict of San Francisco, as it at present exists, is against an honest charter. The tax-eaters, with their friends and allies, outvote the taxpayers, and that being so, the way to secure relief is to join forces with enough other taxpayers to bring the tax-eaters under subjection. The union of cities with their suburbs is the trend of the age. It is found to work well wherever tried. There are very special reasons why it should be applicable to the peculiar case of San Francisco.

The Folly of Annexation. There is not one really good word to be said for annexation—not one! Wherever it is advocated there is an underlying motive that takes no account of the public good. It means the sure and certain death of the beet sugar industry of California, and that will be a disaster to our State. As the Springfield Republican well says: "The sugar is grown upon the Islands by about the cheapest and most degraded coolie and contract labor known in the world. * * * The inadequacy of a protective policy that uncovers our own product, whilst levying high taxes on that of Cuba and other places is absurd." Hardly before the ink is dry upon the closing pages of his volume of memoirs, where John Sherman put forth his solemn conviction of the un wisdom of a policy of territorial expansion beyond the present borders, temporary political expediency has driven him to append his signature to a treaty of annexation of a country 2,100 miles away, and of a people, save a few, as remote in civilized attainment and kindred character as the Terra del Fuegians. Yet Hawaii is to be admitted as a territory, and all its inhabitants, save the Chinese, are admitted to citizenship at once. The natives number 31,000, the Japanese 24,000, the Chinese 22,000, the Portuguese 15,000, leaving a remainder of only 8,000 of American, English and German origin. We say without much fear of successful contradiction that such an incongruous people are incapable of self-government on American principles. A very large majority are against such a system being forced upon them. If a popular vote were taken on the Islands it would be found that a four-fifths vote would be found opposed to annexation. Nothing but turmoil and trouble can arise from the attempt. Contrary to the advice of the early fathers, in violation of the Monroe doctrine, and destruction of our most promising industry, annexation has nothing to commend it to anybody save a handful of Hawaiian planters. It is true that it is claimed that we would lose a trade of about four millions a year. A more unfounded assertion was never made. That trade is ours because of our nearness to the Islands, and because we alone have most of the articles the Hawaiians buy. Nothing can reverse these conditions, and therefore nothing can change the course of that trade away from us. Moreover, if that trade is to be kept only under existing conditions, it is not worth having. We pay just about the total value of that trade in rebated sugar duties, and now propose a total sacrifice of our beet growing and sugar manufacturing industries. Then, again, it is said that Japan had a covetous eye on Hawaii; to which Premier Ito at once made reply that Japan would not take the Islands if tendered them as a gift. The truth is that no country wants Hawaii at any price, and most countries of Europe are glad to see us depart from our safe policy of splendid isolation. Whilst we,

in both eanes and beets, have a pretty considerable home product, to the existence of which protection is absolutely essential, it is a violation of party pledges, and of the well settled policy of the country, to let in duty free the product of the cheapest and most degraded labor system, and that argument alone ought in right and justice to determine the whole question. According to the treaty, vessels having Hawaiian registry, are at once to be entitled to American registry. What this will amount to will be surprising. By the time the treaty can be ratified, most of the foreign bottoms of the Pacific will be found to have gained American registry. It is a tricky, unwise, and even a deplorable measure all through.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Evening Bulletin, does injustice to its own good name, and seems to have "gone and got ruined" on this subject. It falsifies when it says that the record shows that the Japanese want the Islands. The Japanese emigrated to Hawaii because of a treaty giving them rights equal to those of the most favored nation, including that of naturalization. What Japan now protests against is a treaty that would at once sweep away all rights already acquired. We would, were we in her place, insist upon the maintenance of those rights, and the indications are that she will do that at all hazards. Otherwise, her Prime Minister says, she "would not take the Islands as a free gift." With that declaration she clearly has the best of the argument. Moreover, Japan is in the family of nations to stay, and may not be ruled out and her treaties set at naught, without a grave reflection resting upon the civilization of the country that would engage in the enterprisc. The latest dispatches show with what cheerful alacrity Great Britain assents to annexation, provided that the rights of her citizens are guaranteed. We shall concede those rights cheerfully. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gauder. What we concede to Great Britain, we must necessarily yield to Japan, and then to China, and upon those terms Hawaii would not be worth having.

Newspaper Charity Funds. A most remarkable accusation has been made against the New York Herald by the New York Sun; and it is nothing less than a direct charge that the Herald, after having collected more than fifteen thousand dollars for the purchase of ice to be distributed free among the poor of New York, spent less than three thousand dollars for that purpose—leaving a balance of more than twelve thousand dollars unaccounted for. It is to be noted that the Herald, instead of making prompt denial, backed up by itemized statement of its free ice fund, failed to make response at all, even after having been very pointedly requested to do so by several of the New York papers besides the Sun.

The charge of the Sun opens up a particularly pertinent question, which is well worth the attention of the whole public. The Herald, as a paper, may be called ultra-respectable in its general character, as contra-distinguished from the distempered yellow journalism of New York and San Francisco. Its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, is a very wealthy man, liberal, high-minded, generous; and it may be assumed if the Herald, charged with acts compared with which everyday theft becomes virtue and ordinary crime a recommendation of good character, refuses to clear its skirts by undisputable proofs of innocence—or any proofs at all—that it is time for people generally to look strictly to the ultimate end of their subscription for charitable purposes, of which "enterprising" daily papers are the frequent and self-appointed custodians. If the old-fashioned and staid Herald endures a charge of this character in silence, contributors who generously respond to every appeal of the new journalism—and they are not infrequent—have a right to look with interest for the balance sheets of these eager purveyors of public charity, filtered through irresponsible or unknown hands.

The trouble with this sort of collections is that the public do not know who takes the money contributed by a generous people; it is an easy thing for a daily newspaper to gather large sums on behalf of any really laudable purpose. It would be quite as easy, and usually a perfectly safe matter, for a paper engineering a scheme, and hoisted by a big original subscription, to recoup itself for its supposed gift, beside absorbing a large part of the hard coin taken from the pockets of credulous contributors. The

starting of these charitable collections by heavy donations may very well give the public an appetite for information as to who the custodians of their thousands of dollars are! Are they men who are entitled to large confidence? Are they noted for integrity and personal honor? Are they known at all? A great newspaper like the Herald has many employees. The people know the paper—not the men who work for it. In the case of the Herald it appears that receipt of the funds was acknowledged from day to day, but the itemized statement of expenditures was not published—else such a scandal would have been impossible.

Charity is the sweetest and most precious word known to the human heart, and its practical expression should never be checked nor embarrassed; but this amazing predicament of the Herald may well cause the unsuspecting public to hesitate and make inquiry before they give their thousands to men utterly unknown to them, or who, if known, might not be trusted with enough to black their boots.

Debs, the Anarchist. Eugene V. Debs let the cat out of the bag at Chicago the other day when he declared that the "present American system of government would be overthrown by peaceable means if possible, but by force of arms if necessary," and that himself and his blind followers were prepared to resist United States troops whenever the occasion presented itself and the moment was opportune. In making this announcement, this revolutionist served timely notice upon the Federal authorities, upon vested accumulations, and people who respect the rights of others, and who love peace and stability rather than anarchy and insecurity of life and property.

Debs is at present making an effort to bring an army of idle men from the great centers of population in the Middle-West to some State nearer the Pacific Ocean, where they may colonize a large area of land, build cities and homes, and as he has declared, secure control of the machinery of State government, and practically demonstrate the Socialistic theories of which he is the chief promoter and exponent in this country. Until his outburst in Chicago, it was generally supposed that Debs was opposed to the use of force in relieving the distress of the laboring element and permanently elevating the poorer classes. His Chicago harangue has shown him up in his true colors, and places him in the direct ranks of the anarchists, and an enemy of all that society cherishes. He proposes to aid the laboring man by assailing and striking down the laws under which property is acquired and its security guaranteed; to substitute chaos for order and revolution for peace. His open declarations, into which he was betrayed in the frenzy of the moment, is now denied by him, but its truth is indisputable. Its disastrous effect upon the colonization scheme will be immediately apparent. No State will welcome Debs and his army of tramps when it is known that their determination is the ultimate control of State governments and their announced purpose to reach their ends even should it involve an appeal to arms. The Western States are in need of money to develop their resources, and in order to obtain it they must offer first of all reasonable, conservative and safe laws. The Governor of Washington sent to Debs a pressing invitation to lead his anarchists to that State, where they would be welcomed; but it is doubtful if he would have done so had the real character and intent of this enemy of society been known. The introduction of the colonists would be the signal for the desertion of that State by every trust company, every foreign banking institution, every insurance company—in fact, every dollar that could be moved would disappear.

Unfortunately for Mr. Debs and fortunately for the State to which he turns, the distance between his headquarters in Chicago and the great West is far; to walk is impossible, and the payment of railroad fares not to be thought of. His appeal to Secretary Alger for transportation, after his declaration of intent to defy the laws and overthrow the government, is a joke which he may appreciate hereafter. Under ordinary conditions Debs would be simply amusing; in the present social and financial conditions of the country this anarchist and his lieutenants may require the attention of the government which they despise.

Foreign Facts And Telegraphic Fiction. The more experience we gain the more satisfied we are that little or no reliance is to be placed in the despatches from abroad, which are undoubtedly, in great part, cooked up to suit what are believed to be the American sympathies of the hour. Some years ago the writer had occasion to visit London and there met the principal agent of the Associated press. The statements he telegraphed to this side of the water were, as a rule, either highly colored or grossly false. When taken to task for such work, his answer was that if he did not devote himself to catering to American prejudices he would not retain his official head for a single week. As close observers we are bound to say that the evil has gone on increasing from that day to this. We are convinced, for instance, that scarcely a word of truth has ever yet been telegraphed to this country about either Spain or Cuha. Without knowing how the facts certainly are, we venture the helief that Spain's darkest days are over. Gomez has disbanded his forces, and the Philippines are again subdued. The "Cuhan patriots" has all along been only a synonym for a band of cutthroats and handitti in the pay of a New York syndicate. There never at any time has been anything but mere guerilla warfare, and the only interference needed from our Government ought to have begun at home. In the cases of both Hawaii and Cuba, their troubles were originated in the United States, and are yet being kept alive by selfish interests, for the purpose of plunder. We think that Spain sees daylight ahead. Seeing what this country and continent owe to her early enterprises, she has certainly been very badly treated. The case of Hawaii is still worse. We found her happy and prosperous under a wise king and a mild form of government. We sent her missionaries, bibles and rum, stole her lands, degraded her people, filled them with diseases that they knew not how to control, stole their government, and left them as foreigners in their own land, to which they had so hospitably and generously welcomed the missionary authors of all their woes. When the record is a little further repeated, and annexation an accomplished fact, a page in the history of this country's connection with Hawaii will be reached that will bring a blush to the faces of generations of Americans yet unborn.

The English Empire And Its Queen. The past has been a wonderful week in London. There was probably never on earth such a show. It far exceeded the triumphal entries of returned warriors into ancient Rome. It concentrated for one purpose, and with one mind, all civilized nations of the globe. A part of that never-to-be forgotten pageantry was there in the highest spirit of chivalry to do honor to the good old Royal Lady who has for sixty years presided successfully over the mightiest Empire of these days, and a still larger part was there, not only out of loving regard for their Queen, but to demonstrate by their personality, and by all that it represents the mightiness of that Empire upon which the sun never sets, and throughout which there is unity and strength of Government, and peace, progress, and prosperity healthily proceeding on the highest plane of civilized advancement. England may have jealous rivals. In these days of commercial competition, rivalries are of the nature of the business. But Great Britain, notwithstanding, is respected the wide world over. Her flag floats over every sea, and it yet remains true that Britannia rules the waves. Her commerce is carried everywhere and is invariably attended by fair dealing, justice and right. Wherever an enterprise is to be developed, there her money goes in larger volume, and at cheaper rates, than it can generally be obtained elsewhere. The world has borrowed ten billions of dollars from her, which is at least two billions more than all the gold and silver there is in existence to repay it with, and it is remarkable that she still continues to lend more liberally than other nations. By this process she has become deeply interested in the progress and prosperity of well nigh all the world, and becomes a force for peace everywhere. She is concerned in the welfare of every country in which she has invested her money, and that is in pretty nearly all countries. By far her largest loans have been placed in the United States, and, as a consequence, she cannot make any serious attack upon us, or permit anybody else to do so if she can

help it. We are her largest creditor. There is much of her money in our railroads, telegraphs, municipal debts, breweries, maufactories, irrigation works, and, in short, there is hardly "a good thing" in all our broad domain that she has not, so to speak, got her fingers in. Thus it comes that even we free and independent Americans are workers, and profit earners for our cousins across the ocean. It is really a marvellous condition, when one comes to think of it seriously. We sometimes predict the ultimate decadence of Great Britain, but how can that take place when all nations, kindreds, and tongues are working for her and making her richer and stronger every day? She takes very remarkable care of her citizens abroad, and of her foreign loans. Therein lies much wisdom. The British would not have been the explorers and pioneers that they are, had not the fact been well understood that they could rely upon the support of the strong government at the back of them. There is not a foreign nation to-day that thinks of defaulting to British creditors, because they know, from the Egyptian and other examples, what would follow. The larger Nations cannot afford to default because they still need to borrow. England is not likely to lose much by reason of had debts; her investments have been too shrewdly made for that. Her navy, which is constantly being enlarged and strengthened, is believed to be equal to any conceivable emergency, and her army is stronger than is generally suspected. In India alone she has over a million of as good soldiers as the world knows. This is an emigrating age, and now that the United States are pretty well filled up, England owns the hulk of the available new countries. She is rapidly spreading herself over the Earth's surface. These are surprising material advantages. Beyond these she is well to the front in matters of higher civilization, her government is deeply rooted in the hearts of her people, and honesty is the rule of the land. To the good woman, who, as Queen, has acted well her part for sixty years, the world in general, and Great Britain in particular, owe much, and they have just demonstrated their appreciation of the fact.

The Right Of Petition. It is always your mob organ that wants to trample on individual liberty. The right of petition has for nearly six centuries and a half been deemed one of the most cherished guarantees to be found in Magna Charta. No Monarch has dared to set it at naught, and no free state has been successfully established without adopting it. But now comes the most pronounced representative of "the new journalism" of the period, as well as of the unwashed mob that hacks it, and practically declares that the right of the individual citizen to petition is now and henceforth to cease and determine, and to be exercised only in such cases as it may please the Examiner to grant an indulgence for that purpose. The other day a large number of citizens signed a petition against annexation, and ever since this mob's organ has been "roasting" those citizens for exercising their right. Their motives have been assailed, their characters attacked, their business harassed, their private affairs brought to public view, and dire threats of more and worse treatment, if their signatures be not withdrawn. It is painful to observe the number of men who are succumbing to this threat. They are unworthy of their manhood and should be ashamed of themselves. Fortunately a large majority stand by their convictions, and only hold in contempt the threats of a journal without a particle of influence with decent people. It happens that two can play at the Examiner's game. The opponents of annexation have no reason to shrink from such a contest. Than a majority of the Hawaiian planters, no worse men ever cut a throat, or scuttled a ship, and the creatures they have hired to villify better men than themselves, are doing the work for which they have been trained, and that seems altogether to their tastes. Turn about is said to be fair play, and as the treaty will not be ratified this year, if at all, there will remain plenty of time in which to give the men in whose service the Examiner acts, a little of their own sauce.

BABIES thrive on Taroena. A natural food. Druggists.

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THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

No. 11.

ONE of the most, indeed it may be said the most, striking figure among the old-time gamblers, was "Bill" Briggs, who kept a gambling house on Bush street, adjoining the Cosmopolitan Hotel, since displaced to make room for Crocker's building. Briggs was a Cherokee, and a man of truly magnificent physique. He was about six foot three in height and exquisitely proportioned. His complexion was of no deeper color than bronze, his eyes large and lustrous, and his entire *personnel* dignified and commanding. Briggs' game was well patronized by the sporty element of the town, though his entertainments after dark were not as lavish as those set forth by John Scott. He was, like most of his class, a man of generous impulse, and many kindly acts are credited to him. On one occasion a young man engaged in an English bank in a responsible capacity entered Briggs' room, very much intoxicated. He played, and in the beginning won, but like the majority his luck deserted him, and at two o'clock in the morning he had dropped nearly two thousand dollars. Briggs, who had watched his play narrowly, noticed that the cheeks the dealer honored were in different names, and were endorsed by the young banker before he cashed them in the bank's name. The steady run of disaster completely sobered the unfortunate gambler. As he was leaving, with a look of despair upon his face, Briggs stopped him.

"Didn't you marry Miss —," he asked, naming an old Californian.

"I did, eighteen months ago," was the reply.

"He was an old friend of mine," said the gambler, "and did me many a good turn in early days, and I won't see his daughter suffer. Now, young man, you know you have got yourself into a bad scrape and that you dare not show up at the bank to-day without those checks. Wait a few minutes for me." He went to the money drawer, made a package of all the checks the youth had lost, and handed it back to him.

"Mr. Briggs, you have saved my life," cried the clerk, "what can I do to show you my gratitude?"

"Nothing," replied the gambler; "hold on, though; there is one thing. Promise me, for your wife's sake, that you will never enter a gambling house again." He did, and, what is more, kept it, and is now the manager of a large bank in the northern country.

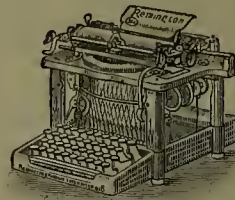
Another of the dashing type of Californian gamblers was Bill Barnes. Colonel Barnes, for such was his title by common consent, was a dark, handsome man, of lithe, sinewy form, of intellectual tastes, and was a most perfect horseman. He could ride and subdue the wildest bronco that ever came from the "round up," and in early days, in Sacramento, used to wear a portion of the costume usual to the Spanish caballero. During the sessions of the Legislature, Colonel Barnes used to give the most lavish banquets at Bill Hunt's, Hotel de France, or at Guinean's Arcade. Hunt was himself an oddity. He was a big, heavy-boned fellow, bearded like a miner, and a decidedly tough appearing character. Yet he was a graduate of Yale, and a man of the most perfect manner, when he choose, and of refined tastes. When he and Barnes put their heads together to compose a menu, the whole State had to yield tribute—Canadian geese, woodcock and grouse from the East, and Northwestern country patty furnished forth their table. Their wines were the best and rarest that the cellars of San Francisco could yield. White Hermitage, Chateau La Fitte, Mouton Rothschild, all the finest brands were theirs. And the guests were composed of the leaders at the Bar, and the most prominent merchants, and men of all the professions. Barnes and Hunt have long since gone across the river. It is related of Barnes that one night, when dining with a friend of his, he heard his wife laughingly complain that they were too poor to afford a piano. "Madam," said the gambler, "I have here three hundred dollars, and I am one of the most superstitious men alive. Now, if you will, while you keep your mind on that piano, press those bills against your heart, I think we shall have no trouble about making the rifle." The lady did so, and Barnes, remarking, "I will be back directly for another cup of coffee," took his hat and went directly to Pat Robson's gambling house on Post street. It was the middle of the deal, and the ace had

won twice. Barnes placed the entire amount, \$300, on that card, and it came up third time winner. He "pinched" it just half, letting \$300 still remain on the ace, which turned up for the fourth time, winning straight through the deal. Returning to the house of his entertainer, he presented the lady with six hundred dollars, telling how he believed that fortune had favored him through her influence. And that same night, long after the family had gone to sleep, Barnes again turned up at the gambling houses and cleared \$5000 on his own account.

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"We obey no wand but pleasure's."—Tom Moore.

THE air of prosperity is jingling in the box-office, the managerial waistcoat is bland and unwrinkled, the manager dines punctually at every day. The repertories are stocked with novelties, but no novelty is to be seen on any local stage. The reliables of the past, immediate and remote, have been exhumed. Good old *Shenandoah* is booming at the Columbia, valuable *Zenda* is boarding at the Baldwin, foolish *Wang* is fooling at the Tivoli.

And *Wang* is the best show in the town.

I know that only one manager out of a possible three will agree with me; but it would be the same on any other choice; and this one has the advantage of being excellent and true. It is not a question of the comparative values of war melodrama, costume melodrama and comic operetta—*Shenandoah*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Wang*, is each an established institution, which has been discussed here when the institution and myself were of tenderer years. At present *Wang* glitters as a performance, a production. It goes as smooth as a summer drink. The costumes are new and smashing, the scenery is rich, the color scheme is not indigestible; the elephant is a copious work of art; the chorus is composed of live, willing members, who act as well as sing; the orchestra is delightfully subordinate to the singers, firm and official in the choruses; the average work of the cast is as lofty as that of any road show at three times the admission; and Edwin Stevens is the star. Mr. Stevens, I regret to say, is no relation of mine, but he is a comedian of the first quality. He makes you laugh without and within; he is an actor of not one personality, but twenty; and what is more pertinent to this occasion, he is an artist where artists are rarest found, and that is in comic opera. Unlike most of his bounding brethren along this line, Mr. Stevens's ideas of comicality are not centered in that anatomical feature unmentionable in polite criticism. His hits are achieved at the other end.

For many years—it must date back to the time when Edwin Stevens left San Francisco and went out into the wide, wide world to expand his reputation, the Tivoli stage has nursed the superstition that the Tivoli audience could be moved to mirth only by the most superhuman efforts on the part of the comedian. Hence Tivoli comedians have been somewhat in excess of humanity as it is found at large. Ferris Hartman was a faithful believer in this superstition; he employed in his work nothing less than the strength of ten ordinary men; he had the constitution of a lion, the temperament of dynamite, and the persuasiveness of a battering ram. In good time he became a cult; nature evolved men and women to a mould where Hartman, and only Hartman, could strike laughter to their souls. These were the Hartmanites. They cared little for the softer comic operas, because in such as these Hartman often had a legitimate character part to play, and frequently played it with something of legitimate character skill. It was the burlesques, extravaganzas, spectacles, and operatic farces, in which Hartman was several thirds of the performance, that drew them by the thousands strong.

I was interested Monday night to see the Hartmanite all over the place, and I wondered what the outcome would be. I had good reason to believe that Ed Stevens, who had been a wonderful man at the Tivoli years ago, would be a success on his reappearance. But I doubted if the audience would succeed as well.

The very entrance of Mr. Stevens was a reproach to doubt. He came down the stage gently, with several tons of elephant pressed between his knees, dolefully dismounted by means of an adjacent building, and told in touching song the story of the elephant on his hands—"the elephant ate all night and the elephant ate all day." He sang with the humble sincerity of a man who had made a mistake and could own up that it was an elephant on him. There were fervor, disappointment, grief, and responsibility in his voice; it was he, nobody else but long, lean

himself, who had Siamesed with an animal whose diurnal capacity for food would strain a warehouse. It was a vivid reality, sad, sorry, and appealing. And comical it was to the limit, for everyone saw the joke except, apparently, the man who joked it. It was the humor of Cervantes—Cervantes, the founder of tall comedians. And the Hartmanite, the plain Tivolite, and the casual playgoer came over in a single ecstasy of wonder and delight.

* * *

I have said before that Mr. Stevens was brilliantly supported. Let me particularize. Miss Seabrook seems to have settled down to exacting from herself nothing but the best of which she is capable; her Marie is conspicuously the best of the women's parts, easily acted and sung with delicate particularity. Miss Morella does not do so well with the Crown Prince; she gives a fair performance, but clouds it with a frightful consciousness of her costumes and many instances of bad articulation. The same fault—articulation, I mean—is all that stands between Mr. Raffael and an ideal Boucher. Miss Helen Harrington plays the widow; she sings, too, at times, atrociously, but she is very tactful as a "feeder" to Mr. Stevens, and therefore is not entirely to be despised. Mr. Leary is fat and funny as the elephant keeper; Mr. Darcy's idea of the inn-keeper is not one of his best. Captain Fracasse is another first-rate character by Mr. West. Gustav Hinrichs has the baton, and whatever private opinion he may harbor of *Wang* as a musical work (or of light opera as an institution) he makes the very most of its performance.

Altogether the Tivoli's *Wang* is given with pomp, celerity, humor and sweet sound. It is the best comedy performance I have ever seen at this house, and it does not, I am glad to write, seem like the same old Tivoli smile. It is something new and individual, and asks no odds for price, place or people.

* * *

The Lyceum Theatre Company of this season is, with several advantageous changes, the same company that brought us the *Prisoner of Zenda* last October. It is not the Lyceum company that we are used to, and it is impossible fairly to compare the present players with their predecessors until we have seen them in a moderately quiet play, where it is to be hoped they will strike a softer key. The melodramatization of Anthony Hope's romance will stand a deal of noisy acting; it was noisily acted last season, and we all more or less liked it. It is noisier than ever now—so loud, in fact, that many of its pretty improbabilities and brave heroics have lost all seeming of plausibility. In the various roles of Rudolph, Mr. Hackett has three-fifths of the play, and it is only fair to say that he makes four-fifths of the noise. This play is a good one, and Mr. Hackett is a young actor of marked abilities; but his present work has a tendency to conceal both those facts. His drunken scene would be an affront to the worst wine ever vinted, his cadenza of madness in Black Michael's castle is much like a bad comedian's Gaspard in *The Chimes of Normandy*, and his scene with Flavia at the end of the third act has degenerated into cheap melodrama. Mr. Hackett's over-acting is a menace to the company. Miss Odell does anything and everything to Antoinette de Mauban, and Miss Mary Mannering, the new leading woman, affects a strenuousness in Flavia that, even if better than Miss Irving's anemic acting, is nothing to what Miss Mannering might accomplish by being more herself, and less a feminine Hackett. Mr. Walcott's Sapt remains the best character in the piece. George W. Middleton is good, too, as Hentzau; also Edward Morgan, who plays Black Michael.

* * *

Shenandoah, at the Columbia, is better given than *Zenda* at the Baldwin. There is money still in Bronson Howard's old war-horse, and after three unfortunate weeks I am glad to see Mr. Frawley and his managers once more on the road to opulence. *Shenandoah* takes a big cast, and the acting is bound to be variegated. The pitfalls of Southern dialect are carefully avoided; in the Frawley production no dialect is used—except Mr. Worthing's fashionable Londonese, which voices Col. Kerchival West, U. S. A., somewhat incongruously; and Mr. Clarke's brogue, which is not classic, but atoned for by the first respectable command of his legs that I ever have seen him execute. Captain Heartsease is a character not unlike

the woodea Lieutenant in *The Senator*, and Mr. Frawley is without a peer in that sort of part. He is the best man in the play this week. Still, such parts only come once or twice in a lifetime, and I should not advise Mr. Frawley to take any chances on the years that lie between. I hesitate to criticize Miss Bates's version of the Southern heroine. I once made a brutal attack on a young woman who played just such a part. "Her dialect," quoth I, "came from Maine." I afterwards discovered that she was bo'n an' raised in ole Virginny, and that dark reflections had been cast upon her color line. But I insist that Miss Wallis is of the North all right. She is all right, any way. Life is too long and beautiful for me to dwell on the balance of the cast. I would rather praise it.

ASHTON STEVENS.

All the new turns are worth while at the Orpheum this week, particularly Lew Dockstader's. The veteran minstrel sings, gags, lectures and anecdotes for something like half an hour before the audience will part with him. Alex Heindl, the 'celloist of reputation, plays popular music; John Canfield and Violet Carlton do a clever operatic hurlesque; and Caron and Herbert, the comedy acrobats, who were such a go at the Orpheum two years ago, are repeating their success. All in all, it is the best bill the Orpheum has had in many months. Next week will be added to the roll Smith and Fuller, Oriental instrumentalists.

Wang continues at the Tivoli.

Next week at the Columbia the Frawley Company presents for the first time here *A Social Highwayman*, the play in which the Holland brothers scored a national success. The piece is an adaptation by Mary T. Stone of a novelette written by Elizabeth P. Train for Lippincott's.

The First Gentleman of Europe, "a play of sentiment and manners," in which Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has undertaken to redeem the profligate George of Wales, will be the Lyceum Company's bill at the Baldwin next week. Mrs. Burnett believes that George was not as black as George Reynolds printed him, but, it is said, she has left him with sins enough to be interesting.

The First Born has been a blessing to the Alcazar; Monday night it enters upon the third month of its successful career. For sixty nights it has packed the little theatre, and another week and a day and it will have achieved the longest run on record in San Francisco. The accompanying piece for next week's bill is a comedy in two acts by Dion Boucicault, *Andy Blake*; or, *The Irish Diamond*. Mr. Mark Thall, a theatrical man of extensive experience, is now associated with the Alcazar management. He announces the following players engaged for the new stock season: Frank Carlyle, leading man; Miss Selene Johnson, leading woman, and George Trader, comedian.

THE old and widely known wholesale drug firm of Mack & Co. will soon move into their own substantial five-story brick building at 13 and 15 Fremont street. The firm are now at 11 Front street, where they have been located for the past seventeen years. Mack & Co. are proprietors of Peruvian Bitters, Moore's Poison Oak Remedy, and other proprietary medicines.

SINCE Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict opened a branch for the Remington typewriter here, there has been a very material increase of business. Under the energetic direction of the Pacific Coast manager, F. E. Van Buskirk, the Remington has more than justified the expectations of the New York office.

The Maison Riche, the justly-famous French restaurant, corner Geary street and Grant avenue, sets a splendid dinner between the hours of 5 and 9 o'clock every day. The reputation of the Maison Riche extends around the world. Every delicacy of the season served in most faultless manner, lures the jaded appetite, and sweet music and fine wines serve to make up a menu unexcelled anywhere on earth.

Christian Endeavor souvenirs, official medals, pins and badges. Sterling silver souvenir spoons from 50 cents up. J. N. Brittain, Jeweler, 20 Geary street, near Kearny.

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The "Gem" Theatre of the Coast. Friedlander, Gotlob & Co., Lessees and Managers.

Monday, June 24th. Fifth week of

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY,

Another great play, "A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN." Week of July 5th. Comedy Week. Revival of "The Great Unknown" and "The Two Esculcheons."

Baldwin Theatre.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (Incorporated) Proprietors.

Monday, June 28th. Second week. Daniel Frohman's

LYCEUM THEATRE STOCK CO.,

headed by James K. Hackitt and Mary Manning, from the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Presenting for the first time here THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE. A play of sentiment and manners. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and George Fleming. To be followed by "The Mayflower," "The Late Mr. Castello," etc

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The hit of the season. Triumphant welcome accorded the eminent comedian, MR. EDWIN STEVENS. Every evening,

WANG.

Written by J. Cheever Goodwin; music by Woolson Morse. The greatest of all comic operas. Splendid cast; correct costumes; beautiful scenery. Next—First time in this city, THE ISLE OF CHAMPAGNE. Comedy opera in three acts.

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Belasco & La Faille, Lessees and Managers; Mark Thall, Director.

Week of June 28th. Matinee Saturday at 2. Dion Boucicault's comedy in two acts.

ANDY BLAKE,

Or, The Irish Diamond
THIRD MONTH of Powers' Chinese drama,
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SMITH & FULLER,

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THE UBIQUITOUS SUMMER MAN.

WHO spends the dollars he has made,
 On ice cream soda, lemonade,
 At ninety-something in the shade?
 The summer man.

Who is it haits the fishing hooks,
 The hammock swings in cosy nooks,
 And huys the girls the latest hooks?
 The summer man.

Who parts the hriers overhead,
 And on the turf his coat will spread
 For some divinity to tread?
 The summer man.

Who fetches, carries, night and day,
 A slave to every woman's way—
 Who is, indeed, her lawful prey?
 The summer man.

Who tunes guitar and hanjo strings,
 And smashes rattlesnakes and things,
 And revels in engagement rings?
 The summer man.

Who is it dives in from the brink
 When some fair swimmer fain would sink,
 And is rewarded—I don't think?
 The summer man.

Who narrowly escapes sunstroke,
 Gets tangled up with poison oak,
 And reaches home, sweet home, dead hroke?
 The summer man.

San Francisco. LILLIAN FERGUSON.

PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.

ONE of the many strange and beautiful sights for which Yosemite Valley, California's wonderland, is noted is presented with this issue of the NEWS LETTER's picturesque series. It represents sunrise in Mirror Lake. Everyone who has stood in the early dawn upon the margin of this lake will well remember the exquisite tracery of the massive walls, the delicate outlining of trees, and the bold-cut elevation of the mountain which sleeps at his feet. Through the notched peak at the bottom of this picture the sun glows like hurnished gold in the water long before it greets the wondering traveller's eyes above the rugged mountain's eastern battlements. A more imperious leaf of Nature's book is rarely seen, and is always remembered.

FOR some time it has been understood that the Golden Rule Bazaar would take over the business of the Emporium, and negotiations have progressed so far that a lease was executed Thursday between Mrs. Parrott, owner of the Emporium building, and Mr. Andrew M. Davis, of the Bazaar, terminating August 1st. Meantime it is expected that negotiations will be completed and a twenty years' lease he executed between Mrs. Parrott and the Golden Rule. Mr. Andrew M. Davis, than whom no man is more widely or favorably known in the city, has charge of the negotiations, and will no doubt successfully conclude this important deal. His past husiness career justifies the helief that the Emporium, under his direction, would become one of the permanent and most important mercantile establishments on the Pacific Coast.

AN immense crowd visited El Campo last Sunday; hut there is nothing unusual in that. El Campo is a popular resort, and just the place for a quiet Sunday's outing.

NEW SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Safes \$4.00 to \$150.00 Per Annum.—The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts a executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge.

Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

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BROMO-KOLA cures headaches, neuralgia, and nervous troubles.

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We want to be rid at once of all the second-hand wheels we have. All are in good condition; some are as good as new. % % % % % % % % % % There is one sure way to get them out--the prices. We have made the most tempting prices we ever knew on wheels of equal value. % % % % %

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Keeps

THOSE of our swim who own or rent country places for the summer, have not, so far at least, fulfilled the hopes of their friends in providing entertainment for man and beast. The de Youngs are *non est*, the Louis Parrotts *hors de combat* through illness, and Mrs. Hager late in taking up her rural abode. At B'ingham things are not as lively as they were last year. To be sure, Walter Hobart and Charley Baldwin are now married men, Joe Grant is off on his wedding trip abroad, Joe Tobin mourns his erstwhile British pal, and Alfred Ford is bent upon making an aristocratic tone pervade the gatherings at the Club House. Every one at all conversant with Anglican "upper circles" knows how pokey the tone is to an American idea, "awfully good form" being opposed to noisy acts or utterances. Hence the decidedly quiet air of that swagger settlement. With the advent of the Crockett and Wilson families no doubt more of an American element will obtain. We bear already of Fourth of July festivities being planned down there.

* * *

A good story is told of a young merchant of this city, whose first marriage anniversary was celebrated not long ago. Old habits with him are hard to break. Recently he was entertaining his more or less fair inamorata (who for want of a better name will be called "Gussie") at the usual semi-weekly French dinner, when, suddenly remembering the orange blossoms and Lohengrin march but a brief twelve month gone, he jumped up from the table, and explaining that he must buy a present for his wife and take her out to dinner, as that was the day of his marriage one year ago, hastily departed. Imagine the surprise of the sphinx-like waiter who one hour later took his order for a second dinner, and with another *vis-a-vis* (his wife) in the identical room from which he had hastened sixty minutes before!

* * *

The British exile and his Anglo-American brethren were unlucky in the weather for the Jubilee rejoicings. The proverbial "Queen's weather" did not show up, but if anything could emphasize the difference between the genuine Briton and his would-be English-Yankee brother, it was the manner of taking the unwelcome rain. Johnny Bull, with the natural phlegm of his race, tramped along, "trews" turned up, umbrella in hand, and stoical phiz, while the Anglo-American growled, grumbled, and hobbled along in discomfort and disgust.

* * *

The guests at the Hotel Rafael have taken up tennis with a vim, and since Mr. J. J. Crooks has organized a club of players under professional training, practice in the fine court over there goes on daily. The chances are that some unusually good games will be seen at the coming tournament at the Hotel. Gossip says that George de Long's intention to compete for the championship this time is to please a certain charming fair one of the Western Addition.

* * *

What a delightful life Mrs. de Young leads, fitting here and there as fancy dictates with hosts of friends to welcome and entertain her everywhere. The Oelrichs party do not seem to be in haste to leave the happy hunting grounds of the East for their native heath. Rumor has it that a very swell crowd of New Yorkers intend coming out to test the pleasures of famed Del Monte in the late summer, and possibly Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair may be of the number.

* * *

"Oh, my!" said one of the buds to another society girl recently, "if Captain Maus had only been playing for keeps with some one of the several girls to whom he was so devoted when he was here, what a glorious time she would be having now over with him at the Queen's Jubilee. Ain't he just in luck to be along with old Miles on his staff instead of flirting with the women down at Coronado."

The right of a woman to name her dogs after her many victims may not be questioned so long as she does not impress her peculiar fancies upon the public nostrils. This fact is brought to mind by the last dog show here, when an animal named "Jule" sat the show out—and no doubt felt the disgrace of his title. That the humiliated animal has a permanent grievance against his notorious mistress owing to the shameful conduct of his namesake, who dances attendance upon this woman, to the brutal neglect of his wife and her new-born babe, is not questioned by the many people who are cognizant of the facts.

The best is always the cheapest. And in this case the best whiskey is J. F. Cutter. Smooth as oil, mellow with age, it is the delight of the connoisseur and judge of good drinks everywhere. For this rare liquor, E. Martin & Co., at 411 Market street, are the sole Pacific Coast agents.

PURE COSMETICS—Professor Wenzell, the Pure Food Chemist, says of Mme. Marchand's Preparations. Use Creme de la Creme. Positively prevents sunburn and poison oak. Price, 50 cts. 107 Geary street.

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THEY were devoted, and the fact that he had not yet succeeded in procuring a post that should make it possible for them to marry—that they had not money enough, in common speaking, to set up a house—drew them in a way closer together and made the long engagement the sweeter for the uncertainty of things. Hope was a tender, mirthful companion with them—not blind, only bandaged across the eyes, and capable of lifting the bandage to give an assuring wink at these pretty lovers on occasions. The day arrived, however, when the gods seemed to turn away from their concerns and everything went suddenly askew. An evil spirit came upon the scenes—a wealthy evil spirit, old and in love (it was preposterous!)—in love with Sylvia, and Sylvia fell under the power of his spell, for she met her lover one day with a pale little face and said: "Temple, I must marry him. There are my sisters, you know, and the boys! The mother insists. We are so much poorer than I knew, and she says that you and I might wait forever."

"Sylvia," he answered, "this is simply nonsense! I refuse to take you seriously."

"But, dear, we cannot marry, can we?"

"What could we do on five hundred a year?"

"Well," she answered, with a sudden merry look in her blue eyes, "we might love on that, you know."

"Precisely; love in a cottage, etc."

"Even in quite a nice little house!"

"You can't possibly propose—"

"Certainly not, I don't. That's exactly the question. We cannot love one another in a nice little house on five hundred a year, therefore I must marry some one else and live in a palace without love on a million!"

Temple Lewis opened his eyes in amazement. "Ah!" he said after a considerable pause, "you are all alike, you women. Money, money—you'd sell your souls for money!"

"I tried to sell it for love!" she said, again with a little laugh—a sad little laugh this time—but Temple did not know in the least what she meant. Women are always illogical when discussing any serious matter. He therefore strode with many strides up and down the room and frowned and hit his lip. Then at last he came to a standstill and said with really noble calm: "You mean to marry this millionaire?"

The sight of his beautiful, strong face, pale with suppressed indignation—just indignation—made the tears creep into her eyes. "What do you suggest, then?" she said.

"Suggest!" he repeated with a genuine look of dismay. "What should I suggest?"

"I don't know," she answered, and the tears went hack whence they had come.

Sylvia was engaged to the millionaire, and Temple Lewis was miserable. "He is 60," he reiterated over and over again to himself, and set his teeth. "Who would have thought that Sylvia—"

Meanwhile Sylvia looked wistfully at her lover when she met him, so that he who was old caught the look one day and knew that the little girl he was to marry would sacrifice all his millions for that Jackanapes even now if—What was that if? A month passed and he watched; this evil spirit watched, peered into their souls; broke his own heart to see the clearer through the cleft into theirs. Sylvia loved the Jackanapes—the Jackanapes loved Sylvia—and money was the "if"—not with Sylvia even, only with the Jackanapes. One morning the millionaire came to Sylvia, and he said:

"My little girl, I have been dreaming, as old men are wont to dream, a very pretty, golden dream. Well, that's over. Whilst I was asleep, dreaming, the little girl that I loved was suffering, suffering, and suffering, just that my dream might be golden. That sort of nonsense wouldn't do, would it? Now listen; Jackanapes has got a post."

"Jackanapes?"

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Temple Lewis—a very good post—a thousand a year to start with. And now you can marry and be happy."

"Marry and be happy! What do you mean?"

"Just that, little girl. That is how I love you. Good-bye! It was the prettiest dream in the world, my dream!" He stooped down and kissed both her hands, and she leaned suddenly forward and looked into his eyes. "You gave him that post," she said, but he only smiled sadly and went away.

* * * * *

Temple Lewis found her next day sitting in the great, big drawing room alone, her hands idle in her lap and a wondrous look in her blue eyes. He felt suddenly shy and could hardly stammer out his satisfaction with her, with himself, and with the world in general.

"O, Sylvia!" he said, "you are not going to marry that man after all, and now—now I have such a splendid post."

"You will be wanting a wife, I suppose, in such a position."

"Why, yes, Sylvia; I should think so. They expect one to be married, you know." He sat by her side and took her hand in his. There followed a long silence; then he continued: "Sylvia, now we will be married at once, won't we? You do really love me? You did all the time, didn't you? Now that you have sent him away—"

"Temple!" she said, looking oddly up at him, "I did love you—but I don't now. I don't love you at all. * * * I love him. Loved you! Why, no; I never loved you. What am I saying? We did not know what the word meant. O! it was a mean sort of substitute, ours—but now I know what a poor thing this love is you, who are young, offer to us. Temple, I had read in books, in so many, so many books, about love, and I always said to myself: 'There is no such thing. These are poets' fancies. No one in the world loves like that.' And I heard people say: 'She loves him—he is in love with her,' and I thought, 'I suppose they love as Temple and I love,' and I began to see what an honor you were conferring on me, for all the young men and every one else seemed to think a poor girl was privileged whom young men condescended to notice."

"Sylvia, what are you saying?"

"O! you loved me in your way, no doubt, but not so much as you loved your clubs, your luxuries, your very smart clothes, your shooting. I was low down in the list of your pleasures. Something must be foresworn, and I was the one you found easiest to do without!" She looked up at him with no malice in her look and laughed; then added: "Some one else determined to do without me, too!"

"Some one else? Do you mean that that scoundrel threw you?"

"Hush! His motif was different, you see—and I have asked him to come back. Temple, the hooks did not lie—the poets' fancies were not only fancies. Ah! when some of you are as old as he you may have learned to be as great hearted, and, perhaps, if you try very hard, as delightful," she added demurely.

"I don't understand anything you say. I have come to ask you to be my wife. Will you, Sylvia?"

"No, I cannot; I have promised!"

"What! promised the millionaire?"

"Yes, Temple; you mustn't tell any one, but I love him shamefully."—Westminster Budget.

The Japanese Government may protest against the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States; but this will not prevent George T. Marsh & Co., 625 Market street, under the Palace Hotel, from carrying the finest and most extensive line of Japanese tapestries, carvings, curios, and art goods to be found anywhere in the whole country.

Midsummer furnishing goods, shirts, neckwear, etc., at Carmany's, 25 Kearny street, are the most tasty and latest arrivals in the city.

See Rome and die: drink Jackson's Napa Soda and live.



DEAR EDITH.—Among all the staggering new colors of this season, the very newest undoubtedly is violet, vying for pre-eminence in fashionable patronage with Egyptian iris, the most flaming shade of purple known. All of these glowing tones, on a black ground of green foliage and blue sky, form a picture well worth seeing, while the details of the toilet are sometimes as astonishing as beautiful.

This summer, at least, so very lovely are the afternoon parasols, that a woman who attends an outdoor party can wear her hat or not as she pleases. Hostesses so far have abjured their hats and carry sunsbades to exactly match their gowns, some of them showing silk domes with big lace butterflies appliqued onto the silk, but the net wings left free to flutter in every breeze. All of these full dress parasols have extremely long handles, showing great extravagance and beauty concentrated in the handles. An ivory shepherd's crook, prettily inlaid, a long gold inlaid ebony staff, with a tiny miniature topped comit box set in the end, or a remarkable twisted serpent, coiled near the head and with jewelled eyes, are among the novel and costly sticks, on which flouneed cauopies are mounted for use with fete dresses.

The mention of green, blue and cerise all tossed together in one costume may set sensitive teeth on edge, and yet the result is exquisite, and this capital French model, by enterprising American dressmakers, is copied in blue muslin of a pale shade, with bolero of rose-pink taffeta, and the collar and waistband done in iris velvet. The combinations, however, do not cease with color alone; just as important are many arrangements in fabrics, piquet and velvet, grass linen and satin-brown canvas and delicate lisse. French crepe and tweed being all united in the worthy cause of glorifying a lawn full of pleasure seekers.

But now for a word concerning black and white lawn dresses. Too much cannot be said nor written in their favor. Moreover, in consideration of the chic air of elegance they bear, small expense need be encountered, and for girls of 18 they are as appropriate as for women of 40.

A very pretty one is sketched with a ruffled skirt. Here the petticoat itself is of snow white swiss over a clear white silk slip, and two deep muslin flounces, set on in pronounced curves, are both edged and headed with a pretty imitation of black chantilly. Over the waist of white silk many bands of muslin are drawn, each one edged with narrow black lace, and fastened each at the top of the rich black taffeta girdle with a skeleton button of cut steel.

The nearest rival to this study in black and white is the picturesque little suit in the large sketeb, illustrating the best use of narrow black velvet ribbon on white lawn. Over a white, rose, green or blue silk slip this gown can be used, and its hat of white chip, enveloped in masses of black silk muslin, make it, from top to toe, a costume entirely within the achievement of amateur fingers, if need be.

There is a most commendable custom followed this season, at teas and tournaments, of wearing short and perfectly plain walking skirts of brown linen, white duck, or stiff dark blue piquet, with pretty blouses of ecru lace, or *cafe au lait* embroidery that have under bodies of bright colored china silk. The lace or embroidery blouse fastens up on the left side, is caught in at the waist by a belt of elastic gilt studded with mock jewels and a hip-short frill of lace hangs out below the belt. A bright ribbon forms the collar, and, with a flower hat, a costume at once smart and inexpensive is the result.

BELINDA.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU, 510 Montgomery street, S. F. reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Our Neocene mining experts—such men as Ross E. River Gold. Browne, Waldemar Lindgren, and numerous superintendents of mines of a high local

repute, that the next immediate and prolific source of gold in California will be the intact channels of the neocene river. Gravel, as that well-known authority, Augustus J. Bowie, lately remarked, has been the source of four-fifths of all the gold yield in California since its first discovery, but that the auriferous gravel is distinctly traceable to the neocene channels of a pre-volcanic drainage system of the Sierra Nevada has been clearly recognized only by a few. The first attempt to map out any portion of that ancient channel system in contrast to the channels of modern rivers is not yet seven years old. Mr. Ross E. Browne in 1890, in the tenth Annual Report of the State Mineralogist of California, presented an accurate topographic study of this kind upon a part of the American River Basin at Forest Hill, where several very rich channel mines have been opened sufficiently to afford abundant data on the neocene river system at that point. Undertaking a more comprehensive scheme, Mr. Waldemar Lindgren, of the United States Geological Survey, attempted in 1893 to show pictorially on a single map the recent and the neocene drainage system of both the Yuba and the American river basins. The elaborate report accompanying his map, and illustrated by cross-sections of many open neocene channels, has not yet been superseded as the most accurate and brilliant study of the gold-bearing rivers of pre-volcanic times.

Formation of the Placers. The neocene channels, at considerable elevations above the present river beds, are, generally speaking, within the same watersheds or basins as the modern rivers; and their courses (again generally speaking) are parallel to the modern streams. But on comparing the two river systems in detail, it is seen that the erosion which created the modern channels has affected the neocene channels in three ways: (1). It has sometimes chanced to follow the same bed as the ancient river. (2). It has sometimes cut across the ancient bed at intervals. (3). It has sometimes approached so closely to one of the sides of the old bed as to destroy the rim and lay bare the channel's contents. In all such cases the result of erosion has been to carry off and scatter the neocene gravel in new places, the distance of carriage and the ultimate place of deposit varying with the declivities of the modern streams. Hence the placers or deposits of displaced auriferous gravels, which have been the object of hydraulic mining.

Great Channels Still Intact. Not everywhere, however, have these ancient channels been disturbed. At many points they are yet intact. The lava that originally filled them has remained in place, and their hidden position is often outlined for miles along the hillsides by the line of contact between the lava and the original bed-rock of the sides of the channel. Once the lowest levels in the neocene landscape, these lava capped channels when intact now form unbroken ridges of varying width, on both sides of which the channel's rim, as defined by the contact of lava and bed-rock, is traceable for miles. The mining problem is to determine the level of the channel's bed, after which a tunnel of sufficient drainage, running to that level, completes the simplest and cheapest form of mining now practiced in California. No pumping, no hoisting, no hard ore to mine or to crush; nothing but a breast of gravel, usually free or uncemented, which varies in gold bearing richness from the bed of the channel, where the coarsest gold lies, up to a height of five or ten feet, where the "pay gravel" ceases.

Where Majestic Rivers Rolled. It is too early to pronounce yet in general from north to south upon all parts of the neocene river system so far opened by drift mining. But with reference to the dimensions of the channels and the character

of the gold, certain facts are already firmly established. The channels are wider and the gold coarser in the north than in the south. The seat of the neocene channels of far the widest dimensions yet known in California is the high divide between the head-waters of the Feather and the North Yuba rivers. There the Thistle mine, in Sierra County, has been working in a breast of gravel more than fifteen hundred feet wide, and although this extraordinary width is surmised to indicate a bend in the stream, it is not believed that the width of the channel will shrink again below one thousand feet. Further south, on the contrary, on the Forest Hill divide between the forks of the American river, the ex-Superintendent of the Mayflower reports the average width of the channel seventy-five feet, though the neighboring Morning Star mine reached an average width of three hundred and fifty feet. These averages are based on a year's work.

To the southward, in El Dorado Sierra County's Banner Record. County, the ancient streams appear to have undergone much subdivision, and neocene rivers became neocene rivulets. As to the character of gold yielded by these different river basins, whatever may be the unsolved cause of the disparity, it is certain that coarse gold in nugget-like fragments is the distinguishing mark of the northern channels. At the Thistle and other neighboring mines the gold is of such coarseness that fully eighty per cent of it is caught in the first forty-eight feet of the sluice boxes. The neocene gravels of the Northern Yuba have also never been cemented by percolations of water saturated with carbonate of lime. They do not, therefore, involve the expense of a mill to crush them. Sierra County, where the North Fork of the Yuba takes its rise, has produced gold, according to records of Wells, Fargo & Co. alone, worth \$250,000,000, of which about one-tenth is accredited to quartz mines. The balance, \$225,000,000, came from auriferous gravels from broken channels, and (to a small extent) from the intact channels of the neocene rivers.

Some Typical Gravel Mines. But the intact channels are of such recent development that a few years ago the Thistle, then an unopened channel in the heart of this gold region, went begging for a buyer in California for \$100,000. It found buyers in Scotland. How much it has yielded in the past six years we are not prepared to say, but it is authoritatively stated that monthly shipments have frequently averaged \$140,000 for considerable periods, while the gravel has at times reached as high as \$28 per carload of one ton. The mine being opened by shaft instead of tunnel, making hoisting of gravel and pumping water constantly necessary, the cost of production has reached \$1.25 a car. The best average yield of the Morning Star and Mayflower, cited by the ex-Superintendent, for a lengthened period, was \$9.50 a car for the former and \$5 for the latter, with an average cost in each of about 75 cents.

Untold Wealth Yet in Store. Even these returns, though less startling than the Thistle, have enabled the stock of the Morning Star, which four years ago sold for \$1.25 a share, to pay in dividends an average of \$6 per share every month for the past two years. It is impossible to estimate the gold which a mine like the Thistle, with three miles of channel and its extraordinary width, may ultimately produce, but in the opinion of mining men it stands easily first among all gold producing mines of California. Other examples might be adduced from different localities, but enough has been cited to confirm the opening statement of this article, that California may expect a greatly increased gold yield from the intact lava capped channels of her neocene rivers.

Among Bulls and Bears. Pine street has been dull during the week and the market has had the customary holiday decline. Chollar has suffered the most, although the mine on the Brunswick is doing better in the way of bullion production than any of the other properties just now. Sierra Nevada is looming up again, and some significant features are developing in the formation now encountered in the promising south-end group. The outlook is very promising for a market, notwithstanding the prevalent weakness.

THE regular monthly dividend and quarterly coupons on Railroad and other bonds will be payable next month.

The Crier

"Hear the Crier!" "What the devil art thou?"
"Oe that will play the devil, sir, with you."

"PASTOR" C. O. Brown, of Green-street church, Chicago, is still determined to thrust himself upon our long-suffering attention, though it was reasonable to expect, from the vigorous way in which he was kicked out of this city, that he would be glad to crawl into the nearest kennel and nurse his wounds. A two-column letter has been inflicted upon us this week from this ministerial mountebank, in which he declares that he will "try to think no evil of the brethren who pursued him, and who could not secure churches within one hundred miles of Chicago." The whining hypocrite has for the nonce uttered by accident a truth. The brethren who made such a bold stand for morality and pulpit decency would not, of course, be tolerated in Satan's stronghold.

OUR society girls of marriageable age and tendencies do not appear to fall over themselves in a wild scramble to secure titled prey. Their brilliant inactivity while Prince Luigi of Savoy tarried in the midst of us is proof of their good sense, and is likewise an example which maids of mistaken ideas in other American cities will do well to follow. As for the Prince, it is not likely that fear keeps him out of the market. Matrimony can have no terrors for a mountain climber accustomed to being snowed under, and to courting blizzards on precipices.

BOSTON is adjusting its spectacles in conventional horror to read about the escapades in their midst of one Yee Wah, a "Christianized" Mongolian, just arrested for knifing a countryman, Yee Bang, it transpiring that the wily Wah is a San Francisco highbinder with a gory record. Boston has long entertained fanciful notions that the Chinese were a real nice, tractable, peace-loving brand of heathen, with a yearning for religious conversion, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the object lesson will destroy their hallucinations.

CONSIDERING the space which the dailies accord the Hoffman case, and the ghoulish glee with which they gloat upon the non-unravelment thereof, in conjunction with the astonishing tactics pursued by our Captain of Police, one may be forgiven for wondering if there be something of a decaying nature in the local Denmark. The question is, whose sack supplies the fuel for the fire of mystery?

THE ludicrous spectacle of Royalist Palmer salaaming in nightly obeisance before the Hawaiian Fat Lady ere retiring to nocturnal rest and pajamas, is too grotesque to be nauseating. By good rights this groveler before the ham-like charms of the Domini's aggregation of greasy avoirdupois should be hustled out of the country, but not, please heaven, via the Golden Gate.

THE attorneys in the Fair will-and-deed contest have resorted to French quotations in order to illustrate their arguments. This explanation is made to relieve the minds of those among the spectators who erroneously imagined that the legal luminaries in question were making a scholarly bluff at hog Latin.

SINCE the ill-success of Laura Miller, the vultresses who hover about San Francisco, waiting for fat carcasses to fall, seem to have lost their nerve. The days go by, and still neither widow nor progeny has been raised up for Baruey Barnato. The thing is almost unprecedented.

THERE were panics in some of the churches last Sunday when the earthquake occurred, and people started for the doors, but in the First Congregational it made no commotion, which is not surprising, considering the upheavals to which they are accustomed.

MANY wise old heads are wagging over the discord between sweet-voiced Millie Flynn and her car-conductor husband. King Corphetua and the beggar never works successfully outside romance.

WHAT a pity that Sunday's earthquake in this city did not arouse sleeping Justice from her trance. Another temblor, please, O Lord.

PEOPLE should stick to their trade, nor flounder in devious pursuits which may lead to their eternal undoing. There is Sister Craven for instance. Once on a time the mature but astute Nettie wielded an influence hereabouts almost lobbystic in power, despite her ineligibility to the ranks of her kind in scheming, for Nettie was never a fascinating person from the strictly feminine point of view. So long as she confined her ambition to the school-ma'am plane, all went merry as a dinner bell, with only the occasional yelp of a spanked kid to break its harmony. But in essaying to soar to contract widowhood and the station of a millionairess, the Craven airship is fast coming to grief, and the moral is obvious.

ANDREW J. ITSELL, pedagogue, whose scalp is coveted by the Board of Education, he being accused of incompetency and showing a general lack of that perspicacity which is best defined as not "onto his job," need spend no anxious moments regarding his educational salary. Prospects are exceedingly bright for the disciplinarian in question, whose chief joy in life is the administering of corporal punishment, School Director Waller having declared that action will be taken by the Board "at a legal pace." As a legal pace is equivalent to a snail's pace, Itsell is safe.

THE CRIER is pleased to learn that "the mining outlook in California was never so encouraging," but notwithstanding this cheerful statement, made by an optimistic contemporary of Republican principles, it would be well-nigh impossible to make the local Democracy believe it. The great Lane mine, whose pléthoric yield was expected to pan out wealth galore with which to receive in dazzling style William, the Would-be Conqueror, has shut down with the energy of a steel trap and can't be worked a little bit. No, the mining outlook just now is nit.

MRS. PERKINS says she's out of all patience with the daily papers; they get their facts so mixed. Why only the other day one paper gave a picture of London and headed it, "Route of the Gorgeous Procession on Tuesday." What will foreigners think of us, she'd like to know, when they catch us making a slip of that sort; she'd have thought even a babe would know that this is the Victorian Jubilee. The Gorgeous era is past long ago. It's just that kind of thing that makes them call this a jay town.

THROUGHOUT this jubilee business, during which deserved encomiums have been showered upon the great and good ruler Britannia, the CRIER notes with surprise that amid all the bouquet throwing across the pond to Her Majesty, one of her most prominent and unique virtues has been given the overlook, hence he hastens to bring up the rear of the procession with a tribute thereto: Victoria has never tried to conceal the truth about her age.

GOOD sometimes emanates from evil. The ill-smelling, not to say putrid, atmosphere in the Coroner's quarters is horrible in its effect upon the olfactory nerves, and a deadly insult to the lungs that pump it in. But it creates a general distaste for morgue accommodations, which cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence upon minds with suicidal tendencies. No really self-respecting person would want to be found dead in such a place.

AFTER two years steady diet of Durrant, the Chestnut of the Century, it is positively refreshing to be regaled on a few courses of hattle, murder and sudden death, with arson charge thrown in by way of imparting added flavor to the morning menu. This five-cent meal, dished up at daylight by our local journals, is nothing if not cheap for the money. The Hoffman-Figel mystery is gruesome but none the less diverting.

TO-MORROW a venerable San Francisco couple, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Godchaux, will celebrate their golden wedding, surrounded by their devoted descendants, presenting a domestic picture rarely seen in these degenerate portions of God's footstool, and hearing happy proof that love can outlive the ravages of time, and that filial pride is not a dead letter.

SOMEBODY should wire the distinguished glohetrotter, S. W. J. Bryan at large, to bring his overcoat along with him when he lands upon these golden shores. The chill in the atmosphere around reception-committee headquarters produced icicles on the corrugated brows of its members when Angel Lane flew.



HER WORLD.—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

BEHIND them slowly sank the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide—
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide."
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red,
"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea,
And Naples slept beneath her olive-trees;
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the Master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—
"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast:
"What does she see?" he whispered, "can she guess
"The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no," she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon,
Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet-hall,
Swam in the mist of tears along the wall—
"Not power," she said, "nor riches, nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad to-night!"

TO THE VANQUISHED.—GEORGE H. BROADHURST.

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so nobly planned,
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who after fierce defeat
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victors' ears;
The vanquished's banners never are unfurled,
For them there sounds no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touch: one of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
"A hard fought failure is a noble thing,
Here's luck to them who lose!"

OF REMEMBRANCE.—LADY LINOLEY, IN THE FLOWER SELLER.

Methinks that you'll remember, when I die,
Not some brave action, nor yet stately speech—
Though sheltered lives to these may sometimes reach—
But just a turn of lip, a glance of eye,
A trivial jest, a laughing word, a sigh,
A trick too strong to cure, too slight to teach,
Scarce noticed, haply mocked by all and each—
Now a full source of tears you'd fain defy.

Ah, do not weep! The traveler, having come
From mountain heights, cares not for drifted snow,
Nor rock, nor branch, as record of the day;
But plucks a gentian blue and bears it home,
Safe in his bosom—I would have you so
Keep one sweet speck of love at heart alway.

CITY INDEX AND PURCHASER'S GUIDE

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Bergez's Restaurant, Academy Building, 332-334 Pine street, below Montgomery. Rooms for ladies and families; private entrance. John Bergez Proprietor.
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The boy came into the house weeping, and his mother was naturally solicitous. "What's the matter, Tommy?" she asked. "The boy across the street hit me," he replied. "Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that," she returned. "Show that you can be a little man." "I ain't crying for that," he retorted. "Then what are you crying for?" "He ran into the house before I could get at him."—Chicago Post.

"I can't tell whether the lady with Mr. Sterlingworth is his wife or not," remarked Mrs. Throckmorton to her husband, as she gazed across the theatre through her lorgnette. "Has Sterlingworth got his dress suit on?" asked Mr. Throckmorton. "No; he is wearing a brown suit." "Yes; the lady is his wife."

Mrs. Nextdoor—I haven't seen your parents for ever so long. LITTLE FANNY—Mamma has got scarlet fever and cannot come out. MRS. NEXTDOOR—And what has your papa got? LITTLE FANNY—He's got six months, and he can't come out, either.—Odds and Ends.

"Pass Senator Tillman the sugar, Jane, and hand him an extra spoon," said the smiling landlady. "I take my tea straight, madam!" thundered the incensed statesman, "and I stir it with a fork!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"But you are too young," pleaded the anxious mother. "No girl should marry before her mind is fully formed." "Oh," said the gladsome maiden of eighteen summers, "my mind has been made up for more than a week."

"You," said the man, "are not so hot." The cucumber, thus rudely addressed, managed to remain cool and replied: "And you are not so many as you might be." Then to sustain its premise, it doubled the man up.—Typographical Journal.

"I dreamed last night," said the tourist, "that I had found a twenty-dollar bill." "Gee! I'll bet you was happy," said the wanderer. "No, I wasn't. I waked up before I could buy a drink."—Typographical Journal.

"Girls make no objection to being hugged in the wait, and by perfect strangers." "Of course not. Dancing is the poetry of motion and hugging is merely poetical license."—Detroit Journal.

Soxy—Why do so many young men carry their umbrellas under their arms? KNOXEY—Oh, I suppose it's because they like to have their arms around some kind of ribs.—Pittsburg News.

Tommy—Paw, what does it mean when a man is "in the hands of his friends?" Mr. Figg—Well, a barkeeper under arrest is a pretty fair sample.—Indianapolis Journal.

She—I've told you repeatedly that I wanted steak rare. HE—Oh! well, I suppose she thinks that whatever is worth doing at all should be well done.—Puck.

He—If in the transmigration of souls you should become a fish, what sort of a fish would you like to be? SHE—A star fish.—Judge.

Amy—Does your husband wear broadcloth? MRS. JONES—No. He's a thin man, you know.—New York Journal.

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Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 300,000

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DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, L. P. Drexler, John A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, James Moffit, S. G. Murphy, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, and Joseph D. Grant.

Interest paid on Term and Ordinary Deposits. Loans on approved securities. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Deposits may be sent by postal order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks. When opening accounts send signature.

San Francisco Savings Union.

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND WEBB STREETS.
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1895.....\$24,202,327
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.... 1,575,631

ALBERT MILLER, President | E. B. POND, Vice-President

DIRECTORS—Thomas Magee, G. W. Beaver, Philip Barth, Daniel E. Martin, W. C. B. De Fremery, George C. Boardman, Robert Watt; Lovell White, Cashier.

Receives Deposits, and Loans only on real estate security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass-book or entrance fee. Office hours—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 8.

London, Paris and American Bank, Limited.

N.W. COR. SANSOME & SUTTER STS.
Subscribed Capital.....\$2,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....\$2,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$ 850,000

HEAD OFFICE.....58 Old Broad Street, London

AGENTS—New York—Agency of the London, Paris, and American Bank Limited, No. 10 Wall Street, N. Y. PARIS—Messrs. Lazard, Freres & Cie, 17 Boulevard Poissoniere. Draw direct on the principal cities of the world. Commercial and Travelers' Credits issued.

SIG. GREENEBAUM } Managers.
C. ALTSCHUL }

Grocker-Woolworth National Bank of S. F.

CORNER MARKET, MONTGOMERY,
AND POST STREETS.
Paid-Up Capital.....\$1,000,000

WM. H. CROCKER.....President
W. E. BROWN.....Vice-President
GEO. W. KLINE.....Cashier

DIRECTORS—Chas. F. Crocker, E. B. Pond, Hy. J. Crocker, Geo. W. Scott

The Sather Banking Company.

Successor to Sather & Co.
Established 1851, San Francisco.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON, President. ALBERT MILLER, Vice-President
L. I. COWGILL, Cashier. F. W. WOLFE, Secretary.

Directors—C. S. Benedict, E. G. Lukens, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller, Wm. F. Johnson, V. H. Metcalf, James K. Wilson.

AGENTS: New York—J. P. Morgan & Co. Boston—National Bank of the Commonwealth. Philadelphia—Drexel & Co. Chicago—Continental National Bank. St. Louis—The Mechanics' Bank. Kansas City—First National Bank. London—Brown, Shipley & Co. Paris—Morgan, Harjee & Co

Bank of California, San Francisco.

Capital and Surplus, \$6,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President | CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-Prest
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary | THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Ass't Cashier | I. F. MOULTON.....3d Ass't Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK—Messrs. Laddlaw & Co.; the Bank of New York, N. B. A. BALTIMORE—The National Exchange Bank; BOSTON—The Tremont National Bank; CHICAGO—Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; Union National Bank. PHILADELPHIA—National Bank of the Republic. ST. LOUIS—Boatman's Bank. VIRGINIA CITY (Nev.)—Agency of The Bank of California. LONDON—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; PARIS—Messrs. de Rothschild Freres. BERLIN—Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft. CHINA, JAPAN and EAST INDIES—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.



Philip Gilbert Hamerton: An Autobiography, 1834-1858, and a memoir by his wife, 1858-1891. With a portrait. Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1896.

The subject of this autobiography and memoir was born in Lancashire in 1834, of one of the oldest and best-descended families in the English untitled aristocracy. His father, John Hammerton (as he spelled it), however, followed a profession that was looked on by the rest of the family as beneath the dignity of a direct descendant of Sir Stephen Hamerton, who was condemned in Westminster Hall to death for high treason against His Majesty King Henry the Eighth. We remember a proud old English lady, whose nephew wished to introduce an attorney to her, sniffing and saying, "Barristers and physicians I have heard of, but what are attorneys?" Mr. Hamerton's relatives were, as was this old lady, "county people," and occupied a distinctly higher social position than the lawyers, parsons, and doctors of the towns and villages. John Hammerton was an able, handsome, and unusually strong man, but he had one fatal weakness—an over-fondness for conviviality, which at last ruined his health and caused his death at an early age. Philip's association with his father was by no means agreeable, for the elder man's temper was fitful and violent, and his behavior to his young son was at times positively cruel. However, the affection and kindness of one of the boy's aunts were unceasing, and Philip came to regard her as a mother, his own mother having died when he was still a young child. At school Philip was studious, and though not fond of the ordinary sports of his schoolfellows, was still able to take care of himself. He was much interested in religious questions, and, as he grew up, found himself unable to accept all the dogmas of the Established Church, to which, of course, all his relatives belonged. Though he was never aggressive in the expression of his unbelief, he was always frank, and incurred great odium among his relatives on account of it. He early showed a fondness for literature, and at the age of thirteen wrote a poem entitled "Prince Charles Edward after the battle of Culloden," the versification of which is easy, graceful, and vastly more elegant than that of most of the poems we see printed nowadays. He was constantly reading, and was very methodical in his studies; indeed, throughout his life, his love of order manifested itself strongly. It was intended that he should, like other young men of his class, be educated at Oxford, but he felt no inclination to go to that stronghold of orthodoxy and home of lost causes, the natural bent of his mind being towards art and modern literature rather than towards the classical languages. Yet he fully recognized that the "scholarly temper—a patient, careful, exact, and studious temper—is valuable in all the pursuits of life." Had he been a man of the world, his course would (as he says) have been quite clear. Born of an excellent county family, with enough means to live like a gentleman, possessed of a good voice, a retentive memory, and the ability to speak well in public, he would have gone to Oxford, taken his degree, married a Lancashire heiress, offered his services to the Conservative party, and become a member of Parliament. But though he perceived plainly enough the worldly wisdom of this course, he decided to be both a painter and an author. One of his first teachers in art was Mr. Pettitt, who taught him to draw in "a hard, clear, scientific manner," but who was not a man of general, or even of artistic, culture. In London, whither Mr. Hamerton went to visit the picture exhibitions, he met Rogers, the poet, Leslie, the painter, Mr. Watkiss Lloyd (the writer on Greek art, history, and literature), George Eliot, and other persons of note. At twenty-one years of age he published "The Isles of Loch Awe and other poems," which, though not a pecuniary success, was very well received by the reviews. On a visit to Paris, he fell in with a M. Gindriez, for whose character and conversation he conceived a great liking. Two years later he married Eugénie Gindriez, and the young couple began housekeeping at Innistrynich on Loch Awe; but in 1861 they removed to France, in various

parts of which they thenceforward continued to live. From 1858 the narrative is carried on to the death of her husband in 1894 by Mrs. Hamerton, who writes in an affectionate and very interesting manner, and in English devoid, so far as we can see, of any trace of foreign idiom. Though their life was by no means without anxieties (one of the greatest being that Mr. Hamerton suffered from recurrent attacks of most painful nervousness, which incapacitated him from all work and rendered it impossible for him to endure the slightest noise, or to travel by train) it was a happy one, and Mr. Hamerton accomplished a vast amount of literary and artistic work. His culture was so wide and so various that he illumined every subject that he touched, and, above all, his books are always thoroughly interesting, and pervaded by a keen sense of honor and high principle. Though ordinarily very gentle, if he felt that he had been cheated or deceived, Mr. Hamerton's wrath was heroic, and never failed to thoroughly frighten its objects. Of Mr. Hamerton's many works we like best "The Intellectual Life," "Human Intercourse," and "French and English." The present volume, which contains nearly six hundred pages, is issued by Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, who quite early in Mr. Hamerton's literary career, republished his books in America, and with such success that some of them gained even more readers in the United States than in Great Britain. Mrs. Hamerton more than once gratefully acknowledges the services rendered by Messrs. Roberts to the spread of Mr. Hamerton's fame, and the receipt of little checks, which were very welcome in a household where the head, though not personally extravagant, never stinted himself in the purchase of materials for the pursuit of art.

Matka and Kotik, a tale of the Mist Islands, by David Starr Jordan; published by the Whitaker and Ray Company, San Francisco. 1897.

President Jordan's work as a member of the Bering Sea Commission for 1896 furnished him with the material for this tale, which is dedicated to his associates. It describes the life of the seals upon the Pribylof Islands, and is most copiously illustrated from photographs taken for the various Commissions by Mr. Charles W. Townsend, and from drawings by Miss Chloe Frances Lesley, a zoological student of Stanford University. The life of the baby seals, of the silken-haired females, of the bachelors, and of the great heachmasters, is graphically told. The heachmasters are the largest, strongest, and bravest seals, who gather round themselves the most attractive females, and fiercely resent any interference. The bachelor, or unmated, seals must wait until the heachmasters are out of sight and hearing before they venture to take any liberties with the females. A fight for supremacy between two heachmasters is well narrated. The volume is correctly printed on fine paper, and many of the full-page photogravures are most interesting.

A recent issue of "The Bachelor of Arts," a monthly magazine published in New York, and "devoted to University interests and general literature," contains half-a-dozen poems, one of which is by the Japanese, Yone Noguchi, an article on College Commencements by F. W. Crane, and a long paper by Arthur Inkersley entitled "Oxford and Cambridge: a Comparison." The writer's familiarity with both the great English Universities has enabled him to direct attention to many points of difference between two institutions that much resemble each other, and are very unlike the Universities of other countries. The issue also contains the usual editorial notes on Science, Athletics, the Colleges, Music and the Drama. The Bachelor of Arts is excellently printed on a long narrow page of good paper, and by its freedom from cuts, miscalled illustrations, affords relief to eyes wearied by the contemplation of the ordinary picture-book magazines.

The opening article of the July issue of The Overland Monthly, the price of which is now ten cents, is by Arthur Inkersley, and deals with the adventurous career of Alexander Baranof, the first Chief Manager of the Russian Colonies in America. It is fully illustrated by reproductions of photographs and pen drawings by Boeringer. Professor E. S. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, contributes a freely illustrated article on the Mountain Observatories of the World.

The City of Refuge, a novel, by Sir Walter Besant. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York and London, 1888.

This is the story of a community founded at Aldermanbury, in the State of New York, by an English gentleman, and successfully maintained by him for several years. The land and buildings were purchased by himself and his first disciples, an English couple of gentle birth. The members of the community labor on the farm, in the gardens and workshops, and sell their surplus products in the neighboring towns. They have no money, no strong drink, no tobacco, no playing cards, though there is a piano, and they occasionally indulge in a sort of shuffling walk-round which serves as an apology for dancing. The members, except the three mentioned above, are all of the lower class, rough and uneducated. Thrice a day they meet in the large, bare, barn-like hall to eat their meals of coarse, though plentiful, food; after the evening repast comes the Rite of Meditation. During "Meditation" the men and women sit with their backs to the tables and gradually fall into a semi-hypnotised condition, and fancy that they see visions and receive communications from the other world. To this queer assemblage there enters one day Sir Charles Osterley, a Baronet, once a distinguished member of Parliament and a rising statesman. Sir Charles's brilliant career had been blasted by an incurable passion for gambling, which had swallowed up all his own fortune, and all of his wife's property that he could lay hands upon. Broken and disgraced, he had come to the United States, and had fallen lower and lower until he had even committed murder. To escape from the clutches of the law he entered "The House," whither came in search of him, and with intent to induce him to commit suicide, Gilbert Maryon, Lady Osterley's oldest and most trusted friend. Gilbert finds amid the uncongenial inmates of "The House" one sweet girl, the child of the English couple who were the Master's first disciples. Having been born and brought up in "the House," Cicely knows nothing of "Outside," as the rest of the world is termed by the recluses. She, too, has her hours of Meditation, in which she falls into a sort of trance, and communes with her dead mother. How the desired deliverance of Dorabyn, Lady Osterley, from her worthless husband is effected, and how Cicely turns out to be well-born and a fit bride for Gilbert Maryon, is charmingly told. The Master of "The House" at last sees the utter futility of the life he had so long lived, and resigns his post. The Brothers and Sisters, after his departure, introduce newspapers, books, literary and dramatic entertainments, and many other things from "Outside." The story shows very cleverly the folly of trying to get out of the world, while we still remain in it and of it. All schemes of life, which aim at repressing the natural instincts and tendencies of mankind are doomed to failure: you may, as Horace says, drive out Nature with a pitchfork, but she will always come back. The prolonged trances in which the members of the community indulged every evening are shown to result from mere emptiness of heart and vacuity of mind: having nothing to think about or to excite their interest, they became machines for the performance of a certain amount of work and the digestion of a good deal of food, until the more stolid of the men almost lost the power of speech. Without books, pictures, or communication with the outside world, they dreamed their lives away, becoming mere pigs at a well-filled trough. Like all the stories that come from Sir Walter's skillful and practised pen, "The City of Refuge" is thoroughly wholesome, and unfailingly interesting. We suppose that Sir Walter must be classed as a Romanticist: he has certainly never fallen into the slough of Realism by wallowing in which so many writers of the day are faithfully doing the work of their master—the Devil.

THE American Newspaper Annual is an encyclopedia of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada, and is printed by N. W. Ayer & Son, newspaper advertising agents of Philadelphia. It is now found on many of the Palace cars throughout the country, and is a necessary adjunct to any library.

FINE stationery, steel and copper-plate engraving. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street, San Francisco.

Indigestion dies where Jackson's Napa Soda lives.



This should be tacked up in every grocery! It's on a signboard over a large New York store—they don't believe in "substitution." Nobody does believe in it, but shortsighted storekeepers. When a woman wants Pearline, she won't be satisfied with some inferior washing-powder in its place. It is a fraud on the customer and on Pearline. You can help to put a stop to it. When you ask for Pearline, don't let any imitation of it be substituted for it. 525

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending with June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

Office—33 Post street, San Francisco, Cal. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty hundredths (4 20/100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty hundredths (3 50/100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

Office—526 California street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Gas and Electric Co.

A dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this company has been declared this day, payable July 1, 1897. Transfer books will remain closed from June 23d to July 1st, inclusive.

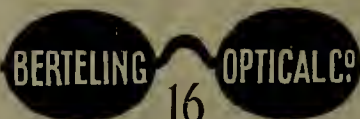
Office: 415 Post street, San Francisco, Cal. W. M. G. BARETT, Secretary. San Francisco June 23, 1897.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4 2/10) per cent. on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3 5/10) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

Office—532 California street, cor. Webb LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.



KEARNY STREET, Near Geary.

Best and Most Reliable Establishment to HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED and Fitted to Glasses.

ANNUAL MEETING.

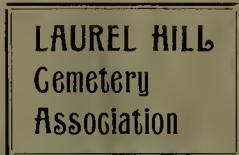
Overman Silver Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Overman Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 414 California street, San Francisco, Cal., on

THURSDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JULY, 1897,

at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed on Tuesday, July 6, 1897, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Office—414 California street, San Francisco, Cal. GEORGE D. EDWARDS, Secretary. San Francisco, June 23, 1897.



Sells Burial Lots and Graves. Perpetual Care.

Junction of Bush street and Central avenue, San Francisco.

The BROOKS-FOLLIS ELECTRIC CO.

Importers and Jobbers of

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

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The Looker-On

EARTHQUAKE shocks are not the most agreeable features of the ups and downs in the life of an elevator hoy. The usual Sabbath quiet in the Crocker Building was broken last Sunday, soon after noon by a violent jangling of bells. Only the central lift was then in operation, and the youth in charge thought a general alarm had been turned in. A summons seemed to come simultaneously from every floor in the building, as soon as the first shock was felt. All the Sunday workers were apparently seized with a sudden desire to escape from their offices to the nearest sanctuary. Expressions of their relief in the immediate termination of the world came from all parts of the big structure. The elevator hoy glanced at the indicator. Only two floors were unheard from,—eleven and seven.

"Come, seven,—come, eleven," he repeated, from force of habit, and a moment later the missing calls came. That from the eleventh floor was the more insistent, the bell ringing again and again.

The elevator shot up to the roof, and on the top floor was Hall McAllister, pale as death, his finger still pressing the button. The intrepid climber of the Sierra Club leaped into the lift.

"Down," he whispered. "Down! Quick."

"Surely a sport like you 's not afraid, Mr. Allister," said the elevator hoy, reproachfully.

"No,—oh, no!" hastily replied Hall.

"I'll be howled!" remarked the manipulator of the lift, in describing the scene, subsequently. "If the post-master had a-made them shoots large enough, damme if Judge McAllister wouldn't have come down head first!"

* * *

Some men pride themselves on their mechanical genius and believe they can save vast sums by performing various trivial jobs themselves rather than by the employment of regular artisans. Of such is Charles L. Pierce, the commission merchant. He takes great pride in his Oakland home and spends all his leisure hours in its adornment. He promised, a week ago, to paint the kitchen linoleum, but deferred the task from day to day, until his wife lost patience and declared he had no intention of attending to it. This insinuation put Pierce on his mettle.

"I will do it to-night," he solemnly affirmed.

"But you forget we are going to that reception," he was reminded.

"After we return, I was about to add," concluded Pierce, who had forgotten the reception.

About half-past twelve that night, Pierce came home, took off his swallow tail coat, turned up his trousers at the bottom, and set to work. The undertaking was more elaborate than he had anticipated and the commission merchant splashed away at the paint pot, while the clock kept on striking. It was after three before he had finished, and meanwhile half asleep, he had stumbled over the paint pot, covered his patent leathers with the drab coloring, ruined his dress trousers, and, he was afterwards informed, made a very poor job of the linoleum. Pierce arrived at his office at eleven o'clock on the following morning. He hopes the paint will wear off his hands and wrists, and, next time he will give the painter a chance.

* * *

It is a far cry from the great railroad strike at Sacramento in 1894 to the arrest of Leader Fanciulli of the Marine Band on Decoration Day at Washington, D. C.; but the New York Sun of the 6th inst., connects these two incidents by the free use of Lieutenant Draper, now stationed at the National Capital. The Sun's Washington correspondent, must have drawn the Lieutenant's thrilling part in the great strike from the lips of that "brainiest, manliest, and fairest officer in the service," as the writer pleases to describe him. Instead of being in command of "three hundred marines from Mare Island," Draper was the junior company officer, and was next to the junior in rank of five who were present for duty in Sacramento; and the lieutenant's command never ex-

ceeded forty men. The very laudatory remarks applied to Lieutenant Draper and credited to Colonel Graham by the Sun, escaped the notice of all the associates of the Lieutenant, so far as can be recalled. It is true that Draper was immortalized by the saying that "bullets are cheaper than hayonets," at Sacramento upon the occasion of a sentry's breaking his rifle. The Lieutenant, while here, failed to provoke the deep affection for himself expressed in the Sun; in fact, very much the reverse is true. It is declared, finally, that this model of modern military achievements is a "man who can whip his weight in wild-cats, or, for his rank and inches, any officer or man in the service." It is an even bet that he will find any number of them about Mare Island who would be very glad of the opportunity to represent the wildcats.

* * *

In front of the paying teller's window in the First National Bank was a long line of customers the other day, when a middle-aged man, rather the worse for wear, presented a check for \$100.

"You must get some one to identify you, sir," said handsome Charlie McIntosh, who was installed at the teller's counter.

"What's the matter with the check?" asked the stranger, indignantly. "Isn't it good?"

"The check's all right, but I don't know you. You must be identified," replied McIntosh, with courteous insistence.

After various ineffectual protests, the man went out in high dudgeon, but presently returned, more unsteady than before, and again took his place in the line. When all ahead of him had transacted their business, he finally secured the place at the teller's wicket a second time.

"I tell you what I'll do, young man," he said, insinuatingly to McIntosh; "I need money, and I guess you do, too. Now, you can have that check for \$75!" and he swelled with a lively sense of his own generosity.

McIntosh tried again to explain the necessity for identification. The man became furious.

"You make me tired," he snorted, in great scorn. "This is a hell of a hank!" and he hounced down the steps, hanging the door, in a frenzy of wrath.

* * *

There are few more competent critics than George Hamlin Fitch, who is a careful censor in the use of the language, and who is especially annoyed at the inferior character of much of the newspaper English which finds its way into print. Editor Fitch has a horror, too, of stereotyped phrases, and in the newsroom of the Chronicle they say that his special abominations are the use of the term "Jupiter Pluvius," and references in interior dispatches to the "jubilations of the farmers." One of his assistants recently departed on a vacation in the country.

"We have no correspondent in the neighborhood where you are going," said Fitch, "and I wish you would send us any news that transpires there."

The junior telegraph editor agreed, but during his absence the only unusual event was the heavy June rain, which, as it happened, was very welcome in the particular section in question. With special reference to the prejudices of his superior, the young newspaperman carefully compiled and sent to the Chronicle the following news item:

"Jupiter Pluvius is in evidence here, and the farmers are jubilant."

Fitch's face was a study when the dispatch was shown to him.

"Well," he said, grimly, recovering his equanimity, for he can appreciate a joke as well as any one, "that news is important, if true."

* * *

Young Henry Madison began his career as a marine insurance broker under what he deemed a peculiarly kind stroke of fortune. The gilding on his business sign was hardly dry when his first customer appeared, handing him a note from an intimate friend, to the following effect:

"Bearer is O. K., and desires some marine insurance. Good luck to you!"

Madison laughed softly to himself.

"Here's a good thing," he soliloquized, *sotto voce*. "They come to me a running. I guess I'll cultivate this a bit."

"Have a cigar?" he said, aloud, to his first client, producing a box of perfectos, from a secret drawer. "Take

two or three," he added, for he thought he could afford to be generous.

"Been to lunch?" he asked, a moment later, after the stranger had filled his waistcoat pockets with three-for-a-half cigars. "No? Neither have I. Well, we can have a bite, and talk business afterwards."

Henry insisted upon purchasing two mellow cocktails, "family style," and subsequently played the host, with great generosity, at the best French caterer's. The young insurance broker topped off the high lunch with some yellow chartreuse, and settled the score without wincing. His commission on that prospective marine premium would compensate him amply.

As they left the restaurant, the customer, a resident of San Rafael, suggested that as he was somewhat hurried, a condition which had not previously occurred to him, Madison should telephone to an Oakland address, which he gave, for the details of the cargo to be insured. They parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

Henry paid thirty cents more for the telephone charges and learned from Black Steen hundred, Oakland, that the gentleman had ordered for his San Rafael house, eighteen pieces of sewer pipe. He desired to have the piping covered with insurance *en route* to Sausalito!

It did not take the young broker long to compute that the premium on this risk would be just forty-nine cents, upon which his commission would amount to nine and four-fifth cents!

Several young Englishmen, crossing the bay on Tuesday, went over on the port side of the ferry boat to take a look at the small fleet of our own White Navy, lying majestically at anchor. They discovered a stranger in the stream.

"What's that flag she's flying at her stern?" asked one.

"That?" replied Septimus de Greayer, the broker.

"You're a pretty man not to know your own flag! Why, that's the Union Jack. What did you suppose it was?"

"But I never saw a British cruiser that color?" persisted the first speaker. "They are always kept so white and clean."

"Oh, she's just up from Callao," explained De Greayer, glibly. "They'll paint her while she's in port. Besides, she isn't a cruiser. She's a sloop-of-war," and he proceeded to expatiate upon the peculiarities of British naval architecture which always served as a means of identification.

"Pardon me for correcting you," said a gentleman who overheard De Greayer's disquisition, "but that's the Japanese flag, not the British."

There is a little story behind the recent action of the Board of Regents lopping off \$2000 a year from the salary of President Kellogg of the State University. Ever since his appointment, Dr. Kellogg has been paid the snug sum of \$8000 per annum, \$6000 being the regular remuneration for the college presidency and \$2000 being an additional allowance for the entertainment of visitors on behalf of the University. But President Kellogg is a thrifty soul and being an ex-Congregational minister considered it a wicked waste to fritter away such a sum in worldly and carnal entertainment, when it could be put to so much better use. So he expended about \$100 every year in giving a reception to the senior students whom he fed on thin sandwiches and weak lemonade, and in giving a few quiet "home" dinners. The remaining \$1900 he applied where it would do more good,—namely, in swelling his little bank account. So the worldly regents lopped off the perquisites and Dr. Kellogg bewails his limited opportunities "for doing good."

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

cures Poison Oak and all skin diseases. The oldest and best remedy, which has cured thousands. At all druggists.

The well-known dentists, Drs. Derby and Winter, are temporarily located at 115 Kearny street, Rooms 5 and 6. They will have new and permanent quarters elsewhere in July.

GREAT Reduction in prices during the summer months on Art Goods, Pictures, Crockery, Glassware, etc S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

Jackson's Napa Soda lemonade is a luxury. Try it.



Gomet Oolong.

The oldest and most reliable brand on the market. Sold only in 1-3 pound papers at 20 cents per paper. All grocers keep it.

N. Brace, 3020-3022 Sixteenth St
Branch—3704 Mission
Tel Mission 161

House and Sign Painting

Whitening and Paper Hanging,
Dealer in wall paper, etc.

Scotch Whisky

Sole agents wanted in San Francisco by one of the largest Distillers, commanding five Distilleries in Scotland. Agents must be able to influence a large Trade and will be well supported. Apply confidentially to "Distillers," care Street & Co, 30 Cornhill, London, England.

Rubber, Cotton, Linen. For Water, Steam, Suction, Gas, Air, and other purposes.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY,
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73-75 FIRST ST., 573-575-577-579 MARKET ST.
Portland, Or. San Francisco.

SOCIETY

HOW thoroughly our British residents enjoyed their Jubilee festivities, neither the earthquakes nor the rain appearing to dampen their enthusiasm in the faintest degree. The Chutes were crowded during the days and nights given over to the celebrations there, and the banquet at the Palace Hotel on Monday night was a feast fit for even Royalty itself.

June, the month of roses, has been decidedly a month of weddings as well, and they seemingly increase as the days go by. The present week was ushered in with the wedding of Miss Lillie Goldstein and Isaac Wolf, which took place at the Goldstein residence, on Sutter street, amid a wealth of floral surroundings, which made beautiful the entire interior of the house. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock by the Reverend Jacob Nieto, the bridal party entering the room to the strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march. Little Stella Wolf, as ring-bearer, came first; then Miss Rosa Livingston, as maid-of-honor, attired in pink and white silk, the Misses Phoebe Wolf and Miriam Levy as bridesmaids, who wore gowns of white organdie, and then the bride, who was robed in white satin *en traine*, trimmed with tulle. She wore a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a cluster of Bermuda lilies. Solomon Wolf was best man. After congratulations had been offered and received, the company sat down to a bridal dinner, and later the bride and groom departed on a honeymoon trip through the Southern counties.

On Monday evening the wedding of Miss Edith Smith and Arthur Bridge was solemnized at the home of the bride, on Ellis street, the ceremony being performed by the Reverend W. I. Kip, beneath a true lover's knot, which was suspended from a floral arch. There were no attendants to either bride or groom, but a handsome supper was enjoyed by the relatives and friends, of whom only a limited number was present.

One of the prettiest weddings which Oakland has seen this year was the ceremonial on Wednesday, when Miss Jessie Coleman and Harry Knowles were married at the home of the bride's mother; and in Portland, Oregon, Miss Edith Macleay and Joe Grant were united in marriage on Wednesday at the First Presbyterian Church, which was profusely decked with palms, ferns, and flowers, the Reverend Edgar Hill tying the nuptial knot. The bride, who was attended by her sister Mahel, as maid-of-honor, wore a robe of white satin covered with white chiffon; Miss Mahel's gown was of white organdie; she wore a Leghorn hat trimmed with pink and carried a bouquet of La France roses. Roderick Macleay was the groom's best man.

A very pretty wedding of last week was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on Vallejo street, when the Reverend W. W. Bolton united in marriage Miss Mary Irene Roden and Joseph T. Monges. The ceremony was performed in a bower composed of bridal roses, over which hovered white doves holding in their beaks a true-lovers' knot of tulle; and the other floral decorations of the rooms were extremely artistic. The pretty brunette bride wore a robe of white satin trimmed with duchesse lace, a tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister Bessie and Miss Sallie Charles as bridesmaids, who wore gowns of white organdie over white silk, and both carried shower bouquets of ferns and grasses. A reception and supper followed the ceremony, and the happy pair have been passing their honeymoon at Coronado.

Joe Grant, who was married to Miss Macleay at Portland, Oregon, last Wednesday, with his bride sails for Europe on Wednesday next, and as they intend to do the Continent as well as the British Isles very thoroughly, they have set October as the time of their probable return to California, when they will be warmly greeted and welcomed home.

To-morrow there will be a golden wedding anniversary celebrated at the Godchaux residence on Webster street, when Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Godchaux will receive the congratulations of their hosts of friends in San Francisco on the completion of fifty years of happy wedded life.

On Wednesday, at high noon, in the presence of the family, Miss Carrie Koshland, daughter of the late S. Koshland, was married to Mr. Emile Greenebaum, at the residence of the bride's mother on Pine street. The bride wore a beautiful gown of corded silk, with point lace trimming; and her tulle veil was held with orange blossoms. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger. After the wedding breakfast the couple left on a trip to the southern part of the State. Mr. Greenebaum is the manager of the King Morse Canning Company, and brother to Mrs. William Haas and Mrs. I. N. Walter.

This will be a gala day at Sar. Rafael, as the first paper chase of the season will take place under the leadership of Miss Warhurton and Dr. Howett. It will start from the Hotel Rafael, where this evening the first hop of the season will be given, and it promises to be a charming affair. The Hotel is now well filled with summer guests, and large additions are expected next week for the tennis tournament, which is to be held there next Saturday. General Warfield has made every arrangement for the reception and entertainment of his guests this season, and Hotel Rafael promises to be even more popular than ever. The lawn tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific States (gentlemen's singles) will take place at the hotel, commencing on Friday, July 2d, will include Saturday and end on Monday.

Del Monte never looked more attractive than it does at present, and most of the old *habitués* are now there for the summer. There will be music and dancing, tennis, bathing, riding, fireworks, and feasting, etc., as a few of the holiday attractions for the guests, and as usual it is anticipated that the hotel will be filled to repletion next week.

The charms of the Santa Clara Valley are acknowledged by all who have ever been in that part of the State, and the Hotel Vendome is a most popular resort, where one can be equally happy for a day or for a month, as the case may be. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean have taken up their quarters there, with the intention of remaining for several weeks, and are accompanied by Miss Flora, who has just returned from an Eastern school, at which she is studying. Mrs. O. C. Pratt and her son are at the Vendome for the summer.

Great preparations are being made at Castle Crag for a proper celebration of the coming Fourth of July holiday, and it goes without saying that all the guests at the Tavern will have a jolly good time. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Mrs. L. S. Spencer and Miss Gertrude Goewey are among those who have selected Castle Crag for their summer quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey have been visiting the Yosemite Valley this week. Mayor Phelan has been a guest at Bartlett Springs of late. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Breckenridge have returned from their Eastern visit, and it is probable that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon will be here to spend the month of September with them at Del Monte.

The first of a series of dances was given at Blythedale on last Saturday evening, and it proved to be a most enjoyable affair. The large reception room and dining-room were thrown open, and excellent music was provided for the merry guests and their friends, many of whom were present from the city. Mrs. Gregg has made arrangements for the attendance of a pianist every Saturday

\$1000.00

Put on your thinking cap and guess. The money may just as well be yours—or part of it.

One guess to every yellow ticket from *Schilling's Best Tea*. Buy the tea and be sure you get the ticket.

See daily papers about the first and middle of the month for particulars.

light. The recent rains had washed the trees and made them a brighter green, and cleared the air and filled it with the odor of the forest about, making a beautiful place still more attractive.

On the steamship Queen, which sailed from Victoria last Thursday for the far northwest, were the members of the much-talked-of Alaska party, which had grown to unexpected proportions under the stimulating management of Messrs. Haas and Low. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Greenebaum, Miss Madelaine Bear, the Misses Jacobi, the Misses Schwabaeher, Mr. Louis Haas, Mr. Joseph Lowe, the Messrs. Hellman, from New York. Mesdames Esberg, Weil and Hellman, and their respective families, made up another pleasant party which sailed on the same ship.

On Wednesday night the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Neustadter assembled at their residence, corner Van Ness avenue and Sacramento street, to celebrate their silver wedding. A most enjoyable evening was passed, and much laughter provoked when one of the juniors of the family read a poem commenting upon several of the more important events that were experienced by the couple during the twenty-five years sail upon the sea of matrimony. Each event noted was cleverly illustrated by a large caricature.

A benefit will be given Sister Cora, in the interest of her charitable work among poor children, at the California Theatre next Thursday evening, July 1st, under the management of Frank C. Thompson, assisted by W. B. Bird-sall and E. M. Cameron. A comedy by John Kendrick Bangs will be produced by well-known amateur talent, which will be followed by singing, in which the Police chorus of thirty voices will take part. The charity is a most worthy one, and the work of Sister Cora richly deserves all possible encouragement.

St. John Lodge of Masons gave their annual banquet at the Maison Riche last Thursday evening. The banquet hall was most beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms, ferns, and flowers, and presented a brilliant appearance. The banquet was a most elaborate affair, and fully maintained the reputation of this popular restaurant.

Marshall B. Woodworth, who was Judge Morrow's private secretary when he occupied the bench in the District Court, was last Thursday selected by the Judge for a similar position in the United States Circuit Court. The compliment is a deserved one, and the promotion a source of gratification to the young man's many friends.

The Misses Tay were among the Californians who were in London for the Jubilee week, but expect to return to Paris before the end of this month. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington arrived in London early in the week from New York. Mrs. Hiteboeck and Mrs. Coit are en route to Paris, having left here for that paradise last week.

The following well-known San Franciscans were passengers for Honolulu on the Steamship Mariposa, which sailed last Thursday for the Islands and Australia: A. D. Baldwin, F. F. Baldwin, Professor and Mrs. E. E. Brown, S. Castle, Miss Eloise Castle, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mead and son.

Mr. Arthur Baehman, who for the past two months has been sojourning in New York, has returned home for the summer. With him come Mrs. Henry Koeh and family, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Triest.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, will leave their country home, Madrone Villa, at Rutherford, Napa County, about July 1st, to pass a month at the Tavern of Castle Crags. They will be joined there by Miss Ella Hastings and Miss Elizabeth Zane. Later on they will go to Del Monte and Bartlett Springs.

Floyd Judah and H. R. Judah, Jr., are at Upper Soda Springs, Siskiyou Co.

The thought of wedding bells is always followed by the thought of wedding suppers; and Max Abraham, 428 Geary street, the most popular caterer in this city, takes charge of this important feature of the ceremony, and always gives perfect satisfaction. All the swell people employ Abraham.

GREAT Reduction in prices during the summer months on Art Goods, Pictures, Crockery, Glassware, etc. S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street.

When playing poker drink Jackson's Napa Soda.

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CONGRESS
SPRINGS
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Santa Cruz Mountains,
Santa Clara County.

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New Management

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miles from Santa Clara. Twelve
miles from San Jose.
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UKIAH.

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Mendocino County

The only place in the United States where Vichy Water is abundant. Only natural electric waters. Champagne baths. The only place in the world of this class of waters where the bathtubs are supplied by a continuous flow of natural warm water direct from the springs. Accommodations first class.

Miss D. D. Allen, Prop.

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Carriage meets all trains at Mill Valley. Five minutes' drive.

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BLUE LAKES HOTEL,
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Only 19 miles from Ukiah.
Finest summer resort in California. R. E. WHITEFIELD,
Good hunting, fishing, boating, and bathing. Manager.
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Weak Men and Women Should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; it gives health and strength to the Sexual Organs. Depot at 223 Market street, San Francisco (Send for circular.)

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL
CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.**

Purifies as well as Beautifies
THE SKIN
no other cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

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37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

NOTES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

There has been much criticism recently by the press all over the country regarding the fact that General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., occupied a \$500 stateroom when he crossed the Atlantic to go to Europe. It has even been asserted that he charged the War Department that amount, but the officials on guard deny this. They state that General Miles paid his fare at \$100. He had selected a stateroom but when he reached the steamship it was occupied by Mrs. Abbey. She did not wish to move so the steamship company offered to General Miles the use of a deck stateroom for himself and a member of his party. This was accepted and no extra price was charged.

Why the artillery is stationed at Angel Island is a mystery. There is but one mounted gun there, a small artillery piece, that is used for the morning and evening gun. Consequently the whole command is obliged to go to either Fort Point or the Presidio for drill. The privates have a kick coming on this for it means simply a cold lunch instead of a hot one for them. It seems as if some of the old smooth bore guns in the island could be mounted for artillery drill for recruits.

Secretary Long, of the Navy, has disapproved of the findings of a recent court-martial in the case of Lieutenant Fidelio S. Carter, U. S. N., of the Independence, who was accused of sending a letter to a civilian, threatening that if the latter did not withdraw a letter which the former erroneously supposed he had sent to the Navy Department, making charges to the officers, he would have his son arrested and tried for fraudulent enlistment. The facts were proved, but the officer was acquitted by the court. In disapproving the decision, Secretary Long declares his conduct most reprehensible and unbecoming. The Secretary has no authority to order a second trial for the same alleged offense, hence Lieutenant Carter will escape unpunished.

The Monterey and Monadnock left Thursday evening for Portland, to participate in the Fourth of July celebration there. Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., assumed command of the Monadnock, vice Captain George W. Sumner, U. S. N. The Monterey, while at Portland, will receive the beautiful set of silver service that is the gift of the people of Oregon to the battleship Oregon. The Monterey will receive a handsome silk banner in recognition of its services.

Plans were forwarded to the Secretary of War this week for a new assembly building to be erected at the Presidio. The building will be near the present quarters, and will have a frontage of 216 feet. It will cost about \$50,000, and will be two stories in height with a large assembly hall, club rooms, officers' mess, and sleeping quarters. If the plans be approved and the building erected, it will be a much needed addition to the Presidio, as the proposed concentration of forces here will make more room absolutely necessary.

Mr. Henry T. Scott, who left Washington, D. C., last Tuesday for this city, stated before leaving that he firmly believed that at least one of the new torpedo boats would be constructed at the Union Iron Works.

The Navy Department has not been at all successful in securing enlistments in the seamen branch. There are now more than 700 vacancies, with more recurring daily. The date of commissioning several vessels will have to be postponed on this account unless the Navy Department devises some scheme to overcome the existing difficulties.

The Boston, which has been at Nagasaki for some time, is expected at Yokohama in time to celebrate the glorious Fourth.

Advertisements for bids are now out for dredging the channel at Mare Island. There will be work for the contractors for at least one and one-half years. When the work is completed any vessel in the navy will be able to dock at the navy yard.

Rear Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., was retired from active service on June 19th, owing to the age limit. Recently he has been in command of the Norfolk Navy Yard.

General A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., had the middle finger of his right hand amputated last Saturday in Washington, D. C. During the past five years he has suffered from

necrosis, resulting from freezing while on duty in the Arctic. He is now doing well.

Colonel Anson Mills, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

Captain C. V. Gridley, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the Richmond on July 1st, and will leave here July 7th by steamer for the Asiatic Station to assume command of the Olympia now at Yokohama. He will relieve Captain J. J. Read, U. S. N., who will proceed home and then enjoy two months' leave of absence.

Commander J. G. Brown, U. S. N., has been ordered to command the Puget Sound Naval Station.

Quartermaster General George H. Weeks, U. S. A., is en route here from Washington, D. C., to make a personal inspection of all Government work now under way in and around San Francisco bay. Upon his report will depend the amount of money that will be expended for coast defense work.

Colonel William John Lyster, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., will be retired from service on the age limit on June 27th.

Lieutenant Colonel H. E. Noyes, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., who was recently promoted to the rank of Colonel, has had his nomination objected to and is under investigation. Consequently all confirmations in the cavalry branch of the army are held up in the Senate Committee on Military Affairs awaiting the action of the committee.

Lieutenant Colonel William H. Bisbee, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, after which he will join his new station.

Lieutenant Colonel Marcus P. Miller, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Colonel of the Third Artillery.

Major Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on special duty in Washington, D. C., since December 1893, has been appointed inspector of small arms practice at the Department of Columbia.

Paymaster Edwin B. Webster, U. S. N., who is now at Seattle, Wash., has been sued for divorce. He is in receipt of a salary of \$2000 a year and his wife alleges that he does not contribute to her support. During the past year he has sent her only \$40. She prays for \$50 a month alimony.

Captain J. C. Hester, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Captain Lewis Smith, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Major of the Fourth Artillery.

Chaplain T. A. Gill, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant A. C. Quay, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Lieutenant J. D. C. Haskins, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed professor of military science and tactics at the State University of Nevada, at Reno, to take effect on September 1st. He will relieve Lieutenant William R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who will then join his battery.

Lieutenant Herbert Deakyns, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been appointed a member of the California Debris Commission.

Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has reported for duty with his regiment at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain of the Third Artillery.

Lieutenant Charles W. Hobbs, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Second Lieutenant Archibald Campbell, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.

Additional Second Lieutenant Clarence H. McNeil, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant of the Fifth Artillery.

Ensign F. Boughter, U. S. N., has been detached from the Thetis, ordered home and granted two months' leave of absence.

By Rail, Boat and Stage.

Southern Pacific Co.--Pacific System.

San Francisco and North Pacific R'y Co.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO:

Table with columns: Leave, From June 20, 1897, Arrive. Lists various train routes and times to and from San Francisco.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL. (Foot of Market St.)

Table listing local train schedules between San Leandro and Haywards, including departure and arrival times.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gaugs). (Foot of Market St.)

Table listing Santa Cruz Division train schedules, including routes to Newark, Centerville, and Felton.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO--Foot of Market street (Slip 8).--7:15, 9:00, and 11:00 A. M., 11:00, 13:00, 14:00, 15:00 and 16:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend streets).

Table listing Coast Division train schedules, including routes to San Jose, Newark, and Santa Cruz.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only. ‡‡Sundays and Sundays.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

The Grand Pacific, 306 Stockton St. San Francisco. MRS. ELLA CORBETT, Proprietress. Telephone: Grant, 507.

THE Sausalito News has issued an interesting "Bird's-Eye View from Mt. Tamalpais," which takes in a wide sweep of surrounding country. The view contains pictures of many hotels and pleasure resorts, as well as prominent business houses of Sausalito.

Other waters try--Jackson's Napa Soda gets there.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN RAFAEL. TIBURON FERRY--Foot of Market Street. WEEK DAYS--7:30, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30 5:10, 6:30 P. M.

WEEK DAYS--6:10, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays--Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 P. M.

Table showing train schedules between San Francisco and various destinations like Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, etc., with columns for Leave S. F., In Effect June 13, 1897, and Arrive in S. F.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyservills for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs.

Saturday-to-Monday Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays, Round Trip Tickets at all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

TICKET OFFICE--650 Market St., Chronicle Building. A. W. FOSTER, Pres. & Gsn. Managr. R. X. RYAN, Gsn. Pass. Agnt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every 5th day thereafter. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every 5th day thereafter.

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. Steamers leave wharf, FIRST AND BRANNAN STREETS, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hlogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. For freight or passages apply at Company's Office, No. 421 Market street, corner First. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC OCEANIC Steamship Company logo and schedule for routes to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

CAPTAIN T. Garnier Tracy, a graduate of West Point, and at one time stationed at the Presidio, died last week in Mendocino County. Captain Tracy was married to Miss Mary E. Smith, of that County, by whom he had four children.

\$25 Rate to Chicago via the Great Santa Fé Route. This low rates made for Christian Endeavorers will be open to the public as well, if they travel via the Great Santa Fé Route. Ticket Office, 644 Market street, Chronicle Building. Tel. Main 1531.

INSURANCE

THE United States Casualty Company has reinsured its entire burglar policies with the Fidelity and Casualty Company, and will abandon that branch of the business. This leaves the field practically in the hands of the latter company in the Western field, as the New England Burglar Insurance Company now confines its operations to the country lying east of the Missouri river.

Insurance Commissioner Clunie is stirring up the Assessment Companies. He has discovered that with one exception—the Fidelity Mutual Aid—none of the policies issued by them have the assessment clause defined as required by law. The plain intent of the language of these policies is to befog the insured so that he hardly knows what his policy does mean.

The New York Life has sued the Pittsburg Dispatch for \$100,000 for libel. The Dispatch declared that one Diston took out \$600,000 insurance, dying two days later, the tenor of the article being to the discredit of the company. The facts are that the insurance policy was for \$135,000, taken out in 1880, and the company paid the loss four days before the publication of the criticism.

Glasgow, Scotland, is to have another big fire insurance company, with a capital of \$5,000,000.

London now has an umbrella insurance company, with a capital of \$50,000, to insure the return of umbrellas, canes, etc., when lost, strayed or stolen.

George Ingraham has been elected Vice President and Wm. H. Wright Secretary of the Phenix of Brooklyn.

The Providence-Washington received \$100,000 cash in its recent reinsurance deal with the Norwood.

U. B. Wilson and Daniel Porter have been sued for libel by Chas. Markwardt, of Denver. Porter and Wilson charged Markwardt with having set fire to his house.

G. M. Stolp has returned from a trip to the East.

General R. H. Magill has been appointed Special Agent of the British America and Western Insurance Companies. Max A. Wesondonck, Special Director of the Germania Life, is visiting the Coast.

Henry F. Gordon will hereafter represent the Sun Insurance Company in Oakland.

Tom C. Grant, of the North British and Mercantile, has returned from a vacation trip.

E. W. Carpenter, one of the best known insurance men of this Coast, has just got back from a voyage around the world.

Chas. D. Haven, manager of the Liverpool and London and Globe, accompanied by his wife, is taking a vacation in Mexico.

The British America and Western Assurance Companies of Toronto have withdrawn from the local Insurance Board; the Westbester has also withdrawn and will probably abolish its Coast management, reporting to Chicago. A number of other companies have notified the Board of their intention to resign.

Owing to the recently enacted insurance laws of the State of Washington, all the compacts of local agencies in that territory have been abolished.

Deputy Insurance Commissioner Robrer, who has held his position for the past twenty years, will be retained by Commissioner Clunie.

Bicycle companies are being organized and failing throughout the Coast with the utmost facility.

The Pacific Mutual Life expects to have all its recent additional capital stock of \$100,000 taken before December 1st.

P. B. Armstrong last week made application to the Attorney-General for the removal of the officers, trustees, and directors of the Mutual Fire, on the ground that they have violated the law in running a mutual company as a stock corporation.

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and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

MOTHERS, be sure and use "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

FOR ALL effects of over-eating—BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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Assets, \$3,500,000.

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,000,000

Assets..... 3,300,018

Surplus to Policy Holders.....1,663,332

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PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON Established 1782.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,
OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital.....\$6,700,000

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

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THE THURINGIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of ERFURT, GERMANY.

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