

TWO MEETINGS ON THE OCEAN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE CRACK SAILING SHIP ELWELL.

A MOTHER'S PRESENTMENTS.

DRIFTING FOR DAYS IN A SQUADRON OF UNDESIRABLE ICEBERGS.

The ship Elwell, which recently lowered the round-trip speed time between this port and Nanaimo to a little less than nineteen days, was built at Newcastle, Matine, in 1875, and came to this coast in 1894. She left San Francisco February 19, reached Cape Flattery the 24th and

tors' advice the police patrol wagon was sent for with the purpose in view of sending Hurley to the Receiving Hospital, where he might be confined in a padded cell. "That Hurley finally went clean crazy," said Chief Sattle last evening, "is no surprise. He has been acting queerly for three weeks past. He was at times stupid, and then again he would become violent and try to batter his head against the stone wall. That seemed to be his mania. "Yesterday morning his cellmates reported that three times did Hurley try to butt his head against the wall of cell 45, but they restrained him. It was a common thing for the other prisoners to refer to Hurley as 'Natty.' When he lay in the corridor I had a hard struggle with him. He threw himself backward several times in trying to butt his head against the wall. "After we got him calmed down he seemed to have a dread that we were going to put the irons on him. In taking him downstairs to the patrol wagon he was quiet until it came to going into the wagon. He then jumped back, crying 'irons,' and seemed to think that he was to be ironed. "At last we got him into the wagon, and he sat quietly between two officers as he was driven away. I do not think there is the least doubt of the genuineness of his insanity. At the time he made his outbreak in the corridor, his attorney had just called to see him. "During his confinement Hurley has been visited by his wife and several friends quite frequently. He has, however, shown

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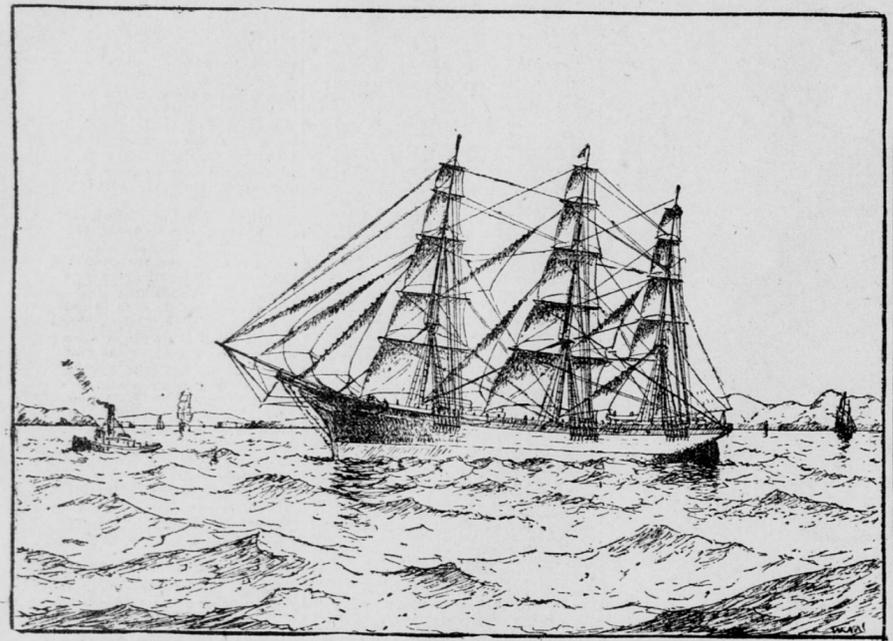
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THE CRACK SAILING SHIP ELWELL ENTERING SAN FRANCISCO BAY. [Sketched for the "Call" by W. A. Coulter.]

Nanaimo the 26th. Sailing March 3 on her return, she arrived in this port on the 10th.

The vessel is 212 feet in length, 39.1 beam and 21 feet in depth, and registers 1388 tons net. She is commanded by Cyrus Ryder, who wins a \$100 prize given by the company for record-breakages.

The Elwell is an old Cape Horn runder and has been in close touch with the many perils that menace the ship beating her way by that tempestuous point of land. During one of her voyages she was becalmed for several days in latitude 50 South Atlantic in the midst of a cluster of icebergs. There was not a breath of wind and the ship and bergs drifted together.

The great masses of ice were so numerous and so near the vessel that she seemed from above and through, and the men could hardly venture on deck for fear of perishing with cold. Only by a miracle did the vessel escape being dashed to pieces against the floating ice, or being crushed by the big crystal bowlders that would become detached from the body of the berg and fall into the sea.

Nothing could be done to extricate themselves from their perilous situation, and the Elwell floated and froze until the usual Cape Horn gale sprang up and drove her cool and unwelcome company away.

In 1892 the Elwell on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, then commanded by Captain Barstow, spoke the bark Norris, bound for Newport News, in command of Barstow's son, and the two vessels toward the Elwell and Norris again met on the ocean not far from the place of the former meeting. Captain Barstow and his wife boarded their son's ship and spent the day, the two vessels lying to during the family reunion.

During that midocean meeting Mrs. Barstow became impressed with the idea that the two ships would not meet a third time. This conviction so worked upon her mind that she spoke of it, and notwithstanding the absence of any grounds for such a relief her husband also became convinced of some impending disaster, and they went back to their ship feeling that they would never again see their son.

The Norris squared her yards, dipped her colors in farewell, passed on bound for Barcelona, Spain, and was never heard of again. The bark and all hands undoubtedly went down soon after parting from the ship, as she was in the track of many vessels sailing across the Atlantic. When the Elwell reached San Francisco the news of the bark's loss came not unexpectedly to Captain and Mrs. Barstow, so fully convinced were they that that parting on the ocean was final.

BECAME INSANE IN JAIL.

HURLEY, THE ALLEGED JURY-BRIBER, CREATES A SENSATION FOR THE SHERIFF.

REMOVED TO THE RECEIVING HOSPITAL AND PLACED IN THE PADDED CELL.

The old County Jail on Broadway had a sensation yesterday which disturbed the ordinary routine of the institution for several hours. It happened about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when Captain Webb, who was on watch, informed Chief Jailer Sattle that William J. Hurley, who is confined in the jail pending his trial for attempting to bribe jurors in the McDonald case, had gone completely crazy. Many poor people regarding this city to make inquiries regarding them, entailing a hardship upon them and trouble upon myself. I have no knowledge of any such offer being proposed by my Government, and I know there is no call for immigration on those terms. Only persons with abundant capital could think of succeeding as planters there. I have been compelled to issue a circular denying this story. "Mr. Womwell is a poor man, about 65 years of age, and a millwright by trade, and having left his employment and the rest of his family in Houston to take advantage of the alleged offer, finds himself in an annoying circumstance. "I am a pioneer of this coast, having come to the State in 1848," said the disappointed old man. "I am stopping at the What Cheer House, where I put up years ago when Woodward was the proprietor. It has cost me \$30 to get here and now I suppose I'll have to try to get back."

DECEIVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

MEN LURED FROM THEIR HOMES BY PROMISES OF PLENTY IN GUATEMALA.

THE CONSUL FOR THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC SAYS IT WAS WHOLLY UNTRUE.

George Womwell, with his son Charles, a lad aged 15 years, arrived yesterday from Houston, Tex., with the expectation of going from this port to Central America.

DEATH OF AN EXILE.

A. P. Peterson, Ex-Attorney-General of Hawaii, Gone.

Arthur P. Peterson, Attorney-General of Hawaii under the monarchy, and recently exiled with many others from the islands, died yesterday at the California Hotel. His few friends and brothers in exile were with him when he expired. They took charge of the remains, which will be interred here.

WOMAN AND HER DESTINY.

THROUGH HER THE HUMAN RACE WAS AWAKENED TO MIGHTY PROGRESS.

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES ON THE EDENIC IDYL AND ITS LESSON.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones chose for his text Genesis iii-6 and 7, in his lecture on "The Woman and Her Destiny." The Second Unitarian church, corner of Twentieth and Capp streets, yesterday afternoon. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and ate: and she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened." "History has proved a better comment upon my text than theology," said the speaker. "Facts have changed the approach into a compliment. The church has been unkind to mother Eve as she is described in this idyl of Hebrew poetry. This poem of creation, born out of a heart untroubled by science but instructed by reverence. As philosophy these Genesis stories are weak and childish, but as material for the philosopher they are suggestive and valuable. Instead of blaming poor Eve for her sin, let us extend our sympathy to her, and let us remember that she was a companioned primitive mother, for laying hold of the fruit of that tree of knowledge, which was 'good for food and a delight to the eyes,' we should rather profoundly thank her for that violation of law was growth. The restless Eve, and not the indolent Adam, is the parent of civilization, and should become the symbol of human triumph, the emblem of the human soul." The preacher concluded: "When woman shall have reached up into noble heights of altruism than their brethren into greater love for things eternal, into stronger passion for usefulness, a diviner hunger for things noble and eternal, she will work with man and for man until that religion which is simple but profound, sincere and untroubled by science, but instructed by reverence, shall have been kindled in the fullness of mind and that wealth of honest love which bears the human heart upon its bosom toward the infinite love, as the river hurries the ship into the sea. "For, in the long years, liker must they grow, Eye, the woman's face, the man's brow. He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that threw the world; He mental breadth, nor fall in childish care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind; Till, at the last, she set herself to man, Like perfect equals, side by side, and re- And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time, Side by side, full summed in all their powers, Dispensing harvest, sowing the seed, Self-reverent each and reverencing each, But like each other's life, and each to love; Then comes the staccato Eden back to men; Then comes the world's great births, chaste and calm; Then springs the crowning race of humankind. May these things be. "My love, love, what magic spell is thrown Over you, you face? You charm I own. Whence come these pure and peartly teeth? Thy rosy lips! Thy perfumed breath!" she said, in accents sweet and clear, "Tis only SOZODONT, my dear."



George Womwell and His Son Charles. [Sketched from life by a "Call" artist.]

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The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones chose for his text Genesis iii-6 and 7, in his lecture on "The Woman and Her Destiny." The Second Unitarian church, corner of Twentieth and Capp streets, yesterday afternoon. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and ate: and she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened." "History has proved a better comment upon my text than theology," said the speaker. "Facts have changed the approach into a compliment. The church has been unkind to mother Eve as she is described in this idyl of Hebrew poetry. This poem of creation, born out of a heart untroubled by science but instructed by reverence. As philosophy these Genesis stories are weak and childish, but as material for the philosopher they are suggestive and valuable. Instead of blaming poor Eve for her sin, let us extend our sympathy to her, and let us remember that she was a companioned primitive mother, for laying hold of the fruit of that tree of knowledge, which was 'good for food and a delight to the eyes,' we should rather profoundly thank her for that violation of law was growth. The restless Eve, and not the indolent Adam, is the parent of civilization, and should become the symbol of human triumph, the emblem of the human soul." The preacher concluded: "When woman shall have reached up into noble heights of altruism than their brethren into greater love for things eternal, into stronger passion for usefulness, a diviner hunger for things noble and eternal, she will work with man and for man until that religion which is simple but profound, sincere and untroubled by science, but instructed by reverence, shall have been kindled in the fullness of mind and that wealth of honest love which bears the human heart upon its bosom toward the infinite love, as the river hurries the ship into the sea. "For, in the long years, liker must they grow, Eye, the woman's face, the man's brow. He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that threw the world; He mental breadth, nor fall in childish care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind; Till, at the last, she set herself to man, Like perfect equals, side by side, and re- And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time, Side by side, full summed in all their powers, Dispensing harvest, sowing the seed, Self-reverent each and reverencing each, But like each other's life, and each to love; Then comes the staccato Eden back to men; Then comes the world's great births, chaste and calm; Then springs the crowning race of humankind. May these things be. "My love, love, what magic spell is thrown Over you, you face? You charm I own. Whence come these pure and peartly teeth? Thy rosy lips! Thy perfumed breath!" she said, in accents sweet and clear, "Tis only SOZODONT, my dear."

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