AN ADVENTURE IN JAVA.

HOW A BRITISH MIDSHIPMAN'S PERIL WAS AVERTED BY A MALAY PRINCESS.

BY DAN O'CONNELL.

The anchor of her H. M. S. Pelorus had hardly found the bottom of Anjer Head one pleasant morning in June, 1865, before she was surrounded with a bumboat fleet.

"Nice monk, gentlemen, nice monk! Only one shilling! Mongoose, mongoose, lovely mongoose. Sweet potato, pomolo, banana, plantain, yams," were the shouts of the Malay boatmen as they clustered around the ship prepared to reap a rich harvest. And they were not disappointed, for the waist of the ship in twenty minutes looked like a vegetable and food market with monkey, mongoose and a lot of birds with the most brilliant plumage thrown in.

We were to cruise about the Straits of Sunda and the China seas in search of piratical junks, which were at that time very bold and troublesome in those waters. In the gunroom mess, which numbered eight all told, was a young Welshman named Daniels, who was my particular chum. We had served in the Australian squad together, we had shared the penalties of many an escapade, and it several times happened that while I was astride of the mizzen-topmast crosstrees, Midshipman Daniels grinned at me from the main. He was an enthusiastic, light-hearted man, and though as full of mischief as a monkey is of tricks, was withal a good and efficient officer.

We were all impatient to stretch our legs ashore and curious to explore the land of the deadly Upas. Java is a country so intensely tropical that every form of life and plant characteristic of the tropics has there an exaggerated development. The next morning Daniels and myself went ashore. The town, Anjer, since destroyed by an earthquake, was at that period a most interesting place. It was approached by a narrow estuary having on one side the European settlement and on the other the Malay village. It was a Dutch possession, and the Dutch soldiers we saw were altogether unlike that typical Mynheer Van Dunk of good and portly presence. They were as lean as a downeast Yankee, and their clothes hung about them much too large for their heat-worn bodies. The first thing when we stepped off the little jetty of the Dutch town was to inquire where we could have a good, comfortable shore breakfast. This we asked a stout red-faced looking fellow who had watched our boat come alongside.

"I will answer that question very promptly, gentlemen, if you will permit me," he said, "by inviting you to breakfast with me. I am a countryman of yours and a merchant, residing in Batavia, at the side of the island, and I will consider it a compliment if you will honor me by being my guests."

We readily assented, and our Batavian friend took us through the town. Each citizen had two houses, one of red brick for winter habitation, and the other of bamboo for summer use. Among the trees above our heads troops of monkeys gamboled and chattered, for the simian is a valuable article of commerce, and is encouraged and made to feel quite at home among the abodes of civilization.

The heat as we walked toward the bamboo house, where our Batavian friend was to eat the morning meal, was indescribably intense. We had come ashore in light duck jackets and trousers, but our host suggested that it would be more comfortable to exchange these for pongee pajamas and grass slippers before we ventured upon the exercise of eating. This we gratefully did from his wardrobe, and while the Malay servants kept the punkah swinging in the middle of the room and others wet down the bamboo walls outside, we ate a delicious breakfast of fish, fowl and fruit, washed down with some light Rhine wine. The conversation turned upon Malays, and my friend Daniels was curious about their literature and traditions and odds and ends he might be able to pick up for his museum.

"I should like above all things," he said, "to get a krisse, a genuine Malay krisse, for I have seen lots of bogus ones, but never, I think, the real thing."

"I think you will find it difficult," said the Batavian, "for our Malays here esteem their weapons very highly and on most of them you will perceive the carven lineaments of their household gods."

"Well, divinities or no divinities," laughed Daniels, "I shall not leave Anjer without a krisse."

"You'd better be careful," said the Batavian. "Those little fellows are very fierce and murderous when anything pertains to their religious affairs."

After coffee such as one rarely tastes outside a coffee country, our good-natured entertainer proposed to escort us over the Malay town. At one of the best-looking huts the Batavian called out and a young girl appeared. She was one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, and she stood at the door of this hut impassive as a bronze statue while the Batavian, in her own language, asked permission to examine the interior.

"By Jove!" said Daniels, "isn't that a stunning girl?" At his voice the Malay beauty turned and regarded him closely. I can recall the picture now—the girl, looking with a surprised air at the young officer, who, with his cap perched on the back of his head, a mass of curls clustering over his sun-burned forehead, his well-cut, handsome features and his merry laughing eyes, was a grand specimen of the well-born, frank Englishman. She evidently understood that there was a compliment in Daniels' remark, for she smiled at him pleasantly.

"Shake hands," said Daniels, extending his own, and the village beauty laid her palm confidingly in his, and began to examine the rings on his finger with childish curiosity.

"Nice, very nice," she said, pointing to a plain gold circlet.

"Oh, you speak English?" said Daniels.

"Yes, one little," rejoined the chief's daughter, for such our guide informed us she was.

"Then you shall have this ring," said Daniels, and as he detached it from his finger and placed it on hers he laughingly added, "With this ring I thee wed."

The girl had evidently some comprehension of the significance of the gesture, for she looked down in an embarrassed sort of way at the ring, and then in Daniels' face, as if to inquire what all this meant. She was about to return the ring to him, but Daniels with a gentle gesture indicated that it was hers. Again she looked at him with a curious, inquiring expression on her face, but I said:

"Oh, come along, Daniels, belay this flirtation; if we stay here much longer you will be endowing this maiden with your watch and all your worldly goods."

We had not proceeded very far down the street when a messenger from the other town told the Batavian that somebody wanted to see him on business. Promising to rejoin us shortly he crossed the estuary and we continued our ramble along.

"There's a krisse I should like to have," said Daniels, as a lithe young native walked rapidly down the street with one of the weapons at his side. We halted him, and Daniels endeavored to explain to him that he wanted to buy the krisse, but the Malay either would not or could not understand.

The midshipman took out several Mexican dollars, and, pointing to the horse, offered them to the native. The latter shook his head and smiled good-naturedly. Daniels, concluding that the sum was not sufficient, displayed some more coins, but again the native smiled and shook his head. Then the sailor got impatient and plucked the weapon rudely from the hands of its owner.

"Here you are," he said, shoving five dollars in his hand. "This old piece of iron and wood can't be worth any more."

The Malay made a grasp for his knife, but Daniels struck him a sharp blow across the chest, which staggered him. I remonstrated and was about endeavoring to conciliate the Malay, when, with a malignant glance at Daniels and muttering something in his own language, he walked smartly in the opposite direction.

"I'm afraid we're going to have some trouble from this, Daniels," I said. "You see the black fellow has got his household god carved on this hilt, and, unless I mistake, you shall hear more about your curio. And see, he has thrown the money in the street. Trust me that fellow certainly means mischief."

"Well, it can't be helped now, I suppose," said Daniels. "I don't see where the beggar's disappeared to, or I would call after him. We will see our Batavian friend and have him fix the matter up."

Strolling leisurely along and observing the quaint and interesting things about us, we awaited the return of our host of the morning.

"By Jove! What's going on up there?" pointing to a crowd that had assembled some sixty yards away, cried Daniels. "I'm blest if they're not holding some kind of a meeting, and my friend of the kris is in the middle of them, making some kind of a speech, I believe."

"We're going to have trouble, Daniels, to a dead certainty," said I. "That fellow is getting up an indignation meeting and they will attack us before we get to the boat landing."

Fortunately we had taken the advice of an old quartermaster in the morning, who had been among those islands before. He told us that the Malays were a treacherous lot and that we would be foolish to go ashore unarmed. Although we had no apprehension of any trouble the idea that we might possibly get into the woods and see something to shoot at had more weight than the sailor's warning, so we had slipped our revolvers on to our sword belts. As the crowd came angrily toward us there could be no mistake about their intentions. They were undoubtedly hostile. We looked around the long street for a friendly sail, but not a soul hove in sight.

"I fancy we'll have to engage the enemy's fleet alone and unsupported," laughed Daniels.

"I don't think it's any laughing matter," said I, "but about one thing I charge you to be careful. Do not shoot until there is absolute necessity for it. We may keep those fellows off with our swords, but should we be compelled to kill them, and even get on board all right, think of the court-martial behind us."

On they came, shouting and gesticulating, and when they were within about twenty feet of us we drew our swords. Every fellow was armed with a kris, which he flourished viciously, as if longing to have the carving of two plump Britishers. Our bold front checked them for a moment, but as it was a case of about six to one they plucked up courage and made another advance.

"Now for our pistols," I said to Daniels, "but don't fire until they are close upon us."

The sight of the revolver-barrels was too much for Malay valor, and the army beat a rapid and undignified retreat. We lost no time ourselves in getting to the landing, where we found our Batavian acquaintance. We related the adventure to him and he looked serious. He dined at our mess that evening and told us many things about the Malay character, showing that they were of a very treacherous and revengeful nature.

"I should warn you," he said, "when you're ashore after dark to keep a cautious lookout, because in carrying off that kris you have offended, not alone the owner, but all his relations, and you have been judged guilty of sacrilege."

A few days after this Daniels and the chaplain went on a botanizing expedition, which my duties on board prevented me from joining. Night, the swift, tropical night, came on, and I began to grow uneasy. The chaplain had left word that if he was not at the landing at 8 o'clock the ship's boat need not wait for him, as he and Daniels would come on in one of the natives' canoes. The incident of the kris made me uncomfortable, and when two bells went I called a first cutter, after explaining the situation and obtaining permission from the first lieutenant. Noiselessly as possible we made the landing, and Coxhedge, a brother midshipman, and also an intimate friend of Daniels, accompanied me up the long street of the native village. I had ordered the coxswain if he heard me blow my whistle twice to come to the spot as quickly as possible with his men. All was silent in the village, and when I got to the top of the long street and not a being was to be seen abroad I felt considerably puzzled as to what to do next. It would have been manifestly absurd just then to search every house in the village, and, besides, I had no authority for such a proceeding. While Coxhedge and myself were holding a council of war and feeling decidedly uncomfortable a figure glided from behind a cocoa palm and advanced toward us. Remembering the Batavian's comments on the Malay character I drew my pistol and stepped back a few paces.

"Hold on," whispered Coxhedge, "it is a girl."

She came rapidly toward us, and by the bright starlight I recognized the pretty face of the girl to whom Daniels had given the ring. She recognized me also, and, putting her finger to her throat, she whispered, "Come; they kill." Then shook her head, putting up two fingers.

"I'll tell you what she means, Coxhedge," I said. "She means that we are not strong enough. Hurry back to the landing-place as quick as you can and bring the boat's crew up with you. It looks as if we were going to have some bad work."

Coxhedge darted off like a greyhound, and by the most eloquent and expressive gestures the girl explained to me that Daniels and the parson were confined in a hut close by and that they were going to kill Daniels for desecrating the kris and send the parson to prison or up the country. By this time Coxhedge had returned with the men, who were grinning all over at the prospect of a scrimmage. We surrounded the house indicated by the girl, who drew herself some distance aside. One whack of the burly coxswain's fist burst the door in, and there on the floor lay Daniels and the chaplain, tightly bound with manilla ropes and guarded by three Malays, but not gagged.

Daniels had been cursing ever since their capture, the chaplain told me afterward, which occurred just as they were entering the village to go to the boat landing three hours before. Their guards made no show of resistance, and for my part I made no attempt to restrain our fellows from giving them a sound thrashing with our boat-stretchers. As we brought the rescued heroes from the cabin I told Daniels how I discovered what had befallen him, and he declared on the spot that he would marry the girl offhand and wanted to remain back and thank her, but I insisted upon getting out of the place as quickly as possible, and when we reached the boat landing there stood our Malay heroine. Daniels clasped her in his arms without a moment's hesitation, and swore that if she came aboard the ship with him he should marry her there and then.

"Why not have the ceremony take place here?" said I, "his reverence is handy and you might as well have the thing over at once."

"I'll be hanged if I don't, if she'll have me," cried Daniels, and I must say the maiden looked very willing.

On the following day the ship was ransacked for beads and trinkets and things which might be acceptable to the chief's daughter. She was taken on board and all the youngsters at once fell in love with her. And when three weeks afterward we sailed away for the Gulf of Saghalien, the last figure we descried on the landing was the poor, dusky Ariadne waving her hand to her Welsh sweetheart.

"WITH THIS RING I THEE WED."

LOOKING FOR HEIRS.

The Lord Mayor of London Assists an Enterprising American in a Business Venture.

John Wilson, an Englishman keeping a second-hand store, died in 1894, leaving an estate worth several thousand dollars, but no will nor known heirs. J. H. Burke of 2524 Clay street saw an opportunity for a stroke of business. He at once put himself in communication with different people with the idea of finding an heir. Among others he wrote to the Lord Mayor of London, hoping to get some gratuitous advertising. As a result the following notice appeared in the London Westminster Gazette:

AN OWNER FOR A FORTUNE WANTED.—The Lord Mayor has received a letter from J. H. Burke of 205 Franklin street, San Francisco, stating that John Henry Bernard Wilson, an Englishman, died intestate there in June last, leaving a considerable sum of money, which, in default of heirs, will escheat to the State of California. The deceased was born in London about 1833, and was in the royal navy for a short period. He settled in San Francisco in 1864, first as a boot and shoemaker, and latterly as the keeper of a hardware store. It is believed he has a sister living. The Lord Mayor's correspondent adds: "I know of no way of giving this money into the hands of Wilson's relatives except through your kind assistance. Will you do us all the kindness to ask the newspapers of London to give publicity to the facts above stated?"

Several letters of inquiry have been received by Mr. Burke. No heir has as yet been discovered.

The Sultan of Morocco likes to look on the faces of his foes—when they are dead. He lately received at Fez two cartloads of salted human heads, the remains of Rahauma rebels. They are to adorn the city walls.

NAPOLEON and the CARICATURISTS.

NOTABLE WORK OF GILLRAY, CRUIKSHANK AND ROWLANDSON.

PARIS, FRANCE, May 25.—From the abdication to the return from Elba, and from Waterloo to 1830, anti-Napoleonic caricature in France was so coarse and so destitute of all art that it is really not worth noticing. During these two periods the Bourbon Government openly favored this production of anonymous caricatures, vilely colored and with grossly insulting commentaries, by the appearance of which they hoped the Napoleon legend would be effectually stilled.

In a short time repulsive pictures of Napoleon were everywhere conspicuous, a hideous nightmare in the print-sellers' windows. Farewell to the Bonaparte at the bridge of Arcola! No more of the First Consul crossing the Alps. No longer Napoleon appears in majesty beneath the arches of the Notre Dame or in the cathedral of Milan, his brows encircled by the imperial diadem or the iron crown of the Lombards.

To the famous engravings signed by the names of Gros, David, Isabey, Gerard and Appiani, to the popular pictures with dithyrambic legends, have succeeded innumerable caricatures, nearly all anonymous, of astonishing coarseness and absolutely devoid of art.

A fact worthy of mention is that in France no artist of talent consented to degrade his brush in this base campaign of insults against the thunder-blasted Titan.

It was necessary that all possible means should be used to inspire in the people a horror even of the name of Bonaparte. The task was certainly a difficult one, the eople being always ready, with the instinctive generosity of their heart, to pardon the offenses of those who have accomplished really great things, and to forget very quickly sufferings by the excesses of glory.

It is in England we must seek for really good caricatures of Napoleon. There art was combined with satire, and certain caricatures by Gillray and Rowlandson might occupy a place of honor in the finest collections of engravings.

Among the numerous caricaturists who attacked Napoleon Gillray is by far the most celebrated. His influence on satiric painters of his time was considerable; not only in England, but also in France, Germany, Italy and especially in Russia he had innumerable imitators.

J. Gillray is par excellence the caricaturist of Napoleon, and he incarnates in his work all the hatred of England against the Emperor. Moreover, the satiric vocation was never more imperious than in the case of this artist. He seems to have been born into the world for the purpose of ridiculing his contemporaries. Nobody was safe from his attacks, and George III was among the first to experience the stings of his poisoned darts. Numerous are the caricatures in which he ridicules with merciless humor the eccentricities and the avarice of his sovereign.

British spleen was delighted with those biting criticisms, but at last the court became displeased and a minister was commanded to buy the terrible pencil of Gillray, who, drunkard and gambler, lent himself with a good grace to the bargain.

One of the articles in the convention probably required him to turn the arrows of his satire against "the Corsican ogre," "the Corsican plague"; for from the day the imbecilities of George III ceased to serve as a butt for his raillery, Napoleon became his daily target. And it must be admitted that his inexhaustible fancy did not suffer from the change of direction.

From the coup d'etat of Brumaire until 1815, the year of his death, he held on to his victim. It was the unceasing attack of the hornet on the lion. The list of pictures illustrating that Homeric fight is a long one. Among the most celebrated may be mentioned "Napoleon Putting an End to the French Revolution," "The Interview Between Britannia and the French Citizen," and "The Feast of Belshazzar," in which Bonaparte, Josephine and the courtiers are feasting on the riches of England.

On one plate, served like calf's head, is the head of King George; on another, a gigantic pie, representing the Bank of England. Josephine, enormous and expansive (it is thus that history is written), is emptying her glass at a gulp; one of the guests is swallowing the Tower of London. But at the moment when the First Consul attacks a cake representing St. James palace, three fateful words of the scriptural story shine out on the wall, and Bonaparte shrinks back in horror, while behind him stand his trembling sisters, attired in costumes of the slightest.

Then there are: "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "The Plum Pudding in Danger," "The Toreador," "The Unexpected Meeting," "The Castles in the Air," etc.

I shall describe only the principal. The subject of "The Toreador" was suggested to Gillray by the Spanish war. Here we see the Emperor, in matador costume, in the arena. He has broken the head of his espada on the shoulder of one of the bulls, who, maddened by the wound, stabs him with his horns. The sovereigns of Europe form the audience and contemplate the scene with evident delight.

In the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" Napoleon is represented as entering the gloomy valley, holding in leash the Northern bear. He encounters here the British lion, the terrier of Sicily, the wolf of Portugal, and last of all Death, mounted on an Andalusian steed, with arched neck, and urging them to combat.

Some of Gillray's compositions might be reproached for their obscure symbolism, in spite of the extensive explanatory notes that cover more than half the drawing or escape in scrolls from the mouths of the personages like streams of gall.

A long way after him comes George Cruikshank, who is only his pale imitator, but whose "Satirical History of Napoleon," with its colored plates, constitutes a curious study in caricature.

Thomas Rowlandson completes the trinity; but among his numerous works, although entirely consecrated to the painting of manners and customs, and especially the evil ones of his own country, Napoleonic satire only appears by the way. We may mention as an example of this great artist's work, the colored print, "The Two Kings of Terror," a title the laconic eloquence of which forms a contrast to the interminable commentaries of Gillray's obscure designs.

Rowlandson here represents a conference between Death and Napoleon, who sit face to face, one on a cannon, the other on a drum, in attitudes of meditation. In the background are battalions mingling in the shock of battle under a stormy sky. That is all, and yet the picture is painful in its impressiveness. It is of the highest art.

There is also a series of prints, either anonymous or signed by obscure names, published at the time of the formation of the camp at Boulogne, in which is reflected under the appearance of defiance the very real terror spread throughout England by the prospect of an invasion.

We may mention, also, the satiric prints executed at St. Helena from nature by such men as Marryat, Bunbury, Dodgin and Crockatt, which in spite of intentional and often grotesque exaggeration of the characteristic features of the model, form a valuable iconographic series.

Only the death of Napoleon caused the pencil to drop from the hands of the English caricaturists, and from this moment, freed from all cause to fear, they bowed respectfully before the coffin of their glorious adversary, while France on the other hand, governed by the Bourbons, proteges of the Holy Alliance, abounded in coarse prints that threw insult even on the long and cruel agony of the great captive of St. Helena.

Gillray, like Rowlandson, and later, George Cruikshank, in spite of the difference in the historic epochs he represented, never varied the features of Napoleon in any of his designs. For the English satirist the Bonaparte of the Kremlin is the same as the Bonaparte of Toulon, and on the rock of St. Helena he is as lean and long-haired as on the bridge of Arcola; always the same puny, raging dwarf, with long, hooked nose, everlasting frowning brows, thin flanks and the jaws of a mad wolf; always dressed in an enormous overcoat loosely belted, and always incoherent movement, epileptic gestures, bullying attitudes, a continual agitation.

It is the invariable formula.

In Germany caricatures of the general or consul are rarely seen.

The satirists of Dresden, Berlin, Munich and Vienna maintain a prudent reserve until the disaster of 1812. After that date German caricature appears in the form of Klein's bitter and ghastly cartoons, and soon satirical sketches are multiplied to infinity.

In nearly every case the image of Napoleon of declining days is nothing but a rough distortion of the life-like patriot by Dahling.

Less cruel than the English artists, the German caricaturists show us, now in the island of Elba, now at St. Helena, a Napoleon grotesquely accoutered, bewailing his sins, while smoking a large clay pipe; or dressed like Robinson Crusoe, contemplating with profound melancholy from under the shade of a great umbrella legions of rats, who are gnawing at his boots.

At times, however, German caricature assumes a savage harshness and Napoleon then becomes the great grave-digger, seated with shovel in hand on a throne made of heaped-up skulls.

There is little to be said regarding Italian caricature, which is a feeble imitation of the German. For reasons easy to understand it did not appear until the close of the empire and then only timidly.

"L'Estampe Russe," of which the most curious plates have been carefully collected by M. Rawinski, contains a considerable number of Napoleonic caricatures. Almost all of them have reference to the campaign of 1812.

Many are only clumsy adaptations of German, and, above all, of English drawings, due to the audacious imagination of the Muscovite, Lepedeheer, who, with one stroke, upsets the order, the original composition, and the spirit of the legend.

Then there is the series of popular sketches, which are of an infantile art and atrociously colored, but at times reflect with extraordinary violence and bitter eloquence the feelings of the Russian people from the passage of the Niemen to that of the Beresina.

I have constantly before my eyes that emaciated Napoleon holding a review of skeletons in the middle of a vast white plain. And that return to Paris, that departure in a sledge drawn by a pig whose wretched pace is accelerated by the lances of the Cossacks! He is well worth seeing—that melancholy Napoleon in sordid rags, from whose long, very long, nose hangs stalactites of ice.

Sad and cruel images of old time, very different from those which the French and Russian peoples exchange to-day with touching confidence in the mysterious future.

ARMAND DAYOT,
Inspector des Beaux Arts.

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THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.—GILLRAY.

THE PLUM PUDDING IN DANGER.—GILLRAY.

TO MEET AT SANTA CRUZ.

Coming Eighth Grand Council of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society.

The List of Delegates Elected—Reports of the Various Branches.

The board of directors of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society will hold its eighth Grand Council at the Hotel del Mar, Santa Cruz, on Wednesday, the 26th inst. This will be the largest council in point of attendance of any yet held, as a number of new branches were organized during the year.

The proceedings will be opened on Wednesday morning with a solemn high mass in the Church of the Holy Cross, Santa Cruz. As this is a part of Bishop Montgomery's diocese it is the expectation of the ladies that he will be present and address them.

The reports of the various branches so far received by Miss Margaret Curtis, grand secretary, indicate an increase in membership over last year, besides greater disbursements of all kinds of relief. The Hotel del Mar property, which is managed by a separate board, subordinate to the regular board of directors, will also show a balance on the right side of the ledger. The ladies are therefore well pleased with the year's work.

Many of the delegates are already on the ground. The railroad company has granted a one and a third rate ticket, good until June 30. This rate is open to all members of the order on receipt of the proper blanks from the grand secretary.

The delegates and alternates who will attend the Grand Council are as follows:

No. 1, Oakland—Delegates, Mrs. H. Coleman, Miss Maggie Smith. Alternates, Miss Mary Gannon, Miss Annie Porter.

No. 2, San Francisco—Delegates, Mrs. H. Molloy, Miss K. Miles. Alternates, Mrs. M. Henry, Mrs. S. Miller.

No. 3, Alameda—Delegates, Mrs. M. McStay, Miss Anna Weir. Alternates, Miss Annie Kearney, Mrs. Quill.

No. 4, San Francisco—Delegates, Miss Lizzie Keating, Mrs. James Looney. Alternates, Miss Mary McCarthy, Miss Annie Brennan.

No. 6, Gilroy—Delegates, Miss L. E. Ryan, Miss Katie Cullen. Alternates, Miss Kate Schaeffer, Miss Hanora O'Connor.

No. 8, San Francisco—Delegates, Miss Annie O'Connor, Miss Louise Knorp. Alternates, Miss M. Fortune, Mrs. W. Kelly.

No. 10, San Francisco—Delegates, Miss Mary Fleming, Mrs. C. Harrigan. Alternates, Mrs. Faust, Miss Josie Moran.

No. 11, San Francisco—Delegates, Miss Emma Russell, Miss Annie Collins. Alternates, Miss Ella O'Neil, Miss Tessie Burns.

No, 13, Santa Cruz—Delegates, Mrs. K. Peterson, Mrs. Emma Mangels. Alternates, Mrs. James Tait, Miss Minnie Wint.

No. 17, San Luis Obispo—Delegates, Mrs. Ortegay, Miss Mary Kelly. Alternates, Mrs. Vollmer, Mrs. Pinho.

No. 18, South San Francisco—Delegates, Miss Florence Fanning, Miss Mary McDonough. Alternates, Miss Mary Ford, Miss Annie McDonough.

No. 19, San Francisco—Delegates, Eliza A. Macdonald, Miss Olive Libby. Alternates, Mrs. James Adams, Mrs. K. Langdon.

No. 20, San Francisco—Delegates, Miss Hand, Miss Grennan. Alternates, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Donnelly.

No. 20, Hollister — Delegates, Miss Mary Smyth, Miss Mary Patterson. Alternates, Mrs. J. Nibley, Miss Kate Sullivan.

No. 22, Santa Rosa—Delegates, Mrs. T. P. Keegan, Miss Annie Burnett. Alternates, Mrs. J. Keegan, Mrs. M. Mulvehill.

No. 23, Petaluma—Miss Kate Sullivan. Alternate, Miss Addie Brandon.

DENTISTS TO MEET.

A Convention Will Be Held at the Academy of Sciences on July 9.

The California State Dental Association will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation on July 9 and for four days thereafter. A convention will be held at the Academy of Sciences.

Circulars have been issued by President Luther A. Teague to all dentists in the State calling their attention to the matter and soliciting their co-operation.

Committees were appointed as follow:

Pathology and surgery—W. J. Younger, J. L. Asay, L. B. Holmes, Frank Burton, J. G. Parsons, S. H. Roberts.

Therapeutics—W. A. Knowles, W. F. Sharp, J. G. Parker, F. F. Tibbits, B. B. Brewer, H. E. Knox.

Dental Chemistry—H. R. Morton, Max Sichel Sr., I. W. Hays Jr., H. P. Carlton, J. H. Hatch.

Operative dentistry—L. L. Dunbar, Miss C. M. McElroy, F. Teague, George Van Orden, A. F. Merriman Jr., C. R. Sabin.

Mechanical dentistry—T. N. Iglehart, George McCowen, Warren Decrow, A. H. Millberry, D. Cave, J. C. Cummings.

Dental histology—S. E. Knowles, A. M. Barker, A. Cane, J. F. Twist, F. W. Bliss, H. G. Richards.

Dental literature and education—C. L. Goddard, F. H. Metcalf, A. C. Hart, W. G. Craig, O. Carpenter, C. H. Farman.

Microscopy—L. Van Orden, M. A. Greenlaw, A. H. Morles, J. J. Giusti, W. I. Prather.

Orthodontia—J. W. Lundborg, F. J. Lane, E. A. Lundy, T. H. Hill, Thomas Morffew, James E. Combs.

Clinics—Frank C. Pague, C. W. Hibbard, H. D. Boyes, J. M. Dunn, A. F. Merriman Sr.

Committee of arrangements—R. H. Cool, M. J. Dunn, D. R. Taggart, A. Warner, W. R. Meek, W. A. Moore.

Programme—W. F. Lewis.

The delegates to the convention will be entertained by the Stomatological Club in its rooms at Stockton and Post streets. A programme, including an excursion and a banquet, is in course of preparation.

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A chiropodist cures (?) corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, and all afflictions of the feet.

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