A PUNCH-MADE "PULL."

Mrs. Chadwick Mixed Drinks That Reached the Hearts of Big Men.

THEY LIKED HER HUMBLE BAR.

That Explains the Mystery in the Interesting Case of the School Janitress.

Mrs. Chadwick's "pull" is out—that is, it's not exactly "out" because it's such a quiet, deep and unobtrusive "pull," but it has been located, and like some other occult things it has only been partly understood.

Mrs. Chadwick is the La Honda School janitress who makes such fine milk punches according to Director Scott who knows good things, and whose $20 a month job is so strongly fortified that two valiant but vain efforts to part it and her have nearly wrenched the School Department to pieces.

The first effort was to get the job away from her to give to another deserving woman who had friends. It succeeded that time two years ago, but two weeks later the director who got her out quietly moved for a reconsideration. The present effort is to get her away from the job, and it was made by the Grand Jury. Up to date Mrs. Chadwick is having a nip-and-tuck time, with the chances apparently in her favor.

The secret of Mrs. Chadwick's pull is discovered to be in those very milk punches and the fine old extract of corn and rye that she has dispensed at her little bar next door to the La Honda school. Never before has a portly good-natured woman on an Almshouse road gained political power because she made good milk punches. Whatever be her fate her life sets forth a wise moral. What she has done she has done well. It is conceded that she has been a good janitress. When school "called" it was the business of this poor woman to make milk punches at her humble roadside bar, and it is because she did it so well that when a Grand Jury gets out and thunders at her her all-great "pull" gets in and whispers to respectful ears.

There is a nice point in morals involved. May the janitress of a public school sell nice, big, lace-covered, nutmeg-sprinkled milk punches to School Directors and other people that are wayfaring? Most of the directors say "Yes," but their moral perceptions may be punch-worn. The Grand Jury thinks not, and Mrs. Chadwick's friends say that some of the grand jurymen are prohibitionists. The Grand Jury sent its vigorous letter to the Board of Education on the report of Mr. Iredale of that body, who investigated everything in the situation but the punches.

Mrs. Chadwick, it transpires, has been for sixteen years gratifying thirsty people on the Almshouse road, a little north of the park. She has lived with her family in a little one-story house that has a bar in a front room.

For years she has pursued the business policy of mixing good drinks and keeping behind her bar the kind of stuff that Pacific Club men and that sort of people like to take a nip of when they are riding out that way and that they will take some trouble to get at.

So it turns out Park Commissioners, City officials and some men who belong to the Chamber of Commerce, etc., have come to know and like her goods and her homelike place, and some who came oftenest grew to like very much the round-faced, pleasant-mannered and good-hearted barkeeper.

Lots of them liked to get out of a buggy and, beaming with hearty good-humor, say, "Good morning, Mrs. Chadwick, you're looking bright this fine morning."

And they liked the welcome when Mrs. Chadwick would cheer up, smooth down her hair, wipe her hands on her apron and say, "Why, Mr. Goodseller! The blessings of this morning to you. Why shouldn't I look bright when my old friends remember me?"

Then pretty soon they would say something else real nice, and Mrs. Chadwick would sometimes say: "Yes, that's what you liked before, and the other day, when it was most gone I put it down there behind."

Then the talk might grow sensible and they grew, too, to understand how life went with Mrs. Chadwick. They would take another and be interested in the little troubles and hopes of the honest-hearted hostess and give her all sorts of good advice in a benevolent way. So some men whose names are often in the papers came to like and respect Mrs. Chadwick as well as her punches, and so Mrs. Chadwick's punches, out by the highway, came, in years, to fix things so that when she got into struggles with school boards, men of influence would readily go around and see School Directors and quietly say: "Look here, this talk about Mrs. Chadwick is all rot. I know her and she's good, respectable, hard-working and deserving woman and I'd like to see you do her justice."

That's the kind of a pull that Mrs. Chadwick has turned loose on the school board, but the pull would decline to be interviewed. The Grand Jury says that her place is a resort for disreputable characters. Director Clinton says that she is a respectable woman on the plane of an English barmaid.

Mrs. Chadwick smoothed her hair and at times nearly cried when she told about her trouble.

"It's somebody that wanted the place that started all this," she said. "I know about where it all comes from, and it's just like a woman. Talk about my place being disreputable! You ought to know the people that come here and bring their wives too—people that stand just as high as anybody. They wouldn't do it if my place was not respectable.

"If I do sell a glass of beer and a milk punch, is that so awful, if I'm an honest, hard-working woman? I know there's other janitors, and teachers, too, in the School Department that could have worse things said about them than anybody can say about me. There's five saloons on the school property at Fifth and Mission streets; and as to children being hurt by going past a decent place like mine, look at what's around other schools in the City and what the children have to go by. There are no private rooms in my place; and when the Olympic Club boys come up here they sometimes want to sing a song, but that don't corrupt anybody.

"As to me, the whole neighborhood will tell you. There's nobody knows what's going on better than a policeman, is there? Well, when I was telling the officer that's been on this beat so long what that woman was up to he said, 'Well, now, Mrs. Chadwick, if she walks as straight a path as you do, she'll be all right.' Ask Adolph Sutro about me. When he raised everybody's rent around here four years ago, I told the agent that I just couldn't pay it, and when he saw Mr. Sutro he said, 'Why, yes, Mrs. Chadwick is a good woman and she can pay just the same as before.' I've got a boy and a girl in the public schools that I'm trying to educate, and I've got a daughter that graduated from the Normal School here and has been teaching in the country four years. They said I didn't need it, but if I didn't would I get in and do all that work for $20 a month? There's been no complaints about my place from any of the parents that I know of, and children all like me and they say in the morning, 'Oh, Mrs. Chadwick, can't I dust?' and 'Oh, Mrs. Chadwick, can't I bring a bucket of coal?' As to my 'pull' I've simply got some friends that are nice people and they wouldn't be my friends if what they say is true."

That's the interesting case of Mrs. Chadwick out on the Almshouse road and her much-talked-of "pull" downtown.

SALE OF CLIFTON'S HORSES.

Talbot Could Not Leave a Jolly Coaching Party to Attend It and It Was Postponed.

The sale of J. Talbot Clifton's horses advertised to take place yesterday morning did not come off, for Mr. Clifton did not put in an appearance and Killip & Co. had no instructions on which to go ahead. A large number of people had gathered at the saleyard at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Market street at 11 o'clock, the hour the sale was advertised for. Among them were a number of horsemen and quite a contingent of Burlingame people, but the owner did not put in an appearance. Finally the sale was begun with some of the coach horses, for which very small prices were realized, and still Mr. Clifton was not on hand to give the auctioneers any instructions.

Killip & Co. telephoned to Burlingame, and found that on Friday he had started off on a coaching trip to Halfmoon Bay. He was finally located by telegraph, and said that he would be at the yard at 5 o'clock; but Killip & Co. knew that no ordinary crowd of San Francisco horse-buyers would wait six hours, and so the sale was put off.

The horses to be sold are good animals, and include: Senator L, who holds the two-mile trotting record of the coast; The Senator, with a record of 2:29; Crown Prince, 2:17, and other harness horses, and several thoroughbreds, besides eight coach horses which were driven to the Meteor from the Palace to Burlingame early in the season. These horses all cost Mr. Clifton a great deal of money, but what is that to a coaching trip to Halfmoon Bay in such weather as this?

TO PAVE VAN NESS AVENUE.

A Very Weighty Petition in Behalf of the Big Thoroughfare.

City Charged With Neglecting It for Years—Room on the Tax Levy Asked For.

The old and vexed question of paving Van Ness avenue has been presented to the Board of Supervisors in a new form. A number of property-owners have submitted a petition charging the City with having failed to perform its obligations to the great thoroughfare for several years, and asking that provision be made in the next tax levy to pave it with bitumen from Pacific street to Hayes. The petition reads:

The undersigned owners of property on Van Ness avenue respectfully request that your honorable board appropriate a sufficient sum during the next fiscal year to bituminize the roadway of Van Ness avenue on all of the accepted blocks between Pacific avenue and Hayes street. In making this request the undersigned respectfully call attention of your honorable board to the following facts:

First—That said avenue was graded and macadamized at a very heavy expense to the property-owners, owing to the unusual width of said avenue.

Second—That the City agreed with the property-owners that it would keep said roadway well macadamized and sprinkled daily during the dry season at its expense; but with the exception of the past two months no sprinkling has been done for a number of years, and the roadway is in a most deplorable condition.

Third—That Van Ness avenue is the widest residence street in the City, and with proper care on the part of the City there is little doubt but that it can be made a most popular boulevard, forming as it does a connection between Lombard street and Golden Gate avenue, the main driveways to the Presidio and Golden Gate Park.

Fourth—That it is the natural channel through which all travel from the Western Addition reaches Market street, and that a smooth roadway thereon is universally demanded, not only by property-owners along the line of said avenue, but by all residents in the Western Addition, especially the wheelmen and those who enjoy the use of equipages.

Your petitioners most respectfully request your honorable board to give this matter your most earnest and serious consideration, and desire permission to address either your honorable board or the members of the Street Committee upon the subject.

The petition is signed by the following well-known names: John F. Merrill, Charles Holbrook, A. S. Baldwin, Louis Sloss, Margarette F. Newhall (by George A. Newhall), D. N. Walter, J. H. Neustadter, Charles R. Crocker (by C. S. Green), Claus Spreckels (by John D. Spreckels), J. C. Johnson, H. L. Dodge, Samuel Blair, J. Kohn, Herman J. Sadler, W. J. Lowry, Leon Sloss, Lewis Gerstle (by Leon Sloss), S.W. Levy, Estate of J. C. Moore (by S. J. Friedlander), F. Frauenfeld (executor of the estate of Emanuel L. Goldstein), W. Goldstein, Israel Cahn, A. Steinberger, John de W. Allen, R. R. Thompson, J. H. Seller (per A. Seller) Hobart Estate Company (by Charles S. Bridge, secretary).

AFTER RELIABLE WIND.

The Speed of Storms Will Hereafter Be Registered at the Farallones.

Hereafter people may know exactly how hard the winds blow in this region, where they are not checked, scattered or mixed up by hills and mountains. As things have been the speed of the wind as recorded by all the anemometers of the weather service has not often been its speed out where it was free to blow. For instance when the wind blows at sixty miles an hour at Point Lobos it may be going at any rate from twenty to forty miles in the City and from many directions the wind at Point Lobos is checked by hills.

Out on the sea is where the winds show their natural speed. and hereafter the Weather Bureau will know the winds at their best.

Forecast Official Hammon has extended the service to the Farallones to the extent of putting up a strong anemometer on the rocks out there and getting the lighthouse-keeper to look at it regularly. He will send in his reports every few days by the lighthouse-tender or with loads of fish or seagull eggs, and the northerly winds will be reliably measured. When the cable gets to the islands there will naturally be a regular weather station there. Point Reyes gives a singular illustration of how an interfering elevation may make the wind blow faster.

When a northwest wind strikes the promontory of Point Reyes and the inward sweep of shore northward the wind fills up the bend, and as the hills are several hundred feet high it is squeezed around the point, where it pours like water forced past a rock. The Point Reyes wind-gauge is right there, and when it gets up to ninety miles an hour the wind may be but seventy-five a mile or two at sea. Day before yesterday the anemometer there registered the highest wind recorded on the coast. It got up to 120 miles an hour during a brief hurricane and it might have done still better if in condition, but it went to pieces and was strewn on the beach.

GRACE CHURCH CHOIR.

The Engagement of the Quartet to End This Month.

Grace Church choir is to be reorganized. There are no hard feelings, scandals or interior disturbances, but a simple desire to have more volume to the music.

Each member of the present quartet has been notified of the proposed change. Their services will be dispensed with June 30, and the first Sunday in July a new choir, composed of ten or twelve men, will take care of the music.

William H. Holt, the organist, is looking around for voices. He proposes to test many before selecting the singers.

LIGHTS IN THE MISSION.

What Those on Folsom Street Have Done for the District.

MAY BE MADE PERMANENT.

Music of the Choral Union—League of the Cross Cadets—Other Notes.

The property-owners on Folsom street, between Nineteenth and Twenty-sixth, are signing a petition which will be presented to the Board of Supervisors on Monday next.

It appears that just before the mass-meeting and bicyclists' parade in favor of a boulevard from the water front out Folsom street to the county line, a number of progressive citizens took up a subscription and entered into a contract for seven large electric lamps to be maintained for one month, one lamp to be at each street crossing from Nineteenth to Twenty-sixth inclusive. So pleased are the residents with their new lights, and so beneficial has the change proved in a business way and by attracting to the street people from all parts of the City, that now it is desired to perpetuate the service of the lights at the expense of the City.

The petition recites in addition to the facts already mentioned as to better light, greater convenience, etc., the one argument which must have great weight with the Supervisors, namely, that these seven lights not only give better but also cheaper light than the forty gas lamps used on the seven blocks. As a matter of fact, by snuffing out the gas and using electric lamps the City will save 95 cents a night, or $28 60 a month.

Among the names signed to the petition are those of A. B. Maguire, Frank Wentworth, Mrs. Charlotta Hahn, George and H. Mangels, George L. Center, W. H. Weister, P. J. Tormey, H. T. Kellom, F. N. Bent, E. S. Gilmore, Captain Raabe, Charles T. Spader, H. F. Wynne, E. Wilberg, A. H. Lieb, W. F. Tillman, H. C. Somers. J. F. Sullivan, Mr. Roylance and many others.

Captain Raabe has lived for forty years in the Mission district, and is a leading spirit in all that will benefit that section. He is president of the Folsom Improvement Club No. 1, and says that there has never been so unanimous a movement in favor of proper pavement and good lighting as at present.

"We want to have the electric lights maintained," said he, "and we have installed them merely to show how vastly superior they are to the old-fashioned gas lamps. Now, as they give much better light than the lamps, are an attraction to our neighborhood and can be maintained at less cost than the gas lamps, I believe that the City should substitute the electric lamps permanently for the gas."

H. F. Wynne, the druggist and a leading spirit in the California Cycling Club, is another advocate of good electric street-lights and the abandonment of the old gas lamps. "A year ago," he remarked, "this was the most backward street in the Mission, but now, with our fine new pavement and electric lamps, it has become the attraction of this end of town. People come here from all over the City to ride and drive over the level street and enjoy the fine light from the lamps. I am earnestly in favor of keeping up these lights. It is the very best economy every way."

The concert of the Mission Choral Union at Mission Parlor Hall was attended by over 1000 people. Sixty voices equally divided, composed the chorus, which sang in splendid harmony and time under Director J. J. Morris. It rendered Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," Parker's "Who Knows What the Bells Say?" Hatton's "Softly Fall the Shades of Evening," Goldbeck's "Spring is Coming," Pinsuti's "An Autumn Song," Caldicott's "The Boy and the Bee," Parker's "The Sea Hath Its Pearls" and Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song."

Miss Millie Flinn, the soprano soloist, was warmly received and the audience showed their appreciation by repeated encores. "In Seville's Groves" was the first number, and the second was Rossini's "Inflammatus," in which she was assisted by the chorus.

The Knickerbocker quartet, composed of D. Lawrence, first tenor; R. P. Evans, second tenor; D. B. Crane, first bass; L. A. Larsen, second bass, sang Macy's "Rosebud Fair" and for an encore "Simple Simon." They appeared next in Emerson's "In Silent Mead," and were compelled to respond to two encores.

The Mascagni Mandolin Club, under the direction of Professor F. D. Piccirillo, rendered Santisieban's "Canto d'Amor" and Savioni's "Sous de Balcon." It was frequently encored.

Rehearsals are held every Monday evening in the lecture-room of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Twenty-third and Capp streets. The officers are: J. J. Morris, conductor; Sam Booth, president; Benning Wentworth, vice-president; J.W. Maguire, secretary: Fred Crossett, treasurer; Sam Weeks, librarian.

Forty members of Company L, League of the Cross Cadets, were mustered into the regiment at Mission Dolores Church Friday night. Officers were elected as follows: William C. Clark, captain; Joseph T. Fogarty, first lieutenant; Joseph O'Neill, second lieutenant. Lieutenant-Colonel M. P. O'Dea administered the regimental affirmation. Others present were Major D. J. McGloin, Adjutant Daniel C. Deasy and Captain Frank Warren, N. G. C., who has directed the organization of the company.

George Keeling and George Tucker, two compositors of the Mission Journal, will assume charge of the Halfmoon Bay Advocate this week.

This morning about 100 children will receive first communion at St. James Church, Twenty-third and Guerrero streets.

The CALL takes the following from the Mission Journal:

On Monday last a committee from the Grand Jury visited the Mission to inspect the paving of San Carlos avenue, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, and Bartlett street from Twenty-second to Twenty-sixth. In both cases they found the pavement full of holes and in a bad condition. San Carlos avenue was accepted by the City November 7, 1892, and Bartlett street, from Twenty-fourth to Twenty-sixth, was accepted September 26 of the same year.

The committee also visited South San Francisco, and found that the same kind of work has been going on over there. The property-owners have hopes at last of seeing some of the bad streets in the Mission repaired.

On Wednesday, June 5, the four highest grades of the Horace Mann School will have a competitive drill. Members of the Board of Education and General Warfield will act as judges.

Another amateur paper has entered the field and is on the road to success. This one is the Pearl, edited by Miss Ethel Neal and Miss Laura Lohmeyer, two bright young ladies of the Mission.

New cement, instead of old boards and rising nails, now give walkers pleasure on Nineteenth and Valencia and Eighteenth and Mission streets.

Stevenson street is still in the contractors' hands, and Santa Clara avenue ought to be. The latter has more holes than surface in the stretch between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

Eighteenth street, between Guerrero and Dolores, is in a bad condition. A few loads of macadam would make a big improvement on the street.

A delightful surprise party was tendered to George Knipe at the residence of his parents on Sonoma street. A happy time was enjoyed by the young people.

On June 4 a reception will be given to the delegates who went to the Y. P. S. C. E. of Bethany as delegates to Sacramento.

The 9th of June will be observed as Children's Sunday in all the Conaregational Sunday-schools of the United States. The children expect an enjoyable time on that day.

WANT SLATE ROOFS.

The Manufacturers' Association Asks the Harbor Commissioners to Change Specifications.

The Manufacturers' and Producers' Association is looking out for every channel whereby the home industries may be promoted, and is watching all State and municipal work which is being done or is contemplated.

The ferry depot work is one of the particular matters now being considered. Yesterday the following letter was sent to the Board of Harbor Commission:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1, 1895.

Board of Harbor Commissioners, San Francisco—GENTLEMEN: We have been informed that the applications for the roofing of the new ferry depot in this City call for a galvanized iron roof.

You, perhaps, are aware of the fact that there are large deposits of slate in this State and there are several companies engaged in manufacturing this slate into roofing. This association has among its members a manufacturer of slate roofing who owns one of these quaries. They manufacture a very fine quality of slate roofing, much superior, so we are informed, to any Eastern slate for roofing. It will outlast galvanized iron, and is a California product, whereas galvanized iron is an Eastern product. We are further informed that the cost of slate roofing will not exceed that of galvanized iron by more than a third.

We herewith enclose you some of the literature issued by this association, which sets forth the objects of the association, and we desire to urge upon you the importance and necessity of, at this time, patronizing California industries wherever possible.

We trust that you will have specifications for this roof so altered as to give the California manufacturing of slate-roofing an opportunity to bid on the same.

Awaiting an early, and, we trust, a favorable reply, I am, for the association, Yours truly,

L. R. MEAD, Secretary.

By F. J. DINGLE, Assistant Secretary.

A similar communication was mailed to the Board of Supervisors of Santa Cruz County. The courthouse roof is to be made of tin, but slate may be substituted.

SEVERE ON THE BLOOMER.

A Protest Alleged to Come From the Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

But Mr. McCoy is Out of Town and His Secretary Says It is a Hoax.

Robert S. Boynes, cashier of the Young Men's Christian Association, spoiled a story yesterday which would no doubt have created a rattling sensation among riders of the swift and silent bicycle, especially lady riders. There was filed with the clerk of the Board of Supervisors yesterday the following communication typewritten on a sheet of yellow paper:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco: We, the undersigned, citizens of the City and County, pray to the honorable Board of Supervisors to enact and enforce that it is unlawful for ladies to wear bloomers, knickerbockers or any attire unbecoming the fair sex. We consider the above wearing apparel, and we believe that all good Christians will uphold us in our theory, as a perpetual menace of the good morals of our City. We have consulted eminent physicians, and they all agree that it is unhealthy for ladies to ride bicycles. Furthermore, we have great compassion for the fair sex. Hoping our prayer will be received and special attention be given by your honorable body, your obedient servants. Y. M. C. A.

H. J. MCCOY, General Secretary.

The wording of the communication in which Mr. McCoy declares his compassion for young ladies and the fact that it did not carry a Y. M. C. A. letter-head created some suspicion among the newspaper men as to its genuineness, and an inquiry was made by telephone at the Y. M. C. A. rooms regarding it, and the answer came back that Mr. McCoy was out of town and the letter certainly did not emanate from him. A few minutes later Mr. Boynes put in a rather excited appearance at the City Hall and begged to be shown the paper. Then he wrote the following, which practically kills what threatened to be a formidable crusade against the bloomer:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1, 1895.

The Honorable Board of Supervisors: Having received word that a communication had been sent to the Board of Supervisors from H. J. McCoy, the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, protesting against the wearing of bloomers by ladies, and having examined said communication, I hereby pronounce said communication a fraud. Mr. McCoy is now in the East and has been for five weeks, and the signature to the communication is a forgery.

ROBERT S. BOYNES, Cashier Y. M. C. A.

It is evident that the type-written communication is the work of a practical joker.

A MURDEROUS RECORD.

Johnson, the Counterfeiter, a Notorious and Bloodthirsty Fiend.

Andrew Johnson, who was arrested in Bloomfield, Sonoma County, Friday, and brought to this City yesterday in the custody of a United States Marshal to answer the charge of passing counterfeit money, was tried in Santa Rosa eight years ago for the most fiendish murder ever committed in that county. The case was also very sensational from the fact that Congressman Thomas J. Geary figured as the principal attorney for the defense and that the charge of jury-bribing was openly made on the streets after the verdict was announced. One man held out for acquittal twenty-four hours and finally compromised on manslaughter.

Johnson's victim was William Boyd. They, with two or three others, had been drinking all night at a tavern near Bodega Bay kept by a man named Cunningham. During the course of their bacchanalia an altercation arose between Boyd and Johnson, and the former, who was magnanimous, forbore doing bodily harm to Johnson when he had the opportunity. But Johnson did not appreciate the generous treatment he had received at the hands of his drinking companion, and before daylight he walked to his home, a mile or so away, and got his rifle. Going back to the inn, he took up his position behind an old chicken-house overlooking the barnyard, where Boyd would have to take his horses for water in the early morning.

This chicken-house was about thirty yards from the corral, and Johnson waited with a deliberate and fiendish patience until his imagined enemy should appear. As Boyd neared the watering-trough he saw Johnson with the rifle leveled on him, and cried "My God, Andy, don't shoot!" The cry was unheeded. Boyd fell to the ground with the first shot, and the fiend, from behind his shelter, put four more bullets into the body of his victim.

The landlord's son, 17 years of age, was an eye-witness of the blood-thirsty deed, and the testimony of the murderer's father, who saw him when he went into the house for the rifle, was conclusive and corroborative. But the juryman saved Johnson's neck.

A Queer Delusion.

There is a very prominent gentleman at present in a large hotel who is the victim of a singular delusion. He was thrown from a trolley car while about to get off, and not only injured a leg, but struck his head. Since then he imagines the leg is off. On every other point he is rational. He recognizes his friends and remembers everything and can transact business, but he never fails to tap his left leg with his finger and say, "Isn't it too bad that it was cut off?" He seems to be utterly helpless, and has to be lifted in and out of bed, and has to be wheeled around, whereas no bones were broken and there was really nothing but a sprain. The shock and injury to his brain have led to hallucination that his leg was taken off by the car. The doctors feel sanguine that he will be cured.—Philadelphia Times.

NEW TO-DAY.

DR. HENLEY'S CELERY BEEF AND IRON

DR. HENLEY'S

DR. HENLEY'S

THE GREATEST NERVE STRENGTHENER IN THE WORLD.

THE GREATEST SYSTEM BUILDER IN THE WORLD.

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE WORLD.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

DYSPEPSIA
INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
INSOMNIA
IMPURE BLOOD
GENERAL DEBILITY
THAT "TIRED FEELING"
NERVOUS TROUBLES
LACK OF APPETITE.

A CASE WILL HELP YOU

BEWARE OF IT MAY DO YOU HARM RATHER THAN GOOD.

THE DRUGGIST'S IT CAN'T BE AS GOOD AS THE ONLY GENUINE.

SUBSTITUTE. DEMAND THE ONLY GENUINE DR. HENLEY'S NO OTHER.

CATCHES TROUT BY HAND.

A Fisherman's Neat Trick of Filling His Empty Basket.

Some Big Stories Told of a Massachusetts Disciple of Walton.

This is the true story of the man who catches trout with his hands. To open the season and as a guarantee of good faith in dealing with our customers in the months to come we prseent this extraordinary value in the fish line. We will call the man John Smith, for various reasons, principally because his name is John Smith. John B. Smith it is, the agent of Clark, Ward & Co., in this city. One of the first things you will notice about Mr. Smith is his hands. He has remarkable hands—insinuating, restless, facile; thin and narrow hands, with long fingers, which he uses often in gesture. By training them he has become in later years an impresario of the far-sounding telegraph, but they afforded him more amusement in his youth whem employed in catching trout.

The ordinary man who walks twenty-five miles once a year to bring back from the woods a half ton of muck and macadam on his person and four badly decomposed five-inch trout has been accustomed to regard the trout as coy and difficult of approach. He will scoff at this tale. On the contrary, trout are perfectly easy to handle, if properly treated. They lie, of course, under a bank, when you attempt to get them. You must reach carefully underneath and bring your hand up to them slowly, the fingers moving gently to and fro. In this way, partly because it is dark under there and partly, no doubt, because the trout is not zoologist enough to construct the dread whole from the part which it sees, it is possible to handle the fish with ease. Indeed, when they are just too far away to grasp, you can work them gently back into reach. They are accustomed to jostle against each other in the dark water and pay no attention to being touched. Then finally, when you have gotten them into the right position you slowly close down on them. Two hands are best, one behind the gills and one upon the tail to keep the fish from wriggling away. In this way Mr. Smith has tickled the bellies of thousands of trout, who immediately after, in a spirit of reasonable reciprocity, performed the same functions for himself and friends.

Mr. Smith was raised in a place where there were trout (Masonville, Delaware County, N. Y.), and spent most of the spare time of a happy boyhood pawing over the brooks of the vicinity after them. His father used to say in jest over the family trout that he'd bet there wasn't a log or stone in the brooks between Bennettsville and East Masonville Pond, a distance of seven miles, that didn't have its under side periodically scratched by John. He had felt over the bottom of every stream in that country till its topography was as familiar to him as that of his own bedroom, says the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Smith remembers one time particularly. It was in midsummer, when the brooks were very low. He was going through a swamp thicket with his little brother when he looked over into a deep hole in the brook and saw a whole school of big trout sunning themselves near the surface. They saw him at the same time and darted back under the bank at the side. Reaching underneath he found he could not touch them at all, and so he started immediately digging a hole in the bog some three feet from the edge. After considerable work with sticks and his figers he made a hole and put his hand carefully down through it right in the midst of them. They all lay together in a bunch, wavering slightly back and forth, and paid no attention to him at all until one by one he had taken them all out. There were about twenty of them in all, and they nearly filled a ten-quart milk pail.

Another sensational episode was the capture of the big trout in the brook. Mr. Smith was on his way to school one morning with his younger brother and another boy, and was crossing a log over the brook when he saw beneath him a trout with the genial proportions of a man-eating shark. Immediately the two other boys were stationed above and below the spot to prevent his escape, and young Smith started in to find him. He came across him at once under a bank and began to work on him. He had not been accustomed to handle such big fish, however, and when he closed down on his gills the big trout wrenched away. Then he could not find him anywhere, and after a thorough search he thought he had escaped. Under the circumstances the duty of every boy would be plain. His younger brother had let the fish escape and must be "licked." The small boy immediately felt the chastening hand of his elder brother on his nose, the concussion throwing him violently backward into the stream, wetting the seat of his trousers clear up around his neck. When he had at length disappeared in search of other garments at home, after attempting for some time to give a correct imitation of the David-Goliah episode from afar off, brother John waded in and discovered the trout where it had been right along—under a big log. The fish broke away from him again and went out into the ripple in the center of the stream. Smith followed him there, and, after working awhile, got him out at last and on the bank. It was the first and only time he ever got a trout out in the open like that, and he can only account for the circumstance by thinking that the trout was old and rather blind. But he got him anyway, and lugged him to the village on a willow stringer. When he got him there A. C. Bourne, the village storekeeper, scared him by offering him $5 for the fish if he would keep it alive. It appeared afterward that a Binghampton hotel had a tank of big trout, and offered $25 for a bigger one, and the storekeeper wanted to get the fish as an investment. It was no use, however, the fish had been out of water too long and the boy had to be satisfied with $1, which he finally sold it for. That trout was 19 inches long and weighed 2 pounds and 2 ounces, and when it was dressed a horned dace 6 inches long was found in its stomach.

Fishing in this way has a peculiar charm of uncertainty about it which is its own. There is always a feeling of mild wonder in eeling around under a muddy bank as to what is coming next. It is a sort of natural grab-bag arrangement. You may get a trout, an eel or a sucker, or possibly a mud turtle. A water-snake may get you. Of course there is a good deal in knowing what you have got, and a good deal of technique in handling it. A sucker is slow and patient and as easy to catch as a submerged tomato-can, a trout is nervous and resistive and an eel is slimy and reluctant. Mr. Smith has caught one or two eels by sticking a knife into them as they were slipping out of his hands, and Priest used to occasionally get them by using sandpaper. A bullhead is unfriendly and obstinate and requires very careful handling. Never in after life has Mr. Smith passed such unhappy hours as he did when watching his friend corner a thoroughbred short-horned bullhead and attempt to bring him to the surface without getting his forearm filled with virus.

But in addition to these there were the turtles and water snakes and muskrats which were always likely to be in the line of attack. Priest had an exciting misunderstanding at one time with a muskrat, which, after a spirited contest, resulted fatally for the latter. Though the boy was somewhat wounded, he was running his hand under a bank, where there was an open space above the water, and the muskrat, which was sitting there, waiting for something to come along, promptly grabbed a finger. Priest, who had a hole throught the bank, could look down and see the catastrophe which had come to the member, but could not give it aid or disengage it without getting it more or less torn. Fortunately he had with him a "snatch hook"—a cheerful-looking instrument of destruction dear to the heart of all-round boys, consisting of a stick with a barbed affair on the end, which, when speared at a fish, closes around it and catches there. Jabbing this down through the hole he caught the rat around the neck and soon after an understanding was reached. Priest also got into a similar accident with a mud turtle at one time, but fortunately the turtle let go before it realized the importance of the catch.

NOT A QUARRELSOME MAN.

Bound Over Twenty-three Times to Keep the Peace.

The proposed reform of putting prisoners upon their oath and letting them speak for themselves recommends itself in many ways to common-sense, but has, nevertheless, some serious advantages. A reporter on the Midland Circuit has preserved for us a choice example of oratory of this kind. The case was that of a man charged with attempt to murder, before Lord Wensleydale (one of the gravest judges), who had permitted him, after the prosecution closed, to address the jury.

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, you see as how I'm what is called a peaceable man, and was taking my drink quietly, as a man should do, when up comes this here prosecutor, and says he: 'I'll have a sup of your beer.' 'No,' says I, 'you shan't!' 'I will,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'if you touch this 'ere mug of beer, I'll smash it on your blessed head!' This here man did take hold of my beer, and he got a knock on the head, but it were his own fault, as, gentleman, why should he ha' provoked a man quietly a-drinkin' his beer? Now, my lord" (turning to the Judge), "I'm sure you likes a drop of good beer, don't yer, my lord? Well, then, my lord, if your lordship had a pot o' beer afore you at this moment, and that 'ere chap as is a-sittin' by the side of yer" (turning to the High Sheriff) "should say, says he, 'I'll take a sup of your beer,' and you said to him, says you, 'If you do touch this here beer I'll punch your blessed ribs!' in course you would, my lord." (Roars of laughter). "Now, my lord, I've been called a quarrelsome man; that's a downright falsity, for look here, it ain't likely I can be a quarrelsome man when I've been bound over twenty-three times to keep the blessed peace!"—Illustrated London News.

A Viscount as Showman.

Of course it is Viscount Hinton. Tired of organ-grinding, this illustrious scion of a noble house is to be found daily at present in the salubrious neighborhood of Leather lane, Holborn, where he is acting as showman to a kinetoscope entertainment which has been organized by Mr. H. W. Paul, the electrician of Hatton Garden. Whoever yearns, therefore, for the honor of a chat with this distinguished member of his order can gratify his desires—on braving the rather formidable odors of the delectable thoroughfare above named—for the trifling sum of 1 penny.

There is nothing haughty about Viscount Hinton. It is an affable and condescending Viscount who shakes you by the hand as you enter the establishment and shows you how to put your penny in the slot. Of course the thing is taking immensely in Leather lane. There are comparatively few viscounts about this neighborhood, and the newcomer is regarded with proportionate respect. And it certainly cannot be imputed to him that he shirks his duties. Every customer that enters receives a cordial welcome at his hands, while the duration of his labors certainly exceeds the limits of an eight-hour day, says the Westminster Gazette.

But for all that it is much better than organ-grinding, he says, the labor of which, he explains, has permanently crippled his right arm. As to the story that he was once captured by brigands and only released when it became clear that no one would cash up to ransom him, that, he declares, is a fairy tale; thought it is perfectly true, he says, that before he turned to music as a means of livelihood he had made no little of a name for himself on the stage in the capacity of clown, in proof of which he refers you proudly to Debrett.