THEY CAN'T BEAT HIM IN THE MUD.

LUCKY DOG RAN CIRCLES AROUND HIS FIELD IN THE RACE YESTERDAY.

CHARLES A WAS FORTUNATE.

OLD WILD OATS HAD A NEW LEASE OF LIFE AND WON THE STEEPLECHASE.

The track was muddy yesterday but did not impair the sport, the races all being well contested. There were six races on the card, three being taken by favorites and three by outsiders in the betting.

The mile race gave Lucky Dog, the giant son of Darebin, an opportunity to show what a really great horse he is in muddy going—without doubt the best in America. The long price of 9 to 10 was obtainable against him in the ring. There was little to choose in the price for the place between

Royal Flush and Thornhill. While at the post Lucky Dog gave an exhibition of his temper, which is not the best, unseating his rider, Walker, during one of his antics and stepping on him. He luckily escaped injury. Thornhill on the outside beat the flag a couple of lengths and led the favorite past the quarter and down the back stretch. Nearing the half pole Walker let out a link with the favorite and it was all over. With his tremendous strides he smothered his field and won galloping by three lengths. In a drive Thornhill secured the place from Royal Flush by a length.

Centurion disposed of his field with ease in the opening dash of five furlongs, starting with 7 to 10 against him. Riley Grannan threw in a lot of money on Middleton, Bookmaker Rose's broken-winded racer,

who loomed up very promising for a while, finally finishing third, a head behind Fleetwood.

They were an uncertain lot that went to the post in the second race, a five and a half furlong run, and about everthing in it received some support. McFarlane, carrying seventy-four pounds, was sent to the post a sort of doubtful favorite, with threes against him. Carmel probably carried about as much money on his chances as any of the starters at 4 to 1. Advance tried to run away with the race and came very near being successful. Leading into the stretch by three lengths, he quit nearing the wire and was passed by Annie Moore and Carmel, the former coming like a shot, winning by nearly three lengths.

It was well for the backers of the even-money favorite, Charles A. in the third

race, that Griffin beat the flag nearly three lengths, or they might have been tearing up instead of cashing tickets. There was a delay of over half an hour at the post, caused principally by Johnny Payne. When the flag finally fell, Griffin on the favorite was off clear of his field, and was never headed, although he had to hustle him along at the finish to stall off Condé, the second choice, beating him but a head. Terra Nova, at 30 to 1, finished a fair third.

Old Wild Oats, who has been racing since the spring of '50, won the steeplechase in a drive from Mero, backed down from 10 to 1 to fours. Comrade, the 7 to 5 favorite, led until nearing the last jump, when he died away and was passed by Mero, who looked a sure winner until collared by Wild Oats.

Ross and Realization were the good things in the last race, but Mainstay spoiled everything by winning in a gallop with 6 to 1 against him. The five furlongs was run in 1:03¼. Realization finished behind him and Sir Richard third.

Betting throughout the day was only fair, but will undoubtedly improve as the track dries up. MULHOLLAND.

SUMMARY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28, 1895.

662. FIRST RACE—Five furlongs; selling; purse $250.

Ind.	Horse, weight, jockey.	St.	½	Str.	Fin.
604	Centurion, 102 (Griffin)	4	2h	22	11
659	Fleetwood, 91 (R. Isom)	5	53	31	2h
645	Middleton, 104 (Sloan)	1	3h	1½	33
	Tiny, 81 (Trimlets)	7	6½	66	45
645	Raphael, 100 (Chevalier)	3	43	52	58
651	J O C, 106 (L. Lloyd)	2	76	74	61
635	Harry Kuhl, 104 (Crossin)	8	8	8	73
639	Kingsley, 112 (F. Carr)	6	1h	41	8

Good start. Won easily. Time, 1:05½. Winner, ch. g. by imp. Cheviot-Lizzie P.

Betting: Centurion 7 to 10, Middleton 16 to 5, Fleetwood 10 to 1, Raphael 20 to 1, Tiny 100 to 1, Harry Kuhl 100 to 1, Kingsley 12 to 1.

663. SECOND RACE—Five and a half furlongs, selling; three-year-olds and upward; purse $300.

Ind.	Horse, weight, jockey.	St.	½	Str.	Fin.
635	Annie Moore, 91 (Chevalier)	4	51	21	12
628	Carmel, 95 (Burns)	9	8½	4h	2h
653	Advance, 96 (Sloan)	3	21	13	31
592	Pescador, 111 (Burlingame)	7	91	71	42
640	Chiquito, 91 (A. Isom)	10	10	62	51
615	Gold Dust, 97 (Hinrichs)	1	61	8h	66
653	McFarlane, 76 (Frawley)	6	4½	5h	7h
635	Tobey, 83 (Riley)	8	7h	92	8h
586	Barcaldine, 89 (R. Isom)	2	1h	10	91
504	Crawford, 90 (Davis)	5	31	3h	10

Fair start. Won driving. Time, 1:12. Winner, ch. m., by Regent-Norma.

Betting: Annie Moore 6 to 1, Carmel 4 to 1, Advance 15 to 1, Barcaldine 8 to 1, Tobey 10 to 1, Crawford 15 to 1, Chiquito 6 to 1, Gold Dust 15 to 1, Pescador 10 to 1, McFarlane 3 to 1.

664. THIRD RACE—Five and a half furlongs; selling; three-year-olds and upward; purse $300.

Ind.	Horse, weight, jockey.	St.	½	Str.	Fin.
484	Charles A, 104 (Griffin)	1	13	12	1n
640	Conde, 105 (R. Isom)	3	21½	21	22
(637)	Terra Nova, 100 (McAuliffe)	5	41	31½	31
640	May McCarthy, 97 (W. Flynn)	7	51½	42	42
648	Faro, 106 (Shaw)	2	31	51	54
648	Johnny Payne, 95 (A. Isom)	8	73	64	612
628	Harry Lewis, 86 (Frawley)	4	6h	71	74
648	Boreas, 95 (Sloan)	6	8	8	8

Bad start. Won driving. Time, 1:10. Winner, blk c., by John A-Early Rose.

Betting: Charles A 4 to 5, Conde 13 to 5, Terra Nova 30 to 1, Faro 10 to 1, May McCarthy 12 to 1, Harry Lewis 40 to 1, Johnny Payne 60 to 1, Boreas 10 to 1.

665. FOURTH RACE—One mile; all ages; purse $400.

Ind.	Horse, weight, jockey.	St.	½	Str.	Fin.
649	Lucky Dog, 120 (Walker)	5	11½	13	13
(592)	Thornhill, 115 (P. Carr)	1	22	2h	21
(650)	Royal Flush, 109 (Griffin)	2	33	36	34
636	Arno, 81 (Butler)	3	410	412	420
597	Sue Abbott, 90 (Riley)	4	5	5	5

Fair start. Won easily. Time, 1:44. Winner, br. h., by imp. Darebin-Lou Lanier.

Betting: Lucky Dog 4 to 5, Thornhill 16 to 5, Royal Flush 7 to 2, Arno 20 to 1, Sue Abbott 100 to 1.

666. FIFTH RACE—"Short course"; about one and a half miles; steeplechase; selling; non-winners; purse $300.

Ind.	Horse, weight, jockey.	St.	½	Str.	Fin.
632	Wild Oats, 135 (Hennessy)	6	3h	2h	1h
632	Mero, 135 (Seaman)	1	2½	11	212
632	King Sam, 130 (W. Clancy)	4	4	3½	31
648	Comrade, 130 (W. Hill)	3	12	415	420
651	Prince, 135 (Cairns)	2	5	5	5
632	Wicklow, 133 (Galindo)	5	fell		

Good start. Won driving. Time, 3:27¼. Winner, b. g., by Wildidle-May Givens.

Betting: Wild Oats 4 to 1, Mero 2 to 1, King Sam 6 to 1, Prince 10 to 1, Comrade 7 to 5, Wicklow 20 to 1.

667. SIXTH RACE—Five furlongs; selling; purse $300.

Ind.	Horse, weight, jockey.	St	½	Str.	Fin.
650	Mainstay, 97 (Sloan)	3	1h	12	13
656	Realization, 95 (R. Isom)	4	35	2½	28
650	Sir Richard, 99 (N. Hill)	5	5	48	32
(640)	Ross, 100 (Griffin)	2	2h	35	48
566	Braw Scot, 96 (Hinrichs)	1	4½	5	5

Good start. Won easily. Time, 1:03¼. Winner, ch. c., by imp. Mariner-Queen Emma.

Betting: Mainstay 6 to 1, Realization 2 to 1, Sir Richard 4 to 1, Ross 2 to 1, Braw Scot 5 to 1.

Around the Ring.

Griffin rode two winners yesterday.

Bookmaker Walter held Lucky Dog out in his book and played him on the outside.

Although beaten Thornhill ran a great race.

Pittsburg Phil played Centurion heavy in the first race, and would have made a killing had Boreas won. He thought Ross a good thing for the place in the last race which cost him a good-sized bet.

Abe Levy played Charles A and Lucky Dog, and cashed some nice-looking tickets.

Grannan made the bookies cut the price against Barcaldine.

Following are the starters in to-day's running events:

First race, five-eighths of a mile, selling—Charger 96, Zamloch 119, Tyrena 92, C M C 106, Gracie S 110, Sloe 100, Monroe 92, Redwood 106, Claude 96, Middleton 106.

Second race, five-eighths of a mile, selling, two-year-olds—Hagar 99, Red Pike 109, Ouida filly 95, Jongleuse filly 95, Joan 107, Pansy 107, City Girl 99, Eleazar 100.

Third race, one mile, selling—Idaho Chief 96, The Lark 93, Grandee 100, Ingomar 105, Carmel 96, Sir Walter 110.

Fourth race, three-quarters of a mile, handicap—Don Fulano 115, Jack Richelieu 108, Quirt 97, Vigor 96, Arnette 87.

Fifth race, about three-quarters of a mile, selling—Little Bob 88, Centurion 101, Claire 95, Warrago 95, Mutineer 97, Tobey 90, Remus 100, Raindrop 106, McFarlane 94.

Sixth race, three-quarters of a mile, selling—Boreas 95, My Sweetheart 96, Hirsmargo 100, Arctic 104, Mahogany 97, Roadrunner 108, San Lucas 97, Ledalia 100, San Luis Rey 97.

LOS ANGELES ENTRIES.

A Grand Lot of Horses Entered in the Different Events.

That Los Angeles will have a great race meet during the La Fiesta celebration in April can be seen by looking over the grand lot of entries for the different events. Outside of the best horses in Southern California, many of the best horses now quartered at the Bay District track will contest for the liberal purses offered. The presence of the formidable Spreckels string may deter some of the owners from making the trip, but there will be no lack of starters.

Following are the entries in the different events:

The Newton handicap, one mile, for three-year-olds and upward—Whitestone, Duke Stevens, Midas, Articus, Royal Flush, Polaski, Red Root, Emma Mack, Sympathetic's Last, Cadmus, Candid, Bridal Veil, Mr. Jingle, imp. Grand Lady, Blizzard, Captain Coster, Centinella, Red Head, Johnny Caperon, Ben H, Little Cripple, Garcia, Thelma, Eckert and Genet Edwards.

The Los Angeles Futurity, a sweepstake for two-year-olds, four furlongs—Veva, Von Dunk, Marionette, Tiny, Miss Utt, Dancing Girl, Jim Budd, Idalia gelding, Jongleuse filly, Ramble, Pique, Lucille, Monitor, Donna Carlotta, Mamie Mack, Walter J. Sargotell, La Paloma, Sieva, Reina di Luna, Sorena, Prince Hooker, Nellie Post colt, Linda Vista filly, Tonino, Queen Lilly and Ensuida.

The Hoffman stakes, for all ages, five furlongs—Tim Murphy, Duke Stevens, Midas, Venus, Playful, Hal Fisher, Emma D, Realization, Gallant, Pat Murphy, Bridal Veil, Claequer, Robin Hood II, Contribution, Royal Flush, Centinella, Itata, Hymn, Cabrillo, Garcia, Hueneme, Tobey, imported Paramatta.

La Fiesta Derby for three-year-olds, one mile and seventy yards—Hanford, Headflower, Pat Murphy, Gallant, Playful, Ike L, Arnette, Midas, Lottie Collins, Captain Coster, Red Head, Juan Barnard, Johnny Caperon, Sunrise, Cabrillo, Eckert and Genet Edwards.

The Fire Chiefs' stake for three-year-olds and upward, six furlongs—Polaski, Articus Playful, Ike L, imp. Grand Lady, Midas, Venus, Sue Abbott, Blizzard, Tim Murphy, Centinella, Juan Barnard, Johnny Caperon, Ben H, Miss Willoughby, Itata, Hymn, Thelma, Cabrillo, Hueneme, Tobey, imp. Paramatta, Emma D, Hanford, Pat Murphy, Gallant, Candid, Bridal Veil and Genet Edward.

The Speculation handicap, a sweepstake for two-year-olds, four and a half furlongs—Walter J, Mamie Mack, Monitor, Ramble, Pique, Lucille, Ravelston, Idalia gelding, Jim Budd, Jongleuse filly, Miss Utt, Donna Carlotta, Tiny, Dancing Girl, Marionette, Von Dunk, Veva, Nellie Post colt, Linda Vista filly, Sargittell, La Paloma, Sieva, Reina di Luna, Sorena, Peru, Prince Hooker, Tonino, Queen Lilly and Alvaro.

The Citrus Belt handicap, a sweepstake for three-year olds and upwsrd, one and an eighth miles—Hanford, Cadmus, Candid, Bridal Veil, Emma Mack, Mr. Jingle, Red Root, Polaski, Articus, Grand Lady, Trix, Midas, Centinella, Little Cripple, Duke Stevens, Thelma, Garcia, Whitestone, Eckert, Captain Coter, Genet Edwards and Blizzard.

Was Married to Lambert.

John A. Mahanny, father of Gertie Mahanny, who went with Lambert, the defaulting Oakland clerk, to Honolulu, says that his daughter is the fugitive's wife. They were married by contract, Mr. Mahanny says, three weeks previous to Lambert's flight.

An Odd Request.

Science is about to profit by the will of an old man who died in Vienna on Tuesday morning at the age of 92. His name was Teiti, and he left his whole fortune—with the exception of some bequests to faithful servants, to pension funds and to a children's hospital—to the Academy of Sciences for scientific research in astronomy, the exploration of the earth and physics and chemistry. This he did as he said in his will, "for the greater glory of God, that men and women may become happier by being more cultured and educated, and also for the simplification of medical science," whatever that may mean. The smaller bequests amount to over £23,000, and what is left all goes to the academy. This will be considerably over £80,000. The old man went to Vienna poor and unprotected over seventy years ago and earned his fortune in commerce, but never lived as if he were rich. He had a little lodging in the fourth story of one of his houses, and occupied it in the winter with a housekeeper and servant. In the summer he had a little cottage at Hietzing, to which he always rode in an omnibus. He had neither kith nor kin, and his scientific propensities were unknown to his very best friends. But it appears that he was fond of making physical and mathematical experiments, of testing watches by the movements of the stars, and so forth. But he was only a self-educated man from first to last, and his will reads like a document composed 100 years ago. It will be difficult to apply his money to the purposes he had in his mind, as the will allows of very different interpretations.—London Daily News.

Coquelin a Warwick in Reality.

M. Coquelin, who in his time has played so many parts, is made to appear in the new one of a sort of kingmaker by some of the French papers. But for him, it is said, the present President of the French republic would never have attained to his elevated position. It was in this wise: Twenty years ago M. Felix Faure, then a respectable tradesman at Havre, used to run up to town now and then, and when he did he seldom failed to go to the Comedie Francaise. In the greenroom, to which he obtained access through a friend, he made the acquaintance of M. Coquelin. The actor, as is well known, was one of M. Gambetta's most intimate friends. One day M. Coquelin said to M. Faure: "Come and see me between the first and second acts, and I will introduce you to some one who will be interested to know you." The "some one" was M. Gambetta, who afterward induced M. Faure to enter upon a parliamentary career, and helped him forward in it.—London Daily News.

PLAIN and silver-mounted leather goods. All new styles for spring trade have arrived, including pocket-books, card-cases, valises, etc. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street. *

FENTON GIVEN THE DECISION.

THERE ARE CRIES OF "FOUL" WHEN CONNELLY MAKES A WILD PUNCH.

STRUCK HARD ON THE GROIN.

A THOUSAND PERSONS WITNESS A FURIOUS FIFTEEN-ROUND FIGHT IN THE RING.

BOSTON, MASS., March 28.—In the presence of 1000 people, at the Suffolk Athletic Club to-night, Paddy Fenton of East Boston was given a decision over Eddie Connelly, the St. Johns wonder, in the last round of a fifteen-round contest.

Two minutes and thirty seconds had elapsed in the fifteenth round when Connelly punched Fenton in the groin. Fenton staggered and dropped his arms, and, amid cries of "foul" and excitement among the seconds, the gong clanged and Referee Spencer Williams announced that he awarded the contest to Fenton.

Both weighed 125 pounds.

AT THE MATINEE'S RACES.

A Large Crowd Visit Montgomery Park and Assist Charity.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 28.—The matinee races, the proceeds of which are to be distributed among local charities, drew a good crowd to Montgomery Park to-day. There was no betting, the interest being confined to getting a line on some of the stake horses that have been wintering here.

Three furlongs, Zanone won, Mahoney second, Rosalind third. Time, :38.

Four furlongs, Martha R won, Florence second, Marguerite third. Time, :52.

Four furlongs, Phillippa colt won, Blue Light second, Warren Perk third. Time, :51¾.

Five furlongs, Lady Pepper won, Outbreak second, La Pavan third. Time, 1:05¼.

Six furlongs, Lenor won, The Queen second, Trifiacial third. Time, 1:18.

One mile, over four hurdles, Mariner won, Templemore second, Rolder third. Time, 1:54.

ONE OF HIS TIRES RUINED.

Robert Coffey Delayed in His Ride to Pueblo.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 28.—Robert Coffey, the young man who started on a bicycle for Pueblo, Colo., Tuesday morning, did not get to Topeka Tuesday night, as he expected. When a few miles west of White Church, this county, he met with an accident which ruined one of the rubber tires of his wheel and he had to dismount and push his machine back to Kansas City, Kans., for repairs. He made a second start and it is supposed that this time he got along all right.

No Boxing in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 28.—The jury in the case of Charles McKeever, Charles McCarty and Jack Fogarty, charged with engaging in a prize-fight at Winter Circus building, January 24 and 26 last, found a verdict of guilty this morning, after being out two hours. This will put an end to boxing in this city. Fogarty, McKeever and McCarthy were each held in $1000 bail to keep the peace in the jurisdiction of this court and outside of it.

The Ardary Horse Sale.

PITTSBURG, PA., March 28.—The Ardary horse sale attracted a large crowd of horsemen to-day. Ravel, a black mare with a record of 2:11¼, was sold to Samuel Noble of Pittsburg for $4027; Daisy Blue and Emil Wilkes, a team owned by J. Hall of Columbus, O., went to a man named Joyce of Columbus for $1500.

Oxford and Cambridge Challenged.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 28.—S. Murdock Kendrick of the University of Pennsylvania, president of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, to-day sent a challenge to Oxford and Cambridge for a field and track meeting between the winners of the meet in England in next July of those two colleges, and the following meet at Mott Haven.

Ryan and Smith to Meet.

NEW YORK, N. Y., March 28.—Manager Jim Kennedy of the Seaside Athletic Club has arranged for a twenty-five-round glove contest between Tommy Ryan, the American welter-weight champion, and "Mysterious" Billy Smith. April 29 is the date selected. Smith's manager says that this will in no way interfere with Billy's meeting the winner of the Walcott-Dunn bout.

Racing at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 28.—Track fast. Five furlongs, Norman won, Sir John second, Maquon third. Time, 1:02.

Seven furlongs, Jennie W won, Euna second, Miss Knott third. Time, 1:29.

Six furlongs, Princess Rose won, Anna K second, Buckeye third. Time, 1:17½.

One mile, Ixion won, Hot Spur second, Decapod third. Time, 1:43¾.

Six furlongs, Erstwhile won, Verd second, Johnny McHale third. Time, 1:15½.

Exciting Wrestling.

DECORAH, IOWA, March 28.—A wrestling match between "Strangler" Lewis and McMillan, champion wrestler in this city, to-night was won by Lewis in three out of four falls. Time, 7, 13 and 10 minutes. McMillan won the third fall in 22 minutes. The match was very exciting.

Miner Wins the Match.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 28.—Harry England and Bob Miner met on the mat here to-night. Miner won the first fall in 5 minutes. England won the second in 2 minutes. Miner won the third and the match in 4 minutes.

Did Not Throw Simcoe.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 28.—Max Luttberg, who agreed to throw all comers in fifteen minutes, catch-as-catch-can style, did not succeed in throwing John Simcoe here to-night in that time.

Effect of the War on Tea.

Some far-looking people who are interested in the tea trade have been considering how the trade is likely to be affected in the long run by the war which is unhappily going on between China and her neighbor, Japan. Of course, during the progress of hostilities, the cultivation and preparation of tea for the market by the Chinese must receive a serious check, but how will it be afterward? Will the striking advantages of the European methods as exemplified in the success of the Japanese forces make the Chinese more amenable to Western ideas, and will this have the effect of stimulating the output of Chinese tea in competition with Ceylon and Indian teas through the introduction of machinery? If the Times of Ceylon is to be trusted, the Ceylon planters are in no fear of increased competition from this quarter. It is pointed out that machinery always finds it difficult to compete with efficient coolie labor, and that in China it costs almost nothing to grow, pluck and manufacture tea, seeing that the work is done by the owners of a few bushes in their spare moments. Moreover, even if the output of Chinese tea were largely increased, there is no evidence that it would find an increased market in England, at any event. Ceylon tea has greater strength and pungency than China tea, and English consumers prefer it in consequence, although in other countries the same preference is not shown, at least in so marked a degree.—London Daily News.

WEATHER AFFECTS HEALTH.

Factory Accidents Are More Frequent in Bad Weather.

J. S. Lemon notices the very great influence of weather on the health and temperament, and through them the customs and habits of men of all ages. This is reflected in the salutations of all nations, in their religious ideas, particularly in their conceptions of the future life, and a thousand petty details of everyday existence. It affects even crime. Suicide is known to depend largely on the weather, and it has been calculated that in India 48 per cent of certain crimes disappear when hot weather gives place to cold. The health of idiots and those afflicted with acute mania is especially dependent upon weather, and its effect on the nervous system is such that many people can anticipate weather changes from their own feelings. Accidents in factories are said to be much more frequent in bad weather than in good, and physiological phenomena like knee-jerk seem to be dependent on it in some measure. Its effect on the appetite is well known, and tea-tasters, who have cultivated the sense of taste till it has become almost abnormal, say that in good weather this sense is more delicate than in bad weather. No systematic study of all these facts and relations has yet been made, but such a study would doubtless well repay the investigator.—American Journal of Psychology.

HER MISTAKE.

Right Idea Came to Her, but It Was Too Late to Be of Any Use.

She sat right opposite a bashful-looking young man in a Jefferson-avenue car and looked at him so steadily for five minutes that he grew impatient. Finally she shifted the market-basket, two bundles and a stalk of celery to the seat beside her and leaned over and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but isn't your name Biggs?"

"No, madam," he said, blushing.

"Then you're not a son of Hiram Hartley Biggs of East Saginaw?"

"I am not."

"Not Hiram Biggs' nephew or cousin?"

"No."

"Name isn't even Biggs?" she urged, persuasively.

"It is not."

"Well, I thought fer sure you was one of 'em. I never saw such a family likeness!"

The victim smiled that uncertain smile which is played, like trumps, when in doubt, and there was a welcome silence for three blocks. Then the owner of the market basket leaned over once more:

"It seems to me you favor ole Mrs. Biggs more'n you do Hiram," she said.

"Ah?"

"Yes. She was a Higgins. You have her eyes and hair. There is a Biggs look though, sure enough," she added reflectively, inspecting the young man still more critically.

"Born in East Saginaw, weren't you?" she inquired suddenly.

"No."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"Well, 'tain't chance," she declared emphatically, "and if I had three blocks more we'd get at the bottom of this. I'm sorry I have to get off here," she added, as she gathered up the market basket, the two bundles and the stalk of celery and started for the door.

"Too bad, ain't it, to leave it unsettled like that?" she said regretfully to the conductor, as she climbed off the car.

But the young man didn't think so. He looked as if he had shaken a brick off his devoted head, and even the conductor seemed relieved as he started up the car again.

"Hold on, conductor," screamed the friend of all the Biggses, dropping the market basket, two bundles and stalk of celery on the track and hurrying after the car.

"It might be on his mother's side," she said breathlessly; "ask him was his mother a Popham, or did—" but the car was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

Man, Monkeys and Primates.

It is among the great group of the Primates, which includes both man and the other monkeys, that the development of the hand reaches its highest point; so much so, indeed, that the Primates as a group might almost be described as the hand-possessing animals. Yet as some vagueness appears to exist in the minds of persons who have not yet acquired the higher culture, at Girton or elsewhere, as to the precise meaning of this biological term, I will venture to explain that it is the modern name for all that vast group of leading mammals most nearly related to ourselves, and comprising not only the apes and monkeys, but also the lemurs, the ayeayes and the bats.

I am thus precise in my definition, because experience shows that ecclesiastical preconceptions may lead to error in the use of the word. Has not Mr. Lefanu recorded the story of the Irishman who saw in a case at the museum of the College of Surgeons the skeleton of a gibbon just three feet high under the label "Primates"? He drew back in surprise. "Ah," said he, "and who'd have thought, now, they'd have made such a little fellow Archbishop of Armagh!"—The Cornhill Magazine.

Fretting Under the Law.

There is said to be a law in this State making it an offense to give away any object or thing as an inducement to purchase other things, for example, to give away a picture with every certain amount of other things purchased. There was once a law which made it an offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, but was strangely silent about kissing some other man's wife. Many a man still living can remember when it was not permissible to open the theaters in Boston on Saturday evenings, and there was a law to punish any dissipated individual found smoking on the street. Some of these fantastic old legal freaks have been done away with, but there are some communities which, like some individuals, require an unconscionable time to get wide awake.—Boston Traveller.

The number of hairs on the adult's head usually ranges from 128,000 to 150,000.

"If you don't take Langley's Directory, you don't get the names."

CALIFORNIA'S STORY BY A PIONEER.

WILLIAM HEATH DAVIS TELLING WHAT HE KNOWS OF THE EARLY STATE.

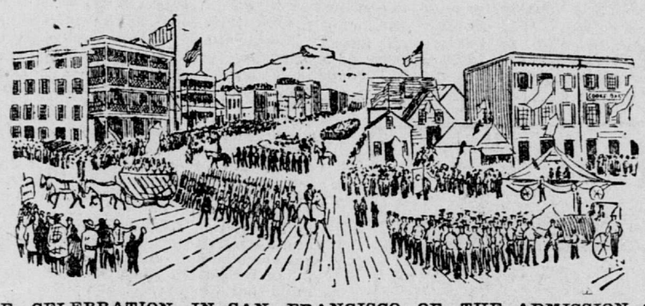
IN TWO LARGE VOLUMES.

HE HAS BEEN ENGAGED UPON IT FOR FIVE YEARS WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

In two large tin boxes in an upper room of a house in the 600 block on Montgomery street lies the manuscript of a personal history of California. Should the house burn down and those two boxes be destroyed the labor of the author for five years would be lost.

It is the work of William Heath Davis, one of the pioneers of the pioneers. He is the author already of a work famous among California books—"Sixty Years in California."

The work in preparation will bear the same name and will be an amplification of the earlier work, in two large volumes. The earlier work of Mr. Davis practically created the demand for the later, as the edition being exhausted, his audience clamored for more of the same.



THE CELEBRATION IN SAN FRANCISCO OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA TO STATEHOOD. THE PICTURE IS TAKEN FROM CALIFORNIA STREET LOOKING DOWN MONTGOMERY. THE BUILDING ON THE CORNER TO THE LEFT IS THAT BUILT BY MR. DAVIS.

[*From an illustration in William Heath Davis' forthcoming history.*]

Mr. Davis' book is the story of his own experiences, and is knowledge therefore at first hand. It is the story of what his eyes saw and his ears heard. Next to Alfred Robinson, Mr. Davis is perhaps the oldest of the living pioneers—that is to say his arrival here dates further back, not that his years are more, for, though an old man, as his "Sixty Years in California" must indicate, he is still a man in the full vigor of life.

Mr. Davis arrived in California in 1831 on the bark Louisa from Boston and has remained here continuously since, except when away on business. He was first employed as a clerk for Nathan Spear and afterward for Petty & McKinley. Before 1849 he had begun business for himself. He saw the first steamer enter the bay of San Francisco on the 28th of February, 1849, bringing some 300 or 400 eager goldhunters. Of that passenger list Mr. Davis says not more than eight or nine survive. Among these are Dr. A. B. Stout, ex-Surveyor-General Pratt, Henry F. Williams and General D. W. C. Thompson, now commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Yountville.

In the fall of '49 Mr. Davis leased his building at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets to the firm of Bleecker, Van Dyke & Belden for the modest rental of $2500 a month, or $30,000 a year. He moved a little further uptown to the corner of Montgomery and California streets, where he built the first brick building in the city of San Francisco. It was three stories in height, with ample porticos across the face of each. This building was afterward leased to the Government as a customs-house for a rental of $3000 a month, or $36,000 a year.

As showing that even these big rents were not the top figures Mr. Davis says that Bleeker, Van Dyke and Belden, although using the principal storeroom in the building they had leased of him as an auction-house, cut the balance of it up into offices and probably made as much more out of it as they paid him.

The fire of the 3d and 4th of May, 1851, burned the heart of the city and destroyed Mr. Davis' buildings, as well as a big and valuable stock of merchandise. He subsequently went to Alameda County and engaged in raising cattle and horses.

In the '70's he conceived the idea of writing the history of California, which he undertook but did not complete until 1889. The book was printed and published here and attracted wide attention and such favorable comment that the suggestion was made that it be adopted as a textbook in the public schools. The edition was soon exhausted and then friends urged the author to enlarge its scope. He began and has prosecuted the work steadily through the past five years, and now has MSS. for two large volumes, comprising 1,200,000 words. He is hard engaged going over the matter revising and touching up. The writing is partially completed.

The work is to be elaborately illustrated with pen drawings by E. Wyttenbach.

The fact that the author was himself a part of all he tells about gives a living interest and charm to the work which no mere historian coming after could impart.

The story of the founding and the rise of the city of San Francisco, told by the man, still an active factor in its affairs, who built the first brick building, is very like an "Arabian Nights" tale.

Many and strange were the personal experiences of the author, and his descriptions of every-day life right here on this ground and throughout the State reads much like the tale of some foreign land.

The population of the department of California about 1838-39 was probably from 10,000 to 12,000, exclusive of Indians, who numbered about 20,000 christianized.

Besides indulgence in music and dancing, the men of those days found their recreation, as they did their occupation, chiefly on horseback. Horse-racing was one of their favorite amusements, which they occasionally enjoyed, especially on the saints' feast days, which were general holidays. The vaqueros were then relieved from duty, wore their best clothes, and were allowed to mount the best horses and to have their sport. These races were usually from 200 to 400 yards, and participated in only by two horses at a time. Bets were made in cattle and horses, and large numbers of animals were lost and won on these occasions. At times one hundred up to several hundred head of cattle were bet on the result of a single short race. They generally put up their vaquillas (heifers). They had no money to wager, but plenty of cattle. Sometimes horses were also bet, but not often. There was on one occasion a famous race at Los Angeles of nine miles between the horses of two wealthy fancheros, and an immense amount of property changed hands on the race—cattle and horses, mostly the former. This race attracted quite a large crowd of people, and was considered a great affair for that day.

The bull fight was usually held on one of the saints' days. The bull was turned into an inclosure; and the horsemen would then come in, mounted on their best animals, and fight the bull for the entertainment of the spectators, killing him finally. Sometimes a bear and a bull fight would take place. Another amusement they had at the killing season at the matanza spot. When cattle were slaughtered, bears came to the place at night to feast on the meat that was left after the hides and tallow were taken. The bears coming, the rancheros, with vaqueros, would go there for the purpose of lassoing them. This was one of their greatest sports, highly exciting and dangerous; but the bear always got the worst of it. One would lasso a bear by the neck another would lasso the same beast by the hind foot; and then, pulling in different directions the poor bear was soon strained and strangled to death. Sometimes half a dozen or more would be taken in a single night in this way.

THE FAULT OF THE GRIP.

He Made a Mistake in Tackling the Boss Under the Circumstances.

He was standing on a street corner, looking very disconsolate, when a friend asked what troubled him.

"Looking for a new job," he said shortly.

"What was the matter with the one you had?" asked the friend.

"Grip," he replied.

"Lost your grip?"

"No, got it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," he said, in an explanatory way, "the grip is very trying to a man's temper, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You never saw a man with the grip in good humor, did you?"

"No."

"Well, I made a trifling mistake."

"Yes."

"And the boss said something to me about it."

"Of course."

"And I said something to him."

"Yes."

"We both had the grip at the time."

"Well, what else?"

"Nothing else. He's looking for a new clerk and I'm looking for a new boss. Men can get along all right, but when two cases of grip come together there's always trouble."—Chicago Post.

AN ARTIST'S SUDDEN DEATH.

EUGENE TANIERE'S BRAINS DASHED OUT ON FULTON STREET YESTERDAY.

HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS BICYCLE AND RAN INTO AN IRON BOILER.

Eugene Taniere, the artist, met with a very sudden death yesterday afternoon. Recently he purchased a bicycle, and all his leisure time was taken up in learning how to ride it. He went out to the park in the morning, and after a spin to the Cliff House, and back to the Haight-street terminus of the car line he started for home.

All went well until he reached Fulton street. That thoroughfare, in the vicinity of Steiner street, is not in good repair, and the contractors have been at work laying down bituminous rock. The boiler and necessary appliances are stationed at the corner of Fulton and Fillmore streets, and everything was in full blast yesterday afternoon. After crossing Steiner street Taniere lost control of his machine and went down Fulton street at a break-neck pace. At the crossing of Fulton and Fillmore streets the bicycle swerved and crashed into the boiler. The machine was a complete wreck and Taniere had his brains knocked out against one of the iron wheels of the boiler. He was carried into the nearest drugstore, but no medical assistance was required, as death must have been almost instantaneous.

Taniere was well known among the artistic fraternity in San Francisco and the news of his sudden death will come as a shock to his numerous friends.

R. Hubbard of 1917 Mission street was an eye-witness of the tragedy, and it was

The Dead Artist and His Broken Wheel

[*Sketched by a "Call" artist.*]

he who reported the matter to the Morgue. "Mr. Taniere apparently got along all right," said he, "until he was within half a block of Fillmore street. Then something went wrong and he came flying down the grade. Being a beginner, he got rattled, I suppose, and lost control of the machine. He crashed into the bituminous rock boiler, and when we picked him up he was dead." The inquest on the remains will be held to-day.

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ITS TRACES LINGER LONG.

Why the Grip Is So Much More Feared Than Many Other Diseases That Affect Us.

If the grip would run its course like another disease and then go away, leaving no trace behind, it would still be dangerous enough to justify all the precautions against it. But the evil that grip does lives after it. People who can't digest their food and complain of cold hands and feet, or of shattered nerves, or are tormented by a persistent cough, say: "I have never been well since I had the grip."

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