THE HERALD.

PART II—PAGES 9 TO 16.

LOS ANGELES: SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1893.

KEEP ON GOING, GENTLEMEN.

If San Francisco is Too Good for Your Presence

So is the Great Southern California Metropolis.

So the Best Advice to Proffer You is to Continue Your Journey to the Land of the Rising Sun.

The San Francisco Examiner gives the following account of the doings in that city of a trio of adventurers who are well known here, and who it is supposed will come to this city, now that San Francisco has become too warm for their comfort:

William Hurt, gambler and confidence man, must move on and out. Just as Poker Flat became too virtuous for John Oakhurst, San Francisco is too moral for Mr. Hurt. With Mr. Hart will wander away "Colonel Jack Deane of Arizona," the proprietor of mythical acres beyond the reach of the eye and herds of phantom cattle which graze on all the far green hills of the imagination. Joseph Fisher, known in New York by some climatic change of nomenclature as "Joseph Foster," will also fare further. "Doctor" Phillips will seek his patients in less healthful localities. A few other well-dressed, mild-mannered men of lively but dangerous wit will accompany them.

They make this journey at the urgent solicitation of Chief of Police Crowley. The chief feels that they will enjoy travel, and that during their absence citizens here will be safer in the enjoyment of their own collateral securities. These gentlemen will make no demur. They will lift their carefully brushed hats, smile in quiet affability and bid Chief Crowley and San Francisco a very good day.

THE GENESIS OF A GENIUS.

They are known here, these soft-spoken gentlemen. They are chevaliers d'industrie, men who live by their wits, cheerful workers—it seems harsh to call such elegant gentlemen sharpers and swindlers. In the ordinary affairs of life they are good fellows, but it doesn't do to shuffle the cards or shake the dice or play at billiards or enter into any game of hazard with them. Some wizard influence permits them to win whenever they wish to, and, singularly enough, they win all they possibly can.

Years ago William Hurt wandered up from Santa Barbara, where his parents were good comfortable people, not specially noted for anything unless it was minding their own business. He got to standing about the street corners and cigar stands and earned the questionable reputation of being a "ten-cent sport."

He fell in love with the sister of John Herget, now known in the prize-ring as Young Mitchell, and married her. Posing as the rising pugilist's backer, he brought off several successful fights which netted small amounts. Incidentally he said he was a drummer for a large whisky distillery of Louisville. When Young Mitchell was to have his first big battle with Ryan, Hurt quietly gave out the tip that Mitchell was to throw the fight. But still more quietly he placed his own money on his brother-in-law. The police stopped the fight and the referee awarded it to Mitchell. This put money in Hurt's pocket and kept his reputation intact, as, of course, he couldn't be expected to control the referee and the police.

Ryan wasn't satisfied with the result and it was agreed to fight the battle out near the Twin Peaks at early dawn. Hurt cleaned up $300 by selling tips on the place where the fight was to take place at $5 a tip. As a matter of history Mitchell won the fight.

THE INFLUENCE OF DR. CRAWFORD.

These coups somewhat improved Mr. Hurt's financial standing, but in a row over a woman he was shot in the leg, the leg was amputated, a cork one substituted—and of course this did not improve his physical standing. But he was a man who could live and learn.

At about this stage of his career "Doc" Crawford came to San Francisco. Crawford is known to those who live on the night side of life as "London Joe." He also has the distinction of being the smoothest confidence man in all the world. He took rooms at the Palace Hotel, lingered about, spoke to no one, and tipped each servant or bellboy who did anything for him with $5. Soon it became the talk of the hotel that this quiet, retiring gentleman was very rich and vere free with his money. But he never forced his acquaintance on any one. He met Hurt, however, and seemed to take a fancy to him.

Just then the directors and managers of the Sutter street railroad were having a nightly poker game in the side rooms of the Palace hotel bar. They were not averse to winning, and having heard of the rich and liberal Dr. Crawford they thought he would make a satisfactory companion in the game. But who would introduce him? Mr. Hurt was providentially and naturally on hand at this juncture and assured the players that he would be only too happy to arrange an introduction. He did arrange it.

Would Dr. Crawford like to join in a little game of poker? Aw, well! Delighted y' know! But, aw, I don't play poker, doncherknow. Not an English game, ye know. Wouldn't you like to come to my rooms for a bottle of, aw, that very good wine and a quiet rubber of whist?

THE GAME HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

But Dr. Crawford was finally and with some difficulty persuaded to take a hand in the game he did not understand. The first night he lost only $100. The next night he ventured further and dropped $300. Then he lost $800 at one sitting like a gentleman. Really, ye know, this poker is a most difficult game to understand. Not at all, aw, like our English whist for example.

But the very next night the confiding Englishman had so far mastered that intricate game that he won $8000. Before his companions at the round table realized what had happened the Englishman had gathered in nearly $20,000.

From this time on William Hurt's methods improved. He continued to be a pupil of the modest Dr. Crawford, and caught the drift of some of his patron's studied methods. His clothing quieted down and the wire edge was worn off his operations. No double-cross prize fight would tempt him again. He spent much time in learning how to shuffle and deal the cards. He had tried a faro bank and a "bucket shop," but neither seemed to suit his taste. But he did find a tailor to fit him.

Fortune led him into the society of Jack Deane, who was an excellent barkeeper at the Reception saloon, on Sutter street, then kept by the late lamented John Chenoweth. Mr. Deane was suave, intelligent, and wore his beard trimmed after the manner of those who live at their ease. When Dr. Crawford sought other fields Mr. Hurt moved up a peg and persuaded Jack Deane to become "Colonel Deane" of Arizona, the owner of an immense ranch, thousands of cattle, and a typical western gentleman, sir. Just as a part of the outfit of a typical western gentleman, Colonel Deane was very graceful in his handling of a deck of cards.

Mr. Hurt made his headquarters at the Palace hotel. There he met a German count who, unlike most German counts who travel this way to marry heiresses or become barbers, had a pocketful of money. Hurt courted him without seeming to force his attentions, showed him the city, wined and dined him, and talked a great deal of his friend, Colonel Deane of Arizona, a millionaire rancher and cattle king. By the merest accident the count and Mr. Hurt stumbled upon Colonel Deane one day, and after dinner a little game of poker was proposed.

The stakes were modest and the count won $100. "Really, count, you play the game wonderfully," complimented Mr. Hurt, while Colonel Deane made light of his losses.

The next night the count won another hundred, and the next he carried off $300 of the money of his new found friends.

"Really you are too strong for us, even at our American game," said the merry losers.

The next night the count lost $3800, pocketed his loss like a gentleman and left the city.

There were others who met the elegant Mr. Hurt and the affable Colonel Deane at the Palace hotel, where Mr. Hurt was much given to playing billiards. He really played an excellent game—when he chose to. Then the story drifted along the grand parade that Mr. Tilford had met Mr. Hurt and the colonel. Mr. Tilford was the manager of the Standard Oil company's business on this coast, was a blithe young man and had plenty of money to spend.

He engaged in a game of billiards at the Palace with Mr. Hurt. Colonel Deane came in and suggested that the three should dine at the Pup. The invitation was accepted. The dinner was excellent and the wines served at just the proper temperature. When the good-fellowship was just brimming over and confidences had been exchanged, the cards were suggested. Tilford didn't mind a game for small stakes. He soon had a wonderful run of luck, and was glad to press it by increasing the limit.

In the early morning hours the luck began to change. By the time the banks were open it was running all the other way. Tilford was drawing checks on the Bank of California at $1000 per check, and the other two were sending them out to be cashed as fast as they were drawn. The bank paid out the money on six of them, and then grew suspicious. It refused to cash any more until it made an investigation. But that little poker party did not break up until Tilford had signed paper and paid out money aggregating $13,000.

Mr. Hurt and Colonel Deane had the $5000 in coin, but as Tilford demurred about paying the balance, they considerately compromised the indebtedness for $1500 and let it go at that.

A rich mining man was staying at the Palace in November of last year. Mr. Hurt met him. So did Mr. Fisher, who had come up from Australia with a very pretty knack at the dice. They talked much and with loving praise of Colonel Deane, their Arizona friend, who was such a type of the western gentleman. The mining man became eager to meet the Colonel, and Deane was told to casually drop in at the Palace bar at 10:20 o'clock that evening. In the meantime Mr. Hurt and Mr. Fisher were very free in ordering the drinks and in speaking of their anticipations of great delight in introducing Colonel Deane to another of the best fellows in the world.

But at 9:30 p. m. a policeman had laid his hand on Colonel Deane's shoulder and told him that Chief Crowley and Captain Lees wished to see him. He went quietly to the police office.

"See here, Deane," said Crowley, "you've worked this city long enough. We know your game. If you do not leave San Francisco within 24 hours we will arrest you and your pals for vagrancy."

Deane promised to go.

He rushed down to the Palace bar to see Hurt and Fisher. They had just worked the mining man up to touching point as Deane almost fell in, breathless and excited.

"Ah! here's Colonel Deane now. How fortunate, Colonel ——," began Hurt.

"Colonel, be d—d!" shouted Deane. "We've been ordered to leave this town within 24 hours!"

The three conspirators rushed off in hot haste, without pausing to say, "Excuse our backs," and left that mining man standing at the bar, gazing into vacancy, nonplused, dazed, wondering.

They drew down $16,000 in currency at the Bank of California and left the next day for New York. There they went to the hotel Waldorf, most palatial hotel in the world, and began setting afloat stories of the Deane ranch in Arizona, which it took their friend, the colonel, five days and nights to ride across, and of the 50,000 cattle he had just shipped to Chicago.

As for Mr. Hurt, according to D. F. Verdenal's very flattering correspondence about him, he was enjoying a rest from the arduous duties imposed by his great mines at Harqua Hala. Mr. Fisher became Mr. Joseph Foster, an Australian tourist of large means.

They were soon in the swim and the big poker games of the Manhattan club. Then a man who had lost $10,000 to them squealed, and it was necessary for Deane to "commit suicide" at Coney island. The others wore mourning bands for him. The Commercial Advertiser exposed Hurt, and he promptly brought suit for $50,000 damages for libel. He didn't appear when the suit was called, but turned up in San Francisco again with the dear departed Deane and Foster, who was back to his old name of Fisher. They took $30,000 winnings out of New York.

Now they have been ordered to go right away and leave San Francisco in peace. They say they are going to Mexico, but this is doubted. John T. Gaffey and Jack Follansbee once had them ordered to leave that land.

Still, they'll not starve as long as "a sucker is born every minute."

A NAVAL OFFICER'S WIFE AT RIO.

Glimpse of the Brazilian War By an Eye Witness.

The Duties of an American Sailor Are Exacting.

Interesting Description of Several Ports and Their People—How a Bombardment Looks — A Mischievous Torpedo Boat.

The following extracts are from letters written from Brazil by Mrs. E. B. Underwood, wife of Lieut. Underwood of the U. S. navy, stationed on the warship Newark, now at Rio de Janeiro for the protection of American interests.

The letters were written to Mr. W. P. Hamilton, of this city, Mrs. Underwood's brother, and were just received. They show the life of an American naval officer and his family in a particularly graphic manner, as well as the thoughts of an American girl upon the strange life and scenes by which she is surrounded.

PERNAMBUCO.

We are off for Bahia in an hour and a half, and as we have lain here at anchor for more than twenty-four hours, we are prepared to be seasick again, and think we had best write our Rio letters now. It is warm every day, even aboard, and no doubt hot on shore. Some of the gentlemen went ashore yesterday and brought back all the news they could from Rio. It appears that the revolution is unabated. We are not anticipating any trouble in entering Rio, for word has been sent the Captain that there are three English men-of-war outside the port who make a business of protecting English ships which enter.

It has been much cooler in the equatorial region than it was about the West Indies. We really have not suffered from heat at all. It is warmer here because much nearer the equator than anywhere else that we shall stop.

BAHIA.

We have been ashore at last, and after 20 days at sea I can tell you it was a treat. We came to anchor in this lovely bay early this morning, and went ashore in a rowboat. The town is picturesque from the bay, as it lies in two rows all around the curve, one row close down to the water, the other higher up behind it on the cliff.

After landing and taking a street-car ride through the low town, we went straight up the face of rock for 60 or 80 feet in an enormous elevator, and there took a ride through the high town, where all the good looking dwelling are. The sun was very hot, but the breeze from the sea was delicious, and the foliage and flowers something to dream of. The many varieties of palms, mangoes, bread fruit trees, cocoanut trees, etc., all interested me greatly, as did also the rollicking black babies with only one small garment. Also the old colored "aunties," with their crocheted white shirts as the only upper garment. If I lived in this climate, I think I should soon want to dress in that style. We went through the market, where we saw hundreds of beautiful parrots and many other tropical birds to sell, some monkeys, and an endless supply of fruit. To my great disappointment, though, it is a little too late for oranges, and we saw hardly any. You see this is April down here, and oh! so hot already. What must it be in December?

I bought some Brazilian beetles, (pretty green bugs that make nice pins), but saw absolutely nothing else to tempt me.

We went to the best hotel in town and had a miserable lunch, which had at least the credit of being cheap. They could give us no milk for either tea or coffee, so I had some hard Italian bread, a bottle of lukewarm Appolinaris water and some butter that almost needed a spoon, ice being an unknown luxury. And yet Bahia is a large and thriving city, with a big port and an immense business. After all, I believe we North Americans do know more about comfort than any other nation under the sun.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

We reached here yesterday morning at daybreak and saw the sun rise over the glorious bay. Many people think it more beautiful even than the bay of Naples, and having seen both I should say it was certainly as lovely, and in a more rugged style. The mountains about it are of good height and very picturesque, and there is the same softness to the atmosphere and sky that the Italian climate produces.

Our captain did not know what trouble he might have in entering, and so we came on under slow steam with our Belgian colors flying and without the smallest trouble; steamed down between the two great guarding forts that one reads of so much in connection with the war, past the dozen or so of foreign men-of-war (including our beloved Newark) and past the rebel fleet to our anchorage.

Imagine our surprise, in spite of our yellow quarantine flag, to be boarded by a smiling young officer, one of the rebel Mello's fleet, who said to the captain:

"There is no visit, sir; you are at liberty to unload. The port belongs to us."

As this was in French we all understood it!

Almost immediately a steam launch appeared from the Charleston with a young ensign, saying that it was our guard boat.

He had been sent over, he said, to ask if he could in any way assist the wives of two officers of the Newark, expected by this steamer.

There was nothing he could do, and soon afterwards our own boys arrived and, as you may guess, were warmly welcomed.

After a two hours' visit aboard we went ashore in the Newark's launch, our sailors in full uniform, to protect themselves and us. Nobody goes ashore from the foreign ships except in uniform until they get passports.

We saw only the principal business streets of Rio, but were not at all pleasantly impressed. No doubt the suburbs are prettier.

Here I was called hurriedly on deck to see the bombarding of Nictheroy, a suburban spot about two miles away from us, but of which we commanded a good view. Admiral Mello is sending shot and shell as hard as he can this morning.

Our husbands can only come to us between the hours of 10 to 4:30, as the fleet order is for everybody to be aboard ship at the last named hour. All the foreign warships act in concert about these things, and the rules are very strict.

I went to lunch on the Newark, and our sailors could not come back with us even for an hour.

Tomorrow we all four hope to go ashore again, and see something of the pretty part of town, for it is very pretty. The health is excellent. It is, you know, a good-sized place—600,000 inhabitants.

The guns have been popping away all day, both from the forts and the ships, and we have been interested to watch this odd warfare. The city is under martial law, but you would never dream there was anything the matter. So far as the town is concerned all business seems to be going on as usual. The principal business street is very narrow, and no horses are allowed on it after an early hour in the morning, everybody walking indiscriminately in the street or over the narrow pavements. The ladies go shopping and the men stare at them; that seems the principal occupation. . . .

I must close my letter hastily as the letters must be ready tonight. We have had an exciting two hours. The bombardment of two or three forts commenced in good earnest late this evening and the cannonading and smoke were incessant. We could even hear the shells as they screamed their way into the water. Just before dinner a powder house was blown up on the land about three or four miles from here. It was a grand sight—only awful. Tonight a torpedo boat has been bombarding another fort much nearer us. Another of the forts has been throwing a heavy search light all over this vast harbor trying to find the mischievous torpedo boat. We are not in any danger and will be out of the way long before this reaches you.

TAMMANY'S TOPICAL TALK.

News Matters Noted at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—Four of Los Angeles' former residents who were not unknown to the public are at present in the city, but they will not be here during the fair. This is contrary to their plans, but Chief Crowley, who has a personal acquaintance with the quartette, suggested that they emigrate to some other clime where their company might be better appreciated, and fixed the 16th inst. as the latest possible date on which to remain. Their names are Thomas Bailey, Billy Hurd, Doc Phillips and Johnny Deane.

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The result of the meeting of the state board of prison directors a few days ago verified the prophecy I made some time since, that Seneca Swalm would never be paroled, much less pardoned, and although Warden Hale spoke of him as an exemplary prisoner, whose sentence, with credits earned, would expire next year, it availed nothing. The McDonalds, notwithstanding all their financial difficulties, find time to keep Swalm behind the bars.

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The midwinter fair management having placed a high fence around the fair grounds, now charge an admission fee of 25 cents to visitors on the grounds, but this new ruling seems to make little difference in the attendance. The amount derived from this source will add materially to the cash fund.

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"Skip" Ross, who earned fame as a snake charmer while traveling with Barnum's circus, will meet his old friends in Los Angeles where he expects to go as soon as he succeeds in hypnotizing the S. P. for a pass.

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Those two old friends, H. G. Otis and H. Z. Osborne, were present at a meeting of the Pacific Press association held here during the week.

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George Maben, a member of the well known family of horsemen of that name, is at the Bay District park with a string of horses.

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Paris Kilbourn, whose term of surveyor of the port expires with the beginning of the new year, is understood as being slated for a bank commissionership.

TAMMANY.

A SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

A Gift That You Can Look at With Pride and Profit.

Wolfskill tract lots at one-third less than actual value; one-fourth cash, balance in one, two and three years and longer time, if you want it. These close-in business and residence lots are located within seven minutes' walk from Spring and Second streets; fronting Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets, and adjoining broad cross avenues between Main Street and the important Southern Pacific Arcade depot. Think of it. The very heart of Los Angeles, with three car lines at your door when needed. Why go further out, pay car fare for yourself and family, and in the bad season wade through mud and rain, when this grand opportunity is offered? Do not waste your money. Investigate the above. Full particulars, Easton, Eldridge & Co., 121 South Broadway.

Licensed to Marry.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday by the county clerk to the following persons:

E. M. Park, native of Canada, 22 years of age, and Carrie Grimes, native of Michigan, 24 years of age, both residents of Pasadena.

Charles H. Buckbee, native of Ohio, 21 years of age, of Santa Fe Springs, to Elizabeth S. Breitegam, native of Wyoming, 16 years of age, of Norwalk.

Hans Anderson, native of Denmark, 34 years of age, to Anna Nelson, native of Denmark, 36 years of age, both residing in this city.

George Wandscheer, native of Germany, 51 years of age, and Minnie Ramm, also of Germany, 48 years of age, both residing in this city.

Edward Doepping, native of Minnesota, 20 years of age, and Susie M. Wilson, native of Kentucky, 16 years of age, both of this city.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Thirty dollars allowed for old Davis sewing machines. Drop postal card to 228 South Main street.

250 envelopes, 50c; ½ rm writing paper, 25c. Langstadter, 214 W. Second, Hollenbeck hotel.

ARID LANDS AND THEIR USE.

Facts in Support of Government Irrigation.

Homes for the Homeless on Uncle Sam's Domain.

Satisfactory Congressional Action Expected Soon—A Novel Plan Before the House Committee.

The subject of irrigation is rapidly growing in importance and enlisting the attention of thousands who until recently never gave it much if any thought. As the population of the United States increases and the older cities become overcrowed there is a correspondingly rapid increase in the values of land contiguous to the populous centers. Hence the growing tendency among people of limited means to "go west" on land they can call their own. Unquestionably it is the duty of the government to so dispose of the public lands as to afford home-seekers the best possible opportunity for establishing themselves in desirable locations, where labor applied to land shall be fairly rewarded. One honest, industrious home-builder is worth more to any state or territory than are 1000 land speculators and town lot "boomers."

The public domain is rapidly passing into the hands of private corporations and individual speculators, which means a narrowing down of the opportunities for those who desire to settle on and improve the arable lands controlled as yet by the government. People are now looking toward the vast tracts of public lands in the west which are unproductive in their wild condition, but with irrigation may easily be made to produce prolific crops of grain, vegetables and fruits. The irrigation of arid land by private parties has proven so successful and satisfactory that nobody familiar with its results is disposed to fix any limit to its posibilities.

California, though not the only state where irrigation is practiced, is foremost in the list, and a detailed report of what has already been accomplished in this state would fill a good-sized volume. It is well known that by means of irrigation hundreds of thousands of acres once regarded as worthless for agricultural purposes are now producing abundantly of such things as are needed to feed the nation. To realize what a transformation can be wrought by the application of water to "desert lands," one need only visit any of the numerous places where such work has been done. Here stands a thriving little city, within whose limits are beautiful orange groves, orchards of deciduous fruits, long lines of charming shade trees, vegetable gardens, green lawns and fragrant flowers of almost every variety.

A few years ago the land now within the limits of the city presented the same dry, desolate, almost repulsive appearance as does now the territory surrounding it.

The lines are clearly defined. It is scarcely 10 steps from barrenness to fertility—from desert to Eden. This striking contrast is explainable in one word—irrigation; the intelligent application of water to arid land. By this process California has become known as the most productive region in the world.

In the light of these facts the action of the Irrigation congress held in Los Angeles a few weeks ago is of far reaching importance. The more valuable facts concerning arid lands everybody should know. It appears that the arid and semi-arid public areas still under the control of the general government aggregate 542,000,000 acres, and that they are divided among 17 states and territories.

With her matchless climate, unsurpassed soil and immense resources, California could support ten times the present total population of the state without being crowded. It is not strange, then, that Californians are intensely interested in the subject of irrigation.

Enough of the arid lands in the states and territories which the government still owns could be converted into homes and farms for many millions of settlers. Such portions as cannot be cultivated are more or less valuable either for stock ranges or forest reservations, so that future generations can utilize them all in one way or another. It is for the government to decide whether or no the many thousands who need these lands shall have an opportunity to settle and build homes on them under conditions that enable occupants to reap satisfactory results.

The platform of the irrigation congress, which is in the form of an address to the people of the United States, reads like an emanation from men who fully realize the importance of the subject they are dealing with, who know just what they want done, and who will not be likely to relax their efforts till their object is accomplished.

The great problem of conquering the arid regions by the only available method should no longer be left to individual effort and local enterprise. It reaches beyond the boundaries of any state, and of all the states and territories. It touches the interests of the entire population of this country. It is a problem of national importance. The finger of destiny points to these regions as the future homes of millions who must inevitably be forced away from the congested districts and overcrowded cities of the east, where living is expensive and employment difficult to find. But without water on them these lands are worthless to home builders. With proper irrigation facilities millions of acres can be made to "blossom as the rose." While the work of providing such facilities is left to individuals it must necessarily be only partial and by no means satisfactory.

The public lands are the heritage of the people. The opportunity to have a home somewhere on the earth is the birth-right of every human being. No general plan of fitting arid lands for settlement can be made successful under state supervision, as each state has its own peculiar laws concerning irrigation, many of which are absurd; others are inimical to personal rights and liable to engender serious interstate contentions. Existing laws fail to meet the requirements of people who need the lands. Our desert land law is taken advantage of by speculators, and perverted so as to oppress the home-seeker who is thus compelled to either pay tribute to greed or "move on"—he knows not whither. Then how much better for the general government to take the matter in hand and adopt some plan that will facilitate the work in the interests of the people.

I have before me a letter from Congressman James G. Maguire of San Francisco, who is a member of the committee on "Irrigation of Arid Lands" in the lower house. The writer states that in due time the committee will make a report replete with important facts for congress and the people to consider. He also states that the committee is considering the propriety of reporting a law providing that when the government shall have established irrigation works for a certain state or district, the public lands benefited thereby shall not be actually sold, but that any person wishing to secure 160 acres may receive a perpetual lease, instead of a title deed, under which lease he or his heirs may hold the land forever, provided a small rental is paid annually to the general government and to the state in which the land is located. The lease is to be transferable, at the lessee's option, and the annual rental increased as the assessed value of the land increases, that matter being decided by the annual appraisements of government officials.

The plan also includes exemption from taxation of the lessee's improvements and personal property.

Such a proposition may or may not prevail, but it is being considered by the committee, and is sure to come before the house either as a majority or minority report.

In any event it is to be hoped that the live question of reclaiming the unsold portion of our arid lands may receive a degree of attention from the government commensurate with its importance. It is a matter far above partisan politics. It appeals to the better instincts of every man who desires to see justice done to the home-seeker, even though the mere land speculator may have fewer opportunities to reap where he does not sow. A wise solution of the problem will do much toward increasing the number of American homes and abolishing the necessity of free soup in American cities.

RALPH E. HOYT.

AMATEUR BASEBALL.

Two Games Announced for This Afternoon.

There is to be a game of baseball at the Athletic park today between the Los Angeles Greys and the Olympics of Redondo. An interesting game is expected, as the teams are composed of the best amateur talent in the city. The fair sex don't want to forget it is free for them.

The teams are composed of the following players:

GRAYS.		OLYMPICS.
Whaling	catcher	Earley
J. Moore or Tyler	pitcher	Hart
Guercio	1st base	Cleveland
Youngworth	2d base	Allen
Heap	3d base	Lougheed
C. Franck	short stop	Smith
Sepulveda	right field	Slaney
G. Franck	center field	Jones
E. Moore	left field	Van Horn

The Cyclone ball club will cross bats with the Temple street club today at 5:30 p.m. The nines are made up as follows:

Joe	Catcher	Henry
Hunter	Pitcher	Palm
C. Redona	1st base	Reed
F. Denis	2d base	Sanchez
F. Sanchez	Shortstop	Smile
S. Sanchez	3d base	Rolle
B. Solomon	Center field	Losson
S. Richards	Left field	Mando
Friel	Right field	Ross

THE HAMILTONS IN COURT.

C. C. Stevens Severely Censured for His Client's Error.

The Hamilton divorce case was again taken up yesterday in Judge Van Dyke's court.

The matter, however, went over until Monday, owing to the non-appearance of Mrs. Muller, a witness for the defense.

C. C. Stevens, for the defense, asked that an attachment might be issued for the witness, and received a severe rebuke from Judge Van Dyke, who informed the attorney that the matter should have been attended to before coming into court; that the court did not propose to be trifled with.

Attorney Stevens then excused himself and laid the blame upon his client, Hamilton, whereupon Judge Van Dyke, being considerably irritated, treated Hamilton to some severe remarks similar to those made to the attorney.

Mrs. Muller will be brought into court Monday to show cause why she should not be committed for contempt.

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Wolfskill tract lots at one-third less than actual value; one-fourth cash, balance in one, two and three years and longer time, if you want it. These close-in business and residence lots are located within seven minutes' walk from Spring and Second streets; fronting Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets, and adjoining broad cross avenues between Main street and the important Southern Pacific Arcade depot. Think of it. The very heart of Los Angeles, with three car lines at your door when needed. Why go further out, pay car fare for yourself and family, and in the bad season wade through mud and rain, when this grand opportunity is offered? Do not waste your money. Investigate the above. Full particulars, Easton, Eldridge & Co., 121 South Broadway.

Free Concert

And literary entertainment at Illinois hall, on Friday evening, December 22, 1893, under the auspices of Keeley league, No. 6, of Los Angeles. Instrumental music by Prof. Delano's guitar and banjo quartette; vocal music by H. R. Maybin, Foley Parker and other vocalists; recitations by Tom Barnes; short addresses and other features, which will make the evening's entertainment of rare interest. All are invited. Admission free and no collection. Remember the date, Friday evening, Dec. 22.

Grand Mountain Views.

Visitors to Southern California should lose no time in taking a ride to the summit of Echo mountain over the unique Mount Lowe railway, where the best possible view of the whole surrounding country can be obtained, and thus prepare to the best advantage for trips to places of greatest interest.

Go to Headquarters

For any kind of tin, sheet-iron, copper-plated or wooden ware, cutlery, brushes, rubber hose, anything needed about the house or yard, go to headquarters, the W. C. Furrey company, 159 to 165 North Spring street.

MINERS AT THE MIDWINTER.

What They Are Doing for Their Exhibit.

A Lake of Quicksilver Will Be a Leading Feature.

The Biggest Block of Asphalt in the World—Allotment of Space to the Different Counties—Bound to Outshine Colorado.

Special correspondence to the HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15, 1893.

The mining exhibit committee of the midwinter fair has set about in a determined spirit to make California's display far outshine that of Colorado, and if the miners will properly second their efforts this state will not have reason to feel ashamed of her exhibit as she did at Chicago. Still only about $5000 of the $25,000 desired for the exhibit has yet been raised, and many attractive features designed by the committee will of necessity be abandoned, if a more generous response to the request for contributions is not made.

The mining counties generally seem aroused to the importance of making their exhibits such as to attract the eye of the general visitor, as well as gain the attention of the expert and the capitalist looking for opportunities to place his money. The only mining county which seems at all sluggish is Trinity, which has not applied for space in the exhibit, and seems to be doing nothing to secure a representation of her resources. Superintendent Benjamin says he drove nine miles in a storm to attend a widely advertised county meeting, and found only three persons in attendance. Several of the heaviest mining men in the neighborhood of Weaverville sat around the stove and would not show sufficient interest in the meeting to cross the street. The Old Settler association of Trinity, fearful lest their county should be greatly injured by the failure to make a proper showing of its resources, has now taken the matter in hand, however, and is vigorously attempting to gather an exhibit which will be complete and creditable.

The space assigned by the committees to the different counties is as follows:

County.	Space.	Square ft
Nevada	24x35	840
Amador	16x29	464
Calaveras	16x29	464
El Dorado	24x17½	420
Butte	21x17½	367½
Sierra	24x14½	348
Shasta	12x19	348
Plumas	10½x29	404½
Kern	12x17½	210
Tuolumne	16x18	288
Siskiyou	9x19	171
Contra Costa	8x22	176
Inyo	12x18	215
Mariposa	10x13	130
Merced	10x 7½	75
Santa Cruz	10x 9½	95
Santa Barbara	10x 9½	95
San Diego	10x 9	90
Mono	10x18	180
Mendocino	3x 7½	22½
Lake	6x 9½	57

Near the entrance to the exhibit will be a lake of quicksilver, which promises to be an amusing attraction. The quicksilver will be supplied by J. B. Randol from the Lake county mines. Into the lake visitors will be permitted to throw sledge hammers and other iron weights for the pleasure of seeing them float about. Women will be cautioned not to dabble in the shimmering pool, however, lest their rings should become amalgamated.

The company controlling the great asphalt deposits of Santa Barbara county have quarried a great block of asphalt weighing seven and one-half tons, which will be part of that county's exhibit. At Chicago the manager of a Cuban asphalt deposit showed a block weighing 1400 pounds and advertised it widely as the largest piece of asphalt in all the world. In order that there should be no possible doubt in the matter of the championship, the Santa Barbora company got out its seven and one-half ton block. Kern county is also to exhibit a big block of asphaltum and a thousand-dollar nugget recently picked up on the Mojave desert.

The movement among the miners to contribute a day's wages each for the benefit of the mining exhibit, is becoming general. Almost every day brings in contributions from some of the mines, and in this way the fund is swelling more than from contributions from rich mine owners. Another source of revenue during the fair will be the crushing and working of gold-bearing quartz sent to the committee to be worked in the mill, which will be in operation during the entire fair.

Many designs are coming in to represent California's $1,300,000,000 output of gold. One shows a great globe of gold 19 feet and 2 inches in diameter, and surmounted by a golden bear; another is the form of a column of $20 pieces; a third is a golden oval; a fourth a cube suspended from the ceiling; a fifth an enormous ingot, and so on through almost every conceivable design. Estimates of the cost of construction are furnished with each design, and the committee is carefully considering all with a view of making a selection which will be most impressive.

The Southern Pacific has issued the following circular relating to the shipment of ores to the mining exhibit:

"This company will transport free of charge to Midwinter station specimens of ores, quartz and other minerals, when for exhibition only, and of no commercial value, or, if valuable, not for sale. Any consignments subsequently placed in the hands of smelters or otherwise disposed of commercially, or to be disposed of, are not entitled to this free transportation. Shipments thus transported free must originate at stations on the Southern Pacific company's system west of and including Portland, Ogden, El Paso, Deming and Mojave, and must be consigned to the Midwinter International fair, Midwinter, Cal., and will not apply or in any way be used on shipments originating at points on the line of the Southern Pacific company east of said points."

Cathedral.

High mass at 10 a.m. The music is Festible mass by T. von La Hache. Miss Ethel Graham, Miss Cecelia Gardner and Miss Hanna Rees are the soprano soloists; Mrs. B. Gardner, alto; Mr. F. W. Wallace, bass, assisted by a good chorus. The Offertory piece is Jesu Redemptor Mundi by Mozart. Bass solo, Mr. F. W. Wallace. The music for Christmas is in good progress. A. G. Gardner, organist.

Mornings—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water.