WESTERLY MAN FATALLY INJURED

Milton A. Young Dies from Horse's Kick — National Guardsmen Doing Good Work—High School Turned Into a Temporory Emergency Hospital—Lawn Fete a Success.

The Rhode Island National guardsmen on annual tour of duty are doing work far ahead of expectations at Fort Greble, especially where the Fifth company, Westerly, is stationed. Remarkably efficient work has been done in the sub-calibre practice at the mortar battery, especially at Battery Sedgwick, where the local company is at work. The men made fourteen hits out of sixteen shots at a moving target, a record which was highly praised by Major Blake, commandant of the fort at Dutch Island.

The record made at Battery Sedgwick was at 2,600 yards range, with Capt. Bowden A. Babcock, assistant battery commandant. The work in the mortar pits was under the direction of Lieut. Oliver H. Williams, assistant emplacement officer.

Some of the shooting was done during a severe thunder shower which passed over Narragansett bay Thursday afternoon, and the high percentage of hits made was all the more remarkable on account of the weather conditions.

Milton A. Young, a well known liveryman of Westerly, who was kicked in the left leg by one of his horses Tuesday afternoon, resulting in a compound fracture midway between the ankle and knee, died Thursday night in the Rhode Island hospital, Providence. The fracture was not reduced here and he was taken to Providence on an early train Thursday morning, the operation being performed soon after his arrival at the hospital. Mr. Young's physical condition was such that he could not recover and his case was considered as extremely doubtful from the outset. Mr. Young was a liberal, big-hearted man, and his good deeds were known to his intimate friends.

Mr. Young was born in Danielson, where he learned the trade of roller coverer in a mill in that place. He came to Westerly about twenty years ago and was first employed at his trade in the White Rock mills. He then engaged in the livery business, which he continued up to the time of his death.

He began business in Coggswell street under the firm name of Young & Bailey. After this firm was dissolved Mr. Young had a livery business in the Moss stables that were located near the site of the present public library and memorial building. He then conducted the business in the rear of the Windsor house and from there moved his business to the Chester stables in Railroad avenue, where he has been located for several years. It was in this place of business where he received the injury that terminated in his death.

Mr. Young was twice married and his daughter resides with her grandmother in Danielson. Mr. Young's home was at 102 High street; his wife survives him.

The Westerly High school building was utilized for hospital purposes Friday morning, Drs. Champlin, Scanlon and Morgan being the attendant surgeons, with Mrs. Frank E. Sherman, Miss Estelle Murray, Miss Helen Segar, Miss Jessie Stanton and Miss Catherine Stahle as assistants. There were six charity cases that received attention, three girls and three boys, and they were operated upon for the removal of adernoids and hypertrophied tonsils.

The lawn fete given by the ladies of the Church of the Immaculate Conception Thursday night was a pronounced success. The green cake was awarded Dr. Scanlon, whose guess was nine and one-eighth pounds. The principal awards were a piano to Mrs. Stephenson of Mechanic street, ton of coal to Bessie Clements, palm to J. Burke, $5 to James A. Welch, the donor, bust of the pope to J. Dunn, croquet set to Mary Foley, picture of Father McOscar to Mrs. E. H. Stillman, another picture of the priest to Mrs. John Kelley, large arm chain to Agnes Nestor, buffet to Mary Gaffney.

With records of thirteen of fourteen games won in the Rhode Island Interscholastic league, the Hope High school team of Providence competed in Westerly Friday afternoon with the Westerly High school team, with record of seven of eight games in their favor of the Interscholastic league, for the actual championship of Rhode Island high schools, and Westerly won by a score of 5 to 1.

While Westerly excelled in all points of the play and is a superior team to Providence, there was justification, perhaps, in some of the fault finding of the visitors with decisions of the umpire, who evidently tried to be fair and was simply mistaken in judgment in a few instances. But that is one of the factors of the game and was not cause sufficient for the Hope pitcher to throw his glove at the man with the indicator. For this offense the pitcher was put out of the game; but, rather than disappoint the large crowd in attendance, he was allowed to return and the game was played to a finish.

The local lads certainly put up a good article of baseball and if they do as well in New Haven today (Saturday) they will bring to Westerly the championship pennant of the Connecticut Interscholastic league.

The manager of the Hope team expressed regret at the display of temper on the part of some of his players, to Manager Clifford, adding that his boys had earned a reputation for gentlemanly conduct and was sorry to see that reputation tarnished in the final game of the season.

The story of the game is best told in the score:

Hope H. S.	ab	h	po	a	e
Eayre, c	4	2	0	1	1
Nelson, s	4	0	2	0	1
Aubrey, 1b	4	0	10	1	0
M'Leod, cf	2	1	1	0	0
L. Brier, rf	3	0	2	0	0
Mahoney, 3b	2	0	0	2	0
Walsh, p	3	1	2	4	0
Guild, lf	2	0	0	0	0
Brennan, c	2	0	4	4	1
M'Guern, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	29	4	24	12	5

Westerly H. S.	ab	h	po	a	e
F. Foley, c	4	0	10	2	1
Austin, 2b	5	0	3	1	1
Thomson, cf	4	0	0	0	0
Dunne, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Pember, p, 1	4	2	5	4	0
Burrows, p, 1	2	0	0	2	0
H. L. Foley, ss	3	1	0	2	0
Champlin, ss	3	1	0	2	0
Sparks, lf	2	0	0	0	0
Totals.	27	3	27	15	2

Score by innings:

W. H. S.	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	*	5
H. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1

Runs, for W. H. S. Martin, Dutton 2, Pember 2, for Hope H. S. Aubrey; three base hits, Eayre; bases on balls, off Pember 1, off Eayre 4; hit by pitcher, Martin; struck out, by Pember 2, Burrows 6, Eayre 9; stolen bases, H. H. S. 1, W. H. S. 1; time, 2.15; umpire, Donahue.

Local Laconics.

William R. Wilcox and Miss Jessie L. Barber were married Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Susan E. Barber, Rev. George W. Rigler, D. D., officiated.

In the Third district court in Westerly Friday, in the case of state against Luigui Lallo, charged with violation of the liquor laws, Judge Williams ordered the payment of costs, placed Lallo on probation on his own recognizance and continued the case for three months. All other cases on the criminal and civil dockets were continued.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

About Seventy Teachers Have Registered at Danbury.

About seventy teachers have already registered for the summer school, which will be held at the Danbury normal school next month. This would seem to indicate that the school will be as largely attended as last year, when there were over two hundred teachers in attendance during the four weeks the school was open. In connection with the school this year there will be a library school, for which eleven pupils have already registered. Pupils for that department must register with C. D. Hine, secretary of the state board of education, at Hartford, in order that the supplies for conducting the school may be provided in sufficient quantity.

Woman's Right to Fish.

All man's heritage of fresh-air pleasure lies at woman's feet. She may ride, she may walk, and, best of all, she may camp and she may fish. Furthermore, let me remind those lords of creation who may still desire to defraud her of this goodly privilege, that whatever their rights in other directions, to the honest art of angling in a literary sense she has the prior claim. Long before the gentle Walton walked, rod in hand, beside the country streams, long before he wrote his charming classic, Dame Juliana Berners, a sporting abbess of the fifteenth century, compiled her "Treastyse on Fyshyng." If the cuts and description of rod and tackle are somewhat ponderous and out of date, the opening argument breathing the love of nature, is eternally young.—Country Life in America.

Austria proposes to tax bachelors and widowers. It seems hard to tax graduates as well as freshmen.—N. Y. American.

Where to Buy in Westerly

Monumental Works

I will guarantee to make a monument at the lowest possible cost consistent with good work. My experience of years is at your service.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,
Oak St., near High, Westerly, R. I.

WESTERLY GRANITE MEMORIALS

TIME HAS PROVED THEM THE BEST.

Before purchasing, it will be to your best interest to call upon or correspond with me.

MAURICE W. FLYNN,
Manufacturer and Builder of Monuments,
103 Main St., Westerly, R. I.
Telephone 243.

WHEN you want to put your business before the public, there is no medium better than through the advertising columns of The Bulletin.

CAUGHT A DOE.

Was Pursued in a Boat and Captured in the River.

County Commissioner Charles H. Chapman came up from Westbrook the other morning to attend a meeting of the board of commissioners at Middletown. He reported that at the Hadlyme station on the Valley road he saw a colored man holding a doe in his arms. The doe would not weigh more than 25 pounds, and snuggled up to the man like a puppy would. The man said that he had seen the doe swimming across the Connecticut river, had pursued it in a boat, overtaken and captured it. The doe seemed content in its new surroundings.

BRIEF STATE NEWS

New Haven.—Fourteen thousand persons attended Ringling's circus last Monday night.

Norwalk.—The field day of Clinton Commandery, Knights Templars, was held Friday afternoon.

Branford.—The military organization of Branford and Guilford (Battery A) will participate in the manoeuvres in Massachusetts, in August.

Meriden. — Rufus Spencer, a local Turner, is training for the great five mile race to be a feature of the Turnfest at Holyoke next month.

Derby.—Edward Fitzgerald, principal of the Derby High school, left Thursday afternoon for New York, and sailed Friday for a three months' trip abroad.

Bethel.—The house at Hartford this passed a bill concerning justices of the peace in Bethel, giving them jurisdiction on the grounds of the town's reservoir in the limits of Danbury.

Danbury.—The socialists of Danbury will hold an open air meeting in Wooster square next Tuesday evening, at which time there will be an address by James H. Maurer of Reading, Pa.

Bridgeport.—Ground was broken on Thursday for the eight story factory building of the U. M. C. Co., at Barnum avenue, Pauline street, Helen street and Arctic street. The building will be of brick and will cost about $65,000.

Dog Tried to Save Woman.

Following the death in Bellevue of Mrs. Mary Gasper it was revealed she had inhaled gas with the intention of killing herself, and that for an hour Hector, a powerful St. Bernard dog, had worked tirelessly and fruitlessly to drag her to safety before she was taken to the hospital. If her head had not been jammed between the kitchen stove and a partition in her home the faithful animal would have dragged her from a tube through which the gas flowed. Many rents in Mrs. Gasper's frock showed how desperately the dog had worked to save her life.—New York Press.

Something She Doesn't Have to Do.

"I'll bet that young girl's parents keep three hired girls and a cook." "What makes you think so?" "She says she just loves housework and could live in the kitchen."—Detroit Free Press.

My Best Ads. are Worn—Not Written

Be Your Own Salesman!

Come and Make Your Own Selection from 1000 Patterns of New Suitings. **$9.75** *Gives You a Custom Made Suit.*

Norwich Never Knew Such Bargains Until Holbrook Came to Town!

He Who Hesitates Pays More

As I've said before I am runnning a bargain campaign that staggers the local tailors. The fact that the local tailors are staggered doesn't interest you as much as the bargains that do the staggering—Suits made to order, in materials intended for $25, $35 and $45 garments are yours, with fit guaranteed, for $9.75—the price of a pair of trousers. I am not taking these big spaces for the fun of it. I am not endeavoring to attract your attention and bring you in here, and then try to sell you something else. That's not the Holbrook way. I am adding to my list of customers every day by doing just what I advertise to do. Come and put me to the test!

HOLBROOK, - THE TAILOR,

Open Evenings Till 9. **140 Main Street, Norwich.** Open Evenings Till 9.

THE LONG AGO AND THE LATER ON

An Experience of Eighty Years of Life

By George Tisdale Bromley

CHAPTER XVII (Continued).

Now, I had heard a great many chestnuts, but I had not seen one in thirty years. "Now," said I, "you can fish; I will gather chestnuts."

Soon after my arrival in my native town I met an aged gentleman whom I had known as a prominent and well-to-do citizen in the years gone by. I introduced myself, and he was quite pleased to meet me, and we had a very pleasant chat about the long ago. A few days after, I met him again at the hotel, and he informed me that he had lost a pocketbook containing a small sum of money, although it was a great deal to him, and it had been found, and was in the possession of the barkeeper of the hotel. He had applied for it, but as the barkeeper did not know him he was told that he must bring some one to identify him, and asked me if I would do so. Now, here was a man whose home had been in that town all his life, coming to me, who had been away from it for thirty years, to identify him with a hotel barkeeper. The situation struck me as rather sad, and yet a little bit comical. However, I consented, for if there was any one man connected with the hotel that I knew better than any other it was the barkeeper, and after identifying my friend, and he had received his pocketbook, I invited him to join me in a drink. He declined with thanks, adding that he never indulged in strong drink. I was glad to hear him say that, as it was evidence that his reverse in the possession of this world's goods was not brought about by dissipation. But the little incident impressed me with the fact that an individual may go as completely out of sight in the community which has always been his home as he can thousands of miles away.

It was during my stay in Norwich that Thanksgiving was observed, and there is one peculiarity about the observation in Norwich which is not known anywhere else on earth, and which is, that while the old people in the churches are rendering thanks, the boys on the various hills are preparing for the evening bonfires, composed of the hundreds of barrels which they have been busy for weeks in purloining for the occasion. And, oh, how I enjoyed witnessing the preparations during the day and seeing the bonfires in the evening! For the scene vividly recalled my boyhood days, when ash barrels, water barrels, or barrels of any kind left out over night would be missing the next morning. In those days it was called stealing barrels, but I found the term had been softened down to simply hocking them, and the boys who would prowl around nights hunting barrels would scorn the idea of their taking anything else not their own.

It has never been positively settled as to when, where or how the custom originated, but almost every year some meeting houses, but whatever its origin was, it has come to stay.

During my three months' visit east I spent several days in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Haven and Brooklyn. In each of these cities I found relatives and old-time friend, who gave me a hearty welcome, all of which filled my eastern visit brimful of solid enjoyment; but the crowning glory of my delightful experience was in my arrival at Chicago and going to Morgan park, where I met my only sister and her charming family, and for two weeks I experienced just about as lovely a time as any man ever had. Then, bidding them all good-by, I left for Chicago, to take the night train across the continent. I found, however, that every berth in the Pullman car was taken, and the only accommodation was the passenger car with no berths. But that didn't feaze me a particle, for I had started for home and I was going, and I did go, and arrived safely at Oakland mole, having done all my sleeping in an upright position. I mention this simply to give the reader to understand that I was equal to the emergency.

On my way home from the ferry I drifted in at the Bohemian club, just to say "How do you do?" to the boys, and they were having an impromptu concert in the Red Room. When I entered, the shout that went up was something startling, and as they came tumbling over each other to grasp my hand and bid me welcome, I was really quite overcome by the genuine outpouring of feeling, and I felt overjoyed to be alive and there. And then we all took a welcome-home drink, which was heartily enjoyed by every one present. Then I went home.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour of my arrival, and that the family had retired, when I rang the door-bell and made the startling announcement that the wanderer had returned and was ready for the fatted calf, that family was up and dressed in quicker time than was ever before known, and I was received with open arms and a right royal welcome, all of which goes without saying, and then, amid the joy and rejoicing, I talked of whom and what I had seen, and of the gorgeous time I had been having, until two a. m., and then, as I had not seen a bed since leaving Chicago, I suggested that we postpone a further recital of my experiences until I had experienced for a few hours the luxury of a comfortable bed. And you can bet your sweet life I enjoyed it, for when I arose after my refreshing sleep, I felt that I had been amply repaid for the privation I had undergone while crossing the continent.

It was soon after my return that a nominating committee was appointed in the Bohemian club to select candidates to be voted for at the annual election, and, to my astonishment, that committee invited me to permit my name to head the ticket. My natural modesty, which the reader no doubt has observed permeating every page of this volume, received a shock at the announcement. I very soon recovered, however, accepted the proffered honor, and in due time was unanimously elected president of the Bohemian club, in April, 1888, and it was during my official term that the club purchased the belongings of the Pacific club and took possession of their premises, and has ever since occupied them, and in which has been found more real enjoyment than in any other club on earth.

During my year's term of office I found the cares not burdensome, having the hearty co-operation of the officers and members. Having gone into office with their unanimous approval, I went out in a blaze of glory with their unanimous consent.

The next event in which I was the king-pin of the whole show was the celebrating by the club of my seventy-fifth birthday, and this was a corker. It was found that not one of the club's rooms could accommodate the multitude that would attend, and Irving hall on the oposite side of the street, was engaged for the literary and musical exercises, and when the time came the procession was formed and we all marched over to the hall. One of the features of the procession was a birthday cake beautifully ornamented and borne on the shoulders of four stalwart Bohemians.

The entertainment at Irving hall I shall ever remember as a lovely epoch in my life's career. It was one of those occasions when hand clasps hand, where heart leaps to heart, and every eye beams happiness and everyone is glad. At the close of the exercises all were marched back to the club rooms where a bountious supper was served and toasts and sentiments responded to by some of the brightest minds in Bohemia.

When the proceedings were published the following day several of my lady friends expressed a wish for a piece of the birthday cake, and I said: "Why, certainly; I will be delighted to comply with your request." But when I made application for it at the club I was told that I would have to bring a saw, as it was a property cake made of wood and loaned for the occasion by Mr. Bonvier of the Baldwin theater. Consequently I had to apologize to the ladies and give them my reason for not granting their request.

It was about this time (I have to depend on my memory for dates) that I was appointed by the governor a notary public. It had been discovered that the notary public service in San Francisco was one man short, so I applied for the position, and was appointed without one dissenting voice. During my term of office I made a great deal of money when I had any official business to transact, but as I transacted very little official business, it was not a success.

Then came to me a committee that had been appointed to present names for municipal officers at a convention soon to be held, and I was importuned to allow my name to come before the convention as a candidate for public administrator, and as an inducement I was told that I would have a "regular walk-over." I consented, was nominated, and found they were right, for I had a "regular walk-over," making speeches from School-House Hill to Fort Point, and from the city front to the cemetery. When at the cemetery a voice seemed to say unto me, "Ah there, stay there;" and when the votes were counted after the election I found it was about the best thing I could have done. But "such is the penalty of greatness, and when I remembered that Henry Clay, the most brilliant man of his time was once a defeated candidate for office, I was resigned to my defeat, congratulated the successful candidate, and as an evidence that no hard feelings existed, accepted an invitation from him and joined him in a drink.

At the close of this campaign an opportunity presented itself to dispose of my stock in trade to a man in the business, for money sufficient to cover my electioneering expenses, and I was more than pleased to accept his generous offer. Again I went forth a free man, ready to negotiate for whatever there was in sight that promised a comfortable livelihood. It came in the shape of an offer from a dear friend of mine, Mr. W. H. Sears, collector of internal revenue, who gave me an appointment as outside collector, and a most agreeable and interesting service it proved to be. In the performance of my official duties I saw more of San Francisco and learned more of its inner workings than I had ever dreamed of. From the heights of Russian Hill to the lowest depths of Chinatown it was an open book to me. The wholesale dealers on Front street, the saloon keepers and the cigar makers became my most intimate acquaintances, and for three years I climbed the hills and trod the streets of the city for hours, during the six days of every week in my term of office. Then, by reason of a change in the administration, I was graduated, and was succeeded by a prize fighter who won his appointment by his valuable serivces to his party in the primary elections. From that time to the present I have lived on my reputation as a capitalist. A quarter of a century ago I was sitting in my dining room after breakfast and wondering where I could borrow the money to pay my rent, when the door bell was rung. My wife went to the door, and I heard her in conference with some man. Presently she came in and said it was a canvasser for names for the directory and he wanted to know what was my business.

"Oh," said I, "tell him I am a capitalist."

He so recorded it, and it is that which keeps me in countenance today.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fraternal Life—Odd Fellows—Masons —A Clambake — The Conclave in Boston.

It was during the first year of my married life that I joined Uncas Lodge of Odd Fellows. Singular as it may seem, soon after becoming even, I became Odd. But both conditions, I am pleased to say, were harmonious and very happy. From time to time I was promoted, until I became the Noble Grand of the lodge, and my term of office was a grand success, so to speak. Upon my coming to California my lodge dues were neglected, and as a consequence, I was suspended. But while connected with the Sacramento Valley railroad I met Mr. Charles Bird, a friend of mine, and he remarked that he would be pleased to take my petition into Capital Lodge of Odd Fellows for membership. I said I would be pleased to join but that it would require more money than I could conveniently spare to pay my back dues.

"Why," said he, "by an act of the Grand Lodge the back dues of Ancient Odd Fellows have all been remitted."

"That being the case," said I, "you may present my petition for membership."

He did so, and I became a member of Capital lodge, and I found it was composed of some of the best and most prominent citizens of the Capital city, and never will I forget the delightful evenings spent in Capital Lodge.

Another episode in my fraternal career I will here relate. In 1859 I was one evening in the store of Mr. Richard Dale, in Sacramento, making a few purchases, when he excused himself for leaving, as he had to attend a lodge.

"What sort of a lodge?" said I.

"A Masonic lodge," said he.

"Well," said I, "I have often wanted to be a Mason."

"Well," said he, "as this is Stated Meeting night, I will fill out your petition and take it in."

He did so, and I was duly elected, entered, passed and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in Union Lodge, F. and A. M., of Sacramento. During the forty-four years that I have been a member of the Masonic fraternity I have met and known among its members some of the best men it has ever been my fortune to become associated with. Before leaving Sacramento I was admitted into the Royal Arch Chapter and the Commandery of Knights Templar. After leaving, I took my demit, and affiliated with California Lodge, No. 1, F. and A. M., with California Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M., with the Past Masters' association and with California Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, of which order I am now a past commander, an honor which I have ever most highly appreciate I.

As a member of the grand lodge of the state I had attended many of its sessions in the Masonic Temple, San Francisco, and as the membership was composed of Masons from all over the state, most of whom never saw each other except at the grand lodges, I became impressed with the idea of bringing them together socially, that they might become better acquainted, by getting up a clambake for the whole grand lodge. I mentioned my project to Alexander G. Abell, then the grand secretary of the grand lodge, and it met with his hearty approval. He immediately wrote to Dr. Brown, surgeon in the United States navy, stationed at Mare Island navy yard, he being the grand master of the grand lodge. Dr. Brown responded with this message by telegraph.

"A grand scheme. Go ahead and we will make it one of the greatest events in the Masonic history of the state."

I was surprised and delighted with this encouragement, and I went ahead. The grand lodge was to meet the following week, and when it became known that a clambake was to break the monotony of a grand lodge session it became the head and front of all Masonic gatherings. The beach at Sausalito was the place appointed for the bake. The forty bags of seaweed were gathered from the shores of the bay, and the cobblestones were taken from the city. As none but members of the grand lodge were expected to be present except those who assisted in preparing the bake, I had any number of volunteers, so that my labor consisted in seeing that others did the work. At twelve o'clock on Wednesday of the grand lodge week, the lodge adjourned and all marched in a body to the wharf, where a spacious steamer, chartered for the occasion, was in waiting to receive them. Upon arriving at the beach, those six hundred Past Master Masons were arranged on the slope, where they witnessed the modus operandi of building up a clambake. When all was in readiness the fires were raked from the cobbles and they were covered with seaweed to a depth of a foot and a half. Then, over the seaweed was spread a sheet of muslin, in the center of which was heaped eighteen bushels of soft-shelled clams. There were also the following: Large quantities of several and seasoned, wrapped in white paper and seasoned, wrapped in white paper, lamb and pork chops, chicken, sausage, green corn, the husks having been stripped down, butter and salt applied, and the husks replaced and the ends fastened. A large quantity of sweet and common potatoes rounded out the wonderful collection, and it was covered with another sheet of muslin on the top of which were piled several feet of seaweed, and over all were placed the empty seaweed sacks, and thus ended the building up of the clambake.

At this juncture anxious inquiries were made as to how long it would require in the cooking. When told it would be an hour and forty-five minutes they thought it a long time to wait, as they were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. But when requested to be seated at the tables, as three large kettles of the nicest kind of fish chowder were ready to be served to them, this was a revelation that raised their drooping spirits, and the preliminary repast was most heartily enjoyed. In a little shady nook not far removed from the salient point, liquid refreshments could be had for the asking, and this, I may say, added materially to the pleasures of the joyous occasion.

When time came up, and all had assembled to witness the unveiling of the clambake and when Grand Master Brown had called everybody to order, there was brought within the circle a table upon which was a lovely casket. When the table was put in place, Past Grand Master Charles L. Wiggin, in his own eloquent way of doing those things, presented me with the casket, which contained a splendid set of table cutlery. That I was overwhelmed goes without saying. However, got myself together sufficiently to accept the memento and respond to the address, and then proceeded to unveil the clambake, and I venture to say that not one of all those who witnessed that unveiling will ever forget it, nor shall I ever forget the encomium so lavishly bestowed by everybody upon everything set before them. We all arrived in the city without one feather drooping, and as a result, all knew each other as intimately as though we had been acquainted since childhood.

At the request of the grand secretary, I wrote up the calling of the grand lodge from labor to refreshments for publication in the proceedings of the grand lodge, consequently all the grand lodges of the United States came to hear about it, and that is one of the reasons why I have given it so much space in this volume.

In 1895 I went to Boston with California Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, as a past eminent commander of that commandery, to attend the Triennial conclave which was to be held in that city. The commandery had a special train, a special conductor, four special Pullman cars, a special dining car, and four special freight cars filled with fruits and wines for free distribution. With a most charming and delightful company of ladies and gentlemen, it was beyond a doubt the most wonderful special train that ever crossed the continent.

Arriving at the Parker house, Boston, it was found that the whole hotel had been engaged for the accommodation of California commandery and the lady guests of the Sir Knights.

After signing the register, being somewhat fatigued I inquired the way to the bar, and on entering I recognized a gentleman whom I had known for many years as being connected with Wells' Fargo & Co.'s Express. I went up to him and said:

"How do you do?"

He took my hand and said he was well.

"How long have you been here?" said I.

"Why, I have always been here," said he.

"The deuce you have!" said I. "Well, I wish you could see the man I took you for, and I don't believe you could tell which was which."

"What sort of a fellow is he?" said he.

"Well," said I, "they don't make them any better."

"Well," said he, "I was just taking a drink with a couple of friends; come in and join us."

And I joined, and was introduced, and found that the friend of mistaken identity was Capt. Mack, ex-commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company; another was Gen. Dudley, a retired officer of the United States army, and the other was Alderman Wooley of the city council, and when I came to realize where I was and how I got there I realized that I had entered the higher walks of Boston society as unexpectedly as it was gratifying. We were all about the same age, and no quartette had a more enjoyable time than we had during my stay in Boston.

The triennial conclave in Boston in 1895 was one of the most successful conclaves ever assembled, and no city, except perhaps San Francisco, has ever given itself up so entirely to the entertainment of the Sir Knights and their ladies as did the city of Boston. Every public building and hundreds of private residences were profusely decorated in honor of the occasion. The day of the grand march was perfect; no more magnificent procession ever paraded the streets of the city of Boston, and it was five hours in passing a given point.

California Commandery, No. 1, was a conspicuous feature of the parade, being mounted on jet black horses gaily caparisoned. Each Sir Knight, clothed in the rich regalia of the commandery, attracted the attention of the thousands that lined the streets along the route of the procession. Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, of San Francisco, also came in for a just meed of praise for their knightly appearance, and being composed of finely appearing men, just in the prime of life, and having with them a fine looking cub bear, the emblem of California's escutcheon, they were heartily greeted by the congregated thousands. When the preparations for the pilgrimage were being made, California commandery ordered made in Japan thousands of very neat little Japanese baskets, and at the close of the conclave a large hall was secured and the baskets, each containing two bottles of California wine and fruits, were presented to all who came, as a memento of the commandery's visit to Boston. It was certainly a beautiful tribute to the generous treatment of the commandery during the five days of the conclave.

At the close of the conclave I was invited by Mr. David Marr, a very dear friend, to visit his home at Hyde Park. I accepted the invitation and spent three very pleasant days with him, and his charming family, after which I journeyed to New York, and arriving at my brother's house, I found a dispatch for me from Commodore Harry Gillig of the yacht Ramona, informing me that I must be sure to be on board the yacht that day in order to witness the race between the Valkyrie and the Defender on the following day.

CHAPTER XIX.

I Sail a Yacht—Witness the Great Race and Make a Speech—Meet Sir Henry Irving Again—Chicago and Los Angeles — "Blaze" and Artemus Ward.

After a brief visit at my brother's I hastened to the Lambs' club, where I was to receive instructions as to my getting on board the Ramona, and I found that I was to take a ferry steamer for New Jersey, and upon my arrival I could easily find the Ramona from the description they had left for me. I went. I saw all sorts of floating craft at anchor in the bay, but not one answered the description given me. Then it was too late to return to New York, and for a few moments I meditated. I remembered having promised Capt. B. M. Hartshorn that I would make him a visit at his home at the Highlands of Navesink while I was east, and as the railroad passed within two miles of his home, it would be a grand time to redeem my promise.

Capt. Hartshorn was an old-time friend of mine, and for many years had made his home in San Francisco, where he was president of the California Steam Navigation company, which owned all the steamboats running to Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville, until the boats, and all the route belonging were purchased by the Central Pacific Railroad company. The captain went east soon after the sale and made his home there, and upon the death of his father became the owner of the Highlands of Navesink in New Jersey, and it was "Captain Ben" that I was to meet. I got on board the train, landed at the station, and entered the little bit of a hotel, where I met several gentlemen taking a drink at the bar. The proprietor, seeing me enter, came up and accosted me with the question:

"Are you not Mr. Bromley?"

I said: "Why do you ask?"

"Well," said he, "Captain Hartshorn is expecting a Mr. Bromley, and you look like the man."

I acknowledged the identity, and told him that I was trying to get to the captain's home. Then he remarked that one of the gentlemen at the bar was the captain's son-in-law and that he would take me there. I was introduced to the son-in-law and the members of the party, and then invited to join them in the liquid refreshment, and for fear of creating an unfavorable impression I accepted, and very soon after we were on our way to the captain's house, where I was enthusiastically received by the whole household, the captain and myself coming together "like a pair of shears." After a splendid dinner and a delightful evening, I retired and at six a. m., was awakened by the captain calling out:

"George, here's a letter for you."

"A letter for me?" said I. "Why, who in the world, aside from this family, knows where I am?"

But on opening the letter I found it was from Commodore Gillig, telling me of their coming ashore with the steam launch, landing at the steam wharf, and not finding me, but being told that a person answering my description had boarded the train. They came to the station and inquired of the hotel proprietor if he had "seen anything of a venerable gentleman who had lost his way."

"Do you mean Mr. Bromley?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, yes," they all said with an agreeable surprise.

"Ah," said the proprietor, "you needn't worry about him. He is well taken care of."

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With this assurance the party felt quite relieved, and the commodore wrote that the carriage which brought the letter would take me to the launch. When I read the letter to the captain: "Well," said he, "you can't leave without your breakfast," and with that he called all hands, and we soon had a dainty breakfast, all the family at the table, and then, after bidding good-by to one of the most charming families in New Jersey, I left. Upon arriving at the wharf I found the launch in waiting, and we were soon under way for the yacht, where we arrived and were received by a band of eight pieces, which, from fife to bass drum, was played by amateurs, and though the discord was something wonderful, the enthusiasm was unbounded. I found that eight of the party on board were from San Francisco, and the joyous meeting was beyond the power of language to express.

In the meantime, the sailors had hove up the anchor, and hoisted the sails, and with a good stiff breeze we sailed for Sandy Hook, where we arrived in time to secure an anchorage where we could witness the race between the Puritan and the Valkyrie from start to finish, and as the Puritan was the winner, the enthusiasm of the thousands assembled was indescribable. At the close of the race the fleet of all sorts steam and sailing craft started homewards, the yacht fleet anchoring at Bay Ridge to remain till the following Tuesday, when the second race would be sailed. As this was on Saturday, the party on the Ramona left Bay Ridge for New York. Having spent the intervening time very happily with relatives in the city, I was with the party bright and early on Tuesday. When everything was in readiness for the start a steam launch ranged up alongside and a gentleman coming on board presented to Commodore Gillig a written message which read:

"Commodore George Gould presents his compliments to Commodore Henry Gillig and Mr. George Bromley, and invites them on board the yacht Atlantic to witness the race today.

"GEORGE GOULD, Com."

In the course of my eventful career I have experienced many surprises, but none has surpassed this one. However, after gathering myself together and obtaining the reluctant consent of the party on the Ramona, Commodore Gillig and myself boarded the launch and were soon alongside of the Atlantic. We were met at the gangway by Commodore Gould and his wife (Miss Kingdon that was), who extended a right hearty welcome. When the commodore asked if he could call me "Uncle George" I replied that I would be more than pleased to have him do so. He then escorted me to the forward part of the upper deck, where an upholstered chair awaited me, and, "This," said he, "Uncle George, is your seat, where you can witness the race free from all obstruction." It was then that I thought to myself: "Will wonders never cease?" I accepted the distinguished consideration with thanks, and it was from this dignified position that I witnessed the race, which was won by the Valkyrie. I might fill a page with describing the exciting scenes that followed the winding up of that day's race, but as I am writing more particularly of what happened to myself, I will go on with my story. Soon after leaving her anchorage, when the Atlantic was headed for Bay Ridge, the gentlemen were all invited to enter the cabin where a bounteous supply of refreshments awaited them, including the most delicious punch that I have ever tasted, and it was during the gladsome repast that Mr. Lawrence Wehl called the company to order and announced that Mr. Bromley of California was present, and that they would all be pleased to listen to a few remarks from the gentleman. Well, this was to me a stunner. I got myself together, and with the help of the invigorating punch I managed to gather inspiration enough to gain the hearty approval of not only the gentlemen in the cabin but the crowd of ladies on deck, who had gathered around the open skylight. There were quite a number of English yachtsmen in the party, and I took occasion to congratulate them on victory of the Valkyrie, and took the liberty of saying that the result of the day's race was as gratifying to the Americans present as to our friends of the English yacht fleet. When I had finished and the applause had subsided, the English gentlemen came to me, and grasping my hand, heartily thanked me for the kind words I had spoken, and then we all quaffed another glass of that most gorgeous punch.

Before arriving at our anchorage two gentlemen of the party came to me with the request that I should re-

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