small-Pox Discovered on an Oregon Short Line Train.

The Coach Containing the Unfortunate Man Side-Tracked at Bryan.

His Fellow-Passengers Taken to Green River for Examination by a Surgeon-Reckless Shooting in a Saloon.

Special to THE MORNING CALL.

SALT LAKE (Utah), Nov. 27 .- There was great excitement on the east-bound Oregon Short-line train yesterday, after leaving Pocatello, when it was discovered that a man in one of the coaches was sick with small-pox. He had been on the train some time, and the train-hands had passed and repassed through the coach. Besides this there were twelve other passengers in the coach with him. The car has been sidetracked at Bryan with the sick man in it, and the passengers who rode with him were taken to Green River in another train for examination by a surgeon.

#### RECKLESS SHOOTING.

Three Men Wounded During a Bar-room Fight in Astoria. ASTORIA, Nov. 27 .- John Campo, a Mexican, and Antone Geriecich, an Austrian, were shot in a saloon this evening by Martin Watson, A number of men were in the saloon drinking, and became involved in a quarrel. Watson drew his revolver and began firing. Geriecich and Campo were hit in the head and dangerously though not mortally wounded. Another of the crowd received a bullet in the thigh, causing only a flesh wound. Watson escaped, but was arrested on the river bank later. When brought to the police station he denied all knowledge of the affair.

#### AGAIN IN CUSTODY.

Rearrest of a Chinaman for Violating the Exclusion Act. SAN DIEGO, Nov. 27 .- Wo Sing, recently connected with the illegal landing of Chinese near here, and who escaped temporarily through a flaw in the indictment, was rearrested to-day on the same charge on a warrant issued from the United States Court at Los Angeles.

Chservance of Thanksgiving Day. SACRAMENTO, Nov. 27. — Thanksgiving day was generally observed here by special services at the churches and a variety of outdoor sports and amusements. Members of the Athletic Club had foot-racing and other contests at East Park. There was a trotting race at Agricultural Park, a pigeon-shooting excursion on the river, etc. The day was warm and pleasant.

Killed by a Cave-In.

PORTLAND, Nov. 27 .- Salvator Gasparro di Michelle, an Italian laborer, was instantly killed this morning at a quarry in the southern part of the city. Gasparro, together with a number of Chinamen, were excavating under a bank, which caved in, precipitating several tens of rock and dirt on All the Chinamen escaped without, but Gasparro failed to heed the warning in time.

A Bogus Draft. claims to be the head of the firm of Kyle & Co., fruit jobbers, of Chicago, was arrested to-day charged with negotiating a bogus draft on A. Dorsey & Co., from whom he purchased clothing, securing the difference in money. He is now in jail awaiting returns from Chicago.

Washington Election.

PORTLAND (Oregon), Nov. 27.—The official returns from the election in the State of Washington give Wilson (R.) 29,153, Carrell (D.) 22,831, Abernathy (P.) 2891. Wilson's plerality is 6333. Olympia received a majority of 23,418 as the site for the per-

Burg'ars Operating in Sacramento. SACRAMENTO, Nov. 27 .- The burglars who recently operated in San Francisco appear to have struck this city. Last night a residence was burglarized and to-night an-other. In the former case a lady's \$200 seal-skin cloak was stolen.

Oregon Improvement Company. PORTLAND, Nov. 27 .- Joseph Simon, rece ver of the Oregon Improvement Company, left overland for San Francisco to ht on business connected with the affairs

Enicide After a Spree. PORTLAND, Nov. 27 .- Mike Little, a hackdriver, committed suicide this morning by strangulation. Little had been on a pro-

#### THE DREADED CAT-0'-NINE-TAILS.

Flogging of Offenders Against Military Discipline.

How the Punishment Was Usually Inflicted. Blows Struck by One Left-Handed and One Right-Handed Drummer.

"Make room, boys, I want to shake the hand of the man who killed the cat," exclaimed a bronzed and medaled sergeant of the line, as he pushed his way through a cheering crowd surging about the carriage occupied by Charles S. Parnell, as the train halted at Athlone Station. The astonished Nationalists made a lane for the "redcoat." whose impulse to shake hands with the Irish leader seemed the outcome of the mysterious slaughter of some hapless feline, and presently the cheering was increased when it was understood that the cat referred to was the formidable "cat-o'-nine-tails."

Through the enthusiastic veteran spoke the rank and file of the British army all around the world, writes a contributor to a Chicago paper. The hearts under the scarlet tunics throbbed gratefully toward the men who participated in the famous Parliamentary enslaught on the "cat"-Tommy Atkins of the Guards, "Pat" of the Counaught Rangers, "Sandy" of the Black Watch and "Taffy" of the Fusiliers, all joining in a military chorus of thanksgiving at the news that the degrading torture of the lash had undergone legal restriction and that its infliction would not be so severe or so frequent as formerly. But by their supenor officers, especially the elder ones, the news was received with different feelings. The grizzled martinets, who almost revered the cat as the very palladium of military discipline, swore their resentment of what they considered the meddling interference of a lot of Parliamentary milksops, and swore further that without the free and frequent

use of the cat the service, egad, sir, would But the new law stood, and the brutal But the new law stood and the brutal spectacle of a flogging ceased to be a common one on barrack square and parade ground. A sickening and appalling spectacle it was—the regiment in hollow square, with the tall wooden triangle in the center, the culprit rigidly "triced up" to it, his bare and bleeding back glistening in the light; the flogger, a brawny drummer in his abirts, see wes, vigorously. his shirt-sleeves, vigorously

WIELDING THE CAT, Its nine lashes of whipcord, with their numerous knots, crimson with blood; the doctor, watch in hand, to test the suffering doctor, watch in hand, to test the suffering capacity of the culprit; a couple of drummer boys with their tambours; and, lastly, the Sergeant-Major, ticking off in his notmost the strokes as they were administered, and singing out with deliberation, "one," "two," "three," each count being followed by the swish and crack of the lash, and at length perhaps by a shriek of agony from the sufferer, to be instantly drowned by the sufferer, to be instantly drowned by the sufferer, to be instantly drowned by the sufferer, and have as much right as other foreigners, and that their request should be rethe swiferer, to be instantly drowned by the roll of the drums, while occasionally a man

around of the drums, while occasionary a man dropped in the ranks, overcome with horror at the scene of cruelty.

"We usually have the punishment in Bleted by a right-handed and a left-handed frummer, each giving about a dozen lashes alternately, making what you might call ered by a Senatorship,

EXCITED TRAVELERS cross-cutting," coolly remarked the British officer. "When the second man gets in his work, laying his blows crosswise over the officer. "When the second man gets in his work, laying his blows crosswise over the cuts already given, the flesh begins to fly, the cords, as they bite into it, flicking it off in squares and lozenges. After flogging, a man's back is often a quivering mass of red jelly, rather nasty to look at. Then, partly as well about the partly as the cords. jelly, rather nasty to look at. Then, partly as punishment, partly as cure—to prevent inflammation of the wounds—they rub in a solution of salts, which penetrates like acid into the raw fiesh and causes the keenest pain of all. A good, rough soldier bothers little about the degredation of it; all that troubles him is the pain, and sometimes not even that, for I've seen men after taking their few dozen lashes fling on their coats and rejoin their companions as unconcernedly as you please."

"It is considered bad form to groan or cry out when under the cat," said a sergeant of the Connaught Rancers, "and you rarely

out when under the cat, said a seigeant of the Connaught Rancers, "and you rarely hear a soldier hollering, particularly an Irishman. The poor fellow puts a bullet be-tween his teeth and takes a firm grip of it, and this helps him to keep his mouth shut. Sometimes a man bites through and THROUGH THE BULLET

In his pain, and I've seen some of them spit it out all chewed to lead dust when the flogging was over. Without the bullet a man is likely to bite his tongue off, as I saw happen likely to bite his tongue off, as I saw happen once in China, when the man at the end of the flogging turned and grinned at the Colonel with his bleeding tongue between his teeth—a disgusting sight. I never saw anything to equal it. A man is supposed to be stark mad for ten minutes after a flogging, and no notice is taken of whatever abuse and profanity he showers on the officers and all. The punishment isn't done away with altogether, as many believe; it's restricted to doses of twenty-five and fifty lashes for offenses committed on a transport ship belonging to a foreign nation and in the presence of the enemy. But the lash was kept going pretty reguired. nation and in the presence of the enemy. But the lash was kept going pretty regularly, just the same. The first time I saw it used was as the regiment was going up the Mediterranean. The drum beat all hands to witness punishment. The victim was a little drummer boy, and his fault was only a petty one—swearing, I believe. The triangle was fixed on the bridge of the vessel, in full view of men, officers, officers' wives and all; and when we saw the puny little boy exposed and the red stripes growing on boy exposed and the red stripes growing on it under the thongs of the cat, and heard his piercing screams above even the roll of the drums, our feelings were worse than even the worst seasickness. We wondered what the lad's mother would have thought of the

"But it was when we got to the fighting ground in Zuzuland that the flogging mania broke out in earnest. Some mornings I saw as many as twenty-seven tied up, either to shafts of a water cart. The whipping under the old system, when officers could order a man a hundred or more lashes, was done with a whipcord of nine-tails with three hard knots on each tail, but this was

NOT CONSIDERED SEVERE ENOUGH

Under the new regulations, so they substionder the new regulations, so they substituted catgut, exactly as you see it in the fiddle strings. There are nine strings about three teet long on a stick of the same length, a knot on the end of each string.

"You read of the negroes being whipped with piano-wire in Jamaica during the troubles under General Eyre, and of the Irish insurgents being flogged with strips of tin in 1798; but for cutting through flesh and muscle 1 think fiddlestrings take the cake. They cut into a man's back like so many knives, and the blood trickled be-tween the bugler's fingers as he drew the lash through his hand after every stroke. We had a brave, joily lot of young fellows in our regiment, and it would make your heart bleed to hear some of them calling for their mother when the catgut was sinking into their flesh. Our bugler, a Lancas, ire follow did the deciping and once a man ore fellow, did the flogging—and once a man got twenty-five from him he would never want another stroke. After our first engagement with the Zulus the bugler was found dead, shot by a Martini-Henry bullet in the side

"In the heat of the engagement one of the boys who had been disciplined by him had turned his rifle sideways when firing. You should have heard the rejoicings that night in camp! A few commissioned officers were dropped in the same mysterious way, and then it was remarkable how the flogging business decreased and how polite and continued the same may be the same to the siderate the officers became to the men. You might like to see how a man's back remains after a flogging? Well, here's one can show

After much modest reluctance the soldier appealed to agreed to bare his back. There vas scarcely a smooth square inch of skin on it, being traversed from shoulder to waist by innumerable small furrows, running into each other like a map of rivers and rail-roads, the course of each being marked by a slight purplish streak.

#### AT TROUVILLE,

Beautiful and Eccentric Costumes Worr by the Bathers. To give an idea of the care that is bestowed upon a bathing suit at Trouville, let me describe one among many that I saw. writes Julian Ralph to Harper's Weekly. The bather came out of her bathing ma chine wrapped in a cloak of Turkey red silk. Her hat was of white straw, with Turkey red ribbons and flowers. Her sancrossed above her ankles, and were there tied in a bow. The silk cloak shone in the sun. It did not even partially reveal her figure; in fact, the women in these cloaks looked at a distance like Bedouins. As this lady's feet touched the water she raised her arms and spread them, and the gossamer cloak fell into the hands of the bathing attendant. Then she stood revealed to the concourse of onlookers, clad as for a spectaconcourse of onlookers, clad as for a specta-cle on the stage. She wore a loose blouse of Turkey red flannel, short, tight, red breeches and red stockings. Her blouse was opened in front by two great lapels, between which was a white shirt with red stripes across it. Behind, it had a great two designer college white and handed with

ad sailor collar, white and banded The extravagances and eccontricities of the costumes on that beach were wonderful, and altogether they helped to form as brilliant and gay a scene as one could imagine. Some of the cloaks were striped, some were green, some yellow. Sometimes the suits worn beneath them matched the cloaks, yet often they did not. But while the skirts were often short, the arms were often sleeveless, and I even saw two of these shirts that they are somewhat decollete. three shirts that were somewhat decollete; there were no costumes worn in the water that justified the pictures commonly seen in the Parisian illustrated papers. I doubt whether many of the costumes at Trouville would startle the bathers at Narragansett Pier, except that they were much more costly and artistic than the bath robes worn

SURGERY ENDS A BIRTH-MARK.

A Mother's Arm Peeled in Spots and An intricate and interesting surgical operation has just been performed at the Southside Hospital, in this city, in the removal of a large and peculiarly blackish birth-mark from the forehead and face of thirteen-year-old Louis Westman, by engrafting in its place forty-two pieces of skin cut from his mother's arm. So successful has been the operation, conducted by Dr. J. Milton Duff, that the new white skin on the boy's forehead is growing nicely, and the effects of both the birth-mark and the operations are fast disappearing.

In performing the operation, that portion of the skin surface of the boy's forehead affected by the birth-mark was made like raw beef, the skin being entirely destroyed. The doctor then, with a needle, raised a lit-tle skin on the woman's arm, and with a sharp, knife-like instrument, removed it. But a very small portion, little larger than a pin-head, was put on the raw place at once. Six grafts were made the first time. The last time thirty-six pieces of skin were grafted on the forehead in as many distinct portions. These little pieces came from the body fresh and full of vitality.—Pittsburg correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Rebuking Extravagance. It is related of Russell Sage that while attending a meeting of one of the numerous boards of directors of which he is a member, a box of cigars was brought by order of a moderately well-to-do member of the board. The box was passed to Mr. Sage, who mechanically took out a cigar. Holding it to his nose he exclaimed: "Ah, that has a fine flavor. What do you pay for these cigars. Mr. —?" cigars, Mr. ——?":
"Only \$20 a box, 20 cents apiece," was the

reply. "What!" cried the frugal Russell, in what: cried the frugal Russell, in a tone of intense disapproval, "20 cents for a cigar! That is too steep for me. I cannot afford such an expensive luxury." And Mr. Sage walked over to the table on which the cigar-box had been placed and took a couple more of the cigars and put them in his pocket.—N. Y. Tribune.

The craze for teaching modern languages in the public schools has reached such a point now that the Italian people of Sacramento have appealed to a member of the Board of City School Directors to introduce eigners, and that their request should be respected.

Walsh, T. H. Williams and Ira Rumsdell who all five are directly interested in the running division of the Palo Alto Stock Farm, desire to preserve the reputation of the stable, the first thing they ought to de is to discharge from their employ the foulnouthed, ill-conditioned, little cub named Narvaez, who is supposed to be 'riding' the stables' best horses. All the Eastern and Coast turf critics consider him utterly incompetent. Because he won a few races on Palo Alto horses that outclassed their opponents by long odds, Narvaez had an enlargement of the cranium. When he got East, except when he was up on such a worldbeater as Racine, the Eastern jockeys made a monkey of him. Even third-rate Guttenberg jockies could outride him. The leading Eastern turf writers, who know a cobbler from a jockey, called him a flagrant rider. A BAD REPUTATION.

ten about the way he rode Racine in that great colt's last race. Narvaezis, in articles a column long, called anything but a squar rider for his openly accused pulling of Racine. Since this boy returned from the East he has teen closely associated with a number of pool-room idlers and loafers, who, if the police chose to, could be arrested any moment for vagrancy. "Unless Senator Stanford, Ariel Lathrop and Henry Walsh have less regard for the reputation of the Palo Alto colors than for the applause of a number of robbers who use Narvaez as a tool through which the

"Columns upon columns have been writ

public and his employers are defrauded, this little foul-mouthed object should be taken by the ear and sent to join Carillo CRIPPLED BY THE GOUT. Henry Walsh, the well-known trainer of the Paio Alto stable, was not present last Tuesday at the overwhelming defeat of the stable. He was laid up with rheumatic gout, and only hobbled out on crutches yes-terday, just in time to have the additional nortification of seeing Narvaez lose anothe race with Tearless. On Saturday Tearless won a six-furlong race handliy in 1:14½, carrying 107 pounds. The Call's report of the race stated that she won easily by three-quarters of a lenth from Zingarella. Acciaim and Cheerful also ran, the latter finishing last. On Tuesday the latter ran Sinfax to a head in 1:31 over seven furlongs.

NERO'S WORK OUT. It must have been most annoying to Walsh It must have been most annoying to Walsh when he worked Nero yesterday three-quarters in 1:14, to have this coit, which Walsh states is the best two-year-old he ever had, Ra ine and Flambeau not barred, so easily beaten on Tuesday. Yet Nero was defeated under Narvaez' riding in Tuesday's in 1:31. And again, rumor and the newspaper accounts credit Nero with a run over saven, eighths. paper accounts credit Neto with a run over seven-eighths at Oakland this year in 1:27½. On Tuesday Nero was third in 1:31, with no concession of weight to the winner. It is also reported that on Wednesday morning the second trainer of the Palo Alto stable called on Henry Walsh, who was then sick in bed at the Lick House, and, with tears in his eyes, assured Walsh of his regret that the stable colors had been so signally defeated.

FAVORITES KNOCKED OUT. Three red-hot favorites were bowled over vesterday, and the book-makers won several cart-loads of money. Raindrop, Applause and Rico—though this latter horse's defeat is still in abevance-brought gold galore to their already plethoric bank accounts. The 5; Applause 3 to 5, closing at 1 to 5; Jack 5; Applause 3 to 5, closing at 1 to 5; Jackson at 30 to 1, accomplishing his downfall. Rico was plunged in at 1 to 3. He was given the first heat by the judges, though everybody else gave it to Revolver by a neck, Gambo second, Rico third, a nose back. Conrad was the only favorite to win; he closed at 7 to 5. Had not Lodowic fallen at be three-quarters, giving Tommy Morton a severe shaking up, his winning might have

been deferred. 

Time, 1:56.

Betting-Raindrop, 4 to 5, 2 to 5 place: Take Notice, 2 and 7 to 10; Marigoid, 3 and evens; Initiation, 50 and 10. THE AUTUMN STAKES.

Eimwood Stable's Duke of Milpitas, by Duke of Norfolk-Gypsey, 115. Jones 2 C. Mulkey's b. c. Sinfax, by Wildide-Fostress, 115

# 2½, Gambo and Kildare 20 and 4. For the run-off, the books offered 8 to 5 Rico, and 1 to 3 Ida Glenn. After some consultation, the judges decided to postpone the final decision of the race to to-morrow.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK. He Smashes a Boat and Hurls Two Fish ermen Head Over Heels. The shallow waters around Key West. Fla., is the home of millions, more or less of big man-eating sharks, and scarcely a day passes but what one or more are killed from the wharves and in the shallow waters

around the island.

W. S. Wilson and Duke Dart, of the Naval Station, recently had a big experi ence with a fine specimen of the man-eating variety that will last them for several years, they say.

The other afternoon, while pear the barracks, they saw several huge specimens swimming in the shallow waters, their huge dorsal fins going in every direction. Armdorsal fins going in every direction. Arming themselves with a couple of heavy-bore rities they started out. After chasing the "daddy" of the gang around for some time, they got close to him and planked two bullets from .44 Winchesters through his ugly body. The big shark leaped clear out of the water on feeling the bullets, and came down with a swash, nearly upsetting their boat. To their surprise he then became perfectly quiet, and as they thought

SATE TRANSISCO.

SATE SATE Shark started in a circle round the two wet fishermen, the rope tatiling beneath him still fast to some portions of the boat.

The shark-hunters, however, were not thoroughly cowed by their surroundings, but seizing hold of the rope attempted to stop the shark. As Dart explained afterward it was like stopping a locomotive with 200 pounds of steam on. On feeling the additional weight on the rope as they grasped it the shark darted forward with lighting velocity, towing the two astonished hunters through the water at a pace they did not relish. Bravely they held on for a hundred yards and then finding the pace too much for them they let go especially quick, as the shark was heading out for deeper water.

The big shark started in a circle round the two wet fishermen, the rope trailing beneath him instill fast two sering high cowed by their surroundings, but seizing hold of the rope attempted to stop the shark. As Dart explained afterward it was like stopping a locomotive with 200 pounds of steam on. On feeling the additional weight on the rope attempted to stop the shark as The additional weight on the rope attempted to stop the shark as The additional weight on the rope attempted to stop the shark as the pace too much for them they let go especially quick, as the shark was heading out for deeper water.

astonished at this turn of affairs, started off with all his might.

Fortunately he was so blinded by his terror and surprise that he did not know which way he was going, and, being headed toward the shore, he ran up on the sloping, gravelly beach, and in a second or two lay gasping almost out of the water. As he struck the sand and glided up the incline he gave a vicious twist of his tail that sent his rider head over heels on to dry land. Dart rider head over heels on to dry land. Dart then hastened out of the water to his companion's assistance, and, securing big pieces of coral, they both began pelting the object of their wrath. For ten or fifteen minutes the fight was a right lively one, interspersed with many parrow assence on terspersed with many narrow escapes on their part from the monster's big tail, but at the end of that period the coral rock proved too much for him, and he gave up the ghost.

On being measured the monster proved to be thirteen and a half feet long, and would have weighed probably not less than 1200 pounds. When he was opened they found one big shoe, a cigar-case, mouth organ, a large number of bones that plainly showed that his frame as a man-eating variety was not a misnomer.—Globe-Democrat.

#### THEY BOTH WATCH HER. The English and French Woman

Study the Yankee Girl. For a long time the English papers have been writing about her and finding fault with her, but now the French papers have

taken her up, and they see nothing in her that is not good and charming-by her I mean the American woman. The English woman saw the little gaucheries she committed, saw that she was bubbling over with the youth that comes not only from scarcity of years, but from purity of air and a new world, saw that she was different from her, and, therefore, like the average Pharisee, concluded there could be nothing good in her. The French woman didn't sav much in the beginning, but she looked and listened. After a while she said: "What beautiful feet and bands these Americans have." Then a little while after that she said: "Ah, ha! these Americans are dressng better than we do; they are making the best of our milliners' creations and the best that the English tailor gives, and they look well on the street and in the evening also." Then, soon after, the French woman sat down and began to talk to the American one, and she confidentially told the man she loved this: "Do you know that these American women

"Do you know that these American women have not only our quickness of wit, but the English ability to keep quiet when they want, and they are the women of the future." This is the French woman's decision boiled down to a few paragraphs, but nevertheless she keeps on writing pages upon pages about the American woman. After one of us has read her articles, we give a look at the glass and say: "How far-sighted these French women are."

For my own part, I don't consider the American woman the creature of the future. American woman the creature of the future. American woman the creature of the future.

I regard her as the individual of the present.
She is healthy, wealthy and wise—enough.
We don't want her to know too much—the
nation objects to it. We like her just as she is without one plea in favor of dress reform, or physical culture, and we grow extravagantly proud of her when we see her contrasted with other women. She may be a bit like the lily of the field, toiling not, nor spinning, but when she is, it is because the American man considers it his greatest pleasure to have a lily in his establishment and to admire it. When she does toil she does it in about half the time that it would take the French woman, and if it is a question of money-making, can do more in one day than the average English woman could in a year. I dou't believe in her having to make money. I belong to the association that believes in the cuddling-up-close-to-aman-and-being-taken-care-of, but my heart does beat a bit quicker when I think how an American woman can do it if she wants to. She has a lovely determination to "get there"—and she arrives on time. It is simply and absolutely blissfully beautiful. That sounds exaggerated to a man, and I don't know whether those are adjectives or the American man considers it his greatest That sounds exaggerated to a man, and I don't know whether those are adjectives or adverbs, but they express what I mean and therefore do their duty in life.—"Bab" in Philadelphia Times.

#### FISH AS SENTINELS.

Five Tront Holding Hundreds of Minnows Captive in a Pool. Some years ago a dam was thrown across the outlet of Echo Lake for storage nurposes. A tunnel some half mile long was run through the mountain and the water taken into the head waters of the American River and thence into a large mining ditch. When the natural water of the river got too scanty during the dry season for a full head of water to supply the ditch then Echo was tapped to maintain the supply. The dam being ten or twelve feet high, it backed the waters of the lower lake into those of the upper, and so formed a vast reservoir several square miles in extent. Consequently spots that afford the best fishing during high water are not good after the lakes are lowered to their natural level. The dam is irregular in shape, following the formation of the shore at the outlet. It is composed of rough granite rubble, and dur-ing high water is haunted by thousands of minnows. In a retreating angle of this wall, minnows. In a retreating angle of this wall, where the rocks composing it were large and irregular, an interesting sight was observed last summer. Five large trout, running from 2½ to 4 pounds in weight, had a school of minnows corraled, and could be seen at all hours of the day herding them as dogs would herd a flock of sheep. There must have been several hundred of the small fry, and the trout kept swimming back and forth between them and the deeper waters of the lake. The little fellows kept in a solid bunch, and when one of them would stray away it was promptly driven

waters of the lake. The little fellows kept in a solid bunch, and when one of them would stray away it was promptly driven back to the main body by the seemingly untiring sentinels.

They were seen, time and again, by all the members of our party and by some visitors, and every one expressed themselves as having never seen the like before. The trout did not seem at all timid in the presence of man, and when the minnows would try to dash away from the bank when any one approached, they were headed off in all directions and speedily driven back. None of our party ever observed a trout capture a minnow, but doubtless they did so when not embarrassed by our presence. It was a subject of considerable speculation to us to know how they contrived to keep their prey together, night and day, but they did so. And throughout a space of ten days they were constantly to be observed, when the water was not disturbed by wayes and our vision so obscured. Perhaps they were constantly to be observed, when the water was not disturbed by wayes and our vision so obscured. Perhaps they were "spelled" nights by change of sentine's. We thought when first they were noticed, that they were guarding their fry, but this proved not to be the case, as the small fish were undoubtedly minnows and well grown at that, some of them being five inches long. I think that the same trout were always on guard during the time they were noticed, as there were always five—no more, no less—and apparently the same size. No attempts were made to capture them, as we were currious to see how long they could maintain thymns. At 11 o'clock in the foreion on fall what was called a "Baptism of Fire Meeting," which was held under the direction of Salvation stay. After a joyful chorus, Major Kyle addressed the assemblage. A few extracts from his forentially the assemblage. A few extracts from his fremarks will give an idea of the character of the meeting: "We Salvationists," he said, "believe in justification, that is, in making things square with God. We also beli were made to capture them, as we were curious to see how long they could maintain control of the situation. I would like to hear from my brother angless whether a similar instance ever came under their notice.—Forest and Stream.

Startling a Stranger. Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left-hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a Smart Aleck with us on the promenade deck and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deckhands to toss him up a potato. A neck or the native than he called to one of the deckhands to toss him up a potato. A peck or
more of the tubers were lying loose near a
pile of sacks and one was quickly tossed up.
"Now see me startle him," said Smart
Aleck, as he swung his arm for a throw.
The distance was only about 130 feet
and his aim was so true that the potato
landed on the negro's head with a dull thud.
His motions were so quick that we could not
agree as to how he did it, but in about three
seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled
a revolver as long as his arm, and fired at putting a rone round his body, started to tow him to shore.

All at once the seemingly dead shark awoke to the ignominious fact that he was being towed hind-end first into land, and his objection was shown very strongly. With a dash of his big tail the end of the boat was knocked to pieces and the two shark fishermen were hurled head over heels about ten feet into six feet of water, with

BY VOW AND BOOK.

Hallelujah Wedding of Salvation Army Leaders.

Thanksgiving Celebration of the Red-Shirted Soldiers of the Cross-War Memories and Baptism of Fire.

"Hallelujah" was the cry of the Salvation Army yesterday. Not alone because it was Thanksgiving day, which gave rise to special services, but for the reason that a marriage was to be solemnized under the auspices of the red-shirted soldiers of the cross. The announcement was made some time ago, and the co-religionists of the contracting parties resolved to make the nuptials the occasion of an unusual demonstra-The Adelphi Theater on California street.

near Kearny, was the place selected for the performance of the marriage service. A torchlight parade was neld during the evening, but long before it reached its final destination the theater was so crowded with men and women that the Salvationists could hardly effect an entrance. The audience was composed of representatives of all classes of citizens and religious denominations, the majority attracted by a curiosity to witness the manner in which the marriage would be celebrated. On the arrival of the paraders the officers

of the army and the brass bands took the stage, and soon the house was one mass of people, jammed and packed together, using their hats and handkerchiefs to keep off the heat. Major Kyle, the head of the army on the Pacific Coast, opened the meeting with a prayer, after which several war cry songs were sung with great enthusiasm and vigor. SALVATION ARMY FERVOR.

Some of these were accompanied by the clapping of hands, others with the waving of handkerchiefs rapidly in the air, the clapping and the moving keeping pace with the music, which increased in time until the motions of the singers reached a rapidity which soon reached a climax, because neither the music nor the singers could move any faster.

Those who had never attended a meeting of the Salvation Army had a good opportunity to see its proceedings at its best, particularly as regards its music. The trombone, cornet and drum were heard above al other instruments, but the ear could distinguish the delicate guitar, the concertina, the flute and the triangle, which united with the noise produced by the clapping of hands would have to be heard in order to be appreciated to their full extent as sound-producers.

During the singing part of the meeting the audience was on the qui vive to behold the bride and bridegroom, Captain W. E. Gron-lof and Lieutenant Amanda Johnson, both of whom have been connected with the army for some time. It was 9 o'clock when the couple appeared, and their advent was the occasion of the firing of a salvation "volley," which was given with such cheer and hearty good will as could not be outdone by Thanksgiving celebration anywhere. A TRYING OVATION.

The ovation the couple received was somewhat trying to their modesty, for it was with hesitation that they approached the center of the stage. The bride was dressed in a dark-colored suit and wore a white sash around her shoulders. She looked extremely girlish. Gronlot towered the bright have here and seemed to have ages for high above her and seemed to have eyes for nothing but his intended. Both are Swedes. The best man was Captain Findley; the bridesmaid for Amanda, May Jackson. Rev. Dr. Arthur Briggs, a Methodist minister, was announced to officiate. Two of the Salvation captains advanced to the sides of the oridal party and suspended over their heads the national flag and the Salvation Major Kyle, as head of the army on the

Coast, then read the fourteenth Psalm, after which he also read to the contracting couple the marriage vows of the army. According to these the contracting parties solemnly promise that their marriage shall in no wise interfere with their duties as Salvationists, but that they on the contrary shall each continue to influence the other to keep on in the work of saving souls. THE ARMY'S VOWS TAKEN.

Both took the army vows with great firmness, but when Rev. Dr. Briggs-approached and proceeded to tie the knot in a strictly religious sense, the bride and bridegroom both became nervous. When Gronlof started put it on the wrong one in his excitement or nervousness, and the couple had the high tension of their feelings further increased by the good-natured laugh which this awkwardness produced.

The audience had its interest kept at

fever-heat all through the ceremony, expecting something astonishing to happen, which, however, did not take place. On the which, however, did not take place. On the conclusion of the marriage ceremony the couple withdrew, and Dr. Briggs announced that some time ago he would have been ashamed to appear in a Salvation meeting, but now he was glad and proud to be there. The new Mrs. Gronlof was called upon, and she responded by stating that it had been five years since she had been saved, and she promised to keep on in the work of saving souls. Hier husband was also induced to take the platform, and what he said was extremely honorable and manly, besides being outte humorous. The new couple has being quite humorous. The new couple has been assigned to work in Salt Lake City, for which place they will leave in a few

A GATHERING FROM BARRACKS. The Thanksgiving celebration was also available omeers and cadets from every par-rack in the State. Since the organization of the army in San Francisco, eight years ago, not half so many Salvationists were ever present at one time in this State. Some came from Trinity County, some from Los Angeles, and others from Sacramento, San Jose, Cloverdale, Fresno, Oakland and other interior towns. Two delegates were present representing Salt Lake City.

All were attired in the regulation uniform of the army, and seemed to be boiling over with enthusiasm for their cause. The services will last two days, and the Thanks-giving ceremonies opened at 7 o'clock in the morning and lasted until late in the evening. The early morning service was devoted principally to prayer and the singing of jubilant hymns. At 11 o'clock in the

it leap from heart to heart. Let it be felt burning. Get us all on fire and melt us down. Oh, send the fire down and may the fingers of the Spirit have hold of your hearts. And now, Lord, we ask thee to come thyself."

The audience filled up the hiatus in his speech with fervent ejaculations, "Come, come, Lord."

The speaker continued in this strain of invection for some time and at every pause.

The speaker continued in this strain of invocation for some time and at every pause he was assisted by his hearers with some refrain emphasizing his remarks.

There were two parades. The first one formed on the corner of California and Kearny streets at 2 o'clock, headed by the Salvation Naval Cadet Band, the members wearing white blue-trimmed sailor shirts and blue bands, after the manner of the genuine tar. Following them came the leading officers of the army, who escorted the female members to the number of fifty.

Next in line was the regular Salvation brass band, which was the yanguard of the male

A SURPRISE TO PEOPLE. There were about 250 persons in line, and the procession stretched out about two blocks. The turnout was a surprise to blocks. The turnout was a surprise to people along the streets, who never imag-ined that the army could muster so many uniformed soldiers. The parading Salva-tionists marched through the principal streets in the order mentioned. The evening parade was a repetition of that held during

streets in the order mentioned. The evening parade was a repetition of that held during the day.

The services after the parade were entitled "War Memories From Fields Afar," and consisted of reminiscences among the members bearing on the subject of the manner and results of their conversion. A sample of this part of the ceremonies were the remarks of Soldier Welch of Colfax, an ideal of one of Bret Harte's big, burly miners. He towered head and shoulders above anybody in the place.

"I am the Lord's baby," he began, whereat a laugh went up at the stretch of imagination required to reduce his gigantic figure to the dimensions of an infant. "That is," he continued, "I have been converted ten months." He then described the wonders which had been effected in him since he joined the army, the principal of which was the giving up of whisky and tobacco.

Another zealot compared himself before he was converted to a steam-engine without a fire in it and said that now he was rushing to heaven like a locomotive in full blast. A third party said that since he rushing to heaven like a locomotive in full blast. A third party said that since he had joined the army he had climbed the mountain. "My heart is on the top now," he concluded, as he gazed in imagination from his lofty terial height upon the world of sinners below.

A GOOD DINNER SERVED. A GOOD DINNER SERVED.

On the conclusion of the afternoon meeting the members repaired behind the scenes of the theater and sat down to a repast of turkey, mince-pie, cake, and all the luxuries of a Thanksgiving table, washed down by tea and coffee. There was not accommodations for all who desired to take part in the beneat the way being turned away but over banquet, many being turned away, but over 300, however, were supplied with a good

The celebration will be continued to-day, and its principal feature will be what is called an "international parade," which will take place in the evening. In this pro-cession members of the army will appear in the national costume of every country in which Salvationists have established a foot-hold. The Thanksgiving services will be brought to a close with another meeting in the Adelphi Theater.

#### WESTERN "MULE SKINNERS."

Another Old-Time Industry of the West Passing in Decay.

The rapid growth of our State and adjoining frontiers is taking from them many of those unique means of travel known only to our West. The "way-back East" means of conveyance in the early times was a very tame affair, and those long voyages by water along the Atlantic Coast to America's greatest city afforded none of the same excitements experienced by Western stagecoach or a mule freight-team, writes Ed A. Frey to the Omaha Bee.

A mule-train is only equaled in slow moving by the bull-train. The former is made up of from six to eight spans of mules with a "jerk-line" on the nigh side of the lead, and the conductor of the train curses in pure English and talks to the beasts in mongrei Spanish. The 'jerk-line' answers the purpose of reins, and it matters not how great the load or how many mules in that division of the train, the safety of the burden lies with the lead team and a California brake with the lead team and a California brake on the lead wagon. A single train is composed of not less than two and often three "trail-wagons," which are led in the proper tracks merely by a small connection with the lead team. The wagons are great affairs and carry two tons each, thus making a freighting outfit at 1 cent a pound for 100 miles a paying cargo.

In crossing any considerable stream or making a long hill the trail-wagons are dropped and each one is taken singly. All this takes time, and fifteen miles a day

this takes time, and fifteen miles a day is fair average speed. Sometimes one has scarcely settled a 5 o'clock breakfast when the hill four miles distant is reached for dinner; and then again watering-places must be reached and the day's work may be completed in that distance only. But this distance is possibly made up the next day by a long drive, no dinner and weary legs. The mules are let loose, and, after taking of the more substantial oats or corn, feed of the tender prairie grass often takes them miles from camp. Then is when the Mexican swears in pigeon English or the Yankee tries to entice the muies by mongrel Span-The cooking is all varieties, with a dish of

Mexican chilla collara (red pepper) as a morning tonic. The biscuit tastes of old lard and cheap baking powder, and its condition when cold would answer very well for a defense against Indians on the war-path. A little pure mother soil and a taste of wagon grease, often dished up in slippery tin plates, may seem to go back on my finetasting, particular reader, but I will ven-ture the assertion that he was never hungry. I remember one time being obliged to wait four days at the hotel of a frontier town in four days at the hotel of a frentier town in this state where there was plenty. But the flies and cooking seemed too thick and I came near starving. In the atternoon our freight train started on its long, tedious journey of 150 miles. We struck a late camp, and it was dark before finishing the meal of ham, biscuit and black coffee. I don't think I ever relished a meal more than that. The tind debes were silver plate beside the The tin dishes were silver plate beside the hotel quantity and quality, and I believe any one who has passed through a similar experience will bear me out in saying that the rough camp meal is no stomach killer after once getting into the ropes.

In the early days of freighting between Niobrara and Omaha a party of "oid timers," composed of H. Westerman, Chris Beaner and Tom Hullian, struck camp over on the east branch of Brazil Creek. Benner was bird foot and the camp beauty here made east branch of Brazil Creek. Benner was chief cook, and the camp having been made late no particular attention was paid to the material used in following instructions for a "strong cup of coffee." Hungry, foot-sore, thirsty, the trio sat down to a steaming repast. The coffee was poured and the contents drained without tasting. It was remarked that the coffee was "strong," but marked that the coffee was "strong," but no particular attention was paid to the mat-ter. The evening meal completed, the ter. The evening meal completed the pipes were brought out and the tobacco sought. But in place of tobacco they found conce,

which refused to burn as the tobacco had cooked. The long freight-trains of less than a de-The long freight-trains of less than a decade ago have gone out of business or moved west." And what few are in existence are but remnants of what was. Even a dozen years ago these freighters growled a good deal because there was no business. Railroads have cut off the profits, and, like these freighters looked for the the railroads, these freighters looked for the "long haul." Indian agencies knocked the former profits and business when Indians were made their own freighters: and rail-roads came later, until now the freight haul has simmered down to a few miles and a few cents.

These freighters were happy-go-lucky fellows, distinct from the cowboy, yet full of generous impulses and free with their money. Some of the managers and owners money. Some of the managers and owners turned their attention to other business as they observed the downward tide, and some of Nebraska's heavy Western capitalists once owned great trains and began life as "mule-skinners" and bull-whackers." Opportunities and circumstances made men of the sensible and far-seeing, while a great number drifted away into the easy-going reckless channels—good-natured fellows, liking the frontier world and its lonely life, but liking the merry-making red eye better.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. A Good Piece of Advice for Sprinters a

Well as Many Other People.

"Keep your mouth shut and you can win," was the advice I heard a Western man giving to a young sprinter of his acquaintance who was starting last week for Montreal to take part in the games there. When I asked him what his advice meant, he replied: "I have watched the Indian runners in the West and in Mexico, and have noted some of their marvelous feats. I have known a man to run 80 or 100 miles I have known a man to run 80 or 100 miles without stopping, but I have never seen one of them open his mouth while running.

"They invariably set their lips firmly together and breathe through the nose. This saves the lungs. I have seen runners who kept their mouths open fail down at the conclusion of a race, perfectly exhausted."

N. Y. Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.



LATEST SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE. Domestic Ports.
ASTORIA—Arrived Nov 27—Stmr State of Call

fornia, hence Nov 25.
Sailed Nov 27—Stmrs Columbia and Geo W Elder
for San Francisco. BIRTHS MARRIAGES DEATHS.

fBirth, marriage and death notices sent by mall will not be inserted. They must be handed in at either of the publication offices and be indorsed with the name and residence of persons authorized to have the same published.]

GILMORE—In this city, November 27, 1890, to the wife of Edward A. Gilmore, a daughter.

HASLEHURST—In this city, November 27, 1890, to the wife of W. W. Hasiehurst, a son.

BARRETT—In this city, November 27, 1890, to the wife of W. J. Barrett, a son.

MANOUK—In this city, November 25, 1890, to the wife of Colonel C. Manouk, a daughter.

HANSEN—November 24, 1890, to the wife of N. V. Hansen of Castro Valley, a son.

KELLY—In this city, November 27, 1890, to the wife of Charles Kelly, twin daughters. MARKIED.

DUFTON-BALL-In this city, November 26, 1890, by the Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., John S. Dufton and Matilda Ball. MELLY-CORCORAN-In this city, November 26 1890, by the Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., John T. Kelly and Ellen Corcoran. Kelly and Ellen Corcoran.

CUTHBERT—WAYETT—In this city, November 26, 1890, by the Rew. C. L. Miel, George Cuthbert and Maria Wayett, both of San Francisco.

WEISSHAAR—GILMORE—In this city, November 26, 1890, by the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D. D., Emil F. Weisshaar of Mayfield, Cal., and Minnie E. Gilmore of Detroit, Mich. E. Gilmore of Detroit, Mich.

HAGAN—DE BAERE—In this city, November 26, 1890, by the Rev. Father D. Nugent, Patrick J. J. Hagan and Scholastica de Baere.

DEVIS—GODSILL—In Oakland, November 27, 1890, G. W. Devis and Alice Godsill, daughter of Captain Godsill of Los Gatos. [Los Gatos papers please copy.]

KEEFE—RODDIN—In this city, November 27, 1890, by the Rev. Father Prendergast, John R. 1890, by the Rev. Father Prendergast, John Keefe and Lizzie J. Roddin, both of San Fra

Burton, Francis S.
Bresiln, Rev. Lawrence
Case, Nellie E.
Duffey, James
Damoute, Frank A.
Dailas, Samuel W.
Flaherty, Martin J.
Flan agan, Mary
Gee, Catherine
Husks, James
Walthour, Jennie
Walthour, Jennie
Walthour, Jennie
Walthour, Jennie
Walthour, Jennie
Walthour, Jennie

CASE—In this city, November 25, 1890. Nellie E. Case, mother of Harry G., Belle and Ralph S. Case, a native of Boston, Mass., aged 37 years.

SF Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Fri-(Friday), at 10:30 o'cleka A. M., from the funeral parlors of Porter & Scott, 116 Eddy street. Interment 1, O. O. F. Cemetary.

1880 N. In this city, November 25, 1890. Willment 1, O. O. F. Cemetary.

1 ASSON—In this city, November 25, 1890. William, beloved husband of Kate Hasson, and father of Rosie and Susie Hasson and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, a native of County Derry, Ireland, aged 68 years.

2 Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Frieday), at 1:30 0'clock p. M., from his late residence, 11 Hubbard street. Interment Mount Carvary Cemetery.

Cemetery.

O'NEIL—In this city, November 26, 1230, Catherine O'Neil, beloved niece of Mrs. Julia Osterloh, a native of North Commons of Carlingford, County Lond, Ireland, aged 33 years, 8 months and 10 days. [Portland (Me.) papers please copy.]

Firends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Friday), at 8 o'clock a. M., from the residence of her aunt, 945 Mission street; thence to 8. Patrick's Church, where a solemn requiem high mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9 o'clock a. M. Interment Holy Coss Cemetery. mencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

DUFFEY—In this city, November 25, 1890, James, beloved husband of Ellen Duffey, and dearly beloved father of John F., Annie and Rose Duffey, and brother-in-law of Cornelius and Jeremiah Denahy, formerly of Smartsville, Yuba County, Cal., a native of the parish of Aughnamulien, County Monaghan, Ireland, aged 52 years, [Smartsville papers please copy.]

AT Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY, (Friends), at 9:30 o'clock A. M., from his lateresidence, 603 Fourth street; thence to St. Rose's Church, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., Interment Holy Cross Cemetery. o'clock A. M. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery. \*\*
GEE—In this city, November 26, 1890, Catherine
Gee, a native of the City of Kilkenny, Ireland,
aged 45 years.

\*\*EFriends and acquaintances are respectfully
invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Friday), at 8:30 o'clock A. M., from the pariors of
McAvoy & Gallagher, 20 Fifth street; thence to
St. John's Church, where a solemn requiem mass
will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Interment Holy Cross
Cemetery.

\*\*\*
MONSON, In this city, November 26, 1890, Charles

MONSON—In this city, November 26, 1890, Charles Burdett, eldest son of Burdett H, and Eliza C. Monson, a native of San Francisco, aged 35 years and 8 months.

APPriends are invited to attend his funeral THIS DAY (Friday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from his parents' residence, 813 Twentieth street. Interment Laurei Hill Cemetery.

MILLER—At his home, Miller Hall, Marin County, November 25, 1890, James Miller, a native of County Wexford, Ireland, aged 76 years.

FF Friends and acquaintances are respectfully. A. M.

DAMONTE—In this city, November 26, 1890, Frank
A., beloved husband of Kate Damonte, and son of
the late Lawrence and Mary J. Damonte, a native
of Boston, Mass., aged 30 years, 6 months and 16 days.

##Friends and acquaintances are respectfully fivited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Friday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from his late residence, 9 Vincent street. 9 Vincent street.

FLANAGAN—An anniversary requiem high mass will be celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Mary Flanagan, beloved wife of the late James Flanagan, THIS DAY (Friday), at 9 o'clock A.M., at St. Bridget's Churen. Friends are invited to attend.

WALTHOUR—In this city, November 27, 1890, of diphtharia, Jennie, beloved daughter of John and

WALTHOUR—In this city, November 27, 1890, of diphtheria, Jennie, beloved daughter of John and Annie Walthour, a native of Vallejo. Cal., aged 3 years and 9 months.

###Funeral will take place THIS DAY (Friday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the residence of the parents, 362 Third street. Intermet Mount Calvary Cemetery.

PHAIR—In this city, November 27, 1890. Thomas, beloved husband of Annie Phair, and father of Nora E. Phair and Mrs. D. C. MacDonald of Portland, Oregon, a native of Courtmacherry, County Nora E. Phair and Mrs. D. C. MacDonald of Portland, Oregon, a native of Courtmacherry, County Cork, Ireland, aged 67 years.

AFFriends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 8:30 o'clock A. M., from his late residence, 268 Tehama street; thence to St. Patrick's Church, where a requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. tery. HUCKS-In this city, November 27, 1890, James,

HUCKS—In this city, November 27, 1890, James, husband of Christianna Hucks, a native of London, England, aged 83 years and 2 months.

\*\*Ea The funeral services will be held TO-MOR-ROW (Saturday), at 2 o'clock p.m., at his late residence, 1722 Jesse street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

2 BRESLIN—In this city, November 27, 1890. Rev. Lawrence Breslin, brother of Jeremiah Breslin and Mrs. Richard McMale, a native of Coolnabilie, County Cork, Ireland, aged 41 years, 8 months and 15 days. [Cork (Ireland) papers please copy.]

\*\*Ea Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 10 o'clock A. M., from St. Paul's Church, Twenty-ninth and Church streets, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul. Interment Mount Caivary Cemetery. \*\*

\*\*SUBLETTE—In Alameda, November 26, 1890, request mass will be celebrated to the repose of his soul. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. \*\*
SUBLETTE—In Alameda, November 26, 1890, Jennite A., beloved wife of William A. Sublette.

\*\*E\*\* Friends and relatives are in vited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 11 o'clock A. M., from her late residence, 1909 Park street, Alameda, Take narrow-gauge train to Park street,

PETERSEN—In this city, November 27, 1890, Annie Margrete, beloved wife of Hans Petersen, a native of Denmark, aged 26 years and 7 months.

\*\*E\*\* Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the family residence, 2324½ Harrison street, Interment I. O. F. Cemetery.

SWAN—In this city, November 27, 1890, Hillar O. F. Cemetery.

SWAN—In this city, November 27, 1890, Hildur Charlotte Theresia, beloved daughter of Frederick and Charlotte Swan, a native of San Francisco, aged 3 years, 2 months and 27 days.

### Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the residence of the parents, 1 Boston place, off First, between Folsom and Harrison streets. Interment I. O. O. F. Cemetery.

DALLAS—In this city, November 27, 1890, Samue William Dallas, beloved son of Mrs. Jane Dallas,

DALLAS—In this city, November 27, 1890, Samuel William Dalias, beloved son of Mrs. Jane Dalias, and brother of Jamest John, Robert George and Mary Dalias, and Mrs. Joseph McDonald, and brother-lin-law of Joseph McDonald, and brother-lin-law of Joseph McDonald, and brother-lin-law of Joseph McDonald, a native of County Autrim, Ireland, aged 20 years, 11 months and 17 days. [Colerain and Belfast (Ireland) papers please copy.]

23 Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2 o'clock p. M., from the residence of his mother, 31 Park avenue, between Fifth and Sixth, Harrison and Bryant streets. Interment I. O. O. F. Cemetery,
PILTIEL—In this city, November 26, 1890, Napoleon, beloved husband of Josephine Piltiel, a native of Montreal, Canada, aged 51 years.

23 Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral SUNDAY, November 30, from his late residence, 912 Bryant street, Interment I. O. O. F. Cemetery.

FLAHERTY—In this city, November 27, Martin Joseph, beloved son of Mary and Simon M. Flaherty, a native of San Francisco, aged 4 years, 6 months and 27 days.

POWERS—In this city, November 26, Michael, beloved husband of Ellen Powers, a native of Castle-THUDE—In this city, November 26, Anna, beloved

THUDE—In this city, November 26, Anna, beloved wife of Otto Thude, a native of Russia, aged 35 years, 6 months and 24 days. Stanley, beloved son of W. M. and M. L. Burton, aged 2 months and 16 days. ROSSETA Sutton. a native of San Francisco, aged 1 month and 25 days.

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