

THE THREE TIMES WE MET.

BY W. C. MORROW.

THE FIRST TIME. This was on a Saturday afternoon, about 6 o'clock. It was one of those charming spring days whose sweet twilight steals softly across the bay from the Contra Costa shore, trails its mellow light over the peninsula of San Francisco and then slips through the Golden Gate to mingle with the deepening crimson of the western sky.

Some other passing men also halted, listened a moment and then went on. The neighborhood was crowded with drinking saloons of the lowest order, and I knew that the cry must have come from one of them. A hasty search in two or three brought me at last to a tipsy group in a small dirty back room. There were three young men and a girl. The men were of that type whom one does not care to encounter unless one is well prepared for it. The girl was similar to the hundreds whom I had just met further up the street.

She was making a desperate struggle against overwhelming odds. One grimy, villainous hand had throttled her after her first cry and was still clutching her throat, other fierce hands were tearing her shabby clothing, and her eyes stared with unpeaking horror and fear.

In a moment she was released and clinging gasping and trembling to my arm, while the three young men, dazed for a moment by the suddenness of the attack, stood glaring at me as might tigers at some grass-eating animal that had unexpectedly shown a fighting front.

And I was unarmed—except with my wits. I instantly produced from my pocket a bunch of keys, and keeping it partly concealed brought it to my mouth. "Small blow?" I asked.

Quickly the fierce light which blazed in the eyes of my enemies faded and was wholly lost in the half darkness of the den. Clutched fingers and knotted muscles relaxed, and a hoarse voice, with mild sullessness, exclaimed:

"Don't blow, boss. Dat's all right—we'll git."

Sometimes a police whistle is an abler weapon than the best revolver, knife or bludgeon that money can buy; and it is nothing to the point that I had no whistle at all.

Even after they had gone the girl still clung to me pitifully, and had now begun to sob. She had been drinking, but was partly sobered by her peril. I spoke to her with a firm kindness, telling her she must gather up her strength. This she did; and then, she still clinging to my arm, we went out upon the street. She had hung back, fearing we should be waylaid; but I assured her there was no danger of that.

The street lamps had just been lighted, and in this mixture of daylight and lamp-light I looked down into the face of my wretched charge. It was a pretty face, with the high arched brows of the Spaniard, and dark gray eyes that told of Saxon blood. She feebly gathered up the rents in the shabby clothes that covered her girlish figure, and I could see that she blushed and was ashamed. I led her quickly out of the neighborhood, where the persons whom we encountered stared at us, some laughing, some suspicious of me, all wondering.

After that first glance, when, after leaving the den, we had looked steadily into each other's faces for a moment, she did not lift her eyes.

"Have you a home?" I presently inquired.

"Yes, sir"—and it was a very musical voice.

"Where is it?"

"Ate we going in the general direction of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You work in a factory," I said, "and yet you must have left it some time when it closed, for you had had several drinks with those toughs before I found you."

The poor girl seemed startled that I knew all this, but what effect it had on her opinion of me I did not know, even had I cared.

After while I knew by certain ineffectual efforts of hers to speak and by a relaxation of her hold on my arm that she had come to where our ways must part, that she wanted to thank me and leave me and did not know how, and that she did not want me to accompany her home and ascertain where she lived. We were then at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets.

"You want to leave me here," I said, stopping and releasing her arm. "You need not thank me. Good-by."

I held out my hand, which, being gloved, she took awkwardly and gingerly in her dirty fingers, and looked up at me with so helpless, wistful and pitiful a glance, her eyes filling and her chin twitching meanwhile, that I had no courage to preach the foolish sermon which I had studied on the way; and so, with a simple pressure of her hand, I hurried away.

THE SECOND TIME. My work being done, I started at midnight for a short tour of the Barbary Coast before going home, as I had done many a night before. The soft spring with its mellow twilights had passed into summer and the summer into autumn. The first rains of the fading year had come and gone, the brilliancy of the succeeding days was yielding to the haze of distant forest fires, and fogs again were beginning to steal in late at night and set the out-of-door town shivering.

It was on such a night as this that I started for a quick stroll through the Barbary Coast. The opening of the underground dives yielded their familiar hot odors and raucous sounds, the muffled-up tangle vendor at the corner looked disheartened, and the red lights of the ground-surface ginrooms shone murky through the mist.

Turning into a badly lighted and altogether deserted little cross street, I saw in a deep doorway, a dozen steps from the corner, a strange-looking bundle. Dim though the night was, I knew before looking closely that the bundle was a drunken woman. I supposed that she was one of the wretched old outcasts who frequent that quarter and who spend for liquor the money which they beg. But even so, I could not leave her lying there in the cold.

The light of a match which I struck surprised and dismayed me. Instead of finding a wretched old hag I saw that the unfortunate one was a comely young woman, uncommonly well dressed. But her hat, which must have cost a smart

sum, was crushed down over her head and her stylish new gown was soiled with the grime of the doorway. She was in the heavy sleep of drunkenness. She had no wisp, and it was impossible for me to leave her to sleep there all night in the damp fog and on the chill granite slab. I tried to rouse her, but she only fought me off and mumbled oaths. I left her and sought a policeman.

"I have found," I said to him, "a young woman lying drunk and asleep in a doorway, and unless she is taken care of the exposure may kill her."

"All right," promptly responded the officer. "Show me where she is and I'll run her in."

"That is just what you are not going to do," I said. "I propose to put her to bed somewhere and I want your help; that is all."

The officer regarded me with a bored surprise and agreed. He was much rougher with her than I had been and so roused her without great difficulty, placed her on her feet, and she started laughing and grumbling and supported between us. By the light of a match he recognized her.

"Hello, Rose; you are at it again, are you?"

His voice and dimly seen star and brass buttons alarmed her and she pleaded piteously:

"Don't run me in, Mike; don't run me in."

"I'm not going to do that," he said, "but you've got to go home."

This made her cower and crouch and hang back.

"No!" she exclaimed in a very thick voice, "d—d if I'll go home! I'll die first!"

"You don't have to go home," I interjected. "We will take you to a lodging-house, where you can be comfortable and can sleep."

My voice seemed to send something like a shock through her frame and she peered into my face, but the light was poor; she said nothing and only clutched my arm, holding tight. We started toward Kearny street with her and she began to sob. Nothing was said until we had nearly reached the brighter lights of the street, when the policeman roughly said:

"Drop that, Rose, and brace up."

She dropped it and braced up as well as she could. I straightened her hat a little and adjusted more securely a crushed La France rose which she wore in the front of her gown. At the lodging-house we were met by a decent-looking woman, who privately agreed with me to put the girl comfortably to bed and give her some coffee in the morning. As she and the policeman were about to start with Rosa upstairs, I remembered, I held out my hand to her and said:

"Good-by, Rosa," giving the name its Spanish completeness and pronunciation. She started when she heard it, and as she took my hand gingerly the tears came again into her swollen eyes, her chin quivering as before and the familiar helpless, wistful, shame-faced expression came over her sodden features. Again she tried to say a word, again she failed; then she drew the rose from her bosom and seemed about to hand it to me, when she suddenly crushed it in her fingers and flung it angrily down. Without a word she went reeling between her supporters up the stairs.

When the policeman came down we went out and had a good cigar together. He was rather a good-hearted but entirely too curious fellow, and when he discovered that I desired neither to give nor receive any information he passed on to his duties.

THE THIRD TIME. What is this strange thing which unaccountably places winding rivers in our pathway, to be crossed and recrossed at unexpected places and under widely different aspects? And why is it that these recurring crossings often bear so wonderful a relation to periods of time? For the spring had come again, and it was a year almost to a day since I had left my workshop late one afternoon to stroll eastward and meet the mellow twilight which stole across the bay from the Contra Costa shore, and which, after sweeping over the peninsula, had slipped out to sea through the Golden Gate and gone to lose its tender sweetness in the dark crimson of the western sky. Again the old impulse to be abroad and enjoy the afterglow of day came over me, and I began leisurely to ascend Telegraph Hill, the better to see from this noble eminence the glories of the west and the enshrouding of grim Diablo in the purple shadows of night.

My way took me through the poorer quarters of the Latins. A lamp shone here and there within doors, mothers were calling their frowny children to supper from the street, and growing lines of yellow lights in the darker reaches below showed that the lamp-lighters had already begun their work.

At one of the entrances to a decrepit brick house which opened into an alley a small but eager crowd of urchins was gathered, and a familiar word spoken in a foreign tongue here and there informed me that something mysterious and possibly terrible had happened, and possibly my way through the group and approached the entrance. At that juncture a woman with a badly frightened face emerged excitedly, swept the little crowd with her glance, and, observing me, hurriedly stepped close. She was a Spanish woman, poorly dressed. Her desperation overcame her timidity, for she approached me, wringing her hands and begging me in a quaint mixture of English and Spanish to come within, as the doctor needed some man to help him.

I followed her instantly. She led me up some stairs to a hallway and then into a chamber where an elderly Spanish woman sat utterly helpless with distraction, surrounded by two or three equally helpless and desperately frightened women of her race. The woman who had fettered me stood panting and dazed. A party open door led into an inner room, from which came the sounds of a man's voice and a woman's cries. I entered the room.

I cannot possibly explain why I was not surprised at the terrible scene which appeared before me. Perhaps it was because I had been thinking of Rosa all the way up the hill and wondering if I had done what I should or might. Certain it is that she was in my mind, and equally certain it is that I was not surprised to see her lying there covered with blood and fiercely struggling with the physician. Likely it would have been impossible for me to recognize her had I not been thinking of her, and that I did recognize her at all is something at which I marvel to this day.

I stepped forward quickly. The doctor turned a grateful glance upon me, and roughly said:

"Here, hold her while I examine the wound. She fights like a tiger, and those d—d women are all scared to death."

I released the fierce grip with which she was clutching his beard and hair and called her by name. She started as I had

AMONG CHURCH WORKERS

known her to start once before, and sank back upon her pillow with a groan; and in spite of her great extremity, the familiar glistening of tears came into her eyes and a wistful, helpless, despairing expression settled upon her face. She sighed deeply, and as she did so a jet of blood leaped forth from a small black hole in her breast.

The physician wiped away the blood with a sponge, while Rosa lay perfectly still and silent, holding my left hand tightly clutched in both of hers, my free hand stroking her forehead. Her chin quivered and tears came trickling from the corners of her eyes. When the blood had been removed from her chest and arms and face I saw what a fearful wreck she had become within the year.

"The bullet has passed through the lung," the doctor bluntly said. "She may live an hour or two."

I shot a swift, angry glance at him and he felt it. He looked me over and his face showed great surprise.

"You seem to be friends," he ventured. "We are very good friends," I said; "whereupon the thin fingers which clutched mine pressed the harder."

"That's none of my business," he remarked, shrugging his shoulders; "but in a case of suicide like this—"

"Sit down," he exclaimed, checking him; then, turning to Rosa, he asked: "How did the accident happen, Rosa?"

The look of gratitude which lighted her wan face was a precious memory to me now.

"I picked it up," she stammered, "and I dropped it and it fell and—and it went off."

"That is the truth, sir," I said to the physician, "and you need worry no further." I gave him my card, and added: "If you can make her more comfortable please do so, and send your collector to that address."

He was an uncouth man, but not incorrigible, as was proved by subsequent happenings. As he said he would have to fetch some remedies I begged him to summon the parish priest on his way, and he assented. The girl was about to rebel at that, but I laid my hand upon her mouth, and she was pacified.

The moment he left the room one of her thin arms stole round my neck and she drew my cheek down till it touched hers.

"You don't mind now that I am dying, do you?" she sobbingly whispered, lest she be overheard in the adjoining room. A slight caress was my answer. "I knew you wouldn't," she said. "You know everything. You know I did it."

"Certainly, but never mind."

"On purpose."

"Oh, yes; but we'll not let your mother or anybody else but the priest know that, and he will give you absolution."

She held me firmer then, in simple gratitude.

"And," she resumed, "you won't let her know what I've been? She knew I was making money. I gave most of it to her, but she thought I was head clerk in a fine millinery-shop."

"She shall still believe it, Rosa."

With that I left her and entered "the outer room. The standing women were staring in helpless awe at the door and the wretched mother sat numb and whimpering. When she was restored to reason and self-command I led her in to her daughter.

After all possible things had been done and the physician and then the priest had left us, Rosa and her mother and I waited patiently and in silence. I holding one of her hands, her mother the other, as we sat at opposite sides of the bed. I stroked her luxuriant brown hair and watched the light slowly fade from her still beautiful deep gray eyes. She was happy and content and this brought back the girlish look that I had seen a year before.

The next day but one a loose bunch of La France roses were the only flowers that rested on a closed coffin in the Latin Quarter. I think Rosa liked La France best of all roses.

WHAT DOCKERY HAS DONE.

OVER FIFTY ARRESTS IN CONSIDERABLY LESS THAN THIRTY DAYS.

WILL WAGE AN ENDLESS WARFARE AGAINST THE USE OF ALL ADULTERANTS.

In four days more Milk Inspector Dockery will have been in office exactly one month. During the twenty-six days that have elapsed since he assumed charge of this particular department of the Board of Health he has done more toward giving the people of San Francisco pure milk than all his predecessors combined.

This is saying a great deal, but the facts prove the assertion. During the twenty-six days Mr. Dockery has had the appointment he has made 130 inspections, resulting in over fifty arrests. This means that in the past less than one out of every three dairymen have been palming off on an unsuspecting public all sorts of adulterated milk—milk with water, preservative and poisonous animal fats.

In the main this sort of thing has stopped. The dairymen fully appreciate the fact that Dockery means business, and no better illustration of this could be had than the raid of last Thursday night. On that occasion over fifty wagons were halted, samples from which were put through the Babcock test. In all this number only one proved faulty and, as it happened, was from one of the representative dairies of the county.

As a general thing the dairymen are right in line for the work now being done by Mr. Dockery. They claim, meaning those who have at all times sold only pure milk, that the milk they have sold is pure milk, that the milk they have sold is pure milk, that the milk they have sold is pure milk.

As an evidence of the desire of the people at large to buy only pure milk it can be stated with authority that the daily receipts of those dairies which came up to the standard have increased from 25 to 100 per cent.

Some idea may be gained of the extent which this adulteration was carried on from the statement that dairies which heretofore used only twenty-four and thirty cows have been running from ten to twelve milk-givers to the herd. It is to be expected, of course, that a few venturesome spirits will continue to adulterate their milk, hoping or willing to take the chance of escaping the inspector. Dockery, however, says he does not propose to sleep at all, that is so far as any one can learn, but will continue the warfare for pure milk morning, noon and night.

Anxious to Move the Cemeteries. The Richmond District Property-owners' Association has petitioned the Board of Supervisors for the removal of the dead within certain limits of the City and County. The westerly line of the boundary named by them is Broderick, Waller, Devisadero, Ridley, Castro and Twenty-fifth streets, Poitrore avenue, and the streets and the buildings which are part of an agitation that has been carried on for some time. The chief object is to prevent the sale of any of the lots which are the cemeteries nearest the heart of the City. The petition is signed by W. H. Crocker, Charles H. Dubs, C. F. Smith, James C. Jordan, J. H. Bond and B. J. Neill.

RETIREMENT OF REV. I. N. HURD

OF THE OAKLAND PRESBYTERY.

WILL LOSE HER LEG. Sad Sequel to the University Mound Cruelty Case.

A painful surgical operation was recently performed by the surgeons at the Children's Hospital upon the limb of little Eugenie Perrett, whose parents lived in the University Mound district, and who were arrested for cruelty to their two little girls. Both children had their legs broken, but their drunken parents paid no attention to the injuries, which partly healed in a shocking manner.

The surgeons stated that Eugenie would die of blood poison if something was not done for the child. Accordingly they opened the leg and scraped and straightened the bone. For all this, they fear that the limb had been neglected too long, and that amputation will be necessary to save the child's life. The father is still in the County Jail, waiting his trial on the cruelty charge, and the mother is awaiting sentence.

THE TRINITY ANNIVERSARY. FRENCH CHRISTIAN UNION WILL HOLD AN ANNUAL CONVENTION TUESDAY.

"An Afternoon and Evening in Japan" was a pleasing form of entertainment given at the home of Mrs. McClure, 1439 Guerrero street, on Friday, for the benefit of Holy Innocence Chapel.

The French Christian Union, which has under its charge "En Famille" and other agencies for the protection of young French girls, will hold its annual meeting at "Ecole Leveigne," 1518 Clay street, Tuesday.

The thirty-sixth annual convention of the Golden Gate Union of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held at Calvary Church on the 7th prox. Dr. Dille and R. Watt will be the chief speakers.

A miscellaneous entertainment was given at Murphy's Hall, Ocean View, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational Church, on Friday evening, when the following programme was rendered: Recitation, Miss Maggie Aitchison; piano duet, Miss Emma Hicks and Miss May Gardner; recitation, Miss Lizzie Hearn; vocal solo, Mr. Kerrell; recitation, Miss Alice Smith; violin duet, R. and H. Halter; recitation, Miss Lena Healy; piano duet, Miss Rook and Mrs. Plath; recitation, Mrs. Ernest Detmer; vocal duet, Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. Kelley; recitation, Miss Viola French; song, the Misses Lee and Lizzie Hearn.

Professor Thomas J. Day, D.D., of the San Francisco Theological Seminary will deliver the first lecture of a theological extension course at Calvary Presbyterian Church Tuesday evening on Old Testament literature.

Trinity Presbyterian Church will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of its founding to-day. Rev. J. Cumming Smith, pastor, will preach the anniversary sermon.

Rev. I. N. Hurd has been, at his own request, placed upon the list of honorably retired ministers by the Oakland Presbytery. Mr. Hurd has spent the past forty-six years in the ministry and is 74 years old.

Dr. Mackenzie, Professor Lloyd, Dr. Kummer and Rev. S. S. Palmer will be among the speakers at the convention of the Alameda Sunday-school Union to be held in the Presbyterian Church of Elmwood next Sunday.

Every Friday evening there are free entertainments at the West Side Christian Church, in accordance with the institutional church plan. The entertainments are varied, it being the custom to assign the task of preparing the programmes to different divisions of the young church workers organization for the purpose. Last week the audience enjoyed "A Night in Alabama," negro melodies and engrams being provided for diversion.

A party of Christian Endeavorers, representing some of the Oakland churches, held a successful rally at Oakland last Sabbath and the preceding Saturday.

Some Christian Endeavorers of Los Gatos held a sunrise meeting at the Christian Church last Sunday, the first meeting of the kind in that city.

Rev. William C. Merrill, formerly the associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, is pursuing literary work in the line of social ethics at his present residence in Andover, Mass.

Captain W. P. Cook will address the Congregational Monday Club this week on "Convict Prisons." The captain had several years' experience as head of the Arkansas State prison, and knows whereof he speaks.

The last Pacific publishes an interesting letter on Sunday-school work in El Dorado, Nevada and Butte counties from Superintendent Loyal L. Wirt.

The following pertinent suggestions were made by Dr. W. F. Day at the Southern California Association of Congregational Churches in an address on "Irregularities which appear in the administration of our churches" and on "The neglect of those having the finances of the church in charge to use their lead pencils; a neglect of legal forms; liability to neglect the benevolent causes; calling a pastor with undue haste; the reverse of the above; the liability of pastors to accept a call and leave the essential terms 'loose'; too hasty resignations; some resignations not made soon enough; pastors not uniting with their churches; not taking regular benevolent contributions; forgetting that they are pastors of Congregational churches."

Miss Ray Frank's lecture at Beethoven Hall on Tuesday was an admirable one, delivered to a large audience. Her subject was, "Jewish Women in Fact or Fiction," and the second of the series, "Jewish Women in Fiction," will be heard on Tuesday afternoon at 3:30.

The following ladies have been elected officers of the new auxiliary of Beth Israel: President, Mrs. I. Levin; first vice-president, Mrs. C. Keilis; second vice-president, Mrs. Waldheimer; financial secretary, Mrs. Morgenstern; recording secretary, Mrs. B. Cohen; treasurer, Mrs. S. Kalisky.

The congregation Nevah Zedek of Mission street has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, H. Kraemer; first vice-president, H. Biedel; treasurer, F. Brilliant; secretary, A. N. Levy; collector, Skutzky; Mr. Resnick was elected reader of the Thora; trustees—M. Rothschild, H. Becker, L. Silverstone, Lichtenstein, M. Goidblatt, H. Samuels, M. Raphael.

Rev. Marden M. Wilson is reported as winning strong support from his parishioners at St. Peter's.

Mrs. Reed will preach at St. Mary's Church, California street, at 11 o'clock this morning.

Rev. J. L. O'Neill will lecture on "The Church and Charity," at St. Dominic's church, in aid of St. Rose's Convent this evening. There will also be a special concert.

Professor F. H. Foster will preach this morning and evening at the First Congregational Church, and Professor Lloyd will occupy the pulpit of that church on Sunday, the 2d prox. Dr. C. O. Brown, the pastor, will return next week and preach on the 10th prox.

ARMISTICE DECLARED.

Trouble on Filbert Street Between the Hansens and Reed Families Over a Right of Way.

An armistice has been declared between the Hansens and Reed families on Filbert street till to-morrow, when Judge Campbell will endeavor to heal their differences.

The trouble arose out of a right of way to a lot in the rear of Hansens' property, which Mrs. Reed, who lives at 1104 Filbert street, claims to possess. The Hansens dispute her claim, and on Thursday they started in to build a fence across the disputed territory. Attorney Pistolesi, who is a son-in-law of Mrs. Reed, engaged a gang of men and bore down upon the Hansens and their friends and drove them off the ground. The Hansens declare that the opposing force was armed with pistols, which made them retreat.

Mrs. Reed on Friday swore out warrants in Judge Campbell's court for the arrest of Mrs. Annie C. Hansen, William Boden, W. Nisson and J. Peterson for disturbing the peace and against Jacob E. Hansen for assaulting her with a shovel.

The cases were called in court yesterday

MOURNED BY HIS FLOCK.

REV. D. HANSON IRWIN'S DEATH CAME AS A GREAT SHOCK TO ALL.

SUCCUMBED TO AN ATTACK OF APENDICITIS—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

The death of Rev. D. Hanson Irwin, reported yesterday, came as a great shock to members of St. John's Presbyterian Church, of which he was pastor. He had

been ill for less than a week, but never rallied after submitting to an operation for appendicitis, performed by Dr. E. H. Bryant.

The deceased was quite a young man, being only 29 years old. He was a native of County Cork, Ireland, and was a graduate of Queen's University. His father is a Presbyterian clergyman in Ireland and his brother occupies a pulpit in Melbourne, Australia.

Mr. Irwin came to St. John's less than two years ago from San Antonio, Tex. When the offer of the pulpit at St. John's was made to him he said that he preferred to occupy it for some time to give him an opportunity to get better acquainted with the members of his flock. He was duly installed in January last, after one year's trial.

The deceased is highly spoken of by members of his church. Since his advent the membership had steadily increased, and his premature death is looked upon by his congregation as a great blow. He officiated at the church only a fortnight ago, and last Sunday preached in San Jose. It was then he was seized with the sickness to which he succumbed. He leaves a widow, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Albright of Fruitvale, and two children.

The funeral will take place at 10:30 A. M. to-morrow morning from St. John's Presbyterian Church, California and Octavia streets. The exterior and interior of the church will be draped during the services at which Dr. Scott and Professor Martin of Santa Rosa will officiate.

Holland is said to have spent the leisure hours of over three years in writing "Katharina."

ROBBED OF HIS WATCH.

A Thief on the T. C. Walker Held for Grand Larceny.

The preliminary examination of O. M. Stone, Paul Dillon and Charles Mitchell on the charge of grand larceny was held before Judge Campbell yesterday morning. They were charged with stealing a watch from E. F. Russell, a passenger on the steamer T. C. Walker.

The three defendants were also passengers on the steamer, and were going around among the others selling coat plasters. They were observed to act suspiciously and were watched. H. A. Ferguson, a passenger, saw Stone bending over Russell, who was asleep in the cabin, and shortly afterward Russell awoke and missed his watch. He informed the captain, and the three defendants were searched, but the watch was not found. The captain made another search of Stone, who has a wooden leg, and found the watch concealed in the top part of his wooden stump.

The Judge held Stone to answer before the Superior Court in \$2000 bonds, and dismissed the charge against Dillon and Mitchell.

Reinstein a Regent. J. B. Reinstein returned yesterday from Sacramento, where he was sworn in as a Regent of the State University on Friday by Governor Budd. Mr. Reinstein takes the place made vacant last Sunday by the death of Regent George J. Ainsworth at Portland. Mr. Reinstein was a member of the first graduating class of the State University, Governor Budd was a member of the same class, which was graduated in 1873. Since that time Mr. Reinstein has been actively interested in every movement to benefit the university and is now the president of the Alumni Association. He is a member of the law firm of Reinstein & Elsner, and has won many honors at the bar. The new Regent is appointed for the short term.

NEW TO-DAY.

AT LEAST ONE CONVENTION HERE

THE REPUBLICAN

CONVENTION, it is said, will without doubt be held here, but that is not yet assured. But it is assured that a certain remedy has been found for all the diseases mentioned above. Not one that MAY cure, and MAY fail! Oh dear! One that has never yet "been found wanting." You didn't know it? That's too bad! Have you never heard of Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron? It is a perfect combination of Celery—the great nerve food; Beef—the matchless sustenance—and Iron, which will stand for all time as the grandest strengthener and purifier of the blood which has ever been discovered. It makes all the people well who use it, and as the good it does LASTS, they STAY WELL.

NEVER TAKE A SUBSTITUTE—NEVER!

NEVER TAKE A SUBSTITUTE—NEVER!

NEVER TAKE A SUBSTITUTE—NEVER!

FATHER NUGENT'S ANSWER

A GENERAL DENIAL IN THE ELLEN GALLAGHER ESTATE LITIGATION.

DEVOTIONS OF THE WOMAN. MRS. GALLAGHER DIDN'T SPEND FOUR HOURS A DAY ON HER KNEES.

Rev. Dennis Nugent filed his answer yesterday in the suit brought by P. J. White, official administrator of the Ellen Gallagher estate, relative to the recovery of \$120,000 that Mrs. Gallagher gave to the church and charity.

He denies that the value of the estate was more than \$20,365, as shown by the inventory; that he was the spiritual adviser of Thomas Gallagher or Ellen Gallagher; that any undue influence was used; that he ever assumed control of the Gallagher estate; or that Ellen Gallagher's house was fitted up like a chapel. Then he continues:

As to the allegation in said complaint contained "that she spent habitually from two to four hours a day in her house on her knees in her religious devotions, getting up every day at 3 o'clock in the morning, going to church, where she would spend an hour, and repeating these observances each evening, he avers that he never information or belief upon the subject sufficient to enable him to answer personally and, therefore, and placing his denial upon that ground, he denies the same and every other allegation which would personally be pleased and glad to know that such allegation in its length and breadth were true.

Further he denies:

That Mrs. Gallagher was over 85 years of more than 67 years old, and that she ever taught the woman that by giving her estate to the church she would the more fully perform her duty to God and man, or that she ever placed in the estimation of the church or the people, or secure salvation in the world to come, that any devices or machinations were used to get control of the property, or that he, his brother and his sister alone enjoyed the