JIM WICKS' LAST FIGHT.

The Vicious Stallion Killed Yesterday in One Wild Plunge.

A RIDER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Gleason to Sue the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Jim Wicks is dead. Jim was only a horse, but was possessed of decided ideas regarding the rights and privileges of horsedom, and always protested, and successfully, against any training or attempts at subjugation. But he was conquered at Central Park yesterday, death being the subduer.

Professor O. R. Gleason, the horse-trainer, who, not long since, was breaking animals at the Pavilion, has for some time had bills up announcing an exhibition at Central Park yesterday. The place was well filled, fully 10,000 people being present.

The first animal to be brought out was a brown horse, owned by Captain Harris of the Bay District track, led into the inclosure by a halter. It was said to have runaway tendencies, kicked viciously, and had never been driven without blinds. The animal was peaceable enough until harnessed, when it commenced an exhibition of kicking, rearing and jumping that kept the hands of Gleason and his assistants full of business.

The low small-wheeled wagon used in the training is something on the buckboard order, made to withstand shocks of all shapes and sizes, and when it was run up to the animal without hesitation he kicked it away ten feet. Straps had been attached to the horse's fore legs and run through rings affixed to the under part of the surcingle, and when the jumping commenced a pull on these brought him to his knees. This was repeated whenever the kicking and bucking commenced, resulting at last in his remaining quiet even when the wagon cushion was swung before his eyes and flags were waved and a base drum was beaten about his ears. "Bring on No. 2," said the professor; upon which remark the horse concluded to try it again, and played a lively tattoo on the wagon, and hopped around in a manner that made the crowd yell with approval. The professor tried his hand again, when Secretary Holbrook of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stepped up and stopped the performance with this horse.

This was not relished by the audience, which showed its disapproval by howls and cries to eject the secretary. Protests by Gleason to the audience and to Mr. Holbrook were of no avail, so No. 1 was sent away and No. 2 brought out.

This horse was a fine chestnut animal with silver mane and tail, and was announced as possessing traits similiar to the first. He exercised himself after the fashion of his predecessor—thumped the wagon repeatedly and thoroughly and had a try at Gleason's head, missing it by only a few inches. He was decidedly spirited and eyed the professor sideways in a most disgusted manner. However, he was subdued in due time, and after having varied noises raised around him in the way of drums, tin cans, firecrackers and various flags, he was pronounced all right. This seemed to suit the crowd and several enthusiastic and excitable spectators felt called upon to denote their appreciation in vociferous and amusing remarks.

Following this came an exhibition of fancy vaquero riding and lasso-throwing that almost resulted in a tragedy. Vaquero Nickerson was riding a spirited animal, when the saddlegirth broke and he fell to the ground. The horse struck the man and injured him severely, but he showed much pluck and came staggering back into the ring very soon and insisted upon trying it again, but was not permitted, Vaquero Mitchell finishing for him.

The trick riding and lasso-throwing was good and evoked applause, most of the participants being from Butchertown.

The event of the afternoon was reached when Jim Wicks, the animal from San Jose, was brought in. He was a magnificent specimen, being of Nutwood stock, his father having a mark of 2:13¼. No one had ever been able to drive him, and he had so bad a reputation as to be called the "man-eater." His owner declined to let him come here to be trained unless he was purchased. He was bought by Professor Gleason for $300, and if subdued would have been worth fully $1000.

He was led in by two men, one on each side. He was muzzled. A strap was attached to his off foreleg and passed over his back and he was borne to the earth by lifting that leg and pressing him over. The whip was then cracked about his ears until he lay still. He was then handled for biting by pressing his mouth in some peculiar way and straps were attached to his forelegs and a bit and bridle fitted. He moved off peaceably enough, but when the whip was cracked he reared up and fell over on his head. After some kicking and the fixing of a pad on his head to prevent injury, he again reared and fell over backward, and was so severely injured that he was shot by an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Gleason's request.

The stopping of the first portion of the exhibition by Secretary Holbrook was resented by Mr. Gleason, who has declared his intention of suing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for $50,000 damages to-day. He says: "Surely it cannot be rightfully claimed that I have ever showed cruelty to any animal. Of what use is a horse that cannot be driven. Some method must be adopted to bring him to terms. I think the interference decidedly uncalled for and intend to protest in the courts."

It seemed to be the opinion of most of the horsemen present that Mr. Gleason's methods were humane and above criticism and that the death of Jim Wicks was entirely an accident.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

Rev. W. A. Gardner of the West Side Church Describes the Ideal.

"God's Picture of a Perfect Gentleman," as gleaned from his teachings in the Bible, was the theme with which Rev. W. A. Gardner interested his congregation at the West Side Christian Church yesterday morning.

"The picture, as shown by the Bible," he said, "presents two sides—a positive and a negative. Each side contains five characteristics, which if followed out will present the perfect picture.

"On the positive side I should rank uprightness first. By uprightness I mean that quality which is sometimes called backbone.

"A man should be able to withstand temptation and the gibes and taunts of his fellow-men simply because he is right, knows he is right and intends to show his front to the world.

"Works, the second characteristic, signify his deeds for the good. All men may be energetic, but it is the man who extends his energies in the right direction who can claim to be a gentleman from God's point of view. Heart truthfulness enters very largely into the composition of the gentleman I am depicting. By that I mean the truth of the heart—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Man should not tell just what comes to his lips, that which appears on the surface, but the truth as he knows it in his inner consciousness.

"The man I speak of keeps good company—shuns those are lewd or unrighteous and mingles with those by whom his own character may, perhaps, be elevated, or at any rate not injured. To be a true gentleman a man must regard his oath and keep sacred every promise which he has determined to keep as it was made.

"On the negative side the true gentleman is never a slanderer. I know of no more despicable person than the slanderer, for he injures three persons, the speaker, the listener and the slandered. The drunkard, while he is more looked down upon by the world at large, is, in my mind, almost a gentleman in comparison with the slanderer. The man who listens to a slanderer is not much better than that individual himself, for by countenancing him he shows that he himself possesses a depraved mind.

"Shakespeare knew what he was talking about when he made one of his characters say: 'He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches my good name robs me of that which enriches him not but leaves me poor, indeed.'

"The four remaining negative characteristics which go to make up God's ideal gentleman are, first, that he does no evil to his neighbors; second, will not take up a report against his neighbor; third, does not rob with unlawful interest, and fourth, takes no reward against the innocent. The man who possesses the first five characteristics and is free from the last five is God's ideal gentleman and can never fall."

JOHANSEN IS MISSING.

He Sent a Letter to the Coroner in Which He Threatens Suicide.

His Personal Effects He Wanted Given Away for Charitable Purposes.

Ever since last Friday afternoon J. Johansen, a sea-faring man who for six months had been living at 365 Jessie street, has been missing from his abiding place, and, judging by a letter which Coroner Hawkins received yesterday, he has committed suicide. The letter reads as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1895.

Coroner Hawkins—SIR: At 365 Jessie street, room 16, will be found what few articles I leave behind, beside a trunk that is in the hallway down stairs. A room-mate will show what was mine in the room and the landlord the other. This I wish you would take to the First Unitarian Church to be delivered to the "Society for Christian Work" of that church, to whom I bequeath it. I have no friends or relatives here that will claim it, and I am in debt to no one. The cause of my demise is impaired health. Yours respectfully,

J. JOHANSEN.

P. S.—If these people decline it give it to some other charitable society.

A friend of Johansen's, H. Veraleneck, and the proprietor of the lodging-house on Jessie street feel convinced that the missing man made away with himself. He came from South Dakota six months ago, and on his way out became acquainted on the train with Veraleneck and the two grew to be friends. Upon arrival here they took lodgings on Jessie street. Johansen never spoke much about his private affairs, but he had money on deposit in the German Savings Bank. Since his arrival he had done no work, yet he paid all bills promptly, and, as the landlord said yesterday, was an exemplary man in every way.

Last Monday and Thursday he visited the Cliff House and on Friday, on meeting his friend, asked for the key of the room which they occupied together, saying he wanted to get a change of clothing and then go to take a bath. He went to the room and donned his best suit and went out, after speaking to the landlord in regard to his laundried underwear, which had not been delivered. That was the last seen of him, but yesterday an envelope addressed to the landlord and containing thirty cents in silver was found in his bureau drawer. With it was a note saying that the money was to pay the laundryman.

For several weeks past Johansen had been complaining of severe pains in his chest and lungs, and he intimated that he thought he had consumption. He remarked that he did not see why he had not died at sea. He was very methodical in his habits, and that is why his friends think that he committed suicide as intimated in his letter. His effects consist of clothing and a large seaman's chest, which has not yet been opened. He is a man of medium height, light complexioned and with a heavy blonde mustache.

A DARING COUNTERFEITER.

Elme Menneugler Manufactured and Passed the Bogus Money.

He Was for Many Years a Well-Known Waiter in the Maison Doree Restaurant

There is one counterfeiter whom the proprietors of the Maison Doree would like to see behind the bars. His name is Elme Mennengler and was at one time a waiter in that establishment, and, besides passing bogus quarters, halves and dollars on the patrons of the establishment, he stole electroplated knives, forks and spoons and also secured a collection of fans, opera-glasses and monocles left in the rooms by patrons of the place.

The knives, forks and spoons were placed in a bath and the electroplating removed. As soon as the counterfeit dollars and halves were made, this electroplating was used to make them look like silver. The venture was a success from the start, and Mennengler used to get rid of over $250 worth of the stuff every month.

As soon as he got an inkling that Secret Service Agent of the Treasury Harris and his deputies were on his trail he at once made his escape. He did not wait upon the order of his going, but without even packing up his trunk got away on the instant.

When Deputy Secret Service Agent Dudley Harris reached the counterfeiter's nest he found the bird had flown. All the paraphernalia was there, however, and a quantity of the bogus coins were in a secret receptacle. The molds were of the best, files for perfecting the milling were there in all sizes and shapes, and a small polishing machine for putting the finishing on the counterfeits is one of the most perfect of its kind.

In the trunks and drawers left by the counterfeiter were the spoons, knives and forks, fans and spectacles mentioned, and also letters to people in Los Angeles describing how the whole scheme was worked. Agent Harris says the whole affair was carefully planned and well carried out. Latterly the City has been flooded with excellent imitations of half-dollar pieces, and there is no doubt but that Menningler was the manufacturer.

The waiter is also known by the name of Hendrick and he is supposed to have been a partner of the Hildebrandts of Los Angeles, celebrated counterfeiters. He has been traced from here to that point, but so far the Chief of Police in the City of Angels has been unable to locate him. Hildebrandt made a first-class counterfeit, and it is thought that Hendrick helped him out with electroplating and also in passing some of his surplus money. The entire Hendrick outfit is now in the office of N. R. Harris and a number of the forks and spoons, fans and eyeglasses are also in his possession.

A careful search of the trunk found in his lodgings on Trenton street showed that his real name was Elme Mennengler and that he was also known as Elme Lengrognet. There was $175 in counterfeits, from a $5 imitation gold piece to a nickel, and sixteen molds.

JOURNEYMEN BUTCHERS.

They Celebrated Their Ninth Anniversary at Shell Mound Park.

IT WAS A SPLENDID AFFAIR.

Athletic Games, Races, Bowling and Dancing Kept the Fun On Continually.

The Journeymen Butchers' Protective Association held one of the most successful celebrations ever seen in Shell Mound Park, yesterday. There was an immense crowd in attendance, and the various amusements went off without a hitch. The parade was one of the features of the day. The men assembled promptly in front of Pythian Hall on Market street, and Grand Marshal Armand Decourtieux got them into line and a start was made within a few seconds of the hour stated.

From Pythian Hall the line of march was to Kearny street, thence to California, thence to Montgomery, thence to Market and the ferries. Decourtieux's chief aid was Charley Johnson, and both men deserve great credit for the manner in which the procession was handled.

The Journeymen Butchers' Protective Association was formed in 1881, but it was not until nearly seven years later that it became a power in the trade. F. W. Sanderson, John M. Madden, S. C. O'Brien, R. M. Grosse and Sol Isaacs were among the charter members, but Sanderson and Grosse are the only ones of the old-timers left to compare notes. The members are banded together purely for mutual benefit and enjoyment.

At present the organization has a membership of 600 on the books, and every effort is being made to establish lodges in the country, and so extend the usefulness of the association. The society in a quiet way does an enormous amount of good. Situations are found for unemployed butchers, benefits are paid to members incapacitated for work, and during the past year over $5000 was paid in death benefits.

So much for the association. Now for the attractions presented at Shell Mound Park. Under the head of games there were twenty events and the prizes and winners were as follows:

Boys' race, under 10 years, first prize—Two drawers of berries, donated by Oakland Fruit and Produce Company, 460 Eleventh street, Thomas Barden.

Second prize—One leg of mutton, donated by Garner & Son, 921 Webster street, Oakland, Harry Barden.

Girls' race, under 10 years, first prize—One fine cake, donated by Mason Piedmont, Eighth and Washington streets, Oakland, Evelina Moore.

Second prize—One box of fine French mixed candies, donated by Reuters, 965 Broadway, Oakland, Maggie Connor.

Boys' race, from 10 to 16 years—First prize, 15-pound ham, donated by A. J. Keste, 21 Sixth street, Joe O'Leary.

Second prize—One large roast of beef, donated by Muhr & Redi, 854 Market street, Oakland, J. Sullivan.

Cashboys' race—First prize, latest style hat, donated by Kahn Brothers, 1108 Market street, James Coleman.

Second prize—One ham, donated by Martin R. Jager, Bay City Market, Harry Collins.

Third prize—Goods to the value of $2, donated by Davis Brothers, Golden Rule Bazar, Fred Hellman.

Free-for-all race, first prize—One lamb, donated by Johnson & Son, First avenue, South San Francisco, Joe Soto.

Second prize—One sack of flour, donated by John Meads, 205 Sixth street, Harry Brown.

Married men's race, first prize—One gallon of Delaney's whisky, donated by John Delaney, 1351 Market street, George Wallace.

Second prize—One box cigars, donated by Joseph Gaillard, 229 Sixth street, N. Audifred.

Married ladies' race, first prize—One box tea, donated by Wallace Bros., Seventh street and Broadway, Oakland, Mrs. Perry.

Second prize—One ham, donated by Leon D. Stone, 236 Sixth street, Mrs. Boseve.

Young ladies' race, first prize—Ladies' Bascinator, donated by Emerson & Ryan, 222 Sixth street, Eolena Moore.

Second prize—One box toilet soap, donated by California Tallow Works, South San Francisco, Annie McGrath.

Members of the association only, race, first prize—One butcher's saw, donated by Mignola Bros., 511 Eleventh street, Oakland, Charles Tighe.

Second prize—One gown and apron, donated by J. B. Ritchey, 314 Tenth street, Oakland, L. May.

Third prize—One imported steel, donated by Pacific Butchers' Supply Company, R. Isaacs.

Old ladies' race, first prize—One five-pound box of tea, donated by Bibo, Newman & Kronberg, corner Polk and California streets, San Francisco, Mrs. Kearney.

Race for officers, first prize—Brierwood pipe, donated by H. & P. Bercovich, Ninth and Washington streets, Oakland, R. Asher.

Second prize—One ham, donated by Wilson Market, 1045 Market street, San Francisco, Fred Knox.

Free-for-all ladies' race, first prize—One box tea, donated by Boardman, Miss O'Connor.

Second prize—One pair ladies' kid slippers, donated by New York Shoe Company, 214 Sixth street, San Francisco, Mamie Welsh.

Fat ladies' race, first prize—Quarter ton Wellington coal, donated by James P. Taylor, 455 Ninth street, Miss Blake.

Second prize—One dozen cans table fruit, donated by Max Schultz, 913 Washington street, Oakland, Mrs. Shields.

Journeyman butchers' race, first prize—One steak knife, donated by E. Campine, 9 Garden street, San Francisco, Charles Tighe.

Second prize—One gown and apron, donated by J. B. Ritchey, 314 Tenth street, Oakland, A. May.

Boss butchers' race, first prize—$5 hat, donated by Groom & Nash, Baldwin hatstore, Market street, J. Bush.

Second prize—One lamb, donated by S. Solomon, Grand Central Market, D. F. Kenny.

Third prize—Six reams of paper, donated by Taylor Sons, 400 Sansome street, W. M. Sluter.

Fat man's race, first prize—One gallon O. K. whisky, donated by Arthur McGurren, 1398 Market street, Robert Dunbar.

Second prize—one shirt, donated by J. B. Ritchey, 314 Tenth street, Oakland, Fred Whittey.

Race for committee of arrangements, first prize—100 oysters, donated by C. Boge, 1422 Polk street, F. Knott.

Second prize—Half-keg of beer, committee, A. D. Proll.

Third prize—One box Key West cigars, donated by J. L. Mitchell, 1 Taylor street, B. Wickerson.

Members of the Metzger Verein race, first prize—Gold pen and holder, donated by J. T. Moran, 1019 Broadway, Oakland, A. Kratz.

Second prize—one box cigars, donated by W. J. Burke, Gough and Haight streets, San Francisco, F. Rathjens.

Greased-pig race—Both prizes were donated by C. Herring, San Bruno road, and the lucky youngsters who caught them were W. O'Brien and F. Kelly.

The prize-winners in the bowling contest will not be known until next Wednesday, but the highest records were: A. Zimmerman, 35; Schnapp, 33; Schade, 32; Reichart, 30; Hartman, 27; Winters, 27, and Rommel of Sacramento, 24.

COURSING IS NOT CRUEL.

M. W. Kerrigan Defends the Popular Sport Against Its Opponents.

M. W. Kerrigan, one of the proprietors of Kerrigan's coursing park below Ocean View, was surprised yesterday to hear that a movement against the sport of hunting hares had been discussed with a view to stopping it on account of alleged cruelty to the fleet-footed hares. He denied that any cruelty had been practiced in either of the parks.

"The sport is conducted on as humane lines as can possibly be determined," said he. "The hares are caught on the plains of Merced and shipped by express to San Francisco.

"Each animal is placed in a separate box 5x12 inches in size and has food and drink given him. In twelve hours after being shipped the hares are turned loose in the park, which has an area of seventy-five acres. They are then left in the park from one to five weeks before being coursed, so that they are given time to recuperate and assume their wild form.

"At each end of the park are large escapes for the hares to run through when coursed. The hares are always allowed from 80 to 100 yards' start of the dogs, which gives them a reasonable chance to break for the escape holes. If they be killed, then death is instantaneous, as the dogs break their backs. When hares escape through the holes in the fences they are not run again that day; they are given a week to rest and come back to their old form again.

"Coursing is a world-wide sport, recognized and appreciated by many of the best people in the old country and Australia, as well as in America, and yet cruelty has not been charged. There is no comparison between coursing and pigeon-shooting, and yet there is nothing said about killing gentle and harmless little birds that have hardly ever a chance to fly away. Those gentlemen who say that coursing is cruel don't know anything about the sport."

AROUND THE WATER FRONT

Severe Cutting Affray Between Carpenter and Cook on Shipboard.

Vessels on the Way—The Tonnage List of a Year—Old Friends Afloat.

A serious cutting affray occurred on board the British ship Errol, lying at Union-street-wharf, yesterday afternoon, in which John Storey, the carpenter of the vessel, was wounded by Maximillan Kites, the cook. It appears that the dinner was not prepared satisfactorily to the men, and, after an indignation meeting in the forecastle, the carpenter appointed himself a committee of one to call the cook to an accounting.

The two men met at the door of the galley and a war of words took place. After abusing each other for several minutes Storey made an attempt to strike Kites, who grabbed up a large butcher-knife lying near and stabbed his assailant in the neck and shoulder. The first wound was two inches long, ranging around under the jaw and quite deep, while the other was much less severe.

The wounded man was taken to the Receiving Hospital and the cook was arrested by Officers Ellis and Crosby and charged with assault to commit murder.

The pass-around-the-hat nuisance that is permitted to infest the Oakland and Alamada ferry-boats took the liberty to break out in an exaggerated form on the Piedmont during her 8, 9 and 10 o'clock trips Saturday night. Two men and three women enveloped in long cloaks came aboard and, after the steamer started, they turned the main saloon into a midway, Turkish village and Kanaka dance-house combined. The porter, who is the only officer on that deck, the others being stationed elsewhere, was a new man and thought that the five people were authorized to give their performance.

They dropped their wraps and stepped forth in all the questionable glory of flesh-colored tights and gave a show that made at least a portion of the audience catch its breath.

Then they took up a collection, and on the return trip the dancing was repeated.

During the 10 o'clock trip the candy boys, who found themselves unable to annoy the passengers because all attention was centered upon the unusual entertainment, climbed up to the pilothouse in a body and notified Captain Bushnell that his vessel had been turned into a floating variety hall.

The startled skipper dropped the wheel at the risk of plunging his steamer into an anchored schooner, and flew down to the saloon. The sight made him gasp. His entrance on the scene was so tragic that a number of the audience thought it was in the play. However, they were not long in suspense as to the character of the new player. He broke up the performance in confusion and hurried the performers into their cloaks and down under lock and key till the steamer reached her landing.

The angry captain was loth to let them go then, but as he could find no charge to put against them he was obliged to dismiss them with a strong deep-sea lecture.

Saturday evening about 6 o'clock the steamer Modoc, while five or six miles this side of Collinsville, bound to this City from the Sacramento River, broke the cross-head of a cylinder. She had on board over 100 passengers, and was loaded down with fruit and other freight. The vessel was completely disabled, and began to drift at the mercy of the current. The river is quite wide where the accident occurred, and the vessel floated around for several hours before she went hard and fast on a mudbank.

This morning the steamer not having arrived in this City, though known to be on her way, there was considerable anxiety as to her whereabouts and the cause of her detention. However, a boat having found its way to Collinsville, the news was sent to the agents here and the tug Sea King was dispatched to tow the vessel in. She will arrive sometime this morning, about thirty hours late. The passengers on board ate the steward out of his last crumb and fought the big tule mosquitoes during their castaway experience and began on the cargo of fruit when the table was empty.

Commenting upon the vessels soon to visit this port, the Commercial News says that the 195 deep-water vessels bound hither will prove a veritable boon to many who have deplored the decadence of trade connected with shipping and the small number of ships in port. The average port expenses of each of these vessels will not be less than $6000 or $8000, which, added to the personal expenses of the officers and crews, will be the means of distributing in this port over $1,200,000. During the eleven months ending May, 1895, there were entered at Pacific Coast ports 851 sailing vessels, with tonnage of 927,767, and 1984 steam vessels, with tonnage of 1,349,590.

For the same time the clearance swere for 886 sailing vessels, a tonnage of 948,438; for 2269 steamers, a tonnage of 1,309,716.

A large crowd went away on the excursion of the Society of Old Friends on the steamer Caroline yesterday morning. The trip extended to Vallejo and Mare Island, both places affording objects of interest to the delighted visitors. It was the most successful and enjoyable outing of the season, and was most successfully managed by the officers of the society.

TO SAVE HER COMPANION.

Kate Foster's Heroic Plunge in the Water at Boulder Creek.

Miss Kate Foster of 2260 Santa Clara avenue, Alameda, made a brave attempt to rescue a drowning companion a few days ago, and she nearly lost her own life in the attempt.

Among a party of Alameda people camping at Boulder Creek, in the Santa Cruz mountains, were Miss Foster and a friend of hers, Miss Anna Campbell of High street. While bathing, the latter got into a deep pool, and being entirely unable to swim she sank below the surface of the water.

Miss Foster was close at hand with another girl companion. She is a good swimmer, and instantly she plunged into the pool to save her companion. The latter grabbed Miss Foster about the waist and the two came very near drowning.

Neither of the young ladies would have got out of the water alive but for the presence of the third girl, who could not swim but who did scream. The calls for help attracted W. B. Brown, an engineer on the narrow-gauge line, who was in the camp with his family. Mr. Brown was only a short distance away and he reached the pool in time to release Miss Foster from the grasp of the other drowning girl and to pull both out of the water.

Miss Campbell was very nearly drowned and she was seriously sick for several days afterward.

AN HOUR AT POKER FLAT.

Some Latter-Day Views of Bret Harte's Famous Old Mining Camp.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S INVECTIVE.

Six Houses and Their Inhabitants Now Constitute the Historic Town.

The chaparral-fringed ground sluice leading to Poker Flat, called by courtesy a trail, winds down a precipitous mountain, the summit of which is capped with eternal snows. Lesser elevations, some heavily wooded and others showing red-mouthed tunnel heads through scanty manzanita growth, stretch away for miles in every direction with intervening lakes and verdant valleys. Dame Nature has reveled in strange contortions here and the effect is wildly picturesque.

There is a variety that pleases the eye, a ruggedness of outline and a solemn grandeur that inspires awe. Man feels himself indeed an atom here, amid these mighty strokes of nature's mighty hand. But it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and looking down into a deep canyon the eye rests upon that classic burg of mountain romance—Poker Flat.

Our horses, long trained in mountain service, feel their way cautiously down the steep trail, which passes at frequent intervals along the edge of some bold precipice, where one misstep would land horse and rider on the jagged rocks a thousand feet below. At a spring, fed by a rushing mountain torrent and bordered with the crimson snow-plant, we halt a few minutes for rest and water and then hobble on, trusting to our faithful animals for safe passage down the steep way that has peril in every sinuous curve and treacherous bowlder.

Half an hour of slow descent and we reach the head of the canyon by a sharp turn in the trail. At last we are in Poker Flat, the wild mining-camp of 1852, that turned out $700,000 in gold bullion in a single month and then celebrated the event with a triple hanging. It was Poker Flat, too, that experienced a spasm of virtue soon after this tragic affair, and under its regenerating influence, sent forth the outcast wanderers of Bret Harte's story to die of cold and starvation on the snowbound road to Sandy Bar.

There are no Oakhursts at Poker Flat now, and "Uncle Billy" has no counterpart in the present population, for the very simple reason that there are no sluice-boxes to rob and no money to win over the gambling table. Of "Mother Shiptons," however, there are several.

Our greeting was not cordial. Mr. Rugg laid it all to the snow plants which we had gathered, and, going into mountain lore, told of families that had been separated by taking this bulb of evil omen into the sacred precincts of the home.

To carry a snow plant is to have bad luck. Conceal it as you will, those with whom you come in contact will somehow divine your secret and shun you accordingly. Your pay streak will peter out, you will never hold more than one small pair, the slickens men from Marysville will catch you napping over a monitor, and most likely your wife will run away with a tin-horn gambler, who will turn out later as a confirmed sluice-robber—all this if you carry a snow plant. So runs the folk lore of the hills.

On the porch of one of the six houses that now constitute the town of Poker Flat a large red-faced woman sat in a rocking-chair smoking a clay pipe. She wore a short green dress that fell an inch or so below the tops of a pair of strong cowhide boots, to which were attached heavy brass spurs, a paper collar, cravat and a faded straw hat.

Hitched to a fence close by a saddled donkey looked demurely down upon the red gravel under his feet. The woman, as we afterward learned, was about to start out for a call upon a friend who lived three miles down the gulch when we reined up at the door. Our "Mother Shifton" was the first to speak. She said "Hello," to which we timorously responded in chorus, "Good afternoon."

Eyeing us keenly for a moment, she arose from her chair, removed her pipe and wiping a pair of ruby lips with the hem of her gown, advanced slowly toward the porch steps. Her spurs clicked ominously upon the rickety floor, and when she roared out in thunder tones, "What in —— do you want here?" the population of Poker Flat turned out en masse to learn what new peril threatened to destroy the town.

With menacing gestures and violent contortions of the body she rapidly followed her angry salutation with a flow of invective and picturesque profanity that would have made her illustrious prototype of the Bret Harte story turn green with envy.

"Bean-raisers!" she screamed at the top of her staccato voice until the sad and somber donkey looked up in alarm.

"Dogs of the valley, hounds from Marysville, slickins, spies," she cried, "you come to take the bread from honest people. We made your towns, your cities and your wealth. You would have starved if we had not washed gold from these mountains, and now you stop our work because the gravel hurts your pumpkin vines." At last for want of breath she ceased.

In the course of her fierce tirade my hand involuntarily wandered down to my pistol belt, as the vision of half a dozen stalwart sons, all armed with Winchesters, flashed across my mind.

Rugg looked decidedly uncomfortable, but tried to smile, and hugged the camera tighter than ever. During the lull that followed this first frenzied outburst he spoke to her. He assured her that we were not slickens men, that we had not come to spy in the interest of the anti-debris people, or any one else, that curiosity had been the sole motive which brought us into the town, and that we only wanted to get a few pictures and a drink of water.

All this he offered to prove by letters and papers in his possession. Still doubting, and apparently gathering force for a fresh outburst, the woman came down the steps for the purpose of examining our credentials. Rugg showed her certificates of mining stock in half a dozen different companies, letters from prominent capitalists all over the coast, assured her in soothing tones that he was a miner himself and respectfully submitted a card bearing his name and address.

Timidly I added my own card to the collection of exhibits in evidence and when she looked at it a smile spread over her hard, sharp face.

"MORNING CALL," she repeated half a dozen times, looking across the canyon to where two miners were hoisting bowlders with a derrick, and then in a minute: "I'll throw up my hand, young fellow. I know you ain't no slickens man. You're too green looking and you don't straddle that horse like a man what rides over these mountains much.

"There's the town (pointing down the canyon), go see it, you're welcome," and as we thanked her and turned away she called after us, "You can get some beer at Bittinger's—Bittinger what used to keep the dance hall in old times." Again we thanked her and rode on, down what was once upon a time the main street of the town, but now a winding trail but little used and overgrown with scraggy chaparral.

There was no beer at Bittinger's. Mrs. Bittinger greeted us cordially and apologized. Her daughter had been recently married to John Lassiat, formerly foreman at the Excelsior mine, she said, and the festivities following this happy event had entirely exhausted the supply. If we could wait till the next day, two kegs would come in on the pack train and then she would be glad to serve us.

She told us that she arrived in Poker Flat twenty-two years ago from San Francisco, and that she had been out of the canyon only once and then to Harland Flat, five miles away.

Would we like to see her daughter, wife of the ex-foreman? and what was Mrs. Murldorff giving us fits about at the head of the canyon? In her opinion Mrs. Murldorff had too much to say to strangers, and was given to acting "fresh" on the slightest provocation. She was also "stuck up" since her husband struck a pay streak over at Bloody Run and took out $3000 in one week.

What Mrs. Murldorff had to be stuck up about she could not for the life of her tell. Was not her daughter at one time engaged to a man who was afterward killed for robbing sluice-boxes at Whisky Diggings? Did not her first husband have to borrow money with which to open up the Gold Bar shaft in the spring of '56? Her husband worked for his money—Mr. Bittinger did, we could bet our sweet lives on that. Would we like to go over to the diggings and see him?

Mr. Rugg replied that he would, and so we hitched our horses, and following the direction indicated by Mrs. Bittinger's index finger, we found three men at work in a small ravine. "This is my son-in-law," said Bittinger introducing Mr. Lassiat. "When he got my daughter he bought out my claim and now I work for him. There is not much gold here. If there was we could not get at it. They won't let us pipe any more, the dogs of perdition.

"It takes money to get gold nowadays—machinery and that sort of thing. In the old days we scraped it up by the handful. Well, me an' my old woman don't want much anyway; we are about done."

Returning, our route lay through what once upon a time had been set aside as the town burying-ground. It rests upon a little elevation that slopes away toward the town in gentle undulations.

Thickly covered with chaparral, with here and there patches of wild sunflowers and lupine, interspersed with prospect holes, the slope presents a scene of utter ruin. Some of the graves have wooden headboards, others are marked by stakes, while many have nothing at all. There are eight people in the town and eighty sleeping in this ruined ground. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rights of any kind other than the reading of a chapter from the Bible by Charles Pond.

Pond was a professional gambler, but always selected for this service on account of his fine voice and oratorical effect.

"The boys always liked Pond," said Henry Waggoner, one of the old settlers of Poker Flat. "He could read better than any one else and so he did the burying, and at times business in this line was exceedingly lively.

"Twice a year a priest used to come over from Downieville, but we could not always wait for an ordained clergyman. Things went with a rush in those days, and the climate of Poker Flat seemed to be conducive to sudden death."

Gold was discovered at Poker Flat in 1852, and two years later 2000 people had gathered in this rich canyon. There were 15 stores, 5 hotels, 3 dance halls and 7 gambling houses. In 1856 a circus came to town and sold 1500 tickets at $20 each. The following year a man named Joslyn picked up a nugget worth $4000. To celebrate his good luck he got full and offered the whole piece to his partner in exchange for the latter's wife.

The man accepted, and without the formality of divorce proceedings Joslyn and the woman were married and left town. Two days after he committed suicide at Gibsonville. His former partner also left town and bought some land near San Jose. Two years ago, on August 22, he died wealthy and respected at a good old age, but it is doubtful if more than half a dozen people in the world know how the foundation of his fortune was laid.

Henderson's big iron safe, over which the noted faro-dealer shed his heart's blood in defending his money in September, 1867, stands a ruin by the trail, half buried in the sand, just above the Bittinger house.

Poker Flat will not last long, and when the pioneers have all been gathered to their fathers, this lively and romantic camp of early days will be forgotten, and given over again to be a safe and sheltered feeding spot for wild deer.

As we rode back up the canyon to reach the homeward trail, Mrs. Murldorff came out to bid us adieu. She had let her hair hang down and taken off her paper collar, but she still wore the brass spurs. W. F.

THE CITY POUND MUDDLE.

Ex-Chief Deputy Fleming Still Declines to Consider Himself Discharged.

If Not Away by Monday He Will Be Forcibly Removed by an Officer.

The trouble that has existed for some time at the City Pound and Animals' Home on Sixteenth street is still in a very unsettled condition.

Ex-Chief Deputy Poundmaster Fleming absolutely declines to consider himself discharged, and retains his quarters at the home regardless of all requests of Poundmaster Fred Osborn to vacate and surrender his badge and keys to his successor.

Fleming, who was an appointee of ex-Poundmaster John Partridge, has been connected with the institution for some time, having been there fully a year before the advent of Mr. Osborn. There has been considerable friction between him and his deputy, which culminated on the 15th inst. in Mr. Osborn requesting that he consider himself discharged.

One of the directors of the Humane Society was at the place up to 11 o'clock of that date, and when Fleming was asked again to surrender his badge, etc., he remarked that he was able to retain them by physical force if need be, and when a movement was made to remove them he stepped into an inner room, partly closing the door, and declined to come out.

T. C. Wells, who has been bookkeeper for the institution, was selected by Mr. Partridge to succeed Fleming and, barring the unsettled state of the conflict, has been endeavoring to act in that capacity since. Wells is a man of good appearance, evidently anxious to retain the good will of all parties, but would seem to hardly know where he stands.

At a meeting of the Humane Society last Thursday the action of Mr. Osborn in making the change was confirmed and Fleming accordingly notified, but with a result apparently as barren of effect as the former orders.

"This is coming to a decided issue Monday," said Mr. Osborn last night. "A director notified him to-day to have his effects moved from the place by Monday before 9 A. M., or an officer would be on hand and forcible remove him."

Fleming, although about 60 years of age, is a powerfully built man, over six feet in height, and if he should take it into his head to resist the officer will be fully occupied. He claims to have been taken sick and has been attended by his wife since Friday night, although this is looked upon by the society people as a ruse to gain time. He has been ably seconded by his wife, who is proprietress of the lodging-house, 108 Sixth street. Fleming was for years employed as a carpenter around the mines at Virginia City and is said to possess a good deal of determination, but which has apparently in this case assumed a rather illy advised turn.

The remarkable growth of the dog crop was shown this week, when, in only two days, over eighty dogs were caught by the deft net-handlers of the dog wagon.

If not redeemed within two days at an expense of $3 they are all painlessly destroyed by gas and delivered to the man who does a thriving business with the soap and fertilizer works.

Wyoming was at the last census worth $13,621,829.

DR. CASE ON LIVE TOPICS

He Appreciates Press Efforts to Lessen Civic Corruption.

OFFICIALS WHO CAN DIVULGE.

The Solid Eight, Lotteries and the Durrant Case Receive His Attention.

The prelude to the sermon of the Rev. Dr. W. W. Case, pastor of the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal Church, last evening was decidedly sensational. The subject of his evening's address was "Spiritualism," but he prefaced his sermon with a discourse on "Lively Topics of the Week." All the prevalent evils of the day were taken up by him, but he gave most of his attention to the Solid Eight and the Durrant case. In the course of his remarks he said:

"The papers of this City have been giving us a great deal to think about. I am glad to see that some of our great newspapers are taking up the evils that beset us.

"The fight against the lottery business is a laudable one; lottery is robbery. It produces indolence and is a curse to the country and a damnable business.

"What we would do without the press I do not know. It is through its agencies that we are made aware of these great wrongs. The newspaper men of this City are the best detectives. I do not disparage the efficiency of the police systems when I say that the newspaper men are the best detectives of this country."

When the doctor came to the question of the Solid Eight he handled them without gloves.

"Everybody," he said, "in this City is now looking with anxious eyes toward the Solid Eight and carefully reading the daily charges that are being brought against them. It is to our City's shame that such things exist. People in San Francisco will soon be made to understand that there are officials in power who can divulge and will!"

The congregation were interested by this time. They moved forward in their seats expecting to hear more on the subject, but they were disappointed, for Dr. Case closed that part of his prelude by stating that he would have more to say upon that subject at another time.

Referring to the Durrant case he stated that the newspapers had been trying a man who was accused of a serious crime. The people had also judged him and with them he was found guilty and ought to hang. Now he would see what the result would be in a court of justice with twelve honorable jurors. If he was innocent then let it be proclaimed throughout the land. If he was guilty then let the court fasten the crime on him. But first give him the benefit of the doubt to which he is entitled.

The speaker took up the new drama founded on the Durrant case and was opposed to its production. The theater managers he thought were wrong in taking it up.

His last subject of the prelude was "Suiciders." The vast number of suicides were commented on. The doctor used some warm and expressive words in stating that it was first brought about through moral degradation. There was nobody, in his opinion, who committed suicide but those who were first morally dead.

This concluded his remar