

The San Francisco Call

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A QUESTION OF HONOR.

The Fair will controversy, although as yet only in its incipency, has already become one of the notable cases of California. It is, in a certain sense, a public matter, by reason of the amount of property affected; by reason, also, of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the latest efforts to probate the various alleged last wills of the deceased millionaire; and, in a still more delicate sense, by reason of the family and trust relations involved in the administration and distribution of this vast estate as it was the final, but as yet undetermined, intent of its testator that it should be done. Every step in the proceedings therefore has been and will be matter of immediate public interest and concern because of the legal and moral precedents which may be created for the making and breaking of dead men's wills and for the execution or betrayal of the trusts which they may seem to impose.

Ever since the production of that alleged will of Senator Fair which was most recently offered for probate, there have been vague rumors of a compromise between the children of the decedent and the executors or trustees under the "stolen" will. These rumors have taken definite form within the past few days, and it is broadly stated that the children of Senator Fair have offered to each of the executors a much larger amount of money than they could hope to realize in fees from the estate, if they would agree to retire from the field and permit the first-offered will to be broken and the last-produced document to be sustained. Dame Rumor has it that while some of the executors have been willing to acquiesce in this arrangement Attorney Goodfellow holds out and firmly refuses to consider the proposition upon the ground that he believes that the stolen will is the valid one and is bound in honor to so maintain.

Without in any way, by sign or argument, intimating an opinion with respect to the merits of either of the proposed wills of Senator Fair, we respectfully submit that from every standpoint of law and of morals Mr. Goodfellow is right in his position, and that for himself or his associates to retreat from it would be a public dishonor as well as a private disgrace. If the document which was first offered for probate is the last will of Senator Fair, the executors named therein have been invested with a trust which it is their sacred and solemn duty to carry out to the last letter of the dead man's desire. If, on the other hand, the instrument last presented be the latest expression of Senator Fair's intention, then the gentlemen first named as his executors are not so in fact; and, if some of them are so, it is with far less extended functions than they were to exercise under the other instrument.

The whole issue in the controversy is therefore practically whether the gentlemen, who for convenience may be styled "the executors," sustain or do not sustain the relation of trustees toward the property and the children of the late Senator Fair.

Can any of the parties to the controversy afford to make this issue a matter of bargain and sale, and if so is the public, and its representative, the press, expected to look with approval upon such a proceeding? We say decidedly not. These executors are the trustees of Senator Fair or they are not. Their paltry commission and compensation have nothing to do with the case. If they are, and should accept any sum however great to say that they are not, then would they be false to the trust which the dead man solemnly laid upon their consciences, and would also be guilty of the express crime of being the recipients of a bribe. If, on the contrary, the "penalty" will be valid, then they are not trustees at all and have no right to receive money from the estate for saying so. To take such money after thus claiming that the stolen will is the only valid one would be to plead guilty to an offense very like blackmail or extortion, and equally penal, if proven, to the offense of the taker of bribes.

There is no alternative of honor in this matter nor any position which, with decency, the executors can assume save that taken by Mr. Goodfellow. Across the narrow rift which separates the living from the dead is stretched the shadowy hand of him who doubtless left a last will and testament, to which, with pen or pencil, he subscribed the name of James G. Fair. If that name was written with a pen the shadow of the hand which held it is laid upon the executors of the will which that signature made valid as a solemn suggestion that their trust is not susceptible of sale for coin without the barter of their honor with it. If, on the other hand, the name was written in pencil to a penciled will, the shadowy hand is resting upon the heads of the children of the deceased millionaire, with an equally solemn warning not to sully the last will of their father with the suspicion that they bought silence from the executors in opposition to its validity.

In either case, if they are, or they ought to be, a question of honor, which cannot be compromised by means of a money transaction without also and forever compromising the parties to the affair.

It may be argued that compromises between interested parties to a litigation which bids fair to be protracted are to be favored, and in certain cases this is doubtless true. Such cases, however, are not those wherein the will of the dead has imposed an accepted trust upon the living, especially where that trust is of a character which, if imposed at all, was created with the utmost confidence that it would be executed to the letter on the part of its trustees. In a case of the kind and magnitude of the Fair will case the heirs can, with offers of coin, induce a body of men who believe and assert themselves to be trustees to abandon that belief and assertion and to lend themselves, by their silence at least, to the establishment as genuine of a will which up to the moment of their inducement they have averred to be a forgery, then, indeed, are wills and the trusts they seek to create vain and useless things; and trustees hereafter, having such precedent, may be hired with impunity to break faith with decedents, while above the doors of Probate courts may well be written Falstaff's homily: "What is honor? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died of Wednesday."

GOOD MUSIC AND GOOD TASTE.

Herr Scheel expresses the belief that only through the stage can the general public be made to respond to music of a higher order. As far as it goes this statement is true, but it needs qualification.

The fact that good music is to be placed upon the stage must be adequately performed or else it corrupts and demoralizes instead of elevates popular taste. "Robin Hood" or the "Mikado," given by singers of high opera, who render their parts pleasingly and in tune, is something that, while not exactly instructive from an artistic standpoint, is certainly not injurious.

Such performances can be listened to by critical audiences as a harmless recreation, just as ardent admirers of the classic drama can unbend occasionally and enjoy a well-performed farce-comedy.

But let the singers of light opera, or worse still, singers with the stamp of the variety artist attempt to render such works as Gounod's "Faust," or Bizet's "Carmen," and the performance at once becomes degrading to the taste of those people who fondly imagine they are hearing good music, because they are being treated to a travesty of grand opera. In intensely musical communities if the artists who are applauded to the echo in "La Fille de Madame Angot" were to attempt classical works the public would not thank them for giving refreshing glimpses of good music. On the contrary, they would be fiascoed for attempting to sing what is beyond their province to execute artistically.

In short the tendency to go into raptures over classical operas performed in an unclassical manner is what a community has to guard against more than against the enjoyment of trivial music, adequately performed, for in all art a trifling subject well rendered is better than the butchery of a classic by inferior execution. The first is only a triviale, the second is a blasphemy against the canons of art.

THE STOCKTON ROUTE.

The prompt decision of the directors of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad to select Stockton as the point for beginning the road shows that no dallying or delay of any kind is to be indulged in. Within sixty days the actual construction will be begun, as by that time the rails and other supplies which have been ordered will have been delivered. Proposals for supplying additional material will soon be called for, and the rapidly with which the line will be pushed southward over the level plains will surprise the State. The necessary initial steps having now been taken, the next cry will be, "On to Bakersfield!"

The condition of the people's road now is this: General subscriptions to stock, \$2,000,000; Stockton's subscription, \$100,000 for stock and \$100,000 in land, and the right of way through the city and for a considerable distance beyond, terminating at Stockton and San Francisco and land at Martinez for grain warehouses. In addition, contracts have been let for furnishing building material for the first section of the road.

All this has been accomplished so quickly that the people have hardly had time to realize the magnitude of the achievement. The selection of the route was the last of the great initial acts necessary to complete the outlines of the plan, and now that it is out of the way the pluck and enterprise of the people will undoubtedly respond readily and generously to the call of the directors for further subscriptions. The estimated total amount required is \$6,000,000. Nearly half of it has been already secured. The directors have already accomplished wonderful results; all that is needed now is a general exhibition of energy, promptness and patriotism equal to theirs.

Stockton has acquitted herself nobly. No sooner had the directors stated their terms than the Stockton Commercial Association, promptly and without a word of haggling or hesitation or a single dissenting voice, accepted them and proceeded at once to make their pledges effective. This shows that Californians, and particularly those who already have made so beautiful a city as Stockton, will do whenever given an opportunity.

The route south from Stockton has not been exactly determined, but it will traverse the most fertile part of the San Joaquin Valley, and immediately after leaving Stockton will tap a rich tract of 500,000 acres, which are being brought under irrigation. The tract is bounded by the 324,000,000 pounds of wheat from the region lying between it and Bakersfield, and sent out 203,000,000 pounds into the same territory. If all this freight, to say nothing of the passenger traffic, should be turned over to the new road the profits that would come from an investment in its shares would be apparent; and it is manifestly the duty of the shippers to pledge themselves at once to patronize the new road exclusively. Such a pledge would be the natural consequence of subscriptions to the stock, and it would be clearly in the interest of every shipper to acquire shares in the company.

The plans of the company with regard to rail connection with San Francisco will probably be formulated and put into operation before the principal part of the road is completed. Meanwhile, the land-owners in the San Joaquin Valley have an eminent duty to perform. A right of way through the valley must be secured at once, and it is earnestly hoped that no grasping disposition will manifest itself. Of course, the new company can enforce the right of eminent domain, and thus secure a right of way upon the payment of such damages as the courts may award, but its policy will be to rely as far as possible on the fairness and patriotism of the people. This road is to be operated for the benefit of the farmers, and to that end facilities will be extended to them such as have been unknown heretofore in the history of railroad operations in California. It will be to their interest to meet it half way and be as careful of its prosperity as it will be of theirs. Not only should they offer the right of way and be glad to receive the benefits which the presence of a railroad on their farms would bring, but they should also acquire a financial interest in the line by taking shares.

The San Jose part of the enterprise is by no means dead. The selection of the Stockton route will serve merely to spur up the people of San Mateo and Santa Clara counties to greater efforts. Those who know the earnestness of the people residing on that route, and the great advantages which would accrue to them from the presence of a line to intercept the Stockton line in the San Joaquin Valley, are confident that no great time will elapse before they also have a line of the people's road.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

The Marysville Appeal, with a positiveness that leaves no doubt of its earnestness, makes an astonishing charge against one or two unnamed business houses in San Francisco, and from the discoveries on which these are based the Appeal draws the damaging conclusion that "much of the business of San Francisco is carried on as badly flavored with the scent of rottenness as those of her political and social tactics." The specific charge is that in one or two instances, of which the Appeal declares that it has positive knowledge, "the owners and managers of, and for different commodities" in Marysville and its vicinity have had to bribe the head clerks of the San Francisco houses entrusted with the agency of these commodities in order to assure the selling of the goods. One case is mentioned of the discovery that a head salesman in one San Francisco house was accepting bribes from two persons who were in competition with each other.

The Appeal, with its customary dignity and firmness, charges the existence of such a state of affairs to the carelessness of the San Francisco houses, and not to their San Jose agents. In a strong and elaborate editorial our progressive contemporary,

proprietors such as this would be made possible. Assuming that the charges made by the Appeal are true, every merchant in San Francisco who is in a position to be thus betrayed by his employees will be grateful for the warning. But he should also carefully overhaul his business and ascertain if this practice has been carried on in his own establishment. No reputable merchant would easily condone so grave an offense, for it is not only a direct injury to his own business, but it is a matter seriously affecting the interests of the whole State.

It may be suggested in this connection that if no organized machinery already exists among the San Francisco merchants for ferreting out and punishing such scandalous practices as these, it is time that proper steps to that end were taken. No doubt the editor of the Appeal would cheerfully do all in his power to assist in uncovering theascalities of which he has knowledge.

A VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS.

The possibilities for drawing wonderful results from the topography of San Francisco have as yet been hardly dreamt of. Before the invention of the cable roads the broken range of steep hills traversing the peninsula from north to south were deemed a barrier to the spreading of the City from the bay to the ocean. That is an old story now, for the cable long ago took the old City on the bay shore in its grasp and spread the beauty of it all over the lofty summits that overlook the channel and the Golden Gate. With the coming of the cable much of the old aristocracy of South Park and Rincon Hill betook itself to the heights of the Western Addition, and the glory of the old bay region was gone.

Living upon the heights has taught the people a lesson, and there is many an aspiring soul that longs to climb still higher, and thus obtain a still broader view of the wonderful things that are revealed in the view from the higher altitudes. Europeans, and especially Englishmen, who visit San Francisco are fascinated by these towering hills, and they wonder that we lack the aspiration which should lead us not only to take frequent walks to these noble heights, but to construct winding roads to the summits.

The view from Lone Mountain, with its great white wooden cross gleaming in the sun; or from Mount Olympus, with its forest of pines and eucalyptus sweeping in dark-green waves over its majestic contour; or from the Peaks, with their hard, bold lines and verdant slopes—no nobler sight could all the cities of Christendom reveal! There is a wide and splendid assemblage, not of small and pretty details, though these abound in plenty, but of vast and impressive elements in amazing variety.

Far away to the south roll the hills of San Mateo, and beyond and in line with them tower the deep blue heights of the Santa Cruz Mountains, where the redwoods gather their brood of strange shadows in the canyons.

On the north, far below us, and seemingly so near that we are careful lest we fall into it, is the deep green channel which connects the bay of San Francisco with the Pacific Ocean, and beyond it rise the hills and mountains of Marin, overlooking the sharp, steep peak of Tamalpais. The old bridge, for it is so quaint like a fat cat at the Golden Gate, and the flag that waves from Black Point, and the stern military prison on Alcatraz Island, in the middle of the stream, remind us that the spirit of murder which abides in the hearts of men has found a place in this noble picture that has issued from the atelier of the gods.

The eastern view is broader and more wonderful still. Beneath our feet begins the great City with straggling houses, which further away grow larger and more compact, like grosser mushrooms thriving in richer soil. This mass, out by the sharp lines of the streets, has its own charms, its own varieties of color and strength of tone, and it gives evidence of various kinds that aristocrats live here and eat their bread and that wealth here as elsewhere holds back its skirts from contact with the rags of the poor. The great City, which never roars and groans in the agony of human endeavor, is silent to the viewer on these distant heights, and he sees only the bright red of the apple, caring nothing now for the worm that lies fattening in the core. Thus the City rolls sadly down to the bay whose calm blue surface is fretted with masts by, with whose generous dimensions some people associate the idea of miles.

From the further shore humanity begins again, and God has left off, and other cities all with man, horizon, gains in size, ending plain like soft white clouds. Then come the Contra Costa hills, russet or green, as the season is, and beautiful in the distance; and beyond them is reared the dark, solemn bulk of Mount Diablo.

In the west we find the mountain on which we stand receding in a succession of graduated hills to a great stretch of yellowish-gray sand-dunes, a bald and monotonous sea of sand, thrown into billows and ripples by the wind. Where the gray of the sand ends and the green of the ocean begins there is a long line of shining white surf, and far out at sea is found a lonely sail here and there bearing sturdily away to the lands of Oriental mystery. If the sun is setting a most glorious spectacle is seen. The great yellow ball, as it appears with man, horizon, gains in size, what it loses in fervor, and as it lingers in the lap of the purple sea its yellow becomes a glowing copper, which softens into gold and then sinks as a great flattened orange into the silent deep. And then comes the glory of the sky, with its wide burst of orange light, changing gradually into gold and then into a splendid deep crimson that is not of this earth.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The great importance and large proportions of the projected San Joaquin Railroad must not lead us to overlook lesser railway enterprises, which, within a limited area, are likely to be hardly less beneficial than the great competing road itself. One of these lines is the electric railway projected on the other side of the bay, and it is pleasing to learn from the *Haywards Journal* that the prospects for its immediate construction are good. The *Journal* says: "The moneyed interests represented in the new road are sufficient in themselves to construct the entire road and are a guarantee that the road is going through in short order." That is the sort of local time that gives vitality to the hope of the speedy coming of better times. Every Californian can note such items as a gratifying evidence that progress has begun in all parts of the State and is showing itself in a vast variety of new enterprises.

The friends of municipal improvements are rising into prominence on every side. Their voices are heard on the streets and in the mass-meetings, and the press of the City has in many instances spoken out clearly on the subject. No better or more cogent arguments for such improvements have been advanced, however, than those contained in the current number of the *Central Grocer*. In a strong and elaborate editorial our progressive contemporary,

which represents one of the leading trades of the City, says: "Why should the people of this city be asked to borrow a little money when by its employment every head of population will be benefited directly and indirectly, tenfold the cost of the use of the money? We do not think the people would hesitate. We are of the opinion that at the present time the proposition to create a bonded indebtedness would get a ten-to-one vote of the entire population." These words are well worthy of the consideration of the Supervisors. The business men of the City are impatient to begin the work of public improvement, and as a special election may have to be called for the adoption of the new charter, it would be no more than right for the Supervisors to allow the people to vote on the bond proposition at the same time.

The Hon. N. B. Scott, ex-Senator from West Virginia, is quoted by the *Los Angeles Times* as saying that the East has never dealt fairly with the issues of the coast, and has never yet been brought to a realization that California and all the States lying west of the mountains have a claim upon the whole country, on account of their marvelous resources and the character and quality of their citizens. Mr. Scott attributes this lack of fair dealing to the fact that the East is ignorant of the Pacific Coast, and that very justly says Eastern statesmen should come to California and see the country for themselves. This means of course that he favors the holding of the next Republican National Convention in this city. The *Times*, it is needless to say, indorses his position, for Los Angeles is co-operating cordially with San Francisco in this undertaking, and can be counted on to help in making the convention a California enterprise and not merely a local one for the metropolis.

A fairly good bit at that form of journalism which delights in foreign news more than home news is given by the *Los Angeles Times*, in commenting on the close of the war in the Orient, says: "If some other nations will commence to grow a little so that the City dailies can continue to write up big 'scare heads' of 'impending war' it will be a great accommodation to them." Rumors of foreign wars would indeed be a great accommodation to some papers, but the *Sentinel* should have been keen-eyed enough to except the *CALL* from its category. We can find more interesting things at home, and will never need scare heads for war clouds as long as the Pacific Coast continues to furnish live news of progress and enterprise.

In a recent article on the revival of hydraulic mining the *CALL* stated: "It is of record in the report of the United States engineers that the value of the hydraulic mining property, reservoirs, ditches, etc., involved in the controversy was \$100,000,000, while the value of the farming lands really injured was only \$3,000,000." Commenting on this, the *Marysville Appeal* says: "Any such record or compilation of statistics is deliberately false. The *CALL* evidently has determined its course and refuses to be fair." The comment is itself unfair. It was not the *CALL* that made the estimates given, but the United States engineers. The *Appeal* has been up and down on this subject since it was first made up, and it is to be expected to be true.

VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Although San Francisco is well equipped with asylums for the unfortunate there is one class that is sadly neglected. There are hospitals for the sick and injured, asylums for the insane and for young girls who have strayed from the path of virtue, retreats for the cure of inebriated and men addicted to the excessive use of morphine and similar drugs, homes for children who have lost their parents and for the aged who are destitute. There are charitable organizations and church societies for curing the wretched and for the redemption of the philanthropic institutions. But for the wives and families of men who are confined in the penitentiary or in jail there is no home, asylum or retreat.

Any one who cares to give the subject thought will be forced to admit that they are entitled to as much, if not more, sympathy and consideration than almost any other class of unfortunates. They are generally in the deepest distress and in the greatest need of pecuniary aid, sympathy and advice. The man who suffers from the deprivation of his time being of his liberty, but food and clothing are supplied to him. The wives and families have to bear the shame and mortification of his disgrace. They are shunned by their neighbors and forsaken by old friends. Although they obtain what they need for their support, employment either at home or in shops or factories. If they go among strangers they are in constant fear that the fact of the bread-winner being a criminal will be discovered. They are often in want of the necessities of life, and if the family is grown up it is seldom they can resist the temptation of being dragged into the ways of sin when they are compelled to believe that they are virtually outcasts.

It seems strange that no benevolent institution has been formed to aid these unfortunate victims of circumstances. The subject is one deserving the attention of philanthropic individuals.

THE CONNECTING BOULEVARD.

That high sense of civic patriotism which contemplates the public weal in the accomplishment of individual enterprise is the only policy that can be successfully employed in the beautifying of a city. Such is the policy adopted by the gentlemen who propose to give to the city a connecting boulevard from Golden Gate Park southward through the City to meet the San Jose grand boulevard at a given point. It is that sort of patriotism that is the foundation of all permanent public improvement.

Either of the two routes presented in yesterday's *CALL* is feasible and will make a fine boulevard. If they are both placed upon the same liberal footing in the offer to present the boulevard free to the City they will furnish a high million Club propositions either of which is worthy of the recommendation of that important body to the Board of Supervisors, and either of which will be approved of and aided by the Spring Valley Water Company and other parties in interest.

The superior attractiveness of the scenery claimed by the projectors of one route may be outweighed by the less prohibitory grades of the other. Yet in the consideration of the leveler road there may be taken into account the liability to intrusion by heavy traffic. One of the prime requisites of a boulevard is that it shall be attractive and free from the annoyance of heavy teams. The other has the ease and speed that may be attained over the leveler and more direct road is also entitled to consideration. But whatever may be the decision in this matter, the public should bear in mind the spirit that originated the idea of connecting the beautiful Golden Gate Park to the San Jose grand boulevard that will pass through that grand stretch of country between this city and San Jose, and emulate it by supporting the project.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

The yearly expenses of the Sultan of Turkey have been estimated at no less than \$30,000,000.

Mme. Lazare Carnot, an aunt by marriage of the late President of the republic, has just died at Chalais-sur-Saone, at the age of 83.

M. Chuvp de Chavannes, the distinguished French artist, is to receive \$50,000 for decorating one room in the Boston Public Library.

M. Herz, whose name is well known in connection with the Panama scandals, began life as the hotel of Germany, and by a mercantile descent lamp, and although a German by birth has served as a surgeon in the French army.

Nice present for Eastern friends—California Grape Fruit in Japanese baskets. 50c pound. Townsend's, 627 Palace Hotel.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS.

Charley Wallace, a political warhorse of Nevada, who is known around the corridors of the State Capitol as "Black Wallace," because of his rich olive complexion and the former blackness of his beard, as at the Palace Hotel, Nevadans have a way of bestowing nicknames, such as Red Frank Wheeler, Uncle George Tuffy, Gray Eagle Nye and the like. The most pronounced of Mr. Wallace's peculiarities is his never knowing what his next neighbor is doing. A question put to Mr. Wallace is as unproductive of results as a banana-tree planted in Greenland. Silence on all matters that concern other people is a pronounced element in his composition. His association with the southern Pacific as a lobbyist in Nevada has equipped him with a wonderful amount of political information, which, by the way, no amount of questioning can wring from him. "I was looking for you last week, Mr. Wallace," said a *CALL* reporter to him, "thinking

attempt to stop masking one of the most interesting phases of that event will be eliminated. Of what interest would these annual affairs in New Orleans be if the merry maskers were weeded out? The trouble in Los Angeles is supposed to originate from the State law which applies to masking. The intention of that statute, however, was plainly to prevent disguising the person for illegal purposes and was never intended to interfere with the harmless amusement which is always the chief source of pleasure in events similar to that in which Los Angeles is about to take part. A carnival without maskers would be about as interesting as a newspaper without news."

THE LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

While the steamer La Gasconne on a recent voyage was overdue and still unreported the Duke of Newcastle wrote a letter to a London newspaper, which, when published, created a profound sensation. It purported to clear up the mystery surrounding the loss of the Atlan-



"BLACK" WALLACE IS TURNING WHITE. [Sketched from life for the "Call" by Nankivell.]

that you might be able to give a little information in regard to Mr. Mills' successor as adjuster of claims for the Southern Pacific Company.

"I would have been delighted to have done it for you, my dear sir, but really I didn't know a change was contemplated until I got here a day or two ago."

"You formed some idea then?"

"Not the slightest. I heard other people forming ideas."

"Did you hear anybody suggest Byron Waters?"

"Didn't pay any attention to the conversation."

"One would naturally suppose that a railroad man would be pretty well posted about those things. There was plenty of talk."

"Yes. That is true, and some of the talkers bit their lips off."

"What gave rise to the supposition that a Nevada man would get the place?"

"Perhaps Nevada did. Was there any thought of that kind?"

"It looked as though Charles Bender or George Nixon would get it."

"Strange, isn't it, that those reports should have started. I wonder how it happened."

Wallace looked as if he was in a quandary and his face expressed great surprise, as if he always does when anybody attempts to get information from him.

Once in Carson a politician asked him where he was born and he replied that he had heard no discussion around the corridors of the Capitol and it and that he would not like to say for fear he might be mistaken.

"Some Eastern people think Western folks have very small brains," said H. F. Sonntag while standing in the corridor of the Mills building yesterday, "but I recollect an instance when the wise men of the East changed their minds very quickly. I had been East looking up the proposed introduction of electric light plants, and had arranged with Alvin Hayward that in case I found the process was likely to be put in general use, I was to wire him and steps would be taken to form a company in San Francisco. I returned to my hotel in New York one afternoon and found a big stack of cards left by people utter strangers to me. They said by the register that I was from San Francisco, and I suppose they naturally concluded that I was a bird to be plucked. Every one of the outfit had some scheme they desired me to invest in. One fellow even had snow-fangled back action monkey wrotch, but I didn't monkey long with him. In the crowd was an old man, who evidently thought the people of the Pacific Coast were all fools and intimidated as much. His son, who was with him, gave me to understand that he agreed with his father. Well, they unfolded their schemes. They had secured the names of a few California men from some of the bankers, and among others was that of Mr. Hayward. The fellow wanted to know whether I was acquainted with that gentleman, and when I answered in the affirmative, he and a few friends proposed to establish a company to light San Francisco by electricity. The company was to be incorporated under the laws of New York. It was their purpose to retain 52 per cent of the stock there, but have the other 48 per cent paid up by Western men."

"And you propose to incorporate in New York and hold 52 per cent of the stock here, do you?"

"Yes, sir; that is our intention."

"Did you ever deal in stocks, young man?" I asked.

"Yes; and I had all I wanted of it."

"Did you ever deal in Constock?"

"Yes, I did, and got badly done up, too."

"Well, sir, let me tell you that the venerable gentleman whom you expect to get your cash from for your company is one of the men who said did you up on the Constock and—"

"Young man broke in, "I guess we'd better drop it, father," and they did.

tic liner President, which sailed from New York in 1841 with 400 passengers and never reached port. It related that during his American trip in 1888 the Duke had been informed by a former United States Minister to Persia, whose name he had forgotten, that a few years previously an old sailor on his death bed had confessed that he was one of the crew of a pirate vessel which captured the President, forced every soul on board to walk the plank and then scuttled the ship. The confession was said to have been made in New Orleans and the story was told at a dinner party in Chicago.

The absurdity of the pirate theory was exposed yesterday by J. J. Knowlton of this city, who told the true story of the loss of the President, as he had heard it from his father, Captain E. Knowlton, of the bark Planet, who was within half a mile of the President when the latter went to the bottom. In spite of the lapse of time, however, the story has never before been published.

"My father," said Mr. Knowlton, "was master of the bark Planet, plying between Boston and Savannah. One evening in 1841, when well out to sea, his ship spoke the steamer President. The latter had signals of distress flying. As the bark passed under the stern of the steamer her commander requested that she would ply during the night, and explained that the steering of the machinery had seriously strained his vessel and that she was leaking badly. The bark hove to at once and was during the entire night within a quarter or a half mile of the steamer. The latter was kept head to the wind and slightly to windward of the bark. At midnight, when the watch was changed, nothing unusual had happened, but the captain of the Planet gave his second mate strict orders to keep an eye on the steamer and notify him if anything should occur."

"At 2 o'clock the lights of the steamer suddenly disappeared. The captain was called, and he signaled for the steamer to show her lights. There was no response, and boats were sent out to investigate. The sea was very rough and it took some time for the boats to reach the spot where the steamer had disappeared, and when they did so there was nothing to be seen to tell her fate."

"On reaching his destination (Savannah, Ga.), Captain Knowlton reported the loss of the President, and the facts were at once telegraphed to the United States Consulate in Boston. It was supposed at the time that the President's machinery had broken through her bottom as happened in later years to the Pacific on this coast. If there had been any confession by a dying sailor, as referred to by the Duke, the matter would have been cleared up long ago by reference to the records."

"As a matter of fact, piracy on the Atlantic had been almost wholly wiped out before 1841. The pirates had only sailing vessels, and the steamers Sirius and Great Western, which had then plied that ocean for three years, had frightened them from its waters. The only cases of piracy which occurred were those in which crews plotted to seize their vessels. This occurred to my father once, shortly after the loss of the President. His men refused to go aloft and had agreed to murder their officers and turn pirates. The plot was, however, overheard by the ship's cook, who told the captain. He stood off the mutineers with his pistols and brought them to port in irons."

SUPPOSED TO BE HUMOROUS.

Daughter—Papa, I wish you wouldn't look so fierce when young men come to see me. It frightens them.

Father—How shall I look—meeeek?

Daughter—Um—not too meek; that might scare them off, too—New York Weekly.

"What that tragedy needs," said one critic, "is more realism."

"Yes," replied the other, "they ought to kill the actors sure enough."—Washington Star.

Come hither, pretty Spain, and tell
Just why the gun exploded—
What's that? Good gracious me! Well, well!
You didn't know 'twas loaded. —Washington Star.

She—May I suggest an occasional change in your style of dancing?

He—Certainly; what change do you desire?

She—You might stop on my right foot now and then. My left has about all it can stand.—Truth.

E. H. BLACK, painter, 114 Eddy street.

CALIFORNIA Glee Clubs, 50c lb. Townsend's.

RESTS collected. Ashton, 411 Montgomery.

BAON Printing Company, 508 Clay street.

About 2000 soldiers are discharged yearly from the English army for bad conduct.

THERE is no doubt but what Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best and most reliable of all the blood purifiers and makes the weak strong.

The use of Dr. Sisson's Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.

Is afflicted with sore eyes. Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it at 25 cents.