

REV. GRUVER WELCOMED.

New Pastor for the First English Lutheran Church of This City.

UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICES

Congregational View of Armenian Troubles—Presbyterian Deaconesses' Home.

The First English Lutheran Church of this city will welcome its new pastor, Rev. Oscar H. Gruver, this morning.

Mr. Gruver is a Pennsylvanian, a graduate of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary and for the past three years pastor of the Lutheran church of Hyndman, Pa.



REV. OSCAR H. GRUVER, PASTOR FIRST ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH. (From a photograph.)

called to Cleveland recently by the Home Mission Board. Mr. Gruver's theme this morning will be "Peter's Confession."

The Congregational Monday Club will discuss the Armenian question at its session to-morrow. Dr. Pond, Dr. Williams, Dr. Moore and Dr. Freear will report the result of the deliberations of a committee appointed to consider what action the club should take in the matter.

The First and Second Unitarian Churches of this city will hold Thanksgiving services together at the First Church this year.

Union Thanksgiving services of all the Presbyterian churches south of Market street, and several on the other side, will be held at Howard Church. The hour for the beginning of the service is 10:30 a. m.

The deacons and deaconesses of Trinity Presbyterian Church will have charge of the services this morning. Letters will be read and experiences given of visits to homes of the needy in the parish and vicinity.

A proposition will be made that an organization be formed on the same lines as the new Methodist deaconesses' establishment. The sermon will be on "The Benevolent Phase of Church Work."

The recently organized Presbyterian Alliance, Dr. Hemphill, president, and Rev. F. R. Farrand vice-president, is arranging for a meeting in the near future for the purpose of perfecting the organization and outlining a plan of work.

Rev. R. M. Campbell has begun his service as pastor of the First Christian Church of this city.

The singing evangelist, Charles W. Greene, has taken up his residence at Haight street.

Union Thanksgiving services of Plymouth Congregational, Richmond and Pierce-street Congregational, First Presbyterian, First English Lutheran, Franklin-street and St. John's Presbyterian churches, will be held at Plymouth Church at 11 a. m. The sermon will be delivered by Dr. Robert Mackenzie.

The Rio Vista Congregational Church has lost the services of its pastor, Rev. George H. Merrill, who resigned last Sunday.

The little missionary vessel, Robert W. Logan, is on its way to the Caroline Islands, whither it is sent by the Congregationalists. Farewell services were held on board prior to its departure, when addresses were made by Dr. Freear, Rev. S. M. Freeland, Dr. M. Willett, Rev. C. A. Clark, E. P. Flint and Captain Bray. It is destined as an aid to Rev. F. M. Price in his missionary labors in the islands.

Thanksgiving services will be held at the Bush-street Jewish Temple at 10 a. m. The rabbi will discourse on "What the Jew Has to Be Thankful For."

days to take charge of an Episcopal church at Santa Fe, N. Mexico.

The vestry of Saint Luke's Episcopal Church has extended a call to Rev. William C. Shaw, Canon of All Saints' Cathedral, Spokane, Wash., to assist William Moran in discharging the duties of his large parish. The call is accepted.

Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Episcopal Church, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on "The Prayer Book."

Rev. J. R. de Wolfe Cowie will conduct a mission class of church women and girls at the Diocesan House from 10:30 to 11:30 a. m. the first Wednesday of each month.

The theme for his lecture on the 4th prox. is "Responsibility."

A gentlemen's sodality has been organized at St. Mary's Cathedral, of which the following will serve as officers: Prefect, James Ford; first assistant, J. Milan; second assistant, J. Greene; secretary, P. Morrissy; marshal, Edward Knorr. The sodality is in charge of Rev. Joseph Byrne.

There will be a patriotic demonstration at St. Peter's Convent School on Wednesday afternoon, when an American flag, the gift of a former pupil, will be raised.

The following officers have been elected by the Gentlemen's Sodality at St. Peter's for the ensuing term: Prefect, James Butler; assistant prefects, J. F. Rielly and Francis McAleer; corresponding secretary, Eugene D. Sullivan; recording secretary, Richard Curtis Jr.; treasurer, J. F. Rielly; ushers, Thomas R. Curtis, J. C. O'Donnell; concert manager, J. O'Connell; notary, J. R. Curtis Sr.; marshals, Dr. Griffin and Captain P. J. Haggerty.

THAT ABANDONED RAILROAD.

Property-Owners Will Commence Suit Against the Market-Street Company.

Property-owners residing in the vicinity of Noe and Twenty-ninth streets have determined to compel the Market-street Railway Company to either replace cars upon

the now abandoned portion of Twenty-ninth street, between Sanchez and Noe, or else to forfeit their franchise.

"If the railway company does not comply with the terms of its franchise," said Attorney Lincoln E. Savage yesterday, "the Twenty-ninth and Noe-street Club will make a request of the Attorney-General asking that the club be allowed to bring suit in the name of the State against the company, in an endeavor to have the franchise forfeited."

"The property-owners have raised funds for the purpose of carrying on necessary litigation, and as they feel aggrieved owing to the fact that the poles and wires of the company obstruct the streets without benefiting the community in the least, they have determined that at any cost the company shall fulfill the terms of its franchise."

"The excuse of the railway company is that the majority of cars on the Mission-street line are eleven-ton cars, and owing to their great weight the motors burn out on the last block of the line between Noe and Sanchez streets. It could easily overcome that drawback as it owns several seven-ton cars which could be operated without difficulty or extra expense."

Go to Swain's, 213 Sutter street, and get a fancy plum pudding for Thanksgiving dinner."

Kloss Was Not Sentenced.

Frank Kloss was not sentenced for the murder of William Deady. It was expected, when the case came up yesterday, that his counsel would bring to the notice of the court the remarks of Isaac Leipsic, one of the jurors, who did not intend to vote for a hanging verdict.

Baron by name—expressed the intention of convicting Kloss anyhow. Counsel of Kloss was not ready to argue the motion for a new trial yesterday, so continuance until next Saturday was granted, and these points will be brought out then.

The leading oculists and professors use "Bank Stock" paper. Myself-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

Rohrbough's Will Denied.

The petition of John Rohrbough for a writ of review of the proceedings of the Superior Court against him has been denied by the Supreme Court. Rohrbough had a large quantity of land belonging to George E. White, which had been bequeathed to him in order that it might not be attached for the alimony which White was ordered to pay his wife. Rohrbough was ordered to turn this land over to the receiver, and was adjudged guilty of contempt for not doing so. It was these proceedings he wanted reviewed.

Jarvis hygienic underwear is made for intelligent people; they prefer cheap stuff and constant colds. Sense saves dollars. Morgan Bros., 229 Montg't.

Chute Shooting.

The water chutes on Haight street have done a tremendous business and the patrons of outdoor sport are wondering what in the world they did to do so well. Society parties are continually being organized, and in fact the sport of "chute shooting" appeals to every class. To accommodate the crowds expected today the gates will be opened at 11 a. m.

All doctors don't prescribe the same medicine; all good doctors recommend Jarvis hygienic underwear. Morgan Bros., 229 Montg't.

The Mass Murder.

The case of Mrs. Nellie Maudie, charged with the murder of her husband, William Maudie, by shooting him in the face at their home, 833 1/2 Folsom street, on Thursday night, was not in court yesterday. Mrs. Maudie was not in court. The case was continued till Wednesday pending the result of coroner's inquest, which will be held to-morrow.

Wear ordinary underwear, keep your colds, wear Jarvis hygienic underwear and lose no health and money, save. Morgan Bros., 229 Montg't.

HOMAGE TO EUGENE FIELD.

Bab's Panegyric on the Poet of Childhood and the Affections.

HE WAS DEAR TO THE NATION.

Men Counted Hard-Hearted Wept Over the Dead Poet's Verses.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 20.—It is a very miserable old organ—and the grinder of it is quite as miserable, in appearance at least. I never knew him to be visible on a warm morning, but when it is chilly and everybody is shivering and has an unkind feeling toward everybody else, then I hear the tunes being ground out, and sometimes I get up and look out at him. Always I throw a few pennies out of a window, and he bows as if he were a knight of old, or a baron of high degree.

"Why Oh, I don't know. Sometimes I find the tears streaming down my face when he is playing a waltz—"Weber's Last"—and there comes to me, as there comes to you, the memory of the days when I last heard the waltz and whirled around in time to it, and now when I hear it I wonder as you do, where are the old partners? Where are the old musicians, and where are the other women who found the music of the waltz fascinating. Just as I am wiping off a tear he begins to play "My Maryland."

And somebody sitting near me says: "You don't remember, but I do, when the soldiers marched through Baltimore—the captive soldiers—and we could give them a cup of coffee or a bit of something to eat when they halted, but couldn't speak a word, for they were prisoners of war. It might be a brother or father, but the most that could be done was to look in their eyes and hand them something that would stay them in their long, toilsome march. Oh, yes, sometimes we women broke the law, or the spirit of it. I remember the order went out that everybody was to put out a flag—an American flag. A young girl whose lover, whose brother and whose father were all in the Confederate army put out only a tiny black window flag that measured two by four—not two feet by four, but two inches by four—while out of the window of her bed-chamber hung what seemed to be a large black flag, which means, of course, sedition."

In half an hour's time the marshal of the city had come there to inquire. She said she was living up to the law; she had put out a flag, and pointed to the tiny one way up to the garret window. The marshal was asked what she meant by putting out a black flag. She declared she hadn't, and when the officer pointed to it she looked surprised, laughed cheerfully, and announced that she had only hung her black shawl and pinned it to the broom-handle out to air. This proved to be true, but it was suggested to her that in future she had better air her black shawl out of the back window. But that was fun, and all Baltimore laughed to see the sight of a woman getting the better of the stern authorities. But those were sad days when women saw the men they loved, thin, haggard, tired and yet, all that could be done was to stand by and watch them go, and that, in their desire to have the best man in the best place, even Maryland voted against the ticket that, in years gone by, represented Southern aristocracy.

There is one new tune in the organ; it is what you would call common, but when most of us are common, for I take it that common means being alike. Most of us are a bit sentimental; most of us find that the blood in our veins dances and our heart throbs when we hear some tune that in a way touches us. Now just it is a very common air—"There's Only One Girl in the World for Me"—nobody knows who wrote it—that is, nobody of any importance—but it touches me, and it touches me, and it makes one of my neighbors think of some girl who meant all in the world to him, and it makes me think of somebody who—oh! well, so many are the common tunes, that the great ones of the people, the great ones who doubt that "Annie Laurie" will outlive "Tristan and Isolde"? How can you imagine a lump coming in your throat when all the instruments in the orchestra are clashing, and the singers are straining their lungs in their efforts to make you appreciate German opera? Nobody has to try to make such a noise when "Ben Bolt" is sung. Nobody has to do that when any loving and true love song is to be sung; but, then, I don't think the world at large is affected by these very trying things. Mademoiselle Sharps and Flats, who bangs the piano five hours a day, just over my head, and who never disagrees with me and call me vulgar. Probably I am, but I never knew a poem or a song worth remembering that wasn't musician's call common.

Speaking of poetry, I must ask you to take off your hat, my friend, for a great poet has died, and in the presence of death we must be uncovered. Who is it? We only had one great poet in this country, and that was Eugene Field. If he had been anywhere else but in America laurels would have crowned him. What he has done has been to make men, women and children love his verses and love the man. You can't doubt that he is with his Little Boy Blue, and while we are certain of it, we think of the little boys and the little girls who must be standing near him, who closed their eyes forever to this world, and who, while they were here, delighted in hearing about the Hushabye Lady from Lullaby Street, who came clothed so marvelously with poppies that hung from her head to her feet. I never knew Eugene Field, but I love him as thousands of women have loved him, because of his printed words; those words which while they were in black and white, came as certainly from the heart as they did from the brain. I fear the world at large did not appreciate him as they should, because his was a great soul. If you doubt it get the "Little Book of Profitable Tales" and read the story called "The First Christmas Tree." I have known men who counted the stars that were born, men who believed in nothing, but who, when they read that story, suddenly found the tears chasing each other down their cheeks and were forced to realize that there was some one better than men, and hereafter, because one man told them so. That is a wonderful fancy about the little tree, more beautiful than all the rest, which was loved by the forest, and the pride of all the birds, and the trees, and yet tall enough a great man came and sat under it, and talked, and cured those who were sick in body and sick of heart, and once its shade hid him as he wept and was unhappy for many days, many nights, forty in all. And then a rough crowd rushed in the wood, and, to the horror of all the other trees, cut down this one which was their pride and joy, broke off its beautiful branches and shaped it strangely, and so it suffered that one who had come to save all the world. And this was the story of the first Christmas tree as told by the poet.

Then there was that story that first brought the smiles and then brought the tears—but they were gentle, kindly tears.

And somehow, though the hero of this story, "Bill, the Lullaby Editor," was a drunkard, it seemed to me that what was predicted for him will happen to the man who has just gone from us. You laughed when it was said that "Bill got more good out of likker and likker got more good out of Bill than any man in seven countries." But gradually the laugh became a smile as you read further on how Bill loved children and children loved Bill, and the man who was telling this story said: "At the last great day when Bill stands before the great Judge, that Judge whose mercy we can't comprehend, the little children will collect around him, my dear dead one among the rest, and they will hang on to him like the ivy does on a tree that has been struck by lightning, the singing and pleading little children. And their little voices will ask for forgiveness. And what will the Judge do? Why, just what you or I would. He will say to the recording angel, 'We'll noll-pross this case and take the next on the docket.' It mayn't be quite right—I am quoting from memory, but I do believe that when Eugene Field stands before that great Judge, the pleasure that he has given the women and children, and the many times that he has touched the hearts of great strong men, will be counted, and his sins (I never heard he had any) will be wiped away and the case against him will be noll-prossed. God comfort those who bear his name and all those who loved him. As for us, we ought to thank God for giving to the world such a beautiful nature and for letting us know of one that brought joy to so many whose lives are barren and whose life has little joy in it."

Sad? Not a bit. Why should any of us be sad when those we love have got rid of all the worries of life and are at rest? It is true that we may feel a bit lonely, but life is very short, and who knows what comes after? Did you ever try to think what sort of a hereafter you would like? You know yours—if that you would feel uncomfortable on golden streets devoting yourself to musical instruments, I never could believe that the descriptions of heaven usually accepted were anything but lovely metaphors. Just what it is going to be I don't know. Sometimes I think "Swedenborg was right, and that it

will be an idealized earth; that what we love here we will have there, only all will be perfected. I often wonder about the mothers. To them their children are dearest when they are tiny babies. In the hereafter are they to meet them as heart-sick and weary men and women? You can't tell; neither can I. We only know that it will all be right, and here so much is wrong.

Sometimes I pick up the New Testament, and wonder if we give enough attention to some of the powerful sarcasms in it. The story of the prodigal son, for instance, is repeated every day in the year. There is the son, sometimes it is the daughter, who day in and day out, year in and year out, works hard, sacrifices that which is loved best and gives away of the good which is earned by never-ending work. And there is the son, it may be the daughter, who took the inherited substance and squandered it and lived a gay and joyous life, and thought of nobody at home until he was tired and worn and hungry and thirsty, and wanted the good things when he appeared. Then he was greeted with love and given the best robe and made much of. And the son who had stayed at home and done his duty got nothing and between you and me, I don't think he ever does, and I don't think he ever expect it. All that one need ever expect from doing one's duty is the approbation of one's own conscience, and the certainty that it will be taken as no more than we ought to do. We talk about sarcastic stories, and then somebody says something about the simplicity of the New Testament. And I smile. Personally I believe that the story of the prodigal son was written to suggest to that unappreciative father that some one who had done his duty and made much of the one who cared always for him, and regarded duty before pleasure.

Then that parable of the talents. What does it teach but making the very best of that which has been given us, and concentrating all our ability on the talent which we know is ours? Here is where I think parents are to blame. Some child with no music in its soul is forced to study it, and, in consequence, suffers the agonies only possible to a child who has to play scales when he wants to be drawing faces. Another one is taught to dabble and sketch when music is running through its

veins and there is a great desire to make songs for the whole world to sing. Usually it is the parents who err there. I remember being sent to practice, of being put upon my honor, at the mature age of 10, to remain on the piano-stool, and the consequence was that I read Dickens, Thackeray and nearly all of Scott when I should have been practicing. I was truthful in the letter, but not in spirit. I sat on the stool, but I had my book in front of the music, and when I heard anybody coming I practiced the scale furiously. That was wasting money, and it was a bad reading of the talent possessed by one small girl. I don't pretend to say that I have any special talent, but if I have it is not in the line of music. As I said before, I like vulgar music. Music that makes the heart beat and your eyes to grow moist. The songs sung by the street boys, played by the hand-organs and which are understood by everybody, are the ones I like. You don't want to know anything about technique to appreciate a tuneful song, with words about love and home—oh! no, you need only to be a living, breathing human being—for these songs are born in the heart. They are the songs of the people, and among the people are you and your neighbor and Bab.

Extra mince pies delivered to nearly all parts of the city for Thanksgiving. Swain's, 213 Sutter.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

An Attorney Allows the Case of His Penniless Client to Go to Another County.

Rebecca Painter is anxiously looking for Judge Hunt, in order to see if she cannot secure the annulment of an order granting a change of venue in the case she is prosecuting against P. C. Van Buskirk.

Miss Painter is suing Van Buskirk for \$20,000 damages for false imprisonment, he having had her arrested for alleged extortion. The case came before Judge Hunt, and upon a stipulation that was signed by the plaintiff's attorney, a change of venue to Fairfield, Solano County, was granted. The plaintiff

has not much more than car fare on the street roads, and it will be an impossibility to travel up to Fairfield and remain there while her case is being tried. She is now trying to undo the work which her attorney agreed to.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Professor Ardley Tells the Members of the Mechanics' Institute of His Voyages.

Professor N. T. Ardley of the University of California entertained the members of the Mechanics' Institute and their friends by telling of some of his experiences in a trip around the world. Professor Ardley made the trip in a sailing vessel, starting at New York and going around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Thence he went to China, not stopping at the Sandwich Islands or Japan.

The trip was taken some twenty-five years ago. His observations of California, which formed a large part of the original lecture, were omitted. Their nature was such, however, that their truth was questioned by the English press when they were first made public.

The lecturer stayed well in the beaten paths of the tourist, but told interestingly those things he culled from his mass of notes. His reminiscences of Chinese Gordon, who was his personal friend, were particularly interesting.

Professor Ardley delivers another lecture at the library building next Saturday evening. The subject will be "The Anatomy of Expression in the Human Face and Figure." The lecture will be illustrated with original sketches by the author.

The whole family kept well with Jaros Hygienic underwear. Morgan Bros., 229 Montg't.

First Regiment Banquet.

The regular quarterly banquet of the staff of the First Regiment of the California National Guard took place last night at the California. There were about twenty persons present, including Adjutant-General Barrett Sacramento, Colonel James, Lieutenant-Colonel Crocker and District Attorney Sergeant of Salinas. It was a very pleasant affair.

What Will You Be Thinking About One Month From To-day? Thanksgiving Thursday Next. Store Closed All Day.

We Are Your Brokers in Dry Goods!

Adding only a modest sum to the forced-down prices to pay us for the store-keeping. For the three days before Thanksgiving prices that ought to find you waiting for the doors to open to-morrow morning. One dollar does the work of one and a half usually, and does it well. Our way of giving thanks to our thousands of patrons.

- Linens. BLEACHED SATIN DAMASK TEA SETS, very handsome, deep fringed, two rows of open work, 12-inch napkins to match. 8-4..... \$6 50 set 10-4..... 7 50 set 12-4..... 8 00 set DINNER SETS, bleached satin damask, hemstitched border, 18-inch napkins to match. 8-4..... \$7 00 set 10-4..... 8 00 set 12-4..... 10 00 set TABLE DAMASK, genuine German manufacture, bleached, heavy quality, 66 to 81 inches wide, large-size napkins to do, from \$1 to \$2 yard; napkins from \$4.50 to \$5 per dozen. DAMASK TABLE COVERS, fringed, plain white and colored borders. 8-4..... from \$1 00 to \$2 00 each 10-4..... from 1 25 to 3 00 each 12-4..... from 1 50 to 3 25 each BLEACHED SATIN DAMASK TABLE SETS, no fringe, 1 dozen 24-inch napkins to match. 8-4..... \$6 50 set 10-4..... 7 00 set 12-4..... 7 75 set BLEACHED SATIN DAMASK NAPKINS, 3/4 size, big assortment and all the latest. \$2.00 to \$7.50 dozen Domestic—Special. BLEACHED CRASH, all linen, 20 inches wide. SPECIAL—10c yard BLEACHED SHEETS, 72x90 inches, heavy quality, free from mending. SPECIAL—45c each DAMASK TOWELS, large, soft, good absorbent, German make, knotted fringes, size 21x43 inches. SPECIAL—25c each DAMASK TOWELS, extra large, 22x46 inches, broche border, regular 50c value. SPECIAL—35c each LADIES' FURNISHINGS. LADIES' WRAPPERS, flannel and calico, fancy stripes, figures or dots, on navy and red ground, good assortment, big sleeves, latest cut, were \$1 50 each. SPECIAL—\$1.00 each LADIES' WAISTS, cotton chevrot, soft finish, small checks, blue, brown or tan colored silk edge, full back and bust. SPECIAL—75c each LADIES' DRAWERS, heavy muslin, 5 yds., 2 1/2-inch embroidery, trimmed, value 60c. SPECIAL—35c Pair Ladies' Furnishings. LADIES' GOWNS, heavy muslin, Mother Hubbard cut, open embroidery trimmed, were \$1. SPECIAL—75c each LADIES' VESTS, Egyptian cotton, H. N. L. S., Jersey ribbed, finished, were \$1. SPECIAL—35c each LADIES' HOSE, extra quality, black maceo yard, high-splined heels, etc., one of the best stockings offerings of the season, were 40c. SPECIAL—25c Pair LADIES' UNION SUITS, all wool, Swiss ribbed, fine quality, H. N. L. S., ankle length, fast black, a very special valuation, were \$3. SPECIAL—\$2.00 suit Ladies' Furnishings. Special Sale of Kid Gloves. On Sale TUESDAY. Our New York representative bought at private sale an immense line of Kid Gloves at a great sacrifice. They will be sold at from 50 per cent to 60 per cent of their regular value. LOT ONE—Large assortment of Tans and Blacks, dressed Kid, all sizes, 4-button. Pair, 50c LOT TWO—Fine line of Tans, plain and fancy stitched back, dressed Kid, all sizes, 4-button. Pair, 75c LOT THREE—Complete line of Black and Colored Foster Kid Gloves, 5-hook, dressed Kid. Pair, 75c LOT FOUR—Fine Glace Kid Gloves, large pearl buttons, full assortment of colors and black. Pair, \$1.00 Notions. FANCY HEADRESTS, covered with Japanese crepe, trimmed with tassels. 10c each BONE-CASING, superior quality, 9 yards to piece. 7c roll FANCY METAL BUTTONS, make a good trimming button, value 25c. 5c dozen SWISS EMBROIDERY HANDKERCHIEFS, scalloped edge, on account of manufacturer's imperfections we close line, value 50c. SPECIAL SALE—12 1/2c each NO. 1 BARY RIBBON, plain edge, silk faced, light colors, for fancy work, value 10c bolt. 5c bolt CREPE TIES, assorted colors, hand-painted, size 16x36. Price, 25c each STOCKINET DRESS SHIELDS, sizes 1, 2, 3; will wash. 9c each Gents' Furnishings. SILK HANDKERCHIEFS—Here's to Xmas; a good present for a gentleman, heavy brocade silk, large size, big assortment of colors, value 75c and \$1 each. SPECIAL—35c each SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, white hemstitched, 18 inches square, heavy silk-embroidered initial. VERY SPECIAL—25c each GENTS' COTTON CHEVIOT SHIRTS, dark colors, full size, very durable, with pockets, were 50c. SPECIAL—35c each

HALE BROS., Incorporated 937-941 Market Street, San Francisco.