THE HARRINGTON MYSTERY IS UNSOLVED.

Man and Motive Are Still the Subjects of Guesswork.

POLICE WORK IN SILENCE.

Interest Turned Strongly to Ex-Senator Buck Yesterday.

HE IS DYING WITHOUT A WORD.

The Gray Horse, the Frequent Caller and a Cause for the Deed Alike Untraced.

The Harrington tragedy is practically the mystery it was when the mangled and burned remains of the dead woman were found on Saturday afternoon.

If the police have any well-defined theory they are keeping it closely to themselves, and if they have any information that constitutes any important circumstantial evidence against anybody they are also keeping that to themselves.

The information and the clews of most importance that are in their possession are undoubtedly found in the bundles of private papers, letters and photographs belonging to Miss Harrington, which the detectives promptly seized and which they are jealously guarding.

Captain Lees has everything of that nature found among the dead woman's effects, but there are no evident signs that these things have afforded the detectives anything more than foundations for possibilities.

The case is as strange as the crime was fiendish. Interest yesterday centered in ex-Senator Buck, the wealthy and widely known fruit-grower, who lives in Oakland. This man, who was quickly shown by letters, documents and photographs found at 1017 Ellis street and by the frank statements of his family to have been an old and intimate friend of Miss Harrington, who called on her constantly, was the first one whom Captain Lees turned to when he had looked over the letters three hours after the police were on the scene. It was thought that he of all others could give the needed information.

It was a strange happening that an accident should seal his mouth with unconsciousness before he had spoken and a strange coincidence that he should reach the gates of death just at the time he did.

"I think I know what he wants," was all that Mr. Buck has said, as far as known, since Chief Crowley's summons reached him about 7 P. M. of Saturday. Since then he has been unconscious, and his life has trembled on the brink of death.

Yesterday the police and the press metaphorically strained their attention toward the apparently dying man, hoping that he might speak. There was a fresh and related mystery which might have been no mystery at all had a horse not been frightened in the street.

Captain Lees laconically declines to say anything in any manner about Mr. Buck, and here and in Oakland the police are diligently looking for information that he might have supplied. Nobody else has yet been mentioned as the man with a gray beard and the frequent buggy, and it is thought that his intimate knowledge of the life and affairs of the deceased would afford important clews.

Miss Harrington was a friend of the entire Buck family as well, and yesterday Mr. Buck's daughter and niece visited the remains at the undertaking parlors and aided in little ministrations to the dead.

Miss Harrington was fiendishly butchered and her room and clothing set on fire during the noon hour in a thickly populated street and in a flat in which another woman was going about her housework, yet no one saw anybody enter or leave and the murderer came and went within an hour and escaped with his bloody weapons without leaving a clew. The recurrence of such cases lessens the wonder but little.

The only certainty about the crime beyond its perpetration is that it was committed by somebody very familiar with the house. The locking of the door that when closed across the long, narrow hallway separates the flat into two apartments is one evidence of this. It was known that Mrs. Kellogg was in her rear rooms a few yards away, and that locking the door would bar her from the front part of the flat. Then when this door was locked the key was left in it, Mrs. Kellogg, who has occupied the rear half of the long flat with her husband since March, says that the woman who has been long coming to clean the house states that she has often cleaned that door, and that it never stood with a key in it. The one who locked the door knew where the key was kept, unless Miss Harrington closed and locked it herself, which had not been done for months.

The doors into the hall from both the front and back parlors were also locked. The back parlor, where the murder was committed, was locked with the key left on the inside. The murderer left the scene through the front door, locking it after him, and the key was gone.

There is some uncertainty about the condition of Miss Harrington's apparel. At 11 o'clock she wore a loose house wrapper and when found had apparently been engaged in dressing. Her bedroom was a large front hall bedroom beside the parlor and its door was but a step from the hall doors of both the front and back parlors. Her clothing, etc., was partly kept in her bedroom and partly in the back parlor, which contained a closet and which was used as a living and general utility room. When found she had divested herself of her dress and a clean unfolded garment on the bed lounge in the back parlor, by which she lay, showed that she was probably dressing to go out.

The motive for the crime can be only guessed, but it is fairly evident. The drawers in which her private effects were kept had been hastily torn open and ransacked, but nothing of value was taken, and the murderer evidently sought and took something of no intrinsic value. The story of the watch-chain being left was found yesterday to be a mistake. The gold chain was ascertained by the dead woman's brother-in-law to be one belonging to her eye-glasses. The watch is still missing.

The police let the house alone yesterday, for they thought they had nothing further to search for there. Mrs. Josephine Jackson and Mrs. Mary C. Rae, the sisters of Miss Harrington, who came down from Sacramento with Mr. Rae, had possession. Many friends came to see them, some of whom had known the family in Chicago. They learned nothing new about the crime and simply stayed there and awaited developments. The remains of the victim were cared for at an undertaking establishment, where they were viewed by a Coroner's jury. To-day they will be quietly placed in a vault. The funeral will not be set for some time.

Miss Harrington's life had been commonplace as far as the world was concerned, though, as is the case with most commonplace lives, it may have had joys, sorrows and secrets as interesting in themselves as some that are told to the ages. She was born, as were her brothers and sisters, on Prince Edwards Island, and was in Milwaukee in babyhood. She was a little girl when the family went to Chicago and took up a work-a-day life there. When a young woman she went to Dubuque, Iowa, to teach sewing for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and several years later came to San Francisco to earn a living in the same way. Her acquaintance with ex-Senator Buck began in Dubuque, and through the years here it ripened into old and close friendship. The universal testimony of her friends and acquaintances is that her life was not only blameless but very religious. She was living a quiet every-day life, and carefully, but not stingily, nursing her little store of wealth for old age when death came.

Mrs. Kellogg, who was the only other occupant of the flat on Saturday noon, told her story in more detail yesterday.

"That morning I saw and spoke to her several times as we went about our work," says Mrs. Kellogg. "That little room just this side of the door, across the hall, she used as a kitchen, and she was in and out of there. Along about 11 o'clock I spoke to her as she was sweeping the hall and cleaning up the room she had rented to the Japanese. I said to her, 'I thought this was your day to go out.' She said she expected a person before 1 o'clock, and if the person didn't come she would go out then. A little later, when I was at the sink along the hall there, I heard her talking to some man at the head of the stairs, and pretty soon she came into my kitchen, where I was, and said, 'That was the Assessor, and you'd better keep out of the way.' She said she put him off till next week, and that she thought Assessors might let such people as her alone.

"That was the last time I saw her and that was the last thing she said to anybody except the one that killed her. She went out and back to her rooms. That was between half-past 11 and 12, and I went into my bedroom and sat down to read the paper. That door that shuts these rooms off from the hall was closed, so that there was that door and the long hall between me and her rooms in the front. I did not hear the front door closed, but I would surely have heard a scream. About half-past twelve I went to my kitchen to get my lunch, and it was about a half-hour later when I got through and went out to the side landing to throw something in the ash receiver that I saw smoke coming from the window of her back parlor that opens out on a sort of light-well built into the side of the house. Then I ran and found the door across the hall locked, and ran down the back stairs to the flat below and gave the alarm. I didn't see the body for an hour after the fire was out, and everybody was excited and all was in confusion.

"Of course I've only known Miss Harrington since March, but she was always a nice and quiet woman and used to get up every Sunday morning and go to early mass at the cathedral. She would go to church two or three times a week, and seemed very devout. Once she was talking to me at noon when the bell rang and she said, 'There's the Angelus; wait till I say it,' and she folded her hands and said a short prayer."

The members of Senator Buck's family are in a sad state of mind for more reasons than one. Aside from the anguish which the certainty of the Senator's death causes them their grief is great that he is not able to refute the insinuations which have been cast upon him by connecting him with the murder.

"My father's movements from the time he landed in Oakland from the Marysville train until he was brought home fatally injured have been fully accounted for, and no fair-minded man can consistently accuse him of any complicity in the affair," said Fred L. Buck last night. "We naturally feel very sad that he should be lying at the point of death and unable to face his accusers and explain the points of which so much have been made. Death will probably come without his regaining consciousness, and, though we are perfectly certain of his innocence of even the remotest connection with this terrible affair, I suppose the world will always feel some doubt of it, not knowing the entire circumstances."

LEES AT WORK.

The Captain Says the Murderer Was Familiar With the Interior of the Flat.

In speaking of the murder Captain Lees said yesterday: "The man who murdered Miss Harrington was familiar with the interior of the flat, and had been there many times. He knew her ways, and was in a position to carry out his cold-blooded butchery before she could suspect his intentions and raise an outcry.

"The fact that he locked the door in the hallway leading to the rooms occupied by Mrs. Kellogg is one thing that leads me to that conclusion. He must have known that Mrs. Kellogg was there, and locked the door to prevent the possibility of her surprising him while at his murderous work.

"What I am trying to discover is the motive. It was not robbery. What was it? I have her purse, which was found in her bedroom, and which contains $55 in gold. It is a small purse, and I doubt very much if Mrs. Kellogg ever saw it. The purse she refers to as being empty was evidently not the purse she kept her money in, as the one I have would show, and the fact that it was empty cuts no figure. If Mrs. Kellogg gave her some silver when she paid her the rent it is not unreasonable to suppose that she had spent it.

"I am begging away at the case, but I have nothing as yet to give for publication. I have absolutely nothing to say about Mr. Buck. I received a telephone message to-night that he was sinking."

The detectives have not yet been able to find the missing watch of the murdered woman. The presumption is that the murderer took it away with him, which leads to the suspicion that there was an inscription on it that might give a clew to his identity.

Detective Seymour was over in Oakland yesterday. He saw Frank Buck, son of Senator Buck, who told him that C. S. Chamberlain of 472 Tenth street and Billy Moore, the hackman, could give him information as to his father's movements on Saturday.

Seymour called at Chamberlain's place, but was unable to find him. He called again with a like result.

He saw Billy Moore, the hackman who drove the Senator from the Sixteenth-street station to his home on his arrival by train from Sacramento on Saturday. That was at 11:45 A. M. Moore told Seymour that while driving with a load past the station at Seventh and Adeline streets he saw the Senator there waiting for the train to go to San Francisco.

PLAN OF THE ROOMS.

Fire Marshal Towe Assisting the Police in Solving the Mystery.

Fire Marshal Towe is making a plan of the interior of the flat, 1017 Ellis street, for the Police Department. The Fire Marshal is interested in the case, as there was an attempt to set fire to the house.

He is not devoting any attention to the finding of the murderer, leaving that work for the detectives. He knows that when the murderer is found the incendiary will be the same person.

While taking measurements of the different rooms yesterday he had a conversation with Mrs. Kellogg, the lady who occupies the rear portion of the flat, in regard to the screams and moans which Mrs. Greenebaum, who lives at 1026 Ellis street, told an Examiner reporter she thought she heard shortly after 12 o'clock on Saturday.

"It's very strange," said Mrs. Kellogg. "If anything of the kind had happened I should have heard it, seeing I live in the same flat and the window of the room is almost close to my window. I think Mrs. Greenebaum must be mistaken, as I certainly did not hear any noise. The first thing I noticed was the smoke coming out of the window."

It is generally believed that the first blow struck by the murderer was the one with a blunt instrument that fractured Miss Harrington's skull and caused instant death. It is, therefore, improbable that any moans could have been heard by any one.

CAPTAIN LEES SMILED.

The Alleged Blood-Stains on an Old Knife Proved to Be Nothing but Rust.

The alleged discovery of a "blood-stained" knife made by an Examiner reporter on Sunday in the room where Miss Harrington's body was found aroused the risibles of Captain Lees yesterday when he saw the sketch of it and read about the blood stains.

"Why, I saw the old knife on Saturday afternoon," said the captain, "and after examining it threw it aside. The alleged blood-stains are nothing but rust. It's many a long day since that knife was used. I asked the reporter why he had written such stuff, and he said it livened up the story and gave him the chance of getting in a sketch of the knife. I then said to him, 'You must have seen it was rust, and not blood stains,' and he said, 'Well, you know, it glistened like blood.'"

Chief Crowley, in speaking of the knife, said: "It is a pity that any paper should publish such stuff. It is unfair to the department and to the public. The reporter must have known it was nothing but rust."

The reporter who made the discovery kept possession of the knife, but it will probably be returned to Mrs. Jackson, the legatee under Miss Harrington's two wills.

F. KANO IS FREE.

Chief Crowley Ordered His Release From Custody Yesterday Afternoon.

F. Kano, the Japanese salesman who rented a room from Miss Harrington last Friday and was to have taken possession of it on Saturday, is no longer in custody.

He was arrested on Saturday afternoon by Detective Anthony and taken to 1017 Ellis street, where he was questioned by Captain Lees and ordered to be detained in prison pending developments.

It was not at any time seriously believed that Kano had anything to do with the murder, the only suspicious circumstance being the marks of burns on his face, which he satisfactorily accounted for.

Attorney Treadwell was persistent yesterday in asking for his release from custody, and about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Chief Crowley gave him the necessary order.

DAVID SAMUELS IS SUED.

Mary E. Pleasant Demands Over Thirty-Two Thousand Dollars.

The Lace Merchant Repudiates the Claim and Says That She Owes Him.

A suit was filed yesterday in the Superior Court by Mary E. Pleasant to recover $32,364 06 from David Samuels, the well-known dry goods and lace merchant. "Mammie" Pleasant, as she is commonly called, is well known to the old time stock gamblers on Pine street. In later years she became very prominent in the Hill-Sharon divorce case, being Sarah Althea Hill's stanchest friend. Her suit against the lace merchant is somewhat peculiar. She asserts that at various times between 1876 and 1885 she gave him her notes for sums ranging between $500 and $1500, for which she received no consideration. These notes she liquidated when they became due the same as though they were genuine.

Mrs. Pleasant was out of town last evening, and so the details of those peculiar transactions were not obtainable.

Mr. Samuels' version of his business dealings with the aged colored woman is decidedly interesting, as it goes back to times when money was more plentiful than it is now. In the first place he denied that he owed Mrs. Pleasant one cent. He claims that the obligation is on the other side and that she owes him between $6000 and $7000 for goods purchased at his store many years ago. He said: "This business dates back fifteen or twenty years and is decidedly tangled up with the affairs of the late capitalist, Thomas Bell, who died about two years ago.

"Mrs. Pleasant has lived with the Bell family many years, and seemed to be one of its most active members. In fact, her word in the house seemed to be the law. Mrs. Bell purchased from me many thousand dollars' worth of goods. Sometimes she got them from me in person and sometimes through Mrs. Pleasant. I also sold large bills of goods to Mrs. Pleasant, and her total amount of purchases ran up during the many years she patronized my store to about $39,000. She gave me her notes for various sums from $500 to $1500, and from time to time she would pay up the whole or a part of the various amounts. About six years ago she stopped paying.

"I often asked her for the balance, but she would put me off with some excuse.

"After the death of Thomas Bell I began an action against the estate for $16,000 for goods sold to his wife, and as the estate is not yet settled, I have not been paid. At last I called upon Mrs. Pleasaut to pay me the balance of what she owes me. She snapped her finger in my face and told me she would not pay a cent.

"'Instead of paying you, I'll make you pay me,' she said to me. 'Those goods I bought were for Mrs. Bell, but the money I paid you was my own money. Not a cent of it was Thomas Bell's. It was mine, and I advanced to you at your request, and I'll show in court that I never received one cent's worth of benefit from the notes or the money I gave you.'"

Mr. Samuels stated that in order to show Mrs. Pleasant that she was entirely in the wrong and that she had no chance in court with such a claim, he allowed her to send expert accountants to his store and examine their accounts for twenty years past, and that in every instance the experts were satisfied that the accounts were as he had stated, and that Mrs. Pleasant still owed him between $6000 and $7000. To put it mildly, Mr. Samuels questions the motives that prompt Mrs. Pleasant to bring the action. When the case comes up in court there is no doubt that there will be some interesting developments in the matter.

THE Royal Baking Powder is the greatest of the modern-time helps to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a raising ingredient should embody it.

HELD FOR GRAND LARCENY.

Two Junk-Dealers Who Refused to Hand Over $2700.

J. S. Fanning and C. M. Bridges were yesterday held to answer before the Superior Court by Judge Joachimsen, in $1000 bonds each on the charge of grand larceny.

The complaining witness was Julius Radston, one of the executors of the Radston estate. On May 16 Fanning and Ridges bought a lot of odds and ends from the estate for $25. In an old box they found $2700 in gold and greenbacks. The fact that they had found the money became known to the executors, but they refused to give it up, claiming that it was part of their purchase. The matter came up before Judge Slack, who suggested that the executors should enter a civil suit for recovery of the money, but instead they had Fanning and Bridges arrested.

Calomel was discovered by Crollius in the seventeenth century, and the first directions for its preparation were given by Beguin in 1608. Its name is derived from two Greek words, signifying, "a beautiful black."

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

James Howard, a Harness-Washer, Has His Skull Badly Fractured.

HE EXPIRES WITHIN AN HOUR.

The Police Have so Far Failed to Ascertain Who Struck the Fatal Blow.

The police have on their hands another murder mystery, which Detective Dan Coffey, Policemen MacPherson, Quite and Ryan are trying to solve.

At five minutes past 4 o'clock yesterday morning James Howard, a harness-washer in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stables, corner of Folsom and Second streets, entered the Southern police station in a dazed condition. He had a severe cut on his head and was bleeding freely. He dropped into a seat and in answer to questions by the desk sergeant said he knew who had struck him, but would not tell. He had been

James Howard.
[Reproduced from a sketch by a "Call" artist.]

drinking and was considerably under its influence. He talked incoherently and did not seem to realize what he was doing or where he was.

A temporary bandage was put on the cut and he was sent in the patrol wagon to the Receiving Hospital. When the wagon arrived there Howard had lapsed into unconsciousness. Dr. Redding made an examination and found that there was a severe fracture on the right side of the skull. The scalp was badly lacerated, and as the flesh wound was near the crown of the head the doctor concluded Howard had been struck with a blunt instrument.

Howard reached the hospital at 4:20 o'clock and died at 5:25, without regaining consciousness. His body was taken to the Morgue.

There was 15 cents in his pockets, a poll-tax receipt and a card of P. J. Horan, saloon-keeper, 741 Howard street.

The police learned that Howard lived at 657 Folsom street. He had a day off Sunday, and was in his room till between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening. About 7 o'clock he went to a saloon on Howard street, near Second, but did not drink any liquor. He was seen shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday morning, staggering along Howard street, by P. J. Horan, who was standing at the door of his saloon.

He asked Horan to direct him to Third street, and then asked where Fourth street was. Horan got angry, and Howard asked him to go in and have a drink with him. There were two young fellows at the bar, and Howard "treated" for the crowd. They shook dice for another drink, and the smaller of the two young fellows lost. They threw again, when a dispute arose, and Howard left. When he got to the door he asked Horan for one of his cards, remarking that he was "a pretty good fellow" and he would like to see him again.

Howard walked in the direction of Third street and the two young fellows followed him. When Horan was putting out his lights he saw the three standing at Morosco's old theater. They seemed to be disputing. Horan went inside, and when he came out in a minute or two the three had disappeared.

That was about four minutes to 3. Jerry Galvin, saloon-keeper, who knew Howard, told the police that he came into his saloon some time after 3 o'clock, accompanied by a woman about 45 years of age. Howard was under the influence of liquor. She drank whisky and Howard had a Napa soda. While Howard went out for a minute or two the woman told Galvin she was a widow and had three children, one a grown-up daughter. She and Howard remained in the saloon five or ten minutes.

The proprietor of the Old Friends' Exchange on Third street, near Folsom, said that Howard and the woman were in his place between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. They each had a glass of beer. That was on Howard's way home, and the police think the saloonkeeper may be mistaken as to the time, as they think the couple had gone there after leaving Galvin's.

Who struck the fatal blow is still a mystery. The police have failed, so far, to discover the woman, and when they do she may throw some light upon the mystery. Howard was a man about 40 years of age.

THE United States Government report on baking powders shows Royal superior to all others. It is pure, made from wholesome ingredients, and greatest in leavening strength. It is the only baking powder for those desiring the finest, most wholesome food.

THE SINGLE-TAX THEORY.

Henry George Thinks the Recent Supreme Court Decision Will Increase Its Popularity.

Henry George, in a recent speech before the Manhattan Single-tax Club, expressed the opinion that the decision of the United States Supreme Court to the effect that income from rents of real estate could not be taxed will make the single-tax theory more popular than ever. He remarked that there are enough single-tax advocates in the United States to take up the subject and reap from the incident all the benefits that could be extracted from it. He said:

The Supreme Court has indeed done us the greatest service. We have known from the beginning that it was utterly impossible, in the nature of things, for the men who have been striving for the income tax, thinking that in that way they could do something to redress the monstrous inequalities in the ownership of wealth, to succeed, even if the instrument were given them especially for the purpose. The Supreme Court—and by what seems to me on the part of those who voted in the negative, what seems to me an adherence to the constitution—have prevented, have blocked that game. And now the income tax goes back to the American people with the Astors, big and little—and they exist everywhere in this country—exempt. Mr. Shearman is right.

The American people are a great deal like that Irish pig—tell them they shan't do a thing, and that is the very thing they want to do. Now, the desire to take rent for public purposes will grow as it never could have grown before. But we do not have to wait until the constitution is amended to find a way to do that. Jim Maguire of San Francisco and Tom Johnson and the six men who voted with them in the first session of the last Congress drew the line there. In Judge Maguire's amendment to the income-tax bill a way was shown. The great objection to direct taxation under the constitutional provision has arisen from the idea that all property must be taxed. Tax all property directly in the way provided for, the constitution apportioning the tax among the States, and it seems monstrously unjust because the value of the whole country is drawn to the large centers—from the West and from the South to the East, and from the East again to Europe; but by simply apportioning the tax to the States in proportion to the population and making that tax a tax upon land values (exclusive of buildings and improvements) and there you have the most just of all taxation. For the West and South will pay more, measured by what is called the wealth of the East, but the land values of the West and South are largely owned by the East, while the land of the East is not owned at all by the West and South. And this simple measure of taxing land values reaches the landlord, it makes no difference where he may be. There is the line of our fight. There is the way in which the Supreme Court have served us. The simple measure proposed by our six men in Congress last year will now get a fuller consideration than at that time could have been dreamed of, and that is the sure way to success.

FELL FROM A TRESTLE.

Ed Bryant Nearly Killed by a Fall of Fifty Feet From a Bridge.

Ed Bryant, a young man who resides in this City, met with a severe and what may prove to be a fatal accident while going to the Foresters' picnic at Glenwood recently.

The train had stopped at Wrights station long enough to allow the passengers to alight and look at the scenery in the vicinity. The car where Bryant was had been stopped on a trestle about fifty feet high which spans a canyon near the depot.

Bryant stepped down on the edge of the trestle, and as the crowd followed him he stepped back to avoid it or was pushed backward until, losing his balance, he plunged down into the ravine below. A projecting beam broke his fall half way to the bottom, and but for that it is more than probable he would have been killed.

He was taken in an unconscious condition to Glenwood, where he lay insensible for two hours and a half.

The young man is employed in Hogan & Co.'s shoestore in this City.

FOURTH CLUB FORMED.

Folsom-Street Boulevard Organizers Complete Their Work.

All the Clubs to Meet in a Grand Rally—Sidewalks to Be Uniform.

Folsom-street Improvement Club No. 4 was organized last night. This covers the street from Third street to the wharf. It completes the work of organization started by Captain George Raabe and A. B. Maguire for the Folsom-street boulevard.

The meeting was held in the Good Samaritan Hall of the Episcopal Mission, corner of Folsom and Second streets, and quite a number of ladies were present and took an active interest, among them being Mrs. Joseph B. Firth, Mrs. W. H. Hinton, Mrs. E. A. Nolan, Mrs. Mary A. Daly, Mrs. Simon Gorman, Mrs. Anna Brown, Miss Mary M. Riley, Miss Maggie J. Riley and Miss Mary Langton.

Captain Raabe opened the meeting with a review of the agitation in favor of the bituminizing of the street from the wharf to Twenty-ninth street, and explained that three other clubs had already been formed from Twenty-fourth street down. The bicycle parade and electric illumination, he said, with the manifest advantage of the noiseless pavement already laid from Nineteenth to Twenty-sixth streets, had shown that the project was a popular one. The boulevard, he believed, was now an assured fact, since the Board of Supervisors had instructed the Finance Committee to include it in the next tax levy.

A. B. Maguire told how the property-owners had been organized from one end to the other, not one man having been found who was opposed to the movement. For its success he gave great credit to the press of the City, and at his suggestion a vote of thanks to the newspapers was enthusiastically passed.

The club was organized with John Rafferty president, and W. J. Harrington secretary. An executive committee of three, consisting of J. D. Hinds, W. J. Harrington and Captain E. Freeman, was chosen to co-operate with like committees of the other three clubs, so as to make a general executive committee of twelve. There was also a working committee chosen, composed of Captain Joseph B. Firth, Henry P. Giannini and Mr. Harrington. A committee on halls was composed of Mrs. W. H. Hinton, Miss Mary M. Riley and Captain Firth.

Short speeches in favor of the boulevard were made by Supervisor Dunker, ex-Supervisor John W. Farren, President Leon Samuels and Secretary Hannan of Club No. 3, Captain Firth, J. D. Hinds, Mr. Harrington, F. W. McEwen of Club No. 3 and several others.

Mr. McEwen said he had been out canvassing for names to the petition with Patrick Heyfron during the afternoon and had remarkable success. Every property-owner requested to do so had signed his name.

Many of the old-timers recalled the glory of Folsom street in the days gone by, and contrasted it with the present neglected condition of the lower end. Mr. Harrington could remember the varied fortunes of the thoroughfare since 1856. Henry Cohen, who had been on the street for over thirty years, and J. H. Hinds, who was born and brought up in that neighborhood, said they thought it was time that part of the City received some favorable attention. Some of the nineteenth century spirit was at last being felt, remarked Captain Firth.

Supervisor Dunker declared that he was most enthusiastically in favor of the boulevard, and he believed he could say all the other Supervisors were. Mr. Farren thought that the thing would be done if property-owners took the interest in it that they should. The consensus of opinion was that the improvement would greatly enhance the value of all property—a fact that was manifestly appreciated by all who owned a foot of land.

Votes of thanks were tendered to Chairman A. B. Spreckels of the City Street Committee, Supervisor Dunker and the entire board, and then Mr. Maguire thought the ladies should receive a share of gratitude for their presence and active interest. Mr. McEwen observed that the ladies who owned property were most prompt to sign—they understood what clean streets meant. They were thanked accordingly.

The petition was then passed around for signatures, and a resolution was adopted to have the sidewalks of uniform width, namely, 15 feet. They are 19 feet 6 inches wide from Ninth street down at present.

It was a well-attended gathering. Another one will be held next Monday night at the same place. Mr. Maguire stated that a week from next Monday night there would be a general rally of all the clubs at the corner of Eighth and Folsom streets.

IT costs more to make the Royal Baking Powder because its ingredients are purer, but it is more wholesome and goes further than any other.

A Dunning Postal Card.

W. S. Arnheim was arrested yesterday by a Deputy United States Marshal for sending a dunning postal card through the mail. He says the late Captain Plummer owed him $9, and he wanted to know why his widow had not paid the bill, more especially as her husband had left her plenty of money. The first intimation that a bill was owing was sent to Mrs. Plummer inclosed in an envelope. She was away on a visit to Monterey, and it was not forwarded. Then followed the dunning postal cards, and they and the letter were sent on to Monterey. When the lady returned she laid the matter before Postoffice Inspector Erwin, and he had Arnheim arrested. If convicted the prisoner may be sentenced to five years in the State's prison.

Judge Seawell's Vacation.

Superior Judge Seawell left yesterday on his vacation. He proposes visiting Harvard College, where he has many friends, and hopes to be present at commencement.

THE MATHEWS TRAGEDY.

Howard Smith, One of the Important Witnesses, Cuts His Throat.

AFRAID TO TELL ALL HE KNEW.

After Giving Testimony at the Inquest He Became Despondent.

The murder or suicide of Jenny Mathews in Laurel Hill Cemetery some time ago was brought vividly to mind yesterday by the suicide of Howard Smith. It was he who assisted O. W. Winthrop, who is charged with the murder of Mrs. Mathews, to put her into a buggy and take her to her home on Broderick street.

Smith was a witness before the Coroner's jury last Saturday. He appeared very reluctant to tell what he knew about the case, and what little he did tell was drawn from him by close questioning.

Howard Smith.
[Reproduced from a sketch by a "Call" artist.]

After that he worried about the case and on last Sunday told a friend named Petersen that he was afraid he might have to tell all he knew and that it would hurt Winthrop and perhaps implicate himself. He was very despondent in consequence and yesterday morning, just before starting for his work in the cemetery, he went into his bedroom in his brother's house at 427½ Cedar avenue and there cut his throat.

Smith occupied a room in common with his brother's little son, but the latter was not present when his uncle killed himself. While the family, composed of his brother, sister and sister-in-law, were at their breakfast they heard a groan. Rushing into the room they found Howard on the floor with his throat gashed from ear to ear. He was not dead, but before a doctor could be summoned life was extinct.

Coroner Hawkins is at a loss as to what to think of Smith's case. He was satisfied after the inquest that Smith had not told all he knew, and that he sought to shield Winthrop. According to his evidence, the deceased was at the office of the cemetery the day of the alleged murder, and drove the buggy to where Mrs. Mathews lay or sat on a grave. He assisted to place the unfortunate woman in the vehicle, and, in company with Winthrop, drove her home. He waited in the room until Mrs. Hyden and the doctor came, and then drove back to the cemetery with Winthrop.

During all that time the only words spoken, according to Smith, were, "Hold me," by Mrs. Mathews; 'She ate something that didn't agree with her," by Winthrop, and "I think she's fooling," by the deceased. Smith's testimony was decidedly favorable to the prisoner, and Coroner Hawkins could not learn anything further from him.

The deceased's relatives all lay his death at the door of the Mathews tragedy. His sister says he had $3000 in the bank, and was in a happy frame of mind until it happened. "Then he grew despondent and gloomy," said Miss Smith, "and remarked to a friend of his named Petersen that he was troubled over the affair and was afraid to tell all he knew, because it might hurt Mr. Winthrop and implicate himself." Miss Smith refused positively to tell where Petersen could be found, but Officer Handley is now in search of him.

Detective Handley handed the following statement last night to Captain Lees: L. McInnis, the Coroner's messenger, and myself called at the residence of Howard Smith, 427½ Cedar avenue, the man who cut his throat with a razor at 5:45 A. M. Athe Smith and his wife (the suicide's brother and sister-in-law) state that ever since the Mathews poisoning case at Laurel Hill Cemetery he was very despondent, more especially since he testified at the Coroner's inquest. He said that if he could be left alone on the witness-stand he could tell his story, but he did not like the idea of being cross-questioned for fear that he would say something detrimental to Winthrop, and he did not want to say anything that would hurt Winthrop.

William Smith, nephew of the suicide, had not left the room for more than a minute, so it seemed, before he heard the body fall on the floor, and opening the door he remarked to his mother and father that Howard was lying on the floor. They all entered the room and found that he had cut his throat.

RESUME OPERATIONS.

Burglars Enter the Residence of Mrs. Preston on Leavenworth Street.

The residence of Mrs. Preston at 1424 Leavenworth street was ransacked by burglars last night, and everything of value that was small enough to be carried away and escape notice was stolen.

The robbers entered by a window in the rear of the house, which they forced open, a jimmy being used for the purpose.

Not being satisfied with ransacking the house, the cupboards and a number of boxes of linen and clothes packed for the summer were broken open, and the contents were strewn upon the floor.

Mrs. Preston is at her summer residence, Preston, Sonoma County, and the amount of valuables taken will be unknown until she returns.

The police were notified of the fact by W. P. Wand, who lives next door, and they are now working on the case.

THE only baking powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes which totally remove the tartrate of lime and other impurities.

Merchants' Association.

Thursday evening the newly elected board of directors of the Merchants' Association will meet for the first time and elect their president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer for the coming year. The various working committees will also be selected. As soon as the selections are made the members will begin the work of preparing a petition to the Supervisors setting forth many desirable improvements that the City can make at a small outlay.

The average weight of 100 women in Paris is 110 pounds; in Russia 122.

DANGERS OF SUMMER.

They Are Many, But One of the Worst Is the Least Expected.

People have an idea that colds are contracted in cold weather. This is not correct. When the pores of the skin are open and a chilly wind blows against the body, then is the greatest danger. The first sneeze, a sniffling in the nostrils, a dullness of the head—all indicate the first symptoms of a cold. And a cold in warm weather is as bad as at any other time.

There is but one thing to do when any of these symptoms come, and that is to bring about a reaction at once. A delay may mean serious consequences. There is but one way by which a healthy reaction can be brought about, and that is by the use of a pure medicinal stimulant, and there is but one thing that can be depended upon at such a time—that is Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. It is what its name implies—perfectly pure. It has been before the public for many years, and is the most popular of all stimulants, because it is so pure and powerful.

If you have any of the first symptoms of a cold, you should not delay a moment, but use this great preparation at once. Do not permit any druggist or grocer to sell you anything else. A cold cannot be cured on the start by an inferior whiskey, and you should insist upon having the best, and just what you ask for.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED!

Cultivate your beauty. You will look 100 per cent prettier when you remove that hair from your face.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29, 1895.
This is to certify that I have subjected the Antoinette Depilatory to a thorough chemical analysis and I find it to be superior to all other preparations for the removal of superfluous hair. It is without the least irritating action upon the most delicate skin.
W. T. WENZELL, Analytical Chemist.

This is to certify that I know Professor W. T. Wenzell and know him to be correct in every detail. M. H. LOGAN, Ph.G., M.D.

This Depilatory is WARRANTED not to stimulate the growth of the hair. Price $1 50. TRIAL SAMPLES of three of my complexion specialties for 50 cents.

Enough to last 2 or 3 weeks. Just what you require.

MME. MARCHAND,

Hair and Complexion Specialist,
121 POST STREET, ROOMS 32-36,
Taber's Entrance. Telephone 1349.

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

What a Picnic!

If you are contemplating spending the summer season in the country or traveling we can furnish you with

"All the Comforts Of a Home."

Wood Plates, per 100	75c
Paper Napkins	15c
Tin Cups	5c
Tin Plates	5c
7-quart Teakettle, copper bottom	50c
Tin Buckets	10c
Wash Basins	10c
Knives and Forks, per dozen	50c
Spoons	10c
Alcohol Stoves	15c
Can-openers	5c
Oil Stoves, 4-inch wick	50c
Candlesticks	5c
Corkscrews	15c
Galvanized Oilcans	25c
Tubular Lanterns	50c

HAMMOCKS.

Mexican Grass, full size	65c, 85c
Mexican Grass, colored	$1, 1 50, $1 75
Cotton, quarter color, close weave	$1
Cotton, full color, close weave, with drapery	$1 75, $2 25, $2 50, $3 75, $4, $5
Spreaders, per pair	20c
Ropes for Hammocks, per pair	25c
Hooks for Hammocks, per pair	20c

"KOMBI" CAMERAS, $3.50.

Telescope Baskets	15c up
Croquet Sets	$1 up
Paper-covered Novels, 500 titles	10c
Cloth-bound Novels	12½c
Butterfly Nets	25c
King Guns	$1

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$15¾ Geary, bet. Larkin and Hyde.
R. L. WALSH, D. D. S., Prop'r, directly opp. Saratoga Hall. Price list: Extraction (painless) 25c Bone filling 50c: Amalgam filling 50c; gold filling $1: Bridgework $5: Crowns $5: Plates $5 and $7: Cleaning $1. Every operation guaranteed.

☞ On entering our parlors be sure you see DR. WALSH, personally.

People in San Francisco.

The unequaled demand for Paine's Celery Compound among the people of this city is but one index of the great good it is doing. There are many in San Francisco whom it has cured of serious illness. Paine's Celery Compound makes people well who suffer from weak nerves or impure blood.

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A laxative refreshing fig fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take. CONSTIPATION hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.