

TAMMANN'S TOPICAL TALK.

A Bright, Gossipy Letter From San Francisco.

The Gamblers Give the Churches a Lesson on Charity.

Los Angeles Chase a Murderer—Billy Hard Coming Here—Jim Weston and Folk Leave for Mexico.

San Francisco, Dec. 22, 1893.

The Examiner, as has been its custom for some years past, started a subscription list a few weeks since, to secure funds for the purpose of aiding the poor in having a merry Christmas. Having first donated \$500 itself, this enterprising paper proceeded to swell the amount by urging all its readers to give their mite.

The registration of Chinese has not as yet commenced, but Collector Welborn states that he expects with each mail the necessary blanks wherewith to commence the enforcement of the McCarty Act, and that as soon as they arrive he will name his deputies and commence work.

That part of the act wherein it sets forth that all such Chinese laborers who fail to register shall be deported will prove very expensive to the government inasmuch as those Chinese who intend leaving for China to reside there permanently will defy the law and as a result will be deported. As this means a saving of \$52 to each heathen, the number will undoubtedly be very large.

The great majority of detectives are under the erroneous impression that all that is necessary to make reputations as sleuth hounds is to keep their names before the public through the medium of the press—especially is this true of those residing in the interior cities. Allan Pinkerton, whose fame as a detective is justly earned, proved to the public of this city a few years since that he did not share in this opinion.

One of the dailies devoted considerable space during the week in giving a highly sensational account of an escaped convict luring Mr. Pinkerton from the Palace hotel and attempting to take his life, and that he probably had succeeded had it not been for two local detectives being near at hand and coming to the rescue at the opportune moment.

Mr. Pinkerton promptly denied the story through the columns of another journal, expressing his disgust at the notoriety thrust upon him, stating that the article was a mass of sensationalism and entirely unfounded. The man arrested had, while in a state of intoxication, sent for him, but made no attempt whatever upon his life.

SOMETHING ABOUT 'GENE FIELD'

Something About the Career of a Happy Writer.

His Evolution From a Reporter Into a Poetical Essayist.

Some Examples of His Early Work—His Poetry and His Fables—Now in Southern California.

Hogboom in the Pasadena Crown Vista has the following: So 'Gene Field is down in Los Angeles, eh? Trying to throw out a case of Lake Michigan pneumonia, they say. Well, well, well. Same old 'Gene Field, I suppose? I do hope he'll get along all right, for there is never a man I read who can start a laugh or a tear on me with the facility of that man, 'Gene Field. He's a humorist. By that I mean one who can put us either in a good humor or a bad one by the simple transmission of some thoughts to us on paper. That's a rare gift, possessed by a few.

Perhaps the reader will be interested in knowing more about this rare 'Gene Field of Chicago. At least it pleases me to be able to tell something about him, and thus it is a matter of small importance whether the reader be pleased or not; for if not pleased the reader may retaliate by ceasing to be a reader. And so here goes.

He was born in St. Louis. That happened in 1850. Since then nothing of importance has occurred in St. Louis—but I forgot; dear me, this is the story of Eugene Field, not of St. Louis. When he was very young he was sent away off to Massachusetts to live with his aunt, because his mother was dead, and after a long stay he got to be eighteen years old. Then he went to Williams College. His father died one year later and the young man returned to Missouri and soon after entered the State University. At the close of the junior year he left school and hasn't been back since.

He went to Europe. It must have been there that he first began the perpetration of his jokes, for we have been hearing rumors of him in Europe ever since. But those were his first jokes, you must understand, and a man's first jokes—O, well, I can't say much myself. In 1873 Mr. Field did his first newspaper work. He was a reporter on the St. Louis Evening Journal when Stanley Huntley, the man who wrote those hilariously funny Spoodenye papers, was city editor. Soon after Field was the associate editor of the St. Joseph Gazette. A friend relates to me an incident that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of Preston S. Brooks came to Massachusetts. It was at a spiritualistic exhibition held in the town of North Bridgewater, now the city of Brockton. A committee of citizens had been chosen from the audience to sit at the table on the platform with the medium to ask questions and otherwise represent the audience in the interest of candid investigation. Jacob W. Crosby, a well known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioning. After a few introductory inquiries, to which replies were made by the spirit, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world by the query, "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?"

There was no reply, and the question was repeated. Then there were some hesitating raps at the table, but it could not be determined whether the answer was in the affirmative or the negative. "You know he is dead, don't you?" shouted the committeeman. "Well, he is, thank God," yelled Uncle Jake, who was wrought up to great excitement, as he struck the table with his ponderous fist, "and you had better make a note of it."—Boston Herald.

Fossil Ivory. The first mammoth tusk seen in western Europe was brought to London in 1611 by one James Logan, who had purchased it from the Samoyeds, and Father Avril, a Jesuit who crossed Siberia in 1685, wrote that "the Russians had discovered a sort of ivory whiter and smoother than that which comes from India."

The substance was prized, too, as a styptic and was said to be derived from a powerful amphibious creature, "as big and as dangerous as a crocodile," living chiefly at the mouth of the Lena. Fossil ivory toward the close of the eighteenth century became an object of general commerce, and incredible quantities were exported from its arctic repository. Midford about 50 years ago estimated the annual sale at 110,000 pounds weight, and upward of 1,600 tusks are known to have reached London in 1873.

Yet the supply remains unexhausted and may indeed be called inexhaustible. It is the demand which has of late fallen off or failed. In Russia and China, it is true, almost exclusive use is made of the excavated material, but its brittleness and tendency to discoloration practically exclude it from western markets.—Edinburgh Review.

Repairing a Crown. What curious old records one comes across sometimes in unexpected ways! Here is one which rather calls to mind certain fairy tales beginning "Once upon a time" and going on to recount extraordinary proceedings quite as if they were the most natural and common things in the world. It has reference to Edward III and Philippa of Hainault and is kept with other documents at Harwich, their majesties having had at the time a palace at Felixstowe. It runs thus: "For repairing y<sup>e</sup> queen's crown which yo<sup>e</sup> king threw into y<sup>e</sup> fire, item 3s. 6d." The points which strike one in this memorandum are the violence of the king's temper and the cheapness of the mending process.—New York Sun.

THE WINE BROUGHT ABOUT

Scorchin Maloney is Badly Whipped.

He Fought With Alexander Forsyth.

A Pleasant Little Party Broken Up by a Lively Fracas and Maloney Wanted More.

San Francisco Chronicle: The banner of the Maloney is trailing in the mud and "Scorchin," the orator, statesman, politician and Shakespearean scholar, is bowed down with grief.

He was whipped, unmercifully whipped, at an early hour this morning, and then, to add to the disgrace, he was ignominiously thrown out of one of the waiting stations along the cocktail route.

Alexander C. Forsyth, who does some managing for a down-town printing house when he is not drinking wine with gentlemen and politicians, is the man who whipped Maloney, and those who witnessed the little affair say that he did his work well.

A saloon in the vicinity of Market and O'Farrell streets was the scene of the melee. Forsyth, in company with Colonel F. S. Oubourne, and some other well known military titles, were celebrating the return of one of the party from an extensive trip through the interior of the state.

Wine, the genuine article with the name blown in every bottle, was the beverage, and the sound of popping corks resembled slightly the patter of a fast horse's hoofs on a muddy track. In truth, champagne was flowing as freely as water.

Toasts were also a part of the evening's celebration, and it was while Mr. Forsyth was racking his brain in the endeavor to furnish a purely original toast above the sea of fizzing liquids which seemed to have formed in his head that Maloney appeared upon the scene.

His arrival supplied Forsyth with the needed inspiration. "Here's to Maloney, the great and good," proposed the orator, and the toast was drunk at that moment "Scorchin" was in clover for not a drink was ordered until the wishes of the Maloney became known. Whisky proved "Scorchin's" favorite beverage and he took many and great drinks of it.

As the night progressed the crowd became more hilarious and a change in the programme was made by which songs were substituted for toasts. Senator Maloney essayed A Soldier and a Man, and had progressed as far as the second verse when some one thoughtless of what he was trying to do, in a moment the Maloney's breast was boiling, while within his blood there sprang up a mad thirst for vengeance.

"And this from you," he cried, turning toward the one who had taken exception to his singing.

"What do you never gave you nothing," that gentleman inelegantly replied.

"Dog, thou liest!" retorted the statesman, and then matters went from bad to worse. Then Maloney, wild with rage, declared that an insult had been given to his blood could wipe out.

"Sir," said he, "you have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction. Pistols o'clock in the morning." Then turning to the rest of the party he added: "Sir, if you have tears, prepare to shed them, for your friend is about to die."

"Rate," sentimentally responded Colonel Forsyth, "I never gave you nothing," chimed in Alex Forsyth, and then arrangements for two more duels were completed.

Still "Scorchin" was not satisfied. Evidently his appetite for blood was great, and he yearned for lots of it.

Forsyth seemed to have his attention toward him he turned all his attention.

"Sir, you are a ———, and I can lick you," shouted the offended Maloney, and perhaps there was a lot of truth in what he said, but no opportunity of proving this was offered.

Some one in the crowd remarked that "Scorchin" needed a whipping, and Forsyth proceeded to administer one to him. In just three minutes Mr. Maloney found himself alone and unheeded on the sidewalk, and with several large gashes ornamenting his face.

Then he was really mad. Arming himself with a heavy cudgel, he rushed out and down in front of the saloon shouting invitations to those who whipped him to come outside and give him an even chance for his life. The invitation was not accepted, and after some time Maloney went away.

Before going he said that the attack on him was the result of a plan to prevent him from going east on Saturday, as he contemplated doing.

"My friend, Bourke Cochrane, has sent for me," he explained, "and these folks are trying to keep me from going to him, but they will not succeed. Tomorrow I will kill the whole crowd, and thus dispose of them forever."

A MOOD. Oh, to be alone! To escape from the work, the play, The talking every day, To escape from all I have done And all that remains to do; To escape—yes, even from you, My only friend, and be Alone and free.

Could I only stand Between gray moor and gray sky, Where the winds and the plover cry, And to see how my back can bear Burden—to try, to know, To learn, to grow.

For the soft brightness And the home of your heart, my dear, They hurt, being always here, I want to stand upright, And to cool my eyes in the air, And to see how my back can bear Burden—to try, to know, To learn, to grow.

I am yours, I am yours, part of you, your wife And I have no other life, I cannot think, cannot do, I cannot breathe, cannot see; There is "me," but there is not "me"— And worst, at your kind I grow Contented so. —New York Tribune.

Seventy-five Convulsions. A TELLING EXPERIENCE. There is no one but at some period in life has an experience that stands out prominently beyond all others, such is the case of John B. Collins, of Rome, Mich., who says: "From September to January I have no more attacks. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine also cures nervous prostration, headache, poor memory, nervousness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, etc., and builds up the body. Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Vassarville, Ind., and J. E. Taylor, of Los Angeles, each gained 20 pounds of flesh by taking it. Sold by C. H. Hance, 177 South Spring street, on a guarantee. Get the doctor's own free.

How It Might Happen. Sir Richard Steele, an Irishman, was once asked by an English friend how it happened that Irishmen were so remarkable for making bulls. "I believe," said the countryman, and I dare say, if an Englishman was born here, he would do the same."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

HIS HAND WAS ROUGH.

How a Little Man Avoided a Fight With a Bigger One.

The big man was just drunk enough to be spilling for a fight. That was apparent to every one in the cafe. He hadn't been there 10 minutes before he picked a quarrel with a man three times smaller, who had been quietly minding his own business in a corner of the room.

"Sir, you've insulted me!" exclaimed the big man. "You are mistaken," quietly responded the other. "You're a liar!" thundered the big man, "and if you know what that means you'll fight."

"Certainly," was the rejoinder, without a tremor of perturbation, "but it must be after I've finished eating. I never allow trifles to interfere with my dinner. Waiter, hurry up that porterhouse steak! Never mind if it is a bit rare."

The big man, nonplussed for the time being by such a display of coolness, sat down at a table near by and glared at his prospective victim. We all felt sorry for him, but the big man looked dangerous, even if he was "three sheets in the wind," and we decided not to interfere.

When the little man's steak came in, he said something to the waiter. Two minutes later the waiter said something to the big man. It was noticed that he didn't look quite so fierce after that, and soon afterward, remarking with assumed carelessness that he would be back in a minute, he left the room.

Then some of us ventured to suggest to the little man that it was a good opportunity for him to "skip," which, considering the discrepancy in size between him and the man who had forced a quarrel upon him, would involve no disgrace.

"Much obliged for your good advice," said he as coolly as ever. "But there is no necessity for that. The other fellow has run away already."

When 15 minutes had slipped by and "the other fellow" hadn't shown up, we concluded that the little fellow was right and wanted to know, of course, what had caused the stampede.

"Oh, just a little bluff," he replied. "I wasn't any more anxious to fight with that brute than the rest of you were, though. I knew he was a coward, or he wouldn't have picked out a man so much smaller than himself to fasten a quarrel on. I just told the waiter that it would be worth a dollar to let him know that I was Tim McCool, alias the 'Kilkenny Cat,' light weight champion of Ireland, just landed and anxious to get on a match with somebody. I knew that would work. I never get into a scrape when I can bluff my way out of it, and as I keep a cool head on my shoulders I generally succeed."

"Thanks, but if you'll excuse me I'll content myself with a cigar."—New York Herald.

Kissing. In the old time men and women who were mere acquaintances exchanged kisses in public, and with a certain amount of ceremony, and a visitor to whom it was desired to show special civility was always received with a kiss.

Greatly with the times. Haste and high pressure have contributed to render the form of greeting as brief as possible. Not only have we given up the quaint, familiar ways of our ancestors, but we have also parted with much of that elaborate etiquette which in the last century played so large a part in social life.

The changed habits of society, the greater mingling of its various grades, have brought a simplicity into the form of intercourse which strikes oddly upon the senses of people accustomed to old fashioned ceremony. "I always kiss the lady's hand when I take my leave of the hostess after a party," said a German lady, a descendant of one of the oldest families in what used to be called Prussia. She was commenting rather severely on the habits and customs of her adopted country.

The offhand manners of girls toward their mothers and of all young people generally toward all older people drew forth her reprobation. Kissing is now confined to state ceremonies and to a few old world lovers and gallants who have retained the ways of their great-grandfathers.—Notes and Queries.

Fog Signaling. A method of fog signaling has been introduced on several branches of the North London system of the Great Northern railway of England which obviates much of the unreliability and complexity of the systems hitherto used. A wire is laid in a pipe from the signal box to the upper project some four or five inches above the side of the rail nearest the signal. A similar brush, which connects with an indicator and bell on the engine, is fixed to the engine foot plate. When the signal points to danger, the two brushes come in contact, and the ringing of the bell and the warning of the driver by a miniature signal on the engine that the line is not clear are the result. The arrangement can be readily switched off in fine weather so as to become inoperative. This electric device seems to be the most simple as well as the most efficient means yet resorted to for fog signaling, and the Great Northern railway intends to adopt it over the whole of its lines.—Chicago Record.

The Largest Snake in the World. Naturalists say that the largest serpent of which accurate measurements have been taken in modern times was an anaconda which Dr. Gardner found dead and suspended in the forks of a tree in Mexico. It was dragged out into open ground by two horses, and a careful measurement with a tape-line proved that it was 87 feet in length.—St. Louis Republic.

Grand Mountain View. 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.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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A NEW KIND OF TRAMP.

SHE BEATS HER WAY ON FREIGHT CARS AT NIGHT.

Burrows in Sand to Keep Warm—Galantry of a Brother Tramp—Christians Assist and Re-ward Her.

San Diego Sun: A girl tramp came to town the other day. She was befriended by members of the Y. M. C. A., made presentable, and secured a place in a family at good wages, where she is working faithfully and cheerfully.

To those that befriended her she relates that her father is a lawyer at Los Angeles. Her mother died, one sister married, and her father favored the younger daughter until the druggery and ill-usage became unendurable. One night he chased the elder one from the house with a butcher knife, threatening to "cut her in two" if she dared return. He never wanted to hear of her again. There must have been some sort of an acquaintance between this girl of Mexican and French blood and four young men or boys of the neighborhood. Two of these were Mexican and two American. It appears they were going astray for work, and possibly the girl's story appealed to them. At any rate the five started to beat their way on freight cars, coming by way of San Bernardino and Orange to San Diego.

The boys foraged for oranges and grapes, on which they all lived. After rough experiences, holding on at night between and under cars, they were put off at San Juan. It was decided to walk to Oceanside, but the sea air chilled them so they burrowed in the sand to keep warm and sleep. The elder Mexican took off his only coat and put it over his girl companion. On reaching Oceanside an officer had the girl taken care of at a hotel over night, and in the morning gave her a ticket to this city. She was a spectacle, and not half clad; but she fell among Christians instead of Philistines, and there is hope for her.

One of her companions was an innocent-faced lad, and this rather strongly appealed to the Y. M. C. A. people. But he has not been seen since being reclothed and put in condition to fill a good position secured for him.

LETTER BAG.

THE HERALD under this heading prints communications, but does not assume responsibility for the sentiments expressed.

Economy at the Federal Building. EDITORS HERALD: You Democrats talk about economy, but you don't know anything about it. Just come down to our government building and ask the vermin that live in the coal bin when they were last disturbed.

At 9 o'clock on our coldest mornings any radiator in the building would freeze you; and today, although stormy and cold, the steam gauges registers 0 and the radiators have lost the little heat they possessed late in the forenoon. A generous supply of coal for the winter was laid in a few months ago, and as near as the rule of three will lead me in the calculation, at the present rate of using it will last just 18 2/3 years.

There is a long line of custodians and janitors, although the terms of the present management may be much extended in consideration of the economy practiced. OCCUPANT, Los Angeles, December 22, 1893.

A Problem. EDITORS HERALD: Assuming that congress will approve the Hawaiian policy of President Cleveland and furnish him with such aid, if any should be required, as will enable him to reinstate the queen and restore the government to that state or condition which it held in December 1892, and that after the queen and her government should cede these islands and the sovereignty thereof to the emperor of Japan, or the empress of India, what would be the situation of the United States government in this matter? Very Respectfully, J. J. WARNER.

An Elevator Accident. CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—An elevator in the new stock exchange building, in the course of construction, fell this afternoon, probably fatally injuring four workmen, J. Abrahamson, F. Morrison, J. Brennan and J. Gibbon.

A New Year's Gift Heraldized. The measureless popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Balm has been the growth of more than a third of a century. As in the past the coming New Year will be ushered in by the appearance of a fresh amaranth, clearly setting forth the nature, uses and operation of this wonderful wide fame. It is well worth perusal. About the accuracy in the astronomical calculations and calendar will, as before, be valuable characteristics, while the reading matter will include statistics, names and general information, accompanied by admirably executed illustrations. The amaranth is issued from the publishing department of the Hostetter Company at Pittsburgh, and will be printed on that place in English, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Spanish, Bohemian, German, and Polish. All druggists and country dealers furnish it without cost.

Commander Whiting of the United States navy, accompanied by his celestial bride, arrived on the Australia from Honolulu on her last trip up. Mrs. Whiting, nee Alford, does not show much trace of her Chinese parentage and may be considered a very good looking young woman. The English and Portuguese blood flowing through Mrs. Whiting's veins from the maternal side predominates over that of the Chinese

THE SINGERS TRIUMPH.

After Her Appearance at La Scala She Gave a Sample Act.

"I was in one of the large villages in the central part of this state the other night," said the commercial traveler, "and I was forced to stay there until morning. I heard that there was a show in town, and I went up to the Grand Opera House—did you ever notice that every village in the country has a Grand Opera House?—and bought a ticket. The play looked to be a farce comedy from its name, but when the first act had been on for 20 minutes I found that it was one of the goriest melodramas you can imagine. It was full of shooting and murders and throwing people over cliffs and all that sort of thing, and the company acted so atrociously that it was entertaining to a high degree.

"Blood ran in rivers all over the stage until the last act. Then the heroine, who had had a dozen narrow escapes, and who had gone through all sorts of difficulties, but who had all this time kept up her musical studies, made her debut at La Scala. There were two sets for that act. One represented the stage of La Scala, and the other the greenroom. There was a big, painted audience on the back drop, and the heroine came out and pretended to sing.

"Then the supes, who were in front of the painted audience, applauded enthusiastically and great bunches of flowers were thrown at the feet of the debutante. The set was changed, and the heroine was seen coming into the greenroom with her arms full of flowers. The man who was playing the stage manager stepped forward, shook her hand effusively and said, 'Madam, my dear madam, let me congratulate you. You have taken Milan by storm. You have sung like a nightingale. You are without doubt the greatest prima donna of the age.'"

"And then 'the greatest prima donna of the age' dumped her flowers on a chair, tripped down to the footlights and sang that classic ballad, 'Do, Do, My Hucklebry; Do,' and the curtain descended amid great applause."—Buffalo Express.

The Spirits Had Not Heard of It. A friend relates to me an incident that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of Preston S. Brooks came to Massachusetts. It was at a spiritualistic exhibition held in the town of North Bridgewater, now the city of Brockton. A committee of citizens had been chosen from the audience to sit at the table on the platform with the medium to ask questions and otherwise represent the audience in the interest of candid investigation. Jacob W. Crosby, a well known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioning. After a few introductory inquiries, to which replies were made by the spirit, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world by the query, "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?"

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"And this from you," he cried, turning toward the one who had taken exception to his singing.

"What do you never gave you nothing," that gentleman inelegantly replied.

"Dog, thou liest!" retorted the statesman, and then matters went from bad to worse. Then Maloney, wild with rage, declared that an insult had been given to his blood could wipe out.

"Sir," said he, "you have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction. Pistols o'clock in the morning." Then turning to the rest of the party he added: "Sir, if you have tears, prepare to shed them, for your friend is about to die."

"Rate," sentimentally responded Colonel Forsyth, "I never gave you nothing," chimed in Alex Forsyth, and then arrangements for two more duels were completed.

Still "Scorchin" was not satisfied. Evidently his appetite for blood was great, and he yearned for lots of it.