

ARTHUR McEWEN TALKS ABOUT WICKED SAN FRANCISCO.

Troubles of Democratic Politicians—Mrs. Nettie Craven and the Wills.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—Every body here who is watching politics is looking toward Chicago. The interest in what the Democratic Convention may do is ardent. The expectation of Democrats is that a thoroughgoing silver man will be nominated on a free coinage platform; the hope of the Republicans is that it will not happen; and that if it does the Populists and the silver party will put up candidates of their own. The great tide of enthusiasm for free silver which has lifted the Democracy off its feet from one end of the country to the other has scared the Republicans in this neighborhood. Many of them are silver men themselves, but they are commonly willing to sink finance and make the trait the chief issue of the campaign. All the Republican newspapers of the city, hitherto booming for silver, have cheerfully turned over their creeds and now see that, after all, protection is the main thing. But there can be no question that a deep fear is felt that what is now a Democratic tide may presently become a gigantic national wave. The silver men, naturally, are flaming with enthusiasm. They say that the Republican hope of division among them will be disappointed; that if the Democrats supply the right sort of platform and nominee he will get the silver vote everywhere—that the leaders, Democratic, Populist, bolting Republican and others, may differ as they please, but that the masses will not be led astray. What free silver men want, they argue, is free silver, and they will in spite of every contrary influence give their votes for the man who has the best chance to win. It is to be a grand battle between the masses and the classes, a fight to a finish with the people on one side and the plutocracy on the other.

All the politicians are excited. In moving among them I have not encountered one who has not sketched for himself the whole plan of the campaign and decided the result. But as nobody can really know anything about it all until after the Chicago Convention has acted, the politicians are hardly worth quoting. As to deserving of mention, however, that the gold Democrats look extremely unwell. If the election were to be held this month I think most of them would vote for McKinley, but party spirit will have plenty of time in which to do its saving work, and party spirit will be strong among silver Democrats as it has on silver Republicans. Still, California at the moment looks as if it had become a debateable ground.

The approach of the Chicago Convention has had one beneficial local result—it has taken the wind out of pugilism. The effect, which that four-round scuffle between Corbett and Sharkey had on the collective intellect of this metropolis was grotesque. It recalled New York in war times when some tremendous battle had been fought that was believed to have saved or lost the Union. The insanity of interest seized upon all San Francisco, the madness extending to women as well as men. No class was spared the contagion. The whole city talked of nothing else for forty-eight hours. It was a psychological revelation. There's a good deal of the ancestral gorilla left in us all, which is why man—and lovely woman, too—remains a fighting animal, in instinct, if not capacity. When the newspapers gave pages to the news about the fight and fighters and lines of editorial depreciation of both they reflected the attitude of the community.

After such a pagan debauch the pulp, under all the rules, ought to become vocal, but the pulp isn't. Ordinarily, every pugilist notices, and he is humiliated to see the reason, which simply is that the pulp for the time being is bankrupt in moral influence, and knows it. Dr. Brown is the gag. That a pastor should have gone wrong is no very new or desolating happening, and of itself would not hurt the pulp. It is the position they took toward Brown when he was found out, when his guilt was made manifest to everybody without bias, that has done the business for the San Francisco pulp. Men who could not find it in their hearts to condemn that man, and whose hearts even expressed brotherly sympathy for him in his affliction, merely because he wore the cloth, will not be accepted just yet as moral guides by the world, who if sinful are intelligent. The brethren whose hands are still soiled from the brush wherewith they sought to whitewash Brown are aware that if they should express holy horror at a boxing bout their words would be greeted not with respect but with ironical laughter. So they lie low and pray for better days.

Before the Brown scandal came to prove that the vilest sinners within the fold can count upon protection from the consequences which are freely visited upon the unregenerate, the clergy were leaders in the Civic Federation; now only laymen are put forward to speak for it. The Civic Federation is a remarkable organization. Formed originally, I believe, to supervise and purify local politics, the preachers have infused it with their broad spirit that it has come to take cognizance of all wickedness, from corrupt extension of street-railway franchises to late hours. The Corbett-Sharkey slogging match has roused it, or, at least, roused its head man, I. J. Truman. I don't know who I. J. Truman is, but I should infer that he's a lay. He went to the Pavilion, on invitation as a deadhead, to judge how brutal a sport prize-fighting is. In the preliminary affairs he saw two men knocked out, but as the hitting was quick, clean and hard he was not shocked. Even the first two rounds between Corbett and Sharkey, in which all the telling blows of the combat were administered, were not displeasing to this expert, but when the men grabbed each other and wrestled, which only took without hurting them, Mr. Truman caught with his skirts aned in dismay, and has been in twitter ever since. He has called a meeting of the Civic Confederation, pugilism has been denounced and a committee appointed to take steps of legal prevention, and, incidentally, to get up a non-partisan political movement to rescue the city government from the sinful hands of the Republican and Democratic parties.

I see that J. Gilbert Dexter is one of this Regenerating Committee, and J. Gilbert Dexter is expressive of what the Civic Federation has degenerated into—a ridiculous thing which prevents men of sense and character from doing for themselves with the good work which it pretends to do and doesn't. Mr. Dexter's qualifications for the office of correcting and uplifting his fellow citizens are the same as those of his unpleasant kind in every community. He has no brains and is morally blind, but his consciousness of respectability more than makes up for every deficiency. Respectability, of all the virtues, is the least expensive. I chance to know about Brother Dexter, for the first time I saw him he was, as a deacon of the First Congregational Church, presiding at a prayer meeting and aiding, under Dr. Brown's open direction, to get a vote of confidence for that exemplary shepherd. No political heeler could have been more shamelessly obedient to his boss. The spectacle comes back very vividly, and to my thinking, a prize-fighter punching away in the ring for disgraceful fame and good money makes a more manly figure than the small-brained, cunning, perfectly unscrupulous and oppressively respectable Deacon Dexter made that night. When the Civic Federation offers such men as Brother Dexter as samples of its material, it is obvious that the less the Civic Federation has to do with reforming the morals and government of the city the better it will be for San Francisco.

Modesty cannot restrain me from pointing with pride to the fact that months ago in this correspondence I predicted the coming greatness of Sailor Sharkey. It was after I had seen him knock out Billy Smith, an humerously superior boxer. It is true that Sharkey doesn't know how to fight. He just fights. I thought the scientific Corbett would do for him, but this natural man is so marvellously strong, so fierce, headstrong and resolute that he charges through all the laws of the pugilistic art, breaks down guards and gets at his man. He is an inspiring proof of what single-mindedness can do. When the ring is entered for the finish fight Corbett must do his work quickly or he will not be able to do it at all. If he shall get tired before Sharkey has been punched out of time Sharkey will win by a certainty, for the young sailor has the power of recuperation that is next door to miraculous. And if he rises above your reprehension of the brutal sport of prize-fighting any capacity to admire a human being from whose composition fear has been left out, give your admiration to Sharkey.

The appearance of Mrs. Nettie Craven as the contract widow of the late Senator Fair and holder of gift deeds to a million or so of his property, awakens the incredulous scorn of the multitude. The common opinion is that the deeds are forgeries and that when Mrs. Craven signs the marriage and gift contracts, that Fair signed it and that there were no witnesses, she is romancing for a large stake. Ordinarily, probability would be all on the side of this common opinion. Mrs. Craven, a veterinarian's teacher, is old enough to be a grandmother and it ever she was beautiful only the gray friends of her youth remember it. She is the last woman, one would say off-hand on general principles, to attract an old millionaire who was not renowned for his respect for an important commandment, and whose money makes him charming to myriads of the fair. But just because it is improbable it is likely to be true that the Senator married Mrs. Craven? To do what nobody would think him capable of doing was precisely what Fair would have a strong inclination to do. When I read the contract widow's testimony setting forth that she was in the habit of corresponding in cipher, that when she traveled to New York she took one false name and returned under another, I could understand how the Senator might have been drawn to her, and felt the happiness of recognizing a kindred spirit. He was a strange man, who loved the tortuous for its own sake. Also he possessed an unheavenly fondness for mischief. The thought that he was leaving behind him various unpleasant surprises for his heirs, Jacked the box that would pop up to afflict them, would have soled his dying hours. Those who knew him as he was can very well picture the Senator, knowing that his days were few, entering into a secret marriage with Mrs. Craven, or Mrs. Craven's mother, signing away a quantity of property to her, and then shaking with laughter at the astonishment and consternation that would follow when these things were made known while he lay tucked away quiet and snug in his grave. Fair had a sort of humorous passion for deceiving others. He would hold a man by the hand, caress him with his voice, and, looking him in the eye, tell him a lie for the pure pleasure of it; and this when he knew that the man would within the hour discover how he had been misled. The standards of conduct that our normal men are not to be applied to Fair in seeking after probability of action. He was as lonely a man as ever lived, and resented it. He trusted nobody, despised everybody, and his amusement was to make trouble. He hated to part with life and wealth, and if he could in going arrange to leave a complicated fight on his heirs' hands it would have seemed to him that he was only seeing to it that they did something to earn what they got. So it will not do to judge Mrs. Craven hastily and convict her of forgery and perjury. She is not particularly deserving, in any way, but it is due to her remembering the kind of conglomerate formation the departed old miner was.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

HER POCKETS PICKED. A Woman Who Accused the Wrong Man of Doing the Job.

A woman, whose name was not ascertained, but who gave her residence as L street, between Ninth and Tenth, had her pocket picked of her purse, containing a pair of earrings and \$2 or \$3 yesterday during the Horrible parade, on K street.

Caused by a Rocket. The alarm of fire about 11 o'clock last night was caused by the burning of a small dwelling between Eighth and Ninth streets, on P, belonging to a man named Gilmore. The house was pretty well gutted. The fire was said to be caused by a skyrocket.

declined to take him into custody, as she had no proof of her charge to offer.

REFUSES TO PAY.

The "Horribles" Executive Committee is Kicking Now. The Horribles' Executive Committee last night decided that it would not pay the prize awarded by the judges to the hula-hula dancer, because of the indecency of the character. Neither will the committee pay the prize awarded to the person who burlesqued a well-known butcher, as he was intoxicated, would not obey orders and broke the line of march.

SHOT THROUGH THE LEG.

Bill Hall, the Ex-Pugilist, Plugged by a Companion. Yesterday morning Bill Hall, the colored pugilist, got into a dispute with another colored man named Russell, at Third and L streets, which ended in the latter drawing a revolver and putting a bullet through the fleshy part of Hall's left leg, above the knee.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Frank Hultquist and Caroline Nyberg were married on Friday evening last in their pretty new home at Nineteenth and D streets. Rev. Mr. Hoskinson performed the ceremony. A number of friends were present to extend their congratulations. Many pretty and useful presents were received, and after the marriage all the guests sat down to a wedding supper. Those present were: James Morris, Julia Morris, Sophia Gustafson, Annie Anderson, Emma Erickson, Mrs. Saunders, Charles Hultquist, Alfred Nyberg, John Sandell.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mabel Barnes of San Francisco, who formerly lived in Sacramento, is visiting here as the guest of Mrs. Bing Brier. W. B. Miller and wife are going to Monterey for a month's visit, where Mr. Miller will try to recuperate his health, which has for some time been very poor. Among the delegation from Honcut to celebrate the Fourth in Sacramento were L. B. Littlefield, Jr., of the "Pendulum," Vergil Horton, J. P. and Harvey Armstrong and George Henderson.

EASTERN ENGINEERS HERE.

They Paid a Visit to the Folsom Dam Yesterday.

Surprised and Pleased With That and the Electric Power Plant.

The Eastern members of the American Association of Civil Engineers, who have been making a tour of the coast and last week held their annual convention in San Francisco, arrived in the city yesterday on their way home. They had heard and read of the great dam on the American River near Folsom and of the Sacramento Electric Light and Power Company's magnificent long distance transmission plant, and were desirous of visiting them before going back to their homes.

Accordingly the engineers went to Folsom by special train and spent several hours in examining the dam, the electric works, the rock crusher, the State Prison and other things of interest there. Highway Commissioner Maude accompanied them from this city and was kept busy explaining to the visitors all about what they saw.

On their return to the city the engineers visited the State Capitol, where Mr. Maude gave them a look at the large relief map of the State in the rooms of the Bureau of Highway Commissioners, which they were quick to appreciate.

In speaking of the matter afterward to a "Record-Union" reporter the Secretary of the association, Mr. Hunt, said that the map was the largest he had ever seen, as regards the amount of territory covered, and that it would beyond doubt answer the purpose for which it was designed. Commissioners Maude and Manson, he said, should be proud of their work, and he hoped it might be the means of educating California's Legislature as to the necessity of good roads and the ease and cheapness with which they might be built.

Mr. Hunt said further that he and his companions were astonished at what they saw at Folsom. The big dam, he declared, was a magnificent piece of engineering skill, and the electric plant, which sends its thousands of horsepower twenty miles to this city, he said, the greatest enterprise of the kind in the country at this time. The State rock crusher also enlisted the attention of the visitors, who thought that Californians should soon have the best system of roads of any State in the Union.

Mr. Hunt said the visitors were delighted with California, and they had been royally entertained by the engineers of the coast. The special train carrying the excursionists started for the East last night, going by the Northern Pacific.

City Health Report.

Dr. H. L. Nichols, Secretary of the City Board of Health, in his report for June, states there were 32 deaths, an annual death rate of 12.80 per thousand. Of contagious diseases there were four of diphtheria, one of measles and three of scarlet fever. From George H. Clark's funeral parlors, 107 and 109 Fourth street, Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral to-day (Sunday) at 2 p. m., from George H. Clark's funeral parlors, 107 and 109 Fourth street.

The Fourth at Folsom.

Persons who visited Folsom yesterday report that the celebration there was a very creditable one, and attracted a large number of people from the surrounding country. J. W. Hughes of this city delivered an eloquent and patriotic oration.

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THE BOYS OF FORTY-NINE.

Sacramento Pioneers. Hold Their Annual Banquet.

They Give a Hearty Welcome to All Their Friends and Call on Them to Talk.

After the literary exercises were over the Sacramento Society of Pioneers gave its annual banquet, of which many invited guests partook. Death has made sad inroads in their ranks within the last year or two, and many familiar faces were missed, as one looked down the board, but those who are left close up ranks, as well drilled soldiers do in battle when their comrades fall, and present an undaunted front to the enemy.

It is noticeable, too, that as their number grows smaller, the fraternal feeling becomes stronger and they draw closer together in their intercourse. It will be a sad day for Sacramento when the last of her founders passes away and we have no more of the sturdy men who came here in the days of gold and by their unflinching courage and energy built up this beautiful city in the face of disaster by flood and fire and pestilence, a route of desolation and poverty. The old boys, or what of them remain, however, are still in the ring, and when they invite their friends, throw wide open the doors of their hearts as well as their hall.

A fine cold collation had been provided, with proper adjuncts in the way of potables, and after due justice had been done to its tastes and its responses were in order. President Turton was toastmaster and was very prolific in sentiments proposed although brief in his own opening remarks, he saying, as he received the guests at the table, that it was a very warm day for Sacramento and he would merely say "take something cool and make yourselves at home."

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS. Meeting of the Board of Equalization. MONDAY, JULY 6, 1896.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS. BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County for certain alterations, repairs and additions to the Sacramento County Courthouse in conformity with drawings and specifications on file with the County Clerk on or before THURSDAY, July 3, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS. NO SHOOTING OR HUNTING WILL be allowed on the Rancho Del Paso. Any violation of this order will lead to arrest. JOHN MACKEY, Superintendent.

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